

F L A S H P O I N T

Pilot

by

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TEASER

1 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA - MORNING 1

Close on a MAN. Agitated, WILD-EYED. SHOUTING.

GUNMAN

Ostavi me na miru!

Pull back: he's pressing a GUN to a WOMAN'S neck.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

Ja cu je ubiti! Ne priazite!

Pull back further:

He's in a PUBLIC SQUARE. Surrounded by COPS, ONLOOKERS, REPORTERS. It's Chaos. Squad Cars, dozens of drawn GUNS.

A Strategic Response Unit cop in TACTICAL UNIFORM, tense but composed, tries to reason with the Gunman.

SRU NEGOTIATOR

You know why we're all here? It's about helping you. Do you understand? Help. But you. You have to put... the gun... down.

GUNMAN

Ja cu je ubiti! Ne priazite!

SRU NEGOTIATOR

(into radio)

'Gun down'. Give me 'gun down.'

(to Gunman)

Ostavi pitolj.

GUNMAN

Prvo njima reci!

SRU NEGOTIATOR

(into radio)

Give me 'We want to help.'

(to Gunman)

Hocemo vam pomoci. Hocemo vam pomoci.

The Gunman continues to scream.

1 CONTINUED:

1

SRU NEGOTIATOR (CONT'D)
Ostavi pistolj. Put your gun down.
(to headset)
Jesus Christ. Give me 'calm down'.
(to Gunman)
Smiri se. Smiri se.

GUNMAN
Ubit cu je ako me ne pusti na miru!

SRU NEGOTIATOR
(into radio)
Sierras... switch channels.

2 EXT. EAST BUILDING ROOFTOP - MORNING

2

A FEMALE SNIPER, splayed on the rooftop. She scans her .308 Rifle across the scene.

SRU FEMALE SNIPER
Sierra Two copy.

3 EXT. NORTH BUILDING ROOFTOP - MORNING

3

A MALE SNIPER kneels on a rooftop, eye glued to the scope of a .308 Rifle.

SRU SNIPER
Sierra One copy.

He flicks his radio channel without looking.

SNIPER SCOPE POV: The Gunman's HEAD, inches from his Hostage, sways in the crosshairs.

SRU SNIPER (CONT'D)
Come on... Come on...

4 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA - MORNING

4

The Negotiator's running out of options.

GUNMAN
(out of control)
Ja cu je ubiti! Ja cu je ubiti!

CRU NEGOTIATOR
Calm down. Keep it calm.

The Gunman AIMS AT THE NEGOTIATOR - who immediately takes cover.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

SRU NEGOTIATOR
(into headset)
Sierra One...

5 EXT. NORTH BUILDING ROOFTOP - MORNING

5

The Sniper sways, following the Gunman through the scope.

SRU SNIPER
(into headset)
Yeah...

SRU NEGOTIATOR (ON HEADSET)
Sierra One...

The Sniper breathes in long and deep.

SNIPER SCOPE POV: The Gunman's head, caught in the crosshairs.

SRU NEGOTIATOR (CONT'D)
Scorpio.

The Sniper's finger tightens on the trigger...

SNIPER SCOPE POV: Smash Zoom in on the Gunman.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5A EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA - MORNING

5A

The Negotiator's running out of options.

GUNMAN
(out of control)
*Ja cu je ubiti! Ja cu je
ubiti!*

CRU NEGOTIATOR
Calm down. Keep it calm.

The Gunman AIMS AT THE NEGOTIATOR - who immediately takes cover.

SRU NEGOTIATOR
(into headset)
Sierra One...

EXT. NORTH BUILDING ROOFTOP - MORNING

The Sniper sways, following the Gunman through the scope.

SRU SNIPER
(into headset)
Yeah...

SRU NEGOTIATOR
(into headset)
Sierra One...

The Sniper breathes in long and deep.

SNIPER SCOPE POV: The Gunman's head, caught in the crosshairs.

SRU NEGOTIATOR (CONT'D)
Scorpio.

The Sniper's finger tightens on the trigger...

Sound of A HORN BLARING, LOUD.

6 EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - EARLIER THAT MORNING

6

A POWERFUL MALE HAND presses a car's horn.

WORDSWORTH, 30s, waits in a suburban driveway, impatient. He's an SRU cop in street clothes. A boxer-nosed hoser, built like a truck, with a surprisingly gentle soul.

WORDSWORTH
Eddiiiiie!

7

INT. ED'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

7

Father and son finish breakfast. The car HONKS outside.

ED LANE (30s), shovels in his food. He's powerfully built, a handsome man, outgoing, competitive. A good guy who's worked hard to get where he is. An alpha male who's not afraid to let the rest of the world know it.

ED

I gotta go. That's my ride.

He sneaks the last sausage off his son's plate.

CLARK (13) is fine-boned, shaggy-haired, and bespectacled, in the Harry Potter vein.

Clark retaliates. Snatches his dad's last piece of toast. Both enjoying the game.

SOPHIE

I don't understand. You knew about this.

SOPHIE, 36, is fair-haired, Polish, petite, and fiery. A strong woman, but just a little worn down living the cop's wife life of constant compromise.

ED

Tell your folks I really wish I could. But I don't have a choice here. It's the thing for Barney. His retirement.

Clark makes himself scarce.

SOPHIE

Jakub and Dorota are flying in, Dad wants to show you off a little. Clark's quartet is going to play--

In the LIVING ROOM: Clark starts sawing out SCALES on his CELLO.

ED

Anniversaries happen every year. That's what they're for. This is a retirement. Happens once. It's not something I can miss.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIE
(wry smile)
What are they going to do? Demote
you to rubber bullets?

HONK-HONK-HONK!

ED
Gotta go.

He strides through into the living room, grabbing a sports
bag.

ED (CONT'D)
(to Clark)
See ya.

CLARK
(not looking up)
Or not.

Ed's halfway out the door--

SOPHIE
Ed.

Ed turns.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
The world's not going to end if you
and your buddies skip a few
pushups.

ED
Alright. Hang on.

Ed leans out the front door and makes a hand-signal at
Wordsworth: the universal 'yap-yap' sign for nagging wife.

SOPHIE
(to Clark)
Clark, pack up, it's seven.

CLARK
S'okay, I'll take the bus...

ED
Sophe. Everyone's going to be
there. Even some of the old
timers. This is like--

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

SOPHIE
(nodding)
Family?

CLARK
(still playing)
Good one.

Ed's got no answer. Just a 'you win' laugh.

Ed trots down the stairs.

SOPHIE
(calling down to him)
So, what do you want me to tell my
parents. You missing their
fortieth and all.

Ed turns to Wordsworth.

ED
What do I tell the parents?

WORDSWORTH
Tell 'em... Tell 'em to remember
their Gilbert & Sullivan.

ED
Yeah, their Gilbert and Sullivan--

WORDSWORTH
"When constabulary duty's to be
done--"

ED
"To be done..."

ED & WORDSWORTH
"A policeman's job is not a happy
one, happy one."

They hop in. Sophie watches the Jeep disappear.

8 OMITTED INCORPORATED INTO SC. 7

8

9 INT. SUBWAY. SAME TIME.

9

A subway train, packed shoulder-to-shoulder, on an ordinary
early morning rush hour.

People read, doze, stare into space, dulled by early morning
routine. All except one MIDDLE-AGED MAN, fair-haired, 50s.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's alert, edgy. Shifts around a lot. Like he's uncomfortable. Or in a hurry.

It's the Gunman - GORAN TOMASIC.

10 INT. STATION CONCOURSE - MOMENTS LATER 10

Commuters swarm off the train, folding their newspapers. Office workers line up for coffees in a bustling plaza. Check messages on their cell phones. Order toasted bagels.

We pick out our Man, amongst them. He's steps onto an escalator and is swept upwards in the stream of people.

11 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING 11

A MAINTENANCE WOMAN, 50s, stops at a maintenance closet. This is Goran's wife, MARTA.

She unlocks the closet. Pulls out a cleaning trolley. Shuts the door. Turns around-- Goran stands in front of her.

She freezes.

MARTA

Sto radis oudje? [What are you doing here?]

GORAN

(gently)

Marta. Molim. Ja samo hocu pricati sa tobom. [Marta. Please. I just want to talk to you.]

MARTA

Ti bi trebao biti daleko od mene ne prilaziti mi. [You're supposed to stay away.]

GORAN

Oprosti me. Ja sam kriv sa svemu. Dodi samnom. Hocu samo pricati. [I'm sorry. I'm sorry about everything. Come with me. Just to talk.]

