

A Life to Lose

By

Nathan Westenhaver

EXT. STREETS - DAY

The sidewalks of the street are full of life with the hustle and bustle with massive crowds. Street vendors sell their goods to the patrons walking down the side walk. The city of Riverside is booming with life.

JACOB, in his late 50's, stands by the side of his ice cream cart with an ice cream cone in hand. He turns to hand the delicious cone to a little girl, DARLA (4).

Jacob and Darla are knocked to the ground by a balding man, BOB STIRELAND, running down the street who trips over the two and stumbles to the ground. Jacob drops the cone, and curses at Bob.

Bob pushes himself up from the ground and proceeds to push more people out of his pathway.

Darla falls into the street into oncoming traffic. She cries aloud as she slowly stands up from the fall. She turns to see the headlights of an oncoming car about to hit her.

Suddenly at the last second a HAND pulls her by the back of her shirt and back onto the sidewalk. RYAN MILLER, mid to late thirties, holds Darla close, his tie getting in her face.

RYAN

You okay little one?

Darla nods her head to the man in the suit that just rescued her from the oncoming car. Darla then pulls away from Ryan and runs towards her MOTHER who is standing and screaming frantically behind Ryan. Darla grabs her mother's leg and begins to cry.

PATROL OFFICERS run past the small gathering that has now formed around the ice cream cart.

PATROL OFFICER FRANK

(yelling)

Move! Outta the way!

Ryan stands up, his Detective badge shining from under his coat, and sprints off towards the direction of the Patrol Officers.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Bob turns down a remote alleyway trying to lose his chasers. He ducks behind a dumpster, drawing a gun from his belt.

He peers around the corner, out of breath, noticing the Patrol Officers continue running past the alleyway and down the street. He turns with his back once again up against the dumpster.

Ryan slows to a stop at the mouth of the dimly lit alley. The patrol officers running off in the distance. He turns and looks down the alleyway, and draws his weapon. He scans the shadows for any sign of movement.

Bob pushes off from the back of the dumpster not looking behind him.

Ryan catches the outline of a figure moving down the path

Slowly walking down the alleyway, he quickens his pace to a slow jog. He rounds the corner around the dumpster Colt 1911 pointing directly in front of him.

A door slams closed at the end of the alleyway.

Ryan pulls out his radio from his back pocket as he sprints towards the door to the dilapidated three story apartment building.

RYAN

Suspect entered apartment on the
Westside at 623 Sherman. Requesting
backup.

He swings it open and peers inside. A GUNSHOT whistles past Ryan's ear, slamming him back up against the wall outside the entrance.

Three more GUNSHOTS ring out as they echo down the hall, and ricochet off the metal doors.

INT. DILAPIDATED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Cautiously entering the building, Ryan moves from cover to cover down the hall way. A door opens behind Ryan. He quickly turns his head, whipping his gun around towards the opening door.

A WOMAN IN GREEN stops, frozen in terror. Ryan flashes his badge, and motions for her to go back inside. She stays frozen. He turns his head back towards the stairwell entrance, and is slammed by a fist.

(CONTINUED)

Ryan recoils to the ground, his gun sliding out from his hands.

Bob stands over Ryan's body, gun in hand, pointed directly at Ryan's head.

Ryan stammers to his knees. Bob kicks Ryan in the chest. He crumples back to the ground, and flips over onto his back.

BOB

I didn't fucking kill them!

A bright light flashes from the muzzle of the Bob's gun.

Ryan's face lights up from the pain. Ryan grabs his shoulder, blood pouring out from underneath his hand.

He looks back up, Bob vanishing into thin air.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - NEXT DAY

Detective Ryan lays still in the bed, his right shoulder wrapped in bandages. The room is silent, except for the beeping of the monitors that line the walls of the room.

The door slowly creeps open. DETECTIVE JOHN NYLUND enters. He is a tall man, in his mid to late 30's, 5'10" in height. He is carrying a newspaper in one hand, and a doughnut in the other. He takes a heeping bite, stuffing his mouth.

Ryan rolls his head over and sees his partner, and shakes his head.

