

VIOLENT

Written by

Dante Shelly

| when the world is dark |

dshelly@me.com
818 203-8093

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A dark, moonless night.

The shadowy figure of a man runs full-throttle down a deserted sidewalk in skid row.

He pivots into the street towards the entrance of an alley. A passing car momentarily lights him up and we see he's naked. A quick glance over his shoulder and the man sees -

The dark silhouettes of two men rushing after him.

The man cuts a tight corner into the pitch-black alley and plows into a stack of empty boxes next to the trash container. He nosedives on the concrete and quickly stumbles to his feet, wiping the blood from his nose as he goes.

A beam of light illuminates his face and we see his eyes are engulfed with fear. This is GIDEON WELLS, late 30's. He bolts down the alley, followed by two men with flashlights.

Banged up, he struggles to run faster as the mysterious men close in.

As Gideon nears the intersection of an upcoming busy street, and a possible escape - a Patrol Car skids to a halt, blocking his path.

Gideon reels and fights off the mysterious strangers, who we now recognize as police officers. It becomes clear that Gideon's a capable fighter, as he puts both men on the ground, but is suddenly tackled from behind by two other officers.

Gideon struggles in vain under the weight of four men pinning him down. He howls in agony, not by the restraint, but by what his eyes appear to see nearby.

The police follow his gaze and see nothing or no one. They share a puzzled look.

Down the alley a woman walks into the light (GEORGIA), wearing only a short robe and clutching Gideon's clothing. She appears concerned and somewhat puzzled as an officer takes Gideon's clothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LA POLICE DEPARTMENT - 6TH ST. STATION - NIGHT

Police drag Gideon towards the station.

INT. LA POLICE DEPARTMENT - 6TH ST. STATION - SOON AFTER

Three Hispanic Gangbangers quietly stare across the holding cell with a mixture of bewilderment and alarm.

Gideon's now garbed in a jail jumpsuit. He has dark circles under his eyes, a tattoo sleeve on one arm, and his hair shaved down to 1/8" across his head.

Gideon sits alone on a bench with his back against the wall and his knees pulled up to his chest. Rocking back and forth, he speaks in staccato rants to no one in particular, and appears to be separated from reality.

Strolling past the holding cell, Detective HARRY STANTON, 50ish, stops immediately upon hearing Gideon's rant.

GIDEON

A prostitute. Streetwalker on the
Figueroa track... Hispanic. Such
beautiful red hair.

GIDEON'S PSYCHIC VISION

Gideon's visions are always distorted, slightly out of focus,
and motion is a tad slower or faster than real life.

We see the back of a menacing man as he restrains a struggling woman.

GIDEON (O.S.)

It was a four - no, five inch
knife, military grade.

As the knife rotates, light hits the blade and the serrated edges come into view.

GIDEON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A powder coated, low reflection
blade.

The killer slices across the woman's throat and she drops to the ground. It's dark, so we can't make out race or hair color. And just as the man's body turns toward camera, we -

RETURN TO SCENE

GIDEON
 (grabs his throat)
 He cut right through her crucifix!
 (rises, starts pacing)
 Has a white pearl. Blood all over
 her new white blouse.

Stanton removes an evidence bag from his jacket pocket and
 eyes a bloody crucifix with a white pearl.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
 Wait, there's another - who is
 it?... A woman - different - he
 took her! His prize - a human
 trophy.

Gideon grunts in frustration.

Stanton walks up to a Corrections Officer (Jailer).

STANTON
 Who's the Paranoid Whisperer?

JAILER
 Oh, you mean Looney Tunes?
 (looks at Gideon)
 Been ranting the past hour. Might
 have to *Legal 2000* him. We've
 called in Psyche Services.

STANTON
 (admonishes)
 Then he should be alone for
 observation.

JAILER
 It's Friday night. We're booked.

STANTON
 Who got the collar?

JAILER
 Stalworth brought him in. The
 suspect's name is -
 (checks computer)
 Gideon Wells.

STANTON
 (confirms)
 Gideon?
 (then)
 Get him his own cell - now.

The Jailer nods. Stanton gives Gideon a last look, and then moves on.

INTERROGATION ROOM - LAPD 6TH ST. STATION - CONTINUOUS

Arresting officer, WILL STALWORTH, is seated at a table across from GEORGIA (seen earlier in the alley), who, despite her sexy silk robe, looks like a 40ish business executive. She lights a cigarette.

STALWORTH

No smoking in here.

She offers him one. He gives a glance at the door, and he shares her cigarette.

STALWORTH (CONT'D)

So what's your history with this guy?

GEORGIA

We met tonight for the first time.

STALWORTH

How'd that go?

GEORGIA

Great. Bumped into him at the bar. He bought me a drink. Looked at my tits. One thing led to a dirty dozen others.

STALWORTH

And what time did you head to his place?

GEORGIA

Went to mine, Darling. Was just a block away. I'd say about 10ish.

STALWORTH

Wherefore you engaged in casual sex?

GEORGIA

He pulled my hair and slapped my ass. Nothing casual about it.

STALWORTH

How 'bout we skip to the part where he's naked on a public street?

GEORGIA

I don't know what to tell you. One moment were bangin' nasties, and the next, he jumps up and starts screaming like he was in the middle of a nightmare. He leaped off the bed and ran out.

STALWORTH

Without his clothing?

GEORGIA

(nods)

Never seen anything like it. Took a real hit to the ego, if you know what I mean.

STALWORTH

Did you at any time witness him taking drugs?

GEORGIA

I was too loaded to notice.
(he gives a disapproving
stare)
Alcohol, of course. No contraband.

STALWORTH

(rises)

Thank you. We'll contact you if we have any other questions.

She jots her phone number on a piece of paper, rises and hands it to him.

GEORGIA

Would you give this to him for me?

STALWORTH

You don't strike me as his type.

GEORGIA

I'm a sucker for trouble, Officer.

She smiles and walks out as Detective Stanton marches in. Stalworth and Stanton watch her go.

STANTON

Who the hell is this Gideon Wells, character?

Stalworth doesn't respond. He just watches Georgia walk off.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Got a thing for the skirt, huh?

STALWORTH
Women always go for the bad boys.

STANTON
(just noticing)
Hey, no smoking in here.

STALWORTH
So arrest me.

Stalworth crushes the cig out on the sole of his shoe.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Arms crossed, Gideon leans against the bars staring oddly at one of the Gang-Bangers. The guy he's eyeing doesn't appreciate the attention. Gideon pushes himself off the bars and saunters toward him, appearing more lucid.

GIDEON
Do yourself a favor and admit what
you've done.

GANG BANGER
Just shake my hand and thank me for
not fuckin' you up, Bitch.

GIDEON
You sold meth to a twelve year-old.

The Banger throws a punch that Gideon evades and drops the guy with an elbow to his face and a punch to the gut.

Gideon's rushed by the Banger's two friends. He flips the first guy to the floor, head-butt's the other guy and sends him reeling with a knee to the groin. Suddenly, Gideon's shaking as if having a seizure, then plummets to the floor.

We see the Jailer standing behind him. He's shot Gideon with a Taser.

INT. LAPD 6TH ST. STATION - CONTINUOUS

An annoyed Stalworth marches down a hallway with Stanton on his heels.

STALWORTH
This is my collar. Work your own
damn cases.

STANTON

What've you got? A lewd act?
Resisting arrest? A bush-league
attorney gets him 6 months
probation.

STALWORTH

You just love pissing on cops legs,
don't you, Harry?

STANTON

Better yours than mine.

STALWORTH

Well, then maybe I'll just put him
on a 72 hour mental health
observation. Just wait and slowly
see where that goes.

Stanton hurries in front of him. Stalworth stops.

STANTON

Listen to me. That jagoff in there
knows every detail of a murder
committed around the time of his
arrest. And he was in the area. So
just what exactly do you think he
was desperately running from - a
naked woman?

STALWORTH

He has an alibi. At best, he's a
traumatized witness.

STANTON

Or a shrewd killer.

STALWORTH

You're not going to get a thing out
of him. He's not lucid.

STANTON

It's all an act. Everyone thinks
crazy's the new get-out-of-jail-
free card.

Just then, the Jailer rolls a gurney past them with Gideon
strapped to it. They stop and watch him go.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Where you taking him?

JAILER

Interrogation room. He needs some
alone time, right Detective?

Stalworth sighs, then slaps the case folder against Stanton's chest. He removes a business card from his pocket and holds it up. Stanton snatches it and takes a read.

STANTON

FBI?

STALWORTH

Found it in his pants. Has the
Special Agent's mobile number on
the back, so I'm guessing there's
territorial issues in play. Just be
careful whose leg you piss on next.
They may not be so understanding.

Stalworth marches off.

GIDEON'S PSYCHIC VISION

The back of a jean-clad, shirtless man walking past people on
a busy downtown sidewalk.

Devil horns are tattooed on the man's forehead.

A 6" knife in a sheath attached to the man's belt.

Close on the man's smile as a woman walks past. This is
GALTERO.

ACROSS THE STREET

A parked car.

A Man's silhouette behind the wheel.

A passing car briefly lights up the car's interior. A quick
flash of blond hair, crew cut,. This is ADAM HAMISH, 30ish.

