



Scripts.com

Ticker

By Paul B. Margolis

EXT. METROPOLITAN CITY - DOWNTOWN - LATE NIGHT

Hot summer night. The flesh district - hookers working the sidewalks, stopping cars.

MIKE REILLY, 20s, paces a corner, restless, looking for action ... wet hair, three-day beard, trenchcoat, sneakers, heat-seeking weary eyes. He flashes a wad of bills in an effort to get some attention... no one notices.

Across the street, BILL RICE, 50's, a ragged transient, strolls over.

RICE

Know what the problem is, kid? You're too ugly to get propositioned.

REILLY

Look who's talking, old man.

RICE

C'mon, it's a quiet night.

Rice starts away. Reilly pauses, then trudges after him.

EXT. SIDESTREET - NIGHT

Rice and Reilly pull donuts and coffee out of a bag, talk with their mouths full as they walk.

RICE

Next week we work the park.

REILLY

I gotta get back on top. Get off the sleaze detail.

RICE

You will, one day at a time. I'll be old and grey when it happens...

They share a grin, pass a BAG LADY who wears a pie-tin crown, holding her hand out to a PIMP getting into a Cadillac.

BAG LADY

A small gift, sir, for the Queen ...

The Pimp ignores her, screeches off. The Bag Lady pulls out a pad, adds his license number to a list, glances up at Rice and Reilly.

BAG LADY (cont.)

I keep a record, see? They don't pay, I don't forget.

Rice fishes some change out of his pocket.

RICE

Here you go, your Highness.

BAG LADY

Thank you, officer.

She pushes her shopping cart away. Rice and Reilly look at each other, crack up, surprised she knew he was a cop.

REILLY

So what'll you do? After they give you the gold watch.

RICE

Hell, I got a gold watch... it just don't work. Maybe they'll give me a new fishing pole, or something useful.

REILLY

You don't fish.

RICE

How hard can it be? The grand kids been buggin' me about taking them camping.

REILLY

You outta the city... that's a fish out of water. What's with all this family talk lately, anyway?

RICE

One of these days you're gonna get tired of fighting the shit. When that happens, you'll wish you had family.

REILLY

No thanks. I got close but it never woulda worked.

They stop beside a dirty, beat-up Studebaker parked in the alley, climb in, Reilly behind the wheel.

INSIDE THE STUDEBAKER

Cluttered with debris - clothes, boxes, personal items. Reilly jiggles the ignition - the engine coughs and sputters, finally turns over.

RICE

Why don't you just shoot it and put it out of its misery?

REILLY

What are you talking about, it's purring like a kitty.

RICE

I thought you said what's-her-name's brother was going to fix it.

REILLY

She didn't work out, had to cut her loose.

RICE

What was it this time?

REILLY

She wanted to cook me breakfast.

The White Van appears up ahead and turns into a seemingly deserted building's garage.

Reilly and Rice exchange a glance as they wait to see lights come on in the building. They don't.

Two flashlight beams criss cross through the windows of the building briefly, then disappear. They hear a brief heated argument, that is cut short abruptly. Then silence.

REILLY (cont.)

C'mon, let's check it out.

RICE

We're vice, I didn't see no pimps or hookers in that van. But if you're so gung-ho, we'd best call it in for some back-up.

REILLY

Nah, let's just take a look-see.

Reilly jumps out and heads for the building. Rice rolls his eyes, follows.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

A huge, old, battered machine shop. Spooky darkness, dead quiet. Moonlight filters in through dirt-smearred windows. The door CREAKS as Reilly and Rice slip in, stop, eyes scan. Nothing. Just rows of glistening machines.

Rice gestures for Reilly to spread out. They head in, footsteps echoing, shadows washing over them.

Still nothing...deeper, deeper... then, glancing over, Reilly sees a shape hiding behind a machine. He steps towards it. The shape whirls - a beautiful spitfire of a GIRL with piercing blue eyes.

She tries to bolt. Reilly grabs her. She struggles, pulls a knife, slashes his arm, drawing blood through his trenchcoat.

REILLY

Ow! Son-of-a-bitch.

He punches her full force in the face - she collapses, knocked out cold. Rice rushes over.

RICE

You okay?

REILLY

Yeah, just a nick ...

Then, over Reilly's shoulder, Rice sees a dark SILHOUETTE emerging from behind a machine. Rice draws his pistol.

RICE

Freeze! Police!

As Reilly whirls, the Silhouette raises a Mac-11.

Rice shoves Reilly aside as the Silhouette OPENS FIRE...

Diving for cover, Reilly flings back his trenchcoat, whips out his 9mm and RETURNS FIRE at the Silhouette, blowing the shit out of windows behind, sparks showering off machines. Silence for an instant, Reilly looks for Rice and finds him bleeding to death on the floor nearby - he is completely exposed to the line of fire.

The Silhouette and another FIGURE OPEN FIRE on Reilly.

SWAN, 40s, crazy-brilliant, manic eyes... and one of his men, pale, sweaty, wearing an EARRING, 30s, continue the barrage. Swan fires ONE SHOT at a time at Rice, deliberately aiming not to kill him, trying to flush Reilly out.

Rice screams as BULLETS RIP into his legs. Reilly tries to reach him but can't, shots forcing him back.

A dark-eyed man with a BEARD appears in the b.g. and stealths towards Reilly from behind.

Reilly' face is in agony as Rice moans in pain. He glances urgently from the gunmen to the exit behind them, to The Girl lying next to him -- what's keeping them there? Obviously The Girl.

She stirs. Desperate, Reilly grabs her by the hair, shoves his 9mm to her head. Using her as a shield, he drags her in front of Rice to protect him.

REILLY

(to gunmen)

Drop it!

Swan's eyes flare. He steps out into the open, gun aimed at Rice, eyes locked murderously on Reilly.

SWAN

Let her go.

Reilly cocks his hammer, fingers trembling. The Girl stiffens, terrified.

Beard emerges behind Reilly. Deadly silent, he raises an automatic, trying to get a clear shot between machines...

SWAN (cont.)

No, the girl!

Reilly whirls, sees Beard, shrinks back to stay covered.

EARRING

(to Swan)

We gotta get outta here!

REILLY

(to Swan)

Tell them to drop it - now!

A deadly stalemate. Faraway SIRENS WAIL.

SWAN

You have no idea how sorry you're going to be.

(to The Girl)

Don't worry.

Beard smolders, Earring sweats. Keeping their guns up, the three men grab tool bags, work their way to the alley door and slip out.

The moment they're gone, Reilly quickly handcuffs The Girl to a machine, kneels, cradles Rice.

RICE

Mike...

REILLY

Don't talk.

RICE

Take your time... one day at a time, kid...

Rice takes Reilly's hand and pats it on his wristwatch.

RICE (cont.)

It's all I got... it's yours.

REILLY

It don't work-

RICE

(grinning)

Ain't that a shit--

Rice's eyes go blank, he exhales his last breath.

Reilly winces, eyes welling up. His gaze moves at the Girl.

The Girl stares uncomfortably, a blink of sympathy stealing past her hard exterior ...

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Looking numb, out of place, Rice's blood still on his trenchcoat, Reilly walks in, weaves through a chaos of ringing phones, overworked cops, suspects being booked.

Cops look up, whisper about him.

Turning a corner, Reilly bumps into a bulldog of a cop,

HARRY, hustling The Girl out of a booking room. She's got a shiner where Reilly hit her.

The Girl and Reilly make eye contact, intimate somehow, a flash of vulnerability and fear in The Girl's face...

HARRY

Hey, Reilly, Captain's looking

for you.

Reilly snaps out of it, continues on. Reilly nods as Harry hustles the girl away.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind his desk, a work-weary captain, WINTERS, 50s, sucks coffee as he grills ARTIE PLUCHINSKY, 40s, a slick suit-and-tie homicide detective.

WINTERS

Prints?

PLUCHINSKY

Nothing so far.

WINTERS

What about the ballistics report?

PLUCHINSKY

Lab's backed up, we're still waiting for it.

Reilly walks in.

REILLY

Captain...

WINTERS

Reilly, what the hell happened out there? Why didn't you call for back-up?

REILLY

(at a loss, sad)

Sir, I--

Reilly looks at his watch (we notice he's now wearing Rice's watch). He taps it, listens to see if it's ticking.

WINTERS (cont'd)

(softening)

Dammit, Rice was a good man,

REILLY

I want to work this.

PLUCHINSKY

You're vice, not homicide. Besides, you don't have the experience and you're too personally involved.

REILLY

But sir--

WINTERS

You know the rules. You're off the street `til I.A.D. clears the investigation. Now go home and clean yourself up, get some rest...

Harry barges in, dumps a bag of personal effects on the desk.

HARRY

She won't talk. Look at this shit, no I.D., nothing...

Reilly picks up a twisted plastic-wire bracelet.

PLUCHINSKY

What's that?

HARRY

Bracelet she was wearing.

REILLY

Looks like the stuff my dad used to use to
blow up tree stumps back in Scranton.

PLUCHINSKY

Maybe she knows your old man.

Reilly sears into Pluchinsky.

WINTERS

Take it down to the Bomb Squad, Artie-

REILLY

I'll do it.

Winters eyes him for a beat, relents...

WINTERS

Okay, kid. Run this down to the Cave.

Reilly spins and exits quickly.

INT. POLICE STATION - BASEMENT - DAY

Emerging from a dingy back staircase, Reilly enters a hallway
and moves to a door a door marked "BOMB SQUAD."

INT. POLICE STATION - "THE CAVE" - DAY

Reilly enters into another world - a dungeon cluttered with
bomb paraphernalia, defusing equipment, a dog house, ping-
pong table, Sheryl Crow pin-up, Chicago Bears posters, Yassir
Arafat dartboard, a photo-shrine to dead Bomb Squaders.
A plain, fresh-faced assistant, BEV, 30s, looks up from her
computer station.

BEV

May I help you?

REILLY

I'm looking for the Bomb Squad.

BEV

They're not here.

REILLY

Where are they?

BEV

And you are...?

REILLY

Officer Reilly, vice.

BEV

There out on a call, perhaps I can help you-

REILLY

-Where?

BEV

f 2600 block of Lakefront. A limousine. But, I-

REILLY

Thanks.

Reilly sprints out. Bev tries to finish but he's gone.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The Studebaker coughs and smokes in and out of traffic.

EXT. LAKEFRONT STREET - DAY

A young, uniformed police OFFICER stops Reilly in front of a cordoned-off section of the street.

REILLY

(flashes badge)

Bomb Squad.

The Officer nods and moves the barricade out of the way, Reilly hits the gas, rumbles through.

The Studebaker swings past a fire truck, an ambulance, and two squads cars.

Two OFFICERS stand near a building with a worried BUSINESSMAN and his CHAUFFEUR.

Reilly parks 50 yards from a limo stopped in the middle of the street. A Bomb Squad van and sleek black Harley Davidson parked beyond it.