JOHN

(muffled)

What?

RYAN

You and those damn doughnuts.

John swallows the bite.

JOHN

How you feeling?

RYAN

Like I just got fucking shot, how else. Did you catch Stireland?

JOHN

No, by the time we got there he was long gone. You know you shouldn't have gone alone.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
(sighing)
I didn't have time to wait. He
would've hurt someone else.

JOHN
You mean like you?

RYAN
Shut up John, you know what I mean.
You saw how he just shoved that kid
into traffic.

JOHN
It's not your fault. We'll catch
him.

A knock on the door interrupts the two detective's
conversations. DR. JOHN DORIS enters the room with chart in
hand. Shortly behind him, NURSE CARLA enters the room slowly
and moves to the heart monitor.

DR. JOHN DORIS
We aren't interrupting are we?

RYAN
Oh no, come in. Am I getting
released soon?

DR. JOHN DORIS
You should be outta here today, let
me check the dressing.

Dr. John Doris moves to the right side of the bed. He leans
over Ryan.

He pulls back the bandage, revealing the stitching.

DR. JOHN DORIS
Okay, it looks good. I'll have the
nurse here check your vitals, then
you can be discharged.

Ryan nods.

Dr. John Doris scribbles on the pad.

DR. JOHN DORIS
Take it easy Mr. Miller

RYAN
Thanks Doc.

(CONTINUED)

Dr. John Doris, hands over the chart to Nurse Calra, then turns and exits the room. Nurse Carla moves closer to Ryan, and attached the blood pressure strap.

RYAN
(towards John)
So are there any leads as to his
current location.

CARLA
Okay you're blood pressure is good.

Nurse Carla scribbles again on the chart. She pulls out a thermometer and sticks in Ryans mouth.

JOHN
No, not anything right now.

CARLA
Okay, everything is good. Do you
have any questions?

Ryan shakes his head.

CARLA
Okay if that opens up come back and
see us. Now just sign here... and
I'll wait outside as you get
dressed, then I'll take you to the
discharge station.

Carla exits the room and stands outside the door. Ryan hops off the bed and walks to the bathroom.

JOHN
The Captain wants to see you back
at the office.

RYAN
(from bathroom)
Shit, there goes my ass. Can we
stop by McKing Burger. I need some
real food.

Ryan emerges from the bathroom, and opens the giant door, allowing John to exit first.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Ryan and John enter into the homicide department. Ryan walks directly to his desk, and opens the drawer grabbing a handkerchief, a stack of files. John waits by the entrance.

Entering from behind him is CAPTAIN HILLARD (early 60's). He marches directly to his office.

CAPTAIN HILLARD
Miller! My office, now!

RYAN
Shit. I just needed to grab a few files first sir.

Ryan walks into the office, closing the door behind him. Through the glass window we can hear the Captain yelling.

CAPTAIN HILLARD
You showed complete disregard! You failed to follow protocol.

A telephone rings on John's desk. John quickly walks to desk and picks up the phone.

JOHN
(on the phone)
This is Detective Nylund...you did?
He's where...Okay...okay, we are on our way there.

John grabs his coat off his desk, and rushes to the Captains office. He knocks on the door.

Both Ryan and the Captain towards John through the glass.

CAPTAIN HILLARD
(from inside)
What?

JOHN
They found him, they found Bob Stireland.

Ryan looks back at the Captain.

CAPTAIN HILLARD
Alright, go get him. If you pull another stunt like that again, so help me.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
Thank you sir.

Ryan exits the office, grabbing his coat on the way to the elevator.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

John and Ryan stand outside of apartment number 1803. Ryan pounds on the door.

RYAN
This is the Riverside police
department, open up.

Ryan pounds on the door again.

JOHN
We have a search warrant. You have
5 seconds to open the door.

Ryan moves to the front of the door.

JOHN
Do it.

INT. BOB STIRELANDS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ryan sprints at full speed at the door, bringing his leg up at the last second; kicking the door wide open at the handle.

John runs into the now open doorway. Ryan follows shortly after.

The room is bare empty, except for the few essentials. A table, a chair. A small TV sits in the corner.

