"Rush"
EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - PARK BENCH

BACK TO CLOSEUP ON RAYNOR EYES CLOSED, NOW OPENING

When from behind, Walker, a lowlife drug dealer, startles Raynor by grabbing him from behind.

    WALKER
    Shit man, it’s must be like 30 degrees. Are we in LA or what?

Raynor, in shock that someone could have snuck up on him, let’s go of his gun, which he went for as a kneejerk reaction.

    RAYNOR
    What’s on your mind?

    WALKER
    Just you?

    RAYNOR
    Ya.

    WALKER
    Well, I don’t know...I just wanted to let you know that certain people are thinking you’re a cop.

    RAYNOR
    Really? Is that right Walker? You’ve been telling people I’m the heat?

    WALKER
    No, man, no. I just wanted to let you know what people were saying. I’m just doing you a favor, you know?

    RAYNOR
    Well, let’s just make one thing perfectly fucking clear. You tell one solitary mother fucker that I’m the heat, and I will kill you. It’s that simple. I’ll drop the hammer on your ass so fucking fast, you’ll be dead before you got here. You understand me? Don’t say that to anyone.

    RAYNOR
    Man, where’s my coffee. Do you want a coffee?

(CONTINUED)
Raynor grabs his coffee and offers Walker one that he brought along with him. Walker shakes his head no.

RAYNOR
So, what made you think I was the heat, Walker?

WALKER
I don’t know man. I just never seen anyone buy as much as you, and I’ve never seen anyone buy from you. So...

RAYNOR
Well, you got it right.

Walker turns white. He can’t believe what he is hearing.

RAYNOR
Come on Walker, what the fuck did you come here for if you didn’t think I was the heat.

WALKER
I guess I was hoping you were buying today, but since you’re not, I guess I should go...

Walker tries to get up off the bench when Raynor grabs him and pulls him back.

RAYNOR
We’ve got to have some answers, boy? Are you going to slide or not?

WALKER
What do I have to do?

RAYNOR
Just keep doing what you’re doing. You keep making those introductions and you’re gonna see your way out of this. You don’t? You won’t.

WALKER
What’s that make me?

RAYNOR
It makes you free.
WALKER
I need a lawyer. I need to talk
to...I don’t know, someone in
power. I need some reassurances.

Raynor reaches into his jacket pocket, and pulls out his phone.

RAYNOR
Smalls? I got someone here who
wants to work for
us. Right. No....no, I checked
that out before. I don’t think it
will be a problem. Alright.

Raynor hangs up the phone.

RAYNOR
Let’s go.

Raynor stands up.

WALKER
Where?

RAYNOR
To go meet the chief.

WALKER
The fucking chief knows? No, no I
want a lawyer. I’m not going
anywhere until I speak to a lawyer.

Raynor sits back down.

RAYNOR
You want a lawyer.

Raynor grabs Walker’s hand and puts his phone in it.

RAYNOR
Go ahead...call your lawyer. And
I’ll call the chief and tell him
this was all one big fat fucking
mistake. You wanna do forty
years? You do forty years!

Now which fucking way is it going
to be?

Walker puts the phone back in Raynor’s hand.