

The 8th
by
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FADE IN:

INT. 835 MISSISSIPPI STREET - NIGHT

A rundown house. Dark, asleep. Early morning street noises intrude.

The front door bursts open as two ARMED MEN dressed in dark fatigues rush in.

Two more men slip inside the house from the back-door. Flashlights mounted on their weapons cut through the night capturing the startled OCCUPANTS of the house; FIVE MEN and TWO WOMEN.

MALE OCCUPANT#1
Whatha'fuck- Who are you?!?

He squints past the glaring lights and tries to look at Armed Man#1. Armed Man#1 stares at the man over his TEC-9 and then...

...an early morning massacre...

DISSOLVE TO:

TITLES:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - MORNING

San Francisco is an extremely diverse city in a tiny geographical footprint. It holds secrets very well...

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

An inky pen tip SCRAPES across a paper surface looping around, crossing over and looping around again to complete the number 8. It is the date, THE 8TH.

Rinks' eyes pop open.

JEFF (JEFFERSON) RINKS, 30s, wakes up on this hot San Francisco August morning. He's lying on a gurney in a deserted end of a hallway, fully dressed and disheveled.

NICOLE (O.S.)
Jill's right. There is a bum
sleeping in C wing.

Rinks sits up, STARTLED. NICOLE MULLEN, 30s, TRAUMA SURGEON and his live-in girlfriend, stands next to him wearing a doctor's coat and holding a clipboard shaking her head at him.

He swings his legs over the side of the gurney and shakes the sleep out of his head. He searches for his watch.

RINKS
What time is it?

NICOLE
Is it too much to expect a phone
call or a message?

He looks at her with a "Yeah, yeah, not this again" expression. He hops off the gurney, leans into her and kisses her...

RINKS
Don't bust my balls before my
coffee, Baby.

NICOLE
(annoyed)
You free at lunch today?

...and grabs her ass. Almost as an afterthought she swats his hand away from her butt. He holds his hand up in mock pain.

RINKS
Sorry, sorry, sorry! It was late,
I was exhausted, I just needed a
nap—

He smooths out the covering on the gurney and pats it, overacting.

NICOLE
(interrupting)
Can we meet for lunch today!?

He double-checks his belongings, his pockets, his gun.

RINKS
Not sure. I gotta' go.

NICOLE
Wait! You gonna' be home later?

RINKS
Dunno. Gotta' go.

He leaves, waving at her lazily and yawning loudly. For her part she suddenly is very pissed off.

EXT. BRYANT STREET - ESTABLISHING

850 BRYANT, SOUTHERN STATION, the main headquarters for the San Francisco Police Department, a federal-looking, 1960s building, south of Market street...

INT. SOUTHERN STATION - ESTABLISHING

Narcotics/Vice division is located here in Southern Station.

INT. NARCOTICS DIVISION - MORNING

Jeff Rinks is a San Francisco narcotics inspector. He hurries inside and almost collides with a CLERK carrying paperwork. The clerk fumbles and spills his papers.

Rinks makes an apologetic face but sidesteps the spill, avoiding any responsibility.

Rinks locates and sits with his partner PAUL STRODE, 30s, for the morning briefing by their Captain, "CAPT. MACK," 50s.

RINKS

I miss anything?

Strode shakes his head, about to speak but...

CAPT. MACK

At approximately three thirty this morning a residence on Potrero Hill—

CUT TO:

INT. 835 MISSISSIPPI STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Uniformed police officers and paramedics mill about the ransacked and bloodied interior.

CAPT. MACK (V.O.)

...eight thirty-five Mississippi street— was raided and five men and two women were killed.

The paramedics attend to two victims who cling to life and wheel them out on stretchers. A police evidence technician photographs the SCENE, particularly the BLOODY, DEAD BODIES.

CAPT. MACK (V.O.)

All have numerous trafficking priors.

CAPT. MACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Homicide, Gang and Narcotics are
sharing this one. O'Neill from
Narcotics is lead.

BACK TO:

INT. NARCOTICS DIVISION - CONTINUOUS

TOM O'NEILL, 50, a veteran narcotics inspector nods at the
few who look over at him.

Rinks listens closely.

CUT TO:

INT. 835 MISSISSIPPI STREET - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Multiple SHOTGUN BLASTS and GUNSHOTS are the obvious CAUSE OF
DEATH in this house.

CAPT. MACK (V.O.)
Clearly these mokes were robbed by
a rival crew.

BACK TO:

INT. NARCOTICS DIVISION - CONTINUOUS

Rinks seems troubled by the briefing.

CAPT. MACK
They've got product, they've got
money, and as usual, they've got
big mouths. Whatever you get, give
it to Tom.

Capt. Mack points at O'Neill.

CAPT. MACK (O.S.)
Whoever this crew is, they're
pretty bold. Let's shut them down
before TV makes a big deal about it
and the whole neighborhood runs
with blood.
(pause)
One more thing. Last night someone
murdered seven human beings. It
don't matter that they were
involved in drugs. Whoever did
this is responsible and should be
held accountable.

RINKS thinks and LOOKS BACK AT narcotics inspector ANTHONY BARRISON, 40, an angular and intimidating man in the back of the room cleaning his nails with a pocket knife. Two inspectors from his team, MORRIS and TAYLOR, flank him.

Barrison is the alpha male. There is only "his way," no "highway".

CAPT. MACK (O.S.)

So, do your jobs and go find them.

Rinks has a pretty good idea who is responsible. He glances at Strode... but doesn't say anything.

Rinks' cellphone BUZZES. He nods at Strode as he gets up and walks out of the briefing room as Capt. Mack moves onto other items.

Narcotics/Vice is a sprawling warren of big and small offices connected by claustrophobic linoleum hallways. Rinks reaches a hallway and slows down, staring at the Caller ID. He answers his phone.

RINKS

Yeah.

NICOLE (O.S.)

Thanks for taking off so quickly.
Can you talk now?

RINKS

Yeah! What's up?

Nicole takes a BREATH and Rinks becomes concerned.

NICOLE (O.S.)

We need to talk. I need to talk to you. Can we meet for lunch?

RINKS

What about?

NICOLE (O.S.)

I don't want to get into it on the phone.

RINKS

That doesn't sound good—

NICOLE (O.S.)
(interrupting)
That's why I don't want to get into
it on the phone! I wanted to talk
at home, but—

RINKS
(interrupting)
Fine. Where?

NICOLE (O.S.)
Wherever.

RINKS
Fuck... I dunno. What about Goat
Hill?

NICOLE (O.S.)
...that's fine. Eleven thirty?

RINKS
Uh, yeah.

NICOLE (O.S.)
Okay. I've got to go. See you
then.

He closes his cellphone frowning.

RINKS
Great.

Rinks walks back into the office. He finds Strode speaking
with two inspectors, GAINES and SANCHEZ, 40s, from the
Internal Affairs unit. Rinks knows who they are and scowls
as they turn and spot him.

Something BANGS onto the floor.

HECKLER (O.S.)
INCOMING!

Rinks looks over at a bulletin board. It has dropped and
sent a million pushpins across the room. Everyone APPLAUDS,
CATCALLS AND LAUGHS at an UNFORTUNATE POLICE OFFICER who is
trying to pin up bulletins.

SANCHEZ (O.S.)
Inspector? Can we have a word with
you?

Rinks turns back to the IA inspectors and looks at Strode who
peaks his eyebrows at him.

RINKS

Sure.

The IA inspectors usher Rinks and Strode to an interview room amid the glances of the nosey and worried.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

Gaines opens the door and ushers Rinks inside. Strode tries to follow but Sanchez stops him.

SANCHEZ

Wait out here for a second.

He closes the door on Strode and joins Gaines and Rinks.

GAINES

Have a seat, Inspector Rinks.

Rinks sits on the corner of the interview table instead.

RINKS

I've got work to do, fellas.

Gaines and Sanchez are older, slower, patient cops. They have a fleshy, breathy quality about them that suggests long-suffering patience in the pursuit of corruption. They flank Rinks and stare at him.

After a moment Sanchez flashes a dead-eyed smile.

SANCHEZ

Any ideas who hit the house on Potrero Hill?

Rinks looks at both of them and shrugs.

RINKS

It could be any number of "G"s, Yo.

GAINES

What do you think?

Sanchez pops a stick of gum in his mouth.

RINKS

There's three crews I'd like just in the Alemany project alone—

SANCHEZ

(interrupting)

Those crews have worked together on things before.

GAINES
Why start trouble when everyone's
making money?

Rinks shrugs at them.

RINKS
Common sense isn't their strong
point. They're fucking criminals.

GAINES
Yeah, we think it was someone else.

They stare at Rinks. Rinks gets their drift and smirks.

RINKS
I've got work to do.

GAINES
So do we. A crew of cops's been
pulling stunts like this for
several years.

RINKS
I don't know nothin' about that.

He stares at them. Sanchez is sympathetic, Gaines is
accusatory.

SANCHEZ
But you'd tell us if you did...

GAINES
You know this isn't good for
anybody. Why'd you become a cop in
the first place, Rinks?

Rinks smiles at Gaines.

RINKS
For the guns.

He pantomimes two six-shooters drawn from his imaginary
holsters.

RINKS
I'd tell you, if I knew something.
But, I don't.

Rinks moves toward the door. Sanchez blocks the door with
his hand on the knob. Gaines is across the room.

GAINES

First person to come to us gets a
free ride.

They stare at Rinks. He smiles at them and nods. Sanchez
opens the door.

SANCHEZ

Thank you for your time, Inspector.

GAINES

Inspector Strode?

Strode looks at Rinks who rolls his eyes at him as they pass
each other. Strode steps into the interview room and Rinks
waits outside as the door closes.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Strode drives himself and Rinks around the Mission District,
a blue-collar, mostly Hispanic neighborhood known for being a
bit rough – caught between impoverished culture and
gentrification.

STRODE

Does Internal Affairs really think
cops did that?

RINKS

Who knows? It's S.O.P! They like
to shake trees, see who falls out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rinks and Strode are talking to a local panhandler, junk
trader, petty thief named LONGO.

LONGO

News travels fast, man.

STRODE

Know anyone who could'a done it?

LONGO

Nope. It don't make sense, tho'.

STRODE

What "don't"?

LONGO

Hittin' that house. Don't start
nothin', won't be nothin'.

Strode looks at Rinks to see if he has any questions to ask. Rinks just shakes his head and Strode turns back to Longo.

LATER

Rinks and Strode walk back to their car.

RINKS
Pin the tail on the perp.

STRODE
I hate these "investigations."

Rinks smirks.

EXT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks and Strode are in their car, pulled over to a curb. A PROSTITUTE leans into the window.

PROSTITUTE
It was prolly some cops.

RINKS
You talking out your ass, Dotty, or do you know something?

PROSTITUTE
I just know it was prolly some cops, sheeit.

RINKS
Thanks. Don't suck too many dicks, Dot.

She cackles as they pull away.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

RINKS
(mimicking)
It was prolly some cops, sheeit.

They wait at a traffic light. Rinks glances over at a newspaper vending machine. The headline reads: MIDNIGHT MASSACRE. The light changes and they drive through.

Rinks spots a man on the sidewalk.

RINKS
Pull over.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Rinks gets out of the car and walks over to a reluctant young black man with a cellphone and baggy clothes, RODNEY, 20s.

RINKS
Yo, Rodney! What up?

Rodney scowls, wanting to disappear.

RINKS
Wait up, man. Is that how you
treat a friend?

Rinks stops him and slaps his hand in a handshake.

RODNEY
Inspector Rinks.

RINKS
You just get out?

Rodney rolls his eyes.

RODNEY
That was six months ago, man.

RINKS
Oh, right! Keep' your nose clean?

RODNEY
Whatchewwant, Rinks? Why you—

RINKS
(interrupting)
So, if I patted you down right now,
I wouldn't find anything?

Rodney curses under his breath and shuffles around.

RINKS
Relax, Rodney. I don't want you.
What do you know about the house on
Potrero?

Rodney scoffs at him.

RODNEY
Man, you trippin'. You'd know
better 'an me!

RINKS
Whatchewtalkin'bout?

Rodney just smirks at him.

RINKS

You hear anything, I want to know.
It hurts me when you make me hurt
you, Rodney. I don't want to, but
I can and I will.

Rodney dismisses him with a scowl and goes back to his cellphone. Rinks smiles and gets back in the car watching him and they drive off.

INT. TAQUERIA - DAY

This BURRITO PLACE is between rushes. Rinks and Strode walk inside and toward the back of the brightly lit restaurant where Barrison, Morris, Taylor and another inspector, CHIN, wait.

CHIN

...Shit, all I can afford is having
my lawyer tell her lawyer how far
I'll bend over.

TAYLOR

Take it from Morris. He's been
married more times than Mickey
Rooney.

CHIN

Who the fuck's Mickey Rooney?

TAYLOR

Chin- whatta "maroon."

Barrison notices Rinks and Strode.

BARRISON

How's it going, guys?

STRODE

(mimicking)

"It was prolly some cops, sheeit."

Barrison smiles, wiping his hands on napkins.

BARRISON

We're waiting to hear from Jimmy.

Barrison stands and walks over to Rinks.

CHIN (O.S.)

Paul, you're divorced. Right?

STRODE (O.S.)
Aren't we all?

Barrison leads Rinks away from the rest.

BARRISON
I need you to do something for me.

RINKS
When?

BARRISON
Right now.

RINKS
Have Paul do it. I need to meet my
girlfriend—

Barrison takes out a PHONE BILL ENVELOPE and hands it to
Rinks none too delicately.

BARRISON
(interrupting)
She can wait. What did Gaines and
Sanchez want this morning?

Rinks looks at the envelope which is about a half inch thick,
full of WORN TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS. He looks around nervously
and rechecks the envelope.

RINKS
This is... more than usual.

Barrison nods.

BARRISON
You guys aren't squids anymore.
Soon, you'll be real cops. Just
take it and don't be stupid.

Rinks pockets it swiftly and looks into Barrison's eyes.

RINKS
Yeah, thank—

BARRISON
(interrupting)
What did Gaines and Sanchez want
with you?

RINKS
Nothin'. They're just fishin'.

BARRISON
What exactly?

RINKS
The Potrero Hill case.

Barrison waits.

RINKS
They just asked who I thought did it.

BARRISON
They mention any theories?

Rinks plays dumb. Barrison SNAPS his fingers, impatient.

RINKS
No. They're just shaking trees...
You know. See what falls out.

Barrison nods and drops the subject slowly...

BARRISON
I need you to pick up a car and
drive it to an address, park it and
leave it there.

Barrison hands him keys and a Post-it note. Rinks looks at the Post-it note and pockets it with the keys nodding at him. Rinks looks at Barrison, waiting.

Barrison suddenly is all smiles. Rinks starts to walk toward the bathroom.

BARRISON
Whoa, whoa, whoa, where you going?

RINKS
I need to piss.

BARRISON
Hold it in. Move the car now.

Inspector JIMMY LANE, part of Barrison's team, walks into the taqueria. He joins the group and addresses Barrison.

LANE
I'm going to get a phone call about
a possible lead on a crew.

BARRISON
When?

LANE
Within the hour.

BARRISON
We'll close Tom's case before his
Metamucil kicks in.

Barrison looks at everyone, in turn.

BARRISON
We'll call you guys when we hear
something.

They nod and start to disperse. Barrison nods at Rinks.
Rinks collects Strode on their way out.

Barrison gives Rinks a look and then nods at Strode,
questioningly. Rinks thinks about it, looking at Strode and
nods at Barrison, vouching for Strode.

Barrison leaves it up to him with a peak of his eyebrows as
he turns his attention to something else.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks drives, concentrating on the road, or trying to.

STRODE (O.S.)
I hate doing these "errands."

Rinks steals a look at Strode who is counting money in an
envelope similar to the one Barrison gave to Rinks. After a
moment Strode looks at him.

STRODE
This is way more than usual.

RINKS
Buy your ex-wives something.

STRODE
That's not the point. Each of
these errands gets stickier and
stickier.

RINKS
It's just cash.

EXT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

On a backstreet, Rinks gets out of their Crown Victoria and
walks over to a parked GRAN TORINO.

RINKS

Follow me.

