

EUTHANIZED

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EXT. HIGHWAY OFF-RAMP - LATE MORNING

A light rain falls on the heavy traffic clogging the highway.

In the bushes below an off-ramp, a scared female DOG huddles among the trash and undergrowth.

Animal Patrol Unit officer MIREYA VASQUEZ (late 30s, athletic) slowly approaches the dog, carrying a snare loop. The animal tries to bound away, but its surroundings pen her in. Backing up Vasquez is Officer CARLA EGGERTON (mid 20s, rookie), who stands at the ready with another snare.

VASQUEZ
(softly)
It's okay, baby... it's okay...

The dog BARKS loudly, more scared than aggressive.

Vasquez makes a slow, deliberate movement. Slips the loop over the dog's head. It jerks away, but the snare pulls tight, securely restraining the animal.

VASQUEZ
We're good... we're good...

After a few panicked movements, the dog settles down.

VASQUEZ
That's right... you're safe...

Vasquez gently guides the dog out of the bushes. Eggerton watches with admiration.

The officers walk the dog towards their waiting truck, parked in one lane of the off-ramp.

A line of backed-up cars inches around the police vehicle. An angry DRIVER rolls down his window.

DRIVER
I'm late for work!

VASQUEZ
We're just saving a life, sir.

DRIVER
It's just a goddamn dog!

Vasquez shoots him a look that would freeze boiling water. Rattled, the loudmouth ROARS off.

EGGERTON
Are the natives always that
friendly?

VASQUEZ
At least he didn't throw shit at
us.

Eggerton chuckles as Vasquez leads the dog into a cage. She undoes the loop, COOING as she does. The dog becomes elated, wagging its tail and licking her face.

EGGERTON
Damn, Vasquez, you're like the dog
whisperer.

VASQUEZ
You just have to let them know
you're not a threat.

Vasquez gives the dog a good ear scratching.

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - SAME

As Vasquez fills out paperwork, Eggerton runs a chip reader over the dog's shoulders. It BEEPS.

EGGERTON
Will wonders never cease. She
actually has a chip. "Bella".

VASQUEZ
"Bella". That's a pretty name! For
a pretty girl!

Bella whines with happiness. Vasquez can't help but smile.

Eggerton punches up the chip info on a computer.

EGGERTON
Man, she can move. We found her a
good ten miles from home.

VASQUEZ
(darkly)
She was dumped.

EGGERTON
No way! People couldn't be that
cruel.

VASQUEZ

The people back in Boise must have been a better class of human. Let me tell you, Carla: this isn't Boise. These people... they're a whole different breed. Of awful.

Across the lobby, a SHELTER WORKER brings out a puppy to the delight of KELI (20, spunky).

SHELTER WORKER #1

Okay, Pablo, you're already to go.

KELI

Hello Pablo! Pablo!

Pablo has a white ring around his left eye. His white-tipped tail wags joyously.

KELI

Isn't he adorable?

Her boyfriend, DAVOIN (30s, tattooed), only sulks. Keli ignores him, hugs Pablo close.

KELI

You are going to have the best life ever. We've got a house with a yard in Hamilton Park waiting for you!

Eggerton nudges Vasquez. Nods towards Keli and Pablo.

EGGERTON

Makes you feel good, huh?

VASQUEZ

That boyfriend... he's giving me a bad vibe.

EGGERTON

All boyfriends give off that vibe.

The couple walks Pablo out to their car, a bright pink Beetle. He chews on his leash playfully as he bounces along.

EGGERTON

You say you can't sleep. Maybe if you snuggle a dog--

VASQUEZ

(sharply)

I'm not getting a dog!

EGGERTON
Okay! Jesus, sorry.

VASQUEZ
C'mon, let's get out of here.

She pushes through the door, awkwardly leaving her partner behind.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMY SURPLUS STORE - EVENING

Vasquez enters, carrying a bag of groceries. She checks out the survival gear and the doomsday prepper supplies as she walks to the back.

GEORGE (O.S.)
You're outta your mind!

DEWEY (O.S.)
You haven't tried it yet!

She finds GEORGE (late 50s, grizzled) in a heated discussion with DEWEY (late 50s, slacker). George pulls silver foil packs out of a cardboard box.

GEORGE
I don't have to try it. "Squash casserole" sounds horrible.

DEWEY
It's tasty!

GEORGE
It's not! When the bombs start falling, people are going to want to eat something familiar, something comforting.

DEWEY
No, they're gonna need nutrition!

They realize that they're not alone.

GEORGE
Mimi! Tell him! It's awful!

VASQUEZ
I told you, don't call me "Mimi".

DEWEY
I bet you a hundred bucks, we sell out before the end of the week.

GEORGE
 You're on!
 (to Vasquez)
 Officer! You're a witness!

VASQUEZ
 Don't drag me into this.

DEWEY
 I'm puttin' 'em right up front.
 You'll see!

He wheels the three boxes up the aisle.

VASQUEZ
 This is how you run a business?

GEORGE
 Hey, I've made it twelve years. I
 must know something. So... Tuesday
 dinner with my favorite niece-in-
 law! Give me five minutes to heat
 some water, and...

He playfully tempts her with a horrible foil pack.

VASQUEZ
 Um, no. I have had a bad day, so I
 made an executive decision on the
 drive over here...

She produces two big ribeye steaks.

VASQUEZ
 ...we're dining in style.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARMY SURPLUS STORE - BACK DECK - LATER

Vasquez tends the steaks as they SIZZLE on the hot grill.
 George appears, carrying a bottle of wine and two glasses. He
 has a noticeable limp.

GEORGE
 I decided to grace your palette
 with a crisp yet subtle rosé.

He hands her a glass. He makes a move to toast, but she's
 already sipping. He can tell she's distracted.

GEORGE
 You sleeping any better?

VASQUEZ

Not really. I close my eyes, but...
the wheels just keep turning.

GEORGE

What's got you so worked up?

VASQUEZ

The usual. Work. The dirtbags I
have to deal with on a daily basis.
How I feel like I'm letting Danny
down.

GEORGE

Mimi, please... you know he'd be
proud of you. What you're doing.

VASQUEZ

Danny loved animals. Loved them. He
treated Ginger better than any
golden retriever's ever been
treated.

She takes a sip of her drink.

VASQUEZ

But when he got sick, he didn't
think about what the cancer was
doing to him. He donated his
birthday money to the shelter. He
volunteered for adoption drives
right up until... until...
(getting emotional)
When Danny finally passed, I was...
I was in a bad way.

GEORGE

We definitely had some bad nights.

VASQUEZ

Well, one night I was in a
particularly fucked-up haze, and I
couldn't hold it in anymore... I
actually yelled out loud, "What am
I supposed to do now?!?"

She takes another swig.

VASQUEZ

George, I'm telling you, as God as
my witness, right then... Ginger
rested her paw on my hand. It's
like Danny was talking to me
through her.

GEORGE

Wow. You never told me that one.

VASQUEZ

That next day was the day I walked into the precinct, and filed my paperwork to transfer out of Violent Crimes to the A.P.U.

GEORGE

That must've turned a few heads.

VASQUEZ

Everyone was trying to be nice, but they thought I was nuts. Giving up the career track I was on. But it didn't matter. Honoring my son was more important to me.

GEORGE

Good for you. That took balls. Fighting the good fight.

VASQUEZ

That's the thing, though. It's not such a good fight. More often than not, some of the worst abusers just get a fine. Or a slap on the wrist! I'm doing the work, but there are times... when it feels like it's so pointless. Like I'm not making a difference. No one really gets punished. Not the way they should.

GEORGE

You saying get Biblical? Go all "eye for an eye"?...

Vasquez downs her drink.

VASQUEZ

And tooth for fucking tooth.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Fangs RIP and TEAR at bloody fur in a chaotic whirlwind of violence. Two dogs brutally fight as a crowd CHEERS in approval.

In the front row, LEO (mid-20s, Vietnamese, out of control), fist-pumps as the animals savage each other.

His girlfriend TRINA (early 20s, arm candy), tries not to watch. The violence makes her ill.

From a catwalk high above, FROST (mid-40s, built, shock of white hair) oversees the scene. The crowd. The dogs. His men. A Bluetooth device glows in his ear.

FROST
(on a call)
Yes, an exceptionally profitable evening... Once the takes are tallied, I think you'll find that we're well ahead of the projected numbers... Definitely. I'll see you in a few hours.

With a hideous YELP, the fight ends. Leo SCREAMS in victory. He takes a bump of cocaine.

LEO
Fuck yeah! Another three grand!

Frost descends the metal staircase, mingling with the crowd as the spectators disperse. Leo saunters up, dragging Trina beside him. He flashes a handful of hundred dollar bills.

LEO
Frost! My man!

FROST
Leo. Tonight was your night.

LEO
Fuckin' A right it is!

He waves the wad in Trina's face.

LEO
We're gonna party tonight, huh?!?

TRINA
(timidly)
The doctor said I shouldn't...

LEO
(darkly)
We're gonna party, honey.

She gets his meaning. Weakly smiles.

LEO
All right, we're gone.

FROST

Of course. We'll see you at the usual time next week. And, what would you like to do with your entrant?...

He motions behind him. Frost's GOONS have the winning dog in a wheeled cage. The dog is PANTING. Bleeding.

LEO

I don't give a shit. Use it for bait. Throw it in the river. Whatever. "Chef's choice".

FROST

Very well. Have a wonderful evening.

Leo swaggers off, Trina stumbling behind him in her stilettos.

CUT TO:

EXT. VASQUEZ'S HOME - SAME

Vasquez climbs out of her car, weighted down by her feelings.

Her neighbor, MRS. CAMPUZANO (70s, ditzy), runs up to her.

MRS. CAMPUZANO

They're back! They're back!

VASQUEZ

Who, Mrs. Campuzano?

MRS. CAMPUZANO

The men in black! They were looking in my kitchen window!

VASQUEZ

But they're gone now?

MRS. CAMPUZANO

They'll be back! You're a policeman! Call somebody to come arrest them!

VASQUEZ

You go back inside. Once I get settled, I'll see what I can do.

MRS. CAMPUZANO

Well hurry! They'll take my brain if they aren't stopped!

Vasquez watches the old woman totter back into her house.

VASQUEZ'S HOME - MONTAGE

Vasquez drops her gear onto the couch in the living room. She tries not to look at the empty dog bed by the fireplace.

Vasquez works out in her garage, POUNDING a heavy bag hung from the ceiling. News reports air on a muted TV in the background. Vasquez puts every ounce of her pent-up ire into each blow.

Out of the shower, Vasquez walks down the hallway. She stops at the doorway to her son's bedroom. Everything is still set up: his desk, his bed, his posters. She places a kiss on the hand-made "DANNY" sign on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. VASQUEZ'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Vasquez lays in bed, unable to sleep. She winces as she looks at the clock.

She grabs her tablet. As she logs on, a notification pops up that she has a social media video memory from two years ago. Hesitantly, she presses play.

TABLET SCREEN

A video of her son DANNY, at his last birthday party. He wears an oxygen tube and tank. Vasquez sits next to him at a picnic table. The family dog, a Golden retriever named GINGER, jumps up on Danny.

DANNY

Ewww, Ginger! Your feet are all dirty!

VASQUEZ

Here, open this one...

She hands him a wrapped present. Danny tears into it, then shrieks with joy when he sees the gift: a monster mask that distorts his voice.

DANNY

You found it!

VASQUEZ

Now my "Monster" is a real monster.

He pulls it on.

DANNY
 (distorted voice)
 I love you! I love you!

His elation is infectious. He reaches out for Ginger.

DANNY
 I'm gonna get you, Ginger!

Ginger BARKS as he playfully gropes for her. The dog hops up on the picnic table seat next to Vasquez.

DANNY
 Do the kisses! Do the kisses!

Vasquez turns to Ginger.

VASQUEZ
 Kisses! Who wants kisses?

She leans towards the dog. At the last second, Ginger puts up a paw and plants it right in the middle of Vasquez's forehead. Vasquez pulls back, a big red muddy paw print stamped on her face. Everyone laughs. Ginger BARKS.

BACK TO SCENE

Vasquez wipes the tears off her cheeks. She's sad, but happy to see and hear her son again.

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT YARD - LATE EVENING

A cold wind blows off the water and through the rows of drydocked boats.

Down on their knees in the mud, JOE PIZZONI (60s, portly) and his son DOMINIC (30s) stare into the barrels of the guns pointed at them by Frost and his Goons.

JOE
 Frost, I tell ya, I'm good for the money! You know me! We're friends!

FROST
 We are business acquaintances, Joe. Nothing more. And you owe us a considerable sum of money.

DOMINIC
 Jesus, Pop, I told you not to get mixed up with these people--

JOE
 Shut up, Dominic!
 (to Frost)
 I'll make it up to you. Just gimme
 a couple of weeks!

BURRESS (O.S.)
 I'll give you five minutes.

Out of the shadows struts AMERI'QA BURRESS (40s, African-American, classy), impeccably dressed and styled. She leads a large black standard poodle on a leash.

JOE
 Oh my God... you're that Burress
 woman.

Burress plants herself defiantly in front of the men.

FROST
 My employer, Ameri'qa Burress.

DOMINIC
 A woman?!? You're kidding me.

JOE
 Damn it, son--

BURRESS
 Mr. Frost tells me that you are in
 arrears totaling almost a hundred
 thousand dollars. I doubt you'll be
 able to come up with that much
 money, even if we give you the two
 week window you requested. However,
 I have a solution I think will
 satisfy us both: We'll take your
 boat in exchange.

Joe cranes his neck backward, taking in the pleasure craft currently being worked on.

JOE
 The "Cerberus"? But... I can't...
 it's our main ship...

DOMINIC
 We'd be out of business!

FROST
 Out of business... or out of time.
 Your choice.

Joe's eyes dart back and forth as he weighs his options.

JOE

...Okay.

DOMINIC

What? Hell no!

JOE

We got no choice, Dom...

DOMINIC

We got plenty of choices! We can tell these moolies to go f--

BURRESS

(in Japanese)

Savage!

She lets go of the leash. The dog leaps forward. It clamps its fangs into Dominic's hand.

He screams as the dog tears into his muscles. Joe squeezes his eyes shut in terror.

Burress and Frost watch impassively as Dominic struggles.

JOE

(frantic)

Stop it! Stop it! I said okay!

BURRESS

(in Japanese)

Calm!

The dog instantly disengages. It trots back over to Burress' side and sits obediently. Blood drips from its snout.

BURRESS

(to Frost)

Collect the registration information from Mr. Pizzoni. I'll expect the boat in the water by tomorrow afternoon.

FROST

Right away.

Burress and the dog disappear back into shadows.

Frost motions to a couple of the Goons. They grab the Pizzonis and drag them towards their office.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - LATE MORNING

Vasquez and Eggerton RING THE DOORBELL.

VASQUEZ
...You smell that?

EGGERTON
Yeah... And I can hear meowing...

Vasquez RINGS THE BELL again. Still no answer. She tries the door... it opens.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - SAME

The officers tentatively step inside.

VASQUEZ
Hello? Animal Patrol Unit. We've
received a complaint about dead
animals...

Multiple FELINE CRIES fill the air. They make their way into the living room.

Vasquez and Eggerton are horrified to find several dozen pet carriers stacked around the room. Each one contains a cat, many of them nursing kittens. Filth is everywhere. Vasquez and Eggerton cover their noses.

EGGERTON
Oh God...

A CLATTERING from the kitchen catches their attention. The two officers carefully look around the corner...

...finding HAZEL (mid-50s, portly) tending to a cat. She's holding it down and forcing liquid into its mouth with a small baster. Loud MUSIC emanates from her ear buds.

VASQUEZ
Ma'am!

Hazel wheels. A cigarette dangles from her mouth. The look on her face is abject shock.

HAZEL
Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

A Haz-Mat squad member strings yellow caution tape to cut off the area from curious neighbors. Two news teams set up for live broadcasts.

Officers from the A.P.U. relocate the surviving cats into a truck for transport. Members of the Haz-Mat team wheel two large green trash cans to a disposal vehicle.

Vasquez watches the cats being moved. Eggerton walks up with a handful of papers.

EGGERTON

She may have been a slob, but she was organized. Receipts from several pet stores in the area.

VASQUEZ

She's farming kittens...

The HAZ-MAT SQUAD LEADER approaches them.

VASQUEZ

How many?

