

VICE STYLE

Written by
Michael Colucci

mcolucciwriting@gmail.com

INT. HARPER'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A BOOMBOX lands in a dirty sink. The tape door opens. Someone SLAMS a CASSETTE inside.

Their finger smashes the play button.

Led Zeppelin's "Rock and Roll" fills the world.

HARPER O'HEREN (26) air-drums the opening solo while pissing all over his toilet seat.

He's Woodstock-born and Vietnam-bred, wearing a denim vest with SATAN'S FACE stitched on the back. Meanwhile...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

...A BLACK 1968 DODGE CHARGER rolls to a slow stop.

-- **INSIDE:** Tight black gloves slide over older, experienced hands. The driver opens the door.

POLISHED BLACK DRESS SHOES step onto the pavement.

-- **INSIDE THE TRUNK:** DARKNESS ... Footsteps approach. The latch opens, revealing:

ANTHONY BRIGGS (54), a well-seasoned criminal mercenary, his face cold and emotionless.

INTERCUT BETWEEN HARPER & ANTHONY:

-- Harper erupts from the bathroom, shredding air guitar.

We see two concert tickets on a cluttered coffee table: *Led Zeppelin at the Seattle Kingdome, July 17th, 1977.*

-- Anthony opens a black gun case, revealing a: CAR-15 COMMANDO ASSAULT RIFLE, TWO SILENCED M1911 Pistols -- "Midnight" and "Rider" -- and several BRICKS of C4.

-- Harper places a blotter tab of LSD on his tongue. He takes a long breath, then sinks into his couch.

-- Anthony, with a MARKER between his teeth, meticulously measures the perimeter of a REINFORCED DOOR at the back of the warehouse. He marks his measurements as we...

WARP THROUGH the Warehouse door, revealing: A DOZEN ARMED HISPANIC BIKERS standing guard, unaware of danger.

-- Harper checks his watch -- *"Fuck! I'm late!"* He grabs his boombox and the concert tickets and skips for the door.

-- Anthony primes the C4. He leads a wire away from the door and along the wall, marking a spot that's safe to stand.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Harper bursts through a side door and jumps on a DIRT BIKE.

He puts his boombox in the rear basket, kickstarts the engine, and pulls onto the busy streets of:

SEATTLE, JULY 17TH, 1977

EXT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

OFFICER MICHELLE ORTEGA (26), an ambitious cop with plenty to prove, interviews MR. ZOU (40s), an irate Pawn Shop Owner.

He speaks broken English and emphasizes with his cigarette as Ortega takes notes on a small pad.

MR. ZOU

Four times they come here. Four
times I call the police and
nothing! Nobody cares!

Ortega takes a long, empathetic breath.

ORTEGA

Did you see which way they went?

A DIRT BIKE races by the pawn shop! Ortega's head whips around. Her eyes follow it, full of excitement.

She jumps in her cruiser and peels away as Mr. Zou points with his cigarette and yells:

MR. ZOU

They went the other way!
(in Mandarin)
*Fine! Go! Next time I will handle
it myself!*

INT. ORTEGA'S POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Ortega clutches the wheel, weaving between cars as her lights and sirens blare.

ORTEGA
(into her radio)
Patrol 33, I've got a possible 10-
49 heading east on 12th.

She watches Harper pull onto the highway.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Scratch that, we're North on I-5,
passing the airport.

DISPATCH (O.C.)
Careful, Ortega. Five's about to be
a parking lot.

Her eyes pan to a PHOTO hanging from her rearview mirror.

It's of her father, ALBERTO ORTEGA (52). They're both wearing
Seattle Police Uniforms.

ORTEGA
Copy that.

Ortega grips the wheel and hits the gas.

She and Harper race by a billboard for tonight's Led Zeppelin
concert at the Seattle Kingdome - Showtime's at 8:00 PM.

INTERCUT BETWEEN HARPER ON HIS BIKE & ORTEGA IN HER CRUISER:

-- Ortega weaves between cars, eyes glued to Harper's back.

DISPATCH (O.C.)
Concert traffic's too heavy,
Ortega. Stand down. Captain's
orders.

ORTEGA
I've almost got him!

-- Harper hugs the right lane. Up ahead, he spots A FLATBED
TRUCK lowering its ramp to help someone with car trouble.

Beyond that is GRIDLOCK CONCERT TRAFFIC. Now's his chance.

He guns it toward the truck, weaving between cones as...

-- Ortega follows, cones flying over her car!

-- Rock & Roll climaxes as Harper hits the flatbed ramp.

