

STRANGE DAYS

SD 0088

BY

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AND

JAY COCKE

FROM A STORY BY JAMES CAMERON

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PROPERTY OF LIGHTSTORM ENTERTAINMENT

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SD 0088

1:06 AM DEC 30, 1999

Blackness. We hear:

VOICE

Ready?

SECOND VOICE (BENNY)

Yeah. Boot it.

A burst of bright white static exploding across the darkness. A high whine on the audio track gives way to street sounds and rapid breathing.

AN IMAGE wavers and stabilizes: A nervous POV. We're in a car, sitting in the backseat, and we're nervous, the view swinging around, showing the street rolling by outside the windows, then whipping back to the two guys in the front seat.

Our POV looks down at a SMALL RECORDING DEVICE in "our" hands. A red LED is flashing. We slip the recorder into a coat pocket.

OUR VOICE

Okay. It's goin'. I'm recording.

The guy riding shotgun, LANE, is just pulling a pantyhose over his head, smearing his features into a pig-like mask. He turns, DIRECTLY TO THE LENS, pissed off.

LANE

Good one, dickhead. Thanks for waitin' till I get this fuckin' thing on. You tryin' ta I.D. me, or what?

He tosses another pantyhose right at us and we catch it. Our POV looks down, into the pantyhose, which comes up over our field of view.

We realize: this is not some ride-along verite' video.

WE ARE ONE OF THESE GUYS. Real honest-to-God point of view, with no cuts, no music. This is not film, it is human experience.

The driver is a Hispanic guy named "SPAZ" DIAZ. Lane is a white guy who looks very strung out. Couple of crackheads. The car is a mid-seventies barge, piebald with primer.

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CONTINUED:

LANE

Next alley... just pull in slow.
 (turning to us)
 Hurry up will ya. Here.

He hands us a big stainless steel revolver. The POV looks down as our shaky hands snap open the cylinder, check the rounds, snap it closed.

Diaz pulls the barge into an alley. The headlights illuminate overflowing dumpsters. A **Chicago** busboy is making trash runs out the back door of a restaurant which he has chocked open. The busboy goes back inside.

LANE

Let's go.

Out of the car, quickly, our own breathing loud in our ears. We even hear our own heartbeat, racing now. Through the door, after Lane, moving fast.

Into the kitchen. Fluorescent glare. The busboy turning, surprised, Lane putting the shotgun in his face. Freezing him. Lane puts a finger to his lips: "quiet" in any language.

Our hand puts the magnum in the **THAI COOK's** face. We get them down on the greasy floor, Lane controlling them with the shotgun. He looks at us, snaps his eyes toward the front room.

We hear voices as we approach the swing door. Go through.

Whip pan left, then right. Scoping the layout. Low-rent **THAI** place. Red wallpaper. Closing time. Middle-aged Thai **OWNER**, by the cash-register, counting money. Young Thai **WAITRESS**, cleaning up. They look up, stunned, as we put the gun on them.

OUR VOICE

(shouting, edgy)

Don't move, don't talk, don't do nothing.

Our POV is whipping around, from the front door to the owner to the kitchen where Lane is standing in the doorway covering the cook and busboy, back to the owner as he steps back from the cash register.

We scoop up the big wad of bills: seven, eight hundred bucks in tens and fives.

Now yelling, herding the owner and the waitress into the kitchen, the owner trying to calm the girl in singsongy Thai, Lane shouting at him to shut up.

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Into the walk-in cooler. The steel door closes on four scared pair of eyes. POV looking around, seeing...a dish-rack. Our hand pulls out a spoon, drops the spoon handle through the hole in the cooler door-latch. Locking them in.

Lane heading out the back door. Laughing, as he looks at the wad of cash our hand is waving in front of him. We follow Lane to the car. Snap a look down the alley one way, then the other.

Shit! Cop Black-and-White pulling into the far end of the alley. Heartbeat goes triple time. Scrambling into the car.

Door not even closed and SPAZ has it in reverse, burning rubber as he launches back down the alley. **SCRUNCH!** The car grinds along one wall as SPAZ steers wildly backward. Sparks right next to us. Then-- **KBOOM!** as we slam into a dumpster and push it right out into the street.

The cop has his lights and siren on, and is roaring at us as SPAZ cranks the wheel and punches it down the street. He curses in English and Spanish as he weaves between cars. We pull off the stocking to see better.

