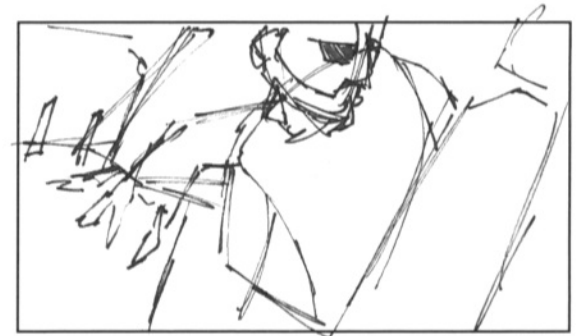


Costa (our hero character) turns around, looking at someone in the back seat. He holds up a photo of a known drug dealer.



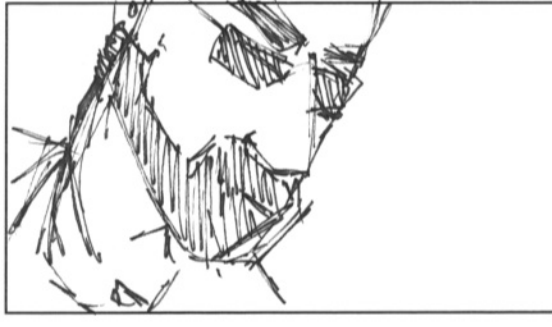
We cut to a close up shot of his hands holding the photo.



Our hero tells the person in the back seat that the suspect escaped capture, and killed a cop in the process.



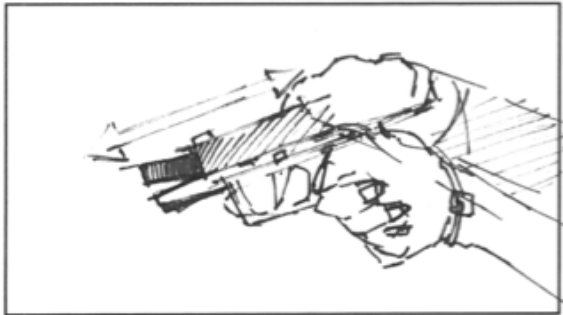
The camera cuts to reveal our third passenger. A tough female cop, she nods in understanding.



Our hero in no uncertain terms says that the suspect is on the loose, armed, and has been incredibly hard to track down.



She's tough, but her nerves are starting to get the better of her.



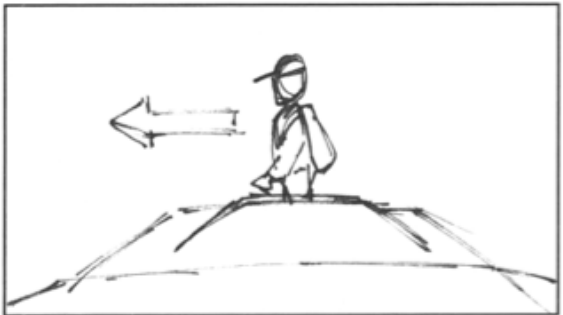
The female cop pulls out her duty gun, doing a chamber check, the slide flings forward...



Cutting to the muzzle we see the slide slam forward.



Our three Narco cops roll forward up to a stop light.



Over the hood we see someone walk by obliviously...it's the suspect!



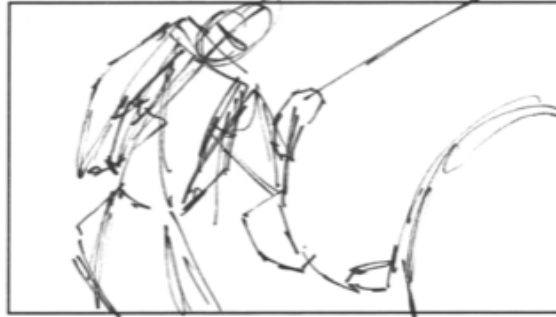
The female cop yells, "that's the guy, that's the fucking guy!"



