

MAVERICKS

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Mavericks - ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Undercover detectives BROCK, Hispanic, early 30s, in a plaid shirt and jeans, and ROLLO, Caucasian early 30's, in a red flowered Hawaiiin shirt, khakis, black leather Member's Only jacket, and wearing aviator sunglasses, burst through the door into a vacant warehouse, brandishing handguns.

ROLLO

What, what is this?

BROCK

A soundstage? The Model must use this place for photo shoots and commercials.

Brock and Rollo lower their weapons as they walk around a corner and onto a photo shoot in session. THE MODEL, late 20's, Caucasian with blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing designer clothes, is having his picture taken by THE KNIFE, a lanky and wiry Caucasian wearing a graphic t-shirt depicting a knife. Other THUGS stand behind the camera.

MODEL

What's the meaning of this?  
What are you doing here, this is a closed set!

BROCK

We're here to shut you down VanCamp.

ROLLO

And to make you pay for what you did to my wife.

MODEL

Ah yes, the late Mrs. TJ Rollo. It really is a shame she had to die so young.

Rollo grimaces.

ROLLO

You bastard.

MODEL

Do you have a warrant detective Brock?

Brock stands upright, but remains silent.

MODEL (CONT'D)

I didn't think so. Now, I'm going to have to ask you to leave...

ROLLO

We're not going anywhere.

MODEL

Over my dead body.

ROLLO

I was hoping you'd say that.

The Knife sneaks up behind Rollo, pulling a switchblade. When it audibly clicks open, Rollo throws him over his shoulder without turning around.

MODEL

Moron brought a knife to a gunfight.

BROCK

And that's conspiracy to commit assault with a deadly weapon; I'm placing you all under arrest.

MODEL

Get them lackies!

A gunfight begins between Brock, Rollo, and the thugs.

BLACK OUT:

3.

END OF ACT ONE

MAVERICKS EYE CATCH

FADE IN:

BLACK OUT:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

The gunfight between Brock, Rollo and the thugs is finishing up, with several thugs lying on the ground, dispatched. The Model is nowhere to be seen.

ROLLO

Brock, where's Vancamp?

BROCK

I don't know, he must've slipped away.

ROLLO

Come on then, we've gotta find them.

Rollo takes one last shot to drop the final thug.

Brock and Rollo head further into the warehouse, but stop when they see LAW, mid-30's Asian-American wearing a black suit aiming a pistol at them.

They lower their weapons, and slowly form a circle.

BROCK

Jason Law, what are you doing here?

ROLLO

Yeah, I didn't think the feds got involved in our *petty* matters?

As Rollo is talking, Law quietly closes the distance, until he is almost face to face with Brock.

LAW

Taking care of some unfinished business.

BROCK

Huh?

Law kicks Brock in the face.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

## INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Brock, Rollo, and Law are engaged in hand to hand combat, but Law is too much for them. Brock And Rollo fall, broken, to the ground.

ROLLO

Jason, Why?

(beat)

Why were you working for the model?

LAW

Why?

(beat)

You, of all people, have the nerve to ask me that?

ROLLO

What're you talking about?

LAW

All those years in school together and you never figured it out?

(beat)

Who do you think Anne went to when you two were fighting over her?

(beat)

Me, That's Who! We started out as friends, but then...

(beat)

Then...

(beat)

You weren't the only ones who loved Anne!

Law turns away, embarrassed, and attempts to hide his emotions.

BROCK

Oh My God.

LAW

Shut up!

(beat)

If I couldn't have her, no one could!

Law pulls out a gun to shoot them. As he does, LAFUR, female, early 30's, appears suddenly and kicks the gun out of Law's hands; he is startled.

BROCK

Lafur; watch out he's dangerous!

Lafur and Law are locked in combat, they are equally matched. The Model suddenly appears from a doorway and runs across the area, directly past Brock and Rollo.

LAFUR

Go, I can handle this! The Chief and Straitman should be here with backup soon!

Rollo slowly rises, under great duress and extends his hand to Brock.

ROLLO

Come on,

(beat)

Let's Brock and Rollo.

The two hurriedly rise and pursue The Model. CAMMI, blonde, late 20s, appears and shoots a nerf gun at them. Rollo dives out of the way. Cammi runs off. Brock stands stunned.

BROCK

(speechless)

ROLLO

Well? Go after her!

Brock takes off after Cammi. Rollo rises to his feet.

BROCK (O.S.)

Hey Rollo!

ROLLO  
What is it, you find her?

As Rollo rounds the corner, he sees Brock with his hands up and INNIS, obese guy, mid 30's, holding him at gunpoint.

BROCK  
Something like that...

Rollo quick draws and shoots Innis in the head.

ROLLO  
Or not.

BROCK  
Thanks, I owe you one.

MODEL (O.S.)  
Fancy shooting.

They look up to see the Model standing on the stairs above them, pointing a gun.

MODEL (CONT'D)  
Let's see that work twice. Now, drop your weapon Mr. Rollo, or I'll show you how to blow a head off.

ROLLO  
Fine.

Rollo hesitantly throws the gun to the floor.

ROLLO (CONT'D)  
Just answer me one thing. Why'd you turn to crime? Were the money and women not good enough for you?

MODEL  
It was the power...  
(beat)  
The power to change lives...  
(MORE)

MODEL (CONT'D)

The power to control lives...

(beat)

The power to take lives...

The Model pauses and an evil smirk gleams across his face.

MODEL (CONT'D)

Just like Anne's...

Rollo stirs with frustration and raises a clenched fist.

ROLLO

You bastard!

Rollo lunges forward, but the model fires a warning shot and it ricochets at the aggressor's feet.

MODEL

Ah, ah, ah Mr. Rollo; I'm holding all the cards now.

BROCK

Oh yeah? All I see is a joker.

MODEL

Detective, I was going to allow Mr. Rollo to be the first reunited with his late wife, but since you seem so eager to die...

The Model cocks his gun and points it at Brock, when suddenly he is shot in the chest and stumbles backwards over the railing. Cammi is heard giggling, then she screams, but is silenced following a thud. Brock and Rollo turn to see Straitman, smoking pistol in hand.

ROLLO

Straitman, that wasn't very "by the book."

Straitman drops his gun and stares at his hands in disbelief.

STRAITMAN

Sometimes, being a maverick is the only way to get the job done.

The Chief holding a gun and Lafur enter poised for action.

CHIEF

Brock, Rollo, we heard gunfire. Are you okay?

ROLLO

We're fine. The Model's been shot and I think Straitman here could use some attention.

Straitman is mumbling incoherently, staring at his hands. The Chief walks downstairs to inspect Cammi and the Model's motionless bodies.

BROCK

Where's Law?

LAFUR

He's been taken into custody. He's going away for a long time.

CHIEF (O.S.)

Brock, Rollo, you better come down here.

Brock, Rollo, and Lafur travel downstairs to see the Chief standing over the bodies.

LAFUR

Are they?

CHIEF

Yeah.

ROLLO

Talk about a sibling rivalry.

CHIEF

Come on, let's get out of here. We'll let  
EMS clean up this mess.

The group heads toward the building's exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Brock and Rollo begin to walk toward the parking lot while Lafur and The  
Chief confer with uniformed police officers.

BROCK

Well, what now?

Rollo put his arm around Brock.

ROLLO

Come on, you owe me a beer.

The two walk off into the sunset.

BLACK OUT:

The End.