HAZ-MAT SQUAD LEADER

The two big cans there. One was full, the other was about half. Maybe three dozen?

EGGERTON

Any idea on the cause of death?

HAZ-MAT SQUAD LEADER

That stuff in the bottle... it's a strong laxative. Based on the condition of the remains, they basically crapped to death.

VASQUEZ

Jesus...

One of the other A.P.U. OFFICERS runs up.

A.P.U. OFFICER #1

Hey, can one of you give us a hand here?

Eggerton sees that Vasquez needs some space.

EGGERTON

Yeah, sure.

She joins the A.P.U. Officer over at the relocation truck.
Vasquez looks at the house intently. She steps back inside.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - SAME

Vasquez finds Hazel giving a statement to an OFFICER.

VASQUEZ
Give me a minute?

The Officer steps out. Hazel takes in Vasquez.

HAZEL
So how long is this gonna take?

Vasquez is pissed. She snatches Hazel's smoke.

HAZEL
Hey--

Vasquez grabs Hazel's throat. Holds the cigarette to her eye.

VASQUEZ
You sick piece of crap--

EGGERTON (O.S.)
Vasquez? You in here?

The sound of her partner's voice clears her head. Vasquez lets Hazel go. Grinds the cigarette out on the counter.

Eggerton and the Officer enter.

EGGERTON
They're ready to take her in.

VASQUEZ
Be my guest.

She glares as the Officer leads Hazel away.

EGGERTON
What's up?

VASQUEZ
I need a day at the spa.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - AFTERNOON

Vasquez EMPTIES A CLIP into a target. Her hands don't shake. Her focus doesn't waver.

She hits a button, bringing the target to her. It has two clusters of bullet holes: one in the head, one in the heart.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - SAME

Vasquez makes her way through the precinct.

GRIMES (O.S.)
Hey, Annie Oakley!

Vasquez turns to find DETECTIVE ERNIE GRIMES (early 50s, balding) and his partner DETECTIVE BILLY GARNER (late 40s, pudgy) approaching.

GRIMES
Tryin' to relive our glory days on
the riot squads?

VASQUEZ
Hardly.

Vasquez and Grimes hug. Garner just watches.

VASQUEZ
Garner.

GARNER
Vasquez.

Grimes pulls the target out from under her arm. He whistles when he sees the precise hits.

GRIMES
Tough day?

VASQUEZ
Par for the course, unfortunately.
How're things on your beat?

GRIMES
These goddamn dog fights. They're
killin' us. Seems like it's a ring,
but they're all over the city.
We're always two steps behind them.

VASQUEZ
Well, if you need me, I'm there.

GARNER
(sarcastically)
Why don't you stick to getting
kitty cats out of trees. We'll take
care of the police work.

VASQUEZ
 (sizing him up)
 Just offering to help, that's all.

GARNER
 Whatever. Listen, Grimes, I gotta
 go. I'll see you tomorrow.

He walks away from the group. Vasquez glares at his back.

VASQUEZ
 Jerk.

GRIMES
 C'mon now... He's under a lot of
 stress. He was in the hospital with
 Karen all night. The chemo's really
 doing a number on her.

VASQUEZ
 Oksy, that's a lot to handle.
 (a beat)
 But he's still a jerk.

GRIMES
 ...Yeah. He's a jerk. So, I'm off
 the clock. Lunch?

Eggerton walks up. Nods at Grimes.

VASQUEZ
 I would love to. But this...
 (indicates the target)
 ...was my lunch. We're just about
 to go back out.

GRIMES
 Well, keep fightin' the good fight.

VASQUEZ
 You got it.

Grimes watches her go, a melancholy look on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK CAB - LATE AFTERNOON

Vasquez navigates traffic. Eggerton scans their orders.

EGGERTON
 You looked like you wanted to take
 a swing at that old lady.

VASQUEZ
It was that obvious, huh?

EGGERTON
I'm the "Vasquez whisperer".

That breaks Vasquez's mood. She laughs.

EGGERTON
There she is.

VASQUEZ
Sorry. Just bitter today.

EGGERTON
She really got under your skin.

VASQUEZ
It's not just her. It's all of them!

EGGERTON
Well this isn't going to help your mood... Someone called in a tip. They saw a lot of dogs being moved in and out of a place downtown. Cages, the whole nine yards.

VASQUEZ
God, I hope this is a false alarm...

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - AFTERNOON

Vasquez and Eggerton pull up to a car repair shop in an industrial part of the city.

VASQUEZ
You sure this is it?

EGGERTON
(checking GPS)
12480 Murphy Street.

EGGERTON
All right then. Shall we?

VASQUEZ
You take point. I'm going to skirt around back.

EGGERTON
Stay on radio.

VASQUEZ
You too.

Vasquez makes her way around the building as Eggerton enters the open garage door.

INT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - SAME

Eggerton walks towards the back of the facility, past cars in various states of repair. Heavy rock music emanates from somewhere in the space.

RYAN (mid 20s, Vietnamese, hulking) stops his welding and watches Eggerton pass.

TRANH (mid 20s, Vietnamese, rock 'n roll), leisurely flipping through an adult magazine, sees her coming.

EGGERTON
Good afternoon.

TRANH
(a little nervous)
How can we help you? Looking to beef up your cruiser?

EGGERTON
No, thank you. I'm Officer Eggerton. I'm with the Animal Patrol Unit. We're checking up on a tip we received.

Tranh puts his magazine down. Eggerton watches him closely...

...but she misses him stepping on a silent alarm button.

EXT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - SAME

From around the back of the building, Vasquez hears a large METAL DOOR ROLL UP. A panel truck REVS ITS ENGINE and pulls away in a hurry.

At the sound of panicked voices, she moves forward.

INT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - SAME

Eggerton can sense RYAN moving around the cars behind her.

TRANH
Dogs? No dogs. We just do automotive repairs here.

Eggerton sees the sweat break out on his brow.

EGGERTON

I see that. Are you the owner,
Mister?...

TRANH

Tranh. No, I work here. The manager
is out.

EGGERTON

Then I'll speak with you. I need to
ask you a few questions.

She pulls out a small notebook. Flips through it. Tranh cuts his eyes at Ryan, who reaches under his greasy leather smock.

EXT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - SAME

Vasquez peeks around the corner. She sees a loading dock area. Two metal doors, one of them open. She hears frantic, raised voices.

LEO (O.S.)

(in Vietnamese)

*Get them fucking loaded! There's a
cop out front!*

Vasquez takes a quick look inside the open door. Another panel truck sits at the loading dock, parked next to an SUV. Frost is coordinating with Leo as multiple burly men shove covered crates around.

One of the covers snags and slides off...

...revealing several dogs crammed into one small cage.

VASQUEZ

(into her radio)

Eggerton, Eggerton. Dogs in the
back!

INT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - SAME

Eggerton's RADIO CRACKLES.

VASQUEZ (O.S.)

Repeat: dogs in the back!

Eggerton looks up at Tranh. His eyes betray his guilt.

She ducks to the side. Ryan swings a hammer by her head.

INT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - LOADING DOCK - SAME

A GOON, gun at the ready, unexpectedly steps around the corner, surprising Vasquez. Before he can react, she takes him out. Noisily.

The criminals stop dead in their tracks.

FROST

Smoke her!

Weapons suddenly appear in every hand. Vasquez ducks their HEAVY GUNFIRE. She drags the unconscious Goon towards her, and pulls the gun from his grip. Checks the clip: it's full.

She takes a deep breath... and jumps into the fray. Popping off quick, accurate shots, she slowly and methodically picks off the Goons one by one, as she works her way into the loading area.

INT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - SAME

Eggerton kicks Ryan's knees out from under him. SLAMS his head into the counter. He slumps to the floor.

Tranh grabs a gun from under the counter. He FIRES at Eggerton as he runs for his life out the front door.

EGGERTON

This is Unit 143. I've got a 281 in progress! Shots fired! I repeat, shots fired!

Ryan rises up, bleeding heavily. He groggily reaches for a pistol in his waistband.

EGGERTON

Oh shit...

INT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - LOADING DOCK - SAME

Vasquez makes short work of Frost's and Leo's goons.

Leo panics. He grabs a can of gas. Sloshes it all over the warehouse.

FROST

What the hell are you doing?

LEO

Saving my ass!

He flicks his cigarette into spilled fuel. Everything ERUPTS IN FLAMES.

FROST
Get that truck out of here!

One of the Goons runs for the truck. Vasquez shoots him in the leg.

CLICK! CLICK! Vasquez is out. She quickly reloads.

LEO
Fuck this!

Leo grabs a gun from one of his Goons. He jumps off the loading dock. Walks right up to where Vasquez is. She reloads, pops up...

...finding herself staring into the barrel of Leo's gun.

LEO
Sayonara, sweetheart.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. The safety is on.

Vasquez puts all her strength into a punch right in his face. Blood spurts everywhere. Leo drops, unconscious.

Frost realizes he's going to have to do something about this cop himself. He works his way around the truck.

Vasquez mounts the ramp to warehouse...only to freeze in her tracks.

POV

Stacks of cages, filled with dogs that have just given birth. A rape stand bolted to the cement floor. And the flames, spreading out through the space, threatening the howling dogs in their prisons.

BACK TO SCENE

The horror of the scene stuns her... just long enough for Frost to knock the gun out of her hand. It CLATTERS across the concrete dock.

The impact shocks her back into reality. Vasquez takes the offensive, engaging Frost in brutal hand-to-hand fighting.

She holds her own, but his size and strength eventually win out. He catches her in the temple, stunning her. Picking her up by the throat, he dangles her over an open dumpster.

Frost takes a sick delight in watching Vasquez turn blue.

Eggerton suddenly bursts through the back door, bruised and sweating. She brandishes Ryan's gun.

EGGERTON

Put her down!

Eggerton FIRES. The bullet hits Frost in the shoulder. He drops Vasquez into the dumpster. Ducking bullets, he dives behind protective cover.

The remaining Goons OPEN FIRE on Eggerton. She lunges behind several crates. BULLETS RICOCHET all around her.

INT. NOWHERE

Vasquez floats in an eternal, blissful blackness.

Danny appears before her, glowing from within.

VASQUEZ

Danny... I miss you...

Danny is suddenly joined by Ginger.

VASQUEZ

Ginger! Who wants a kiss?...

Ginger lovingly puts her paw on Vasquez's face.

INT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - LOADING DOCK - SAME

A burst of pain. With a cough Vasquez comes to. GUNFIRE ECHOES distantly.

There is a paw on her face. Still groggy, she pushes it aside... leaving a bloody print on her forehead.

Vasquez tries to sit up, but puts her hands in something soft. She lifts it, finding blood and fur covering her hand.

She discovers that she's laying in a dumpster, filled with the bodies of dead dogs. She stares into dead eyes and open mouths. Blood and viscera envelop her.

Eggerton TRADES SHOTS with Frost's men, as they edge towards her hiding place.

VASQUEZ

No! No!! NOOOOOO!!!

Vasquez's scream stops everyone in their tracks.

Vasquez erupts from the dumpster. Grabs the dropped gun.

Before anyone can react, Vasquez takes out all the Goons shooting at Eggerton.

Eggerton rises from her hiding place. She is horrified by Vasquez's appearance.

EGGERTON
Holy shit... Vasquez...

Frost is shocked as well. Grimacing, he jumps down from the dock and bolts for the SUV. The driver PEELS OUT.

Vasquez turns, her face contorted in rage. She aims her gun at Frost in the SUV as it pulls away...

...but the howls of the dogs snap her out of her delirium.

VASQUEZ
(to Eggerton)
We have to help them!

She grabs a fire extinguisher off the support pillar and runs into the conflagration.

Eggerton shakes off her awe and follows her lead.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - EVENING

Grimes and Garner work the scene. Firemen wend their way through the burnt-out building as police hold back the crowds. Reporters and cameramen cover the scene from the safety of their news vans.

In the midst of all this chaos, the A.P.U. secures the dogs that survived. Covered in soot and sweat, Eggerton toils side-by-side with her fellow officers.

Vasquez sits on the back bumper of an ambulance, a blanket thrown around her shoulders. She swats away the EMT trying to clean her face.

A police cruiser rolls up. The precinct chief, SGT. JAMES WASHINGTON (early 60s, weathered), climbs out. Grimes sees him, nudges Garner to come with him.

WASHINGTON
(taking in the scene)
Jesus.

GRIMES
He ain't blessing us with His
presence here, Chief.

GARNER

Might be our gang. Rape stands match the manufacturing style of the ones from the other two facilities.

GRIMES

"Might be"...

GARNER

No way to tell until we do more "detecting". Right?

WASHINGTON

Any arrests?

GRIMES

One. Vasquez put a hurt on him.

He motions towards Leo being loaded into a squad car.

WASHINGTON

This is the best chance we've had of nailing these bastards.

GRIMES

I hope you can take this to the Mayor. Do your song and dance. Get that task force funding.

WASHINGTON

Don't worry. No one in their right mind could deny us after this.

Washington disengages to go talk to the Fire Chief. Grimes and Garner check on Vasquez. Grimes winces when he sees the big bloody paw print still in the middle of her forehead.

GRIMES

Vasquez...

VASQUEZ

We... were able to contain the fire before the crew got here. But that... son of a bitch soaked most of the cages. We're... we're going to have to put most of them down...

She breaks down. Grimes puts a sympathetic hand on her shoulder. Garner, however, glares at her.

VASQUEZ

...but hopefully, we can rehab the surviving females. Find them forever homes.

GARNER

They're fighting dogs. They're all fucked in the head at this point. Why are you wasting your time?

VASQUEZ

(furious)

If being fucked in the head is what it takes, then maybe I should put you down!

GRIMES

Cool it... the cameras...

VASQUEZ

What is your deal, Garner?

GARNER

My deal is, we've been after these creeps for goddamn months now, and you had one of them - maybe the fucking main guy - in your sights! But you let him get away!

VASQUEZ

Those dogs were burning alive!

GARNER

So let 'em! They're just stupid dogs!

Vasquez sees red. She cocks her arm back, but Eggerton grabs her at the last second.

EGGERTON

Mireya... he's not worth it... We have to take the dogs to the hospital...

That defuses Vasquez's rage. She and Eggerton head for their A.P.U. truck.

Grimes turns on his partner.

GRIMES

You're a real asshole sometimes, you know that?

GARNER

Her kid died two years ago, Ernie.
She needs to get over it! Get back
in the game!

GRIMES

You're way outta line on this one,
Billy.

GARNER

(scoffing)

Always covering for her. You know,
if she's so damn special, why don't
you just partner up with her again?

He stalks off.

GRIMES

(to himself)

I wish.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ANIMAL HOSPITAL - LATE EVENING

Vasquez and Eggerton work diligently to get the injured dogs
checked in and attended to.

Vasquez steps aside to take a few moments to collect herself.
She's exhausted.

A tiny WHINE catches her attention. There's a dog in the pen
in front of her. A puppy, with a white ring around one eye. A
cast covers its front leg. An I.V. runs into its side. A
large bandage is taped to the back of its head.

With horror, she realizes... it's Pablo, the puppy she saw
being adopted.

One of the VET TECHS sees her staring at the dog.

VET TECH #1

Sad, huh? Some young girl
surrendered the poor guy yesterday.
Broken leg, cracked skull, internal
bleeding... Looks like her
boyfriend did it.

VASQUEZ

Did you... get a name?

VET TECH #1

Nah. She hopped in her bubblegum car and drove off before we could get any info.

VASQUEZ

Will he...

VET TECH #1

He's gonna pull through. But who knows how impaired he'll be.

The Vet Tech is summoned to help with the dogs. She runs off.

Vasquez puts her fingers through the wire door.

VASQUEZ

(whispering)

Pablo?...

His tail wags weakly. Vasquez's expression transforms from grief to rage.

Eggerton makes her way into the back, a clipboard in her hand.

EGGERTON

Okay, they're all checked in. You want to go back to... Hey, Mireya, are you okay?

VASQUEZ

I'm... I'm just tired. Can you finish up here?

EGGERTON

Sure. Go on. We're almost done.

Vasquez doesn't even say thank you. She leaves in a hurry.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. KELI'S HOUSE - SAME

Through the windows, Keli and Davoin can be seen arguing. Davoin finally snaps. He smacks her across the face.

Keli grabs her purse and keys. She flies out of the house. Jumps in her pink Beetle. Drives away in tears.

As Keli rounds the corner, a figure steps out of the shadows. Dressed head to toe in black, the observer watches Davoin head for the kitchen.

INT. KELI'S HOUSE - SAME

Davoin CRACKS OPEN A BEER. GUZZLES it as he walks back into the living room.

Behind him, a gloved hand picks up an aluminum baseball bat propped against the wall.

VASQUEZ (O.S.)

Hey!

Davoin turns...

WHAM! The bat CRACKS his temple. He falls over the coffee table. A plastic drug store bag empties onto the floor, scattering toiletries and lipstick.

Davoin looks up in shock, to find Vasquez looming over him, the bloody paw print still on her face.

VASQUEZ

Let's see how you like it!

She strikes Davoin in the stomach. The chest.

DAVOIN

AAAAAH!!!

Vasquez tosses the bat aside. She drops to her knees, pinning Davoin to the ground. With her gloved fist, she rains blow after blow on his face.

VASQUEZ

You cocksucker! Beating a helpless puppy! You fucking dirtbag!

Vasquez delivers one final punch. Davoin goes limp. Vasquez rubs her hand... it's injured from all the hitting.

VASQUEZ

You're not getting away with it!

Still in a rage, Vasquez grabs the loose lipstick. Using her uninjured hand, she scrawls on Davoin's white T-shirt:

I BEAT A PUPPY TO DEATH

Vasquez drags Davoin out the door.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SAME

Vasquez dumps Davoin in the street, leaving his body in the cold. She then continues up the street...

VASQUEZ

No, I needed to work. I need the distraction.

She sits at her desk. She's feeling distant. Detached. But she tries to focus on her environment.

VASQUEZ

So, we got anything yet?

EGGERTON

It's your lucky day. It's been quiet so--

Eggerton's PHONE RINGS.

EGGERTON

I stand corrected.

She answers. Vasquez is just staring at her desk... when Grimes pops his head in.

GRIMES

Hey, kiddo.

VASQUEZ

(putting on a good face)
Afternoon, handsome.

GRIMES

You okay?

Vasquez playfully salutes him. He notices her bandaged hand.

VASQUEZ

Oh, just... hitting the bag too hard.

She throws a couple of shadow punches.

GRIMES

You're in an awfully good mood today.

VASQUEZ

What can I say? Life is good.

GRIMES

Wish I shared your sunny disposition. I've been up for hours. Got a shit storm dumped in my lap. That "pet shaming" mess from last night.

Vasquez freezes.

VASQUEZ
(playing innocent)
"Pet shaming"...?

GRIMES
You didn't hear about this?

He pulls out his smartphone. After a little scrolling, he finds what he's looking for. Hands the phone to her.

GRIMES
I'm a zillion years old, and even I heard about this.

Vasquez's blood runs cold.

PHONE SCREEN

On a social media feed, photos of Davoin, his body slumped in the street, the words scribbled across his chest.

BACK TO SCENE

VASQUEZ
Where'd these come from?

GRIMES
The kids that found him. Fuckin' Millennials, putting every goddamn thing in the cloud.

VASQUEZ
That's... that's horrible...

GRIMES
Yeah, well, not everybody thinks so... Check out the sickos leaving comments...

Vasquez scrolls down. She sees various comments:

ONE LESS MONSTER IN THE WORLD!

PEOPLE WHO HURT ANIMALS DESERVE TO BE KILLED!

WHOEVER DID THIS IS A HERO!

Her mind reels. What she did... is affecting people!

GRIMES

We've been contacting the various sites to take down the photos, but this is the digital age. They're out there forever now.

VASQUEZ

Do you have any leads?

GRIMES

Nothing. Crime scene was pretty clean. The kids who took the pics didn't see anyone. But... the perp must've been high or something.

VASQUEZ

How's that?

Kwan points at Davoin's shirt.

GRIMES

Left us a writing sample. The lab's working on it already. Dumb-ass meth heads always screw up somehow.

Vasquez swallows. She's trying to remain cool and collected.

A COMMOTION from out in the hall breaks the tension.

INT. PRECINCT - HALLWAY - SAME

Vasquez and Grimes find a group of cops escorting a bandaged Leo towards the police garage. A slick LAWYER accompanies him, whispering in his ear.

Garner sees Vasquez and Grimes.

VASQUEZ

What's going on?

GARNER

Word came from on high: No booking. No record. Get him out quietly.

VASQUEZ

But... but that's crazy! He was part of the dog fight! He assaulted an officer!

GARNER

Don't look at me. He must have some powerful friends.

Through the crowd, Leo sees Vasquez staring at him. He gives her a wink. Then the cops throw a jacket over his face. Hustle him into a town car with tinted windows. It ROARS out of the police parking deck.

Vasquez seethes. Garner puts a hand on her shoulder.

GARNER
Sometimes they--

Vasquez breaks away from him. Stalks back into her office.

INT. PRECINCT - VASQUEZ'S OFFICE - SAME

Eggerton slams down her phone.

VASQUEZ
What was that?

EGGERTON
I tried my best, but... Our cat farmer... She's home.

VASQUEZ
(stunned)
How can that be?

EGGERTON
She paid the fine. I guess that's that.

Eggerton returns to her work. She doesn't see the scowl on Vasquez's face.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATE EVENING

Hazel pours a glass of liquor in the kitchen. She carries her drink into the living room...

...where a new cat languishes in a carrier. The cat MEOWS when it sees her. She blows cigarette smoke into the carrier.

HAZEL
Gonna find you a boyfriend tomorrow. Put you to work.

A NOISE startles her. As she turns...

ZZZAP! She's hit with a taser. She blacks out.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Hazel slowly awakens. She tries to move, but her hands are tied above her, attached to the rail of the garage door opener. She hangs suspended in one of the big trash cans.

She tries to scream... but her throat is blocked by a clear plastic tube snaked into her throat, with a funnel duct taped to it.

Hazel hears SPLASHING LIQUID. She cranes her neck behind her. Vasquez, dressed all in black again, is pouring Hazel's bottles of laxatives into a plastic bucket.

She carries the bucket to where Hazel is tied up.

VASQUEZ

You killed those cats. You're going to pay for that.

Hazel makes eye contact with Vasquez.

HAZEL

(barely understandable)
You... Cop... Bitch...

Vasquez realizes her face is uncovered. Despite being drunk, Hazel has recognized her.

Vasquez pours all the laxative into the funnel. Hazel thrashes and gurgles and gags as the "medicine" flows down into her throat. Vasquez secures the funnel on the rail above the bound woman.

She grabs a piece of cardboard and hangs it around Hazel's neck. It's a sign that reads:

I STARVE CATS TO DEATH

Vasquez steps back, admires her handiwork. Then she leaves the garage, closing the door behind her.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - SAME

Vasquez passes through the living room. The trapped cat MEOWS as she walks by.

Vasquez stops. She needs to get out fast, but... she can't leave the poor thing behind.

Vasquez opens the carrier. She gets a good look at the animal, with its long fur and its unique half-white, half-black face.

The cat PURRS and rubs up against her. Vasquez cradles the cat as she leaves through the patio door.

CUT TO:

INT. VASQUEZ'S KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Vasquez, out of the shower, sits at the kitchen table as the cat hungrily eats canned tuna. Vasquez pets it lovingly.

VASQUEZ

That's some face you've got, kitty cat. You remind me of that Chinese Zen symbol... Yin and Yang.

The cat MEOWS.

VASQUEZ

You like that? "Yin-Yang". That's it, then. Yin-Yang.

The cat happily tucks back into its dinner.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Chief Washington sits with POLICE COMMISSIONER MICHAEL KAMINSKY (60s, imposing) across the desk from MAYOR THOMAS NGUYEN (50s, smooth). Deputy Mayor KEN DRUMMOND (50s, trim) watches from across the room.

The Mayor has a large folder of evidence in front of him.

MAYOR NGUYEN

This is a lot of material.

WASHINGTON

And that doesn't include the evidence from our bust the other day. But it does show how imperative it is that we get this task force funded and staffed.

MAYOR NGUYEN

I hear you, Chief. I hear you. It's just that...

WASHINGTON

Oh, Mayor... come on! You can't be serious!

MAYOR NGUYEN

If you'd come to me two years ago... hell, last year even... it would have been a no-brainer.

KAMINSKY

Mr. Mayor, my officers are looking to me, their Commissioner, to convince you that this task force is incredibly important.

MAYOR NGUYEN

Mike. You know what the city is up against. We've got zero wiggle room on the budget this year. The infrastructure improvements, those new union benefits, the stadium... The citizens have been "municipal bonded" to death. They want to see concrete, positive results that lead to the betterment of their quality of life. Taking down a couple of crooks who run dog fights? That's just not a priority.

WASHINGTON

Mr. Mayor, with all due respect, this isn't just one or two individuals committing some petty larcenies. This is a coordinated, multi-level organization involving not only dozens of criminals, but also the brutalization of innocent animals.

MAYOR NGUYEN

Chief, I hear you. Lots of people love dogs. My wife volunteers at the downtown animal shelter. But they also love safe streets and bridges that don't collapse.

Washington can't take it anymore. He rises from his chair, leans over the desk.

WASHINGTON

One of my best officers almost lost her life trying to save those animals from that fire! A fire set by the monsters we're trying to stop!

The Mayor gives him a cool look.

MAYOR NGUYEN

Mike, you wanna tell your man to show some respect?

Kaminsky takes Washington by the elbow. He motions for Washington to sit down. Reluctantly, he returns to his chair.

The Mayor regards them both for a moment. He closes the folder, slides it towards Kaminsky.

MAYOR NGUYEN

At this time, we will not be able to recommend funding your proposed task force. You'll need to continue with the resources you've already assigned.

KAMINSKY

Okay. Well, thanks for your time.

WASHINGTON

Wait... that's it? Aren't you going to push for this?

KAMINSKY

You heard the Mayor. It's just not going to fly.

Washington is so upset he can't look at the Mayor.

An AIDE enters through a side door.

AIDE

Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Mayor, but your eleven-thirty is here.

MAYOR NGUYEN

Eleven... Oh, right. Thank you.
(to the officers)
Gentlemen, if you'll excuse me.

The Mayor quickly exits with the Aide, leaving the policemen with their frustration.

WASHINGTON

God-dammit! Why did you just roll over like that?

KAMINSKY

We have to play the game. One day, he's going to be in the right mood, and it'll all fall into place.

He rises. Slips on his jacket.

KAMINSKY

Jim, you're a good man. But don't push this. And don't push me.

With that ominous threat, he leaves the room.

DRUMMOND

I'm sorry, Chief. I didn't expect that reaction.

WASHINGTON

How can he possibly justify a decision like that?

DRUMMOND

I don't know. I just don't know.

WASHINGTON

So now what?

DRUMMOND

Just keep your team focused on nailing those bastards. It won't be easy to break the news to them, but tell them not to get distracted.

WASHINGTON

Of course. But what can you do for us in the meantime?

DRUMMOND

I'll keep working on him. See if I can sway his opinion.

WASHINGTON

I just hope that you can change his mind before things get worse.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYOR'S INNER CHAMBERS - SAME

Nguyen enters his personal chambers, trailed by the Aide.

He finds Leo pouring a drink at the small bar.

LEO

What's up, "pop"?

Nguyen storms across the room. SMACKS his son hard.

LEO

The fuck?!--

Leo hits him back. They engage in a small fight, before Leo disengages and places a couch between them.

LEO

What's your malfunction?!?

MAYOR NGUYEN

You stupid, selfish little shit!
You told me you were done with that
dog nonsense!

LEO

It's just a little gambling. No big
deal.

MAYOR NGUYEN

"No big deal"?! Do you have any
idea what I've done to keep you out
of trouble? I've been blowing off
the police for months now! I've
been lying to the police chief!

LEO

All right already! I get it. Jesus.
But you're "The Mayor". You got me
out. Problem solved.

MAYOR NGUYEN

I had to call in every favor I had
left to get you released before the
press found out!

Nguyen angrily makes a move around the couch to get Leo.

MAYOR NGUYEN

I spent decades getting here.
Sucking up to every single bastard
who wanted something done for them.
I've sacrificed everything to win
this office. And I am not going to
let my own spoiled rotten brat take
me down!

Leo sips from his drink. That only makes Nguyen madder.

MAYOR NGUYEN

You will not participate in that
horrible business ever again. You
hear me? Ever.

Leo stares at him blankly. Drains his drink.

LEO

Whatever.

He pushes past the Aide. Heads for the door.

MAYOR NGUYEN
Did you hear me? Leo? Leo?!?
Goddammit, I'm your father!

LEO
A little late to pull that card,
"pop".

MAYOR NGUYEN
You're cut off! You hear me? I'm
not paying for your disgusting
lifestyle anymore!

Leo flips him the bird as he SLAMS THE DOOR closed.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER JOINT - AFTERNOON

Vasquez sits at the counter, sipping iced tea. A TV plays on
mute in the background.

Grimes runs through the door, shaking the rain from his coat.
He plops down next to Vasquez.

VASQUEZ
You look seriously ragged out.

GRIMES
I've been working a crime scene all
morning. We got another "pet
shaming" victim.

VASQUEZ
You're kidding...

The waitress, FRAN (40s), hands them menus.

GRIMES
Way ahead of you, Fran. Pastrami,
potato salad, diet soda.

VASQUEZ
Burger, medium. Frings.

FRAN
You got it.

GRIMES
When did "frings" become a thing?

VASQUEZ

When some genius realized how perfect they are together. So, the case...

GRIMES

It's a bad one. You remember the cat lady from the other day?

VASQUEZ

Of course.

GRIMES

Neighbor found her trussed up in her garage in a trash can. Pumped full of laxatives. Shit herself to death. Her feet were dissolving in the waste.

VASQUEZ

(feigning shock)

Whoa. Are you sure it's the same guy?

GRIMES

Oh yeah. Sign around her neck and everything. But... we got lucky this time. We got a frame off a neighbor's security cam. Lab's going over it to see if they can match anything.

Vasquez's heart skips a beat as Grimes points to his phone.

VASQUEZ

No kidding. Can I see it?

He looks around, playfully making sure no one is looking. He gives her the "shhhh" gesture, then hands her the phone.

PHONE SCREEN

A tree limb obscures most of the figure's head and shoulders. It's dark and grainy and vague enough that it could be anyone. And there's no sign of the cat.

BACK TO SCENE

Vasquez breathes a sigh of relief.

GRIMES

I'm only letting you in 'cause I know how you feel about this stuff.

I mean, if the Chief heard I shared info, on an open investigation...

VASQUEZ

I got you. Mum's the word.

GRIMES

But at least we know he's not perfect. A sloppy perp is my favorite kind of perp.

Vasquez relaxes a bit. "He". They think it's a man!

GRIMES

Y'know... it's weird how the cat lady had just been reported for animal abuse violations.

Oh crap... He thinks it might be an inside job! She has to come up with a deflection...

VASQUEZ

(thoughtfully)

...Well, she was all over the news. Maybe this sicko is just good at searching the Web.

GRIMES

Oh, and that's the other thing: the friggin' Internet! The neighbor took photos and uploaded them. Just like the deadbeat found in the street. I'm just praying that the press doesn't work this into something.

Vasquez happens to look up at the TV. She elbows Grimes, points to the screen.

TV SCREEN

A local female REPORTER (late 20s, photogenic) stands in front of Hazel's house. A caption underneath her reads:

SERIAL KILLER... OR HERO?

INTERCUT BETWEEN BURGER JOINT AND TV

GRIMES

Oh no... Hey, Fran! Can you turn that up?

Fran grabs a remote. Unmutes the TV.

REPORTER

...These killings share a common, unsettling detail: the placement of a hand-written sign, like the popular "pet shaming" meme. A warning to our viewers: some of the following images are of a graphic nature.

A montage of social media photos of Vasquez's victims unspools. The faces are blurred out, but the signs are clearly legible.

REPORTER

Although some people are concerned about a potential serial killer on the loose, others are actually celebrating the vigilante's actions.

GRIMES

Goddammit, doesn't anyone have any decency anymore?!?

REPORTER

Animals rights activists online have christened the killer the "Euthanizer", giving a lighthearted super-hero name to a vicious criminal.

VASQUEZ

(sucked in)
"The Euthanizer"...

GRIMES

They gave the fruitcake a name!
That's only gonna encourage him!

Grimes' PHONE RINGS. He steps away to take the call.

Vasquez is glued to the TV. The news report cuts to a series of person-in-the-street interviews.

