

Backing up now...

RAY
That was VanZandt back there.

19B EXT. ALLEY - LATER

19B

START

GUNS it down an alleyway. Chain link. Trash. Squad car up ahead. Jack working a JUNKIE over. Adams cheering him on.

RAY
Aw fuck me...

Closer now. SLEDGEHAMMER blows. *BAM BAM BAM*.. Fists on raw meat. Junkie half dead. Face like a jigsaw puzzle... *

NICK
Jesus Christ he wasn't kidding...

They stop. Jack's eyes wild, glowing in the interceptor's headlights. Junkie's blood all over him. Ray and Nick get out. *

RAY
Stay the fuck back, you hear me?

NICK
But what if--

RAY
Stay the fuck back, just do it!
(walking over)
Yo Jack...

BAM!-- another left. Jack rocks back. Gassed. Snaps out of it. Didn't realize Ray was there.

JACK
Ray!! Hey man, welcome! Found my guy here. Detox clinic over on Pico, little piece of shit was lined up outside, you believe that? This little fucker thinks he's gonna get clean! I was about ready to call it...

Kid hugs Jack's leg. Claws at him. Pathetic. Jack pats his head.

A meth junkie that'll never live to see 30 (stunt work involved: beating scene- simulated beating with fists, police nightstick, being kicked, repeatedly falling to ground, being dragged by arm and/or leg, being lifted and roughly placed across hood of squad car, being picked up by two cops by wrists and ankles and put into back of squad car) JUNKIE never speaks but must convey anguish, pain, desperation, plea to make it stop, whimpering, etc. Tears are essential. For the purposes of this self tape, improvise (in tight closeup, no more than 1.5 minutes) a scene wherein you are begging for your life while in immense pain. Less talking and more showing is advisable. Script pages are to help inform the improvisation only.

JACK (CONT'D)

Fucking serendipity man. Like finding a fiver in a pair of pants you ain't wore in a year. Just looked up and there he was.

RAY

Seems like maybe he's had enough Jack, what do you say?

JACK

Aw fuck that man. No no no... I been gearing up for this shit all week, this fucker's night's just gettin started.

Stroke doing that raise the roof shit now. Jack dragging what's left of the Junkie up..

*

RAY

Jack, serious man, you're gonna kill him.

JACK

Kinda the idea, right?

Goes back to work. HAMMERING away. Sickening THUD after sickening THUD..

RAY

Jack, for fucksake man..

Junkie FLOPS against Jack. Hugging his waist. Stroke hysterical.*

STROKE

Yo Jack, I think he wants to suck your dick!..

JACK

That what you want?? You little half a fucking twist, you wanna suck my dick??... Open your mouth.

RAY

Jack God damnit..

Junkie's out of it. Doesn't know what to do..

*

JACK

I SAID OPEN YOUR FUCKING MOUTH!!!

Kid opens his mouth. BAM!-- nightstick shatters his jaw.

RAY

Jack God damnit that's enough!!

JACK

Hey, fuck you!! You fucking washed
up piece of shit!! Nobody invited
you Jack, I didn't ask you to come
here and spoil my fucking night--
FUCK YOU!!!!

STROKE

Hey hey... do that thing man, what
you said..

JACK

Yeah, that's right..

Drags the Junkie up. DUMPS him across the hood of their
cruiser. Shows Ray the nightstick..

*

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna put this thing straight
up his ass, just like they used to
do in New York..

NICK

Ray God damnit if you don't stop
this I will..

JACK

Hey fuck you new guy!! You newbie
piece of shit!!!!..

Dragging the Junkie as he comes over--

*

JACK (CONT'D)

You got something to say?! Huh?!
Line up 'cause I'll punk you next!!
This little fuck is wrong and he's
gonna take his medicine!!

NICK

Just like that guy you ran down
back in Westmont?!

JACK

FUCK YOU!!!

Nick's up with his Sig now--

NICK

That's close enough God damnit!--

RAY

--Nick God damnit put it away!!--

JACK

You gonna fucking draw on me?! You gonna throw down with me you little pink faggot newbie motherfucker?!!

STROKE

Whoa whoa rook, that shit ain't cool man...

SCREAMING now. Unhinged. Gone...

JACK

YOU KNOW WHO THE FUCK I AM??!

JAMS his head up against the barrel of Nick's Sig--

JACK (CONT'D)

DO IT MOTHERFUCKER!!! YOU THINK YOU CAN KILL ME?!! PULL THE FUCKING TRIGGER YOU LITTLE FUCK!!! DO IT!!!

Spitting now. Rabid. SLAMS his head into the Interceptor's hood. Again. Harder this time. SCREAMING. Rips his shirt off. Pulls his piece. Ray up with his Glock now...

RAY

Jack God damnit I will lock you the fuck up do you understand me?! I will put you in a fucking cell tonight is that what you want??

Jack seems startled by this. Crushed. Manic low in a blink...

JACK

You're gonna draw on me too Ray?... Jesus man I thought we were friends... fuck...

Face turns now. Like a three year old lost his blankie. He starts crying. Can't control himself...

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... I'm so fucking sorry Ray... Please don't stop being my friend...

Blubbering now. Tosses his gun. His nightstick, his utility belt. Falls into Stroke's arms. Stroke trying to calm him...

STROKE

Shhhhh... it's okay Jackie... It's gonna be okay partner...

JACK

...where's my lithium?... I need my
lithium..

RAY

Stroke God damnit, get him the hell
outta here.

Stroke walks Jack back to their car. Jack sniffing. Passes
the Junkie--

*

JACK

Sorry..

Ray checks the kid out. A bloody scrap..

RAY

(to Nick)

Come on, get over here, help me
with this guy..

NICK

What are we gonna do with him?

Ray drags him toward the interceptor. Nick grabbing his feet.

*

RAY

We're gonna take him over to Good
Samaratin, say we found him in the
street like this.

NICK

What?? Jesus man, we can't--

RAY

(losing his grip)

Just open the door for Chrissake,
he's fucking slippery!

Nick gets the door open.

RAY (CONT'D)

(to Rondelle)

Hey, come on, move it. Make some
room..

They pile the kid in next to him. Come around the car, get
in. Finally catch their breath. As if on cue:

RONDELLE

Yo man it smells like puke back
here.