

CONTINUUM

"Gunfighter"

by
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"Gunfighter"

TEASER

BLACK

Under which WE HEAR nothing. Several seconds of total silence. Then the VOICE of the NARRATOR is HEARD.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Existence is a path with a
beginning...

A point of light appears left of frame in the lower third of the screen. It pulses ever so slightly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
...and an end.

A second point of light appears right of frame, directly across from the first. It also pulses slightly.

A line of light emanates from within the first point of light, slowly moving across the screen toward the second point.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Life is the journey along this
path.

The line of light continues its slow pace across the screen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Life is a continuum.

The TITLE "CONTINUUM" FADES IN above the line of light, center screen. Its appearance is identical to that of the points and line. After two beats the TITLE GLOWS BRIGHTER, THEN DIMS AND SLOWLY FADES AWAY.

The line of light moves slowly on a horizontal path across the screen, then accelerates and plunges downward at a 45 degree angle. At a point roughly half way across the screen it slows and stops and ANOTHER TITLE FADES IN at its end. The title reads "February 18, 2011, Los Angeles, California."

Lingering for a moment, the title, points and line of light all FADE AWAY SIMULTANEOUSLY and we are plunged into black again.

FADE IN:

EXT. AERIAL DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A dark, clear night in downtown LA. Well after midnight.

There are two items of note here: first, the city stands beneath a violent lightning storm. No rain. Spectacular lightning bolts reach across the night sky like bright, skeletal fingers, culminating in strobe-like flashes of blinding light. BOMBASTIC THUNDERCLAPS accompany the light display in an erratic bass drum cadence.

And second, on the city streets below, we see four sets of flashing police car light bars moving in a rough line across town. Their pace is urgent. We HEAR the SOUND OF THEIR SIRENS, INCREASING IN VOLUME.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS four LAPD police cars (the four light bars) in pursuit of a dark sedan, its lights out, windows tinted dark.

The cars weave in and out of what little traffic there is, running red lights. The LAPD cars are slowly losing ground to the faster, more nimble sedan.

ANGLE ON INTERSECTION

The dark sedan skids through an intersection, makes a screeching right hand turn. The four LAPD cars are close behind.

ANGLE ON ADJOINING STREET

The sedan cuts down an adjoining street. CAMERA TRACKS the LAPD cars; two follow down the adjoining street, one goes left, the other goes right.

POV FROM LAPD CAR #1

One of the two cars that followed the dark sedan down the adjoining street.

Through the car windshield we see the dark sedan skid to a halt. The sedan doors open and FOUR SHADOWY FIGURES jump out. They run in different directions.

LAPD OFFICER #1 (V.O.)
They're rabbitting.

LAPD OFFICER #2 (V.O.)

Got it.

We see the hand of LAPD Officer #2 grab the radio mike.

LAPD OFFICER #2 (V.O.)

Four males on foot. We are in
pursuit.

BACK TO ADJOINING STREET

The two LAPD cars skid to a halt in front of the abandoned sedan. TWO LAPD OFFICERS leap out of each car, guns drawn. They check the car. Empty.

The four officers scan the area, looking down the four points of the intersection.

Above them the lightning storm intensifies. Bone crunching THUNDERCLAPS. Brighter, more frequent lightning bolts and crashes of blinding white light.

A flash of lightning pushes its way into the shadows, revealing a brief glimpse of two of the shadowy figures running at full speed at the end of the street. LAPD OFFICER #3 sees them and points.

LAPD OFFICER #3

There! Two males!

LAPD OFFICER #2

Got 'em! Go, go!

The four LAPD officers race off in pursuit of the two figures.

TRACKING SHOT - TWO SHADOWY FIGURES

CAMERA TRACKS the two running figures. We catch brief glimpses of them then in split second moments of illumination from the lightning.

They are both young (late teens, early twenties), lean, black, carrying drawn hand guns.

SHADOWY FIGURE #1

Where the Hell are they?

SHADOWY FIGURE #2

Damned if I know!

A MALE VOICE is HEARD from in front of the two men.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
I'm right in front of you, dummass!

SHADOWY FIGURE #2
TC!

CAMERA WIDENS to add a third shadowy figure, also running, to the group. A flash of lightning reveals him to be of similar appearance to the other two: young, black, hand gun drawn. His name is TC.

TC
Just like high school track.
Always in the lead, baby.

Behind them the VOICE of LAPD Officer #2 is HEARD.

LAPD OFFICER #2 (O.C.)
Halt!

TC
Time to kick it up a notch!

The three men accelerate.

SHADOWY FIGURE #1
We're still missing GF!

They swing down an intersecting street and disappear. Moments later the two LAPD officers appear. They are staying close, in shape, not your stereotypical "Twinkie" bloated cops. The two officers cut down the street as well.

EXT. FOUR POINTS INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Forming an "X" in the middle of this part of Downtown Los Angeles. The lightning storm and THUNDER rage on.

The three shadowy figures race down the street toward the middle of the intersection. They slow and stop right in the middle, trying to decide on the best escape route.

TC
(nodding to his right)
That way.

SHADOWY FIGURE #2
But what about GF?

TC
Screw him. He can find his own way out.

A MALE VOICE is HEARD from the shadows. Calm, cool, self-assured.

MALE VOICE
I love you, too, TC.

TC and the other two shadowy figures freeze.

TC
GF? That you?

Silence.

TC (CONT'D)
You know I was...