A camera with a zoom lens is raised to his face.

SIDEWALK - THROUGH ZOOM LENS

Galtero struts past. A shutter button is heard and the image
of Galtero freezes.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LAPD 6TH ST. STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Jailer handcuffs Gideon to the table, then wheels the gurney out of the room.

ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Jailer gives a nod to Stanton who's been watching them from the one-way glass. And as the Jailer exits, Stanton raises his mobile and dials a number.

EXT. GEORGETOWN - WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

A row of townhouses on a majestic street. A phone rings.

INT. BEDROOM - JAMES MARIGOLD'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

A well-appointed home. A mobile phone rings on the bedside table of FBI Special Agent, JAMES MARIGOLD. He awakens and answers the phone with a Southern accent.

MARIGOLD
(sotto)
Marigold.

INTERCUT - MARIGOLD/STANTON

STANTON (O.S.)
Sorry to bother you at this late hour, Special Agent Marigold. This is Detective Harry Stanton of the LAPD. Do you have a moment to discuss a man we have in custody? Goes by the name, Gideon Wells.

MARIGOLD
(suddenly alert)
Give me a sec.

Marigold hurries out of bed, past his sleeping wife and into a second floor hallway, closing the door behind him.

MARIGOLD (CONT'D)
You've found Gideon? Is he okay?

Stanton averts his gaze to Gideon, who's just coming out of his Taser haze.

STANTON

More like he found us. He's a suspect in a murder-kidnapping this evening. What can you tell me about him?

MARIGOLD

He's a bit of an eye-opener when you meet him, but I can assure you he's no killer.

STANTON

Well, he's roughed up some of our officers, not to mention a few felons in lock-up. So you'll have to excuse me if we don't crown him St. Gideon just yet.

MARIGOLD

(chuckles)

I didn't say he isn't high maintenance or a a bit of a tool for that matter. But he's a man with a unique gift - a psychic ability -

STANTON

Nostradamus reincarnated, huh? Is that how the Feds close cases, nowadays?

MARIGOLD

I can understand your reluctance, but this man's cleared more cold cases in 7 months than the Bureau has in 50 years. He's the real item, and if you can exercise patience, he'll deliver in spades.

Marigold's words and what they mean give Stanton pause.

MARIGOLD (CONT'D)

Are you there, Detective?

STANTON

I'm just having a little trouble believing what I just heard. Here in LA we tend to arrest con men, murderers and lunatics - especially the naked ones.

MARIGOLD

Well, I don't know the facts of what went on tonight, but I can tell you that Gideon has a knack of showing up in the middle of grisly crimes with details no one outside the crime scene should know about. And after speaking to him, I believe you'll find he's a stubborn, tortured soul with a lot of quirks that can get on your nerves right-quick. But he's no criminal.

STANTON

I have too many years on the street to believe in that nonsense. Given that, it hard's to trust him, or you, for that matter.

MARIGOLD

You can absolutely trust him, but you can't count on him. Look, do me a solid and let him go, and maybe the Bureau can return the favor in some measure. Gideon just fell off the radar, as he's inclined to do, and I'd really like to have him back. So have a conversation with him and let me know how it goes. I'm happy to bring him back here on my dime.

STANTON

I'll be in touch.

Stanton hangs up, breathes a long sigh, then steps into the interrogation room.

Gideon's now fully alert. He appears to have hurt his wrist in his scuffle and rubs it continuously. Gideon rarely looks Stanton in the eye, or anyone else, for that matter.

STANTON (CONT'D)

So, what am I to do with you, Mr. Wells?

GIDEON

He's coming.

STANTON

Who is?

GIDEON
The man in white.

STANTON
Is there a White Knight coming to save you? See I just got off the phone with Special Agent Marigold, and he told me that you might be a killer, Mr. Wells. He's not coming to save you.

GIDEON
She wasn't a prostitute. Just desperate to help.

STANTON
Are you referring to Ramona Valdes? A prostitute murdered this evening?

GIDEON
Ramona - means *Mighty Protector*. Street name's Roxy. The girls called her Rox. All alone, here. Family in Mexico - impoverished. Sends money home every week.

STANTON
How long have you known her?

GIDEON
Never met.
(realizing)
Who're you?

STANTON
Did she upset you?

Gideon sneers at the overhead lights.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Did she turn you down? Say something disrespectful? Did you take her life, Gideon?

Gideon covers his ears with his hands.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Listen, son - I can't help you unless you give me something to aid your cause.

Gideon pounds his head repeatedly on the table. Stanton stops him and notices that Gideon's eyes are filled with alarm, troubled by a vision he's having.