Reilly hops out, heads cautiously for the limo POOCH, 50s, a barrel-chested ex-football player is on his hands and knees looking under the limo. Red rubber ball in hand, Hawaiian shirt half-tucked in, he leads around an equally scruffy Labrador Retriever, SCHNOZ.

POOCH

Smell anything, Schnoz? Me, neither.

T.J., 20s, a country boy inspects the open trunk.

GLASS, 40s, clean-cut, straight-laced, easy-going smile, brilliant leader of the team, steps lightly around the open driver's door.

POOCH (cont'd) (cont.)

Schnoz, come here, boy.

T.J.

Shhh, I hear something....

Reilly stands off 25 feet. Glass notices him.

GLASS

Who the heck're you?

REILLY

You the Bomb Squad?

T.J.

No, we're terrorists, stay back or we'll blow.

GLASS

We're a bit busy at the moment, I'll give you a statement in a few minutes if we're still alive.

REILLY

(flashes badge)

Reilly, Vice. I-

T.J.

Quiet!

Glass and Pooch step lightly to the rear of the limo where T.J. has discovered a shoebox wedged next to the spare tire. T.J. leans down, puts his ear to it, nods.

T.J. (cont.)

Ticker.

Pooch lifts up Schnoz and holds him over the trunk. Schnoz sniffs the shoebox, whines.

POOCH

Schnoz says it's loaded. Good boy, Schnozzie.

Pooch lowers Schnoz back to the ground throws him the red ball, and trots back to the van, climbs up inside and sits, watching.

GLASS

Alright boys, look close. Let's assess.

Glass, Pooch and T.J. take a beat just to look at the shoebox. Then, Glass nods for Reilly to move away. Reilly takes a few steps back, watching as the team works together - Glass in charge - a psychic connection between them as they pass tools back and forth like surgeons.

POOCH

Whadaya think, "boy" or "girl"?

Glass puts on magnifying spectacles -- precise, organized, a detail freak as he uses a wooden probe to test the box for wires, sensors.

As the others watch, Glass rubs his fingertips ritualistically and carefully eases the top off the box. He reaches in... Grabs something... Slowly pulls it out ... It's a Mickey Mouse alarm clock doll, a clump of unlit firecrackers taped between Mickey's legs.

The Bomb Squaders whoop and howl - all except Pooch who pulls out a pack of Tums, shoves half of it in his mouth.

GLASS

It's a "girl" !

They all crack up, hysterical. Reilly stares in disbelief -- these guys are nuts!

MOMENTS LATER - AT THE BOMB SQUAD VAN

In the b.g., the Officers finish getting a statement from the Businessman as the still-worried Chauffeur inspects the limo. T.J. and Pooch load their equipment into the van as Glass fills out paperwork.

T.J.

That guy's wife must be pretty pissed off to play a trick like that.

POOCH

No shit. I better send Meg flowers just in case.

T.J. and Pooch share a laugh as Reilly approaches...

REILLY

Who's in charge here?

Pooch points to Schnoz.

POOCH

He is!

REILLY

Look, it's important.

T.J.

Make an appointment.

REILLY

It's about this.

Reilly holds up the bracelet. Glass takes it, frowns.

GLASS

Where did you get this?

REILLY

Off a girl's wrist. A suspect...

T.J.

P.E.T.N ...

REILLY

What?

GLASS

High-grade det cord. This girl, either she's got strange taste in jewelry or she's into serious demolition.

REILLY

What do you mean?

Glass whips out a blasting cap from his utility belt, cuts off a piece of the bracelet, plugs it in.

POOCH

Fire in the hole!

Glass tosses it into a sewer drain. A beat, then a small EXPLOSION, smoke billows out of the gutter drain. The nearby

Officers jump, alarmed. The Bomb Squad guys laugh. Glass waves to the Officers.

GLASS

Sorry about that.

(to Reilly)

That's an inch of the stuff, imagine what the whole thing'd do.

REILLY

Thanks.

He grabs back the bracelet, turns to leave.

GLASS

Hey wait a minute-

Reilly jogs back to his Studebaker, climbs in and roars off in a cloud of dirty smoke.

T.J.

Vice... Jesus.

POOCH

That'd be some explosive pussy he's got his hands on.

Pooch and T.J. share a laugh as Glass shakes his head, climbs on his Harley. The others pile into the van.

Glass kicks-starts his hog and rumbles away, van following.

INT. BAR - DAY

Thin crowd of day-time drinkers. Earring walks in, moves to a booth where Swan and Beard are eating. Earring pulls out a Gallois (French) cigarette, lights up from a book of matches.

EARRING

They're holding her downtown.

SWAN

What about the cop?

Earring shrugs.

BEARD

If you'd let me waste him.

EARRING

What if she talks?

SWAN

She won't.

BEARD

I say we split town. Come back to this job when things cool. We've got other contracts - Denver, Seattle...

Swan slams his fist down, spilling food. No one in bar even looks up from their drink.

SWAN

I want her back and we do the job.

BEARD

I thought we agreed, the personal can't interfere with the professional.

EARRING

Besides, we're on a schedule and the cops won't let her go.

SWAN

Unless we make them.

EARRING

Hey...

Earring stares uneasily. Swan and Beard look up, freeze. A pair of PATROL COPS are heading directly towards them. Earring reaches under his jacket... Swan grabs Earring's arm, calming him.

The Cops keep coming, then at the last moment, they veer left and slide into a booth.

Swan nods, they get up and casually slip outside.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Reilly hurries in, interrupts Winters and Pluchinsky talking over Pluchinsky's desk.

REILLY

Captain-

An OFFICER shouts from across the room, holding up a phone.

OFFICER

Captain, line one!

WINTERS

(to Reilly)

I thought I told you--

OFFICER

He says it's important, something about the Rice shooting.

Winters snatches up the nearest phone.

WINTERS

Winters.

He listens, facial expression changing, getting tight.

WINTERS (cont.)

What...?

He punches an intercom button - the whole room stops, looks up, as Swan's voice comes over the squawk box.

SWAN'S VOICE

I said release the girl or alot of people are going to die.

Winters signals frantically for the call to be traced -- cops

spring into action.

SWAN'S VOICE (cont'd) (cont.)

It's exactly two o'clock. If she's not released in one hour, people die.

WINTERS

Wait, what do you mean--?

Click, the line goes dead. Winters slams down the phone - no chance of a trace.

WINTERS (cont.)

Shit!

PLUCHINSKY

What the hell was that?

REILLY

A ticking bomb...

WINTERS

What?

REILLY

(holds up bracelet)

It's detonation cord, for a bomb.

PLUCHINSKY

It's a bluff. The guy's full of crap.

WINTERS

We can't take the chance. Ring down to the Bomb Squad. I want them on alert.

REILLY

I'll do it.

WINTERS

Goddamit, Reilly--

REILLY

Look, I saw these guys, I can i.d. them.

WINTERS

I know you're anxious to get back but... just stay out of homicide's way or I'll have you classifying fingerprints, understand?

REILLY

Yes, sir.

Reilly takes off, Pluchinsky glares.

INT. THE CAVE - DAY

T.J. is hunched over a twisted mess of wires, untangling them. Pooch taste-tests dog biscuits for Schnoz, then feeds them to him, as he talks to his wife on the phone. Glass is dissecting the Mickey Mouse clock.

POOCH

No, honey, I'm fine. Yeah, well, you're welcome. You deserve flowers more often.

Bev glances longingly at T.J. as she gives Glass a neck rub.

GLASS

Bev, you're the greatest...

T.J.

Hey, I'm next.

T.J. winks as Bev turns away, hard to get.

Reilly bursts in.

BEV

Hey, that's the guy-

REILLY

We just got a bomb threat upstairs.

This gets everyone's attention.

REILLY (cont.)

A cop was killed last night interrupting a robbery. One of the gang was grabbed, a girl. The one I told you about with the detonation cord. Well, her friends just called in, they're threatening to waste people unless she's released in the next hour.

GLASS

Alright, let's check it out.

REILLY

We can start in the area where the robbery occurred.

T.J.

Vice cop on a homicide?

REILLY

Captain assigned me to assist you.

POOCH

Assist? What the hell you know about tickers anyway?

GLASS

Easy, guys.

(to Reilly)

(MORE)

GLASS (cont.)

Look, nothing personal, but you can't just waltz in here and expect to join the team.

REILLY

What're you talking about?

GLASS

When you need us, you love us, when you don't,

we're shunned by the rest of the department.

REILLY

We've got one hour. Are you coming
or not?

The Squad just stands there.

REILLY (cont.)

Okay, fuck you.

Reilly walks out. The guys look at each other. Glass frowns
at the bracelet.

T.J.

Those vice cops, around all that pussy, so
pent up.

Bev smirks at T.J.'s language, he lowers his eyes.

POOCH

(to Glass)

What do you think?

GLASS

Call upstairs, see what you can find out.

POOCH

Right.

GLASS

(re:

T.J., run a trace on this, see if
you can pin down where it came from. Whoever
these people are, let's hope they're all talk.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Reilly's Studebaker is parked next to the machine shop
building.

INT. BUILDING - MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Reilly enters and slowly re-walks his steps from the shoot-
out, pausing over the chalk outline of Rice's body.

Two FORENSICS OFFICERS silently comb over the crime scene.

Reilly pauses, sadness overwhelming him. One of the Officers
nods at him, he has to turn away as the emotions come.

INT. SUNCREST MOTEL - ROOM - DAY

Sophisticated detonation equipment and weapons cover the
beds. Beard scowls, Earring sweats as Swan puts the
finishing touches on a computerized briefcase bomb.

SWAN

What time is it?

EARRING

Twenty after.

BEARD

Swan, it's no use. Look, we can
still make Houston--

SWAN

Shut up!

He sets a timer, closes the briefcase, smiles.

EXT. SUNCREST MOTEL - DAY

Sleazy area. Briefcase in hand, Earring slips out and blends
into pedestrian traffic.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Earring walks on, just a man with a briefcase.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

Earring slows and passes a bus stop where a group of giggly
TEENAGE GIRLS are waiting.

He notices a raven-haired KNOCKOUT going into the pub up
ahead. He grins and follows her in.

INT. PUB - DAY

A trendy Irish Pub, a sparse lunch crowd. Earring enters,
spots the Knockout ordering a drink at the bar, slides onto a
stool next to her, and deposits the briefcase on the floor.

EARRING

Hey, beautiful, can I buy you some bangers and
mash? Pint of Guinness?

She gives him a once-over, turns up her nose, nods a `thanks'
to the Bartender delivering her white wine. Earring's smile
doesn't change.

EARRING (cont.)

Last chance. You know, even the smallest
choices in life could change everything.

KNOCKOUT

Fuck off, pal.

Earring grins and shrugs an `oh well'. He slides off the
stool, steps back, and exits... leaving the briefcase behind.

EXT. BAR - DAY

Earring walks out and strolls off. He checks his watch,
picks up the pace. He disappears around a corner.