He is cut off by the sound of LAPD Officer #2's VOICE.

LAPD OFFICER #2
This is LAPD! You there!

MALE VOICE
I'll handle this. Get out of here.

SHADOWY FIGURE #2
GF, we...

MALE VOICE
Now.

The three shadowy figures bolt down the street straight ahead of them and vanish into the dark.

REVERSE ANGLE

The two LAPD officers are running toward CAMERA. They suddenly stop and point their guns ahead of them.

LAPD OFFICER #1
What the Hell...?

LAPD OFFICER #1'S POV

The lightning flashes brightly from above, illuminating the intersection. Back-lit, in silhouette, standing in the middle of the intersection, is the owner of the male voice.

The individual referred to as "GF" by his cohorts.

We will refer to him in a similar fashion for the remainder of this teaser.

He is sculpted, ominous, and stands completely still. Young (of similar age to his colleagues), black, lean and muscular, dressed in a black "Body Armor" long-sleeved shirt and matching form fitting slacks. Silver tipped black boots adorn his feet. His face is hidden from view by a black, silver-flecked fedora with a thin chrome band.

And on his right hip, holstered, is a chrome semi-automatic pistol.

ANGLE ON TWO LAPD OFFICERS

They were momentarily caught off guard by the solitary, imposing figure in the intersection before them. But that pause only lasts for a brief second. Now they are all business. The two officers point their guns at the man before them.

LAPD OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Identify yourself.

CLOSE ON GF (MAN IN STREET)

He slowly lifts his chin just as a bright flash of lightning crackles across the sky, sending a shaft of light across his eyes.

GF
They call me Gunfighter.

THE TWO OFFICERS

Face GF.

LAPD OFFICER #1
Drop your weapon.

GF

Bends his knees slightly, turns his shoulders a few degrees to his right. And moves his open right hand to a position directly above his semi-automatic pistol.

A non-verbal, menacing challenge to the two officers before him.

THE TWO OFFICERS

LAPD OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

This is your final warning. Drop
your weapon.

SERIES OF SHOTS

In rapid succession the following occurs:

- A) The lightning flashes brilliantly. The THUNDER shakes the ground.
- B) LAPD Officer #1's finger squeezes the trigger of his police-issue revolver.
- C) GF reaches for his pistol. He is unbelievably fast. Draws the pistol, fires.
- D) LAPD Officer #1 is shot right through his right hand! He drops his revolver as a second shot nails him in the shoulder and he falls backward to the pavement.
- E) LAPD Officer #2 fires, misses, is hit, falls. His gun is shot from his hand and falls to the ground. Two more shots each hit the gun and send it spinning into the shadows.

CLOSE ON GF

He twirls the pistol like the fanciest trick shot artist you have ever seen and drops it into his holster.

A SHOTGUN BLAST RINGS OUT from the darkness to his right, causing him to drop to one knee. His gun remains in its holster; his head whips from right to left, evaluating options.

The lightning storm has reached a fever pitch. The sky is brighter than day from crashing bolts of lightning, creating an otherworldly look to the streets.

Another SHOTGUN BLAST is HEARD. GF doesn't even flinch.

LAPD OFFICER #3 (O.C.)

Get down on the ground, now!

GF stands and runs down the street behind him. Seconds later LAPD Officers #3 (cocking a shotgun) & #4 (with revolver) appear in pursuit.

GF

CAMERA FOLLOWS GF, who is racing down the street. A GUN SHOT is HEARD. He looks over his shoulder, leaps, tumbles acrobatically, draws his pistol and fires.

LAPD OFFICER #3

Is hit and falls.

GF

Twirls and holsters his gun, continues sprinting.

LAPD OFFICER #4

Fires his revolver.

GF

Flips and comes down on one knee while at the same time drawing his pistol and firing!

LAPD OFFICER #4

Is hit and goes down.

GF

Whirls around, twirls and holsters his gun, then cuts down an alley.

ANGLE ON ALLEY

GF rounds the corner, runs up to CAMERA and slows.

At that very moment, the most powerful flash of lightning of the entire evening lights up the sky. More to the point, it is a blinding light, intense, causing GF to shield his eyes with his hand.

CUT TO:

BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT

That washes out the entire frame. As it fades GF's face is revealed, his hand still shielding his eyes. He slowly drops his hand, focuses his eyes.

And looks in complete, total shock at what he sees before him.

GF'S POV

He is now standing in the center of a dirt street. A dirt street in the middle of an Old West town, circa 1880! Night is now day. A blistering hot sun burns in the empty blue sky above.

And before him, fifty yards away, stands a single solitary figure.

An HISPANIC GUNFIGHTER. Open palm hovering over his single shot revolver!

WIDER ON GF

He is still dressed in all black, but it is an all black outfit of the times. Button down black long-sleeved shirt. Black pants. Silver-tipped cowboy boots. Wide-brimmed black hat with a chrome band.

And on his right hip, slung low: a single shot chrome Colt 45-type revolver in a black holster.

WIDE ON THE STREET

The Hispanic gunfighter draws!

GF instinctively draws in response! Somehow, the Colt 45 fills his hand like it was meant to be there. He cocks the hammer and pulls the trigger.

Two shots are fired. Both men are hit and crumple to the dirt street.

CU GF

His hat slowly falls from his head. A crimson wound is visible on his forehead. His eyes are closed. Is he dead? Dying? Alive?

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER