


IF I DIE BEFORE YOU WAKE

BY:

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Christopher Carver

A black rectangular redaction box covering the signature of Christopher Carver.

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - APARTMENT - DAWN

The rising sun is barely hidden beneath the horizon as ROBIN DAWSON (27) opens her apartment door and steps outside. An attractive and fit woman, she wears a small fanny pack and is dressed for a morning jog. After a few lunges, she places in earbuds, presses play on her smartwatch, and sets out for her run.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The sun peeks over the horizon as JOHN HAMMOND (56) opens his front door and steps outside. A stout and balding man, he carries a leather briefcase and is dressed in a fine suit. After he locks the front door, he points the keys at his sports car to disable the locks, then climbs inside.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

A garbage truck picks up trash cans and water sprinklers spring to life as the sun hits halfway above the horizon, then Robin sprints past a sign: *HOOK PARK -- CITY OF VICTORVILLE*.

EXT. VICTORVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Traffic signals flash yellow, and a street sweeper cleans an unoccupied stretch of road, then Robin turns a corner and heads toward the commercial area of town as the sun continues to rise.

She maintains a steady clip, running past closed business after closed business and empty parking lot after empty parking lot until she approaches the intersection of Hook Boulevard and Amargosa Road. Then, she slows her pace after noticing an old sedan with tinted windows parked across the street hidden in shadows. She seems confused by its presence at first but eventually decides to pay it no mind and continue on her way as-

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

-John gives a brief honk of the horn and winds down the car window, noticing Robin jog through the intersection.

EXT. VICTORVILLE - CONTINUOUS

JOHN

Hey, Robin!

Robin begins to jog in place and pulls out an earbud.

ROBIN

Morning, Mr. Hammond.

JOHN

You off to work?

ROBIN

I am.

JOHN

Then try to save someone today, will you?

Robin chuckles at John's joke then returns her earbud.

ROBIN

I'll do my best.

JOHN

Don't work too hard.

Robin waves goodbye and sprints past his car as John slowly drives forward, savoring every possible second of her jogging away.

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

JOHN

If I was twenty years younger.

Directly past the intersection, he turns into the entrance of the First National Bank and pulls into the Bank Manager Only parking space-

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

-then steps out of his car and notices the old sedan across the street, slightly hidden in shadows. He decides to pay it no mind and make his way toward the bank, where he unlocks the door and enters as the sun crests the horizon.

INT. OLD SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

WENDELL DANIELS (28), an average guy who looks like he's been on the losing end of a ten-round boxing match, sits behind the car's steering wheel. He wears a blue Hawaiian shirt and khakis and, besides having been recently trounced, is clearly hung over and exhausted.

BIRON KNUCKLES (32), a small-time crook with delusions of grandeur, rides shotgun, while RENNY KNUCKLES (30), a cretin and poster child for steroids, sits in the backseat. Both men wear matching black hoodies and trench coats.

RENNY

I still say it's unfair.

BIRON

Quit your whining!

RENNY

But you said-

BIRON

Shut up.

RENNY

You got to be Charlie last time.

BIRON

Louis fits you better.

(beat)

Now shut the fuck up.

RENNY

Dick.

BIRON

(to Wendell)

You ready?

(beat)

Hey!

Biron smacks Wendell upside the head, sobering him up.

WENDELL

Yeah?

BIRON

We're not keeping you from anything, are we?

WENDELL

No.

BIRON

Good. Now pull the car over there and remember it'll take a few minutes- don't panic.

Wendell starts the engine and drives the car to the Loading Only Zone in front of the bank.

BIRON (CONT'D)

Keep it running, and don't get any stupid ideas. Honk twice, don't forget.

(beat)

Hey, asshole-

Wendell ignores Biron and stares out the window.

BIRON (CONT'D)

(grinning)

You're about to be back in the black.

(to Renny)

Let's go.

Biron puts on a latex Charlie Chaplin mask; Renny, a Louis Armstrong mask. Then they check their bullet-proof vests, pull up their hoodies, and exit the car.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

As they march toward the bank entrance, Biron retrieves matching Springfield 1911 handguns from a set of shoulder holsters, and Renny grabs a Remington 870 sawed-off shotgun hiding inside his coat.

They pause at the front door to share a nod then enter the bank as-

INT. OLD SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

-Wendell drops his head against the steering wheel and closes his eyes.

WENDELL

Fuck me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BRUISER'S BAR - NIGHT

Situated at the bottom of a dead-end street on the outskirts of incorporated Victorville, Bruiser's Bar is the archetypal den for miscreants. Wrought iron bars cover all the windows of the dilapidated building while rats and stray cats scurry about the trash-laden sidewalk.

Several motorcycles are lined up curbside, and a rusty burnt-out car shell sits across the street, next to a dimly lit alley.

INT. BRUISER'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

The DREGS OF SOCIETY flit about the dark and seedy watering hole as Wendell, looking distraught and highly intoxicated, stumbles through the front door wearing a disheveled collared shirt and khakis.

He frantically scans the room as a WAITRESS slaps a BIKER across the face for squeezing her ass, a COWBOY arm wrestles a DRUNK and a NEAR-TOPLESS WOMAN lap dances for a pair of PERVERTS.

Not finding what he's searching for, he begins to stagger further into the room, then suddenly, his attention focuses on something unseen.

INT. BRUISER'S BAR GAME ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The game room is even darker than the rest of the bar, with the only light source coming from a small lamp hanging over a pool table, illuminating the eight ball, cue ball, and wafts of stale cigarette smoke.

Wendell enters and notices a silhouette shift on the other side of the room.

WENDELL

Can I have next game?

From the darkness, a VOICE responds.

VOICE (O.S.)

No.

WENDELL

Just one game?

Suddenly, the silhouette leans into the light over the pool table: it's Biron, dressed in all black.

BIRON

Fine. Rack 'em up.

WENDELL

Sweet.

(beat)

I'll be right back.

Wendell exits the pool room and heads in the direction of the bar.

BIRON

Take your time.

VOICE (O.S.)

What are you doing, Biron?

From the shadows, Renny appears above the pool table wearing a sleeveless gym shirt.

BIRON

Shut up, Ren.

(beat)

This guy could be the one.

RENNY

But you said-

BIRON

You want Mom to know what you do with the peanut butter and her dogs?

Renny stops talking and sits back down in the shadows.

INT. BRUISER'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Wendell falls into the bar, disrupting the BARTENDER (32), then steadies himself.

WENDELL

Bartender.

(beat)

Bartender!

BARTENDER

I heard you the first time, asshole.

WENDELL

Sorry.

BARTENDER

You driving?

WENDELL

(chuckles)

Driving?

(straight-faced)

I don't have a car anymore.

BARTENDER

What do you want to drink?

WENDELL

A draft beer, double bourbon, and three shots of tequila.

BARTENDER

Forty bucks.

The bartender begins pouring the drinks.

WENDELL

It's on those guys.

Wendell points to the pool room.

BARTENDER

(nervous)

You're with the Knuckleheads?

The bartender passes Wendell the double bourbon; he slugs it.

WENDELL

Who?

BARTENDER

Biron and Renny Knuckles?

Wendell sets down the empty glass as the bartender passes him the draft beer; he guzzles it in seconds then wipes his chin.

WENDELL

Yeah, them.

BARTENDER

Okay.

Once the bartender finishes pouring, Wendell sets down the empty beer and grabs the tequila shots.

INT. BRUISER'S BAR POOL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

WENDELL

What's up, bros? I'm Wendell. Nice to meet you. Here-

Wendell passes out the tequila shots.

RENNY

How'd you know we're brothers?

Biron glares at Renny then turns to Wendell.

BIRON

Pay no attention to him. I'm Biron- thanks.

(re: pool table)

You're up.

WENDELL

Excellent.

They drink then Wendell walks around the table and gathers the balls into the triangle rack.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Hey, you want to make it interesting?

BIRON

(smirks)

Why not? How 'bout a hundred a rack?

WENDELL

You're on.

(beat; under-breath)

Now my luck changes.

Wendell sets the rack and backs away as Biron adjusts the cue ball and breaks. The balls scatter, and then the eight ball drops in the corner pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRUISER'S BAR ALLEY - LATER

Wendell sits on the ground in front of a garbage-filled dumpster while Biron and Renny hover above him. Renny retrieves a Colt Mustang handgun from his concealed ankle-strap.

WENDELL

I knew my luck wouldn't change.

RENNY

(to Biron)

Let me do it.

Biron stands there counting money and loose change.

BIRON

Five dollars and thirty-three cents?

BIRON (CONT'D)

(beat)
Are you kidding me?

WENDELL
I'm sorry, guys- I'm drunk.

RENNY
No shit.

WENDELL
Hey, didn't I buy you shots?

BIRON
I bought shots.

WENDELL
Right.

Renny grabs Wendell by the hair, yanking his head back, then places the gun to his temple.

BIRON
You have ten seconds to get me a thousand dollars, or my brother gets his wish.

WENDELL
I thought he was your bitch.

Renny pistol whips Wendell.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
(beat)
Ouch.

BIRON
Where's my money, Wendell?

WENDELL
(gagging)
I don't know. Maybe we can-

Wendell pulls away from Renny's grip as he leans over and vomits into a sewage drain.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
One second-

Wendell hurls again then sits back up.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
Who are you, guys?

RENNY
Fuck this.

Renny shoves the gun into Wendell's mouth.

BIRON

Hold it.

(beat)

You're a funny guy, Wendell.

RENNY

Yeah, real funny.

BIRON

Take the gun out of his mouth. He's just going to puke on it.

Renny obliges.

BIRON (CONT'D)

I think we can arrange something.

Biron starts smiling.

INT. KNUCKLES' HIDEOUT - LATER

In a dark room, a computer printer is slowly feeding out a new page. The words: *NM Department of Motor Vehicles* can be read at the top.

In a separate room, Renny is zip-tying Wendell to a wooden armchair bolted to the floor as Biron stands at a table shuffling through various road maps, First National Bank employee timecards and photographs, plus a set of blueprints for a large bank vault.

Wendell, who has a small plastic bucket in his lap, looks considerably worse than earlier, as Renny obviously worked him over a bit more.

RENNY

You fuck up the carpet; you're in deep shit.

(to Biron)

I'm going to make sandwiches.

Renny exits to the kitchen.

SFX: Computer printer stops.

Biron exits to an adjoining room leaving Wendell by himself.

Wendell immediately attempts to free himself, but the zip-ties around his wrist and ankles are too tight. After a few moments of struggling, he gives up.

BIRON (O.S.)

What do you say, Wendell?

WENDELL

Just shoot me.

Biron returns with the print-out and a blue Hawaiian shirt. He tosses the shirt on the table.

BIRON

Well, thanks to the internet, I now know
where you live and also-

(re: printout)

Sara Daniels 327 Navajo Dr. Santa Fe, NM.

WENDELL

No, don't hurt my mother. C'mon, I promise
I can get you the money. Just-

(beat)

What do you want?

RENNY (O.S.)

On your sandwich?

BIRON

(to Renny)

Mustard and mayo.

(to Wendell)

I want an end to global warming, a
president who's not a moron, and for you to
drive the fucking getaway car!

WENDELL

The car, that's all? No guns, no shooting?

BIRON

Drive the car.

WENDELL

Then we're square? You'll let me go and
won't hurt her?

BIRON

As long as you keep your mouth shut.

WENDELL

How do I know you'll keep your word?

BIRON

Keep my word? Where's my thousand dollars?

WENDELL

Okay, fine.

(beat)

When?

BIRON

In about two hours.

WENDELL

What?

Wendell vomits in the bucket; Renny enters with sandwiches and hands one to Biron.

RENNY

I put extra bologna on it.

Biron and Renny sit down to eat as Wendell hangs his head in concession and closes his eyes.

SFX: A car horn blasts.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD SEDAN - MORNING

Wendell lifts his head off the steering wheel and takes a second to gather his wits. He looks in the rear-view mirror; reflected is a Victorville police cruiser.

WENDELL

Oh, fuck.

Wendell peers into the side-view mirror, but it's the same patrol car.

SFX: The police car horn blasts again.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

No.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

The cruiser door flies open and out steps, OFFICER SMITH (36), the pride of the Victorville Police Department. He closes the door, adjusts his gun belt, and approaches Wendell.

OFFICER SMITH

Sir, you can't park here. It's loading and unloading only.

(beat)

Excuse me, sir.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, Biron and Renny charge out of the bank with money-laden duffel bags and guns blazing.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

Officer Smith quickly grabs his Smith & Wesson 9mm and fires off a few rounds as he darts back to the police cruiser.

Biron dives behind bushes while Renny stumbles and drops his shotgun.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Officer Smith grabs the dispatch radio.

OFFICER SMITH
Code Eight. I repeat Code Eight. First
National Bank at Hook and Amargosa. Shots
fired. Shots fired.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

Renny retrieves the shotgun, then stalks toward the police cruiser and opens fire as-

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

-Officer Smith dives out of the cruiser. The windshield shatters into a thousand pieces then-

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

-Officer Smith spots Renny's feet approaching under the cruiser. Desperately trying to gain any tactical advantage, he rolls onto his back, raises his firearm, and waits.

Biron then peeks his head out from behind the bushes and watches as Officer Smith opens fire on Renny, who can only fire off a single round before dropping his shotgun again and collapsing to the ground.

Officer Smith instantly gathers himself off the pavement then kicks the gun away from Renny, who's grabbing at mortal wounds to his side. Then Smith cautiously looks for Biron behind a set of bushes but finds nothing. However, as soon as he turns around, Biron is standing right in front of him.

SFX: A gunshot.

Officer Smith's eyes widen as he drops his gun and crumbles to his knees.

INT. OLD SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Wendell looks on in terror as Biron holsters one of his Springfields and slowly walks next to Officer Smith, who desperately tries to crawl back to the cruiser.

SFX: Sirens approaching.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

Biron presses his gun up to Officer Smith's head.

BIRON
For my brother.

INT. OLD SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Wendell, frozen with fear, stares out the window.

SFX: A gunshot.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

Officer Smith lies motionless as Biron rushes to Renny, who's struggling to survive.

Biron then drags Renny back to the car, flings open the door, and pulls him onto the backseat while John Hammond, with mouth agape, stares out the bank's glass door.

INT. OLD SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

BIRON

What are you waiting for? Let's go!

Wendell slams his foot down on the accelerator as Biron flips his duffel bag onto the passenger seat.

RENNY

He shot me. How did he shoot me?

Biron removes both of their masks.

BIRON

Because you walked straight at him, you fucking idiot.

RENNY

Goddamn cop!

(to Wendell)

Thanks for honking, dude.