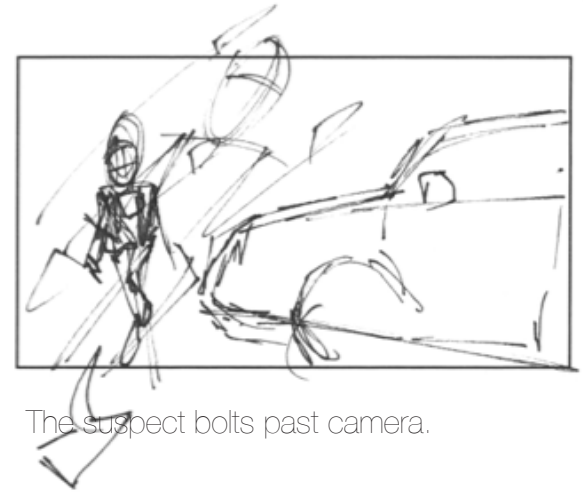
There's an awkward pause, no one knows how to react...and then the suspect turns and bolts.



Our hero slams his hands down on the dash, "go, get that fucker!" As the female cop braces in the car.



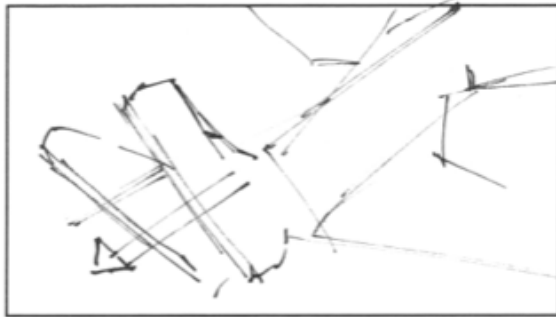
The car almost hits the suspect as he just barely dodges out of the way.



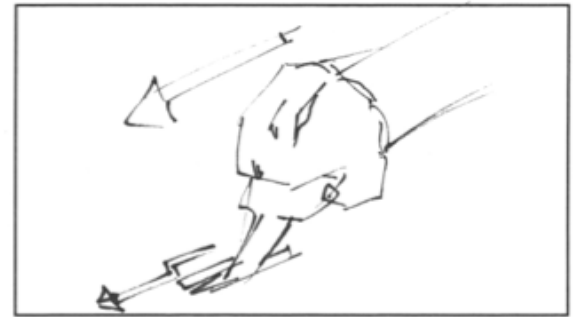
The suspect bolts past camera.



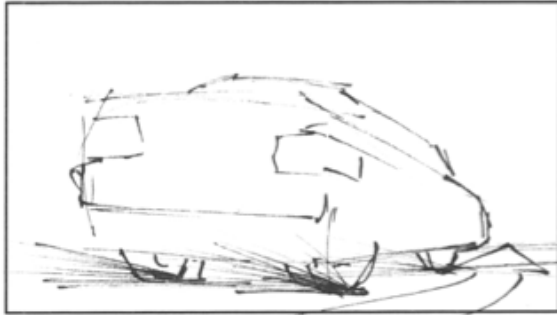
Our hero, close up, like his fury will somehow make the car go even faster, yells out, "get him, get him now!"



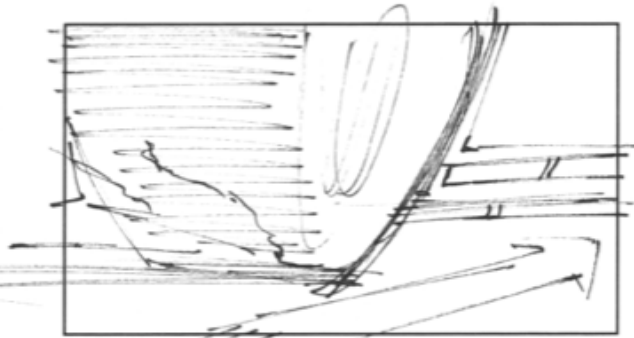
The driver puts the pedal down, the engine roars like a bat out of hell.



