

HIT

By
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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

RODNEY MEANS is on a gurney, being wheeled through the hospital. He has a gash on his head and a line of spittle runs down the side of his mouth.

Blood covers his white t-shirt. His eyes try to hone in on the ceiling above him, but can't quite find focus.

As he is wheeled, RODNEY's voice over narrates.

RODNEY (V.O.)

When you do what I do, eventually you end up here. I'm 44 years old, I've been doing this for as long as I can remember. The life expectancy in my line of work isn't even close to the average person's life expectancy. 44 seems about right. When you do what I do, you wake up every morning wondering if today's the day someone gets the best of you; you wonder if today's the day that someone comes after you; you wonder if today's the day that the hit is on you.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

RODNEY (V.O.)

I'm a hit man.

Superimposed Title:

PART ONE

"The fight for survival justifies theft of life. In self-defiance, anything goes." - Imelda Marcos

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. STREET. NIGHT

RODNEY walks out of an alley wearing a perfectly-fit suit and begins to walk up a sidewalk towards a brightly lit hotel.

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RODNEY is strong, wiry and confident. He has a strong chin and walks as though he has a purpose in life. He is not so good-looking that he stands out in a crowd, but he is attractive enough that there is no question he has had his pick of women over his lifetime.

As he walks he notices an older woman with a walker crossing an intersection. He looks up and sees that the crossing signal has turned red. Seeing that the lady is only halfway across the street and the light is about to turn green. He runs across the street to her.

RODNEY

Let me help you, ma'am.

He helps her get across the street quickly. As he helps her, his suit jacket comes open and the old woman notices a gun in a holster.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

(smiles and whispers)

It's okay, I'm a police officer.

OLD WOMAN

Thank you, young man.

RODNEY nods and crosses back over the street, avoiding traffic instead of waiting for the crossing signal.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM. NIGHT

SENATOR STERLING STONE looks like a career politician as he stands on a small stage in the hotel ballroom. He is good-looking, has a strong chin and talks with authority. He is in his mid-50's but looks much younger.

He works out on a regular basis and, though he's been married for 29 years, he enjoys a steady stream of young women. He's a player, both in the battle of the sexes and on Capitol Hill.

Tonight, he stands on a stage in a beautifully-decorated hotel ballroom, raising money for his next run for re-election. People in the audience are dressed to the nines for the \$800 a plate dinner.

SENATOR STONE

Thank you for being here tonight.
You are why I run for office...my
constituents. You are the
heartbeat behind everything I do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENATOR STONE (CONT'D)

Together, we can change this country...and then the world. But it starts here tonight. Thank you for your kind donations and your love and support! Thank you and God bless.

STONE walks off stage to thunderous applause.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM. NIGHT

The bathroom is ostentatious: gold faucets pour into large ceramic bowls; instead of paper towels, a dispenser releases actual towels; the wallpaper is gold-trimmed. It is an absolutely beautiful bathroom.

The large oak door to the bathroom opens and SENATOR STONE walks half-way in and stops, holding the door open and looking behind him, outside the door.

SENATOR STONE

Yeah, yeah, I think it went as good as it's gonna go.

His assistant, CHUCK, tries to follow him into the bathroom, but STONE holds his hand up.

SENATOR STONE (CONT'D)

Chuck, come on. I know I'm in public office, but I think I'm fine peeing on my own...give me a little damn privacy.

CHUCK.

Senator, we at least need to check it out.

SENATOR STONE

Chuck - I will be fine. There's no one in here.

They look around the empty bathroom.

CHUCK

(nods)

Okay, Senator

CHUCK exits the doorway. STONE walks into the bathroom and lets the door shut behind him. He walks over the urinal and unzips and begins to pee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the stall next to where the Senator is peeing, a pair of feet in \$400 shoes appear. The door to the stall opens and we see RODNEY

He walks surely and quietly around the stall and towards the Senator, pulling out a silenced .357 from his suit jacket. He puts the gun up to the Senator's head.

RODNEY

Senator Sterling Stone?

SENATOR STONE

(lifts his hands up)

What the hell is this?

RODNEY

Are you Senator Sterling Stone?

SENATOR STONE

Yes. I...

Before the Senator can utter another word, RODNEY pulls the trigger. The gun makes a quiet "thunk" and a pink mist of blood, brain matter and bone splatters against the wall in front of the urinal.

Before the Senator's lifeless body can hit the floor, RODNEY is walking towards the bathroom door. He stands behind the door and yells:

RODNEY

Oh, my God! Oh, my God.

Almost immediately the door opens and 2 security guards run in. RODNEY shoots the 1st one through the door in the head. He falls, dead.

The 2nd one reacts just in time after seeing his partner shot and ducks, causing RODNEY to barely miss. The bullets ping off the wall in front of the security guard.

The 2nd security guard instinctively swings his arm around, connecting with RODNEY's gun hand. The gun goes scattering across the floor. He punches at RODNEY, but RODNEY blocks, then punches him in the stomach.

As the Security guard bends forward slightly with the punch to his stomach, RODNEY elbows the man in the back of the head, sending him down to one knee.

RODNEY takes the man's head in hands and kicks the man as hard as he can with his knee. The man falls backward on the floor, his face a bloody mess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY walks calmly - but quickly - over to his gun, picks it up and walks back over the security guard. The man is trying to get up, reaching into his jacket for a gun.

RODNEY puts his gun to the man's forehead and pull the trigger. Blood sprays up and splatters RODNEY's face. RODNEY doesn't seem to notice.

He immediately stands up and opens the bathroom door carefully. CHUCK, the Senator's assistant is standing in the doorway, talking on a cellphone. He looks up.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Who's on the phone?

CHUCK lets the phone drop to his side.

OPERATOR

(through phone)

Chuck, Chuck? Are you there? We have police on their way...

RODNEY

(shakes his head)

You shouldn't have done that, Chuck.

RODNEY shoots CHUCK in the head.

Behind CHUCK, in the large, opulently decorated hotel lobby, the constituents are filing out of the hotel ballroom.

All hell breaks loose as people watch CHUCK fall to the ground dead. RODNEY sees 3 large men in suits reach into their jackets and knows they aren't reaching for breath mints.

RODNEY takes off, as fast as he can, running for the hotel lobby doors. He bursts through the doors and turns right, running as fast as his legs will take him - and that is pretty damn fast.

A few seconds later the 3 security guards burst through the hotel door, all 3 carrying guns. RODNEY does not turn to see how close they are, he can feel them.

RODNEY runs for a few seconds more and then takes a corner into an alleyway as fast as he can without falling down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Down the alleyway is a brand new Dodge Challenger, black. As RODNEY runs, he sees JONES looking back through the back window, eyes wide with anticipation. JONES leans over and pops open the driver's side door.

RODNEY jumps in the already-running car, shuts the door behind him and looks in the rear view mirror to see the 3 Security Men round the corner of the alleyway as he shifts the car into gear.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

You're probably gonna wanna duck,
JONES

JONES does duck as the Security Men open fire. As RODNEY guns the gas pedal and the car screams into motion, the back window shatters and then the rear view mirror explodes.

JONES

Oh, GOD!!!!

In a heartbeat, the car is moving fast and further away from the shooters. JONES looks back through the now gone back window, watching as the Security Men run futilely after the car.

The Challenger screeches out into traffic, narrowly avoiding other cars on the road, taking the corner so fast that even the aerodynamic speed machine seems to nearly flip over.

In a short moment, the car is speeding past other cars driving the road, as if they were standing still.

JONES (CONT'D)

I take it things didn't go well.

RODNEY

Plan A goes to crap, you go to plan B, which usually sucks once you're on it. So, you make sure plan C is as well-planned as A and B.

A beat.

JONES

Which plan are we on?

RODNEY

B. And it sucks.

JONES

Shit. What was plan A?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RODNEY

Plan A is that no one notices I murder a US Senator and I get away, anonymous, in a crowd and then drive 2 miles under the speed limit the whole way home.

Somewhere in the distance, we hear police sirens.

JONES

Do you hear sirens?

RODNEY

(listens for a beat)
Probably headed to the hotel.

As he says this, they cross an intersection.

High above the intersection we see a billboard for "Palisades Insurance" featuring a good-looking group of men and women. Beneath the people is the tagline "Palisades Insurance: The Company to meet your needs"

As they cross the intersection 7 police cars scream around the corner and follow after them.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

(shrugs)
Or they're after us. Hold on. Oh, you're probably going to want to put on your seat belt. We're moving into plan C territory.

JONES does not put on his seat belt but instead looks back at the cops, fearful - eyes wide.

JONES

What the hell is Plan C?!

RODNEY

You're gonna want to put on your seat belt. And roll down your window.

RODNEY reaches down and rolls down his window. JONES turns around in his seat and quickly puts his seat belt on.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Window.

JONES

I get the feeling Plan C is gonna blow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

RODNEY doesn't reply. JONES rolls down his window.

We move to a wide, long shot of RODNEY's car from behind. In front of his car, we see, in the near distance, Santa Monica Pier. The nearer they get to the pier, the more traffic has slowed down.

RODNEY's car is crossing an intersection and suddenly veers over onto the sidewalk. People jump out of the way of the car. They near a restaurant.

People jump out of their chairs and RODNEY's car plows through the outside furniture, chairs and tables bouncing over the aerodynamic car. Several of the police cars screech to a halt in the middle of the intersection, but two of the cars follow RODNEY up onto the sidewalk.

Back inside the car, JONES holds tight to the door handle next to him, watching as furniture bounces off the outside of the car.

JONES (CONT'D)

Yep! Plan C blows.

RODNEY shrugs.

The car reaches another intersection and swerves out into the road again. RODNEY quickly realizes that the traffic has slowed to a stop, coming up the intersection that leads to the Pier. So, he swerves into oncoming traffic.

The car keeps a straight course as cars coming the opposite direction part, swerving to miss RODNEY's car. He makes it cleanly to the intersection and shoots across.

Of the 7 squad cars, only 2 are left, and they follow RODNEY plowing through oncoming traffic. The first squad car hits an oncoming car head-on as it swerves around RODNEY's car.

Only one squad car left.

RODNEY crosses the intersection of Colorado Ave and Appian Way leading to the Santa Monica Pier and instead of slowing as he reaches the curb, he guns the gas pedal. He jumps the curb into Pacific Park and JONES realizes where they're headed.

JONES (CONT'D)

The pier? Really? The pier?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

RODNEY simply guns the gas pedal and in a short moment they are on another sidewalk.

CUT TO:

INT. BUBBA GUMP'S RESTAURANT. CONTINUOUS

A fat southern couple waddle towards the front door, their 7 year old son (also overweight) toddles behind.

FAT SOUTHERN DAD
I had a weird dream last night
that the Lord came down from
heaven and took us home to glory!

FAT SOUTHERN KID
Daddy, you're crazy!

FAT SOUTHERN DAD
Never doubt the Lord, son! He can
come at any time! He'll come on a
chariot and take us home!

They walk **outside** through the front door at the exact moment that RODNEY's car jumps onto the sidewalk and screams past the door way, barely missing the fat family. FAT SOUTHERN MOM falls to her knees in the doorway of the restaurant. *

FAT SOUTHERN MOM
It's the Rapture! Jesus is coming
on a chariot! Take us home, Jesus!

The FAT SOUTHERN KID runs out and watches the car zoom off down towards the pier.

FAT SOUTHERN KID
It's just a car, momma! Just a
car! It ain't a Jesus chariot!

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER. CONTINUOUS

RODNEY's car bursts through the buffers trying to keep cars out, breaking off the front fender and bending the car's frame enough to slow down the ability of the tires to turn.

The car continues down the pier. People jump out of the way of the car, now moving at perhaps 35 mph.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES

Is the car moving this slow part
of Plan C? Or are we in Plan D,
now?

RODNEY

Let's call it Plan C point 2.

The car continues moving, beginning to pick up a little speed. They move somewhat quickly towards the end of the pier. RODNEY pushes the pedal down as far as it will go.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

When we hit the water, take off
your seat belt, go out your window
and follow me UNDER WATER. Do not
surface.

The speedometer reads 50mph as they hit the wooden fence at the end of the pier. They crash through with no problem and the car goes head first into the water. They hit the water and begin to sink almost immediately.

JONES

I just want to say one last time,
in case I can't say it again: this
whole Plan C shit freaking blows.

RODNEY

Noted.

And with that the car sinks beneath the surface. From underwater, we see RODNEY swim out of his window and JONES from his. RODNEY swims very very well underwater and heads back towards the pier.

Within a few seconds RODNEY is at one of the pier's pylon legs, where 2 sets of scuba gear are strapped. RODNEY reaches one set of scuba gear and puts the mouthpiece in and takes a deep breath.

A few seconds later, a much slower swimming JONES reaches the pylons. RODNEY holds out the mouthpiece and JONES takes it in, breathing deeply.

RODNEY straps on the other set of scuba gear as JONES tries to catch his breath. After getting his gear on, he helps JONES quickly get his gear on and then points down away from the pier and begins to swim. JONES follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT

RODNEY and JONES wash up on shore. Before he has even left the water, RODNEY has his scuba gear off and dropped and in a second he is walking back up the beach towards the pier. JONES drops his gear and runs after RODNEY

JONES

Rodney, where the hell are you going?

RODNEY doesn't answer just keeps walking. JONES looks up in the direction RODNEY's walking and sees the pier. JONES shakes his head, like, "I should've known..."

RODNEY takes off his suit quickly as he walks, revealing swim shorts beneath his suit pants. JONES follows suit.

Within a short moment, they are both down to a pair of swim shorts. RODNEY leads them up the beach and stops at a trash can. He reaches inside the trash can and fishes out a tied up plastic bag.

He pulls it open and hands JONES a t-shirt and a large beach towel. RODNEY puts on a t-shirt himself and puts a towel around his neck. He begins walking again.

RODNEY

Plan C always sucks, but it's as well planned out as A. THAT is why I'm still alive after over 20 years of this shit.

JONES follows quickly behind RODNEY

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER. CONTINUOUS

LAPD Lieutenant HUE GINNET is a strong-looking black man, proud of his heritage and proud of his ability to rise through the ranks of the LAPD. He came from a poor neighborhood, but fought his way out, became a police officer and worked his way through college at night. He is an honest, good man. He is divorced but takes good care of his son. *

He wanders out to the edge of the pier, where the railing has disappeared in the wake of RODNEY's car. *

As he stares out, SGT. PERRY - a white cop who's face looks like he has been in one too many street-side brawls - walks out and stands next to him. *

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CONTINUED:

PERRY

Brand new black Challenger. These assholes should go to jail just for killing a car that sweet!

HUE

(chuckles)

This case is gonna be the end of me...I can see it already and I'm only 7 minutes into it.

PERRY

What you mean?

HUE

A US Senator gets killed, the guy or guys who did it race through the streets of L.A., lose 7 squad cars along the way, nearly kills God knows how many people before he gets to the Santa Monica Pier, then, somehow - against all odds - makes it all the way down the damn pier and takes a nosedive off the end of the pier into the water and disappears.

*
*
*

PERRY

He had to have made a mistake somewhere.

HUE

(shakes his head)

Nah...

HUE turns around and walks away from the water, towards Pacific Park. PERRY hocks a loogie over the side of the pier and runs after HUE, catching up in a few strides.

RODNEY and JONES have walked up onto the pier and are, straining to get a view of the end of the pier with the rest of the tourists, who are being held back by several police officers.

As HUE and PERRY walk towards the group of people, RODNEY waves at him.

RODNEY

Who did this? What happened?

The crowd erupts in an indistinct murmur of questions. HUE and PERRY put their heads down. They don't have any answers for the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HUE walks past RODNEY, brushing his shoulder across RODNEY's chest. RODNEY turns and watches HUE walk away.

After a short moment, RODNEY pulls JONES out of the crowd and they head away from the park.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE RODNEY'S CONDO. NIGHT

A taxi pulls up and we see RODNEY reach up and pay the driver, then he and JONES get out. RODNEY barely shuts the door after JONES before the taxi screams off.

JONES
(to the cabbie)
Asshole!

RODNEY
Get some sleep.

RODNEY turns to walk in and gets a few steps away.

JONES
RODNEY...

*

RODNEY turns around

JONES (CONT'D)
Let's limit it to Plan A from now
on. Cool?

RODNEY chuckles and walks into his condo complex. JONES turns and walks the sidewalk down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S CONDO. NIGHT

The door to RODNEY's condo opens and RODNEY walks in. He locks all 4 locks attached to the door then trudges into his condo. He drops his keys on the kitchen counter and moves towards his bedroom.

From behind, we see him take off his shirt, then drop his swim shorts to the ground. Naked, now, he goes into his bedroom and falls, face-first, onto his bed.

Within seconds he is asleep.

FADE TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE. LARGE OCEAN-LIKE BODY OF WATER. NIGHT

In the almost pitch black, the water shimmers with a small sliver of the moon. Quietly, almost silently, out of the water, a head slowly emerges. RODNEY looks younger, more earnest. His face is painted black.

Behind and beside RODNEY, another head pops out of the water, and then another and then another. It is a Navy SEALS unit and they deep under cover somewhere in the middle east.

RODNEY looks to his left to his Sergeant, who points ahead with 2 fingers. Quietly, ever so quietly, the group of SEALS move towards the shore not far ahead.

Suddenly in the distance a gun shot sounds and there is a sick-sounding "thunk" and RODNEY flinches. He reaches up and wipes away blood from his face.

He looks around, as if to find the source of the sound and the blood and then notices ahead of him, a soldier stands, body limp, gun in the water. The man slowly falls to his knees. RODNEY races to him and just as he reaches the soldier....

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S BEDROOM. MORNING

RODNEY wakes up. Sweat pours from his brow.

A phone is ringing somewhere in the distance, somewhere in his condo. RODNEY groans, then jumps out of bed.

He runs into the kitchen and spots his phone. As he picks it up, he notices JONES sitting in the living room. As RODNEY puts the phone to his ear, he covers up his crotch and turns his back to JONES

RODNEY
(into the phone)
Hello?

SIMONE (O.S.)
(through phone)
Rodney, we are not happy with the
publicity of the Senator.

RODNEY
(calmly)
He is a public figure. I was
screwed from the start. No way he
goes down without some publicity.

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CONTINUED:

SIMONE (O.S.)

I'd say killing him, his assistant and 2 security guards in a packed hotel lobby, then leading the police on a 4 mile chase ending with driving your car into the Pacific ocean via the Santa Monica Pier may very well qualify for a bit too much publicity.

RODNEY

What's the point, Simone?

SIMONE (O.S.)

Venice Beach Park. Noon.

RODNEY looks at the clock on the kitchen wall. It's 10:26am. Plenty of time.

RODNEY

Fine. See you there.

RODNEY hangs up the phone and slides it across the kitchen counter.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Dammit, Jones, do you ever knock?

RODNEY looks at the door. All 4 locks are back, locked.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

You're good. I'll give you that.

JONES walks over and picks up a magazine from the counter. He looks it over then holds it up to RODNEY

JONES

Escape magazine? Planning a get-away?

RODNEY

Jones, I know that right now this life seems like the coolest thing you could ever imagine, but you will reach a point - I have reached a point where I simply want to have enough money to end up on a beach, drinking margaritas and forget every soul I watched leave a body; maybe find a woman, walk around naked, get drunk, make love every night, fall asleep and wake up and repeat it all the next day.

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CONTINUED: (2)

JONES

Sounds exciting.

RODNEY pulls a piece of bread from his pantry and takes bite as JONES wanders over the living room window. RODNEY gestures to JONES with the half-eaten piece of bread.

RODNEY

I'm gonna get a shower and get dressed. Grab something to eat if you need to.

JONES looks back out the window.

JONES

I'm not hungry.

RODNEY

(shrugs)
Suit yourself.

RODNEY walks into his bedroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH PARK. DAY

RODNEY and JONES stand underneath a tree watching a certain couple of park benches that sit back to back.

RODNEY pulls out a small bottle of Advil, pulls out 4, leans back his head and pops them in. He swallows.

JONES

The Company doesn't mess around,
RODNEY I heard through the grapevine that one of the Company Men let a job get a little messy; they sent in a team acting like gang-bangers - who knows, maybe they were freaking gang-bangers - but they beat the shit out of the guy. He didn't stand a chance. And that was just a "warning".

RODNEY grinds his teeth and thinks.

RODNEY

Look, after this, we follow SIMONE

JONES

Where?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

These people know where I live,
they can obviously get into my
place whenever they want....

JONES

(nods)

The fact that they leave
information IN your condo while
you're gone is a little messed up.

RODNEY

They're making the point that they
can get to me whenever they want
to. I need leverage. We need to
know where the Company is based.

*

JONES nods towards the park benches. A pretty blond
woman in a long trench coat walks over and sits down, her
back to where RODNEY and JONES are standing. RODNEY nods
and walks to the bench and sits down.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

(without turning)

Hello.

The woman - SIMONE - turns slightly.

SIMONE

Uh, hello...

SIMONE turns back around. As she speaks she does not
turn around.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

The company is pissed, Rodney.
Pissed. And you're gonna be
pissed.

*

RODNEY turns slightly, looking at her in his peripheral.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

They aren't going to pay you the
remaining 50% for the Senator.

RODNEY grits his teeth.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

We have another job for you.
Rodney...you're going to have to
be okay with this.

*

Long silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SIMONE (CONT'D)

There's nothing I can do, Rodney -
this goes way above my head. Do
the next job...it's a big
job...you'll get half up front,
like always, and the rest on the
back end.

*

A beat.

RODNEY

(quietly)

This is bullshit. Do you honestly
feel like you can just screw me
over whenever you want? That you
hold all the cards? I did the
job...I want to get paid.

(a beat)

This is unacceptable. Purely and
wholly unacceptable. I hope that
you know that...I...

SIMONE suddenly stands up.

SIMONE

Oh, my God! Who are you? Why are
you talking to me? Leave me
alone!

SIMONE acts nervous, looking back at RODNEY several times
as she walks as briskly as she can away from the bench
towards a parking lot. RODNEY chuckles.

RODNEY

She's good. Very good. Damn.

RODNEY stands up and looks after SIMONE. She is almost to
the parking lot and is no longer acting nervous, or
looking back. RODNEY and JONES take off towards their
car, parked in the parking lot on the opposite side of
the park.

As they run, RODNEY and JONES talk.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

You see what kind of car she was
in?

JONES

White mustang, I think.

They reach their car, a black Ford sedan that looks like
it could be an FBI car. All the windows are tinted.

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CONTINUED: (3)

They jump in and pull out of the parking spot, nearly hitting a couple of teenagers walking behind them. They screech out of the parking lot and try to spot SIMONE's car. They speed up, looking, looking, trying to find the car.

Suddenly, JONES points to the white mustang going in the opposite direction.

RODNEY

Shit!

RODNEY looks in his side view mirror and sees that the mustang is perhaps a half-mile behind them now.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

This'll hafta do.

He pulls the wheel and they bounce over a median, nearly taking out a small, skinny young tree. They bounce off the median and onto the road going the opposite way.

JONES

If she doesn't notice that, she's
an absolutely horrible spy.

They normalize in traffic and RODNEY tries to speed up and pass other cars without making a scene. They eventually find themselves a few car lengths behind the mustang. They follow a safe distance behind.

FADE TO:

EXT. LA STREET OUTSIDE PALISADE INSURANCE. SAME

The white mustang pulls into the employee parking lot of Palisade Insurance, which is housed in a warehouse looking office building in West LA. RODNEY and JONES pull to the side of the road on a side street next to the building. The building is fenced in to keep people out.

JONES

You think that's it?

RODNEY

Has to be, right?

They watch as the mustang parks and SIMONE gets out. She looks around, not nervously, but in an observant way. RODNEY and JONES duck. They look over the car door and watch as SIMONE, apparently not seeing them, walks in to the building. They sit back up in their seats.

They sit in silence for a short moment.

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CONTINUED:

RODNEY (CONT'D)
(shakes his head)
Insurance company. The most
powerful collective of assassins
in the world is hiding behind an
insurance company front. Genius.

RODNEY puts the car in gear and pulls away from the curb.

CUT TO:

INT. HUE GINNET'S OFFICE - LAPD. DAY

HUE sits in his nearly dark office, a reading light
shining down on a report he's reading. There is a knock
on the door.

HUE
Yes?

SGT. PERRY opens the door and pops his head in.

PERRY
Got a minute?

HUE waves him in.

PERRY (CONT'D)
You want me to turn on the light?

HUE
No, I despise overhead fluorescent
lighting.

PERRY
(chuckles)
So, I guess you shop at IKEA a
whole lot, huh?

HUE
(sets down the
report)
What was on your mind, Perry? I'm
sure it was not my furniture
shopping habits.

PERRY
No, sir, it was not. I have the
reports on the Senator's case.

HUE
What's the deal?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY

(opens one folder)
 Senator was killed with a silenced
 .357. No fingerprints on the
 casing.

(he opens another
 folder)

The car was pulled out of the
 Pacific and combed over like you
 wouldn't believe: not one print -
 stolen car...we found the owner.
 We also found a set of scuba gear
 equipment or whatever down the
 beach about a mile from the pier.

(he closes the
 folder)

You might be right, sir. This one
 looks really, really pro.

HUE

Okay. Do this, **Perry** - run a
 search on murders in California -
 no, the whole damn USA - that used
 a silenced .357.

*
 *
 *

PERRY nods, walks over and drops off the folders and
 walks back to the door, then turns around.

PERRY

Lieutenant Ginnett?

HUE

(looks up)
 Yes, **Perry?**

*

PERRY

Lack of light leads to depression:
 you want me to send the shrink
 your way?

HUE

(smiles barely)
 Get the hell out of my office,
 Perry, before I court martial you.

PERRY

That's military, sir. But...duly
 noted!

PERRY leaves and shuts the door behind him. HUE looks
 up, smiles shakes his head and goes back to his reports.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

After a short moment, he gets up, walks over the light switch and turns on the overhead lights.

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S CONDO. DAY

RODNEY and JONES walk in the door. On the kitchen counter, a brown briefcase sits alone.

RODNEY opens the briefcase and pulls out a packet of information. A picture of LESLIE STOKES is on the top of of the information.

RODNEY

Leslie Stokes, 34-year old bank manager.

JONES

Pretty.

RODNEY fingers through the packet of information, coming to the last page.

RODNEY tosses the piece of paper he's looking at JONES' way. On the piece of paper is typed "Payment: \$2.5 Million if job is done satisfactorily. Half payment will be wired to you within 24 hours"

A beat of silence.

JONES (CONT'D)

Who pays 2.5 to kill a bank manager?

RODNEY

Someone obviously not happy with their monthly debit card usage charges.

RODNEY looks through the packet again.

JONES

Anything?

RODNEY

This is it. This is the one...the last one.

JONES picks up the *Escape* magazine from the counter and holds it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES

(with a lisp)

Ith thith the time you'll finally
eth-cape, find yourthelf a man to
thpend the rest of your life with
on a beach?

RODNEY

Do you hear the things that you
say? I mean, as you speak, do you
hear the shit coming out of your
mouth.

*

And JONES laughs.

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN

Superimpose Title:

PART TWO

**"When stalking one's prey, it is best to take one's
time." - Harper Lee**

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF 1ST NATIONAL BANK. MORNING

Superimposed Title: WEEK 1

LESLIE STOKES is 34 and pretty. She walks confidently.
She knows how to handle people. She knows how to handle
herself. She is smart and personable. She is confident.

This morning she steps out of her car to head into the
bank she manages. She walks slowly. She's early, as
always, and she enjoys reading the paper as she walks
into work.

She finally gets to the door of the bank, pulls out her
keys and opens the door. She disappears inside the bank.

Across the street from the bank sit RODNEY and JONES in
the black sedan.

RODNEY

She's even better looking in
person.

JONES

You're 50 yards away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

I'm just saying, she's good looking.

JONES

You always do this.

RODNEY

You're a seven year old...shut up.

RODNEY settles in. JONES pouts a bit.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF 1ST NATIONAL BANK. DAY

*

RODNEY sits, looking attentively at the bank. JONES has drifted to sleep. RODNEY reaches down and turns on the radio, turning it up just enough to be background noise.

He hits seek on the radio until landing on the classical station. He leans his seat back slightly as beautiful classical music plays over the speakers. The clock on the radio reads 11:56am.

RODNEY reaches into the glove compartment, pulls out a bottle of advil, drops 4 in his hand and swallows them without water.

Suddenly, LESLIE walks out of the bank with a co-worker. They walk slowly down the sidewalk in the opposite direction of LESLIE's car.

RODNEY shakes JONES awake.

RODNEY

Looks like she's going to lunch.

JONES

(wipes spit from the side of his mouth)

Oh, okay...you want to follow her?

RODNEY watches as she walks.

RODNEY

Doesn't look like she's going far...

(a beat)

We'll wait.

JONES leans back his seat completely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES

Then I'm sleeping.

RODNEY

Big surprise.

RODNEY reaches under his seat and pulls up a bag of sunflower seeds. He pops one in his mouth.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

You're the worst stake-out partner ever.

JONES

Be quiet. I'm sleeping.

They both chuckle.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE 1ST NATIONAL BANK. LATE AFTERNOON

JONES stands outside the car smoking a cigarette. RODNEY sits inside the car, reading a *Time* magazine.

Employees start to stream out of the bank in groups of two or three. RODNEY looks at his watch: 5:03pm.

RODNEY reaches up and taps on the window. JONES looks back, takes one more drag on his cigarette and throws it into the grass next the car. JONES gets in the car.

RODNEY

You realize that if we have to do this several days in a row, you can't just smoke outside the car. One of the easiest way to trace someone is cigarette butts.

JONES

I only smoked 3 cigarettes the entire day. I dispersed them in different places. I think it'll be okay.

RODNEY

If the cops are looking for us, they will find all 3 of the butts.

JONES taps RODNEY and points to LESLIE, who has just exited the bank and is headed towards her car.

LESLIE gets in her car and pulls out of her spot and then out of the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY waits until LESLIE's car passes them and then slowly pulls into traffic, following her, a few car lengths behind.

JONES

This shit is boring.

RODNEY

Quit bitching. It's like you're a fucking GI all over again, getting your feelings hurt cuz D.I. was yelling at you.

They drive for a short moment longer until LESLIE pulls off and parks on the street across from a bar called "The Glass Onion".

RODNEY drives past LESLIE's car and watches in the rear view mirror as she gets out and carefully crosses the road.

About a block down the street, RODNEY pulls a U-turn and then parks on the street, facing LESLIE's car.

JONES

The Glass Onion?

RODNEY

It's a Beatles' song.

JONES

I know where the name comes from - just a dumb name for a bar. God, you can be so condescending.

RODNEY

(shrugs)

Don't mean to be condescending.

JONES

I know who the Beatles are. Asshole.

RODNEY

Apologies.

They sit in silence. After a long, long couple of minutes, JONES can't take it anymore.

JONES

I have got to get a book or a *Playboy* or something.

RODNEY

Quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY reaches down and turns on the radio. The classical music sounds over the radio speakers.

Another long moment passes.

JONES

Ugh...this damn music...

JONES gets out of the car and walks in the opposite direction of The Glass Onion.

RODNEY leans his chair back a bit and pulls out the sunflower seeds again. He pops one in and hums along with the music.

FADE TO:

EXT. LA STREET OUTSIDE THE GLASS ONION. EVENING

RODNEY leans his chair up and looks down at the clock on his radio: 7:44pm. Classical music still plays

JONES is outside the car - he leans against a wall next to where their car is parked. He's smoking again.

The doors to The Glass Onion open and LESLIE walks out, pulling a long-haired good-looking guy behind her. She smiles, flirting girlishly. The guy laughs. LESLIE points to her car and he points down the street to his.

LESLIE lets go of his hand and crosses the street to her car. The long-haired guy turns and runs down towards his car.

JONES puts out his cigarette and meanders to the car and gets in.

The long-haired guy pulls his car up behind LESLIE's and waits for her to pull out, then follows her.

JONES

That was fast.

RODNEY

One night stands don't usually take long to commence.

JONES

One night stand?

RODNEY

Look at her: she's never met this guy;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 she's slightly scared that he
 could hurt her tonight...but he
 looks innocent enough.

After both LESLIE's and the long-haired guy's cars pass,
 RODNEY pulls out and pulls a quick U-Turn, following
 them.

JONES
 Is he? Innocent enough?

RODNEY
 He won't hurt her. Probably a
 shitty lover, though. Look at
 that hair. Pussy.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE LESLIE'S APARTMENT. EVENING

RODNEY and JONES pull up and look up at an apartment
 complex that looks like it would be at home in *Don't Be
 Menace to Society*. LESLIE and her long-haired friend are
 laughing and cavorting, making their way into the
 apartment complex.

RODNEY
 Her place. You ever had a girl
 take you back to her place for a
 one night stand?

JONES
 I don't bang sluts.

RODNEY
 So, having a one night stand
 indicates slut-dom?

JONES
 Absolutely. My girl and I didn't
 screw till we were committed.

RODNEY
 Good for you. Good for you. You
 gonna home-school your kids, too?

JONES
 So freaking condescending.

RODNEY chuckles.

JONES (CONT'D)
 How long do we have to wait?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

Till he leaves. Does she let the guys stay all night? Does she kick them out as soon as they're done screwing? We have to know her routine.

JONES

I might commit suicide.

RODNEY

You've got to get better at this.

RODNEY reaches down and turns on the radio. The clock reads 8:07pm.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE LESLIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

RODNEY and JONES sit, watching the apartment, talking.

JONES

How much you think a bank manager makes, a year?

RODNEY

Huh...in L.A.? Gosh, I dunno. 70's, 80's - maybe 90's.

JONES gestures around LESLIE's apartment.

JONES

I guarantee rent on this place isn't more than, what 700, *maybe* 800. Why?

RODNEY thinks for a moment.

RODNEY

Saving money?

JONES

That's alotta money to be saving - I mean, since we've been here, I've seen like 8 drug deals go down.

The long-haired guy from the bar exits LESLIE's apartment and walks towards his car.

RODNEY

Damn, that's cold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES laughs as he looks down at the clock: 9:48pm.

JONES

Less than 2 hours. That is cold.

The long-haired guy gets in his car and drives away.

JONES (CONT'D)

Can we go now?

RODNEY puts the car in drive, pulls out and drives away from the apartment complex.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE 1ST NATIONAL BANK. LATE AFTERNOON

RODNEY and JONES watch the bank. LESLIE comes out and RODNEY looks at the clock: 5:02pm.

LESLIE gets in her car and pulls out of her spot, then out of the parking lot. She drives past RODNEY's car.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE BILLY JO'S BAR & GRILL. CONTINUOUS

LESLIE parks her car in the bar's parking lot and walks into the bar.

RODNEY parks his car in a spot, rear-first (so his car is facing the bar).

RODNEY turns on the classical music and pulls out the sunflower seeds. The clock reads 5:28pm.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE BILLY JO'S BAR & GRILL. NIGHT

LESLIE exits the bar, pulling a new man - a short-haired, skinny, well-dressed office type - behind her. They head to their cars.

RODNEY and JONES watch on.

The clock reads 6:47pm

LESLIE pulls out of the parking lot, her new male friend following. RODNEY and JONES pull out after her.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BLACK ROOM. NIGHT.

LESLIE leads another man out of another bar and they head to their cars.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SHAMROCK. NIGHT

Leslie leads another man out of another bar and they head to their cars.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE JACKO'S. NIGHT

LESLIE walks out of another bar with yet another man and they head to their cars. RODNEY and JONES watch. They don't follow their cars. They know where she's taking the guy.

JONES

She a bit of a whore, yeah?

RODNEY

We don't view people in moral terms. She is predictable. Every morning, she goes to work at the same time; every day she goes to lunch at the same time; every night she gets off at the same time; every night she goes to a bar and picks up a man, and within 2 hours of having that man in her apartment, she kicks him out. She's predictable. That's all that matters.

JONES

5 men in 5 nights from 5 different bars. She's a whore.

RODNEY

And you're a dick.

RODNEY starts the car and pulls out of the parking spot.

JONES crosses his arms and watches Los Angeles fly by his passenger side window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see the sign for "Palisade Insurance: The Company to meet your needs" fly by almost faster than can register.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE 1ST NATIONAL BANK. MORNING

Superimposed Title: WEEK 2

LESLIE walks into the bank, reading her newspaper.

The headline reads: "LAPD: no leads on Stone's murder"

She reaches the bank's front door. She rolls up the paper and puts it beneath her arm, pulls out her keys and unlocks the door, opens it and disappears.

RODNEY and JONES watch from their place across the street. RODNEY is dressed in a nice suit.

JONES

So, what's the plan?

RODNEY

I'll worry about the plan. You worry about picking up your damn cigarette butts.

JONES

Last time I let you worry about the plan, we ended up in Plan C point 2.

RODNEY opens his door, speaking as he steps out of the car.

RODNEY

Pick up your butts.

RODNEY walks towards the bank. He reaches the front door just as LESLIE opens up the door for customers.

LESLIE holds the door open and lets RODNEY in. As RODNEY talks, he suddenly has a slight Southern accent.

LESLIE

Good morning.

RODNEY

Good morning.

She finishes unlocking the door, then lets it close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

How can I help you this morning?

RODNEY

I need to open a bank account.
Are you the manager?

(leans in to whisper)

I have some...special
circumstances...I'd love it if you
could help me.

LESLIE

Oh, sir...

RODNEY

Ballinger...Brian Ballinger.

LESLIE

Okay, Mr. Ballinger. Follow me -
I'd love to help you.

LESLIE leads RODNEY into her office. She shuts the door behind him. She points to a chair in front of her desk and he sits down. LESLIE walks behind her desk and sits down.

RODNEY pulls out a packet of documents and sets them on the desk.