Biron tries urgently to stop Renny's bleeding but doesn't seem to be making any difference.

BIRON

Take us to the hospital.

WENDELL

But you said-

BIRON

Now!

EXT. HOOK PARK - CONTINUOUS

Two police cruisers pull up behind the old sedan with their lights on and sirens blaring then-

INT. OLD SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

-Biron shifts Renny out of the way so he can collapse a backseat, revealing access to the trunk. He fetches out a bag of guns and ammunition as cash starts to slip out of Renny's duffel bag.

RENNY

Kill 'em, Biron.

Renny's eyes roll into the back of his head then he passes out.

EXT. HOOK PARK - CONTINUOUS

The old sedan and two police cruisers speed through an intersection as ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CHILDREN board their bus.

INT. OLD SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Biron retrieves an AR-15 300 AAC Blackout from inside the bag of weapons then winds down the car window, causing money from Renny's duffel bag to blow around.

EXT. HOOK PARK - CONTINUOUS

A police helicopter approaches overhead as Biron leans out the window with the assault rifle and fires on the trailing police cruisers.

One of the tires then blows out on a cruiser, creating a chain reaction that causes both cars to smash into each other and flip over.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.)

Suspects are traveling northbound on
Eleventh, driving a gray, late model sedan.

(beat)

They just turned into the emergency
entrance at the hospital. All units to
Victorville Hospital.

EXT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

HOSPITAL PERSONNEL dives out of the way as Wendell slams on the brakes in front of the Ambulance Entrance.

Biron flings the AR-15 around his shoulder, opens the car door, and drags out Renny.

BIRON

Find a doctor!

Wendell exits the car and heads toward the emergency doors as police vehicles lay siege to the hospital.

Biron pulls the bag of weapons from the backseat, reloads the AR-15, then slings the bag over his shoulder before opening fire on the approaching police vehicles.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Wendell bolts into the Emergency Room waiting area as MULTIPLE PEOPLE flee the vicinity because of the chaos outside. He spots a NURSE peeking out from

behind the triage desk.

WENDELL

Hey, I need help!

The nurse peeks her head out further: It's Robin Dawson, now dressed in nursing scrubs.

ROBIN

Get out of here!

Wendell turns around to see that Biron has turned the hospital parking lot into a war zone.

WENDELL

Oh my God.

As Wendell watches the ensuing madness, he catches a reflection in the hospital window and turns to find OFFICER DRAPER (32) with her Glock 21 drawn and aimed at him.

OFFICER DRAPER

Freeze.

WENDELL

Wait, don't shoot!

Wendell throws his hands up in the air.

OFFICER DRAPER

Get down on your knees and put your hands behind your head.

WENDELL

I'm not with them.

OFFICER DRAPER

I said your knees, now!

Robin tries to escape the escalating situation on impulse, but Wendell grabs her in the blink of an eye, turning her into a human shield.

WENDELL

Don't shoot. I said I'm not with them.

OFFICER DRAPER

Let her go!

Wendell begins to back down a hospital corridor, keeping Robin supplanted between himself and Officer Draper. He anxiously looks over each shoulder for a possible exit.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

SFX: Officer Draper's radio.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

One Bravo Six. Back-up is entering from the southeast. ETA two minutes.

OFFICER DRAPER

(to Wendell)

The hospital is surrounded. Let the nurse go, and we can work this out.

Wendell and Robin arrive at an elevator; he presses the UP BUTTON.

EXT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

LOCAL AUTHORITIES are posted up at multiple points around the hospital's perimeter. Some are actively engaged in a gun battle with Biron, but his return fire forces them to seek cover. Then suddenly, Renny begins to regain consciousness.

RENNY

Biron, is that you?

BIRON

Renny? Come on. We're at the hospital.

Biron assists Renny to his feet, but a bullet hits him in the head, collapsing him back to the pavement.

BIRON (CONT'D)

Renny? Renny!

Biron erupts into a torrent of rage.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Officer Draper stares down Wendell as he still holds Robin hostage by the elevator.

OFFICER DRAPER

How do you think this is going to end?

SFX: Ding!

The elevator doors open as Wendell and Robin's eyes widen with fear. Recognizing this, Officer Draper turns around, but she doesn't have time to react before Biron guns her down.

Bullets whiz all around Wendell and Robin as they jump into the elevator.

BIRON

(beat)

Wendell, is that a doctor?

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

From her knees, Robin slaps her hand against the elevator panel. TENTH

FLOOR lights up.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Biron races toward them, but the elevator closes before he arrives.

BIRON (CONT'D)

Dammit!

He spins around and sees a door marked: STAIRS.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Wendell helps lift Robin off the floor as they quickly assess if they've been shot.

ROBIN

Please, don't hurt me.

WENDELL

I'd never.

ROBIN

Then why did you grab me?

WENDELL

I knew she wouldn't shoot you.

ROBIN

What about your friend?

Robin looks at her smartwatch, but it didn't survive Biron's rampage; a bullet shattered the screen.

WENDELL

He's not my friend.

ROBIN

Yeah, sure.

WENDELL

Look, that guy and his brother kidnapped me and forced me to help in a bank robbery, and now the cops think I'm with them.

ROBIN

Whatever you say.

WENDELL

Hey, I've had a really shitty week, so how about cutting me some slack.

ROBIN

What?

WENDELL

This is nuts.

(beat)

What do you think I should do?

ROBIN

Seriously?

Wendell nods.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

(beat)

How about a jig?

WENDELL

Why?

ROBIN

Because I want to be laughing when I die.

SFX: Ding!

Panic fills their faces as the elevator doors slide open -- *Inhale* --
Biron's not there -- *Exhale!*

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Local authorities swarm the entrance as a WITNESS (24) directs them toward the stairwell.

WITNESS

He went that way.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Biron ascends the stairs and passes the FOURTH FLOOR.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - TENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The floor is busy with NURSES, DOCTORS, and PATIENTS as Wendell and Robin peek out the elevator.

Wendell stays and holds the elevator door open as Robin steps out and looks up and down the hallway. Then she spots a fire alarm, but before she can pull it, the alarm sounds.

SFX: Fire Alarm!

Alert lights begin flashing down the hospital corridor as everyone slowly steps out into the hallway, trying to discern whether or not it's a real alarm. Then, a VOICE comes over the Intercom.

VOICE (V.O.)

All hospital personnel, this is an active
shooter alert. Please use service elevators

and emergency stairs for evacuation.

(beat)

All hospital personnel, this is an active shooter alert. Please use service elevators and emergency stairs for evacuation.

Everyone immediately starts evacuating the hospital floor. DOCTORS and NURSES gather PATIENTS and roll them out of their rooms while locking the doors to other rooms. Then, Wendell pulls the Emergency Stop button inside the elevator, which invokes the elevator alarm bell as Robin starts directing people away from them.

ROBIN

The emergency stairs are at the end of the hallway. Please don't run.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOOK BLVD - PRESENT

DETECTIVE JOE CICCOLI (54), a well-seasoned veteran of the department, sits in his car, staring aimlessly out the window.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

It's a disgusting mess inside the car. Cigarette butts overflow from the ashtray, and empty coffee cups, cigarette packs, and fast-food wrappers litter the floors and seats.

Joe knocks some trash off the passenger seat and retrieves a pack of cigarettes. He opens it and discovers it still contains a few.

JOE

Okay.

EXT. HOOK BLVD - PRESENT

Joe exits the car and lights a cigarette as the newly promoted, DETECTIVE LUIS RODRIGUEZ (25) approaches and extends his hand to shake. Joe ignores the handshake, takes a long, slow drag on his cigarette, and exhales.

JOE (CONT'D)

Okay.

Joe walks toward the crime scene; Rodriguez follows.

RODRIGUEZ

Detective Sick-col-i, it's nice to meet you. I'm your new partner, Luis Rodriguez.

JOE

Rodriguez, huh?

(beat)

Listen, because I'm only going to say this once. It's Joe- not sir, not detective, and

certainly not Detective Sick-col-i, clear?

RODRIGUEZ

Yes, sir-

(beat)

Joe- I mean, Joe.

JOE

Okay.

As they arrive at the front of the First National Bank, the entire area is sectioned off by yellow police tape. They flash their badges to OFFICER FRANKS (44), standing guard, before ducking under the tape and entering the crime scene.

OFFICER FRANKS

Welcome back, Joe.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

It's like an episode of C.S.I. as a handful of POLICE OFFICERS keep curious SPECTATORS and VARIOUS NEWS CREWS outside the perimeter. A white sheet covers the slain body of Officer Smith while a dozen tiny, red, orange, and yellow flags with chalk circles on the pavement mark the placement of empty ammo casings, a Smith & Wesson 9mm, and a sawed-off shotgun.

JOE

Jesus.

RODRIGUEZ

Some scene, huh? A black and white took on a trio of armed robbers.

Joe walks toward the CORONER (38), hovering over the body, then motions to the sheet.

JOE

Is it okay?

CORONER

Help yourself.

Joe lifts the sheet as a CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER (35) takes a picture.

JOE

(to Rodriguez)

What do we know?

Joe drops the sheet back down as Rodriguez retrieves a notebook from a pocket inside his jacket, opens it, and recites.

RODRIGUEZ

Two men, wearing masks that looked like Charlie Chaplin and Louis Armstrong, entered the bank approximately ten minutes

after the manager, wielding what he described as "two large handguns and a military-style shotgun," demanding to be taken to the vault.

JOE

They didn't go for the registers?

RODRIGUEZ

No, sir-

(beat)

Joe!

JOE

Your mother dropped you, didn't she?

Joe scans the scene then follows a trail of blood that leads from the curb to a puddle of blood and the sawed-off shotgun.

RODRIGUEZ

According to the manager, they went straight to the vault.

Joe crouches and looks at the weapon.

JOE

The driver was the third?

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah. While the pair inside were stuffing duffel bags, a car horn outside grabbed their attention.

Joe stands and follows another trail of blood that runs from the body to the Smith & Wesson 9mm.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

(re: notes)

After hearing the car horn a second time, the manager said they immediately stopped and rushed outside.

Joe crouches again and inspects the handgun.

JOE

This is Smith's?

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah.

(beat)

Think he was shot here, dropped his sidearm, and tried to get back to the cruiser but was only able to make it that far before one of them-

JOE

Executed him.

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah.

JOE

Did the manager say if he heard any
gunshots before they left the bank?

RODRIGUEZ

(re: notes)

No.

JOE

Why didn't the lookout-?

(beat)

Smith was the first black and white on the
scene?

RODRIGUEZ

He was the only one.

Joe looks perplexed as he stares up at Rodriguez.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Yeah. At 7:34, he called in a code eight-
said he was taking fire.*

JOE

What else?

RODRIGUEZ

(re: notes)

The manager ran to the front after he heard
the shooting stop- saw Smith lying on the
ground-

(beat)

Chaplin dragged Armstrong into the backseat
before they drove off.

Joe takes a quick moment to scan over the scene.

JOE

It doesn't make any sense. Why didn't Smith
call in a code ten before engaging these
assholes?

(beat)

He was responding to the silent alarm,
right?

RODRIGUEZ

No. The manager said he didn't hit the
alarm until after they left.

JOE

Then he didn't know.

RODRIGUEZ

What?

JOE

That the bank was being robbed.

(beat)

Get Smith's dashboard cam processed as quickly as possible. I want to know who was driving. Do we have any info on the car?

RODRIGUEZ

(re: notes)

'87 Chrysler LeBaron. California tags.
Registered to: Ellen Knuckles 13 E.
Channing Road, Lancaster, CA.

JOE

How do you know that?

RODRIGUEZ

It's over at Victorville Hospital. They've two suspects trapped inside; another was taken to surgery.

(re: notes)

Renny Knuckles. Few priors; assault, B & E, misdemeanor, and felony thief.

JOE

Great. Let's talk to him.

RODRIGUEZ

Can't.

JOE

Why not?

RODRIGUEZ

He was shot in the head.

JOE

Kid, we need to have a talk.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - TENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MORNING

The fire alarm still echoes throughout the hospital as Wendell and Robin struggle to direct evacuating PATIENTS and HOSPITAL PERSONNEL away from the elevator.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Biron continues to make his way up the stairs, but the sudden swarm of PEOPLE forces him to hide his weapon and exit the stairwell at the SIXTH FLOOR.

He hurries past evacuating personnel, finds an abandoned room, and locks the door as the SWAT TEAM, also hindered by the evacuation, stops their pursuit and assists people down the stairs.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - TENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

As the crowds start to thin, Wendell and Robin begin to make their way down the hallway. Wendell tries to open every door they come upon, but everything is locked. Then the fire alarm abruptly stops, even though the alert lights continue to flash.

ROBIN

What are you doing?

WENDELL

I don't know.

ROBIN

Well, you better figure it out because I'm sure your friend is still here.

WENDELL

I told you, I'm not with him.

ROBIN

And how do you plan on keeping me hostage without a gun?

WENDELL

You're not a hostage.

Wendell finds an unlocked door marked: DOCTOR'S LOUNGE; he peeks through it.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

It's empty.

ROBIN

Are you crazy? We'd have nowhere to run.

WENDELL

You don't have to stay.

Wendell enters the lounge as Robin thinks about leaving for a second, but uncertainty gets the better of her, and she enters the lounge.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - PRESENT

Joe pulls up to the POLICE BARRICADE as Rodriguez follows behind him.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe flashes his badge as an OFFICER waves them through. They park their cars and exit.

EXT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN GUNNEY JOHNSON (55) approaches Joe and Rodriguez.

JOE

Gunney.

CAPTAIN

(nods)

Detectives.

RODRIGUEZ

Captain.

CAPTAIN

(to Luis)

Get some java, detective.

Rodriguez looks around -- *where's the coffee?* -- as he walks off, Joe and the Captain head toward the hospital's emergency entrance.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Sorry, Joe. I know you've been dealing with shit, but we're glad you're back.

JOE

To babysit?

CAPTAIN

You knew you were getting a new partner. I told you that. Besides, Rodriguez is a bright kid- one of the youngest in the department to make detective.

(beat)

He's a good guy.

JOE

No offense, Gunney- go fuck yourself.

CAPTAIN

Come on, Joe.

JOE

The only reason I'm here is for Stan.

(beat)

Don't forget that.

CAPTAIN

He wouldn't let you quit, huh?

JOE

If I didn't come back, he wouldn't talk to me anymore.

(beat)

Everything he's going through, and he wouldn't hear of it- son of a bitch.

CAPTAIN

Well, we're praying for him.

They arrive at the emergency entrance as Rodriguez returns with coffee.