The cop car surges onto the street behind us.

Looking ahead. A red light. Cars stopped, blocking the way. Cutting to the right, onto the sidewalk around the cars, into the intersection.

A near miss with cross traffic, then accelerating. Another red light ahead.

LANE
Don't stop!

Truck entering the intersection. Everyone yelling. SPAZ cuts the wheel but too late...

Clipping the truck and spinning. The street outside smearing past like the view from a Tilt-a-whirl.

Then **KBLAM!** Hitting something, God-knows-what, and launching up and over, and--

KRUNCH! Crushing metal and an explosion of broken glass.

It gets quiet and still. Tinkling glass as Lane moves. Then SPAZ is screaming. The car is upside down.

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Crawling out the side window. A frenzy now.
Whip pan to see the cops pulling up.

Then whipping back to the wreck. The engine is burning. Flames spreading rapidly. SPAZ inside, pinned, upside down, blood pumping across his face.

Our hands pulling Lane out. He comes up running.

We run after him, sprinting toward the welcoming darkness of an alley.

Panting breath and heartbeats and sirens and somebody yelling. Gunshots. Looking back. Cops next to their car, firing. Ahead, Lane running into shadow.

Then a door opening, a man coming out of a metal fire door. Lane grabbing him, throwing him out of the way, holding the door open as we dive through into --

A stairwell. Lane sprinting up, two steps at a time. Trying the door at the second floor landing. Locked. Shit.

Running up. Dizzying whirl as we run, up and up.

The POV is finally broken by a...

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

But we don't know where we are yet. We see a man in extreme close-up: just his eyes and mouth. The eyes are closed, the eyeballs tracking under the lids like he is watching a movie in there. This is LENNY.

LENNY

This is great... the doors are all locked. Who are these losers, friends of yours?

CUT TO:

BACK TO POV as we reach the fifth floor landing. Lane is coming unglued as he finds this door locked. We look down, see cops coming two floors below. One cranks off a couple rounds at us and we snap back from the railing. Pounding up the last flight. Finally! The door is unlocked.

Blasting through it, behind Lane, onto the roof. Running all out past AC units and pipes, air vents. Looking up: an LAPD helicopter orbiting close. It flicks the xenon onto us and we are running in a vibrating circle of blue daylight.

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Running along the edge of the roof. Looking down. Car burning upside down in the street below. The gas tank explodes, filling the street with orange light. We don't slow. We're running all out.

LENNY (V.O.)

Wow... the gas tank is a nice touch.
Oh, oh, end of the line boys.

Ahead, in POV we see the edge of the roof coming up. Beyond it is another building, about ten feet lower and separated by a 20 foot alley.

But Lane doesn't slow down. He leaps across the void and makes it to the other building, landing in a sprawl. We reach the edge and look down. Six stories. No ladders or fire-escapes. Whip to behind us. Cops running across the roof.

Come on! Fucking jump man!

The POV backs up from the edge and then runs toward it... Out into the void. Moving...airborne...then... WHAM! Right into the parapet wall.

Slipping down. Brick wall right in our face. Bloody fingers grabbing for a rusty piece of pipe running along the edge.

Looking down... feet dangling over a sixty foot drop. A cat walking through a patch of light in the alley below, oblivious. Breathing raspy. Snapping a look up as the pipe gives way. A keening whine coming from us as we scramble to climb up but.. The pipe wrenches loose and-- Snapping a look down-- Walls rushing past, sound of wind, and our own raspy scream-- Ground rushing up--

Split second impression of a cat, looking up, yowling and running out of the way as-- Pavement fills frame. A burst of violent red light. Sound like a gunshot... but no echo.

Only silence. And blackness.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE

Lit by miles of fluorescent. Empty and echoing. Close on Lenny. He has something on his head. Something that looks like a mutated set of Walkman headphones, except they have little gecko fingers that fit along the temples and over the

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forehead. PLAYBACK "TRODES". Lenny whips off the trodes, gasping as if he got gutpunched.

LENNY

Goddamnit! You know I don't deal in snuff. How many times I hafta tell you?!

Lenny is with a guy everybody knows as "TICK", a pale-skinned creature of the night in T-shirt and leather jacket. Tick is a bottomfeeder in the techno-underground of the near future.

