

BRANDISH

Written by

Flynard Miller

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

PAN UP from the ground, showing a dark FIGURE carrying something in his arms. A BUNDLE of sorts. It looks like something rolled up in a rug. A wet SUBSTANCE drips from it.

ANGLE on the drip and then over the shoulder of the dark figure, revealing a grey HOUSE. The house is in great condition with fresh vinyl siding and an oak wood front door. In the upper center of the door is DIAMOND SHAPED GLASS. Motion LIGHTS highlight the shadows of the trees on either side of the house.

The lights are almost blinding. Looking them head on makes the front of the dark figure all shadows. As the camera follows it, a CAR comes into view. The rear end of a silver Mercedes with the trunk open. The license plate reads: K-MC1. The figure drops the wet rug and the trunk closes. Once the figure moves, we notice a few streaming drips of RED LIQUID sliding down the plate. We hold on this.

INT. KEVIN MCINTOSH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin's living room has nice furnishings, a high end leather sofa, love seat, and recliner. There are tall ceilings and large picture windows. The walls are painted off-white with a few PORTRAITS of Kevin and his wife Janette lining the perimeter of the room.

KEVIN (38, ex-marine, 6'1, 225lbs) sits on his sofa watching the TV series, "Duffle Bag." CAMERA ANGLES to Kevin's bare feet which are crossed on the coffee table a few feet away from the sofa. The coffee table is black with gold trimming running along the side. In the center of the table is a MIRROR, with diamond shapes embroidered on the glass.

CU on a PHOTO of Kevin in uniform and a NAME TAG that reads: Kevin McIntosh.

The phone RINGS. Kevin accidentally reaches for the REMOTE right next to the black wireless phone. He throws the remote aside as the phone continues to RING. The remote bounces off the cushion onto the floor as Kevin reaches the phone.

KEVIN
(Into the phone)
Hello!

PHIL HESTER (V.O.)
Turn to the news, dawg. It's
Janette. They found her dead last
night.

KEVIN
 (Into the phone, in
 disbelief)
 What are you talkin bout man?

PHIL HESTER (V.O.)
 Turn on the news!

Kevin grabs the remote off the floor and changes the channel. Camera ZOOMS in on the 72 inch Samsung television mounted on the wall. There's a bold silver emblem at the bottom of the TV. The screen shows news anchor, SHEILA MILLER (25), as she reports-

SHEILA MILLER
 I'm Sheila Miller with the top story tonight. Thirty eight year old Janette McIntosh was found dead this morning around 4am. Janette McIntosh is a federal prosecutor for the Chicago division. She was brutally slain, strangled, and stabbed repeatedly. Let's cut to Steve on the scene.

The screen changes to STEVEN SMITH (28) standing outside.

STEVEN SMITH
 Yeah, Sheila, we're here live where Mrs. McIntosh's body was found in the trunk of what authorities believe is her soon to be ex-husband's car. Authorities have issued a warrant out for her husband, a Mr. Kevin McIntosh.

A PHOTO of Kevin flashes on the screen with a description: Black male, 38, about 6'1.

We ZOOM OUT from the screen. Kevin is shocked and saddened by the news of his wife being found dead.

KEVIN
 (Into the phone,
 incredulous)
 Man, this can't be real? I have to go check on her. Let me call her phone.

Kevin hangs up with Phil and presses the touch tone screen to call his wife. There are about 10 RINGS before it goes to voicemail. Kevin tries again, still no answer. He calls Phil back.

PHIL (V.O.)
Kevin, what's up? You got out of
there, right?

KEVIN
(Into the phone)
I'm going to call the hospitals or
go to the police station.

PHIL (V.O.)
No, a federal prosecutor is dead,
they want blood, get out of there
right now, right now! Hang this
phone up and get the fuck out now.

Kevin hangs the phone up, not believing what's going on. He grabs a DUFFLE BAG and a few things including a 9mm GLOCK. He checks the magazine, "full", checks the chamber, "empty."

He takes off his Nike shorts and puts on a pair of black jeans, and a white t-shirt. He grabs his car keys off the kitchen counter and goes out the door that leads to his garage.

INT. KEVIN'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

A large and clean garage. Kevin presses the button on his key chain and the car alarm disarms with a CHIRP. The doors unlock and he gets into a black Audi sedan. He pushes the start button on the dash and the car comes to life.

INT. NEIGHBORS KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We look at Kevin's garage through the POV of the neighbors kitchen window that has curtains with sun flower decorations and yellow fabric. The garage door opens and Kevin backs out of the garage and makes a right turn.

EXT. OUTSIDE KEVIN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

CAMERA ANGLES from the passenger side window as Kevin drives. Camera moves to the front windshield to reveal a FEW BLACK SUV's driving up the street coming toward him. He passes them, there are FBI AGENTS inside.

One in particular is special agent ERICA JONES (28, light brown skin, long hair, clear skin). Kevin locks eyes with her as he passes. The camera SLOWS as they pass, emphasizing the threat of this moment.

The first SUV makes a hard U-Turn as flashing LIGHTS come on and dust kicks up from the tires.

Kevin Smashes hard on the gas and the Audi propels forward.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: BRANDISH

INT. KEVINS CAR - NIGHT

CU on Kevin through the driver side window. A nervous look on Kevins face, as he passes the F.B.I. Agents about 1/2 way up the block. He exchanges glances with special agent Jones in the passenger seat of the black SUV.

Kevin smashes the accelerator, and the Audi launches forward.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF KEVINS CAR - NIGHT

Camera angles on the rear fender as it sags from the rear end horse power. Now we see the rear license plate. We watch the Audi symbol get smaller as the car springs ahead.

EXT. KEVINS STEET - NIGHT

Aerial view of the 3 S.U.V.'s in pursuit of the black sedan. Street lights are on, it's a clear night, 75 degrees out. Jay-Z's "99 Problems" plays as the scene gets underway. The audi hits a hard right turn at the next corner. Tires screeching as we CU on the rear tires spinning as Kevins audi fishtails around the corner.

Lights are flashing (blue and red) on the surrounding home lining the street. It's a residential area, two car garage with cars lining the curbs.

INT. ERICA'S S.U.V. NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Angle: through the front windshield we see ERICA (25) special agent in the F.B.I. She's assigned to Janette's murder case. Her PARTNER (36) F.B.I. agent, drives as they're in hot pursuit of Kevin McIntosh. Erica is holding a cup of Starbucks coffee in her left hand.

INT. ERICA'S S.U.V. NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

ERICA
Here we go, he's running.

WILLIAMS
I knew he was guilty!

ERICA
(annoyed at his
assumption, rolling her
eyes)
Doesn't mean he did it.

WILLIAMS
Then why is he running? People that
haven't did anything don't run.

ERICA
(not agreeing)
Okay, just for arguments sake.

INT. S.U.V. - NIGHT

Williams makes a hard right turn down the same street Kevin turned down just moments ago. He sees Kevins audi about a block maybe 3/4 block up. Erica releases the hand grip on the passenger side handle on the door frame. She braces for the vehicles turn, swaying sideways, she's almost thrown into the driver seat.

Press the gas the SUV springs forward. Never once spilling her coffee, thanks to the Starbucks lid on her cup.

INT. KEVINS CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

KEVIN (V.O.)
Damn, I gotta lose these sons of
bitches. I can't go to jail.

INT. KEVINS CAR NIGHT - SAME

Whipping up streets, F.B.I. Everywhere, Kevin thinks about the phone call he just got from Phil Hester (a 44 year old ex-marine and communication expert for the government, a white guy about 6'2, 225 lbs. A good marine buddy of Kevins). Nowhere else to go and everything to lose, he hits the button on the steering wheel with a picture of a phone on it.

KEVIN
Car, call Phil.

CAR
(automatic voice)
Calling Phil now.

The phone rings through the speaker in the car. After about 3 rings a voice fills the cockpit.

PHIL HESTER

Hello, what's up Kevin? Did you get outta there like I said.

KEVIN

Yes, man these people on my ass. I need your help. You got that communications in your background. Hacking, shit like that.

PHIL HESTER

Yea, so?

KEVIN

I need you to hack the street lights so I can lose these agents.

PHIL HESTER

Let me see what I can do.

Kevin turns down a dark ally. Wheels, shocks, and frame bouncing as he hits garage cans knocking them over, he smashes the gas.

PHIL HESTER (CONT'D)

I'm booting up my system right now.

We hear keyboard keys being typed through the car speakers.

INT. HESTERS BASEMENT

Phil Hesters basement looks like a mini command center with a complex of networks and screens. Phil begins by tracking Kevins movements with the triangulation of his cell phone. Ping. A map of where Kevins car is moving pops up on the screen. There are 3 monitors positioned on his desktop camera. We focus in on the screen. Then angle on Phil's fingers as he types commands into his computer.

PHIL HESTER

I'm tracking your location on my screen. Let me see if I can get a surveillance camera some where in your area so I can track the feds movement also.

KEVIN

Hurry dawg! They on my ass.

Kevin startles, just missing a boom crossing the street with a buggy full of cans. He hits the buggy and cans burst in the air.

PHIL HESTER

At the next light I want you to speed up. You have to trust me. It's a busy intersection. I need you to go through at the exact speed of 86 mph.

KEVIN

(incredulous)
What? Man, you trippin.

PHIL HESTER

Trust me, just do it. I promise you'll be fine just as long as you do as I say.

EXT. STREET COMING UP TO THE INTERSECTION - NIGHT

There are now 10 federal SUVs chasing Kevins audi. This is from an aerial shot following from over head. A few cars have jumped ahead of Agent Jones SUV. As they speed up, getting closer to Kevins car, he speeds up. The speedometer reads 106 mph.

The intersection is up ahead, about 500 ft. The signal light begins flashing red, yellow, and green. The lead SUV is right up on Kevins bumper. Kevin lowers his speed down to 86 mph as he approaches the intersection. Cars are moving fast going east and west bound traffic.

INT. KEVINS AUDI - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Kevin maintains the speed. Angle from the rear seat shows the dashboard reading 86 mph. As Kevin crosses the intersection, the front tires hit the small hill and the audi lifts up off the ground.

EXT. STREET, INTERSECTION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Camera on the hill angles up and sees under the exhaust and tire in slow motion as the audi glides across the traffic and goes back to normal speed as the first SUV crashes into the car that just missed kevin, in the east and west bound traffic.

William smashes down hard on the brakes as the front clip of the SUV stops before being smacked by crossing traffic.

In the distance, the black audi speeds off around the corner out of view.

EXT. CURTIS JORNERS APARTMENT - MID DAY

A SIREN whirls past a run down apartment on the West Side of Chicago.

INT. CURTIS JORNERS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

There are no pictures on the walls and the hardwood floors have lost their shine from lack of care.

We take SNAP SHOTS of the apartment: A rundown living room. No carpet. The ceiling and the walls are spotty with missing paint. It's grey where it used to once be white. There's no furniture except for a kitchen chair sitting in the corner by a broken window. A Pepsi can sits on the floor next to the chair. There's evidence of burnt cigarette marks on the top of the can. We continue to move through the apartment-

INT. CURTIS JORNER'S KITCHEN

SNAP SHOTS reveal an old porcelain sink. It's dirty, with a leaky faucet. Crust of dirty dried water is evident as if the water ran over and was never cleaned. There is one kitchen table with no chairs.

SNAP SHOTS of flies buzzing and flying around on an overflowing garbage bag.

A RAT the size of a small kitten runs under an old 70's style blue/green G.E. refrigerator. A bucket full of murky water sits under the sink, catching water dripping from a hole in the pipe.

INT. CURTIS JORNER'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see the same scene. The entire apartment is neglected and uninhabitable.

INT, CURTIS JORNER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A twin size mattress sits on the floor in the right corner of the room. Light shines in through one window with no curtains and the shell of where blinds used to be. The blue paint on the walls implies this room used to be a nursery for an expecting couple.

Laying on the mattress on his stomach is CURTIS JORNER (38). He wears black jeans, an army green colored jacket and a pair of outback boots with mud on the bottom. He jumps up as if waking up from a nightmare. He lays back down, but then turns over and sits up on the mattress, wondering how he got to this.

EXT. CURTIS'S CONDO - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Curtis waits for the valet to park his CLK Mercedes 500 outside of his expensive condo. A beautiful WOMAN under his arms.

INT. CURTIS'S CONDO - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Curtis walks into his luxurious living room holding an expensive bottle of WINE. His FEMALE COMPANION sits on his leather sofa. The TV is on. Curtis sees the news about the recession and worry crosses over his face. He looks over at the wall portrait of his family.

INT. CURTIS'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Curtis's MOM and DAD have a large get together in their big house. There are tall ceilings, a crystal chandelier, and extravagant paintings adorning the walls. SERVERS go around serving the GUESTS with expensive wine glasses.

EXT. CURTIS'S PARENTS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Two late model S.U.V.'s Sit in the wrap around driveway belonging to Mr. And Mrs. Jorner.

C.U. on the driver side window. On the driver seat is a front page news clipping in bold letters that reads: RECESSION.

