

Memoirs  
by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The parking lot is scattered with cars. At the far end is a tall building, a hotel, obvious by the big sign that hangs above the entrance. Most of the cars are closer to the hotel. At the outer edge of the parking lot, sits one lone black car, with somebody inside.

INT. BLACK CAR - AFTERNOON

STEVEN WILLIS

An aged man with a short beard and shaggy black hair. He wears casual looking jeans, a white shirt and a black jacket. By the look of him, he's in his early forties. He sits behind the wheel, sleeping. His breathing is the only thing heard, the noise filling the car. His eyes open slowly, awakening. He looks around, and sits up from the slumped position he was in. He blinks, focusing his eyes, and looks at the digital clock on the dashboard.

4:52

He yawns, and takes the car keys from his pocket. He unlocks the lock box that sits between the two front seats, and opens it up. He pulls out a small square bag (a laptop bag). He unzips it, glances inside, and then shuts the box behind him. He reaches over and unlocks the door. He gets out, and locks the car behind him. He turns and looks around at the empty parking lot.

NOBODY

Satisfied, he walks towards the hotel, passing a sea of cars. As he nears the entrance, he veers off to the side, walking in a line towards the edge of the building. He walks along the side wall, and turns right when he comes to the corner. He walks along the back wall and comes to a door. He knocks three times, and waits. A few seconds pass, and the door opens.

SETH CATES

A small young man, with a clean buzz-cut and some type of uniform on. He looks at Steven for a second, then steps aside to let him in. Steven walks inside, and Seth shuts the door behind him.

INT. STOCK ROOM

The two men stand in an empty stock room, the walls lined with boxed products with brand names all over them. They walk past a sea of boxes, and to another door.

Seth pulls out a card, and runs it through the electronic lock. It beeps, and a green light is displayed. Seth opens the door, walks through. Steven follows him.

INT. SECURITY BAY

Both men walk past a long line of security monitors. There are three guys watching the monitors. They don't turn around as Steven and Seth walk past.

ELEVATORS

A long row of them. Seth walks to the end one, and presses the up button. The elevator doors open, and Steven and Seth walk inside.

INT. ELEVATOR

This elevator is very different than most. Its floor is simply metal, and there aren't any handles along the walls. The buttons are very plain, and the floor is scratched from wheels going in and out. Seth presses a button, 19. The elevator doors close, and the elevator moves.

Steven

Looks around the elevator, his eyes searching for something. He looks at the row of buttons, and a small hole above them. A few wires protrude from this gap. Steven looks at his watch, then at Seth.

STEVEN

Which room?

SETH

Nineteen ten.

Steven reaches into his pocket and pulls out an envelope, full of bills. He hands it to Seth, who quickly pockets it.

SETH (CONT'D)

So where are you going?

STEVEN

I'm sorry?

SETH

After you've finished here. You got any idea where you're going?

STEVEN

No, not really.

The elevator doors open. Seth looks at his watch. They wait a few seconds. Seth nods, and they exit the elevator.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Steven and Seth walk down the hallway, past the doors. They come to room 1910. They stop. Seth pulls out his card key, slides it into the electronic lock, and opens the door.

SETH

I'll lock you in from the outside. What time will you be done?

STEVEN

One o'clock, give or take.

SETH

Alright.

They shake hands.

SETH (CONT'D)

Later man.

STEVEN

Yeah.

Steven steps inside, and Seth shuts the door. The electronic lock beeps, indicating that it's locked again.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven walks around the room. It's not the nicest hotel room, but it isn't bad. The kitchen is fairly plain. Steven walks over to the other half of the room, where a bed and a small table sit. Steven sits his bag down on the table. He walks into the bathroom, looks around, and then walks back into the main area. He pulls a seat out from under the table, and sits down on it. He unzips his bag and pulls out

A LAPTOP

He sits it down, then zips up the bag and moves it to the side of the table. He opens the laptop up, and turns it on.

STEVEN'S FACE

Lights up from the display of the computer screen. He watches the screen load up. It finishes, and he rests his hands down on the table. He moves the mouse, and clicks a few times. A blank word document opens up. Steven looks at it, and begins to type.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

My name is Steven Peter Willis. I'm 41 years old, at the time of writing this. I'm a fairly average guy.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I go to the movies every now and again, although it's been a while since I saw something I liked. I've lived in the same city all my life, although I've been to a few other continents now and then. I'm not married, I don't have a girlfriend. I've had a steady job the past 31 years, although I'm soon retired. And in my lifetime I've killed about 85 people.

Steven stops typing and looks at this sentence. He continues.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

I'm not a serial killer, or anything like that. I've never killed anybody for fun, or the enjoyment of it or any of that shit. I'm not too sure what my official job title is, but if I had to label it, I'd say I was an enforcer for the mob, I suppose. I'm not really a merc, or a hired gun. All I did was fix problems that needed fixing.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

[NOTE] THE MONTAGE IS FILLED WITH SCRATCHY FOOTAGE TAKEN FROM HOME VIDEOS. THE VOICE OVER ACCOMPANIES IT.

- A Couple in the hospital, holding a baby. They grin and smile to the camera, showing the baby off.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

I was born on February 22nd, 1963. It was a pretty big day in history, because it was the day that President Kennedy was killed by that guy from the building.

- The couple standing outside their home, holding the baby.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

We lived in a pretty calm area of town, just outside the reach of the mob. They were a pretty big presence in that area, because a lot of them lived in our neighbourhood.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

They kind of liked my dad, he was a funny guy. He never caused trouble, and they never gave him any.

- A graveyard. Steven, seven years old stands with his dad, both wearing suits.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

When I was five, my mom died. Something with the heart, I don't really know. I never really wanted to know. My dad didn't earn much money, even though he had two jobs. So some of the guys around the neighbourhood would help him out with money now and again when he needed it. He was like family to them, and so was I.

- Steven, now ten, stands outside a deli.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

I was ten when I got my first job. It was just after school, for a couple of hours. Loading and unloading the truck. It'd come in everyday at 4 with the fruit and stuff, so me and Mr. Roberts, the guy who owned it. He was a nice guy.

-Another funeral.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

He was killed the next year, and the store was bought out by Frankie Spats. They changed the store into a bakery, with a little bit more in the back. I didn't want to loose my job, because the money I was earning kept us afloat. So my dad asked one of the local guys if he'd talk to Spats about me working at the bakery.

- Steven at ten shaking hands with a man.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

I got the job.  
(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

It required a little extra work, because the bakery would get more stuff in than the deli, so I'd work another couple hours before school. Now Spats was working for a guy named Robert Mancini.

ROBERT MANCINI

A big man wearing a tailored suit. He has brown hair and a big smile. He stands, talking with young Steven outside the bakery.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Mancini was a great guy, He never looked down on me because I was Jewish. Mancini didn't care about that sort of stuff. So it was cool. That stuff stayed the same for about five years. And then it happened.

-A third funeral. Steven, at 16 stands in a crowd of people, but talks to nobody.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

My dad died when I was 16. Lung cancer.

-Mancini walks up to Steven and they talk. Mancini gives Steven a small envelope.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Mancini knew if I didn't have any money, I'd have to move away to one of my uncles or something. So he sat me down and talked to me. After that, I quit school and went to work for him full time. He taught me things, like how to drive a car, things like that. I always loved cars, and I got really good at driving. So Mancini put me to work as a driver for his guys. It helped me make a little more money. It was great. And there was one day when I was about 20, he asked me to do something a little different.

-END OF B&W FOOTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY - DAY 1984

The bakery is scattered with people. The main of them are big guys, wearing casual suits. They all sit around in small groups, eating or drinking and talking with each other. Steven, at 20, a young fresh-faced kid with a smile on his face, sits with Mancini. They sit alone in the back, away from the chatter.

MANCINI

Look, it's not different than anything else you do. All you gotta do is drive the guys out there, they'll get out, do their thing, get back in the car, and you drive them back here. That's it.

STEVEN

It's not that it's complicated or anything. I'm just worried something's gonna happen is all.

MANCINI

Look, you don't gotta worry about a thing, alright? It's a simple business meeting. Besides, if there's even a hint of trouble, you just drive away, alright?

STEVEN

What about the other guys?

MANCINI

Just drive away. Trust me, they would not wait for you, would they?

STEVEN

I don't know.

MANCINI

Exactly. Look, for this I'll give you an extra 150.

Steven thinks this over for a second.

STEVEN

Alright.

Mancini reaches under the table and pulls out a brown paper bag. He hands it to Steven.

MANCINI

This is just a loan, in case you need it.

Steven looks in the bag and sees it holds a small six-shooter pistol.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

That was the first time I ever held a gun. It didn't feel right, like it was made for somebody else's hands. Like a glove that's a size too small.

MANCINI

So what do you say?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Steven types on his laptop.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

I should've said no. I always wonder how my life would've turned out if I said no. God knows it was the smart thing to do.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY - 1984

STEVEN

Yeah, sure.

MANCINI

Alright. You're doing me a huge favour with this one Stevie.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

He always called me Stevie. I don't know if he knew I fucking hated it.

From the back door walks

ALAN MANCINI

A young twenty-something looking kid with brown hair and a real tough look on his face.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Mancini's son, Alan.  
(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I didn't really know him that  
much back then. I'd met him a  
couple times, but we weren't  
really close friends.

Alan sits down at the table.

ALAN  
Hey Stevie.

STEVEN  
(V.O.)  
Like father like son.

Steven flashes Alan a smile.

ALAN  
Hey pop.

MANCINI  
Don't you see me talking here?

ALAN  
I just figured since you were  
talking to the kid...

STEVEN  
(V.O.)  
I always found it funny he called  
me "kid". He was only two years  
older than I was.

MANCINI  
Look, just get out of here,  
alright? Go take care of that  
barbershop thing downtown.

ALAN  
Alright pop, I'm sorry.

MANCINI  
Good.

Alan stands and kisses Mancini on the forehead. Alan turns  
and nods "goodbye" to Steven. Steven returns the nod.

ALAN  
I'll see you at 6.

MANCINI  
Alright.

Alan turns and walks away. Mancini watches him go.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
So the car's parked out back. You  
go bring it round front, and the  
guys will be out in fifteen.

STEVEN

Yes sir.

Mancini stands and Steven does. Steven turns and walks out the back door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Steven, still typing.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

It was out by the boatyards. Practically in the middle of nowhere. There were people who lived nearby, but they were used to hearing gunshots and shit, so it really didn't matter to them what happened in their neighbourhood, just that it didn't happen to them.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOATYARDS - 1984

The boat yard is filled with scrap metal all over the place. There are a few buildings close to the road, and a fair distance between the road and the waterfront.

THE CAR

Steven pulls up, down the street from the buildings. There are three big guys sitting in the car with Steven. The two guys sitting in the back get out and shut their doors behind them.

MICHAEL PARKER

The one sitting up front with Steven, with a small briefcase in his lap. Parker opens his door, then turns to Steven.

PARKER

Go park it down around the corner there. You should be able to hear if anything happens. We'll be back in 5 minutes.

Steven nods. Parker gets out and shuts the door. Steven drives away. The three men walk towards the warehouse.

THE CAR

Pulls down next to a building. The radio is playing softly. Steven turns it off. He sits behind the wheel, waiting.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

I can still remember that moment.  
Sitting in that car, praying  
nothing would happen. That  
everything would be fine.

A gunshot is heard. Steven jerks his head to look towards the warehouse. Another gunshot is heard. Steven starts the car, and waits. He looks at the warehouse, then at the wheel. He shuts the car off, and opens the glove box. He takes out the brown paper bag and pulls out the gun it holds. He opens the door, steps out and closes it softly behind him.

Steven

Walks cautiously towards the warehouse. He looks around to see if anybody is watching him. He comes up against a wall, where he can hear chatter. He stops, and listens to the talk. He walks carefully towards the door, and steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Steven comes in behind a great pile of rusted metal. He looks both ways, and turns left towards the noise. He walks past great heaps of metal and waste when he comes to an opening.

Parker

Kneeling down, facing the wall, his hands behind his head. The two other men lay dead. There is one guy wearing a grey suit standing directly behind Parker, one in the corner holding a pistol and another sits at a table with the briefcase open, counting money. Steven comes out, gun in hand and points it at the man with briefcase.

STEVEN

Let him go.

The guy in the corner with the gun spots Steven. Guy points his gun at Steven. Steven points his gun at Guy. Grey Suit turns around to see Steven pointing the gun at Guy. Grey Suit reaches to his belt to grab the gun that rests in the holster attached.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Don't try it.

GREY SUIT

Mancini really recruits them  
young, huh? How old are you kid?

STEVEN

I'm not gonna tell you again, let  
him up.

Grey Suit raises his arms. Parker stands up, and takes the  
gun from Grey Suit.

GREY SUIT

You ever shoot anybody before  
kid?

STEVEN

Shut up.

GREY SUIT

There ain't no coming back from  
that.

Parker points his gun at Grey Suit. Guy turns his head to  
Parker.

PARKER

Drop it.

Grey Suit nods at Guy. Guy drops his gun, and kicks it over  
the floor to Parker. Parker picks it up, and now points his  
guns at both Grey Suit and Guy.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

As cheesy as it sounded, the guy  
was right. Once you kill  
somebody, it really does change  
you.

Parker fires both guns, hitting Grey Suit and Guy in the  
chest with the bullets. Counter stands up, and brings a gun  
out from his jacket. Steven swings around and shoots once,  
the recoil jerking his arm. The bullet hits Counter in the  
lower abdomen, sending him to the ground. Parker fires twice  
more, hitting Grey Suit and Guy as they lay on the ground.

Parker

Walks over and stands next to Steven.

PARKER

Nice work kid.

STEVEN

Is he gonna die?

PARKER

Yeah.

Pause.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Go back to the car.

STEVEN  
What?

PARKER  
Go, now.

Steven turns, and walks away. He walks out of the warehouse.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Steven opens the door, and sits down in the seat, not shutting the door behind him. He rests his hands on the steering wheel, looking at them. The passenger door opens. Steven jerks his head around to see

Parker

Getting in. He has blood on his shirt, and holds two briefcases. He sits them in the back seat. Steven stares at the blood. Parker stares at Steven, waiting.

PARKER  
Are we going or what?

STEVEN  
(V.O.)  
He said it so casually, like we'd just gotten coffee.

Steven blinks himself back into reality. He starts the car and drives away. After 20 feet, he stops the car and shuts his door. He continues driving.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY

Steven sits by himself in the main area. Mancini and Parker sit in the back, talking quietly.

STEVEN  
(V.O.)  
I don't know why, but sitting there, waiting. That's the part that scared me the most. I knew they were talking about me back there. I've learnt it's not a good sign when people talk about you, and they whisper. They were back there for ten minutes.

Parker walks up to where Steven sits. Steven looks up at him.

PARKER

Took deep balls to do what you did today, kid. I appreciate that.

Parker extends his arm. Steven shakes it.

PARKER (CONT'D)

See you round.

Mancini stands behind them, watching this take place. Parker turns and leaves the bakery. Steven looks around to see Mancini standing there, watching him.

MANCINI

Come with me.

Steven walks, unsure, following Mancini to the back. They sit down. Mancini stares at Steven. Steven avoids eye contact.

MANCINI (CONT'D)

He told me what you did.

STEVEN

Yeah?

MANCINI

How you completely ignored what I told you, risked getting yourself killed losing my gun and my car.

(pause)

Saved the life of a good friend of mine, and got my stuff back, plus the product. You did good kid.

Steven looks at Mancini and smiles.

MANCINI (CONT'D)

Really good.

Mancini shakes Stevens hand with gratitude.

STEVEN

Thank you sir.

MANCINI

Now let's talk serious. I got a guy who works for me who's leaving in a few weeks. I've known this guy since I was your age. Now his contributions to the business have been great, and I'll be sad to see him go. But I need for somebody to take over for him.

(MORE)

MANCINI (CONT'D)

And there are a few guys who might be able to fill the slot. But I want somebody new, a fresh face out there.

STEVEN

What would I have to do?

MANCINI

Nothing straight away. Just come back tomorrow and meet with us and we'll discuss it further.

Steven nods.

MANCINI (CONT'D)

Is that a yes?

Pause.

STEVEN

I just have to meet with the guy?

MANCINI

Yeah. If you don't like it, you can go back to driving. But trust me, this is a better career move. It's a lot more money.

Pause.

STEVEN

Yeah, OK.

MANCINI

Good, good.

Mancini grabs a small envelope that's filled with money and hands it to Steven.

MANCINI (CONT'D)

For today.

Steven opens it up, and thumbs quickly through the money.

STEVEN

There's more than 500 in here.

MANCINI

I know. You've earned it Stevie.

STEVEN

Thank you.

MANCINI

So we'll see you tomorrow?

STEVEN

Alright.

Mancini and Steven stand. Steven turns and walks out. Mancini sits back down.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven stops typing for a second, and then continues.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

A good career move. Mancini always had a way of being able to sell shit to a squirrel. I think that was part of his charm. Had he told me right off the bat what I'd really be doing, I would've said "fuck you" about it, and that would've been it. But I wanted to see what all this was about.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

Young Steven

Walks up towards the bakery. As he nears the front door, he slows his walk, taking a second to look around the street. A few seconds later, he continues, walking up the steps and going into the bakery.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

Will Garnori. That's the guy Mancini wanted me to meet.

Steven walks through the bakery towards the back area. Seated at the usual table is Mancini, and seated across from him is

Garnori

A tall skinny man wearing a grey suit. He is clean shaven, with light grey hair that is thinning towards the front.

Mancini

Spots Steven walking towards them. Mancini stands up to greet Steven.

MANCINI

Stevie. How's it going?

STEVEN

Good.

MANCINI

I want you to meet a good friend  
of mine.

Mancini gestures to Garnori.

MANCINI (CONT'D)

This is Will Garnori. The guy I  
was telling you about.

Garnori looks Steven up and down.

GARNORI

Not much to him.

MANCINI

He can take care of himself,  
trust me.

Garnori thinks about this for a second, then extends his hand  
to Steven.

GARNORI

Nice to meet you.

Steven shakes Garnoris hand.

STEVEN

You too.

MANCINI

(to Steven)  
Take a seat.

Steven and Mancini sit down.

GARNORI

Bobby told me about yesterday.

STEVEN

OK.

GARNORI

Ballsy. Not my taste, but do  
each's own.

STEVEN

Thank you.

GARNORI

(to Mancini)  
So what makes you think this kid  
is good enough for the work, huh?  
That thing yesterday was probably  
one-time.

MANCINI

I've known this kid since he was 5. I knew his old man, for Christ sakes.

GARNORI

Good for you.

MANCINI

Look, I know this ain't a definite fit, but he's the closest thing I know, and he's practically family.

GARNORI

You trust this kid?

Pause.

MANCINI

Yeah.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

I don't know why they felt the need to talk about me like I wasn't there. But all the time I spent with Garnori, he was kind of an asshole.

GARNORI

OK, I'll bite. But this kid fucks up or ends up dead, you can't get me back in here to train the next goon-ball you got lines up.

MANCINI

Fair enough.

Mancini turns to Steven. Mancini starts to talk to Steven.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

So Mancini told me all about the job. He laid it all out on the table for me to see, so to speak. If I had agreed to it, he already had Garnori ready to teach me everything I needed to know.

Mancini stops talking. Both Mancini and Garnori stare at Steven, waiting for an answer. Steven thinks about this for a second.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

OK.

MANCINI

Yeah?

STEVEN

Yeah.

MANCINI

Great. That's excellent.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

So we talked for a while more, then they sent me home to pack my bags. I came back a half hour later and found out me and Garnori were going down to Mexico for two weeks. It turns out they had this "hitman school" thing in a basement down there. Mancini knew a guy who knew a guy who got him the hookup for us to be there, so that's where we went.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Steven handles different weapons with help from Garnori. He's being shown how to handle them, reloading, firing and cleaning.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

To start off with, he showed me the handholds. Pistols first. Working with silencers, cleaning, taking apart, all that stuff. Then automatic weapons and rifles, although there wasn't much calling for those. I think I've only used those twice in my lifetime. Since it was mob related stuff, we never did any of that flashy movie shit with the sniper rifles and hitting targets from miles away. Then he showed me bullet-proof vests. Then we went onto more practical stuff, like where to hit a guy to make him talk, getting into a house quietly, getting lost in the crowd, having a story ready in case the cops talked to you, all that sort of shit. It was like a very weird school trip, you know? It was a week before I got to fire a gun again.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

At first the weapons were a bit strong for me with the strong recoil in unfamiliar hands, but eventually you get used to them. It was the one thing he kept saying to me that stuck with me all these years. "Stick with what you know". At the time I thought he just meant weapons wise.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven at the computer.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

So we finished on a Wednesday afternoon. Thursday morning, he drove me to the airport, dropped me off, and disappeared. I left home a kid, and returned a trained killer.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOME - NIGHT

Young Steven

Comes out of the front door, wearing all black. He has a small cheap briefcase with him. He gets in the drivers side of his car, and closes the door. He sits the briefcase down on the seat next to him, and starts the car. He drives away.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

My first visit by myself was about a week later. I was given something easy to take care of. Some guy was slowly moving into Mancini's area, and bringing all sorts of unwanted attention with him. Causing a lot of problems. I learnt soon after that I shouldn't ask questions. It wasn't a soldiers job to stick his nose where it didn't belong.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I still don't know if it was  
because I didn't need to know or  
didn't want to know.

CUT TO:

EXT. CURB - NIGHT

Steven parks the car on the side of the road in a suburban area. He turns the engine off.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Steven closes his eyes, and breathes in heavily.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

I remember sitting in that car,  
waiting, trying to build up the  
nerve to actually go inside. I  
must have sat there for ten  
minutes. It didn't seem like that  
though. I seemed like hours  
passed. It was the most scared  
I've ever been in my life.

Steven opens his eyes, and opens the suitcase. Inside rests a small pistol with a silencer attached. Steven grabs the gun, pulls back the slide, checking the bullet in the chamber. He closes the slide, and exits the car. He quietly shuts the door behind him. As he stands, he tucks the gun inside his jacket, so it's hidden. He proceeds to walk up the street. He stops, looks up and down the street, and crosses over. He walks onto a driveway, and continues down it towards the house. He nears the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is totally quiet. After a few seconds, Steven gets the door open. He opens it, steps inside, and pushes it ajar. He stands in a hallway. He looks left, then walks right. At the end of the hallway is a door, which sits open. Steven pulls the gun out, and slowly peaks into the room. He walks in and points the gun down at the bed. There are two people lying there, covered by a blanket. Steven fires twice into the first body, points the pistol at the second body and fires twice again. A second passes. He moves the pistol back to the head of the first body, and fires once. He then trains the gun on the head of the second body, and fires again.

Satisfied, he walks out of the bedroom, down the hall and out the front door, closing it behind him this time.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Steven walks up the driveway, stopping at the street. He crosses, and walks hurriedly towards his car. He opens the door and climbs in.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Steven sits in the drivers seat. He sits the gun back in the briefcase and closes it up. He rests his hands on the steering wheel. He looks at the house he came from, silhouetted in the dark by the moon. He pulls the keys from his pocket, starts the car up and drives away.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Steven is at various social functions, weddings, funerals birthday parties talking with different people.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

From then on, I became one of the guys. Before I would rarely get invited to anything. But now I was one of the guys, I was busy almost every weekend with something different. Weddings, birthdays, christenings. It almost became like a endless stream of social events. Everybody knew me, and I knew everybody.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Steven at the computer.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

Growing up in that area with those guys, you got to meet a lot of women.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Now it was June 1987, and nearly every women I'd meet wanted to be an actress, or a weather girl, or a stewardess, basically any job you only needed fifteen IQ points to do. It always seemed like any conversation I had with these chicks went the exact same way. But I remember at this wedding, I had recently turned 23. My life took a pretty unexpected turn.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - AFTERNOON - 1985

Steven sits at a bar, looking out at a sea of people. In the middle of the room stands a happy bride and groom, talking to Mancini. Steven holds a beer in his hands.

Alan

Walks from the crowd and takes a seat next to Steven.

STEVEN

Hey.

ALAN

Hey Stevie. Enjoying the party?

STEVEN

Yeah, I guess.

ALAN

Nice job on that canned goods thing for us. You have no idea how much trouble you saved us there.

STEVEN

No problem.

Pause. Alan looks into the crowd and sees

CLARE ROGERS

A beautiful woman, 22, stands there talking to the bride. Alan stands up.

ALAN

If you'll excuse me.

Alan doesn't wait for a response. He makes a bee-line for Clare. The bride walks away from Clare, and Clares eye line shifts towards Alan. STEVEN sees Clare. He watches Alan walk up to Clare. Clare moves her eyes to Steven.

Steven and Clare make eye contact for a second, and then it is broken by Alan standing square in front of her. Steven stands up, and walks across to a door. Clare watches him go as Alan talks to her. Steven opens the door and steps outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINING HALL - AFTERNOON

Steven walks across a small field of grass and takes a seat on a bench sitting by itself. He looks out across the water, as the sun starts to set. He hears the door open and shut, but doesn't avert his eyes from the view.

Clare

Sits next to him on the bench. She stares out at the water.

CLARE

You should tell your friend he needs a new pick-up line.

STEVEN

Why. What did he say?

CLARE

Oh no. Trust me, you don't want to hear this one.

STEVEN

Well now you gotta tell me.

Pause.

CLARE

He said, "I think there's something wrong with my eyes, I can't take them off you".

Steven and Clare laugh.

STEVEN

Wow.

CLARE

I know.

STEVEN

How did that not work?

CLARE

I have no idea.

STEVEN

I've been using that one for years. That's my go to.

CLARE

Wow, you and your friend must be beating them off with a stick.

STEVEN

With the success of that line, I'd say there's a lot of beating off involved with it.

Clare laughs. Steven looks at her and laughs too. A small pause.

CLARE

You want to get out of here?

STEVEN

Ahh, yeah.

Steven and Clare stand up and walk away from the bench.

CLARE

You hungry?

STEVEN

I could eat.

CLARE

The food in there, it's like a friggen torture game.

STEVEN

Yeah, I know. My natural reaction is to just drink a lot until you can't taste anything. Then go in for the finger foods.

CLARE

Good idea.

Steven and Clare continue to walk and talk.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

Her name was Clare Rogers. By far the coolest woman I've ever met. She was nothing like these beach blonde airheads walking around the city. We left the wedding and got something to eat at a small place nearby. We talked for an hour, then I took her back to get her car. We set, well, she set plans for our next date. We said good night, and I drove home. Now early on in our relationship, we set a kind of a rule. We both knew the other worked for Mancini. She was an accountant.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I told her I was in transport. So we decided that our work was our own, and the other didn't need to know much about it. She had her secrets about her job, and I had mine. We knew we had to be careful, because Mancini wasn't a big fan of his people dating each other. He didn't like it when two people who worked for him were at the same restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steven, wearing sweat pants and no shirt climbs into bed. He stares at the ceiling for a moment, then turns out the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARE'S HOUSE - DAY

Steven pulls up outside a house. He is wearing a nice shirt and jeans. He gets out of the car and walks towards the house.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

Our second date was a couple days later.

Steven reaches the door. He knocks. After a few seconds, Clare opens the door slightly.

CLARE

Hey.

STEVEN

Hi.

CLARE

I'll just get my bag.

STEVEN

OK.

Steven walks down the steps, and waits on the pavement. A few seconds pass, and Clare opens the door, steps outside and closes it behind her. She walks down the steps to Steven.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Ready to go?

CLARE

Yeah.

STEVEN

Cool.

They walk towards the car. Clare opens the passenger side door and gets in. Steven walks around, and gets in the drivers side. He starts the car, and they drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN'S CAR

Steven and Clare sit in silence.

CLARE

So how's your week been?

STEVEN

Not too bad. It's been pretty easy. You?

CLARE

Oh, I've had the worst. As boring as the day is long.

STEVEN

I've had a pretty lazy day. I generally don't have to work that much.

CLARE

Show off.

STEVEN

What?

CLARE

Nothing. So is there good money in transport?

STEVEN

Yeah.

Pause.

CLARE

So I better have fun tonight, because I'm taking the cold shoulder for you.

STEVEN

And why is that?

CLARE

A friend of mine tried to set me up with her brother, but instead I'm going out with you.

STEVEN

Well, your expectations are unreasonably high.

CLARE

Why, what did you have planned?

STEVEN

I'm supposed to have plans?

CLARE

That's generally how this works.

STEVEN

Twenty seconds in I've already screwed it up. Should I let you out here.

CLARE

(points outside the car)  
Just up here's good.

Clare and Steven exchange looks, and smile.

CUT TO:

INT. CINEMA - NIGHT

Steven and Clare sit together, watching a movie in a crowded theatre.

STEVEN

(V.O.)  
It was always fun spending time with Clare. She had a great sense of humor, and we had practically the same tastes for everything.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Steven and Clare sit opposite each other, with a small plate with a piece of pie in between them. They eat off the plate.

STEVEN

So how long have you know Bob?

CLARE

Mancini?

Steven nods.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
6 months, give or take. Went to  
work for him almost as soon as I  
moved out here. You?

STEVEN  
Since I was 5.

CLARE  
Really?

STEVEN  
Oh yeah. Me and my dad moved here  
when I was young, and when you  
live in the neighbourhood, you  
can't help but not know Bob.

CLARE  
And where's your dad now?

STEVEN  
Passed away when I was 16. Lung  
cancer.

CLARE  
I'm sorry.

STEVEN  
That's OK. So after that, I  
dropped out of school, and went  
to work for Bob as a driver full  
time.

CLARE  
OK.

STEVEN  
So what about you? Family?

CLARE  
My parents are still together.  
They live outside of Missouri. I  
have one older brother, I don't  
know where he is. You?

STEVEN  
No brothers or sisters.

CLARE  
So it's just you?

STEVEN  
Yeah, pretty much.

CLARE  
So you've been alone for, what?

STEVEN

I'm not alone. I have friends,  
work friends.

CLARE

I didn't mean it like that. Just  
about your family.

STEVEN

Umm, 6 years sound right.

CLARE

So now don't I feel like an  
idiot.

STEVEN

That's alright. You're pretty,  
people don't really listen to  
what you say.

CLARE

That's harsh.

STEVEN

Go on, try it. I'll prove it to  
you.

CLARE

OK.

Pause.

CLARE (CONT'D)

I used to hijack trucks with my  
dad when I was 5.

STEVEN

No thanks, you can have it.

CLARE

Sometimes I believe I'm Jodie  
Foster.

STEVEN

It's about 10.

CLARE

I used to have a penis.

STEVEN

No, your hair looks great.

CLARE

Did you want me to pay for this?

STEVEN

No, I got it.

Steven reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARES HOUSE

Steven pulls up outside Clares house.

STEVEN  
Well here we are.

Clare looks at her house, then back at Steven.

CLARE  
Yeah, here we are.

STEVEN  
So you want to do this again  
sometime?

CLARE  
Yeah, definitely.

STEVEN  
Friday night?

CLARE  
Sounds good.

Pause.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
Did you want to come inside?

Steven thinks.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
Get a cup of coffee?

Pause.

STEVEN  
No thanks.

CLARE  
Oh come on. You've gotta try my  
coffee.

STEVEN  
Yeah, maybe next time.

CLARE  
Oh, OK.

STEVEN  
I just want to quit while I'm  
ahead. You understand.

CLARE  
Sure. I'll see you Friday.

STEVEN  
Friday.

Clare gets out of the car, and walks towards the house. Steven thinks for a second, then gets out of the car. He runs up behind Clare.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Clare!

Clare turns around. Steven walks right up to her, and without breaking stride, kisses her.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
(V.O.)  
There were a million times in my life I wished I was somebody else. This wasn't one of them.

They break the kiss. Clare smiles at Steven.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
So Friday?

CLARE  
Yeah.

Clare turns and walks into her house. Steven watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven sits at the computer.

STEVEN  
That was the one time I ever acted on my impulses. And to this day, I'm damn happy I did.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY - 1985

Alan sits at a table near Mancini, eating a muffin. Steven walks in, nods to Mancini, and sits with Alan. Alan looks up, and smiles at Steven.

STEVEN  
Hey guys.

MANCINI  
Stevie.

STEVEN  
Hey Alan, how's it going?

ALAN  
Good. It's been a fairly good week.

Steven looks at Mancini.

STEVEN  
Have you got anything for me?

MANCINI  
Yeah. Just wait a few minutes. I got somebody coming.

STEVEN  
OK.

Steven turns to Alan.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
So I hear you got the pick-up line of the century.

ALAN  
What are you talking about?

STEVEN  
Something about bad eyes and not being able to take them off.

ALAN  
Yeah, but when you say it like that it sounds fucking retarded.

MANCINI  
How's it go then?

ALAN  
You look the chick in the eyes and say "I think I've got a problem with my eyes, I just can't seem to take them off you".

Steven and Mancini trade looks, then laugh.

MANCINI  
Where the hell did you learn that?

ALAN  
I don't know. Why?

STEVEN  
Because it's fucking retarded, that's why.

ALAN

Back off man.

STEVEN

My neighbors kid called. Even they don't want that line back.

ALAN

(yelling)

Why don't you shut the fuck up?

MANCINI

Calm down.

ALAN

(yelling)

No. Where the fuck do you get off patronizing me? If you knew how much cunt flew my way you'd be ready to suck my dick just to get a fucking taste.

STEVEN

Back off man.

ALAN

Why don't you fuck yourself, coz nobody else ain't gonna.

STEVEN

Listen to the jokester over here. Fucking Steve Martin sitting with us.

MANCINI

Hey. Cut the shit out.

Alan glares at Steven. Steven glances at Alan, then looks back at MANCINI.

STEVEN

Look, you got something for me or not?

MANCINI

Why, you got some place to be?

STEVEN

Maybe.

ALAN

There's a new gay bar opened up downtown.

MANCINI

I'm not gonna tell you again. Shut your mouth.

(To Steven)

(MORE)

MANCINI (CONT'D)

I got this thing for you. It's not your usual job, but I figured you'd be interested anyway.

STEVEN

What is it?

MANCINI

I just need you to talk to this guy for me. He's not paying us what he should be, and he's trying to strongarm me into letting him get away with it.

STEVEN

So why not just let me take care of him?

MANCINI

Because he's worth more to me alive than dead. Plus we don't want to scare everyone around here too badly. Just kick his ass, nothing else.

STEVEN

OK. Address?

Mancini reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a piece of paper and hands it to Steven. Steven looks at it, then scrunches it in his hand.

MANCINI

Have fun.

STEVEN

I'll talk to you later.

(To Alan)

Later Martin.

Alan is fuming at the table. Steven walks away from the table, out the door of the bakery.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARES HOUSE

Steven walks up the path to Clares front door. He rings the bell, and stands patiently. Clare opens the door. Steven smiles.

CLARE

Afternoon.

STEVEN

Hi.

CLARE  
Coming in?

STEVEN  
Sure.

Steven walks into the house, and Clare closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARE'S HOUSE

Steven and Clare stand looking at each other. A brief second passes.

CLARE  
So what did you have planned?

STEVEN  
Usual deal I guess, meal and a movie, why?

CLARE  
Well, my room mate's gone until tomorrow, so we've got the place to ourselves.

STEVEN  
(Unsure)  
OK.

CLARE  
So I figured we could make something here, and maybe just watch TV.

STEVEN  
Sounds good.

CLARE  
So what can you cook?

STEVEN  
Me? Unless it involves the microwave, I don't do much cooking.

CLARE  
OK. So the cooking plan's out. How about we order something.

STEVEN  
Sounds like a plan.

CLARE  
Cool.

Clare walks into the living room. Steven follows.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARE'S LIVING ROOM

Clare walks to her phone book and picks it up.

CLARE  
What do you want?

STEVEN  
Surprise me.

Clare smiles, and opens the book.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Clare and Steven sit on the couch, relaxed, watching TV. Clare lays against Steven's shoulders. They both look bored with what's on TV. Clare sits up, and turns to Steven, looking him in the eyes. It takes Steven a second to notice. He glances at her, then notices she's staring, so he stares back.

STEVEN  
What?

CLARE  
Nothing.

Clare leans forward, and Steven and Clare kiss. After a few seconds, they break.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
Got plans tomorrow?

STEVEN  
No. Why?

CLARE  
Probably a good thing.

Clare stands up, and walks to the door. Steven watches her walk over. She stands in the door frame, then turns to Steven.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
Coming?

Steven realizes what's going on. He stands up and follows Clare. She stays a few steps ahead of him as she leads him through the house, up the stairs and to her bedroom door. She stops, turns and kisses Steven again.

While in the kiss, the stumble through her bedroom door, then accidentally fall against the door, slamming it shut. They laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven sits at the computer, completely focused on what he's typing.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

And that was how me and Clare became a couple. We decided it was a good idea if we didn't tell anybody who worked for Mancini. She said people would treat us differently if they knew we were dating. Things were what I'd call normal for the first six months or so.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOME - KITCHEN

Clare stands in the kitchen, cooking pasta. No sign of Steven. She has the radio on, listening to music quietly. The front door in the hallway opens, and Steven walks in hurriedly. He walks straight into the bathroom.

CLARE

Hey.

STEVEN

Hey.

Steven stands in front of the bathroom mirror and turns the light on. His face has a small amount of blood on it. His shirt too. He grabs the shirt and pulls it off quick, then wipes his face and neck with the shirt, wiping off most of the blood. Clare comes into the room.

CLARE

So what's the deal? Not talking to me now?

STEVEN

No, I thought I was gonna be sick.

CLARE

So why'd you take your shirt off?

Pause

STEVEN  
I've been sweating. I don't feel  
well.

Steven drops the shirt into his hamper. He looks at Clare.

CLARE  
Well that makes two of us.

STEVEN  
That stomach thing still  
bothering you?

CLARE  
All day. I had to leave early.

STEVEN  
I don't know why you won't go to  
the doctor.

Steven walks past Clare and down to his bedroom. Clare  
follows him.

CLARE  
Because I thought I'd be fine by  
now.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS BEDROOM

Steven grabs a black t-shirt from a small stack sitting on  
his bed. He talks while putting it on.

STEVEN  
Well, like I keep saying, you  
need to go see a doctor.

CLARE  
I don't need a doctor to tell me  
I'm sick.

STEVEN  
But at least then you're sure  
that it's not serious.

Clare exhales.

CLARE  
OK. If I go to the doctor  
tomorrow, will that make you  
happy?

STEVEN  
Happy would have been yesterday.

CLARE  
Don't push it.

STEVEN  
Yes, I'll be happy.

CLARE  
Good. Because I'm only doing this  
to shut you up.

STEVEN  
And I'm so happy.

Clare smiles.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
So what's on the menu tonight  
swede?

CLARE  
I thought I'd give pasta a try.

STEVEN  
OK. Sounds good.

Clare smiles.

CLARE  
OK.

They both walk out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOME - KITCHEN

Steven and Clare sit at the table, eating their dinner.

CLARE  
So how was work?

STEVEN  
OK, I guess. You?

CLARE  
Not too bad, I guess. Same old,  
you know.

STEVEN  
No, I don't.

CLARE  
Look, we talked about this.

STEVEN  
Yeah, I know. I just think it's  
time we re-talk about it.

CLARE  
OK. You go first.

STEVEN  
I don't think it's asking to much when we talk about our days over dinner, if you expand a little more on what you did.

CLARE  
And I remember six months ago, we sat down and both agreed that we would keep work very separate from our home life, and neither of us felt the need to expand on it any more.

STEVEN  
It's just we've been dating for six months, and I don't even know what you do.

CLARE  
I told you, I'm an accountant.

STEVEN  
Yeah, but I want to know more than that. I want you to be able to tell me every little boring detail about your day.

CLARE  
Yeah, I know. But I also remember that you flat out refuse to tell me anything about what you do during the day, other than the phrase "odd jobs".

STEVEN  
I just don't see why you need to know any more than that.

CLARE  
You are aware you're being a hypocrite.

STEVEN  
Yeah, I'm OK with it.

CLARE  
Look, here's the deal. I'll tell you whatever you want to know about what I do, if you tell me what it is you do. The way I see it I've already got you one up. You know what I do.

(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)

But the way you talk about work,  
it seems like you're a secret  
agent or something.

STEVEN

I'm not, trust me.

CLARE

Look, I've had time to think  
about it, and I think I've  
figured it out.

Steven takes a drink, looking a little nervous.

STEVEN

Oh, OK.

Clare looks Steven right in the eyes, with a serious face. A  
beat.

CLARE

You're a prostitute.

Steven smiles.

CLARE (CONT'D)

That's what I figure you mean  
when you say "odd jobs".

STEVEN

Good for you. You figured it out.

CLARE

Thank you.

STEVEN

I'm just so surprised it took you  
this long to find out.

CLARE

Oh, I've suspected for some time.

STEVEN

Oh really?

CLARE

Yeah.

STEVEN

And how's that?

CLARE

Well, sometimes you smell like  
man sex for one.

STEVEN

Man sex?

CLARE

Yeah.

STEVEN

What exactly does "man sex" smell like?

CLARE

Old whisky and gun powder.

Steven smiles.

STEVEN

I do love my whisky and gun powder.

CLARE

The one thing I don't understand is why you're so lousy in bed. You practice all day, god knows you should get better eventually.

STEVEN

Wow, you're letting it fly tonight.

They both smile. A second passes.

CLARE

OK, seriously. When you're ready to tell me more about your stuff, I'm ready to tell you about mine.

STEVEN

Yeah, OK.

CLARE

So are we having this conversation tonight or what?

STEVEN

No.

CLARE

Good. The last thing I want to know tonight is what Mancini taste like.

STEVEN

You're foul.

INT. STEVENS HOME - LIVING ROOM

Steven sits on the couch, watching TV. Clare lays on the couch, with her head on his lap. Steven grabs his TV remote, and turns the TV off. He looks down at Clare, who is asleep. He shakes her softly.

STEVEN

Clare.

She stirs, then goes back to sleep.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Clare. Wake up.

She doesn't move. Steven lifts her head up, then slides out from under it and stands up. He looks down at her, sleeping, and smiles. He looks for a few seconds, and then leans down and scoops her into his arms. He stands upright, and carries her away towards his bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOME - HALLWAY

Steven looks down at Clare. She stirs lightly.

CLARE

I love you.

STEVEN

I love you too.

Steven walks into his bedroom, and lays her down on the bed. He throws back the covers, placing her in the bed. He fixes the blankets so she's snuggly in place. He stands back to his feet, and walks out of the room, closing the door quietly behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven stops typing, staring at the computer screen. Five seconds pass, and then he continues.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOME

Steven pulls into the driveway of his house. He turns the car engine off, gets out and shuts the door. He walks to the front door, opens it and walks inside.

INT. STEVENS HOME - HALLWAY

Steven stands in the hallway, looking around.

STEVEN

Clare?

No answer. He walks to the bedroom and looks inside, then walks back down the hall to the kitchen. He looks around the kitchen and the living room, but can't find Clare anywhere.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Clare?

CLARE (O.S.)  
Out here.

Steven walks through the living room and opens the door at the back, leading out to the small porch.

EXT. STEVENS HOME - PORCH

Clare sits in a chair outside, with a lit cigarette in her hand, staring off into the sky.

STEVEN  
There you are.

CLARE  
Here I am.

STEVEN  
What are you doing out here?

CLARE  
Nothing.

Steven sits down in the seat next to her.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
I went to the doctor today.

STEVEN  
And what did he say.

CLARE pauses.

CLARE  
I'm pregnant.

Pause.

STEVEN  
Oh.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Should you really be smoking?

CLARE  
I don't think my smoking is the big problem at the moment.

STEVEN

I'm sorry, you just caught me off guard there.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

How long?

CLARE

Six weeks. But don't worry. I've made an appointment in the morning to get it taken care of.

STEVEN

What do you mean.

Clare looks at Steven for a second. Steven realizes what she means.

CLARE

I think it'd be better for both of us if I just got rid of it.

STEVEN

I, uh. What, have you thought this through?

CLARE

What is there to think about. I'm not a big fan of kids. I know you don't want kids.

STEVEN

How do you know that?

CLARE

Well it's not like we've ever talked about anything like this.

STEVEN

We've never had the need to.

CLARE

Well we do now.

STEVEN

Look, I just think you're moving too fast with this.

CLARE

What do you mean?

STEVEN

Well you made this decision without even talking to me about it. It's my kid too.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

And I just think that we should at least think about taking this seriously, rather than just ignoring the problem.

CLARE

The fact you're calling this a problem is exactly the fact I was able to make this decision without talking to you.

STEVEN

Look, in all seriousness, I think we should keep it.

CLARE

Really?

STEVEN

There are much worser people out there who have kids. We're smart people, right, we can do this.

CLARE

You don't sound sure.

STEVEN

I've never been more sure of anything in my life.

Clare looks at him, thinking for a second. Clare drops the cigarette on the ground and stands up. Steven stands with her.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Is that a yes?

CLARE

Yeah.

Steven kisses Clare.

CLARE (CONT'D)

There is one thing we need to do first.

STEVEN

Name it.

CLARE

We need to tell Robert about us.

Pause.

STEVEN

Why?

CLARE

Look, it's not like I can hide this. Eventually people are gonna catch on that I'm pregnant. And if he finds out we tried to keep this from him, I don't know what he'll do. Him or Alan.

STEVEN

Why would they need to "do" anything.

CLARE

You know them a lot better than I do. And I know in their eyes no secret is a good secret. So if and or when "us" finally comes out, I want Robert to be able to back us up on it. Because if we don't have Robert, we may as well leave the city because none of us will be able to find decent work. Not with the connections he has.

STEVEN

OK.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You hungry?

CLARE

Starving.

STEVEN

Let's get something to eat.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN'S CAR - DAY

Steven and Clare sit in Stevens car outside the bakery. It's the middle of the afternoon. Clare stares at the closed glove box. Steven stares at Clare.

STEVEN

You OK?

CLARE

Yeah.

STEVEN

If you want to do this another day.

CLARE  
(interrupting)  
No. Let's do it now.

Clare opens the door, gets out and closes the door behind her. She circles the car to the drivers side. Steven gets out of the car. Together, they walk across the street to the bakery.

INT. BAKERY

Steven walks into the bakery, holding the door open for Clare. Clare walks in and Steven closes the door behind her. Together they walk towards the back of the shop, where Mancini sits alone. Mancini sees them coming.

MANCINI  
Steven.

STEVEN  
Bob.

Mancini sees Clare.

MANCINI  
(confused)  
Clare. We aren't supposed to meet until next week.

CLARE  
I know.

MANCINI  
Did you two come here together.

STEVEN  
Look, we've got something we need to tell you.

CLARE  
And we're doing this because we feel that this is something you need to know.

STEVEN  
So we'd appreciate it if you didn't tell anybody. Not yet.

MANCINI  
(Still confused)  
OK. So tell me.

Pause.

STEVEN  
We're together. Like a couple.

CLARE  
And we're having a baby.

Pause.

MANCINI  
It's not Alan's, is it?

CLARE  
What?

MANCINI  
Well he said that you guys got  
together a couple of times.

Steven looks at Clare.

CLARE  
I never slept with Alan.

Clare looks at Steven.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
I swear.

STEVEN  
Look, we felt we needed to tell  
you because we didn't want you  
finding out from somebody else  
later.

MANCINI  
Fair enough.

CLARE  
And like we said, we'd appreciate  
your discretion on this.

MANCINI  
Why?

STEVEN  
We're just not ready to tell  
people yet.

MANCINI  
But you're telling me.

CLARE  
Because you're the boss. And  
telling you took us six months.

MANCINI  
Really?

Pause.

STEVEN

Yeah.

MANCINI

And you're keeping it?

CLARE

Yes.

MANCINI

Well, congratulations you guys. But don't think telling just me your news counts as a Christmas present.

STEVEN

Don't worry, we won't.

MANCINI

I can't believe it. Six months and I'm only finding out now. I'm usually a lot better with this stuff.

CLARE

We've been careful.

MANCINI

You've been paranoid. I don't know why you guys were so scared to tell me.

STEVEN

Neither were we to be honest.

MANCINI

Is there anything else you guys need to tell me?

STEVEN

No, I think we've got it all covered.

MANCINI

Well congratulations again guys.

CLARE

Thank you.

Clare and Steven walk out of the bakery.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

After Mancini, we decided to tell Monique, the room mate. Well, Clare decided we should. I'd never really met Monique before.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Tell you the truth, I wasn't  
really looking forward to it.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARES LIVING ROOM

Steven and Clare sit in the living room.

CLARE  
She won't be far away.

STEVEN  
It's OK.

The front door opens.

MONIQUE

Enters through the front door, holding two paper bags filled with groceries. She's late twenties, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. She's wearing a casual t-shirt and jeans.

MONIQUE  
Clare!

CLARE  
In here.

Monique walks into the living room, and sees Clare and Steven. Monique sits the bags down on the table near the door and walks towards Steven.

MONIQUE  
You got some nerve coming round here after what you done.

STEVEN  
What are you talking about?

MONIQUE  
My brother came round today. The first time I've seen him since he got out of hospital.  
(To Clare)  
I told you about this, remember.

CLARE  
Yeah, your brother got robbed about three months ago.

MONIQUE  
That's what I thought. Turned out he owed money to somebody around the neighbourhood.  
(MORE)

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

They sent one of their monkeys  
after him and beat him so bad he  
was in the hospital for a month.

STEVEN

What's this got to do with me.

MONIQUE

He came round today. Spotted you  
in the picture.

Monique points to the sole picture in the room sitting on a  
dressing table of Clare and Steven, smiling.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Tells me "that's the guy who put  
me in the hospital. That's the  
guy who knocked out three of my  
teeth, broke my nose and damaged  
my left eye".

Monique shoves Steven hard. Steven stumbles backwards.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

You got some fucking nerve. Doing  
that to family and then coming  
round here expecting me to put a  
smile on my face for you. You can  
forget it, killer.

CLARE

Is this true?

STEVEN

If you can just let me explain.

MONIQUE

Don't try and talk your way out  
of this one. You're lucky we  
didn't call the cops on you. Now  
get out.

STEVEN

What?

MONIQUE

Did I stutter. I said get out of  
our house.

STEVEN

(To Clare)  
Clare.

CLARE

Just go.

Steven looks hurt.

STEVEN  
Just let me tell my side of it.  
Please.

MONIQUE  
We don't want to hear it.

STEVEN  
Will you shut up? I'm not talking  
to you.

CLARE  
Please, just go.

STEVEN  
Fine.

Steven walks out, slamming the front door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARES HOUSE

Steven walks to his car and gets in. He starts the engine and  
takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOME

Steven is sitting at the kitchen table, eating dinner alone.  
There's a knock at the door. Steven grabs the knife from the  
table and walks to the front door. He peaks through the side  
curtain, then opens the door.

Clare

Stands on the other side.

STEVEN  
Come back for a second round?

CLARE  
No. Can I come in.

STEVEN  
Why? Apparently I'm not welcome  
in your house.

CLARE  
Please. I just want to talk.

STEVEN  
Fine.

Steven walks away from the door and back to the table. Clare walks in and shuts the door. Clare sees Steven carrying the knife.

CLARE  
Expecting anybody else?

STEVEN  
No.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
So talk.

CLARE  
I just wanted to talk about what happened today.

STEVEN  
I don't need to talk about it, I was there.

CLARE  
Look, I know Monique's brother. The guy is an idiot, and he's a bad gambler. I know it's not the first time he's had trouble and I'm sure it won't be the last.

STEVEN  
So what was that today?

CLARE  
If Monique leaves, I can't afford the rent for the house all by myself.

STEVEN  
So what. Let her leave, I'll pay it.

CLARE  
It's not that. I like having Monique around.

STEVEN  
I don't see why.

CLARE  
And I don't expect you too. But I like having a girlfriend that isn't a work buddy. I need something outside of work and you. And I knew it was pointless to try and get the two of you to get along today.  
(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)

So from now on I won't expect the two of you to spend time together. If I can avoid it, you'll never have to see her.

STEVEN

It's just that you left me standing there to fend for myself.

CLARE

You're a big boy, I thought you could handle it.

STEVEN

It's not the point. She's just a friend. You're having my baby. I thought you'd want to defend me.

CLARE

It wasn't that easy. You put her brother in the hospital. It's not like you stiffed him on ten bucks. I'll defend you until the day I die, but you gotta realize that you might have been in the wrong on that one. Now what happened today wasn't pleasant for anybody. So I think we should just forget it and move on. OK?

Pause.

STEVEN

Fine.

CLARE

Good. What are you eating?

STEVEN

Soup.

CLARE

Any good?

STEVEN

No, not really.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

It was six months after telling Mancini and Monique before we told anybody else.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Steven and Clare stand amongst six people as they smile and talk. Clare is six months pregnant, and shows a pregnant belly.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

Since I didn't have many close friends then, we decided to tell her friends first. There were six people she was close to. I never really got to know any of them. Sitting here now, I couldn't even tell you their names except for one. Saul Adams. And the only reason that name sticks with me is because I'm the one who killed him. But I'll tell you about that later.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOME

Steven sits on the couch, watching TV. A car pulls up outside. A car door opens and shuts, and a few seconds later Clare walks through the door, now eight months pregnant.

STEVEN

Hey baby.

CLARE

Hey.

STEVEN

How was your day?

CLARE

I spent the entire afternoon feeling like I was going to burst. I can't wait for this baby to come out .

STEVEN

Don't get to far ahead of yourself, you've still got a month left.

Clare groans.

CLARE

Don't remind me.

Steven smiles. Clare walks into the bathroom.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
How was your day?

STEVEN  
Boring. Sat around here most of  
the morning. Went out in the  
afternoon for a couple of hours.

Clare comes out of the bathroom, and sits down in a chair  
across from Steven. Steven turns the TV off and shifts his  
position on the couch so he's facing Clare.

CLARE  
Didn't work today?

STEVEN  
No.

Pause.

CLARE  
So I was talking to Monique  
today, about the baby.

STEVEN  
What about the baby?

CLARE  
She asked me what we were going  
to do after the baby is born.

STEVEN  
OK.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
What'd you say?

CLARE  
I told her I didn't know.

Steven nods. Pause.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
I know you hate talking about  
this type of stuff, but we need  
to start thinking about this.

STEVEN  
About what?

CLARE  
The fact I'm catholic and I'm  
having a baby with a man I'm not  
married to.

STEVEN  
Not this again.

CLARE  
What?

STEVEN  
I don't see what the big deal is.

CLARE  
It's how I was raised.

STEVEN  
And when was the last time you  
spoke to anyone in your family?

CLARE  
That's not the point.

STEVEN  
So what is the point?

Steven sits upright.

CLARE  
I just feel that you're not  
taking any of this seriously.

STEVEN  
What?

CLARE  
The fact I'm working a proper job  
8 hours a day, trying to earn  
some money before this baby  
comes, while you sit around here  
and do nothing.

STEVEN  
I have money saved away.

CLARE  
Really? Where?

STEVEN  
With the boss.

CLARE  
Oh, the boss. That's a real  
assurance.

STEVEN  
What is your problem tonight?

CLARE  
My problem is you! We're having  
this baby together. At least  
that's what I thought.

STEVEN

We are having this baby together.

CLARE

Bullshit! I'm the one doing all the work! I'm carrying this baby, I'm working a full time job. Meanwhile, when you can be bothered, you go out and fuck around with your friends. You're not even making an effort.

STEVEN

So what, you want to get married. Is that was this is all about?

CLARE

Yes! That's what I want. It's what I've wanted since you knocked me up!

STEVEN

We had this discussion a long time ago. If we were to get married we'd have to move.

CLARE

Yes!

STEVEN

But we both have lives here. We both have work, we have friends, we have this house. We can't just pack up and go.

CLARE

And like I told you before, if we were to get married and become a proper family, we wouldn't raise a child in this city.

STEVEN

I know. You've told me before. But I just can't figure out why you feel we'd need to leave.

CLARE

Are you kidding me? Do you read the paper, or watch the news. This place is a crime infested slum, and I fucking hate it here.

STEVEN

I know. It's just, I don't think I'm ready for it all just yet.

CLARE

You don't feel ready?

STEVEN

Yes. The baby was a shock, and if we were to get married, I don't know how it's going to affect my life.

CLARE

I got news for you. This kid isn't going to be a little blip on your social radar, OK. If you don't think you're ready for marriage, I clearly made a mistake keeping this kid.

STEVEN

Then why did you?

CLARE

Because you told me too. You were the one who sat there and told me that we were going to be alright. You convinced me into believing we'd be able to handle this. You lied to me, told me we'd be equal partners in this.

STEVEN

It's not like I forced you to do it. You're a grown woman, Clare! You can make your own decisions.

CLARE

So now it's my fault?

STEVEN

No. I just feel you're treating me unfairly.

CLARE

Treating you unfairly? You're so fucking full of it.

STEVEN

Fuck you!

CLARE

You know what, I don't have to take your immature shit. I'm leaving.

STEVEN

Good.

Clare stands up. Steven shifts his attention back to the TV.

CLARE

Fine.

Clare walks towards the front door.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
Call me when you grow up.

STEVEN  
(yelling)  
Fuck off.

Clare walks out the door, slamming it behind her. Steven tried to turn the TV on with his remote control. It doesn't work. He tries it three times, then throws it across the room, smashing it against the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY

Steven sits in the bakery, alone. Mancini walks in, sees Steven sitting there.

MANCINI  
Steven.

STEVEN  
How's it going?

MANCINI  
I don't have anything for you  
this week.

STEVEN  
I know. Can we talk?

MANCINI  
Sure.

Mancini walks towards the back, with Steven following him. They both sit down at a table.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
So what's the problem?

STEVEN  
I, just things with Clare.

MANCINI  
How far along is she?

STEVEN  
Eight months.

MANCINI  
Jesus. You're almost a father.

STEVEN  
Yeah, I know.

Alan walks from the back door of the shop.

ALAN  
Pop. Stevie.

Steven nods, Mancini does nothing. Alan sits down.

STEVEN  
Things aren't just going so good  
between us.

ALAN  
Who?

STEVEN  
Nothing, never mind.

MANCINI  
Oh no, this is hilarious. You  
know Clare, the accountant.

ALAN  
Preggers?

MANCINI  
Yeah.

ALAN  
Yeah, I know her. Pretty well. I  
told you about it, right.

MANCINI  
Yeah, I remember.

ALAN  
So what about her?

Steven glances at Mancini.

MANCINI  
She's dating Steve.

ALAN  
You're kidding me?

STEVEN  
No.

ALAN  
How long?

STEVEN  
Over a year now, back at the  
Stewart wedding.

Alan is speechless.

MANCINI

This was three months before you told me you'd fucked her, right?

Alan says nothing.

MANCINI (CONT'D)

I gotta tell you, if I was telling a lie about some girl I'd done, I'd make up a much more interesting story than the one you told.

ALAN

So you're telling me she chose you over me?

STEVEN

I suppose so.

ALAN

Well, it had to happen sometime.

MANCINI

Anything else you want to come clean about?

ALAN

Why are you making such a big deal over this?

MANCINI

I just remember you tried for so long to bed her. And to think the chose Steve over you.

ALAN

So is the kid yours?

STEVEN

Yeah.

ALAN

And you stayed with her?

STEVEN

Yes.

ALAN

Wow. I know if I'd done something like that, I'd be making sure she was as far away from me as possible.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

Sitting there, listening to this, I realized something.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
If I didn't leave this life soon,  
I'd be stuck with this sort of  
thing forever.

Steven stands up from the table.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
If you'll excuse me boys, I've  
got something I need to do.

Steven walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING MALL

Steven stands outside a large shopping centre, at a pay phone. He drops a couple of coins into the machine, dials a number and puts the receiver to his ear. It rings five times. Somebody answers the phone.

CLARE  
Hello?

STEVEN  
Clare? It's me.

CLARE  
What do you want?

STEVEN  
Can we meet up, tonight.

CLARE  
Why are you calling me at work.

STEVEN  
It's important.

Pause.

CLARE  
Your house at 7.

STEVEN  
Actually, I think it would be  
easier to meet at your place.

CLARE  
OK.

STEVEN  
So 7?

CLARE  
Yeah.

STEVEN  
Great. I'll see you then.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS CAR - NIGHT

Steven is driving his car at night. He's just outside the city, in a more suburban area. As he turns into another street, a car speeds past him. Steven gets a look at the driver, male about 30 with black hair and a moustache

STEVEN  
(V.O.)  
I never forgot that face. That moustache, the long eyebrows. I didn't think anything of it at the time.

The car speeds off, then peels into another corner. Steven looks in his rearview mirror, shaking his head. He pulls up outside the front of Clares house. He pats his jean pocket lightly, then gets out of the car. He walks up the driveway towards the house, and notices the front door is open slightly. He fastens his pace.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Clare?

Steven walks into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARES HOUSE

Steven looks around the front room.

STEVEN  
Clare?

Steven walks into the living room, to see

Clare

Lying on the couch, shot twice in the chest, blood all over her, and her eyes closed. Steven runs up to her.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Jesus.

Steven places his fingers on her neck. He holds them there for a few seconds, then takes them away and quickly scoops up Clare in his arms. With Clare in his arms, he runs out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARES HOUSE

Steven runs to his car with Clare in his arms. He struggles to get the backseat door open, but he finally does and lays Clare down in the back seat. He runs around to the front and gets in the drivers side.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS CAR

Steven is driving frantically, swerving in between traffic.