Guns drawn they search the apartment. Their room by room search yield nothing.

JOHN
Clear.

They both lower and holster their guns. No trace of Bob.

John looks around at the apartment at some of the items posted to the bulletin board, headlines to the four brutal killings attributed to "Riverside Killer."

Ryan turns and walks outside back into the hallway.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ryan emerges from the apartment and punches the wall across from the entrance.

RYAN

We had him, we fucking had him.

Turning the corner at the top of the stairs, eating a doughnut and carrying a brown paper bag of groceries is Bob Stireland. His coat hoodie down exposing his 5'9" balding head appearance.

Ryan looks over and notices Bob. Bob notices Ryan standing outside his door and freezes.

RYAN

Bob Stireland. Stop right there.

Bob looks to his left, drops the bag and his doughnut. He bolts down the stairs, drawing a gun from his belt.

RYAN

(yelling)

John! He's heading downstairs. Take the back!

Ryan races to the end of the hall. Looks over. Sees Bob twirling around the stair case.

Bob looks up. Fires.

Three shots echo up the stairs. Ryan stumbles back for cover. He peers over the edge, checking for any sign of Bob.

No sign. Ryan slowly walks down the stairs.

2 more bullets wiz by, as Ryan rounds the edge of the stairs.

No cover in sight, he leaps over the banister, landing flat on his chest. He looks up to see Bob stroming out of the complex.

Ryan pushes himself up and races after. He yells up the banister.

RYAN

He's going out back!

John runs out of the apartment, he hears the commotion to his right

(CONTINUED)

John sprints to the other end of the hallway. Ryan gets back up and pauses for a second.

Ryan races out of the complex into the crowded street.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

He frantically twirls his head trying to find the direction of Bob. In the distance to his right, he sees the sea of people on the sidewalk being parted. People are being shoved to the ground, pushed out of the way.

RYAN

Not this shit again. Why do you
always choose crowds asshole?

Bob pushes pedestrians out of the way, knocking them down. Trying to get away.

BOB

Outta my way, move it.

Ryan races down the street, weaving in and out of the crowd. He gets caught up by a gathering of OLD LADIES that just exited a store.

RYAN

(yelling)

Police, police outta the way. Move,
move outta my way.

Bob moves off the sidewalk and into the street. He turns trying to find Ryan in the crowd. Ryan comes into view. He raises his weapon.

Ryan notices the gun raise. Distinctively he jumps to the side, pulling a pedestrian down to the ground with him.

A car HONKS.

Bob dives out of the path of an oncoming car. Bob slowly gets up but is kicked back down onto the ground.

John stands over Bob, gun drawn, pointing to the back of his head.

JOHN

Put your hands behind your back.

Bob, putting his hands behind his back, draws a knife and cuts John's hand. He disarms John and pulls him down to the ground, shoving the edge of the blade into his neck.

(CONTINUED)

Ryan moves closer.

BOB
Drop your gun or he dies.

JOHN
Just shoot the fucker.

Ryan puts his gun on the ground, and takes a step back.

Bob, slashes Johns neck.

John collapses to the ground, grabbing his neck. Ryan rushes to his side.

JOHN
Its not tht bad, I'm okay, go after him.

Ryan races after Bob, and turns down an alley. No sign of him.

RYAN
Son of a bitch got away again!

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - MONTHS LATER

The gallery is packed with family members of the deceased victims. Reporters and cameras fill the back rows.

Sitting at the prosecution table are the state assistant district attorneys, JUDY MACINTOSH (early 50's) and TERRY ROTH (early 40's). Sitting behind them in the gallery are John and Ryan.

The jurors are led into the courtroom by the COURT OFFICER, from the side entrance and they file into their seats. Seconds later JUDGE RICHARD ARMSTRONG enters the room from his chambers and walks to his seat at the front of the court.

COURT OFFICER
All rise, Court is now back in session. Judge Richard Armstrong presiding.

JUDGE ARMSTRONG
Thank you Steve. You may all be seated.

The courtroom is filled with the noise of camera shutters closing.

(CONTINUED)