MARTA

Zvat cu opet policiju. [I'll call the police again.]

He grips her arm.

GORAN

Dodi samnom! [Come with me!]

Off the woman, terrified.

12 INT. AIRPORT - MORNING. 12

A SHAGGY-HAIRED MAN strides down an airport hallway.

He's lean, blond, boyishly good-looking. Carrying a worn khaki duffel bag and a grim expression.

13 EXT. SRU STATION - MORNING - SAME TIME. 13

Ed and Wordsworth haul sports bags out of the Jeep.

WORDSWORTH

What'd you think?

ED

700's still the cat's ass. The Bremner didn't live up to specs. Hey.

ROLAND (O.S.)

Hey.

They're joined by two more SRU members:

ROLAND CRAY, 36, strong, hardworking, driven. His emotions are his business -- but once he knows you he'll do anything for you.

And SPIKE SCHARFE, late 20s, athletic, with an easygoing charm. Still the team rookie after two years.

ED

Rolie.

They head towards the Criminal Response Unit Headquarters.

ROLAND

They let you try it?

SLAM!

Pairs of BOOTS thud down the side the building.

Ed, Wordsworth, Roland and Spike look up, unfazed.

SPIKE

How was the double trigger?

Three figures RAPPEL DOWN. Dropping from the sky.

ED

Fine. But it shoots three MOA.
Sweet-looking piece. But it's all
tits and no brains.

JULES TRAVERS lands gracefully, beating the others. *

She's early 30s. Attractive, quick-witted, assured. Holds
her own in a roomful of elite cops -- and enjoys their
respect. A very rare breed.

ED (CONT'D)

Speaking of which.

JULES *

Actually I'd think that would be a
good match for you. Being all dick
and no brains.

Wordsworth and Spike laugh.

SHAKES and CARL hit the ground.

JULES (CONT'D) *

You get stuck up there?

SHAKES, 30s, is compact, taut and tightly-wound. 'Shakes' is
ex-military and has been gunning to be in SWAT all his life

CARL, 20s, is a massively built guy of Chinese heritage. A
man of few words, thoughtful, disciplined, dependable.

Jules holds out her hand to Shakes. *

JULES (CONT'D) *

Gimme the sweetness.

SHAKES

Wallet's at home.

JULES *

You wanna make it double or
nothing? On the range? No? No?
No?

Shakes scowls.

JULES (CONT'D) *

(winking at Carl)

Smart man.

The door opens. SGT. PARKER looks up at the scuff marks on the wall.

SGT. PARKER
Hey! You know the world of shit I
face every time those walls need to
be cleaned?

Parker, team leader, is serious, sharp-minded, and a talented people-reader. He works hard - on the job and as a single father of two

JULES
Sorry, Sarge.

*

SGT. PARKER
Let's go.

ED
(to Parker)
Morning.

SRU Team One heads into work.

SGT. PARKER
Who won?

ED
(isn't it obvious?)
She did.

*
*
*

Parker, Ed, Roland, Spike, and Wordsworth do the walk and talk on the way to the locker room.

The walls are jammed with AWARDS. BLOWN-UP PHOTOS of the SRU in action.

SGT. PARKER
We gotta couple of warrants.
Narc's got something on Sherbourne.

WORDSWORTH
Pack your air freshener.

SGT. PARKER
Could be a big bust.

ED
Whose score?

13A CONTINUED:

13A

SGT. PARKER

Naiman's.

The team groans.

(CONTINUED)

13A CONTINUED: (2)

13A

ROLAND

Naiman's last big bust was two kids
and a bag of weed.

SPIKE

(to Ed)

You going to Barney's thing?

ED

Everyone's going, right?

14 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING - SAME TIME

14

Goran grips Marta's arm. He sees she's terrified. He lets
go.

GORAN

*Oprosti me. Oprosti me, Marta.
Molim.* [I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Marta please...]

MARTA

Ja ne idem stobom. [I'm not
coming with you.]

GORAN

Volim te... [I love you...]

She starts to walk backwards.

MARTA

Ja necu... [I won't...]

He takes her hand.

GORAN

Marta!

MARTA

Ne diraj me! [Don't touch me.]

GORAN

Nemoji pricati smenom tako. [Don't
talk to me like this.]

He's squeezing her hand hard. Not realizing.

MARTA

Goran. Goran! Pusti me! [Goran.
Goran! Let go!]

He yanks her towards him. Heads turn.

(CONTINUED)

GORAN

Shuti, ljudi cu the cuti! [Shut up, people will hear you!]

MARTA

(crying out)

Pusti me! Pusti me! [Let go! Let go!]

(Accented English)

Help! Help me! Please somebody help me!

A BUSINESSMAN approaches the couple.

BUSINESSMAN

Is everything OK?

GORAN

Odmakni! [Back off!]

Goran pulls out a LUGER. Points it at the businessman. The businessman backs away, eyes lowered.

BUSINESSMAN

Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.

Goran LOWERS THE GUN TO HIS SIDE.

GORAN

Marta. [I'm sorry]

Marta backs away throughout. Trying not to provoke him.

MARTA

Goran. Ja se moram na vratiti na posao. [I have to get back to work.]

GORAN

Ne brini se. On nas nece smetat. [Don't worry, he won't trouble us.]

MARTA

Ja ne idem stobom. [I'm not going with you.]

GORAN

Gdje ti ides. Vрати se. Vрати se! Ti neznas sto radis. [Where are you going. Come back. Come back! You don't know what you're doing.]

MARTA

Ja ne idem stobom. [I'm not coming with you.]

She turns her back and keeps walking.

GORAN

Marta. Vрати se. Nemas nista.
VRATI SE! Marta! Odkreni se.
Marta! MARTA! [Marta. Come back.
You have nothing. COME BACK!
Marta! Turn around. Marta!
MARTA!]

He raises the gun, lips pressed in fury.

He SHOOTS HER.

Her body JERKS FORWARD. She SCREAMS, stumbles, falls.

He strides towards her.

GORAN (CONT'D)

Kurva. [Bitch.]

MARTA

Goran...

He AIMS AT HER HEAD... hesitates. Everything's gone still.

He notices the people around him, crouched, hiding, a few whispering into cell phones. Someone covertly holds up a CELL PHONE CAMERA.

He lowers his weapon, trembling, uncertain.

He stuffs the gun into his belt and hurries away.

The Shaggy-Haired Man gets into an Airport Limo.

SHAGGY-HAIRED MAN

Glenview Suites. You know it?

The DRIVER nods.

The Shaggy Haired Man opens the duffel bag. Checks to see if the driver's looking.

He parts BALLS OF YARN to reveal:

15 CONTINUED: 15

A pearl-grip COLT HANDGUN.

16 INT. ETF CONFERENCE ROOM - A LITTLE LATER 16

Parker finishes briefing the team -- Ed, Jules, Roland, Wordsworth, Spike, Shakes and Carl. *

The room's filled with maps, aerial photos, whiteboards. An overhead projector illuminates a TACTICAL ENTRY PLAN behind Parker.

SGT. PARKER

Any questions. Good. Starting line-up: Number eight, on D-D's, Spike.

Spike makes an explosion noise, like a kid in a classroom.

SGT. PARKER (CONT'D)

Four, Five, Six and Seven - Wordy, Carl, Rolie, Shakes. I shall negotiate should the need arise. Shakes, today you're 'Less-Lethal.'

ED

Sorry, what was that?

SGT. PARKER

Shakes, Less-Lethal.

ED

Come again?

Parker doesn't fall for it twice.

Shakes shoots Ed a look.

SGT. PARKER

Jules, you're Sierra Two. Mr. Lane: Sierra One. *

Ed and Jules knuckle-butt without looking. *

17 EXT. NEAR FIRST YORK PLAZA - MORNING - SAME TIME 17

Goran hurries out the glass doors of the office building and onto a BUSTLING PASSAGE, north of FIRST YORK PLAZA. Thick cross-currents of office people, intent on their destinations. He passes through the crowd, unnoticed, his hand still holding the hidden weapon.

Then - OFFICER NEVILLE, a YOUNG COP, sees Goran. His arm in that suspicious position.

He follows, hand on his holster, a few feet behind. Goran is edgy, heading for the street. Suddenly, the cop's radio dispatch goes off:

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Suspect is male white, 40s, heavy-set and armed...

Goran whirls around and sees the cop. In a split second, the two have their guns trained on each other.

OFFICER NEVILLE
Drop your weapon!

