

FADE IN:

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES BARRIO - STREET - NIGHT

HISPANIC GANGBANGERS' sit on the porch and steps of a house while others stand on the street.

Music blasts from a low-rider parked nearby.

A car pulls to the curb. Inside are a young male and female.

A gang member leans into the window.

The GANG LEADER, mid-20's, more tattoos than skin showing, observes.

A drug transaction.

The car drives away.

The gang leader looks up and down the street. Headlights on an approaching car pulls to the curb a block back.

The car cuts its lights and engine.

The gang leader stares at the car. He says something unintelligible in Spanish to nearby bangers.

I/E. VEHICLE AT CURB - SAME

Cold hard eyes stare at the Hispanics.

A finger marks the face and forehead of the figure behind the wheel with black shoe polish.

EXT. STREET

Gang members surround their leader at the curb and stare at the parked vehicle.

A few moments pass, then...

Police sirens fill the night.

Patrol cars with their emergency equipment on speed through intersections to the left and right of the gang, all heading in the same direction.

The gang members' eyes question each other.

One man whistles to women and children on the house's porch. He nods. They go inside. Another man turns the car's radio down.

The sirens become distant.

The car parked a block away tries to start -- fails.

The gang stares curiously.

The car tries over and over. Finally...

The headlights come on. The car pulls away from the curb and moves slowly toward the gang members'.

The men separate themselves -- put their hands on hidden guns.

The vehicle, an old Ford with primer spots and rust showing through chipped paint, comes to a stop in front of the men.

The vehicle is left running. The trunk pops open.

A tall, half-white, half-Native American male, CARL NEVADA, late-40's, with steel-dark eyes and hair pulled back in a ponytail, emerges from the vehicle. He's dressed in black with his face marked for battle like an Indian warrior.

He slams the car's door.

CARL

Son of a bitchin' piece of shit!

The gang stares, puzzled.

Carl notices.

CARL

(to men)

Why don't you just go ahead and ask? Ask me what this piece of shit's doing with brand new tires on it.

The men look at the tires.

CARL

The old ones finally rotted. Whadda you think?

GANG LEADER

I think maybe you missed a turn somewhere, homes -- Ended up in the wrong neighborhood.

Carl moves toward the Ford's trunk.

CARL
No, I'm in the right neighborhood;
and homes is somethin' people live
in.

Two of the men pull machine pistols from behind them.

Carl stops.

The leader motions the men to hold off.

GANG LEADER
Oh, so you come here to diss me in
front of my friends? Make fun of my
language?

CARL
You got a phone?

The men laugh.

GANG LEADER
I don't think you got time to make
a call, chief.

CARL
It's not for me.

Carl tosses a cell phone to the man.

CARL
I didn't send the blue-boys that
far. Little luck they'll get a
paramedic here in time to save a
few of you.

GANG LEADER
(to bangers')
You take the red man's firewater,
and he smokes the wacky weed.

The bangers' all laugh.

GANG LEADER
Nobody here need no paramedic,
chief -- Not yet.

Carl takes a machine pistol from the trunk.

CARL
There will be if I see those guns
again -- homey.

The bangers' are anxious. They look to their leader.

The gang leader shakes his head at the men.

Carl shoves the pistol in his belt. He takes another one to the small of his back, then swings on a double shoulder holster with twin 9mm's.

GANG LEADER
Who the fuck are you?

Carl puts a gun belt filled with magazine clips around his waist.

CARL
Carl Nevada.

The bangers' swap nervous glances.

GANG LEADER
You're, Comanche Carl?

Carl corrects the man.

CARL
Carl Nevada.

Another BANGER speaks up.

BANGER
Comanche Carl baddest dude walkin'.

The gang leader nods.

GANG LEADER
Say he's killed a hundred men.

CARL
Two-hundred -- I'm here for some
white boys.

He looks at a house across the street with lights on behind closed blinds.

CARL
Supposed to be over there.

GANG LEADER
If you really Comanche Carl, and
you here for those putas...

He holds his arms out, palms up.

GANG LEADER
Mi Casa - Su Casa.

The man spits on the ground.

GANG LEADER
Good riddance.

Carl stares into each man's face.

CARL
I'm not worried about you stealing
my ride here, but when I come back
out I expect those tires to still
be on this piece of shit --
Comprende?

The gang leader walks to within reach of Carl and holds the
cell phone out. Carl takes it.

The leader turns to the other bangers'...

GANG LEADER
Vayase.

then back to Carl.

GANG LEADER
It is an honor to meet a living
legend.

He pounds his chest twice, then walks away.

Carl takes a pizza display sign from the trunk and puts it on
the Ford's roof. It illuminates.

He glances back at the house where his business waits.

CARL
(to gang leader)
Hey.

The gang leader turns around.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Heavy-metal rock music plays.

A LARGE, shirtless white MALE, late-20's, some tattoos,
snorts a line of cocaine off a mirror on a table.

A thin, LONG-HAIRED MALE, his pants undone, is having sex on
a couch with a nude young BLONDE WOMAN.

The doorbell rings, then rings again.

No one reacts.

The music ends.

The front door is being pounded.

The large male looks up.

The long-haired male springs from the sofa -- zips his pants and grabs a handgun. He shouts toward the door.

LONG-HAIRED MALE
Who is it?!

Doors open in a hallway from the living room, across from each other.

TWO MEN, obviously gay lovers, peer from behind one door.

A MUSCULAR MAN with body piercing, steps into the hallway from the other door with a shotgun.

CARL (O.S.)
Pizza delivery.

LONG-HAIRED MALE
(to large man)
You order pizza?

The man shakes his head.

LONG-HAIRED MALE
(to others)
Anybody?

Two shakes 'no' from the gay men and a...

MUSCULAR MAN
Fuck no.

LONG-HAIRED MALE
Nobody ordered any fuckin' pizza!
Now beat it!

CARL (O.S.)
It's already paid for.

LONG-HAIRED MALE
I ain't tellin' you again, asshole!

CARL (O.S.)
I'm leaving it outside the door.

There's silence through a beat as the mens' eyes question each other.

LARGE MAN
(to others)
Maybe they got the address screwed up on a charge.

The long-haired male considers the thought.

LONG HAired MALE
(to large man)
Check it out.

The large man walks to a window. He spreads a blind and peeps out.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Carl's car drives away with the lit pizza sign atop it.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LARGE MAN
(to the others)
Pizza guy.

The men sigh relief.

LARGE MAN
I'm hungry.

The large man opens the door.

Carl steps into the house with the barrel of a 9mm pressed against the man's forehead and a second 9 pointed out.

The man steps back and raises his hands.

Everyone's eyes search the tall stranger.

LONG-HAired MALE
Who the hell are you?

CARL
Carl Nevada.

LARGE MAN
Oh, Jesus.

CARL
Big Tom Valentine says hello.

Carl fires a round into the large man's head. He drops dead.

AT THE SAME MOMENT...

- The muscular man racks a shell into the shotgun -- fires -- repeats.
- The long-haired man dives for cover -- fires his gun.
- The gay men retreat into the bedroom.
- Carl blazes with both guns.

Gun smoke, expelled cartridges and splintering wood consume the room.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gangbangers' stare at the house under siege in disbelief.

A car pulls to the curb.

I/E. CAR ON STREET - CONTINUOUS

Two WHITE MALES in the front seat with cases of beer between them stare at the house and the flashes of fire seen from the working gun barrels.

WHITE MALE
What the fuck?!

The two men grab machine pistols and climb out of the car, daring the crowd to get in their way as they run toward the house.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The combatants are reloading.

LONG-HAIRED MALE
(to Carl)
You son of a bitch!

CARL
Yeah, but I loved her!

Carl opens fire with both 9's.

The long-haired man returns fire -- misses. He dies.

The muscular man fires his shotgun. Some of the load hits Carl.

Carl drops his 9's and pulls both machine pistols. He opens fire.

The muscular man's body jerks violently as rounds spray him and the doorway.

The two white males from the car burst into the house. They separate and open fire.

Carl kills one instantly.

The other male rushes Carl...

SECOND WHITE MALE
You motherfucker!

his gun barrel breathing fire.

Carl dives and rolls away -- shoots the man's legs out from under him.

The man screams out in pain.

The two gay men explode from the room with machine guns blazing.

Flat on the floor and looking up, Carl fires both pistols on full automatic, killing both men.

The gunfire ends. Smoke rises in the room.

The man with wounded legs moans in pain.

Police sirens are audible in the distance.

Carl gets to his feet. He picks up his 9's and holsters them, then releases the machine pistols's ammo clips and reloads.

The woman from the sofa crawls across the floor. She's in shock.

CARL
(to woman)
You should keep better company.

He starts for the door, finishing off the wounded man on the floor with a short blast as he passes.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carl approaches the street, a gun in each hand.

The crowd backs away.

The police sirens draw closer.

The gang leader backs the old Ford with the pizza sign to Carl.

CARL
(to the gang leader)
Pop the trunk.

Carl puts the sign in the trunk and removes a black leather gym bag.

The gang leader climbs out of the car. He notices Carl is wounded.

GANG LEADER
Hey -- you been hit.

CARL
It's nothin'.

Carl throws the bag on the front seat and gets in.

I/E. CARL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

CARL
(to gang leader)
I won't forget you.

GANG LEADER
It may be better for me if you did.

The man pounds his chest twice.

Carl drives away.

Flashing blue lights appear on the street ahead and behind him.

Carl unzips the black bag on the car seat.

He pulls off a false hairpiece and ponytail revealing short cropped salt-and-pepper hair.

Carl puts the disguise in the bag. He takes facial cream from a jar and smears it on his face, then wipes the shoe polish away with a Kleenex, revealing jagged scars.

A patrol car passes from the opposite direction.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Patrol cars arrive as an OFFICER already on the scene talks with the Hispanic gang leader who's vocal with flailing arms as he walks away.

A YOUNG HISPANIC BOY approaches the officer.

HISPANIC BOY
I seen it all.

The gang leader turns to the boy with a cold stare.

The boy is undaunted.

HISPANIC BOY
(to gang leader)
Gangbangers ain't the only people
live here.
(to officer)
I'm a good citizen.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Carl pulls his car into a storage facility.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BANGERS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER
Adam-20, It's gonna be one white,
mixed Native American male...

I/E. PATROL CAR AT STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

A YOUNG MALE OFFICER is receiving the lookout on his radio as his patrol car approaches the facility.

OFFICER ON RADIO (filtered)
The suspect's vehicle will be an
old Ford with rust and primer
spots.

The officer catches a glimpse of Carl's car just as it turns into an alley in the facility lined with double-door garages.

The officer cuts his emergency equipment and turns back. He calls in his location.

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
Adam-14 to radio...

I/E. STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Carl pulls the Ford up to a garage door.

The door rises. The old Ford drives in and parks next to a newer model sedan as the garage door re-closes.

The young officer drives slowly past the alleyways shining his spotlight down each corridor.

INT. STORAGE GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Carl opens the sedan's trunk.

He takes off his shirt that covered a bulletproof vest and examines the wounds in his left arm from the shotgun blast.

Carl opens a medical kit in the car's trunk and cleans the wounds.

He covers the wounds with gauze and tape, then...

changes out of his blood-splattered clothing and vest into casual wear from the sedan's trunk. He reloads his twin 9's and holsters them before putting a loose fitting jacket on.

I/E. PATROL CARS - STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

A second patrol car enters driven by CASEY RAMIREZ: a pretty female officer in her early 20's with dark hair and eyes.

The two patrol cars pull alongside each other, driver to driver.

CASEY

Find anything?

YOUNG MALE OFFICER

No. Is there another way out of here besides the entrance?

CASEY

There's a back gate if it's not locked.

YOUNG MALE OFFICER

You stop at the shooting?

CASEY

Just eased through it -- Mallory said there were bodies everywhere.

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
Wasn't a gang-bang. Lookout's only
for one guy.

CASEY
A hit?

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
Who'd pay for a barrio hit?

CASEY
Probably whoever wanted the white
boys' asses hiding out there.

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
They were white?

They hear a garage door rising.

CASEY
Hear that?

The officers peer down the alley alongside them.

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
It's not this one.

CASEY
I'll check the ones ahead -- You
check behind me.

The officers drive slow, checking each alley with their
spotlight as they pass.

Carl pulls the sedan out of the garage.

The young male officer's spotlight shines on Carl's car.

The patrol car turns down the lane toward the sedan.

Carl lets the garage door down with a remote, then waits.

The young officer picks up his radio mike.

POLICE RADIO (filtered)
All units hold your transmissions
for intersection setups of an en
route officer down.

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
(to himself)
Shit.

The officer puts his mike back. He stops the patrol car just short of the sedan facing him.

He shines the spotlight directly into Carl's face and steps out of his car.

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
Turn your car off and place your
hands on the steering wheel.

Carl does as the officer asks.

The young officer approaches the sedan.

CARL
What's all this about, Officer?

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
May I see your license, sir?

CARL
Can I get out of the car first? I
can't get to it sitting.

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
Go ahead.

Carl steps out.

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
Is there another car in that
garage?

Carl's searching his pockets.

CARL
No.

Casey Ramirez turns into the lane from the opposite direction. She approaches fast, then climbs out of her car.

She walks toward Carl, slow, with a hard stare.

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
Find your license?

CARL
I must have left my wallet at home.
The insurance and registration are
in the glove box.

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
Mind raising the garage door?

Stares through a beat.

CARL
I got nothing to hide -- Remote's
in the box, too.

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
(to Casey)
I'll check it -- You keep an eye on
him.

The male officer leans into the sedan.

Casey notices blood dripping down the back of Carl's left
hand.

CASEY
You're bleeding.

Like a lightning flash, Carl pulls both 9's from under his
jacket and kicks the open car door into the male officer.

He places the barrel against Casey's forehead and points dead
aim at the male.

CARL
Show your hands.

The officers' raise their hands.

CARL
Son of a bitch. Look what you two
have put me in -- Don't any of you
drink coffee anymore?

POLICE RADIO (filtered)
Adam-14?

Silence.

POLICE RADIO (filtered)
Adam-15, are you with Adam-14?

The officers' stare at Carl.

CARL
(to both)
They calling you?

The officers' nod.

Carl reads Casey's name tag.

CARL
Officer Ramirez -- tell 'em
everything checks out okay. That
you'll be back in-service in a
minute.

CASEY
Sure.

She brings the radio mike to her mouth.

CARL
Hold it -- What's your call sign?

Casey hesitates.

CASEY
Adam-14.

Carl looks at her patrol car.

CARL
That why your car's marked fifteen?

The officers' exchange a glance.

Casey keys her mike.

CASEY
Adam-15, fourteen's with me.
Everything checks out okay. We'll
be back in-service in a minute.

POLICE RADIO (filtered)
Radio received.

CARL
Both of you. Kiss the pavement. Lay
one hand over the other behind your
back.

The officers' obey.

Carl disarms them. He takes their back-up guns from ankle holsters and the 9mm's from their gunbelts, then cuffs them with their own handcuffs.

YOUNG MALE OFFICER
You're not going to get away with
this.

CARL
You better hope I do.

CASEY
You killed those people back there,
didn't you?

Carl cuts the headlights on both patrol cars.

CARL
When did shit like that become
people?

Carl raises the garage door.

- He backs the old Ford out.

- He takes duct tape from the Ford's trunk and covers each
officers' mouth.

- He helps the male officer to his feet and guides him into
the backseat of his own patrol car.

- Carl pulls the car with the male officer into the garage,
then wipes clean the places he's touched with a handkerchief.

He goes back to the female officer and stands her up.

Carl unfastens Casey's gunbelt. It falls to the ground.

They lock eyes.

CARL
You'd tell 'em, wouldn't you?

Casey nods.

CASEY
In a heartbeat.

Carl stares at Casey.

CARL
Just like your mother.

MOMENTS LATER

- Carl pulls Casey's patrol car into the garage next to the
first officer's.

- He takes bore solvent from a gun cleaning kit in the trunk
of one patrol car.

Carl throws both officers' guns into the old Ford, then pours
the solvent on the front seat and ignites it.

Standing by the open trunk of the sedan, Carl looks over at the burning Ford...

then down at Casey lying in the trunk, cuffed and gagged.

CARL
I just had put new tires on that
piece of shit.

Casey stares up at Carl.

CARL
You think I want this?

Casey looks away.

Carl puts his hand on the open trunk.

CARL
Watch your head.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - LAX OUTSIDE BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

TEN YEARS EARLIER

Carl slams the trunk of his automobile.

An early-teens Casey stands on the curb, looking down.

CARL
Well are you gettin' in, or what?

Casey climbs into the front seat with a scowl.

FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carl's car slows in stop-and-go traffic.

INT. AUTOMOBILE

Conversation is void. Casey stares straight ahead.

Carl breaks the silence.

CARL
No one's making you come out here
anymore. You're old enough to make
your own choice now.

CASEY
I came to see my brother.

CARL
I know it wasn't to see me.

Carl looks over at his daughter.

CARL
Still -- you could at least be
civil.

Casey glares at her father.

CASEY
How do you expect me to act? You
never even bother to call.

CARL
I called Christmas.

CASEY
Christmas?! Well geez thanks, Dad.
I bet you mark your calendar that
day especially for me.

She turns away in a huff.

CASEY
Call, Casey.

CARL
I used to call. A lot. But your
mother either starts in on me when
she picks up the phone, or listens
in. That's why I don't call.

CASEY
Whatever -- Danny working tonight?

CARL
No, we're off.

Casey stares out her window.

CASEY
I didn't ask about you.

Casey's words hurt Carl. He just stares straight ahead.

INT. CARL'S HOME - LATER SAME DAY

LIVING ROOM

DANNY NEVADA, handsome and 21, with the same dark family features, walks in the door with fresh-laundered clothes covered in plastic, slung over his shoulder and a smile on his face.

Casey runs toward her brother, her smile even bigger.

CASEY

Danny!

Danny bends. Casey hugs his neck.

DANNY

Whoa! Looks like somebody's glad to see me.

Casey maintains her hug.

CASEY

I am!

She finally lets him go and steps back.

CASEY

Some day I'm gonna come out here and live with you!

Carl walks into the room from the kitchen, a beer in his hand.

Danny smiles at his father.

DANNY

(to Casey)
Someday.

Danny separates the laundry. He holds out LA city police sergeant shirts in one hand, and patrolman in the other.

DANNY

I picked up your laundry with mine.

Carl nods.

CARL

Grab a beer. We got steaks tonight to celebrate.

CASEY

Celebrate what?

CARL

Your being here.

CASEY
I don't eat red meat.

CARL
Since when?

DANNY
(to Casey - scolding)
You eat red meat.

CASEY
Well -- maybe sometimes.

CARL
Good. Tonight will be one of those times.

DANNY
Dad, I'm gonna have to take a rain check.

CARL
Thought you had the night off?

DANNY
Too many guys on vacation. The watch is already shorthanded. I told 'em I'd work.

CASEY
(disappointed)
Ohhhhhh.

DANNY
But I'm still off tomorrow night.

CARL
I'll save the steaks till then.

Danny lays the laundry across the sofa. He grabs Casey and pulls her into a chair with him.

Casey loves it.

DANNY
No, you and Casey go ahead without me.

CASEY
No!

CARL
We'll wait.

DANNY

Tell you what. You guys eat light tonight and I'll bring home pizza and a video after the watch.

CASEY

Promise?

Danny crosses his heart and holds his fingers in the Boy Scout sign.

DANNY

Promise.

LATER

DANNY'S BEDROOM

Danny's just finished dressing for the night watch.

There's a knock on his door.

DANNY

Come in.

Casey walks in. Her eyes immediately admire her brother in his uniform.

Danny notices.

DANNY

Will you stop looking at me like that?

Casey smiles.

CASEY

You're handsome.

Danny nods.

DANNY

A compliment to Dad. I'm told we're dead ringers at the same age.

CASEY

No. Mom says you're better looking than he ever was.

Danny's not buying it.

DANNY

Mom said that?

Casey's hesitant.

CASEY

In a way.

Danny closes the bedroom door and points to his bed.

DANNY

Sit down, Casey.

Casey hops onto the bed. Danny pulls a chair up across from her.

DANNY

Casey, Dad loves you.

CASEY

No he doesn't.

DANNY

He does -- very much.

CASEY

He never even calls.

DANNY

You were too little to remember the things I do. It wasn't all Dad's fault. Mom played a big part in their divorce. And in a marriage when one's not happy -- neither is.

Casey looks away.

CASEY

Why did they split us up?

DANNY

I was old enough to choose -- you weren't -- This was the only home I'd ever known.

Casey ponders her brothers words.

CASEY

He could at least call.

DANNY

You hurt him when you changed your name to Mom's new husband's.

CASEY

Do you know how hard it is to go through school with everyone asking why your name's different than your mother's? You never had to explain that to everybody new you met.

DANNY

Still...

CASEY

When we moved to Vermont I told Mom I wasn't going back to school until it was changed.

DANNY

So it was what you wanted? Just you?

Casey nods.

CASEY

Just me.

LATER THAT NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

The TV plays.

Carl dozes in a chair with a beer in his hand.

Casey watches the window and every passing headlight.

CASEY

Shouldn't Danny be home by now?

Carl doesn't hear.

CASEY

Shouldn't Danny be home by now?!

Carl wakes.

CARL

What?

CASEY

Damn! Will you wake up?!

CARL

Watch your mouth.

CASEY
Shouldn't Danny be home by now?!

Carl rubs his eyes.

CARL
What time is it?

CASEY
Almost twelve-thirty.

Carl sets his beer down -- looks up at the mantle clock.

CARL
He didn't get off until eleven.
Then he was going to get pizza --
Remember?

CASEY
Do they ever not get off on time?

Carl takes a swig of beer.

CARL
If he was still on his last call
when the watch ended -- he'd be
late.

CASEY
Can you call and find out?

CARL
No, I'm not callin' and finding
out. He's not a baby. He'll
probably be here any minute.

CASEY
He's only been a policeman a year.

Carl looks out the window at a passing car.

CARL
Ten months; but he's with a
training officer, he's fine.

CASEY
But if they were short handed...
would he work alone?

Headlights shine through the window. A car turns into the driveway.

CASEY
There he is!

Car doors slam.

A second set of headlights hit the window as another car pulls in behind the first.

Carl stands, the beer in his hand.

Casey opens the front door.

Top police brass step onto the porch, their hats in their hands.

A police chaplain parts them.

Casey stares at the men, then looks up at her father.

Carl's beer drops from his hand.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Uniformed police officers fill the benches.

A black male, LUCIUS JACKSON, mid-30's, dressed in a suit, sits next to a WHITE ATTORNEY at the defendants table.

Carl, in his own suit, sits in the court pew behind the prosecutor's table watching TWO ATTORNEYS conversing with the JUDGE in a whispered session.

Carl leans to the ASSISTANT PROSECUTOR'S ear.

CARL
What's going on?

The attorney hesitates.

ASSISTANT PROSECUTOR
They're going to drop the charges.

CARL
What are you talking about?

The attorney's hands are nervous.

ASSISTANT PROSECUTOR
They're both dead.

CARL
Who?

ASSISTANT PROSECUTOR
The witnesses -- Killed last night
in their sleep.

The two attorneys conferring with the judge return to their tables.

Carl grabs the prosecuting attorney's arm.

CARL
You're gonna let him just walk out
of here?

The prosecutor pulls his arm away.

PROSECUTOR
Mr. Nevada, the witnesses were all
the evidence we had -- There's
nothing I can do.

The judge taps his gavel.

JUDGE
State's case against Lucius Jackson
is dismissed. The defendant is free
to go.

The courtroom breaks out in protest.

The judge pounds his gavel.

JUDGE
Clear the court!

Carl's outraged.

CARL
(to the judge)
You're just gonna let that piece-of
shit walk out of here after killing
my son?!

The judge points the gavel at Carl.

JUDGE
That's enough!

Lucius Jackson stands and shakes hands with his attorneys'. He locks eyes with Carl and smiles, then flips his fingers off under his chin. His smile grows to all teeth as he straightens his tie.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - IN THE HOOD - NIGHT

Lucius Jackson, dressed like a million-dollar pimp, leans on his black and chrome Cadillac. He moves his head to a rap song blasting from the car's speakers, while...

Lucius' BOYS deal to drive-ups down the street.

LOOKOUTS stand on each corner to either side of the transactions.

I/E. LA CITY POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

A police cruiser pulls to the curb a block back from Lucius and cuts the headlights.

Sgt. Carl Nevada stares at the men carrying on their drug business, then marks his forehead and cheeks with black shoe polish.

A corner lookout spots the police car. He whistles to the others, but the music from Jackson's car drowns him out.

Carl emerges from the police car. He's in full uniform, carrying a shotgun and wearing a double shoulder-holster housing twin 9mm's.

He walks toward the lookout.

The lookout stares hard at Carl as he approaches. He turns to the others and whistles again: They don't hear.

LOOKOUT

Shit!

Carl racks the shotgun with one hand.

The lookout crosses his arms and spits on the ground.

LOOKOUT

Damn, if it ain't Rambo dressed
like a pig-mutherfucker.

Carl never misses a step as he slashes the lookout's throat with a serrated knife hidden in his empty hand.

The lookout drops to his knees, clutching his throat.

Carl wipes the bloody-blade across his shirt and shoves the knife inside his gunbelt.

He approaches Lucius Jackson from behind, then raises the shotgun to the back of Jackson's head.

Lucius feels the cold steel pressed against his skin. He turns slowly.

Carl's eyes burn with hate.

Lucius sees his lookout writhing on the sidewalk, then locks his eyes on Carl.

Carl lowers the barrel to Lucius' testicles and fires.

Lucius hits the sidewalk hard.

The other lookout and dealers hear the shotgun's fury. They pull their guns.

Carl pumps three blasts into the closest man, then lays the shotgun on the Cadillac's hood. He pulls the 9's from their holsters and marches toward the remaining crew.

The men fire at Carl.

Carl blazes back with both guns.

One by one the men fall dead.

Carl holsters the smoking 9's, then turns back to Lucius Jackson.

Carl takes the shotgun from the hood and puts an end to the rap music with one blast.

He stands over Jackson who's holding his blood-soaked crotch.

LUCIUS
You shot my dick off!

Carl tosses the shotgun.

CARL
You're not gonna miss it -- Not
where you're headed.

Reality smacks Lucius in the face.

LUCIUS
Officer, please don't kill me!
Please! I'll tell 'em the truth! I
swear I will!

Carl takes the 9mm from the holster on his gunbelt.

CARL

This was my son's gun. The one that
was still in his holster the night
you killed him.

Tears roll from Lucius' eyes.

LUCIUS

Officer, please!

CARL

He was just twenty-one-years old.

Carl chambers the 9.

CARL

You think about that on your way to
hell.

Carl puts a round through Lucius' heart, then shoots both his
eyes out.

Police sirens build in the distance.

Carl takes the serrated knife from his gunbelt, and a slice
of scalp from Lucius.

He takes the badge from his shirt and drops it on Jackson's
body...

then walks off into the night.

EXT. WATERFRONT STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

A double-garage door opens.

Carl pulls the sedan inside...

INT. STORAGE FACILITY

next to a parked SUV.

The garage door closes.

The trunk of the sedan is repeatedly kicked from the inside.

Carl opens the trunk. He reaches in to help Casey out, but is
met with a kick to his chest that sends him crashing into the
garage door.

Carl recovers and returns to the trunk.

CARL

What the hell did you do that for?!

Casey mumbles angrily through the duct tape.

Carl rips the tape off her mouth.

CASEY

Ow!

Carl reaches into the trunk again.

Casey sinks her teeth into his hand.

CARL

Dammit, Casey!

Carl grabs Casey's hair and pulls her head back to free his hand, then slams the trunk shut.

CARL

Son of a bitch!

Casey's kicking the trunk as hard as she can.

CASEY (O.S.)

Let me out of here!

She's kicking and yelling.

Carl goes to the SUV. He takes a hypodermic kit and a small spray can from it.

He stands at the sedan's trunk and takes in a deep breath -- then opens it.

Carl sprays Casey's face. She gasps.

Carl inserts the needle into Casey's arm. She blacks out.

INT. CARL'S SUV - MORNING

Carl drives.

Casey asleep in the passenger's seat, covered with a blanket.

She stirs, then opens her eyes.

Casey lunges for her father but is restrained by the seat belt.

Carl pulls the blanket off her.

Her hands are cuffed and chained to leg-irons.

Carl repositions the blanket.

CARL

You're a regular little hellcat,
aren't you?

CASEY

It really pissed me off when you
didn't call last Christmas.

CARL

You just behave -- I've gotta
figure this all out.

CASEY

Did you hurt the other officer?

CARL

I don't hurt cops. The squad cars'
tracking systems will lead them to
both, and the officer in the garage
where I left him.

CASEY

I almost didn't recognize you.

She stares at Carl's scarred face.

CASEY

Your face.

CARL

Everybody don't die so easy.

CASEY

Easy enough to put a gun to your
daughter's head, though.

CARL

I had to make it look like what it
was. That was all.

(quick beat)

How long have you been a cop? And
how did you get on the Department
with them knowing you were my
daughter?

CASEY

Two years. And they don't know I'm
your daughter -- I listed Bob as my
father.

CARL

So you were twenty-one, just like your brother. Didn't waste any time, did you?

CASEY

Somebody had to put flowers on Danny's grave. When I got to LA, there were none.

CARL

I can't visit Danny's grave. That's the price I paid making sure Danny's murderer paid his.

CASEY

You took the law into your own hands.

CARL

I did what I had to do.

CASEY

And the other killings over the years? You have to do those?

CARL

Man's gotta make a living.

CASEY

Murder's not a living.

Carl pulls the SUV to the side of the road and stops.

CARL

I'm no different than any other garbage man taking care of other people's trash -- I'm just a well paid one.

CASEY

I guess the ones that hire you are model citizens.

CARL

No. And if I was hired to kill them, I'd do that too -- But I never take an innocent life.

There's a silent stare between them.

CARL

Never.

A beat.

CASEY

Everyone in California knows who Comanche Carl is -- Everyone but me.

Carl puts the SUV in gear and back on the road.

CARL

How's your mother?

Casey looks out the window at the rolling hills and background mountains.

CASEY

Bob was on a business trip and in a meeting at the Trade Center on 9-11 -- Mother went with him -- She was waiting in the reception area.

Carl's eyes relive a past memory.

CASEY

Where are you taking me?

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The SUV turns off the highway and onto a gravel road.

CARL (O.S.)

Home.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - LOS ANGELES - MORNING

Some uniform officers mill around as detectives make notes.

DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT LEO BARNES, black, tall and around 40, walks over the area.

Barnes approaches DETECTIVE MICHAELS: an older officer.

BARNES

Anything?

MICHAELS

There was blood stains in both patrol cars. The officer left tied in his car isn't injured and we don't have any reason to believe Officer Ramirez is -- Our shooter went through one hell of a gunfight -- It's probably his.

Barnes watches the two patrol cars being pulled out of the storage space on dollies.

BARNES

Who rented the garage?

MICHAELS

Space belongs to a Mr. Johnson.
Paid for it a year in advance,
cash, few months back. The address
he gave is fictitious. Pretty sure
his name is, too.

BARNES

We got a description of Mr.
Johnson?

MICHAELS

The manager thinks he may have been
Indian, but he's not positive --
Maybe a mix.

Barnes looks over at one of the patrol cars being loaded on a flatbed.

BARNES

An East Indian?

MICHAELS

No.

Barnes holds his stare.

MICHAELS

I know what you're thinking but
there's nothing solid to tie him
into it yet. They'll go over the
cars with a fine tooth comb. If
he's connected, we'll find out soon
enough.

Barnes turns his attention to the burned out frame of the old Ford resting on four untouched tires.

BARNES

How the hell does a car burn like
that and leave the tires untouched?

MICHAELS

Yeah, it's weird, which fits the
rest of the scenario.

BARNES

And why would a man that's just killed seven men tie up one officer and kidnap another? Why wouldn't he just waste them both?

MICHAELS

Maybe for the same reason he put new tires on a piece of shit like that?

Barnes considers Michaels' thought.

BARNES

Because he had to.

MICHAELS

Makes more sense than anything else here.

A WRECKER DRIVER pops the scorched trunk of the burned sedan with a crowbar. The inside is untouched. The pizza sign is intact.

WRECKER DRIVER

(to detectives)

What do you want to do with this pizza sign?

EXT. BEL AIR HOME - SAME MORNING

A black Corvette on a circular driveway comes to a stop in front of a large home.

POOL SIDE

TOM VALENTINE, mid-50's with tanned skin and perfect in-place hair, has breakfast by his pool. He studies his profile with a handheld mirror.

Two MEN scan the area with electronic equipment.

JOHNNY MERLINO, gangster handsome, early-30's in a tight tank top and wearing sunglasses, enters the pool area from the house. He carries a newspaper in one hand.

JOHNNY

You seen this morning's paper?

Tom puts a finger to his lips and scolds Johnny with his eyes.

SCANNING MAN
It's all clear, Mr. Valentine.

Johnny takes off the sunglasses.

JOHNNY
You seen the paper?

The two men with the scanning equipment are on their way out.
One acknowledges Johnny.

SCANNING MAN
Good morning, Mr. Merlino.

Johnny ignores the man.

TOM VALENTINE
Do you see me eating breakfast
here?

Johnny lays the newspaper in front of Tom.

TOM VALENTINE
Get that out of my face. Makes me
nauseous all the shit that's in it.
World's in a fuckin' mess.

JOHNNY
Your boys' sudden departure is on
the front page.

Tom ignores Johnny -- reexamines his hair with the mirror.

TOM VALENTINE
How's my hair look? You see any
gray?

JOHNNY
And the kidnapped cop is the top
headline.

Tom lays the mirror down.

TOM VALENTINE
What kidnapped cop?

JOHNNY
The one Mr. Nevada took with him.

TOM VALENTINE
No he didn't.

JOHNNY
Yes he did.

TOM VALENTINE
He did not kidnap a cop!

Johnny points to the headline.

JOHNNY
It says right here he did!

Tom scans the story.

TOM VALENTINE
Where does it say his name?!

JOHNNY
It don't, because they don't know
it -- yet.

Tom grabs the paper and rips it apart.

TOM VALENTINE
That's why I don't read the shit!
Nothin' but trouble in it!

JOHNNY
So what do you wanna do?

A beat through Tom's aggravation.

TOM VALENTINE
I would like to finish my fuckin'
breakfast without hearing anymore
shit -- You think that can be
arranged?

Johnny puts his shades back on.

JOHNNY
Sure, boss. Sorry I bothered you.

Tom furrows his brow.

TOM VALENTINE
Sit down, Johnny.

Johnny pulls a chair up to the table and sits.

TOM VALENTINE
Look at me.

Johnny stares.

TOM VALENTINE
Without the glasses.

Johnny slowly removes the glasses.

TOM VALENTINE
Well?

Johnny takes a long glare at Tom.

JOHNNY
No -- I don't see no gray.

Tom nods.

TOM VALENTINE
You see, you didn't forget. And I
don't either. If Carl Nevada
kidnapped that cop -- he had a
reason.

JOHNNY
They'll be looking for him.

Johnny spots the sweet rolls.

JOHNNY
Those cinnamon rolls?

Tom passes the plate.

JOHNNY
I got a bad sweet tooth.

TOM VALENTINE
They don't know who he is.

Johnny talks through a large bite of the roll.

JOHNNY
He's gettin' old and sloppy. He
kidnapped a cop. There were
witnesses -- If they don't already
know who he is, they will.

TOM VALENTINE
Then we'll worry about it then.
Besides, nobody knows where to find
Carl -- Not even me.

Johnny finishes the roll and brushes his hands off.

JOHNNY

He's still got half comin' from the contract. Make him use a pick-up point. Take him out and be rid of the worry.

Tom shakes his head.

TOM VALENTINE

Wouldn't work. His money's wired to an untraceable third party account. He's smart.

JOHNNY

So are you -- Big Tom.

Tom's expression says he likes the given title.

TOM VALENTINE

Alright -- I'm listening.

JOHNNY

Government freezes assets all the time. You couldn't wire what you haven't got.

TOM VALENTINE

They don't freeze mine.

JOHNNY

Carl wouldn't know that. If all you've got to offer is hard cash -- he'd pick it up.

Tom smooths his hair.

TOM VALENTINE

I don't know -- Carl's not one to cross.

Johnny eyes give Tom's hair a once over.

TOM VALENTINE

What?

Johnny touches his finger above his ear.

JOHNNY

I see one.

Tom grabs the mirror and examines the accused area before getting Johnny's point.

TOM VALENTINE

Alright -- Use the contact -- He
may know where to find Nevada.

Johnny smiles.

JOHNNY

Must of been the way the light was
hittin' it.

Tom continues the love affair with his own reflection as
Johnny walks away.

EXT. CARL'S MOUNTAIN CABIN - SAME MORNING

Carl's SUV stops in front of a cabin.

Two large Dobermans, one wearing a red collar, one wearing
blue, sit waiting on the cabin's porch.

INT. CARL'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

CASEY

Where are we?

As Carl is getting out...

CARL

My heaven.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Carl opens Casey's door and stands over her with the cuff
key.

CARL

You going to behave?

CASEY

What choice do I have?

Carl frees Casey from the restraints.

She climbs out and gazes over the surrounding, majestic
setting.

CASEY

Sierras -- We must be close to
King's Canyon.

CARL

Why?

CASEY
Because you always loved it.

CARL
Still do.

Casey turns her attention to the Dobermans.

CASEY
Guard dogs?

CARL
Don't know. There's never been an
intruder.

Carl calls to the dogs.

CASEY
Joe -- Marlee!

The dogs come running -- sniff at Casey's feet.

Carl snaps his finger at the dogs and points to Casey.

CARL
Friend!

CASEY
Joe and Marlee?

CARL
Marly's the one with the red
collar. I named her after that deaf
actress.

CASEY
Marlee Matlin?

CARL
Yeah -- She don't hear so good. I
think her former owner may have
abused her.

CASEY
What makes you think that?

CARL
She helped me kill him.

CASEY
At least she had a reason.

Carl ignores the comment.

CARL

I got Joe so Marly would have a companion -- someone to hear for her.

CASEY

Why Joe?

Carl's getting his bag from the SUV.

CARL

Why not?

There's a sudden uneasiness between them. Carl motions toward the cabin.

CARL

After you.

CASEY

Don't get any crazy idea that I'm glad to see you, or all's been forgot and forgiven, because it hasn't. You're holding me here against my will -- You best remember that.

Carl steps past Casey and onto the porch steps, avoiding the first one.

CARL

When you're through making speeches you're welcome to come in.

Casey follows quickly behind Carl...

CASEY

I'm not kidding!

stepping onto the first board. It's loose and flies up on her. She falls backward and to the ground.

Carl looks back after reaching the top.

CARL

First board's loose. I gotta fix it.

Casey springs to her feet.

CARL

First lesson in life. If you don't know what lies ahead... you better step easy.

The dogs bark.

CASEY

(to the dogs)

Oh, shut up!

INT. CABIN

Casey follows Carl inside.

CARL

There's an extra room on the right. I'll be on the left.

Casey surveys the interior of the cabin.

CASEY

How long do you plan on keeping me here?

CARL

I never planned on nothing in my life. Best not to. Never works out. You're here because if you weren't... I wouldn't be.

CASEY

If you think I'm just going to take up house here, you've got...

CARL

I don't think that, or want it.

Casey's eyes search the cabin.

CASEY

That, I already know.

CARL

If you're looking for a phone, there's not one.

CASEY

Not even a cellular?

CARL

Not even a can on a string.

Carl throws his bag on the couch.

CARL

Cellular's won't work here. The electricity works off photocells. TV's on satellite. Water comes from plumbing run to the stream. A wood-stove keeps it warm and you don't need air-conditioning -- I'm hungry. You cook?

CASEY

No.

Carl walks toward his bedroom.

CARL

Kitchen's behind you. There's beer in the fridge -- Help yourself.

CASEY

I said I don't cook. And I don't want your beer!

Carl's bedroom door slams to.

Casey's alone with the two dogs blocking the front doorway. She yells to Carl's room.

CASEY

Aren't you afraid I'll run off?!

She waits for the answer that doesn't come, then stares down at the dogs who stare back.

CARL'S BEDROOM

Carl takes off his shirt. He peels back the gauze from his wounds and grimaces.

INT. LA POLICE DEPARTMENT - HOMICIDE OFFICE - DAY

LIEUTENANT BARNES' OFFICE

Barnes is behind his desk, staring at a computer printout.

There's a knock on the door.

BARNES

Come in.

Detective Michaels enters with his own printout.

MICHAELS
Prints are back -- Looks like we
got a confirmation.

BARNES
I know.

Michaels reads from the printout he holds.

MICHAELS
Sergeant Carl Nevada -- The most
decorated officer in Department
history.

BARNES
And the most-wanted contract killer
in the nation.

It's evident Michaels hates to agree.

MICHAELS
Yeah.

Barnes takes a second printout off his desk and hands it to
Michaels.

BARNES
Officer Ramirez is his daughter.

MICHAELS
What?!

BARNES
That just came in from Internal
Affairs. Evidently the background
investigations for applicants is
not what it should be -- They ran a
check from her birth -- She legally
changed her name when she was
fourteen to Ramirez: Her mother's
married name.

MICHAELS
You think she went with him on her
own?

Barnes ignores Michaels question.

BARNES
Chief wants both their faces
plastered across the six-o'clock
news.

MICHAELS

Right.

Michaels lingers.

BARNES

What?

MICHAELS

You were friends with Nevada,
weren't you?

BARNES

Carl Nevada was my training
officer. The friendship ended there
-- We didn't socialize.

A beat.

MICHAELS

I'll interview the girl again.

BARNES

What girl?

MICHAELS

The one Nevada left alive at the
hit. We can take her down on a
parole violation if we want -- If
she knows anything she'll deal.

BARNES

Get her in here now. Tell her if
she ever wants to see daylight
again... she better remember a lot
more than we ask.

INT. CARL'S CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

Casey's outside Carl's bedroom door. She knocks.

CASEY

Are you going to stay in there all
day?

There's no answer. She knocks again, then looks in.

CARL'S BEDROOM

Carl's lying on the bed.

Casey senses something's wrong.

CASEY
Are you sick?

She walks closer and sees the blood on the sheets.

She lays her hand on Carl's forehead.

CASEY
You're burning up.

CARL
There's aspirin and a bottle of
antibiotics in the medicine
cabinet. Get them and the black bag
under the sink.

Casey retrieves the items.

CASEY
You need a doctor.

CARL
No doctors -- You see my arm?

CASEY
Hard to miss it.

CARL
Most of the hits went through.
There's three I count that didn't.
I can't get to 'em so you'll have
to. What you'll need is in the bag.

CASEY
You're kidding.

CARL
Not kidding.

CASEY
Then you must be out of your head
with fever because I'm no doctor.
I'll get you to a hospital...

CARL
No.

CASEY
Then we'll drive to a town and find
a doctor.

CARL
No doctors!

CASEY
How are you going to stop me?!

CARL
Joe!

Joe pants his way to the doorway with Marlee beside him.

CARL
Guard!

Joe barks and plants himself inside the doorway. Marlee looks over at Joe and does the same.

CASEY
You're as crazy as ever.

Carl tries to get up.

CARL
Help me up.

EXT. CABIN - EVENING

Thunder rumbles through a pouring rain.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

KITCHEN

Carl sits at the kitchen table, drinking straight from a bottle of Wild Turkey, his eyes glassy.

CARL
I'm ready.

Carl turns his chair and lays his arm on a white towel at the table's corner.

Casey takes tongs and removes a probe and long narrow tweezers from a boiling pot on the stove to a tray covered in paper towels.

CASEY
Now what?

CARL
Turn off the overhead and adjust the snake lamp so the light shines just on my arm. That'll keep you focused on the wounds.

Casey sets the tray on the table and adjusts the light.

CARL
Now pour the bottle of alcohol over
the wounds.

CASEY
That's gonna smart.

CARL
Not as bad as the shot did.

Casey pours the alcohol.

Carl grits his teeth.

CARL
Now dig 'em out.

CASEY
How?

CARL
Stick the probe in and feel for the
ball. When you find it, stretch the
hole, reach in with the tweezers,
and pull it out.

CASEY
I suppose I'm stitching you, too.

Carl takes a big swig from the bottle.

CARL
Do it.

CASEY
(sighs)
It's your funeral.

Casey begins.

Carl grimaces.

Casey finds the first ball. She pulls it out and drops it in
a coffee cup.

Carl's sweating.

CASEY
Am I hurting you?

Carl cuts his eyes at Casey, then turns the bottle up.

Casey wipes the sweat from her brow with the back of her hand before moving to the next wound.

CASEY
Why do you do what you do?

CARL
Why do you?

CASEY
Because I want to make a
difference.

Carl takes another swallow.

CARL
So do I.

Casey stops.

CASEY
Excuse me?

CARL
You don't know how many cops' lives
I may have saved these last ten
years. The scum I've taken out
wouldn't have thought twice to
waste any of you.

CASEY
That how you reason it?

CARL
No. I think of Danny every time I
drop the hammer on one of the
worthless shits, because I could
only kill the one that killed him
once -- And once just wasn't
enough.

Carl guzzles from the bottle.

Casey stares for a moment, then begins again with the probe.

CASEY
I don't blame you for what you did
about Danny. If I had been old
enough and could have, I would have
done the same. But that's where it
would have ended. What you do is
wrong.

Casey pulls a second ball from Carl's arm and drops it into the cup.

Carl's glazed eyes are locked in a frozen stare, his mind in another time.

CARL
I shot his eyes and heart out.

Casey's unsure who he means.

CASEY
The one..?

CARL
Killed Danny.

CASEY
Why did you have to...

CARL
It's the Comanche way.

Casey begins on the last wound.

CASEY
Your ancestors.

CARL
And yours -- Comanche warrior
believed without eyes you couldn't
find your way to the next world.
Without a heart the spirit couldn't
find you. Without both you'd wander
endlessly in darkness... forever.
(beat)
It was the worst I could think to
do to him.

CASEY
Thank god you didn't scalp him.

Carl takes another swallow from the bottle.

CARL
I did that too.

Casey hopes she knows the answer to her own question.

CASEY
Tell me you didn't keep it.

CARL
Burned it years back -- Made me
remember too much, looking at it.

Casey pulls the probe back.

CARL
What?

CASEY
I can't find the last one!

CARL
Sure you can. Dig deeper.

Casey's eyes burn into her father.

CASEY
Damn, you're relentless.

She begins again, and with a question she has to ask.

CASEY
Why did Mom leave you?

CARL
I don't talk about your mother.

CASEY
Danny knew, but he wouldn't say.

CARL
He shouldn't have. Had nothing to
do with him.

Casey jerks the third ball round from Carl's arm.

CARL
Shit!

Casey plunks the round into the cup with the other two.

CARL'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Carl falls back onto the bed. Casey covers him with a
blanket.

CARL
I ever tell you you're just as
pretty as your mother?

Sleep overcomes him.

Carl turns over on his side -- keys jangle.

Casey eases the blanket back.

Carl's key ring lies beside him.

MAIN ROOM

The dogs scratch at the door.

I/E. CABIN

The rain is pouring.

Casey lets Joe and Marlee out. She steps onto the porch and looks over at the parked SUV, then at the keys in her hand.

MAIN ROOM CABIN

Casey paces the floor before stopping at a bookcase where she finds...

framed photos of her as a child with her father -- others with her brother. She picks up a paper valentine that's signed: To my Daddy, from Casey.

INT. NEVADA HOME - FLASHBACK

BATHROOM

Carl's shaving, his face lathered.

Casey, five-years-old, walks in, her hands behind her back.

Carl looks down at her.

Casey holds a valentine out to him.

CASEY

Will you be my valentine?

Carl takes the card and smiles.

CARL

If you'll be mine.

CASEY

I will. I made that for you so if you ever think I don't love you, you can just read it and remember I do.

CARL

Why would I ever think you don't
love me?

BACK TO SCENE

Casey lays the card on the coffee table and the keys to the SUV on top of it. She looks away, obviously anguishing over her plight before turning on the TV with the remote.

The late news is showing Carl and Casey's police ID's above their names. Nevada, is in parenthesis next to Ramirez.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The LA Police have posted a nationwide lookout for the two. Carl Nevada is wanted for the murders of seven men in an east Los Angeles barrio last night and the possible kidnapping of LA Police Officer Casey Ramirez.

INT. TOM VALENTINE'S HOME - SAME

STUDY

Tom Valentine watches the same newscast with a drink in his hand.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Because of the father-daughter relationship between the infamous contract killer and former police officer, it's still uncertain at this time whether Officer Ramirez was taken against her will.

Tom ends the broadcast with the remote. He finishes his drink, then stares at his reflection on the blank screen and smooths his hair.

INT. CARL'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

MAIN ROOM

Casey turns her eyes to her father's bedroom door.

MORNING

CARL'S BEDROOM

Carl stands in front of the dresser's mirror. He stares at his scarred face, then touches his bandaged arm. He reaches into his pants pocket and realizes the keys are gone.

MAIN ROOM

On his way through the room Carl spots his keys on top of the valentine.

KITCHEN

Carl enters.

Casey's at the stove, still in her uniform, cooking.

CARL
Thought you didn't cook.

Casey ignores the comment.

CASEY
Coffee's hot -- Hope you like your
eggs scrambled.

CARL
Scrambled's fine -- If you'd like
to change your clothes I could
probably find...

CASEY
I don't -- How's your arm?

CARL
Sore.

Carl sets the keys and valentine on the table, then takes his seat.

CARL
Why didn't you leave?

Casey sets Carl's plate in front of him.

CASEY
I don't know.

She pours them both coffee and takes a seat across from him. Casey nods toward the valentine.

CASEY
I made that for you when I was in
kindergarten.

CARL
I remember -- Casey, I...

Casey cuts him off.

CASEY
We're all over the news.

CARL
Since when?

CASEY
The late news carried a detailed report on us while you slept.

CARL
They know you're my...

CASEY
Yes -- They know.

CARL
Well that settles it. I've got enough money put away to last two lifetimes. Plenty to share with you.

CASEY
What are you saying?

CARL
Saying I owe you, and I'm tired. Tired of living in the past.

CASEY
I can't stay here with you!

CARL
Not asking you to stay. I'm saying I'll make arrangements to get you back to LA with enough money to last you for the rest of your life. You'll never have to work another day on the street or anywhere else.

CASEY
I see -- and you'll go?

CARL
Canada, Europe -- I don't know. Somewhere.

Casey stares into her coffee cup.

CASEY

Two days ago I woke up in my own apartment, put my uniform on, went to court, then to work where you burst back into my life after ten years like a runaway train.

She looks up at Carl.

CASEY

Number one: I don't want your money
-- Number two: I like my job and my life just the way it is, without you in it -- And last and most regretful: I wish to hell I'd have taken the day off!

Casey storms away from the table.

INT. LA POLICE DEPARTMENT - HOMICIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
INTERROGATION ROOM

The blonde woman from the barrio hit sits at a table.

Lieutenant Barnes and Detective Michaels enter.

Barnes lays a police file in front of the woman.

BARNES

Like something to drink?

BLONDE WOMAN

A Coke would be nice.

MICHAELS

One Coke, comin' up.

Michaels leaves.

BARNES

I'm Lieutenant Barnes, Homicide.

BLONDE WOMAN

Okay.

Barnes opens the file on the table and points.

BARNES

Which of these two addresses do you prefer?

The woman examines her options.

BLONDE WOMAN
The top one.

BARNES
Which is?

BLONDE WOMAN
My apartment.

BARNES
And this one?

BLONDE WOMAN
Valley State.

BARNES
Which is?

BLONDE WOMAN
A prison.

Barnes picks up the file and reads from it.

BARNES
Prostitution, drugs, prostitution,
drugs, prostitution, prostitution,
drugs, drugs... felony drugs --
You're on parole.

BLONDE WOMAN
Yes, sir.

BARNES
What's the one violation besides
not reporting-in that will send you
back to Valley State?

The woman whimpers.

BLONDE WOMAN
I don't know, sir.

BARNES
Ever heard of association with
known felons?

BLONDE WOMAN
Like, knowin' their name?

BARNES
Like fuckin' one of 'em just before
he gets his brains blown out.

BLONDE WOMAN

Oh.

BARNES

You want to go back to Chowchilla?

A tear rolls down the woman's cheek.

BLONDE WOMAN

No, sir.

BARNES

You're going to tell me everything
you heard and saw that night,
aren't you?

The woman nods her head.

BARNES

Don't you leave anything out.

LATER

BLONDE WOMAN

And he says, "You should keep
better company." Then he shoots
Larry again and walks out like he
owns the place.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM

Michaels is at the door about to enter when he hears...

BARNES (O.S.)

And you're sure of the name you
heard him call out?

INTERROGATION ROOM

The woman crosses her heart.

BLONDE WOMAN

I swear. He put that gun against Bo-
Bo's head and said, "Big Tom
Valentine says hello."

The woman begins to cry.

BLONDE WOMAN

And then he just shot him -- For no
reason.

Barnes stares at the woman.

BLONDE WOMAN
We thought he was the pizza man.

Michaels enters with the Coke.

BARNES
Go ahead and kick her.

MICHAELS
Kick her?

BARNES
Yeah. She don't know anything.

MICHAELS
What about her probation?

Barnes cuts his eyes at Michaels.

Michaels takes the woman's arm.

MICHAELS
Alright, let's go.

The woman wipes her tears away as Michaels leads her out.

BLONDE WOMAN
Am I going back to prison? Am I?

Detective Michaels closes the door behind him.

BLONDE WOMAN (O.S.)
Do I still get the Coke?

Barnes closes the woman's file.

INT. CABIN - CARL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carl types on a laptop. He sends his message and waits.

A text scrolls across the screen: WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO?

INT. BLONDE WOMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

The apartment is dark.

The front door opens.

The blonde woman enters and turns on a lamp. A black male, MELVIN, is beside her.

BLONDE WOMAN
It's a hundred up-front. If you're
gonna get kinky tell me now 'cause
I don't like...

Johnny Merlino steps into view from the kitchen, holding a
silenced pistol and eating a cookie.

The woman jumps back.

BLONDE WOMAN
...surprises!

MELVIN
Oh, shit.

Melvin raises his hands.

Johnny holds up the cookie.

JOHNNY
(to the woman)
You make these?

The blonde stares through a beat.

BLONDE WOMAN
Pillsbury.

JOHNNY
They're good.

Johnny fires three shots into the woman. She falls face down,
dead.

MELVIN
Shit! You shot her!

JOHNNY
Yeah, if you don't hit the females
first they start screaming and
shit. Next thing you know you got
neighbors banging on the door --
Can get ugly.

MELVIN
Look man, I just met her. I didn't
know she be gettin' down with
nobody.

JOHNNY
What's your name?

MELVIN
 (hesitates)
 Melvin.

JOHNNY
 Melvin, you ever have a day when
 you just didn't feel lucky?

MELVIN
 (sighs)
 Lots of 'em.

Johnny fires two shots into Melvin. He falls face down atop
 the blonde's back.

Johnny finishes the cookie as he walks to the bodies and
 stands over them.

JOHNNY
 That would have cost you more than
 a hundred.

He fires a round into Melvin's back. Both bodies jump.

I/E. AUTOMOBILE - NIGHT

Lt. Barnes drives alone.

His car turns off the highway and onto a winding, gravel up-
 grade.

EXT. CARL'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

FRONT PORCH

Crickets serenade then night

Carl stands on the porch, thinking.

The headlights from a car appear on the gravel road.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

MAIN ROOM

Carl rushes in.

CASEY
 What is it?

CARL
 Walk back and forth in front of the
 window.

The dogs begin to growl.

CARL

And whatever you do, don't let the
dogs out. Understand?

KITCHEN

Carl takes a revolver from a drawer.

I/E. BARNES' AUTO - CONTINUOUS

Barnes sees the cabin's lights. He stops the car and cuts the
headlights, then...

climbs out with a gun in his hand.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

MAIN ROOM

Casey paces in front of the window.

She stops.

CASEY

Shit!

CARL'S BEDROOM

Casey rushes into Carl's bedroom and to his closet. She finds
a 9 inch Python .357 and pulls it from it's holster.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Barnes approaches the cabin, gun in hand.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

MAIN ROOM

Casey is back in front of the window, the gun held out of
sight by her side.

EXT. CABIN

Barnes makes his way to the front porch steps. He sees
Casey's shadowed figure pacing the floor through the window.

Barnes eases his foot onto the first step.

The board pops up.

Barnes falls backward and down.

A gun barrel touches the side of Barnes' head.

Carl cocks the hammer, then drops it on an empty chamber.

CARL

Bang.

BARNES

Jesus, Carl! I thought you fixed
that damn thing?!

Carl helps Barnes to his feet.

CARL

And I thought I trained you better.

BARNES

How bad were you hit?

CARL

I'm still here.

Carl points to Casey's silhouette in front of the window.

CARL

She took care of me.

Barnes holsters his gun.

BARNES

What the hell did you do?

CARL

You've already asked me that once.

BARNES

And I'm still waiting on an answer.

CARL

I'm still trying to think of one.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

MAIN ROOM

The door opens.

The dogs growl, then stop and sit.

Barnes walks in.

A revolver's hammer cocks.

Barnes stops dead in his tracks.

Casey's taking aim with the long-barrel magnum.

CASEY

One more step and you're a dead man.

Carl fills the doorway.

CARL

Casey -- put the gun away.

KITCHEN - LATER

Carl, Casey and Barnes, sit around the kitchen table nursing their beer.

CASEY

So you're my father's setup man.

Barnes looks at Carl for help.

CARL

Leo's a friend. That's all.

CASEY

A homicide lieutenant just helping an old friend out who happens to be a fugitive, huh? I think there's probably a little more to it than that.

BARNES

You can take me down. I don't deny that.

CARL

Nobody's taking anyone down. Leo's here to help you, and that's his only involvement -- Understand?

CASEY

I hear you.

CARL

This is how it's gonna play out, so you listen and remember -- When I found out they knew you were my daughter, I made a call to Leo.

(MORE)

CARL (cont'd)

Told him to come alone to a pick-up point... or I'd kill you. Enough will remember Leo and I were friends for it to make sense.

CASEY

Well that was easy enough for you to figure out. If you'd have been as good figuring how to keep your daughter in your life -- you'd have been some father.

(to Barnes)

I'm ready when you are.

(to Carl)

I won't be leaving with anything I didn't come with.

Casey storms out of the kitchen.

Barnes waits until Casey's out of earshot.

BARNES

There's a witness that heard you call Valentine's name at the hit.

CARL

What witness?

BARNES

You don't remember the girl?

Carl thinks.

CARL

I remember her.

BARNES

You left her alive.

CARL

She was just a hooker at the wrong place at the wrong time -- I don't kill just to kill -- You know that.

BARNES

You normally call out your employer's name?

CARL

That's the way Tom wanted it. It's the way they all want it. That's the point of it.

BARNES

They'll be coming after you. They won't take the chance you'd talk if you're caught.

CARL

I figured. But you're the only one who knows where I am -- Besides, I'm leaving right behind you -- I'm through with it all.

BARNES

Through with it?

CARL

That's right. I'm retiring -- I don't have the stomach for it any longer.

BARNES

You'll let me know where you are?

CARL

No -- when I leave here I disappear for good.

BARNES

Maybe I'll retire too -- Maybe I'm just as sick of it.

CARL

I paid you well over the years, Leo -- No reason you shouldn't.

BARNES

We were good cops -- We were.

CARL

We were human -- I needed satisfaction -- You needed money -- We both quit being good cops at the first taste.

Casey steps into the kitchen doorway.

CASEY

(to Barnes)

What are you waiting on? Let's go.

CARL

(to Barnes)

Give us a minute.

CASEY

(to Carl)

We don't need a minute -- Just finish your beer, Comanche Carl -- A minute with me won't do near as much for you.

Casey turns to leave, but turns back just as fast.

CASEY

You know for one crazy moment...

Their eyes lock for an instant in an effort to read each other's thoughts.

CASEY

(to Barnes)

I'll be outside when you can tear yourself away.

Casey leaves.

Barnes says his goodbye to Carl.

BARNES

I'll get her back -- take care of everything -- She'll be fine.

CARL

Just make sure they understand she wanted no part of me.

BARNES

I'm sorry, Carl -- I truly am.

Barnes follows Casey out.

Carl senses Barnes is almost too apologetic.

AT THE CABIN WINDOW

Carl watches Barnes and Casey drive away.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

Barnes' car drives past a black sedan hidden from view off the road.

INT. SEDAN

FOUR MEN watch the taillights from Barnes' car fade into the night.

One of the men, RED, a given for his hair and complexion, mid-30's, chambers a semi-automatic.

RED
Let's go to work.

INT. CABIN

KITCHEN

Carl clears the beer bottles from the table. Casey's valentine stares up at him from the counter.

EXT. CABIN

The four men from the sedan walk toward the house, guns in hand. One carries a machine gun.

INT. CABIN

MAIN ROOM

Joe gets to his feet, growling. Marlee follows.

Carl cuts the light in the room. In the dark he peers out the window and sees the four shadowed figures in the moonlight.

EXT. CABIN

The men stop in their tracks when they see the light go out.

COMPANION
Red?

RED
Back away.

The men back into the tree line.

INT. CABIN

CARL'S BEDROOM

Carl turns away from the closet, a 9mm in each hand.

He flips a circuit breaker, sending the cabin dark.

EXT. CABIN

Red calls out to one of his men.

RED
Bring the car up. Point it at the
cabin and hit the lights.

The MAN runs toward the sedan.

INT. CABIN

MAIN ROOM

The dogs still growl.

CARL
Joe, Marlee, quiet!

The dogs obey.

Carl peers into the dark from the corner of a window.

EXT. CABIN

Gravel crunches under the sedan's tires. The vehicle stops.
The headlights shine on the cabin.

The driver crawls out, his gun ready.

RED
This is the Los Angeles Police! We
know you're in there, Nevada! Show
your hands and come out!

INT. CABIN

Carl raises the window.

CARL
Little out of your jurisdiction,
aren't you?! You must have a
warrant!

EXT. CABIN

RED
That's right! We got a warrant! Now
do like I told you!

INT. CABIN

Carl moves to another window, but the car's headlights are
blinding.

RED (O.S.)
You comin' out or not?!

Carl moves back to the open window.

CARL
Bring the warrant up!

RED (O.S.)
So you can pick us off?! Not likely!

CARL
Then shield yourself with the car and hold the paper out! I just want to see it!

EXT. CABIN

Red snake-eyes the cabin.

RED
(to the other men)
Who's got paper?

The men search their pockets.

COMPANION
(to Red)
I got a subpoena to traffic court.

RED
Walk behind the car and hold it out so he can see it.

TWO MEN rush to the car.

RED
(to Carl)
Alright! We're bringing it up!

One of the men puts the car in motion. The other walks behind the trunk.

INT. CABIN

Carl watches the car approach.

RED (O.S.)
There! He's holding the warrant out! Now show yourself!

CARL
Keep comin'! I can't see it yet!

EXT. CABIN

The man holding the subpoena looks back to Red.

Red waves him forward.

The car stops.

RED
That's as close as we're comin'!
Now come out!

CARL (O.S.)
Cut the lights so I can see!

The men wait for Red's call.

RED
Cut the lights!

The moonlight illuminates the cabin and the area around it.

The intruders listen to the stillness around them.

Red looks to the man beside him with the machine gun. He nods.

The man fires on the cabin, spraying it and splintering the wood from side to side.

Joe and Marlee appear from the dark in a full run, growling.

Joe attacks the machine-gunner and takes him to the ground.

Marlee leaps at Red but is shot in mid-air.

Carl comes from the side of the cabin, 9's in both hands, firing at the two men by the car as he walks.

The men return fire as they flee.

Carl shoots them both dead.

Joe leaves his man and attacks Red, ripping at his throat.

The previous man bloodied by Joe, pulls a pistol and shoots Joe point blank.

Carl unloads into the man, killing him.

He rushes to his dogs.

Joe and Marlee are dead.

Red struggles for air, his throat ripped and bleeding.

Carl presses his foot against Red's throat.

CARL
Who sent you?

Red grimaces.

Carl presses harder.

RED
Merlino.

CARL
Who?

Red's fighting for every breath.

RED
Merlino -- Works for Valentine.

CARL
How'd you find me?

INT. BARNES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Barnes drives.

Casey, her face turned to the night, wipes tears away with her fingers.

BARNES
There's Kleenex in the glove box.

Casey opens the box but only finds a fast-food napkin.

CASEY
Burger King.

She blows her nose.

CASEY
Guess you've never seen a cop cry.

BARNES
I've seen a few.

CASEY
How far are we from LA?

BARNES

About four hours -- Are you going
be all right with this, Casey?

CASEY

No, I'm not alright -- That's
something you need to know.

BARNES

Just stick to the story. Don't make
things difficult and they won't be.

CASEY

What do you mean?

Barnes cuts his eyes at Casey...

BARNES

Just stick to the story.

then back to the road.

BARNES

As for me. I'm officially retired
as of tonight -- Going where no man
can find me.

Casey returns to her thoughts. One in particular angers her.

CASEY

(to herself)

Damn that valentine.

Casey's words catch Barnes off guard.

BARNES

Carl told you?

Casey shrugs.

CASEY

Not at first -- But he didn't try
to hide it from me either.

Barnes' thoughts race for a solution, but he knows what he
has to do.

INT. CARL'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

CARL'S BEDROOM

Carl wears a double shoulder holster housing his twin 9mm's above a second, empty, lower double holster. He secures an ammo belt around his waist with full magazines, then

opens a large hard-case containing two machine pistols and one Ruger with an attached silencer.

EXT. CARL'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Carl's SUV sprays gravel as it speeds away.

Red's dead eyes stare below the bullet hole in his forehead.

EXT. INTERSTATE - LATER

Barnes' car takes an exit ramp.

INT. BARNES' CAR

CASEY

Why are we getting off here? This isn't the exit for the precinct.

BARNES

We have to make a stop first.

CASEY

Where?

Barnes thinks fast.

BARNES

Just something I have to check on -- Be sure about.

Casey's uneasy with Barnes' behavior.

CASEY

Like what?

Barnes is getting rattled.

BARNES

I want to talk with an attorney I know! About my involvement with your father.

CASEY

You were his setup man.

BARNES

I was his friend! The only one he had!

(MORE)

BARNES (cont'd)
 Now I'll be wanted too -- My
 answers have to come tonight,
 because by daylight I'll be gone.

Casey suddenly realizes where they are.

CASEY
 This is Bel Air.

BARNES
 Yes it is.

I/E. OUTSIDE GATES OF BEL AIR MANSION

Barnes stops his car at the gated entrance.

CASEY
 Who lives here? Johnny Cochran?

Barnes pushes the gate's speaker button.

After a few moments...

VOICE (FILTERED)
 Who is it?

BARNES
 Leo Barnes to see Tom.

VOICE (FILTERED)
 He's asleep. Come back tomorrow.

BARNES
 It's important I see him tonight.

VOICE (FILTERED)
 You're who?

BARNES
 (almost angry)
 Leo Barnes!

A SHORT TIME LAPSE

VOICE (FILTERED)
 Mr. Valentine says he never heard
 of you. Now beat it!

CASEY
 Valentine?

BARNES
 Tell him I've got Carl Nevada's
 daughter with me!

Barnes looks at Casey.

BARNES
The cop he kidnapped.

Casey understands now. She grabs the door handle to escape but it's locked.

Barnes draws his gun and points it at Casey's head.

BARNES
Don't.

Casey eases back into the seat.

BARNES
I asked you not to be difficult,
but you wouldn't listen.

CASEY
Just let me out of this car and
I'll guarantee you the rest of the
night as a start to wherever you're
going.

BARNES
I'm afraid that's not an option.

CASEY
You take me through those gates and
you'll never live another day
without fear -- He'll hunt you down
-- And you know what he'll do when
he finds you.

BARNES
Life is a gamble -- but your father
and I have played our last hand --
It's the man behind that gate's
call now -- and I'm standin' pat.

The gate swings open.

INT. MANSION

LIVING AREA

Barnes and Casey are escorted into the large room by TWO MEN.

Tom Valentine stands in his bathrobe between his BODYGUARDS.

TOM VALENTINE
What the fuck are you doin' here?!

BARNES
I didn't have any other choice.

TOM VALENTINE
There's always a choice. And you
made a bad one!

BARNES
What was I supposed to do?! She
knows about Carl and the barrio
hit! She knows everything!

CASEY
(to Barnes)
You bastard.

Tom looks to Barnes for a better answer.

BARNES
She called your name!

CASEY
What?

BARNES
In the car! You said, "Damn,
Valentine!"

CASEY
I was talking about the valentine I
gave my father when I was five-
years old.

Silent stares, then Barnes' evident lack of knowing what to
do next.

BARNES
Tom, I..

Valentine points his finger.

TOM VALENTINE
Shut-up!

Tom smooths his hand over his hair. He turns to one of the
BODYGUARDS.

TOM VALENTINE
Johnny back yet?

BODYGUARD
He didn't go Mr. Valentine -- He
sent Red.

Valentine blows up.

TOM VALENTINE
You call Mr. Merlino and tell him
to get his ass over here! Now!

I/E. JOHNNY MERLINO'S CORVETTE - NIGHT

Johnny's black Corvette races through the streets.

Inside the car, Johnny's listening to a golden-age radio show.

He's pissed.

JOHNNY
Three o'clock in the fuckin'
morning! I don't believe this shit!

OUTSIDE VALENTINE'S MANSION

Johnny's Corvette pulls up to the gate. The gate opens. The Corvette peels rubber.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

LIVING AREA

Johnny huffs into the room.

Barnes and Casey are seated on a couch.

Tom sits in a large chair across from them, the bodyguards close by.

JOHNNY
(to Tom)
What?!

TOM VALENTINE
We seem to have a little problem.

Johnny spots Casey.

JOHNNY
What's this cop doin' here?

TOM VALENTINE
That's exactly what I'd like to
know.

JOHNNY
(to Barnes)
And you? What are you doin' here?

Barnes turns his eyes away.

JOHNNY
Hey, Sambo!

Barnes cuts his eyes back quick enough.

JOHNNY
I am not in the mood for twenty
questions.

TOM VALENTINE
The police officer is Casey Nevada.

Johnny stares hard at Barnes.

JOHNNY
No you didn't?

CASEY
Look...

Johnny snaps his finger then points it at Casey.

JOHNNY
Shut-up. I don't like cops. If I
was you I'd keep that in mind.

TOM VALENTINE
(to Johnny)
Mind telling me why you're not
taking care of the business I asked
you to?

JOHNNY
I sent Red.

TOM VALENTINE
I told you to take care of it!

JOHNNY
And I did! I delegated down to Red,
that's all! What's wrong with
that?!

TOM VALENTINE
What's wrong is they're not back!

JOHNNY
 (to bodyguard)
 Get me some coffee! And a Danish!

The guard bristles, but walks away.

TOM VALENTINE
 That's not good, Johnny!

JOHNNY
 (to Barnes)
 How long a drive was it?

BARNES
 Four hours.

CASEY
 Four hours?

JOHNNY
 You see 'em?

Casey grabs hold of Barnes.

CASEY
 What are they talking about?!

Barnes jerks away.

BARNES
 They were there when I left!

TOM VALENTINE
 (to Johnny)
 We should have heard from him by
 now.
 (to a bodyguard)
 Get everybody up! I want this house
 protected no matter what!

BODYGUARD
 Yes, sir!

The bodyguard scurries away.

Casey strikes at Barnes

CASEY
 What have you done?!

JOHNNY
 He set your daddy up, little girl.

CASEY

(to Barnes)

You son of a bitch. If these men
don't kill you, he will!

JOHNNY

Your daddy's killin' days are over.

TOM VALENTINE

Jesus Christ! Why don't we just put
it in the morning paper?!

JOHNNY

Her knowing don't matter.

Johnny slides a finger through Casey's hair.

JOHNNY

You're not gonna be tellin' anybody
anything you know. Are you sweetie?

BARNES

Look, I only brought her here
because I didn't know what else to
do. If I made a mistake...

JOHNNY

(to Barnes)

You must have somewhere you need to
be.

Barnes doesn't know what to say, but he's not turning down an
invitation out.

BARNES

(to Tom)

You can keep what's left owed me --
We'll just call it even.

TOM VALENTINE

Goes without saying.

BARNES

Right... that's right -- If you
need me...

JOHNNY

I do need to go over something with
you.

Johnny smiles down at Casey.

JOHNNY

Outside.

BARNES

All right then.

BARNES

(to Casey)

I'm really sorry -- None of this was supposed to happen.

CASEY

Fuck you.

TOM VALENTINE

(to Barnes)

Get out!

Barnes walks away.

JOHNNY

(to Casey)

Feisty. I like that -- I'll be right back.

Johnny follows behind Barnes.

A bodyguard enters with coffee and Danish on a tray.

Johnny takes a Danish as he passes.

JOHNNY

Keep the coffee hot.

EXT. DRIVEWAY OUTSIDE MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Barnes steps out of the mansion ahead of Johnny who has a mouthful of Danish.

JOHNNY

Hold it.

Barnes turns.

BARNES

Johnny, I...

JOHNNY

Relax, everything's cool. I don't like to say a lot in front of Tom. He gets all excited and shit.

Barnes is nervous.

Johnny has one big bite of the Danish, left.

JOHNNY
Wanna bite?

BARNES
No, thanks.

Johnny stuffs his mouth, then savors the moment.

JOHNNY
That was good.

He licks his fingers.

JOHNNY
I got this insatiable sweet tooth.

Johnny brushes his hands off.

JOHNNY
Look, I wanna make sure you get
what's comin' to you.

BARNES
Johnny, I don't...

JOHNNY
No, no, it's only right. You held
up your end, you just made a
mistake that's all. Just don't
worry about it. I'll take care of
everything.

Barnes just wants out of there.

Johnny calls to BOBBY, an outside guard.

JOHNNY
Bobby!

Bobby steps up.

Johnny looks around.

JOHNNY
Where's Lewis?

BOBBY
Checking the wall by the gate.

Johnny nods. He scratches his temple with his finger.

JOHNNY
Show Lieutenant Barnes out.

BOBBY
Sure.

Barnes turns and walks away. Bobby follows.

Johnny returns to the mansion.

AT BARNES' CAR

Barnes turns.

BARNES
Look, I can find my way...

Bobby fires a silenced round between Barnes' eyes.

INT. MANSION

LIVING AREA

Johnny walks back in. He smiles at Casey.

JOHNNY
Now. Where were we?

EXT. EMPLOYEE LIVING FACILITY ON MANSION PROPERTY

Men rush from the building with assault rifles and machine guns.

INT. LIVING FACILITIES

Men load their weapons.

EXT. GATE - STREET OUTSIDE MANSION - CONTINUOUS

LEWIS, armed with an automatic rifle, checks the main gate.

Carl's SUV races down the street.

INT. CARL'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Carl has a cell phone to his ear.

CARL
This is Carl Nevada.

EXT. STREET AT MANSION'S GATES - CONTINUOUS

Carl's SUV brakes hard and spins around. It's tires burn rubber as it heads toward

the gate and Lewis.

LEWIS

Fuck!

Lewis lays the rifle's barrel between the gate's bars and fires on automatic.

Carl's SUV is riddled as it hits the gate, then upends Lewis.

The SUV, headlights gone, speeds up the driveway.

MANSION GROUNDS

Armed men spread out.

Carl lays the SUV sideways.

THE FIRE-FIGHT BEGINS

Carl rolls out of the SUV, a machine pistol in each hand. He opens fire with both guns as bullets from the other men spray around him.

Some men die -- others take cover.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

LIVING AREA

Continuing gunfire is heard.

TOM VALENTINE

Jesus Christ! What the fuck!

JOHNNY

(to guards)

Get these lights out!

The guards rush for the light switches.

Casey tries to run. Johnny grabs her.

JOHNNY

Come here, you!

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Carl makes his way closer to the house. There's gunfire everywhere.

Men fall dead.

Carl's gun goes empty. He reloads.

Carl takes a hit in an arm, then a shoulder. He fires on his assailant, killing him, then continues on.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

LIVING AREA

TOM VALENTINE
(to Johnny)
Don't you let him in here!

JOHNNY
Don't worry!

He smiles at Casey.

JOHNNY
We got his little girl.

Johnny grabs Casey's hair and pulls her head back.

JOHNNY
Don't we?!

Casey spits in Johnny's face.

CASEY
He's going to kill you.

Johnny smacks Casey with his gun.

An armed bodyguard peers out a window.

Gunfire sprays the window glass across the room.

The bodyguard at the window is killed.

Two other bodyguards go down.

The body of one of Valentine's men crashes through a window from the outside.

Johnny runs. He disappears into the dark.

TOM VALENTINE
(to Johnny)
Where you going?! Get back here!

A few more short bursts of gunfire are heard, then...

eerie silence as Tom Valentine stares in shock at...

Carl's silhouetted figure in the moonlight standing at the room's entrance with a 9mm in each hand.

Carl, walks a slow steady pace toward Tom.

A wounded bodyguard moves. Carl finishes him off with a quick two rounds.

Tom's shaking hands smooth through his hair.

TOM VALENTINE
Carl!

Tom holds his hands out, palms up.

TOM VALENTINE
What's all this about?!

Carl stops a few feet from Valentine. He raises one of the 9mm's.

CARL
Family.

Carl fires one round striking Tom in the middle of his forehead.

Carl hears Casey moan.

CARL
Casey!

Carl pulls his daughter up and into his arms.

CARL
Everything's going be all right,
Casey -- Everything's going to be
all right.

Casey stares into her father's eyes.

Johnny steps out of the dark and fires three shots into Carl.

Carl keels over.

Johnny trains his gun on Casey.

JOHNNY
Daddies never forget their little
girls.

Carl moans.

Johnny turns his gun back toward Carl.

Out of the dark, Casey raises Carl's 9mm and fires one round
into Johnny's testicles.

The gun falls from Johnny's hand, shock covers his face.

CASEY
It works both ways.

Casey pulls the trigger again, but the 9mm is empty.

Johnny screams out in pain, then flees, disappearing into the
dark.

Police sirens build in the distance.

Casey sees to her wounded father.

CASEY
Daddy!

Carl lifts his eyes to his daughter's.

CARL
Forgot the damn vest.

CASEY
Where are you hit?!

Casey searches for the wounds, then sees her blood-soaked
hands.

CARL
Hear the sirens?

Tears roll from Casey's eyes.

CASEY
I hear 'em.

CARL
Like music, ain't they?

CASEY
Yes -- they're like music.

Carl raises his hand and wipes at Casey's tears with a finger.

CARL
Don't cry.

CASEY
I can't help it.

Anger suddenly overtakes her.

CASEY
Don't you die! You hear me?! You're not leaving me again!

Carl puts his finger on Casey's lips.

CARL
Shhhh -- Your mother left because I loved you, too much -- Her jealousy wouldn't let her see how much I loved her.

CASEY
I love you, Daddy.

Carl's eyes close.

Casey cradles her father's body as she rocks it through her tears.

CASEY
Thank you.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE BEL AIR MANSION - MORNING

A police line keeps the news media at bay as helicopters circle overhead.

A REPORTER stands in front of a cameraman.

REPORTER
A shoot-out straight out of a movie set occurred over night on the grounds of this Bel Air mansion owned by reputed mobster "Big Tom" Valentine.

(MORE)

REPORTER (cont'd)

The body of legendary hit man Carl Nevada, also known as "Comanche Carl", was recovered alongside Valentine's -- Nevada had been wanted nationwide for the abduction of Los Angeles Police Officer Casey Ramirez. Officer Ramirez, as you may already know, is Carl Nevada's daughter.

GROUNDS OUTSIDE MANSION

Casey sits inside the open door of a police cruiser as Detective Michaels watches Barnes' body being placed on a gurney.

Michaels shakes his head.

MICHAELS

I knew something wasn't right when he had me kick a witness to the barrio hit the night you were abducted.

He turns to Casey.

MICHAELS

But I never expected nothin' like this.

Casey's quiet -- thinking.

Michaels has to ask.

MICHAELS

You were abducted -- weren't you?

Casey lifts her eyes.

MICHAELS

For the record.

They both turn their eyes to the mansion as reporters' camera's flash at Carl's body being removed.

CASEY

Yes.

MICHAELS

Good enough -- You know he called us in don't you?

Casey's surprised.

CASEY

No.

MICHAELS

Probably just before he hit those gates -- But he didn't need us.

Casey's eyes are questioning.

MICHAELS

Your daddy was one bad Indian.

Michaels walks away.

CASEY

(to herself)

Comanche.

EXT. BOURBON STREET, NEW ORLEANS - HALLOWEEN NIGHT

Drunken crowds party.

INT. HOTEL

HOTEL LOBBY

Johnny Merlino approaches the front desk.

DESK CLERK

How you doing today, Mr. Thompson?

JOHNNY

Anybody ask for me?

DESK CLERK

Not a soul.

JOHNNY

I'm expectin' a call from New York.
Be sure you don't fuck it up.

DESK CLERK

No sir, you'll have it the second I do.

The desk clerk leans forward.

DESK CLERK

How 'bout a little trick for a treat tonight? The whores almost have to give it away during Halloween and Mardi Gras.

Johnny just stares at the clerk.

DESK CLERK
Too much free pussy.
(shrugs)
Supply and demand.

Johnny pulls at his crotch.

JOHNNY
I don't think so.

DESK CLERK
If you change your mind...

JOHNNY
Have room service send up some
Danish.

Johnny pokes his finger into the clerk's chest.

JOHNNY
And it better have fruit filling in
it this time.

Merlino walks away.

The desk clerk grunts a laugh to himself.

DESK CLERK
Asshole.

He picks up the phone.

JOHNNY'S ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

BATHROOM

Johnny's in the shower.

MAIN ROOM

There's a knock on the door.

The door opens.

A WOMAN dressed as an Indian enters with a tray of Danish,
her face unseen.

As the woman turns to leave she bumps into...

Casey in the doorway, wearing a blonde wig and dressed in
black.

WOMAN

Oh, excuse me.

Casey looks over the woman's shoulder and into the room.

WOMAN

It sounds like he's in the shower.

CASEY

Good. I'll be a real surprise.

The woman stares.

CASEY

I'm his wife.

Casey winks.

WOMAN

That will be a surprise.

The woman leaves.

Casey removes a can of black shoe polish from her purse.

MINUTES LATER

Johnny comes out of the bathroom, a towel around his waist as he rubs his hair with another.

He stops when he sees the blonde sitting in a chair, her face marked with shoe polish, the purse in her lap.

Johnny stares at the war face.

JOHNNY

Don't tell me -- You're Pocahontas.

Casey removes the wig and shakes her hair into place. She raises a silenced Ruger from under the purse.

The smile leaves Johnny's face.

Casey stands. She walks to Johnny with the gun dead on him...

then rips the towel from his waist.

CASEY

And you're, Johnny no-nuts.

Casey fires a silenced round into Johnny's throat.

Johnny falls to his knees, grasping at the pulsating wound.

Casey plants her foot on Johnny's chest and shoves him to his back.

CASEY

Never have a bill sent to you in a fake name when you're the only one in LA with testicle surgery for a gunshot wound.

Casey fires a round into Johnny's heart.

Johnny dies.

Carl Nevada's daughter shoots Johnny's eyes out.

The phone rings.

Casey answers.

CASEY

Hello.

(beat)

I'm afraid he just checked out.

Casey hangs the phone up.

She removes a large pocket knife from her purse and opens the blade.

EXT. HOTEL - STREET - CONTINUOUS

The crowd parties.

A MAN dressed as an Indian warrior gives a blood-curdling yell.

FADE OUT.