STEVEN  
Just hold on baby, just hold on.

Steven pulls up outside the hospital. He gets out of the car, and takes Clare with him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL

Steven runs towards the front doors of the hospital. The sliding doors open, and he runs inside. Nobody notices him at first.

STEVEN  
Somebody help her.

A nurse looks up and sees Steven holding Clares bloody body. She yells down the hallway.

NURSE  
We need a doctor up here!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Clare lays on a gurney being wheeled down a hallway. Two doctors and a nurse push the trolley while they try to work on her. Clare holds Stevens hand. They come to a set of closed doors, but as they approach them, they open. Two nurses stand there. One walks ahead of the gurney, while the other one stands in front of Steven.

NURSE #2  
I'm sorry sir, you need to stay here.

Steven loses his grip with Clare.

STEVEN  
What?

NURSE #2

Sir, we can't have you in the operating room.

STEVEN

No, I, I, I need to be with her.

NURSE #2

Sir, I'm sorry, we can't allow you in there.

STEVEN

(Yelling)

I need to say with her!

NURSE #2

The best thing you can do is stay out here while our doctors do what we can to save her.

Steven looks at the nurse. Pause.

STEVEN

OK.

NURSE #2

Thank you.

STEVEN

Is she going to be OK?

NURSE #2

I'm sorry, I don't know.

Steven looks through the doors windows.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven sits at the computer. A single tear rolls down his cheek as he looks at the words on the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

Steven sits by himself in a small waiting room. He stares at his hands, covered with blood. He closes his eyes, and tears from both eyes start to form. He wipes them away, leaving small traces of blood around his eyes.

Nurse #2

Walks up to Steven. Steven sees the nurse coming, and stands up.

STEVEN  
Is she alright?

The nurse pauses, then sits down. Steven stays standing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Is she alright?

NURSE #2  
I'm sorry.

Steven stares at him for a second, as if he doesn't understand.

NURSE #2 (CONT'D)  
We tried everything we could, but she didn't make it.

Steven starts to cry. Nurse #2 looks on. Steven falls to the floor, crying his eyes out. Nurse #2 kneels down, and places an arm around him. Steven continues to cry.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - LATER

Steven sits in the chair, his face a light tint of red, and his cheeks still wet from the crying. A doctor walks up to Steven. Steven, staring at the ground, doesn't even notice.

DOCTOR  
Mr Willis?

STEVEN  
(without looking up)  
Yeah.

DOCTOR  
My name is Dr Wilson.

STEVEN  
What can I do for you doc?

DOCTOR  
We managed to save the baby.

Steven looks up at the doctor.

STEVEN  
What?

DOCTOR  
The baby. We managed to get the baby out before she died.

STEVEN  
Why the baby?

DOCTOR

We knew she had a very slim chance of surviving a shooting like that. We made a judgement call to try and save the baby.

STEVEN

Did you even try and save her?

DOCTOR

Yes, of course we did. But she was nearly dead when you brought her in here. We did the best we could, I promise you. But it wasn't enough.

STEVEN

So what about the baby now?

DOCTOR

It will need to stay here for a couple of days, but after that you can take her home.

STEVEN

It's a girl?

DOCTOR

Yeah. A beautiful girl.

Steven looks at the ground for a second, then back at the doctor.

STEVEN

I need to you write the baby up as dead too.

DOCTOR

I can't do that.

STEVEN

Listen to me. Whoever did that to her obviously did it for a reason. If you make it public the baby survived, I don't know what could happen.

DOCTOR

It's not that easy.

Steven reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small box. He hands it to the Doctor.

STEVEN

Take this.

The Doctor opens it, revealing an engagement ring.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Just do it, OK?

The Doctor looks at Steven for a second.

DOCTOR  
OK.

The Doctor stands up and walks away. Steven lays back in his eyes and tears roll down his cheeks.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven sits at the computer.

STEVEN  
(V.O.)  
August 23rd, 1988. The best part  
of my life ended that night.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY

A huge group of people stand around, watching the priest talk. Steven stands at the front, his face void of expression. The group breaks up, and Steven turns around.

Monique

Stands behind him. She walks up to him and hugs him.

MONIQUE  
I'm so sorry.

STEVEN  
Thank you.

MONIQUE  
About all that bullshit before...

STEVEN  
Hey, don't even worry about it.  
It's water under the bridge.

MONIQUE  
You're sure.

STEVEN  
Yeah.

Monique breaks away from the hug.

MONIQUE

Come up to the house sometime. We should catch up.

STEVEN

Yeah, definitely.

MONIQUE

You know, whenever you're ready.

Steven nods. Monique walks away. Mancini and Alan walk up to Steven. It starts to rain.

MANCINI

How are you doing, kid?

STEVEN

Fine.

MANCINI

You're sure?

STEVEN

Yeah.

MANCINI

You ever need anybody to talk to, you know where our office is.

STEVEN

Yeah. Thanks.

Mancini walks away. Alan stands with Steven.

ALAN

I don't know if you heard this or not, but now we got a connection with a guy from Detroit.

STEVEN

OK. What are you trying to say?

ALAN

If you ever need anything, you can give me a call.

STEVEN

Anything like what?

ALAN

Pot, Blow, Heroin, PCP. Anything you want I can help you out.

STEVEN

Thanks, but I'm good.

ALAN

OK. Keep it in mind though.

STEVEN

Sure.

ALAN

Awesome.

Alan walks away. By this time, the whole group has cleared off, leaving Steven alone. He stands quietly, looking down at the hole in the ground as the rain falls hard around him.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS CAR

Steven gets in the car, dripping wet from the rain. He starts the car up, and drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOME

Steven pulls up outside his house.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS KITCHEN

Steven stands in the kitchen, cooking dinner.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS KITCHEN

Steven sits alone, eating.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS LIVING ROOM

Steven sits to one side of his couch, watching TV.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS BEDROOM

Steven lays in bed, alone. The small amount of light coming from a source outside shines directly onto the pillow next to Stevens head. He turns, looking at the light.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS BEDROOM

Steven wakes up. Drowsy at first, he climbs to his feet.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS BATHROOM

Steven stands at the counter, brushing his teeth slowly.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS KITCHEN

Steven sits at the bench, eating breakfast alone.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS BEDROOM

Steven walks in, and rolls two dumbbells out from underneath his bed. He starts to lift them, alternating arms. As he's lifting, he closes his eyes.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

You know when you go to somebody's home after they've died. How it looks familiar to when you've been there when they were alive, but now they're gone it looks so different. This is how it felt, standing in my house. All I could think about was her, laying on that couch, dying.

Steven continues to lift, the look on his face grimacing as he groans during each lift. He lifts once more, then out of frustration hurls the dumbbell into the wall. It crashes through the wall, landing in the bathroom on the other side. Steven looks at the hole in the wall, and drops the other dumbbell.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOME

Steven sits on a small bench outside his home, holding a lit cigarette. Steven stares off into the distance, letting the cigarette burn in his hand. His attention is distracted when

DETECTIVE CHRISTOPHER NOLAN

Walks in front of Steven and sits down on the bench next to him. Chris is a few inches shorter than Steven, wearing a police uniform. He sports brown hair and a clean-cut face.

CHRIS  
Mr Willis?

Steven nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
My name is Detective Nolan.

STEVEN  
OK.

CHRIS  
I'm going to have to get you to stand up and put your arms behind your back.

STEVEN  
What?

CHRIS  
I'm placing you under arrest for the murder of Clare Rogers.

Steven drops the cigarette on the ground, He stands up with Chris, and puts his arms behind his back. Chris pulls out his handcuffs, and puts them on Steven.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION

Steven walks in front of Chris. The two of them walk up to the main desk.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Steven walks in, followed by Chris. Chris unlocks the handcuff on Stevens right hand, and cuffs it to a bar that runs along the table. Chris gestures to the seat. Steven sits down, then so does Chris.

CHRIS  
I'm sorry to have to do this, but it's a formality.

STEVEN  
And why couldn't we do this at my house.

CHRIS  
Because you've been avoiding me  
for the past couple of days.

STEVEN  
Fair.

CHRIS  
So how well did you know Clare?

STEVEN  
How long have you been a cop for?

CHRIS  
I'm sorry?

STEVEN  
How long?

CHRIS  
Four years.

STEVEN  
And a detective?

CHRIS  
This is my first week.

STEVEN  
You like it?

CHRIS  
It's... OK.

STEVEN  
Just OK?

CHRIS  
How well did you know her?

STEVEN  
She was carrying my child. So,  
pretty well.

CHRIS  
Do you know who killed her?

STEVEN  
No.

CHRIS  
You're sure?

Steven stares at Chris.

STEVEN  
Are you trying to ask me if I did  
it?

Chris says nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Just ask me.

CHRIS

Did you?

STEVEN

No. No I fucking didn't. Why would I shoot somebody twice in the chest, and then drive them to the hospital to save them. I'd have to be a fucking idiot.

CHRIS

You could've made a mistake. You got into a fight, maybe.

STEVEN

Let me tell you something. I loved her. More than anything else in the world. And now she's dead. And every time I close my eyes, I can see her laying on that couch, dying. You think I did it? You're too fucking stupid to be sporting that badge.

CHRIS

I'm sorry. It's just we have nothing to go on. Besides, we know about what you do for a living.

STEVEN

And what's that?

CHRIS

We both know. There's no point in even having the conversation, because we have no evidence that you really do it. You know it. You'll just deny it. So let's not waste each others time.

STEVEN

You're wasting my time right now.

CHRIS

You've got somewhere else to be?

STEVEN

As a matter of fact, I don't. I'm not going to answer any more questions until my attorney gets here.

CHRIS

Fine.

Chris stands up from the table, walks over to Steven.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELLS

Chris walks with Steven towards the pay phones. Chris takes off Stevens handcuffs. Steven picks up the phone, and dials a number. He holds the receiver up to his ear, listening to it ring. After four rings, somebody answers.

VOICE

Hello?

STEVEN

Steven Willis. I've been arrested.

VOICE

On what charge?

STEVEN

Murder.

VOICE

Have you talked to anybody yet?

STEVEN

No. Talk to the right people, get me out of here.

VOICE

I know what to do, thanks.

Voice hangs up. Steven places the receiver back in place. Chris walks Steven to the cell doors, they open, and Steven walks inside. The doors close. Steven scans the room, looking for a seat. He spots one on the other side of the room. He walks over, and sits down. He looks to his left, he sees the wall. He looks to his right, and sees

MIKE BURNETT

A black man in his mid thirties, shaved head and brown eyes. He sits with his arms crossed. He looks left to see Steven looking at him.

MIKE

I know you?

STEVEN

No.

MIKE  
You look familiar.

STEVEN  
We've never met.

MIKE  
You sure?

STEVEN  
I'd remember.

Steven breaks eye contact and stares at the roof. Mike looks at him a bit more, then goes back to staring at the door outside.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELLS - LATER

Steven still sits, doing nothing.

STEVEN  
(V.O.)  
Five minutes. That's all it took  
them.

The cell doors open, and two big muscle-bound guys walk in. They scan the room, and spot Steven. They both walk over to him.

MUSCLES #1  
Steven?

Steven looks up.

STEVEN  
Who wants to know?

Muscles #2, from his pocket, pulls out a small blade. Steven sees it and tries to move, but is too late. Muscles #2 lunges forward, stabbing Steven in the right shoulder. Steven yells, and lunges forward, tackling Muscles #2 to the floor. While they fight on the floor, Muscles #1 pulls out a blade as well.

MUSCLES #1  
Hold him!

Muscles #2 gets a hold of Steven, holding him still on the floor. From his seat

Mike

Flies forward, tackling Muscles #1 into the wall. Muscles #1 turns around, holding the knife in his hand. It stabs Mike in the upper left arm.

Mike punches Muscles #1 with his right hand, then pulls the knife out. From outside, five cops rush in, holding batons. They all quickly swarm the four guys, hitting each of them repeatedly with their batons.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL

Steven wakes up in a hospital bed. Chris Nolan and another uniform officer stand above him.

CHRIS

You OK?

STEVEN

Where am I?

CHRIS

Hospital.

STEVEN

What about the black guy?

Chris looks over at the next bed. Mike lays there, watching them talk.

CHRIS

Looks fine to me.

Chris and the uniform exit the room. Steven looks over at Mike.

STEVEN

Thank you.

Mike makes a face and shrugs his right shoulder.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

What are you in for?

MIKE

Some stupid drug thing.

STEVEN

You do it?

MIKE

Officially, no. You?

STEVEN

Killed my girlfriend apparently.

MIKE

Sorry to hear.

STEVEN

So what do you do, for money.

MIKE

I work in a garage. Fix cars.

STEVEN

And unofficially?

MIKE

Whatever I can get into. Drug dealing, car jacking. Small time stuff, but I need the money.

STEVEN

What's your name?

MIKE

Michael Burnett. You can call me Mike.

STEVEN

Mike. I owe you one after what happened in there.

MIKE

Yeah, what was that all about?

STEVEN

I don't know if I'm right or not, but I think my boss just tried to kill me.

MIKE

And who's your boss?

STEVEN

Robert Mancini.

Mike says nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

So I don't know if you'd be interested or not, but I think I'd be able to get you some work if you'd be interested.

MIKE

Really?

STEVEN

Sure. After saving my ass, it's the least I could do. If you want to, of course.

Mike thinks about this for a second.

MIKE  
Yeah, definitely.

STEVEN  
OK, cool. You wanna leave your  
number with me and I'll give you  
a call in a few weeks.

MIKE  
Cool.

STEVEN  
One more thing.

MIKE  
Yeah?

STEVEN  
You any good with a gun?

CUT TO:

EXT. MANCINI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Steven walks up the long driveway. Mancini's house is more  
like a small mansion.

STEVEN  
Three days later, and I was out  
of the hospital. Mancini didn't  
try anything else while I was  
there. Probably a smart move.

Steven opens the front door and walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCINI'S HOUSE

Steven walks in the house. There are three different doors  
leading from the main room. Steven looks lost.

STEVEN  
(yelling)  
Mancini!

MANCINI  
(off screen)  
In here.

Steven walks through the door on the left. Mancini sits at a  
table with three lines of cocaine set up on the coffee table.  
He watches TV.

STEVEN

(yelling)

What the fuck were you thinking?  
Who the fuck do you think you...

MANCINI

(cutting him off)

Shut up! Don't you ever talk to me like that again. You call up and say you're arrested. How the hell do I know you're not going to give us all up. It's a risk I can't take.

STEVEN

You should have trusted me! You said yourself you do! How the hell am I supposed to trust you now?

MANCINI

I don't know. I don't care. You were arrested for exactly what I pay you for. The only thing you had to do was keep me as far away from it as possible. And then you call me less than five minutes after you've been booked in. You better pray to god that somebody doesn't make the connection or I'll end you.

STEVEN

You can't make a call based on that. They arrested me because they thought I was the one who killed Clare.

MANCINI

It doesn't matter. These cops, they put the pressure on you, who knows what you'll tell them. I've been very careful so far, and I'm not going to let you sell me out to escape some bullshit charge

STEVEN

I wasn't going to! I know they had absolutely nothing to go on. So they made the faintest connection to me, because they know who I am. For all I know, they know who all of us are.

MANCINI

How?

STEVEN

I don't know. All I was going to do was ride it out, because I knew that eventually they'd have to let me go. Even if it was for something I did, I'd last more than five minutes.

MANCINI

All I know is that you know a lot about what we do. And if you ever get arrested again, I will kill you. There won't be any thought, any debate in it. I'll pick up that phone, and next time it won't be two small timers who owe me a favour. I know it's impossible for you to comprehend, but I do know people who are a lot better at this than you. And they'll be the ones who come for you, when you're sitting alone in that prison cell. Do you understand me?

Pause.

STEVEN

Yes.

Mancini and Steven lock eyes, staring at one another.

MANCINI

Good.

Mancini goes back to watching TV.

MANCINI (CONT'D)

You want?

Mancini gestures to the drugs.

STEVEN

No thanks.

MANCINI

Suit yourself.

Pause.

STEVEN

I'm ready for more work.

MANCINI

Really?

STEVEN

Yeah.

MANCINI

I've got no use for you. Your arm is fucked for Christ sakes. How long did the doctors say it'd take to heal?

STEVEN

One month. Maybe two.

MANCINI

So why don't you come back and see me in a month, maybe two.

STEVEN

Fine. But when I come back, we need to talk about something.

MANCINI

Tell me now.

STEVEN

OK. I need a favour.

MANCINI

And what makes you think you can ask me for a favour?

STEVEN

Since you tried to have me killed last week.

MANCINI

Fine.

STEVEN

I got a friend who wants a bit of work.

MANCINI

What kind of work?

STEVEN

I don't know what you think, but maybe he'd be able to work with me.

MANCINI

I don't follow.

STEVEN

I want to get into collections.

MANCINI

Collections?

STEVEN

I don't know. Whatever you'd need a couple of guys for.

MANCINI  
Can your friend handle himself?

STEVEN  
Yeah.

MANCINI  
OK. I do have somebody I want  
working with you, though.

STEVEN  
Who?

MANCINI  
You don't know him. Son of an old  
friend.

STEVEN  
I don't know if I can work with  
two people.

MANCINI  
Adjust. The only way I'm going to  
let you do this is if you work  
with him as well.

Pause.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
Think about it. Come see me when  
you're all healed up. Then we'll  
talk.

Steven glances down at the drugs, then at Mancini.

STEVEN  
OK.

Steven turns and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOME

Steven sits in the kitchen, eating from a bowl.

STEVEN  
(V.O.)  
Six weeks. Six weeks I had to sit  
around my house doing nothing.  
All I wanted to do was work. But  
now, because of Mancini, I  
couldn't.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANCINIS HOUSE

Steven and Mike are outside Mancinis house. They're walking up the driveway towards the house.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

Finally, I was able to go back to work. I gave Mike a call, and took him to meet Mancini.

They reach the front door. Steven opens the door and walks in, followed by Mike.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCINIS HOUSE

In the foyer again. This time, Steven walks through the second door, and into the kitchen. Mike follows. Sitting at the table is Mancini and Alan. Both are eating from a plate. As Steven and Mike enter, Mancini and Alan look up from their plates.

ALAN

Stevie.

STEVEN

How's it going?

MANCINI

Take a seat.

Mancini gestures to two seats at the end of the table. They sit down.

STEVEN

Mike, this is Robert and Alan Mancini. Guys, this is Mike Burnett.

MIKE

Nice to meet you.

Alan is quiet.

MANCINI

Likewise.

ALAN

How do you two know each other?

MIKE

Prison.

Pause.

MANCINI

Ahh, so you're the one who got  
the best of my two guys.

MIKE

Well, it was one each. But yeah.

ALAN

You know, we should've had you  
killed for that.

MIKE

You could try. They did.

STEVEN

So our third guy. Where is he?

Mancini turns his head to a door in the back of the room.

MANCINI

(yelling)

Carver!

The door opens, and out steps

BRODY CARVER

Early twenties, with short brown hair and blue eyes. He  
wears a t-shirt and black jeans, with a jacket.

Steven and Mike looks at Brody.

STEVEN

How old is he?

MANCINI

Twenty one.

STEVEN

Little young, isn't it?

BRODY

I'm sorry, how old were you when  
you started?

Steven smirks.

MANCINI

His father's an old friend of  
mine. Sent his boy down here for  
a job. He said this is what he  
wanted to do. Who am I to deny  
him that?

STEVEN

He any good?

BRODY  
You know, I'm standing right  
here.

STEVEN  
I know.

MANCINI  
He's good. Trained up and  
everything

Pause.

STEVEN  
(To Brody)  
You own a leather coat?

BRODY  
No.

STEVEN  
Get one.

BRODY  
Why?

MIKE  
Blood washes off leather easier.

STEVEN  
Exactly. The last thing you want  
is a blood stain ruining your  
favorite jacket.

BRODY  
Fine.

MANCINI  
Take a seat.

Brody walks to the other end of the table where Steven and  
Mike sit, and sits down with them.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
So we're gonna give you guys a  
bit of a trial period, see how  
things go. If it works, OK, we'll  
move you onto bigger things. If  
not, you all go back to how  
things were before.

STEVEN  
So have you got anything for us?

MANCINI  
(To Alan)  
Envelope.

On the table sits an envelope. Alan picks it up, and slides it down the table to the three. Steven grabs it, and opens it up.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
Sam Reynolds. You know him?

STEVEN  
Kind of.

MANCINI  
Got arrested last week.

STEVEN  
What for?