Rinks takes out a RUBBER GLOVE and puts it on as he walks over to the Gran Torino. He gets in, starts it and drives off with Strode following him.

EXT. SECOND AND TENNESSEE - DAY

Rinks parks the car, leaves the keys in the visor and gets out. He wipes the steering wheel, door handle and anything else his exposed hand touched, smudging any prints he might have left behind.

While Strode watches from their car a beat-up CADILLAC SEVILLE drives up, BASS BOOMING, BUMPER RATTLING, and double parks beside the Gran Torino. Two young men get out, RAYDAR and KILLA' BEE, 20s.

KILLA' BEE

Where the keys at?

Rinks studies them; Could they be carjacking him in broad daylight?

RAYDAR

Relax, dog!

Rinks reaches in, flips the visor down, catches the keys and drops them on the driver's seat, for them to see. He nods and walks away as Raydar jumps behind the wheel of the Gran Torino and starts it.

The two cars drive off as Rinks joins Strode and they drive off.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Strode looks at Rinks.

STRODE

I don't remember "courier" as being part of our job description. They the ones supposed to pick it up?

RINKS

Fuck if I know.

(pause)

You ever see those guys before?

STRODE

Nope.

Rinks looks at his watch and grimaces.

RINKS
Drop me off on top of Potrero Hill.
Will ya'?

STRODE
Sure.

INT. GOAT HILL PIZZA - DAY

Nicole sits down opposite Rinks at a corner table in the back of the empty restaurant. Rinks smiles apprehensively.

RINKS
You gonna' eat?

NICOLE
No, I need to get back to the
hospital and... I'm not hungry.

A WAITRESS looks at Rinks and holds up two menus. He shakes his head and she gets the drift. Nicole stares at Rinks, thinking.

RINKS
What finally happened with the
Potrero gangbangers—

NICOLE
(interrupting)
They died. I'm moving out.

Rinks gapes at her, caught totally by surprise.

NICOLE
...Our relationship ...isn't
working. You've changed. You're
always distracted. It's like
you're not interested in—

RINKS
(interrupting)
Excuse me but, my job is very
stressful—

NICOLE
(interrupting)
And being a trauma surgeon at San
Francisco General isn't stressful
at all?

RINKS

When you fuck up, the patients
don't shoot back at you.

She sits back; it's pointless to talk to him.

RINKS

Alright, alright. Let's just talk
about it—

NICOLE

(interrupting)

We have talked about it, Jeff,
repeatedly. I've thought long and
hard and I don't see how, the way
we're going, a marriage would be
any better for us.

That hits him.

RINKS

You wanna split up?

NICOLE

I'm moving out. Haven't you
noticed? You act like one of these
guys you're after...

RINKS

What the fuck are you saying?

NICOLE

I feel like I'm living with a drug
dealer.

She points at him, slouched in his chair, his baggy clothes,
his attitude. He's dressed in a parka-style plaid jacket and
chinos; he can blend in.

NICOLE

I know you have to do certain
things to be effective. But you've
become comfortable with cutting
corners, being sly, whatever. That
may work out there, but it doesn't
work here.

She gestures between them.

NICOLE (cont'd)

It won't work with a wife.

He sits up.

NICOLE
You're taking us for granted.

He glares at her.

RINKS
And moving out is you "really
working at it?"

NICOLE
No! I want a change. I want you
to change, back to who you were.

He throws his hands up.

NICOLE
Why not? You could transfer to
another division—

RINKS
(interrupting)
And do what?

She glares at him.

NICOLE
See what I mean? I have to give
you more time. But you can't be
bothered with thinking about what
else you could do with your life?
I can't tell if it's you or your
buddies or what. But, I know
you're into something. You've
changed completely, Jeff. Your job
is ruining us. Goddamnit, I didn't
leave Detroit to get engaged to a
drug dealer!

RINKS
Oh, fuck you, Nicole.
(pause)
Fine! Leave.

She stands and shoulders her purse. He groans and shuts his
eyes as he holds up a placating hand.

The waitress smirks, having seen it all before.

EXT. GOAT HILL PIZZA - DAY

Nicole finds her car keys and looks at Rinks as he joins her
on the sidewalk. He stares off at the traffic in the street.

He doesn't move. She leaves.

After a moment he...

RINKS

Nicole...

...turns to her but she's gone.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - LATER

Strode pulls up to the curb and Rinks gets in.

STRODE

We got the call. They want backup.

(pause)

That was quick.

RINKS

She wasn't hungry.

Strode winces and steals a peek at Rinks.

STRODE

Ouch, one of those lunches...

Rinks glances at him and then looks away quickly.

EXT. MISSION STATION - DAY

MISSION STATION is the police station that serves the Mission District.

Rinks and Strode pull into the police station parking lot, hop out and hurry into the station.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Barrison diagrams plans for a raid on a dry-erase board to his team of seven inspectors. Rinks and Strode are the last to show up.

BARRISON

Two teams. The main strike team,
through the door. Two shotguns in
back, two in the back-door.

(sarcastic)

Rinks, Strode, thanks for showing
up, ladies.

The other inspectors chuckle. Rinks and Strode quickly change into combat gear like the rest, TACTICAL bulletproof vests, wraparound eye protectors, Kevlar helmets.

Rinks' attention drifts for a moment as he thinks about Nicole. Strode notices.

STRODE
You okay to do this?

Rinks snaps out of it.

RINKS
Yeah.

BARRISON
You guys come in behind us.

Rinks is reluctant about the plans for the raid.

RINKS
How good's our intel—

BARRISON
(interrupting)
Good enough

Barrison shuts Rinks down.

TAYLOR
How many skinnies?

BARRISON
We think there's six. Back-door team goes in first to scare them out the front and then we hit a split second later.

STRODE
What about tac team backup?

BARRISON
The sooner we hit them the more surprise we'll have. We go in loud, they'll just spook.

RINKS
We got a warrant?

Barrison looks around the room and smiles, abiding the disruptive "student".

LANE
(muttered)
It's being signed right now.

BARRISON
Probable cause. We don't need a
warrant, Jeff. We got word about
the shooters.

Barrison gives Rinks an extremely condescending smile.

BARRISON
Perhaps you guys can look for guns
inside. We'll be pretty busy on
point, doing the real cop work.

Rinks and Strode are offended but keep quiet as Barrison nods at them definitively. The other inspectors have seen this kind of thing before and keep quiet.

BARRISON
Jeff, let me handle this and
everyone winds up happy. We clear?

He stares at Rinks, waiting.

RINKS
...clear.

BARRISON
Outstanding. Let's roll.

EXT. 320 WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

320 Washington Street is a POOR HOUSE on a bad block on the ugly side of Bernal Heights.

The ten inspectors drive up in three unmarked CROWN VICTORIAS. They stop in the street, flanking the target house, blocking traffic in or out. Doors pop open and the inspectors in full combat gear jump out.

Barrison and his team stage by a parked car. Rinks and Strode join them. Taylor hands Chin a GROCERY BAG full of something. The whole team is connected by walkie-talkies and headsets.

BARRISON
Team 2? Slip in back and report.

On the other side of the house two inspectors quietly run behind the house, into the backyard.

Two others do the same on this side. The one in the lead has a shotgun, the second inspector has a pistol. One of them has a DOOR-KNOCKER too (a sledgehammer battering ram).

INSPECTOR #1 (O.S.)

Go for go.

BARRISON

Check.

Barrison signals with one hand and Morris leads the charge of six cops with a shotgun and a door-knocker. Barrison is second, followed by Taylor, Chin, Rinks and Strode.

They run up to the porch and quietly climb the steps on the edges to keep from making noise. As they run up to the house Rinks SPOTS THE GRAN TORINO parked in the driveway.

BARRISON

Be advised, voices, TV, front room.

The walkie-talkie CLICKS twice in response. Barrison signals Morris who gets ready. Barrison knocks on the wall loudly.

BARRISON

Police! Open up!

EXT. 320 WASHINGTON STREET, BACKYARD - DAY

TEAM TWO, led by Lane, busts the back-door in and rushes inside.

EXT. 320 WASHINGTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

LANE (O.S.)

Police! Nobody move! Nobody move!
Police!

TEAM ONE can hear them over their headsets. Morris hits the door busting it open. Barrison, Taylor and Chin slip inside followed by Morris, who has dropped the battering ram, and Rinks and Strode.

INT. 320 WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

BARRISON

Police! Police! Nobody
move.

TAYLOR

Get down! Down on the
ground!

Inside they find SIX YOUNG BLACK MEN, four watching TV, two in the kitchen. They've jumped up from their seats in a frenzy to get away.

CHIN

Hands up! Hands up, on the ground!

The cops spill into the house and tackle the first three men to the floor. Barrison kicks one in the face, dropping him to the floor, stunned.

Chin and Taylor go to the first bedroom door.

TAYLOR

Freeze!

(pause)

Clear!

It's empty. They toss the paper bag inside and back out and hit the next room.

TAYLOR

Freeze!

(pause)

Clear!

Taylor and Chin meet Lane and the other inspector and handcuff two men in the kitchen. Strode runs into the first bedroom.

Barrison surveys the room and the situation with his gun.

Rinks recognizes the fourth man in the living room as Rodney. He's sitting in a recliner with his hands to the sides.

STRODE (O.S.)

We've got some guns!

BARRISON (O.S.)

Excellent!

Rodney glares at Rinks and then at the rest in the living room, stopping at Barrison. He sits up.

RODNEY

This is bullshit! Fucking
Barrison! You're setting us up!
Bullshit!

Barrison looks around at Morris, Taylor and Chin in the door to the kitchen, Strode in the bedroom door, and at Rinks. Morris nods.

Barrison SHOOTS RODNEY twice with his 9mm Glock. Rodney falls back into the chair.

Rinks, nearest to Rodney, jumps, stunned.

RINKS

You killed him—

BARRISON
(interrupting)
He went for a piece. You all saw
him.

MORRIS
That's right.

Yep!

BARRISON
Get me one of those guns!

Barrison turns to Strode who is staring at Rodney in the recliner.

Now! BARRISON

RINKS
You didn't have to—

BARRISON
(interrupting)
Can it!

Impatient, Barrison reaches into his utility vest pocket on his back and takes out a pistol. He's about to toss it next to Rodney's body.

Rinks is in shock, staring at Rodney who stirs.

RINKS
Wait, he's still ali-

Rodney raises his hand revealing a Tec-9 and sprays the room.

Shit! RINKS

Strode ducks. Morris ducks. Barrison fires back, hitting him.

Rinks fires back as well. Rodney's bullets hit Rinks in the arm and the collar. He drops with a YELP.

Taylor pops in and adds fire on Rodney. Morris rears up and fires his shotgun and kills Rodney for sure.

BARRISON
Nobody fucking move! Nobody move!

Barrison sits on one of the first men and jams his pistol behind his head.

BARRISON
Don't fuck with me.

He cuffs him rapidly. Morris sweeps the room with the shotgun and points it at the other men lying on the floor, glaring at him.

STRODE
Jeff's hit!

Strode runs over to Rinks and kneels beside him. Taylor, Chin and Lane help to handcuff the rest.

Barrison steps over to Strode and Rinks who is coughing up blood from an ugly wound at the base of his neck just above his vest. The bullets trailed across his arm, onto his vest and into his neck.

RINKS
(gurgling)
Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck, Rodney man!
He hit me!

STRODE
Calm down! You're alright!

Barrison trades his 9mm for the throw piece and approaches Rinks.

BARRISON
Real cops don't get shot, Rinks.

Strode toggles his radio.

STRODE
Officer down, officer down! We
need an ambulance at 320 Washington
street.

Rinks' starts to black out.

RINKS (O.S.)
Oh, fuck, man!

STRODE (O.S.)
Hang on, buddy.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Rinks is being attended as his eyes roll around.

RINKS
I can't feel anything.

EMT #1
Don't talk.

RINKS
Nicole....?

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, SF GENERAL - DAY

Rinks is wheeled into the emergency room by the paramedics with Strobe and Barrison alongside. Nicole shows up.

NICOLE
Jeff!?!

She swallows her initial panic and tries to concentrate. They transfer him to a bed and get to work.

NICOLE
He's A positive. Two units.

RINKS
Nicole. I...

She looks into his eyes.

NICOLE
Hang on. You're going to be alright.

RINKS
I didn't mean it...

In the commotion she may not have heard him. She can't help it, her eyes fill with tears.

ER NURSE
He's crashing!

NICOLE
No! Hang on!

Cardiac alarms go off.

ER NURSE
BPs dropping.

NICOLE
Jeff! Jeff? Hang on, Jeff!

Rinks stares into the ceiling. His point of view shifts outside his body as he drifts away.

ER NURSE
He's flat-lining.

NICOLE
Charge.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

Rinks' eyes pop open.

The inky pen tip scrapes across the paper surface looping around, crossing over and looping around again to complete the number 8. It is THE 8TH.

NICOLE (O.S.)
Jill's right. There is a bum
sleeping in C wing. How long—

Rinks sits up, STARTLED and gasps for breath. He's on the gurney in the deserted hallway, fully dressed and disheveled again. Nicole stands next to him wearing the doctor's coat and holding the clipboard shaking her head at him.

He checks himself frantically for blood, wounds, IVs. Nicole frowns at him and his spastic motions.

NICOLE
What's with you?

He's not dead or bleeding. He takes some time to catch his breath and let his heart slow down.

RINKS
(muttering)
That was fucked up...

He swings his legs over the side of the gurney and shakes the sleep out of his head.

NICOLE
Is it too much to expect a phone
call or a message? I've been
trying to find you!

He searches for his watch.

NICOLE
(annoyed)
You free at lunch today?

He makes sure he has all of his things, not paying attention to her, and hops off the gurney.

RINKS
Not sure. I gotta' go.

NICOLE
Wait! You gonna' be home later?

RINKS
I dunno. I gotta' go.

He walks away.

NICOLE
Wait!

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

Nicole follows Rinks outside.

NICOLE
I asked you a question!

RINKS
And I answered you. Don't bother me right now. I need to get to work.

He shakes off the dream or tries to and waves her away. She stops short needing to get back to her duties. Rinks walks away to find his car.

NICOLE
(muttered)
Asshole.

INT. NARCOTICS DIVISION - MORNING

Rinks rushes in and almost collides with the clumsy clerk who spills his papers. He stops and stares at the clerk gathering the papers and then pulls himself away.

He locates Strode, who glances at him, and joins him. Capt. Mack is briefing them. Rinks looks around the room and at Strode, sitting next to him.

CAPT. MACK
At approximately three thirty this morning a residence on Potrero Hill- eight thirty-five....

THAT REALLY STOPS RINKS IN HIS TRACKS. Capt. Mack drones on with his briefing exactly as before but Rinks looks around the room with growing trepidation.

Tom O'Neill nods at the few who look over at him, as before. Rinks is one of them this time. Every detail startles Rinks as he looks around the room trying to figure out if he had just dreamt the whole thing or what...

He's NOT DEAD. He's ALIVE.

(FLASHBACK: RODNEY STRAFES HIS TEC-9 OVER RINKS, HITTING HIM REPEATEDLY. RINKS IS WHEELED INTO THE ER COUGHING BLOOD.)

CAPT. MACK (O.S.)
...Whoever did this is responsible
and should be held accountable.

Capt. Mack points at O'Neill and Rinks looks back. Barrison is in the back, cleaning his nails with a pocket knife again, with Morris and Taylor flanking him. Rinks faces the front again and tries to figure out what's happening...

He watches Capt. Mack's mouth moving but the words gradually lose their meaning—

RINKS
(whispered)
Nicole...

Rinks' cellphone BUZZES and he JUMPS, startled. He looks at Strode and gets up and walks out of the briefing room studying the Caller ID. Sure enough...

Rinks reaches the hallway and opens his phone apprehensively.

RINKS
Hello!

NICOLE (O.S.)
Thanks for taking off so quickly.

RINKS
Nicole!—

Rinks stares at the wall, frightened, confused, disoriented.

NICOLE
(interrupting)
Am I interrupting anything? Can
you talk—

He looks around.

RINKS
 (interrupting)
 Yeah! I mean, no, nothin'. What's
 up?

Nicole takes a BREATH and Rinks becomes concerned.

NICOLE (O.S.)
 We need to talk. I need to talk to
 you. Can we meet for lunch?

