

Entry Team

A screenplay by

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INT. A PLEASANT RURAL RESIDENCE - DAY

The living room of a warm, pleasant house built after the southern tradition and decorated with various accumulated knickknacks, photographs of old relatives, plants, trinkets, coffee-table books and crayon drawings; all the trappings of suburban innocence. It is autumn, and tall maples in the yard drop golden leaves on the ground.

A woman is playing the piano. A soft, somber tune fills the room. She is in her early to mid thirties, but glows with a childlike gentleness.

Text chart: "1986"

Her daughter, a girl of about six years old approaches from behind. She lifts her fingers from the keys, turns around, and brings her face down to the little girl until their noses touch. The girl smiles back with a sweet, infectious grin. She picks her up, and heads out of the room.

EXT. A CAR DRIVING ON A CITY STREET - DAY

The little girl looks out the window, smiling at skyscrapers passing by. A shimmering metropolis scrolls past, looming over pedestrians on the sidewalk. The sun peeks out intermittently between the peaks of the towers. It is a beautiful day.

INT. A LARGE BANK - DAY

The girl holds her mother's hand in the lobby of a large bank building. It is a big branch office, with walls covered in polished stone. She looks from her mother to the dish of brightly colored lolly-pops that awaits her at the counter. Her eyes glow with excitement.

The bank teller looks down at her. Shyness overcomes the girl, and she sinks in to her mother, grinning. The infectious smile catches again, and the teller begins to grin.

The teller turns to the next patron in line, a hard looking man with blond hair shaved nearly to the scalp and a five 'o' clock shadow. He does not respond to her greeting, but hands her a check. She looks down at it. A sentence is scrawled across it:

"PAY ME, OR I'LL KILL THEM ALL."

The teller swallows, but remains professional, behaving as if she had simply been asked to cash a check. She turns around, and walks toward the back of the room. As she goes, the robber sees her push a button under a table as she passes. She doesn't get much further before a gunshot throws her to the ground.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BANK - DAY

Squad cars screech to a halt around the front of the bank. Within seconds, the bank is under gunpoint, and a megaphone electrifies the air with warnings.

INT. INSIDE THE BANK - DAY

The girl is crying in her mothers arms, deep wailing sobs shaking her body. The mother only looks on in paralyzed fear. The crowd of bank patrons surrounds the robber, who is shouting wildly. He gestures frantically, the gun waving in his hand. His shouting is enraged, full of scorn, and often incoherent.

In the middle of a wild, passionate phrase, he freezes, his arms contorted halfway through a flailing gesture. He looks through the glass door of the bank, and sees the police outside. He says something, and slowly some of the group begin moving toward a hallway at one end of a room; too slowly. He fires a shot into the crowd, and an elderly man drops to his knees, clutching his throat.

He screams his order again, his body rigid with wrath. The crowd begins running into the hallway. He follows them. As the last of them enter the hall, three police officers enter the bank behind him, pistols drawn. He grabs a girl in the back of the line by the hair, and uses her as a human shield. The cops shout in vain, and he backs with her into the darkness.

INT. A WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY

The robber pushes the hostages into an empty gray room. The little girl's mother is pushed toward one side of the room. The girl is swept with the crowd toward the other. She does

not sob anymore, but merely seems stunned, afraid. The hostages are forced to sit at the back of the room.

The robber paces back and forth in front of the open doorway. He begins to give another incoherent oration. We see clips of him speaking, his emotions varying: Calm, enraged, yelling, laughing, glaring about the room with a cold, accusing stare, and finally, sinking into a corner and crying. The barrel of his gun traces down his face, slowly heading toward his mouth.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE ROOM - DAY

An MP5 magazine tumbles from oblivion, and hits the floor with a reverberating crack.

INT. THE WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY

The killer's eye snaps open at the sound. In an instant, he knows they've come for him. He begins to tremble with rage again.

He snaps up, spins around, and begins firing through the wall. His eyes are filled with murderous passion.

The girl's mother sees her opportunity. Wailing, she runs across the room and grabs the girl. She holds her tightly in her arms and pleads desperately for her life. The call goes unheard. The killer whirls around, levels the gun at her, and pulls the trigger. Blood spatters on the girl's face as her mother falls from her. She screams, and reaches out to her. As the killer levels the gun on her, a flashbang grenade comes sailing through the door. Everything goes white as the sound of automatic weapon fire is drowned out by a piercing ring. When it's all over, the killer lays dead in silence.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Clear.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BANK - DAY

The girl is carried through the glass door of the bank by a SWAT team member. She is crying loudly. The SWAT officer carries her toward an ambulance. A woman's voice narrates the scene.

NARRATOR

A man picked me up, carried me
outside... He told me
everything would be ok, that I
was safe now.

The man cradles the girl in his arms, gives her a
reassuring glance, then passes her up into the ambulance.

NARRATOR

Then they took me into the
ambulance, cleaned up the
blood. . .

INT. A PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The narrator is sitting in a leather chair in a wood-
paneled psychologist's office. She is Jane Murphy, 23 years
old, and 17 years ago, her mother was killed before her
eyes.

JANE

. . . and I asked them where my
mom was.

She begins to cry. Across from her, a psychiatrist looks up
from her note pad. She sets the pen down and reaches behind
her for a box of tissues laying on a meticulously arranged
desk. She wheels her chair closer to Jane, places the box
of tissues in her lap, and squeezes her hand.

SHRINK

It's ok, Jane, just calm down.

JANE

I'm sorry, I...

SHRINK

It's ok. I understand. Losing a
loved one is always hard,
especially like this.

Jane takes a deep breath, and dries her eyes.

SHRINK

So what happened next?

JANE

I went into an orphanage.

SHRINK

You didn't have any relatives?

Jane shakes her head.

JANE

My dad died before I was old enough to remember.

SHRINK

No grandparents? Aunts? Uncles?

She shakes her head again.

JANE

No... No one.

The psychiatrist makes a note on her pad, her eyebrows furrowed curiously over her stiff half-moon spectacles.

SHRINK

Hmm. Was there anyone at the orphanage that you made close friends with? Someone you felt you could talk to?

JANE

I didn't want to talk.

SHRINK

Hmmm...

More scribbling and furrowing, and then a long pause.

SHRINK

Well...

Jane looks up expectantly.

SHRINK

...that's all the time we have.
We'll see about another appointment next month.

Jane's glance lowers again. She nods, gets up, and heads toward the door.

JANE

Ok.

The shrink smiles pleasantly.

SHRINK

See you then!

Jane walks through the door, and into . . .

INT. A POLICE STATION - DAY

. . . A police station, humming with officers shuffling about, mountains of paperwork in hand.

Text chart: "Millington County Police Department, Present Day"

Jane scans the room nervously, as if surrounded by some unseen enemy. She starts off across the room. Slowly at first, then gaining speed, like one who is being followed.

Shortly, a young officer by the name of Margot joins in the chase behind her, holding a wooden clipboard.

MARGOT

There's a stack of processing forms on your desk that need to be put through.

Jane keeps walking at a fast pace.

JANE

Thanks, I'll run through those.

MARGOT

And you're getting the doughnuts Friday.

JANE

What should I get?

MARGOT

I don't know.

Margot stops and looks up from her clipboard. Jane continues on, faster than ever.

MARGOT

Are you just going to keep
running away?

Jane turns around.

JANE
. . . Sorry, I . . .

She lowers her eyes to the floor.

MARGOT
Step into my office.

She takes a seat behind a nearby desk. Jane sits opposite her.

Margot takes a lollypop from a dish on the desk.

MARGOT
Lollypop?

JANE
Oh no.

MARGOT
Suit yourself.

The lollipop is unsheathed, and Margot pops it into her mouth. She deposits the wrapper in a desk drawer, then plucks the sucker out again, using it to gesture in conversation.

MARGOT
So what'd she tell you?

JANE
Nothing.

MARGOT
Nothing?

Jane nods.

MARGOT
So, did she just stare at you
for half an hour?

JANE
She asked about my childhood.

Margot laughs, until she notices Jane's expression.

MARGOT

Did she help you?

JANE

I don't know, I just... I don't know.

MARGOT

Jane, she's not going to just wave a magic wand and fix all your problems.

As Margot speaks, Jane glances around the room. At each glance, a pair of eyes darts away.

MARGOT

You just have to talk to her.

JANE

I'm not good at talking to people.

MARGOT

You talk to me.

JANE

You're different.

MARGOT

Why?

Jane stops, her glance drops to the floor again. Margot comes and kneels in front of her.

MARGOT

Jane, look at me. You might want to start making some other friends. Talk to people.

JANE
I don't know, I just . . .

MARGOT
Throw a party, stand by the
water cooler, do something.

JANE
I - I can't.

MARGOT
Jane, listen to me. I'm
transferring out.

Jane looks up.

JANE
What?

MARGOT
End of this month. I'm leaving
the precinct.

Jane looks stunned, but conceals it.