JOE

Cream? Four sugars?

RODRIGUEZ

Um, you didn't say you wanted-?

JOE

Kid, that talk is coming.

Rodriguez goes to fetch another coffee as Joe motions to an area of pavement covered with blood.

JOE (CONT'D)

What happened here?

CAPTAIN

What do you know so far?

JOE

Two assholes trapped inside killed a cop.

CAPTAIN

Cops.

JOE

Damn.

CAPTAIN

What did you find out at the bank?

JOE

Just what the wunderkind filled me in on and that Smith didn't know the bank was being robbed before these cocksuckers took him out.

CAPTAIN

He was a helluva cop and deserved better.

JOE

They executed him, Gun. Point blank, back of the head.

CAPTAIN

Christ.

(beat, re: blood)

This one was sent to the E.R.- we lit him
up pretty good.

Rodriguez returns with Joe's coffee as they walk toward the entrance doors.

RODRIGUEZ

What did I miss?

Joe sips the coffee, then spits it out and discards the cup as they enter
the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The emergency doors slide closed as the Captain, Joe, and Rodriguez walk
past VARIOUS AUTHORITIES and HOSPITAL PERSONNEL, who're assisting PATIENTS,
and VISITORS.

CAPTAIN

According to witnesses, the driver took the
triage nurse hostage.

The trio stops momentarily to survey the scene before making their way past
the crowd and into the corridor.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

SWAT is upstairs, closing in on him and
Biron Knuckles right now.

They pass a small puddle of blood and the chalk outline of a body.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

We aren't sure which one of them took out
Draper, but we've evacuated everyone we
can, swept the bottom few floors, and
covered all the exits.

RODRIGUEZ

Who's Biron Knuckles?

Captain Johnson retrieves a folded printout from his pants pocket and hands
it to Rodriguez.

CAPTAIN

Older brother of the one they rushed in for
surgery.

Rodriguez unfolds the printout, revealing mugshots of Biron and Renny.

JOE

Brothers? That's the relation.

CAPTAIN

Yeah, they're the sedan owner's sons.

The captain points to the mugshot of Biron in Rodriguez's hands.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

This asshole is a real piece of work, too.
Shot the parking lot to shit before
retreating in here.

(beat)

We've had them contained, but it doesn't
make any difference because, like I was
saying, SWAT should be taking them out any-

Rodriguez refolds the mugshots and tucks them into his back pocket as SWAT
#6 (32) approaches.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil.

SWAT #6

Captain, they're gone.

CAPTAIN

Good. Cop killers shouldn't get a chance to
stand trial.

SWAT #6

No, sir. They took the MedEvac.

(beat)

They're gone.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - EARLIER

Biron opens the door and peers down the corridor. It's abandoned, so he
exits the room armed with his assault rifle and satchel of weapons. He
proceeds to make his way to the stairwell; however, as soon as he opens the
door, it alerts the SWAT TEAM a few flights below, who quickly get ready.

Weary of the authorities, Biron quietly peeks over the railing, but the SWAT
TEAM spots him and opens fire. He quickly backs away, avoiding the spray of
bullets.

BIRON

Motherfuckers! Isn't your job to serve and
protect?

Biron fires random shots down the stairwell before continuing upward,
occasionally stopping to exchange gunfire.

The SWAT team slowly moves past the SIXTH FLOOR as Biron opens the NINTH FLOOR door.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - DOCTORS' LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Wendell and Robin sit on the floor behind the lounge door.

ROBIN

How much longer are we going to sit here?
We haven't heard anyone in the hallway for
ages.

WENDELL

Shush! You want to get us killed.

Wendell crawls over to a water cooler, fills a paper cup, swallows, and fills again.

ROBIN

Thirsty?

WENDELL

You've no idea.

ROBIN

It happens as you sober up.

WENDELL *

Thank you, Nurse Nan.

ROBIN

Robin.

WENDELL

What?

ROBIN

My name is Robin, not Nan.

WENDELL

Sorry, I didn't mean- I'm Wendell. Wendell
Daniels.

Wendell extends his hand; Robin ignores him.

ROBIN

So, what's your plan, Wendell? Sit here and
wait to be killed.

WENDELL

I have to let the cops know I'm not
involved in any of this shit.

Wendell spots a bottle of aspirin, opens it, and swallows a handful.

ROBIN

Not involved? Are you serious?

WENDELL

You know what I mean-

ROBIN

Even if what you say is true, it'll be difficult to tell anyone sitting in here.

WENDELL

Well, what do you think-

He eyes a LAB COAT hanging on the wall.

ROBIN

I think I'm done waiting in this room.

She opens the lounge door and peeks into the hall -- *Nothing*.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I'm leaving.

Robin exits the lounge as Wendell grabs the lab coat.

WENDELL

Hold on.

Wendell slips on the coat as he exits the lounge.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - NINTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Biron is scanning the hall; he passes the elevator then hears something. He plants his ear against the elevator doors.

SFX: A faint buzzing.

Biron looks up the face of the elevator door.

BIRON

Gotcha.

He contemplates entering the stairwell again but makes his way toward the end of the hall instead. Then he proceeds down a connecting corridor until he arrives at a door marked: EMERGENCY STAIRS - ALARM WILL SOUND IF DOOR IS OPENED.

Biron pushes on the door, but it opens freely without setting off the alarm.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - TENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Robin and Wendell make their way down connecting corridors.

WENDELL

Where are you going?

ROBIN

We're almost there.

Suddenly, the emergency stairwell door flies open about twenty feet away from Robin and Wendell, and out steps Biron.

BIRON

Fancy meeting you here.

Wendell and Robin turn and flee as Biron chases after them.

BIRON (CONT'D)

(sings)

Run, run, run- you better run, run, run.

Wendell and Robin turn a corner as gunshots ricochet behind them, shattering tiles that line the walls.

WENDELL

The elevator!

They race down the corridor toward the disabled elevator, but before they arrive, SWAT #1 (33) and SWAT #2 (29) enter from the stairwell, taking aim. Wendell and Robin stop immediately, only feet from the elevator.

SWAT #1

It's not the shooter. Hold your fire.

SWAT #2

There!

Biron appears down the corridor behind them, which pulls the SWAT team's attention, allowing Wendell and Robin time to run into the elevator.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Robin releases the Emergency Stop button, and as the door closes, Wendell watches the SWAT team members engage in a gun battle with Biron.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - TENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The exchange of gunfire is violent and brutal as Biron takes a bullet in the thigh and guns down both SWAT team members; however, more of them quickly pour out from the stairwell door, sending Biron retreating down the hallway.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Robin presses the button for the ELEVENTH FLOOR.

WENDELL

Up! Why the hell are we going up?

ROBIN

There's access to the service elevator on the eleventh floor.

WENDELL

But we're already in an elevator.

ROBIN

All personnel use service elevators. Weren't you listening to the loudspeakers?

SFX: Ding!

The elevator doors open to the eleventh floor; Robin and Wendell take a glance to ensure it's clear, then exit.

WENDELL

But the cops-?

ROBIN

Will think you're a lab tech. Isn't that why you grabbed the coat?

WENDELL

Um-

(beat)

Yeah.

Robin skeptically stares at Wendell.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

I thought it looked cool.

ROBIN

Of course, you did.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - TENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Biron continues firing off shots as he retreats around a corner.

SWAT #3 (35) drags one of the wounded team members back into the stairwell as SWAT #4 (38) grabs his radio.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

SWAT #4

Man down! Tenth floor. Send additional support. Be aware that suspects have access to the emergency stairwell.

SWAT #3

That guy in the doctor's coat-?

SWAT #4

Yeah?

SWAT #3

Did you catch what he was wearing?

SWAT #4

No.

SWAT #3 grabs his radio.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - ELEVENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Wendell and Robin make their way down the eleventh-floor corridor and turn a corner when they're met by a STRANGER (48) sitting alone in the hallway. He wears a blue Hawaiian shirt and slacks.

STRANGER

Oh, Jesus! You scared me.

(beat)

Hey, nice shirt.

Wendell recognizes the similarity in their Hawaiian shirts and starts buttoning up the lab coat.

WENDELL

Thanks-

(beat)

What are you doing here?

ROBIN

Don't you know there's a gunman in the hospital?

STRANGER

That's why I'm here.

Wendell glances over his shoulder for Biron - *still nothing!*

WENDELL

He's one floor down- wait, what?

STRANGER

He's in this part of the hospital? But I'm waiting for them to finish.

ROBIN

What are you talking about?

STRANGER

The organ extraction team. I have to MedEvac a heart down to St. Luke's in Phoenix.

WENDELL

A transplant is happening right now?

STRANGER

The recovery procedure, yes.

ROBIN

Are you kidding?

Suddenly, a door marked *Operating Room 4* swings open and out steps, NURSE BYRNES (36) wearing a mask, gloves, medical scrubs, protective glasses, and sanitary cap. She turns to the stranger.

NURSE BYRNES

Excuse me, Dr. Palmer, we're ready.

(beat)

Who are they?

DR. PALMER

I'm not sure.

Dr. Palmer walks through the door as Nurse Byrnes pulls her mask down and turns to Wendell and Robin.

NURSE BYRNES

I'm sorry, who are-

Before she can finish, bullets tear into her, dropping her body to the floor.

Wendell and Robin turn to see Biron,* who looks possessed, before quickly retreating after Dr. Palmer.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The operating room consists of a washroom and a surgical room beyond a set of swinging doors. There's also a large observation window that separates the rooms.

A surgical team consisting of two doctors and a nurse is visible through the window.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - SURGICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DR. NATHAN SHAW (58) and DR. SARITA KAPOOR (52) hover over an operating table.

NURSE LIN (36) glances at a clock on the wall, then grabs a pen and makes a note, while Dr. Kapoor holds open a resealable, plastic medical bag half-filled with a pinkish fluid.

Dr. Shaw then inserts a human heart into the bag as Dr. Kapoor notices Wendell, Robin, and Dr. Palmer walking backward on the other side of the observation window.

DR. KAPOOR

What in the world?

Dr. Shaw seals the bag containing the heart, places it in another bag, closes it, and puts it in a small, thick cardboard box full of ice.

DR. KAPOOR (CONT'D)

Do you know who they are, Nathan?

Dr. Shaw looks through the observation window and immediately grows tense.

DR. SHAW

No idea.

Biron then appears in the observation window brandishing the assault rifle as Dr. Shaw quickly seals the lid of the organ transport box.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Biron peers through the window.

BIRON

Finally!

He crosses through the swinging doors into the operating room.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - SURGICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BIRON (CONT'D)

I need your help, doctors. My brother-

Biron looks down at the body on the table.

BIRON (CONT'D)

Renny?

(beat)

That's my brother.

DR. SHAW

I'm so sorry. Please understand we did everything we could. Your brother suffered multiple gunshot wounds, and his injuries were simply too severe.

Biron is in shock as he stares down at Renny, whose chest is spread open.

BIRON

(beat)

Renny?

DR. SHAW

He didn't have any identification.

BIRON

Renny?

DR. KAPOOR

He's going to help save someone's life.

Biron turns his gun on the doctors and nurse. As their bodies fall to the ground, the spray of bullets shatters the observation window, forcing Wendell, Robin, and Tim to duck for cover.

Biron stops firing and leans over Renny's body. He starts wiping the blood off his face as he looks down at him.

BIRON

(beat)

Hey, little brother.

While Biron is distracted by Renny, Dr. Palmer pops his head through the shattered observation window; searches the room.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Robin tugs on Dr. Palmer's shirt; whispers.

ROBIN

What are you doing?

DR. PALMER

The heart.

WENDELL *

Don't.

DR. PALMER

I have to get that box.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - SURGICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Biron notices the murmuring and crosses to the shattered window; leans through.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Biron stares down at Robin then points the gun at her head.

BIRON

You- get in here and fix my brother.

Robin stands and crosses through the swinging doors.

WENDELL

Wait, Biron. She's a nurse, not a doctor.

DR. PALMER

I'm a doctor.

BIRON

All of you get in here.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - SURGICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The doctors and nurse lie in a heap with shattered glass all over the floor as everyone gathers around Renny's operating table.

DR. PALMER

I can help, but I'll need some assistance.

BIRON

Okay.

DR. PALMER

First- stand on the other side of the table
so you can hand me the proper tools.

Biron obliges.

DR. PALMER (CONT'D)

Second- we don't want to shoot anyone
accidentally, including your brother, so
please put the gun down.

Again he accommodates and sets the gun down on the operating table.

DR. PALMER (CONT'D)

Now, hand me that tray of surgical tools.

Dr. Palmer points to a small table behind Biron, and as he turns around, Robin and Dr. Palmer ram the operating table into his back, knocking him to the floor.

Dr. Palmer then grabs the gun off the table and turns it on Biron.

DR. PALMER (CONT'D)

Don't move.

(to Robin)

Grab the box.

Robin picks up the organ transport box and exits the room as Biron lays helpless on the floor. Wendell and Dr. Palmer quickly follow behind her.

Biron's eyes ignite with fury as he grabs a Heckler & Koch MP5 suppressed submachine gun out of his bag.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - ELEVENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Robin, Wendell, and Dr. Palmer dart out of the operating room and trip over the body of Nurse Byrnes.

SWAT #5

Freeze.

SWAT #6

Drop your weapon!

The trio is suddenly blinded by tiny red targeting lasers filling their vision as SWAT #5 (35) and SWAT #6 stand in the corridor, aiming.

Wendell and Robin rapidly regain their sight, however, as the lasers begin to focus on Dr. Palmer, who stands there holding Biron's AR-15 and wearing a blue Hawaiian shirt.

DR. PALMER

Wait.

SWAT opens fire before Dr. Plamer has a chance to utter another word.

Wendell and Robin watch helplessly as his body falls to the ground.

SWAT #5

(to Wendell)

Doctor, where's the other one?

(beat)

The shooter. Where is he?

Wendell motions toward the operating room as the muzzle of the MP5 appears from the ajar door.

Biron opens fire, grazing SWAT #5 while SWAT #6 jumps for cover.

Robin, still holding the transport box, bolts down the corridor away from the gunfight with Wendell in tow.

Biron exits the room, continually firing on retreating SWAT. Gunfire echoes down the hallway as Wendell and Robin turn the corner to another corridor.

WENDELL

Where are you going?

ROBIN

We have to get this to the MedEvac.

WENDELL

We have to get out of here.

ROBIN

That's what we're doing.

They arrive at a door marked: *ROOF - RESTRICTED ACCESS*.

EXT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Wendell explodes through the door and out onto the roof. Robin follows right behind him. They are temporarily blinded as their eyes adjust to the sunlight.

ROBIN

There!

Robin points to a MedEvac helicopter waiting on the landing pad.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Hurry up.

They sprint toward the helicopter and notice the PILOT (42) waiting inside. Robin opens the helicopter door as Wendell jumps in the backseat.

INT. MEDEVAC HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

ROBIN

Quick, start it up— start the engine.

PILOT

Where's Dr. Palmer?

WENDELL

Let's go!

PILOT

Where's Tim?

Robin holds up the organ transport box.

ROBIN

I've got the heart now get us out of here
before we all die.

The roof access door flies open again, and Biron steps out onto the roof. He's bloodied and limping but still heavily armed.

The pilot sees Biron approaching the helicopter and immediately starts the engine.

WENDELL

Hurry. Get this thing in the air.

PILOT

I'm hurrying.

Biron continues limping toward the helicopter, unaware that SWAT #5 and SWAT #6 have started to enter the roof behind him.

SFX: Machine gunfire.

Biron takes a few rounds to the back; one penetrates the bulletproof vest, forcing him to his knees. However, he's still able to turn around and return fire.

SWAT #6 seeks cover while SWAT #5 buckles down and engages in the gun battle.

WENDELL

We're not going to make it in time.

As the helicopter rotors start turning, Biron stands and continues firing. He takes down SWAT #5 and engages with SWAT #6 while continuing to make his

way to the helicopter.

When Biron arrives at the helicopter, the rotors spin at full speed – *click, click* – but he's out of bullets. He drops the MP5, retrieves a .357 Desert Eagle from his bag, and flings open the helicopter door.

BIRON

You didn't think you were leaving without saying goodbye.

Biron jumps in and closes the door as SWAT #6 descends upon the helicopter, but it's too late. He can only watch as the helicopter flies off.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - PRESENT

Captain Johnson explodes.

CAPTAIN

The MedEvac!

(beat)

How the hell did they get on the roof? I thought you had them pinned down.

SWAT #6

We were able to take out the driver, but the other one chased after a doctor and nurse to the roof, and it appears he's taken them hostage.

CAPTAIN

For fuck's sake. Do we know which direction they're heading?

SWAT #6

Southeast, sir.

CAPTAIN

I want a chopper in the air, now. They won't get far, is that clear?

SWAT #6

Yes, captain.

SWAT #6 walks away as the Captain throws up his hands in frustration.

CAPTAIN

Fuck me!

RODRIGUEZ

Captain, what should we do?

CAPTAIN

Get upstairs and see what you can find out.

RODRIGUEZ

Yes, sir.

Rodriguez heads into the hospital; Joe follows.

CAPTAIN

Joe.

JOE

Yeah, Gun.

CAPTAIN

Report to me as soon as you know anything.

Joe nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDEVAC HELICOPTER - AFTERNOON

Wendell and Robin are held at gunpoint by Biron.

BIRON

(beat; re: bullet wounds)

I can't believe it. Who shoots a man in the back?

Biron coughs up some blood into his palm; stares at it.

ROBIN

There must be blood draining into your lungs.

BIRON

Don't sweat it, sweetheart. I've been shot before. I'm not going to die.

WENDELL

She's a nurse, Biron. I'd listen to her.

BIRON

Screw her.

Biron turns toward the pilot, taps him on the shoulder, looks at the compass.

BIRON (CONT'D)

Get below radar, then fly this thing out into the Mojave for a few miles. When we're clear of the city, change direction and head to Barstow where Interstate 15 meets Interstate 40, you understand?

The pilot nods and maneuvers the flight stick as the helicopter descends.

BIRON (CONT'D)

(re: gun)
And don't be stupid.

ROBIN

Barstow is north of here?

BIRON

You got a problem with that, sweet tits?

ROBIN

No.

Biron coughs up a little more blood.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

You know, there's a hospital in Arizona
where they can help you.

BIRON

I've seen enough hospitals for today.
(beat)
But thanks, sexy.

Robin flinches at Biron's comment then peeks at Wendell. Sensing her uneasiness, Wendell interjects.

WENDELL *

Back off, Biron.

BIRON

What are you going to do, tough guy?
Nothing. So, shut the fuck up.

Biron starts to cough again as Robin glances at Wendell and softly smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - ELEVENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Rodriguez exit the elevator and simultaneously draw their sidearms.

The corridor is quiet and abandoned.

JOE

This way.

They cautiously proceed down the hall, uncertain if a shooter will jump out and surprise them. Arriving at a connecting corridor, they turn the corner.

Fluorescent lights and acoustic tiles dangle from the ceiling as sparks spit from exposed wiring. Signs of a gun battle are visible everywhere, as empty shell casings litter the floor with shattered ceramic tile and glass pieces. Multiple sets of bloody footprints disappear down the corridor, tracked from the pools of blood surrounding Nurse Byrnes and Dr. Palmer.

RODRIGUEZ

Good God.

They holster their weapons. Joe tiptoes through the mess as he crosses toward the bodies. He crouches; inspects Nurse Byrnes.

JOE

White female, 35-40 yrs old, multiple
gunshot wounds to the torso and neck.

Rodriguez takes notes as Joe rolls her on her side.

JOE (CONT'D)

From the look of the exit wounds, she
couldn't have been standing more than a few
feet from the shooter.

Joe turns to the body of Dr. Palmer, who isn't even recognizable. Overcome by the carnage, Joe turns away for a second.

RODRIGUEZ

Guess that was the driver?

JOE

This type of shit you never get used to.

RODRIGUEZ

It looks like he shot the nurse, and then
SWAT lit him up.

Joe rolls the body over and notices a wallet in Dr. Palmer's back pants pocket. He retrieves it and removes a driver's license.

JOE

Tim Palmer. Phoenix, Arizona? Run that
name, will you?

(beat)

I can't believe this idiot had his wallet.

Rodriguez grabs Tim's driver's license from Joe. Then he snatches his cell phone from inside his jacket pocket.

Rodriguez's cellphone is the apex of digital technology. It looks like a cross between an iPhone and a Star Trek communicator, Rodriguez dials.

JOE (CONT'D)

Nice phone.

RODRIGUEZ

I wouldn't call it a phone.

Joe shakes his head.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Steve? Hey, it's Luis Rodriguez. Good,

thanks. Listen, are you busy? I need you to run an Arizona driver's license for me.

As Rodriguez continues to talk, Joe shuffles through the wallet -

ANGLE ON - PICTURES OF TIM PALMER'S WIFE & KIDS, CREDIT CARDS, and TWO BUSINESS CARDS: *ONE LEGACY - a transplant donor network - (800) 555-1424 -- -- TIM PALMER, M.D. - Chief, Cardiovascular and Thoracic Surgery - St. Luke's Hospital Phoenix, AZ.*

JOE

It's not him.

Rodriguez hangs up.

RODRIGUEZ

What'd you say?

JOE

This guy wasn't the driver.

RODRIGUEZ

How do you know?

Joe hands Rodriguez the One Legacy business card; he inspects.

JOE

That's a group that handles organ transplants and donors in Southern California.

RODRIGUEZ

So?

Joe hands over Dr. Palmer's business card.

JOE

Explain that.

RODRIGUEZ

Maybe they were robbing the bank to get money to buy black-market organs and needed to pass themselves off as doctors.

JOE

Is that a joke?

SFX: Rodriguez's cellphone rings, playing Inner Circle's "*Bad Boys*."

Joe shakes his head.

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah, Steve, go ahead. Uh-huh. Okay. What? Wait, wait, wait- you mean a doctor? Yeah.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Thanks, Steve.

Rodriguez hangs up his phone, then grabs his note pad; scribbles.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Records clean, and he's an M.D.

(beat)

Why would a doctor from Phoenix be up here?

JOE

Good question.

RODRIGUEZ

And what was he doing with an automatic weapon?

JOE

Give me that card for One Legacy.

Rodriguez hands it over.

RODRIGUEZ

This whole thing keeps getting weirder.

JOE

Make sure there are no more bodies down the hallway.

Rodriguez walks past Joe; follows the footprints down the corridor. Joe grabs his phone; dials the number on the card.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hello. Good, thank you. I was wondering if there's a supervisor I might speak with?
Yes. No, it's a police matter. Sure, I'll hold.

Joe notices bloody fingerprints on a door marked: *Operating Room 4*.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hi, ma'am, sorry to bother you. I'm a detective with the Victorville Police Department- in California, yes. Not so good, actually. I was wondering if you happen to know Doctor Tim Palmer? Any idea why he would be at Victorville Hospital? What? Unfortunately, Dr. Palmer was involved in an accident earlier and won't be making it back to Phoenix. I'm sorry, but I'm not at liberty to discuss the details. No ma'am, but please contact Victorville Hospital as soon as possible. You're welcome. Goodbye.

Joe hangs up; dials again as Rodriguez returns.

RODRIGUEZ

Well, there's nobody else down there.

Joe throws his hand up -- *Shut up!*

JOE

Gunney, it's Joe. The guy SWAT took out?
Yeah, yeah, yeah- it's not him. It's not
the driver. No Gun, I'm sure. This guy is a
heart surgeon at St. Luke's in Phoenix.
He was here working with One Legacy. Yeah,
them. Because he's supposed to be
transporting a heart down to Phoenix.

Rodriguez writes down more notes on his pad.

JOE (CONT'D)

I don't know, Gun. It's not exactly my area
of expertise. Yeah. No, we haven't, so send
a forensics team up here. I will. What's
the status with-? Roger, that.

Joe hangs up.

RODRIGUEZ

A heart transplant! What the hell's going
on, Joe?

Joe puts his phone away and points to the operating
room door.

JOE

Cover me.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDEVAC HELICOPTER - DAY

Biron coughs up more blood into his hand.

ROBIN

If you don't get medical attention, you're
going to die.

BIRON

Shut up.

(to Pilot)

Where are we?

PILOT

Still over the Mojave. About ten minutes
south of Barstow.

BIRON

Almost there, good.

(beat; re: transport box)

What's in there?

ROBIN

Nothing that concerns you.

BIRON

Bitch, you better-

Biron leans forward, reaching for the box.

WENDELL

It's a heart.

He stops; sits back down.

BIRON

What?

ROBIN

Before you hijacked this helicopter, it was meant to transport this to Arizona.

Not believing the story, Biron turns to the pilot.

BIRON

Is that true?

ROBIN

Yes. And if we don't-

Biron turns the gun on Robin; she stops speaking.

BIRON

I wasn't asking you.

(to Pilot)

Is it?

PILOT

Yes, sir.

BIRON

Let's see it.

ROBIN

No.

Biron raises the gun a little higher, aiming it at her head.

BIRON

Keep trying my patience.

Robin cowers; slides the box to Biron. Lowering the gun slightly, he opens the lid -- *Wow!*

Inside doubled-up plastic bags, a human heart swims in a pinkish fluid. It's nicely fitted in an alcove in the middle of the ice.

BIRON (CONT'D)

Now there's something you don't see every day.

Biron grabs a couple of ice cubes and throws them in his mouth.

WENDELL

That's disgusting.

BIRON

I'll tell you what's disgusting.

Biron coughs violently; blood and ice shoot out of his mouth and onto the floor.

WENDELL

You win.

ROBIN

You should see yourself. You're losing color in your face.

Biron returns the lid to the transport box.

BIRON

I'll put a hole in your pretty little face if you don't shut up.

(beat)

Pilot, turn down the air conditioner. It's getting cold in here.

PILOT

There's no AC.

ROBIN

You're losing blood. That's why you feel cold.

BIRON

That's it, you fuckin' bitch.

Biron raises the gun to Robin's head, but Wendell lunges at him. Biron can't react quick enough, and in one move, Wendell pushes the gun away and delivers an elbow square to Biron's jaw.

The two men collapse onto the helicopter floor, struggling to gain control of the gun.

SFX: The MP5 fires off multiple rounds.

The pilot immediately struggles to maintain control of the helicopter as both he and the control panel have been struck by bullets. The aircraft then rapidly descends and spins as the tail rotor stalls out.

Seeing the pilot struggle, Robin quickly straps herself in as Biron and Wendell continue to fight, unaware that the helicopter is going down.

Biron lands an elbow to Wendell's gut, knocking the wind out of him, but then both men are thrown against the helicopter's side as it continues to spin uncontrollably.

Robin watches as the pilot slumps over.

ROBIN

Oh, God.

The helicopter slams into the desert ground.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Rodriguez stand in the washroom surrounded by shattered glass.

RODRIGUEZ

Why did I get into this line of work?

JOE

Asking the wrong guy, kid.

They glance through the remains of the observation window and see Renny's body, then they-

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - SURGICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-enter the surgical room and discover the bodies on the floor.

RODRIGUEZ

Christ!

Joe rushes to Dr. Shaw and checks for a pulse as Rodriguez checks Dr. Kapoor.

DR. KAPOOR

Help me.

RODRIGUEZ

Whoa, shit.

Rodriguez stumbles backward as Joe crouches beside Dr. Kapoor.

JOE

Go get help.

Rodriguez bolts through the swinging doors-

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS

- and grabs a hospital phone hanging on the wall.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - SURGICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOE (CONT'D)

What can I do, Doc?

DR. KAPOOR

The heart.

JOE

The heart- the donor's heart?

Doctor Kapoor gags and gasps for breath as she nods yes to Joe's question.

JOE (CONT'D)

What about the heart?

Dr. Kapoor raises her hand and taps on Joe's wristwatch as she struggles to speak.

DR. KAPOOR

Phoenix. Seven hours.

Dr. Kapoor lets out a final breath.

JOE

Doctor? Doc?

Joe checks for a pulse -- *nothing* -- he starts CPR.

JOE (CONT'D)

Come on, Doc. Come on, dammit.

Rodriguez bursts through the swinging doors as Joe desperately tries to resuscitate Dr. Kapoor.

RODRIGUEZ

Help is on the way, Joe.

Oblivious to Rodriguez's presence, Joe pounds on Dr. Kapoor's chest.

JOE

Breathe, dammit.

Rodriguez watches Joe continue CPR for a few moments, but Dr. Kapoor is dead.

RODRIGUEZ

Detective Sick-col-i-

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

(beat)

Joe!

Joe stops chest compressions.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

She's gone, Joe.

JOE

We've got to get these assholes, Stan.

RODRIGUEZ

It's me, Joe.

(beat)

Luis Rodriguez.

Momentarily disoriented, Joe looks around then meets Rodriguez's eyes.

JOE

(beat)

Shit. I just-

RODRIGUEZ

It's okay, Joe.

JOE

The heart- fuck! Quick, look at the body on the table.

Rodriguez crosses to the operating table; looks at Renny.