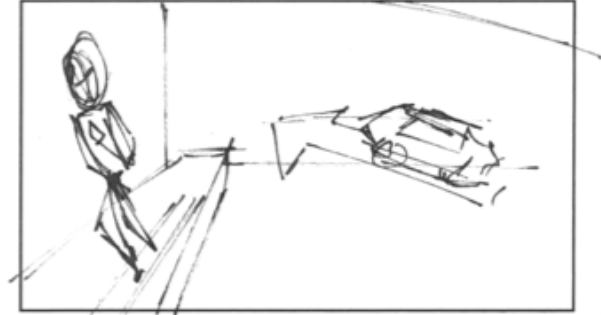
The driver slams it into gear.



The car, burning rubber and roaring like some horrible beast, flies forward while turning.



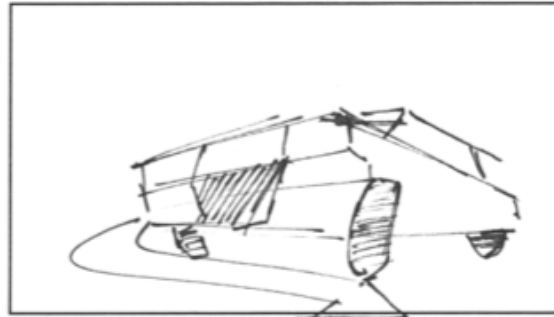
Wheels smoking.



The suspect runs along a loading dock as the car starts heading in the opposite direction...



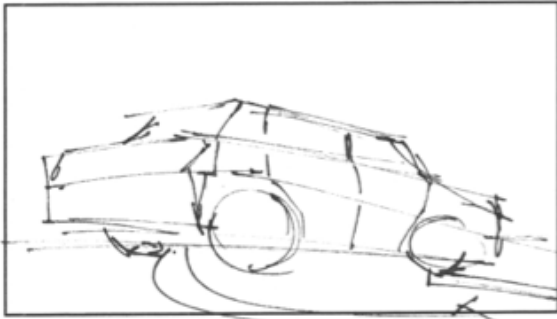
...just to get enough speed, as the driver cranks the wheel hard to the left.



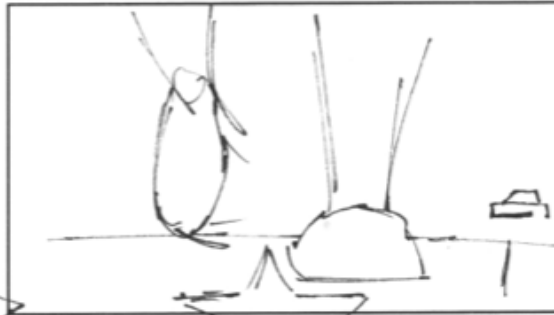
We see the car fishtail around, re-orienting itself in the direction the fleeing suspect.



Our hero braces himself, holding on as the car barrels forward.



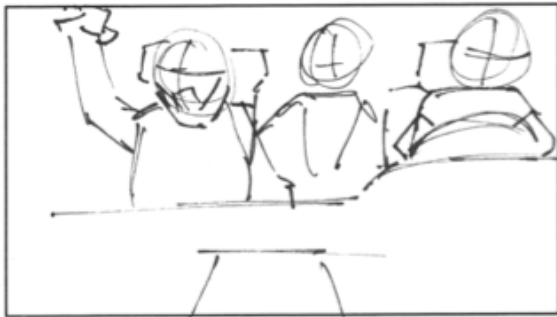
The car flies around a turn.



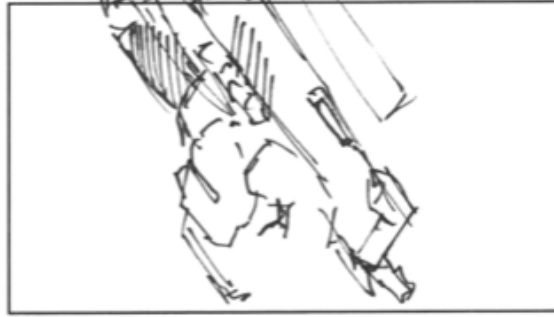
We see the panicked running feet of our suspect.