Rinks gulps and peers at the phone.

RINKS
 ...What do you want to talk about?

NICOLE (O.S.)
 I don't want to get into it on the
 phone. I wanted to talk at home,
 but...

This is freaking him out. Each word hits him like a blow.
 He listens in stunned silence.

NICOLE (O.S.)
 Where do you want to meet?

RINKS
 Goat Hill...

NICOLE (O.S.)
 ...that's fine. Eleven thirty?

His eyes widen.

RINKS
 Uh, yeah.

NICOLE (O.S.)
 Okay. I've got to go. See you
 then.

He closes his cellphone slowly, stunned.

RINKS
 What the fuck is going on?

Rinks walks back into the office and is startled to find
 Strode speaking with Gaines and Sanchez from Internal
 Affairs. They spot him and squint at him, perhaps because
 he's staring at them—

A DISTURBANCE grabs Rinks' attention.

Rinks looks over at the unfortunate police officer with the bulletin board. It's slipped and now it drops and sends a million pushpins across the room to everyone's uproarious APPLAUSE, CATCALLS AND LAUGHTER.

HECKLER (O.S.)
Incoming!

SANCHEZ (O.S.)
Inspector? Can we have a word with
you?

Rinks turns back to the IA inspectors and looks at Strode who peaks his eyebrows at him again.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

Sanchez closes the door on Strode.

GAINES
Have a seat, Inspector Rinks.

Rinks looks at the corner of the interview table, but this time he needs a seat so he sits down instead.

RINKS
I've got... work...

Gaines and Sanchez flank Rinks and stare at him. Sanchez flashes his same dead-eyed smile.

RINKS
...to do.

SANCHEZ
Any ideas who hit the house on
Potrero Hill?

Rinks gapes at both of them.

Sanchez pops a stick of gum in his mouth. Rinks stares at Sanchez as he FLASHES BACK to him popping another, earlier stick of gum in his mouth.

GAINES
What do you think?

Rinks studies them more closely, their clothes, their hair, the details... desperate for some hint about what's going on.

SANCHEZ
Inspector?
(pause)
You with us?

GAINES
Hello? Rinks?

Sanchez and Gaines check with each other, tongue-in-cheek.

SANCHEZ
You hungover again, Inspector?

GAINES
Any ideas?

Rinks snaps out of it, or tries to.

RINKS
The Alemany project— those crews—

SANCHEZ
(interrupting)
Those crews have worked together on
things before!

They shake their heads at Rinks.

GAINES
Why start trouble when everyone's
making money?

Rinks stares at them. They stare at Rinks.

GAINES
We think it was someone else.

Rinks nods slowly. He tries to dissimulate.

GAINES
A crew of cops's been pulling
stunts like this for several years.

RINKS
I don't know nothin' about that.

He stares at them.

SANCHEZ
But you'd tell us if you did...

Sanchez is sympathetic, Gaines is accusatory.

GAINES

You know this isn't good for
anybody. Why'd you become a cop in
the first place?

He continues to stare at them.

SANCHEZ

You alright, Inspector?

GAINES

You look guilty about something.

SANCHEZ

You got something to get off your
chest?

Rinks snaps out of it again, trying to recover.

RINKS

I'd tell you if I knew something...
But, I don't.

Rinks gets up and moves toward the door to leave. Gaines
this time blocks the door with his hand on the knob with
Sanchez across the room. Rinks does a double-take, studying
their little SWITCHEROO...

RINKS

First guy to talk gets a free ride?

...taking the words right out of Gaines' mouth. They stare
at Rinks, annoyed. He tries to smile at them but fails and
nods instead. Gaines opens the door.

GAINES

Thank you for your time, Inspector.

SANCHEZ

Inspector Strode?

Strode looks at Rinks who barely looks at him as they pass
each other.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Strode drives himself and Rinks around the Mission district.
Rinks remains quiet as the same details flow before his eyes.
Strode glances at him.

STRODE

Does Internal Affairs really think
cops did that?

Rinks isn't listening.

STRODE
Jeff? Hello! You here?

Rinks looks at him.

STRODE
Does IA think cops did it?

RINKS
(irritated)
I dunno...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rinks is almost acting like a "tweaker," twitching and jumping at each new repetition, anticipating the next one.

Strode is talking to LONGO and looks at Rinks to see if he has any questions to ask. Rinks just shakes his head and Strode turns back to Longo.

LONGO
It don't make no sense. Don't
start nothin', won't be nothin'.

EXT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks and Strode are in their car, pulled over to a curb. The prostitute leans into the window. Strode looks at Rinks who is closest to her.

STRODE
You got any questions for the lady?

Rinks looks at her and then at Strode.

RINKS
No...

Strode looks at the prostitute.

STRODE
Thanks. Don't suck too many dicks,
Dot.

She cackles as they pull away.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

STRODE
"It was prolly some cops, sheeit."

Rinks STARES at Strode as he has another FLASHBACK of himself saying the previous two lines.

They wait at a traffic light. Rinks glances over at a newspaper vending machine. The headline reads: MIDNIGHT MASSACRE. He glares at it, confused.

The light changes and they drive through.

Then he spots Rodney on the sidewalk and jumps.

RINKS

Pull OVER!

Rinks checks his gun, making sure a round is in the chamber and the safety is on, and holsters it.

RINKS

Stay with the car.

Strode gives him a funny look and does as told.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Rinks gets out of the car and hurries over to RODNEY and his cellphone. Rinks is out of Strode's range and he approaches Rodney apprehensively; he almost looks like he's going to draw his weapon.

RINKS

Rodney!

Rodney scowls, wanting to disappear, not picking up on Rinks' nervous tension.

RINKS

Just stop, man. I want to talk to you!

Rinks gets in front of him.

RODNEY

Inspector Rinks.

(FLASHBACK: RODNEY STRAFES HIS TEC-9 OVER RINKS, HITTING HIM REPEATEDLY.)

Rinks TWITCHES and stares at Rodney as if trying to figure out how this KID could be the one who killed him. Rodney gets unnerved by the way Rinks stares at him.

RODNEY

Why you eyeballing me, man--

RINKS
(interrupting)
HOW LONG you been out?

RODNEY
Six months—

RINKS
(interrupting)
What do you know about the house on
Potrero?

Rodney scoffs at him.

RODNEY
Man, you trippin'. You'd know
better 'an me!

RINKS
How are you connected to it?

Rodney frowns at him, genuinely. Rinks stares at him trying
to SEE through him, to the answers.

RODNEY
I ain't!

Rodney dismisses him with a scowl and goes back to his
cellphone. Rinks gets back in front of him.

RINKS
Who do you know at 320 Washington
Street?

Rinks grabs him to stop his shuffling. Rodney looks at him.

RODNEY
A'ight, Rinks.

RINKS
Who lives there?

RODNEY
How the fuck am I s'posed to know,
a'ight!?

He nods at him derisively as he steps around him. Rinks
thinks about pursuing it but gives up for now.

Rinks gets back in the car watching Rodney and they drive
off.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks looks back at Rodney on the sidewalk. Strode looks at Rinks.

INT. TAQUERIA - DAY

Rinks and Strode walk inside and toward where Barrison, Morris, Taylor and another inspector, CHIN, wait.

CHIN
...Shit, all I can afford is having
my lawyer tell her lawyer how far
I'll bend over.

TAYLOR
Take it from Morris. He's been
married more times than Mickey
Rooney.

The guys laugh and shove each other. Barrison notices Rinks and Strode.

BARRISON
How's it going, guys?

STRODE
(mimicking)
"It was prolly some cops, sheeit."

Barrison smiles, wiping his hands on napkins.

CHIN (O.S.)
Paul, you're divorced. Right?

STRODE (O.S.)
I'm a cop, aren't I?

BARRISON
We're waiting to hear from Jimmy.

Barrison stands and walks over to Rinks.

BARRISON
I need you to do something for me.

Barrison leads Rinks away from the rest. Rinks reacts to this repeating as before.

BARRISON
What did Gaines and Sanchez want
this morning?

Barrison takes out the PHONE BILL ENVELOPE... and shoves it into Rinks' hand.

Rinks looks at the envelope and pockets it.

BARRISON
Take a look inside.

Rinks looks into his eyes...

RINKS
I need to take a piss.

Rinks maneuvers past him leaving Barrison staring daggers at him.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Rinks locks the door and paces around the tiny bathroom, muttering. He washes his face and tries to collect himself.

RINKS
This is fucked up! What the fuck
is going on? This isn't right—

The bathroom door bursts open, the lock splintering out of the jamb as Barrison barges in. Rinks looks up with his face wet, water in his eyes.

Barrison takes a look at the RUNNING WATER and at RINKS. His eyes dart around nervously. He grabs him, shoves him against the stall and yanks his shirts up.

RINKS
What the fuck?...

Rinks fights his hands off. Barrison slaps them away. He shoves him around and frisks him, torso, legs, ankles, arms. Barrison steps back and looks around the bathroom. He turns the water on full blast in the sink.

RINKS
...What's the big deal!?

Barrison leans in and whispers...

BARRISON
Who were you talking to!?

RINKS
What— no one, I—

Barrison slaps him across the face.

BARRISON
I heard you!

Rinks gets riled but backs down almost as quickly.

RINKS
NOBODY! I was talking to MYSELF!

BARRISON
What the fuck for?

Rinks flails, gesturing uselessly.

RINKS
Nothin'... I'm having a bad day.

Barrison studies him. The other inspectors peek in from their seats in the restaurant. Barrison turns off the water and rips some paper towels from the dispenser and hands them to Rinks. He leans in, inches from his face, whispering.

BARRISON
Don't ever walk away from me when
I'm talking to you.

INT. TAQUERIA - CONTINUOUS

Rinks comes out of the restroom and rejoins the group starting to disperse. Barrison is talking to Strode. They look at Rinks as he comes out. Barrison nods at Strode and gestures at Rinks, telling them to get going.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks drives, furious, trying to concentrate on the road.

STRODE
I hate doing these "errands" for
Barrison.

This time Rinks doesn't look over.

STRODE (O.S.)
Give him an inch, he'll take a
mile.

EXT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks pulls up to a section of a street as if he's familiar with it. Strode gets out of their Crown Victoria.

STRODE
You been here before?

Rinks is caught off guard.

RINKS

What?

STRODE

You just seemed to know exactly
where you were going...

Rinks shrugs and looks away. Strode drops it and walks over to the parked Gran Torino.

STRODE

Follow me.

Strode takes out a RUBBER GLOVE (just as Rinks did), puts it on as he gets in, starts the Gran Torino and drives off with Rinks following him.

EXT. SECOND AND TENNESSEE - DAY

Strode parks the car, leaves the keys in the visor and gets out, wiping the car down with his gloved hand.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks studies the rearview mirrors, ENTRANCED. He hears the BOOMING BASS and RATTLING FIBERGLASS. The beat-up Cadillac Seville drives up and double parks beside the Gran Torino. Raydar and Killa' Bee get out again. Rinks stares at them...

KILLA' BEE

Where the keys at?

Rinks beats Raydar to the punch...

RINKS

Relax, dog!

RAYDAR

Relax, dog!

Strode reaches in, gets the keys for them to see.

Rinks glances at the Seville and is surprised to spot RODNEY IN THE BACKSEAT, looking around.

Strode walks away as Raydar jumps behind the wheel of the Gran Torino and drives off. Strode gets back in the Crown Vic' and they drive off. Strode looks at Rinks.

STRODE

You ever see those guys before?

Rinks thinks before responding... He has a FLASHBACK to dropping the car off before and then to his lunch with Nicole. A thought occurs to him...

RINKS
Yeah! ...I think so.

Strode drops his doubts about Raydar and Killa' Bee and looks out the window, still annoyed by the errand.

STRODE
You alright? What's up with you today?

Rinks looks at him and chews on his answer...

Rinks finds an empty space and pulls over abruptly.

RINKS
I need to make a phone call.

He gets out of the car and walks over to the sidewalk.

STRODE
Sure! Don't mind me....

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Rinks waits for the call to go through. He gets Nicole's voicemail and hangs up. He redials and waits, impatiently.

RINKS
Come on, come on, come on.

NICOLE (O.S.)
Hello?

RINKS
Nicole, it's Jeff.

NICOLE (O.S.)
I can't talk right now.

RINKS
I can't meet for lunch.
Something's come up.

NICOLE (O.S.)
Damnit. I need to talk to you.
It's important.

He paces around, annoyed.

RINKS
You're thinking of breaking up with
me, moving out, whatever, right?

There's silence on the line for a moment.

NICOLE (O.S.)
I don't want to talk about it on
the phone—

RINKS
(interrupting)
I know that's it.

NICOLE (O.S.)
Look, things aren't working with—

RINKS
(interrupting)
Can we talk about this later?

NICOLE (O.S.)
It's just that—

RINKS
(interrupting)
I know, I know. Please. Tonight.
I promise. But, I've got to take
care of something before then.

She groans.

RINKS
I want to talk, hear what you have
to say. I just have to do
something first...

NICOLE (O.S.)
Fine. Tonight. Gotta' go.

She hangs up.

RINKS
Awright, bye.

He hangs up and stands there slightly relieved, thinking. He
glances at Strode in the car who's hanging up his own
cellphone.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - CONTINUOUS

Rinks gets back in the car. Strode holds up his cellphone.

STRODE
We got an address.

RINKS
Where'd he say?

STRODE
He didn't. We're prepping at
Mission station.

RINKS
When?

STRODE
In an hour. I'm going to need some
coffee.

Rinks glances at Strode as he pulls away from the curb.

STRODE
I'm always on caffeine when I shoot
at the range. If I can hit
something on a jag, I should be
able to hit anything anytime.

Rinks is troubled, the wheels in his head spinning overtime.
He stares out the window. Strode looks at him.

STRODE
Nicole bustin' your balls?

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Rinks and Strode are sitting at a table in a dark corner of a
coffee house. Rinks chews on his answer... Then he leans
forward, on the edge of his seat, to face Strode earnestly.

RINKS
I had this... "dream" last night,
or I thought it was a dream.

STRODE
What about?

RINKS
You and me, everything. Driving
around. You know, like a whole day
on the job.

STRODE
How romantic.

RINKS

The thing is, today is repeating...
every detail from that...

Strode frowns, confused. He looks at Rinks and is a bit put off by his bug-eyed staring. Strode peers at him, smirking.

STRODE

Did he slap you in the dream, too?

Rinks scowls, shaking his head.

RINKS

That fucker... No. Some things
are different.

STRODE

Relax. It's just a bad dream. I
have those all the time.

RINKS

It's more than a bad dream, Paul.

Rinks stares at him. Strode waits.

RINKS

In the dream I met with Nicole for
lunch and she told me that she's
moving out.

Strode frowns sympathetically.

RINKS

She says the job's changed me... I
was pretty much a prick to her.
Cold. Staring her down like she
was a convict.

Strode makes a face.

STRODE

Women really hate when you do that.

RINKS

Yeah... But now, we're backing up
Barrison. And I've already seen it
happen, Paul.

Strode stares at Rinks incredulously.

RINKS

It doesn't end good. I normally
don't like doing Barrison's raids.

RINKS (CONT'D)

His operations have a way of getting people hurt and we're not exactly on his preferred list—

STRODE

(interrupting)

That's why we've got to keep our eyes open—

Rinks gets exasperated.

RINKS

(interrupting)

Paul, I've seen this all happen already. This is real and it's got me really freaked out. We're about to walk into a major malfunction, a real cluster fuck—

(pause)

See...this guy...shot me. I... died. This whole day has been...—

STRODE

(interrupting)

Bullshit! You want me to believe some premonition about your death? Bullshit. You almost had me there.

RINKS

You don't believe me?

Strode smirks at Rinks and claps a hand on his shoulder.

STRODE

Relax. We're just bringing up the rear. I don't like doing shit for Barrison any more than you do. I didn't get into the force to run errands and eat shit while shuffling guys in and out of prison in this great big narcotics merry-go-round.

(pause)

But, that's where we are.

RINKS

What do you mean?

STRODE

It doesn't pay to be a chump. You and I are both good cops. We know what we're doing.

STRODE (CONT'D)

But, we can't change the way things are and you know as well as I do that you're not going to get that nice new plasma screen on your regular pay. The only thing to do is keep your eyes open, your mouth shut and stick your hand out every so often.