INT. CURTIS'S APARTMENT - MID DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Curtis tries to shake off the sudden wake of depression. He can't shake off the feeling of failure. He thinks about his friendship with Kevin McIntosh.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

YOUNG KEVIN MCINTOSH (12, a gumby hair cut) wears black jeans, a white t-shirt and a pair of British Knights. YOUNG CURTIS JORNER (12, with curls), wears blue jeans, a white t-shirt, and Michael Jordon's. They shake hands.

YOUNG KEVIN
(Sincerely)
You my dawg for life.

INT. CURTIS APARTMENT - MID DAY (PRESENT)

Curtis, with anger in his face, gets up and punches a HOLE in the wall. Camera shows his hand coming out of the wall with white powder covering his fist. Red blood soaks through the white on his knuckles.

CURTIS
Damn!

He shakes his hand from the pain. Curtis goes to the -

INT. CURTIS JORNER'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He turns on the sink and runs his hands under the water. He grimaces from the burn of the water on his wounds.

We can hear the BASS from the downstairs neighbors music. The sound of HIPHOP. Curtis stomps on the floor -

CURTIS (CONT'D)
Turn that shit off!!

He stomps on the floor angrily a couple more times but the music continuous. Annoyed, he exits.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We follow Curtis as he goes through the hallway of his apartment and to the -

INT. APARTMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

He goes two steps at a time trying to move quicker. There are creases in his brow.

INT APARTMENT HALLWAY DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

He approaches apartment 225. REVERSE SHOT as he bangs on the door. After a few more BANGS the door swings open, mid bang. Once the door opens, the sound of Meek Mills, "Dreams and Nightmares" comes out of the door in a crescendo.

MARK WELLS (19, afro-american, dark skinned) stands in the doorway. He wears a white t-shirt, black shorts, and Nike sandals.

MARK

(In an intimidating voice)
Man, fuck you want? Why you beatin'
on my door like that?

CURTIS

Nigga, turn that shit down!

MARK

(Anger in his face)
Fuck you, homie.

As the camera gets closer the CUTS in his eyebrows become clearer.

Curtis pulls out a 40 caliber hand GUN from his green jacket pocket and pulls the slide back, placing one bullet into the chamber.

C.U. of Marks face. His anger is replaced with fear. He raises his hands in submission.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hey man, cool it.

CURTIS

Shut the fuck up and turn that shit
down nigga.

Mark turns to go back inside -

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Hey!

As Mark turns back, Curtis slaps Mark repeatedly in the face with the butt of the 40 Caliber.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Bitch, next time I tell you to turn
that shit down, turn that shit
down.

Curtis stops and turns to leave.

FADE OUT:

INT. ERICA JONES OFFICE - DAY

Erica Jones sits in her office at her laptop computer. She scans the profiles of different suspects. C.U. on Erica, we can see that this case is getting to her by the stress on her face. She has to find clues, as to why this marine would just up and kill his wife.

We see through the glass of her office window that behind her in the lobby many parts are moving: AGENTS are going to and fro, the MAIL BOY is pushing a mail cart and passing out mail. The BOSS is barking off orders, SUSPECTS are being brought in with their hands behind their backs. Other AGENTS are at their computers typing. On the walls we see photo portraits of decorated officers lining the walls of the Headquarters of the F.B.I.

Williams sticks his head into Erica's office.

WILLIAMS

Hey, Erica, let me run something by you?

Erika looks up from her computer.

ERICA

Yeah, what's up?

WILLIAMS

Why'd this guy run? I mean, come on, E.

ERICA

Well, Williams, I know what the evidence suggests, but I just can't wrap my head around why this decorated marine would just up and kill his wife.

WILLIAMS

We found his finger prints all over the car.

ERICA

It was his car.

WILLIAMS

The body was found in his car.

ERICA

She may have been driving it when she was killed. We don't yet know all the facts, let's see where the bread crumbs lead us.

WILLIAMS

They've already led us to this S.O.B

ERICA

If he's guilty we'll nail his ass to the cross.

WILLIAMS

Let's get out of this office and
get some coffee. It's on me.

ERICA

Since you put it that way, let me
grab my coat.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Erica and Williams walk into the main office and into the
noise of all the other agents conversating and the everyday
office commotion.

WIDE SHOT of the office and Erica and Williams walking
through the aisle to the elevator. Erika presses the BUTTON
with the down symbol. S he greets a few AGENTS who pass while
she waits for the elevator.

Eventually the BELL SOUNDS and the doors open. Williams and
Erica both get in and the doors close behind them.

FADE OUT