INTERVIEWEE #1

I think it's about time someone stood up for animals.

INTERVIEWEE #2

You put violence into the world,
you'll get violence in return.

INTERVIEWEE #3

If those people did the things they were accused of, then they deserve what they got.

REPORTER (O.S.)

You endorse the killer's actions?

INTERVIEWEE #3

They weren't innocent. They did horrible things. They gave up their right to be treated humanely.

Vasquez takes all this in. She's getting praise! People are supporting her!

REPORTER

Although police are on the hunt, perhaps the animal abusers out there might want to rethink their ways, until Mother Nature's vigilante is caught.

Grimes hangs up. He seems incredibly deep in thought.

GRIMES

The Chief. He wants to see me and Garner.

VASQUEZ

Three guesses why.

GRIMES

See you later, kid.

VASQUEZ

But... your lunch...

Grimes throws some money on the counter.

GRIMES

Have it for dinner.

He gives Vasquez a squeeze on the shoulder as he walks back into the rain.

Vasquez sits alone, sipping her tea thoughtfully.

VASQUEZ

(quietly)

"The Euthanizer"...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Burress sits at a desk. Frost stands behind her.

Across from them, GRIFFIN CARTER (60s, authoritarian) scans through a legal document.

BURRESS

The offer is more than generous.
Well above asking price.

Carter reaches the end of the contract. He clasps his hands in front of him in thought.

BURRESS

Is there something wrong?

CARTER

It's just that... the property is a facility for drydocking and repairing commercial watercraft.

BURRESS

I am well aware of its function.

CARTER

I'm not sure what you and... your people would want with this building.

BURRESS

(ignoring his racism)
We have business interests that would benefit from your property's location.

CARTER

The price is... considerably competitive.

BURRESS

Money is not an issue.

This last comment causes him to smirk.

CARTER

Well, the documents are certainly in order. But, I regret to inform you that since you last contacted me, my agents informed me that the price needed to be adjusted upward of two hundred fifty thousand dollars, reflecting the increased interest in the location.

BURRESS

Mr. Carter, if I didn't know better, I'd swear you were seeking to extort me and "my people".

CARTER

Perish the thought. But we're all slaves to the market, are we not?

They stare at each other across the desk.

Burress sighs. Without looking back, she holds out her hand. Frost gives her a small manila envelope. She throws it across the desk, surprising Carter.

CARTER

And what is this now?

BURRESS

Our counter-offer.

Bemused, Carter cracks open the seal. He pulls out a stack of photos. At first he doesn't quite know what he's looking at. But then, he chokes in shock.

CARTER

(reeling)

How... How did you...

BURRESS

I'm a businesswoman, Mr. Carter. I don't go into any situation blind. I find out who's across the table from me. His strengths. His weaknesses. His... interests.

Carter sobs openly.

BURRESS

If it's any consolation, the young man... What was his name?...

FROST

Calvin.

BURRESS

..."Calvin", professed his love for you. Right before he bled out.

Carter throws down the photos. His body spasms from crying.

BURRESS

Your other two friends...

FROST
William. And Jamal.

BURRESS
...are still blissfully unaware.

She puts her hands together, as Carter did earlier.

BURRESS
As are your wife. And children.

The implications of her threat hit Carter hard.

She stands, looming over the man she's just crushed.

BURRESS
But not a single one of them needs
to suffer... if you'll just sign
the offer as tendered.

Carter regards her with horror. She stares into his soul.

Trembling, he grabs a pen. Scribbles a hasty signature.

CARTER
Goddamn... witch...

Burress takes the contract off the desk.

BURRESS
It was a pleasure doing business
with you.

Carter collapses in tears as Burress and Frost leave.

CUT TO:

INT. VASQUEZ'S KITCHEN - EVENING

George serves Vasquez a big plate of spaghetti.

GEORGE
Apologies in advance: I may have
overdone it with the oregano. But,
this crisp Reisling ought to
balance things out.

Yin-Yang hops up on the table mid-pour.

GEORGE
Aaah! You scared me, Yo-Yo!

VASQUEZ
"Yin-Yang".

GEORGE

Whatever. She shouldn't be on the table!

VASQUEZ

My house, my rules.

GEORGE

I thought you were dead set against getting another pet.

VASQUEZ

I was. But I... ran across her, and had the opportunity to give her a better life.

She pets the cat lovingly. But George can see something in her face, something in her attitude...

GEORGE

You seem like you got something on your mind.

VASQUEZ

Ah, it's just... things at work have... changed. I got a chance to take on some additional responsibilities.

GEORGE

What, like a promotion?

VASQUEZ

Sort of. It's hard to explain. I'll tell you, I almost didn't take it.

GEORGE

Why not?

VASQUEZ

I felt like... I wasn't exactly the right person to do the job. But then, some people convinced me I could do a lot of good if I took the chance.

GEORGE

That all sounds good to me. So when do you start?

VASQUEZ

Any day now.

INT. POLICE RECORDS ROOM - SAME

Vasquez slips into the records room. Another OFFICER is already there, digging through a filing cabinet.

Vasquez walks down the rows and rows of cabinets, pretending to look for a drawer.

The Officer leaves. Vasquez instantly heads for a particular set of filing cabinets.

She slides open a drawer. Flips through the folder tabs until she finds what she's looking for. The tabs read "ABUSE CLAIMS FEB 2013", "ABUSE CLAIMS SEP 2012", and so on.

She hesitates. She really, really shouldn't take those files...

...but she's too driven. Making sure no one is looking, she grabs a few folders.

CUT TO:

INT. VASQUEZ'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Sitting on the couch, Vasquez scans through the files spread out on her glass coffee table. She is horrified by what she reads: "Starved". "Electrocuted". "Frozen". "Drowned". "Burned". Angry tears fill her eyes.

A sweet "meow" makes her look up. Yin-Yang lays in Ginger's bed in the living room. Vasquez can't help but laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. VASQUEZ'S BEDROOM - SAME

Vasquez dons her all-black gear. She looks herself over in the mirror. Yin-Yang lolls on the bed, watching her.

VASQUEZ
 (putting on a voice)
 You have abused animals.
 (another voice)
 You have...
 (even more guttural)
 You have abused...
 (to Yin-Yang)
 That doesn't work, does it?

The wheels turn in her head as she tries to figure out what to do. Her gaze falls on the picture by her bedside.

POV

Danny holds his present: the monster mask.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Vasquez digs through the toy box in Danny's room until she finds the mask.

At the workbench in her garage, Vasquez removes the voice changing mechanism from the mask. She inserts it into the jaw piece of her motorcycle helmet.

Vasquez goes back to the full-length mirror in her bedroom. She pulls on the helmet. She's become THE EUTHANIZER.

EUTHANIZER
(distorted voice)
You are guilty of abusing animals.

It works. She gives Yin-Yang a thumbs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - EVENING

COURTNEY (mid 40s, obese) walks to her car, stuffing her face. She fumbles with her keys trying to open her car door.

ZZZAP! She's tased. She blacks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG TERM PARKING LOT - MORNING

A black hood is ripped off Courtney's head. She discovers she's taped up in the front seat of her car at the airport long-term parking lot.

The Euthanizer looms over her.

EUTHANIZER
You are guilty of abusing animals.

She puts a sign around Courtney's neck that says:

I LEFT MY DOG IN A HOT CAR

The Euthanizer slams the door closed. Courtney thrashes and screams, but can't get loose.

The Euthanizer walks off through rows and rows of parked cars, leaving Courtney to her fate.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOTHING STORE - EVENING

TARIQ (mid 50s, Middle Eastern) puts some fur coats up in a shop. He steps out back for a cigarette.

WHACK! He's clubbed from behind.

CUT TO:

INT. STOREROOM - SAME

Tariq slowly comes to. He finds himself inside his storeroom, naked, tied to a chair. A cable runs from an electrical junction box to his backside.

The Euthanizer points a gloved finger at him.

EUTHANIZER

You are guilty of abusing animals.

She loops a sign around his neck that reads:

I ELECTROCUTED ANIMALS FOR FUR

Tariq begs for his life.

The Euthanizer throws the switch on the junction box. SPARKS FLY. Tariq spasms and screams.

CUT TO:

INT. SHABBY HOUSE - SAME

Blood SIZZLES out of a slab of raw meat in a pan. JOEL (40s, blue collar) lights a cigarette using the burner.

Walking into the living room, he grabs a remote off a tray. Turns on the TV. Light flickers on his face as he watches.

FLOORBOARDS CREAK behind him.

The Euthanizer stands in the doorway to the kitchen.

EUTHANIZER

You are guilty of abusing animals.

Joel doesn't seem very nervous. He takes a drag on his smoke.

JOEL

You that "Euthanizer". From th'
news.

He's not afraid. Vasquez isn't prepared for this. She takes a step forward.

EUTHANIZER

You will be--

Joel snatches up the metal TV tray. Throws it at her. She raises her arms to block it...

...leaving her open to his attack. He SLAMS her into the cabinets in the kitchen. Vasquez is dazed.

Joel grabs a meat pounder off the counter. HAMMERS her everywhere. Her helmet CRACKS. She feels a rib break. She's getting pulped.

Vasquez kicks Joel in the knee. Pulls his shirt into the flame. He lets her go. Drops the meat pounder. Frantically struggles to remove his burning shirt.

She picks up the hot pan. CLOCKS HIM HARD. Joel goes down, still on fire. She puts him out.

Vasquez is battered and exhausted. Reaching under her helmet, she finds blood.

Vasquez gathers her strength. She begins undressing Joel.

EXT. SHABBY HOUSE - SAME - LATER

In the pouring sleet, the Euthanizer puts a chain around Joel's neck. He's stripped naked, bound, his mouth taped.

He slowly comes to, as she hangs a sign around his neck that reads:

I LEFT MY DOG OUTSIDE IN THE SNOW

Joel realizes he's tied up in his back yard. He starts thrashing, but there's no escape.

The Euthanizer stumbles away from him, as the sleet continues falling.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT - SAME

George sits at his dining table, cleaning and assembling a large military-grade rifle.

A BANG from outside causes him to freeze. He throws a canvas over his workspace. He slowly approaches the door, pulling a semi-automatic pistol out of the back of his camo pants.

GEORGE

Dewey? That you?

Another LOUD THUMP makes him jump. He throws open the door.

GEORGE

Okay shit-head, you're gonna--

He's shocked to find Vasquez leaning against the railing. Holding her helmet. Blood running down her temples.

VASQUEZ

I know... it's not Tuesday...
but...

CUT TO:

INT. ARMY SURPLUS STORE - EARLY MORNING

George stitches Vasquez's scalp. Her shirt is off, a large bandage wrapped around her ribcage. Other bandages cover various abrasions and cuts she suffered.

GEORGE

A little further down and he would
have cracked your orbital socket.

VASQUEZ

Lucky me.

GEORGE

My niece-in-law. The folk hero.

VASQUEZ

I'm no hero.

GEORGE

That's not what I'm reading online.
A lot of people worship you.

VASQUEZ

I wasn't doing it for them.

GEORGE

Then why were you doing it, Mimi?

He finishes sewing. She looks at her stitches in a mirror.

VASQUEZ

I couldn't take it anymore. To see
all those horrible people never
suffer the consequences of what
they've done.

She painfully pulls her sweater back on.

VASQUEZ

I know I took an oath. I know I'm supposed to uphold the law. But... if the law fails... Do you just ignore everything?

She realizes that George is staring at her.

VASQUEZ

Don't worry. I learned my lesson. The people online are going to have to find someone else to worship.

GEORGE

What are you saying?

VASQUEZ

I'm saying, this was a huge mistake. God. I don't know what I was thinking.

George finishes his stitching. She gingerly pulls on her sweatshirt.

VASQUEZ

I'm sticking with my day job.

George doesn't reply. He just purses his lips and nods.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Frost stands in the large main area of the new boat repair building, his injured arm in a sling.

One end of the space is a dock, open to the water, with boat-lifting equipment. A giant metal door at the end of the space cranks open, revealing an access point to the bay beyond.

He walks up a staircase to the horseshoe-shaped second level, which looks down on the docking area and the platform around it. Cages are being assembled. Goons use an electric winch to lift materials from the first level to the second level.

He walks up the stairs to the third and final level, another horseshoe-shaped floor, with a large office in the middle area, directly over the docking area.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

He enters, finding Burrell looking out over the bay.

FROST

The electrical infrastructure isn't as up-to-date as we thought. We'll have to push the renovation schedule, but we're still within the overall schedule.

BURRESS

And the boat?

FROST

Some actual good news. I'm told they're a couple of days ahead of schedule. The retrofitting should be done by next week.

BURRESS

That's good to hear.

She senses that Frost has more news. She gives him an impatient "spit it out" look.

FROST

Unfortunately, our finances are tighter than expected. We'll need to divert funds to the upgrade. We're operating very close to the red right now.

BURRESS

You assured me we'd be liquid until we open this new facility.

FROST

The loss of Leo's product resulted in the cancellation of a large event. That cost us a significant portion of our income.

BURRESS

Thanks to our source, we've never even had a whisper of a problem about being discovered. So why now, after all this time?

FROST

Apparently there was a tip logged with the Animal Patrol Unit. Our source doesn't normally interact with that department.

Burress sips her drink thoughtfully.

BURRESS

I'm depending on you to make sure my plans are successful. Can I depend on that?

FROST

I assure you, there will be no more surprises.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING DECK - EVENING

Grimes cautiously makes his way towards a car parked in a dark corner. A slight figure stirs in the shadows. He holds up his hands to show he's not carrying his gun.

GRIMES

I'm alone. You're safe.

Trina steps into the light. She keeps a nervous eye on her surroundings.

GRIMES

You called me. So... let's have it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - AFTERNOON

Vasquez has her arm shoved into a hole in a garage wall. Eggerton holds a flashlight. An upset young woman, APRIL, watches nervously.

A weak "meow" comes from behind the sheetrock...

VASQUEZ

There you go, baby... it's okay...

Vasquez pulls out a dirty kitten.

APRIL

Oh my God!

Vasquez hands the cat to April, who places it with its equally disheveled mother in a carrier.

VASQUEZ

Don't give momma a lot of food. Just a couple of bites to start. But plenty of water. And get them to the vet today.

APRIL
(to the officers)
I will! Thank you! Thank you so
much.

Vasquez beams at the reunited pets and their owner.

CUT TO:

INT. A.P.U. TRUCK - SAME

Eggerton notices that Vasquez's mood is lighter... She's drumming on the steering wheel to the song on the radio. But her face is still bruised.

VASQUEZ
Is it that noticeable?

EGGERTON
Uh, yeah! No wonder you were out for two days. You start up a fight club and not let me in?

VASQUEZ
If you consider slipping on my back stairs a "fight", then, yeah, your invite got lost in the mail.

EGGERTON
If I felt like you look, I would've taken a week off. You seem pretty upbeat for a lady who went ten rounds with her stairs.

VASQUEZ
I don't know. I'm just... happy. Like, saving those cats. That's what it's all about.

EGGERTON
Good to hear. I was beginning to think Grimes was getting to you.

VASQUEZ
Going back to violent crimes? Hell no! I'd rather be trapped in a wall myself!

EGGERTON
That's a relief. I'd hate to have to break in a new partner.

VASQUEZ
And I love you too.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - SAME

Vasquez quietly slides into a squad room, finding Grimes and Garner holding a briefing. Chief Washington sits to the side. A large digital map of the downtown area is projected on the wall. Pictures of dog fight evidence and related criminals are pinned up on several boards.

GRIMES
Apparently the organization is set up like terrorist cells... the smaller groups don't know what the main one is doing. When the people in charge need animals, they contact the "cells".

OFFICER #1
We don't have any suspects?

GARNER
Our confidential informant is small potatoes, so they only know the name of one contact: "Frost". We're going through every prior to find a match.

GRIMES
When the C.I. learns the details of the next fight, they'll contact me, and we'll go from there.

Garner holds up a folder.

GARNER
Okay, in the meantime, we've put together a breakdown of everything we've gotten to date. All the details are here. Grab a packet and familiarize yourself with the investigation.

GRIMES
This could be it, everyone. So let's get prepped.

As the officers break off into groups, Vasquez wanders up to the evidence boards. She takes in all the hideous photos of blood, restraining equipment, bins filled with animal carcasses... It's overwhelming.

