

START

~~WHEELMAN
Hey yeah. No problem...~~

*

He complies.

*

NICK

Can I see your license and registration please?

WHEELMAN

Oh man did I roll that stop sign back there? I'm sorry I didn't even see it... shit, late night right?...

*

NICK

Your license and proof of registration please Driver.

WHEELMAN

Aw do we really need to do this? I live really close, I was just on my way home...

*

NICK

Do you have your drivers' license on you? Your registration, proof of insurance?

WHEELMAN

I dunno... I think I mighta left em at home.

*

Wags a light inside the car-- duffel in the back. On the passenger now. Staring ahead. Quiet.

NICK

Who's this?

Guy doesn't look over. Nothing.

WHEELMAN

Look I'm sorry about the stop sign-- we're just tryin to get home all right? It's late... I ain't tryin to get stirred up or nothin-- h--hey I like cops...

*

NICK

Driver step out of the car please.

WHEELMAN

Seriously? It was a God damn stop sign this is ridiculous...

*

EDDIE, the passenger in the car, never speaks. He has an intensity that pulsates; a powder keg waiting to explode. Throughout the film, EDDIE and WHEELMAN are terrorizing the streets of LA but more specifically, targeting the LAPD. For the purposes of this self tape, improvise (in tight closeup, no more than 1 minute) a silent killer preparing to strike. Jacked, deadly, and on the brink. Script pages are to help inform your improvisation only.



NO LINES - FOR REFERENCE PURPOSES ONLY

NICK

Driver I'm gonna ask you again to
step out of the car please.

Eyes on the Passenger now. Sitting there. Staring. Ray on his
mobile unit meanwhile--

RAY

20-L-14 Traffic.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Go ahead 20-L-14..

RAY

California Charlie-7-3-Echo-Delta-
8-7 at 6th and Kingsley.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

*California Charlie-7-3-Echo-Delta-
8-7, 6th and Kingsley copy..*

Nick looking back. Driver's hand on the wheel now. Inked
knuckles. *Iron Cross..*

WHEELMAN

--Seriously man, why you making a
federal case outta this shit, I
told you, *I like cops..*

*

NICK

--Right now sir. Hands out at your
sides, face the squad car please.

WHEELMAN

All right, I'm doing it, Christ..

*

He opens the door. Nick notices something-- passenger side--
Benelli comes up--

*

--Nick goes for his piece. UNLOADS into the Audi. Benelli
EXPLODES. Practically takes the roof off. Nick half deaf.
Dazed. Wheelman on him. They SLAM the car. Hit the street.
Sig goes bouncing. Wheelman with a Tec-9. Hauls Nick to his
knees. Stops a charging Ray in his tracks--

*

*

RAY

DROP THE FUCKING GUN!!! DO IT
NOW!!! DO IT NOW!!!

WHEELMAN

FUCK YOU I WILL PULL THIS FUCKING
TRIGGER I SWEAR TO CHRIST!!!--

*