RODRIGUEZ

Joe, his chest is-

Rodriguez gags, then doubles over and almost loses his lunch. Joe crosses to the table and looks at the body.

A sternal retractor spreads open the body's rib cage, exposing the internal workings of the human chest.

JOE

It's gone.

Joe desperately looks around the room.

JOE (CONT'D)

Look for a cooler or some kind of box.

Rodriguez seems confused by Joe's request.

JOE (CONT'D)

His fucking heart is missing!

It instantly becomes clear what has happened, and Rodriguez searches the

room. He checks under the operating table before glancing at Renny's face.

RODRIGUEZ

Wait a second.

He retrieves the printout of mugshots from his back pocket and unfolds them.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Joe, this guy is the one from the parking lot. The guy they shot earlier. Renny Knuckles.

He hands the printout to Joe.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

He's the brother of the one that has the doctor and nurse hostage in the MedEvac.

(beat)

But why is he in here? I thought he was-

JOE

Oh God, no.

Joe bolts out of the operating room.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT -- DAY

The petals of blue phacelia and ghost flowers dance to the music of the desert wind.

A scorpion scuttles along the sand past a jackrabbit skull as a fringe-toed lizard warms itself on a rock. Startled by something unseen, the lizard leaps off the stone and scampers past a crashed MedEvac helicopter.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

In a bruised and broken heap, Wendell and Biron lay passed out on the helicopter floor. Robin slumped over in her seat, slightly bruised and battered, regains consciousness.

ROBIN

Wendell?

(beat)

Wendell, are you okay?

He doesn't respond, so Robin unbuckles her seatbelt, opens the door, and steps out.

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The desert heat hits her like a punch in the gut, then she opens the side door and checks Wendell's pulse - *he's still alive!*

As she pulls him out and drags him away from the wreckage, he starts to wake up.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Wendell?

(beat)

Thank God, is anything broken? How do you feel?

WENDELL

Hung over.

Robin punches him in the shoulder.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Ouch.

ROBIN

How can you joke at a time like this?

(beat)

Stay here- I need to check on the pilot.

WENDELL

Where's Biron?

ROBIN

Still in the helicopter.

WENDELL

Be careful.

Robin hurries back to the helicopter and looks through the window. She knows instantly that the pilot is dead.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

She leans in the cabin, grabs the organ transport box, and then spots the .357 Desert Eagle sitting on the helicopter floor. As she reaches for it, Biron grabs her wrist.

BIRON

That doesn't belong to you.

ROBIN

Help! Wendell!

BIRON

There's no need to yell for your boyfriend.

ROBIN

Let go of me!

Still clasping her wrist, Biron reaches his free hand into his bag of weapons, but a fist explodes across his face before he can grab anything.

Releasing his grip on Robin, he throws up his hands to defend himself.

WENDELL

Didn't your mother tell you not to pick on girls?

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Wendell grabs Biron by the feet and slingshots him out of the helicopter. He slams against the ground; tries to get to his feet, but Wendell is on top of him in seconds.

Wendell lifts Biron to his feet and delivers another punch flush into his jaw, crumpling him to the ground. As blood pours from Biron's busted lip, he grabs a handful of sand and throws it at Wendell's face.

BIRON

Ain't so tough now, are you?

Wendell tries to clean the sand from his eyes as Biron reaches into his bag and retrieves a GLOCK 21.

BIRON (CONT'D)

Hey, Wendell-

(beat; aims)

It's time to pay off your debt.

SFX: A gunshot.

Wendell wipes the sand from his eyes, looks at his chest, and is surprised to find that he hasn't been shot.

Robin stands holding a smoking .357 Desert Eagle as Biron looks at his freshly grazed arm.

BIRON (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Biron raises the Glock 21 as Robin fires off another round. Biron takes the slug high on his right shoulder, throwing him back against a boulder and forcing the gun out of his hand.

Robin lowers the .357 and stands in shock as Wendell runs to pick up Biron's gun.

ROBIN

Is he dead?

WENDELL

I don't know.

Biron, covered in sand and blood, sits glued against the boulder. He's barely conscious as he grasps his right shoulder.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

(to Robin)

He's alive. But you got him good.

Wendell unhooks the bag of weapons from Biron, who's now too weak to resist. He then walks over to the Glock, which lies a few feet away, picks it up, and tosses it in the bag.

Biron coughs up more blood.

BIRON

We're not finished.

Wendell returns to Robin, who now sits on the ground.

WENDELL

Nice shot. You saved my life.

ROBIN

We'll call it even.

WENDELL

What?

ROBIN

He was going to shoot me if you hadn't-

WENDELL *

Done what anyone would have.

ROBIN

Thank you.

Wendell smiles softly at Robin then helps her to her feet. Turning 360 degrees, he gets a good look in every direction -- *nothing but desert.*

WENDELL

Where do you think we are?

ROBIN

Not sure- the helicopter was spinning pretty good before we crashed.

WENDELL

The helicopter!

ROBIN

Wendell, I don't think-

WENDELL

The radio!

ROBIN

Right!

Wendell and Robin sprint back to the MedEvac, open the pilot's door, unbuckle him, and pull him out. The entire side of his flight suit is blood-stained.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Wendell hops in and grabs the headphone radio.

WENDELL

Hello? Can anyone hear me? Hello. We've crashed in the desert. Is anyone there?

ROBIN

Anything?

Wendell shakes his head.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Is there a button? Maybe you need to change channels.

Wendell, uncertain of which button to push or knob to turn, tries a few, causing the control panel to spit sparks.

WENDELL

Whoa!

The sparks stop, so he tries the headphones again.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Hello?

(beat)

Nothing- this is dead.

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Robin stares out into the desert.

ROBIN

What direction is Barstow?

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Wendell looks at the compass on the control panel; it's shattered.

WENDELL

Fuck! I swear to God, if I didn't have bad luck, I wouldn't have any luck at all!

ROBIN

Hey, relax. At least we're alive.

WENDELL

Yeah, but for how long?

Wendell hops out of the MedEvac.

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - CONTINUOUS

ROBIN

Try being more optimistic.

(beat)

Wait, the heart?

WENDELL

It's over here.

Robin sprints to the box and inspects it.

ROBIN

It looks like it didn't suffer any damage.

(beat)

How are we going to get this to Phoenix in time?

WENDELL

What do you mean?

ROBIN

It's only good for about eight hours outside of the body. If we don't get this to Phoenix soon-

WENDELL

Remember, optimistic.

ROBIN

Yeah, I know-

WENDELL

Come on, at least the sun hasn't set. Imagine how bad it's going to be after it gets dark.

Robin straightens, her face lights up.

ROBIN

That's it!

WENDELL

What?

ROBIN

The sun!

Robin searches around and grabs a stick. She shoves it into the ground.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

We'll sit here for a few minutes and see

which direction the shadow of the stick moves, then we'll know our general compass points.

WENDELL

Smart.

Wendell and Robin sit.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Now let's hope it doesn't get cloudy.

ROBIN

Wendell-

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

The cafeteria has turned into a holding area for VARIOUS HOSPITAL PERSONNEL. Some people are on their phones talking to friends and family, others are on their laptops and tablets, while some are comforting one another.

Joe and Rodriguez sit at a table. Seated across from them is HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR BRIAN BROWN (60). Rodriguez is on his cellphone.

RODRIGUEZ

Yes, sir. I will. Thank you.

He hangs up.

JOE

Let me guess- the doctor can't be accounted for, and the nurse is most likely the triage nurse?

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah, which means the doctor is most likely the driver.

JOE

Great. How can idiots like this cause so much trouble?

(beat)

They have the heart and a hostage?

Rodriguez nods.

JOE

Fuck! Excuse me.

BRIAN

No problem.

JOE

(to Brian)

So you said you gave the okay for the procedure?

Rodriguez scribbles on his notepad.

BRIAN

For the harvesting, yes.

JOE

And you didn't think that was inappropriate with the hospital under siege.

BRIAN

You know how many mass shootings happen in this country every day? I don't have the luxury of waiting around when a heart becomes available.

JOE

So what exactly happened?

BRIAN

I received a call that we had an unresponsive John Doe with a gunshot wound to the head but that the hospital was being evacuated because of the active shooter situation. The attending informed me there was no chance for recovery, and because I'm the surrogate decision-maker when it comes to these types of cases, I had to make a choice. That's when I contacted One Legacy to see if they had a blood and HLA match. They did, so I had the body snuck up here because of the evacuation order- look, we had a recovery team available; I couldn't pass up the chance.

As Administrator Brown continues, Joe starts staring out the window.

JOE

You said they had a match?

BRIAN

Yes. There was a five-antigen match for a recipient in Arizona.

Joe rises; crosses to a window behind Administrator Brown; he pulls back a curtain allowing for a perfect view of the hospital parking lot, which is still mobbed with POLICE, COMPETING NEWS CREWS, HOSPITAL PATIENTS, and VARIOUS PERSONNEL.

RODRIGUEZ

So, five is good?

BRIAN

It's not six, but yes- five is good.

Joe steps away from the window; returns to his seat.

JOE

What's the recipient's name?

BRIAN

I've no idea. Organ procurement handles that- not to mention the OTR is just numbers. No one is listed by name.

SFX: Cellphone rings.

Joe grabs his phone, checks the caller then answers.

JOE

Hi, Mary. Can I call you right back?
Thanks.

(hangs up)

Okay. Well, I don't have any more questions.

BRIAN

Detective, if I had to do it over again-
(beat)
I'm sorry.

RODRIGUEZ

Thank you for your help.

Joe and Rodriguez exit the cafeteria, then Joe grabs his phone and dials.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

JOE

Hi Mary, sorry about that. How's everything- Stan driving you nuts?
What? That's fantastic! Wait- from where?
Where's Stan's surgeon at right now? Mary,
I need you to find him and then call me.
Now- right now! I don't have time to explain. Just do what I said, Mary- find his surgeon and then call me. Bye.

RODRIGUEZ

What's going on, Joe?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - AFTERNOON

Robin and Wendell stare at the stick's shadow.

ROBIN

I still can't believe everything that's happened.

WENDELL

Pretty bizarre day.

ROBIN

I mean, think about it. If those guys don't rob the bank, that lunatics brother doesn't get shot and donate his heart for the person in Phoenix. It's crazy.

WENDELL

I also never get to save your life.

ROBIN

You used me as a human shield, dude- don't push it.

WENDELL

Sorry.

ROBIN

(smiles)
I'm joking.

Robin surveys Wendell, who's covered with bumps and bruises. Blood trickles from a cut above his right eye, and his once white lab coat is now covered with sand, dirt, and spatters of blood; she giggles.

WENDELL

What?

ROBIN

(beat)
My name's Robin. Robin Dawson.

WENDELL

Nice to meet you, Robin. I'm really sorry I got you involved in this shit- and that I used you as a shield.

ROBIN

Apology accepted.
(beat)
So, let's hear the story.

WENDELL

What?

ROBIN

Earlier in the elevator, you said that you had a crappy week?

WENDELL

Oh.

(beat)

I simply meant that-

(beat)

We're facing North.

ROBIN

Huh?

WENDELL

(re: stick)

The shadow. It's facing away from us and has moved from left to right. Which means we're facing north. Let's go- Barstow is that way.

ROBIN

Right.

(beat)

Wait, we have to get the heart to Phoenix. Why, Barstow?

WENDELL

Because that's where the other car is.

ROBIN

What other car?

WENDELL

The one Renny stashed there in a parking lot off State Street, where Interstate 15 meets Interstate 40.

(beat)

Isn't that right, Biron?

Wendell stands; helps Robin up.

BIRON (O.S.)

Fuck you.

WENDELL

Still alive, I guess.

ROBIN

How do you know that?

WENDELL

After they robbed the bank, I was supposed to drive them to Barstow, where they would

switch cars and let me go.

Wendell bends over and grabs the transport box.

ROBIN

What about keys?

WENDELL

I heard Renny tell Biron he left them in the wheel well.

ROBIN

Full of surprises, aren't you?

They walk toward Biron, who looks near death. He still sits posted up against the boulder. Wendell crouches; meets him eye to eye.

WENDELL

When you meet your brother in hell, let him know we said thanks for the heart.

Wendell taps the box and stands as Biron seethes.

BIRON

You're a dead man- you hear me?

Wendell and Robin leave Biron and begin walking north into the desert.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Rodriguez are running toward their car.

RODRIGUEZ

What do you plan on doing?

JOE

Finding the helicopter.

RODRIGUEZ

The entire force is out looking for them.

JOE

But when I asked Gunney, he said they lost them over the desert.

They arrive at Joe's car and fling open the doors.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe fishes for his keys as Rodriguez knocks trash off the seat then they both hop in.

RODRIGUEZ

What makes you think we'll find them?

JOE

What was the last known direction the helicopter was heading?

RODRIGUEZ

Southeast.

Joe turns the keys in the ignition, rocks the gear shift into drive, and peels out.

JOE

Which means they would have hit San Bernadino by now, or someone would have spotted them?

Joe flips a switch and turns on a police siren and lights.

JOE (CONT'D)

But there's been nothing.

(beat)

Come on, kid, you're a detective, aren't you?

EXT. VICTORVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Joe's car catapults out into the street and tears off down the road.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

JOE (CONT'D)

I need your fucking help!

RODRIGUEZ

You're right. Sorry-

(beat)

I'm smarter than these idiots.

JOE

That's the spirit.

RODRIGUEZ

Okay-

(beat)

First instinct says they'd want to misdirect.

JOE

But to pull that off, they'd have to do it without witnesses, which means they'd have to fly below radar.

RODRIGUEZ

Right- but in order to fly below radar,
you'd have to do it somewhere secluded.

(beat)

The desert.

Joe makes a sharp turn, pinning Rodriguez against the door.

JOE

Of course. But they won't want to stay in
the desert, and they probably don't have
enough fuel to get to Mexico.

RODRIGUEZ

(beat)

Barstow!

JOE

Highways in every direction- middle of the
Mojave- smart, kid.

(beat)

We might not need that talk after all.

RODRIGUEZ

But, Joe- they would've made it by now.

JOE

If they'd made it, we would've heard
something. These assholes leave a mess in
their wake. Plus, you don't fly a MedEvac
into Barstow without someone seeing you,
below radar or not.

RODRIGUEZ

Unless you land it outside the city and
hike it into town.

JOE

That's it! Call the Captain and Barstow
P.D.- tell them to start patrolling the
southern veins of the city. Make sure they
know that fucker isn't an actual doctor,
too.

Joe spots a sign for INTERSTATE 15 NORTH. Rodriguez reaches for his phone.

RODRIGUEZ

Got it.