-- The impact sends his boombox flying! THE MUSIC CUTS.

-- In SLOW MOTION: Harper reaches back as if he can catch the flying boombox, but it's impossible.

-- He launches off the flatbed and soars over a concrete wall. He lands safely on the road below, skids, stops, and looks back. Frustrated, he hits the throttle and speeds off.

-- Ortega slams on her brakes, stopping just short of the flatbed. The steering wheel becomes her punching bag as concert traffic consumes her squad car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

"Midnight Rider" by the Allman Brothers Band plays from Harper's boombox.

Ortega kneels and examines it. She stops the music, opens the door, and removes the cassette.

She rubs her thumb across the words "HO/LO 1977", causing the FRESH BLACK INK to smudge on the cassette face.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Anthony leans against his PASSENGER DOOR, puffing a cigarette as he reads a book called "*Learning Italian*".

His eyes come up as he hears an approaching dirt bike.

He tucks a bookmark between the pages. It's an old photo of a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

He stares at the photo, as if looking her in the eyes. Then, he shuts the book and tucks it into his glovebox.

Harper comes around the corner and kills his engine.

He rolls up next to the Charger and drops the kickstand. He and Anthony lock eyes.

HARPER

What? Am I late?

Anthony pushes off the car. He grabs the CAR-15 and heads toward the WAREHOUSE DOOR as he screws a SILENCER into place.

Harper grabs "Midnight & Rider" from Anthony's suitcase. Anthony directs him to his marked spot by the door.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Pick me up after the show?

Anthony smirks and nods. He holds a DETONATOR up and counts down with his fingers from 3...2...1...

INT. REMOTE SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

...a steel door KICKS OPEN, revealing SPD OFFICER ALBERTO ORTEGA on high alert, service weapon ready.

He enters slowly and checks his corners. We're...

SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE SEATTLE, JULY 17TH, 1977.

THE YEAR TICKS BACKWARDS to 1976... then... 1975.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL (O.C.)
(over radio)
Ortega, hold position and wait for
backup. You're all alone out there!

Alberto turns off his radio and walks deeper into the safe house. It's tight, dirty, and recently abandoned.

ALBERTO ORTEGA
There's nowhere left to run, Rukov!
Come out and make this easy.

His voice echoes. Nobody answers back.

INT. REMOTE SAFE HOUSE - ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Blackness... then... a door bursts open!

Alberto steps inside and clears the room. His eyes pan to the door... he grabs the handle and checks behind it... nothing.

INT. REMOTE SAFE HOUSE - DIM ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Alberto whips into the room, finding a table and two chairs.

Atop the table is a bottle of VOLK SERVI VODKA next to a glass filled with melting ice. There's condensation on the glass and a small puddle forming below it.

Alberto clears the corners, then walks to the table and inspects the vodka.

Frustrated, he slams it down and turns around, only to find himself staring down the barrel of a...

BANG! A bullet rips through Alberto's head. He collapses backward, eyes wide open.

A MAN looms over him and puts another bullet between his eyes. He's deader than dead.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Ortega kneels over a dead Mexican Biker.

Seattle PD combs a BLOODBATH. Dead Bikers litter the ground, their bodies surrounded by shell casings.

Ortega pulls a wallet from the biker's pocket and opens it. A condescending voice forces her to grind her teeth:

DANIELS (O.C.)
Robbing the dead?

Ortega swallows her rage and turns to face:

DETECTIVE PAUL DANIELS (30s), his eyes peering over his beer gut to literally look down on her.

ORTEGA
I was looking for an I.D.

Daniels snatches the wallet and rifles through it.

TATE (O.C.)
These guys don't carry I.D.

DETECTIVE RYAN TATE (30s) -- a handsome black man with a thick mustache -- rolls one of the Dead Bikers over:

TATE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Only one they need is on their back.

We see the Dead Biker's vest: "Los Vagos MC".

Daniels pulls \$20 cash from the wallet. He holds it up so Tate can see:

DANIELS
First round's on Pablo?

Tate winks. Daniels pockets the money and tosses the wallet into Ortega's chest.

She snarls as they walk away. She pulls out the Dead Biker's California ID: "Javier Ortiz".

ORTEGA
Javier.

Daniels and Tate spin around:

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
His name was Javier.

Their eyes pop open, looking through Ortega:

DANIELS & TATE
(at attention)
Captain.

Ortega spins to see CAPTAIN LOU MITCHELL (50s) enter. His stone-faced stare commands the room.

She salutes with the wallet still in her hand:

ORTEGA
Captain.

Mitchell notices the wallet. His disappointed stare cuts clean through her.

He walks by as if Ortega doesn't exist to speak with his "star detectives." She drops the wallet on "Javier's" body.

TATE
They're Los Vagos, most likely up
from San Bernardino. Whoever did
this blew the hinges off that door--

Ortega examines the scene as Tate explains, looking intently at the blown-off door, the bodies, and the bullet holes... or lack thereof... in certain walls.

TATE (CONT'D)
--then mowed these guys down and
left with whatever's worth killin'
each other over these days. Angels
would be my best guess. Everything
north of Tacoma is their turf.

ORTEGA
This wasn't another gang.

All three turn to face Ortega. Daniels and Tate look offended. *How dare she speak out of turn.*

Her eyes come off them and land on Captain Mitchell. Intrigued, he nods for her to explain:

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Look at the walls. That one's full
of bullet holes. That one's clean.
(MORE)

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

Whoever did this didn't miss a shot. Pair that with the explosive residue on the door, I'd say you're looking at something professional. Ex-military most likely... Could be foreign... Triads... KGB.

DANIELS

Christ, Ortega, the Russians again?

Mitchell puts a hand up, silencing Daniels. He gazes around the room, nodding. Everything Ortega said is true.

MITCHELL

(to Tate and Daniels)

Find out what they were after.

Mitchell takes his leave, nodding to Ortega as he passes. The gesture fills her with warmth.

Tate and Daniels follow the Captain, pushing by her.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK OFFICE - DAY

Long. Tight. Dimly lit. The place is bloody and torn to shreds. Ortega enters on high alert, away from everyone else.

She peers around and spots an OPEN SAFE against the wall.

DYING BIKER (O.C.)

(coughing, dying)

Ayúdame.

Ortega jumps, spins, and trains her weapon on a DYING BIKER leaning against the wall. He's no threat.

His bloody hands keep pressure on a bullet wound in his stomach. He doesn't have much longer.

ALL ITALICIZED DIALOGUE IS IN SPANISH:

DYING BIKER (CONT'D)

Please... help me.

Ortega glances between the Biker and the safe.

ORTEGA

Who did this? What did they want?

The Biker coughs up blood. His face twists with pain.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
*Look at me. Tell me who did this
and what they took...*
(grabbing her radio)
...and I'll call for help.

The Dying Biker looks deep into her eyes.

DYING BIKER
...Diablo.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ortega watches paramedics wheel the Dying Biker by on a stretcher. *Diabolo? What did he mean by:*

ORTEGA
(under her breath)
...Diablo.

Her eyes pop open as she realizes...

INT. HIGHWAY GAS STATION - MUSIC RACK - DAY

We see Satan's face on the back of Harper's jacket.

A CASHIER (17), a handsome, god-fearing boy, stares at Harper while rubbing the crucifix around his neck.

On the counter in front of him is a BINDER FULL OF BASEBALL CARDS. He was flipping through them before Harper walked in.

Harper rifles through cassettes: Bowie, Sabbath, Dylan, Hendrix, The Stones ... His eyes light up:

CASH REGISTER

Led Zeppelin IV lands atop the baseball binder. The Cashier avoids eye contact with Harper.

HARPER
(re. Baseball Cards)
Anyone I'd know?

The Cashier rings up the Cassette, avoiding eye contact.

CASHIER
Six ninety-eight.

Harper's grin fades. He hands over a crumpled \$20 bill.

HARPER
Put the change on three.

Harper snags the tape and leaves the store. The Cashier lets out a relieved breath.

INT. CHARGER - DAY

Anthony drives while Harper plays air-guitar and sings along:

HARPER
(singing, poorly)
And as we wind on down the road!
(mouthing instruments)
Da-Na! Da-Na! Da-Na! Da-Na! Dah!
Dah! Dah!
(singing)
Our shadows taller than our soul!
Da-Na! Da-Na! Da-Na! Da-Na! Dah!
Dah! Dah! *There walks a lady--*

Anthony abruptly ejects the tape.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Hey!

Anthony plucks the tape and rolls down his window.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Briggs! Stop!

Anthony holds the tape out the window.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Anthony. Please...

Anthony glances at him, relaxes, then pulls the tape in. He hands it to Harper, who snatches it like a prized possession.

ANTHONY
How was it?

Harper furrows his brow.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
The show. Last night.

HARPER
You care?

ANTHONY
No, Harper, but I know you do. So
come on... how was it?