People scream, scatter, find cover behind newspaper boxes, benches, parked cars.

GORAN
Odmakni se! [Back off!]

OFFICER NEVILLE
I said drop your weapon!

GORAN
Ne prilazite! [Don't come any closer!]

OFFICER NEVILLE
Do you understand me? Drop your weapon NOW!

Goran backs away from the cop.

GORAN
Odmakni! [Back off!]

OFFICER NEVILLE
Don't move!

Goran bumps against a telephone pole.

A SECRETARY, 36, cowers on the other side of it.

Goran GRABS HER and points his gun at her head.

GORAN
Ja cu je ubiti! [I'll kill her!]

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

SIRENS in the distance. Neville speaks into the radio on his chest, his weapon still trained on Goran...

OFFICER NEVILLE

Code 100. First York Plaza, North of the Square. Immediate backup. Extreme caution. Bystanders. Hostage.

18 INT. SRU VAN - MORNING - SAME TIME

18

Ed and Jules inventory their SRU weapons van.

*

ED
Rangefinders?

JULES
Check.

*

ED
D-D's?.

JULES
Check.

*

ED
Rapelling?

JULES
Check. Sniper Suit.

*

ED
Check.

JULES
Night-scope.

*

Ed fires up the a THERMAL-IMAGING NIGHT-SCOPE. Jules's heat-print flickers in the viewfinder.

*

ED
All the better to see you with.

JULES
Night-scope.

*

ED
(peering at her form)
Subject is generating some serious heat.

JULES

(teasing)

Oh that's original.

Ed pulls Jules towards him.

Their lips touch... Jules hesitates, fighting desire.

JULES (CONT'D)

Um... Ed.

ED

"Um... Jules."

JULES

Watch yourself.

ED

Ooh, kinky.

Her face is inches from his.

JULES

(a dare)

Shouldn't do this...

He stops abruptly. Pulls back.

ED

Oh God. Sorry. Sorry. You're so absolutely right.

Beat.

JULES

Oh shut up.

--And she pins him to the van wall with a deep, hungry kiss. They grab at each other, urgently, pressing through their thick uniforms--

There's a RAP ON THE VAN DOOR.

They pull apart.

SGT. PARKER (O.S.)

Saddle up Ninjas. We got a call.

P.A. VOICE

Team 1, suit up, suit up, suit up!

Ed and Jules look at each other, grinning. Even better!

19 EXT. SRU GARAGE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 19

The SRU vehicles speed out of HQ.

20 INT. AIRPORT LIMO - SLIGHTLY LATER 20

The Shaggy-Haired man rides in the back of the airport limo, rolling past the Toronto skyline.

The driver goes to flick on the RADIO.

DRIVER

You mind?

SHAGGY-HAIRED MAN

Nope.

RADIO (V.O.)

--don't know the identity of the gunman or his hostage at First York Plaza. He is right outside the building, in a standoff with police, who are characterizing this as a very dangerous situation with one victim critically injured...

The Shaggy-Haired Man sits bolt upright.

SHAGGY-HAIRED MAN

Turn that up.

RADIO (V.O.)

...are advising people to stay away from the Bay street area but as you can imagine in the middle of rush hour...

SHAGGY-HAIRED MAN

You know where that is?

DRIVER

Yeah, don't worry, we're not going anywhere near--

SHAGGY-HAIRED MAN

Let's take a detour.

21 INT. SRU VAN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 21

Ed drives. Jules punches up SATELLITE IMAGES on a COMPUTER. *

JULES

First York Plaza. What's the guy carrying?

*

SGT. PARKER

(on walkie)

A Luger...

ED

Luuu-ger.

JULES

Fancy.

*

SGT. PARKER

(on walkie)

First victim's critical. Now he's got a hostage, female...

JULES

Hostage--! Where at First York?

*

SGT. PARKER

(on walkie)

North Square... heavy on civilians so let's go careful out there. Stand by.

Ed and Jules look at each other, electrified.

*

JULES

Looks like you just fell in a puddle of lucky--

*

Ed, exuberant, slaps his palms on the steering wheel.

ED

(overlapping)

--yes!!

JULES

(grins)

--you son of a bitch.

*

ED

--Break it down for me.

JULES

8:30 in the morning. Rush hour.

*

ED

Right, it'll be packed.

JULES

--Means we gotta go high. You take...

*

ED

North Building. You counter--

JULES

--West.

*

ED

No. Too high.

JULES

East. East gives us--

*

KATE (CONT'D)

--maximum coverage.

ED

--maximum coverage...

*

JULES (CONT'D)

Don't want him pulling a runner and both of us losing him.

*

ED

What else?

JULES

What else? It's going to be crazy.

*

ED

Damn right it's going to be crazy. Every unit in the city's going to want a piece of this.

Beat. They look at each other. Deadpan-cool.

JULES

Good morning.

*

ED

Good morning.

THE SRU vans pull into the First York Plaza.

Parker and the rest of the team scramble out, putting on helmets, vest, radio headsets--

They take it all in:

CONTINUED:

POLICE CRUISERS everywhere, COPS and DETECTIVES crouching for cover.

ONLOOKERS, restrained by COPS, brandish cell phone cameras.

TV JOURNALISTS jostle for position.

POLICE DOGS strain on their leashes.

The Plaza is in CHAOS.

In the eye of the storm:

Goran holds his gun to the head of his terrified hostage.

SGT. PARKER

Let's keep the peace.

They slam the vans shut, and race towards the scene.

END OF ACT ONE

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

ACT TWO

23 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA - MORNING

23

The Plaza is in CHAOS.

In the eye of the storm:

The Gunman holds his gun to the head of his hostage. He's nervous, shifting his weight back and forth. He yells at a DETECTIVE who's been trying to negotiate through a bullhorn.

GORAN

Go vori im da otidje!

The detective lowers the bullhorn.

DETECTIVE

This is going nowhere.

INSPECTOR STAINTON, 40s, conservative, greying, watches as the SRU team approaches.

INSPECTOR STAINTON

(flat)

Here comes the cavalry.

24 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA CORDON - MORNING

24

The team vaults over the cordon and jogs toward the scene.

SGT. PARKER

(unimpressed)

They've even got the marine unit here.

Ed winks at Jules.

*

SGT. PARKER (CONT'D)

OK, let's see if we can remove this threat. Rolie--

ROLAND

Tasers not an option. I'll cover northeast.

SGT. PARKER

Carl, Shakes take the south.
Spike, Wordy, you're with me.

Roland, Carl and Shakes split off.

(CONTINUED)

SGT. PARKER (CONT'D)
(to Ed and Jules) *
Ninjas--

ED
Ninety degrees. Less ricochet from-

SGT. PARKER *
--Blue building. Right. Jules--

JULES *
On red.

SGT. PARKER *
Good. Jules, watch us close. This
guy doesn't look too happy.

Ed and Jules head in different directions. Jules towards the *
East building, Ed the North.

Sgt. Parker heads towards Inspector Stainton.

SGT. PARKER (CONT'D)
Inspector.

INSPECTOR STAINTON
All yours, Sergeant.

SGT. PARKER
Our guy got a name?

INSPECTOR STAINTON
No. I don't think he speaks
English.

SGT. PARKER
What does he speak?

INSPECTOR STAINTON
Eastern European or something.

SGT. PARKER
How long you been here?

Stainton glares at him.

Ed jogs past a couple of Uniforms, revolvers drawn, watching
the action from behind a mailbox.

25 CONTINUED:

25

ED
Your buddy got something against
you?

The Uniform looks at Ed blankly. Ed points across the square.

ED (CONT'D)
Cop across the way there. You're
in his line of fire.

The Uniform looks. Another cop, behind Goran, has got his revolver pointed at the Uniform.

ED (CONT'D)
(jogging off)
All fun and games 'til someone
loses an eye.

26 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA CORDON - MORNING

26

Parker tries to make sense out of Stainton and the Detective. Wordy and Spike stand by.

DETECTIVE
I think it's Yugoslavian.
Croatian.

SGT. PARKER
You speak it?

DETECTIVE
No.

SGT. PARKER
Where's the translator.

INSPECTOR STAINTON
Over there.

SGT. PARKER
What does he speak?

DETECTIVE
Russian.

SGT. PARKER
(into his radio)
We need a Croatian translator.
Anyone you can get. And make sure
Doctor Luria's en route.
(to Inspector)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

SGT. PARKER (CONT'D)
Back your guys off. We're trying
to de-escalate here. And I don't
want my boys getting shot in the
back by sympathetic fire.

Inspector Stainton strides off, visualizing witty retorts.

Parker edges closer to Goran, palms open. Wordy and Spike
cover him with STEEL SHIELDS and ASSAULT WEAPONS.

SGT. PARKER (CONT'D)
(to Goran)
My name's Gregory. Gregory Parker.
Let's talk. Okay. Talk.

27 INT. OFFICE BUILDING. ELEVATOR - MORNING

27

A crowded elevator, filled with Latte-clutching office
workers.

The doors slide open to reveal an UNHOLY APPARITION.

Ed. Towering above them. In full battle gear. Helmet,
bullet-proof vest and high-powered rifle.

He steps into the elevator. The workers nervously make room.

ED
Hit eight for me? Thanks.

Ed winks at a young woman. She blushes.

The doors close.

27A EXT. EAST ROOFTOP - MORNING

27A

Jules races past a ventilation shaft toward her rooftop
position.

*

28 EXT. NORTH ROOFTOP - MORNING

28

Ed pushes open the rooftop door.

He creeps low along the graveled rooftop and peers over the
edge of the building.

Ed's POV: Up high, Goran and Hostage are small -- a pinwheel
in the middle of chaos.

Ed STRAPS HIMSELF to the ledge.

29 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA POLICE CORDON - MORNING 29

The Shaggy-Haired Man works his way to the front of the police cordon.

He takes in the scene. Immediately spots the SRU team members: the negotiator, closest by; two more with shields, and machine guns.

The Shaggy-Haired Man's eyes travel skyward, knowing where to look. On top of the east building: gloved hands, LASER RANGEFINDER. The Observer Sniper.

30 EXT. EAST ROOFTOP - MORNING 30

Jules's POV. On top of the east building. She's on the left side of Goran. A clear view of Sgt. Parker below. She talks into her headset as she STRAPS HERSELF in. *

JULES *

Sierra Two in position. Good vantage.

She scans the walls of the opposite building with her rangefinder. People crowd the glass windows, watching the drama below.

JULES (CONT'D) *

Big civilian presence. Blue wall.

She swings her binoculars up to the roof of the building, spots Ed lifting his gun to his shoulder

JULES (CONT'D) *

Sierra One looks good.

31 OMITTED 31

32 EXT. NORTH ROOFTOP - MORNING 32

Ed crouches behind the low wall at the edge of the rooftop, raising his RANGEFINDERS.

ED

Sierra One in position.

ED'S RANGEFINDER POV: Concrete, more concrete... and then the hostage. Her terrified face fills the binoculars. The Gunman clutches her.

ED (CONT'D)

He's holding her close.

32 CONTINUED:

32

Ed taps a button and takes a distance reading off the Gunman. He switches to his .308 rifle scope and focuses in.

ED'S SCOPE POV: he lines up Goran in the crosshairs.

ED (CONT'D)

Cold zero.

*

ED'S SCOPE POV: Goran sways back and forth, yelling. Through the scope he's right-in-front-of-you close...

33 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA - MORNING

33

Goran sways back and forth, agitated.

GORAN

Ostavi me na miru! [Leave me alone!]

SGT. PARKER

Easy. This is all about finding a way home. We all want to go home.

Goran continues to shout.

EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA POLICE CORDON - MORNING

Everyone's eyes are glued to Goran.

Not the Shaggy-Haired Man's. He scans from the top of the east building to the top of the north. Finds what he's looking for. Another sniper.

34 EXT. NORTH ROOFTOP - MORNING.

34

ED'S SCOPE POV: Goran, moving back and forth...

ED

Easy, Mr. Happy.

Ed shifts back and forth, keeps pace with Goran.

35 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA - MORNING

35

Parker talks into his headset.

SGT. PARKER

Luria onscene?

36

EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA POLICE CORDON - MORNING

36

An attractive woman, early 40s, suit and neck ID watches the Gunman on a VIDEO FEED. She is ALBERTA LURIA, a FORENSIC PSYCHOLOGIST.

DR. LURIA
(into headset)
Morning.

SGT. PARKER
(on headset)
Doc. What you thinking?

DR. LURIA
I'm thinking it's not substance
issues... probably multiple
stressors. Tunnel-vision. Might
help if I knew what he's saying.

37

EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA - MORNING

37

SGT. PARKER
Dispatch, what's going on with our
translator.

DISPATCH (ON RADIO)
We got someone. En route. Ten
minutes.

SGT. PARKER
Not good enough. Patch him on the
phone now.
(to Goran)
You know why we're all here? It's
about helping you. Do you
understand? Help. But you. You
have to put... the gun... down.

GORAN
Ja cu je ubiti! Ne prilazite!
[I'm gonna kill her! Don't come
any closer!]

Sgt. Parker looks grim.

SGT. PARKER
(in radio)
You got a solution, Sierra One?

38 EXT. NORTH BUILDING ROOFTOP - MORNING 38

Ed follows Goran through his scope.

ED'S SCOPE POV: Goran's head in the crosshairs, exposed - a clean shot.

ED
I got the solution.

39 EXT. OPEN SQUARE - MORNING. 39

Sgt. Parker listens to the translator on their headsets.

SGT. PARKER
(into Radio)
'Gun down'. Give me 'gun down.'
(to Goran)
Ostavi pitolj.

GORAN
(re: all the cops)
Prvo njima reci. [Tell them to first.]

SGT. PARKER
Give me 'We want to help.'

40 EXT. NORTH BUILDING ROOFTOP - MORNING 40

Sweat drips down Ed's face as he tries to keep his target.

ED
Easy, Mr. Happy. C'mon. Stop bob-
bobbin'. C'mon friend.

Ed shifts slightly, back and forth, keeps pace with Goran.

ED (CONT'D)
That's it. That's better. You
want to dance we'll dance together.
(humming 'Little Bones' by
the Tragically Hip)
Ba da da da da ba baaa...

*
*
*

SGT. PARKER (ED'S HEADSET)
*Hocemo vam pomoci. Hocemo vam
pomoci.*

SCOPE POV: Goran starts to wave his gun towards the police.

40 CONTINUED:

40

SGT. PARKER (ED'S HEADSET) (CONT'D)
Ostavi pistolj. Put your gun down.

Ed takes some slow, deep breaths.

SGT. PARKER (ED'S HEADSET) (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ. Give us 'calm down.'

SCOPE POV: Goran, silently screaming...

SGT. PARKER (ED'S HEADSET) (CONT'D)
Smiri se. Smiri se.

GORAN
Ubit cu je ako me ne pusti na miru!
[I'm gonna shoot her if you don't
leave me alone!]

PARKER
(into radio)
Sierras... switch channels.

41 EXT. EAST BUILDING ROOFTOP - MORNING

41

Jules, splayed on the rooftop.

*

Jules'S BINOCULAR POV, scanning the scene:

*

JULES
Sierra Two copy.

*

Her binoculars catches sight of A SHAGGY-HAIRED MAN. Looking straight at her. She starts.

42 EXT. NORTH BUILDING ROOFTOP - MORNING

42

Ed flicks his radio channel without looking.

ED
Sierra One copy.

ED'S SCOPE POV: Goran shifts in the crosshairs - the Hostage now BLOCKS THE VIEW.

ED (CONT'D)
Come on... Come on...

43 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA - MORNING

43

Parker is running out of options.

43 CONTINUED:

43

GORAN PARKER
 (out of control) Calm down! Keep it calm!
Ja cu je ubiti! Ja cu je
ubiti! [I'm gonna kill her!
 I'm gonna kill her!]

GORAN
Nemojte me tjerat da je ubijem!
 [Don't make me shoot her!]

Goran AIMS HIS GUN AT Parker - who immediately takes cover.
 This changes things.

SGT. PARKER
 Dammit.
 (into headset)
 Sierra One...

44 EXT. NORTH BUILDING ROOFTOP - MORNING

44

Ed sways, following Goran through the scope.

ED
 (into headset)
Sierra One. Go ahead...

*

SGT. PARKER
 Sierra One...

Ed breathes in long and deep. Sweat drips.

SGT. PARKER (CONT'D)
 Scorpio.

ED
 Copy.

TIME SLOWS DOWN. SOUND FADES AWAY, except for Ed's
BREATHING: smooth, controlled.

ED (CONT'D)
 Come on Come on Come on...

*SCOPE POV: Goran's head in the crosshairs, still blocked by
 the Hostage... Both swaying back and forth...*

ED (CONT'D)
 That's it... open up for me... Open
 up... come on...

SLOW MOTION - Intercut between SRU positions, up close and
 personal:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Parker tenses --

Jules squints, eye on the scope, breathing slowly --

*

WORDSWORTH and SPIKE brace themselves --

Goran shouts - we don't hear it --

Dr LURIA watches, intent --

THE SHAGGY-HAIRED MAN leans forward --

The HOSTAGE closes her eyes, terrified --

A DROP OF SWEAT trickles into Ed's eye. He doesn't blink --

ED (CONT'D)
...come on my friend...

SCOPE POV: Goran sways, EXPOSING HIS HEAD slightly --

Ed's Finger tightens on the trigger.

ED (CONT'D)
...let me...

SCOPE POV: Goran sways back, OBSCURING his head again --

ED (CONT'D)
...have this...

Ed's eyes narrow, completely focused --

SCOPE POV: Goran sways again. He's EXPOSED.

ED (CONT'D)
...dance...

Ed's finger tightens --

JULES
(headset)
Sarge!

*

SPEED BACK TO REALITY. SOUND SPILLS BACK.

Another angle: Jules's scope's POV, scanning the scene, picks up some MOTION at the outer perimeter: *

Her CROSSHAIRS land on a YOUTH, struggling through the barricade, shaking off the grip of one cop, then another, SPRINTING towards the scene--

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

JULES (CONT'D)

(into headset)

We got a runner. Rolie, red wall!

*

45 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA NORTHWEST CORNER- MORNING

45

Roland turns to see the DESPERATE 17-year-old run towards the scene, screaming. It's the Gunman's son, PETAR.

PETAR

Tata! TATA! [Dad! Dad!]

SGT. PARKER

(into headset)

Hold fire, Sierra One.

ED

(on headset)

Copy, holding fire.

Roland SEIZES the boy as he tries to run past.

ROLAND

Easy, easy. One step at a time.
This is your dad?

PETAR

Tata! *St o radis dovraga, sto ti radis?* [Dad! What are you doing!]

ROLAND

He's going to be fine, no one's going to get hurt if we can talk--

46 EXT. NORTH BUILDING ROOFTOP - MORNING

46

Ed's scope is still holding the EXPOSED Goran steady in the crosshairs, seen from VERY CLOSE UP. Goran turns...

Points his gun back at the hostage... and shouts silently at someone we can't see.

It's oddly quiet way up here.

ED

(to headset)

Jules, what you got.

*

OTHER ANGLE:

Jules's SCOPE: the YOUTH's head in the crosshairs, also very close up, screaming silently.

*

JULES

(headset)

Male youth, breached the perimeter--

INTERCUT WITH THE SCENE AT GROUND LEVEL:

ROLAND

(to Parker)

It's his son--

ED

(headset)

Scorpio still a go?

PETAR

(to Goran)

Dovraga, sto ti radis!? [What the hell are you doing?]

GORAN

Izadi. Moras isaci odavde. [Get out of here. You have to get out of here!]

SGT. PARKER

(to Ed, into headset)

Affirmative if he re-escalates. But we may have a TPI here so let's see if we can work this.

Ed's rifle SWAYS, back and forth, matching Goran's motion--

ED

(headset)

If he re-escalates, copy. Still got the solution.

ROLAND

(to Petar)

We're going to need your help, okay? No one will get hurt. But we need to talk. Can you tell him no one will hurt him?

PETAR

(to Goran)

On kaze dati se nece nista dogoditi. [He says nobody's going to hurt you.]

GORAN
 (exhausted, voice
 breaking)
Prekasno je. [It's too late.]

SGT. PARKER
 What's he saying--?

ROLAND
 --What's he saying?

PETAR
*No, molimte Tata, slusaj ne, ne
 cini to -- sto to radis--* [No,
 please, Dad, listen-- don't-- don't--
 - what are you going to--]

*SLOW-MO: ED'S SILENT POV: His scope shows Goran in the
 crosshairs --*

Goran RAISES HIS WEAPON towards Parker again --

SGT. PARKER
 (headset)
Scorpio. Scorpio.

The Son SPRINTS away from Parker towards his father --

ED SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER --

JULES
 Ed -- the boy --

*

GUNBLAST!

THE BOY'S HEAD CROSSES ED'S SCOPE --

The gunblast reverberates.

CLOSE ON Ed's Face: horrified, sick.

ED
 No. No.

Did he see what he just saw? He can't move. Can't look over
 the side of the building. Can't bring himself to.

SHOUTS in the distance.

Ed sweats, shivers. Cold. Forces himself to look over the
 edge of the building. See what he's done.

46 CONTINUED: (3)

46

Ed's POV: distorted, in and out of focus. He sees two fallen bodies. He's killed the boy.

ED (CONT'D)

No. Jesus. No.

Ed starts to shake.

Then he panics. He grabs his rifle, swings the scope to his eye.

Ed's SCOPE POV: moving wildly, searching... a female jogger, a businessman, a cop, an ambulance attendant --

The HOSTAGE. Staggering away. Sobbing.

The body. It's Goran. Dead.

The BOY, doubled over in grief, over his father.

The boy's alive.

The view in the scope shakes.

Ed gasps.

He THROWS UP.

47 EXT. EAST BUILDING ROOFTOP - MORNING

47

Jules, wide-eyed, watches through her scope.

*

Jules'S SCOPE POV: Goran lies face-up and twisted on the pavement, blood pooling under his head.

*

JULES

*

Suspect down! Suspect down!

48 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA - MORNING

48

Wordsworth and Spike converge on the fallen Goran. Weapons pointing, edging closer, shouting.

Roland pulls the boy away.

A pool of blood gathers under Goran's head. He's obviously dead.

The Hostage staggers away, shocked. Coughing sobs of revulsion and relief as the realization hits.

Spike kicks away the Luger.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

Wordsworth FLIPS HIM OVER, like a broken doll. HANDCUFFS the limp arms.

Spike feels for a pulse, knowing the answer. He stands and WIPES HIS HAND.

The other men, silent, take that in.

A MEDIC throws an orange blanket over the body. *

Parker leads the hostage away. *

The Shaggy-Haired Man takes it all in. Then looks back at the rooftops.

49 EXT. EAST BUILDING ROOFTOP - MORNING 49

Jules searches the opposite building. *

Jules'S SCOPE POV: Ed throwing up. *

Jules pulls her eye away from the scope. Shocked. Concerned. *

50 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA - MORNING. 50

Parker leads the hostage toward a waiting medic.

He looks up at Ed's rooftop.

51 EXT. ROOFTOP ABOVE OPEN SQUARE - MORNING. 51

Ed sits in the rooftop gravel, clutching his rifle.

Ed's POV throughout, everything slow, distorted:

The rooftop door opens. Inspector Stainton, pleased to be back in charge, walks out with a couple of UNIFORMS.

Their voices are muffled, far-away.

INSPECTOR STAINTON

Tape it up. This is a crime scene.
Don't speak to the Subject Officer.

The uniforms start taping. Stainton stands over Ed.

INSPECTOR STAINTON (CONT'D)

Give me your weapons. Rifle and
Glock.

Stainton snaps on rubber gloves.

INSPECTOR STAINTON (CONT'D)
Let's go, constable.

Ed, without looking, hands the rifle to Stainton. Stainton empties the ammunition. A uniform holds out a plastic evidence bag: Stainton places everything inside. The bag is sealed. Same process with the Glock.

INSPECTOR STAINTON (CONT'D)
Gloves too. Residue.

Ed's gloves go in another bag.

INSPECTOR STAINTON (CONT'D)
You're under investigation. This
is the drill.

Ed looks up at him. Numb.

END OF ACT TWO

51 CONTINUED: (2) 51

ACT THREE

52 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING 52

Ed's POV, still distorted:

The Inspector escorts Ed through the foyer.

INSPECTOR STANTON
You're sequestered. No talking.
Alright?

Through a crowd of staring office workers.

53 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA - MORNING 53

Inspector Stainton leads Ed towards Sgt. Parker.

Ed's POV, SLOW-MO tunnel vision: Goran's feet. Orange blanket, blood seeping.

Reporters, Cops, Medics milling around.

The hostage, in shock. Seated on the back of an ambulance, a medic wiping her face.

Ed stares as the medic wipes BLOOD from her face and hair.

*Jules exits her building, eyes hunting for Ed. Her eyes land on him, concerned. **

Ed's POV: He sees Dr Luria and another MEDIC holding up the devastated SON.

SON
(sobbing)
*Tata... my Tata... What am I going to do? What am I going to do? **

Ed walks on, shaken, led by Stainton...

...and briefly LOCKS EYES with the Shaggy-Haired Man. The Man watches as Ed's escorted off like a criminal.

54 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA POLICE CORDON - MORNING 54

Nearby, a SRU CAR pulls up next to Sgt. Parker. SRU Commander Holleran, late 40's, fit, steps out. Seeing him, Dr Luria approaches, as well as the female SRU SCRIBE.

COMMANDER HOLLERAN
Jesus, Gregory, that went down
fast. Your scribe's got the notes?

SGT. PARKER
Yeah.

She puts the INCIDENT NOTES into an ENVELOPE. SEALS it.
Hands them over.

COMMANDER HOLLERAN
Fine. Thanks.

DR. LURIA
By the book as far as I'm
concerned, Norm.

INSPECTOR STANTON (O.S.)
Technically, that'll be for SIU to
decide.

Commander Holleran recognizes the voice. He turns to face
Inspector Stainton, arriving with Ed.

COMMANDER HOLLERAN
Thank you, Stainton.
(to Ed)
Ed. This was you?

INSPECTOR STANTON
Subject officers are not--

COMMANDER HOLLERAN
--Yes *thank you Inspector.*
(to Ed)
Good job, constable.

Ed is silent.

INSPECTOR STANTON
Let's go. Parker, you too.

The three of them turn and head towards the vehicles.

SGT. PARKER
Eddy. How you doing?

Stainton slides open the door of a police van for them.

STANTON
Come on. You're both--

SGT. PARKER
How about you just plug your
earholes while I ask my buddy here
how he's doing--

ED
--Fine... I'm fine.

They settle into the van. Sgt. Parker looks hard at Ed.

SGT. PARKER
Ed. Good job.

Ed looks out the window. The van pulls away.

55 EXT. FIRST YORK PLAZA CORDON - MORNING

55

Jules, Wordsworth, Spike, and Roland watch the van disappear. *

They pack up in silence. Jules turns and begins breaking
down her sniper rifle, covering her concern. Then senses
someone behind her. *

SHAGGY-HAIRED MAN (O.S.)
Hey. Saw the whole thing.

She looks up and sees the Shaggy-Haired Man.

SAM
I'm Sam.

Jules keeps working, not into groupies. *

SAM (CONT'D)
Sam Braddock.

JULES
Good for you. *

SAM
Don't see Lady Snipers too often.
That's kinda sexy. What's that, a
Remmy 700? Sweet. Crisp trigger
on her, eh? I got a vintage Colt.

Jules straightens. Turns. *

SAM (CONT'D)
Pearl grips. It was my Dad's.
Here, want to see?

He reaches into his jacket --

Jules draws her GLOCK PISTOL--

*

JULES

*

GET YOUR HAND OUT WHERE I CAN SEE
IT!

SAM

Hey--

ROLAND, SPIKE AND WORDY race over, weapons drawn.

SHAKES/WORDSWORTH/SPIKE/CARL
HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM! HANDS
IN THE AIR!

SAM

Okay. Okay. Whoa.

He raises his hands. He's holding a PHOTOGRAPH.

Commander Holleran races over, alarmed, followed by Parker.

COMMANDER HOLLERAN

Lower your weapons! Easy! Easy!

Sam shows the photo to the team, landing on Jules: his DAD
WITH HIS PEARL-GRIP GUN.

*

SAM

Pearl grips. See. That's my Dad.

They lower their weapons to half-mast.

JULES

*

Jesus.

SAM

(grins)

Nice post-incident reflexes guys.

COMMANDER HOLLERAN

Braddock. What the hell are you
doing? You were supposed to meet
me at the station--

SAM

Sorry. Heard it on the radio,
didn't want to miss it.

Holleran swallows his annoyance.

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

COMMANDER HOLLERAN

Good work, Team One. Team Three will relieve you. SIU's going to want your witness statements. Braddock, come with me.

They watch them go. What the hell?

56 INT. SRU CONFERENCE ROOM - LATE MORNING

56

Ed sits alone in the SRU station's empty conference room.

Slumped in a chair. Surrounded by duty rosters, tactical diagrams drawn on whiteboards.

His phone rings. He doesn't hear it.

57 INT. BAKERY - AFTERNOON

57

Sophie, in a pastry chef's apron, makes a phone call. She twists the curly wire, concerned.

High on a shelf, a SMALL TV plays the news: RUSH HOUR HOSTAGE DRAMA.

No reply. She hangs up. Exhales. At a loss.

57A INT. SRU CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

57A

The door opens. Ed starts.

BLAIR KOWALSKI, 40s, enters with a UNIFORM COP.

Kowalski's serious - bordering on dour, wears a sweater.

The cop throws large, CLEAR PLASTIC BAGS on the table.

KOWALSKI

Blair Kowalski, Special Investigations Unit. How you doing.

Ed nods.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's start with the vest. I need your vest...

Ed looks at him blankly.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Okay. Stand up and turn around.

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED:

57A

Ed does. The cop takes off Ed's utility vest and puts it carefully into a bag.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
Shirt. You're going to have to give me a hand here. This is evidence.

Ed unbuttons his shirt. The cop bags it.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
Boots and socks.

Ed hands them over, numbly.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
Pants.

The cop bags them.

Ed stands there, stripped to his underwear. His impressive physique exposed.

Kowalski tosses Ed his civilian clothes and cell phone. He pulls on a pair of jeans and a white T-shirt. Kowalski bags his uniform.

There's a KNOCK on the door. FRANK MCANDREW, a lawyer in a suit, strides in. All business.

MCANDREW
You didn't wait?

KOWALSKI
Just bagging the clothes.

MCANDREW
(to Kowalski)
Jesus, they say de-briefing and you take it literally?
(to ED)
You say anything? You don't have to say anything to him. That's your right. Okay? Frank McAndrew. I'm your lawyer, alright? Gonna see you through this stuff so don't worry, alright? Saw it on the news. Great work. This one's a no-brainer. No pun intended. You want to talk to him now or what?

Ed looks at Kowalski.

58

INT. SRU HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

58

Through a hallway window, we see Dr Luria finish her debrief with the team. They spill out of the room, eager for a change of scene.

Commander Holleran walks over with Sam.

Parker confronts Holleran.

SGT. PARKER
Something I should know here?

COMMANDER HOLLERAN
Sorry. Was going to brief you this morning but then things went a bit wild. This is Sam Braddock. Coming to us straight from JTF 2.

The team stares.

SHAKES
(quiet)
Whoa.

COMMANDER HOLLERAN
Sam, this is Sergeant Gregory Parker, head negotiator.

SGT. PARKER
(glaring at Holleran)
This is your new guy?

COMMANDER HOLLERAN
Jules Travers, sniper. Steve Bonnyman, entry, less-lethal.

*

SHAKES
(earnestly)
How you doing?

COMMANDER HOLLERAN
Carl Chiang, entry, close quarters combat. Spike Scharfe, less-lethal, explosives. Kevin Wordsworth, entry, rappelling, less-lethal. Roland Cray. He does it all. Ed Lane's tied up at the moment, he's our lead sniper.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Good to meet you all. Sam
Braddock. Sniper.

COMMANDER HOLLERAN

Everyone cross-trains here, Sam.
Everyone profiles, negotiates...
you'll learn the drill.

JULES

What team's he joining? *

COMMANDER HOLLERAN

Yours.

JULES

Team's full. *

COMMANDER HOLLERAN

He'll observe first and then
integrate. We can take this to a
whole new level.

He claps Sam on the back. The team stares at Sam, none too
happy.

JULES

(sotto to Roland)
There's a vacancy I'm not aware of? *

Shakes grabs Sam's hand.

SHAKES

Canada's pride in Afghanistan.
Frickin' honour man. You on Task
Force K-bar?

Jules, Spike, Wordsworth and Carl head for the locker room. *

COMMANDER HOLLERAN

Jules. *

She turns.

COMMANDER HOLLERAN (CONT'D)

Give Mr. Braddock the tour, please.

Off Sam, pleased. And Jules, anything but. *

59 INT. SRU STATION, VARIOUS LOCATIONS, INTERCUT 59

Jules fast-walks Sam through the state-of-the-art facility. Getting it over with as fast as she can. *

The RAPPELLING TOWER.

JULES *

Rappelling tower. 52 feet. We rappel from it.

The WEIGHT ROOM.