JANE
Are you sure?

MARGOT
I asked for it myself. Here...

She stands, picks up a piece of paper from her desk and
hands it to Jane.

MARGOT
...See for yourself.

Jane takes the transfer form and reads it. Margot leans
back on her desk. Jane scans it over. Under the field "New
Division," in big block letters, are the words "SPECIAL
WEAPONS AND TACTICS."

MARGOT
I'm gonna grab some coffee,
wanna come? My treat.

JANE
Oh, uh, sure, thanks.

EXT. IN FRONT OF A COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Jane is sipping a latté, as Margot waves hers around in the air, orating a story.

MARGOT

. . .Brains all over the wall.
Worst one I've ever seen, you
shoulda been there. Anyway, my
partner figures he should say
something to try and ease the
tension a bit, so he goes
"Well, I'd say natural causes."
Which I guess is kinda clever,
I mean we all eased up a bit. .
. The CSI taking the gun out of
his hands, I swear to God, fell
apart. I swear, there wasn't a
glass in site and it'd been two
hours since lunch, I swear I
saw milk come out of his nose.

Jane heaves a bit at this, still sipping the latté.

MARGOT

Then the mother comes walking
in, and as we're trying to get
her outta there, we gotta
explain why a member of the
MCPD is on top of her son,
gasping for breath, laughing
his fucking head off.

She gives the last words with a pseudo-poetic flourish,
accompanied by a whirling hand gesture that terminates with
a sip of her latte. Jane pulls hers from her lips and
covers her mouth to stifle a giggle.

JANE

I doubt they have much of that
on the SWAT team.

MARGOT

Nope, but they got hazard pay.
Get to kick some ass, free pair
of boots.

JANE

I don't want you to go.

Ahh, Silence.

MARGOT

Listen, I know you're upset-

JANE

No you don't know. I. . .

MARGOT

I know its lonely being you,
but-

JANE

I'm not afraid around you, ok?!

Long pause.

JANE

I. . . I don't have to look
over my shoulder all the time,
I don't have to keep thinking
about the gun in my purse. I. .
. I can be myself.

The silence swallows them up again.

MARGOT

Look, I gotta go. You live
across the street, can you get
there ok?

Jane sighs.

JANE

Yeah.

MARGOT

Good. See ya.

JANE

Bye.

Margot pops up and heads down the sidewalk.

DREAM SEQUENCE

Images of the bank disaster flash by; screams, gunfire, and
finally the magazine hitting the floor.

INT. Jane's Apartment - Night

Jane awakes with a start to some unknown noise. She sits up in bed, breathing heavily. Maybe it was the wind, or someone coming home late. Maybe.

She rolls out of bed, pulls a metal lock box from underneath, and removes a .45 caliber handgun. It is a nicer model, with a stainless steel slide. Clearly not police issue.

Hastily, she stuffs a magazine into the gun, clicks off the safety, and stands up quickly, leveling the barrel at the door. She pauses a moment, and then begins to move around the bed. The hardwood floors creek under her bare feet. She moves through the door, and into . . .

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room remains quiet as Jane slowly turns the corner. The furniture casts eerie shadows along the wall. As she nears the end of the room, there is a dull thumping noise. She turns quickly, and again, her breath gets heavier. She is facing an undecorated corner of the room.

Somewhat satisfied, she lowers the gun to her side, and relaxes. Suddenly, the phone rings behind her. She shrieks loudly, and whirls around, clutching her hands, and the gun, to her face. There are three dull thuds from the floor, as of someone banging a broom on the ceiling.

MAN'S VOICE

Keep it down up there, eh?!

Jane is now gasping for air. She swallows, clicks the safety forward on the gun, and sets it down on the counter next to the phone. Then she picks up the receiver.

JANE

Hello? . . . yes . . . oh, no .
 . . no, actually, I'm thrilled
 with my long-distance carrier .
 . . Uh, I have to go, bye.

She drops the phone in the cradle, picks up the gun, and with a sigh, sinks into a chair.

INT. JANE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jane is sleeping in the chair, the gun dangling from her fingers. Her head roles over, and her eyes open. She leans forward in her chair, and cradles her head in her hand. She then gets up, and begins to walk toward her room. She stops at the counter, next to her purse. She reaches in, and pulls out a smaller 9mm handgun. She replaces it with the .45 and continues on.

INT. A SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Jane is reading the paper on another ride to work. The purse and its cargo sit in her lap. She has not gone long before trouble returns. She looks up from the headlines to see a pair of eyes staring back at her. A man with a shaved head has been watching her for some time.