JOE

Let's just hope time doesn't run out.

They turn onto the INTERSTATE 15 NORTH ON-RAMP.

EXT. BARSTOW -- CONTINUOUS

A WELCOME TO BARSTOW POP. 23,050 SIGN becomes legible as heat waves rise from the baking concrete. A truck stop bustles with TRAVELERS AND TRUCKERS as Wendell and Robin, who look like they've been to hell and back, come walking out of the desert.

They approach the truck stop with the transport box in hand. Robin is covered with cuts and bruises and quite a bit of sand and dirt. Wendell looks exceptionally worse, except now the lab coat is unbuttoned, exposing his Hawaiian shirt.

ROBIN

We made it.

WENDELL

Yeah, now we just have to find the parking lot.

ROBIN

(motions; re: truck stop)

First, let's get more ice for this.

EXT. TRUCK STOP -- CONTINUOUS

Robin stops dead in her tracks.

WENDELL

What?

ROBIN

I don't have any money.

WENDELL

No problem.

Wendell reaches into his pocket, produces a hundred-dollar blood-stained bill, and hands it to her.

ROBIN

Blood money?

WENDELL

Money from Renny's duffel bag was flying around when I was driving to the hospital, so I grabbed one.

ROBIN

Unbelievable.

(beat)

I'll be right back.

Wendell places the transport box on a table while robin runs into the truck stop convenience store.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

RODRIGUEZ

Yes, Captain- Barstow. No, sir, we both feel that's where they're heading.

(beat)

Yessir, I contacted them before I called you. Yeah, do you want to talk to him?

Joe, still staring down the road, shakes his head.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Sorry, Captain-

Joe almost slams into the back of a passenger car; Rodriguez flinches.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

He's presently driving at a speed that warrants his full attention stay on the road. Yessir, I understand. We won't- I promise. Bye.

JOE

Well?

RODRIGUEZ

He's pretty pissed.

JOE

Screw him. He's upset he didn't figure it out first.

Joe almost side-swipes an OLD WOMAN in a vintage car; nods -- Sorry.

RODRIGUEZ

You think you could slow down a little?

JOE

Kid, this car can't go fast enough.

Joe zooms past more cars.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK STOP CONVENIENT STORE-- CONTINUOUS

Robin slaps a bag of ice, and two bottles of water on the check-out counter as LEX (65) approaches.

LEX

Is everything all right, little lady?

ROBIN

Excuse me?

Lex motions as Robin realizes her appearance.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah- everything's fine.

(beat)

My car broke down; been walking for miles.

Lex nods suspectingly.

LEX

So is this all?

ROBIN

Yes.

(beat)

Actually, no. Could you tell me how to get to a parking lot where Interstate 15 meets Interstate 40?

LEX

Sure thing.

Lex turns; points out a window behind him. Wendell can be seen sitting with the transport box.

LEX (CONT'D)

You see this road out here, past those picnic tables? Hang a left and take it three blocks until you hit East Main Street. Hang another left, take it about six blocks, you'll hit State Street, then hang a left again. State Street dead-ends into a giant commuter parking lot. That's the only parking lot I know of where the interstates meet.

ROBIN

Three blocks to Main, six blocks to State, left on everything.

LEX

You got it.

ROBIN

Thank you very much.

LEX

Totals, \$8.42.

Robin hands Lex the money; notices the blood.

LEX (CONT'D)

You're sure everything's okay?

Robin starts to sense Lex's uneasiness. As he counts her change, she

realizes she can spin the situation to her advantage.

ROBIN

Actually, do you mind calling the authorities and letting them know a helicopter crashed in the desert about three miles south of here?

LEX

A helicopter?

ROBIN

Yeah.

LEX

Was it a medical helicopter? Is that why the doctor's sitting out there?

(beat)

Is he okay?

ROBIN

Yeah, we're fine. It's just the pilot didn't make it and the other guy-

(beat)

Is feeding the wildlife.

LEX

How'd it happen?

ROBIN

Long story.

Lex hands Robin the change, his eyes aglow with curiosity.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Thanks again for your help.

LEX

No problem.

Robin exits the store as Lex reaches for his phone.

EXT. TRUCK STOP -- CONTINUOUS

Robin walks over to Wendell.

ROBIN

Nice shirt.

Wendell smiles as he realizes he looks like shit, except for his clean Hawaiian shirt.

WENDELL

Thanks.

WENDELL

(beat)
Everything okay?

ROBIN

Will be as soon as we get this to Phoenix.

Wendell opens the lid as Robin tears open the bag and sprinkles in some ice.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

(re: water)

Here.

WENDELL

Thank you.

Wendell opens the water bottle and downs almost the whole thing.

ROBIN

The guy in there had directions to the commuter lot. It's that way.

WENDELL

After you, Miss Dawson.

Wendell and Robin make their way out of the truck stop and onto the street; turn left.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR -- DAY

Joe and Rodriguez are still driving on Interstate 15. They pass a sign that declares: *BARSTOW 10 MILES*. Suddenly, Rodriguez's phone starts ringing; he answers.

RODRIGUEZ

Hello? Yessir, about five- ten minutes tops. What? Just the two of them? Where? Yessir, we will. Bye.

JOE

Talk to me, kid.

RODRIGUEZ

Our hijacked nurse showed up a little while ago at a truck stop- in Barstow.

They share an unspoken moment -- *we knew it!*

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

She told the cashier to call the police about a crashed helicopter a few miles south of the city.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

(beat)

Apparently, she bought a bag of ice and asked for directions to a commuter lot where I-15 meets I-40.

JOE

A bag of ice?

(beat)

She has the heart. That's great news, kid.

RODRIGUEZ

But-

JOE

What?

RODRIGUEZ

She's also with a doctor.

JOE

You mean the driver?

RODRIGUEZ

That's my guess.

Rodriguez grabs his cell phone. Retrieving a small plastic pencil from its side, he scrolls the pencil over the screen, tapping it occasionally.

JOE

Get the map out of the glove box.

RODRIGUEZ

Already on it.

JOE

What are you talking about? You're on your phone?

RODRIGUEZ

Technology, Joe.

(beat)

You and I are going to have to have a long talk.

JOE

Smart ass.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARSTOW -- AFTERNOON

Wendell and Robin reach the corner of East Main Street and State Street.

ROBIN

This is it. Cashier said to take this until
it dead ends.

WENDELL

When we get to the parking lot, we're
looking for a red conversion van with an
American Eagle painted on the side.

ROBIN

Got it.

They head down State Street as Robin glances up at Wendell.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

So, are you ready?

WENDELL

For what?

ROBIN

To tell me the story.

WENDELL

Oh-

(beat)

Why do you want to know?

ROBIN

Because you seem like a nice guy, and I
want to know how you got yourself into this
mess.

WENDELL

But-

ROBIN

It can't be that bad.

WENDELL

No, it's pretty wretched. It's just-

(beat)

It's kind of embarrassing.

ROBIN

I promise I won't laugh at you.

WENDELL

It's not that. I just-

ROBIN

Wendell, you used me as a human shield;
it's the least you can do.

WENDELL

I just don't want you to think I'm some sort of loser, that's all.

Wendell looks away; begins to become visibly uncomfortable.

ROBIN

Wendell-

(beat)

I won't think you're a loser.

WENDELL

Ok- but after we get to the van.

ROBIN

You promise?

WENDELL

Scouts honor.

Wendell and Robin arrive at the lot, but it's full of cars.

ROBIN

Are you kidding me?

CUT TO:

INT. BARSTOW P.D. HELICOPTER -- DAY *

A BARSTOW P.D. helicopter is flying over the desert. The PILOT (46) spots the downed MedEvac; radios to DEPUTY HARRIS (31) following from the ground in a BARSTOW P.D. SUV.

PILOT

This is Sky Patrol One. I've got a visual of the wreckage.

(beat)

Seems to be no movement on the ground.

INT. BARSTOW P.D. SUV - CONTINUOUS

DEPUTY HARRIS

Copy.

Deputy Harris arrives at the crashed MedEvac. He stops, exits the SUV, approaches the downed helicopter, and draws his sidearm while the Barstow P.D. helicopter circles overhead.

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT -- CONTINUOUS

About twenty yards from the wreckage, Deputy Harris spots the pilot's body lying on the ground. He runs to his side, holsters his weapon, and checks for a pulse - *nothing*. He grabs his radio.

DEPUTY HARRIS
Sky Patrol, this is Unit Two.

PILOT (V.O.)
Roger, Deputy. Go ahead.

DEPUTY HARRIS
The pilot's dead. Radio the coroner for me,
and you can head back. Appreciate the
assistance.

PILOT (V.O.)
Roger. Sky Patrol out.

As the Barstow P.D. helicopter flies off, Deputy Harris walks around the
other side of the crashed MedEvac.

DEPUTY HARRIS
What in the world?

A vulture sits perched above Biron, squawking and flapping its wings, while
he still lays slumped up against the boulder.

Deputy Harris walks over to Biron; checks for a pulse as the vulture flies
away.

DEPUTY HARRIS (CONT'D)
Oh my God! He's-

Biron's neck straightens, grabs Deputy Harris by his head, and shoves a
mouse gun up under his chin.

BIRON
Afternoon, officer.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR - PRESENT

Joe turns onto the BARSTOW OFF-RAMP.

JOE
Which way?

RODRIGUEZ
(re: cell phone)
Make a right here. In about two miles,
you'll make a left at Main Street.

JOE
Got it.

RODRIGUEZ
You think we should contact Barstow P.D.

for backup? It's their jurisdiction.

JOE

Yeah, but make sure they know what's going on. Nothing can happen to that heart.

Rodriguez snatches the CB radio.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARSTOW PARKING LOT -- AFTERNOON

Wendell and Robin are searching for the van. They inspect different aisles of cars, which forces them to yell across the lot to each other.

ROBIN

Anything?

WENDELL

Not yet.

ROBIN

Keep looking.

WENDELL

What else am I going to do?

Wendell, now frustrated, sets down the transport box and climbs onto the roof of a Winnebago. Robin turns and sees him scanning the lot.

ROBIN

Do you see it?

WENDELL

No- wait. There.

Wendell points to some vehicle out of Robin's sight.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

I can see the American Eagle.

ROBIN

Where?

Robin sprints to the Winnebago; helps Wendell climb down.

WENDELL

Three rows over.

Robin picks up the transport box as they dash toward the van, stride for stride.

ROBIN

Let's just hope the keys are there.

WENDELL

You're starting to sound like me.

ROBIN

Shut up.

Arriving at the van, Wendell kneels; reaches into the wheel well.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Anything?

Unable to see Wendell, his arm suddenly appears, clasping a tiny, metallic box.

WENDELL

Ta-Da.

He lifts himself to his feet.

ROBIN

(smiles)

Amazing! C'mon, let's go.

He extracts the key from inside the box; unlocks the door.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

After climbing in, he leans over and unlocks the passenger door. As Robin climbs in, Wendell inserts the key into the ignition.

WENDELL

Phoenix, here we come.

ROBIN

Wait. This isn't, right.

WENDELL

What?

ROBIN

No one knows we're heading to Phoenix with the heart.

WENDELL

(beat)

I've got an idea.

Wendell steps out of the car, takes off the lab coat, and turns it inside out.

EXT. BARSTOW PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

ROBIN

What are you doing?

WENDELL

See if there's a pen in the glove box.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Robin opens the glove box and finds a black permanent marker sitting next to some random papers.

ROBIN

This work?

WENDELL

Even better.

Robin tosses Wendell the marker.

ROBIN

I still don't understand.

EXT. BARSTOW PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Wendell lays the lab coat over a random car's windshield. After pinning it down with the windshield wipers, he writes on it.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Wendell, what are you doing?

Wendell finishes writing and climbs back into the van.

Robin, too curious, leans out and reads in big, bold lettering -- "PLEASE CALL POLICE. ORGAN TRANSPLANT EMERGENCY. GOING TO ST.LUKE'S HOSPITAL IN PHOENIX."

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR -- PRESENT

Joe and Rodriguez arrive at State Street, where they're met by two Barstow P.D. police cruisers, waiting at the corner. OFFICER MAGGETT (26) and OFFICER LOPEZ (30) exit their cruisers.

Joe pulls over to meet them as Officer Lopez approaches.

OFFICER LOPEZ

Hi. Detective Rodriguez?

JOE

Do I look the Rodriguez in this car?

OFFICER LOPEZ

Sorry.

(to Luis)

Detective Rodriguez. Hi, I'm Officer Lopez.

This is Officer Maggett.

RODRIGUEZ

Hi. Thanks for meeting us.

OFFICER LOPEZ

No problem. We were told you have a doctor and nurse on the run.

OFFICER MAGGETT

What'd they do, go on a rampage of helping people?

Officers Maggett and Lopez laugh at the joke. Joe finds nothing amusing about the remark and exits the car.

EXT. BARSTOW -- CONTINUOUS

Joe grabs two fists full of Officer Maggett's shirt and slams him onto the car's hood. Officer Lopez stands in shock.

JOE

We've got cop killers on the loose-

Rodriguez unbuckles and exits the car.

JOE (CONT'D)

-with a stolen human heart meant for my partner, you fucking prick!

Rodriguez races around the car and pulls Joe off of Officer Maggett.

RODRIGUEZ

Go walk it off, Joe.

Joe turns; paces off.

OFFICER MAGGETT

Sorry. I didn't mean anything by it.

Officer Maggett lifts himself off the hood, tucks back in his shirt, straightens.

RODRIGUEZ

It's just been a long day. Listen, this asshole is posing as a doctor, and he has a nurse held hostage, plus an organ meant for a transplant. So, no shooting, clear?

OFFICER MAGGETT

Yes.

OFFICER LOPEZ

Yes.

Joe returns.

JOE

Sorry about that.

OFFICER MAGGETT

No problem.

JOE

We think they're heading this way for some kind of rendezvous. So stay here and don't let anyone down this street unless you clear it with me. You got another radio?

OFFICER MAGGETT

Yes, sir.

As Officer Maggett sprints back to his cruiser, Joe turns his attention to Officer Lopez.

JOE

You?

OFFICER LOPEZ

Yes, detective.

WENDELL

It's Joe. Not detective, not sir.

Rodriguez smiles.

OFFICER LOPEZ

Sorry, Joe.

JOE

Follow us in the cruiser to do a sweep of the lot.

OFFICER LOPEZ

Right behind you.

Officer Lopez heads back to his cruiser, as Officer Maggett returns with the extra radio; hands it over.

JOE

Thanks.

Joe and Rodriguez climb back into the car and proceed to the lot with Officer Lopez in tow.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Joe turns on the radio.