JULES (CONT'D) *

The weight room. We have heavy things. We lift them.

She point at a DOOR.

JULES (CONT'D) *

The parking garage. We have vehicles. We park them here.

SAM

Look. I'm sorry. Did I say something--

Jules barrels on. *

59A INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON 59A

The tour continues. Jules and Sam walk and talk. *

JULES *

We use M18 and X26 Tasers, OC Spray, CS Gas, rubber bullets, beanbags. H&K 9 mil machine guns. Glock semi-auto's on the side.

SAM

Sniper rifle's the Remmy...?

JULES *

Less than 1 MOA with M118's on an 800-meter range.
(can't help asking)
What's your best?

SAM

Pardon?

(CONTINUED)

59A CONTINUED:

59A

JULES

How long can you go?

*

Beat.

SAM

Isn't that a bit... personal? Not that I mind--

JULES

What--? Oh.
(beating back a blush)
I meant--

*

Stops herself. Turns to go.

JULES (CONT'D)

Moving on...

*

SAM

Just under two.

JULES

Two...?

*

SAM

Kilometres.

Beat.

JULES

Kilometres.

*

Impressive.

JULES (CONT'D)

Moving on.

*

59B INT. CQB MONITOR ROOM - DAY

59B

Jules opens a door. Reveals the MONITORS and CONTROLS of the Close Quarters Battlehouse.

*

JULES

CQB.

*

SAM

CQB?

JULES

Close Quarter Battlehouse. We gotta guy mocks 'em up for us.
(MORE)

*

59B CONTINUED:

59B

JULES (CONT'D)

This week it's an apartment building.

Sam's eyes light up.

SAM

Three-sixty simulation?

JULES

(despite herself)

Targets pop anywhere. Floor, ceiling--

SAM

(eyes ablaze)

Can I try?

JULES

You're still a tourist here.

SAM

Aw, please. Please. Pretty pretty please.

She's reluctant. But curious. She looks around.

JULES

Fine. You wanna stick with the girly pearl-grips or you want to try a real gun?

SAM

Glock me.

60 INT. SRU CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

60

Kowalski's asking questions.

KOWALSKI

What exactly do you mean, "He called Scorpio."

MCANDREW

He means he got the order.

TINNY ACTION MUSIC PLAYS (the theme from the 70s SWAT series). Ed glances down at the cell on his belt: "SOPHIE @ WORK". He lets it play.

KOWALSKI

When you say you 'got the order'--
(beat)
You gonna get that?

(CONTINUED)

ED
It's OK, it's my wife.

MCANDREW
You can get that.

Ed hesitates.

MCANDREW (CONT'D)
You can get that. You're entitled
to it. Talk to your wife.

Ed pauses, flips the cell phone open.

ED
Hey, Sophie. I can't talk.

INTERCUT WITH SOPHIE AT WORK

SOPHIE
OK. I... just wanted to know --
was that your team, this morning?

ED
Yeah.

SOPHIE
That was you?

ED
Yup.

She absorbs this. Knows better than to ask how he's feeling.

SOPHIE
We'll go home, wait for you.

ED
No, you know what? Just go. Go to
the thing.

She doesn't push it.

SOPHIE
(gently)
Okay. Okay. Bye.

Ed shuts his phone.

KOWALSKI
So, picking up. When you say you
'got the order'--

MCANDREW

(impatient)

Christ's sake. You saw it, didn't you? Just give him the Use of Force Wheel. This was textbook.

(to Ed)

Ed, just show him. When all reasonable efforts to de-escalate the situation fail...

Kowalski slides a graphic of a COLORED WHEEL towards Ed.

Ed's POV, in close. The wheel's coloured sections represent increasing levels of police intervention: 'communication', 'physical control', 'lethal force'...

MCANDREW (CONT'D)

(to Kowalski, as if to a child)

When the suspect threatens a member of the force, and clearly progresses from 'Assaultive' to 'Serious Bodily Harm'--

Ed lands his finger on the RED ZONE...

LETHAL.

MCANDREW (CONT'D)

--aaand there we go. We done here now, Mr. Kowalski?

KOWALSKI

Just about. Were you aware that the suspect's son was at the scene?

ED

My Observer identified a male youth.

*
*

KOWALSKI

Do you believe that every attempt was made to involve the son in the negotiations as a Third Party Intermediary?

ED

Yes.

KOWALSKI

And are you confident that all options were exhausted before the use of lethal force?

ED

What. You mean the option of watching him shoot my teammate?

KOWALSKI

Let's put that down as a yes.
(routinely, as he packs)
So you know, this is the process: we investigate alongside the Coroner's Inquest, and our Director will deliver his statement as to whether or not there are reasonable grounds to believe that either you or the other Subject Officer used excessive force--

MCANDREW

--He knows the process, Wally.

KOWALSKI

--Until then, you'll be under investigation. We recommend you take a break, spend some quality time with the family--

MCANDREW

Thank you, Blair.

KOWALSKI

Good. We'll see you at the inquest.

Kowalski leaves, accompanied by the Uniform carrying the BAGGED EVIDENCE.

Ed goes to stand. He wants out of there.

MCANDREW

Hang on. Someone else you gotta talk to.

*

Ed sits. Drained.

A HAUNTINGLY BEAUTIFUL MELODY begins on a violin, echoing his mood...

61 INT. HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC ROOM - SAME TIME

61

...and the rest of the STRING QUARTET joins in, Clark at the cello.

Clark's cell phone VIBRATES discreetly.

61 CONTINUED: 61

He glances at it, gives his friends a "keep going" gesture, and flips it open.

CLARK
(quietly)
Hey Mum.

He listens.

Still listening, he rises, leans his cello on the chair, and walks slowly to the window.

Keeps listening. Troubled.

62 INT. CQB MONITOR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 62

Jules slams ammunition into a GLOCK. *

JULES
Thirteen rounds. You got ten targets. You want to pass you only get to miss three. *

She thrusts some NIGHT-GOGGLES at him and opens the CQB.

SAM
Live ammo?

She nudges him in.

JULES
Always. *

She locks the door.

62A INT. CLOSE QUARTER BATTLEHOUSE - AFTERNOON 62A

Sam wears the goggles flipped up. Surveys a mocked-up apartment. Open doors lead to a warren of rooms.

INTERCUT:

62B INT. CQB MONITOR ROOM - SAME TIME 62B

Jules watches Sam on various MONITORS. There's a set of controls in front of her. *

As she presses buttons, TARGETS pop from the FLOOR and WALLS.

Sam fires instinctively at CUTOUT BAD GUYS. Rolling and spinning. Clearing rooms.

62B CONTINUED:

62B

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

JULES

OK. Let's see how you do against
Granny.

*

She taps more buttons. Several targets pop at once.

BLAM-BLAM!

Then --

An OLD-LADY CUTOUT.

Sam swings the Glock at her. Holds his fire. Keeps moving.

Jules purses her lips. Hits a switch.

*

The LIGHTS GO OUT on Sam.

JULES (CONT'D)

Good night.

*

Sam flicks the night-goggles on. EVERYTHING GOES GREEN.

Jules's hand hovers over the controls. She watches him move
through the room...

*

Then unleashes FIVE TARGETS on all sides.

BLAM! BLAM!

He avoids a WOMAN & BABY.

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!!

The lights flick on. Sam flips up the goggles, breathing
hard. Wipes sweat. Silence.

Then--

A target drops from the CEILING.

Sam, lightning-fast, shoots straight up. Nails it.

Jules scowls. Shit.

*

62C INT. CLOSE QUARTER BATTLEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

62C

Jules re-enters. Sam's grinning like a kid.

*

SAM

Cool. What else you got?

62C

CONTINUED:

62C

He dumps the magazine. Hands Jules TWO UNUSED ROUNDS. *

SAM (CONT'D)
That was eleven, by the way.
(a wink in his voice)
Last one a bonus?

Jules looks at the bullets. *

JULES
So. You're a sniper. *

SAM
Yup.

JULES
Snipers we got. What are you doing
here, Sam? *

SAM
What do you mean?

JULES
What's a Joint Task Force Two elite
counter-terrorist special-
operations guy doing slumming with
the Strategic Response Unit? *

No reply.

JULES (CONT'D)
Care to share? *

Sam's smile fades. His silence speaks volumes.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

62C CONTINUED: (2)

62C

ACT FOUR

63 INT. SRU CONFERENCE ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

63

Ed's still sitting. Dr. Luria sits near him, trying to get through.

ED

Look--

DR. LURIA

I know. You're fine. You did a great job out there.

Ed's uncomfortable.

DR. LURIA (CONT'D)

Just so you know you can give me a call...

She hands Ed a BUSINESS CARD.

DR. LURIA (CONT'D)

Strictly confidential.

ED

Hey, you're looking for a date, just ask.

She looks at him. Then shakes her head.

DR. LURIA

(wry smile)

You know what? Screw it. I forgot who I was talking to for a minute.

(beat)

You're not that guy. You're not gonna wonder if you did the right thing. You're not going to have any sleepless nights, flashbacks, memory loss, time distortions. You're not going to feel alone. Feel guilty. Feel guilty about not feeling guilty. That's what happens to other people. You'll be fine. You're John Wayne.

Ed's caught off guard.

DR. LURIA (CONT'D)

Gimme that.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

She snaps her card back.

DR. LURIA (CONT'D)
You know where to find me. Not
that'll you need to.

And she's out.

Ed stares straight ahead, his smile fading.

63A INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

63A

Ed's on the shooting range with a RIFLE. Alone. Wearing
earmuffs.

SPENT SHELLS litter the floor.

Ed lets off shot after shot.

Every bullet hits dead centre, punching a perfect ragged
hole.

SMOKE fills the air.

He goes to reload and then STARTS. There's a hand on his
shoulder. It's Wordsworth: time to go.

64 INT. BAR - EVENING.

64

It's the retirement party. The bar's packed with Police
Force types, out of uniform. A few wear COP BALL-CAPS.

Jules, Shakes, Wordy, Carl and Spike are digging into some
beer and wings. *

Near the bar, RETIRING COMMANDER BARNEY FLETCHER (60s) holds
court. He's tall, white-haired, barrel-chested, wrapping up
a story.

RETIRING COMMANDER
Anyway. Now the wife's got me
where she wants me. Let's just
hope the Stockholm Syndrome kicks
in fast.

Laughs.

The bar door swings open. Ed steps in. He tries to sneak
around the side but The Retiring Commander spots him.

(CONTINUED)

RETIRING COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Mr. Lane. You better have an
outstanding reason for being late.

Ed takes in the joke, and makes his way through the bar.

A cop picks up his beer and thumps it on the table. Another
joins in. Then another, until there's a barful of cops
thudding bottles and glasses on tables.

Ed makes an awkward victory gesture.

The Retiring Commander holds his glass up to Ed. The
thumping stops. All the cops lift their glasses.

RETIRING COMMANDER (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Good job, son.

They drink to Ed.

Ed sits with his teammates, embarrassed.

The Retiring Commander tips his glass to Commander Holleran,
who stands nearby with Sam.

RETIRING COMMANDER (CONT'D)

And best of luck to Norm Holleran.
I know I'm leaving you all in good
hands. I'm done. As you were.

APPLAUSE. Music and TV's blare as the noise level rises.

Commander Holleran approaches the table with Sam.

COMMANDER HOLLERAN

Ed Lane, this is Sam Braddock.

SAM

How you doin'.

Ed nods, hard, appraising.

ED

Hey.

SAM

Nice shot.

ED

(flat)

Thanks.

Commander Holleran puts a couple of bills on the table.

COMMANDER HOLLERAN

On me. Enjoy yourselves. You've earned it.

Commander Holleran goes. Sam's stuck standing by the table.

SAM

(smiles)

Hey, Katie.

Jules blinks at this unexpected informality.

*

JULES

Hey, ah... "Sammy."

*

Awkward pause. Ed keeps his eyes steady on Sam. Then Shakes eagerly pulls over a chair.

SHAKES

Sam. Have a seat.

Sam sits. Conversations resume around the table. Shakes is star-struck but tries to play it cool.

SHAKES (CONT'D)

(to Sam, confidentially)

So. How many Al-Qaeda's you guys take out?

SAM

What. You mean like, to dinner?

SHAKES

Come on. You guys were there. Aghanistan.

(looking around, under his breath)

Haiti, Rwanda.

SAM

I'd tell you. But then I'd have to kill you.

SHAKES

Oh right. Yeah. Awesome.

Meanwhile:

Wordsworth tips his CHICKEN BONES into a TUPPERWARE CONTAINER.

ROLAND JULES
Wordy. What you doing? How many times? *

WORDSWORTH SPIKE
Oh, I gotta take these home. I tased him?

ROLAND JULES
What? Why? Yeah, how many.

WORDSWORTH SPIKE
It's this thing. Shel said. Like, seven.
We're not allowed to make any
garbage.

ROLAND SHAKES
What?! Do it.

WORDSWORTH SPIKE
Yeah. Kind of a pain in the What?
ass, eh? But she says we
gotta find other uses and
whatnot.

ROLAND SHAKES
You can't throw anything out. Come on, do it.
What about--

WORDSWORTH SPIKE
Yeah, that's what I said. Naw.
Shel, I got two words for
you. 'Toilet' and 'Paper'.

JULES/SHAKES *
Aw come on! Come on!

SPIKE
OK.

Spike does a hilarious imitation of a guy getting tased again
and again.

SPIKE (CONT'D)
Don't get up! *Okay I won't get up.*
I'll tase you again you get up!
Okay I won't get up! Bzzzzt! You
got up!

UNDER THE TABLE: Jules puts her HAND on Ed's KNEE. *

SPIKE (CONT'D)
*Okay I won't get up again! You
won't get up? I won't get up!
Bzzzzzt! You got up!*

They crack up.

Meanwhile Ed catches an image on TV: a recap of the incident.

Grainy footage of the GUNMAN holding the HOSTAGE.

A PHOTO of Goran's family in happier times: his wife, their boy...

Camera pushes in on the SON. Up close.

Ed watches. Expressionless.

Jules sneaks a look at him, still touching his knee. No response. *

She pulls her hand away.

ED'S POV is distorted. He's hearing only snatches of conversation...

WORDSWORTH
*...guy was so loaded, taking seven
tases like that?*

SHAKES
I could take seven.

SPIKE
Shut up you could not.

ROLAND
I'll give you seven.

Ed leaves the table. Sam's eyes follow him.

65 INT. BAR WASHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

65

Ed splashes cold water on his face.

His hands are shaking. He steadies them on the edge of the sink.

Ed hunches there, face dripping. Then--

SAM (O.S)
'S messed up, eh?

65 CONTINUED:

65

Ed starts. Looks at Sam in the mirror.

Sam's hands are in his pockets. This isn't easy but he keeps it light.

SAM (CONT'D)

Day starts out normal and then the
shit hits and somehow you're
supposed to get back to the normal
again.

*
*

Ed blinks. That lands in him.

Sam sees that.

Then --

ED

Do I know you?

Sam smiles. Turns to go. Then--

SAM

You'd think it'd be easier. From
500 yards away.

They look at each other.

Beat.

Ed breaks away. Turns the taps back on.

Sam leaves.

66 INT. MONTAGE - VARIOUS PLACES - LATER THAT NIGHT

66

THE CITY MORGUE.

Goran's SON identifies his father's body.

He's shattered.

67 INT. CASINO.

67

JULES sits at a POKER TABLE. Relaxes. Like a nomad at an
oasis.

*

JULES

Deal, Denis.

*

68

INT. SAM'S MOTEL.

68

Sam's settled into his motel. On a bureau:

The PHOTO of Sam's father with his pearl grips, in army uniform.

The COLT beside it...

Balls of YARN...

Pan down to Sam.

He's sitting in an armchair. Thoughtful. Busy doing something.

Reveal: he's KNITTING.

69

INT. ED'S HOME.

69

Ed enters his darkened home.

The house is absolutely still. A clock ticks quietly. The fridge hums. Nothing moves.

He drops his duffel bag on the floor. Goes to the living room.

The TV flickers silent images.

Ed, bathed in blue light, raises his hand to his face.

It's SHAKING.

His breath comes faster.

The shakes take over his body. A single, ragged gasp twists itself free.

CLARK (O.S.)

Dad.

Clark is at the bottom of the stairs. He walks cautiously toward Ed. Ed struggles to control himself.

Next thing, he's got his ARMS WRAPPED TIGHTLY around his son.

Clark's at a loss: they don't do hugs much. In fact, this is a first. This is a father he's never met.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Dad?

Sophie has come quietly down the stairs, unseen.

She looks at Ed with concern. Hesitates, about to approach... Then decides to give them their space.

She walks quietly back up.

Clark returns his father's hug.

They stand in the middle of the shadowy room.

FADE OUT.