Rinks nods agreeing with him in theory...

RINKS

But, you don't understand—

STRODE

(interrupting)

I have bad dreams all the time. If you didn't you'd be... Barrison. Consider yourself lucky.

Rinks looks at him, not feeling very lucky or at ease... Strode stands and crumples his coffee cup and tosses it in the nearby trash.

STRODE

Fuck dreams anyway... What have they ever got you?

He points at his wrist and heads out of the coffee house.

STRODE

Let's go.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Rinks and Strode are putting on their combat gear. Barrison sketches his Xs and Os and arrows on the dry-erase board. Rinks' watches closely and keeps quiet as Barrison does his thing until he finishes.

BARRISON

Outstanding. Let's roll.

Rinks lets out a nervous breath...

INT. 320 WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

BARRISON

Police! Police! Nobody move.

TAYLOR

Get down! Down on the ground!

Inside, the six young black men try to get away.

CHIN

Hands up! Hands up, on the ground!

The cops tackle them as Chin and Taylor go to the first bedroom.

TAYLOR

Freeze!

(pause)

Clear!

They hit the next room.

TAYLOR

Freeze!

(pause)

Clear!

RINKS SHOVES PAST. Strode runs into the first bedroom.

RINKS SPOTS RODNEY sitting in the recliner with his hands to the sides and jams the gun in his face.

RINKS

Don't move! Show your hands
slowly!

Rinks is completely charged up as he stares at the SPOT between Rodney's EYEBROWS over his SIGHTS.

(FLASHBACK: RODNEY FIRES AT RINKS.)

STRODE (O.S.)

We've got some guns!

BARRISON (O.S.)

Excellent!

Rodney glares at them, stopping at Barrison.

RODNEY

This is bullshit! Fucking
Barrison! You're setting us up!
Bullshit—

RINKS

(interrupting)

Show your hands, Rodney! Don't
fucking try anything!

Rodney looks at him and slowly raises his hands to the armrests. Rinks cuffs one of his wrists and drags him roughly onto the floor.

RINKS

Other hand!

Rinks kneels on Rodney and finishes cuffing him. He hurries over to the recliner and finds the TEC-9 and DISPLAYS it to ALL.

Barrison has an odd expression on his face, a combination of delight at a timely discovery and indignation.

RODNEY

Fucking cops! Set up, fuckin' set up!

BARRISON

Shut that fucker up!

Barrison looks around at the inspectors.

BARRISON

Step away from him, Jeff!

Rinks lifts Rodney to his knees and forces him to his feet. Barrison tries to intervene but Rinks stands in his way.

RINKS

I got him.

BARRISON

What the fuck are you doing?

Rinks shoves past him pushing Rodney outside with Barrison glaring at him.

Barrison looks at Morris, who sweeps the room with his shotgun, warning the other suspects to obey.

BARRISON

Nobody fucking move!

EXT. 320 WASHINGTON STREET

Rinks is placing Rodney in the backseat of their car.

RODNEY

Easy, Rinks.

RINKS

Shut up and sit there.

Barrison watches Rinks from the front porch. Rinks takes a moment and considers this turn of events. A nervous smile appears on his face.

BARRISON

Jeff.

Rinks glances at him and gets in the car without pausing.

INT. MISSION STATION - DAY

Rinks leads Rodney into BOOKING inside the station with a heady elation. He hands over the confiscated Tec-9, fills out a form and puts him in the holding cell with help from a sergeant. He's almost humming, his mood is so altered.

Barrison barges in. He corners Rinks and leans into him, looking around to make sure no one overhears him.

BARRISON

What do you think you're doing?

RINKS

He had a gun.

BARRISON

No shit he had a gun. Why didn't you let me take care of it?

(pause)

That guy could fuck all of us.

Rinks can't help smiling despite Barrison's ire— he just saved his own ass from the brink. Rinks backs away, holding his hands up at a loss for how to explain what he's going through. Barrison is confused.

RINKS

He's right there. Do what you want.

Rinks heads out. Strode walks in with the rest of the inspectors and suspects. He spots Rinks.

STRODE

Where'd you go? You left without me.

RINKS

Yeah.

Rinks walks outside with a spring in his step.

STRODE

Hold up.

EXT. MISSION STATION - DAY

Strode hurries after Rinks.

RINKS
I've got to get out of here.

STRODE
You do your report already?

RINKS
It can wait.

Rinks walks to their Crown Victoria. Strode watches him and then steps forward.

STRODE
I'll drive.

RINKS
What about your reports?

STRODE
It can wait.

Rinks stares at him, thinking, and then tosses the keys to him. They get in the car and drive off.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

STRODE
How'd you know to disarm him?

RINKS
Lucky guess.

Strode thinks about the story of the "dream" and has a hard time buying that one. Rinks opens his cellphone as they wait at a light.

RINKS
How'd you know where to find the guns?

Strode is a bit offended by the implication.

STRODE
Lucky guess.

The call goes through.

RINKS
It's me. Where are you?
(pause)
I'll meet you at your car.
(pause)
Five minutes.
(pause)
Okay, bye.

He hangs up.

RINKS
I need to see Nicole for a bit.

STRODE
Your mood's changed completely.

Rinks actually smiles at him.

RINKS
No shit!

STRODE
What about your "dream?"

Rinks thinks.

RINKS
Fuck dreams.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Strode pulls over to the curb and Rinks gets out.

RINKS
I won't be too long.

Rinks walks onto the parking lot looking for Nicole's car. Nervous laughter sneaks out of him. He spots her SAAB and then he spots her walking toward it.

RINKS
Hey.

She notices him and they meet at her door. She opens her car and tosses her things inside to unload.

NICOLE
You off?

RINKS
Not quite.

She notices his odd manic mood. She shuts the door and leans against the car and listens.

NICOLE

I'd prefer not to talk at my "place of employment"... specially if you've been...sampling the merchandise.

RINKS

I'm not sampling anything! I just wanted to see you before tonight.

She gives him a questioning look.

RINKS

It's been a crazy day. You wouldn't believe.

(pause)

Don't move out.

She nods and averts her eyes a bit.

NICOLE

You've changed. You're always distracted. It's like you're not interested in—

RINKS

(interrupting)

I have a very stressful job—

NICOLE

(interrupting)

I have a very stressful job too. Being a trauma surgeon in a major metropolitan ER is a bit—

RINKS

That's not... what I meant to say. Look, this has been a really fucked up day.

He sighs, exhausted.

RINKS

We just hit a house and arrested six suspects for the massacre last night.

NICOLE

Are you okay? How did it go?

RINKS

I'm...fine. It went...okay.
It's...anyway. I know you're
upset—

NICOLE

(interrupting)

I'm not upset. I'm fed up. The
way we're going, I don't see—

RINKS

(interrupting)

I understand, I understand. Look,
I don't want to get into it here.

NICOLE

You're the one who called!

RINKS

I know that! I called because I
just wanted... to see you. It's
been a...really fucked up day...

He makes that very emphatic.

She stops and looks at him. He reaches out and caresses her
face. She grabs his hand to stop him but he holds it against
her face.

He leans in and kisses her.

RINKS

I do want to talk about it, later.
I wanted you to know that. I would
have met you for lunch, but I
figured it would be better this
way... Anyway, I'm just saying...
give me some time. You don't have
to move out.

NICOLE

I think I should. I want—

RINKS

(interrupting)

Can we talk about this tonight?

She looks at him.

NICOLE

I was going to stay with my
brother.

RINKS
Can't we talk about this?

She acquiesces and pulls away from his hand.

NICOLE
I don't want to just talk.

RINKS
I know. Thanks. This is just not
the day for that right now.

NICOLE
Yeah, it's never "the day" for it.

She stares at him. He's definitely being weird. She turns
and opens her car door.

NICOLE
I'll see you later, then.

She turns and gets in her car and starts the engine.

Rinks smiles at her tiredly and waves as she pulls out and
drives around the parking lot. His phone rings and he
answers it.

RINKS
Yeah—

BARRISON (O.S.)
(interrupting)
Your pal Rodney just got shanked in
the holding cell.

RINKS
What?

BARRISON (O.S.)
Next time, clean up your own shit.

Barrison hangs up. Rinks walks back, stunned and confused,
to the Crown Vic' and Strode. As he gets close to their car
Nicole drives up to the exit and pauses, checking for
traffic.

Nicole's car windows shatter, blood splatters and the
paneling suppurates with multiple bullet holes. Rinks sees
the carnage, hears the SHOTS and draws his gun.

The beat-up Seville has STOPPED IN TRAFFIC. FOUR YOUNG
FEMALE GANGBANGERS fire pistols and a shotgun from it.

Rinks empties his pistol into the windows and mullion of the Seville. The Seville peels out and drives off. Strode is slow to get out from behind the wheel to help.

Rinks rushes to Nicole's side and looks inside the car. She's been hit repeatedly, blood everywhere. Rinks yanks the door open and grabs her, screaming.

RINKS

Nick, Nicole! Nicole, can you hear me? Oh my god. Nicole, hang on, baby! Hang on!

Rinks stands up and turns to Strode.

RINKS

Paul! Call an ambulance!

Strode has his pistol out, taking cover behind his open door. As Strode turns, his head bursts open, a cloud of atomized blood suddenly in the air.

Rinks watches him drop, revealing another car, a WHITE CAPRICE CLASSIC, and a shooter who opens fire again.

Rinks is hit repeatedly. He collapses against the open car door and falls to the ground as the car drives off.

His hand crawls up the seat searching for Nicole's hand. He finds her bloody arm and slides down to her hand to clutch it.

Rinks stares into the sky lying by Nicole. His point of view shifts outside his body as he drifts away.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

Rinks' eyes pop open. The real nightmare begins...

The inky pen tip scrapes across the paper surface looping around, crossing over and looping around again to complete the number 8. It is THE 8TH again.

Rinks props himself up, STARTLED. He's on the gurney in the deserted hallway, fully dressed and disheveled again.

RINKS

OH SHIT, oh SHIT, oh shit!?!

Nicole is startled by him, standing next to him holding the clipboard.

NICOLE
What's with you?

He checks himself frantically. Nicole frowns at him. He looks at her and freezes.

NICOLE
I just left you a message at home.
You free for lunch today—

RINKS
Oh god... you're alive!

He hops off the gurney and grabs her by the shoulders. Nicole pulls back a bit, troubled by his odd behavior. He pulls her closer and hugs her tightly, muttering.

NICOLE
What's gotten into you? Jeff, if
you're using again.

She tolerates the embrace, but finally shoves back, reasserting her annoyance with him.

NICOLE
I need to talk to you. Jeff!
Listen! I didn't come over here
for this.

He buries his head in her shoulder muffling his words.

RINKS
I know, I know, I know.

NICOLE
No, you don't.

She gets upset and pushes him back.

RINKS
It's so good to see you. You have
no idea.

He looks up at her and wipes tears from his eyes which startle her further.

NICOLE
What's the matter? Are you...are
you crying?

She's flabbergasted by him and a bit embarrassed. He lets out a breath, apparently relieved. He composes himself.

RINKS
I...thought...you died!?! I
thought I died....

She shoves him to arms-length to get a look at his face.

NICOLE
Okay, okay. It was just a
dream,...it's over now...

He leans back and catches his breath.

NICOLE
You free for lunch, later?

He searches for his watch and checks the time...

RINKS
Not sure. What time is it?

...and FREEZES.

NICOLE
You gonna' be home later?

He looks up at her s l o w l y . . .

RINKS
I dunno. I gotta' go.

Rinks stares at her. She stares back at her freaky
boyfriend.

NICOLE
Jeff? What's with you?

He studies her clothes, the clipboard in her hand, the
surroundings. He starts to move away from her.

NICOLE
Wait. Jeff?!? What the fuck?

He slips past her and leaves without waving at her. She is
suddenly very pissed off.

NICOLE (cont'd)
Asshole!

INT. NARCOTICS DIVISION - MORNING

Rinks walks in and the clerk rushes up and almost collides
with him, spilling his papers. Rinks stares at the papers
and the clerk, stunned.

Capt. Mack is briefing them again and drones on saying the exact same things as before.

CAPT. MACK

At approximately three thirty this
morning a residence on Potrero
Hill...

Rinks snaps out of staring at the clerk and stares at Capt. Mack. He then studies the whole briefing area. Strode is seated and turns around looking for Rinks. He spots him and nods questioningly at him.

Rinks scowls at Strode who just scowls back at him, confused.

Rinks turns and looks at Tom O'Neill, in his seat, who again nods at the few who look over at him. He looks at Barrison who again is cleaning his fingernails in the back of the room with Morris and Taylor.

Rinks turns to face the front again, stunned...

THIS IS NOT A DEJA VU AND IT'S NOT A DREAM. THIS IS REAL.
...or so Rinks is starting to realize.

Rinks has a jolt.

(FLASHBACK: NICOLE AND RINKS GET SHOT AND KILLED.)

STRODE (O.S.)

You alright?

Rinks looks up and stares at Strode, who has stood up and walked back to join him while Capt. Mack continues his briefing.

STRODE

Hello? Jeff? You in there?

Rinks looks around the room, frightened.

RINKS

What's today's date?

STRODE (O.S.)

The eighth...

He looks at his watch and the date. Sure enough, the watch says it's the 8th.

Rinks turns abruptly and walks out of the briefing room. Strode watches him go, shaking his head slightly.

Rinks reaches the hallway again and collapses against a wall. He takes a huge breath and looks both ways, wide-eyed. He lets it out, trying to relax.

His cellphone BUZZES, startling him.

He snatches it and scowls at the Caller ID. He answers.

RINKS

Nicole!

NICOLE (O.S.)

You alright? You were acting so weird earlier.

RINKS

Yeah...yeah.

Nicole takes that BREATH again, that "we need to talk" breath, confirming Rinks' FEARS. Rinks stares like a zombie.

NICOLE (O.S.)

We need to talk... I need to talk to you. I don't want to get into—

RINKS

(interrupting)

Let me call you back...

NICOLE (O.S.)

(annoyed)

Wait, what—

He cuts her off as he closes his cellphone. He stares at the cellphone shaking his head more and more...

RINKS

Not again.

He looks around, wondering, and walks back into the office. Everyone seems to be "on their marks," just as before. He looks over at the unfortunate police officer with the bulletin board. Rinks looks like he's sick to his stomach.

The bulletin board falls loose. The police officer catches it and attempts to hook it back on a nail.

Then it slips completely, BANGS on the floor, sending a million pushpins across the room to everyone's uproarious APPLAUSE, CATCALLS AND LAUGHTER.

HECKLER (O.S.)

INCOMING!

Everyone except for Rinks, as he turns and sees Strode speaking with Gaines and Sanchez.

Gaines and Sanchez squint at Rinks who is obviously disturbed. Rinks does an immediate about-face...

SANCHEZ

Inspector? Can we have a word—
Inspector Rinks?!?

...and hurries out of the office.

Rinks reaches the hallway and bounces on his feet, nervously. Two people walk towards him from one end. Rinks hurries towards them as Sanchez sticks his head out of another door a few yards back, looking for him.

SANCHEZ

Inspector Rinks?

Sanchez sees him walking away and curses under his breath.

INT. SOUTHERN STATION GARAGE

Rinks jumps into his BLACK CHEVY BLAZER and sits there. He sticks the key in the ignition, out of habit, but stops short of turning the engine over.

He leans forward and rests his chin on the steering wheel, thinking.

RINKS

What the fuck? What the fuck?
What the fuck?

Rinks watches the elevators and the flow of D.A.s and police officers, coming and going.

He sees Barrison, Morris and Taylor come out of an elevator and walk to their vehicles. Rinks stops moving and peers at them, silhouetted against the daylight flooding the garage.

He notices that Taylor separates from them to find a car of his own. He hears doors open and close and sits back and slumps in his seat, hiding. Then he hears engines turn over.

Morris wheels a Crown Vic around the garage, past Rinks, and heads to the exit with Barrison in the passenger seat. Rinks sits up and starts his Blazer. A moment later, Taylor wheels a grey Crown Vic around and also heads for the exit.

Rinks pulls out of his space and follows Taylor.