JOE

Lopez?

OFFICER LOPEZ (V.O.)

Yeah, Joe, go ahead.

JOE

When we get to the lot, you stay at the entrance and don't let anyone out.

OFFICER LOPEZ (V.O.)

Copy.

Arriving at the end of the street, they exit their cars, draw their firearms and proceed on foot to the parking lot.

EXT. BARSTOW PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

RODRIGUEZ

All right, Joe. What do you think?

The lot is nearly full.

JOE

You take that end; I'll take-

RODRIGUEZ

Joe, climb up on top of that van over there. I'll check from on top of that SUV- we can scan the lot before we go row by row.

Joe nods in agreement as they proceed to climb atop the vehicles.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

(beat)

Joe?

JOE

Windshield a few rows over.

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah.

Rodriguez jumps off the SUV and sprints toward the coat. Joe, not as spry, slowly climbs down off the van and then runs toward the coat, weaving his way through cars. He's only able to make it about fifty yards when he starts sucking for air.

Still trying to catch his breath, Joe sees Rodriguez suddenly sprint past him.

JOE

Hey kid, where you going?

Rodriguez stops; turns, holding the lab coat.

RODRIGUEZ

Joe- I didn't see you. You okay?

Joe gasps; sweats.

JOE

Ass.

RODRIGUEZ

Let's go. We have to get to St. Luke's in Phoenix.

JOE

How did you get over there so fast?

RODRIGUEZ

I ran.

JOE

Shit.

RODRIGUEZ

Come on, Joe. Hurry up. We have to go.

Rodriguez sprints off; Joe walks.

JOE

Ass.

Joe reaches for his pack of cigarettes.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Wendell stares intently down the highway as he makes his way between traffic. Robin is watching him. She has the transport box at her feet as they pass an INTERSTATE 40 EAST sign.

ROBIN

Okay, I want to know.

WENDELL

Robin-

ROBIN

Wendell, it's okay. I promise I won't do anything but listen.

Robin turns down the radio.

UP MUSIC: *Heart of Gold* by Neil Young; plays in the background.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Just relax. No matter what you think, it

won't change anything.

WENDELL

Okay.

(beat)

I guess it all started Sunday when my girlfriend told me she was leaving.

(beat)

Not because of anything I'd done but because she's in love with my best friend, and they've decided to get married.

ROBIN

Ouch.

WENDELL

She'd been screwing him for six months behind my back.

ROBIN

You have issues finding good friends, huh?

WENDELL

Ha-ha.

(beat)

Then, Monday, my mother called and said she's been diagnosed with terminal cancer. Doctors aren't sure if she'll make it to the end of the year.

ROBIN

Oh, God. I'm sorry, Wendell.

He shrugs his shoulders; passes slower traffic.

WENDELL

Whatcha gonna do?

(beat)

So, Tuesday, I got to work and found out the webpage design company that I helped create was bought by a foreign investor, and my services are no longer needed. No severance package. Just a thank you very much and have a good life.

ROBIN

Jeez.

WENDELL

Later that night, my so-called best friend calls. Hopes there are no hard feelings because he wants to invite me to the wedding.

ROBIN

What a dick.

WENDELL

Then, Wednesday-

ROBIN

Good Lord, Wendell.

WENDELL

Yeah- so, Wednesday morning, my landlord stops by and tells me he sold the property and the new owners will be tearing down the building to erect a Mini-Mart. I have to be out in sixty days.

Robin giggles, unable to control it.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

You promised.

ROBIN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it- really.

Robin kisses him on the cheek; satisfied, he continues.

WENDELL

Then later that day, my girlfriend came over to move her stuff out of our apartment.

(beat)

If you've never had the pleasure of hearing someone you're in love with talk about how much they love someone else, I highly recommend it.

(beat)

Which brings us to yesterday-

ROBIN

You're kidding? Something happened every day?

WENDELL

Worst week ever.

Robin sits with sad eyes and a loss for words.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

So, yesterday, I woke up and discovered that my last real friend in the world, my twelve-year-old bulldog, Herbie, died during the night.

ROBIN

Oh, no.

Wendell's eyes begin to swell; he wipes them as Robin starts to consolingly rub Wendell's arm.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

WENDELL

I spent all morning at the vet filling out paperwork for his disposal, and then when I walked outside, my car was gone.

Robin's jaw drops.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Yup. After a few phone calls, I find out it hasn't been towed, hasn't been stolen, nope, it's been repossessed because I missed last month's payment.

(beat)

So, there I stood, jobless, soon to be homeless, carless, over half of my shit taken by my ex, my dog incinerated, and my mother dying of cancer. I figured I should get a drink.

(beat)

So, I went and found the nearest ATM, withdrew the last couple of hundred I had, and tried drinking myself into a coma. Unfortunately, I ran into Biron and Renny Knuckles before I succeeded. You pretty much know the rest.

A tear runs down Robin's face.

ROBIN

I don't know what to say.

WENDELL

Told you it's been a shitty week. But-

(beat)

I don't know- maybe the worst is behind me.

Robin's sadness breaks; a huge smile appears.

ROBIN

I knew there was an optimist buried in there.

She kisses him on the cheek again.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I think you're right, Wendell. Things are looking up.

Robin turns; looks out the passenger window as they pass a - ROUTE 95 SOUTH

1 MILE - sign.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Oh, we want to take that to meet up with
Interstate 10.

WENDELL

How much time do you think we have left?

ROBIN

I'm not sure. Three hours- give or take.

WENDELL

How much longer do you think the drive is?

ROBIN

Better be less than that.

She brushes some dirt off his face; he turns to her.

WENDELL

Thanks.

ROBIN

For what?

WENDELL

Just thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Joe and Rodriguez pass an INTERSTATE 40 EAST SIGN. Rodriguez is on the phone again.

RODRIGUEZ

That's correct, Captain. We don't think
it's a trick. Because he had a chance to
escape, sir. Why leave a message to call
the police? No, sir, we're heading there
now; B.P.D. made arrangements for a plane.

(beat)

Don't know- there's still no word from the
black and white they sent to the wreckage,
and the coroner on the scene said the only
body he recovered was the pilot. Less than
two hours, I'd guess. Thanks, Captain.

Rodriguez hangs up.

JOE

So?

RODRIGUEZ

He said he'd have a task force meet us.

JOE

Good. What about Stan?

RODRIGUEZ

The dead guy back at the hospital was Stan's doctor, but the Captain said St. Luke's is flying in another surgeon from Dallas if the heart makes it in time.

JOE

That didn't answer my question.

RODRIGUEZ

He's being prepped for surgery. He doesn't know anything, neither does Mary.

Joe stares out the windshield, brooding.

JOE

Do you believe in people, kid? At their core, I mean-

(beat)

Because this job tells you there's nothing there.

(beat)

Nothing.

Joe continues staring out the windshield, stone-faced, as Rodriguez watches a tear roll down his cheek. He tries to find the right words.

RODRIGUEZ

(beat)

Have faith, Joe.

Joe turns; looks at Luis.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

In any tragedy, you can always find good people. They're the ones helping- stepping out of the crowd to make things better.

(beat)

People are as good as they choose to be, Joe. And no matter what happens in the next few hours-

(beat)

Stan's going to be just fine.

JOE

Thanks, kid.

Joe turns off the interstate and enters Barstow-Daggett Airport. A

PATROLMAN, waiting by the entrance, escorts them towards a small leer jet on the runway.

MONTAGE:

UP MUSIC: *The Killing Moon* by Echo & The Bunnymen; begins to play.

Joe and Rodriguez exit the car and are met by a FLIGHT ATTENDANT who helps them board the plane. She closes the hatch then shows them to their seats.

Wendell and Robin talk and laugh as Robin leans over the backseat and finds Biron and Renny's change of clothes.

The Leer jet storms down the runway and takes flight. The landing gear retracts as it ascends into the heavens. Joe and Rodriguez stare out the aircraft windows.

Using ice and a shirt from the backseat, Robin gently cleans the wounds on Wendell's face. They continue giggling and flirting as Wendell points to a sign: INTERSTATE 10 - 1 MILE.

Deputy Harris, driving the Barstow P.D. SUV, sits nervously behind the wheel while Biron sits beside him, keeping him held at gunpoint. Biron, now white as a ghost, turns up the volume on the police scanner and listens intently.

STAN (60), surrounded by NURSES AND DOCTORS, is rolled down a hospital corridor; MARY (55) walks by his side, holding his hand and smiling down at him. She releases his hand as he's rolled into an operating room.

DOCTOR MORGAN (49) is being escorted through a busy airport by SECURITY; he runs out a set of sliding doors and is immediately ushered into the back of an ambulance. Security closes the ambulance doors behind him as it pulls away from the curb.

A Leer jet, on approach, opens its landing gear. It touches down safely as Joe and Rodriguez continue staring out the aircraft windows.

An ANESTHESIOLOGIST (44) sedates Stan, who slowly closes his eyes as an ambulance pulls into the emergency entrance at ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL. The back doors swing open, and out steps Dr. Morgan; he turns and runs through the emergency doors.

Robin stares into the visor's vanity mirror as she finishes cleaning her face. She then snaps the sun visor back into place and turns to Wendell, who looks much cleaner. He smiles and points to a sign: ENTERING - CITY OF PHOENIX - WELCOME.

Deputy Harris, petrified, points out the window of the SUV as Biron still keeps the gun on him. He looks out the window and sees a sign: PHOENIX 15 MILES.

EXT. PHOENIX AIRPORT HANGAR -- LATE AFTERNOON

Joe and Rodriguez step out of the jet.

They're met at the bottom of the steps by SERGEANT BILL NORTH (50) and a few

UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

SERGEANT NORTH

Nice to meet you, detectives. I'm Bill North.

Sergeant North, Rodriguez, and Joe exchange greetings.

RODRIGUEZ

Rodriguez.

JOE

Joe.

SERGEANT NORTH

Follow me, guys. We have a car waiting for you.

They walk toward a few idling unmarked cars.

SERGEANT NORTH (CONT'D)

I sent four units over to St. Luke's, including some sharp-shooters. If your fugitives show up, they've been instructed to make recovering the organ priority number one. Is there anything else you need?

Joe and Rodriguez shake their heads.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN -- LATE AFTERNOON

The gas tank display reads empty as Wendell and Robin pull into a gas station.

ROBIN

Get directions to the hospital. I have to use the bathroom.

She hands Wendell all the change from the truck stop.

WENDELL

Okay.

ROBIN

Be quick. It's been almost seven hours since we left the hospital.

WENDELL

I hear you.

Robin runs to the bathroom as Wendell heads inside the gas station.

INT. GAS STATION -- CONTINUOUS

Wendell walks to the counter and is greeted by EMILY (19).

EMILY

Hi, can I help you?

WENDELL

Hello. I need twenty on three, and do you know how to get to St. Luke's Hospital.

Wendell hands Emily a twenty-dollar bill. She rings in his gas purchase.

EMILY

Sure do.

(beat)

I had my leg fixed there after a motorcycle accident a few years ago. My boyfriend and I were racing this guy on his Ducati-

WENDELL

That's great. Look-

Wendell looks at her name badge and slaps a fifty-dollar bill on the counter.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Emily- I'm in a bit of a hurry. If you could just skip the story and tell me how to get there, this is yours.

He slides the money over to her; she snatches it off the counter and tucks it in her shirt.

EMILY

Take the 10 East to the Seventh Street exit. Veer right, go two blocks south to Roosevelt, hang a left, and then you'll start seeing signs. It takes about fifteen-twenty minutes tops.

WENDELL

Emily, you just saved a life.

EMILY

Cool.

Wendell exits.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Robin is already standing next to the van, filling the gas tank.

WENDELL

That was quick.

ROBIN

Well, we're in kind of a hurry. Did you get directions?

WENDELL

Yeah. We're about fifteen minutes away.

ROBIN

That close?

Wendell nods then opens the driver's side door and climbs in.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I just got goosebumps.

She finishes pumping, returns the nozzle, and hops back in the passenger side.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

The POLICE CONVOY arrives at St. Luke's. Joe and Rodriguez exit the car as Sergeant North walks over to meet them.

SERGEANT NORTH

You two should stay by the hospital entrance. That way, you can identify them.

JOE

We don't know what they look like.

SERGEANT NORTH

You don't?

RODRIGUEZ

We didn't have time to look at the hospital's security tape.

SERGEANT NORTH

Then why don't you guys stay up at the emergency entrance? We'll stay on the perimeter and keep you updated on everyone who enters hospital property. If you hear or see something that looks like it could be your guy, give us a signal.

JOE

I like it.

Sergeant North hands Joe a walkie-talkie.

SERGEANT NORTH

Channel one.

RODRIGUEZ

Thank you, Sergeant.

Sergeant North turns and signals for his men to fall into position.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

You ready for this?

JOE

You're never ready for this shit, kid.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Wendell and Robin turn onto Roosevelt Street. They see a sign for St. Luke's Hospital.

ROBIN

We made it!

WENDELL

Okay.

(beat)

Where should I go?

ROBIN

The emergency room entrance. Just follow the signs.

WENDELL

Okay.

Wendell and Robin turn into the hospital entrance.

EXT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

Joe's walkie-talkie turns on.

SERGEANT NORTH (V.O.)

A man and woman in a red conversion van with California tags just drove into the hospital.

JOE

Roger that.

They duck into position and draw their sidearms.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Wendell and Robin turn into the emergency entrance.

ROBIN

There.

Wendell pulls the car up to the entrance doors.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I'm going to grab someone.

(re: box)

Take this.

WENDELL

Okay.

EXT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Robin and Wendell exit the van and turn toward the entrance as Joe and Rodriguez approach them, guns drawn.

JOE

Nurse Dawson?

ROBIN

Yes-?

Joe grabs the walkie-talkie as Rodriguez raises his weapon.

JOE

All units move in. It's them.

ROBIN

Wait. You don't understand.

RODRIGUEZ

Freeze! Put the box down.

Joe grabs Nurse Dawson; pulls her away. Rodriguez steps toward Wendell, aiming at his chest.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

I said, put the box down.

WENDELL

Hey, let go of her- Robin!

Sergeant North's men swarm the entrance; Wendell realizes he's surrounded.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Please don't shoot. I'm only trying to help.

JOE

Put the box down!

ROBIN

Don't hurt him. He didn't do anything.

Robin struggles to free herself from Joe's grip.

WENDELL

Listen, there's a heart here, and someone in that hospital needs it.

RODRIGUEZ

We're aware of that. Now put the goddamn box down and step away.

WENDELL

If I put the box down, you're going to shoot me.

