

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN DALLAS - STREET INTERSECTION - DAY

A lunch time crowd grows on two corners opposite each other as they wait for the signal light to change. On the sidewalk leading to the corner two men nervously walk quickly toward the corner. SUSPECT #1, late twenties, looks behind himself at SUSPECT #2 as he quickly makes it to the corner. Suspect #2 looks behind himself through the crowd to two plain clothes police officers, DETECTIVE MOBLEY and DETECTIVE NUGYEN as both Suspects work their way through the crowd that separates them.

On the opposite corner, in front of the waiting crowd is DETECTIVE LONDON, 40, in a wheelchair, and to remain inconspicuous is stereotypically dressed in an Army fatigue jacket and a Texas Rangers baseball cap.

The signal light changes and both crowds rush to cross the street toward each other. Detective London is flooded by the taller able bodied crowd as he positions himself in front of Suspect #1 walking toward him. As soon as Detective London is directly in front of Suspect #1, he lunges forward grabbing his arm. In the struggle, Detective London FALLS OUT OF HIS WHEELCHAIR and on top of the suspect. Detective London forces a handgun out of the grip of Suspect #1 and uses his forearm under the chin and over the throat to secure the suspect under the weight of his body.

The crowd flees in panic.

Suspect #2 steps toward Suspect #1 to help as Detective London reaches in under his jacket he retrieves his weapon and turns to point it directly at Suspect #2 before he can pull his weapon out. Suspect #2 freezes with his hand reaching inside his jacket.

LONDON

What is this? Pick on the disabled day?

Detective London stares at Suspect #2 with a crazy look and grin.

LONDON

Now slowly with two fingers remove your weapon and throw it on the ground.

A pause has Suspect #1 moving his head slightly to be able to speak.

SUSPECT #1

Do it, Johnson. Do it.

Detective London forces his arm further on the throat of Suspect #1. Maintaining eye contact with Suspect #2, Detective London instructs Suspect #1.

LONDON

Do not talk unless you are spoken to. Do you understand?

Suspect #1 nods his head under the pressure of Detective London's arm.

LONDON

You are now being spoken to. I expect a verbal answer. Now, do you understand?

SUSPECT #1

Yes.

Detective London returns his full attention to Suspect #2.

LONDON

Good. Now what time is it?

A pause for the answers has annoyed Detective London into clarifying.

LONDON

Is it time to die or time for a fuckin' idiot like you to form some type of intelligence?

Detective London's crazy look deepens. Detective Mobley and Nugyen reach the intersection with weapons drawn and pointed at Suspect #2.

DETECTIVE MOBLEY

London. Calm down. We have them now.

Two marked police cars drive up in front of the crosswalk and the OFFICERS, immediately step out and draw their weapons.

London's grin turns into a full scale serious smile.

LONDON

Time to see what time it is! Now using your forefinger and thumb only. Slowly remove your weapon and throw it on the ground.

Suspect #2 follows the instructions. The surrounding police detectives rush to subdue and handcuff Suspect #2.

Detective London returns his attention to Suspect #1 and sticks his weapon in his face

LONDON

Give me one good reason why I
shouldn't waste you right now.

Other police officers surround Detective London and turn
his wheelchair upright.

DETECTIVE NUGYEN

We have it now, London. You got
'em.

LONDON

I will spare your insignificant
life because I know that Bubba
down in the Huntsville State Pen
will show you everyday, somewhat
of what it's like to be helplessly
violated just as you did those
children. And if I have to, I
will fucking pay Bubba to have his
way with you every mother fucking
day. You piece of shit.

Pushing down one last time Detective London rolls off
Suspect #1. The police officers handcuff Suspect #1.

Detective London sits himself upright and moves the
wheelchair closer to his back. Two officers reach down
to help Detective London up in his wheelchair.

LONDON

Stop it! I don't need any help.

Detective London lifts himself back into his wheelchair.

Near the marked police cars Suspect #1 and #2 notice
Detective London's return to his wheelchair.

SUSPECT #1

He's really handicapped?

Uniform Officer slaps the back of Suspect #1's head.

UNIFORM OFFICER 1

Do NOT say handicapped. He is a
person with a disability.

SUSPECT #2

Great. We got caught by a real
Ironside.

Detective London rolls himself off the street as the
other police officers clean up the scene.