Cars pass. People stroll by. Nothing happens.

An ordinary scene on an ordinary day. The silence is
screaming.

Suddenly - the bar EXPLODES. A FIREBALL BURSTS OUT the front
window, showering the street with wood and BROKEN GLASS.

EXT. BAR - DAY - LATER

Chaotic aftermath of the bombing... sirens, flashing red
lights. Police hold back onlookers, Firemen clean up,
Paramedics carry corpses and moaning Victims out of the

charred, smoking ruins, into waiting ambulances.

A black-and-white tears up. Capt. Winters leaps out, pushes through to a dirt-covered FIRE CHIEF.

FIRE CHIEF

Eight dead, so far.

Winters looks grim.

AT THE BARRICADE

Reilly SCREECHES up in his Studebaker, jumps out, pushes through, flashes his badge, enters the police zone.

He stops as he sees a bloody FEMALE VICTIM being loaded into an ambulance. Suddenly a voice snaps him out of it.

PLUCHINSKY

What're you doing here?

Reilly faces him.

PLUCHINSKY (cont.)

You're offside. Beat it.

Reilly ignores them, starts towards the ruins. Pluchinsky shoves him back.

PLUCHINSKY (cont.)

I said get the fuck outta here.

REILLY

You touch me again and--

PLUCHINSKY

And what, you'll shoot me? Hey, don't mistake me for one of your partners, I'd like to make retirement in one piece.

Pluchinsky starts to laugh as Reilly pops him once hard in the face. Pluchinsky staggers backwards, grasping his bleeding nose. Reilly is ready for more as Pluchinsky starts at him. They exchange a few body shots before several cops swarm in and pull them apart.

Winters hustles over.

WINTERS

What the hell's going on?

PLUCHINSKY

Son-of-a-bitch... my nose... This fuck-up is interfering with-

WINTERS

Reilly, what're you doing here?

REILLY

Sir...

WINTERS

I thought I told you--

GLASS (O.C.)

He's with us.

They all turn.

Glass and T.J. stand there, soot-smearred, wearing utility belts.

GLASS (cont.)

We asked him to come.

T.J.

Yeah, he's helping us work up a profile on this thing.

GLASS

Hope you don't mind, Captain, might help us catch these guys that much sooner.

(to Reilly)

Coming?

Reilly looks at the Captain awkwardly.

WINTERS

Go ahead, kid.

Reilly marches after Glass and T.J., leaving Pluchinsky fuming, holding closed his bloody nose.

PLUCHINSKY

I'm filing charges against that mother-

WINTERS

Can it, Pluchinsky. And shove some cotton up your nose.

ANGLE - ON THE BOMB SQUAD

Reilly follows Glass and T.J., bewildered.

REILLY

What was-? Why...?

GLASS

That cop who bought it... you didn't tell us he was your partner.

T.J.

We've lost brothers too, we know what that's like.

GLASS

Let's get something straight. We're doing you a favor. You're not exactly a guy we want around explosives.

REILLY

What?

GLASS

This isn't bumper cars, it's brain surgery. You wanna work with us, you do it our way, understand?

REILLY

Now wait just a fucking-

GLASS

Be cool around my men, they don't trust strangers. And try not to swear so much, it's unattractive.

Reilly glares, tongue-tied, as they walk past the Bomb Squad van and Glass' Harley, enter the wreckage.

INT. PUB - DAY

Smoky hell. Two Firemen drag out a fire hose. Glass, T.J. and Reilly approach a taped-off area where Pooch is on his hands and knees, wet and dirty as he searches for clues. Schnoz sits nearby, red ball in his mouth.

GLASS

By the way, I'm Glass. This is T.J., and Pooch.

REILLY

Mike Reilly.

T.J.

(offering dirty hand)

Uh-huh...

Reilly avoids the hand.

POOCH

That there's Schnoz, mascot and ace bomb sniffer. Say hi, Schnozzie.

Schnoz ignores them, sniffing a charred beam in a corner.

T.J. points out burn patterns to Glass.

T.J.

Flame racer, partial P.C.L. See this wave pattern? Definitely self-contained.

Pooch sniffs dirt, tastes it.

POOCH

Nitro, dash of Sementrex, vegetable oil ...

REILLY

What kind of bomb was it?

T.J.

Device.

REILLY

Huh?

GLASS

We don't use the b-word. Bad luck.

REILLY

So you're the "Device Squad"... and you defuse

"devices"?

GLASS

Treat. We treat devices.

REILLY

(amused)

Anything else I should know?

GLASS

Don't push it, slick.

Schnoz whines and paws at something under the beam. They scramble over.

T.J.

Pooch, can you move it?

POOCH

I don't know...

Pooch positions himself like a weight-lifter preparing to dead-lift. He growls as he strains to lift the beam out of the way. Glass and T.J. jump in and go to work with toothbrushes and tweezers.

As Reilly watches, fascinated, they uncover a scorched fragment of a briefcase handle.

T.J.

Yes, baby, yes ...

Pooch throws Schnoz the red ball.

POOCH

Good boy, Schnoz. Daddy loves you.

T.J.

Scorch marks... looks like they used silly putty.

Reilly looks to Glass for an explanation.

GLASS

C4, plastic explosive.

T.J.

Helluva fuck factor.

Reilly again looks for an explanation.

T.J. (cont.)

Don't worry, you'll pick it up.

POOCH

Hey, check this out?

Something glitters in the ashes. Pooch picks it up with tweezers. A tiny chip. The guys stare at it, puzzled.

GLASS

Lemme see that.

Glass takes it, puts on his magnifying spectacles, holds it

up to the light, frowns.

GLASS (cont.)

Hardware.

T.J.

Computer device?

GLASS

Unlikely. Probably, cash register or something.

Pooch and T.J. go back to searching.

GLASS (cont.)

What can you tell us about the girl with the exploding jewelry?

Glass turns to see Reilly on his way out.

REILLY

I'll get back to you.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Phones are ringing off the hook. Reilly bursts in, notices Winters directing an army of cops setting up sophisticated tracing equipment.

WINTERS

Let's go, we gotta jump on him the second he calls again.

Reilly discreetly crosses the room but is intercepted by Pluchinsky.

PLUCHINSKY

You were lucky today, vice boy. Captain said to leave it alone, but just remember, I'm watching you.

REILLY

I'm sorry, detective, but you're just not my type.

Pluchinsky's face turns red with rage as...

An OFFICER holds up a phone urgently.

OFFICER

Captain, it's him!

The room scrambles into action as Winters grabs the phone. Swan's voice crackles over the squawk box.

WINTERS

Winters here.

SWAN'S VOICE

Don't make me send another.

WINTERS

Look, we're prepared to talk, what do you want--?

Click, dial tone.

WINTERS (cont.)

Hello? Hello?

Winters slams down the receiver. Cops pull off their tracing headphones, glance at each other uneasily.

WINTERS (cont.)

Section commanders, in my office, now.

As the room erupts, Reilly turns to the BOOKING OFFICER.

REILLY

Where's the girl? The one I brought in.

BOOKING OFFICER

Upstairs, interrogation.

Reilly takes off.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION VIEWING BOOTH - DAY

Wearing headphones connected to a tape recorder, a BORED COP flips wearily through a comic book in front of a one-way mirror. Through it can be seen a bare interrogation room where The Girl sits stubbornly at a table across from Harry. Stubbing a butt into an overflowing ashtray, Harry rubs the back of his neck, gets up and goes through a door, into the viewing booth. The Bored Cop looks up, shuts off the tape recorder.

BORED COP

Three hours. She's tough.

HARRY

Tough? Tough is "Fuck you, where's my lawyer?". This chick doesn't say boo.

The outer door opens, Reilly walks in.

REILLY

Any luck?

HARRY

Bupkiss. Sorry about Rice.

Reilly nods, accepts the condolence.

REILLY

Captain said I could give it a crack.

HARRY

She ain't no hooker. This is a murder investigation.

REILLY

She was my collar. Maybe I'll get lucky.

But, if you got a problem with that, talk to the Captain.

HARRY

I'll be in the can.

Harry exits. The Bored Cop eyes Reilly suspiciously as Reilly crosses to the other door, yanks it open.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

As Reilly enters, The Girl stiffens at the sight of him.

REILLY

You remember me.

Reilly shuts the door, she doesn't respond. The Girl catches a glimpse of his 9mm under his trenchcoat, she's unfazed. He paces, circling her.

REILLY (cont.)

You know, your boyfriend just killed a ten year old at a bus stop, blew her head clean off.

The Girl puts up a good front but we can see she's listening.

REILLY (cont.)

You're scared. You're just caught in the middle. But, we've got a guy out there wasting people just to get you back. Why? It can't be because of your looks. So, I'll be honest with you -

Reilly goes to the table, flicks off the mic.

INT. VIEWING BOOTH

The Bored Cop doesn't notice, he's engrossed in his comic.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Reilly sits, the Girl eyes him like a trapped prey. They're enemies, yet there's a strange chemistry between them.

REILLY

Let me be very clear about this. The police won't let you go. When your boyfriend realizes this, I have a feeling a lot of innocent people are going to die. Kids, families. I know you don't want that to happen.

She stares, eyes dark, barely registering any emotion at all. A flicker of fear, indecision. Her lips part, fighting it, then she looks away, letting the fear win. Reilly flushes with anger, frustration.

INT. THE CAVE - DAY

Glass squints through a microscope. Pooch sniffs and fumbles dirt samples. T.J. rocks to a Walkman as he inspects the charred briefcase handle fragment. Bev is at her computer searching luggage websites on the Net.

Reilly comes in, still frustrated.

POOCH

We missed you, where'd you go?

Before Reilly can answer, T.J. rips off his headphones.

T.J.

Fuckin A, I think I got two partial prints here!

POOCH

Awright! How bout you, Glass, how's that chip shaking?

They all look over. Glass stares back darkly.

T.J.

Glass, what is it?

GLASS

I was wrong... this didn't come from any cash register.

POOCH

Whadaya mean?

GLASS

It's from an IRA.

POOCH

Oh shit...

REILLY

A what?

T.J.

IRA - instant retirement account.

GLASS

I.R.A. device. Deadliest class of tickers in existence. Computerized, multiple sensors, booby traps, the works. First showed up in a series of I.R.A. bombings in London couple years ago. One of their boys tripped it on himself and they went back to a less complicated timers. The Girl, is she Irish?

REILLY

She's not talking. But, she could be. So, obviously, you've seen one of these devices before?

GLASS

Only once, at Redstone.

REILLY

Where...?

T.J.

That's one more time than any of the rest of us have seen it.

POOCH

Shit. We're fucked.

GLASS

Relax, Pooch, it's just a ticker,
it's not personal.

T.J.

Let's face it, we all knew it would happen
sooner or later. The guy who can build a
mousetrap that's better than we are ...

BEV

Stop it...

T.J.

(points to Reilly)
And what's he doing to help?