Robin breaks free of Joe's grasp; bolts to Wendell's side. Pressing her back against him, she throws up her arms.

ROBIN

Don't shoot him!

RODRIGUEZ

Ma'am, what are you doing? Get back!

ROBIN

You don't understand he's not dangerous. Put your guns down. He's trying to help.

EXT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

A SHARPSHOOTER (37) lines-up Wendell in his sights.

SHARPSHOOTER

I've got a clear shot.

EXT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Joe speaks into the walkie-talkie.

JOE

No. Stand down. I repeat, stand down.

(beat)

Nurse Dawson- look, I'm setting my gun down.

Joe signals to everyone to lower their weapons. He kneels; places his firearm on the pavement.

JOE (CONT'D)

Tell us what's going on.

ROBIN

Wendell didn't do anything. He saved my life from that psycho.

JOE

Ma'am-

JOE (CONT'D)

(beat)

He's with the psycho.

ROBIN

No, he isn't. He was kidnapped by him and forced to rob a bank.

Joe raises the walkie-talkie, hesitates, then speaks.

JOE

All units stand down.

(beat)

Okay, Miss Dawson. I believe you, but we need to get that heart inside.

ROBIN

Of course.

SFX: A gunshot rings out.

Wendell drops the transport box; falls into Robin.

Joe grabs the walkie-talkie.

JOE

Who fired?

Biron limps out from behind a Barstow P.D. SUV, holding Deputy Harris' smoking 9MM.

BIRON

Consider your debt paid, Wendell.

JOE

It's Biron Knuckles!

Biron raises his gun again to fire as everyone unloads their weapons on him. He falls to the ground as bullets shred his body.

SERGEANT NORTH

All units cease-fire. Secure the perimeter.

Deputy Harris appears from behind the SUV as the gunfire stops.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Don't shoot. I'm a police officer, don't shoot.

Phoenix P.D. rush to the fallen body of Biron. Rodriguez holsters his gun and rushes to Wendell and Robin. Wendell is badly bleeding from a gunshot wound.

ROBIN

Wendell?

WENDELL

(wide-eyed; choking)

I'm sorry- I couldn't-

ROBIN

Somebody get help!

Rodriguez runs into the hospital as Joe holsters his gun and picks up the transport box. Water leaks through a hole in the box. Joe opens it and grabs the bag with the heart. Fluid leaks through a hole in the bag.

JOE

(beat)

No.

Rodriguez comes running back out with a gurney and HOSPITAL PERSONNEL. The staff place Wendell on the gurney and rush him inside; Robin follows.

Rodriguez turns to Joe, who stands frozen.

RODRIGUEZ

Joe, bring it inside.

Joe sets the bag on the ice and follows.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

Wendell's gurney disappears through hospital doors with Robin in tow. Standing next to Rodriguez, Joe desperately looks for anyone to help him.

JOE

Help! I've got a heart for a transplant patient. I need a doctor.

Standing by the security station, Dr. Morgan sees Joe.

DR. MORGAN

Is that the heart from Victorville?

JOE

Yes, but-

DR. MORGAN

Follow me.

Dr. Morgan rushes Joe into an elevator. Rodriguez watches as the elevator doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

DR. MORGAN (CONT'D)

Can I see that, please?

Joe hands the box to Dr. Morgan.

JOE
Okay, but be careful.

DR. MORGAN
I will.

SFX: Ding!

The elevator doors open.

DR. MORGAN (CONT'D)
Stay here.

Dr. Morgan exits and disappears behind hospital doors. Joe stays as the elevator doors close.

INT. ST. LUKE'S EMERGENCY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Wendell is rushed into the E.R.; ATTENDING STAFF lifts him off the gurney and onto an OPERATING TABLE. DOCTOR SHEPHERD (38) consoles Robin as a curtain is swung around Wendell, hiding him from view.

DR. SHEPHERD
Don't worry; we'll take care of him.
Please, go outside and wait.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

Robin exits the E.R., opens the doors, and meets Detective Rodriguez. She walks past him, flops down into a chair, and begins crying.

The elevator doors open, and out steps Joe. Rodriguez approaches; Joe is in shock.

JOE
He shot it, kid. He shot it.

Rodriguez approaches Joe with a look of confusion.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. LUKE'S WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT

Joe, Rodriguez, Robin, and Stan's wife, Mary, sit in the WAITING ROOM; Dr. Morgan and Dr. Shepherd approach.

DR. SHEPHERD
(to Robin)
Miss, would you please follow me?

Robin stands and follows Dr. Shepherd as the others stay. They disappear behind a set of doors leading to the E.R.

DR. MORGAN
Mary? Hi, I'm Doctor Morgan.

Joe and Mary stand.

MARY

Hello doctor. Is everything okay?

DR. MORGAN

(beat)

Unfortunately, the donor heart had a laceration from the left atria to the left ventricle.

JOE

You mean a bullet hole. So what does that mean for Stan?

DR. MORGAN

The heart suffered irreparable damage.

Sensing the situation, Mary tenses.

MARY

How's Stan?

DR. MORGAN

We did everything we could, but we were unsuccessful in bringing your husband out of sedation. I'm incredibly sorry.

Mary falls into Joe's arms; her grief overwhelms her. As Joe fights back his tears, they collapse into a set of chairs.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Shepherd brings Robin over to a closed curtain.

ROBIN

How is he?

DR. SHEPHERD

We've done what we can, but the bullet is lodged behind his heart. We can't remove it without causing more harm, and we can't stop the bleeding. There's nothing more we can do.

(beat)

We've made it as comfortable as possible for him.

Robin's eyes swell with tears.

DR. SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

He's been asking for you. He doesn't have much time left.

Dr. Shepherd exits as Robin walks behind the curtain. Wendell is attached to

several types of medical apparatus.

ROBIN

Wendell?

WENDELL

Hey, Nurse Nan.

Robin can't keep them back anymore; tears flow down her cheek.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Hey-

(beat)

Where's that optimistic smile?

ROBIN

Wendell-

WENDELL

Thanks again.

ROBIN

For what?

WENDELL

(beat)

I quit living yesterday, but you-

He struggles to stay conscious.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Brought me back.

Robin leans over and kisses him; Wendell smiles.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

I guess my week wasn't that bad.

Robin brushes his cheek and lays down next to him.

ROBIN

How about I just lie here and fall asleep
with you?

WENDELL

What if I die before you wake?

Robin leans up and kisses him deeply, then stares into his eyes.

ROBIN

Then I'll pray to God your soul to take.

She lies back down and caresses him as the EKG begins to go flatline;
Wendell closes his eyes.

SFX: A car horn blasts.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD SEDAN -- MORNING

Wendell jolts awake in the driver's seat; looks into the rearview mirror; reflected is a police cruiser.

WENDELL

What?

Wendell looks out the passenger window and sees the front of the First National Bank.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

(beat)

The horn.

Wendell throws open the car door and leaps out of the car.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK -- CONTINUOUS

He sprints toward the cruiser, swinging his arms back and forth.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Officer, don't honk the horn! Stop!

Officer Smith leans out his window.

OFFICER SMITH

Sir, you can't park there. It's for loading and unloading only.

WENDELL

Officer, there's a bank robbery going on right now. Two men with guns and masks-

OFFICER SMITH

Sir, slow down. Did you say the bank is being robbed?

WENDELL

Yes. I was forced to be the getaway driver. If you honk that horn again, they'll come out here and kill you.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- CONTINUOUS

Smith picks up his CB radio.

OFFICER SMITH

Code Ten. I repeat Code Ten. First National Bank at Hook Boulevard and Amargosa Drive.

OFFICER SMITH (CONT'D)

Two armed suspects, possible hostages. All available units respond.

Officer Smith's scanner turns on.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Calling all units. Code Ten. First National Bank at Hook and Amargosa. A black and white is at the scene.

Officer Smith reverses his car, moving it from the front of the bank.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK -- CONTINUOUS

He then exits the cruiser and withdraws his Smith & Wesson 9MM.

OFFICER SMITH

How long have they been in there?

WENDELL

I don't know- a few minutes. But they said it would take a little while.

OFFICER SMITH

Go back to the car, so they don't think anything is wrong. I'll take them from behind if they leave before backup arrives.

WENDELL

Okay.

Wendell goes back to the Sedan and climbs into the driver seat. Officer Smith hides by the entrance to the bank.

Wendell notices police cruisers start to take position around the rear of the bank as Biron and Renny walk out, carrying two huge duffel bags loaded with money.

OFFICER SMITH

Freeze! Drop your weapons!

Renny and Biron halt in their tracks.

OFFICER SMITH (CONT'D)

Put your hands in the air!

Police start to appear from around the sides of the bank. Biron and Renny are surrounded.

RENNY

There are cops everywhere.

BIRON

Wendell.

OFFICER SMITH

Drop your weapons, or I will be forced to shoot!

BIRON

I can't go back to jail, Ren.

Renny slides his hand onto the shotgun then spins around, but Officer Smith shoots first; Renny falls to the ground.

Biron grabs his matching .45's and opens fire on Wendell, but before he can fire off more than a couple of rounds, he's obliterated by the police.

SFX: The rumble of gunfire wanes.

As Victorville P.D. moves in on Biron and Renny, John Hammond exits the bank. OFFICER BARNETT (24) kicks away their weapons, checks Biron for a pulse - *nothing* - checks Renny.

OFFICER BARNETT

I've got a pulse.

Wendell exits the Sedan, clutching his right arm. He sits down on the curb and surveys the scene.

WENDELL

Holy shit.

Officer Barnett grabs the radio strapped to his shoulder.

OFFICER BARNETT

Dispatch this is Car Twenty-One. Suspects have been apprehended but are severely wounded. Send paramedics.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Roger. Paramedics have been dispatched.

Officer Smith walks over to John Hammond.

OFFICER SMITH

You okay?

He nods.

OFFICER SMITH (CONT'D)

Please go back into the bank, but don't touch anything until forensics gets here.

John Hammond heads back as OFFICER COOPER (38) walks over to Wendell.

OFFICER COOPER

Sir, do you require medical attention?

WENDELL

I don't know.

Wendell releases the grip on his arm. He's been shot.

OFFICER COOPER

Oh, man. Let me see that.

(beat)

You got lucky. It's not that bad. Stay here, and I'll have someone take you to the hospital.

Wendell stares at the chaos.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK -- LATER

PARAMEDICS, POLICE, VARIOUS NEWS CREWS, and SPECTATORS begin to gather around the First National bank. Biron lies on a gurney as a sheet is pulled over him.

Detective Joe Ciccoli steps out of his car and reaches for his pack of cigarettes. Luis Rodriguez approaches him.

RODRIGUEZ

Hi, Detective Sick-col-i? Nice to meet you. I'm-

JOE

Hold it.

Joe lights up his cigarette; takes a long slow drag -- *Exhales*.

JOE (CONT'D)

Let's get something straight here, kid. My name's Joe. Not, sir. Not, detective. And don't ever call me Detective Sick-col-i again, clear?

RODRIGUEZ

Crystal.

Joe rolls his eyes.

JOE

What have we got?

RODRIGUEZ

A pair of morons tried to rob a bank. Only they didn't count on the guy they kidnapped turning the tables. That's him over there.

They approach Wendell, seated in the back of an ambulance, being treated by a PARAMEDIC (28).

JOE

Hi, I'm Detective Chick-coli. This is my partner, Detective-

Rodriguez realizes he pronounced Joe's name wrong.

RODRIGUEZ

Rodriguez.

WENDELL

Hi, I'm Wendell.

JOE

Hey Wendell, do you mind if we ask you a few questions?

WENDELL

Not at all, but I'm supposed to be going to the hospital soon.

The paramedic finishes bandaging his arm as he shows off his battle scar.

JOE

We can talk a little later if that's more convenient.

WENDELL

Sure thing.

Wendell steps off the back of the ambulance as the three of them watch paramedics load in Biron.

RODRIGUEZ

You're a true hero, sir. You should be proud of what you did here.

WENDELL

Thanks.

Joe and Rodriguez leave Wendell and walk towards the bank.

RODRIGUEZ

Detective Ciccoli- you could have just told me I pronounced it wrong.

JOE

Yeah, but where's the fun in that? Only strangers and people I don't like call me Detective Ciccoli. And kid-

Joe throws his hand onto Rodriguez's shoulder.

JOE (CONT'D)

I doubt you'll be either of those.

They duck under the yellow police tape.

INT. AMBULANCE -- CONTINUOUS

Wendell steps into the ambulance and sits next to the paramedic as the doors close behind him. He stares at the white sheet covering Biron's corpse then turns to the paramedic.

WENDELL

What happened to the other guy?

PARAMEDIC

He had a pulse.

WENDELL

You think he'll be okay?

PARAMEDIC

Not likely. It was a pretty bad head wound.
Hopefully, he's an organ donor.

Wendell starts to laugh.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

WENDELL

Yeah.

(beat)

Just been a weird week.

PARAMEDIC

Well, I'll bet that guy saves someone's
life.

WENDELL

I'd take you up on that-

(beat)

But I don't gamble anymore.

Wendell chuckles again.

EXT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER

HOSPITAL PERSONNEL and PARAMEDICS open the doors to the back of the ambulance. Wendell steps out to allow them access to Biron. He then follows them into the hospital.

INT. VICTORVILLE HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

The paramedics roll Biron's gurney away as Wendell watches them. Then someone taps him on the shoulder from behind.

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me, sir. Are you okay?

He turns around.

WENDELL

Robin?

Wendell is overwhelmed with emotion as he stands face-to-face with Nurse Robin Dawson. His eyes fill with tears of joy.

ROBIN

(beat)

I'm sorry. Do I know you?

WENDELL

Yes-

(beat)

I mean, no- not really.

ROBIN

(re: bandage)

What happened?

WENDELL

It's a bullet wound. I was shot while helping stop a bank robbery.

Robin smiles, impressed.

ROBIN

Wow. That sounds quite heroic.

WENDELL

More like self-preservation.

Robin leads him toward the emergency room doors.

ROBIN

Still, you're very fortunate.

Before they enter through the doors, Wendell stops.

WENDELL

Robin?

ROBIN

Yes.

He stares into her eyes, searching for recognition.

WENDELL

Do you believe in fate?

ROBIN

I don't know-
(beat)
Never really thought about it.

Robin looks curiously at Wendell.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

WENDELL

(beat)
How would you like to see me dance a jig?

Robin laughs, her face aglow.

ROBIN

That would probably make my day.

She grabs him by the arm and leads him through the doors.

WENDELL

I was hoping you'd say that.

UP MUSIC: *Dreams* by The Cranberries; as the emergency room doors close behind them.

FADE OUT: