

MICK

MELTDOWN - REVISED DRAFT - July 26, 2005

3.

NATHAN

They hit it with a craft the size of a refrigerator, not a 10 megaton nuke. We don't have enough information about this asteroid's core structure -- its density. And it's way too close to us for any margin of error.

(beat)

There's still time to abort.

OLSEN

So I guess that means you won't be joining us for the victory party tonight?

Olsen smirks at Nathan's grim expression and walks away.

EXT. WAREHOUSE AREA - NIGHT

CAMERA FINDS a BLACK SUBURBAN parked near a dumpster in a narrow shadowy alley between warehouses.

Hunkered in the shadows behind the dumpster, TOM BRACKETT (40's, rugged, Cop with a capital "C"), is watching a MEAT TRUCK, backed against the loading dock. On the side is a FARM LOGO along with: JOE'S QUALITY MEATS. SERVING FINE RESTAURANTS SINCE 1992. No signs of life.

INT. SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

Tom drops into the passenger seat, gently closing the door. His beefy partner, MICK (late 40's), grips the wheel.

MICK

My butt hurts. Why don't we just bust in there, take 'em down and we can meet the guys at McGinty's for last call?

TOM

'Cause we're here to gather evidence and observe. In the academy, that's what they used to call a 'stake out.'

MICK

No kidding? I'd rather be out for a steak.

Tom takes a police-issue NOTEBOOK COMPUTER from between the seats and flips it open.

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MICK (CONT'D)

I already ran the plate through the DMV -- stolen off a newspaper truck yesterday.

TOM

I'm running a make on another parasite...

(reacts; pay dirt)

I knew I didn't like that kid.

ON THE NOTEBOOK SCREEN:

A mug-shot and criminal details of a surly young man: DEL MACRO, RICO (20).

MICK

He a player in there?

TOM

Nah. Worse. The new punk of the week sniffing around Kim.

Mick shakes his head and chuckles.

MICK

Ah, now we're onto the serious stuff.

TOM

What's Kim see in that loser?

MICK

(checks mug shot, then)

The girlie's love the bad boys...

TOM

Can it, Mick. This is my little girl we're talking about.

MICK

Tommy, Kim's what, seventeen? She's what they call, "an emerging adult."

TOM

Well she can find somebody without a record to emerge with.

Mick is about to respond when they both spot something outside Tom's window. They both duck down.

A warehouse door opens.

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TWO MEN exit loading STYROFOAM COOLERS into the open back of the truck. A BULL-LIKE MAN (SANTOS) in a suit steps out to supervise.

MICK

Oh, man... that's Santos! Jackpot!
What's he doing here?

Santos puts out his hand and one of the men pulls a BAGGIE filled with a WHITE POWDERED SUBSTANCE and hands it to him. He starts rifling through pounds of drugs in the open, not a care in the world.

MICK

Why's he checking his haul out here?

Tom looks around nervously.

TOM

And where is his army?
(beat)
This smells bad, Mick.

More than a couple of Tom's red flags go up. He looks around to see what he's missing and spots Santos glance at them out of the corner of his eye and grin.

TOM

Oh crap, we're made!

Mick pulls his piece and Tom pivots around looking for trouble. Tom spots a red laser target on Mick's head.

TOM

Get down!

He pushes his partner down just before the rear windshield EXPLODES.

TOM looks up, spots a sniper getting a bead on him. He ducks down just as:

A SHOT shatters the driver's door window.

Tom drops for cover as BULLETS FLY. He grabs the radio mike:

TOM

Shots fired, Piedmont Industrial Park!

Tom drops the mike and grabs the door handle.

END

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