POOCH

Shut up, T.J.!

BEV

Be nice Pooch!

They all explode into a SHOUTING MATCH (except Glass who is
in his own world inspecting the microchip an inch from his
eyes). A moments mayhem until-

REILLY

All of you, shut the fuck up!

They all go silent, stare at Reilly (except Glass).

REILLY (cont.)

No wonder the rest of the department doesn't
want to work with you. You're nothing but a
bunch of... punks.

Reilly walks out.

EXT. POLICE PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Reilly goes to his Studebaker, climbs in.

INT. STUDEBAKER

As he starts it up, the passenger door rips open. Glass
jumps in, slams the door, furious.

GLASS

Nice performance back there. Where'd you
learn that, Mike Ditka Sensitivity Seminar?

REILLY

Hey, look--

GLASS

No you look, mister! First, you don't go
calling my men names. It's bad for morale.
Second, us "punks" happen to know a heck of
alot more about police work than any vice cop

ever did.

REILLY

Oh yeah? Prove it.

GLASS

(beat)

Drive.

Glass glares, a challenge. Glaring back, Reilly guns the engine, screeches away.

EXT. ALLEY - AFTERNOON

The Studebaker rumbles up to the machine shop, parks in the same haunting spot as the night before.

Glass and Reilly climb out of the car, flashlights in hand. Reilly glances around, bad memories stirring up.

REILLY

The place has already be combed. Forensics pulled over a hundred sets of prints inside.

GLASS

Then let's go see what they missed.

Pulling out a tool kit, Glass quickly picks the door lock, yanks open the door, ducks inside. Reilly follows.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Nearly pitch dark inside, shafts of late afternoon sunlight glistens on the battered machines. Shadows wash over Reilly and Glass as they retrace the path Reilly and Rice took the night before, Glass searching intensely, Reilly getting more and more uncomfortable.

GLASS

So what were they doing here?

REILLY

I don't know. You tell me?

GLASS

An abandoned machine shop... nice place to build devices. Low rent, too. But, you and Rice ruined their perfect hideout.

REILLY

You mentioned something called Redstone.

GLASS

Redstone's the army training center in Alabama where they send the cream of the crop to learn about tickers.

REILLY

Cream of the crop, huh? You?

GLASS

(nods)

Top of my class at West Point, thank you very much. Then off to Redstone. First half of the course we learned how to build devices... second half, we'd take them apart. Everything from firecrackers to hydrogen bombs.

REILLY

Sounds like terrorist heaven.

GLASS

There were a few guys in my class with names like John Smith, Bill Jones. I'd see them up ahead in the hall, call their name, but they wouldn't turn around. C.I.A. Funny thing, they'd always disappear after the first half of the course.

REILLY

Just how easy is it to build a... device?

GLASS

With a little training, you could go into a house and just from stuff in the bathroom and kitchen make something that'd finish off that alleged car of yours. Heck, didn't you ever watch MacGyver?

Reilly looks at Glass strangely until he realizes they've stopped where Rice died.

GLASS (cont.)

So this is where it happened.

Reilly fights the memory... eyes well up, his hand trembles ever so slightly as he points out...

REILLY

Girl was here. The guy in charge was over there with one of his men, the other one was back there.

Glass gets down on his hands and knees, scans the floor. Reilly talks to distract himself.

REILLY (cont.)

Bombers, what kettle of fish are they?

GLASS

Typical profile, usually losers, nobodies that're afraid to confront their victims. They like scaring people. That's why they call in their threats. Same mentality as obscene phone callers.

REILLY

Except they'll blow you up if you
don't play along.

GLASS

No, ninety-ninety percent of them are full of
baloney. They're into the power trip, not the
damage. What scares me is that this guy is so
sophisticated he could blow up whatever he
wants, then disappear. The worst of the
bunch, they love the challenge of creating the
wildest device ever... and they love the
carnage.

Glass lays out flat on his stomach and searches deep under a
machine, picks up a half-smoked cigarette butt with tweezers,
pulls it out, kneels.

GLASS (cont.)

Hello.

Glass straightens it out, reads the brand name, "Gallois".

GLASS (cont.)

French. Doubt somebody who worked
here smoked it. Only half gone, put it out in
a hurry.

(glances around)

(MORE)

GLASS (cont.)

Figuring the length, assuming it was one of
these guys, odds are... it was lit outside.

Glass takes off. Reilly follows.

EXT. MACHINE SHIP - GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Glass and Reilly search the area. Glass moves on his knees,
aiming the flashlight.

GLASS

This is where the van was parked.

REILLY

Yep.

GLASS

Then, it's gotta be here somewhere ...

REILLY

Look, it's a longshot...

GLASS

Bingo!

Glass pinches something with his tweezers, holds it up
triumphantly... a used match.

CLOSE UP - MATCH UNDER MICROSCOPE

A jungle of giant fibers teeming with strange molecules.

T.J. (O.C.)

No question, it was definitely the one used to
l-light the butt. Finger pressure suggests a
male, average build, height... no prints,
trace of nylon fiber... he wore a glove.

INT. THE CAVE - AFTERNOON

T.J. punches keys on a computer, peers through the microscope
as Glass, Reilly, Pooch and Bev stand by.

T.J.

This is strange.

Two computer screens - one displays the magnified match from
different angles, the other spills out a stream of formulae
and chemical breakdowns.

T.J. (cont.)

(reading info)

Three foreign particles ... vulcanized
rubber ... resin ... nitro-cellulose.

REILLY

Nitro-cellulose. What is that, some
kind of explosive?

GLASS

Industrial wood oil. Separately, any one of
these things could lead in several directions,
but together ...

POOCH

Ka-Boooom.

BEV

They make bowling balls out of vulcanized
rubber ...

POOCH

Resin...

T.J.

Lane oil...

GLASS

(beat, proud of his team)

A bowling alley.

At an adjacent computer, Bev runs a scan program on the
match, comparing it against an endless stream of match types
on file. Schnoz howls awake from a nap as T.J. stabs the
screen as a match is made, specifications filling the screen.

T.J.

Got it! Ace Match Company, Flint, Michigan.

REILLY

(amazed)

You mean you just--? ... You keep a record of... matches?

GLASS

Hey, matches are a very big thing in our line of work.

POOCH

(smirks at Reilly)

"Punks", huh?

GLASS

Bev, give `em a call, find out what bowling alleys they supply in this area.

BEV

Right!

GLASS

Pooch, why don't you e-mail your buddies at Langley and on the other side of the pond, see if any IRAs been popping up lately?

POOCH

You got it.

GLASS

(to Reilly)

We work fast enough for you?

Reilly mouth is opened, duly impressed.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

The Studebaker and Harley swerve up to a run-down, windowless bowling alley, park in a red zone.

Reilly and T.J, climb out of the clunker, Glass off his bike.

T.J. checks his hair in the side mirror, sniffs his underarms.

REILLY

T.J., what're you doing?

T.J.

My first undercover assignment.

I gotta look good, right?

Reilly and Glass exchange a grin, they drag T.J. inside.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

A busy Saturday afternoon crowd. Rock music blasts, reverberating with the echo of crashing balls and pins. The lanes are teeming with sweating bodies. Sexy waitresses in skimpy outfits deliver drinks.

T.J. ogles women as they wander through.

T.J.

So what're we looking for?

REILLY

Someone who smokes French cigarettes.

T.J.

In this crowd? It's gonna be Marlboros,
Camels, and maybe a few Kools.

Reilly and Glass nod, knowing it's a longshot.

Reilly directs Glass and T.J. to split up to case the place.
They move through the rowdy crowd, eyes catching every
smoker.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - POOL ROOM/BAR - LATER

The music is more redneck-rock, the crowd as well.

Glass and T.J. are in the midst of game of pool, nursing
bottles of Root Beer. They continue to play while eyeing
those coming and going.

Reilly enters from the alley, catches Glass' eye and shakes
his head. He goes to the bar and orders a coke.

He takes the drink and moves over next to Glass as T.J. lines
up a shot.

GLASS

How long are we going to stay?

REILLY

`Til we get a better lead.

Reilly's attention is drawn to a crowded booth in the corner
where a few bowling alley girls block the view of the entire
booth.

Glass nudges Reilly, they look over to see Pooch entering the
bar. He sees them and moves to the bar. T.J. sinks his shot
and lines up another as Reilly and Glass move to meet Pooch.
Pooch produces a printout from his jacket, opens it up.

POOCH

Unsolved bombings in the last year... Boston,
New York, Philadelphia... but no real match

REILLY

Insurance?

GLASS

Political.

POOCH

Exactly my thinking. Except, none of the
targets can actually be linked to government,
political or special interest concerns. They
seem to be just unrelated industrial
companies. Some insured, some not.

(MORE)

POOCH (cont.)

But there's traces of C4 and assorted

inflammatory additives found in each case. The only common denominator is the detonators all had circuitry consistent with our micro-chip.

GLASS

Not bad for Bomb squad, eh?

REILLY

What not bad. You've got a series of bombs, devices, that may or may not be connected, set by one or many nutjobs, who may or may not be linked.

GLASS

Right.

REILLY

Well... it's more than we had ten minutes ago.

POOCH

I got a friend over at Scotland Yard who's gonna try and reach out to a undercover guy who would know if any of the rightwingers are circulating over here. Bev's following up on the briefcase manufacturers, too.

T.J. comes over.

T.J.

Pooch, you're up. Rack `em.

They look over to the pool table to see only the cue ball left.

T.J. (cont.)

Boss, you're buying the next round.

T.J. sets his empty Root Beer bottle on the bar.

POOCH

How're you guys doing?

REILLY

Still waiting for a miracle. Go ahead.

Pooch and T.J. head back to the pool table where two comely Gals have begun putting the balls back onto the table. T.J. turns on his smile and chats them up.

REILLY (cont.)

Quite a team you've got, where'd you find them?

GLASS

It's a small fraternity, everyone knows everyone. I'm always recruiting. Pooch is ex-D.O.D., military expert... claymores, grenades. He played linebacker at Boston

College, worked a K-9 unit - that led him to the Bomb Squad... great nose, lousy fingers, we try to keep him away from the tickers.

T.J. is a heck of a chemist, Texas A&M engineering degree. Found him in a Militia chat room - turns out we were both monitoring the same groups. Bev is the natural born hacker, we stole her from dispatch. She had the Cave reorganized and ultra-high-tech in two months. Captain has no idea how much hardware she's "found" for us.

REILLY

You guys seem pretty tight.

GLASS

We've gotta be. In this business, you don't exactly make a lot of outside commitments.

REILLY

Why do you do it?

GLASS

I don't know, it's strange... it's not the best career path, but when you get the bug, there's nothing you can do about it. See, when you beat one of these things...

(MORE)

GLASS (cont.)

there's that one second when you realize you saw something you weren't supposed to see... this beautiful naked woman... Death... and then the rush comes, the high, cuz you realize you got away with it.

T.J. returns, shrugs.

