

THE JACKER

A LOS ANGELES SKYLINE

A sunny afternoon. A phone RINGS over. Is answered:

MAN'S VOICE

Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hi, hon. Sorry I'm late.

MAN'S VOICE

That's all right, but you better speak with Melissa before she implodes.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE

Mommy-Mommy, Gramma and Grampa are here and they brought a big cake with both our names!

INT. VOLVO WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Stopped at a red light on a downtown street. A WOMAN on a cell phone:

WOMAN

That's wonderful, sweetie!

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE

Hurry, Mommy, we got lots of presents!

WOMAN

(regards wrist watch)

Okay, I should be there...in about fourteen and a half minutes.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE

Hurry, Mommy, hurry!

THE CAR DOOR IS YANKED OPEN-! Woman reacts. Someone, whose face we don't see, raises A GUN to her face -- BANG! Drags out the body. Dumps it in the street. Gets in and drives off as the light turns green...

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE

Mommy?

DISSOLVE TO:

A FULL MOON RISES over the city.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE #1

...was the eighth to fall victim to...

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE #2
...the terror continues
tonight...

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE #3
...was on her way home to
celebrate a joint birthday
party with...

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE #1
...the killer has local and
federal law enforcement
completely baffled...

RADIO CALLER'S VOICE
Yeah, whatever happened to
that guy caught all those
serial killers in the
nineties?

RADIO HOST'S VOICE
Oh, that was um, Mike uh...

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE #2
...Detective Mike Remes is
reportedly on suspension
for --

CUT TO:

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: CARJACKER SERIAL KILLER STRIKES AGAIN!

AGITATED HANDS CRUSH the words before our eyes, and we are --

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

A man in a beach chair grips the newspaper, hurls it against the wind. He looks out of place as he chugs down a beer. MIKE REMES, at your service. He could stand a haircut and a shave. Could be good-looking if he tried. Mike is an alcoholic; he's not recovering.

A SHADOW crosses Mike, stays there.

SHADOW
What're you doing out here?

MIKE
I live here, remember?

SHADOW
You never struck me as a catch-some-rays
kinda guy.

MIKE
So I've learned to relax, enjoy the sun.
There a law against that?

Shadow is a LACKEY COP in a polyester suit.

LACKEY COP

Right, Mike, you knew someone'd be coming.

Mike gets up and stalks off.

MIKE

Well what the hell took you so long?
Burning my damn ass off out here.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A woman paces with angry, measured strides. Her name is LISA JONES. A dream babe waiting to happen, in a smart dress suit. CAPTAIN DUGAN sits at a table, weathering her fury with indifference.

LISA

I do take it personal, Captain! You went over my head!

CAPT. DUGAN

However you choose to take it, Agent Jones, fact remains, we need him.

LISA

I do not need him!

Mike enters the room. Straight to the table he picks up his badge and his gun.

MIKE

Eight people gotta die before the fucking committee will reinstate me? Piece of crap bastards.

CAPT. DUGAN

I had to make a deal, Mike. You catch this guy, you're back on. You don't, you're out. This time for good.

MIKE

Lovely. Should I kiss you or --

CAPT. DUGAN

Do not kiss me.

Lisa, who Mike has yet to see, steps to the table. She gives Mike the eye. He gives it back.

MIKE

Captain, we have company.