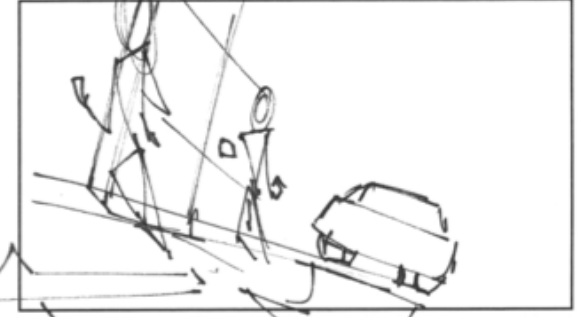
He turn his head as he desperately tries to hold on to his backpack.



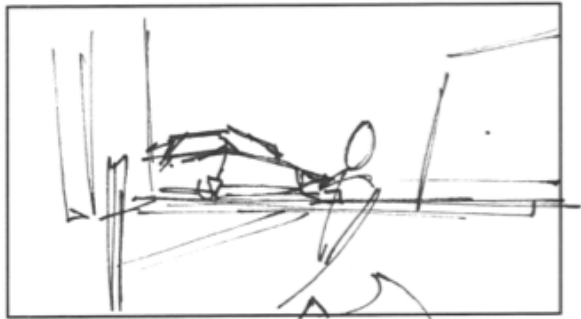
Our hero, still holding on braces himself using the dashboard. He reaches to his side, pulling out his gun.



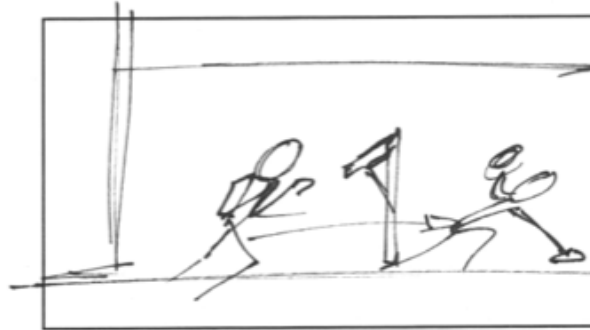
In the car, still in a violent acceleration, our hero pulls the slide back, checking to see brass.



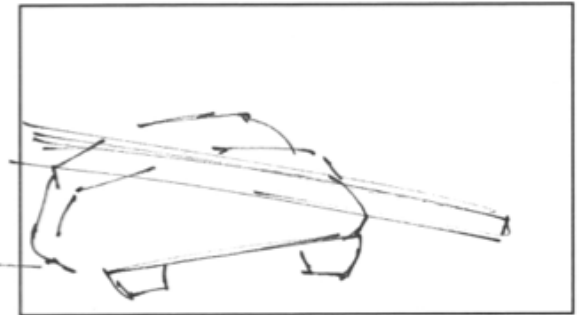
The suspect rounds a corner, around the large support pillar of and under pass. The car, like some predator, barrels up behind.



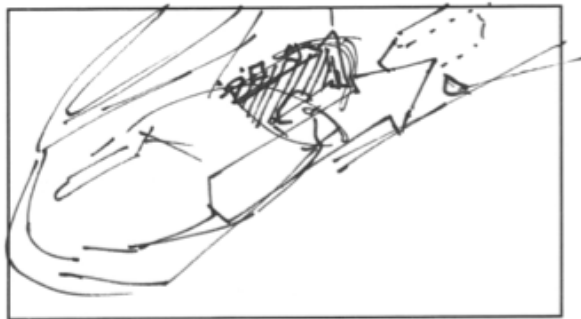
End of the road, as a large metal gate blocks the way.



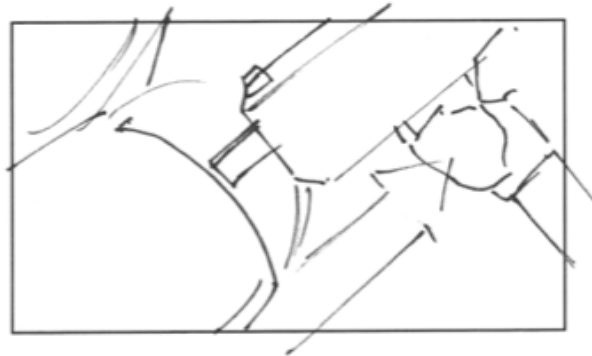
The suspect slides under the gate, nearly losing the backpack.



The car slams on the breaks, it's tail almost coming out around.



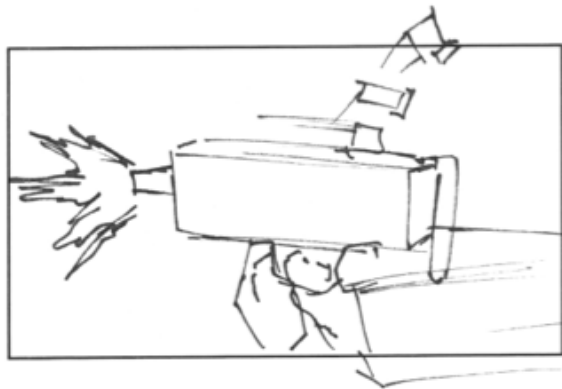
We cut to the suspect pulling something out of his pack, something black, square...



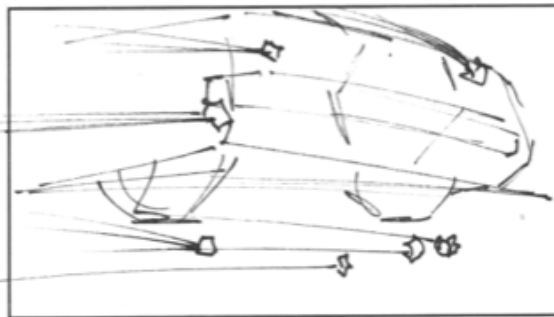
...a submachine gun.



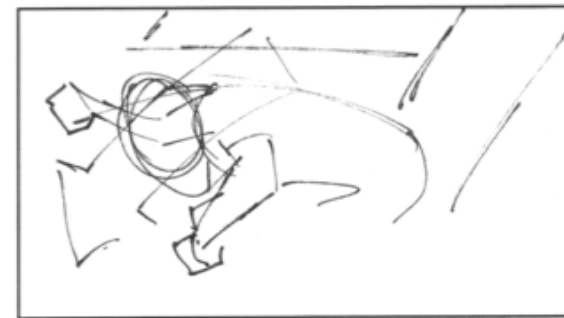
He braces himself, we hear a breath as all goes quiet for a second.



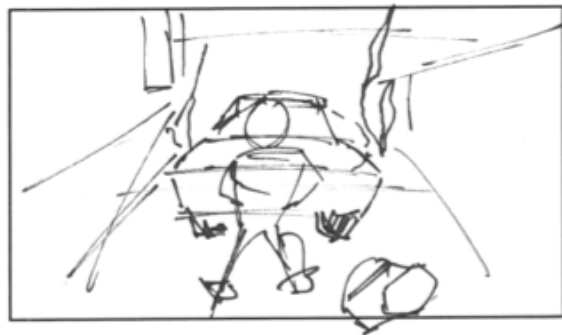
Then a barrage of gunfire as the automatic weapon unleashes hell.



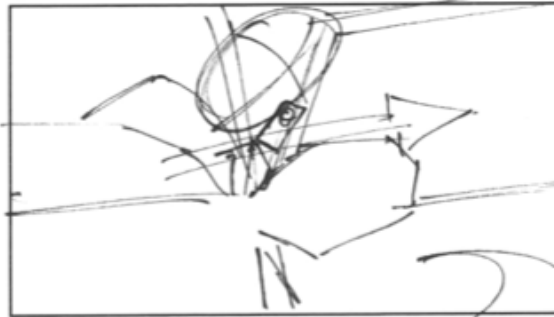
Low angle as rounds impact all around car.



We hear the dull sound of rounds impacting on metal and screaming through the air. Our hero ducks down violently.



We see the car, with smoke starting to pour out of its engine compartment, oil spraying on the window. He reloads.



The driver swings his door open, using the A pillar as cover.



The car's windows are smashed, he's fighting just to get a view of the target, trying to take a good shot.