TICK

Don't have a fuckin' coronary, Lenny.

LENNY

Well you could've at least warned me. You know I hate the zap... when they die. It just brings down your whole day. Jeez, Tick.

TICK

Sorry.

LENNY NERO is low thirties. Handsome. Charming. And you better check to see if you still have your ring after you shake with him. He is wearing an expensive Italian jacket, and what he thinks of as a "power tie". His Rolex isn't real. His greasy hair is too long and curls around his collar. He needs to shave. A little sleazy, sure. But he has energy, and heavy street smarts.

Lenny is sitting on the hood of his '97 BMW 1035i. Tick is facing him, sitting in the back door of his beat-to-shit 70's van. There are a lot of tapes and tech stuff piled inside the van. Lenny has a Haliburton case open next to him, like a drug dealer. In fact the whole setup looks like a drug deal, but it's not. Though it is illegal. The case holds Lenny's personal playback deck, his trodes, and a rack of the little tapes in which he deals. They are about the size of DAT tapes, and hold about 30 minutes of sensory experience... everything a person sees, hears, and feels... recorded directly from the cerebral cortex at the moment it is happening.

LENNY

How'd you get the tape? Why didn't the cops put it in evidence?

TICK

With all the blood I guess they didn't see the rig. Guy had it under a wig.

LENNY

Yeah, but how'd it get to you?

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TICK

I got ways, Lenny, I got ways.
 (off Lenny's impatient look)
 Okay, okay... I got a deal with some of
 the paramedics. My guy pages me and I
 pick it up at the morgue. So whaddya
 think? This clip's gotta be worth at
 least a grand. Right?

LENNY

Tick. Not to dash your hopes, but I
 don't deal this kind of product, you
 know that. I'll give you four for it,
 cause I've gotta cut off the last bit.
 And my customers want uncut.

TICK

Fuck that! The last part's the best.
 You dry-dive six stories and blammo!
 Jack right into the Big Black.

LENNY

I don't deal black-jack clips! It's
 policy. I got ethics here.

TICK

Yeah, when did that start? Come on,
 man! It's what people want to see, and
 you know it.

LENNY

So lay it off to somebody else.

TICK

Come on, Lenny. I got expenses. I got
 to get this rig fixed. Look at it...

Tick holds up a zip-lock bag containing the Walkman-sized
 stainless steel CORTICAL RESONANCE RECORDER, the record deck
 we saw earlier in the POV. Also in the bag is the SQUID NET,
 a matrix of sensors designed to conform to the human head
 (this is different from the playback trodes). The whole works
 are covered with congealed blood.

TICK

Give me six at least. This's a good
 clip, here. Gets you pumpin'.

LENNY

Yeah, well, the first part's okay.
 Better than the usual soaps you bring me.

TICK

Now that is cold, Lenny. I always bring
 you choice.

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Lenny fishes around in a cardboard box at Tick's feet, pulling out a tape.

LENNY

Sure, like this low-grade shit here, some girl in a fight with her boyfriend... it's a test pattern. Nothing happens. I'm 'ndrin'.

TICK

Hey, you're always saying, 'Bring me real life. Bring me street life. And, like, one man's mundane and desperate existence is another man's Technicolor.'

LENNY

I said that? Look, I'll take it for five, and you'll make out okay, because in this case it's pure cream, you don't have to cut anything back to the wearer.

TICK

Ha! That's for fucking sure.

LENNY

What else you got?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE/SERIES OF SHOTS

Lenny in his BMW, driving through the LA streets. Streetlights and neon flare across the windshield in a calligraphy of light. Lenny works the cellular, gets messages on his DIGITAL PAGER, weaves in and out of traffic--punches the buttons on his radio, changing stations all the time. Raw, nervous energy: like a kid who can't stay still. It's a hard hustle in the big food chain.

LENNY

Look, Jerr. I'm nothing if not a man of my word. I'll drop the money by tomorrow, next day latest. It's a little crazed right now. Yeah, on my mother's eyes, I swear. Thanks, buddy.

(hangs up)

Prick.

(to the car ahead/ honking)

What kinda move you call that?!

Lemmings.

Lenny turns up the radio. SELECTED DRIVE-BY IMAGES, as the talk-radio provides commentary.

Lenny's car passing under glowing Santa Clauses on the light-poles. Banners proclaiming the coming "Millenium LA" festivities.

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TALK-RADIO HOST

... it's a little after 2 am on December 30th, 1999... the second to last day of the whole darn century, and the phone lines are open. Dan from Silverlake, you're on the air.

Transition to a rougher section of town. Buildings roll by endlessly, tagged by gangs in graphic tribal patterns. Some are burnt-out ruins.

DAN FROM SILVERLAKE

Uh, hi.

HOST

So Dan, are you looking forward to the New Year?

A building is burning out of control. In the foreground, silhouetted, a drunk sleeps soundly on a bus-bench.

DAN

Not really. I mean what's the point? Nothing changes New Year's day. The economy sucks, gas is over three bucks a gallon, fifth grade kids are shooting each other at recess... the whole thing sucks, right? So what the hell are we celebrating?

A shanty-camp of homeless people under a freeway overpass. Homes made of cardboard and carpet remnants. Their lives in shopping carts.

HOST

You're a glass-is-half-empty-kind of guy, aren't you Dan? Well I for one happen to think that us making it 2000 years is worth celebrating--

Lenny cuts him off, punching to another station, and MUSIC blasts. Something fast... a rap-metal hybrid. Anger and energy.

WE CUT IN fast blitzes of images like a burst of automatic weapons fire: helicopters on patrol, people running in the streets; buildings smoldering, fists raised, shouting people, paramedics rushing a body into an ambulance, Korean store owners armed to the teeth, a body covered by a yellow plastic sheet, blood running down the gutter. Cops in riot gear, with M-16s, on patrol in a Hispanic neighborhood.

BACK TO LENNY coming out of a bar with a nervous businessman. We don't hear the conversation. MUSIC OVER. Lenny palms a roll of bills from the guy as he slips a squid tape into the

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pocket of the businessman's suit jacket. Lenny claps him on the shoulder and walks away. Lenny's beeper goes off and he pauses to look at the number.

ON LENNY DRIVING.

Ahead, through the windshield we see a police checkpoint. The cops have thrown a block across the street and are shining their lights in the cars as they creep through. Lenny slaps his ID against the side window with one hand, not missing a beat in his conversation. This is just part of life in LA.

LENNY

(on cellular)

Jimbo. I'm there, Jimmy. Right now, can't you hear me knockin'?

CUT TO LENNY working his way through a crowded club, music pounding. Strobe lights. We don't see much. He hears his phone ring and pulls the tiny DIGITAL CELLULAR out of his breast pocket. Sticks a finger in his other ear and answers.

CUT TO LENNY, back in the BMW, on the streets. On the move.

LENNY

--so you line up the talent, shoot the clip, get it to me by Monday. OK? Client wants a guy and two girls, the guy wears... yeah, I know. Thinks he's being original. Girls have to be young. So don't use your mother like you usually do. Yeah, you too, pendejo. And no big tits... French tits. That's it... like Champagne classes... you got it. What a pro. Page 1.

HOST

Our next caller is Lori from Encino... you're on the air, Lori.

LENNY PULLS UP to the security checkpoint of a gated community. The white upper-middle class hiding behind walls and paid security.

LORI

If you read the Bible, Mark, you'd know that there won't be another thousand years. Right now we are in the Last Days, as fortold in the book of--

HOST

The Last Days? You mean the coming of the Apocalypse, right? The Rapture?

Lenny fishes around in the glove compartment, flipping through about twenty plastic security passes for different parts of town, all bogus. He finds the right one and flips it onto the dash.

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LORI

Yes, that's right. You only have to look at the signs... there are wars and rumors of wars--

The RENT A COP at the guardshack hits him with his light.

LENNY

(lying)
I live here.

The cop waves him through. Lenny is the right color.

HOST

Now just so the rest of us know how much time is left when is the Rapture supposed to hit, exactly? Is it midnight New Year's Eve?

LORI

That's right.

And WE CUT to a burst of news videotape, enlarged, noisy, distorted... images of a great gathering in the desert, the faithful waiting for God's sign as the millenium approaches.

HOST

Is that midnight LA time, or Eastern Standard or what? I mean, what time zone is God in, anyway?

LORI

I pray for you all.

Lenny's BMW cruises past an overturned burning car. There is no-one around. He barely glances at it. Common sight these days. If it is the end of the world, Lenny's not going to let it break his rhythm.

LENNY

(cellular)

I just got something in, Bobby, you might appreciate. A 211 at a Thai joint goes south, and these three scuzzballs end up in a gun-and-run. It's a beauty, two thumbs up. Parental discretion advised. I'm talking it's the master, not some stepped-on copy. One of a kind.

LENNY INSIDE A GLOOMY BAR. He slides into a booth with NORM SKINNER, a paunchy guy with thinning hair who dresses too young. A pretty, stoned-looking girl is leaning against Skinner.

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LENNY

Yo, Skinner. The Skin Man.
 (fingering his jacket)
 Red leather. Nice feminine touch.

SKINNER

(laughing)
 Fuck you, Nero.

LENNY

Whattya got for me?

CUT TO: POV of a woman withing above us in ecstasy. Lovemaking in point-of-view. We look down see OUR BODY, a woman's body... our hands moving over the other woman's torso. The image is dark, a primal impression. Sound of harsh breathing, rustling sheets.

BACK TO LENNY in the booth with Skinner. Lenny has Skinner's tape running in a playback deck clipped to his belt, next to his pager. He is hunched over the table, "sampling" the merchandise by touching a few of the trode pads to his temple without putting on the whole headset. Like a coke dealer taking a little on his fingernail.

LENNY

Yeah, I can use this...
 (to the stoned girl)
 ... but honey you gotta move your eyes slower next time. It's too jerky.

SKINNER

It was her first time Lenny. Cut her some slack.

TIGHT SLOWMO SHOTS... ABSTRACT. SQUID tapes and money changing hands. A SQUID tape sliding sensuously into a deck.

TIGHT CU LENNY, through the windshield of his car. Neon moving over him.

NEWS FOOTAGE: LAPD Aerospaciales circling, their xenon lights turning night into day, giving the impression of a futuristic war zone.

INSIDE THE COCKPIT, the infrared camera shows green-screen images of people in cars, in their homes... like footage of hyenas shot at night in total darkness.

The impression is of a society under seige, an occupied nation... a watched society where the camera eye and the police spotlight define our reality.

HOST

Go ahead, caller, you're on the air.

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VOICE

My name's DeWayne, and I got a New
Year's resolution for the po-lice. Hey,
yo Five Oh, you better get down with 2-K.

CRASH Unit cops with a bunch of Salvadoran gang kids racked up
against a storefront. A dozen 16-year-old girls and guys,
hands against the wall, acting bored, as the cops walk up and
down, reading IDs.

HOST

2-K? What's that DeWayne?

A group of cops have two black guys pruned out. Nearby a
crowd jeers, shouting insults. A black kid throws a beer
bottle and one of the cops chases him into the crowd.

DEWAYNE

2-K. The big two thousand. Comin
tomorrow night. Out with the old and in
wit da new. See for the Man, no new is
good new, what I'm sayin. He like to
keep it the way it is. But we going to
take it, make it new, make it our own.
History gonna start right here, right
now--

LENNY cuts him off as his cellular call connects.

LENNY

Hi, Dave, this is Lenny.
(pause)

Nero. Lenny Nero. That's right. Oh,
is it late? Sorry. It's just that I
have something that might be of
interest, and since I always call you
first --

(pause)

Uh huh. Well, what would be a good
time? Okay, sure. Watch you then.

CUT TO:

A GAME ARCADE. Light and noise as the customers drop quarters
for synthetic thrills. Lenny is talking to a nice-looking
street kid in his early 20's named EDUARDO.

EDUARDO

Let me get this straight...you gonna pay
me 200 bucks to put on a hair net and
bang some beautiful babe. I don't know,
I gotta think about this.

Lenny smiles and pulls out a SQUID-net. He motions Eduardo
into the shadows.

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LENNY

Okay, let's get you wired up. I hope this axle grease you got in your hair doesn't screw up the squid receptors.

EDUARDO

What's all this squid shit?

As Lenny works, fitting the network of sensors over Eduardo's head, he holds class.

LENNY

Superconducting Quantum Interference Device. SQUID. Got it? There's gonna be a test.

EDUARDO

Hey, fuck you, man.

LENNY

Easy, Eduardo, easy. Preserve a sense of humor at all times. Okay, the receptor rig... what I'm putting on your head... sends a signal to the recorder.

(Lenny holds up the recorder)

See we call it "being wired," but there's no wire. You gotta keep the recorder close... five, six feet away max, like in your jacket pocket by the bed or wherever you're going to close escrow, know what I mean.

EDUARDO

Yeah, right.

Lenny fits a wig from his briefcase over Eduardo's head, turning him into a headbanger. Eduardo scowls at this setback to his suave.

LENNY

Some tips. Don't dart your eyes around. Don't look in the mirror or you'll ID yourself. OK? You got a half hour of tape, so give me some lead-in to the main event. But don't wait too long, I don't want to be going out for popcorn. And don't act natural. Don't act at all. Just forget the thing is on. Got it?

EDUARDO

No problem.

LENNY

A star is born.

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EXT. TRAIN YARD NIGHT

A woman's feet moving along the steel rail of a train track at night. The woman has no shoes, her feet bare.

IRIS stumbles along the track, clutching one shoe pointlessly to her chest. She is swearing and crying, runny mascara leaving two tragic streaks down her pale face. Despite this we see that she is attractive though her dress and make-up seem designed to convey overt sexiness. Her white skin is complemented by a wild mane of curly red hair.

She is in her early twenties, and the harshness of her life has just begun to harden her features. She looks lost and without hope, in fear of her life. Her breath comes in hitching sobs, and her eyes are wild.

She runs between cold steel walls of freight cars, looking behind her frequently. A police helicopter is circling. Its xenon beam plays over the train yard, sweeping over the cars. She hunches into the shadows of a freight-car as the beam passes over. Looking under the cars she sees an LAPD patrol car cruising down a street adjoining the yard, its searchlight sweeping toward her. It moves on.

She continues her run, moving away from the direction of the patrol car. She reaches a chain-link fence. Crying, she scrambles over it, cutting her hands and ripping her dress. Another patrol car passes two blocks away. She crouches in the tall grass until it rounds a corner out of sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY AND STREET NIGHT

Iris sprints down an alley between buildings. Rats scatter into the shadows ahead of her. She doesn't seem to notice. All she cares about are the police lights, and the sound of the helicopter droning, circling.

She pauses at the mouth of the alley, scanning the well-lit street beyond. There are people here: downtown low-life street people. A half-block away is a brightly lit sign marking the entrance to a Red-Line subway station.

She walks along the sidewalk, her eyes on the sign, feeling exposed as she walks openly, her heart pounding. She is a mess, but in this section of town people barely glance at her.

LOW ANGLE on her bare feet, standing out amid the shoes and boots of winter.

SHE CROSSES the street, and reaches the sidewalk just as a black-and-white rounds the corner at the end of the block, behind her.

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IN THE CRUISER are TWO COPS, who are scanning the street. They look intense. Revved up. They are BURDEN SPREG, a massive, barrel-chested street-lifer in his mid-forties, and DWAYNE ENGELMAN, an aggressive hard-on in his twenties with a brush cut, a Nautilus body, and a face like a ferret.

ENGELMAN

She's a hooker, vic will have her in the book. We can pick her up later.

SPREG

No. Now.

IRIS knows the cops are behind her. She is terrified to turn. Finally she can't stand it any more. She breaks into a run. The patrol car speeds up suddenly, roaring after her.

Iris sprints along in her bare feet, all-out like a track runner. The black-and-white screeches to the curb next to her and the two cops jump out.

Iris hits the stairs down to the subway station at a full-tilt boogie, knocking down some poor old guy whose groceries go flying.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION AND TRAIN

Iris trips on the landing, spins sprawling across the filthy tile floor, and comes up running. Panting with fear and exertion she clears the turnstiles like a hurdler.

The cops pound down the stairs two at a time. Spreg draws his 9mm. In his eyes we see an unaccountable craziness... a hunter who has as much at stake somehow as the prey.

Street people fall back as Spreg thunders through them. They aren't about to get in the way of this juggernaut cop and his boy wonder.

The two cops reach the platform. No Iris in sight.

MOVING WITH THEM as they slow to a walk, scanning. A couple of low-lives standing around, waiting for trains, eye them warily as Spreg gets a call on his Rover.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Do you request back-up?

SPREG

Negative. Suspect is black male, age 35 to 40. We're handling it.

A train pulls into the station with a whoosh of air. A few people board. There is only the sound of the cops' footsteps

(CONTINUED)

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