

KILL TOWN

by

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Inspired by

"Per un pugno di dollari"

FADE IN:

EXT. CHICAGO, IL - NIGHT (PRESENT)

A light rain falls smoothly and calmly across the city. The moon and stars are interrupted by the clouds that hang in the sky. It's late, a little past one thirty.

The streets are empty and nothing moves. The eerie silence spreads through the bleak city.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Dumpsters overflow with the day's garbage. Colorful graffiti coating the walls, broken bottles, empty cans, and used drug needles litter the ground like a minefield

A pillar of steam rises from an underground grate. It's the dark place between buildings that a reasonable person avoids.

A MAN in his mid or late thirties whose fashionable suit and good looks are in obvious contrast to the surroundings. At first glance, you'd think he could run for Congress some day. At first glance.

The man faces a garbage dumpster on his knees, execution style. Water streams down his face and spills from his chin. His face gives away nothing. He could be kneeling in a strawberry field.

There's the loud unmistakable "click" of a gun being cocked. A silhouette MAN approaches the man on the ground, aiming a black Beretta 92FS at the man on the ground.

EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

It is just beyond the middle of the night; that time when it seems there are no rules and everything feels unsafe.

The endless night is hot as Hell; the sky has a purple orange haze of light pollution and remaining neutrality in its appearance.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A hundred young people or so standing outside of a popular and exclusive nightclub. The thumping music is muffled from the inside.

A Cadillac Escalade pulls up to the curb. Stepping out on the passenger side is a handsome looking Latin MALE wearing a sharp looking suit that's suitable for the nightclub.

He zips up his zipper and helps his sexy date out of the vehicle. She wipes something from her mouth and smiles at the Latin male. He is accompanied by his posse, which consist of large suited men.

Suddenly a 1984 Chevrolet Caprice comes speeding down the same street like a bat-out-of-hell. The car stops in front of the nightclub. Two mysterious arms stick out of the front and back seat window, holding MAC-10s.

They open fire.

Rounds after rounds chew up everyone and everything in sight. Several slugs kill the Latin male, half his crew and injuring his hot date. The Chevrolet speeds away. Everyone else is on the ground, scared out of their minds.

EXT. CHICAGO - MORNING (DAYS LATER)

The enormous skyscrapers of downtown Chicago are dramatically illuminated by the warm orange rays of the rising sun.

In accelerated motion, the clouds boil above the buildings and the sun travels across the sky. The shadows of the buildings circle around in front of them.

Thundering north through the glass canyons of the Loop, the elevated train screeches through the city awakening its inhabitants.

As it races north across the river past ancient factories giving way to high rise splendor, lights glistening against the dawn, the complex business of bringing a city to life in the morning.

On the Near North Side an assortment of revelers are winding up their night on the town.

The press operators loiter outside the Tribune loading docks and fishing boats are outbound through the Chicago River locks.

A street sweeping crew moves through the Fulton Market, Chicago's central meat and produce distribution center. At the Merchandise Mart platform, the elevated train picks up two old housekeepers wearing babushkas.

EXT. PEDESTRIAN STAIRWELL - DAY

As people walk up and down the stairwell - the man that was on his knees in the beginning walks down the stairwell. He is average height and lean with corded veins and hard tanned flesh.

The man is wearing a light gray suit, an untucked white shirt, and no tie. His hair is blondish and kind of a mess. Has a two maybe three day facial hair growth.

This is TANNER.

He heads up the street.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Tanner waits across the counter for the BROKER. Tanner looks through the glass counter at a row of handguns. There a few semiautomatics and two beefy looking .44 magnum revolvers both marked \$500.

Finally, the broker comes out of the back room. He taps on the glass to catch Tanner's attention. He looks at the broker.

BROKER

Can I help you?

TANNER

Let me see that magnum.

The broker moves to the rack. He looks at Tanner and points to the one to the left.

TANNER (CONT'D)

No. The other one.

The broker grabs the second magnum. It's a cobalt blue Smith & Wesson Model 27 .357 Magnum with a four-inch barrel and custom wood grips.

The broker sits the gun on the counter. Tanner picks it up, feels the weight in his hand, heavy as a nutcracker. Then he checks the action, slaps the cylinder open and shut.

TANNER (CONT'D)

How much?

BROKER

It's five-hundred.

Tanner digs into his pocket and pulls out a thick wad of cash. He takes out five-hundred dollars and puts it on the counter.

TANNER

I'll need to see some ID.

Tanner responds with four-hundred dollars more. The broker takes the money and gives him a box of shells as a bonus.

EXT. CHICAGO CEMETERY - DAY

Ad lib funeral banter.

The funeral is populated with anachronistic, white and Latin gangsters, in shades, solid and pinstripe suits. Most of them look armed, but it's hard to tell which one is carrying a piece.

There is one person here that seems to stand out from the group of male testosteronees.

A WOMAN in a black dress with black stockings and a black veil sits before the closed coffin. Her face is distorted and bizarre, so it's hard to tell if she looks sad or mad. Maybe both.

Everyone is in pure silence, mourning the lose of one of their own.

Four small DV cameras are positioned at all four corners of the funeral. A black van is parked on the perimeter; a small transmitting dish is extended ten feet into the warm air.

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

On a state of the art flat-screen monitor, the image of the casket is being lowered into the ground, grainy. It's broken into four squares representing each of camera at the funeral.

A rubber gloved hand clicks the left button on the mouse, enlarging the image of the casket being lowered into the ground. The rubber gloved hand belongs to an UNSEEN FIGURE seated in a tall, black swivel chair.

The chair ominously swivels back and forth. The rubber gloved hand clicks the mouse, closing out the enlarged frame. The four frames return. The rubber gloved hand clicks the mouse again, and the screen goes black.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A street showing a number of nineteenth century industrial structures with cast-iron facades. Cars casually cruise down the cobblestone street. Tanner passes several buildings.

EXT. MCREARY'S - DAY

Tanner walks down the street and stops in front of the bar. He looks up at the street sign. He then looks at a sign posted behind the glass window of the door. It reads: "room for rent, talk with owner".

He enters the bar.

INT. MCREARY'S - DAY

A slow day. The place is long not wide with an L-shaped bar. There is the owner/barman, JIM MCREARY, early fifties Irish-American and the young barmaid, which happens to be his daughter SADIE.

Tanner sits at the bar. Jim strides on over.

JIM

What can I get you?

TANNER

Irish whisky.

Jim gets a glass and makes the drink. He hands off to Tanner.

Tanner takes a swig from the glass. He looks up at the TV and eyeballs a baseball game. The door explodes open, three men enter wildly. ZITO KIP, DIEGO MARTINEZ, and REESE PETERSON. These men are from the funeral.

They sit at one of the booths down the way. Tanner turns to them. Jim and Sadie don't look to happy to see them, shaking their heads.

JIM

(mumbles)

Goddman it.

Tanner turns to Jim.

TANNER

You know 'em?

JIM

Yeah. They frequently visit my place. They belong to this gangster broad who collects protection money from me and my daughter. Constance Blanco.

Sadie heads over to the booth. Diego slaps her ass. Jim makes a look, but has to take it.

JIM (CONT'D)

To be honest those bastards are the ones that need the protection.

TANNER

Why's that?

JIM

They been having problems with some Outfit. They've been at war with each other for years. It's gotten worse 'cause somebody plugged the lady's nephew and she's putting the blame on the Outfit.

TANNER

Outfit, huh? Sounds like something from a Richard Stark novel. Where's this Outfit usually hangout at?

JIM

I heard they run the House of Modesty pretty well. Pimps out some of the girls now and then.

Jim leaves.

Tanner drinks. He turns around, eyeballs Ztio's open blazer and sees a shoulder holstered Beretta.

Tanner turns to Jim.

TANNER

Is that room still available?

INT. MCREARY'S - SPARE ROOM - DAY

A nondescript spare room above the bar. Bleak is the right word to describe this room: a single bed, bathroom, and kitchen, closet, a single window with a fire escape and that is it.

The door opens and Tanner and Jim step into the center of the room.

JIM

Rents four-hundred a month.

Tanner pulls out four-hundred dollars in large bills.

EXT. 8TH STREET APARTMENTS - ROOFTOP - DAY

SNIPERS patrol the rooftop. They wear dark suits, shades, and ear pieces. Stylish killers.

INT. SEWER - DAY

TWO SENTRIES with headlights, earpieces and Mossberg 500 Cruiser shotguns patrol the sewer.

SENTRY

God I hate this fuckin' job, man. It
fuckin' stinks down here.

EXT. 8TH STREET APARTMENTS - DAY

A black '85 Cadillac Brougham stretched limo pulls up to the building. The Gangsters from the funeral disembark from the black limousine. TWO SENTRIES guard the building entrance. The sentries open the doors for their "associates".

INT. 8TH STREET APARTMENTS - ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator doors open. The five people enter the car. The short-haired man wearing charcoal suit is the woman in black's main enforcer, KANE, white, mid or late thirties. He presses the PH (penthouse) button (twenty flights).

KANE

(looking up at the camera)
It may be sunny, but it's not a sunny
day.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Sitting before a desk on top of the elevator is THE ELEVATOR MAN. Armed with a Remington M870 Mad Dog (shorty) shotgun that is pointed down at the elevator car, the elevator man awaits the password from the riders.

Any unauthorized occupants will be shot. After the password is accepted, the elevator man flips the manual override switch. On the desk is a newspaper, a box of shotgun shells and an automatic pistol.

Floor by floor from the ground to the rooftop. The elevator passes three floors, which consist of three illegal operations.

INT. 8TH STREET APARTMENTS - BROTHEL FLOOR - DAY

One room has a DOMINATRIX whipping a guy.

One room has a WOMAN who is dressed as a nun, getting screwed in a confession booth.

One room has a GIRL on GIRL action.

And in room, a MAN is having sex with a SCHOOLGIRL in a classroom on top of the desk. A couple of things are written on the blackboard: "a bad boy is a good boy." "Where did Napoleon blow his bone apart?" And "sticks 'n stones may break my bones but whips and chains excite me. So throw me down and tie me up, and show me that you like me."

INT. 8TH STREET APARTMENTS - COUNTING FLOOR - DAY

A DOZEN or so guys count in different rooms. Stacks of cash on long tables. Guards keep an eye out for the counters, making sure no one is skimming their boss.

INT. 8TH STREET APARTMENTS - GAMBLING FLOOR - DAY

And the last floor, all sorts of casino games: roulettes, blackjacks, craps, poker, etc.

INT. 8TH AVENUE APARTMENTS - PENTHOUSE - DAY

The elevator doors open on a giant corridor with vaulted ceilings. They exit the elevator and stop in front of a pair of giant wooden doors. Kane opens the door and the woman steps in first.

One of the woman in black's homes. She has more than one. She continually moves between locations. This one is sparsely furnished. Tastefully furnished if not masterpiece.

They walk into the den. The woman in black takes off the veil. This is CONSTANCE "ATROPOS" BLANCO, Latin, mid forties, but still retains that Latin Goddess look. Oh, boy is she gorgeous. The door closes behind them.

Her crew stands in the center of the den. FLACO, thirties, Latin, decides to break the silence.

FLACO

(sure of himself)

I say we take these fuckin' cats outta the fuckin' alley. Permanently, yo.

CONSTANCE

Is that what you say? Flaco.

FLACO

(unsure of himself)

Uh... yeah. Yeah, for sure.

Constance stares at him with her devilish but seductive eyes.

CONSTANCE

Kane? Would you be a sweetheart and open the window.

Kane quietly nods and walks towards one of the windows facing the courtyard and opens both panes outward.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Flaco, you were assigned to my nephew's protection detail on the night in question... yes?

FLACO

(nervously)

Uh, yeah. But you see, the thing is, I had something big to take care of and he said he'd be fine without me.

Kane moves behind Flaco, pulling something out of his back pocket, something clear.

CONSTANCE

And yet you are still operative while everyone else, in said creative detail, is Toe Tagged. Now, why is that, Flaco?

FLACO

Ms. Blanco... please...

Kane quickly bags Flaco's head with a clear thick plastic bag. Two of the enforcers grab Flaco's arms, they hold him strongly. He wenches and bucks as he tries to gasp for air.

Constance takes her time with this: she hoist up her dress to reveal a matte chrome Smith and Wesson Chief's Special CS45 holstered to her inner thigh. She takes out the pistol, straightens out her dress, and pulls back the slide.

Constance aims the pistol and fires a single round in to Flaco's head.

Blood and brain matter explode and splatter the inside of the thick plastic bag. Flaco's body hangs loosely from the enforcers.

One enforcers uses a roll of duct tape and wraps it around Flaco's throat. Keeping everything inside.

They let the body drop to the floor. Her demeanor and pulse unchanged by the preceding incident.

CONSTANCE

It doesn't matter why Flaco's presence was not present. You see, when you are protecting my interests, me and mine come before you and yours. And if you fuck up like this fucker here, you'll end up like this fucker here.

Constance moves towards the open window and breathes in the fresh air.

KANE

Why would Bob Carter wanna eighty-six your nephew? It doesn't make any sense. He knows that we'll hit him back.

CONSTANCE

Maybe his cousin Tommy.

KANE

Maybe it wasn't Bob Carter or his cousin Tommy. Maybe it was it Parker or Arthur Riley. They're pretty close to him.

There is a string of silence.

KANE (CONT'D)

Flaco did make a valid point, though. We should take these bastards outta the picture. I mean if he wants a war, let's give him one.

Constance is silent.

EXT. MCREARY'S - EVENING

Zito, Reese, and Diego come pouring out of the bar, howling towards the heavens. The trio sees something that makes them stop in their tracks.

Tanner sits on the hood of Zito's '78 Chevrolet Caprice; they see Tanner picking his teeth with a toothpick.

ZITO

Get hell off my car, shit-head.

Tanner doesn't listen; he continues to pick his teeth.

ZITO (CONT'D)

I said get the fuck off my car, asshole!

Tanner flicks the toothpick at Zito.

Zito approaches him, reaching inside his blazer for the Beretta. Tanner reacts by pushing Zito's arm back into his blazer and punching Zito in the face. Tanner grabs his .357 and fires a round into Reese and Diego's head. Blood and brain matter covers the sidewalk.

Zito is on his knees, holding his bloody nose that runs down his face. He looks up at Tanner, then the magnum.

ZITO (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea who you're fuckin' with?

Tanner pumps a round into Zito's head. His body slumps to the sidewalk.

He strides into the back alley. He tucks the gun in the back of his waistband.

Jim and Sadie come rushing out to see the aftermath.

INT. 8TH AVENUE APARTMENTS - PENTHOUSE - EVENING

Kane is in the den on the black rotary phone. A few sentries sit around with their jackets off, showing their shoulder holstered pistols. Two play cards, one reads a magazine.

KANE

I'll tell her.

He hangs up and walks down a hall, passing more sentries. Kane passes closed doors and opens the last door down the hall.

INT. 8TH STREET APARTMENTS - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

Kane enters. Constance sits up right in her king-size bed wearing a vanilla cream nighty, reading a financial report.

It's from memory. Nothing is written down, in the tradition of the elite section of Swiss private banking in which clerks commit portfolios to memory. There are no documents.

CONSTANCE

(without looking)

Yes?

KANE

Ms. Blanco, Reese, Diego, and Zito were gunned down earlier this evening outside of McReary's.

CONSTANCE

(looking at Kane)

Did anyone see the shooter?

KANE

No ma'am. Cops are questioning McReary.

CONSTANCE

Then when they're done, question McReary.
Find out what he knows.

EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT

It is a typical East Side business street at the height of the night's activities, a street that is lined with pushcarts, sidewalk vendors and little stores, with its milling shoppers, its petty marketing arguments, and its unkempt kids playing in the street heedless of consequences.

In the distance, an elevated train flashes across the background like a comet across the sky.

EXT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - NIGHT

Neon lights produce provocative silhouettes that cast multiple glows across Tanner's face and body. Under glass in a frame on the door are photos of this week's featured performers, Mandy Mountains and Rachel Firestone.

In her photo, Mandy is cradling breasts some mad doctor had built for her out of equal measures of silicone and cruelty. Rachel's photo shows a thin brunette straddling a chair backwards, her bare breasts peeking out between the slats.

He walks in.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - NIGHT

The place is large, like any other strip joint, with a bar against one wall and a large glowing stage at the far end. Not as big as the Sapphire Gentlemen's Club in Las Vegas, but its close enough.

The DANCERS shake their money-makers to some stripping techno beat.

Behind the bar, a WOMAN is wiping glasses and racking them overhead.

She is wearing an open black jacket over a lace-trimmed black bustier that gives her a deep cleavage. Her chest could not have been on display more if she had been holding her breasts out to the patrons on the palms of her hands.

Her blonde hair is pulled back with an elastic band and her nails are painted the color of a cosmopolitan.

Tanner sits down at the bar.

BARTENDER

What can I get you, sweetie?

TANNER

Scotch on the rocks.

The bartender makes the drink and hands it to Tanner.

She thumbed one of the buttons on her dispenser and tossed in a plastic stirrer and a piece of lime while the glass filled.

BARTENDER

Just so you know, it's a two-drink minimum to watch the show. Doesn't matter if you order a scotch on the rocks, I've got to charge you for wine.

TANNER

So how much is wine?

BARTENDER

Ten dollars a glass.

He digs into his pockets and pulls out the large wad of cash. Finds a twenty and a five and puts the rest back.

TANNER

(hand her the money)

Must be pretty good wine.

She taps a few spots on the screen of her cash register and then the tray shoots out and his twenty disappears inside. The five goes in the pocket of her jacket.

Tanner turns to the action.

She resumes her work with the glasses, drying them and tucking them away in the overhead rack.

From the far end of the room came the sound of light applause from one of the patrons. The song had ended, and in the interval before the next one begins.

The girl on stage padded around softly, swinging her hips awkwardly in time to the silence. She is neither Mountains nor Firestone, but like the headliners she is topless and looks surgically enhanced.

The MAN seated to her left looks like a Wall Streeter on his lunch break, except that it's not three in the afternoon. He has an empty beer glass in front of him and a small pile of dollar bills soaking in a spill next to it.

His tie is flung back over his shoulder and he keeps taking his glasses off to wipe them with a paper napkin. On the other side of the stage is the guy who has clapped at the end of the last song, and now he claps again as the next song begins.

But between the beginning and end of each song, he shows his appreciation in a different way: as Tanner watches, he sees the man's hand slip into his pants through his open zipper.

Tanner catches the bartender's attention.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Doesn't bother you that our friend over there is jerkin' off?

BARTENDER

Why? Does it bother you, sweetie?

TANNER

It's not my titty-bar.

BARTENDER

It's not mine either.

TANNER

Yeah, but you're gonna have to wash his glass.

BARTENDER

You want to call him on it, be my guest. Far as I'm fuckin' concerned, as long as he keeps it in his pants, it's between him and whoever does his laundry.

TANNER

Fair enough.

Tanner takes a drink.

A beautiful bob haircut WAITRESS wearing a sexy black strapless mini-dress that gives her an ample cleavage, approaches the bar with an empty tray. This is CHARLOTTE "CHARLIE" EVERETT, early thirties, British, cockney, and sassy.

CHARLIE

Ten shots of Wild Turkey. These wankers are gettin' blindoh off this shit. Bustin' my arse all fuckin' night, at least they could do is stop grabbin' it.

The bartender goes to work.

Tanner eyes her. Charlie catches the look.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oi, love. You like what you see?

TANNER

Depends on if it's available.

Charlie smiles.

CHARLIE

You're not enjoyin' the show like the rest of those tossers?

TANNER

I'm into private shows.

CHARLIE

You waitin' for someone?

TANNER

More like looking.

CHARLIE

Aren't we all, love. So do I know this bloke or what?

TANNER

Yeah. Your boss.

Charlie goes silent. She eyes the bartender who eyes Tanner. Charlie eyes the camera above the bar, pointing at the three.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - UPSTAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT

A large see through window looks over the strip club. The window is sealed so the noise is muffled but it is definitely the sound of disorder.

Sitting behind a sleek desk is MAN dressed in a suit fit for a stock broker. On the desk are two kinds of computer screens: one is for pleasure and the other is for business.

The man is eyeing the business screen. On it are several small screens of different places from different cameras. He uses the mouse and clicks on one of the smalls screens and enlarges the image. It's Tanner talking to Charlie.

This is VAL CAGNEY, late forties or so. Co-owner. Often comes to the House of Modesty to watch the girls than do business with other criminals. This is not the head-honcho.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - NIGHT

CHARLIE

You mean, Mr. Cagney?

BARTENDER

(interrupting)

Charlie, your drinks are ready.

CHARLIE

Right.

(picks up the tray)

Later, love.

Charlie leaves. He drinks his scotch. Tanner eyes Charlie's movements, especially her ass.

The rotary house phone rings. The bartender answers it.

BARTENDER

Yeah.

(pause)

Okay.

She hangs up the phone.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Mr. Cagney says he'll see you now. Go on
up.

Tanner finishes his scotch heads to the end of the room
and up the stair.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - SHORT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The man with no name climbs to the top of the stairs and
strides down to a checkpoint. Two suits and a metal
detector.

He walks through the metal detector and the machine goes
off. He stops and lifts up his arms. The first suit
pats him down while the second suit palms his weapon
holstered inside his jacket.

The first suit finds the magnum.

TANNER

I'm gettin' that back.

The second suit lets go of his weapon and opens the door.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - UPSTAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT

Val's right hand is on the butt of a .45 semiautomatic
tucked in a holster riveted beneath his desk. The first
suit nods to Val and he lets go of the gun.

Tanner walks in as the door shuts behind him. He just
stands there.

VAL

Have a seat.

He does.

VAL (CONT'D)

Gotta name?

TANNER

Tanner.

VAL

Tanner...?

TANNER

Just Tanner.

VAL

Well, just Tanner, you've impressed me. Killing two of Constance's men really puts a smile on my face. No one with a pair of balls would've done what you did. I gotta warn you, though. This woman isn't really that forgiving when it comes to killing something she cares about. She'll probably wanna start a war. Hell couple of days ago somebody iced her fuckin' nephew.

TANNER

Word on the grape vine is that you had something to do with it.

VAL

Yeah, well, you know what they say about niggers: they don't know what the fuck their talkin' 'bout nowadays. Sides, I didn't kill him. But I sure wish I could meet the guy who did. So why are you here?

TANNER

I'm looking for a job.

BOB

Well, I don't usually hire people right off the bat. That's Carter's doing.
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

He's the one that hires people for the big jobs.

TANNER

Where is Carter?

VAL

He's outta town.

TANNER

And what are the big jobs?

VAL

You're not in bed with us yet, pal.

(pause)

However, I have a good feeling about you. Here's how thing's work, I help run this place for Carter. We use it as an "escort service". The girls here are classy, not those cheap skanks that niggers smack around. How are they supposed to work if the merchandise is sporting black eyes? What we need is a driver and a guy who can look after the girls while they're on the job. You know provide a safe work environment. Smash the client's face in if he doesn't pay or if he gets rough with the girls, you know stuff like that.

Tanner stares silently at Val Cagney.

VAL (CONT'D)

It's the best job you're gonna get. It pays three-thousand a night. Drive and pickup. If you do a good job with this, then I'll mention your name to Carter. So... are you in or I'm I gonna have to hand you over to Constance?

TANNER

Well... since you put it that way... yeah. I'll take it.

VAL

Be at the pay phone on 23rd street at two. Someone will call you and tell you what you need to do. In the mean time, have a lap dance on me.

Just then the door opens and SEYMOUR SCAGNETTI, thirties, maybe early forties, Val's friend and private banker for the Outfit.

SEYMOUR

Is this a bad time, Bob?

BOB

No. Hey, Seymour I want you to meet our new club driver. This is Tanner. Tanner this Seymour Scagnetti. A friend of mine.

Tanner stands up and meets Seymour half. Seymour extends his hand. Tanner doesn't shake it. He walks out of the office.

SEYMOUR

Where the fuck do you find these assholes, Valley?

EXT. PAY PHONE ON 23RD STREET - DAY

Tanner walks back and forth from the phone booth. Still wearing the same outfit he was wearing yesterday. This time the shirt is tucked in, the sleeves are rolled up to his elbow, and the jacket is over his shoulder. He smokes as he waits.

Finally the phone rings. Tanner flicks the cigarette. He races to answer the phone.

TANNER

Yeah.

VOICE (V.O.)

There's a four door BMW at the top of a parking garage. 301 West Lake Street. Keys are in the ignition.

The mystery caller hangs up. So does Tanner.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Tanner walks into the garage and takes the stairwell.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - TOP LEVEL - DAY

Tanner comes out of the stairwell, searching. There are several cars parked on the top level. After looking around, he finds a black four door BMW. Tanner walks to the car.

INT. BMW - DAY

Tanner opens the door and gets in. He sits in the front seat, getting a feel of the new car and its fresh smell. He turns around to see if there's anything in the back: nothing.

He checks the glove compartment and finds the registration papers and a non-flipped cell phone.

The cell phone shows he has one text message in the inbox. He reads it. It says: "hit redial." He does. It rings. Tanner waits.

VAL (V.O.)

Like the car?

TANNER

What's the gig?

VAL (V.O.)

Tonight at nine o'clock. Rickey Pulaski wants his usual girl, Lola Del Rio. Go pick her up at the club. Then run her over to the Raffaello Hotel. 201 East Delaware Pl. But make it quick, Rickey Pulaski ain't the kind you keep waitin', remember, this is your foot in the door... so keep your hands on the wheel and off Lola. I left you a suit in the trunk. Have a nice night.

Bob hangs up.

EXT. CHICAGO - EVENING

The rustic, orange glow of the sun ripples across the sky.

Slowly it releases the last of its rays and sinks beyond the horizon. Shadows creep across the city and suddenly this beautiful urban city turns dark and ominous.

INT. MCREARY'S - SPARE ROOM BAR - NIGHT

Tanner stands inside the bathroom, straightening his tie. He looks sharp and well groomed. Clean shaven, combed hair, etc.

EXT. BMW - NIGHT

The car moves through the city, obeying the speed limit.

EXT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - NIGHT

There's a girl standing under the long stretched canopy. "LOLLYPOP" LOLA DEL RIO, late twenties, whitw, very sexy, and slim. Wears a black sheer bell sleeved retro off shoulder mini dress. She sucks on a blow-pop.

The BMW pulls into the parking lot, pulling up towards the canopy. Lola gets into the back seat. The BMW drives away.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

The two ride in silence. That is until Lola breaks it.

LOLA

So you're Mr. Cagney's new driver, huh?

TANNER

Looks that way.

LOLA

Do you have a name? I only ask 'cause Cagney doesn't really disclose things like this to his girls.

TANNER

You mean his hookers.

LOLA

Yeah. His hookers.

TANNER

Tanner.

They go back to silence.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The BMW moves through traffic. Going a little bit faster.

EXT. RAFFAELLO HOTEL - NIGHT

Several autos stand in front of the sprawling building. Light gleams from the lobby door and windows. The upper stories are dotted with few lights behind drawn shades. Tanner and Lola are seen walking in.

INT. RAFFAELLO HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

A thin mist of cigarette smoke hovers over the room. Some of the easy chairs and sofas are occupied by dozens of wealthy citizens who can afford the hotel's rates.

Tanner and Lola walk to the center.

TANNER

Do you need me to walk you to the room?

LOLA

I think I can handle it from here.
Thanks.

Lola goes on alone. Tanner turns and walks into the lounge.

INT. RAFFAELLO HOTEL - LOUNGE - NIGHT (20 MINUTES LATER)

It's mellow time in the lounge. Most people sit and drink liquor and talk about billshit. Tanner is at the bar.

He nurses a bourbon and smokes a cigarette from his pack of Ace of Spade. Waiting for Lola to finish up. He checks his watch: 12:26 a.m. He takes another drag.

LOLA (O.S.)

Buy a working-girl a drink?

Lola sits next to him. Placing her purse on the bar. Tanner signals the barman. Tanner drinks his bourbon as Lola places her order.

LOLA (CONT'D)

(to the barman)

Grand Marnier.

The barman nods and goes to work making the drink.

TANNER

How'd it go?

LOLA

Perfect as usual. Here's the skinny on how we do things: one: if a girl is in trouble, she'll text "help" and the room number. And two: we don't do hitting. That's something you need to know right off the bat. So if a girl comes out of the room and she's got her a shiner - then you give son-of-a-bitch a knuckle-sandwich. Everything else you just play it by ear.

TANNER

Gotcha.

The barman comes back with Lola's drink. She takes a sip. The two sit in silence.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Do you need me to drive you back to the club?

LOLA

Why? You have somewhere you need to be?

TANNER

Something like that. Yeah.

Lola considers it for a moment.

LOLA

(with a smile)

Go on.

She drinks her drink.

Tanner gets off the stool, puts the cigarette in his mouth, digs into his pocket, and pulls out some cash. He pays for the two drinks and gives Lola some cab fair.

He leaves.

EXT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - NIGHT

It's closing time. The bouncers help the drunks into the cabs. The ones that are sober climb into their cars and drive on out of the parking lot. The strippers, the waitresses, and the DJ, exit from the employee entrance/exit.

Charlie is one of them. She looks beat. Wearing jeans, a logo tee, and sneakers. She carries her purse. Her eyes look at the pavement, then looks up to see: Tanner leaning against the BMW.

CHARLIE

Oi.

TANNER

Oi yourself.

She approaches Tanner.

CHARLIE

What are you doin' here, love?

TANNER

Wondering if you wanna get a drink?

CHARLIE

A drink? I just got done servin' drinks for nine hours to a bunch of fuckin' arse grabbin' wankers who I would just love to kick in the goolies, but can't because its against the rules. And here you are startin' up a chin wag with me, and in that chin wag you ask if I wanna go out and have a drink with you. So to answer your query...

Tanner is quiet.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I would love a drunk.

(extends her hand)

Don't worry I ain't got the queer disease or nothin'.

Shakes her hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Name's Charlie.

TANNER

Tanner.

INT. MCREARY'S - NIGHT

The place is a ghost town. Tanner and Charlie are the only patrons there. They sit in booth while the jukebox spits out some kind of jazz song.

TANNER

So how long have you been in the state's?

CHARLIE

Uh, goin' on two years next month.

TANNER

And after two years how do you like it?

CHARLIE

It's all right. Blokes are a bit stuffy here, though. I mean, I never thought it would be so tough to find someone worth slurping the old panhandle.

Tanner cocks an eyebrow.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You know, a giving blowjob. Nothing like gettin' your tongue around a nice fat one. Slidin' it in and out. In and out. In and out. In and out. Milkin' it like a cow until it explodes into the back of your mouth.

TANNER

You got some mouth on you.

CHARLIE

Is there any particular place you want me to put it?

For a moment, Tanner keeps a straight face, but then for the first time, Tanner breaks a laugh. So does Charlie.

TANNER

You're alright, Charlie.

Tanner raises his liquor glass. Charlie raises her beer mug. They drink.

TANNER (CONT'D)

So why did you leave England?

CHARLIE

You live in a place long enough you get tired of it. Tired of the weather. Tired of the people that look down on you. Tired of the same ol' bullshit. So I said "fuck it, I'm outta here". I was on the first thing smokin'. I was arse over tit when I left the island. I can remember hearin' my mum's voice on the airplane:

(imitating her mother)

"If you cock up over there in America, don't even think 'bout comin' back."
Gormless hag.

Charlie drinks her beer. Tanner takes a sip from his glass.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So what about you, Tanner? Are you like one of Mr. Cagney's guys?

TANNER

Guys?

CHARLIE

Tough guys with a death wish.

TANNER

It's complicated.

CHARLIE

(not believing him)

Really. I think you're one of those mysterious blokes who don't wanna say anything about themselves except for their names. Or maybe you're like the pale rider on the pale horse.

TANNER

Like I said, it's complicated.

Charlie doesn't say anything.

TANNER (CONT'D)

So I heard you redcoats have some self-control issue when it comes to sex.

CHARLIE

Self-control? *Self-control?*

Tanner doesn't say anything else.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Would you like to prove that theory?

INT. MCREARY'S - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Tanner and Charlie are naked in the bed, having sex, doggy-style, both of them are sweaty. Charlie is registering excitement, she screams and screams with ecstasy.

Not five seconds later Charlie has another mind numbing orgasm, her juices flowing in a steady stream as Tanner continues to enthusiastically pump her. Charlie's climax continues to ripple through her as Tanner drives in and out.

Tanner grits his teeth and comes inside Charlie. Both love makers pant, beads of sweat drip from their faces.

EXT. SCAGNETTI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Seymour strides out of his expensive looking apartment, carrying golf clubs. He walks over to his parked 1970 Chevrolet Bel Air sedan. Seymour opens the trunk and loads the clubs into the trunk.

Suddenly, an unseen person sneaks up behind Seymour and bops him on the head with a leather blackjack.

Seymour falls half way into the trunk. The unseen person lifts him in the rest of the way.

INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE - DAY

Seymour Scagnetti is bound to a chair in the center of the warehouse, head hunched over. Still out.

Slowly, he wakes up from the attack, groggy. He sees Tanner standing in front of him. His jacket rests on a couple of boxes. His sleeves are rolled to his elbows.

TANNER

Tell me about Carter's money laundering business.

SEYMOUR

You're Carter's new thug.

TANNER

Not the right answer.

Tanner socks Seymour in the face. Blood trickles down his nose.

SEYMOUR

YOU STUPID FUCK!

TANNER

Where's the money coming from? Who's it coming from?

Seymour doesn't respond.

TANNER (CONT'D)

You're a bit deaf, aren't you? That's okay...

Tanner pulls out an old fashion straight razor with a black handle. He unfolds the blade.

TANNER (CONT'D)

... I can fix that for you.

Tanner moves towards Seymour. He sits to wiggle around, avoiding the blade. Tanner sits on Seymour's lap and begins to cut off Seymour's right ear. He howls in pain as blood flows from the ear.

The right ear finally comes off. Tanner gets up. Seymour continues to scream.

TANNER (CONT'D)

(talks into the severed ear)

Hey! Can you hear me now?! Huh?

Tanner tosses the ear.

SEYMOUR

All right! I'll tell you anything!
Anything you wanna know! Fuck! My ear!
My fuckin' ear!

TANNER

Fuck your ear. Tell me about Carter.

During the speech, Tanner unrolls the sleeves and puts on his jacket.

SEYMOUR

Carter is connected to New York mob boss Joe Pegorino. Pegorino makes his money from gambling casinos in Atlantic city and drugs. It's an all cash business. Millions of dollars. He gives it to Carter. Carter's men count it, sort it, and transported to his bank. Once the money is deposited in the bank, the bank "loans" the money to Joe Pegorino, who never pays it back. And Carter takes forty percent.

Tanner straightens his jacket.

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

What're you gonna do?

TANNER

Kill you.

Tanner pulls out the .357 and shots Seymour in the head.

EXT. '70 CHEVROLET BEL AIR - DAY

Seymour's dead body lies in the trunk. Tanner shuts it.

EXT. URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The Bel Air travels through rough neighborhood, local dealers, hookers, and other thugs.

The Bel Air pulls into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The Bel Air stops half way into the alley before stopping.

INT. '70 CHEVROLET BEL AIR - DAY

Tanner pulls out a cloth and starts wiping the steering wheel.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

He gets out and wipes the door handle and rim. He walks away, leaving the car in the alley.

EXT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Tanner rides in the back seat of a 1987 Chevrolet Caprice taxi cab.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

His cell phone goes off. He answers it.

TANNER

Yeah?

VAL (V.O.)

Hope your schedule is cleared for tonight, Tanner. We gotta new client at the Drake Hotel who's looking for some "Asian Persuasion". One of my new girls is picking up the late shift. Pick her up at her place, 315 South Sherwood. She needs to be at the hotel at ten o'clock. Don't be late.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The cab drives down the street.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Tanner is dressed in another dark suit. The car is parked outside of a townhouse. He checks his watch, she's running late, and Tanner is getting tired of it.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens and LISA KIM, early twenties, Asian, steps out.

She's sexy and petite and wears a cute halter dress.
Lisa walks towards the car, looking a little nervous.

She gets in.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Tanner watches her as she settles in.

LISA
Sorry I'm late.

Tanner doesn't say anything.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The BMW drives away.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

The two sit in silence. Lisa is still a little nervous.
Tanner looks at her through the rearview mirror. Then
the first of an uncomfortable silence happens.

TANNER
What's your name?

LISA
Uh, Lisa. Lisa Kim.

TANNER
Is this your first night, Lisa?

LISA
Yeah.

TANNER
How long have you worked at the club?

LISA
Five months.

TANNER
Nervous?

LISA
Yeah.

TANNER
Just don't think about it too much. When
you're in there, think about something
else. It'll be over before you know it.

Lisa begins to feel a little better.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The BMW progresses through the street.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Classy and really expensive.

Tanner and Lisa walk pass the Drake Fountain and towards
the stairs.

TANNER
I'll be at the bar.

Lisa proceeds up the stairs.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL - LOUNGE - NIGHT (THREE MINUTES LATER)

Pretty dead in here. Tanner is at the bar. The barman
brings him his glass of hard liquor. Tanner drinks it.
He sits in silence.

Suddenly, his cell phone vibrates on the bar. He checks the message. It reads: "HELP 319".

Tanner chugs his liquor and speeds walk out of the lounge.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tanner races down the hall like a cheetah.

He stops in front of 319. Tanner digs into his pocket and slips on a brass-knuckle. He knocks on the door.

He waits. Then:

VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah?

TANNER

Sir, I with the Hotel Management. We've have a noise complaint.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry. Won't happened again.

TANNER

Sir, can you please open the door.

The person unlocks and opens the door. Tanner throws the brass-knuckle fist at the person's face.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL - ROOM 319 - NIGHT

This is the CLIENT, he wears an open white shirt and black pants. He backs up with a bloody busted nose. Tanner closes the door with his foot. He walks towards the client.

CLIENT

My fuckin' nose!

The bathroom door slowly opens to reveal Lisa with a bruised face. Tanner sees this.

CLIENT (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you?

TANNER

Is that your handy work?

CLIENT

Hey, man...

Tanner punches the client. Tanner drops low and catches the client with a pair of terrific body punches that seem to drive the client's diaphragm up to his throat. A crack is heard. A glaze of pain covers the client's eyes.

Lisa watches the whole thing with awe.

Tanner forces the client to the floor and starts to brutally kick him. The client starts to whimper. Blood flying.

Tanner stops. Breathing hard. He looks to Lisa.

TANNER

Get your things.

INT. OAK WOOD APARTMENTS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Val Cagney sits at a long table talking on the rotary phone.

The penthouse has a lot of artwork and well furnished.

VAL

Don't worry about it Joe. I'll take care of it.

Just then, a SUIT walks in.

VAL (CONT'D)

Can you hold on, Joe? Thanks.

(to the suit)

Did you find Seymour?

SUIT

Yeah. Cops found him dead in the trunk of his car.

VAL

What? Where was the car?

SUIT

In Blanco's neighborhood.

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

It's one of those "do it yourself" car wash places.

Tanner is seen washing the BMW. His jacket is off and his sleeves are up. He's in the process of rinsing off the car.

Tanner's cell phone rings. He stops and answers it.

TANNER

Yeah?

VAL (V.O.)

Tanner, we gotta problem. I need you to help Bob's cousin Tommy out with a corpse. 1313 West 88 street.

Tanner hangs up.

EXT. BOOKMAKING PLACE - DAY

The BMW pulls up behind a 1971 Chevrolet Camaro RS/SS. Tanner gets out and walks up to the door.

He tries to open the door, but it's locked. He knocks and waits. Finally, someone unlocks and opens the door.

INT. BOOKMAKING PLACE - DAY

Tanner steps in to meet EDDIE PALMER, thirties, carries a sawed-off double barrel. Tanner walks to the center of the room. Eddie closes and locks the door.

They look at each other, considering.

TANNER

Tommy?

EDDIE

You guess wrong. Tommy's in the back.

Tanner walks into the back room, moving aside the hanging beads.

INT. BOOKMAKING PLACE - BACK ROOM - DAY

The back room is a mess, like a tornado of violence had just come through here.

TOMMY FRAZETTA, mid or late thirties, linebacker shoulders, tough looking, sits across from the dead body, separated by a cluttered desk covered with blood. Tommy holds a blood stained switchblade and smokes a short cigar.

But that isn't the only thing splattered with blood: there's the back wall, floor, Tommy's clothes, and face.

TOMMY

This Heeb was cheating Bob out of his money. Laying bets off to some other fucker.

TANNER

Poor bastard.

TOMMY

Man, fuck this fuckin' Jew. You need to start thinking on how to clean this fuckin' mess up, 'cause we ain't got that much time. So start thinkin'.

Tanner begins to think. It takes him a couple of seconds.

TANNER

I need a pair of pliers and a cigar cutter.

Tommy digs into his pocket and tosses him the cigar cutter.

INT. BOOKMAKING PLACE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Tanner is in the back with Tommy and Eddie. Jacket off, sleeves up. He also wears a pair of rubber gloves. The dead body is on top of the desk, laid out.

EDDIE

The fuck are you doin'?

TANNER

I learned this from a vor while I was in Rikers. I'm gonna cut off his fingers and take out his teeth, so they can't identify the body.

He starts with the fingers, clipping them off with the cigar cutter.

INT. BOOKMAKING PLACE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Tanner is almost done with the fingers.

TANNER

(cutting off the last one)

Douse this place with gasoline and bring
the cars in the alley. I'm almost
finished here.

INT. BOOKMAKING PLACE - DAY

Eddie splashes the front with gasoline. Everything's
getting drenched.

INT. BOOKMAKING PLACE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Tommy is doing the back room.

Tanner is finishing up with the teeth. He places the
teeth into a plastic Ziplock bag, along with the severed
fingers.

Tommy throws the empty can. He walks over to the desk,
closes the bookie's blood splatter book, and takes it.

Eddie walks into the back room. Tanner is all done. He
collects the bag and the trio heads on out through the
back door.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Tommy and Eddie head to the Camaro. Tanner turns around.
He lights a cigarette and takes a long drag. He flicks
the cigarette into the gasoline damped room and instantly
flames erupt, burning everything.

The Camaro speeds away.

Tanner climbs into the BMW and drives. As the BMW drives
out of the alley, the back room blows!

INT. MCREARY'S - SPARE ROOM - EVENING

The door opens and tired Tanner walks in.

Tanner heads to the bed and falls face down on the mattress. He just lies there, exhausted. He rolls over and lies on his back.

Tanner looks up at the ceiling. Then he digs around for his cell phone and starts dialing a number.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A simple and modern apartment.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - BED ROOM - EVENING

Charlie is undressing. She's alone. Pulling the short black-silk underslip over her head, she stands in front of a long mirror, clad only in black panties, bra and tights.

She looks at herself appreciatively. The phone rings. She flops on the bed and picks up the receiver.

CHARLIE

Hello. Hey, love.

(she stretches herself out
sexually and smiles)

Last night was amazing. I wish I was
with you.

INTERCUT:

TANNER

I wish I was with you too. I wish I was
holding you right now...

Tanner loosens his tie.

TANNER (CONT'D)

...making love to you. Stroking your hair. Kissing you. Where are you?

CHARLIE

In the bedroom. Wearing black underwear.

TANNER (V.O.)

(softly)

Take your bra off.

Charlie unhooks her bra. There's a flash of breasts.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Hold 'em. Gently.

Charlie's hands cover her breasts. Her head moves slowly from side to side, eyes closed.

TANNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Slowly. Imagine it's me.

Charlie's hand caresses the inside of her leg. Her head rolls from side to side slowly. She's breathing heavily. Everything is becoming intense and sensual.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Imagine my hands between your legs.

Her breathing can be heard over the phone. It's getting really intense now.

Suddenly, there's a beep on Tanner's end. What a downer.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Oh, fuck!

TANNER

Hold on.

(he hits a key)

Yeah?

VAL (V.O.)

Tanner. I wanna thank you for helping out my cousin. You did a good job today. There's a party tonight at the Factory of Sin. If you have a date bring her long.

Bob hangs up. Tanner presses the key.

TANNER

Feel like going to a party tonight?

EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT

Citizens roaming the streets like ants and roads littering the horizon like a strange grid. Lights punctuate the scene and the city looks almost artificial in its splendor.

INT. FACTORY OF SIN - NIGHT

The joint is crowded, thick with cigarette smoke, music from the stereo system, the room filled with shouting voices. It seems like half the city is jammed into the high-ceilinged room.

Tanner and Charlie make their way around the crowd. He wears a nice suit and she wears a sexy cocktail dress. Tanner spots Val, Tommy, Eddie and few of their thugs and lady friends. They walk towards them.

VAL

Tommy! Glad you can make it.

TANNER

(shakes hands with Bob)

Mr. Carter this is my date. I'm sure you know her.

CHARLIE
 (shakes hands)
 Hello, Mr. Cagney.

VAL
 Charlie. Fancy you seeing with him.
 This is my wife Stacy.

Charlie and Stacy shake hands. Val indicates to the bartender that Tanner and Charlie are to pay for nothing.

VAL (CONT'D)
 Ladies, we'll be back in a second. We
 have to have a little talk.

Tanner, Tommy, Val and Eddie move towards an office.

VAL (CONT'D)
 (to Tanner)
 It's time for to meet the man.

INT. FACTORY OF SIN - OFFICE - NIGHT

Cobalt blue light illuminates their faces. ROBERT "BOB" CARTER, close to early fifties, wears a pin strip suit. He sits in a chair.

The men sit down as the thugs wait outside.

BOB
 So this Tanner. You've been progressing nicely. Val says you took care of Tommy's problem. Thanks.

Tommy rolls his eyes.

BOB (CONT'D)
 Since there's a party happening out there, I'll make this quick. There's a shipment of money coming in from Atlantic City.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

Tomorrow a truck will be transporting a car that's carrying thirty-million. Pier ten. Warehouse two. You, Tommy, and Eddie are gonna tow the car and take it to Woodburn Scrap, Metal and Tow. The guys there will take it the rest of the way.

TANNER

Sounds good.

BOB

Alright. Let's go have a drink.

INT. FACTORY OF SIN - NIGHT

Stacy eyes a young man nearby. Charlie spots it.

CHARLIE

Oh, go on. A little heavy snoggin' with your husband's all you've been wantin'.

STACY

What?

CHARLIE

Oh, you know what we ladies want, sweetie?

(winks at Stacy)

A good poke in the low whiskers.

Stacy makes a look and walks away.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What did I say?

Tanner approaches Charlie.

TANNER

Let's dance.

The two head over to the dance floor.

Charlie slips into his arms and they dance. She moves so gracefully. She flows with Tanner, her body touching his, and he could hear her singing along, her voice buried in his shoulder.

INT. FACTORY OF SIN - OFFICE - NIGHT

Tommy and Bob are the only ones there.

Tommy looks angry.

TOMMY

Your wrong about bringing him in, Bobby.

BOB

Oh, give it a rest, Tommy. If Val says he's cool, then he's cool.

Bob gets up and walks to the bar to make a drink.

TOMMY

Oh, well zippty-fuckin'-doodah for Val. The guy comes in town like the man with no name. Whacks three dudes that belong to that bitch Constance, and all of a sudden, Val hires this fucker. This is bullshit.

Bob drinks his drink.

BOB

Oh, Jesus Christ, Tommy. I know more than I need to know. Just keep your shit together and don't do anything fuckin' stupid, alright?

Tommy gets up and walks to the window and eyes Tanner and Charlie.

EXT. WAREHOUSE TWO - MORNING

The morning workers bust their tired asses.

Tommy's Camaro pulls into the warehouse. Followed by a tow truck.

INT. WAREHOUSE TWO - MORNING

Mostly boxes and crates. The semi is already there with the door open and the ramps down.

Tommy, Eddie and Tanner climb out of their vehicles. Tanner wears a mechanic's uniform. They walk towards the semi. A 1978 Chevrolet Caprice slowly drives down the ramp.

INT. WAREHOUSE TWO - MORNING

The '78 Caprice is already hooked up to the tow truck. Tanner gets in. Tommy approaches the tow truck with clipboard.

TOMMY

Here's the paperwork if you get pulled over.

EXT. DOCKS - MORNING

The tow truck leads the way for the Camaro. Both vehicles exit the docks.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The Camaro keeps a safe distance between the tow truck.

The tow truck obeys the speed limit as the morning vehicles and bystanders pass on by.

EXT. WOODBURN SCRAP, METAL AND TOW - MORNING

A virtual cityscape of dismantled automobile carcasses, piled up high for as far as the eye can see. A huge fork lift scoops up a wreck and hauls it over to the crusher... Watch as the car is flattened, for easy shelving ...

Morning auto nonpareil ... To one side of the yard is a garage:

Watch as a Honda Accord, with a bloody windshield enters the garage. A young Mexican KID driving.

There's a sign that reads: "Lock your car or it may be gone in 60 seconds!"

The tow truck and Camaro enter. They drive all the way to the garage.

INT. GARAGE - MORNING

The tow truck enters the garage. In the b.g., the Camaro waits. Tanner gets out. Workers come by and help lower and unhook the '78 Caprice.

Tanner stands there.

WORKER

The fuck you waitin' for? Your job is done, man.

Tanner gives a stare and walks away.

EXT. WOODBURN SCRAP, METAL AND TOW - MORNING

As Tanner exits the garage, the workers close the large doors.

Tanner walks towards the Camaro.

TOMMY

Get your own fuckin' ride.

Tommy shifts the gear and the Camaro is gone in millisecond. What an asshole.

Tanner watches as the Camaro leaves the place. He looks at his watch and starts walking.

INT. '71 CAMARO - MORNING

Tommy looks angry.

TOMMY

I don't give a fuck what Bobby says. I don't fuckin' trust this guy. Not one bit.

EXT. MCREARY'S - NIGHT

It's quiet.

INT. MCREARY'S - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Tanner and Charlie are asleep.

The window is open just two inches. But two inches is enough to hear something softly coming up the fire escape.

The sound is enough to get Charlie up. She looks groggy. She rubs her eyes to see, there's a silhouette figure opening the window.

CHARLIE

TANNER!

Tanner instantly wakes and rolls off the bed. He hears a *plop* from a silencer behind him as he rolls off, and the bullet punches the pillow where his head was.

He lands face down on the floor. His beefy, pregnant .357 is clipped to the springs under the bed. Tanner's hand reaches out for it and grabs it. He spins a half-turn away from the bed and raises his gun.

The intruder is already inside. A half-turn; then he reverses his spin and rolls under the bed, hearing the second bullet thud into the floor just behind him.

His arms are tucked in so close to his body. He rolls all the way to the other side of the bed. He comes up on the other side, seeing the intruder stooping to fire under the bed. Tanner grabs a lamp from the nightstand and throws it at the intruder.

The base hits the intruder's face. He grunts; then drops out of sight. Tanner bends down and looks under the bed to see the intruder on the ground. Tanner gets to his feet and walks to the other side.

The intruder lies there on the floor, his gun is still in his gloved hand. Tanner steps on the wrist, then bends down to pick it up. He sticks his foot under the intruder's chin.

TANNER

Now I'm gonna ask you one question. And if you don't give me an answer, then my gun is gonna do the talkin'. Who sent you?

INTRUDER

(gasping for air)

To... Tommy... Tommy Frazetta.

Tanner can believe his ears. But in this game: everyone is killing everyone.

Tanner then places the barrel between the intruder's eyes, thumbs back the hammer and places his open hand behind the gun to shield the splatter. He fires a round in the head.

Some of the blood covers portions of Tanner's half naked body.

Charlie is speechless with her mouth open. Tanner sees this.

CHARLIE

Wha... what are you gonna do with the body?

Tanner thinks for a moment. He looks at the door.

TANNER

I'll be right back.

Tanner walks out.

Charlie looks from the door to the dead body.

INT. MCREARY'S - NIGHT

Sadie is serving a few people. Jim is behind the bar filling up a beer mug. It's mellow at this time of night.

The employee door opens a couple of inches. Tanner creeps his head out.

TANNER
(whispers)

Jim.

Jim turns to the door.

TANNER (CONT'D)
I need you for a second.

Jim wipes his hands and heads to the door.

INT. MCREARY'S - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Tanner , Charlie and Jim stand over the dead intruder.
Jim has a worried look on his face.

JIM
What the hell did you do?

TANNER
That's not important. Do you have any
dark sheets?

INT. MCREARY'S - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Tanner and Jim are seen rolling the dead body on to navy
blue sheets that are laid out on the floor.

INT. MCREARY'S - ALLEY - NIGHT

Charlie steps out first from the side door. Checking to
see if the coast is clear. It is. She waves them out.

Tanner and Jim exit the building, carrying the dead body
wrapped in sheets.

CHARLIE
Where you gonna stash him?

Tanner and Jim drop the body. Tanner walks over to the manhole and opens it.

TANNER

Grab his feet.

Tanner takes the head.

The two lift up the body and dump it into the sewer. A splash is heard.

EXT. 8TH AVENUE APARTMENTS - DAY

Walking out of the front door is Constance and Kane. She wears a women's business suit, while Kane continues to sport something from Hugo Boss. They walk towards the Cadillac Brougham.

Kane opens the door for her. He enters. The Cadillac is off.

CONSTANCE (V.O.)

Did you find the mystery man, yet?

INT. '85 CADILLAC BROUGHAM - DAY

KANE

No, ma'am. Saugherty is having trouble finding this person. And if Saugherty is having trouble finding this person then nobody knows who he is. I'm telling you, this is ghost.

CONSTANCE

You think Carter has hired this ghost?

KANE

It's possible.

Suddenly, the Cadillac makes a quick jolt and the vehicle turns down into an alley.

CONSTANCE

Where the hell is John going?

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The Cadillac stops in the middle of the alley.

INT. '85 CADILLAC BROUGHAM - DAY

CONSTANCE

John! What the hell are you doing up there?!

Suddenly, Tanner turns around in the driver seat. Whip drawing his .357 on the two occupants. Kane tries to reach for his piece.

TANNER

Your hand touches iron I'll drill your boss.

Kane relaxes.

TANNER (CONT'D)

(to Constance)

Open the window.

She does.

TANNER (CONT'D)

(to Kane)

Now very slowly, reach into your jacket and pullout whatever your packin'. And toss out the window.

Kane very slowly pulls out his M1911A1. He throws it out of the window.

Tanner gets out of the Cadillac.

Kane and Constance sees him walking towards the back. He opens the door.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Move over to him.

Constance does.

Tanner slides in and shuts the door. Keeping the gun trained on Constance and Kane.

CONSTANCE

Where's John?

TANNER

He's in the trunk. Don't worry. He's not dead.

KANE

So you're the ghost. The shooter that no one can find.

TANNER

That's right.

CONSTANCE

Who are you?

TANNER

I'm the wheelman, the gunman, and the undertaker. Which one do you wanna hire?

CONSTANCE

How 'bout all three.

TANNER

Well you're in luck. 'Cause all three of my skills are for sale.

Constance thinks for a second.

CONSTANCE

May I?

Tanner nods. Constance moves back to her original spot. Near the mini bar. She makes a drink. Tanner still keeps the gun trained.

KANE

You killed three of my men.

TANNER

I didn't kill 'em. I defended myself.

CONSTANCE

You may be good with a gun. And good at knocking out my driver. But what can you offer me?

TANNER

I can get you thirty million dollars by tonight.

She stops drinking and looks Kane.

CONSTANCE

How?

TANNER

From my current boss Bob Carter. Woodburn Scrap, Metal and Tow. But the heist has to be done tonight before it gets moved to his bank.

CONSTANCE

You know I thought about killing you.
(she massages his inner leg
with her foot))
But then I thought no. Why not hire him.
Maybe I have this guy work for me.

KANE

What about this heist?

TANNER

It's gotta be mounted tonight before they
move the money. Four, five guys top.
I'll be there of course.

KANE

So will I.

CONSTANCE

What about Carter?

TANNER

I don't think he should know about this
little meeting. Can you dig it?

CONSTANCE

I can dig it.

EXT. CHICAGO - EVENING

The city begins to quiet down as the sun lowers behind
the skyscrapers.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Tanner wears long sleeve overalls and carries a black
leather bag. He smokes as he waits, leaning against a
building like Johnny Cool. People walk on by, Tanner
doesn't seem to notice them.

A van pulls up to the curb and the door slides open.
Tanner puts out the cigarette with his boot and gets into
the van.

The door slides shut and the van drives off.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Kane is riding shotgun, also wearing long sleeve overalls, like the other four men. They are armed with semiautomatic pistols and shotguns.

Kane turns to Tanner.

KANE

What's in the bag?

TANNER

Tools.

EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT

The van drives all the way to the industrial district of the city.

EXT. WOODBURN SCRAP, METAL AND TOW - NIGHT

The place is closing for the night. The workers are leaving.

The van is parked a block away.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Kane watches the scene. Tanner moves to the front.

KANE

You better be right about this.

EXT. WOODBURN SCRAP, METAL AND TOW - NIGHT

A WORKER is in the process of closing the gate when the van pulls up.

WORKER

Hey! We're closed!

The worker walks around to the driver side window.

WORKER (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy, I said we're closed.

Kane fires a silencer. Blows the worker's head off. The van drives onto the property.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

As the van moves through the property, the crew slips on black nylon ski masks and black gloves. The ones that are done check their weapons and cock them. The van stops.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Everyone gets out but the driver. They surround the garage door.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Suddenly, the van backs into the garage door, bringing it down to the floor.

The crew moves in, training their guns on the guards.

One guard reacts, but Tanner draws down on one with his .357. Kane wounds the second guard.

They own the place. The crew lines them up on their knees. Then tie them up with riot cuffs and slip hoods over their heads. Tanner sees that one of guards is Eddie Palmer.

KANE

Where's the money?

Tanner looks around. Nothings there but tools. No car. No money. Kane aims his silencer at Tanner's head. Things are not looking good for him.

KANE (CONT'D)

Where's the fuckin' money?

Tanner turns around and sees a steel door. He walks towards the door and tries to open it. Locked.

Tanner opens his leather bag and pulls out a Heckler & Koch HK69A1 grenade launcher. He opens the breech and pops in a canister. Shuts it.

He gets into his stance and extends the stock. He fires a canister of ball bearings at the door knob, like a king-size shotgun on steroids as...

The knob and lock are destroyed as if their molecular structure, itself, disintegrated from.

One of Kane's men kicks in the door and gets shot to hell by a COUNT MEN inside, pistol blazing! The man is dead.

COUNT MAN (O.S.)

You come back now, ya hear!

The count man continues to fire, bullets chewing up the threshold. Suddenly, his gun jams on him.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Tanner springs in and shoots him.

Tanner spots the money. Stacks of cash, already counted and sorted out by bills. The crew moves in. They all remove their masks to get a better look.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The crew loads the van up with bags of money. Tanner keeps his masks on.

CREW MEMBER

Hey, boss! What do you wanna do with
'em?

Kane takes out his silencer and starts walking towards the prisoners. Tanner stops him.

KANE

Move aside.

TANNER

Wait.

Tanner whispers something to Kane. He gives Tanner a look. Tanner walks to the last prisoner. Takes off the hood to reveal Eddie.

Tanner hits him over the head with the butt of his .357. Lights out. Kane executes the rest of the prisoners with his silencer. Perfect headshots.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

They close the van doors.

EXT. WOODBURN SCRAP, METAL AND TOW - NIGHT

The van barrels off the property.

EXT. 8TH AVENUE APARTMENTS - NIGHT

A 1985 Chevy Impala pulls up to the curb.

INT. 8TH AVENUE APARTMENTS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The doors open and Kane and Tanner step in. Out of their long sleeve overalls and into suits. They carry the bags of money.

Constance is by the window with a lit cigar. She turns to them. They place the bags of money on the floor and open them to show the boss.

Constance looks at each bag with a smile.

CONSTANCE

Anybody who says money doesn't buy happiness deserves a bullet.

(to Kane)

Take 'em to the safe house in the morning. Give me and Tanner here a moment.

Kane nods and zips up the bags of money. He leaves.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Would you like a drink?

TANNER

Scotch if you got it.

CONSTANCE

On the rocks?

TANNER

No, not this time.

Constance walks over to the bar and makes the drinks. She brings it back to Tanner. Seated at the couch. She sits next to him.

CONSTANCE

So what do you want outta this?

TANNER

I'm in it for the money, baby. Doesn't matter who hires me. As long as the money's calling my name.

He drinks his scotch.

TANNER (CONT'D)

I gotta know something: why hassle a small time businessman like Jim McReary? I mean the guy doesn't have a lotta money in that bar of his.

CONSTANCE

Not if the bar is in business.

This has peeked his interest.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

You see, I don't just hassle poor business owners like McReary for some protection money. I put them through so much hell that they have no choice but to sell their place to me. Then I turn around and sell three times for what it's worth.

TANNER

Real-estate.

CONSTANCE

Exactly.

Constance sets the glass on the table and puts the cigar in the scotch.

She places her hand on his thigh.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

When I came here, I had nothing. Not even a pot to piss in.

(MORE)

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I started pulling tricks and pick pocketing to support myself. I killed when I needed to. Anyone who crossed me, ended up six feet under the gun, or a blade.

She starts massaging his thigh.

Tanner looks into her eyes.

TANNER

You think your boyfriend would mind?

CONSTANCE

Kane's not my boyfriend.

She kisses him. He doesn't pullback.

INT. 8TH AVENUE APARTMENTS - BED ROOM - NIGHT

Tanner and Constance are fucking. She straddles him, almost like riding a wild mustang, up and down on Tanner's lap.

INT. BMW - DAY

Tanner is feeling good. He smokes while he drives and listens to the radio.

He cell phone goes off. He answers it.

TANNER

Yeah?

BOB (V.O.)

Get over to the club. Now.

Bob hangs up.

TANNER

Uh-oh.

EXT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - DAY

The BMW pulls into the parking lot. There's only a few cars there. Non-customers.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - DAY

Thugs sit around. No dancing at this time. The bartender serves them drinks.

Tanner walks and meets Val at the entrance.

TANNER

What's happening?

VAL

Someone fuckin' yahoo stolid the money from Woodburn. Wasted everyone but Eddie.

TANNER

Eddie? Eddie Palmer?

They start walking towards the back of the club.

VAL

Yeah. It took us all morning to put the pieces together. The shit he was telling us didn't make any goddamn sense.

TANNER

Who's he working for?

VAL

He's says he's not working anyone.

They push through the door.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Tanner and Val move through the ladies dressing room and enter a second room.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - SECOND ROOM - DAY

Eddie is bound to a chair with beaten and bloody face. Bob, Tommy, and a THUG are in the room. The thug continues to bash Eddie in the face.

Tommy turns to Tanner with a semi-shocked look.

TANNER

Whoa, Tommy. You look like you've seen a ghost.

Tommy ignores the comment. Tanner grins.

BOB

That's enough. If he's ready to talk?

EDDIE

I swear to Christ, Bob. I didn't fuckin' do it.

BOB

No, you just let someone take it while you stood by. Who the fuck are you working for? Is it Constance? Huh? Is it?

Bob punches him.

TOMMY

Bobby, he's probably telling the truth.

BOB
Shut up, Tommy.
(to Eddie)
Where's the money?!

EDDIE
I don't know.

Bob signals the thug to continue with the beating. More and more blood splatters the floor and the thug's fists.

BOB
WHERE'S THE FUCKIN' MONEY?!

EDDIE
I DON'T KNOW!!!

BOB
Fuck this! Tommy, give me your gun.

Tommy stands there.

BOB (CONT'D)
(extends his hand out)
Tanner!

Tanner reaches for the back of his waist and pulls out .357. He hands it to Bob.

Bob thumbs back the hammer, presses the barrel against Eddie's head, and pulls the trigger. The back of Eddie's head splatters the wall. Bob hands the gun back to Tanner.

He tucks it back in his waistband.

EXT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - DAY

Tanner walks back to the BMW. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the cell phone. He dials a number.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Hello?

TANNER

Hey, Charlie. Wanna catch a movie?

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A classic movie theater with red neon lights.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Tanner and Charlie enjoy the flick with a healthy amount of people. They share a bucket of popcorn and cup of soda.

EXT. MCREARY'S - NIGHT

It's a little late, maybe around two in the morning. The BMW is parked outside.

INT. MCREARY'S - NIGHT

Tanner is the only patron. He smokes and drinks a shot of vodka.

He drinks the shot and pours another one.

Suddenly, the front door springs open. Tommy stands in the threshold with a bottle of scotch. Drunk and angry.

He walks towards Tanner. Tanner doesn't worried or scared. Pretty much doesn't care. Tommy hangs over Tanner.

TOMMY

I know you stolid that fuckin' money.
And I know you set Eddie up to take the
fuckin' fall.

Tanner drinks.

TANNER

To bad you can't convince your own blood.

TOMMY

Who you workin' for?

TANNER

No one special.

He pours another shot.

TOMMY

Get up.

Tanner doesn't.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(throws the bottle over the
bar)

I said get up!

TANNER

Fuck off.

Tommy pulls out a black Beretta 92FS and presses it
against Tanner's back.

TOMMY

Let's go, asshole.

EXT. MCREARY'S - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Back to the beginning. Tanner is on his knees, execution
style with Tommy aiming the gun.

TOMMY

I should've killed you myself.

TANNER

I wonder what Bob would say.

TOMMY

FUCK BOB!!! He doesn't know what he's
doin' anymore. Fuck him!

All of a sudden, Tommy freezes.

JIM (O.S.)

Put the gun down.

Jim is standing behind Tommy with a shotgun pressed
against his back. Jim cocks it.

JIM (CONT'D)

Now.

He finally does. Tanner gets up and faces Tommy. He
bends down and picks up the pistol, tucks it in his
waistband. Tommy gives him the stink eye and spits at
him.

Tanner wipes off the silva. He pulls out his .357 and
shots Tommy in the gut three times. Tommy drops to the
ground. Tanner fires three more times. Then one more
time.

This is an awkward moment for Jim. He never witness.

JIM (CONT'D)

So... what should we do with your friend
here?

Tanner digs into his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash
and hands it to Jim.

TANNER

Store him for a bit.

INT. BMW - DAY

Tanner cruises on down the street. Just then, Tanner hears a wailing of a police siren.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A 1990 Chevrolet Caprice is tailing him.

INT. BMW - DAY

Tanner looks at his rearview mirror.

TANNER

The hell...?

EXT. STREET - DAY

The BMW pulls over to the curb.

Two COPS in suits step of the car. One draws out his pistol while the other works a megaphone.

COP #1

Driver, get out of the vehicle!

INT. BMW - DAY

Tanner sighs, he just somehow knew this was coming; he clambers out of the car.

EXT. STREET - DAY

COP #1

Turn around and walk backwards!

Tanner begins to walk backwards, hands placed behind his head, fingers interlace.

COP #1 (CONT'D)

Stop! Now down on your stomach!

The cop with the drawn gun approaches Tanner. He holsters his weapon and slaps the cuffs on Tanner. He does a quick frisk and pulls out Tanner's .357.

The cop hauls him up from the street.

INT. '90 CAPRICE - DAY

The driver is detective BILL SAUGHERTY, fifties. A cop that works for Constance. His partner, KEVIN HOWELL, forties, sits in silence like Tanner in the back.

SAUGHERTY

So you're Constance's new man, huh?

Tanner's eyes look up to Saugherty.

SAUGHERTY (CONT'D)

You don't look like much of a thug.

TANNER

Where we going?

HOWELL

Someplace to talk.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

The '90 Caprice pulls into the alley and stops in the center. Saugherty and Howell step out. Saugherty opens the passenger door and pulls Tanner out of the car.

He brings him to the front of the car where Howell uncuffs him.

SAUGHERTY

Constance says that you lead her to
Carter's thirty-million.

TANNER

A down payment for solid partnership.

SAUGHERTY

Yeah, well, Constance may think you're
hot shit, but I got my own doubts about
you. You know a couple of days ago we
found this guy shot in head with a .357
caliber handgun. And you just so happen
to have a .357 caliber handgun.

Howell hands the gun to Saugherty.

SAUGHERTY (CONT'D)

His name was Seymour Scagnetti. He
worked Bob Carter.

Tanner doesn't seem concerned.

SAUGHERTY (CONT'D)

What's your name.

TANNER

Non of your fuckin' business Tanner.

Saugherty smiles. Howell throws a gut punch. Tanner
bends over and gasps for air. Grunts.

SAUGHERTY

Are you gonna play ball with us, asshole?

TANNER

(trying to breath)
I'm sorry. My mistake. It's go fuck
your mother Tanner.

SAUGHERTY

Wrong.

Howell throws another gut wrenching punch. He pushes Tanner to Saugherty. Tanner holds him. Saugherty pushes him to the car, arching his back.

Saugherty leans in.

SAUGHERTY (CONT'D)

We'll be watching you, punk.

Saugherty and Howell walk back to their doors.

TANNER

Can I have my gun back?

SAUGHERTY

Oh, sure.

Saugherty opens the chamber and dumps the bullets into his hand. He closes the chamber and tosses the gun to the ground.

Saugherty and Howell climb into the car and drive away.

Tanner digs into his pocket to reveal a Saugherty's detective's badge. Tanner grabs a discarded newspaper and uses it to pick up the .357.

EXT. MCREARY'S - BACK ALLEY - EVENING

Jim comes out from the side with some garbage bags. He throws them into the dumpsters.

TANNER (O.S.)

Jim.

Jim turns to Tanner.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Still got the stiff?

EXT. LINCOLN PARK - NIGHT

It's pleasant and quiet. No one's around.

Tanner and Jim stride through the park carrying Tommy's wrapped up body.

They stop near the trail and unroll the body on the ground. Tanner drops the .357 out of the newspaper, near Tommy's body. He takes out Saugherty's badge, wipes it clean for prints with a rag, and places inside Tommy's coat pocket.

The two leave the scene.

EXT. THE FIRE PIT - NIGHT

The booming nightclub has a line from the stanchion all the way to the end of the block.

But it's not a problem for Tanner and Charlie. Tanner slips the doorman a hundred. The two walk right on it.

INT. THE FIRE PIT - NIGHT

Loud and annoying rap music, expensive drinks, hot young girls shaking their asses. Just another nightclub.

Tanner and Charlie snake their way through the crowd. They find Constance and her people. Tanner introduces Charlie to Constance.

From the second floor balcony, a SUITED MAN catches this. There's something about this guy that makes all the warning bells ring.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAWN

The morning sun rises above the city.

INT. MCREARY'S - SPARE ROOM - MORNING

Tanner slowly wakes up. Rolls over to his side to see Charlie lying next to him in her white tank top and cotton panties. What a night.

He gets out of bed and walks towards the window. He opens the window and spots the '90 Caprice parked in an alley across the street. Saugherty and Howell are inside.

INT. '90 CAPRICE - MORNING

Saugherty and Howell drink coffee.

They both look over as TWO RAZOR-CLEAN DETECTIVES step up. They got TWO UNIFORM COPS with them.

RAZOR-CLEAN ONE

Saugherty. Howell. We're Davis and Leary. Internal Affairs.

HOWELL

We're in the middle of something.

Razor-Clean Two holds Saugherty's badge in an evidence bag.

RAZOR-CLEAN TWO

Is this your badge Detective Saugherty?

SAUGHERTY

Maybe.

Razor-Clean One holds up the .357 in an evidence bag.

RAZOR-CLEAN ONE

What about this?

Howell and Saugherty and deadpan.

RAZOR-CLEAN TWO

You two mind stepping outta the car.

INT. MCREARY'S - SPARE ROOM - MORNING

Tanner smiles as Saugherty and Howell are being escorted to a patrol car.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

The room is large, cold and clean. Stainless steel and white tile.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER walks over to a covered body on a steel slab. She lifts the sheet to reveal Tommy's dead body to Bob Carter behind the window.

INT. MORGUE - HALLWAY - DAY

Bob doesn't shed a tear, but is sad on the inside. But he's also angry. He turns to the DETECTIVE.

BOB

Who killed him?

DETECTIVE

We can't disclosed that information, Mr. Carter.

Bob walks away.

INT. OAK WOOD APARTMENTS - DAY

Bob is in full out rage. Throwing objects around the room and shattering them against the wall. Galls, furniture, etc. Val and the crew stand back and out of the way.

BOB
THAT FUCKIN' BITCH!!!! I WANNA HER
FUCKIN' DEAD!!!! DEAD!!!!

VAL
Carter. There's something you might
wanna hear first.

Val steps out of the way.

The suited man from the nightclub is there.

BOB
What?

EXT. KIOSK - DAY

Tanner stands in front of a newspaper kiosk. He buys a magazine and leaves.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

As Tanner walks down the sidewalk his cell phone goes off.

TANNER
Yeah?

VAL (V.O.)
We got a situation at the old Thompson
Warehouse. There's a body that needs to
be in the ground. Take care of it.

Tanner hands up.

EXT. BMW - DAY

The vehicle drives across the river and into the industrial district.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

The BMW travels through a neighborhood of old warehouses.

EXT. THOMPSON WAREHOUSE - DAY

The BMW pulls along the side of the building. Tanner gets out and walks towards a cracked door. He walks in.

INT. THOMPSON WAREHOUSE - DAY

Tanner strolls through the empty and abandon warehouse. So far, there's no one here. No body, dead or living.

Tanner stops. His moves around. Something's wrong.

Slowly, he begins to backup. He turns around and runs back to the door.

EXT. THOMPSON WAREHOUSE - DAY

Tanner explodes out of the door and races to his car.

Just as he is about to get in, TWO MEN come up from behind and hit him over the head with a leather blackjack. Tanner goes down.

The two men drag his body away.

EXT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - DAY

Several cars are there.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - SECOND ROOM - DAY

Tanner is bound to the same chair that Eddie once sat in. Currently getting his face pounded by one of Bob's thugs. Blood all over. They've been at it for a while.

Val and Bob watch on.

VAL

Feel like talking, Tanner?

Thug doesn't give Tanner the chance to speak.

Bob pats the thug's shoulder. He stops. Bob stares at him.

BOB

This is for me...

Bob punches Tanner in the face.

BOB (CONT'D)

For Seymour...

Another shot.

BOB (CONT'D)

And for Tommy...

The last shot cracks Tanner's nose open. Tanner howls, but laughs.

TANNER

You hit like a pansy.

Bob smiles and punches him again. Tanner stops laughing.

Val hands Bob a towel to wipe the blood off his hands.

BOB

Where's the money, Tanner?

Tanner answers back by spitting out some blood at Bob's shoes.

TANNER

Okay. It's in a building. On the corner of kiss my ass and go fuck your mother.

Tanner laughs. So does Bob and Val.

BOB

Okay. Okay, we'll play it your way, Tanner.

(to the thugs outside)

Bring her in here!

Tanner looks up as two THUGS bring in Charlie. Gag and bound at the wrist. She has tears in her eyes.

Bob signals them.

BOB (CONT'D)

This oughta be good.

The two thugs hang her wrist from an I-beam line. One thug rips her shirt off, exposing her bra. The other thug whips out a leather belt.

BOB (CONT'D)

Last chance.

No response from Tanner. Bob signals the thug with the leather belt.

The thug starts whipping Charlie in the back with the leather belt. She wails under the gag. The thug whips her again, and again. Tanner doesn't scream for them to stop.

Two more times before he stops. Her back is red and bruised.

BOB (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, Charlie. Some boyfriend you have here. Didn't ask to stop or nothing.

TANNER

It wouldn't help, would it?

BOB

No it wouldn't.

(to the thug)

Again. On the other side now.

The thug with leather belt begins to whip her stomach now. Worst than a pink belly. She screams even louder than before. Tanner feels uncomfortable at this point. He tries to move around in the chair.

TANNER

Alright! Alright! Just stop! Jesus Christ, just stop!

The whipping stops.

BOB

Spill it.

TANNER

There's a safe house. 506 James avenue. That's were Constance wanted to keep the money.

Bob leans in close to Tanner.

BOB

Just so you know, I don't trust you at this point.

(to the thug with the leather belt)

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

Stay here with them. We're going after
the money.

Everyone leaves the room.

EXT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - DAY

They climb into their cars and pull out of the parking
lot.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The vehicles stay close as they speed through traffic.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - SECOND ROOM - DAY

The thug starts eyeballing Charlie. Mainly her body.
His eyes scan her whole body.

Tanner sees this.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

The vehicles are almost there.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - SECOND ROOM - DAY

The thug takes Charlie off the I-beam line and takes her
out of the second room.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Peaceful street, Alta vista terrace neighborhood. It's
all destroyed by the sound of the approaching vehicles.
The men climb out and head into the house. The door is
cracked open.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The inside is uncompleted. As everyone moves into the main hallway, they begin to hear some talking coming from the living room.

CONSTANCE (O.S.)

Where's the money, Kane? It's supposed to be.

KANE (O.S.)

How the fuck should I know? You sure you didn't tell your new fuck-buddy, Tanner?

The men steam roll into the living room, guns drawn.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Constance and Kane aren't alone. Their friends are with them, strapped.

BOB

(drawing his gun)

Surprise to see you here, Constance.

CONSTANCE

Carter.

Constance and her thugs draw their weapons on Bob and his people.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - SECOND ROOM - DAY

Tanner struggles with his chair and the bounds.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - DAY

The thug has Charlie up on the stage. He's egging her on to dance, but she's too scared.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CONSTANCE

The fuck are you doing here, Carter?

BOB

The fuck you doing here?

CONSTANCE

I'm trying to figure out what happened to my money.

BOB

You mean *my* money! Where is it?! What'd you do, cut a deal with Tanner?

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - SECOND ROOM - DAY

Tanner stops struggling and lifts up on his arms. Then, quite easily, the padded chair back slides up and off as if it were never connected by a bolt. He is free.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Things are getting serious. Fingers are getting itchy on the trigger.

BOB

Alright, enough of this bullshit. I'm gonna count to three and if you don't tell me where my money you're gonna be six feet in worm shit.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Tanner walks into the dressing room. Just as he nears the door, he spots a pair of scissors on the table. He picks them up and walks to the door.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - DAY

Charlie is still on the stage, dancing in fear. The thug is getting a kick out of this. Tanner is at the dressing room door, looking at the thug.

He starts walking towards him.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

BOB

One...

Constance says nothing.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - DAY

Tanner gets closer to the thug. Eyes fixed on the neck.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

BOB

Two...

Still nothing.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - DAY

Tanner is three feet from the thug. Still moving.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

BOB

Three!

CONSTANCE

FUCK YOU!!!

World War III erupts! Both sides fire. Bullets striking interior and human bodies. Constance and Bob shoot each other to death. Kane hit in the head by Val's bullet. But Val is gunned down in the process.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - DAY

Tanner jams the scissors into thug's neck, several times. Blood jetting out and splattering the floor.

Charlie is frozen on stage.

Finally, Tanner stops the stabbing. Thug drops to the floor in a pool of blood.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

No one's left alive. Everyone is dead and pushing up daisies. What a bloody mess.

In the distance are police sirens.

INT. HOUSE OF MODESTY - DAY

Tanner helps Charlie off the stage. The two walk out of strip club.

EXT. MCREARY'S - DAY (DAYS LATER)

Tanner, Charlie, Jim, Sadie walk out of the bar. Tanner sports a plaster nose cast. Some bruises on his face are healing up.

TANNER

Thanks for your help, Jim.

The two shake hands.

JIM

I just hope I don't run into you again.

Tanner smiles.

TANNER

You won't.

(to Charlie)

I'm sorry I dragged you into this.

CHARLIE

(playful)

Yeah, you should be, love.

Tanner and Charlie share a smile. But then get serious.

A cab pulls up to the curb.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Do you really have to leave? I mean,
can't you stay?

TANNER

I think it's for the best of us.

CHARLIE

Will I see you again.

Tanner's right hand lifts her chin up.

TANNER

My dad used to say this to me: never stop wishing and always keep your chin up.

Tanner and Charlie kiss.

Just as Tanner climbs into the cab, he turns back to them.

TANNER (CONT'D)

I left something in my room for you guys.

He gets in and the cab drives away.

INT. MCREARY'S - SPARE ROOM - DAY

The door opens and the three step in and are at awe when they see the thirty-million staked on Tanner's neatly made bed.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

The cab pulls up the street corner. Tanner gets out and walks over to a black car across the street.

Tanner gets into the front seat. The black car drives away.

INT. BLACK CAR - DAY

The DRIVER is in a black suit and tie.

DRIVER

So how'd it go?

TANNER

I said my good-byes.

DRIVER

Not that. The other thing? The assignment?

TANNER

Oh. Yeah. They're dead.

DRIVER

I figure you might want this back.

The driver hands Tanner a leather wallet. Tanner opens to reveal an FBI badge and his real name: Abraham Brown.

Abraham tucks the wallet into his pocket.

ABRAHAM

So what's next?

DRIVER

We're flying you down to Miami.

ABRAHAM

Good. I need to work on my tan anyway.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.