EXT. SOUTH OF MARKET - DAY

Rinks pulls out onto the street, keeping an eye on Taylor's grey Vic. Rinks has to drive truculently to keep up with Taylor's "succinct" driving.

Rinks tails Taylor with several car lengths between them. It becomes obvious that Taylor is whipping around the block to stop in front of 850 Bryant. It's trickier because of the one-way streets around the station.

Rinks stops a hundred yards back and watches from across the street. His cellphone rings. He looks at the Caller ID and ignores the call.

Across the street, Chin bops down the front steps to where Taylor double-parked and gets in the grey Vic.

As Taylor drives off Rinks pulls back into traffic and closes in on them to keep up. Rinks' phone rings again.

RINKS

Yeah!

(pause)

I'll call you later!

He hangs up and floors it through a light.

EXT. THE MISSION - DAY

Rinks follows Taylor south to the Mission district. They slow their pace and tool around the neighborhood. Rinks peers through his windshield trying to guess what they're up to. Probably phone calls...

Taylor speeds up again, apparently with a destination. He drives a couple of blocks and pulls over to a red zone to let Chin out.

INT. BLAZER - DAY

Rinks passes them as Chin leans into the car. Rinks pulls over and watches his rearview mirror. Chin nods and closes the passenger door and walks towards Rinks.

Taylor pulls out into traffic and immediately makes a U-turn.

RINKS

Shit.

Rinks is startled and uses the next intersection to make a U-turn as well. He hurries to catch up to Taylor.

Now, he follows him back the way they came, but Taylor pulls over and gets out. Rinks passes him, with the rest of traffic, and watches him go to a rundown Victorian.

Rinks does another U-turn to watch from the other side of the street. He digs into his glove compartment and takes out a small monocular.

Through the monocular he sees Taylor at the door to a basement apartment. Taylor turns and looks both ways and then back to a man standing in the doorway.

The man nods at him and hands him something. After Taylor takes a peek he hands the man something. He turns, as the man closes the door, and heads back carrying a rumpled brown paper bag.

INT. THE MISSION - CONTINUOUS

Taylor heads back to where he left Chin. He waits for a car to leave a space and then pulls in. Rinks pulls up and Taylor spots him, conscious of a car double-parking next to him. Rinks walks around his Blazer to Taylor's window.

TAYLOR

Jeff.

RINKS

Barrison asked me to find some hardware for later. Did you get anything?

Rinks notices Chin come out from a coffee shop with two to-go cups. Taylor looks at Rinks and studies him for a moment. Rinks looks back at him casually.

TAYLOR

Hardware?

Rinks sees the paper bag in the backseat.

RINKS

Is that them? Throw pieces, you know?

He looks at Taylor right in the eyes, innocently. Chin hands a coffee into the car. Taylor notices it and takes it before returning his suspicious attention to Rinks. Rinks smiles at him and shrugs.

RINKS

What?! Barrison told me!

Taylor stares at Rinks for a while longer and then he casually looks around the street. Chin waits on the sidewalk.

TAYLOR
He hasn't said anything to me.

RINKS
Maybe he hasn't told you yet.

Taylor stares at Rinks and takes a sip of his coffee. Rinks can't help staring at the bag in the backseat and Taylor can see that. Taylor almost smiles at him.

TAYLOR
Chin, let's go.

Chin opens the door and gets in.

TAYLOR
See ya'round.

Taylor backs up and pulls out of the parking space past Rinks, leaving him standing in the street.

Finally, Rinks gets back in his Blazer and drives off.

INT. BLAZER - CONTINUOUS

Rinks stops at the next light.

RINKS
Fuck!

He pounds on the steering wheel and his previous nervous tension returns in full force.

RINKS
(mimicking)
"He hasn't said anything to ME"—
fucker.

Rinks glances over at a newspaper vending machine. The headline reads: MIDNIGHT MASSACRE. A young black man shuffles by and into a corner liquor store; it's Rodney. Rinks pulls over again and gets out of his Blazer.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Rinks walks in and locates Rodney waiting to pay for a bottle of chocolate milk. Rodney scowls.

RODNEY
Inspector Ri-

RINKS
(interrupting)
Who drives a beat-up Cadillac
Seville? More of a battle wagon
than a ride.

Rinks stares at Rodney. This time Rinks isn't concerned with being subtle. Rodney takes out his cellphone and holds it up, as if warding Rinks off with it. He pays for the milk and gets his change from the store owner.

RODNEY
I'm busy, Rinks! I got shit to do!

Rodney listens to the phone and walks out of the store.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Rinks leaves the store. After a quick glance around he grabs Rodney by his parka and drags him down the block.

RINKS
You want me to take you in for
real, fuckhead?!?

Rinks drags him around the corner to his Blazer.

RINKS
Get in the fuckin' car!

Rinks opens the door and points.

RINKS
And you better not spill anything
or I'll shoot you.

Rodney gets in, reluctantly, and Rinks walks around the front to his door.

INT. BLAZER - DAY

Rinks looks out at the STREET. A white car catches his eye but he doesn't get a good look.

RINKS
A beat-up Cadillac Seville. Who's
it belong to?

Rinks starts the Blazer and peels away from the curb.

RODNEY

I don't know no Cadillac Seville,
man!

RINKS

Bullshit! I've seen you in one!

RODNEY

You trippin', Rinks. I don't know
nobody who has one right now.
Whatchewwant, Rinks? Why you—

RINKS

(interrupting)

What do you know about the house on
Potrero?

Rodney looks at him and shakes his head.

RINKS

You've been pretty busy these past
six months. Who you running with?

RODNEY

Nobody.

Rinks drives quickly to the backstreet where he and Strode
picked up the Gran Torino. Rodney scowls in the passenger
seat, sinking as low as he can. Rinks pulls up to the Gran
Torino and stops.

RINKS

There! Whose is that?

Rodney sits up and looks across the street at the car.

RODNEY

FuckshouldIknow?

Rodney gives up looking at the car and sits back.

RINKS

You know any OG bitches who drive
around in a Cadillac?

RODNEY

Fuckno.

RINKS

How 'bout a big, really dark dude
and a skinny, Snoop Dogg-looking
motherfucker 'hang out together?

Rinks sees that Rodney might NOT know.

RINKS
What are their names, Rodney?

RODNEY
I! DON'T! KNOW!

Rinks puts the Blazer in gear and drives off, gripping the steering wheel, frustrated. He doesn't know what to do next. He can't exactly beat it out of Rodney if he doesn't know.

RINKS
I need to find out what's going on
with that car!

Rinks looks at Rodney, seriously. Rodney finally looks back at him.

RINKS
No joke, Yo! I'm not fucking with
you. I need to find out for my
sake...as well as yours.

Rodney scoffs at him and looks out the window, but he is wondering...

INT. SOUTHERN STATION GARAGE - DAY

Rinks sees Strode drive up. Strode gets out, hands Rinks the keys and his envelope of money and gets in the passenger side. Rinks' Blazer is parked in the background. Rinks gets behind the wheel and drives out of the garage.

STRODE
We got an errand to run.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks tries to concentrate on the road.

STRODE (O.S.)
...Give him an inch...

LATER AT SECOND AND TENNESSEE

BOOMING BASS and RATTLING FIBERGLASS. Rinks watches the whole thing with an underwater kind of languor as Killa' Bee and Raydar get out of the beat-up Cadillac Seville again and talk to Strode.

But this time Rinks SEES RODNEY IN THE BACKSEAT of the Cadillac looking around.

EXT. SECOND AND TENNESSEE - DAY

Rinks gets out of the Crown Vic' and shuts the door loudly. Raydar and Killa' Bee look over at him and become more guarded. Rinks saunters over to them.

KILLA' BEE
What the fuck you want?

Rinks just looks at them, reaches for the keys from Strode, who hands them to him, and holds them up.

RINKS
What's your name?

RAYDAR
What the fuck you want to know that for?

Rinks looks at the Seville and reads the license plate at the front.

RINKS
I just want to make sure that this delivery goes where it's supposed to. I want to be able to say, "Yeah, Messrs. So and So and What the Fuck accepted receipt at eleven in the AM."

He walks over to Raydar and sticks his fist out to knock fists. Raydar reluctantly complies with Rinks.

RAYDAR
Raydar.

RINKS
Inspector Rinks.

He tosses the keys to Raydar who catches them. He turns to Strode.

RINKS
Let's go.

Strode nods at the two men and walks away as Raydar jumps into the Gran Torino and starts it.

Strode and Rinks walk back to their car. Rinks takes a good look inside the Seville and makes EYE CONTACT with Rodney who seems very aware of SITTING in a beat-up CADILLAC SEVILLE. Another young man is sitting next to Rodney.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

The two cars drive off as Rinks and Strode get back in their Crown Vic' and drive off. Rinks picks up the radio handset.

STRODE

You ever see those guys before?

Rinks glares at Strode suspecting a prank at first. But Strode gapes at him innocently.

RINKS

Not exactly.

(pause)

Rodney, my CI, was in the back seat.

STRODE

What's he doing with them?

RINKS

That's what I'd like to know.

Rinks activates the handset and holds it up to his mouth.

RINKS

Dispatch? 14-Norman. I need a plate run.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

14-Norman, dispatch. Go ahead.

RINKS

California plates. One-Joseph-Romeo-Lima-Four-Three-Three.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

One-Joseph-Romeo-Lima-Four-Three-Three, ten-four, 14-Norman.

They drive a block or two when another white Crown Vic pulls in front of them, three men in it, and hits the brakes and stops.

RINKS

What the fuck?

Rinks stops their car abruptly. Barrison gets out of the car ahead of them and calmly walks back to Rinks and Strode, on the driver side.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

14-Norman? Got your plate.

RINKS

Hang on a second—

Barrison reaches in, takes the handset from Rinks and chucks it at Strode. Strode fumbles with it as he looks at Rinks and Barrison, wondering what's going on.

BARRISON

Outtathecar.

Barrison opens the door for Rinks. Rinks thinks twice and then gets out. Barrison immediately leads him to the sidewalk with a hand on his shoulder, classic cop fashion.

BARRISON

You playing jokes today, Jeff?

Strode looks around and sees Taylor's grey Vic behind them, boxing them in. Barrison turns Rinks around and shoves him against a brick wall. Rinks notices how much he's made to look like the snitch getting the third degree from Barrison.

BARRISON

What did Gaines and Sanchez want this morning?

Rinks' face twitches.

RINKS

N...nothin', I dunno.

Barrison steps closer.

BARRISON

"Hardware?" "Throw pieces?" What kind of bullshit is that?

He leans into Rinks, inches from his face.

RINKS

I...

BARRISON

WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?!? Taylor and Chin are more cop than you'll ever be! You got a problem, you come to me and we'll work it out, man to man. And if you think you're smarter than me, we're going to have a lot of problems.

He stares at Rinks making sure he has his attention. Rinks stares back at him with a desperate courage or recklessness.

RINKS

They know you're dirty.

Barrison looks like a bull seeing red. But, his expression softens into a charming smile as he absorbs Rinks' counter attack and he shakes his head.

BARRISON

I put away more bad cops than
Sanchez and Gaines ever did,
combined.

Rinks blinks...

BARRISON

Know what I did before I built this
unit? I worked in Internal
Affairs.

Barrison smiles at him.

BARRISON

If I ever hear that you're tailing
my guys again, I'll sink your ass
so deep worms'll be shitting on
your eyeballs.

He looks at Strode and then back at Rinks.

BARRISON

Get back in your car! We've got
work to do.

Barrison steps back and points at the car. He waits for Rinks to move. Rinks tries his best at walking past him without looking completely like a dog with his tail between his legs.

He fails.

BARRISON

We got an address. Get your asses
down to Mission right now.
(pause)
Do your motherfucking job.

Barrison points at Rinks, turns around and walks back to his car. The moment he gets in, Morris floors it and takes off. Taylor pulls around Rinks and Strode and squeals past them in the grey Vic.

STRODE
What the fuck?

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Barrison again is in front of his dry-erase board. The BLOOD PRESSURE builds in Rinks' ears. Strode is trying to keep a low-profile.

BARRISON
Perhaps you GIRLS can look for guns
inside. We'll be pretty busy on
point, doing the real cop work.

Barrison stares at Rinks and then smiles.

BARRISON
Outstanding. Let's roll.

INT. 320 WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

BARRISON	TAYLOR
Police! Police! Nobody	Get down! Down on the
move.	ground!

Inside, the FIVE YOUNG BLACK MEN try to get away.

CHIN
Hands up! Hands up, on the ground!

The cops tackle the first three men to the floor. Chin and Taylor go to the first bedroom door. Chin tosses the paper bag inside and they hit the next room.

RINKS SHOVES PAST. Strode runs into the first bedroom.

Rinks looks for RODNEY in the recliner,...

RINKS
Don't move! Show your hands
slowly!

BUT IT'S EMPTY. Rinks looks around. The inspectors are quickly handcuffing the others.

STRODE (O.S.)
We've got some guns!

BARRISON (O.S.)
Excellent!

Strode brings them out to the living room holding a Tec-9 by the trigger guard. Strode sniffs it and smiles.

STRODE

Bingo!

SUSPECT #1

Fucking cops! Bullshit!

Barrison sits on SUSPECT #1 and jams his pistol behind his head.

BARRISON

Shut the fuck up—

RINKS

(interrupting)

WHERE'S RODNEY?

They look at Rinks. He scurries to the other rooms and the kitchen.

RINKS

WHERE IS HE?

Barrison stands up with a foot on Suspect #1.

BARRISON

Who? What are you talking about?

Rinks goes into the bathroom and checks the windows with his pistol.

EXT. 320 WASHINGTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rinks barges by the two inspectors, posted in the backyard with shotguns, now by the back-door.

RINKS

WHERE IS HE?

Rinks is frantic. They look at him, concerned.

INSPECTOR #1

Nobody came through here.

He brandishes his shotgun for emphasis. Rinks has to believe him. He reconsiders and runs back inside.

INT. 320 WASHINGTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

The inspectors are either leading the suspects outside or picking through the house for evidence.

BARRISON
Did you know somebody was going to
be here?

Rinks becomes guarded. Both of them have their GUNS DRAWN...

RINKS
...I thought I saw someone in here.

BARRISON
Who the fuck is Rodney?

Rinks thinks.

RINKS
...Nobody.

Barrison nods and leans into Rinks.

BARRISON
Holster your weapon.

Rinks thinks about his pistol. Barrison cocks his head...

BARRISON
I'll drop you so fast... Holster
your fucking weapon, Inspector!

Frightened, confused, Rinks scowls at Barrison. Morris and Taylor notice...

RINKS
What? Why?

Barrison doesn't like that answer. He takes a half step back and places both hands on his own pistol, ready to raise and shoot. Morris and Taylor each strike the Weaver stance, aimed at Rinks.

BARRISON
Put your fucking gun away and
secure it!

Rinks complies, holding one hand up, placating him, as he holsters his pistol and snaps it in place.

BARRISON
I've had just about enough of you,
Rinks. Are we continuing to have a
problem?

RINKS
Alright! Alright! Relax!

Rinks glances at Morris and Taylor as they lower their pistols and go back to the work. Barrison is livid and points angrily with his pistol.

BARRISON
Help the boys with the skinnies.

Rinks grabs Suspect #1, being led outside by Taylor.

SUSPECT #1
Cracker ass, motherfuckers!

EXT. 320 WASHINGTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

Morris and Chin lead two men out. Rinks and Taylor lead two men out, as well. Lane and his men follow them to their cars in the street with the last suspect.

They open the back-doors and shove the complaining men inside. Rinks hears SHOTS, looks up and draws his weapon.

RINKS
Get down! GET DOWN!

A suspect shoulders one of the inspectors and makes a run for it. Another one gets the same idea in the other direction. More shots are fired. Bullets whip past them, hit the house, the cars.

Rinks spots the SHOOTERS positioned in a semicircle surrounding the front of the house. Some of them are behind cars for cover.

Rinks returns fire, wild. He spots Killa' Bee behind a shotgun and Raydar behind an assault rifle.

Morris, Taylor, Chin, Lane and the others duck and scramble for cover behind cars to return fire. Morris pops up and fires his shotgun several times. Some of those shooters are women; the female gangbangers from before.

Barrison runs out on the porch YELLING into his radio.