Quickly, she glances back down, and tries to ignore it, but the glare persists. Her hand slowly moves down, and reaches inside the bag.

The man turns to the person next to him, and whispers something. The second man glances at her, then looks away, eyes shifting about the car. Jane's grip tightens on the gun in her purse.

The train stops. The two men stand up, and begin walking towards her. Jane begins to tremble slightly, and the newspaper shakes. She draws the hand in the purse slightly upward, almost, but not quite exposing the butt of the firearm. Her breathing rises again, and she closes her eyes.

The two men pass, exiting through a door just to her right.

INT. THE POLICE STATION - DAY

Jane tosses her gun on her desk, and plops down in her chair, rubbing her temples. She glances over to Margot's empty desk, and then to an officer just beyond it, whose eyes turn away as she meets them.

Quickly, her glance shifts, and everywhere it falls it terminates a stare, whispers begin to amplify in her mind, drowning her out, until she stands up quickly, and looks around. Everyone is working.

Slowly, she sits down, and opens a desk drawer. She shuffles through the papers before she produces a single form.

INT. THE POLICE STATION - DAY

A few days have past, and Jane is wheeling a cart through the station, distributing various forms in an almost unmannerly silence. A sheet of paper is under one arm.

She comes to Margot, and drops a folder on her desk.

JANE

Hey.

MARGOT

Thanks for the present.

Margot opens the folder to reveal photos of a badly charred DOA.

JANE

Any time. Finishing that one up?

MARGOT

Just getting it ready for the DA. . . What's that?

She glances at the paper in Jane's arm.

JANE

Oh, uh, nothing.

She endeavors to conceal it, but not before Margot catches the title. She stands, walks around the desk, takes it and reads it.

MARGOT

What did you do?

JANE

I-

MARGOT

What the hell did you do?! Are you out of your mind?!

JANE

Why?

MARGOT

Oh yeah, everybody look at Rambo and the mail cart she signed up for!

JANE

That was a long time ago.

MARGOT

Oh don't you fucking bullshit me! I know exactly what this is about. I know it and its sick!

Jane looks hurt. People are beginning to stare.

MARGOT

We're gonna have a loooong talk about this later.

She marches off leaving Jane staring at the floor.

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A heavy-set middle-aged man sits at the conference table reading a folder, and drinking coffee. His name is Lt. Jennings. Across from him is Lt. Oberlin, a considerably younger gentleman, he is standing between two chairs reading another folder.

JENNINGS

Here's one: Sgt. Arthur Keats. Average record, decent academy marks; his sergeant describes him as "Highly conceited...The most self-absorbed individual in my command."

OBERLIN

So, essentially, he's a jerk.

JENNINGS

Yeah.

The two look at each other and smirk.

JENNINGS

We'll fix him then.

He reaches for another folder.

JENNINGS

Margot Christiansen. Good marks, decent career, sergeant's thrilled, looks like a winner.

OBERLIN

This one's interesting.

He hands Jennings his folder. Jennings flips it open. He is instantly intrigued by Jane's photo.

JENNINGS

Hmm.

OBERLIN

Graduated in '99, excellent marks, particularly in marksmanship, takes part in a routine arrest in January of 2000, panics, and runs for the squad car. Transfers to a desk job the next day, hasn't moved since.

JENNINGS

I think I've seen her before. I'm not sure where.

He turns the page.

JENNINGS

Sergeant says she's "quiet and asocial, but a diligent worker," whatever the hell that means. Not going to be doing it here either way.

OBERLIN

Why not?

JENNINGS

An officer with, A, almost no field experience, and B, no evidence of any ability to perform under pressure? She's scrap.

OBERLIN

If she's in over her head, she'll wash out soon enough.

Oberlin takes the folder back, and looks through it again.

JENNINGS

It's cheaper to send her home.

OBERLIN

Who knows, she could turn out well, if she's as good a shot as her instructors claim.

JENNINGS

If she can't hack it, it had better show up here, not in the field.

OBERLIN

Why are you so tense? It always does.

They glance at each other, and Oberlin casts the folder into the pile.

EXT. LAPD TRAINING ACADEMY - DAY

Chain link surrounds dull gray 70s architecture next to rolling green hills dotted with obstacles and kill-houses off into the distance as Margot and Jane roll up next to the yellow guard shack.

SECURITY GUARD

Good morning, may I see your identification?

The two hand badges and paperwork to the officer. He checks them, and leans back inside. The spike strips drop, and the two drive in.