RODNEY

I was a bank manager for 12 years
in Texas. Couple years back, the
bail out of the big banks
happened, and my bank just
couldn't make it. We had people
pull money out...the whole bit.
You know...people get scared, move
their money to the big chain
banks, thinking that their money
is more safe there, not realizing
that they were killing the little
guys like us.

LESLIE

I have had several friends lose
jobs because of bank closings.
Sorry...I know it's tough out
there.

RODNEY

Like you wouldn't believe.
Anyway, I lost everything. Job,
friends, my wife left...God, I was
a deacon at my church - lost that.
I mean, everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LESLIE

That's horrible.

RODNEY

This isn't a pity story. I'm just giving you the facts. I eventually got a job as a consultant. So, I need an account.

LESLIE

Okay, Mr. Ballinger...

RODNEY

Call me Brian.

LESLIE

Okay...Brian...I'm sorry for everything you've been through. We here at 1st National would love to serve you in any way we can.

RODNEY

Thank you.

LESLIE moves her computer mouse to wake her computer up and the screen comes alive.

LESLIE

Give me just a minute while I pull up your information.

RODNEY

Sure, sure.

LESLIE types in BRIAN BALLINGER into her computer and the program she's in brings up a list of results. She clicks on a couple of them and reads.

LESLIE

It says you declared bankruptcy a little less than 2 years ago.

RODNEY

(sheepishly)
Yeah...just couldn't keep up with it all.

LESLIE

Yeah...it's the same for a lot of people...it's a tough time.

She reads a little more then stands up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Well, Mr. Ballinger, I don't see anything that would keep us from allowing you to open an account. We would love to serve you, sir. I'm gonna turn you over to one of my associates and just let them know to overlook some of the information here...

LESLIE opens up her door and calls to one of her employees.

RODNEY stands up from his chair.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Shannon, could you come here please?

SHANNON stands up from behind her desk and walks briskly over to LESLIE

SHANNON

How can I help, Leslie?

LESLIE

This is Mr. Brian Ballinger...he needs to open an account. I've worked through the details; you just set up the account.

SHANNON.

All right

(to RODNEY)

Mr. Ballinger, would you like to follow me to my desk, please?

RODNEY

I'd love to.

SHANNON turns and walks to her desk and RODNEY brushes past LESLIE

RODNEY (CONT'D)

(to Leslie)

Thank you.

LESLIE

Glad to help.

RODNEY follows SHANNON to her desk and sits down. LESLIE waves to RODNEY then goes back to her desk, leaving the door to her office open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LESLIE reads more on her computer about RODNEY, glancing out every now and then at RODNEY, still with SHANNON.

She reads an article about his bank shutting down. It's the run-of-the-mill bank closing. She shuts that page and goes back to the page she had up originally and reads more about his bankruptcy and divorce.

As she reads, KEVIN, a good-looking black teller pokes his head into her office.

KEVIN

Leslie, I've got a problem...can you help?

*

LESLIE shuts down the program where BRIAN's information is and stands up and follows KEVIN out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD BUILDING. DAY

HUE GINNET steps off of an elevator and walks down a hallway. He gives a "what up" nod to a couple of officers as he walks along. He reaches an office and knocks on the door. The title on the door reads "CPT. AL FORMAN"

CPT. FORMAN

(from inside the office)

Yuuup!

HUE opens the door and steps into the office, shutting the door behind him.

HUE

Captain, I think I've got something on the Senator.

CPT. FORMAN

(gestures to a chair)

You wanna sit?

HUE

I'm good. Shouldn't take too long.

CPT. FORMAN

Okay - shoot.

HUE

The Senator was killed with a silenced .357. You know that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CPT. FORMAN

I know that.

HUE

Right...well, I did a search for any other murders in L.A. that used a similar gun and found one.

HUE drops a folder on FORMAN's desk. FORMAN opens it up to find a picture of SKY WALTERS.

CPT. FORMAN

Who's this?

HUE

Sky Walters. Investment banker. Worth God knows how much.

CPT. FORMAN

Pro?

HUE

Very. No prints. No nothing. Very, very clean. Very pro.

CPT. FORMAN

Okay.

FORMAN pushes the folder back across the desk.

HUE

Well, that got me thinking...I did a search across the U.S. for kills that were done with a silenced .357. Any idea how many there have been in the last 2 years?

*

CPT. FORMAN

No clue. Surprise me.

HUE

11.

CPT. FORMAN

All that build up for 11 murders? It's 11. One more than 10.

HUE

This is a very specific kill, sir. The chances of there being 11 using the same type gun are small. Very, very small. 11 is a shit-ton.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CPT. FORMAN

So, what's your point?

HUE

I think several of these are from the same guy. Even if he's a pro, he had to start sometime. He could've made a mistake somewhere.

FORMAN thinks for a long moment.

CPT. FORMAN

Look, I'm getting pressure from the top, from the Chief, who's getting pressure from the mayor who's getting pressure from the governor and God knows where that fuck is getting pressure from. The point is they want this pinned on someone. They don't give a shit if it's the right guy. They just want it pinned on someone. You got 6 weeks. Tops. And it'll most likely be less than that. If you do this, you gotta work quick.

HUE

As fast as I can, sir.

HUE picks up the folder and turns to leave.

CPT. FORMAN

Hue, how's the kid?

*

HUE

He's great - started 8-10 year old fast pitch last week. That's baseball...

CPT. FORMAN

Hue, I know it's baseball - tell him hello.

HUE

(chuckles)
Sure thing.

HUE leaves the office, shutting the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GLASS ONION. NIGHT.

The bar is not quite busy. People sit at the bar, at tables around the bar and in dark booths on the outer walls of the building. LESLIE sits at the bar, talking, laughing with a couple of guys.

RODNEY walks through the front door and walks up to the bar.

RODNEY
I'll take a Jack and Coke, please.

The Bartender turns and begins making the drink as RODNEY looks around the bar, starting on the opposite side of the building of LESLIE. He's already spotted her and wants to register a response on her last thing.

He looks around, finally coming to LESLIE. LESLIE sees him and can't quite place where she remembers him from.

The bartender gives him the drink and RODNEY drops a \$5 bill on the counter, picks up his drink and moves towards LESLIE.

When RODNEY gets to LESLIE, he nods to her (she notices), then confidently walks up to her, interrupting the 2 guys talking to her.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
Excuse me, fellas.

LESLIE
You look so familiar.

RODNEY
Yeah, we've met. I'm Brian.

LESLIE
(realizes who he is)
Brian Ballinger.

RODNEY
That's my name.

LESLIE
(nervously)
You come here often?

RODNEY
Every now and then. Great place.
Look, you wanna grab a booth and talk?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I think we could find something to talk about: 2 bank managers...no one knows what we do except what we do, right?

LESLIE

(thinks for a beat)

Sure...sure...that sounds good.

RODNEY

(to the 2 guys)

Sorry, guys. We're gonna break away.

RODNEY and LESLIE grab their drinks and head over to a booth. They slide in across from one another. LESLIE doesn't quite know where to go from here.

LESLIE

So...12 years you were a manager, huh?

RODNEY

(chuckles)

Yes. 12 years. How about you? How long you been doing this?

LESLIE

11 years...not quite 12, but close. One more than 10.

RODNEY

How'd you end up in L.A.?

LESLIE

I, uh...came here for a boy - all the way from Knoxville, TN cuz that idiot convinced me we were going to be together forever.

RODNEY

(chuckles)

I take it that didn't work out.

LESLIE

(shrugs)

Eh, he was an actor. Got his first big role and dropped me faster than I could say "Asshole".

RODNEY

Sorry about that.

LESLIE

It was 10 years ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY

So, what's the plan?

LESLIE

I've been saving for my escape from L.A. since I got here. I plan on some day spending the rest of my life on a beach somewhere, hopefully getting serviced by a cabana boy 20 years my junior.

RODNEY

(laughs)

Wow...that is what I'm working towards, also.

LESLIE

You like cabana boys, too?

RODNEY

(laughs hard)

No...the beach part. Trying to figure out how to retire and get away and never have to think about this world again.

LESLIE

What beach?

RODNEY

Excuse me?

LESLIE

What beach? I mean, I have my list of top 10 beaches that I want to go to. What beach do you want to run away to?

RODNEY

I, uh, apparently don't take this as seriously as you do.

LESLIE

Apparently not. I've decided that Playa Del Carmen - that's in Mexico - is most likely my final destination.

RODNEY

That's right below Cancun, right?

LESLIE

Yes it is...you know your Mexican geography. I'm impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RODNEY

I've been there a few times.

LESLIE

Is it as nice as the pictures?

RODNEY

You haven't actually been?

LESLIE

I'm not saving for a vacation; I'm going forever. So...no. I haven't been.

RODNEY

Playa's very nice. I'd live there...that might be on my top 10 list, too...especially if you were there.

LESLIE

Oooh...turning on the charm. I like.

*
*

RODNEY

I don't have to turn it on...it's there automatically. I'm universally-known as charming.

LESLIE

(laughs)
Oh! Really? Universally, huh?

RODNEY

Universally. All around the universe.

LESLIE

Ohhhh...so there is life beyond the earth! I've always wondered.

RODNEY

Yes. Many beautiful alien women.

LESLIE

With 3 tits?

RODNEY

I only have 2 hands...3 tits is just overkill...and it makes the motorboat damn near impossible.

LESLIE laughs out loud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LESLIE

You're a big fan of the motorboat,
are you?

RODNEY

Who isn't?

They both chuckle. There is silence for a beat.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Do you wanna get out of here?

LESLIE

Absolutely.

LESLIE jumps out of the booth and runs towards the door,
laughing. RODNEY jumps up and follows after her,
quickly.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GLASS ONION. CONTINUOUS

JONES sits in the car and watches as the door to the bar
bursts open and LESLIE runs out, followed shortly by
RODNEY They are laughing. LESLIE points to her car and
RODNEY points towards his. JONES slides down in his seat
and looks barely over the dashboard.

The radio clock reads: 6:51pm

LESLIE heads to her car and RODNEY heads towards their
car and gets in.

JONES

That was quick.

RODNEY puts the car in gear.

RODNEY

She's kind of a whore.

JONES chuckles.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE LESLIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

JONES sit in the car, 80's heavy metal playing on the
radio.

RODNEY trudges down the sidewalk away from the apartment.
JONES looks down at the clock: 9:48pm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY gets in the car as JONES sits up in his seat.

JONES

She kicked you out already?

RODNEY

She said - and I quote - "Look, Brian, I'm not looking for anything but a good time, and you were a damn good time. But now is a good time to leave."

JONES

That was quick.

RODNEY starts the car and puts it in gear, then pulls out of his parking spot.

RODNEY

She's kind of a whore.

A long pause.

JONES

A nasty, dirty whore? Or lay there and take what you give her kind of whore?

A beat.

RODNEY

A "ride you like you're her favorite childhood pony" kind of whore.

A long silence.

JONES

Is everything okay with your man bits? Did she jog anything loose? You need me to check you out, have you turn your head and cough when we get home?

RODNEY

I got laid. I didn't get a hernia, you idiot.

JONES laughs. RODNEY eventually joins in.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF 1ST NATIONAL BANK. MORNING

RODNEY and JONES pull up to the bank and park. RODNEY takes a long drink from a coffee. JONES has an unlit cigarette in his mouth.

RODNEY reaches down and turns on the radio. 80's heavy metal blares.

RODNEY

Seriously?

RODNEY changes the radio to the Classical Station. The clock reads 10:21am.

JONES

Seriously?

RODNEY

This music expands your mind...your music makes you want to kill people.

JONES

Um...isn't that what we do?

RODNEY

We don't kill people. We eliminate targets. There's a difference.

A long silence as they both think. JONES looks up nods towards LESLIE and the bank

JONES

Well, if you're lucky, you'll get to be Seabiscuit a few more times...

RODNEY

Where do you come up with this shit?

RODNEY gets out of the car, shutting the door behind him. He calls back over his shoulder.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Don't smoke, asshole.

JONES takes the cigarette out of his mouth and rolls his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES
Whatever you say, Hitler.

CUT TO:

INT. 1ST NATIONAL BANK. CONTINUOUS

LESLIE stands behind the teller counter talking to KEVIN, the teller who had a question when RODNEY was in the bank before.

RODNEY walks through the front door and looks around for LESLIE. LESLIE sees him, immediately looks a little worried and walks from behind the counter towards him. *

LESLIE
Mr. Ballinger, good to see you today! What can I do for you?

RODNEY
Ah, Miss Stokes...I have a problem with my account. I'd love to talk to you privately about it.

LESLIE
Well, step into my office.

They turn and walk into LESLIE's office. LESLIE shuts the door behind them.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing here? I thought we had an understanding!

RODNEY
I've thought about our understanding and I'm not sure I'm okay with it any more.

LESLIE
What?

RODNEY
I had too good a time last night to just let it be a one night stand.

LESLIE
(shakes her head)
I am not looking for anything serious. I thought you understood that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

I understand. But you can't make hard, fast rules when it comes to relationships. You just can't.

LESLIE

I can.

RODNEY

You can *try*.

LESLIE

No, I can. I have. Brian, look, you seem to be a nice guy...but I'm not looking for anything serious. Sorry.

RODNEY

Who said anything about anything serious?

LESLIE

2nd dates imply something beyond just having fun.

RODNEY

Maybe we're just having fun - we enjoyed making love and we want to do it again. Maybe we just have some fun together until one or the other finally has the chance to get out of this shit-hole of a city. And maybe, just maybe we figure out we've got something here and maybe we escape together.

(a long beat)

Or, you know, I could let your employees know that you enjoy screwing customers...and not just with the hidden check fees.

LESLIE tries not to laugh, but a smile breaks her face.

LESLIE

We don't have hidden check fees.

(thinks for a moment)

God, you're an asshole, huh?

RODNEY

Yet...universally charming.

LESLIE

Universally...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY

Leslie, look, just hang out with me tonight. We had a great time. We'll have a great time.

LESLIE thinks for a moment.

LESLIE

Okay...tonight is all I promise...but no more of this "coming into the bank and trying to blackmail me" shit.

RODNEY

(thinks for a moment)
Deal. Just tonight. And, if we have fun, then we'll take it from there.

LESLIE

Get out of my office.

RODNEY

I'll pick you up at 7.

LESLIE opens her door and watches RODNEY walk through the bank and out the front door. We see a slight smile creep up on her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF 1ST NATIONAL BANK. CONTINUOUS

RODNEY walks out of the bank and out to the car. He gets in.

RODNEY

You smoked.

JONES

I'm a grown-ass man.

RODNEY

You're a child.

RODNEY starts up the car and pulls out of the parking spot.

CUT TO:

INT. MADSEN'S (RESTAURANT). NIGHT

RODNEY and LESLIE sit at a table in a nice restaurant.
The plates in front of them consist of mostly-eaten food.

LESLIE
I'm glad we did this.

RODNEY
I'm glad you could bend your rules
a little bit.

A short silence.

LESLIE
So, tell me about your ex-wife.

RODNEY
(a little taken
aback)
Well...that was out of nowhere.

LESLIE
I don't do small talk well. You
brought this on yourself by
wanting to hang out with me.

RODNEY
Okay...that's fair. Well, where
to start?

LESLIE
What was her name?

RODNEY
Melissa. She was...good.

LESLIE
Kids?

RODNEY
(sadly)
No.

LESLIE
What happened?

RODNEY
(uncomfortable)
This seems a little deep.

LESLIE
Did you cheat on her? Were you an
alcoholic? Beat her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

No! Hell, no! None of that. She was...she was good. Her parents were not good. We loved each other, but when everything went to shit, her parents finally had the leverage to get her to leave.

LESLIE

Why didn't they like you?

RODNEY

No one was good enough for them...I had no chance. We got married, left her family, moved a few states over and went out and made our own life. It lasted... until it didn't.

(a beat)

But enough about me...let's talk about you.

LESLIE

I don't like to talk about me.

RODNEY

What makes someone like you so cold?

LESLIE

Cold?!

RODNEY

Cold might not be the right word. Maybe guarded is better. You make good money as a bank manager - I mean I know what I made in TX and I know you have to make at least half more than I did, and yet you live in a shit hole apartment complex that you can't pay more than \$700 a month for.

LESLIE

(false hurt)

You don't like my apartment?

RODNEY

Your apartment is all right. It's the gang members right outside your door that are a bit daunting.

They both laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY (CONT'D)

And the prostitutes who work out of the apartments next door are a definite 2nd option if you don't ever put out...but...

LESLIE

You ARE an asshole!

RODNEY

I'm just saying...you make good money, you live in a shithole and you are obviously not opposed to one night stands while being diametrically opposed to any kind of commitment. How the hell do you get that way?

LESLIE

(laughs)

Okay, okay...fair question. If you can talk about your ex, I can talk about this.

RODNEY

Apples and oranges.

LESLIE

Nah - more like oranges and tangerines. I moved here after college for this guy - the actor - I had been with since my freshman year of college.

RODNEY

You were a business major?

LESLIE

Banking, specifically. I moved out here to be with him and within 6 months he got his big break and, with his big break, his chance at every actress he could want. And he decided that the hot chick from that one movie was a better choice than me.

RODNEY

How'd that work out for him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LESLIE

Eh, he's making \$10 million a picture and I'm working at a bank, banging out one night stands out like Bon Jovi in the 80's...and the 2000's. But, hey, I got to meet you.

RODNEY

(laughs)

Somehow I get the impression that you don't find those two to be equals.

LESLIE

Right now, my "boyfriend" is my dream of disappearing to Playa Del Carmen and never returning to this damn country again.

RODNEY

I get it. Totally get it. I wake up every day just planning on how I can escape and never come back, never be found.

LESLIE

(jokingly)

Maybe we could buy condos next door to one another.

RODNEY

(laughs)

Vacation fuck buddies. Sounds like fun to me.

They laugh for a short moment.

LESLIE

Let's go to your place.

RODNEY

It *is* in a nicer neighborhood.

RODNEY waves to the waiter.

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

RODNEY and LESLIE fall into his bedroom, kissing. They fall on the bed. And make love.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK. DAY

Superimposed Title: WEEK 3

LESLIE and RODNEY walk, eating ice cream cones.

LESLIE

All right, you have to tell me something no one knows about you.

RODNEY

We're into secrets now? 13 days of screwing and we're on to secrets? *

LESLIE

Quit being evasive. 'Fess up. Something no one knows about you.

RODNEY

Hmmmm...I dunno...

LESLIE

Come on, there has to be something.

RODNEY

Okay...I...uh...well, I've killed people.

LESLIE stops walking.

LESLIE

What?!!

RODNEY

I was in the Navy Seals for 6 years. I was very good at my job.

LESLIE is still trying to process this information. She begins walking again.

LESLIE

I was going to tell you that after the actor broke up with me I got a cat to keep me company because I was so fucking lonely in this town...and you - you've killed people? Shit.

RODNEY

I'm sorry...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

Technically, people knew that you killed people.

RODNEY

(shrugs)
Some of them.

LESLIE

When you killed them, were you close to them? Were you far away? Did you see them die?

RODNEY

I have...I was in the first Persian Gulf war. We won that war. I mean we - the special forces, the black ops - we won that war. I did things that were...life-altering, for lack of a better term.

LESLIE

So you've seen a man's soul leave his body.

RODNEY

If a man has a soul, then, yes - I have seen that. But with everything I've seen I have a hard time believing in the after-life. Isn't this shit hard enough?

LESLIE

And then you became a bank manager, got married - wow - You've lived some life. I am fascinated by your experience, but it feels morbid to ask any more questions about what you did.

*

RODNEY

I never told my wife the things I did. The only people who know what happened either died on a beach long ago, or they moved on and forgot...

(a beat)

...just like I tried to do.

LESLIE

This feels serious. We feel serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY

Serious subject matter.

LESLIE

(shakes her head)

You opened up to me. It's freaking me out.

RODNEY

Okay, rewind; take back everything I just said. Start over: something no one knows is that I'm a closet Dodgers fan.

LESLIE

Good. I'm a fan of Volunteer basketball.

RODNEY

Two totally different sports, 2 totally different levels of play.

LESLIE

Yeah, 2 totally different levels of play is me saying I got a fucking cat and you saying you've fucking killed someone. How the hell do I respond to that? Was that supposed to give me goosebumps and make me feel like we grew closer?

RODNEY

I don't know what you're freaking out about, LESLIE I was playing your game. I told you something serious. So what?

LESLIE

So what? So what? We screwed, we had a good time. Suddenly a good time turned into 13 days. What's 13 days going to turn into? Are we going to wake up one morning and 9 years has passed and we're both in this shitty town still, waiting, holding on to the false hope that we can some day break away and move to Mexico? This feels fucking serious, Brian!

*
*

RODNEY stops and LESLIE walks on. After a moment, LESLIE turns around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LESLIE (CONT'D)

What? What are you thinking?

RODNEY

I'm thinking that for someone who is so fucking scared of commitment, you sure tend to go there a whole lot.

LESLIE

What?

RODNEY

You don't want commitment. Neither do I. You want to have fun. So do I. Just roll with it. I told you something serious. I didn't tell you that my best friend was killed, that I saw him die. I didn't tell you that my daughter died because I didn't have insurance. I didn't tell you that my former in-laws turned the one person who should fucking be on my side when everything goes to shit against me.

(a beat)

I told you a fact that I thought you might find interesting: I have killed people. I was a soldier. I killed people. Who give a shit? The people I killed deserved to die. I'm sorry I thought that was small talk fodder. Let's start the fuck over. I'm a Dodger's fan. Is that surface, "I don't want to let anyone in", "I got a cat cuz I was lonely" bullshit enough for you?

Long pause.

LESLIE

You ARE an asshole.

LESLIE turns and walks away. RODNEY shrugs and takes off after her. After a few steps, LESLIE turns around.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Did all that stuff really happen to you? I thought you didn't have kids. Who died?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RODNEY

Maybe those things happened,
Leslie. Maybe I was just making a
point.

LESLIE

What point?

RODNEY

I like hanging out; I like being
with you; I like you - you're nice
and you're cute and you look great
with your clothes off...don't get
freaked out because I made the
mistake of letting you in. The
line is drawn: it won't happen
again.

LESLIE thinks for a moment.

LESLIE

You think I look good naked?

RODNEY

THAT? That is what you took from
all that?

LESLIE nods.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Yes. I think you look fucking
awesome naked. I wish you were
naked right now. I would
motorboat you till you had a
permanent red spot.

They both laugh.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Can we just walk, hold hands,
finish our ice cream cones and
then go home and get naked?

LESLIE

That sounds good to me.

LESLIE takes his hand and they walk.

FADE TO:

INT. RODNEY'S CONDO. MORNING

Superimpose Title: WEEK 4

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY's phone rings. He walks over and picks it up.

SIMONE (O.S.)
(through phone)
Is she there with you?

RODNEY
Hello to you, too.

RODNEY smiles at LESLIE who is sitting on the couch in the living room.

SIMONE (O.S.)
How much longer, Rodney?

RODNEY
These types of programs usually
take at least 3 months for
maturation.

SIMONE (O.S.)
Finish it. You're running out of
time.

RODNEY
When I can do it right, I will
make sure we pull the trigger on
this one, all right?

The phone goes dead - SIMONE hangs up.

LESLIE
Who was that?

RODNEY
A customer. Wondering about a
dividend program. You ready for
this?

LESLIE
I've been there, Brian...the real
question is: are you ready for
this?

CUT TO:

EXT. DISNEYLAND. DAY

Montage sequence: LESLIE and RODNEY enjoy Disneyland;
they ride various rides, screaming and having fun,
cavorting around the theme park. They are having fun.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They are falling in love, without the possibility of admitting they are falling in love.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE SPACE MOUNTAIN. EVENING

They stumble out of the ride, holding hands, laughing.

LESLIE

Oh, my god, you're the biggest roller coaster pussy I've ever met.

RODNEY

It's in the dark! Everyone is scared shitless by Space Mountain!

LESLIE

I've finally found my super hero's kryptonite: roller coasters.

LESLIE takes off running. RODNEY rolls his eyes, shakes his head then takes off after her.

CUT TO:

EXT. DISNEYLAND MAIN STREET. NIGHT

LESLIE and RODNEY hold hands as the parade of Disney Characters roll by in the evening parade. As the fireworks explode above their heads, RODNEY gently takes her face into his hands and kisses her, passionately, lovingly.

LESLIE pulls away from the long kiss and looks up into his eyes, then she gives herself to him fully, jumping into his arms, kissing him as deeply as she can kiss him. He picks her up and kisses her back, just as deeply.

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

RODNEY and LESLIE make love. RODNEY is on top of her, making love sweetly, kindly, lovingly. He brushes the hair out of her face and kisses her softly.

RODNEY

Don't freak out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

I'm not freaking out. Why would I
freak out.?

RODNEY

This feels...serious.

Long pause

LESLIE

I'm not freaking out.

RODNEY kisses her deeply and begins slowly moving in
rhythm once again.

We move out of the bedroom and into the living room to
find JONES sitting on the couch. He looks angry. LESLIE
moans in ecstasy in the bedroom and JONES stands up,
walks to the door, pauses, hears another moan, and then
he opens the door and leaves, slamming the door behind
him.

With the door slamming, we....

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE 1ST NATIONAL BANK. LATE AFTERNOON

Superimposed Title: WEEK 5

RODNEY leans against his car, waiting for LESLIE. After a
short moment, LESLIE exits the bank, locks up behind her
and walks over towards RODNEY.

As she nears, RODNEY notices that she looks as though
she's been crying.

RODNEY

Leslie, what's wrong, baby?

LESLIE

One of my workers, Shannon, was
killed in a car accident today.

RODNEY

Oh, God, that's horrible.

*

LESLIE falls into RODNEY's chest and begins to sob.

LESLIE

28 years old. Beautiful. And
she's gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

Oh, baby...I'm so sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK BAR. NIGHT

RODNEY and LESLIE sit in a booth. LESLIE has obviously been drinking for a while. She looks drunk. She's sweating just slightly, her hair is mussed, and as she reaches for the drink in front of her, there is a momentary hesitation.

RODNEY sits with a water in front of him.

LESLIE

Fuck. I just remembered: she came in last week and said she was planning on going to Santa Cruz this week, but had decided not to because Kevin needed the time off. Oh, my God, Brian, if she'd just gone; if Kevin had been gone next week instead of this; if she's taken the 101 instead of the 10.

RODNEY

(nods)
I know, baby, I know.

LESLIE puts her head on the table.

LESLIE

She was a good person, Brian. She went to church, she prayed...and she's gone. What the fuck does that mean for people like me?

Long silence.

RODNEY

It means that you miss her even more, because she was good.

LESLIE looks up at RODNEY

LESLIE

I love you.

RODNEY

(chuckles)
I think the drink might be talking a little bit right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

You're kind, you're nice to me,
you put up with my shit. You're
good. You're good to me. I like
you. Fuck, I love you.

RODNEY

I appreciate that, Leslie, I do.

LESLIE

You appreciate it? Say you love
me, too.

RODNEY

Leslie, you're drunk.

LESLIE

Say you love me, too.

RODNEY

Leslie, if you say this sober,
I'll respond, but...

LESLIE

I've told one fucking person
besides my parents that I love
them and he fucked me over and
broke my heart and turned me into
this cold-hearted bitch. Don't be
the second one to break my heart.

A long silence.

RODNEY

Leslie, you're drunk.

LESLIE stands up and tries to walk away, but stumbles.
RODNEY rises quickly from his seat and catches her before
she can fall.

LESLIE

Fuck you! Let me go!

RODNEY

Leslie, I love you. But you are
drunk.

LESLIE

You love me?

RODNEY

I love you, too, okay? Can I take
you home? You're fucked up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LESLIE smiles and kisses him shortly, then lets herself go limp in his arms.

LESLIE
Take me home. I'm fucked up.

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

LESLIE is asleep in RODNEY's bed. He tucks her in and kisses her on the forehead. He looks at her for a long, long moment, then kisses her on the forehead again.

RODNEY
(sighs)
You're gonna be the death of me.

FADE TO:

INT. RODNEY'S BEDROOM. MORNING

RODNEY is asleep. LESLIE looks hung over as she trudges painfully from the bathroom back to bed. She slips under the covers and then turns and nuzzles herself into RODNEY's arms.

RODNEY
Hello.

LESLIE
Your breath stinks.

RODNEY
(chuckles)
Your body smells like a distillery.

LESLIE
I sense sarcasm, but I can't find the negative in that statement.

RODNEY laughs and there is silence for a moment.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
What happened last night?

RODNEY
You got drunk.

LESLIE
Obviously.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(a beat)

I had this dream that we said some things last night that seemed a little strange.

RODNEY

It wasn't a dream.

A long pause.

LESLIE

Did you mean them?

RODNEY

Did you?

Another long pause.

LESLIE

I think so.

RODNEY

I *know* I did.

And there is silence as RODNEY simply holds LESLIE close.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME. DAY

RODNEY and LESLIE wait in line to view the body of SHANNON. The family grieves and RODNEY and LESLIE pay their respects.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE FUNERAL HOME. CONTINUOUS

LESLIE and RODNEY hold hands as they walk out of the funeral home towards RODNEY's car.

Suddenly, LESLIE stops and turns to RODNEY

LESLIE

Brian, I...

She breaks down, tears fill her eyes and her voice cracks.

RODNEY

You okay? What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

This funeral, losing Shannon - it's all so crazy and it gets you thinking: we could be gone in a heartbeat, in a second, in a moment. So, it's real, I feel it, and I don't mind you knowing: I love you. I want to escape to a beach somewhere far, far away, but I only want that beach to be near you, and the only cabana boy I want servicing me is 10 years my senior, not 20 years my junior.

RODNEY

(smiles)

I'd love to be your cabana boy.

They kiss outside of the car's passenger side door. As they finish kissing, RODNEY opens her door and lets her in. As he walks around the car to get in, we....

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Superimpose title: WEEK 6

RODNEY and LESLIE roll around his bed, a mass of sweaty, naked flesh. They finish making love and RODNEY rolls over to his side of the bed, out of breath.

LESLIE

Let's do it again!

RODNEY

Fuck me...

LESLIE

That's what I'm saying!

RODNEY

I have just lost 93% of my bodily fluids. It'll be in the neighborhood of 7 hours before they have built back up.

LESLIE

Men suck.

LESLIE snuggles with RODNEY He puts his arm around her.

RODNEY

See? This isn't so bad is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

God, I love you!

RODNEY

You seem to like saying it - don't use all your "I love you's" up in the first 2 weeks...you gotta make 'em last.

LESLIE

Look, I haven't said it for 10 years - I gotta make up for lost time. And it helps that I actually love you!

She toys with the dog tags on his chest. She pulls one of them up and reads the name. It's obviously not "Brian Ballinger"

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Who's that? On the dogtag? Who's name is that?

RODNEY

That...was a friend of mine from when I was in the SEALS. He was killed on a mission in Iraq. I grabbed the dogtag after he was killed.

LESLIE

You were close?

RODNEY thinks for a moment

RODNEY

Very, very close.

They lay in silence and finally LESLIE closes her eyes, sleep calling from the distance. RODNEY's eyes close, too.

FADE TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE. LARGE OCEAN-LIKE BODY OF WATER. NIGHT

In the almost pitch black, the water shimmers with a small sliver of the moon. Quietly, almost silently, out of the water, a head slowly emerges from the water. RODNEY looks younger, more earnest. His face is painted black.

Behind and beside RODNEY, another head pops out of the water, and then another and then another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is a Navy SEALs unit and they deep under cover somewhere in the middle east.

RODNEY looks to his left to his Sergeant, who points ahead with 2 fingers. Quietly, ever so quietly, the group of SEALs move towards the shore not far ahead.

Suddenly in the distance a gun shot sounds and there is a sick-sounding "thunk" and RODNEY flinches. He reaches up and wipes away blood from his face. He looks around, as if to find the source of the sound and the blood and then notices ahead of him, a soldier stands, body limp, gun in the water. The man slowly falls to his knees.

RODNEY races over the man and pulls him over. Right as we can see the dead soldier's face, we cut away.

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S BEDROOM. MORNING

LESLIE lays looking at RODNEY, worried because, in his sleep, RODNEY is sweating and tossing and turning. She leans over and shakes him.

LESLIE

Brian! Brian!

RODNEY stirs awake and looks up at LESLIE

LESLIE (CONT'D)

What is that all about?

RODNEY

What?

LESLIE

Every night, you toss and turn and sweat and murmur names I've never heard before - what are you dreaming of?

RODNEY

(a beat)

I don't know - I can never remember my dreams.

LESLIE thinks for a moment.

LESLIE

I want to know you - but you have to let me in. You have these walls up. I don't know how to climb over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

I think that goes both ways,
Leslie. How much do you really
let me in? *

LESLIE

More and more, I'm trying. I
truly am. I want you to know me.
I want to know you.

LESLIE leans over and kisses him.

RODNEY

I have to get a shower. I stink.

RODNEY kisses her again and gets out of bed and walks
into the bathroom. We hear the shower start up. LESLIE
gets out of bed. She sticks her head in the bathroom.

LESLIE

I had a good time. I'm gonna run
home and grab some clothes. I'll
see you tonight.

She walks out of the bedroom. A couple of seconds later,
we hear the front door open and close.

FADE TO:

INT. RODNEY'S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

RODNEY walks out of the bed room and into the kitchen and
grabs a glass of orange juice. As he takes a drink he
notices JONES in the living room. He looks to the door -
of course - LESLIE left the door unlocked.

RODNEY

Jones....

JONES

How much longer is this gonna go
on, Rodney?

RODNEY

Who do you think you're talking
to?

JONES

You've had this chick every night
for 5 weeks - and you had another
week on top of that to know what
she does and how she does it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES (CONT'D)

Do you think you've got the information you need to make a move? To eliminate the target?

RODNEY sets his glass down on the counter.

RODNEY

Stand down, Jones, I'm getting there.

JONES

No. I'll tell you what I think: I think you've had plenty of time and now you're trying to figure out how to not finish it.

RODNEY

I've been doing this 20 years, JONES I know what I'm doing.

JONES

Then what are you waiting for? You know what you need to know! You have every bit of information that you could possibly need!

RODNEY

I'm close. I just need a little more time.

JONES

You do not need any more time! You know you don't need anymore time! Do it! Do it tonight! Put a gun in her mouth and pull the damn trigger.

RODNEY

I'm not gonna shoot her.

JONES

Then give her a pill and she wakes up dead. No one gives a shit how you do it! Just do it!

Long, long awkward silence.

RODNEY

You're right.

JONES

God damn right, I am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY

No, you're right - I can't do it.
I won't.

*

A beat while this registers with JONES

JONES

You won't do what? Shoot her?

RODNEY

I won't kill her. I've got to
call it off. I think there's
something there.

JONES

What the hell?!!! Something
there? Something there?!

JONES paces back and forth.

JONES (CONT'D)

This fucks up everything.

RODNEY

Shit - I've got to tell SIMONE

JONES

Perfect. She'll be ecstatic!

RODNEY walks over to the counter and picks up his phone
and dials a number.

JONES (CONT'D)

Don't do this, RODNEY

SIMONE (V.O.)

(through phone)

Yes.

RODNEY

(shushes Jones)

Simone, RODNEY We need to meet.

SIMONE (V.O.)

We don't need to meet. How close
are you to finishing the bank
manager?

RODNEY

We need to talk about this. I
want to negotiate for her safety.
I can't do it.

(a beat)

I...won't do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Long silence.

SIMONE (V.O.)

That isn't how this works, RODNEY
We give you a job and you do it.
There is no negotiation if you
suddenly don't want to do it.

Long silence.

RODNEY

Why is she on the list?

SIMONE (V.O.)

I don't ask questions, Rodney and
neither should you. Finish it. I
will pretend this conversation
didn't happen for 2 weeks. If
it's not finished by then, we will
step in - and you will not like it
when we step in. It is bad for
the subject AND you.

RODNEY

Simone, there must be something we
can work out.

SIMONE

Watch over your shoulder,
Rodney...the Company doesn't fuck
around - there will be
retribution. Finish it.

She hangs up. He sets the phone down.

JONES

How'd that go for you?

Long silence.

JONES (CONT'D)

This is bad, Rodney

RODNEY

I'll figure it out.

A beat

JONES

Rodney, you're the boss...I'm just
figuring this all out - but it
feels like there's only one choice
to be made.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RODNEY

JONES..I'm not your boss.

(silence)

I won't do it. I'm not going to do it. The only choice I have is to defend her somehow. Protect her. Try to do something - something right.

JONES sighs, then walks to the door and opens it.

JONES

Call me when you figure it out.

And he leaves.

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE:

PART THREE

"You have enemies? Good. That means you've stood up for something, sometime in your life." - Winston Churchill

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF 1ST NATIONAL BANK. DAY

RODNEY is back in stake-out mode. He sits in the car, watching the bank, but now instead of watching LESLIE he is watching over LESLIE

RODNEY leans his seat back slightly and pulls out a brand new bag of sunflower seeds. He opens the bag and throws a seed in his mouth.

He reaches down and turns on classical music. The clock on the radio says: 1:44pm

A car drives by and backfires.

In a heartbeat, RODNEY is out of the car, gun in hand behind his back, looking around, looking around, looking around...until he realizes it isn't a threat.

He slides the gun back into his holster and tries to normalize.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL FIELD. DAY

HUE is on the pitcher's mound, throwing to his 8-year old boy, J.R. He throws overhand to the boy and the boy is doing an incredible job of hitting the balls. A couple of kids run around the outfield, picking up the balls that are hit and rolling them back to (and around) HUE

Beside the field, we see a squad car pull up and park. SGT. PERRY steps out of the car, carrying several folders. He walks over to the field.

PERRY

Alice said you were here with J.R.
- What's up J.R.? You cranking
the balls out of here?

J.R. nods.

HUE

We're just practicing a little.
It's J.R.'s first year of overhand
fast pitch. He's good. Real
good.

HUE throws the ball at J.R. and J.R. hits it high in the air, out towards the outfield.

HUE (CONT'D)

So, what's up, Perry?

PERRY walks onto the field and stops at the first base line. HUE throws another pitch to J.R.

PERRY

Out of the 11 murders using the
silenced .357, there were - wait
for it....

(a beat)

....3 more murders - besides Stone
and Walters - in the U.S. that
used the same gun - at least that
anyone has on file. You never know
how and if some of these Southern
towns keep up with data.

HUE tosses another ball J.R.'s way.

HUE

All right...details - 3 is good.

PERRY

Okay...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY (CONT'D)

(opens another file)

...the oldest is in Arkansas - a guy named Heath Walker. He owned like 12 banks across Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Oklahoma. In the 2 years leading up to his death, he had 3 of his banks close.

HUE throws another pitch then watches the ball go over the outfield fence from J.R.'s bat.

HUE

There you go, buddy! Nice!

PERRY claps

PERRY

Nice hit, J.R.!

HUE

Sounds like the bank owner's the one who'd want to kill somebody.

HUE throws another pitch.

PERRY

Yeah...but the banks were insured, so he actually didn't lose much - if any - when he lost the banks.

(opens another file)

Okay...Number two is Dr. James Bolling of Dallas, Texas. He was a pediatrician to the rich people of Dallas. Multi-multi-millionaire. Lotsa money. One day shows up with a bullet in his head.

HUE throws a pitch to J.R., who pings a line drive foul right next to SGT. PERRY, who jumps out of the way.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Shit!

HUE laughs.

HUE

Occupational hazard!

PERRY

(to J.R.)

You trying to kill me, J.R.?

J.R. Shakes his head quickly. HUE throws another pitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HUE

The Doctor guy - any relation to the banker?

PERRY

Nah...first thing I checked. No ties at all, at least that we can see.

HUE

(thinks for a beat)
All right. Get me his financials. Maybe there's something there. Who's number 3?

HUE throws another pitch.

PERRY

Number 3 is the weird one - especially when you take into account the other 2 hits here in L.A. - everyone is rich or has ties to a lot of money. This guy - number 3 - is a janitor.

PERRY drops the third file on the table.

HUE

A janitor?

PERRY

Yeah, fuc...
(remembers where he is)
...um, danged if I know who puts out a hit on a janitor in Phoenix, Arizona. Guess somebody was ticked he didn't put out one of those yellow "Wet floor" signs.

They both think for a moment.

J.R.

Daddy! Come on!

HUE tosses another pitch.

HUE

(back to Perry)
I assume you checked for any ties to any of the others.

PERRY

You assume correct. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HUE tosses another pitch.

HUE
This guy have any ties to Texas or
Arkansas?...or here?

PERRY
The only thing we could find was
that the guy's daughter lived in
Texas for a while before moving
back to Phoenix a few years ago.

*
*

HUE
It looks pro...right?

HUE tosses another pitch.

PERRY
It for sure looks like a pro, bro.
Everyone thinks it's a pro. The
Senator job was about as pro as
I've ever seen. It was really
freaking good.

HUE
I just...I don't know...

*

HUE tosses another pitch.

PERRY
Didn't you think the Ferrari
murders were the husband?

HUE
Everyone thought it was the
husband.

PERRY
What?! No one thought it was
husband!

HUE
(shrugs)
Mighta missed that one - but my
gut is right enough of the time -
this just feels off.

HUE tosses another pitch

PERRY
Well, I hope you're right. We'll
keep looking into these. If he
messed up somewhere, we'll find
it.

(a beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PERRY (CONT'D)

All right, I'll let you get back to work here. J.R. - great hitting, dude! Well done.

PERRY turns and walks off the field. HUE tosses another pitch to J.R., who pings it high in the air and towards the fences. HUE watches it land, then turns around. PERRY stops right outside the gate and turns back around to HUE

PERRY (CONT'D)

Just so you know: I thought it was the husband, too - the Ferrari murders.

HUE chuckles and waves as PERRY gets in his car and drives off.

HUE thinks for a moment.

J.R.

Come on, dad!

HUE throws another pitch.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAIN COFFEE SHOP. AFTERNOON

RODNEY and JONES wait in line to order their coffee.

RODNEY

What the hell does she mean: retribution?

JONES

Are you serious? You've gone rogue. They're gonna kick your ass back into place. And they should.

RODNEY

I just need time to think...figure things out.

The person in front of them finishes their order and the barista waves RODNEY and JONES up.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I'll take a grande white mocha...

(to Jones)

You want anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES

I hate this contrived American coffee bullshit.

RODNEY

(to the barista)

Okay - just the white mocha.

The barista is giving RODNEY strange look.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Is that okay? White chocolate mocha.

BARISTA

Uh, yeah man...all good. That's \$4.81.

RODNEY hands him a \$5 bill.

RODNEY

(to Jones)

The next step is that they will assert the fact that THEY are in control and I am not.

The barista holds out the change giving RODNEY a look like, "What is wrong with you, man?" RODNEY sees the change, ignores the look, takes the change and drops the 19 cents into the tip jar.

RODNEY and JONES walk away from the counter to wait for RODNEY's drink.

JONES

What makes you think they're gonna come after you?

RODNEY

Cuz it's what I'd do. In their position, I take control. Which is why I'm beginning to think my only choice is to be pre-emptive.

JONES

Now you sound like a crazy person. The Company is the largest co-op of hitmen and assassins in the world - and you want to challenge it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY

I've been doing this long enough to know this: these companies are run by a handful of people who use fear and psychological bullshit to keep control of guys like me, who do all the work. You take out the Simone's and take out their infrastructure and they're dead in the water.

JONES

And what stops whoever's left from coming after you?

RODNEY

Who the hell is going to know who did this?

(a beat)

At this point I'm looking over my shoulder, freaking out. I can't live like this. I have to do something.

*
*

BARISTA #2 brings a cardboard coffee cup and holds it up.

BARISTA #2.

White Chocolate Mocha...

RODNEY walks up to get his drink. He takes the drink from the counter and, as he starts to put a heat-protective sleeve on the drink, a kid about 18 or 19 comes up and taps him on the shoulder.

Without thinking, RODNEY takes the kid and throws him to the ground, grabs his neck with one hand lifts his other to punch the kid.

JONES

Rodney!

RODNEY realizes the kid isn't a threat. And let's go, looking around at the coffee shop's shocked patrons. He leaves his drink and walks briskly out the door.

As he gets outside, he brushes past HUE GINNETT, who is walking into the coffee shop. HUE opens the door to the coffee shop and turns to look back at RODNEY. As he holds the door, looking at RODNEY, JONES slips out and follows.

HUE steps into the coffee shop and sees the kid on the ground and the BARISTA checking him out. HUE calmly walks over to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HUE

What happened?

BARISTA

Some asshole flipped out and threw
this dude to the ground.

HUE

(to the kid)
What'd you do?

KID.

I just tapped him on the shoulder -
I was gonna ask him if that was my
drink.

HUE

Touchy, I guess.

HUE wanders to the door and looks outside. After a beat,
he turns and walks up to the counter where the BARISTA is
back in place.

BARISTA

Can I get you something?

HUE

White chocolate mocha.

The BARISTA points to the untouched drink RODNEY left.

BARISTA

That dude left one, if you want it
for free.

HUE

He didn't touch it?

BARISTA

No - he kicked that kid's ass
before he could even get the
sleeve on it.

HUE

(thinks, then shrugs)
Okay...I'll take it.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA STREET OUTSIDE THE COFFEE SHOP. CONTINUOUS

JONES runs after RODNEY, finally catching up. As they
walk, JONES tries to keep up with RODNEY's brisk pace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES

What the hell was that?

RODNEY

It was nothing. Get in the car.

JONES

No, that was something.

RODNEY

I'm looking over my shoulder, thinking every god damn sound is someone coming for us. I'll probably kill someone - I just hope Leslie doesn't see it go down.

JONES

Leslie? You're thinking about Leslie? These motherfuckers are going to string you up and peel your skin off your body an inch at a time...and you're worried about the chick you were supposed to eliminate in the first place?

RODNEY stops and turns around, grabbing JONES by the shirt.

RODNEY

Are you scared, you little shit? Are you scared they're gonna come after you? Well, don't be! You're off the radar, you little pussy.

RODNEY turns and starts to walk again.

JONES

(scoffs, laughs)

Rodney, you're doing exactly what I knew you would. I predicted it, didn't I?

RODNEY keeps walking. JONES runs to catch up.

JONES (CONT'D)

You can make this right, Rodney! You can do the job, retire and never think about this moment again. Do the right thing.

RODNEY stops walking. He slowly turns around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY

For once in my god damn life I'm doing the right thing, Jones! She doesn't deserve to die. She's a good person.

JONES

(laughs out loud)
Hahahaha - do you even hear your self? You're a god damn joke! Remember: she's kind of a WHORE!

RODNEY walks over and cold-cocks JONES, knocking him to the ground.

RODNEY

You got anything else to say you stupid piece of shit?

JONES

(chuckles)
You're a dead man holding onto a slut for dear life.

RODNEY kicks JONES in the stomach, then reaches down and punches him across the face.

RODNEY

Fucking asshole punk!

RODNEY turns and walks to the car, past several people staring at him in shock.

RODNEY gets in the car and pulls off.

JONES just laughs, blood running from his nose and mouth, as he holds his damaged ribs.

No one helps JONES up. So, he gets up himself and simply walks away.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF 1ST NATIONAL BANK. AFTERNOON

RODNEY sits in the car, watching, waiting. His eyes dart back and forth, trying to catch any movement of anyone trying to come for him or LESLIE

After a moment, he reaches into the glove compartment and brings out a bottle of Advil. He opens it up and drops 4 into his hand. He grabs a bottle of water from the passenger seat and swallows the pills with a swig.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Across the street, LESLIE emerges from the bank, sees RODNEY, runs over to his car and gets in.

RODNEY reaches across and kisses her, then puts the car into drive and pulls out.

RODNEY
You have a good day?

LESLIE
It's work. As good as work can be.

RODNEY
Jones and I got into it - bad.

LESLIE
Over what?

RODNEY
Over you.

LESLIE
Jones doesn't like me? He's never met me. *

RODNEY
He thinks you're making me make some bad decisions.

LESLIE
Are you making some bad decisions?

RODNEY
Do you think I'm making bad decisions?

LESLIE
The decision to black mail me into dating you - that mighta been a bad decision. Look what you got yourself into.

RODNEY
God, I love you so damn much. *

RODNEY reaches over and kisses her quickly as he drives. *

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF LA PAZZA RESTAURANT. CONTINUOUS.

There is no parking as RODNEY's car makes his way closer to the restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

I'll just drop you off...you can get seats and I'll go park.

LESLIE

Okay.

RODNEY stops in front of the restaurant and LESLIE gets out. RODNEY pulls back out and drives down a few blocks, finally pulling into an alleyway and parking. He looks up and down, decides that no one is watching and then turns and walks towards the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. HUE GINNET'S OFFICE. NIGHT

HUE is sitting at his desk, reading from his laptop.

SGT PERRY knocks on the door.

HUE

What's up, Perry?

PERRY

Lieutenant, I'm on my way home and thought I'd stop by and see if you had anything on the case you needed to talk through.

HUE

This case is so fucked I can't even wrap my head around it. None of it makes sense.

PERRY

Cuz it's pro.

HUE

I dunno...maybe. Look...

(he turns his laptop around and points)
...when our guy took out the Doc, he made him open up his safe and pull out \$2 million.

PERRY

\$2 million in cash...I'd do that, too...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUE

But he left behind another 1.2. I mean, if you're carrying 50 pounds of \$100 bills don't you think you'd just go ahead and grab the extra 30 pounds?

PERRY

Yeah...that is a bit strange. Maybe he was carting out the money and somebody came home?

HUE turns the computer around and reads.

HUE

No - maybe - the Doctor was killed in his house over a weekend his wife and daughter were gone. Cleaning lady found him Monday morning. Maybe he was interrupted...but it wasn't someone coming home.

PERRY

Strange.

HUE

And the janitor...all the other victims were shot from behind. Like, our guy got them with their pants down...

PERRY

In the Senator's case, quite literally.

HUE

(chuckles)

Right...I mean, he got them all from behind, like a pro hit. The janitor was shot in the head from the front and his eye's were held open. That's not pro. That's personal.

PERRY

Yeah, that's, like, crazy personal. Like, "look at me while I blow your brains through the back of your head" kinda crazy personal.

HUE slams his laptop shut and stands up. He begins to pace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HUE

It just doesn't make sense. I can't wrap my head around it. It's a puzzle and like the big piece in the middle is missing.

PERRY

Well, I think our guy is that missing piece, right?

HUE stops pacing.

HUE

You're right, Perry. Damn, you're right!

HUE slams his fist down on the table.

PERRY

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! What's wrong, bro?

HUE

I'm running out of time! We have to find this guy or we're gonna find *some* guy.

PERRY

Whattaya mean 'some guy'?

HUE realizes he's said too much.

HUE

Look, PERRY..this case is going to get solved one way - or another.

PERRY

You've got to be kidding me.

HUE

I need to solve this. I can't stick around knowing I pinned this on some schmuck just to have this case "solved".

Long silence.

PERRY

Tough, man. Tough place to be.

HUE sits and nods. He leans back in his chair and heaves a massive sigh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HUE

A freaking impossible place to be.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF LA PAZZA RESTAURANT. NIGHT

RODNEY and LESLIE walk out of the restaurant, laughing and holding hands. They've obviously had a good time. They walk down the street towards his car.

RODNEY

You have no clue what I'm gonna do to you when I get you home.

LESLIE

Oh, really? Well, what if I have something in store for you? You think just cuz you're the man, you get to be the boss?

RODNEY

Mmmm...

LESLIE

That's what I thought!
Chauvinistic bastard! I'm a
revolutionary! I am woman!

(looks for the car)
Where the hell did you park?

RODNEY

(chuckles)
I had to park up here. Come on.

He pulls her closer and they walk briskly. They round the corner going into the alley and find 7 hispanic gang members around his car.

GANG LEADER

This your car, white boy?

RODNEY stops and pushes LESLIE behind him.

RODNEY

It is.

GANG LEADER

I think you're gonna have to pay a
little tax to get you and your
pretty little girl back in it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

Who sent you?

GANG LEADER

(looks at his friends
and laughs)

Sent me? You did, bro.

RODNEY

Simone sent you?

GANG LEADER

Pull out your wallet and give me
everything that is in it. And
that will be **the** start.

*

RODNEY doesn't move.

GANG LEADER (CONT'D)

You hear me, bro? Give me your
wallet.

The GANG LEADER moves closer to RODNEY

GANG LEADER (CONT'D)

Give me your fucking wallet.

LESLIE

Brian, what are you doing?

RODNEY

(points behind him)
Leslie, I want you to cross the
street.

LESLIE

What?

GANG LEADER

She ain't going nowhere, bro.

RODNEY never takes his eyes off the gang members who are
all moving around, trying to get position.

RODNEY

Leslie, cross the street, now,
please. Just trust me. You need
to cross the street.

LESLIE finally relents and runs across the street.

GANG LEADER

Crossing the street ain't gonna
save her, bra. We'll just get her
later. Now...give me your wallet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The GANG LEADER pulls out a small 5 inch switchblade and pops it out.

GANG LEADER (CONT'D)

This ain't gonna end well for you,
white boy. *

RODNEY

Look, I'm giving you one chance to
walk away. All of you. Just walk
away, and nothing will happen to
you.

The GANG LEADER laughs out loud. Soon his friends join
his laughter.

GANG LEADER

How about you give me your wallet
and we'll let you and your pretty
girlfriend go.

RODNEY shrugs.

RODNEY

Come and get it.

The GANG LEADER walks closer to RODNEY and begins waving
his knife back and forth. He takes a stab at RODNEY. *
RODNEY easily evades the thrust.

The GANG LEADER takes this as a challenge and goes crazy,
thrusting and stabbing and slicing his knife through the
air, never coming close to RODNEY

Then the GANG LEADER stabs at RODNEY, but this time
RODNEY catches the arm between his arm and hip, pulls the
guy closer and grabs his chin with his other hand.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

You should've walked away.

In quick motion, RODNEY brings the man's knife arm out
and breaks the man's elbow against his hip. The GANG
LEADER screams in pain as his knife falls to the ground,
out of his lifeless arm, but RODNEY doesn't let him go.
He picks him up by his neck and throws him against the
closest wall.

The GANG LEADER hits the wall with a sickening thud and
falls to the ground. He whimpers. Then shakes his head
as if to wake himself up.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

(to the rest)
So, what do you want to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The rest of the gang look at the GANG LEADER who is trying to stay awake.

GANG LEADER
(quietly)
Kill this motherfucker.

And the gang springs into action.

(For the remainder of their screen time, we'll refer to Gang Member's as GM 1, 2, 3, etc. GM=Gang Member.)

The GM's spread out. RODNEY reaches down and picks up the GANG LEADER's knife.

GM 1 runs at RODNEY, but has no chance. RODNEY evades, lets him run by and stabs him in the back with 3 quick jabs. GM 1 grabs at his kidneys and falls to the ground screaming.

GM 2 runs at RODNEY. RODNEY picks him up by his shirt and throws him 4-5 feet backwards into GM 3-4. They all fall to the ground.

RODNEY turns in time to find GM 5 swinging a baseball bat. RODNEY ducks, punches the man in the stomach, then knocks him the ground, stabbing him in the back of the neck as he goes down.

GM 6 has a large bowie knife. GM 2,3 & 4 are back up on their feet. 6 lunges with his knife but RODNEY kicks the man's arm, then takes his knife-carrying hand and drives it up into the man's chin.

GM 6 falls backward spitting out blood, trying to remove the knife from his mouth. He passes out, in shock, falling the ground, the knife still stuck in his chin.

GM 2 & 3 run at RODNEY, but RODNEY grabs them both by the throat and bashes their heads together. GM 4 goes over to GM 6 and pulls the knife from his chin. Blood gushes from GM 6's neck.

RODNEY has had enough. He pulls out his silenced .357 and shoots GM 4 dead in his tracks. He then goes to each of the gang members and puts a bullet through their head.

RODNEY
Leslie, get in the car.

RODNEY walks over the GANG LEADER and kneels down beside the man. The man weaves in and out of consciousness.

LESLIE has not moved. RODNEY turns and yells again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Leslie, get in the fucking car,
right now, please!

LESLIE, in shock, crosses the street towards the car.
Her arms are wrapped around her body. She stops behind
RODNEY

LESLIE

Don't kill him. Don't!

RODNEY reaches into his pocket and grabs the keys to the
car and hands them to LESLIE

RODNEY

(calmly)
Leslie, please get in the car.

LESLIE stumbles, in a daze, to the car, unlocks it and
gets in.

RODNEY puts the gun against the head of the GANG LEADER

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Simone sent you?

GANG LEADER

Fuck you. Just pull the trigger.

RODNEY hits the man with the butt of his gun, not hard
enough to knock him out, but hard enough to hurt.

RODNEY

Did Simone send you?

The GANG LEADER laughs then spits in RODNEY's face.
RODNEY calmly wipes the spittle from his face.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

You'll remember me every day for
the rest of your life as the
motherfucker who took you and 6 of
your friends out by himself. Tell
Simone that if she's gonna fuck
with me, she'll have to do better
than some punk-ass gang bangers.

RODNEY stands and shoots the GANG LEADER in both of his
knees. The GANG LEADER screams in pain. Tears roll down
his cheeks.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

You'll be lucky to be able to
drive a scooter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

RODNEY walks to the car, gets in, starts up the car and drives away.

The GANG LEADER cries in pain, then reaches into his pocket for his cell phone and dials a number.

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S CAR. CONTINUOUS

LESLIE

What the hell was THAT?!!! WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!!!

RODNEY

Calm down.

LESLIE

Calm down?! You just killed 7 kids! Oh, my God, oh my God - who the hell are you?

RODNEY

I gave them every chance to turn away. They left me no choice.

LESLIE

YOU KILLED THEM! WITH A GUN!

(realization)

Why do you have a gun?!! Why the hell do you have a gun on you?!! A silenced gun! Why the hell do you have a silenced gun?!!

RODNEY.

I have a gun because I knew that this was coming.

LESLIE.

What did you know? How did you know?

RODNEY.

You know I was in the SEALS. When you do what I did, many times the people you work with move into...private contracting.

LESLIE.

(horrified)
Are you a hitman?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY.

Leslie, listen to me: a friend from my old days recognized me - he saw me with you - and he was kind enough to give me a professional heads up, so to speak.

LESLIE.

(beyond confused)
You know hitmen?

RODNEY.

Leslie, would you fucking listen to me?! I am trying to tell you: there is a contract on you. People want you dead. I am protecting you. Those men were sent to hurt you. I fucking saved you.

Long silence.

LESLIE.

Why? Why...why would anyone want me dead? Who am I?

RODNEY doesn't answer. He pulls over to a curb and turns the car off.

RODNEY

I don't know, Leslie...but I'm trying to find out. I am...going to get you...get us out of this.

Silence.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Look, this is the place. I need you to follow me.

LESLIE

I'm scared.

RODNEY

I know.

RODNEY gets out and comes around to her side and opens the door. He holds out his hand to her and she gets out. He walks briskly into the building, basically pulling her behind him

RODNEY walks up a set of stairs and comes to a door. He pulls out a set of keys with 2 keys on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He opens the door with one of the keys and leads her into a large apartment with high ceilings.

RODNEY leads her over to large nearly 10-foot high windows.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

These are bullet-proof. The walls are reinforced with plated steel. Even if they knew of this place, no one can get in here. You're safe, baby. I need you to sleep, get some rest. I'm going to go and handle this. For good.

LESLIE

What are you going to do?

RODNEY

I...I don't know. But just know: you are safe.

He walks over to the door, opens it and stands in the doorway.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Leslie - do not answer this door, do not open this door, do not leave this place until I come back for you.

LESLIE

What if you don't come back?

RODNEY

I will come back for you. And Leslie....

LESLIE

What?

RODNEY

I...love you.

She smiles and wraps her arms around herself.

He closes the door behind him. We see him lock the door and run down the stairs to his car.

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S CAR. CONTINUOUS

RODNEY is on his phone

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY
Jones, I need you at my place,
now!

He hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS

RODNEY bursts through the front door of his apartment. JONES is sitting on the couch, but stands up as RODNEY enters.

JONES
What's going on?

RODNEY
Are you in or are you out?

JONES
What does that mean?

RODNEY walks over to the safe beneath his desk and puts in the combination.

RODNEY
I mean, are you going to help me
do this or not?

JONES
Do what?

RODNEY stands up with 7-8 blocks of C4 in one hand and detonating pins in the other.

RODNEY
I'm taking out the Company.

JONES
Shit. You've lost your god damn
mind.

RODNEY walks towards the door then stops and turns around.

RODNEY
Last chance. In or out?

A beat.

JONES
I guess I'm in...you crazy, dumb
asshole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY turns and runs out the door. JONES follows quickly behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA STREET OUTSIDE PALISADE INSURANCE. NIGHT.

RODNEY pulls his car up on the street and parks.

JONES

Looks like nobody's here.

RODNEY

We'll wait.

Time Lapse sequence of the building as the dark sky lightens and eventually the sun comes up behind their car, shining light into the car.

As the light pours into the car, RODNEY is wide-awake, watching. JONES is asleep.

As they sit there, a black Ford sedan drives up and parks. Out of it gets a tall, strong-looking guy in a black suit, white shirt and black tie. He wears black sunglasses. He walks from his car into the building.

Another guy who looks exactly like the first, driving a car just like the first, drives up, gets out and walks in. And then another one just like the first two.

Then SIMONE's white mustang pulls into the parking lot. SIMONE gets out of the car and walks into the building.

RODNEY reaches over and shakes JONES

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Now. It's time.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE. MORNING

LESLIE sits on the couch, watching tv.

On the television, we see a NEWS REPORTER outside of what is now the burning rubble of Palisade's insurance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS REPORTER

Early reports are saying that a lone man came into the Palisade's Insurance building, shot 4 people, then set explosives throughout the building. The bombing came right as many people were getting in to work, unfortunately. In addition to the 4 people - 3 men and 1 woman - who the assailant killed before the bombing, 2 others were killed and 12 injured when the bombs went off. As you can see behind me, Tom, the building that housed the company is, at this point, simply rubble. It's a sad day here in West L.A.

The news program goes back to the main anchor at the desk and LESLIE points the remote and turns off the television.

As she sets the remote down on the couch, the front door opens and RODNEY walks in. LESLIE jumps up and runs up to him and begins hitting him.

LESLIE

You son of a bitch! You left me here all night, worried sick! Where the hell have you been?!

RODNEY struggles but finally grabs both of her arms, turns her around and holds her tightly.

RODNEY

Leslie, calm down. It's done. It's over.

LESLIE struggles and he lets her go. She walks over and grabs her purse and walks out the door.

RODNEY rolls his eyes and follows after her, turning and locking up the safehouse.

He runs down the steps to catch up with her. She continues walking down the street as they talk.

LESLIE

Stay away from me! What if you hadn't come back?!

RODNEY

I was always coming back!

LESLIE stops and turns around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LESLIE

Where did you go? What did you do?

LESLIE waits for the answer that doesn't come, then turns and begins walking again.

RODNEY

Leslie, come on...seriously - where are you going?

LESLIE

This is why you don't fucking fall in love.

RODNEY

Leslie, I did this for you.

LESLIE

I don't even know what you did!

LESLIE stops and turns around. They stand outside of a deli/diner. As LESLIE and RODNEY talk, the patrons of the restaurant watch them from inside the diner.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?! A bank manager? No bank manager I know could take out 7 gang-bangers like you did last night! No bank manager carries a silenced gun with them. Do you always carry that?! Every time I've been with you have you had that with you?

RODNEY

Leslie, please believe me: I LOVE YOU. I am madly in love with you. Everything I did today, I did it for you.

LESLIE

WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?! what the hell did you do?

RODNEY

(quietly)
Leslie, I won't tell you.

A long beat.

LESLIE

What is your name? Are you really Brian Ballinger? Were you really a bank manager?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RODNEY

I was a bank manager. I am who you think I am. I know you're freaked out. I know that none of this makes sense. And maybe it never will. But I want you - I love you. And I think you love me. Just...just trust me. Please.

LESLIE

I need more to work with, Brian. I don't know what to think.

RODNEY looks up at the diner and the people all staring out at them. He points to the restaurant.

RODNEY

Let's eat. You have to be hungry - I'm starving.

She thinks for a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER. CONTINUOUS

They sit at the table. Their waitress is walking away, having just took their order.

RODNEY

Leslie, let's run away. Like tomorrow. Let's just run away.

LESLIE

I can't afford to run away.

RODNEY

I have over a million dollars saved up.

LESLIE

(shakes her head)
How...how do you have that money?
I mean...

RODNEY

Maybe someday when we're on a beach, and this world is so far behind us in our rearview mirror that it's almost like a dream, then maybe...just maybe I can let you in.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY (CONT'D)

But for now, we're here - we're in this world that is trying to get us and keep us here and tie us down to this life forever.

LESLIE

What are you talking about?

RODNEY

Being a SEAL - that gave me certain...skills. I was a bank manager for a long time. I was married. But I did things for the country, even after I left the Navy. Secret things. Does...does that make sense?

LESLIE

No.

RODNEY

Leslie, it's going to have to make sense. For now.

LESLIE

Okay.

RODNEY

We started dating and I...thought that this life was behind me. When I found out about the hit on you, I knew I had to stop it, to save you.

LESLIE

I don't understand, Brian.

RODNEY

The people who were after you are gone. They will not bother you - us - anymore.

LESLIE

You...you killed...

RODNEY

(interrupts)

You are protected. No one is coming after you...after us anymore.

Long silence. Leslie begins to sob. Tears roll down her cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY looks around nervously, then reaches across the table and takes her hand.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
Leslie, it's okay...we're gonna be okay.

Their waitress notices LESLIE crying and walks over.

WAITRESS
Is everything okay, ma'am?

RODNEY
She's fine.

WAITRESS
I'm talking to HER, sir.

(to LESLIE)
Ma'am, are you okay?

LESLIE
(wipes away tears)
I'm fine...I just need the bathroom please.

The WAITRESS points back to the bathrooms. LESLIE stands up and walks quickly back. The WAITRESS gives RODNEY a dirty look and walks away. *

RODNEY sits in silence, looking out the diner's windows.

LESLIE comes back and does not sit down.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Let's go. I need to get out of here.

RODNEY
But...breakfast hasn't come yet.

LESLIE
I need to go.

LESLIE walks through the diner and out the front door. RODNEY walks up to the waitress and pulls out a \$50 bill and hands it to her.

RODNEY
Sorry...keep the change.

The WAITRESS watches RODNEY leave the diner and put his arm around an emotional LESLIE. Then the two walk off together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The WAITRESS turns to a co-worker.

WAITRESS

It was only \$12. I'll take a \$38 tip any time of day. Wife beater, or not - I'll take the fucking tip.

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S APARTMENT. MORNING

The door to the apartment opens and RODNEY holds the door open for LESLIE She walks in slowly.

LESLIE's face is streaked with tears. She's tired. She's still struggling to understand.

She walks into the living room and sits down. RODNEY sits on the chair opposite the couch where she sits.

RODNEY

Are you okay? I need you to be okay.

LESLIE

I'm fine.

RODNEY

What can I do to help you feel better?

LESLIE

Tell me everything.

(a beat)

But I know you can't - for whatever reason.

RODNEY pulls out a set of keys - the set of 2 keys from the safehouse. He holds them out to LESLIE

LESLIE (CONT'D)

What is that?

RODNEY

This is the key to the safehouse.

LESLIE

What? Why would I want that?

RODNEY points to the 2nd key on the chain.

RODNEY

It's this one that you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE says nothing.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

This is the key to a safe in the safehouse. It has over 1 million dollars in it. I'm going to give you these keys. I love you - I want you to trust me. You can run at any time. I hope you don't - but it's your option. Your choice. *You can run - even if it's from me.*

*
*

LESLIE reaches out and takes the keys. She looks down at them.

LESLIE

Why are you in my life? How did you find me? Why did you save me?

RODNEY slowly moves across to the couch where she sits. He just holds her close. And she begins to sob. He just holds her tight, his body shaking with hers.

Then she reaches her face up and she kisses him. He returns the kiss. The kiss turns into a passionate kiss and that turns into an open mouth kiss and soon the clothes are falling around them and they are making their way to the bedroom.

They fall on the bed and make sweet, passionate love.

As they make love, we exit through the bedroom and....

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN

Superimpose Title:

Part Four:

"As long as a man stands in his own way, everything seems to be in his way." - Ralph Waldo Emerson

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S BEDROOM. DAY

RODNEY and LESLIE lie in RODNEY's bed. RODNEY is asleep. Peaceful sleep. LESLIE stares at the ceiling.

After a long beat, RODNEY stirs awake. He looks over at LESLIE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

How long did we sleep?

LESLIE

Couple of hours, I think.

RODNEY sits up on the side of the bed. He stretches.

RODNEY

Okay...I'm gonna get a shower.

He leans across and kisses her.

LESLIE

Okay.

RODNEY walks into the bathroom and we hear the shower start up.

LESLIE picks up the remote and turns on the tv.

On the tv is a news program. The same NEWS REPORTER from before is talking about the Palisades Insurance bombing.

NEWS REPORTER

With now 7 dead and nearly a dozen more wounded, the seeming-terrorist attack on Palisade's Insurance is one of the most deadly attacks on U.S. soil in years. Palisade's insurance turned over a tape showing a short snatchet of video showing the killer. Watch here.

As the NEWS REPORTER continues to talk, the video shows a man in a hoodie (RODNEY) walk into screen and walk towards the front door of the building. As he reaches the door, we never see JONES

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

As you can see the man is wearing a hooded sweatshirt, but here...

The video freezes on RODNEY looking up barely at the camera.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

...we catch a glimpse of the killer. The video is grainy, so it is nearly impossible to identify the person of interest. But, for now, that is all that the police are working with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LESLIE watches the tv with a look of horror on her face. She uses the remote to pause the feed and then rewind slowly until she freezes on the frame showing RODNEY barely looking up at the camera. LESLIE walks closer to the tv and looks.

The image is grainy, but she can tell it is RODNEY

She stops for a moment and thinks. She reaches up and turns off the tv, then walks quickly and quietly over the bathroom and checks around the corner. RODNEY is still in the shower.

She runs back over to the bed and opens up the drawer in the bedside table on his side of the bed. On the table there is a clock that reads 9:21am. There's nothing in the drawer. She runs to her side of the bed and checks that drawer. Nothing.

She looks around the room. She notices a chest of drawers. She rifles through the drawers as quickly and as carefully as she can. There is nothing that gives any evidence.

She walks into the kitchen/living room area and sees RODNEY's desk. She runs to it and opens the middle drawer: nothing. Then the top drawer: nothing. The 2nd drawer: nothing. Then she opens the bottom drawer.

In the bottom drawer, she sees 6 large manila folders, each with a name on it. The first folder says HEATH WALKER. She flips past that to the next: DR. JAMES BOLLING; and the next: STAN FULLER; and the next: SKY WALTERS; and freezes on the next: SENATOR STERLING STONE

*

LESLIE

(whispers)

What...the....

She begins to open the Senator's folder, but freezes when she realizes who the next folder is. She drops the Senator's folder back into its slot and we focus on the 6th folder: LESLIE STOKES.

LESLIE is confused. She shakes her head trying to clear it. Tears spring into her eyes.

Then in the bathroom, we hear the shower shut off.

She looks around the desk for a piece of paper to write down the names, but...no time.

RODNEY

Hey, baby, do you need to go to work?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LESLIE quietly shuts the drawer and runs into the bedroom.

We come up over the desk and see JONES gritting his teeth on the couch. He has seen the whole thing.

Meanwhile, in the bedroom, LESLIE jumps into bed and picks up a newspaper and begins to read just as RODNEY - dressed only in a towel around his waist, comes into the bedroom from the bathroom.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

You need me to drive you?

LESLIE

I probably do need to go in, at least for a little bit, but no I'll drive - thanks, though.

LESLIE puts down the paper and jumps out of bed and goes into the bathroom.

We focus on the paper. It's an article about the Senator's killing talking about HUE GINNETT leading the task force trying to solve this murder.

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S APARTMENT. SAME

LESLIE walks out of the bedroom, completely dressed. RODNEY is still in his towel, drinking a cup of coffee in the kitchen.

RODNEY

You look beautiful.

LESLIE

Thank you.

RODNEY walks over and gives her a kiss. LESLIE walks to the door and stops as she's about to exit.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I have dinner with Paula tonight...just a reminder. I might be home late.

RODNEY

Okay...you coming here or your place?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE
 (forces a smile)
 I'll come back here. See you
 later.

LESLIE walks out and shuts the door behind her.

RODNEY takes another sip of his coffee then notices JONES sitting on the couch.

RODNEY
 God damn, you're like a freaking
 spider monkey.

JONES
 She knows. She snooped your
 files.

RODNEY
 Jones, come on, man...I know you
 don't like her, but seriously...

JONES
 This is serious, Rodney! Way more
 serious than the Company. *

RODNEY
 (laughs)
 More serious than the Company?

JONES
 If she goes to the cops, you're
 fucked. We're fucked. She can't
 go to the cops.

RODNEY
 You know what, Jones? You're
 crazy. Here's what I'll do....

RODNEY walks over to the desk and opens the drawer,
 pulling out the manila folders.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 I'll shred them - no evidence.
 Even if the cops do come
 looking....

RODNEY drops the first folder into a large shredder. The
 shredder grinds away.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 ...they aren't going to find
 anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JONES crosses his arms and watches as RODNEY feeds another folder into the shredder, then another.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
I don't need this shit anymore
anyway...the Company is done.

RODNEY feeds another into the shredder.

JONES gets up and walks out of the apartment.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
(calls after him)
Come on, Jones! Come on, bro!

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S OFFICE. DAY

LESLIE scribbles on a piece of paper. She tries to remember the names from the folders, but can't remember them all.

She writes down HEATH WALKER; then DR ? BOWLING, BOLLING...?; Then STANLEY ? PULLS maybe?; SKY ?; SENATOR STONE; ME. As she finishes writing down what she can remember, she thinks for a moment.

She then writes "DEAD" next to the Senator's name.

She turns to her computer and pulls up google. She puts "HEATH WALKER" in the google box and hits enter. The first result reads:

"Bank Owner Heath Walker found dead in home in Little Rock, Arkansas."

The 2nd entry reads:

"Banker Heath Walker shot to death in home. The murder was committed execution-style..."

LESLIE turns white.

She goes back to the google box and types in "Dr. Bolling" and hits enter. The page is filled with different pages of Dr. Bollings across the U.S.

LESLIE thinks for a moment and then types "Dr. Bolling murder" into the box, then hits enter.

The 1st entry reads:

"Dr. James Bolling found murdered in his home."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The 2nd entry reads:

"Dr. James Bolling, beloved pediatrician, found murdered in his home. Police fear the murder is professional, as the Doctor was killed execution-style, in his home."

LESLIE turns even whiter.

RODNEY (O.S.)

Hey, baby, what're you doing?

LESLIE nearly jumps out of her skin.

LESLIE

Shit!

RODNEY is standing at her desk.

RODNEY

You okay?

RODNEY looks down and sees the list of names. LESLIE notices him noticing and clicks on a video on her computer's desktop. A video of a puppy chasing a butterfly pops up.

LESLIE

I was just watching this.

She turns the screen around to him as she discreetly turns the piece of paper with the names over so the names are face-down.

RODNEY

(chuckles)

Yeah, I've seen this one a few times. Super cute.

LESLIE turns the screen back around.

LESLIE

What are you doing here?

RODNEY

I just wanted to see if you wanted to go to lunch.

LESLIE

Oh, I can't...I'm sorry. I, uh, have to leave early to run a couple of errands, so I'm just gonna stick around here for lunch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY

And then you have dinner with
Paula...Cool. All right...I'll
see you later tonight then.

RODNEY reaches across the desk and kisses her, she turns
and lets him kiss her on the cheek.

LESLIE

All right...see you later.

RODNEY turns and walks through the bank and out the front
door. He walks over to his car and gets in and drives
away.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S OFFICE. DAY

LESLIE is on google again. She enters "Lead Investigator
Senator Stone Murder Case". The first entry reads: "LAPD
Lieutenant HUE GINNETT is known as a straight-shooting,
honest, trustworthy officer."

She thinks for a moment, then turns the name paper over
and writes in large block letters: "LT. HUGE GINNETT"

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. STREET. DAY

RODNEY pulls up in his car and parks along the street.
He walks up to a Dodge Charger, slips a jimmy down into
the window and, in seconds, has the car door unlocked and
opened. He gets in the car, hot-wires it quickly, puts
the car in gear and drives off.

RODNEY pulls out his phone and dials a number. The phone
rings a couple of times, till it's picked up.

JONES (O.S.)

(through phone)

What's happening?

*
*

RODNEY.

She has the names. She is putting
it all together. We need to watch
her. I need your help. I have a
headache like you wouldn't
believe. I'm not sure how long I
can stay awake. I need your help.

*

A long pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES

All right. I'll meet you at the bank.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF 1ST NATIONAL BANK. AFTERNOON

RODNEY and JONES watch the bank, from a different angle than he has in the past, in the newly-stolen car. Classical music plays softly over the speaker system. LESLIE emerges from the bank and RODNEY looks down at the clock: 4:07pm.

LESLIE walks over and gets into her car.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA STREET. CONTINUOUS

RODNEY and JONES drive a few car lengths behind LESLIE's car. LESLIE suddenly turns into a parking lot.

JONES

Where the hell are we?

RODNEY looks around and then sees, across the street from the parking lot a large building with a large sign reading "Los Angeles Police Department" across the front.

RODNEY

Shit.

RODNEY continues driving and at the end of the street pulls a u-turn. LESLIE is crossing the street, none the wiser to RODNEY's car.

JONES

Speed up and hit her.

RODNEY pulls into a parking spot, instead.

LESLIE crosses the street and enters the LAPD building.

RODNEY parks on the street with a clear view of the entrance to the building.

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD BUILDING. DAY

LESLIE walks to the front desk, where a bored sergeant sits.

LESLIE

Excuse me.

SERGEANT.

What can I help you with?

LESLIE

I need to talk to Lieutenant Hue Ginnett.

SERGEANT.

The Lieutenant is pretty busy. If you leave me your name and phone number, I'll have him get in touch with you to make an appointment.

LESLIE

No. I need to talk to him now. I may have information on the murder of SENATOR STONE

The SERGEANT looks her up and down, then stands up.

SERGEANT.

Wait here.

CUT TO:

INT. HUE GINNET'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

HUE stops at his door and allows LESLIE to enter first.

HUE

I'm sorry about the confusion...can I get you something to drink, Miss...

LESLIE

Stokes. Leslie Stokes. And, no...I'm okay, thanks.

HUE crosses the room and stands behind his desk. He points to a chair.

HUE

Please, have a seat.

LESLIE sits down and HUE sits down in his seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUE (CONT'D)

So...what can I help you with?

LESLIE

I actually am not sure you CAN help me...but you're the only person I can think of to come to.

HUE

All right...now the Sergeant said you had some information about the Senator's death?

LESLIE

Maybe.

LESLIE pulls out her list of names and slides it across to HUE

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I don't know what these names mean...but I think they have to mean something.

HUE picks up the sheet of paper and reads them. He tries to contain his surprise at the list of names.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Do any of these names mean anything? I mean, outside of the Senator's?

HUE

Why would your name be on the same list as Senator Stone's?

LESLIE

I have no clue.

HUE

Where did you get these names?

LESLIE

I, uh...I'm not sure I can tell you that. Look, I just need to know...to understand that these names mean something. That they mean something together, as a group, to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HUE
 (thinks for a moment)
 Leslie, I can't give you
 information on an open
 investigation. Surely, you know
 that. *

LESLIE
 So, do these names mean something
 to you? *

HUE
 I can't give you information on an
 open investigation.

Long silence.

LESLIE
 Look, I'm trying to figure out if
 someone close to me is a serial
 killer. I know that Heath Walker
 and James Bolling are dead. I
 know the Senator is dead. I have
 to assume the other 2 names on the
 list are dead. So, why the hell
 is my name on a list with 5 dead
 men?

A beat

HUE
 I can't give you any information
 on an open investigation, LESLIE

A long silence.

LESLIE
 Can you tell me this: am I in
 trouble?

HUE
 Where did you get the names?

LESLIE
 Am I in trouble?

HUE
 Were these names all together in
 one place when you found them?

LESLIE
 Is someone trying to kill me?

HUE
 Are you protecting someone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LESLIE

Why can't you tell me anything?

HUE

Who are you protecting?

LESLIE

Why are you so difficult?

HUE

Why are YOU so difficult?

Long silence

LESLIE

Look...I just need to know if you think these names all tie together. If they don't, then I go home and you go back to trying to solve a high-profile murder. If they do, then I give you the information you want.

HUE thinks for a long beat. Then he opens up a drawer and pulls out a sheet of paper. He slides it across the table to her. She picks it up. In a list are 5 names:

HEATH WALKER, DR. JAMES BOLLING, STAN FULLER, SKY WALTERS, SENATOR STONE

HUE

So - you wanna tell me why you have the name of 5 people killed with the same gun?

LESLIE's countenance sinks.

LESLIE

I think there's been more than 5. I saw him kill 6 or 7 gang bangers the other night.

HUE

You saw this? Like, you were there?

LESLIE

He was defending us, but he took out 7 guys by himself. And...I think he might have had something to do with the Palisade Insurance killing, or bombings or whatever.

HUE

Who the hell is "he"?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LESLIE
His name is Brian...

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION. EARLY EVENING

RODNEY and JONES sit in the car, watching. Classical music plays over the speakers. The clock on the radio reads 5:13pm.

RODNEY takes out the bottle of Advil, take out 4 and swallows them, dry.

RODNEY
It's been...a while.

JONES simply nods.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
Almost too long.

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD BUILDING. CONTINUOUS

HUE is standing with LESLIE in a hallway. 2 police officers walks up together.

SGT. MIGUEL HERNANDEZ is a short, strong Mexican-American.

SGT. BLAKE SIMPSON is a tall, Irish guy with pale skin and red hair. Today, he looks like he spent 4 hours too long in a tanning booth.

HUE
Leslie, this is Sergeants Miguel Hernandez and Blake Simpson. They are going to be what we call a protective detail for you.

LESLIE
(shakes her head)
Why? Why do I need this?

HUE
Leslie, your boyfriend is obviously a pro: he isn't going to let you come to the police and get away with it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUE (CONT'D)

As soon as you leave here, we are going to go to Brian's apartment and tear it apart. Even if he's NOT following you now - which I would bet he is - if he comes home and finds his house ransacked by the police, or even better, finds us there...he's not going to be happy. You need protection.

LESLIE

But...but he's had every chance to kill me. Why would he have no killed me before?

HUE

We could be wrong, LESLIE Maybe Brian has nothing to do with any of this and everything is a massive coincidence. But in my 18 years in the LAPD, I have see that coincidences never end up being coincidences in this business.

SIMPSON

Ma'am...we will follow you at a distance. We will not interfere with your life...we will just be somewhere in the distance, watching, waiting.

HERNANDEZ

We will protect you.

LESLIE

Yeah, I've heard that before.

LESLIE turns and walks down the hall.

HERNANDEZ

All right, ma'am...we'll meet you out there.

SIMPSON and HERNANDEZ turn and walk the opposite direction down the hall, headed to their squad car.

HUE watches them walk away then heads back into his office. He picks up the phone and dials a number.

HUE

Get me a judge - I need a warrant, like, yesterday.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION. CONTINUOUS

RODNEY and JONES watch LESLIE emerge from the police station. She looks around nervously and waits for a moment before heading to her car.

RODNEY

There she is. What is she doing?

LESLIE sees a squad car and visibly relaxes and heads to her car. RODNEY and JONES turn to see what she was seeing. They see the squad car with HERNANDEZ and SIMPSON

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Shit.

JONES

Could be coincidence.

RODNEY

Coincidences never end up being coincidences in this business.

LESLIE gets in her car and pulls out into traffic. The squad car waits a short moment then merges into traffic a car or two behind LESLIE. RODNEY waits a moment then merges a car or two behind the squad car.

They tail the tail on a drive through L.A.

JONES

Do you think she gets a tail without spilling the beans?

RODNEY thinks for a beat.

RODNEY

Jones, I don't know what to think. I'm trying to reconcile that someone I love has perhaps turned on me. Again.

JONES

It's women, man. THEY do this to you. Always.

RODNEY grits his teeth.

Up ahead, LESLIE pulls into valet at a restaurant. The squad car passes her and pulls into a parking lot near the restaurant.

RODNEY passes and goes up to a gas station and gets out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

RODNEY

They're gonna be here for a while.
Might as well not make it look
completely obvious we're following
them. You want anything?

JONES shakes his head and RODNEY walks into the gas station.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE HERNANDEZ & SIMPSON'S SQUAD CAR. CONTINUOUS

HERNANDEZ sits in the driver seat and SIMPSON in the passenger seat.

HERNANDEZ

You look like a lobster. Did you
fall asleep in the tanning bed?

SIMPSON

I'm Irish, you prick. I ain't
like you Mexicans - I can't go to
the beach and spend 5 hours in the
sun. Yet every damn weekend the
woman wants to head to the sand.
God, I think I'm coming down with
skin cancer.

HERNANDEZ

(laughs)

You don't COME DOWN WITH skin
cancer, you moron. Where'd you go
to high school? St John's
Parochial Elementary School?

SIMPSON

Funny. Funny Mexican.

HERNANDEZ

So I shouldn't slap you on the
back, then?

HERNANDEZ raises his hand, as if to give him a slap on the back.

SIMPSON

I swear to God...I will be known
as a cop killer for the rest of my
life and feel good about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HERNANDEZ laughs.

HERNANDEZ

You're so white, even white people
call you honkey.

HERNANDEZ laughs out loud. SIMPSON laughs, too.

SIMPSON

So stupid.

They laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S CAR. CONTINUOUS

RODNEY and JONES are now parked a few cars behind the
squad car, looking towards the restaurant.

RODNEY reaches down and turns up the classical music.
The clock reads: 6:17pm

RODNEY

God dammit, I've got such a
headache.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

LESLIE emerges from the restaurant with her friend Paula.
She gives Paula a hug and then looks around nervously.

RODNEY and JONES watch from their car as the two cops get
out of the squad car and make their way to LESLIE. The
cops talk with LESLIE for a bit, then look around.
LESLIE gets her car from valet as the cops wander back to
their car and get in.

LESLIE takes off and the cops follow.

RODNEY doesn't move. The clock radio says 7:24pm.

JONES

What do you want to do?

RODNEY

I want to go to sleep. I have a
fucking headache like you wouldn't
believe. I can't even think right
now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES

You have a headache all the time.
You can push through it.

RODNEY

It feels like someone has a
fucking ice pick in my head.

RODNEY puts the car in drive and pulls out into traffic.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I've gotta think this through. I
just don't know what to think yet.

JONES looks out his window, watching L.A. pass by.

CUT TO:

EXT. RODNEY'S CONDO. CONTINUOUS.

RODNEY and JONES pull onto their street and see the apartment complex. 4 police cars sit in front of the building, lights blazing. 2 police officers sit out front. RODNEY and JONES can see that the door to RODNEY's apartment is open and cops are milling around inside.

RODNEY

MOTHER FUCKER!!! Fuck! Fuck!
Fuck!! FUUUUUUCK!

RODNEY hits the steering wheel multiple times as hard as he can. Then he hits the ceiling of the car, each time cursing, as if to punctuate his frustration.

After a moment of his fit. He calms down, jaw set.

A long silence.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Now. Now, I finish it. Get out
of the car, Jones. *

JONES *

I should come along, Rodney. *

RODNEY *

Get out of the fucking car. This
one is for me to handle. Alone. *

JONES gets out of the car and stands on the curb. RODNEY
drives off. *

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS

HUE sits on the couch, leaning back, scanning the living room. Behind him, through the window, we can see JONES standing on the street. RODNEY's car screeches away.

*
*

RODNEY's apartment is trashed. Every drawer has been opened and emptied. A CSI team is going through everything. The trash has been emptied and sifted through.

CSI 1

Sir, we've got a safe.

HUE gets up and walks over to where the CSI is looking.

HUE

Can you get it open?

CSI 1

Not any time soon.

HUE

(sighs)

This apartment is cleaner than any place I've ever searched.

(a beat)

Dammit.

The CSI nods in agreement - dammit.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE LESLIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

HERNANDEZ and SIMPSON sit outside the apartment, waiting, watching.

HERNANDEZ

How old were you when you lost your virginity?

SIMPSON

12.

HERNANDEZ

I'm not talking about losing your virginity to your priest, homie - to a woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMPSON

God, you're such an asshole. I was 12. She was 15. I was sexy. So what?

HERNANDEZ

Was she a redheaded Irish, too? White on White: what color does that make?

SIMPSON

For your information, she was African-American. She ended up being homecoming queen a couple years later.

HERNANDEZ

Damn! You porked a black chick! And you're still this white?

SIMPSON

I honestly just don't know how you have made it to 32 years of age. How someone hasn't just offed you yet, I'll never know.

In view of HERNANDEZ and SIMPSON, RODNEY sneaks up the steps to LESLIE'S apartment. He gets to the door and quickly opens it, using a set of pick locks.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS

RODNEY shuts the door behind him. He hears the shower running in the other room. He stands in the door way for a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS

LESLIE turns off the shower and steps out. She grabs a towel and dries off quickly, tying the towel around her body.

She walks nonchalantly out of the bathroom and into her bedroom. She looks in her closet for a moment, then walks out into the living room. She looks up and sees RODNEY standing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY has dark circles beneath his eyes. He is tired. He holds his head with one hand. In the other is his silenced .357.

LESLIE

Brian...what...what are you doing here? How did you get in here?

RODNEY

My name isn't Brian, Leslie - it never was. My name is Rodney Means. I'm a hit man. An assassin.

LESLIE

This isn't funny, Brian. There are cops outside watching.

RODNEY

How do you know I didn't kill them already?

LESLIE runs over to the window and opens the curtain to look down to the squad car before RODNEY can do anything. She doesn't see anything.

RODNEY fires a shot and the lamp next to the window explodes.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I'm serious, Leslie, get the hell away from the window!

LESLIE backs away from the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE LESLIE'S APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS

HERNANDEZ and SIMPSON see the curtain fly open then back closed quickly.

SIMPSON

What the hell was that?

*

They both jump out of the car and run towards the apartment building.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS

RODNEY points the gun at LESLIE with one hand. He reaches up with the other hand and grabs his head.

RODNEY
God, damn this headache.

LESLIE.
Rodney, I don't know what you're doing right now, but you're scaring me.

RODNEY
It's over now. It's all over.
You fucked me.

LESLIE.
Rodney, please, put the gun down.
You're really freaking me out.

RODNEY
I loved you. I thought you loved me, too. You said you loved. Why the FUCK can no one follow through on love?!! What is wrong with the fucking world?

RODNEY lifts the gun and points it at LESLIE.

RODNEY.
I wanted this to work. I wanted you to save me. I wanted to escape and never come back. I wanted to spend the rest of my life making love to you on a some anonymous beach somewhere far, far away. But...it's over. It's all over.

Suddenly, RODNEY hears SIMPSON and HERNANDEZ trying to get in the door.

RODNEY
Stay the fuck away! I will kill her! I will kill her!

The banging on the door stops.

RODNEY turns back to LESLIE, pointing the gun at her, once again.

RODNEY.
Love was never for me, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY suddenly turns the gun away from LESLIE and puts it to his head.

LESLIE.

Rodney, what are you doing?

RODNEY.

I can't let them take me, Leslie.

RODNEY is suddenly hit with more pain in his head. The gun falls from his head briefly. We see his eyes refocus.

RODNEY. (CONT'D)

I won't kill you. I won't. If I do, they win. I won't kill you. *

(a beat)

Goodbye, Leslie - know I loved you.

RODNEY puts the gun to his head and begins to squeeze the trigger. As he does, he passes out, falling into the edge of LESLIE's coffee table, gashing open his head. The gun fires and barely misses RODNEY's head, splattering concrete on the apartment wall. *

LESLIE is stunned. She feels her body for wounds. All clear. She runs over to the door and lets the cops in. *

HERNANDEZ and SIMPSON run over to RODNEY who is now in a seizure.

HERNANDEZ

Shit! Simpson, call EMT's! Now!

SIMPSON gets on his walkie and calls it in as we...

FADE OUT.

DREAM SEQUENCE. LARGE OCEAN-LIKE BODY OF WATER. NIGHT

In the almost pitch black, the water shimmers with a small sliver of the moon. Quietly, almost silently, out of the water, a head slowly emerges from the water. RODNEY looks younger, more earnest. His face is painted black.

Behind and beside RODNEY, another head pops out of the water, and then another and then another. It is a Navy SEALS unit and they deep under cover somewhere in the middle east.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY looks to his left to his Sergeant, who points ahead with 2 fingers. Quietly, ever so quietly, the group of SEALS move towards the shore not far ahead.

Suddenly in the distance a gun shot sounds and there is a sick-sounding "thunk" and RODNEY flinches. He reaches up and wipes away blood from his face. He looks around, as if to find the source of the sound and the blood and then notices ahead of him, a soldier stands, body limp, gun in the water. The man slowly falls to his knees.

RODNEY races over the man and pulls him over. Right as we can see the dead soldier's it is a blank. It is just a pale smoothed over section of skin - no mouth, no eyes, no nose.

RODNEY looks around, in terror. And screams.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

Superimpose Title:

PART FIVE:

"I am whatever you say I am." - Eminem

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Same shot as the first shot of the movie: RODNEY is on a gurney, being wheeled through the hospital. He has a gash on his head and a line of spittle runs down the side of his mouth. Blood covers his white t-shirt. His eyes try to hone in on the ceiling above him, but can't quite find focus.

We pan out to see HERNANDEZ and SIMPSON walking behind the gurney while several nurses push the gurney as fast as they can. LESLIE walks with the gurney up by RODNEY's head.

NURSE 1

Brian! Brian! Stay with us!
Come on, Brian!

They wheel the gurney into an ER and transfer him to a table.

Almost immediately, RODNEY goes into another seizure. The nurses stick a tongue compressor between his teeth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR JIM HORTON walks into the ER, looks at the chart, reads for a moment, then...

DOCTOR HORTON
All right, get him into XRay
immediately once he's been
stabilized!

DOCTOR HORTON walks out of the room as the nurses cut off RODNEY's clothes. They cut off the dog tags that RODNEY always has on his body and they set them on a table next to RODNEY's bed.

RODNEY comes out of the seizure and they have him stabilized.

NURSE 1.
Let's move! Let's move! Get him
to XRay.

They wheel his bed out of the room.

We stay for a moment, then focus on the dog tags.

There are 2 sets of dog tags on the same chain. The 1st reads "P03 BRIAN BALLINGER"; the 2nd reads "SN FINUS JONES".

FADE TO:

INT. HUE GINNET'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

HUE walks into his office with SGT PERRY

HUE
This case is just killing me.

PERRY
Nothing at the guy's apartment?

HUE
Nothing.

HUE sits down. PERRY stays standing.

HUE (CONT'D)
Okay...so what do we know about
this Ballinger guy?

PERRY opens up a folder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY

He's a legit American hero -
though he's had the shit kicked
out of him the last 5 years or so.
Navy SEALS for 6 years.

HUE

Could a Navy SEAL do the Senator
as good as the Senator was done?

PERRY

(shrugs)

Eh...I mean, SEALS are badassess,
but, I mean, this guy spent 6
years in, 20 years ago. Even if
he stayed in great shape, having
the presence of mind to do all of
these murders and not make 1 damn
mistake...it's reaching.

HUE thinks.

HUE

All right...how's he had the shit
kicked out of him?

PERRY

(reads the report)

Okay...he was bank manager for a
bank in Texas that shut down.
He...

HUE

Didn't one of the victims own a
buncha banks in Texas or
something?

*
*

PERRY

Yeah...Heath Walker.

HUE

Did he own the bank that this guy
worked at?

*

PERRY opens a different folder, reads for a moment then
looks up with a smile.

PERRY

Yes, he did!

HUE

Shit. Okay...you have the
pediatrician...Bolling...you have
his financials?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PERRY

Yes. For 3 years leading up to his death.

He hands HUE the folder.

HUE opens the folder and scans several pages quickly, finally stopping on a certain line of text.

HUE

Holy shit...when did Ballinger's bank shut down?

PERRY

Um...Oct. 2010.

HUE

Okay...3 months before that, in July 2010, Dr. Bolling pulled over \$4 million dollars out of the bank and transferred it to various accounts around the state.

PERRY

Can someone pulling money out of a bank hurt it?

HUE

Hell, yes it can.

(a beat)

What else? What else?

*

PERRY

(reads the report)

Okay...so...the bank shuts down and 4 months later, Ballinger's little girl gets sick. They don't have insurance so they try to treat what they think is the flu at home. Turns out to be the swine flue and by the time they get her to the hospital, it's too late.

HUE

Fuck.

PERRY

Yeah. She died. She was 4. A couple of months later, his wife moves back to Arizona.

HUE

What's in Arizona?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PERRY

Family, I guess.

HUE

Holy shit. What's her maiden name?

PERRY flips a couple of pages.

PERRY

Fuller. Wasn't the janitor's name Fuller?

HUE

This is unbelievable. It was like a big puzzle and the missing center piece was Ballinger.

PERRY

Google the Senator.

HUE opens google and enters "Senator Stone" into the text box and hits enter.

HUE

(reads)
Senator Sterling Stone dead,
murdered, etc.

PERRY

Okay - put minus murder and minus death. *

HUE

Okay...

(types)
What does that do?

PERRY

Takes away anything to do with his murder and/or death.

HUE hits enter and reads.

HUE

Senator Stone: the President's biggest supporter in bailing out large banks. *

PERRY

That's it. That's the key.

HUE

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PERRY

A lot of people believe bailing out the big banks has hurt the smaller banks who are facing the same problems as larger banks but weren't bailed out.

HUE

He kills the bank manager - because the bank manager is still rich while Ballinger's left with nothing - little girl dies, he's divorced. He then goes after the Doc because the guy pulled out a shit-ton of money that obviously hurt the bank's chances of survival. He gets the janitor because he somehow blames the guy for his daughter leaving? Maybe? He gets the Senator....what about the investment banker?

PERRY

I don't have his financials here, but I'd bet he was somehow tied into investing in the bank.

HUE

Shit.

PERRY

Ballinger is a medal of honor winner. It doesn't make sense.

HUE

Medal of honor?

*

PERRY

(flips another page)
Yeah...he and a group of SEALS saved a bunch of entangled Iraqis. His best buddy - Seaman Finus Jones was killed, along with a couple of other SEALS. In the transcript I read, he talked about how he'd live with Seaman Jones' death forever.

Suddenly the phone in the office rings. HUE picks it up.

HUE

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HERNANDEZ (O.S.)

(through phone)

Sir! We've been calling you for
45 minutes on your cell phone!
Someone finally told us you were
in your office!

*
*

HUE

What happened with Stokes?!

HUE moves stuff around on his desk and finally uncovers
his cell phone: 12 missed calls.

HERNANDEZ (V.O.)

She's all right...but Ballinger
made a move, tried to take her out
but passed out with some kind of
seizure. We've got it under
control - he just got out of
XRays...he's in his room, chained
down to his bed.

HUE

Okay...I'll be there as soon as
possible.

HERNANDEZ (V.O.)

Cedar-Sanaii

HUE hangs up the phone.

HUE

They got him.

HUE gathers his stuff and leaves his office.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM. NIGHT

HUE walks into a waiting room. HERNANDEZ and SIMPSON,
both sitting down, stand up quickly. LESLIE stands up
and walks over to HUE

HUE

Are you okay, Leslie...Miss
Stokes?

*
*

LESLIE

(sighs)
I'm fine.

*
*

HUE

Hernandez, where is he now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HERNANDEZ

The Doctor just came out...he said
the XRay results are back.

HUE walks over to DOCTOR HORTON who is talking to a
nurse, reading a chart.

HUE

I'm LAPD Lieutenant Hue Ginnet I'm
the supervising officer. What's
happening?

DOCTOR HORTON

It isn't good, Lieutenant.

DOCTOR HORTON opens up a chart. HORTON talks through a
few things with HUE, then HUE walks back over to LESLIE.

HUE.

Leslie...I need to let you in on
some things about Brian.

LESLIE.

What? What is happening?

HUE.

Leslie...Brian has done some very,
very horrible things. But...I
think there is some explanation.
If you can...handle it, I think it
would be good for you to be with
him for what comes next.

*

LESLIE.

I...I thought I loved him. Who is
he?

HUE.

He is who you think he is...but -
so much more. I can explain
everything to you....

CUT TO:

INT. RODNEY'S HOSPITAL ROOM. CONTINUOUS

RODNEY has woken up. He is straining against the
handcuffs tying him to his bed. As he strains, DOCTOR
HORTON walks in, followed by HUE and LESLIE.

RODNEY sees LESLIE then sees HUE His face drops,
realizing, she is with the police.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR HORTON nervously looks at HUE, who nods for him to go ahead. DOCTOR HORTON walks over and places an XRay up on a lighted XRay board. He turns on the board.

The XRay is of RODNEY's head. In the middle of his head is a large white oval-shaped white spot.

DOCTOR HORTON
 (points to the white)
 Mr. Ballinger, this shape here...that is a tumor the size of a large grapefruit.

RODNEY
 Did Simone put you up to this? God, it all makes sense...you're one of them.

DOCTOR HORTON
 Sir, I don't know what that means. I've been a doctor here for many years. You are sick. Very sick. I'm not a specialist in this area, but I would guess that you have a very - very short time to live. If we could've caught this earlier...early enough, I would guess that we could've had a chance...but...

RODNEY
 Shut up! This is all part of the plan, right? Right?!!

LESLIE
 Brian, I...

RODNEY
 My name is NOT Brian! It's an alias I use. My name is Rodney Means! Rodney is my real name!

HUE
 Your name is not Rodney - your name is Brian Ballinger. You were a banker in Waco, TX until a few years ago when your bank closed down and then you lost everything.

RODNEY
 (shakes his head)
 No. No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HUE

Your child died, your wife left you...you were left with nothing. Your world didn't make sense and - if the Doctor here is right, and I have no reason to question his credentials - this tumor began to grow in your head and caused you to believe untrue things about yourself and the world around you.

RODNEY

No! NO!!! My name is Rodney! Brian Ballinger is an alias that I made up to throw idiots like you off the trail! It's all a fake past. I made that shit up!

DOCTOR HORTON

Mr. Ballinger, I...

RODNEY

I AM RODNEY MEANS!!!

DOCTOR HORTON looks nervously at HUE then back at RODNEY.

DOCTOR HORTON

Mr. Means, there are many cases of people who have had tumors very similar to yours that cause them to have...delusions...they believe certain things to...um - be true that simply aren't - true.

RODNEY

(strains to get up)
Let me out of here. Leslie, call Jones - get him to pick me up.

HUE

Jones?

LESLIE

His friend - I've never met him....he talks about him all the time.

HUE

(to Rodney)
Is "Jones" Seaman Finus Jones, Rodney?

RODNEY

Shit...you already got him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HUE

(sadly)

Brian...Rodney - whatever you want
me to call you...Seaman Finus
Jones was killed in 1991 in Iraq.
You were with him when he died.

RODNEY looks dazed.

HUE (CONT'D)

Brian Ballinger - you were a
decorated war hero. You saved a
group of SEALs in 1991 when you
were 23. That shit can't be made
up with an alias backstory. You
can't make up Medals of Honors.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

EXT. ALLEYWAY. EVENING

The black Dodge Challenger sits there and we see RODNEY
run as fast as he can. He opens the door to the car
himself and gets in and starts the car.

RODNEY shuts the door behind him and looks in the rear
view mirror to see the 3 Security Men round the corner of
the alleyway as he shifts the car into gear.

RODNEY

You're probably gonna wanna duck,
JONES

No one is in the passenger seat. As RODNEY guns the gas
pedal and the car screams into motion, the back window
shatters and then the rear view mirror explodes.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER AT SANTA MONICA PIER. EVENING

RODNEY reaches the pier and takes a deep breath from the
one set of scuba gear tied to the pylon. He takes out
the mouthpiece and holds it up to empty water. After a
moment, he takes the mouthpiece and puts it back in and
then straps the tank to his back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT

RODNEY trudges up onto the beach and leaves his scuba gear behind. No one is with him.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. STREET. NIGHT

RODNEY drives through the street in his town car and we focus on the Palisades Insurance sign: "THE COMPANY to meet all your needs."

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH PARK BENCHES. MORNING

SIMONE (Kelly Fields) sits down on a park bench and takes out a sandwich. RODNEY walks up behind her and sits down. POV is on SIMONE this time.

RODNEY

Hello.

SIMONE

Um...hello.

She goes back to eating her sandwich.

RODNEY

(quietly)
This is bullshit. Do you honestly feel like you can just screw me over whenever you want? That you hold all the cards? I did the job...I want to get paid.

SIMONE looks around, wondering what is happening right now.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

This is unacceptable. Purely and wholly unacceptable. I hope that you know that...I...

SIMONE is freaked out. She stands up.

SIMONE

Oh, my God! Who are you? Why are you talking to me? Leave me alone!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAIN COFFEE SHOP. AFTERNOON

POV: from the Barista

RODNEY walks up to the counter.

RODNEY
I'll take a venti white mocha...
(to his left)
You want anything?

RODNEY pauses, as if waiting for an answer

RODNEY (CONT'D)
(to the barista)
Okay, just the white mocha.

The barista is giving RODNEY strange look.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
Is that okay? White chocolate
mocha.

BARISTA
Uh, yeah man...all good. That's
\$4.81.

RODNEY hands him a \$5 bill.

RODNEY
(to his left)
Right now, they're planning how to
make me submit, to show me that
they are in control and I'm not.

The barista holds out the change giving RODNEY a look like, "What is wrong with you, man?" RODNEY sees the change, ignores the look, takes the change and drops the 19 cents into the tip jar.

RODNEY walks away from the counter.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA STREET OUTSIDE THE COFFEE SHOP. AFTERNOON

POV: the crowd of people watching RODNEY

RODNEY stops walking. He slowly turns around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

For once in my god damn life I'm doing the right thing, JONES She doesn't deserve to die. She's a good person.

There is no one there.

RODNEY walks over and hits at air.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

You got anything else to say you stupid piece of shit?

RODNEY pauses, as if waiting for an answer

RODNEY kicks at air, then reaches down and punches at air.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Fuck you! Fucking asshole.

RODNEY turns and walks to the car, past several people staring at him in shock.

CUT TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE. LARGE OCEAN-LIKE BODY OF WATER. NIGHT

In the almost pitch black, the water shimmers with a small sliver of the moon. Quietly, almost silently, out of the water, a head slowly emerges from the water. RODNEY looks younger, more earnest. His face is painted black.

Behind and beside RODNEY, another head pops out of the water, and then another and then another. It is a Navy SEALS unit and they deep under cover somewhere in the middle east.

RODNEY looks to his left to his Sergeant, who points ahead with 2 fingers. Quietly, ever so quietly, the group of SEALS move towards the shore not far ahead.

Suddenly in the distance a gun shot sounds and there is a sick-sounding "thunk" and RODNEY flinches. He reaches up and wipes away blood from his face. He looks around, as if to find the source of the sound and the blood and then notices ahead of him, a soldier stands, body limp, gun in the water. The man slowly falls to his knees.

RODNEY races over the man and pulls him over. As he turns him over, we see JONES, eyes open a bullet hole in his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

No!!!! No!!!

Several other SEALS run over and pull him away from JONES
As he is pulled away, he reaches out and takes JONES'
dogtags off his neck.

The SEALS drag him out of frame and we rest on shimmering
water.

FADE TO:

INT. RODNEY'S HOSPITAL ROOM. NIGHT

RODNEY looks like he is in shock.

RODNEY

Oh...oh, my God, what have I done?

RODNEY puts his head in his hands, and weeps.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Oh, my God...

LESLIE finally approaches BRIAN and holds him close. He
weeps on her shoulder.

DOCTOR HORTON walks out of the room as HUE watches the
scene from a distance.

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN

HUE (V.O.)

Brian Ballinger confessed to
everything he could remember. He
killed Heath Walker, Doctor James
Ballinger, Stan Fuller, Sky
Williams and Senator Sterling
Stone under the impression that he
was a hit man working for "The
Company" - a collective of hit
men.

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD BOARD ROOM. DAY

HUE speaks to a group of high ranking LAPD officials,
including Cpt. FORMAN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUE

Palisades Insurance was the insurance company that cut him off after he lost his job and who he blamed for his daughter's death and his subsequent divorce. Somehow, Palisade's motto of "THE COMPANY for all your needs" turned into "The Company" who turned against me.

CPT. FORMAN

How the hell does this guy just "become" someone else?

HUE

I have no clue, Captain. From what the doctors said, with a tumor that size in that area of the brain, it can cause someone to cross over, so to speak, and believe untrue things, to make things up about himself and the world around him. In this case, it gave Mr. Ballinger the ability to become a super-hero...or anti-hero to take care of all the perceived wrongs in his world.

CPT. FORMAN

And we're sure he killed the Senator.

HUE

Absolutely, 100% sure, sir.

CPT. FORMAN

Well, we can't ask him any more questions can we?...

(sighs)

All right...

(turn to another officer)

...call a press conference for later today.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S APARTMENT. DAY

The furniture is gone from the apartment. LESLIE makes one last pass through to make sure she hasn't missed anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She walks to the door, turns around and takes one last look, for memory's sake. Then she closes the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE LESLIE'S APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS

LESLIE grabs the suitcase right outside her door and carries it down the steps.

As she nears her car she looks up and sees HUE leaning against the side of her car.

HUE
Leaving town, huh?

LESLIE
Wouldn't you?

HUE
(shrugs)
Well, I've never had a lover turn out to be an assassin who then turns out to actually be the person they actually told me they were in the first place.

LESLIE
Yeah, a first for me, too.

HUE
I'd probably leave.

LESLIE
I've been planning on leaving L.A. since I got here.

HUE
Money helps.

LESLIE looks a little nervous.

LESLIE
Maybe I'm going to Mexico on vacation.

HUE
Mexico, huh? Maybe you are, Miss Stokes. Maybe you are just going on vacation.

HUE stands up and offers his hand to her. She reaches out to shake it and as she takes the hand, he pulls her close and whispers in her ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUE (CONT'D)

Money doesn't cure the ills of the world. But it makes easier to be okay with the ills of the world.

HUE lets go and turns and walks away.

LESLIE watches him for a moment, then opens her car's trunk, heaves her suitcase in and shuts the trunk. She walks around to her door and gets in.

She starts the car and sits there for a moment with the radio blaring the LAPD news conference.

CPT. FORMAN

(through the radio)

Brian Ballinger was a national hero who was also a sick, sick man. In his sickness, he believed untrue things about himself and others and, in the end, that sickness not only took Mr. Ballinger's life, but the lives of many others, including that of Senator Sterling Stone. We have made peace...

LESLIE turns off the radio and puts the car in drive.

We watch as the car drives down the long, straight street, into the sun.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. RODNEY'S HOSPITAL ROOM. NIGHT

This should look almost dream-like.

LESLIE sits next to RODNEY's bed. He sleeps peacefully as machines all around him chirp and beep. His eyes slowly drift open and he looks around, finally focusing on LESLIE

LESLIE

Rodney, why me? Why would you think that you were hired to...to kill me?

RODNEY

I...I was never going to kill you, Leslie.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I met you at a convention seven or eight years ago. I was married, but stuff was **starting to fall** apart. You were beautiful. We had a drink with a couple of other people. I wrote down your name. When I...when I became Rodney, I guess...I guess I had finally decided to run away, to get away to a beach and I had to, in my mind figure out how to get to you. A hit was the way - the only way I could convince my brain to get to you. I wanted you.

*

A beat.

LESLIE

What if...what if I hadn't fallen for you?

RODNEY

(sighs)
I don't know, Leslie. I think I would have just...run away.

Suddenly, RODNEY grabs his head with both hands and lets out a painful scream. He then grabs LESLIE and pulls her close.

LESLIE

Brian, ow...ow, Brian, what are you doing? You're hurting me.

RODNEY

The key...the key...

LESLIE

The key? What key?

RODNEY

I gave you the keys. Take them, go...take the money...run away.

LESLIE

Rodney, I...

RODNEY

You want this - run away. I wish I was going with you.

(a beat)

I...I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LESLIE looks at RODNEY fondly. RODNEY's eyes slowly close and he suddenly begins to convulse, in a seizure. The machines around him buzz mono-tone and doctors and nurses rush in.

LESLIE stumbles away and we watch as the hospital transforms...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE SAFEHOUSE. DAY

LESLIE looks up the stairs to safehouse, thinks for a moment, then slowly walks up the stairs.

She reaches the door to the safehouse and she looks down at her hands, which hold the keys to the safehouse.

She takes the key and puts it into the lock.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

THE END