BARRISON
320 WASHINGTON STREET! MULTIPLE
SHOOTERS, ASSAULT WEAPONS!

He fires, taking careful aim, and jumps off the porch running for cover.

Three inspectors crouch behind a parked car, firing their 9mm pistols. One of Lane's men joins them with a shotgun and adds fire.

Morris gets hit and drops.

Taylor and Chin return fire in the other direction. Raydar walks forward with the AK-47 which he opens up, full auto.

STRODE

Stay down!

Strode shoves Suspect #1 down, into the backseat of one of their vehicles. He fires, out the windows, shattering them. He and Suspect #1 get HIT BY A SPRAY OF BULLETS. Rinks sees him go down.

Rinks runs out between the cars. He fires several careful headshots at Raydar and drops him. His MAGAZINE EMPTIES and he does a QUICK CHANGE.

One of the women shooters fires a shotgun. Rinks hits the asphalt.

Rinks struggles to roll over and chamber a round. He gets hit again while on the ground; wild shots skimming across the asphalt.

Police and ambulance sirens can be heard in the city.

Rinks tries to get a shot. He sees Barrison stand up in the middle of the street; despite the heat of the moment he's taking calculated shots...

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, SF GENERAL - DAY

Rinks is wheeled into the emergency room by paramedics with Barrison alongside. Nicole shows up.

NICOLE

Jeff!?!

RINKS

Nicole. Are you alright..?

Her eyes fill with tears.

RINKS

I tried...

NICOLE

Hang on!

ER NURSE

He's crashing!

(pause)

BPs dropping.

NICOLE
Jeff! Jeff? Hang on, Jeff!

Rinks stares into the ceiling. His point of view shifts outside his body as he drifts away.

ER NURSE
He's flat-lining.

The heart monitor ALARM goes off in a sustained WHINE.

FADE TO BLACK.

The heart monitor alarm fades away as Rinks experiences the following days...

MONTAGE

1.) RINKS' EYES POP OPEN. — He sits in ALAMO SQUARE park with the famous view of the city and the Victorian houses as seen on countless postcards. He's just calmly working through a six-pack. Disruptive KIDS play cops and robbers in the background, "BANG-BANGing" each other.

CAPT. MACK (V.O.)
...Whoever did this is responsible
and should be held accountable.

2.) RINKS' EYES POP OPEN. — He's driving and slams on the brakes jamming downtown traffic. He abandons the car and wanders out onto the street....

BARRISON (V.O.)
I need you to do something for me.

3.) RINKS' EYES POP OPEN. — He weeps as he drives south out of San Francisco on 101. Sobs rack him as he tries to manage something beside him.

STRODE (V.O.)
...Each of these errands gets
stickier and stickier.

4.) RINKS' EYES POP OPEN. — The inspectors storm 320 WASHINGTON STREET. Rinks sprays an H&K sub-machine gun across the first three men in the living room, killing them. Rodney appears from a bedroom firing the Tec-9 hitting Rinks and the others.

BARRISON (V.O.)
We'll be pretty busy on point,
doing the real cop work.

5.) RINKS' EYES POP OPEN. — He drives across the BAY BRIDGE. In the East Bay he merges onto a cutoff and gunfire erupts from a car in the next lane, the beat-up Seville.

STRODE (V.O.)
 ...keep your eyes open, your mouth
 shut and stick your hand out every
 so often.

1-Continued)

The Cadillac Seville and the Caprice stop on the street by Alamo Square.

2-Continued) Rinks walks past a MOTHER and her LITTLE GIRL. The mother spots the gun in his hand and runs for cover.

RINKS
 What is the point!? WHY ME?

3-Continued) Rinks still weeps as he can barely drive down 101.

RODNEY (V.O.)
 This is bullshit! Fucking cops!
 You're setting us up! Bullshit!

6.) RINKS' EYES POP OPEN. — He opens fire on Raydar and Killa' Bee as Strode is handing over the keys to the Gran Torino. He then turns to the men sitting in the Cadillac Seville and empties his gun on them. He reloads and empties that clip too.

STRODE (V.O.)
 Fuck dreams anyway... What have
 they ever got you?

1-Continued)

Rinks calmly watches as Raydar, Killa' Bee and the rest get out of the Cadillac Seville and the Caprice.

2-Continued) Rinks wanders across the street, oblivious to traffic. Police arrive. He wanders onto Justin Herman Plaza muttering angrily to himself.

BARRISON (V.O.)
 Real cops don't get shot, Rinks.

3-Continued) Rinks abruptly pulls over on 101. Cars honk and swerve around him. He clutches something towards him.

NICOLE (V.O.)
 I don't know what it is but I know
 you're into something.

7.) RINKS' EYES POP OPEN. — Rinks walks up to Rodney, on the SIDEWALK, and executes him with a double tap to the head. Rinks is put into the holding cell at MISSION STATION. Another ARRESTEE rushes him and shanks him repeatedly. Police rush inside with batons and subdue the arrestee.

NICOLE (V.O.)
 This job is killing you...

2-Continued) Rinks is at the huge fountain at Justin Herman Plaza.

RINKS
 I'M NOT THE PROBLEM...! I HAVEN'T
 DONE ANYTHING!

3-Continued) Rinks is screaming and crying, rocking back and forth on the side of the road on 101. Nicole lies in his arms, bloodied, bullet-riddled, dead. Most of the car's windows have been shattered.

1-Continued)

Raydar, Killa' Bee and the rest draw their guns and open fire.

2-Continued) He LOOKS AT THE CROWD that has gathered.

RINKS
 I don't know what to do anymore!
 Please! I give up!

He points his gun to his head and fires, blowing a spray of blood out the other side. He falls into the fountain and stares into the sky, his blood seeping into the water. Some of the worn twenties float out of his jacket. His point of view shifts outside his body as he drifts away again....

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

Rinks' eyes pop open. The inky pen tip scrapes across the paper surface looping around, crossing over and looping around again to complete the number 8. It is THE 8TH.

Rinks sits up on the gurney in the deserted hallway, fully dressed and disheveled. Nicole jumps standing next to him with her clipboard.

NICOLE
Jill's right. There is a bum
sleeping in C wing.

He searches himself, he checks the side of his head, for any injuries. He looks at his watch and then dismisses it. He looks at Nicole and she's instantly appalled by his condition.

NICOLE
Ohmygod. What's wrong with you?!?

He looks wasted, like a speed freak, sleep deprived and stressed out. He climbs off the gurney, takes her by the arm and leads her.

NICOLE
You look like shit.

He spots an empty patient room and leads her to the window.

NICOLE
Let me look at you!

He doesn't, instead he paces in a tight figure eight.

RINKS
I've done everything I can think of
and nothing's working. Either you
or I or both of us keep getting
killed. It's exactly the same as
yesterday and the day before and
the day before that and the day
before that and the day before—

NICOLE
(interrupting)
What are you talking about?

RINKS
This is the same fucking day, over
and over and over and over again!

She looks at him as if he's insane.

RINKS
You're going to call me to meet up
for lunch.

She cocks her head...

RINKS

You're moving out, you're unhappy
with our relationship because you
think I've changed. I know
because...

She's surprised and stunned. Rinks nods at her that he's
right. She stares at him.

RINKS

...I know.

He steps forward and hugs her. He gives her a surprisingly
emotional kiss that shocks her.

NICOLE

You're working too much. Let me
get you some Valium—

RINKS

(interrupting)

I better not. I can't stay here
too long. Every time I change
things too much everything gets
fucked up. Yesterday, I died
again! There's this guy and I
figured if I could just keep him
from killing me things would be
okay...but, that's clearly not it.

He steps back. Tears fill his eyes but he chokes them back.

RINKS

Can you leave now?

NICOLE

No. I'm stuck—

RINKS

(interrupting)

As soon as you can, go to your
brother's and stay away from me.

NICOLE

Why? What are you talking about?

RINKS

I don't want you to get hurt again.

NICOLE

How? Why am I going to get hurt?

RINKS
You said it yourself, I need to
change my life.

NICOLE
When did I say that?

RINKS
I'm sorry... about all this.

He steps forward and hugs her again long and hard.

RINKS
I...love you...but, I've got to go
now.

NICOLE
Wait! Let me take a look at you.
You look like you're about to drop
dead. This job is killing you!

He smiles at her.

RINKS
I've got to go.

He starts to head out, but first he caresses her face. This shocks her even more. He disengages and she reaches out for him, too late, as he walks out.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks spots Rodney on the sidewalk and pulls over without Strode this time.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Rinks gets out of the car and walks over to Rodney and his ever-present cellphone.

RODNEY
Inspector Rinks.

Rodney's cellphone is the kind that can take photos. He has A PHOTO OF RINKS, standing in front of him, on his cellphone.

RINKS
We need to talk.

RODNEY
What do I need to talk to you for?

RINKS
Because I said so. In the car.

RODNEY
No way.

Rinks drags Rodney by his parka and shoves him into the Crown Vic'.

RODNEY
Fuck, man. You're gonna' get me
killed.

Rinks walks around the car and gets in. He starts the engine and speeds off with Rodney trying to sink into the passenger seat.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks is AGITATED as he looks at Rodney, driving aimlessly.

RINKS
Barrison and his guys killed those
Gs on Potrero Hill and made it look
like another crew did it. He stole
their money and drugs and made a
deal with another crew, your
friends, to give them the drugs
while he keeps the money. You
listening?

Rodney doesn't deny it.

RINKS
But, Barrison's setting them up for
Potrero Hill.

Rodney looks at Rinks with stoked interest.

RINKS
What do you know about it?

RODNEY
Nothin', Rinks—

Rinks loses it and punches a knuckle into Rodney's shoulder, hard, causing him a lot of pain.

RODNEY
Oww, man!

Rodney rubs his shoulder.

RINKS

Don't fuck with me, not today.
Raydar, a beat-up Cadillac Seville,
a white Caprice. I know you're
running with these fucks. Why?
What's the CONNECTION?

RODNEY

I dunno.

Rinks punches his sore shoulder again and Rodney gets the message.

RINKS

I'm not fucking with you!

RODNEY

Yeah, man! Cut that shit out!
It's not two separate crews. Those
guys in that house were our
friends.

RINKS

What do you mean "friends?" Is it
one crew?

RODNEY

No, man. We're friends. Sometimes
we do some scores together. Help
each other out, knowwhatI'msayin'?

RINKS

I know that your buddy, Ray-Ray and
African Bee are going to take
possession of a car today.

Rodney's eyes dart about as he tries to figure out all the angles. He doesn't seem sure, but Rinks talking this candidly is worth something.

RODNEY

Raydar and Killa' Bee. Tha's
right. How do you know this?

Rinks breathes, now that he's getting somewhere. Rodney stares at him, a little confused.

RINKS

How do you know this?!? How are
you involved?

Rodney gives it one last thought.

RODNEY

I was there. A'ight?! Barrison
and his cops killed those other
guys. They didn't see me.

RINKS

How come they didn't see you?

RODNEY

How you think? I was hiding! How
do I know whatchew say is true?

RINKS

You just said it. You were there.

RODNEY

What good is you telling me?

RINKS

It's a "heads up". Now your
friends can do something about it.
In return, I want you to clear my
name, to not get killed!

Rodney rolls his eyes and laughs. Rinks is tempted to hit
him again.

RODNEY

Then you need to deal wit'
Barrison, knowwhatImean?

Rinks glances away.

RINKS

What's he got to do with anything?

RODNEY

He's got everything to do wit' it!
Barrison and his boys been jackin'
people for years.

Rinks thinks about that. He looks at Rodney.

RINKS

I'm not involved.

RODNEY

Bullshit. All you cops are
involved in that shit. That's what
I'm talkin' 'bout.

Rodney stares at Rinks, trying to figure him out.

RINKS

Look! I don't want to get hurt in this, or anyone around me. That includes my girlfriend! I'm talking to you to let your homies know that I'm not part of it.

RODNEY

So, you axing me to clean up yo' shit?

Rinks can't deny that. Rinks pulls over abruptly to let Rodney out.

RINKS

Talk to your friends. Clear my name. Otherwise, last thing I'll do is make sure Barrison fucks you up, personally.

RODNEY

And you say YOU'RE not "CONNECTED."

Rinks stares at him. Rodney opens the door.

RODNEY

Where the fuck am I?

Rodney gets out of the car.

RINKS

Clear my name...

RODNEY

You just watch yerself, knowwhatI'msayin'?

He shuts the door and Rinks nods at him.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Rodney watches the Crown Vic' drive away and then opens his phone. He looks at the picture he took of Rinks with his fancy new cellphone. The white Caprice Classic drives up after some other cars pass and pulls over to pick him up.

The occupants of the vehicle are the lady gangbangers and shooters from before.

RODNEY

How the fuck you get this email to work?

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - CONTINUOUS

Rinks thinks about his conversation with Rodney and comes to a conclusion. He picks up the radio handset.

RINKS
Dispatch, 14-Norman. I need a tow-truck at Hampshire and 26th Street to impound a vehicle.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Copy, 14-Norman.

LATER

Rinks drives down the backstreet where the Gran Torino should be. A tow-truck is waiting patiently. But, Rinks can see that there are lots of cars, but no Gran Torino. He stops his car adjacent to the tow-truck.

TOW-TRUCK DRIVER
Which one?

Rinks cranes his neck to look all around the block. He puts it in reverse and revs backwards looking for the car. He puts it in drive and shoots around the block. Nothing.

RINKS
FUCK! GODDAMN IT! FUCK!

He returns and finally looks at the tow-truck driver again and shakes his head angrily.

RINKS
Forget about it.

The tow-truck driver nods and puts the truck in gear and drives off. Rinks thinks for a moment, stopped in the middle of the street. He opens his phone and dials and then speeds out of the block.

RINKS
O'Neill. It's Jeff Rinks. Where are you?

INT. SOUTHERN STATION GARAGE - DAY

Rinks is parked in a slot, waiting. The passenger door opens and Inspector Tom O'Neill gets in with a sigh.

O'NEILL
Rinks, if you've got something that
can help me, cough it up.
Otherwise, we're both busy men—

RINKS
(interrupting)
Close the door.

O'Neill smirks at him and does as told.

RINKS
What do you have on the Potrero
Hill case? Who do you like for it?

O'Neill does a good job of looking at Rinks without giving up
what he knows or doesn't know. O'Neill smiles at him.

O'NEILL
It was nice talkin' to ya'.

He pops the door open to get out. Rinks grabs his arm to
stop him.

RINKS
Wait! What do you need?

O'NEILL
You got something I can use, bring
it in. Just like any other case.

He starts to get out.

RINKS
I've got a witness.

O'Neill looks at Rinks.

O'NEILL
To what?

RINKS
The massacre.

O'NEILL
They see who did it?

RINKS
I need protection for my girlfriend
and myself. You need to put her
somewhere safe.

O'Neill turns, bodily, to look at Rinks.

RINKS

Today is a very weird day. If I don't do things a certain way everything will get fucked up and a lot of people will get hurt...

(pause)

...she'll get killed. And me too.

(pause)

I need you to shadow me and Strode and my girlfriend.

O'NEILL

Shadow you... all by myself?

(pause)

Shit. Imagine the overtime.

O'Neill chuckles and smiles at Rinks. Rinks doesn't appreciate being ridiculed.

O'NEILL

So, who's your witness?

RINKS

I need to know that you can help me, first.

O'NEILL

I need to know what you've got, first.

RINKS

It's hard to explain.

Rinks thinks for a long time before speaking.

O'NEILL

I'm waiting...

RINKS

Barrison and his team killed those dealers on Potrero Hill. They stole their drugs and money. The money they're keeping, the drugs they're giving to another crew to keep them happy. But, Barrison is going to double-cross them, frame them for the hit.

O'Neill nods as if he's heard a very good theory.

O'NEILL

How do you know this?

Rinks gulps.

RINKS

Look! I just met with a gangbanger wannabee, this guy named Rodney. He knows about Barrison because he saw him and his boys raid the house. Barrison's going to raid another house today and set them up for last night's raid. They're going to plant last night's guns there.

O'NEILL

"Barrison's going to," "they're going to"? What are you, psychic?

Rinks scowls at him.

O'NEILL

Fine. Where are the drugs?

RINKS

I think they're in a car.

O'NEILL

Where's this car?