T.J.

Lesbians.

Pooch is still with the girls, showing one of them how to line up a shot.

REILLY

Looks like Pooch's doing okay.

T.J.

He's married, he don't even know what a lesbian is.

T.J. waves over the Bartender. He and Glass orders fresh drinks as Reilly eyes pretty Blonde across the bar. She picks up two beers and grabs a pack of matches off the bar. She turns and moves to the booth in the corner. The bodies

part and Reilly catches a glimpse of Earring.
Reilly nearly chokes on his coke as Earring takes the matches from the Blonde. Earring checks his watches, rises. He looks up and catches Reilly's eye - he smiles--then bolts. Reilly coughs up his drink and tries to get a word out, pointing as Earring slips out the exit door next to the booth.
Glass pats Reilly's back as he gags, eyes blazing.
Finally...

REILLY

There he goes. He was here the whole time.
Reilly pushes his way through the crowd with Glass on his heels. T.J. rushes over and grabs Pooch away from the Girls at the pool table.
Reilly runs into a pair of enormous Rednecks, spilling their beer on them.
The Rednecks grab him by the collar and prepare to fight as Pooch arrives and body-blocks the Rednecks away from Reilly. Reilly is released and he continues after Earring as Pooch and the Rednecks mix it up.
A brawl breaks out with Pooch and T.J. in the middle as Reilly and Glass make it to the exit door. Reilly flies out-but Glass FREEZES dead in his tracks. He spins back to look at the corner booth.
THE SHOPPING BAG sits on the floor under the table.
Glass tenses.

The fight escalates quickly, but Pooch employs his linebacker skills and cuts down his assailant... and T.J. a natural streetfighting-rabbit-puncher. They quickly dispatch the Rednecks, leaving them bruised and bloodied... they rush for Glass and the doorway--then lock on Glass' reaction and stop.

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Reilly runs out into the middle of the street.
At the end of the block, Earring is rushing for the corner. Reilly draws his 9mm, aims thru the pedestrian--and fires. Earring is blown off his feet...
He hits the pavement hard...

INT. BAR

Reilly enters and sees Glass, TJ and Pooch gathered around the booth in back.

REILLY

Say, thanks for the back up--
The bomb squad ignores Reilly, who now realizes something is wrong. He pushes his way through the bar patrons to the

booth.

Glass glances up at Reilly.

GLASS

He set one, the son-of-a...

TJ and Pooch exchange looks--they've never heard Glass so close to swearing before.

T.J. notices a small crowd starting to gather around the booth.

T.J.

(calmly)

Clear the area, please.

Nobody moves.

REILLY

(loudly)

You heard him, get the fuck away,
it's a bomb!

That does it, the crowds shriek and scatter.

Rolling eyes at each other, the Bomb Squaders turn their attention to the shopping bag sitting on the floor.

GLASS

Alright. Let's assess.

The team eyes the package for a moment...

Glass makes a determination, whips out a knife, slashes the bag open, revealing a computerized nightmare of a bomb inside. T.J. rubs his temples with dread.

TJ

IRA.

Glass puts on his magnifying spectacles, starts to probe. Reilly returns.

Pooch tests hinges with his tweezers. T.J. hands Glass a crimp. Pooch pries off a back panel, fingers shaking, lifts it every so slightly, sees complex circuitry inside, the red glow of a digital readout counting down.

POOCH

Oh shit...

T.J.

Fuck factor ten.

GLASS

Okay, I'm going in, nobody breathe.

Synchronizing his chronometer to the counter, Glass begins disengaging sensor switches.

GLASS (cont.)

Altimeter... choking coil... mercury switch...

He clips off circuits and booby traps with bloodcurdling

care, peeling away layer after layer of death... shakes his head with awe, respect, fear.

GLASS (cont.)

Triple V.O.M... brilliant... this guy's a master...

Finally he comes to the heart of the bomb, a pair of tiny wires leading to the blasting cap, one yellow, one red. Precious seconds tick away.

GLASS (cont.)

It's one of these wires.

REILLY

So cut both.

GLASS

One shuts it down, one turns arms it.

REILLY

Which one's which?

GLASS

I don't know. There's an old saying, when in doubt, cut the yellow wire.

Reilly gulps. The device teeters, slightly, alarming T.J. and Pooch. Glass nods. T.J. and Pooch each grab a corner of the device to steady it. Reilly follows their lead and kneels, goes to reach for a corner as well, one hand starts to tremble.

GLASS (cont.)

You can go back to the van if you like.

REILLY

No, I'm with you.

Reilly focuses and wills his hands to steady. He grabs a corner and closes his eyes, mind over matter. Sweat streams as he concentrates like never before.

Pooch and T.J. stare at the wires with intensity.

f 15 seconds, 14, 13,... Glass pulls out a clipper.

f 12, 11, 10... He eases the clipper into position.

f 9, 8, 7... He draws in a breath.

Closing his eyes, he clips the yellow wire. Reilly's eyes snap open.

The counter stops on 4 - no explosion.

Pooch and T.J. whoop and hug like drunk madmen. Glass steps away, stone-faced. Reilly follows him, wobbly.

REILLY (cont.)

You okay?

GLASS

(smiles)

Is this a great job or what?

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Two squad cars have appeared, Officers cordon off the crime scene.

Glass watches Reilly kneeling over Earring's body digging through Earring's pockets, finding nothing but cash, cigarettes and matches.

REILLY

(at Glass)

Nothing. Nothing traceable.

INT BAR:

Pooch and T.J. have the device on the ground a few feet away from the Earring's body. They delicately continue to take it apart so it can be transported safely. Schnoz sits nearby, watching. Pooch is on the phone with his wife...

POOCH

I don't know, honey. I'll see. No, everything's fine, it was nothing.

As he says this, he lifts a chunk of C4 and sets it aside. Pooch hangs up his phone.

EXT STREET:

Pooch and TJ exit the bar, moving to Glass and Reilly.

POOCH (cont.)

You guys hungry? The wife's got a heap of lasagna leftover.

T.J.

(at Reilly)

What do ay say?

GLASS

Meg's lasagna. Good eats, Reilly. C'mon.

Glass notes Reilly's hands.

GLASS (cont.)

Good meal would go a long way to steady your system.

REILLY

Got work to do, don't we?

Pooch scribbles down an address on a scrap of paper from the device's shopping bag, hands it to Reilly, offering a smile.

POOCH

In case you change your mind.

Reilly looks at it awkwardly, then walks away as a News van arrives on the scene...

EXT./INT. DOWNTOWN - STUDEBAKER - EARLY EVENING

Reilly cruises into the bowels of downtown. Makes a few turns and parks.

In the shadows of a burned out building, Reilly observes several JUNKIES getting a fix from their CONNECTION.

Reilly watches with scared, tempted eyes.

He looks at his hands... they're trembling... catches his reflection in the rear view mirror. Checks Rice's watches on his wrist, taps it. Still not ticking. Ashamed, he screeches away.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

A quiet Squad Room. Reilly bangs out something on a computer terminal. He blazes away, typing as fast as he can. He holds out his hands. Almost steady. He takes a drink from a Protein Shake, returns to typing.

INT. WINTERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

A weary Winters looks up from coffee and paperwork as Reilly knocks, walks in. Reilly drops a sheaf of papers on his desk.

WINTERS

What's this?

REILLY

Report on the case so far.

WINTERS

You know after a shooting I would normally take your badge and weapon, but Glass called in already and confirmed it was clean.

REILLY

Yes, sir.

WINTERS

But from now on, any leads on this case go to Pluchinsky. He's primary investigator and you are unofficially assigned to the Bomb Squad... you and your new friends are not to be playing detective any more. Got it?

Reilly nods, accepting.

WINTERS (cont.)

I imagine as soon as they find out one of their's is dead, we'll be getting another call. So get some sleep, alright.

Reilly nods, turns and exits.

INT. SUNCREST MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT on a TV - a pretty Reporter reports live from the scene...

REPORTER

To recap, a gunman carrying what police described as a phony bomb was shot and killed less than an hour ago.

THE ROOM:

Swan watches the TV report with Beard, eyes narrowing as he sees Reilly in the crowd behind the Reporter.

REPORTER (cont.)

While the man's motives and identity remain a mystery, police are denying the incident is related to the explosion that ripped through a bar earlier today, killing 15 and wounding more than 30...

Swan kicks in the TV, destroying it.

BEARD

She talked.

Swan flips open a suitcase full of bomb-making materials and begins to sort through...

EXT. POOCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Quiet, cozy, middle class. The Harley and the Bomb Squad van are parked out front. Also the Studebaker.

INT. POOCH'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Reilly exits the bathroom, returns to the dining room where the Bomb Squad is laughing, hoeing and haying over dessert. Pooch's faithful wife, MEG, pours coffee. TOMMY and JANIE, Pooch's kids, sit on Pooch's and T.J.'s knees, in their pajamas.

MEG

More coffee, T.J.?

T.J.

No thanks, Meg. Hawed Pooch ever get so lucky?

MEG

Mr. Reilly?

REILLY

Mike. No thanks, I'm fine.

POOCH

Time for bed, kiddos. Say goodnight.

TOMMY

Can Uncle Teej tuck us in?

T.J.

C'mon, champ, I'll even give you a piggyback.

JANIE

(to Glass, Reilly)

Goodnight Uncle Charlie, goodnight Uncle Mike.

Janie surprises Reilly with a shy kiss, scurries upstairs with after Pooch, T.J. and Tommy.

REILLY

`Night...

Meg clears the dishes, Schnoz is asleep on the floor. Glass and Reilly are left alone. Reilly takes a sip of coffee, hand trembles ever so slightly.

GLASS

How long were you hooked?

REILLY

What?

GLASS

You don't have to talk about it.

Reilly stares, then opens up slowly.

REILLY

Pittsburgh, two years ago. Partner died, no back-up, I was too gung-ho. As usual.

GLASS

Take a tip from the Bomb Boys, always assess, if only for a second.

REILLY

I know. I was working a drug ring, deep cover. Played the part too well. When they pulled me out, I wasn't a cop anymore. My fiance had dumped me. Next thing I knew, I was out here on the street, doped up, auditioning for the morgue when this tough old vice cop found me, cleaned me up, gave me a second chance. He promised Captain Winters he'd look out for me.

GLASS

Your partner?

REILLY

(nods sadly)

I guess I didn't realize how much I needed him. He kept me straight. It's been tough every second since.

Reilly holds up his wristwatch.

REILLY (cont.)

This was his. Doesn't work for shit, but it's keeping me straight.

GLASS

Let me see.

Reilly gives him the watch. Glass pulls out a mini tool kit, pries off the back of the watch examines the works.

GLASS (cont.)

Main spring's stuck. All you have to do is free the palate and realign the balance wheel. Here, you try.

REILLY

I terrible with mechanical things.

GLASS

No you're not, you just don't understand them. Here, do what I tell you.

He holds out the mini-kit. Reilly takes it uncertainly, but follows Glass' instructions.

GLASS (cont.)

Okay, first push the pin back with this. Good. Now while you keep it there, stick this in here and turn it slowly. Easy, that's it. Now let the pin go and line up the wheel. That should do it.

Reilly gives it a tweak, looks at the watch, surprised.

REILLY

It's working.

GLASS

Congratulations, you just built your first ticker.

Reilly throws Glass a surprised look.

EXT. POOCH'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Sunrise breaking. Reilly and Glass have their heads under the hood of the Studebaker, covered in grease, tools everywhere. T.J. sits behind the wheel. Pooch and Schnoz stumble out of the house to watch.

REILLY

Okay, hit it.

T.J. guns the engine, the Studebaker purrs like a tiger.

GLASS

Alright!

T.J.

We've created a monster.

Glass glances at Pooch.

GLASS

Any word?

POOCH

Nothing. Maybe they gave up, split town.

REILLY

Don't bet on it.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Bustling activity...

INT. THE CAVE - MORNING

Reilly enters to find Glass, Bev, T.J. and Pooch busy at work at each of their work stations. Glass moves over to watch Bev's computer screen.

REILLY

How's the print coming?

BEV

One partial from the handle matches the suspect from last night. Name's Carl Taylor. Long record of arson, assault, the works. The other print - we got nothing from our data base or the FBI or CIA... still waiting for Interpol.

REILLY

Damn.

Bev enters another command... the computer goes to work as she turns to Reilly.

BEV

Coffee, Mike?

REILLY

No thanks, Bev.

She smiles warmly. He smiles back, T.J. eyes them, slightly jealous of the moment.

A phone rings. Bev answers it...

BEV

Yes, sir. He's here. I'll tell him.

Bev hangs up the phone.

BEV (cont.)

Mike, Captain wants to see you right away.

Reilly heads for the door.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

A strange, uncomfortable silence hangs over the squad room as Reilly weaves past cops smoking, drinking coffee, waiting. They all stare at him. Especially Pluchinsky.

INT. WINTERS' OFFICE - MORNING

Reilly walks in. Winters gestures for him to take a seat as he talks on the phone.

WINTERS

Yes ... no, of course not but ... yes,
sir, I understand.

Winters hangs up.

WINTERS (cont.)

I got a call from upstairs. They say you
questioned the girl.

REILLY

Yes, sir.

WINTERS

She's refused to say a word to anyone. What
made you think you could get her to talk?

REILLY

I didn't. But I had to try.

WINTER

Reilly, I think I've shown that I'm a patient
man. Rice was your biggest fan and I've tried
to honor him by giving you some slack. But
you are very close to running out of slack.

REILLY

Yes, sir.

Winters lets this sink in, then holds up Reilly's report.

WINTERS

I read your report. Impressive. I'd say it's
got detective written all over it. But... you
cross the line one more time... you're gone.
Are we clear?

Reilly, nods, shifts uncomfortably.

WINTERS (cont.)

Now, that out of the way. The girl wants to
talk to you, alone.

Reilly is shocked.

WINTERS (cont.)

So get going, let's close this thing.

REILLY

Yes, sir.

Reilly bolts off.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Reilly enters to find Harry and the Girl waiting for him.
Harry looks the Girl over, nods at Reilly.

HARRY

I'll be outside.

Reilly nods, Harry exits. Reilly sits down at the table
opposite her.

THE GIRL

Hello.

REILLY

Hello.

THE GIRL (MARY)

My name is Mary Jordan. We were hired to take out some industrial sites. Insurance.

REILLY

But they weren't all insured.

MARY

Cover.

(slowly, ashamed)

It was suppose to be abandoned buildings, y'know. No one was suppose to get hurt. The night you busted us...We were checking to make sure there weren't any vagrants around. Scare them away.

REILLY

Who is he?

MARY

Alex Swan. My brother.

The other two are called Taylor and Leveau.

REILLY

Taylor's dead.

She seems relieved.

REILLY (cont.)

Where are they, Mary?

Mary takes a deep breath, eyes welling.

MARY

There is a motel downtown, near the Machine Shop... the Suncrest. Room 138.

REILLY

Thank you.

MARY

He's my brother...

Reilly rises and moves to her. Their eyes linger a moment, a bond between them.

REILLY

Then why tell me?

MARY

People are dying.

Reilly nods and touches her shoulder, a light squeeze. He turns and exits.

EXT. SUNCREST MOTEL - ROOM - DAY

An army of cops and squad cars out front, Pluchinsky silently directs a SWAT team to the door. Reilly and the Bomb Squad watch from a distance as they break down the door.

SHOUTING, mayhem as the team floods into the room.

Pluchinsky brings up the rear. After a beat, Pluchinsky re-emerges, shaking his head.

AT THE FAR END OF THE MOTEL

Swan and Beard watch from behind a car. Beard gives Swan a dirty look and they quietly move off around the corner.

AT THE BOMB SQUAD VAN

Reilly and Glass are visibly disappointed.

As the others grumble about it, Reilly notices someone across the street - the Bag Lady with the pie-tin crown, holding her hand out to a MAN getting into his car. The Man ignores her, screeches off. The Bag Lady scribbles down his license number in her pad. Glass follows Reilly's stare.

GLASS

Ex-girlfriend?

REILLY

Be right back.

Reilly crosses the street, intercepts the Bag Lady as she's pushing her cart away.

REILLY (cont.)

Excuse me... I'm looking for two men who were staying at the hotel over there - one has a beard, the other's tall, thin. You wouldn't happen to have seen them, would you?

BAG LADY

No.

REILLY

No, of course not... well, thanks anyway. Here you go, Your Highness.

He fishes some change out of his pocket, hands it over, starts away.

BAG LADY

On second thought, maybe I did.

He turns back. The Bag Lady flips through her pad, stabs an entry with her finger.

BAG LADY

Lemme see... yeah, here it is, 11:18 this morning. Very disrespectful. He used to drive a van, but he got a new car. You want the license number?

She tears off the page, holds it out.

REILLY

You're beautiful!

Reilly gives her a big kiss, races back to the Bomb Squad who've been watching.

REILLY

We're back in business!

They all look at him like he's nuts.

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Buzzing with action. Harry and Pluchinsky attack Winters with printouts.

HARRY

Ran the license plate - car was rented early this morning from a Hertz office downtown.

PLUCHINSKY

Alex Swan - demolitions expert, trained at Redstone, dropped out, freelanced in the middle East for awhile, then disappeared, no criminal record. The other one, Leveau, is French Canadian, he's a mercenary, record in half a dozen countries.

WINTERS

Get out an APB, now!

Harry moves off to the DISPATCHER as a fax machine comes to life on the desk next to PLUCHINSKY. A fax spews out...

"WINTERS. LET HER GO NOW... OR A BOMB'S COMING CLOSE TO HOME."

WINTERS (cont.)

Jesus. Pluchinsky, get four squad cars out to my house, get my family out of there, tell my wife I'm on my way.

PLUCHINSKY

Yes, sir.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Cops race to their cars. An armada of black-and-whites scream out of the parking lot. Winters appears and jumps into his Ford Sedan and tears out.

DISPATCHER (V.O)

... suspects driving a dark green
Ford Grenada, license number one
Two Eight Michael Vincent Edward ...

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

Squad cars roar up and down the streets.

Two cars are parked out in front of one house in particular.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

In the squad room, Pluchinsky and some men wait anxiously by phones, computer-consoles, radio switchboard.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Reilly idles in his Studebaker. T.J. and Pooch come out of the parking lot in the Bomb Squad Van, Glass motors along side Reilly. He guns the bike and takes the lead, followed by Reilly, then the van.

They pull out into traffic and head towards the suburbs.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Beard drives, Swan rides shotgun. A briefcase lies on the seat between them.

As he makes a left, Beard notices the Bomb Squad Van coming the other direction.

BEARD

We've got company.

Swan whirls, pulls a gun as Glass and Reilly pass them.

Reilly double-takes...

INT. STUDEBAKER

Reilly grabs his radio mic, yells into it...

REILLY

Glass, there they are. Pooch right in front of you, you got `em, you got `em.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Reilly SKIDS to a dead stop. Glass, up ahead tries to maneuver around slowing cars as...

The Grenada speeds down a street right in front of the Bomb Squad Van.

Pooch cranks into a turn and gives chase. Reilly and Glass are pinned in by other cars. They both finally squeeze out of their jams in different directions...

EXT./INT. ANOTHER STREET - BOMB SQUAD VAN - DAY

An excited T.J. jumps on the radio.

T.J.

Dispatch, this is Bomb Squad. Suspects sighted on Fern Street, two blocks from HQ. In pursuit.

DISPATCHER (O.C.)

Roger that. All available units...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Beard speeds around another corner, the lumbering Van has difficulty keeping up and loses sight of the Grenada for a moment.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

The Grenada speeds up, heading towards the Police Station up

ahead.

The Bomb Squad Van appears and speeds up.

ON THE SIDEWALK

Swan stands discreetly in a phone booth, watching as...

ON THE STREET:

Beard steers towards a parked Squad Car next to the Station - on collision course. At the last second, Beard dives from the moving car, hits the pavements and rolls.

The Grenada CRASHES into the Squad Car... but no explosion.

The Bomb Squad Van SKIDS to a stop as two uniformed Officers rush out of the Station.

Beard has rolled to his feet and is now sprinting off down the street.

Pooch and T.J. jump out of the Van (leaving a BARKING Schnoz inside) and sprint towards the Grenada, guns drawn. Pooch is quickly huffing and puffing. T.J. continues after Beard as Pooch moves towards the Grenada. The uniforms follow T.J.

Glass on his Harley appears from behind the Van. At the far end of the street the Studebaker rumbles into view, followed by a Squad Car, lights flashing. Everyone closing in on Beard.

T.J. aims and yells at Beard.

T.J.

Police, freeze!

Beard whirls around, SPRAYING automatic weapon FIRE at T.J. and the Uniforms - they hit the pavement.

A few nearby Pedestrians SCREAM and drop to the ground.

Reilly jumps out of his Studebaker as Beard turns his FIRE on him, BLOWING OUT his windshield.

Back at the Grenada, Pooch ducks for cover by the open driver's door.

Glass runs his Harley behind a parked car.

The Squad Car behind Reilly SKIDS to a stop and as Beard shifts his aim, T.J. and Reilly each PUMP TWO SHOTS into Beard's torso.

Beard spins around, drops - dead silence on the street.

Relief all around. Everyone stands back up. T.J.'s jaw drops at the sight of actually having hit the suspect with his bullets.

AT THE GRENADA:

Pooch exhales in relief, then hears BEEPING coming from the front seat of the car. He looks in to see the briefcase

open, countdown ticking away.

POOCH

Oh... damn.

KA-BOOOOOM!!!

The Grenada explodes in a massive FIRE-BALL, throwing nearby Glass off his feet. Everyone else drops back to the ground, covering their heads.

DOWN THE STREET - AT THE PHONE BOOTH

Swan grins and walks away down an alley.

We can hear the CRY of Schnoz, WAILING from the front seat of Van.

INT. POLICE STATION - WINTERS' OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Reilly stares off into space. Surreal silence, like a dream... Reilly looks at his watch, keeps his eyes low as he steals a glance at Glass in the other chair, face wracked with pain, loss.

They both look through the glass office at the squad room outside, the sounds of reality fade in... phones ringing, voices shouting... a tense, chaotic emergency atmosphere. Reilly and Glass rise as Winters walks in, closes the door. He sits behind his desk, lights a cigarette.

WINTERS

Glass, sorry about Pooch, he was a good man. We don't have time to give you a break right now, we're going ahead and-

REILLY

My God, you're going to use her, aren't you?

WINTERS

(ignoring Reilly)

Glass, you're to stand by with your team.

REILLY

I promised her she'd be safe.

WINTERS

It's our only option.

REILLY

It won't work, he'll know it's a trap...

WINTERS

Reilly, you're done for now. What the hell were you thinking directing the Bomb Squad Team into hot pursuit. They had no business-

REILLY

I know.

WINTERS

You've been at the center of two suspect

fatalities and two Police Officer fatalities.

I'll need your badge and your weapon.

Reilly looks at Glass, there'll be no stepping in this time. He glares at Winters, reaches into his jacket, pulls out the badge and tosses it on Winter's desk. He pulls out his 9mm, pops out the clip and open the chamber, sets it down.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Reilly and Glass trudge out, both profoundly disturbed as they head across the squad room. Glass veers off.

REILLY

Glass--!

Reilly stares, eyes wet, watching him disappear.

Glancing over, he notices Bev and T.J. sitting with Meg down the hall, Tommy and Janie asleep in her lap. Schnoz walks up to Meg, whimpering. Bev wraps her arm around her. T.J. puts his hand on Bev's shoulder.

Pluchinsky brushes roughly past Reilly, snapping him out of it. He turns, walks dejectedly out.

EXT. POLICE STATION - REAR ENTRANCE - EARLY MORNING

An armored van screeches up. Doors fly open. Metro SWAT Team jumps out with equipment, helmets, rush into the building.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

Thundering silence. Winters and his men wait by phones.

Their watches tick. So does the clock on the wall. Nothing.

SWAT Team Captain BENSON, huddles with his men.

A phone rings, shattering the quiet. Harry answers it, holds it up urgently.

HARRY

It's him!

Winters takes it. A new high-tech TRACER flicks on a new piece of equipment.

WINTERS

Winters here.

Swan's voice comes over the squawk box, growling low.

SWAN'S VOICE

You motherfuckers, you don't learn, do you?!

WINTERS

We're prepared to talk-

SWAN'S VOICE

Shut up! Shut up!

The Tracer homes in on the signal.

TRACER

15...

SWAN'S VOICE

You have exactly thirty minutes to release the girl where you found her.

TRACER

Twelve ...

SWAN'S VOICE

Thirty minutes.

TRACER

Nine ...

WINTERS

How do we know you'll keep your word?

Click, dial tone.

Winters flashes a look at the Tracer. The Tracer yanks off his headphones in utter frustration.

WINTERS

(to his men)

Okay, let's move!

The room erupts into action. Benson and the SWAT Team are the first ones out the door...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Hauntingly familiar. An unmarked police car pulls up and stops behind the machine shop.

EXT./INT. ALLEY - CAR

Harry sits behind the wheel. Mary sits in the back, handcuffed to Pluchinsky.

Pluchinsky unlocks the cuffs. Mary's eyes flare

PLUCHINSKY

Get out and go to the machine shop -

Mary steps out of the car. She glances around--then heads in the opposite direction of the Machine Shop. Pluchinsky curses. He starts to go after her, but realizes he'd better clear the area. He peels out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Undercover Men in various disguises track her from cars, and on foot, communicating by hidden mics. A WINO eyes her carefully, lifts a bottle to his mouth and whispers...

WINO

She's out of the bag.

Mary exits the alley onto the street, searching where to go. She turns down the street and moves fast, eyes darting about.

EXT. STREET

The SWAT van is tucked into an alley...

INSIDE THE SWAT VAN

Winters, Benson and Team monitor the radio communication.

WINO (O.C.)

(on the radio)

Position Four. Turning on Elm.

EXT. ELM STREET - DAY

Mary crosses the street, a Camaro nearly clips her. She makes it safely to the sidewalk and passes a TRUCK DRIVER eating a hot dog. After she moves off...

TRUCK DRIVER

(speaks into sleeve)

Six. She's crossing to Main.

Mary looks around quickly, blends into a crowd coming out of a store and ducks inside.

TRUCK DRIVER (cont.)

She just went into a department store. She's out of sight.

INSIDE THE SWAT VAN

Winters grabs the mic...

WINTERS

Seal the building!

(to Benson)

Let's move.

The SWAT van RUMBLES to life.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Mary bolts through the store, ducks through a service door.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - SERVICE ENTRANCE - ALLEY - DAY

Mary bursts out, runs like a spooked horse.

As she dashes to the mouth of the the alley, she runs smack into the Camaro that almost hit her. It SCREECHES to a stop.

The passenger door flies open.

Mary leans down and looks in, flushes. It's Swan. He reaches over and yanks her inside, TEARS away.

The Truck Driver runs into the other end of the alley.

He starts to give chase as Swan tosses a small package out of the car. The Truck Driver dives for cover as...

KA-BOOOOM!!! A dumpster EXPLODES. The Truck Driver jumps to his feet...

TRUCK DRIVER

(into sleeve)

We have contact. Black Camaro-

INSIDE THE SWAT VAN

The Van SPEEDS up as we hear...

TRUCK DRIVER (O.C.)

-license number HQW-256.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

From every direction, unmarked cars, squad units and the SWAT Van converge on the area.

INT. CAMARO - MOVING

Swan drives with deadly confidence, glances at Mary tenderly.

SWAN

You okay?

MARY

Alex-

SWAN

I know. I warned them.

He swerves left, then right, pulling a transmitter out of his pocket.

MARY

What is that?

SWAN

Security.

He sets a dial to 10, pushes a button.

The transmitter counts down... 9, 8, 7...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The Camaro tears down a one-way alley going the wrong way.

INTERCUT WITH TRANSMITTER COUNTDOWN - 6, 5, 4...

Undercover vehicles race after the Camero, seconds behind.

f 5, 4, 3 ...

They swerve into the alley.

Then just as Swan whooshes out, a charge EXPLODES a stack of gallon drums. They fall down into the path of the pursuers who crash into the FLAMING DRUMS.

The lead car EXPLODES...

EXT./INT. STREET - CAMARO - MOVING - DAY

Mary looks back in horror as she's whisked away.

INT. DOWNTOWN BAR - DAY

Dark, filthy, last stop to nowhere.

INT. BACK HALLWAY

Drunk, dejected, looking like shit, Reilly waits for a fix with a couple other JUNKIES. The TV in the bar drones in the background.

The Dealer appears and gestures to Reilly.

DEALER

C'mon, cowboy, you're next.

Reilly trudges over.

DEALER

Okay, what's it gonna be? I got China White, Snow Flake, Ivory Pearl...

Reilly looks up sharply as he hears the TV, visible through the doorway.

REPORTER ON TV

We're coming to you live near the scene of that latest, explosion that ripped through a downtown alley less than half an hour ago. Something clears behind Reilly's eyes.

DEALER

(impatient)

Hey, asshole ...

REPORTER ON TV

Despite growing fears and talk of a coverup, police have sealed off the area and are refusing to comment about fatalities, or the rumor that terrorists may be involved.

Reilly's eyes shift, mind racing.

DEALER

Hey, I'm talking to you--

Suddenly himself again, Reilly bolts up, sending the Dealer and his equipment scattering, and streaks off. He bursts out of the front door of the bar into the glare of sunlight... we can hear SIRENS not too far off.

INT. STUDEBAKER - MOVING - DAY

Driving like a maniac as usual, Reilly grabs the radio mike with one hand, pulls his back-up .357 out of the glove-box. He listens out the window for the SIRENS, he looks up at the sound of approaching HELICOPTERS.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

In the service bay, a MECHANIC raises the black Camaro on a hydraulic lift, out of sight from the street.

Out front, Swan pays an ATTENDANT, climbs into an orange U-Haul truck with Mary, drives off.

A beat, a squad car and an unmarked speed past the Gas Station.

EXT./INT. STREETS - U-HAUL - MOVING

Swan brushes Mary's hair from her face.

SWAN

You hungry? We could get something to eat.

Mary shakes her head, scared.

SWAN

What's the matter?

MARY

Nothing... just tired.

She forces a smile. Swan frowns suspiciously as he turns

down a service road, pulls into...

EXT. SELF-STORAGE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Swan pulls up to the loading dock of the warehouse.

INSIDE THE TRUCK CAB

MARY

Why are we stopping here?

SWAN

We're moving' on. I have to pick up the supplies. Just two little boxes.

Mary turns white.

MARY

No... No more killing.

SWAN

Stay here.

MARY

Alex, please.

SWAN

Stay in the truck.

He gets out, disappears into the building.

Mary glances around desperately, sees a phone booth at the corner. She looks back at the warehouse, the phone again, terrified.

LOADING DOCK:

Yanking her door open, Mary dashes to the booth, searches her pockets. Empty. She dials zero... it rings and rings, then finally...

OPERATOR (O.C.)

Operator.

MARY

Get me the police!

OPERATOR (O.C.)

Is this an emergency?

MARY

Yes! Please, hurry!

Mary's back is to the warehouse as she waits forever.

SERGEANT'S VOICE

Police, Sergeant Doyle speaking.

MARY

Please, I need help, my name is--

SERGEANT DOYLE'S VOICE

Whoa, slow down, lady. Now what's that again?

Suddenly Mary sees the reflection of a face in the phone

booth glass. She whirls - Swan is standing behind her!

SWAN

Who are you calling, sis?

MARY

What? Nobody, I-

She tries to hang up. Swan grabs the receiver.

MARY

Alex, please-

SWAN

Shut up!

(into phone)

Who is this?

SERGEANT DOYLE'S VOICE

Sergeant Doyle, Metro P.D. Look, what's going on--?

Swan's eyes turn cold, SLAMS down the phone.

MARY

Help!

Swan grabs Mary, dragging her with him. A pair of TEENAGE BOYS on skateboards notice, veer over.

BOY

Hey--?

Swan whips out his Mac-11. The Boys skate for cover as Swan drags Mary back to the U-Haul.

The open back door reveals a number of 55 gallon drums, some boxes and two milk crates of C4. He SLAMS down the sliding door, moves around front and shoves Mary inside.

INT. STUDEBAKER - MOVING - DAY

Caught in traffic, map spread out in his lap, Reilly slams on his horn.

REILLY

C'mon, move it.

His police radio crackles.

DISPATCHER VOICE

All units, 211 reported at 8th and Sycamore. Suspect is a Caucasian male, armed with an automatic weapon, last seen heading east with female hostage in a U-Haul truck ...

Reilly perks up, checks his map.

Jamming the wheel, he crashes out of traffic, ripping the bumper off the car in front of him, and rockets away.

He grabs his mic, thinks, disguises his voice.

REILLY

Dispatch, this is Reilly.

DISPATCHER VOICE

Go ahead.

REILLY

Patch me through to the Bomb Squad.

DISPATCHER VOICE

Aren't you on suspension?

REILLY

Just do it.

DISPATCHER VOICE

Hang on.

Reilly runs a red.

T.J.'S VOICE

T.J. here.

REILLY

T.J., it's Reilly, put Glass on!

EXT./INT. STREET - BOMB SQUAD VAN - MOVING - DAY

T.J. is in the passenger seat, Bev sits in the back with Schnoz, Glass drives. Glass takes the mic.

GLASS

What's up?

INTERCUT WITH REILLY

REILLY

Where you guys at?

GLASS

Driving in circles, waiting for-

REILLY

Catch that alert? That's him in the U-Haul.

GLASS

How do you know?

REILLY

Cuz he got the girl, now he's leaving town.

GLASS

Should we head for the Interstate?

REILLY

Would you?

GLASS

No, I'd slip out past the hotel district,
behind Greyhound...

REILLY

Me, too.

Reilly hangs up, fishtails around a corner, map blowing out the window.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Patrol cars, unmarked and the SWAT Van criss-cross the

streets in confusion...

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

T.J. speeds by in the Bomb Squad van.

INT. STUDEBAKER - MOVING - DAY

Reilly swerves onto 8th Street, eyes searching desperately.

Rounding the rear of a huge glass luxury hotel, Reilly

catches a glimpse of orange disappear around a corner.

Reilly bangs a hard right to go around the block.

REILLY

(into mic)

Glass, Eighth Street, alley behind Grand

Hotel. Cut him off.

GLASS (O.C.)

(on radio)

You got it.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

The Bomb Squad accelerates...

INT. STUDEBAKER - MOVING - DAY

Reilly changes channels on the radio...

REILLY

(into mic)

All units, suspect spotted heading down alley
behind Grand Hotel.

(MORE)

REILLY (cont.)

(beat)

We need back-up, now.

EXT./INT. STREET - SWAT VAN - MOVING - DAY

Winters is shocked at the sound of Reilly's voice.

WINTERS

(into mic)

Reilly, what the hell are you-?

REILLY (O.C.)

(on radio)

Fire me later. Close in and we got the
bastard.

WINTERS

Pull back. You're only an observer.

EXT./INT. STREET - STUDEBAKER - MOVING - DAY

Reilly throws down his mic, aims at the alley ahead and
speeds up, then cranks into the alley, SCREECHES to a stop.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The U-Haul barrels down the alley. Swan sees Reilly up ahead
get out of his car and aim his .357

Swan SLAMS on the brakes. Throws the vehicle into reverse. Checks his mirror to see the Bomb Squad Van appear at the end of the alley. He's completely pinned in.

Glass and T.J. jump out, they are in bullet-proof vest, aiming shotguns, using the van as a shield. Bev jumps out with Schnoz and slips behind the van entirely.

AT THE STUDEBAKER

Reilly's radio CRACKLES...

WINTERS (O.C.)

Reilly, what's happening? Reilly! Reilly!

Do not engage. We're five minutes-

REILLY

(into mic)

We'll keep him pinned in, you guys hurry up!

Reilly throws down the mic, takes aim again.

THE U-HAUL

idles. Swan's rage erupts. He climbs out with Mary in tow.

ALLEY:

Reilly aims carefully...

Swan keeps his Mac-11 to Mary's head. Reilly is frozen by the move. Swan backs to the rear of the van. He slides up the door, revealing the drums and explosives to the Bomb Squad. He reaches in and grabs a remote control.

SIRENS are coming closer, only a block or two away...

AT THE BOMB SQUAD VAN

Glass and T.J. drop their jaws. They see Swan depress the remote, arming the explosives.

T.J.

Jesus...

GLASS

Reilly! He's loaded!

ALLEY:

REILLY

(yelling)

Glass, you guys take cover, goddammit!

SWAN

I want out, right now. Or the whole city block is gone.

GLASS

Reilly, he's got enough to do it.

Reilly leaves the cover of his car and scurries along the side of the alley, escaping Swan's view.

Swan rages. He moves around the van, pulling Mary along.
Swan SPRAYS a FLURRY of bullets over Reilly's head... Reilly
dives for cover as bullets rip the alley wall inches from his
face.

Swan whirls and SPRAYS the Bomb Squad Van, dropping T.J. with
a shot to the leg. Bev drops to his aid. Glass grimaces,
having been hit in the shoulder.

Reilly moves forward about to take the shot.

GLASS (cont.)

Reilly, don't. He's got a pressure switch.

He releases it, we're done for.

Swan turns back to Reilly, rams his Mac-11 to her throat.

SWAN

Drop it.

MARY

(to Reilly)

Take him!

Mary jerks away from Swan.

Reilly fast FIRES.

Swan takes Reilly's SHOTS in the chest. He smiles as he
starts to fall, his hand starts to open up to release the
detonator...

Mary dives onto Swan and grabs at the remote, clasping it in
her hands. Swan collapses, Mary on top of him.

Reilly and Glass sprint at the U-Haul, reaching a trembling,
bleeding Mary.

She clinches her jaw, fighting the grief, holding on to the
remote.

Reilly reaches Mary first and puts his hands over her's - she
looks up into his eyes--distraught.

GLASS

Hold on to that thing tight.

Glass goes to the explosives and looks over the set-up.

GLASS (cont.)

Jesus Fucking H. Christ...

Reilly has never heard Glass swear before...

REILLY

Fuck factor?

GLASS

Off the scale.

REILLY

What do we do?

Glass turns to Mary.

GLASS

Can you hold it?

She nods. Reilly releases her gently, joining Glass at the van.

REILLY

Talk to me. Let's assess.

GLASS

Right.

Glass stares at the digital read-out on the device anchored in one of the C4 crates. It reads: "1:30, 1:29..."

REILLY

C'mon, talk to me! We can do it!

GLASS

He has a timer going as back-up, in case we got a hold of the remote.

(beat)

Okay... first, run your fingers along the edges, feel for a sensor.

Reilly does it the way he saw Glass do it before.

GLASS

Good, now the other side.

REILLY

Nothing.

GLASS

Okay, let's go in.

f 1:

Reilly feels around, finally finds an access hole. Reilly works the hole bigger.

GLASS (cont.)

Not enough time ... gotta go for the blasting cap. Only one chance... hand entry.

REILLY

Keep talking.

GLASS

Close your eyes, feel your fingertips. Tell me everything you feel.

Reilly' hand disappears into the hole.

CLOSE-UP - INSIDE THE BOMB

His fingers snake through complex circuitry as he describes each layer.

REILLY

Wires... metal, cold... something soft...

GLASS

Don't touch that.

BACK TO SCENE:

The red digital numbers keep counting down: 0:38, 0:37, 0:36

REILLY

More metal... sharp edge...

GLASS

Stay to your left.

Deeper, deeper.

AT THE BOMB SQUAD VAN

The SWAT Van and a unit arrive, Winters and Benson jump out, the SWAT Team is about to follow-

T.J.

Get outta here, Swan's down, but they're chilling a device.

Winters looks to the action at the U-Haul, sees Reilly and Glass busy at work. He nods at Benson.

f 0:

Finally Reilly' fingers touch a button object. We hear the SWAT Van and the unit retreat at the end of the alley.

REILLY

Something round, two wires ...

GLASS

That's the blasting cap - good! Okay, now grab it by the base and pull it straight up. No, Wait...

REILLY

What's wrong?

GLASS

Too easy. There's gotta be something else in there, another cap maybe.

REILLY

Make up your mind, trigger.

f 0:

GLASS

Ease your thumb over to the right - feel anything?

Reilly eyes shift as his hidden fingers feel around...

REILLY

Yeah, another round thing.

GLASS

Okay, one of the caps turns it on,

the other shuts it down.

REILLY

Which one's which?

GLASS

I don't know.

REILLY

What... ?

GLASS

When in doubt, pull the yellow wire.

REILLY

How the hell do you feel yellow?

GLASS

No excuses, just do it!

f 10... Reilly glares at Glass.

f 9... His face is dripping with sweat.

f 8... His fingers shift back to the first cap.

f 7... They close over it, ready to pull.

f 6... But then they stop.

f 5... Reilly frowns.

f 4... Glass stabs him with a look.

f 3... 2... Lightning-quick, Reilly's fingers fly back and yank the second cap out of its base.

The counter stops. 0:01.

Reilly and Glass and stare at it, holding their breath, hardly daring to believe it's true. They whoop and explode with relief.

It's over... it's finally over.

GLASS (cont.)

Not bad, for a rookie.

REILLY

Thanks.

Reilly and Glass turn to Mary who has lost consciousness but is still holding the remote tightly.

Glass looks up to see T.J. and Bev peeking from around their van.

GLASS

All clear, but we need an ambulance!

Bev jumps into the van to make the call as T.J. starts limping towards the U-Haul. Schnoz yelps and drops from the van and runs for the U-Haul.

Reilly cradles Mary in his lap as Glass kneels and removes the remote - the red light stops flashing, then turns off. T.J. arrives and looks down at Reilly and Mary, then at the device in the U-Haul.

T.J.

Nice work.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -SQUAD ROOM - DAY

The room is back to its usual bustling activity.

INT. POLICE STATION - WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Winters is going through reports on his desk as Reilly enters. Reilly is cleaned up, shaven, haircut, new suit... a new man.

Winters look up, impressed with the change.

WINTERS

Mayor loves a hero.

Winters hands Reilly an envelope and a new badge.

WINTERS (cont.)

Just want you wanted. Your promotion, and transfer.

REILLY

Thank you, Captain.

Winters nods and goes back to his paperwork.

INT. THE CAVE - DAY

T.J. and Bev work closely together on a mock-device. T.J. is teaching her the job. They smile warmly at each other.

Glass is on the computer.

Reilly enters.

BEV

Hey, you look great.

T.J. flinches, but she winks at him to calm him down. T.J. smiles... no longer threatened.

Glass doesn't look up from his computer.

GLASS

You're late.

Glass points to the work station next to him where a Bomb Squad Protocol Program is waiting on the screen.

Reilly smiles and he sits next to Glass, hands him the transfer papers envelope.

GLASS (cont.)

(softening)

Welcome to the family.

Glass accepts the papers and shakes Reilly's hand.

REILLY

Nice to be here.

T.J.

That feeling won't last long.

T.J., Glass and Bev start laughing. After a beat, Reilly

joins in heartily.

FADE OUT.