GRIMES

It's a Christmas miracle. Got contacted by someone on the fringes, who's trading intel for immunity. We finally got someone on the inside! If they're legit, we could have this whole thing busted by the weekend.

Grimes' PHONE RINGS. As he takes the call, Vasquez stares in horror at all the pictures.

VASQUEZ

(distant)

I'm not doing enough...

On the other side of the room, Garner is in a deep discussion with two plainclothes policemen.

GARNER

Grimes! We need you over here.

Grimes sets down his phone. He leaves Vasquez with her thoughts.

She's numb. One of the photos shows a bloody dog paw print.

MENTAL FLASH

Her reflection with the bloody paw print on her face.

BACK TO SCENE

PING! Grimes' phone receives a text. He didn't lock his phone. He doesn't hear the notice.

Vasquez looks down at it.

PHONE SCREEN

A dog emoji. An address. A time.

BACK TO SCENE

Vasquez realizes: it's Grimes' confidential informant. She memorizes the info, mouthing it silently to herself...

...then deletes the text off Grimes' phone.

No one is paying attention to her as she stalks out of the room. No one but Garner, who sees her leave.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - EVENING

Trina waits in the shadows again, wearing big sunglasses. She looks at her watch.

EUTHANIZER (O.S.)

Don't scream.

Trina whirls. When she sees the Euthanizer, she panics.

TRINA

Oh my--

Vasquez raises her hand to be quiet.

EUTHANIZER

I'm only here for information.

TRINA

Where's the cop...

EUTHANIZER

I intercepted his message. You have a date for the next fight?

TRINA

Yes... three days... the old carpet factory on the lower east side.

EUTHANIZER

How are you involved? Do you get off on the fighting?

TRINA

No! No, it... it makes me sick. That's why I contacted the cop... I can't take it anymore.

EUTHANIZER

Then how do you know all this?

TRINA

My boyfriend is one of the suppliers.

Behind the sunglasses, Vasquez can see a large black eye covered with makeup.

TRINA

His place was ruined when some woman cop found them. He's mad because the dog people are using the Russians this time. He hates them.

EUTHANIZER

Who are the other suppliers?

TRINA

I only know of the Jamaican group,
and the Filipino group. But there
are several more.

EUTHANIZER

So who are the people in charge?

TRINA

I don't know.

The Euthanizer pulls her gun. Points it right at her head.

TRINA

I swear! I swear! I only know the
big black man named "Frost"! But...
I think he has a boss.

Vasquez hands Trina a small cell phone.

EUTHANIZER

You deal with me and me alone now.
When you know more, contact me.

Vasquez puts the gun right to Trina's forehead. Trina
squeezes her teary eyes shut.

EUTHANIZER

But if you're lying...

TRINA

I'm not! I'm not! Just... please,
don't hurt my boyfriend...

EUTHANIZER

Then tell me everything you know.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMY SURPLUS STORE - EVENING

George sits with Vasquez. He drinks wine from a bottle.

GEORGE

I thought you said you were out.

VASQUEZ

I was. I mean, I was done... But
those photos... George, it was
awful. I can't ignore it.

She sees the look on his face.

VASQUEZ
You think I'm crazy.

He takes a deep breath.

GEORGE
When I was stationed in Iraq, there was this stray dog that was always around the base. Cute little guy. One black ear. I wound up taking him in. I'd come back from patrol, and there he'd be. Happy as hell to see me. Believe me when I tell you, that dog was the only good thing in my life at that point.

He clears his throat, as the emotions well up inside him.

GEORGE
One day, I'm getting my gear out of the Humvee, the dog trots into the compound. I'm about to run up to him, when one of the guards yells out... And BOOM.

He SLAMS HIS HAND on the table.

GEORGE
Turns out the jihadists had seen it coming and going, so... they strapped a phone bomb to its stomach. Two men died. Four injured. Me included.

He rubs his thigh, where the injury happened.

GEORGE
After that, every time I pulled the trigger on one of those bastards, I saw that poor dog's face. Every. Single. Time. So, no, I don't think you're crazy.

He limps to a large rack of supplies. Reaching behind the shelves, he unlatches a clasp. Slides the entire rack aside, revealing a secret stash of multiple weapons. Everything from pistols to military rifles.

VASQUEZ
George... You should not be showing me this...

GEORGE

The world's going to hell in a handbasket. When the collapse comes, I'm going to be a survivor. Not a victim.

George pops open a hard plastic case. He pulls out what looks like a sweatshirt with several shaped pieces of dark black plastic attached. There is a matching helmet.

GEORGE

New Israeli composite layered body armor. Articulated for maximum freedom of movement. Attached to a fine polymer mesh. Lightweight, but hard as hell.

Vasquez takes it from him. Notes how light it is.

GEORGE

A dog tries to take a bit out of you, it's going to lose its teeth. Some idiot tries to hit you, he's going to break his knuckles. Small arms fire will bounce right off.

He puts everything into her arms.

VASQUEZ

George, I... I can't...

GEORGE

Mimi... You were so good to me when I got back from the Middle East. The day you married my little brother, I told him: no matter what happens between you two... I'd take care of you until the day I die.

His eyes tear up.

GEORGE

So, if you're going to go for it... this is the least I can do.

Seeing her big strong "uncle" so vulnerable breaks her own resolve.

GEORGE

Now, let's talk firepower...

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - SAME

A raucous crowd has gathered for another dogfight.

LELAND (mid 30s, athletic) watches as dogs are removed from the pit after a brutal fight. A few Goons with guns patrol the perimeter.

A Russian thug, VASILY (late 30s, rough), struts through the crowd with his crew.

VASILY

Leland!

LELAND

Vasily. How are we this evening?

VASILY

Ready for the ripping and the tearing! Where's Frost?

LELAND

Attending to other duties. He's left me in charge.

A cheer from the crowd as the two dogs go at it.

LELAND

You've done well. Exceptional talent tonight.

VASILY

Maybe you guys will remember me next time. Give Leo a longer vacation.

LELAND

We will see. Well, please, enjoy yourself.

VASILY

Only way to live!

They join the crowd around the pen area.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - SAME

A Goon watches the door. A silenced gun shot blows out his temples.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - SAME

The next fight has started. Leland accepts envelopes of money from his people.

He steps aside, away from the crowd.

LELAND
(into his radio)
Perimeter check. How we lookin'?

There's no response.

LELAND
Reggie?... Koko?...

No response. Leland grabs one of the Goons standing with him.

LELAND
Something's wrong--

The DOUBLE DOORS EXPLODE inward. Tear gas grenades arc into the space. The crowd panics. The Goons pull their guns and rifles.

A SPRAY OF AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE ERUPTS from inside the thick smoke at the door. The Goons are cut to ribbons.

From out of the cloud emerges THE EUTHANIZER, decked out in her new jet black armor. There's nothing feminine about her presence. She's bulked up. Carrying multiple weapons.

And emblazoned on her chest piece: a dog paw print, spray painted in bright red.

Vasquez leaps into action. She alternates between shooting the Goons and patrons.

Vasily, coked out of his mind, grabs a gun from one of the dead Goons.

Vasquez sprays a hail of bullets into several Goons who try to run out of the room.

Vasily comes up behind Vasquez. He fires. The BULLET RICOCHETS off her helmet. She flinches from the impact, but doesn't go down.

VASILY
Fuck me--

Vasquez riddles him with bullets.

The dogs in their cages howl and bark as the Euthanizer walks through the facility. She places a loving, concerned hand on the cages...

...then returns to the task of obliterating Goons and patrons. Every moaning body on the ground gets a second bullet.

Finally, she comes to Leland. Gushing blood, he painfully and slowly crawls for the exit. Vasquez kicks him over onto his back. She puts a heavy black boot on his chest.

EUTHANIZER

You are guilty of abusing animals.

LELAND

(slowly dying)

You... fuck... you... made a...
big... mistake...

EUTHANIZER

No. You did.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

Cops and ambulances screech up to the building. A crowd has already gathered. People take pictures and videos.

Grimes and Garner get out of their car, look up at the building...

GRIMES

You gotta be kidding me...

POV

Leland hangs from the roof, with a sign around his neck that reads:

I KILL DOGS FOR MONEY

BACK TO SCENE

GRIMES

This is gonna get ugly.

THE EUTHANIZER GOES INTO ACTION - MONTAGE

In her garage, Vasquez dons her Euthanizer outfit: Armor. Helmet. Weapons.

The Euthanizer takes out the Filipino dog breeding facility.

Garner and Grimes watch bodies being taken into an ambulance. One of them has the "I KILL DOGS FOR MONEY" sign around their neck. Some people in the crowd snap pictures.

People in a coffee shop check out the latest Euthanizer images on social media.

The Euthanizer hangs the "I KILL DOGS FOR MONEY" sign around the neck of a bloodied Goon, the bodies of all his compatriots littering the cement warehouse floor around them.

National new pundits debate the pros and cons of the animal-loving vigilante that's burning up the Internet.

The Euthanizer shoots her way through the Jamaican breeding facility, getting physical in between gun shots.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Grimes and Garner examine the aftermath of the Jamaican slaughter. Grimes holds the "I KILL DOGS FOR MONEY" sign.

GRIMES

Goddammit.

GARNER

Still waiting on results from forensics on the rifle that the Euth... the "vigilante" used. But the casings look the same to me.

A crowd has gathered. Some of the people are worked up.

MAN #1

Stop hassling the Euthanizer!

WOMAN #1

He's taking out the trash!

GARNER

C'mon, get them out of here!

Police officers force the rowdy mob back.

GRIMES

Now we've got psychos supporting the psycho.

GARNER

How is it that these two horrible worlds came together like this?

GRIMES

You got me. That nutjob was just popping regular Joes. But this... this is a whole new level of crazy.

GARNER

Whoever the killer is, he's obviously got tactical experience. And access to some serious hardware. Maybe it's some disgruntled special forces vet.

GRIMES

Well, he'd better hope we get to him first.

GARNER

Why's that?

Grimes looks at the multiple covered corpses scattered about.

GRIMES

'Cause we'll be easier on him than the people he's pissing off.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Burress' standard poodle leaps at Frost. The chain stops it just inches from tearing into him. It SNARLS and SNAPS.

BURRESS

(in Japanese)

Calm!

The dog casually walks back to Burress' side.

BURRESS

You promised me that there would be no more issues. You promised me there would be no complications.

FROST

I apolo--

She SLAPS him. Hard.

BURRESS

While you were allowing the foundation of our organization to be gutted, I have had to call in every favor and marker I've cultivated over the last decade and a half to cover the final phase of the project. So, no thanks to you, we are now ready to proceed.

Frost adjusts his glasses, clears his throat. He's nervous about what he has to say next.

FROST

I would be doing you a disservice if I didn't offer my opinion. I believe that we should cut our losses, and remove ourselves from this environment.

BURRESS

You... can't be serious...

FROST

We have maintained a very high level of anonymity over the last several years. However, as we've become painfully aware, there is just too much heat now. This psychopath is making fertilizer out of our people. And despite our source's best efforts, the police are developing a window into our operations. We are too exposed.

Burress stands toe-to-toe with him.

BURRESS

I appreciate your candor. I would not be where I am now without your counsel, and your assistance. But if you are losing your spine, we are going to have a problem.

FROST

Tell me: is the reward worth all this risk?

Burress begins walking around the office in a slow, wide circle.

BURRESS

My daddy died when I was three years old. But my mother, God rest her soul, couldn't live without a man to define her. So she hitched herself to the first man that came along. A horrible human being who treated my mother like dirt, and me even worse.

She stops at the bar, pours herself a stiff drink, then continues her circuit.

BURRESS

But his daughter... oh, he worshipped the ground his little princess walked on. She got the new dresses. She got the birthday parties. She got all his love. Me? I got all his anger. Repeatedly.

She comes to the windows again, where she pauses.

BURRESS

On her tenth birthday, "Sissy" got a puppy. An adorable poodle. Little pink bows tied to its ears. Everyone was so taken with that dog.

She takes a slug of her drink. Then continues prowling.

BURRESS

So one day, it's report card time. "Sissy" got her usual C's and D's. Mine was straight A's... and one B.

For the first time, Burress becomes emotional. Her lips tremble, her jaw clenches.

BURRESS

"Daddy" spent the next fifteen minutes berating me at the top of his lungs for being "lazy" and "not giving a shit". And, just to drive his point home, he hit me.

She's made a complete loop. She's right in Frost's face.

BURRESS

What happened next... it's all a haze. All I know is that I picked up the dog. I went out into the back yard. I climbed up on a patio chair. I dumped the dog into the neighbor's yard. And I watched as their Rottweiler tore that stupid poodle to bits.

A change comes over her. The stress leaves her. A huge smile breaks out across her face.

BURRESS

I can't tell you what thrilled me more... The screams of the dog... or the screams of my family.

That was the first time I can
remember being truly happy.

She straddles Frost. Kisses his cheek.

BURRESS

And if every motherfucking dog in
the world has to die so that I can
continue to be happy... I'll gladly
risk it.

She kisses Frost deeply. Passionately.

BURRESS

(softly)

You want me to be happy, don't you?

FROST

Always.

They devour each other.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

Vasquez stands at the plaintiff's desk before JUDGE ANDERS
VEHLING (60s, distinguished). Eggerton sits next to her.

VASQUEZ

And, here is the original notice,
that was delivered to Mr. Herrera a
month before the horse was
hospitalized.

She hands the paperwork to the BAILIFF, who walks it over to
the judge.

OSVALDO HERRERA (mid-50s, slick) sits in the defendant's
seat. He leans over and whispers something to his LAWYER, not
taking his eyes off Vasquez.

VASQUEZ

So, in light of the fact that Mr.
Herrera has made no effort to
address the ventilation issues,
we're petitioning to have the
horses removed from the property
and housed at a local facility
until they can be placed.

Judge Vehling sifts through his papers. Vasquez waits
patiently. Eggerton gives her a thumbs up.

JUDGE VEHLING

All right. Mr. Herrera, counsel,
please stand.

Herrera and his lawyer rise. Eggerton stands.

JUDGE VEHLING

Given all the evidence, and
circumstances surrounding the
claims put forward against the
defendant, I am fining Mr. Herrera
two thousand dollars, and giving
him an additional six months to
address the ventilation issues in
the facility.

Herrera claps his hands, and looks heavenward in thanks.
Friends behind him pat him on the back.

Vasquez and Eggerton are stunned.

VASQUEZ

Your Honor! You can't be serious!

JUDGE VEHLING

That is my ruling, Officer Vasquez.

VASQUEZ

But, he blatantly ignored the
city's codes! Despite two warnings!
He let the animal almost expire! It
wouldn't have survived if we hadn't
gotten there when we did!

JUDGE VEHLING

Mr. Herrera has shown that his
business has been impacted by
several mitigating factors,
including the recent downturn in
the economy, as well as his
daughter's medical bills. He is
still liable for making the
modifications as per the city
codes.

VASQUEZ

He doesn't care about those
animals! They're just product!

Eggerton puts a reassuring hand on Vasquez's arm, trying to
get her to calm down.

JUDGE VEHLING
 Officer Vasquez, I appreciate your
 concerns. But I've made my ruling.

VASQUEZ
 But you're wrong!

JUDGE VEHLING
 (sternly)
Officer Vasquez. If you continue to
 press me, I'm going to find you in
 contempt of this court.

Vasquez seethes. She contemplates another outburst, but
 through a supreme effort of will, she collects herself.

VASQUEZ
 ...I'm sorry, Your Honor.

JUDGE VEHLING
 (to the bailiff)
 Next case, please.

Herrera and his lawyer heartily laugh and embrace. Herrera
 makes eye contact with Vasquez. He winks at her as they leave
 the courtroom.

Vasquez sees red as the doors closes behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. LEO'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Leo lounges in bed, slick with post-sex sweat. Trina sits on
 the edge of the bed, shaken and disheveled.

LEO
 You don't tell me to stop. I'll
 tell you when we're done.

TRINA
 I'm sorry, baby.

His PHONE RINGS.

LEO
 Frost! How's it hangin'?

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Frost stands by the big window overlooking the bay.

FROST
 Leo. You sound in good spirits.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LEO AND FROST

LEO

These pipes are clean, if you get my drift.

FROST

I do. So, I'm touching base to see if you've replaced your stock.

LEO

Took some wranglin', but yeah, we're fully loaded and ready to go. With some prime, young meat.

FROST

Excellent. Then we would like to invite you this weekend as our returning guest of honor, at our new facility.

LEO

Hell yes! I am so there.

Trina's ears prick up, as she realizes what they're discussing.

FROST

We'll contact you with the final details. And please, feel free to bring your delightful ladyfriend, if she's available.

LEO

Oh, she wouldn't dare say no. You guys won't regret this.

FROST

I'm sure we won't.

Leo hangs up.

LEO

Fuckin' A! Frost wants me to supply the next fight! This weekend is gonna rock!

He wraps himself around Trina. She cringes.

LEO

I can feel the pills kickin' in...

He bites her neck. She whimpers.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Frost ends the call from his end. He turns to address his Goons, who have been listening in.

FROST
Get everything ready.

CUT TO:

INT. VASQUEZ'S GARAGE - EVENING

Vasquez is working out. Yin-Yang lolls on the workbench next to a gun. The TV in the corner is on.

She sees a news report about the "Euthanizer" killing from last night. She stops her workout to watch.

TV SCREEN

REPORTER #2
...not the response you'd expect, considering the nature of the crimes. The online community in particular has embraced the Euthanizer, turning this violent vigilante in a modern-day folk hero.

Various Euthanizer-themed memes are shown, mostly Photoshopped images of kittens and puppies with machine guns.

REPORTER #2
Local shelters are reporting a record number of adoptions, a trend they can directly trace to the emergence of this mysterious anti-hero.

The newscast cuts to an animal shelter. Families are walking out with happy dogs and cats. The Reporter interviews a SHELTER WORKER (early 20s, energetic).

SHELTER WORKER #1
It's been amazing. Even, like, our older cats, that are harder to adopt, have found forever homes.

REPORTER #2 (O.S.)
What do you think of the Euthanizer's methods?

SHELTER WORKER #1
 (trying not to smile)
 Well, like, killing is really bad?
 I don't like that people are dying?
 But... you know... animals, like,
 need more rights. And if someone
 wants to, like, be their
 spokesperson or whatever, that's
 not so bad?...

BACK TO SCENE

VASQUEZ
 (to Yin-Yang)
 How about that, huh?

The cat flips its tail in agreement.

Her BURNER PHONE PINGS. She checks it... it's a text from Trina. A grim smile creeps across her face.

VASQUEZ
 Okay kitty... this is it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - LATE EVENING

A foundry on the edges of the city. Train tracks run beside this big rusty hulk.

A black SUV rolls up to the main entrance, where two Goons stand watch. A panel truck follows behind.

Leo climbs out of the SUV. Trina fends for herself. Frost greets them both.

FROST
 Welcome.

LEO
 So this is it, huh? Not too shabby.

FROST
 You can tell your men to head
 around the back there.

Leo points the way out to the truck driver. The vehicle motors around them and into the shadows of the structure.

Frost makes a grand gesture.

FROST (CONT'D)

This way. The main event is about to start.

Leo struts past him. Trina apprehensively follows.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - SAME

Frost opens a set of big double doors.

FROST

We've been waiting for you.

He steps aside so that Leo and Trina can enter first.

They walk in... and stop short.

LEO

Oh shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - SAME

A TRAIN slowly RATTLES BY the grounds.

A Goon patrols the very edge of the foundry. From out of the shadows, the Euthanizer appears. Takes him out.

She sees plenty of big cars parked in the shadows of the buildings. This is the place.

The two Goons at the main entrance are sweating. A SOUND catches their attention. They spread out, guns at the ready.

One of them gets a wire around the neck. The other one gets shot in the back of the head with a silenced pistol.

Vasquez makes her way to the main doors. She sets her charges.

The DOORS BLOW OPEN. She rushes in...

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - SAME

...and immediately regrets it.

In the middle of the empty factory floor, Leo and Trina are tied to chairs. Leo's Goons are strapped down also, but there are bloody bullet holes in their foreheads. Leo has been beaten, badly. Trina sobs.

Frost stands behind them, a pistol in his hand.

LEO
Oh shit... what is that?!?

EUTHANIZER
You are guilty of abusing animals.

FROST
So this is the feared Euthanizer.

EUTHANIZER
You're all going to die for what
you've done.

FROST
I don't think so.

Tense seconds tick by as Vasquez weighs her options.

FROST
The fact that you're here has
confirmed my suspicions. We were
the victims of an informer.

LEO
(frantic)
I fuckin' told you! I didn't tell
anyone anything! I didn't do it!
I'm not a fuckin' informer!

FROST
I never said it was you.

He puts a bullet in the back of Trina's head.

Vasquez realizes she's got to act. She raises her gun...

A HAIL OF BULLETS ERUPTS from a steel-plated room above
Frost. The high-powered gunfire cracks Vasquez's armor.

A huge METAL SLAB DROPS over the open door behind her,
trapping her in the room.

She spins behind a support pillar. Frost quickly steps back
through a metal door that slams shut.

The concrete pillar chips away as the fusillade continues.

A pause in the gunfire gives the Euthanizer the chance to
squeeze off a few shots at the room overhead, but they bounce
harmlessly off the metal plating.

INT. METAL ROOM - SAME

Frost steps into the space, where Burress stands surrounded by Goons. They point their gun barrels through small holes and continue to shoot.

BURRESS

Your ability to read people never fails to amaze me. I apologize.

FROST

No need.
(into a lapel mic)
Now.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE FACTORY AND THE METAL ROOM

A big door on the east wall grinds open.

BURRESS

Arrivederci, motherfucker.

Three slavering dogs charge straight for the Euthanizer.

Vasquez realizes she's in trouble. She shoots above and around them, trying to spook them... but they don't stop.

The lead dog leaps at her. Desperate, she performs a savage spin kick that knocks the animal several yards away from her.

The other two crash into Vasquez. She tries to knock them away, but they're too big. They tear at her arms and legs.

The dog Vasquez kicked recovers. As it rises from the concrete floor, it sees new prey... Leo.

LEO

Shit... shit... NOOOO!!!

The dog tears into Leo's legs.

Vasquez continues pounding on the pack attacking her. She's armored and padded, but they're still doing damage. She realizes that she's going to have to kill them to get away.

She's trapped. There's nowhere to go.

Then she realizes that the door the dogs came out of is still open. Two armed Goons watch from inside the room.

She pulls the tabs on tear gas grenades on her belt. A huge plume of gas surrounds them.

BURRESS

What the hell is he doing?

Vasquez reluctantly PUTS A BULLET in the head of the dog hanging onto her ankle. The cloud disables and disorients the other dog long enough for her to make a run for it.

The two Goons peer into the spreading gas. The Euthanizer emerges, GUN BLAZING. She clips the two Goons.

BURRESS

Kill him! Goddammit kill him!!!

Frost and his Goons OPEN FIRE. Vasquez gets showered with concrete dust as bullets rain around her. She takes a couple of shots in the armor.

One of the Goons in the doorway still lives. He strains to reach the door controls. The door begins sliding down.

The remaining dog emerges from the gas cloud, hard on the Vasquez's tail. She sprints as hard as she can for the open door, barely ahead of the bullets.

She dives through, the dog right on her ass, as the door slides shut. Bullets tear into the dog. It slides to a limp stop against her.

Before she can orient herself, the injured Goon gets off a shot. It goes through the non-armored part of her arm. BLOOD SPLATTERS all over a canvas tarp. She winces. She puts a bullet in the Goon's head.

Vasquez makes a quick scan of her location. She's in a long rectangular side room, with stairs on one end leading up to a catwalk with a door to the outside. She painfully hauls herself up and mounts the stairs.

On the other end of the room, a door opens. Burress and Frost and the Goons pour through. They open fire. Vasquez returns fire as best she can, while trying to keep from getting shot up.

Vasquez makes the door, but it's locked. She SHOTS OUT THE LOCK. Throws her weight against it.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - SAME

Vasquez falls onto a metal catwalk that stretches along the side of the dilapidated building.

From below, more BULLETS ZING past her.

Gunmen pop out onto another catwalk across the way.

There's nowhere for her to go.

Vasquez hears a HORN. Another train rolls past. She bolts for the end of the walkway.

BURRESS
Take him down!

Vasquez jumps for her life. Sails through the air. Lands hard on the roof of one of the train cars. She almost rolls off, but catches herself at the last second. The train crosses the river and trundles off into the night.

Burress and Frost watch in frustration as the Euthanizer is carried away.

BURRESS
No! No!

FROST
We can't stay here.

Burress wheels on him. Pounds on his chest.

BURRESS
You worthless pieces of shit let
him get away!

Frost grabs her wrists. His strength startles her.

FROST
We've left the cops enough
evidence, that they can do our job
for us.

This registers. Burress' rage subsides.

FROST
Now let's get you out of here
before they arrive.

Frost drags her back into the building. The TRAIN HORN SOUNDS in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMY SURPLUS STORE - LATE EVENING

George moves merchandise around the store. His PHONE RINGS.

GEORGE
Hey there! Kinda late, isn't it...

A look of shock comes over his face.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY LIMITS - EARLY MORNING

George drives his truck down a utility road running alongside the train tracks.

He comes to a stop at a sharp bend in the road. Hopping out, he runs to the brush grown up along the roadside.

GEORGE

Oh my God... Mimi!

He finds Vasquez, torn and bloody, lying unconscious in the accumulated trash caught in the undergrowth.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MORNING

A horde of law enforcement officers pore over the grisly scene. Grimes watches with sadness as EMTs lay Trina's body out on a stretcher.

Garner walks up with an empty shell in his hand.

GRIMES

The steel door, that room up there... They laid a trap.

GARNER

Looks like our boy took the bait.

GRIMES

So where is he, then?

Garner gives a weak shrug.

GRIMES

Ha. Figures.

An OFFICER shows the detectives a small digital camera.

OFFICER #3

Check this out. Whoever set this all up mounted cameras everywhere. And the cards are still in them.

GARNER

No shit. We hit the motherlode, partner!

GRIMES

What about the Asian kid?

OFFICER #3

He's in bad shape. Like, really bad shape. But they got him stable.

Grimes takes a long look at the scene before them.

GRIMES

Jesus Christ, Billy. What the hell is going on here?

C.S.I. #1 (O.S.)

Hey, Grimes!

Grimes and Garner join a C.S.I. in the side room from where the dogs were released.

GRIMES

Whaddaya got?

The CSI indicates the blood spatter from Vasquez's gunshot wound on the tarp.

C.S.I. #1

This pattern here... The other guy was shot there, a good ten feet away. You can see his blood on the column behind him. But this...

GARNER

Holy shit. You think...

GRIMES

I think someone up there is finally looking out for us.

CUT TO:

INT. VASQUEZ'S BEDROOM - SAME

Vasquez sits up abruptly, disoriented and in pain. George sits next to her.

VASQUEZ

George... How long...

GEORGE

Hours. I'm surprised you're even coherent.

She tenderly swings her legs over the side of the bed. In the mirror, she sees multiple bandages and bruises covering her torso and limbs.

GEORGE

What the hell happened to you?

VASQUEZ

Dog fight people... ratted out my C.I.... Set me up... Goddamn it, I fell for it! Like a punk!

She examines her face in the mirror.

VASQUEZ

Doesn't look too bad. At least no one will ask too many questions.

GEORGE

That young girl... what happened to her?

VASQUEZ

The C.I.? They shot her.

GEORGE

You could show a little compassion. She was just a kid!

VASQUEZ

She was just as guilty as her dirtbag boyfriend. Once everything was all over and done with... I would have put a bullet in her myself.

She limps into the bathroom. George watches, aghast at the person his beloved niece-in-law has become.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - AFTERNOON

A major press conference. Deputy Mayor Drummond stands at the dais. Commissioner Kaminsky and Chief Washington flank him.

In the crowd, reporters stand shoulder-to-shoulder with protesters who carry pro-Euthanizer signs.

DEPUTY MAYOR DRUMMOND

We have created a task force dedicated to capturing and bringing to justice this dangerous vigilante, before any more innocent civilians are senselessly killed. In the meantime, the Nguyen family asks that you respect their privacy in the days to come. Thank you.

The crowd surges forward.

REPORTER #3

Is it true the Mayor's son was involved in the dogfighting ring?

PROTESTER #1

He got what he deserved!

REPORTER #4

Was the Mayor involved in protecting his son from prosecution?

PROTESTER #2

Leave the Euthanizer alone!

Someone rips down a pro-Euthanizer sign. The two sides begin arguing and shoving. The police move in to contain the chaos.

A brick sails past Drummond's head. The policemen get in front of him and hustle everyone off the riser.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - SAME

Two guards post by the door as the press conference attendees collect themselves.

Nguyen comforts his wife, CHRISTINE, who sobs uncontrollably.

CHRISTINE

What is wrong with those people?
Why are they saying those things?

MAYOR NGUYEN

They're animals.
(to Washington)
Congratulations, Chief. You got your damn task force.

WASHINGTON

This isn't how I wanted things to go, Mayor.

MAYOR NGUYEN
 Oh, don't pretend you're not
 pleased with all this.

Washington sighs. This is going to be a long day.

WASHINGTON
 Unfortunately, we need to
 investigate the rest of your son's
 electronic devices.

CHRISTINE
 What on earth for?!?

WASHINGTON
 To see if we can find a link to the
 dog fighting ring. A contact, a
 text, anything.

CHRISTINE
 My son would never do that disgust--

MAYOR NGUYEN
 Do it.

CHRISTINE
 Theo! What are you--

MAYOR NGUYEN
 Do whatever you have to do. I want
 this over.

CHRISTINE
 Theo, my son was--

MAYOR NGUYEN
Our son was a worthless load. And
 his screw ups tore down everything
 I've built.

Christine's grief turns to anger. She SLAPS him. Sobbing, she
 storms out of the office.

Nguyen realizes he's being stared at.

DRUMMOND
 Theo, we have to--

MAYOR NGUYEN
 Just get it over with.

Drummond motions to one of the officers. The policeman SNAPS
 CUFFS around Nguyen's wrists. They lead him through the back
 door. He stops and looks back at Commissioner Kaminsky.

MAYOR NGUYEN

See you soon, Mike.

Kaminsky goes pale. Washington and Drummond give him an accusatory glare. The room is silent and still.

DRUMMOND

What are you all standing around for? Get to work.

Washington gives Kaminsky one last "you bastard" look as the group gets moving.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - AFTERNOON

Grimes and Garner lead a meeting with the new task force. The Chief sits in attendance. Vasquez and Eggerton hang towards the back. Screenshots from the foundry videos are projected on the wall behind them.

GRIMES

Despite his injuries, the Nguyen kid gave us what assistance he could. Based on his statement, and the videos, we've finally got some concrete data on this vigilante.

Handouts are given to the police in attendance. Garner throws a laser pointer dot on the pictures.

GARNER

We're looking at a man with a slight build, shy of six feet tall. The body armor appears to be some new material from overseas... we're still awaiting a confirmation on that.

He clicks to the next image: a scene from the video on pause.

GARNER

And thanks to the video, we have the vigilante's voice. A couple of clear, unbroken sentences.

Garner clicks play.

EUTHANIZER'S VOICE

You are guilty of abusing animals.

GARNER

Obviously it's been electronically treated. We've got the lab running it through several digital filters to see if they can strip it out.

Kwan clicks to the next image: bullet casings.

GARNER

The vigilante uses a combination of weapons, which suggest he's got connections with arms dealers, or militia men. We're tracking down all the known entities within a hundred mile radius.

The lights come up. Grimes takes the floor.

GRIMES

Before he started doing our job for us, he was going after people with prior animal abuse records. We've pulled a list of cases that made the news over the last decade. We're contacting the convicted parties to see if they've been approached or threatened by anyone in the last few months that matches the vigilante's build.

GARNER

We've got Dr. Price with a preliminary profile on the killer. Dr. Price?

DR. REGINA PRICE (60s, trim) stands. Garner changes the picture to a screengrab from the video. As Dr. Price speaks, the picture changes to slowed-down video.

DR. PRICE

Note that, despite the circumstances, the vigilante remained focused, but loose. Feet planted, shoulders squared... If there's any fear, he's not showing it.

The last scene shows Vasquez as Trina is shot.

DR. PRICE

Except... watch how the vigilante flinches ever so slightly.

The threat to the male wasn't enough to make him react, but as the young woman is attacked, you can see micro-expressions of physical reaction. So it would appear that the vigilante has or had some sort of personal connection to the victim.

The lights come up. Grimes takes the floor.

GRIMES

We're assigning follow-ups and tasks over the rest of the day. Buckle up, everyone. This is the big leagues.

The group disperses... except for Vasquez. She sits with her thoughts. They're really coming after her.

She runs after Grimes.

INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - SAME

Grimes reads through a huge packet of material as Garner checks his phone.

GARNER

Coroner's done with the autopsy of the girl.

GRIMES

I could've saved him the time.

VASQUEZ

Ernie! Can I talk to you for a second?

GRIMES

Sorry, kid, we gotta see the coroner.

VASQUEZ

Just a minute, that's all.

GARNER

Look, I'll take care of it. I owe you for the other day anyway.

GRIMES

Thanks. I'll see you. Make sure you get back with me!

(to Vasquez)

What's up?

VASQUEZ
This is pretty big, huh?

GRIMES
"Big" isn't the word. All the times
we've been hoping for this...

VASQUEZ
So... if you catch this guy--

GRIMES
"When".

VASQUEZ
"When" you catch him... is he going
to get the death penalty?

GRIMES
Oof! Well, before this thing with
the Mayor's son, he was definitely
going to get life. If not multiple
life sentences. But now... the new
Mayor's reading the room. He's not
going to accept anything less than
this sicko swinging from a lamp
post in front of City Hall.

She lets this sink in.

GRIMES
Look, I gotta grab a couple of Z's.
I'm running on fumes here.

VASQUEZ
Oh, sure. Go. I'll see you later.

Grimes wanders off, diving back into his stack of papers.

His words weigh heavily in Vasquez's mind and heart. The
walls are closing in on her.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARBOR - LATE AFTERNOON

A boat, the "Cerberus", glides into the harbor.

The CAPTAIN of the Cerberus swings towards a warehouse-like
building right on the water. A large metal door opens as the
boat approaches.

INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - SAME

The boat slides into its interior berth. Burress and Frost are there to welcome it home.

BURRESS

This is it. All the sacrifice. All the struggle. It's finally come together.

They walk through the facility, checking out the cages, the rape stands.

BURRESS

Are things ready for opening night?

FROST

A hand-picked roster of former patrons are... eager to see the new facility.

They make their way to the office space that overlooks the entire facility. It's been tricked out with all her furniture and artwork: her new headquarters.

BURRESS

The only thing that could cast a pall across our success... is this "Euthanizer".

FROST

By the time my men reached the train, he was long gone. But he was in bad shape. I'm confident that he will no longer be an issue.

BURRESS

You're "confident"? After your recent less-than-accurate analysis of our situation?

FROST

Yes. I'm confident.

BURRESS

You understand that I want zero surprises on our first night?

FROST

Every available body will be present. There will be no "surprises".

BURRESS

I hope not.

She swivels in her chair, taking in the view from her new aerie. Life is good.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - SAME

Vasquez and Eggerton are on patrol. Vasquez sits stoically behind the wheel. The women aren't speaking. There's a weird vibe between them.

Vasquez suddenly notices the street signs. She makes a sharp turn.

EGGERTON

What are you doing?

VASQUEZ

We're near Herrera's barn. We should see if he's started the work.

EGGERTON

Vasquez, he's got six months. We can't--

VASQUEZ

It's just a quick stop.

EXT. STABLES - SAME

Herrera sits on a bale of hay, gabbing with his co-workers. He is surprised to see the A.P.U. truck arrive. He's even more surprised when the two cops climb out of the cab.

VASQUEZ

Mr. Herrera.

HERRERA

Officer Vasquez. What now?

VASQUEZ

We were in the area. We just wanted to see if you'd started your court-mandated upgrades.

Herrera laughs. His men laugh.

VASQUEZ

You think it's funny?

HERRERA

I don't have the money.

VASQUEZ

You need to get started.

HERRERA

Oh, I will. I will.

He takes a swig from his beer.

VASQUEZ

I'm going to check on the welfare
of the animals.

She starts towards the barn.

HERRERA

Hey, you can't go in there!

Herrera puts his hands on Vasquez to stop her. Big mistake.
She explodes into action. In two seconds, he's on the ground,
his lip busted open.

EGGERTON

Vasquez! Jesus!

She pulls Vasquez off. Herrera wipes blood from his forehead.

HERRERA

Crazy bitch! I'm gonna sue you for
police brutality!

Eggerton shoves Vasquez back in the truck. She jumps behind
the wheel and beats a retreat.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LATE AFTERNOON

Eggerton parks the truck. Vasquez steps out without a word.
Grimes is heading to his cruiser. He sees them arrive.

EGGERTON

What were you thinking? Barging
onto his property like that?

VASQUEZ

I was being proactive.

EGGERTON

I am not losing my job because of
you!

VASQUEZ
Don't worry. I'll take the heat.

EGGERTON
What the hell is wrong with you?
You're acting psycho.

VASQUEZ
You don't like the way I do things,
put in for a transfer.

Vasquez pushes past Eggerton. Leaves the parking deck.

GRIMES
What was that all about?

EGGERTON
I don't know. I've never seen her
like this. It's like she's out of
control.

GRIMES
This job takes its toll. Everyone
handles it different. And she's had
it pretty hard over the last couple
of years. She just needs a break.

EGGERTON
You ask me... she's already broke.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

Herrera walks into his living room with a cocktail. He
leisurely sips as he changes the channel on his TV.

CRASH! The glass double doors behind him suddenly shatter
inward. The Euthanizer bursts into the room. She kicks
Herrera hard in the chest. He tumbles over his couch.

She leaps over the furniture, planting herself over him. She
puts her silenced pistol right in his face.

EUTHANIZER
You are guilty of abusing animals.

BOOM! She shoots him right between the eyes.

Squatting over her victim, Vasquez is still in a rage.

HEATHER (O.S.)
D-daddy?...

Vasquez whips the gun at the hallway door. Standing there is Herrera's young daughter, HEATHER (8 years old, innocent), fear in her eyes. She holds a cat awkwardly.

Heather drops the cat. She bursts into screaming sobs.

The girl's cries snap Vasquez out of her rage. She realizes what she's done. She lowers the gun.

EUTHANIZER

Oh God, I'm... I'm sorry... I'm...

She runs through the broken door, leaving Heather alone with her dead father.

CUT TO:

INT. VASQUEZ'S KITCHEN - LATE EVENING

Vasquez sits at the kitchen table, nursing a beer. She can't stop shaking. George sits across from her, looking at her with concern. Yin-Yang rubs on the cracked Euthanizer helmet.

VASQUEZ

(remorseful)

I was so... so angry! That bastard was going to get away with it again! I just... I just couldn't let him win!

GEORGE

That little girl...

VASQUEZ

Oh my God... All I could see was Danny's face...

She takes a drink.

VASQUEZ

I don't know how much longer I can do this. I feel like all the anger I've been trying to deal with, it's breaking through. And I can't control it.

She reaches out. Puts her hand on his.

VASQUEZ

Please... what do I do?

George slowly pulls his hand away.

GEORGE

The people you've been taking out, they deserved it. But... you killed that man in front of his child. You pointed a gun at her!

VASQUEZ

I know... I know...

GEORGE

This is... it's too much. I can't... I can't let you do this anymore.

VASQUEZ

No! Please, don't--

He picks up a big duffle bag, filled with the guns he gave her.

GEORGE

I still love you, Mimi. But... I need some space. And I think you need to go see someone. Someone who can help you figure this all out.

He walks out, quietly closing the door behind him.

Vasquez is crushed. She's totally alone now.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Grimes and Garner sift through paperwork. Garner gets a text.

GARNER

It's the lab. Blood work is back!

GRIMES

Here we go!

They're about to leave...

OFFICER #3

Hey Grimes. Chief wants to see you.

GRIMES

Perfect timing.

GARNER

Go on, I'll check in.

GRIMES

Thanks. See you in a bit.

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - SAME

Grimes pops his head into the office.

GRIMES

Can this wait?

WASHINGTON

Close the door.

Grimes shuts the door in a huff. He plops into a chair.

WASHINGTON

You know Vasquez better than anyone here. Have you noticed anything... wrong with her?

GRIMES

Jesus. Did Eggerton talk to you?

WASHINGTON

Ernie, she punched a civilian yesterday. So far he hasn't filed charges, but if it got out...

GRIMES

"Punched"-- Come on! That's not the Vasquez I know.

WASHINGTON

Eggerton was there.

Grimes doesn't have a reply. He's not believing it.

WASHINGTON

We're going to have to discipline her in some way.

GRIMES

Chief... She's been through the wringer. Her son died. Her damn dog died. You know what she's been dealing with.

WASHINGTON

Yes, I do. And maybe she's at the point where she can't deal with it anymore. I'm thinking four weeks, paid medical leave.

GRIMES

"Medical leave". She's going to know what that means.

WASHINGTON

She's showing signs of PTSD. The last thing the department needs is for one of our best to suddenly go postal in public. Do you want that?

Grimes can't argue with him. He shakes his head in frustration.

INT. CRIME LAB - SAME

Garner finds the LAB TECH in a tizzy.

LAB TECH

Why don't you tell your pet groomer pals in the A.P.U. to maybe be a little more careful next time, huh?

She slings the paperwork at Garner.

GARNER

Whoa! What'd I do?

LAB TECH

Those stupid "dog catchers" contaminated the crime scene! Whatever you were expecting, it's not there now.

Garner is about to question her again, when his eyes fall on the results. There's a name.

VASQUEZ, MIREYA.

He breaks out in a sweat.

LAB TECH (CONT'D)

Maybe wear some gloves next time? Is that so hard?

But Garner is not there to hear her rant. He's already left.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - SAME

Eggerton catches up on her paperwork. She's interrupted by Garner knocking.

GARNER

Hey. Uh... Vasquez around?

EGGERTON

Five minutes before her rotation,
she calls in. Says she needs a
personal day.

(indicates the papers)

So here I sit.

GARNER

You know if she's home, or...

EGGERTON

Who knows?

(under her breath)

Who cares.

Garner leaves. In a hurry.

INT. POLICE PARKING GARAGE - SAME

Garner quickly heads for his car.

GRIMES (O.S.)

Billy!

Garner wheels about, finding Grimes approaching him.

GRIMES

You grabbing dinner without me?

GARNER

Ah, no, I'm... going to see Karen.

GRIMES

Shit. She okay?

GARNER

Yeah! Just... medicine. Doctor
called it in. Pretty important,
so... I'll be back in a bit.

He's halfway into his car.

GRIMES

The blood.

GARNER

Wha...?

GRIMES

The lab. What'd they say?

GARNER

Oh, um... inconclusive.

GRIMES
You're shitting me!

GARNER
I know, right? But I pitched a
bitch. Got them to schedule a redo.
Moved it to the head of the queue.

GRIMES
Well, maybe I could...

GARNER
No, they're on it. I'm on it.
Listen, I gotta go. Talk to you
later.

Before Grimes can even wish him well, the CAR DOOR SLAMS SHUT. The ENGINE FIRES UP. Garner almost runs over Grimes as he PEELS OUT of the deck.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - EARLY EVENING

Vasquez sits at Danny's grave.

VASQUEZ
A lot of stuff has happened since
last time I was here. I... did some
bad things. I thought I was doing
the right thing, but I didn't. I
want to quit. But I don't know if I
can. I don't know anything anymore.

She wipes away her tears.

VASQUEZ
I wish you were here, Monster.
Mommy misses you so bad. Maybe we'd
be at the movies. Maybe I'd be
taking you and Ginger to the park.
Maybe if you were here, Mommy
wouldn't be so... so angry...

She has no more words. The wind blows a few lonely leaves between the gravestones.

CUT TO:

INT. VASQUEZ'S KITCHEN - SAME

A hand PUNCHES THROUGH A PANE in the back door window. It reaches in and unlocks the door.

Garner enters, his gun already drawn. He makes his way through the kitchen, sifting through mail on the counter.

A NOISE startles him. He whirls... It's Yin-Yang. She's sitting on the table, watching him.

He checks out the rest of the house. The bedrooms. The living room. The bathroom. He makes his way to her garage...

INT. VASQUEZ'S GARAGE - SAME

...where he discovers her Euthanizer "cave". A map of the city is tacked to the wall. Photos from the stolen case files litter the work bench, along with her gear and remaining weapons.

Garner makes a call.

GARNER

...It's me. I have some information you may find helpful.

He picks up the silencer-pistol off the workbench.

GARNER

I know who the Euthanizer is.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - SAME

Frost, on his phone, listens intently.

FROST

Yes... I have it... Remain there until we arrive.

He hangs up, a thoughtful look on his face. Across the room, Burress adjusts her clothing in a mirror.

FROST

I need to leave.

Burress can't believe what she's hearing.

BURRESS

Did I hear you correctly? You realize we're less than an hour away from beginning.

FROST

Our source finally came through. I will be back as soon as I can.

Burress' protests fall on deaf, focused ears as he leaves the office. On the way out, he grabs four of his Goons.

FROST

Come with me. And make sure you're strapped.

CUT TO:

INT. VASQUEZ'S GARAGE - SAME

Garner examines all the Euthanizer gear. He holds up the chest plate with the paw print on it.

GARNER

Gross.

He hefts the pistol again, pretends to aim and fire. Then he sees a picture on the workbench, the shot of Danny and Ginger. He actually looks remorseful for a second.

He picks up the helmet. He sees his reflection in the visor.

But as his eyes shift focus... he sees Vasquez standing in the door behind him.

He drops the helmet, tries to pull his gun and spin around.

But Vasquez is too fast. She charges him. Slams him against the wall. He tries to resist. She grabs his gun and clocks him in the side of the head with it.

Vasquez puts the gun against the back of his head.

VASQUEZ

You make a noise, I'll put a bullet in your head.

GARNER

(terrified)

You... you... you're the--

VASQUEZ

No shit.

GARNER

You... took an oath... to... uphold the law...

VASQUEZ

That may have been a mistake.

She cocks the gun's hammer. Garner whimpers.

VASQUEZ
How did you find me?

GARNER
Blood... At the foundry... DNA
match...

VASQUEZ
Shit. Why isn't Grimes with you?

Suddenly Garner is quiet. She gun-butts his head.

VASQUEZ
You didn't you bring the task
force. Why not?...

A realization slowly dawns on her.

VASQUEZ
You piece of shit! They've got
their hooks in you?!

GARNER
Karen's bills... Too much... We
were going to lose everything.

Vasquez spins him around. Puts the gun to his forehead.

GARNER
But it was harmless! No one got
hurt!

VASQUEZ
"No one got hurt"?!? What about the
animals, you fuck! What about all
the dogs that got torn to shreds!

GARNER
(whimpering)
I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

For a short moment, she regards him with sympathy. But her
anger overrides her mercy.

VASQUEZ
How long do I have?

A NOISE makes her turn. A gun-toting Goon steps into the
doorway. Swings up his rifle.

Vasquez jerks Garner's body in front of her as the gunman
OPENS FIRE. Bullets riddle Garner's torso.

Vasquez shoots from behind Garner's body. Takes out the Goon.

She shoves Garner aside. He falls against the wall. He's still alive, but barely.

Vasquez grabs her gear and weapons.

EXT. VASQUEZ'S HOUSE - SAME

Frost waits in an SUV with the other men. They hear the GUNFIRE. He unholsters a huge silver gun.

FROST

Go. Now.

EXT. VASQUEZ'S HOUSE - SAME

Mrs. Campuzano steps out onto her stoop.

MRS. CAMPUZANO

What's all the commotion?

The SUV empties as the men stalk towards the house.

MRS. CAMPUZANO

(in awe)

The men in black...

INT. VASQUEZ'S HOUSE - SAME

The Goons swarm into the house. They sweep rooms.

Two of them find the door to the garage open. They see Garner GURGLING, their compatriot next to him on the floor. The wounded Goon weakly moves his hands.

One Goon kneels down to hear what he's croaking out.

GOON #1

(barely audible)

....bathroom...

Before they can react, a SHOTGUN BLAST takes out the standing Goon. The kneeling Goon spins. FIRES.

Vasquez is in the small bathroom, completely done up in her Euthanizer armor. The BULLETS BOUNCE OFF, taking the wind out of her. She gets off a SHOT with her pistol. Hits the Goon in the neck.

The remaining Goon charges. He FIRES at her. Vasquez runs for the garage, SHOOTING as she goes. BULLETS TEAR UP THE WALL behind her.

INT. MRS. CAMPUZANO'S HOUSE - SAME

Mrs. Campuzano hears GUNFIRE. She grabs her phone.

INT. VASQUEZ'S GARAGE - SAME

Vasquez tumbles into the garage, as the remaining Goon follows her, GUN BLAZING. She grabs Garner's pistol as she rolls to her feet. She takes more hits, tearing through the fabric of her suit and drawing blood.

She hides behind the heavy punching bag as it is RIDDLED WITH BULLETS. The Goon stops behind the door jamb.

Vasquez SHOOTS around the bag. The Goon ducks in and out of the door as he FIRES.

Vasquez takes advantage of the break to assess her options. Scans the garage.

POV

Tools on the wall. A bag of concrete propped up on boxes by the door.

BACK TO SCENE

When the Goon pops back into the door, she SHOOTS the concrete. A haze of dust blinds the Goon's eyes. Vasquez grabs a circular saw blade off the rack on the wall. She rushes the Goon. SLAMS the blade into his forehead. He drops to the floor, twitching.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - SAME

Grimes is alone in the war room. He's exhausted.

Eggerton breathlessly enters.

EGGERTON

Dispatch just got a call...
Gunfire. Vasquez's house.

GRIMES

Oh no...

He grabs his holster and belt. The two of them run for Grimes' cruiser.

CUT TO:

INT. VASQUEZ'S HOUSE - SAME

Vasquez is spent. She's bleeding. Beaten. She stumbles into the living room...

BOOM! Frost, laying in wait, shoots her point-blank. The impact knocks her backwards onto the glass coffee table. It SHATTERS underneath her. Her gun goes flying.

Frost straightens his jacket. He squats down over Vasquez, examining her closely. He chuckles softly.

FROST

So this is the dreaded Euthanizer. The "champion of the animals" who has been causing us no end of agita. Amazing. You're not some unkillable boogeyman... You're just a girl with a couple of guns.

Vasquez flails, bucks, trying to get some leverage to get loose. Frost punches her. Stuns her.

FROST

I can imagine that my employer would love nothing more than to feature you as tonight's main attraction. But, I am going to take a rare moment of selfish pleasure... and entertain myself.

He cocks his gun.

FROST

It will be our little secret.

He puts the gun to her forehead.

GEORGE (O.S.)

I know you're mad at me...

George appears in the kitchen, carrying a bottle of wine.

GEORGE

...but I can't stay--

Startled, Frost whips his gun around. He FIRES. The bullet SHATTERS the bottle.

Vasquez gets her hands on a piece of broken glass. Stabs it into Frost's chest. He screams in pain. She grabs his gun hand, wrestling with him.

Vasquez pushes the glass further into his chest. He coughs up blood. Rolls off her.

She takes the gun out of his hand. Points it at his face.

VASQUEZ
Where is your boss?

Despite his life bleeding out of him, Frost laughs at her.

She snaps the glass dagger in half. Shoves the shard into his eye. He screams. George recoils in disgust.

VASQUEZ
Where. Is. Your. Boss?!?

FROST
You... want her... so bad...
I'll... send you... to her... My
last... gift... Dock thirty-four...
Lawson building...

Vasquez jumps up. Gathers the weapons from the dead Goons.

GEORGE
(thunderstruck)
What are you doing?!?

VASQUEZ
This is it. I'm taking those
fuckers out.

GEORGE
Look at you. You're a mess!

VASQUEZ
The cops are on their way. You need
to get out of here. You don't want
to be part of this.

GEORGE
Mimi... I'm already part of this.

Vasquez isn't listening. She grabs her helmet. Checks the various firearms strapped to her outfit. She's ready.

A gurgling laugh from Frost stops her in her tracks.

FROST
Wish... I could... be there... when
she... tears you... apart...

He breaks into a big, shit-eating grin.

She BLOWS HIS BRAINS OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - SAME

Burress stands before a group of well-dressed, obviously wealthy people in the foyer of her new dock building. She takes a glass of champagne that's offered to her by a Goon.

BURRESS

I'd like to thank you all for coming, despite the obvious risks. But I can promise you, by the end of the evening, you may never want to leave.

The crowd laughs politely. Burress gestures. The large METAL DOOR GRINDS OPEN. Burress leads the tony group into the main space of her new headquarters.

Off to the side, workers roll cages filled with snarling dogs around the dock. A Goon uses an electric winch system to raise cages to the second level.

In front of them, the "Cerberus" sits in its berth.

BURRESS

We have a self-contained system here, modified and updated expressly to support our enterprise. The levels above sport breeding and training facilities, as well as holding pens for bait. We now no longer need to contract with outside vendors for product. We have had... issues lately, which accelerated our time table. But it's all good.

RICH WOMAN #1

This is all very impressive, but... how are you going to avoid any further complications with law enforcement?

BURRESS

A fair question. One of our areas of focus was making arrangements with the proper authorities, which will allow us to conduct business at the docks unmolested.

The group murmurs in appreciation.

BURRESS

And here is the heart and soul of our organization: the "Cerberus".

She gestures at the boat in its berth.

BURRESS

The entire inside has been reworked so that the "leftovers" of the evening's entertainment can be piped directly from the pens into the hold. And once the ship is safely out to sea, all the "trash" from the festivities can be safely and discreetly disposed of.

The crowd seems suitably impressed.

BURRESS

In short, we are now a self-sufficient organization whose activities are guaranteed to draw no unwanted attention from the authorities. And you are all our inaugural guests.

They all CLINK THEIR GLASSES in salute. She takes a smug, self-satisfied sip as she basks in the glow of her success.

CUT TO:

EXT. VASQUEZ'S HOUSE - SAME

POLICE CRUISERS AND RESCUE VEHICLES ROAR UP to the house.

Grimes and Eggerton get ahead of the crowd. They run into the house first. They slowly pick their way through, casing the joint, stepping over bodies, coming to the garage.

Grimes finds Garner, bullet-riddled and slumped against the wall.

Other COPS come in through the front door.

GRIMES

There's a back yard. Go check it out.

Grimes squats down next to Garner, destroyed to see his friend like this.

EGGERTON

I'm sorry...

GRIMES

How am I gonna tell his wife--

Garner GASPS in pain. Grimes falls over backward in surprise.

GARNER

G... Grimes...

GRIMES

Oh my God, Billy... Billy, what happened?

GARNER

(crying)

Euthanizer... money... Ernie...
sorry...

GRIMES

It's okay, it's okay.

(to Eggerton)

Get the paramedics in here!

Eggerton steps back into the house. Gestures to the EMTs.

Garner grabs Grimes' shirt. He's trying to say something.

GARNER

Vas...quez...

GRIMES

Where is she, Billy?

Grimes leans in close as Garner croaks something inaudible.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - SAME

Outside the building, Goons stand watch over the scene.

From somewhere nearby, a CAR MOTOR REVS to life, ECHOING off all the metal buildings. The Goons come to attention, peering into the shadows around them.

INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - SAME

Burress stands on the bow of the "Cerberus", her patrons on the warehouse floor below her.

BURRESS

This has a been a dream of mine for
a long, long time. And now, I am
happy to share it with all of you.

She raises her glass of champagne...

POW POW POW! Gunfire. Yelling. Gunfire.

BOOM!!! A huge black SUV bursts through the metal door. It plows through Goons and patrons, before SLAMMING into the guard rail around the boat docking area.

Burress sees Frost's body in the front seat of the SUV.

The Euthanizer enters, SPITTING BULLETS. She strafes the Goons and patrons with a big automatic rifle.

The clip empties. Vasquez throws down the gun, slings another rifle from around her back. She loads a grenade projectile. Burress jumps for her life as Vasquez FIRES A GRENADE into the bow of the boat.

The "Cerberus" EXPLODES. Shrapnel shreds more Goons and guests. The blast DETONATES the SUV's gas tank. A ball of greasy flames envelops the office on the third floor and spreads out everywhere. The building BURNS.

Burress sprints for the stairway as Vasquez TRADES SHOTS with the remaining Goons. Burress takes the stairs two at a time. Vasquez strafes her, but the BULLETS BOUNCE OFF THE METAL GRIDWORK of the stairs.

Some of the Goons are still alive. Vasquez puts them out of their misery.

The rifle is empty. Vasquez discards it. Pulls two guns from her holsters.

Vasquez mounts the stairs. On the second level, she sees the cages filled with dogs for the evening's entertainment. She pauses for a second... the building is on fire, she has to save the animals. But Burress... she can't let her get away...

WHAM! A cage, suspended on the winch, SLAMS into Vasquez, knocking her into the row of pens. She's disoriented. Wounded. Spent. The dogs go crazy. She tries to shake off the impact...

...when Burress emerges from behind the cages. Attacks Vasquez with a metal bar.

BURRESS

You! Will! Not! Take! Me! DOWN!

Burress gets in multiple crippling blows. Vasquez throws up a forearm, catching the bar on her body armor. She puts everything into a punch to Burress' face.

Burress drops the bar. Stumbles backwards. Blood gushes from her nose. Vasquez draws on her last reserves of strength. Collects herself. Stands upright.

Burress pulls a length of chain off one of the empty cages.

BURRESS

(spitting blood)

Look at you. What is that, a paw on your chest? You think you're some sort of hero? Here's the big, bad Euthanizer, coming to save all the poor kitty cats and puppy dogs...

Burress suddenly lunges forward. She swings the chain. Catches Vasquez in the shoulder.

BURRESS

Say you beat me. Say you save these stupid dogs. Do you realize how inconsequential that is?!?

Burress attacks Vasquez again. Vasquez does her best to block the blows, but several get through, knocking her back further.

BURRESS

What about all the livestock being tortured in farms all over the country? Huh? All the wildlife being hunted to extinction in Africa? The fish being depleted in the oceans?

Burress spins and snaps the chain across Vasquez's helmet.

BURRESS

You aren't making one bit of difference! Animals were put here by God for Man to use as we see fit! And I see fit to make a ton of money off them!

She swings the chain, preparing for another attack.

BURRESS

I'm patient. I'll rebuild. I refuse to be beaten by a man. Especially a coward in a mask.

Burress cracks the chain. Vasquez swings up her arm. The chain wraps around it. She yanks Burress off her feet. Vasquez head butts her. Burress goes sprawling.

Vasquez undoes her helmet's straps. She rips it off. Throws it to the ground.

VASQUEZ

I'm not wearing a mask now, you bitch.

Burress is at first caught off guard... then she bursts into laughter.

BURRESS

You're that cop! The animal cop!

She plants her feet. Throws up her fists. Vasquez charges her.

EXT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - SAME

Grimes and Eggerton SCREECH to a stop in front of Burress' building. They take in the scene: Dead Goons. Destroyed front door. Wounded people crawling out. Flames engulfing the building.

Some of the wounded Goons realize they're cops. They start SHOOTING. Grimes and Eggerton FIRE BACK.

INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - SAME

Vasquez and Burress fight hand-to-hand. Brutal. Violent. Dirty.

Vasquez is tired. She knows she has to end this, and end it now. She feints, making Burress overextend her reach. Vasquez lands a sharp undercut, stunning Burress.

Vasquez takes advantage of her break. She punches and punches and punches, driving Burress to the edge of the platform. They're both staggering.

Grimes and Eggerton burst into the building, dodging flames...

...just as Vasquez kicks Burress in the midsection, knocking her off the platform.

Burress falls, flailing and screaming.

SPLUTCH! She impales herself on one of the rape stands. Burress gurgles and twitches at Grimes' and Eggerton's feet.

They look up, finding Vasquez in her Euthanizer gear.

GRIMES
(tearfully)
Mireya!

Vasquez looks down at him. They both know things have gone too far to turn back.

GRIMES
Come down, honey. It's over.

VASQUEZ
Someone had to do something.

GRIMES
(tearfully)
Mireya... Come down, please. We'll talk to the Commissioner... Try to convince them you weren't thinking straight...

VASQUEZ
I am thinking straight, Ernie. I'm not crazy.

GRIMES
I know you're not! Just... please, let me help you...

Vasquez picks up her battered helmet.

VASQUEZ
You can't, Ernie. You can't.

KABOOM!!! The fuel barrels in the corner EXPLODE. The building shakes. Debris and flames and smoke cut Grimes and Eggerton off from Vasquez.

When they recover, they see that she's not there anymore. The platform collapsed.

GRIMES
Vasquez! Mireya!

Eggerton drags him out of the building. They fall to the pavement as a second explosion BLOWS OUT THE WINDOWS.

Eggerton looks on in shock as FIRE ENGINE SIRENS WAIL in the distance. Grimes sobs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BURGER JOINT - AFTERNOON

Grimes sits at the counter, watching the muted TV with sadness.

TV SCREEN

Images unfold of Vasquez's house. Her "cave". The results of her one-woman crusade.

BACK TO SCENE

Grimes looks down at his food. Next to his plate is a folded newspaper.

POV

Vasquez's face is plastered across the front page.

BACK TO SCENE

Grimes can't take it. He slides his plate over the paper.

Fran the waitress comes by to refresh his drink.

GRIMES

Thanks, Fran.

She turns to leave... then leans in close to Grimes. She has tears in her eyes.

FRAN

My step-dad shot my beagle Duchess
when I was eight. I never got to
say goodbye to her.

She takes his tab off the bar counter. Tears it in half. She gives him a tight smile before heading into the back.

Grimes throws down his napkin. He shoves himself into his coat as he walks out into the rain.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - LATE AFTERNOON

Grimes strolls through the rows of gravestones, his collar turned up against the cold weather.

He finds George at the graves of Danny and Vasquez. A clean new marker stands at the end of Vasquez's grave, next to Danny's plot.

GRIMES

This is a nice spot. Didn't realize
how far you could see from up here.

George doesn't react. He's deep in his thoughts.

GRIMES

You spent all that money, just to
bury an empty box.

GEORGE

She deserved to be with her son.
Even if it's just in spirit.

Grimes lights up a cigarette. He shudders against the cold.
George continues to ignore him.

GRIMES

Despite all the shit she did... she
got a lot of people talking. All
sorts of changes. New laws are
being drawn up. She didn't do it
for nothing.

George doesn't feel like listening to Grimes ramble. He
leaves.

GRIMES

Hey, George, I'm sorry, but, I
gotta ask... Did you know?

George stops in his tracks. He turns. His face is filled with
hurt, with loss, with anger. But Grimes can see in his
eyes... there's a truth there, too.

Then George is gone.

Grimes laughs to himself in the cold rain.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

George walks in the door, shaking the rain off his jacket. He
flicks on the light. And GASPS in surprise.

POV

Yin-Yang sits perched on the kitchen table, her tail flitting
back and forth. Ginger's dog bed and a big bag of cat food
are next to her.

She has a sign around her neck that says:

MY MOTHER LOVES YOU

BACK TO SCENE

George starts crying. A combination of sadness and joy.

Yin-Yang rubs up against him, meowing softly. He picks up the cat and buries his face in her fur.

He starts sobbing. And laughing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - SAME

A young VET TECH carries a small dog to a pen. She realizes that one of the cages is open, and empty.

VET TECH #2
Hey, has anyone seen Bella?

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - SAME

A housewife, GLORIA (mid 40s, dumpy) dashes from her car into the house, trying to keep her groceries from getting rained on.

Gloria goes back out to the car to get the last few bags. She's trying to get everything situated...

...when a sharp blow from behind knocks her out.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - SAME

RICHIE (8 years old) and AMY (6 years old) sit in front of the TV. The DOORBELL RINGS.

Richie goes to the door. He opens it...

...to find Bella sitting on the porch, tied to a bench. The dog's tail starts wagging.

RICHIE
Bella!

Amy comes running at the sound of the dog barking.

AMY
Bella! You're home!

They hug and kiss their beloved pet... oblivious to the fact that Gloria's car sits open in the driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY OFF-RAMP - EVENING

A bag is ripped off Gloria's head. She's naked. Tied up. Staked to the ground. Her mouth taped shut. With horror, it dawns on her that's she's in the bushes of the same highway off-ramp where she abandoned Bella.

The Euthanizer looms over her. Her armor is scratched. Scorched. Cracked. But the bloody red paw print prominently stands out.

EUTHANIZER

You are guilty of abusing animals.

Her gloved hands hang a hand-written sign around Gloria's neck:

I ABANDONED MY DOG ON THE HIGHWAY

The Euthanizer surveys her work, then stalks off into the misty evening, leaving Gloria behind. She thrashes and screams.

The cars pass by behind Gloria, unaware of her fate, as the rain steadily falls.