RINKS

I tried to impound it. It will be at this corner, near Cesar Chavez, but I'm not sure if it's there right now.

O'NEILL

What's the name of the crew? Who's crew is it?

RINKS

They don't have a name. I don't know.

O'NEILL

What the fuck do you know, Jeff? You got something solid?

RINKS

Look. I know Barrison is dirty... I've been accepting payments from him to give a blind eye to things. Beyond that I really don't know details. That's the point—

O'NEILL
(interrupting)
Bring this Rodney in to talk.

RINKS
I can't.

O'NEILL
Show me this house.

RINKS
I can't. There's nothing there,
right now. There will be. Later.
There's nothing at the house—

O'NEILL
(interrupting)
Again with the "later."

RINKS
Barrison will ask me and Strode to
pick up a car and park it at Second
and Tennessee. Set up a video
surveillance and—

O'NEILL
(interrupting)
Of you parking a car?

Rinks looks at his watch.

RINKS
You don't understand. I need your
help. I need to make sure this day
goes off without a hitch, without
any surprises. Otherwise.... What
can you do for me?

He stares at O'Neill. O'Neill stares back at him and then
laughs out loud.

O'NEILL
What can I do for you? Well, I'll
tell you. Nothing.

He stares at Rinks as he gapes at him.

O'NEILL
I know Barrison's dirty, and you,
and Strode. Why the fuck do you
think IA's been questioning you?

RINKS

I'll testify, all of it. I just need to get through this day—

O'NEILL

(interrupting)

Your word ain't worth shit, Jeff. You're testimony will be the first thing thrown out. You've seen plea-bargained testimony go down. That leaves cold-hard evidence. Without evidence we can't get a warrant. Without a warrant we can't touch Barrison and his boys, Morris, Lane... Taylor, Chin... those other guys transferred over from vice.

Now O'Neill's just showing off for Rinks' benefit.

O'NEILL

Yeah, I know.

O'Neill gets out and doubles back, leaning into the car.

O'NEILL

I can take a look at this car and this house you say. But, I can't do anything for your girlfriend. What's her problem?

RINKS

You don't understand.

O'NEILL

You've got my number.

He closes the door and walks away. Rinks stews.

EXT. TAQUERIA - DAY

Rinks pulls up to the taqueria and Strode walks out closing his cellphone. He gets in and they drive off.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

STRODE

We need to run an errand for Barrison.

Rinks looks at him.

STRODE
Jimmy's waiting on a possible
location—

RINKS
(interrupting)
I know.

Rinks tries to concentrate on the road. Strode takes out a phone bill envelope and hands it to Rinks.

STRODE
Here's yours.

Rinks looks at it, pockets it and thinks.

THEN

Strode gets in the Gran Torino, as before, starts it and drives off with Rinks following him. Strode parks the car and gets out.

Rinks hears the BOOMING BASS and RATTLING FIBERGLASS and the scene plays out again with the beat-up Cadillac Seville double parked beside the Gran Torino.

But, Rinks looks at the Seville and DOES NOT SEE RODNEY in the backseat.

EXT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks gets out of the Crown Vic' and shuts the door loudly. Raydar and Killa' Bee look at him as he saunters over.

KILLA' BEE
What the fuck you want?

RINKS
Whassup, Raydar? Killa' Bee?

Rinks points at Killa' Bee. Killa' Bee looks at Raydar.

KILLA' BEE
What the fuck? How he know?

RAYDAR
Shut up, man.

Rinks looks at Strode.

RINKS
Let's go.

Rinks and Strode nod at the two men and walk away. Rinks takes a good look inside the Seville: no Rodney. He looks at the Gran Torino's trunk. Someone has welded a HASP AND HOOK onto the trunk and PADLOCKED it shut. It's sloppy but effective.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks and Strode drive around the Mission. Every little detail that repeats grinds down on Rinks.

STRODE
...Does Internal Affairs really
think cops did that?

RINKS
Yes! Of course! Okay!?!

Rinks glances at Strode because he keeps looking at him. Strode shrugs and gives up. Rinks angrily returns his attention to the street.

MONTAGE

- 1.) Strode is talking to LONGO. Rinks' eyes dart around for a way out.
- 2.) Rinks and Strode talk to the three young black men. There seems to be a different, knowing, quality to the way they look at Rinks. He looks at Strode.

RINKS
Let's get out of here.

- 3.) Rinks doesn't bother looking at the prostitute.

STRODE
Don't suck too many dicks, Dot.

She cackles as they pull away.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

STRODE
It was prolly some cops, sheeit.

Rinks starts to glance at Strode with MURDEROUS RAGE but sees the Caprice pass them with two of the women shooters in the front seats.

RINKS
Get their plate!

Rinks swerves out of their lane in pursuit of the Caprice.

STRODE

What plate?

RINKS

Caprice Classic, white. Police
auction.

Rinks tries to catch up to them but they dodge around traffic and make a turn. He BLOOPS their siren and flashes their lights to get around double-parked cars and slow-pokes. But, the Caprice is gone.

RINKS

Shit. Did you get anything?

Strode's phone rings and he answers it.

STRODE

Paul.

(pause)

Got it.

(pause)

Barrison.

Rinks looks at him.

RINKS

Mission?

Strode smiles, uncertainly.

STRODE

Yeah...

Rinks looks and forces a u-turn on the busy street.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The sound fades away from Rinks' ears as he watches Barrison move his lips and make his sketches on the dry-erase board.

(FLASHBACK: RINKS RECALLS BARRISON IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT INSTANCES, CAJOLING, BARKING ORDERS, DOING HIS THING...)

The blood pressure builds in Rinks' ears pounding an increasingly quick rhythm.

BARRISON

Perhaps you girls can look for guns
inside. We'll be pretty busy on
point, doing the real cop work.

Rinks and Strode keep quiet as Barrison nods at them.

BARRISON
Outstanding. Let's roll.

INT. 320 WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

BARRISON	TAYLOR
Police! Police! Nobody	Get down! Down on the
move.	ground!

The HOUSE IS EMPTY. The TV blathers to no one as the inspectors repeat their words and actions.

Taylor and Chin meet Lane and the other inspector empty-handed in the kitchen. Rinks shoves past. Strode runs into the first bedroom. Rinks looks for Rodney in the recliner but it's empty.

Rinks looks around. The others slowly relax.

STRODE (O.S.)
We've got some guns!

Chin goes back into the room and snatches the bag from Strode.

CHIN
Gimme that!

BARRISON (O.S.)
Lane? Anyone in the backyard?

LANE (O.S.)
Negative.

Rinks returns to the living room and thinks... He looks at Barrison who also seems to be preoccupied with thoughts. They stare at each other, in opposition.

EXT. 320 WASHINGTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

Barrison steps out on the back porch taking a look for himself.

BARRISON
This is bullshit! Bullshit!

LATER

The inspectors walk out the front door, that hangs on its shattered hinges, and go back to their cars and slowly regroup. Rinks is trembling from the tension. He tries to let it go.

STRODE
This is fucked up.

Rinks walks back to their car. Strode follows him. Barrison speaks to them over their headsets.

BARRISON (O.S.)
Let's head back to Mission. See if
we can do this right, Goddamnit!

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks is driving gritting his teeth. Barrison's car is ahead of them. Morris is driving behind them.

STRODE
Maybe Barrison wrote down the wrong
address.

He chuckles. Rinks glances at him.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

The three unmarked Crown Victorias drive back to the Mission district station from the target house. They approach the block where San Francisco General Hospital is located.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - CONTINUOUS

Rinks is still amped up unlike Strode who is releasing his steam through jokes and talking too much. Rinks stares at the back of Barrison's head in the car ahead of them.

STRODE
"Gunplay interruptus." I hate when
that happens.

Rinks looks in his mirrors, but in front of him an SUV swerves a left from the opposite lanes and blocks Barrison's car causing near collisions and collisions.

Rinks hits his brakes. Morris swerves to an angled stop behind them. A car swerves around him.

The beat-up Cadillac Seville screeches to a halt next to Rinks and Strode. The white Caprice Classic bottles them up from the rear.

RINKS
GET DOWN!

Automatic weapons fire on their car and around them. Their windows shatter, spraying them with cubes of glass. Rinks takes his gun out and holds Strode down to the seat.

RINKS
Open your door! Get out of the
car! Get out!

Strode pops the door open. They scramble out of the car amid PINGS and TWANGS as bullets puncture the car body.

As he crawls out, Rinks raises his pistol, AIMING BLINDLY out the shattered windows and fires repeatedly where the Seville should be.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

The attack has happened at the entrance to San Francisco General Hospital. Innocent civilians in their cars are stuck between the gang cars and the police cars.

Gunfire spews out of the Caprice as the far doors open and two shooters get out to flank the car and add fire.

Rinks and Strode are on the ground by their passenger door. Over their headsets...

BARRISON (O.S.)
Return fire! Return fire!

MORRIS (O.S.)
Three cars, automatic weapons—

It sounds like Morris was hit.

LANE (O.S.)
Dispatch, 8-victor, shots fired,
shots fired! Potrero and twenty-
third! Three vehicles, automatic
weapons!

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Responding!

Rinks tries to peek over the doors to see who is shooting.

Morris either has not been hit or he's lightly wounded. He stands and fires suppressing fire from his shotgun. Chin joins him from a slightly different angle on the Caprice behind them.

Rinks sees Rodney get out of the Seville. The same lady gangbangers are banging away as well.

Strode returns fire.

Rinks sees someone move. It's Killa' Bee with an AK-47. He fires in full-auto. The star-shaped muzzle flash lights up the scene.

The Crown Vic' gets hit from the front. Raydar has circled behind the SUV; same maneuver as those from the Caprice.

RINKS

Get to the sidewalk! We're pinned down. Move!

Rinks scurries from the car methodically firing back at the SUV and the Seville. Fortunately, the inspectors still wear their body armor.

One of the trapped civilians is a SCREAMING WOMAN with kids in an EXPEDITION. A stray shot SILENCES her.

Barrison scrambles out of their car with a shotgun and rushes the gang SUV firing repeatedly. Lane does the same thing from the same car on the opposite side, shooting at Killa' Bee. He's hit with two blasts and dropped.

Rodney fires a Tec-9 at Barrison's car and men. Rinks aims at him but holds fire. Strode takes cover at the Expedition's left rear quarter panel and fires at the shooters in the SUV.

Chin, helping Morris, fires into the Caprice behind them and kills a shooter inside and one of the ones outside. Someone from the Seville shoots him though and kills him.

The two inspectors in Morris' backseat are dead.

One inspector is dead in Barrison's car. Taylor climbs out of the right rear door and fires at the Seville hitting the front passenger.

Morris gets hit and drops, not dead.

Rinks fires at the Caprice that just dropped Morris and hits the passenger. The lady gangbanger driving puts it in reverse and backs out, bashing into a car behind her.

Rodney jumps back into the Seville and puts it in gear.

Raydar hits Barrison and Barrison hits Raydar.

Strode gets hit from the Seville and drops. The Seville drives off as Rinks empties his pistol on it.

He looks around, quick changes, sees Strode struggling by the Expedition's wheel. He sees another civilian's car, a SEDAN, behind the Expedition, that had to swerve away from Morris' car. The driver looks hurt.

The kids in the Expedition are SCREAMING.

Rinks steps closer and through the gap between the sedan and the Expedition sees Nicole's car. Gunfire from the Caprice and the Seville has riddled the Expedition, the sedan and Nicole's car.

RINKS

NICOLE!

Rinks stumbles forward and stops. He drops his gun to his side. Bullets whip past him. He stares at Nicole's car. He can see her slumped in her seat.

Lane and Taylor concentrate on the two passenger-side shooters in the SUV and kill them.

Rinks starts sobbing and sags in defeat. His gun drops from his hand. He stares at Nicole's car and shuts his eyes...

The SHOOTER, left behind from the Seville, aims at Rinks and fires, hitting him repeatedly. Rinks falls to the ground. A bulletproof vest is no match for an assault rifle round.

The Caprice accelerates out of the melee and hits the shooter, sending him over the hood.

Rinks rolls over and stares into the sky, in anguish.

He can hear the kids SCREAMING in the Expedition and some last gunshots as someone stumbles up to him.

It's Barrison, wounded but alive, holding his shotgun. He looks at Rinks with disappointment on his face, almost as if he were blaming him for the shoot-out.

BARRISON

(smiling to himself)

Real cops don't get shot...

Rinks glares at him, standing there alive while Rinks is dying.

Rinks' point of view shifts outside his body as he drifts away.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

Rinks' eyes pop open. The inky pen tip scrapes across the paper surface looping around, crossing over and looping around again to complete the number 8. It is THE 8TH yet again.

Rinks raises himself up on the gurney, exhausted. Nicole stands next to him with her clipboard.

NICOLE

Jill's right. There is a bum sleeping in C wing. I suppose it's too much to expect a phone call or a message...

Rinks looks at her.

NICOLE

What's wrong with you?!? You look like shit.

He swings his legs over the side of the gurney and tries to shake the weariness out of his head.

RINKS

I feel like shit.

NICOLE

I don't know why you do this. This job is killing you. Let me look at you—

RINKS

(interrupting)

That's really not important right now.

She tries to examine him.

RINKS

Nicole!

NICOLE (O.S.)

What?

RINKS

Are you okay?

He looks into her eyes and emotion chokes him.

NICOLE (O.S.)
Yeah... Better than you,
apparently.

He gets off the gurney and hugs her, surprising her. He hugs her even more tightly and his body gets racked by sobs as he weeps. He buries his face in her shoulder as she's compelled to comfort him.

NICOLE
Jeff?

He composes himself a bit and looks at her and kisses her tenderly and passionately. Her eyes indicate her ambivalence as she returns the kiss. He seems to be feeding off of the sheer fact that she's safe and sound, ALIVE!

RINKS
You want to talk to me... at lunch.

That surprises her even more. She pushes him back to look at his face.

NICOLE
Yeah,... I need to talk to you—

RINKS
(interrupting)
I know. Eleven thirty, Goat Hill
Pizza.

He kisses her again and then disengages and walks away.

RINKS
I've got to go. I'll see you then.

Nicole frowns, confused, fed up and...in love.

INT. NARCOTICS DIVISION - MORNING

Rinks walks in and pauses. Capt. Mack is doing his briefing.

The clumsy clerk rushes toward Rinks, about to collide. He tries to correct and fumbles his paperwork.

Rinks CATCHES THE FOLDER before it scatters out of the clerk's hand. The clerk looks at Rinks and his "lightning-fast" reflex.

CLERK
Thanks!

Rinks stares at the folder in his hand and shoves it at the clerk.

Rinks looks like a volcano that is about to erupt. This time he doesn't look around the room. He knows Barrison is cleaning his nails in the back with Morris and Taylor and that everyone else is on their mark...

Rinks sits next to Strode for the rest of the briefing. Strode glances at him and does a double-take at his condition.

STRODE

What's wrong with you?

Rinks calmly holds his index finger up to his lips and then points at Capt. Mack indicating to pay attention to him. Strode, properly chagrined, settles down facing forward. He steals a peek or two at Rinks...

For Rinks time passing is a combination of nerve-wracking stressor and serenity before the storm.

Rinks w a i t s

CAPT. MACK

...That's it, go to work.

All in attendance break and go about their chores. Strode stands up, stretches and yawns. Rinks remains seated, thinking...

STRODE

No rest for the wicked...

Rinks stands and walks across the office space. Strode tries to figure out where he's going and then he spots Inspectors Sanchez and Gaines.

STRODE

Fuck.

But first, Rinks walks over to the police officer pinning up bulletins and he grabs the bulletin board, lifts it off the wall and hands it to the officer. The officer looks at him, confused. Rinks turns and approaches Sanchez and Gaines.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

Gaines opens the door and ushers Rinks inside. Sanchez joins Gaines and Rinks inside and closes the door.

GAINES

Have a seat, Inspector Rinks.

SANCHEZ

You don't look so hot, Inspector.

Rinks glances at him and sits on the proffered seat. They flank Rinks and stare at him. Sanchez flashes his dead-eyed smile. Rinks stares at the green Formica tabletop.

SANCHEZ

Any ideas who hit the house on
Potrero Hill?

Sanchez pops the stick of gum in his mouth. They watch Rinks with increasing interest. He's definitely not trying to act casual and innocent. He stares at them as if they're not really there, as if they're yesterday's newspaper.

GAINES

Hello? You with us, Inspector?

RINKS

The reason...

(pause)

I became a cop in the first place
was to make a difference, to be a
good cop. I wanted to feel like I
was part of the solution.

(pause)

If it's not a punk kid back out on
the street it's a playa' who's
smart enough to dress in lawyers
or...thousands of three-time
losers, human garbage that no one
gives a fuck about. A few years of
putting away the wrong guys while
people on both sides of the law
make money, while the little guys
get fucked... What's the point?

(pause)

Or it's someone like Barrison who
seems to have a lock on the whole
thing and just... wins every time.
Why fight it?

(pause)

I never should have agreed to
Barrison's shit... Now, I'm part
of the problem...

Gaines slides the pad and pen towards him. Rinks looks at the pad and then at Gaines.

RINKS

Barrison and his team massacred those dealers... last night. He's going to double-cross another crew today.

GAINES

How do you know this?

RINKS

My CI.

SANCHEZ

Great. Bring him in!

RINKS

He won't come in... I need you guys to help me. My girlfriend and I need protection. I'll testify to everything—

SANCHEZ

(interrupting)

You got any proof, receipts, videotape?

Sanchez checks with Gaines. Rinks looks at them.

SANCHEZ

Video, right? Audio wouldn't cut it. Not with him.

Gaines looks at Rinks and nods.

GAINES

Yeah... Or an affidavit!

RINKS

Wait a sec', what're you — I know they killed those gang—

SANCHEZ

(interrupting)

Did you actually see this massacre happen?

He stares at each one and drops his head in defeat. Gaines and Sanchez laugh at each other.

GAINES

We're not gonna waste the DA's time with your testimony.

SANCHEZ

You think very highly of yourself, Inspector. See, despite the fact that you are dirty, and we know that, and that Barrison's dirty, and we know that, you're just not dirty enough.

GAINES

Right. Not unless you have some solid dirt—

RINKS

(interrupting)

There's got to be something you can do! You don't understand. It's not enough that I've died. But you guys...

Sanchez and Gaines share a look: "I've died?"

RINKS

I've tried everything, everything I can think of. I even tried to pull the plug, snuff it. I DID. And Barrison just keeps winning. I've just... gone along... this whole time I've been on the fence. But now I need to do something... I've got TO DO SOMETHING! What am I supposed to do!?

Rinks stares through them trying to figure out what that is.

SANCHEZ

How long have you known Barrison was dirty?

Rinks is silenced. Sanchez clears his throat dramatically.

SANCHEZ

I read this quote once, in Readers' Digest I think—

GAINES

(interrupting)

Yeah, Readers' Digest.

SANCHEZ

Fear not your friends, they can only betray you. Fear not your enemies, they can only kill you.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
 Fear the indifferent and the
 complacent, for they allow traitors
 and murderers to exist...

He smiles, proud of his flowery performance.

GAINES
 Rinks, Barrison's bad news, but
 he's not the problem. Guys like
 you are the problem!

SANCHEZ
 You want to DO SOMETHING, to be
 part of the solution, get some
 evidence.

Sanchez opens the door and waits for Rinks to get up. Strode
 waits outside.

SANCHEZ
 Thank you for your time, Inspector.

GAINES
 Go home, Rinks. Take a health day.
 You need it.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks and Strode drive around the Mission again.

STRODE
 Does Internal Affairs really think
 cops did that?

RINKS
 ...does it matter?

MONTAGE

- 1.) Rinks and Strode talk to LONGO.
- 2.) Rinks and Strode talk to the three young black men in
 baggy clothes. The men shrug and shake their heads, looking
 off in different directions.
- 3.) The prostitute leans into the window. She cackles as
 they drive away.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks stares straight ahead.

STRODE

You ever get the feeling that she
says the same sheeit no matter what
day it is?

It takes Rinks a moment to realize what Strode just said and he looks over at him slowly. Rinks glances back at the road and spots Rodney on the sidewalk.

RINKS

Pull over.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Rinks gets out of the car and walks over to Rodney and his cellphone.

RODNEY

Inspector Rinks.

RINKS

The house on Potrero...

Rodney nods. Rinks tries to look him in the eye. He makes sure Strode can't hear him and Rodney notices that.

RINKS

I'm not here to jack you up. I
need your help, Rodney. I know
that you know...something.

Rodney tries to read Rinks.

RODNEY

You trippin'.

RINKS

You have no idea.

Rodney dismisses him with a scowl and goes back to his cellphone and takes Rinks' picture. Rinks takes out a business card and hands it to Rodney.

RINKS

I know you were hiding and saw it
all last night.

That gets Rodney's attention and another scowl. Rinks tries to think of a way to elaborate but can't, without causing unwanted repercussions....

RINKS

I need your help...with Barrison.

RODNEY
Barrison? Ain't you his friend?

RINKS
Not exactly.

RODNEY
Ain't he a cop?

Rinks scowls at the questions.

RODNEY
Ain't you a cop?

RINKS
Don't fuck around, Rodney—

RODNEY
(interrupting)
Ain't you a cop, Rinks?

Rinks glares at Rodney. Rodney smiles at him.

RINKS
Yeah! We're all cops, Rodney.

RODNEY
Then why's Barrison a problem? Why
you need my help? Can't you handle
it?

Rodney crumples Rinks' business card and flicks it at him.
Rinks is affronted and backs down, ashamed.

Rinks gets back in the car watching Rodney and he and Strode
drive off.

INT. TAQUERIA - DAY

Barrison leads Rinks away and hands him the phone bill
envelope.

BARRISON
What did Gaines and Sanchez want
this morning?

Rinks looks at the envelope full of bills and almost laughs.
He pockets it and looks into Barrison's eyes.

RINKS
Nothin'.

BARRISON

I need you to pick up a car and
drive it to an address,...

Rinks stares at Barrison's face as he speaks. His stubble and pores stand out in stark relief. The way the flesh on his face moves captivates Rinks in a morbid way.

Barrison hands him the keys and the Post-it note. Rinks looks at the Post-it note and pockets it with the keys.

EXT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Rinks gets out of their Crown Victoria and walks over to the Gran Torino. Rinks doesn't bother with the rubber glove, gets in and drives off with Strode following him.

EXT. SECOND AND TENNESSEE - DAY

Rinks parks the car. While Strode watches from their car the beat-up Cadillac Seville drives up, BASS BOOMING, BUMPER RATTLING. Raydar and Killa' Bee get out.

KILLA' BEE

Where the keys at?

Rinks reaches in and drops the keys on the driver's seat. He nods and walks away as Raydar jumps behind the wheel. Rinks sees Rodney in the backseat but averts his eyes from him. However, Rodney looks like he has a lot on his mind.

The two cars drive off as Rinks joins Strode and they drive off.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

STRODE

You ever see those guys before?

Rinks winces, hearing that question yet again.

RINKS

Drop me off on top of Potrero Hill.

STRODE

Sure.

INT. GOAT HILL PIZZA - DAY

Rinks is at the table, waiting again. Nicole walks in and he watches her with that same awe and appreciation that makes him smile.

NICOLE
You look terrible!

She sits opposite him. The whole day is a mind-numbing exercise in patience for Rinks. He smiles at her a little forlorn.

NICOLE
Are you alright—

The WAITRESS looks at Rinks but he ignores her. He reaches for Nicole's hands but she pulls back.

RINKS
(interrupting)
Nicole. I know you're unhappy. I know you want to move out. I know. But, I love you and I'm sorry and I'm going to change. I promise—

NICOLE
(interrupting)
Wow! Why the different tune?

RINKS
It's been a really bad day...

NICOLE
You know the definition of insanity? Doing the same thing over and over again while expecting different results. This is not the first time I've brought this up, Jeff. Your job's always been more important... After everything that's happened why would YOU think that you can change, that things will be different? ...I appreciate you saying all that, but why should I believe you?

She looks at him and waits. He thinks.

RINKS
I've seen things...

He looks at her and her expression conveys such a lost cause that his heart breaks. He tries to rally an argument but falls short. He thinks some more and hangs his head.

NICOLE
I'm going to stay with my brother.

Another moment passes. He looks up at her.

RINKS
You're right.

That surprises her.

RINKS
I'm sorry.

That surprises her even more.

RINKS
...for everything.

After a while she stands up.

NICOLE
Well, I've got to go.

He stands up and steps forward and hugs her. He gives her a kiss and then lets go. She's shocked.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Strode pulls up to the curb and Rinks gets in.

STRODE
Barrison—

RINKS
(interrupting)
Fine....

Rinks glances over at a newspaper vending machine. The headline reads: MIDNIGHT MASSACRE. Rinks glances at his watch and the date with no real need to do so...

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The whole procedure has a fluid and irrevocable slowness, like being on the brink of a cataract, and Rinks has an odd calmness about it.

BARRISON (O.S.)
Two teams. The main strike team....

The sound fades away from Rinks' ears AS HE WATCHES BARRISON make his sketches on the dry-erase board.

INT. 320 WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

BARRISON (O.S.)
Police! Open up!

The back-door bursts open and in rushes Team 2 led by Lane.

LANE
Police! Nobody move! Nobody move!
Police!

The FRONT DOOR bursts OPEN. Barrison, Taylor and Chin FLOW inside followed by Morris, Rinks and Strode.

BARRISON
Police! Police! Nobody
move.

TAYLOR
Get down! Down on the
ground!

CHIN
Hands up! Hands up, on the ground!

The cops tackle the first three men to the floor. Barrison kicks one in the face, dropping him to the floor, stunned. Chin and Taylor FLOW to the first bedroom door.

TAYLOR
Freeze!
(pause)
Clear!

Chin tosses the paper bag on the floor and they hit the next room.

TAYLOR
Freeze!
(pause)
Clear!

Rinks sees Rodney in the recliner, an almost welcome sight.

STRODE (O.S.)
We've got some guns!

BARRISON (O.S.)
Excellent!

Rodney sits up. Rinks is in an altered state of consciousness as he stares wide-eyed at Rodney over his pistol sights.

RODNEY
Fucking Barrison! You're setting
us up! Bullshit!

RODNEY (CONT'D)

(pause)

You're bullshit, Rinks!

Rodney GLARES AT RINKS. Barrison moves forward to fire his 9mm Glock.

RINKS

(whispered)

No...

Rinks pivots on Barrison and shoots him through his face, the bullet SMACKS the inside back of his Kevlar helmet. Barrison drops instantly.

The moment freezes in time. Rinks looks at all present, one by one.

RODNEY

Oh, shit! Oh man! You shot him!

Rodney starts to raise his hand but Rinks drags him forward off the recliner and onto the floor before he can grab the Tec-9.

RINKS

(frantic)

Shut up. Other hand! Barrison was setting them up. Nobody move! You all know that.

Rinks kneels on Rodney and finishes cuffing him. He finds the TEC-9 and DISPLAYS it to ALL and stands Rodney on his feet.

RINKS

(frantic)

THESE ARE HUMAN BEINGS, FOR GOD'S SAKE! IT'S ONE THING TO MAKE A FEW BUCKS ON THE SIDE, BUT MASSACRING PEOPLE LIKE... He was about to kill Rodney here in cold blood! This isn't right. Anthony was dirty! He made us dirty too. You KNOW THAT. ANTHONY JUST MADE US AS BAD AS HIM—

Morris fires his shotgun at Rodney, killing him, throwing him against the wall and dropping him on the floor. Rinks is shocked by that.

RINKS

What THE FUCK?!?

He aims his pistol at Morris.

RINKS
We NEEDED him! He's the KEY TO ALL
THIS—

BA-BA-BAM!

RINKS IS SHOT. Blood spurts over his vest's collar. His aim shifts. Strode, in the door to one of the bedrooms. Aiming a "found" Tec-9 at Rinks.

RINKS
(barely audible)
Paul?

STRODE
Fuck, guys. I thought Rinks knew
the score...

Rinks...sees his own blood...fires into the floor...eyes
flutter...

FADE TO BLACK.

The sound of GUNFIRE fills the room.

LANE (O.S.)
Officers down, officers down....

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, SF GENERAL - DAY

Rinks is wheeled into the emergency room by paramedics.
Nicole shows up.

NICOLE
Jeff!?!

She tries to concentrate. They transfer him to a bed and get
to work.

NICOLE
He's A positive. Two units.

RINKS
Nicole...you're...okay...

She looks into his eyes.

NICOLE
Hang on. You're going to be
alright.

RINKS

It doesn't matter... I do...love
you...

She can't help it. Her eyes fill with tears.

NICOLE

I do too!

He smiles.

ER NURSE

He's crashing!

NICOLE

No! Hang on!

Cardiac alarms go off.

ER NURSE

BPs dropping.

NICOLE

Jeff! Jeff? Hang on, Jeff!

Rinks stares into the ceiling. His point of view shifts
outside his body as he drifts away.

ER NURSE

He's flat-lining....

NICOLE

Jeff? Jeff?

RINKS

(whispered)

Nicole....

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

Rinks' eyes pop open. He screams, terrified.

He's in a hospital bed with tubes and IVs running in and out
of him. The tube down his throat muffles his scream.

Nicole sets down RINKS' CHART, having written THE DATE on it
and hurries to his side.

NICOLE

Jeff? It's okay. Relax...

His eyes bug out searching the room. He starts kicking and thrashing. Nicole alerts the nurses with the bedside call-switch. Nicole lays her hands on him. She's clearly been through an ordeal by his side.

NICOLE

Calm down! Calm down! You're in the hospital. You're going to be alright. Relax. Just relax.

His eyes focus on hers. He asks her a question but the tube prevents her from understanding. He tries again, desperately, frantically. She caresses his forehead and tries to soothe him.

NICOLE

It's okay. Just calm down....

A NURSE runs in.

NURSE

Doctor?

Nicole seems to have calmed Rinks enough. She looks at the nurse.

NICOLE

It's fine. Thank you.

Something catches Rinks' attention and he looks away from her.

Inspector Tom O'Neill has walked into the room. He walks up to the hospital bed and looks at Nicole and then at Rinks whose eyes are on him.

O'NEILL

When can he speak, Doctor?

NICOLE

No. He still needs help breathing.

O'NEILL

It's important I talk to him.

He looks into Rinks' eyes.

O'NEILL

You created quite a stir yesterday. I'll say one thing about you, Jeff. You're not subtle.

Rinks reacts to something he said and tries to speak, getting worked up again.

NICOLE
Please. Not right now. He needs
to rest.

Nicole tries to lead O'Neill away. He looks at the railing on Rinks' bed. Rinks has been handcuffed to it.

NICOLE
It's ridiculous. He can't...get
away!

O'Neill looks at her.

O'NEILL
That's the point, Doctor.

He looks at the handcuff attached to the bed's railing and rattles it.

O'NEILL
Don't let these fool you, Jeff.
What you did was a good thing,
albeit a bit... messy. Those
weren't the first dealers Barrison
had killed.

NICOLE
Inspector! Please!

O'NEILL
Don't worry too much. The DA takes
into account mitigating
circumstances... And you've got a
lot of them...

He chuckles at Rinks and smiles at Nicole as he leaves. She watches him, making sure that he's leaving, and then turns back to Rinks. He tries to ask her a question around the tube.

RINKS
Hot hay hiss hit?! Hot hay hiss
hit?

NICOLE
Don't talk—

RINKS
(interrupting)
HOT HAY HISS HIT!?!

NICOLE
What day is it?

He blinks and nods at her. She doesn't understand.

NICOLE
It's the... ninth....

The inky pen tip scrapes across a paper surface looping around, crossing over and ending in a long stroke to complete the number 9. It is now THE 9TH...

Hearing that makes him RELAX noticeably. She's happy to see that. She caresses him again and holds one of his hands.

NICOLE
I thought I lost you yesterday,
but... we got you back. You're in
serious condition but stable.
Relax now and get better.

Her eyes fill with tears as she stares at him. She tries to walk away to let him rest as well as to escape for her own emotional sake.

But he GRIPS HER HAND, keeping her there. His eyes have filled with tears too, but he smiles at her with his eyes.

She stands by his bed holding his hand for a little while longer.

FADE OUT.

THE END