MANCINI  
Kiddie porn. A case full of it.

Steven says nothing.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
The guys a time bomb. He doesn't give a fuck about anybody but himself. And we've tried everything we can think of to get rid of him, but this bug just won't squash. So we need you to take care of it.

ALAN  
His numbers in the bag. He doesn't go anywhere without his bodyguards.

STEVEN  
How many?

ALAN  
Two.

MANCINI  
You think you can handle this?

STEVEN  
Yeah.

ALAN  
There's money in the envelope. You can either kill him and keep it, or give him the money to make sure he leaves. It's your choice.

Steven nods.

MANCINI  
Make sure it's tomorrow night.  
Around nine.

Steven stands. Mike and Brody do the same.

STEVEN  
We'll take care of it.

MANCINI  
I hope so.

Steven walks out of the room. Mike and Brody follow him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANCINIS HOUSE

The three guys walk down the driveway.

STEVEN  
So you're Carver?

BRODY  
Yeah. Brody Carver.

STEVEN  
I'm Steven. That's Mike.

BRODY  
Nice to meet you guys. Pleasure  
to be working with you.

STEVEN  
Well, we'll see how you go  
tomorrow night, then we'll decide  
if you're a good fit.

BRODY  
I didn't know there were try  
outs.

STEVEN  
For both of you.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET ALLEY

In the alley sits a silver car. Expensive. In the front  
seats sit two guys. In the back on the drivers side sits

SAM REYNOLDS

A late thirties man with glasses and very short hair. He  
wears a suit, but it looks about one size too big for him.  
Another car pulls into the alley, parking two cars length  
away from Sams car. The doors open, and Steven, Mike and  
Brody exit the car.

Steven and Brody walk towards the car, while Mike stands in between the cars. Sam rolls down the window as Steven and Brody approach.

SAM

Steven. How are you?

STEVEN

You know. Good, I guess.

SAM

Who's the extra muscle?

STEVEN

Just some people Bob loaded me with. Gotta show them the ropes.

SAM

He's got you running a training course now? That's pretty funny.

STEVEN

Not as funny for being arrested for drunk driving and having the cops find a kiddie magazine in the passengers seat.

SAM

That's debatable.

STEVEN

Not really.

SAM

So I heard about what happened with your girl. Shame.

Steven nods.

SAM (CONT'D)

The kid make it?

STEVEN

No.

SAM

Shame. Clare was cute. The kid would've been too.

Steven shifts his weight.

SAM (CONT'D)

You got my money?

Brody pulls a small envelope out of his pocket. He drops it in Sams lap. Sam opens it up.

BRODY  
You gonna count it?

Sam looks at the envelope, then leans forward and hands it to the guy in the passengers seat.

SAM  
Count that.

STEVEN  
Anything else we can do for you?

SAM  
No. This looks juicy enough.

STEVEN  
Good.

BRODY  
Hey, wind your window up, or else you'll catch a cold.

Steven and Brody take a step back.

SAM  
(To driver)  
Wind this window up.

The driver starts to wind the window up. From the back of his pants, Steven pulls out a handgun. He quickly points it and shoots twice, both shots hitting Sam in the head. At the same time, Brody also pulls one out, shooting the driver once in the head.

GUY IN PASSENGER SEAT

Reaches for his gun.

Mike

Pulls out a shotgun from underneath his coat. He brings it up and blasts it. The shots hit the window, hitting Passenger in the chest.

STEVEN  
(To Brody)  
Get the money.

Brody runs around to the other side of the car, opens the door and grabs the envelope from the hands of Passenger. He leaves the door open, and Steven and Brody walk towards the car. Passenger rolls out of the car, hitting the pavement. By this time, Steven and Brody are standing with Mike. They hear the noise and turn around. Passenger starts to crawl, slowly, away from them.

BRODY  
Don't shoot him yet. Wait till  
three.

Passenger hears this, tried to crawl faster. He leaves a smeared trail of blood as he goes.

BRODY (CONT'D)  
One.

Steven steps away from the two, brings his gun up and fires twice, both shots hitting Passenger in the head. Passenger stops crawling.

STEVEN  
It's not a game.

The three run back towards the car. They get in and drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Steven and Mike sit in the front, with Steven driving. Brody sits in the back.

STEVEN  
How much money is in the  
envelope?

Brody opens it up and skims through it quickly.

BRODY  
About ten thousand.

STEVEN  
(To Mike)  
How are you for money?

MIKE  
Could do with a little more.

STEVEN  
OK.  
(To BRODY)  
Split it up. Five for Mike, and  
two and a half for us.

BRODY  
OK.

Brody quickly counts out five thousand, and hands it to Mike. Mike stuffs it in his pocket. Brody counts out some more, and puts that in his pocket. He hands the envelope forward to Steven.

STEVEN  
Not in the envelope.

Brody takes the money out, and hands Steven the money, Steven takes it with one hand, and puts it in his coat pocket.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Burn the envelope when we're finished.

Brody nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCINIS HOUSE

Steven, Mike and Brody walk into the house, and through to the living room. Mancini sits on the couch, watching TV. He sees the three come through the door.

MANCINI  
Boys. How'd it go.

BRODY  
Good.

MANCINI  
And Sam?

MIKE  
Dead.

MANCINI  
Good.

Mancini looks at Steven.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
You guys mind giving me and Steve a minute alone?

BRODY  
No problem.

Mike and Brody leave the room, closing the door behind them.

MANCINI  
Take a seat.

Steven sits down on an armchair. He looks at Mancini.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
How'd they do?

STEVEN  
Good.

MANCINI

Brody?

STEVEN

He did good. One of the guys  
tried to get away.

MANCINI

Did he?

STEVEN

It's a bit hard when you've got a  
chest full of bullets.

MANCINI

So do you think this is something  
you'd like to keep going?

Pause.

STEVEN

I think so. Yeah.

MANCINI

Good. You guys did good tonight.

STEVEN

Thank you.

MANCINI

One more thing. I think the cops  
have got a rat inside our camp.

STEVEN

What?

MANCINI

I don't know for sure. It's just  
a feeling I'm getting. The cops  
seem to be too smart for their  
own good these days.

STEVEN

So what do you want me to do?

MANCINI

Nothing yet. We don't want to do  
something stupid until we know  
more.

STEVEN

OK.

MANCINI

Come back next week. Got  
something a bit more challenging  
for you boys.

STEVEN

OK.

Steven stands up, and exits the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANCINIS HOUSE

The three guys walk down the driveway.

MIKE

What'd he say?

STEVEN

He wants us to do more work for him. Together.

BRODY

That's cool.

STEVEN

Yeah, it is.

They get to the bottom of the driveway. Steven and Mike walk towards the car they came in.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(To Brody)

You need a lift?

BRODY

No, I've got my car.

STEVEN

OK.

Steven and Mike get into their car and drive off. Brody walks along the street.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven sits at the computer, typing.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

And that was it. I didn't want to be a part of the whole team thing. But what choice did I have? I promised Mike a job, and I'm a man of my word.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

But I knew that if he wasn't working with me, that either Mancini or Alan would've had him killed for the jail thing. And since I was working with Mike, I had to work with Brody as well. I'm not complaining, the work was easy and a lot less risky. But it was different, and I didn't like it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Steven, Mike, Brody and Mancini sit in a parked car at the dockyard. It's night-time, and there is nobody around.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

It was about three months later when we got called in for what Mancini called a business deal. I think the legal term for it is drug dealing.

From the distance, a car drives forward, it's headlights illuminating Stevens car. The other car stops 30 feet away from Stevens.

MANCINI

OK.

Steven, Mike, Brody and Mancini get out of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKLANDS

The four stare at the other car. After a few seconds, the front door opens and a man gets out.

VICTOR FAVREAU

35 years old, with short brown hair and brown eyes. He wears a suit, and has glasses. Favreau speaks with a southern accent.

FAVREAU

Mr Mancini. So nice to finally meet you.

MANCINI

Likewise, Victor.

FAVREAU

How about this weather, huh?

MANCINI

I know. It should be illegal for it to be this fucking cold.

FAVREAU

Yes.

Pause.

FAVREAU (CONT'D)

Why is it you don't trust me, Robert?

MANCINI

What gives you that idea?

FAVREAU

Well, you turn up to a business deal with more muscle than Miami Beach, what am I supposed to think?

MANCINI

And I'm sure you don't have your men out there, watching us right now?

FAVREAU

I don't know what you're talking about.

MANCINI

You've got your two in the car there, one on the shipping container across the way, one behind the scrap heap you passed when you came in, and one in a car near the entrance we passed on our way in.

FAVREAU

OK.

MANCINI

So I'm not the only paranoid one here, am I?

FAVREAU

I suppose not.

MANCINI

The difference is I walked in here assuming everything would go fine. Should I be worried?

FAVREAU  
No, not at all.

MANCINI  
Good. I'd hate to have my boys  
here kill you.

Pause.

FAVREAU  
Your briefcase?

Brody walks back to the car, opens the back door, leans in and pulls out a briefcase. He shuts the door, and walks back over, briefcase in hand. From his coat pocket, Favreau pulls a manila envelope, which is bulky in size. Brody walks over, and exchanges the briefcase for the envelope. Brody walks back over to the car.

MANCINI  
This is all of it?

FAVREAU  
Sure is. The money?

MANCINI  
It's all there.

FAVREAU  
Good. In there is a phone number.  
If you want to deal, call me on  
that number only.

MANCINI  
OK.

FAVREAU  
And next time. Send only one guy.  
Any more than that and we'll kill  
them all. Am I understood?

MANCINI  
Yeah.

FAVREAU  
And make sure next time, you  
leave your nigger at home.

Favreau looks at Mike. Mike goes to say something.

MANCINI  
Leave it.

Favreau smiles.

FAVREAU  
Good porch monkey. Good.

MANCINI

Let's go.

The four go back to the car. As he walks, Mike turns back to look at Favreau. Favreau watches them leave. They get in the car, and drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Mike, sitting in the back with Brody, is fuming.

BRODY

You OK?

MIKE

No, I'm not.

STEVEN

Don't let him get to you.

MIKE

And why the fuck not?

STEVEN

He's trying to piss you off.

MIKE

Well he's doing a good job.

STEVEN

Look. When we get back to the house, we'll go out for a drink.  
OK?

MIKE

OK.

STEVEN

(To Brody)  
You?

BRODY

Yeah, sure.

STEVEN

(To Mancini)  
Boss?

MANCINI

Sorry boys. Got plans.

STEVEN

Fair enough.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS CAR

Steven, Mike and Brody sit in Stevens car across the street from a club. The three get out of the car and walk across the street. They get to the door, and Steven talks to the man in front of it for a second. The man smiles, and gestures to the door. The three walk into the club.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB

The music is blaring. The place is packed. The three walk through the crowd. They pass a small group of people crowded around a guy break-dancing. The three stop and watch for a second, then keep walking. They come to a empty booth. They sit down.

STEVEN

Why'd we come here?

BRODY

Come on man, this place is the shit.

STEVEN

No, it's not "the shit".

BRODY

Well what would you rather?

STEVEN

A place where we don't have to yell to have a conversation.

BRODY

Be older, grandpa.

Brody stands up, and walks to the bar. Steven looks at Mike.

MIKE

That kid can be a real smart-ass sometimes.

STEVEN

You OK?

MIKE

Yeah. I'm still pissed about what that fuckhead said at the boats.

STEVEN

Look, forget it, OK? Trust me, we'll tag him back for that one.

Brody walks back to the table, holding three beers in his hands. He sits them down on the table, and sits down next to Mike.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

BRODY

So how lucky are you guys feeling tonight?

MIKE

What do you mean?

BRODY

Well, I'm going to be the responsible one here and say that we have to try and get you laid tonight.

MIKE

What?

BRODY

The whole time I've known you, I've never seen you with a girl.

MIKE

Neither of us have ever seen you with a girl, either.

BRODY

I'm working on some stuff.

STEVEN

Yeah, you keep working on it and you'll go blind.

Mike laughs.

BRODY

(To Steven)

And what about you? When's the last time you picked up?

STEVEN

That's none of your fucking business.

Pause.

BRODY

OK. I was just asking.

STEVEN

And I was just saying.

BRODY

(To Mike)

Look, if it's the last thing I do, I'm gonna get you laid tonight.

MIKE

It might be the last thing you do if you don't shut up.

BRODY

Make all the empty threats you want, it's happening.

MIKE

I don't think I'm going to meet anybody that's my type in here anyway.

BRODY

Really.

Brody looks around the club. He spots an attractive group of women sitting close to them.

BRODY (CONT'D)

OK, what about somebody there?

MIKE

Leave it alone.

BRODY

What's the problem? There are loads of prime women here.

MIKE

The fact that they're women.

BRODY

What?

Steven looks at Mike.

MIKE

I'm gay.

Steven looks bewildered. Brody thinks for a few seconds, then stands up, and sits on Stevens side of the table.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Are you happy now?

BRODY

I didn't mean to push.

MIKE

Well, now you know.

BRODY

I mean, if I knew you liked sucking cock, I would've taken you to a different bar.

STEVEN

Watch yourself.

BRODY

No, I'm just saying, maybe we can still make a bar that caters to men who like a little meat between the cheeks.

MIKE

I will kill you.

BRODY

You can try.

Steven stands up.

STEVEN

Where's the bathroom?

Brody points to a door next to the bar. Steven walks towards the door, until somebody bumps into him. Steven is pushed into a man who is holding a drink. He spills the drink all over his clothes. The man turns around to face Steven.

DRINK MAN

What the fuck is your problem?

STEVEN

Sorry man, it was an accident.

DRINK MAN

Well you're gonna buy me another fucking drink, that's for sure.

STEVEN

It wasn't my fault. Why don't you let it go.

DRINK MAN

Because it's my drink. And it's your fault. So hurry back with my drink, bitch.

Drink Man shoves Steven hard. Steven takes a few steps back because of the push. Steven steadies himself, then swings hard and punches Drink Man in the face. Drink Man goes down. Drink Mans friend lunges toward Steven. Brody comes from nowhere and tackles Friend to the floor. Friend rolls Brody over so Friend is on top, and starts punching Brody. Mike comes behind Friend and grabs him in the sleeper hold.

Drink Man takes a wild swing at Steven. Steven dodges the punch, leans left and punches Drink Man in the kidneys twice. Drink Man falls to the ground.

Friend is flailing all over the place. One wild swing manages to hit Mike in the groin. Mike lets go. Friend swings around, hitting Mike across the head. Steven kicks high, landing his foot in Friends stomach. Friend is breathing hard. Steven walks forward, wrapping his hands around Friends neck, and slamming him down onto the floor.

FOUR BOUNCERS

Run in and drag Steven, Mike, Brody away from Drink Man and Friend. They are dragged outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB

The three are dragged outside the club. Steven and Mike walk calmly, but Brody struggles in the mans grip. Steven and Mike are let go. Brody is let go. Brody goes to say something to the bouncer, but Steven grabs his arm. Brody goes quiet.

The four bouncers stare at the three, and Steven, Mike and Brody stare back. A few seconds pass, and the bouncers leave them and go back inside. Brody falls to the ground. He sits up, his nose bleeding. Steven and Mike sit down next to him.

MIKE

Starts to laugh softly. Brody does too. Steven smiles, but doesn't make a noise.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Steven stops typing. He stands up from his chair and stretches his arms and legs. He walks into the bathroom and shuts the door. The bathroom tap runs, and is then turned off. Steven walks back out and sits down. He begins typing again.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

So it was about two weeks before Mancini made a deal with the Southern guy.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS CAR

Steven sits in his car alone. He's driving through the docks. It's night-time.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

And, as per the guys request, I met him alone.

Steven stops the car. He sits in the darkness.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

It was a pretty big deal. 5 million dollars. I was surprised that Mancini was able to trust me with that much money. But then again, it's hard to get lost with that sort of cash.

A car in the distance. It drives up to Stevens car. It stops, and Favreau gets out. In Favreaus hands he holds a radio.

FAVREAU

No Mancini this time?

STEVEN

Nope. Just me.

FAVREAU

Good. And you're alone?

STEVEN

Like you asked.

Favreau lifts the radio up to his mouth.

FAVREAU

Anything?

RADIO VOICE #1

(O.S.)

Clear.

RADIO VOICE #2

(O.S.)

Clear.

Favreau stares at Steven.

FAVREAU

Alright.

From the distance, a second car drives up.

STEVEN

This isn't what we talked about.

FAVREAU

I know. You really didn't think  
I'd walk in here with 5 million  
worth of product alone, did you?

The car stops behind Favreau. Two guys get out, and walk to the trunk. They open it and both pull out two large gym bags. They walk and stand behind Favreau.

FAVREAU (CONT'D)

Money?

Steven opens his drivers door and leans in. He grabs a small backpack, and leaves the car door open. He opens the bag and shows it to Favreau. It's stuffed with bundles of money.

FAVREAU (CONT'D)

Good.

Favreau drops the radio to the ground. From his jacket, he pulls out a gun. He points it straight at Steven.

FAVREAU (CONT'D)

Hands!

Steven puts his hands on his head. The two guys with the bags drop the bags to the ground.

FAVREAU (CONT'D)

You know, I never really thought  
that Mancini would be stupid  
enough to send one guy out here.  
One guy. It's amazing.

A red dot blinks briefly on Favreaus chest.

FAVREAU (CONT'D)

You see, we figure it'd be easier  
if we just took your five million  
for ourselves rather than do  
business with you.

(To the guy on the left)  
Go get the bag.

The guy on the left walks forward towards Steven. Steven curls both hands into fists.

Brody

On a platform some distance away, watches through a sniper scope. Laying on the floor next to him is a dead body, with a knife stuck in his throat, and a radio laying on his chest.

Mike

On the ground, watching through a sniper scope, also with a dead body laying a few feet away.

They both see Steven curl his fists.

Brody

Fires his rifle, the shot hitting Favreau in the shoulder. Favreau goes down.

Mike

Fires, hitting the guy standing on Favreaus right in the head.

Steven

Quickly pulls a gun from his pants, bringing it up and shooting the man coming towards him twice in the chest. He goes down.

The two men

Still in the second car. They try to exit the car, but both are hit by sniper fire. Steven leans into his car and grabs a shotgun from underneath the drivers seat.

A third car

Drives towards them. Steven shoots through the front windscreen with the shotgun, hitting the driver. The car veers off to the right, and then stops. The three guys jump out, firing at Steven as they exit the car. Steven takes a shot at one, but misses. Steven runs and takes cover behind his car.

Mike

Shoots quickly, taking two of the three guys down.

Brody

Tries to shoot the third, but misses. The third man hides behind a car. Brody picks up the dead mans radio.

BRODY

I don't have a shot.

Mike

Takes a few shots, but only hits the body of the car.

MIKE

(into radio)

Me neither.

Steven

Holds the shotgun close to his chest. He rolls on the ground out from cover, and shoots at the car. The blast hits a tyre, but nothing else.

Hiding Man

Leans out and fires a few shots at Steven. Steven hides back in cover.

BRODY  
(into radio)  
Coax him out.

STEVEN  
(yelling)  
I can't!

Mike

Grabs the shotgun laying next to his feet, and comes out from his cover and runs towards the cars.

MIKE  
(Into radio)  
I'm moving for a better shot.

Steven leans out, holding the shotgun with one hand. He fires it, this time blasting the window. Hiding Man fires back a few shots. Steven moves around the other side of his car, then makes a run to the car that Hiding Man is behind. Hiding Man takes a few shots, and then his gun is empty. Hiding Man tried to reload.

Steven

Comes around and points the shotgun at Hiding Man. Steven pulls the trigger, but it only clicks. It's empty.

Hiding Man

Reloads fast. Steven grabs his gun from his waistband. Both men bring up their guns at almost the same time. Steven shoots first, hitting Hiding Man in the stomach. Hiding Man drops his gun. Steven shoots Hiding Man in the head. Hiding Man falls to the ground dead.

Favreau

Still alive, stands with his gun in his hand. He looks around, and sees Steven. He points his gun at Steven.

MIKE

From behind Favreau, points his gun at Favreau's head.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Don't.

Favreau sees Mike out of the corner of his eyes. Favreau drops his gun to the ground.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Who's the nigger now?

Mike fires his shotgun, removing Favreau's head.

Brody

Approaches from his spot. They both look at Favreau's body

STEVEN  
Get the bottles.

Brody runs to Steven's car and from the trunk grabs a small wooden box. He brings it back to Steven. Steven opens the box. Inside are five small bottles of gas. They grab one each. Steven goes for the first car, Brody the second, and Mike douses the three bodies that lay away from the cars. Mike and Brody grab the four gym bags. All three of them run back to Steven's car.

Steven

Holds a pack of matches. He lights one match, and then uses that one to light the rest. He drops the burning matches onto one of the bodies. It ignites, sending the flame along to the next body, and the next.

The three

Are now in the car and driving away as fast as they can.

The flame train

Has now reached the first car. The first car explodes. Flames from the first car explosion ignite the second car. The second car explodes as well.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN'S CAR

Steven drives. Brody is in the front, and Mike in the back.

STEVEN  
You guys OK?

Brody nods.

MIKE  
Yeah.

STEVEN  
Check the bags.

The four gym bags lay in the backseat. Mike opens them all. From one, he pulls a phone book. He passes it to Brody. Steven looks at it.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Fuckers.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCINI'S HOUSE

Steven, Mike and Brody walk into the living room of Mancini's house. Brody holds one of the bags. Mancini sits on the couch.

Eva Mancini

Lays on the couch, her feet on Mancini's lap. All she's wearing is a small t-shirt and her underwear. Steven, Mike and Brody stand, looking at them on the couch.

STEVEN  
(V.O.)  
Eva Mancini. The second wife,  
after Alan's mother. Probably the  
only person Mancini didn't  
respect.

EVA  
Boys!

The three boys avoid looking at her.

EVA (CONT'D)  
How are you Steve?

STEVEN  
Good, thanks.

EVA  
I haven't seen you in a while.

STEVEN  
I know.

EVA  
You're looking good.

STEVEN  
Thanks.

Pause.

EVA  
Well what about me?

STEVEN  
I'm sorry?

EVA  
Don't I look good?

STEVEN

Yeah, I guess.

Mancini looks at Steven, then turns his attention to Eva.

MANCINI

Why don't you go brush your teeth?

EVA

I've done them already.

MANCINI

It wasn't a suggestion.

Eva stands up. Brody stares at her.

EVA

It was good to see you guys.

BRODY

You too.

Eva walks slowly out of the room, but not before glancing back to the three. Only Brody is still looking. She smiles, and leaves the room.

Mancini

Sees Brody watching.

MANCINI

Are you catholic, Brody?

BRODY

No.

MANCINI

Well I am. And I strongly believe in the bounds of marriage. So if I ever catch you staring at my wife again, I'll have Steven take your fucking eyes out.

BRODY

(Nervous)

OK.

MANCINI

Don't take it personally. The same rule goes for everyone. Isn't that right, Steve?

STEVEN

Yeah.

Pause.

MANCINI  
So, how'd it go?

STEVEN  
Exactly how you said it would.

MANCINI  
And the money?

MIKE  
They didn't have any.

BRODY  
The bags were filled with these.

Brody pulls a phone book from the bag, and throws it on the couch next to Mancini. Mancini stares at it for a second.

MANCINI  
And Favreau?

STEVEN  
Gone.

MANCINI  
Good. There's nothing I hate more than somebody who isn't afraid to stab you in the back.

Mancini picks up the phone book and throws it to Mike.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
Burn the bags with the rest of your stuff.

STEVEN  
OK.

MANCINI  
You know what this means, don't you?

BRODY  
What?

MANCINI  
It's war now.

Mancini smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Steven stops typing for a second, and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a cell phone. It's vibrating. He answers the call.

STEVEN

Hello?

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Did it get there OK?

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Good.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

What's the number?

Steven types numbers into the computer.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Hey, don't worry about it. My gift to you.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

Steven hangs up. He looks at the computer screen, and then types the numbers into his phone. He stares at the phone screen, then puts the phone back into his pocket. He goes back to typing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

And that's when it started. Mancini called it a war. It's a bit of an overstatement. Whatever ties we had with the family up north were now severed. If you were alive then, you probably read about it in the papers. A city divided, they called it. Everybody tried to make a bigger deal about it than it actually was.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY

Steven stands outside the bakery, smoking.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

Fast forward to winter, 1990. The movie Goodfellas had just come out, and everybody thought that they were a true gangster. By this time, the three of us were well known around the place. I once heard somebody say that if they saw the three of us together, it only meant bad news for somebody.

Steven finishes his cigarette, and walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY

Steven walks into the bakery. He heads towards the back, where Mancini sits. Mancini spots Steven, and gives him a sideways wave. Mancini sits with Michael Parker, now a lot older. Steven hangs back.

STEVEN

We'd been getting word about a rat for the cops. Somebody involved with us. It wasn't good news for anybody.

Parker

Stands up, turns and walks towards Steven. Parker stares at Steven for a second.

PARKER

Hey, it's you.

STEVEN

Yeah.

PARKER

How've you been?

STEVEN

Good. You?

PARKER

Good, I guess. Money's a little tight.

STEVEN

Yeah.

PARKER

Hey, if you ever need a fourth guy in your team, I'd be more than happy to volunteer.

STEVEN

Thanks. I'll keep that in mind.

PARKER

OK. See you later kid.

STEVEN

Bye.

Parker walks off.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Michael Parker. The years had not been good to him. I'd seen him around, but he never seemed to recognise me. Personally I think it was a bit of a dick move to forget the person who saved your life. But who am I to judge?

Steven walks over to Mancini and sits down.

MANCINI

You remember Parker?

STEVEN

Yeah.

MANCINI

Good.

Mancini picks up an envelope from the ground. He hands it to Steven.

MANCINI (CONT'D)

You remember our talk about the rat problem?

STEVEN

Yeah.

Steven opens the envelope, and pulls out a picture. He stares at it.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Are these real?

MANCINI

Yeah. My guy got them a couple of days ago.

STEVEN  
I thought you said he could be  
trusted?

MANCINI  
I did.

STEVEN  
So what do we do?

MANCINI  
I think we both know what needs  
to be done here. You'll need  
three.

STEVEN  
OK. Consider it taken care of.

MANCINI  
Make sure the body is hidden real  
good.

STEVEN  
Don't you worry about that. I'm  
gonna scatter it all over town.

MANCINI  
Good man.

Steven stands up, and drops the envelope on the table.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
Don't you want to take them?

STEVEN  
Don't need them.

Steven turns and walks out of the bakery.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
(V.O.)  
In our business, there's nothing  
worse than a guy who rats his  
friends out to the cops. So we  
have no problem taking our time  
to take care of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE

Steven is walking up the front lane of a house. He gets to  
the front door, and rings the bell. A few seconds pass, and  
the door opens.

Parker

Stands there.

PARKER  
What's up?

STEVEN  
Need your help.

PARKER  
Really, with what?

STEVEN  
You know my guy Brody?

PARKER  
Yeah.

STEVEN  
He's working with the cops.

PARKER  
You're kidding me.

STEVEN  
No. I need you to come with us so  
we can take care of it.

PARKER  
OK. Just let me grab my jacket.

STEVEN  
No time. Let's go, now.

Parker stares at Steven for a second, then closes the door. He pulls his keys from his pocket and locks the door. They walk towards Steven's car, parked on the street.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN'S CAR

Steven and Parker sit in the front, while MIKE and BRODY sit in the back.

BRODY  
So why's he sending us all the  
way out here?

STEVEN  
Make a pick-up from some guy.

BRODY  
What sort of pick-up?

STEVEN  
Guns.

Silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The car pulls into a motel. It's pretty empty, only a few cars in the lot. Steven parks close, with his trunk facing the room. The four get out.

STEVEN  
(To Mike)  
Check the room.

Mike and Brody walk towards the room. They unlock the door, and walk inside.

PARKER  
Do you think he knows?

STEVEN  
No.

Steven pulls out two handguns, both equipped with silencers. He hands one to Parker. Parker ejects the clip, and checks it. He slides it back in, and hides the handgun in his pants. Steven does the same.

Steven and Parker walks towards the room. They walk into the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Brody stands in the living room. Mike walks out from one of the bedrooms.

MIKE  
It's good.

Steven nods. He gestures to the chairs, sitting in the middle of the room. The floor is wooden panels. Brody and Mike sit down. Parker looks at Steven. Steven nods, and Parker sits down as well. Steven looks at the three, sitting down in the chairs.

BRODY  
Aren't you going to sit down?

STEVEN  
No.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You know, we always suspected that there was somebody close to us who was tipping off the cops. They always seemed to be able to find bodies that we'd dumped somewhere a little too quickly. But I bet you thought we'd never figure out it was you.

Parker is looking at Steven. Parker turns his head, and sees that Brody and Mike are staring at him as well.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

No wonder you wanted to join up with us. I bet it would've been a good payday for you when you traded us in.

Parker grabs the handgun in his pants, aims it at Brody and pulls the trigger.

Click.

Parker's slight smile, drops to a frown.

Steven

Has his handgun out, already pointed at Parker's head. He pulls the trigger twice, both bullets hitting Parker at close range. Parker drops to the floor, his blood spraying everywhere.

Mike and Brody

Are up out of their chairs. Steven puts the gun away. Brody goes into the bedroom and brings back out a large plastic bag. He lays it down. Mike brings out a bucket and a sponge. Brody and Steven roll the body over into the bag.

Brody zips the bag up halfway, and Steven zips it the rest. They grab their respective ends, and lift the bag up.

Mike opens the front door, steps outside and looks around. He turns and nods. Steven and Brody walk outside. Mike opens the trunk. Inside is lined with garbage bags. They drop the body inside.

Steven

Looks at Mike, and nods. Mike walks back into the room, and shuts the door. Steven and Brody get into the car and drive. They drive down the street, and off onto a dirt road. They follow the dirt road until they come to a small clearing.

The trunk

Pops open as Brody and Steven open it up. They drag the body out. Steven keeps hold, and keeps dragging it away from the car. Brody goes to the back seat, and grabs a small duffel bag. Steven drops the body, and Brody walks over. He opens the duffel bag.

Two axes

Are pulled from the bag. Brody hands one to Steven, and keeps one for himself.

BRODY  
I hate this part.

Steven swings around, and brings the axe down.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL ROOM

Steven and Brody drive back. Mike is already outside. The car pulls up, and Mike gets in. They drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. CREMATORIUM

The three boys walk inside the crematorium. It's dark, so Mike turns on a light. They each hold a garbage bag in each hand. The furnace is already turned on. The guys place their bags on the table, and Steven opens the door. Mike and Brody throw the bags into the fire. Steven closes the door.

MIKE  
Did he have his wire with him?

STEVEN  
No. He would've left it at home

BRODY  
Didn't you say you knew him?

STEVEN  
Yeah, saved his life a long time ago.

BRODY  
A little ironic.

STEVEN  
I know.

The three boys watch the fire, as it burns the chopped up body parts that lay on the slab.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN'S HOME

Steven sits on the couch watching TV. There's a knock at the door. Steven stands up and walks to the front door, opening it.

Eva Mancini

Stands there, wearing a coat.

EVA

Hi.

STEVEN

Eva.

EVA

Can I come in?

STEVEN

What are you doing here?

EVA

I was in the area. Thought I'd stop by.

Steven stands aside, and Eva walks in. Steven closes the door behind her. Eva looks around the room.

EVA (CONT'D)

You know, I didn't expect you to live in a place like this.

STEVEN

A place like what?

EVA

Never mind.

STEVEN

So what can I do for you?

Eva takes her coat off and drops it on the floor. Underneath, she's wearing a t-shirt and jeans. She lifts the t-shirt over her head, and drops that on the floor as well.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

EVA

I think you know what I'm doing. I've seen you looking at me.

STEVEN

No, I haven't.

EVA

And I know you haven't had a woman since Clare.

Steven says nothing. Eva walks up to him, standing close.

EVA (CONT'D)

Please.

STEVEN

If Bob ever found out, he'd kill us both.

EVA

So we won't let him find out.

STEVEN

No. Put your clothes on, and go.

Eva looks at Steven for a second, and then walks back over to her coat and t-shirt. She puts them back on.

EVA

Please don't say anything to Bob.

STEVEN

Don't worry, I won't.

A cell phone rings. Eva pulls her cell phone out of her pocket and answers it.

EVA

Hello?

Pause.

EVA (CONT'D)

Just some shopping. I'll be home soon.

Eva hangs the phone up.

EVA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I thought it'd be something you wanted.

STEVEN

It's not.

Eva walks out of the house. Steven watches her go. He looks confused by what's just happened.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Steven sits at the computer, still typing.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

Over the next year, there was a lot of fighting going on between the two halves of the city. Our side would push, they'd push back. By this stage, Mancini's paranoia was out of control. Anybody doing wrong was killed. No question. But what could I do? I was just hired help.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER

Steven walks towards a trailer, sitting in the middle of nowhere.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

Saul Adams was a work friend of Clare's. I'd met him a few times, he seemed like a nice guy.

Steven walks up to the trailer door, and pushes it in. He walks inside the trailer.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER

SAUL ADAMS

A skinny man with black hair and brown eyes. He wears glasses, and is clean shaven. He wears a suit, but it's wrinkled. He's moving frantically around the trailer. Steven walks in, and Saul looks at him.

Steven

Pulls a gun, and points it at Saul.

STEVEN

Take a seat.

Saul sits down.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Before we get started, I just think you should know that this isn't personal.

Saul says nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Where's the money?

Saul says nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I have two ways I can do this.  
You tell me and I kill you quick.  
You don't tell me, I search for  
it and find it anyway, and let  
you go slowly.

Steven pulls out a small container, holding lighter fluid. He points it at Saul, and squirts it all over him. Saul squirms, but doesn't move from his seat. Steven throws the container on the floor at Saul's feet.

Saul says nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I know it's still in here.

Pause. Steven pulls out a pack of matches.

SAUL  
Black bag on the bed.

Steven turns and walks towards the bed. He picks up a small black bag, and opens it up. He looks inside, and closes it again.

STEVEN  
How did you think we wouldn't  
find out. You had to know that  
we'd find you. You might have  
gotten away tonight, but we  
would've found you eventually.

SAUL  
I had a pretty good idea for an  
escape plan.

STEVEN  
I don't care.

Steven raises his gun and points it at Saul.

SAUL  
I know who killed Clare.

Steven stops, looking at Saul.

STEVEN  
What?

SAUL  
I said, I know who killed Clare.

Pause.

STEVEN

Who? How?

SAUL

There's rumors. That Alan had her killed. For what, I don't know.

STEVEN

Don't you lie to me. The last thing you want to do is piss me off.

SAUL

I'm serious, you ask anybody. They say he bought an outsider in. So it would look random. But everybody says the same thing. Alan did it.

Steven lets his gaze wander off to a window. He thinks about this for a second. He turns, and walks out of the trailer.

Saul

Breathes a sigh of relief. The trailer door opens, and Steven walks back in. Points his gun at Saul and shoots once, hitting Saul in the forehead. Saul slumps down in his chair, dead. Steven walks out of the trailer.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER

Steven steps down from the trailer.

Mike and Brody

Stand there, each holding a molotov cocktail in each hand.

STEVEN

Hit it.

BRODY

Ten bucks if you get it through the window.

Mike and Brody throw their cocktails into the wall of the trailer. Then they each throw one inside the door of the trailer. The trailer starts to burn. The three men get in Steven's car and drive away as the trailer burns behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The three sit in a booth at a diner. Mike and Brody on one side, Steven on the other. Brody is eating pancakes. Mike holds a bottle of water. Steven is staring at the window, not listening to the conversation.

BRODY

Do you believe in God?

MIKE

Yeah. I guess.

BRODY

Steven?

STEVEN

What? No.

BRODY

I do. And I know that people go on about how can we believe when there's no real proof, blah blah blah. Well, it all depends on how close you look at things.

MIKE

I don't follow.

BRODY

Well, look at Hitler. His mother thought about aborting him, but decided not to. He was the first child of his mothers to survive infancy. Once, he almost froze to death while sleeping on a street, but he was saved, and you'll love this, by a Jewish charity group. After some speech, before he became "mass murdering fuck head Hitler", he tried to shoot himself in the face, but some cop saved him. In 1943, somebody put a bomb on his plane, but it never went off. All up, between 1933 and 1945, there were at least seventeen attempts on his life. Now you can't tell me that God wasn't trying his hardest there.

STEVEN

You really think that there's a god? You really think that? There is no way we'd be doing what we do if there was a god.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

It takes a certain kind of evil to do what we do, and I can guarantee you that if there is a God, we sure as hell won't be meeting him. All three of us are going to hell for what we've done. And the Nazis? What is the difference between them and us? Huh?

BRODY

We kill bad people, that's the difference.

STEVEN

And how do we know that they're bad? Because Mancini passes us an envelope with a picture or a name inside, and tells us that they've been doing naughty things that he doesn't approve of? The Nazis were killing people that they thought were evil, or wrong. The only difference is the numbers.

MIKE

There is no way that you can compare us to the Nazis. No way. They killed six million people, wiped out entire families because they didn't approve of their religion. We kill because it comes down to us or them.

STEVEN

And why should we be able to make that decision? Us or them? How do we know that it's not supposed to be us and not them? Huh? How?

Steven looks at Brody and Mike, then stands up and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN'S HOME

Steven sits in the kitchen, with a cigarette in his hand. It's lit, but he's not smoking it. He's staring at a picture on the table, one of him and Clare.

A knock

At the door.

STEVEN

(Yelling)

Come in.

The door slowly opens. Brody walks in.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Brody.

Brody looks sheepish.

BRODY

I just came to apologize about what I said tonight.

STEVEN

Don't worry about it.

BRODY

Look, I'll understand if you don't want to work with us anymore.

Steven says nothing.

BRODY (CONT'D)

OK.

Brody turns and walks towards the door.

STEVEN

Five years.

Brody stops, and turns to look at Steven.

BRODY

I'm sorry?

STEVEN

I can't believe it's been five years, and I still can't get the image out of my head. I try to go to sleep at night, and all I can do is think about Clare. The one decent person I knew, and God took her away from me. I walked through her front door, and saw her standing there, covered in her blood. That image is burned into my brain forever. Do you know what it's like? To have the last image of the person you loved, dying in your arms?

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I used to spend so much time with her. Not doing anything in particular. Just hanging out. But it was the best time of my life.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

And now all I can do is sit around here, and think about how if I'd been just a minute earlier, I would've been able to save her. If I'd driven just a bit faster, she might be alive today. And the last gift that Clare ever gave me, I sold it down the river, because I was scared. Scared that my child would grow up to be just like me.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I'll call you tomorrow. Tell Mike I'm sorry for going off on you guys like that.

Brody nods, and walks out the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Steven sits at the computer.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

The next year was a busy one.

CUT TO:

EXT. RANDOM HOUSE

Steven and Brody wait outside a house. They are both wearing long brown rain coats.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

We'd set up a meeting with the new guys in town. They'd just come in from Europe, and were looking for some sponsoring. They'd worked with the other side before, but now were fishing for money from us.

The front door opens. A muscle bound guy opens the door. He wears all black.

MUSCLES

Come in.

Muscles opens the door, and Steven and Brody walk inside.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

Steven and Brody walk inside the house into the living room. Sitting on a couch is

MYLES HEDER

A man in his forties, with a bald head and blue eyes. He wears a cheap suit, and sits alone. Around the room are six other bodyguards, including Muscles. Muscles holds a portable metal detector in his hands.

MUSCLES

Arms up.

Steven and Brody raise their arms to shoulder length. Muscles runs the metal detector over Steven first. Nothing. He runs it over Brody, and it beeps around his waist at the front.

MUSCLES (CONT'D)

Give it to me.

Brody reaches into his pants and pulls out a handgun. He gives it to Muscles. Muscles finishes scanning him. Nothing.

MYLES

Come in. Sit down.

Steven and Brody walk closer. They sit down in two armchairs next to each other.

MYLES (CONT'D)

I was told that there was three of you.

STEVEN

Our third had a date.

MYLES

Why did you feel the need to bring that with you?

BRODY

Nervous bowels.

MYLES

You don't trust me?

STEVEN

No.

MYLES

Fair enough. I'm looking for about 3 and a half per load. And for every successful load, you're boss will make 5 back. And if there is any loss, we will still cover your end.

STEVEN

Why'd you come to us?

MYLES

The way the other guy runs his business is shaky. I don't like it. The way your man does stuff is a little more to my liking. The boat yard for example. It takes a smart man to plan his moves two steps ahead.

BRODY

How do we know that you're not still working for them, just trying to fuck us over.

MYLES

When I sever all ties, I sever all ties. Why would I bring you to where I do business, where my children play if I were planning a double cross?

STEVEN

So you can promise us that we wouldn't have any connections to the other side.

MYLES

Well, one or two. I still need to run a business here, you know.

BRODY

We're not comfortable with that.

MYLES

I don't follow?

STEVEN

You either need to commit to us completely, or not at all.

MYLES

I don't think so. And do you know why, Mr Willis?

Steven looks surprised.

MYLES (CONT'D)

Yes, I know who you are. I know a lot about the both of you. More than you'd like me to know, I'm sure.

Pause.

MYLES (CONT'D)

I run my business how I like, and if somebody doesn't like it, than that's their decision. But if they try to strong-arm the way I do things, well, they can push as hard as they want, but trust me when I say this. I will push harder.

Two guys behind Myles pulls out a gun each.

MYLES (CONT'D)

Do you understand what I'm saying?

Pause.

STEVEN

Yeah.

MYLES

Good. So do we have a deal?

STEVEN

Yeah.

MYLES

Excellent. Well, your man has my number. Tell him to contact me next week, and we'll get this ball rolling.

Steven and Brody stand up.

STEVEN

There is just one more thing.

MYLES

And what's that?

STEVEN

We know you had a hand in a robbery six months ago. Six of our guys died, two of them friends of mine. So don't take this personally.

Brody reaches into a pocket of his coat, the one directly over where he was hiding his handgun before, and pulls a second one out. He points it at the two guys behind Myles holding guns, and shoots them both. He swings around, and shoots Muscles.

Steven swings his fist wide, and punches one of the guys closest to him in the head. He grabs the guys gun from his holster, dives to the floor and takes out the other two, one moving towards Steven, the other towards Brody. Steven stands up from the floor. Muscles is still moving. Brody shoots him in the face, killing him. Steven and Brody turn their guns on Myles.

MYLES

Don't be stupid.

Steven and Brody empty their guns into Myles, his body bouncing with every bullet hit. The guns empty, and Steven and Brody exit the house quickly, leaving behind the room of dead bodies.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANCINI'S HOUSE

Steven and Brody exit Mancini's house. They walk towards Steven's car. Across the street is another car, parked at the curb. The door opens, and Detective Christopher Nolan steps out. He's a little older, and now has a goatee. He walks across the street towards the two. Brody notices him first.

BRODY

Steven.

Steven looks at Brody, then follows his eye line to Nolan. Nolan stops walking at Steven's car.

NOLAN

Mr Willis.

STEVEN

Call me Steve.

NOLAN

You might not remember me.

STEVEN

Detective Nolan.

NOLAN

That's right.

STEVEN

What can we do for you this evening?

NOLAN

I'm here to talk to you both.

STEVEN

Is that right? What about?

NOLAN

We're building an investigation against the Mancini family. Anybody who works high up faces serious charges. We had somebody working inside for about three months, and then all of a sudden he just left the city.

STEVEN

Is that right?

NOLAN

Yeah. Didn't pack. Even left his wallet at home. Just left without telling anybody anything. But I suppose you wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

STEVEN

Nope.

NOLAN

Look, you guys are getting a lot of attention. This fued is getting out of control. And if you guys don't slow down, you and your boss are facing serious charges.

STEVEN

But we both know for a fact that you've got nothing on any of us.

NOLAN

I wouldn't say that. I'm here to tell you both that if you decided to help us out, it would be much appreciated. We'd be willing to compensate you both greatly, and, if necessary, relocate you so you'll be safer.

BRODY

You really are brave, trying to turn us outside the mans house.

NOLAN

Oh, does he live here? I had no idea.

Nolan smiles.

NOLAN (CONT'D)  
Here's my card.

Nolan passes them both a card.

NOLAN (CONT'D)  
You can call me at that number  
anytime. Please give it some  
serious thought.

STEVEN  
Yeah, definitely.

Nolan turns and walks away. Steven drops the card on the ground. Brody does the same. They watch Nolan walk back to his car.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN'S HOME

Steven is in the bathroom, brushing his teeth. There's a knock at the door. Steven drops his toothbrush in the sink, and walks to the front door. He opens it.

Eva Mancini

Stands in the shadows.

EVA  
Can I come in, please?

Steven stands aside. Eva walks inside. Her face is bruised, and she's got blood under her nose. Her eyes are red from her crying.

STEVEN  
Jesus, what happened?

EVA  
Bob, just went off. He was high,  
and I made some stupid joke about  
cops, and next thing I know he's  
beating me. It's not the first  
time he's done it either.

She turns her head, and shows Steven her ear. Her earring had been ripped out, tearing the ear lobe.

EVA (CONT'D)  
He did this as a warning. Said,  
next time he'd kill me. And you  
know what scares me? I believe  
he'll do it. He's getting worse.  
All this coke is fucking up his  
brain. Turning it into mush. He's  
not himself.

Pause.

EVA (CONT'D)  
I need your help. I gotta get out  
of here. Tonight.

Pause.

STEVEN  
OK.

EVA  
You'll help me?

STEVEN  
Yeah.

EVA  
Thank you.

STEVEN  
There's bandages in the bathroom.  
Clean up your ear. Be ready in  
ten minutes.

EVA  
OK.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN'S HOME - LATER

Eva walks out of the bathroom, her ear now wrapped in a  
bandage. Steven is talking on the phone.

STEVEN  
Thanks.

Steven hangs up the phone.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Ready?

Eva smiles.

EVA  
Yeah.

STEVEN  
Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN'S CAR

Steven is driving around a car park at the airport. He finds a spot, and pulls in. He turns the car off, and gets out. He circles the car, and opens the door for Eva. Eva gets out, and Steven closes the door behind her.

STEVEN

Are you sure you want to do this?

Pause.

EVA

Yeah. I'm finished here.

Pause.

STEVEN

You're gonna go to the ticket desk and ask for Kerry. A guy will come out and give you a ticket for San Francisco. He'll lead you outside, away from the cameras, and put you on a flight to LA.

Steven pulls out a small envelope, filled with money.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Here's ten thousand.

Eva looks at the envelope, then at Steven.

EVA

I don't know how to thank you.

STEVEN

It's OK.

EVA

LA, huh?

STEVEN

Yeah, City of Angels. You'll fit right in.

Eva smiles.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

In the envelope is the number of a guy you need to call when you get there. He'll help you out.

Eva hugs Steven. Steven hugs her back.

EVA

I'll never forget this.

STEVEN

OK.

Eva turns, and walks away. Steven watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY

Steven sits in the bakery at the back table. Mancini and Alan walk over, and sit down with him.

ALAN

What's going on, Stevie?

STEVEN

Nothing.

MANCINI

Let me ask you something. Have you seen Eva the last couple of days?

STEVEN

No, why?

MANCINI

She's taken off, and we can't find her anywhere.

STEVEN

What happened?

MANCINI

We were sitting at home, and she was plastered. She starts making threats about how she's gonna rat me out to the cops, about how she knows more than she lets on. So I give her a light tap, to let her know who's boss. Next thing I know, she's left.

STEVEN

What do you want me to do?

MANCINI

Nothing. She'll be back in a couple of days. She always does.

STEVEN

So why'd you call me down here for?

ALAN

How would you and your boys like to fix this problem we have with the boys on the other side of the river?

STEVEN

I don't follow.

MANCINI

We found the guy who's in charge of the business over there.

ALAN

We've called in a specialist to help you with this one.

STEVEN

You both know that we never needed help before.

MANCINI

It's not what you think. We're making this one public. We're sending a message to everybody who thinks it's OK to fuck with us. You're gonna tail the man for a couple of days, and then stick a bomb under his car seat.

ALAN

Make sure you do it somewhere nice and public.

MANCINI

I'll let you and your boys work out the details.

Mancini gives Steven a folded piece of paper.

MANCINI (CONT'D)

Call him outside.

Steven stands up.

ALAN

Now you gotta be careful with this one. Because if we try and fail, we're royally fucked.

MANCINI

What do you mean we?

Alan says nothing.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
 Regardless of what The Brit says,  
 you're in charge of this,  
 understand?

Steven nods.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
 Good.

Steven turns and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven, Mike and Brody all sit in a small hotel room. They have a map on the wall. They're all examining it.

THE BRIT

Walks out from the bathroom, doing up his fly. He's a tall man with black hair and intense brown eyes. He walks over, and sits down in an armchair.

STEVEN  
 (V.O.)  
 The Brit. That's what they called him. The guy never said much. To be honest, I don't think I heard him say more than ten words. But who was I to complain. He was there to help us.

Steven points at the map.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
 OK. We'll take the car along this street.  
 (to Mike)  
 You'll take the car, pick the man up, then take him here.

Steven points to a spot on the map.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
 You get out, and just walk away.

Steven looks at The Brit.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
 Once I give you the go ahead, you blow the car.  
 (to Mike)  
 You take the subway home.

BRODY

So what about the doors?

STEVEN

You'll take the car the night before, and fix the doors. And make sure that they can't be opened from the inside, OK?

BRODY

Sure.

STEVEN

(To Mike)

You think you can find a suit before tomorrow?

MIKE

No problem.

STEVEN

Good.

(To The Brit)

You go with Brody. Rig the car.

The Brit nods, and Brody and The Brit walk out of the room.

MIKE

You sure this is going to work.

STEVEN

I hope so.

MIKE

So what happens when this is finished?

STEVEN

Same as usual, I guess.

MIKE

No, I meant with Mancini. With this guy gone, he's in control of the whole city.

STEVEN

I know.

MIKE

Do you really think that's a smart move?

STEVEN

I don't know. I know I'm not paid to think to much.

MIKE

Maybe that's your problem.

STEVEN

What?

MIKE

Nothing. Forget it.

STEVEN

OK. Show me on the map what you're supposed to do.

They go back to looking at the map.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL

Mike is sitting in a black limo, wearing a suit. He is parked outside a big hotel. Down the street, Steven, Brody and The Brit all sit in a dark blue car. Steven is driving, Brody is passenger, and The Brit is in the back seat. They watch Mike in the limo.

BRODY

You sure he's not going to figure it out?

STEVEN

He's got a different driver every week. Don't worry about it.

The hotel doors open, and

THE BOSS

Walks down the steps towards the limo.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

That's him.

The Boss is an older man, with greying hair and he's wearing sunglasses. He walks up to the limo. Mike gets out, and opens the back door. The Boss stops and turns back to the hotel. A small girl runs out of the hotel and down the steps. The Boss picks the girl up, and swings her around. The Boss puts her in the limo, then climbs in and shuts the door.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Who's that?

BRODY

I don't know. His daughter?

STEVEN

We can't do this now.

BRODY

What? Why?

STEVEN

I'm not killing a kid.

BRODY

This is the last time we can do it. After today he flies out to Europe for six months. We need to do this now.

STEVEN

What did I say to you? I'm not killing a kid. I'm in charge here.

Brody turns to The Brit.

BRODY

Arm it.

The Brit picks up a detonator from the seat next to him. He presses a button on it.

Steven

Starts to get out of the car.

BRODY (CONT'D)

You get out and we're going to leave you here.

Gets out of the car, slamming the door behind him. He runs across the street, and then up towards the limo.

STEVEN

(Yelling)

Get out of the car!

Mike moves in the limo. He opens the limo door and starts to climb out.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE CAR

Brody watches this happen. He turns back to The Brit.

BRODY

Do it now.

THE BRIT

What?

BRODY  
(Yelling)  
Do it!

The Brit presses a button on the detonator.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Mike is halfway out of the limo. Steven is a cars length away. The limo explodes. Steven dives behind a car. The limo, along with Mike, The Boss and his daughter are burnt to a crisp. Steven staggers to his feet to look at the burning car. He breathes heavily as he watches the car burn.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE CAR

Brody climbs over to the drivers seat. He starts the car, and pulls a U-turn, leaving Steven on the street. Steven watches them leave. Steven looks around, and the sound of sirens are heard in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER

Brody sits in a booth near the back, hunched over a plate eating food.

Steven

Wearing a baseball cap, walks up, and sits down. Brody leans back from his meal. Steven grabs his gun from his jacket, slams it down on the table, and puts his hat over it. The barrel is pointed at Brody.

STEVEN  
You really didn't think I'd come  
find you?

Brody says nothing.

A WAITRESS

Walks up to them.

WAITRESS  
(To Steven)  
What can I get you?

STEVEN  
I'm fine.

WAITRESS

(To Brody)

Can I get you anything else?

STEVEN

We're fine.

The waitress, offended, walks away.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

So what, you're not going to talk to me now?

BRODY

It was The Brit. He's the one who blew the car. Then told me if I didn't drive away...

STEVEN

(interrupting)

Don't even try it.

Steven opens his jacket a little, and reveals it's covered with blood.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I talked to The Brit. He told me it was all you.

BRODY

And you're going to believe him?

STEVEN

After what I put him through, he had no reason to lie.

Pause.

BRODY

OK. I'm sorry. I just thought...

STEVEN

You didn't think! If you had waited for just a few more seconds, Mike would've been out of the car. If you'd thought it through, we would've been able to come up with something. But you didn't think! You made a decision, and now my best friend is dead because of your impatience.

BRODY

I just thought it's what you would've done.

STEVEN

You're wrong.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

After what happened today, I don't want to ever see you again.

BRODY

What?

STEVEN

You heard me.

BRODY

Look, I'm sorry. But you can't throw away six years of friendship over this.

Steven says nothing.

BRODY (CONT'D)

It's just, I'm proud of the work we do. And working with you guys has been great. I used to think to myself, if there was anybody I wanted to be like when I'm older, it was Mancini. But I'm wrong. The person I want to be like is you. You're the man.

STEVEN

Me? You want to be like me?

BRODY

Yeah.

STEVEN

Why? I work for a man who once tried to kill me. My girlfriend is dead, probably because of me. I have a kid out there I don't even know. My best friends are you and Mike, and now he's dead. There are cases being built up against me by the police to bring me down. The only decent people I've ever known are either dead or left me a long time ago. Every night, I sit at home and regret every decision I ever made. I'm lucky if I can get a few hours of sleep a night, because every time I close my eyes, the faces of all the people I've executed are staring straight back at me.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I live a miserable fucking life,  
and you want to be like me?

Brody says nothing. Steven stands up, puts his hat back on  
and his gun in his jacket.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
If I ever see you again, I'm  
going to kill you.

Steven turns, and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven stops typing for a second. He looks at the words on  
the computer screen, then at his watch. 11:30. He keeps  
typing.

STEVEN  
(V.O.)  
And that was it for the three of  
us. The next day Brody packed up  
his stuff, and moved out to the  
east coast somewhere.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY

Mancini and Alan are talking between themselves. Steven sits  
with them, listening.

STEVEN  
(V.O.)  
It took the cops six more months  
before they came down on us. They  
started at the bottom, arresting  
some low level soldiers for some  
minor charges, then trying to turn  
them. Word was it was the bombing  
that started their move on us.  
(Out loud)  
So how long will it take before  
they arrest us?

ALAN  
Three days. Four, tops.

MANCINI  
Hold on a second.

Mancini stands up, and walks to the front of the bakery.  
Standing there is

MATTHEW BEAN

A man in his late thirties, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. He's wearing a nice expensive suit, and has a briefcase in his hands. Matthew talks to Mancini, then the two walk back to the table and sit down.

ALAN

Stevie, this is Matthew Bean, our lawyer. Matt, this is Stevie.

MATTHEW

(To Mancini)  
Steven?

MANCINI

(To Matthew)  
Head soldier.

MATTHEW

Ahh.  
(To Steven)  
Nice to meet you.

STEVEN

Likewise.  
(To Mancini)  
So what do we do now?

MATTHEW

The first thing you need to do is go home, and remove anything that they could use against you in court. All of you. They'll come with warrants, and look through your house with a magnifying glass. Anything even remotely incriminating needs to go.

MANCINI

Do you know the prosecutor?

MATTHEW

Yeah. David Pratt. You know him?

MANCINI

No.

MATTHEW

He's been around for twenty years. Thorough little shit. Good to.

ALAN

How is he in court?

MATTHEW

Good. Very good.

STEVEN  
Better than you?

Matthew says nothing.

MANCINI  
(To Steven)  
Find him. Follow him. Find out  
all the dirty little secrets you  
can about him.

MATTHEW  
You'd be wasting your time. The  
man is clean. The cleanest I've  
ever seen. Doesn't drink. Goes to  
church. Married for fifteen  
years. Has a daughter. There is  
nothing you can use against him,  
trust me.

MANCINI  
Do it anyway.

Steven nods.

MATTHEW  
The cop in charge is a Chris  
Nolan. Steady promotions for the  
last ten years. Top marks in cop  
school.

MANCINI  
Nolan, that name familiar to any  
of you?

Alan shakes his head.

STEVEN  
He was lead on Clare's murder.

MANCINI  
So he knows you?

STEVEN  
Yeah.

MANCINI  
Can we use that in any way?

STEVEN  
No.

MATTHEW  
No.

MANCINI  
OK. So what after we clean house.

MATTHEW

Talk to your people. Anybody not already inside. Make sure they understand what will happen to them if they talk.

MANCINI

Can you get us a list of the people they've got now?

MATTHEW

No.

Mancini looks unhappy.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

The other only thing left to do is wait. We can't do much else until we find out what charges they're bringing against you.

ALAN

Fuck.

STEVEN

I'm going home. I'll talk to you guys later.

Steven stands up and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOME

Steven is getting out of his car. From the street, three cop cars pull up.

STEVEN

(to himself)

So much for three days.

Nolan gets out of one of the cars, and walks up to Steven.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

How are you Chris?

NOLAN

You're under arrest.

STEVEN

Yeah, we've been through this show before. I understand my rights, don't waste your breath.

Steven turns, and puts his hands out. Nolan puts the handcuffs on him. They walk up to one of the cop cars.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY

Steven is sitting alone.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

Things moved pretty quickly after that. They arrested Mancini and Alan that afternoon. Matthew got us out the next day. It was three months until the court dates.

Mancini, walks up to Steven, and sits down.

MANCINI

Walk with me.

Steven stands up, and the two walk outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY

Mancini and Steven walk down the street.

MANCINI

Can't talk inside. Cops have got the place wired like a motherfucker.

STEVEN

OK.

MANCINI

I need you to go to San Francisco for us.

STEVEN

Why?

MANCINI

Our man at the airport. Looked through security tapes, found Eva. She flew out to San Francisco when she left. I need you to track her down. I don't know how much she knows, and I don't want the cops getting to her first.

STEVEN  
How exactly do I convince her to  
come home.

MANCINI  
You don't.

Pause.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
Know what I mean?

STEVEN  
Yeah.

MANCINI  
Good. You're on a plane tomorrow  
morning. Make sure you track her  
down.

STEVEN  
I'll do my best.

MANCINI  
Do better.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT

Steven is standing outside the airport holding his suitcase.

STEVEN  
(V.O.)  
San Francisco was the closest  
thing I ever had to a vacation.  
Spend a week pretending to look  
for somebody. It's a good thing  
Mancini didn't know she was in  
LA. We had people there. So  
rather than waste my time and  
energy trying to accomplish the  
impossible, I enjoyed my time.  
Hey, he was paying for it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE

Steven walks out of a cafe with a cup of coffee in his  
hands. He stops walking, places the coffee down on a table,  
pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

GUY  
Can I have one of those?

Steven turns, holding out another cigarette.

STEVEN

Sure.

Steven comes face to face with

MOUSTACHE

The man who killed Clare. He still has the moustache. He takes the cigarette.

MOUSTACHE

Thanks.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

There he was. The guy who killed Clare. Standing a few feet away from me. I'd never forgotten his face.

(Out loud)

No problems.

(V.O.)

That moment was the hardest moment I've ever had in my life, because it took all my will not to lift my arms up, and strangle that motherfucker out there in the daylight.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I'm Steven.

MOUSTACHE (PHIL)

I'm Phil.

STEVEN

What do you do, Phil?

MOUSTACHE (PHIL)

I'm in construction. You?

STEVEN

I'm a driver. On holidays.

MOUSTACHE (PHIL)

Oh really? Where from?

STEVEN

New York. Ever been?

MOUSTACHE (PHIL)

Yeah, once or twice. On business.

STEVEN

Right.

MOUSTACHE (PHIL)

Well, I've gotta go. It was nice to meet you.

STEVEN

You too man.

Phil walks away. Steven watches him go. Steven waits until there is about 50 feet between them, and follows Phil.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Any other time, he wouldn't have lived the rest of the day. But the last thing I needed was more attention. So I followed him home. Made sure I knew where it was he lived. Because, believe me, I was going back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY

Steven walks up to the front of the bakery. Mancini is sitting there. His eyes are red. He's high.

MANCINI

You find her?

STEVEN

No.

MANCINI

What?

STEVEN

I don't know what to say. I tried everything I could think of. And I couldn't find her.

MANCINI

How hard did you try?

STEVEN

Hard enough. Maybe she moved somewhere else. How the hell should I know. It was over a year ago for Christ sakes.

Pause.

MANCINI

OK. What about David Pratt.

STEVEN

What about him?

MANCINI

You've been following him, yeah?

STEVEN

Yeah. But I can't find anything.

MANCINI

You don't seem to be doing a very good job this month, Stevie.

STEVEN

What do you want me to say? Like Matt said, the man is clean.

MANCINI

Nobody's that clean. Keep on him. Be thorough. I'm not going to jail in this lifetime.

Steven stands up, and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

Mancini and Alan are sitting at the defendants table. Matthew is with them. The trial is in progress.

DAVID PRATT

A middle aged lawyer is talking to the jury. He has grey hair, and wears glasses. Everybody is watching him talk.

Steven

Sits in the front row, right behind Mancini.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

This is David Pratt in action. Fuck, this guy was good. The guy had an impressive record, some were saying he had the makings of a district attorney. I didn't really care. I had my job to do. So I kept following him through the trial. For three months, I followed him, with nothing coming up. But we all make mistakes.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT HOUSE

Steven sits in a chair outside an office. A receptionist is talking on the phone. She looks at Steven.

RECEPTIONIST

You can go in now.

Steven stands up, and walks into the office.

CUT TO:

INT. PITTS OFFICE

David Pratt is talking on the phone. He sees Steven come in.

DAVID

I'll call you back.

David hangs up the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Mr Willis. I must warn you that this isn't appropriate.

Steven sits down.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'll also have you know that if you try to bribe me, I'll have you arrested before you can leave the building.

STEVEN

I didn't come with any money. I need to talk to you.

DAVID

OK. Talk.

STEVEN

I've been with Mancini for over fifteen years. And I've done things I'm not proud of. For the last six months, I've been following you. Trying to find something we can use against you.

DAVID

So now you've come here to make a deal.

STEVEN

I think you should look at these. I'm giving them to you because I think you'll know what to do with them.

Steven pulls an envelope from his pocket, and puts it down on the desk. David picks it up, and opens it. He looks at the photos. His smile drops.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Six months, and you only slipped up once. I gotta give you points for that. I don't know how good the detail is, but I'm pretty sure you can make out that guys dick stuck in your mouth.

David drops the envelope.

DAVID

This is absurd.

STEVEN

Yeah. Tell me about it.

David picks up the envelope and drops it in his rubbish bin.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

That's OK. I have other copies. I was thinking about sending a couple out, Christmas card style. One to your wife, one to your daughter, one to your church, and one to each of the five major papers in the city.

David is silent.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

For a catholic man who is so well known for his outspoken views on homosexuality, you don't seem to have a problem with it there. Imagine the controversy.

DAVID

I should have you arrested.

STEVEN

You already did. And you can do it again if you want. But like I said, those pictures will be sent out if you don't do what I want.

Pause.

DAVID

What do you want?

STEVEN

Lose the case.

DAVID

What?

STEVEN

Our case. I'm sure you know the one.

David nods.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I want you to loose it. On purpose.

DAVID

I can't.

STEVEN

Do you want another look at the photos, prosecutor?

Pause.

DAVID

OK.

STEVEN

Good. And, try not to make it to obvious, will you? The last thing we want is everybody knowing you work for us now.

David frowns at Steven.

DAVID

Get out.

Steven stands, and leaves.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

It didn't take long for the case to get back into our hands. It was like Pratt stopped trying. He kept up the show. But we had it won.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

The judge is handed a piece of paper. He looks at it, and reads it out.

JUDGE

Not guilty.

The whole crowd in the courtroom reacts. Some positively, most negatively. Mancini and Alan stand, proud. They shake Matthew's hand. They walk up to Steven.

Mancini doesn't look good. He's sweating, and his eyes are red. Steven shakes Mancini's hand, and then Alan's.

Mancini

Falls to the ground. People swarm around him.

STEVEN  
Somebody call an ambulance!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

Alan, Steven and a few other guys all sit in the waiting room. A doctor comes up to them.

ALAN  
Is he OK?

DOCTOR  
The drugs have done a number on his system. It's a miracle he's lived as long as he has.

STEVEN  
(V.O.)  
An overdose. Fucking hilarious.

ALAN  
So he's going to live?

DOCTOR  
I doubt he'll be leaving the hospital alive.

Alan nods.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
He's asking for you.

Alan nods, and takes a step towards the door.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Not you.

Doctor gestures towards Steven.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Him.

ALAN  
What?

STEVEN  
I'll go see what's going on.

Steven and the doctor walk through the doors. The doctor leads him to a room. He opens the door, and Steven steps in. The doctor closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Mancini is laying in the bed. He's pale, and is hooked up to a few machines. He looks at Steven.

MANCINI

Come here.

Steven walks over, and sits down.

MANCINI (CONT'D)

Did we win?

STEVEN

Yeah. We won.

MANCINI

Good.

STEVEN

How are you feeling?

MANCINI

Sleepy. Exhausted. What'd the doctor say?

STEVEN

You overdosed.

MANCINI

Right. Bastards probably poisoned me.

STEVEN

Did you want me to get Alan for you?

MANCINI

No.

STEVEN

What did you want?

MANCINI

The doctor told me I won't be leaving here alive.

STEVEN

Yeah.

MANCINI

After all the shit we did, this is how I go out.

STEVEN

I know.

MANCINI

When I go. Somebody needs to be in charge.

STEVEN

Yeah. Alan will take over.

MANCINI

No, not Alan. I want it to be you.

STEVEN

What?

MANCINI

You, I want you to take over for me after I check out.

STEVEN

I don't, I don't know anything about the business.

MANCINI

You know what you need to.

STEVEN

But what about Alan?

MANCINI

He doesn't deserve it. He's not a hard worker like you. Don't you understand. I've been grooming you for the past twenty years. You're a good man, and I'm proud to have known you. I've always known that you'd be my successor. Because we're the same type of person. You know that? I always wished that my Alan would've been more like you. The work that you've done for me over the years has been a great help, much more than you could ever realize. And it's very rare in this day and age to find somebody who's as loyal as you.

Steven is silent.

MANCINI (CONT'D)  
So please. Grant a dying man his  
last wish.

Pause.

STEVEN  
OK.

Mancini smiles.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I gotta go.

Mancini nods. Steven leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

Steven walks out. He is met at the door by Alan.

ALAN  
What'd he say.

STEVEN  
He wants me to take over.

ALAN  
Take over what?

STEVEN  
Take over the business when he  
dies.

Alan is shocked by this. Steven walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN'S HOME

Steven is sitting in his arm chair, staring at the wall. He's thinking. He exhales, loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN'S BEDROOM

Steven lays in bed, half asleep. He hears a noise, very faint. He grabs a remote control and throws it down under his sheet, then from underneath his pillow he grabs a handgun and points it straight at his door.

BRODY  
Drop it.

Brody comes in from behind the door, also holding a gun, pointing it at Steven. He keeps his face hidden from the light.

BRODY (CONT'D)

There's three other guys in your living room. Drop it.

Steven drops his gun on his floor. Brody picks it up, and tucks it away behind his jacket.

STEVEN

Brody, is that you?

BRODY

Sure is.

STEVEN

I heard you were dead. Took a bullet to the face last year.

BRODY

Almost, chief.

Brody takes a step forward, revealing his face. On his left cheek, he has a long scar.

STEVEN

When'd you come back into town?

BRODY

Tonight.

STEVEN

You've got a new crew?

BRODY

Yeah, three guys.

STEVEN

Any good?

BRODY

They're OK. Not as good as us, but still OK.

Under his covers, Steven is moving his feet. He curls his toes around the remote control. He feels around with his toes. He holds his big toe over a button near the top.

BRODY (CONT'D)

So what have you been up to?

STEVEN

You're really going to try and make small talk now?

BRODY

Good point.

Steven presses the button with his toe. The stereo system on the other side of the room turns on, and starts playing music very loudly. Brody turns his attention to it quickly.

Steven launches out of bed, tackling Brody into the wall. Steven punches Brody twice in the stomach, and Brody falls down. Brody aims his gun at Steven. Steven grabs Brody's arm, twists it around, breaking the bone. He fires the gun, the bullet hitting Brody in the lower stomach.

GUY #1

Fires a wild shot into the bedroom. Steven takes cover behind the door frame. Steven pushes the door open, dives to the floor, and fires twice. Both bullets hit Guy #1 in the face. Steven stands, and walks down the hall.

GUY #2 and GUY #3

Wait in the living room with their guns trained on the door. Steven pops out, now kneeling on his knees, and shoots Guy #2.

Guy #3

Runs and hides behind the kitchen counter. Steven aims his gun at the counter, and shoots four times, the bullets going through the thin wood. Steven runs at the counter, jumping on it and sliding over. Steven, hanging upside down from the counter, points his gun at Guy #3 and shoots him, point blank in the face. Steven turns, and sits up on the counter. He walks back to the bedroom.

Brody

Lays on the floor, breathing heavily.

STEVEN

You know what Mancini's gonna do to you when he hears about this bullshit, you ignorant little fuck?

BRODY

Mancini's dead.

Steven is surprised.

STEVEN

When?

BRODY

This afternoon.

STEVEN  
So who sent you?

Brody says nothing. Steven kneels down, and pushes the barrel of his gun into Brody's bullet wound. Brody winces with pain.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Who?

BRODY  
Alan. Fucking Alan sent us.

STEVEN  
Why'd you take the job if you knew it was me?

BRODY  
He promised me your job. Said if I killed you, then he'd make us head soldiers.

STEVEN  
You spineless little fuck.

Brody says nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
You remember the last thing I said to you?

Brody shakes his head. Steven stands to his feet, aims the gun at Brody and shoots him in the head, killing him. Steven looks at Brody on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCINI'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Alan is walking around the bedroom. He's taking clothes out of the closet, and putting them in a large garbage bag.

Steven

Now covered with blood, walks into the room. He holds in his hands a gun with a silencer.

Alan turns to put another armful of clothes into the bag, and sees Steven. He drops the clothes.

ALAN  
Stevie, what are you doing here?

STEVEN  
Your guys are dead.

ALAN  
What do you mean?

STEVEN

Brody, his crew, your guys  
downstairs. They're all gone.

ALAN

What are you doing?

STEVEN

Don't start. Come here and sit  
down.

Alan walks over, and sits down in an armchair. Steven sits  
down opposite him.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

How dare you send people into my  
house to kill me while I'm  
asleep. And it's Brody, no less.

ALAN

Don't even try and preach to me.  
I deserve to be in charge around  
here more than you. And my  
father, in a moment of drug  
induced stupidity, gives all the  
power over to you.

STEVEN

I didn't want it! Did you ever  
stop to think about that? I  
didn't want to be in charge of it  
all. I wasn't even happy doing  
what I'm doing now. What makes  
you think I wanted to move up  
higher in the ladder?

Alan looks at the chest of drawers. Sitting on top is a  
handgun.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Don't even think about it. Look  
at me.

Alan looks at him.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

If you look away again, I'll  
drill you in the kneecaps.

Alan says nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

What happened tonight says a lot  
about who we are. Really. Like,  
your actions tell me about your  
belief in loyalty. You know what  
loyalty is, right?

Alan nods.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I have been loyal to you and your father all the years I've known you. I have been loyal and valuable to you all this time, and you turn around and give the order. I only mention it because I don't believe loyalty is a one way thing. It's truly mutual. Your father knew it. But then again, he was a better man than you. Because in all the time I've known the two of you, I've respected you both. And I always thought that the respect, like loyalty, was mutual. But apparently not. You set your eyes on something you wanted, and you didn't care what happened, as long as you got what you were after. But guess what. Your plan has gone hard left on you now. Because what you did, is unforgiveable.

Steven looks at his watch, then back at Alan.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I changed my life for you. And other people's lives as well. You should be so lucky. You've never been in my position. Never had to look a man in the eyes while he's dying. Never had to listen to somebody beg and plead you for their life. Never had to wash somebody's blood off your hands, off your clothes. Wash it out of your hair. Because you had me for that. I knew that you'd never be that guy. Because that's what a true leader is. A guy who isn't afraid to get his hands dirty. All you ever had to do was write a name down, and that was it. The problem was solved for you. Out of sight, out of mind. And that's your problem. You took me for granted. Made me do all your dirty work, for next to nothing in return. Because the shit that I've done for you, and you turn around and pull this shit on me. Send your lackeys into my house, sail me down the fucking river.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Trade me in for a newer model,  
somebody who's a lot dumber, who  
won't ask questions. It's  
unforgiveable. You bought this on  
yourself.

Steven raises his gun, and points it at Alan.

ALAN

I was the one who had Clare  
killed.

Steven stops.

STEVEN

What?

ALAN

I gave the order for Clare.

Steven grimaces.

STEVEN

Why?

ALAN

We knew that once the baby was  
born, you guys would leave the  
city. And with the stuff that  
both of you knew, we couldn't  
have it. So I called somebody in  
from out of town to take care of  
her. Because we couldn't risk it.

STEVEN

You mean to tell me that you had  
Clare killed just so I wouldn't  
leave. Because you were scared we  
might rat on you. What did your  
father say?

ALAN

He never knew.

STEVEN

So it was all your decision? To  
take out the only person who ever  
truly made me happy.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

If I was a lesser man, I might  
make this slow and painful. But  
you've been a burden on me my  
whole life, and in some way, I'm  
glad it's come to this.

Steven shoots once, hitting Alan in the chest. Steven fires again, hitting Alan in the face. Alan slumps down in the chair, dead. Steven stands to his feet, looking at Alan's body. He grabs the bottom of his shirt, and rubs the handle of the gun, and drops it to the floor. He turns, and walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven is still typing.

STEVEN

And that was it. Because I had all my money in their accounts, I came away from it with nothing. So for the past two years, I've been hiring myself out to anybody who wanted me.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE

Phil (Guy who killed Clare) is standing at his front door, unlocking the door with his keys. He opens the door, and shuts it behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE

Phil runs his hand along the wall to find a light switch. He finds one, and turns the light on. He's standing in the kitchen. He walks over to the living room, and turns a light on in there as well.

Phil walks into the bathroom, and runs some water into the sink. He splashes some on his face, turns the water off and walks back out into the living room. Standing there, is Steven.

PHIL

(startled)

Jesus Christ!

Steven is holding a handgun. He points it at Phil. Phil puts his hands up.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Take it easy, man. Don't you know who I am.

STEVEN  
You're Phil.

PHIL  
You don't know what you're doing.

STEVEN  
I know exactly what I'm doing.  
More than you know. You don't  
remember me, do you?

PHIL  
No.

STEVEN  
Well, this is the second time  
we've met, but you've had such a  
huge influence on my life.

PHIL  
What do you mean?

STEVEN  
August 22nd. 1988. You were in  
New York. Doing a job.

PHIL  
Yeah, so what? Some chick who  
couldn't keep her mouth shut.

STEVEN  
Her name was Clare.

PHIL  
Like it fucking matters.

STEVEN  
You should be careful, you know.  
The locks around here aren't very  
good. Somebody with a huge grudge  
might storm in here looking for  
revenge.

PHIL  
Is that what you're here for? It  
was sixteen years ago, for Christ  
sakes.

STEVEN  
Sixteen years next month.

PHIL  
What do you want? If it's money  
you're after...

STEVEN  
Not money.

PHIL

What then?

STEVEN

I want to give you the same feeling you gave her. To have somebody storm into your house and execute you.

PHIL

Look, I'm sorry, OK? But it needed to be done.

STEVEN

What kind of heartless man kills a woman? A pregnant woman at that. There is no way I'd ever do that.

PHIL

Well maybe you need to learn how.

Steven walks over, and hits PHIL across the face with the gun. Phil falls to the floor. Steven kicks Phil in the stomach, hard. Phil yells in pain. Steven kicks Phil in the shoulder, rolling him over so he's flat on his back.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Please man, I've got kids.

Steven shoots Phil twice in the stomach, then twice in the chest, then once in the head. He drops the gun on Phil's chest, and kneels down. He pulls Phil's wallet from his pocket. He opens it up, and takes the drivers license out. He drops the wallet on the floor, and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven is typing.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

So it took me sixteen years, but I finally found him. I'd always wondered what I'd do to him when I found him. I never thought it would be that tame. Sometimes I surprise myself.

Steven looks at his watch.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

So that's it, I guess.  
(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

It's not my whole life, but it's the most important parts. And that's all I was asked to put into this book. When this lady, Ms Foster tracked me down to write this, I was concerned at first. I've never written anything before. So, Ms Foster, I hope this is to your liking, and I hope it sells well. Obviously I've changed a couple of names to protect the people who are still alive, but apart from that it's the truth, from start to finish. What more could you ask for?

Steven stops typing and looks at the screen. He presses a button, and the computer turns off. He closes it, and puts it back in the bag. He looks at his watch, then stands up and walks to the door. He doesn't exit. He waits a few seconds, and the door opens. He hides behind it.

SOPHIE BROWN

Walks in. She closes the door behind her.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You're a creature of habit, Ms Brown.

Sophie turns around, startled.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Always back in your room at one o'clock.

Sophie goes to say something. Steven grabs a handgun from his bag and points it at Sophie.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Quiet. You know why I'm here?

Sophie nods.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You know who sent me?

Sophie nods.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Good.

Steven lowers the gun.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

If I'd come on a different night, I would've killed you. But I think I've had a change of heart.  
(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

So whatever you're mixed up in, I suggest you get out as soon as possible. Because it's only going to be a matter of time before the people who sent me come after you again. And I guarantee you, the next guy won't be so nice.

Steven puts the gun back in his bag.

SOPHIE

You've done a smart thing.

STEVEN

What?

SOPHIE

You weren't supposed to come until tomorrow night.

STEVEN

What do you mean?

SOPHIE

That's what she told you, isn't it?

STEVEN

That's right. How did you know.

Sophie reaches into her pocket and pulls out a wallet. She opens it, and drops it onto the table.

A police badge

Rests inside.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You're a cop?

SOPHIE

Yes.

STEVEN

What's going on?

SOPHIE

We're setting you up.

STEVEN

Do they know I'm here?

No answer.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Do they know I'm here? Right now?

SOPHIE

No. Nolan won't be here until tomorrow night.

STEVEN

Nolan.

SOPHIE

He said you'd know who he was.

Steven walks over, and strikes Sophie hard. She falls down. Steven runs out of the room. Sophie takes out her cell phone and dials a number.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Steven is running. He grabs his gun, ejects the magazine and drops the magazine into a trash can. He turns the corner, and drops the gun into another one. He reaches the stairs. He opens the door and runs in.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK

Steven is running across the car park towards his car. He gets to it, unlocks it, and jumps inside. He starts the car, and starts driving.

A cop car

Pulls in, driving towards him. Steven pulls a u turn, and drives in the opposite direction. He floors it, driving as fast as he can. He exits the hotel car park.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Steven is driving, followed by police cars. He's flying around corners, but whatever he does, he can't seem to shake the police that are chasing him.

A bridge

Is up ahead. Steven drives towards it. The middle of the bridge rises up, making Steven unable to drive across. Steven stops driving, stopping midway between the bridge and the police cars, which have stopped at the start of the bridge. Steven grabs a gun from the glove box, aims it out the window (away from the police), and fires off two shots. The cops take cover behind their cars.

Steven

Pulls out his cell phone. He presses a few buttons, then hits the call button. The phone is ringing. After four rings, somebody answers.

MELEAH

Hello?

STEVEN

Hello, is that Meleah?

MELEAH

Yes.

STEVEN

Hi Meleah. Happy birthday.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM

A group of girls sit around the room.

MELEAH

Sixteen years old, with brown hair and brown eyes, holds the phone.

NOTE: THE SCENE SWITCHES BETWEEN WHO'S TALKING

MELEAH

Thank you.

STEVEN

You don't know me, but my name is Steven. How do you like the phone?

MELEAH

It's great.

STEVEN

I thought you'd like it. I did call on the right day, right?

MELEAH

Yeah, it's midnight, so it's officially the 23rd.

STEVEN

Great. I was actually an old friend of your moms. Your real mom, anyway.

MELEAH

OK.

STEVEN

Do you know much about her?

MELEAH

No, not really.

STEVEN

Well, her name was Clare. She had brown hair, and brown eyes. She was in her early twenties when she had you. And I loved her very much. Do you go to school?

MELEAH

Yeah. Tenth grade.

STEVEN

Wow. And your foster parents, what are they like?

MELEAH

They're great.

STEVEN

That's good.

Steven sheds a tear.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I'm going to be up that way very soon. Would it be OK if I came by. I'd love to meet you. Tell you more about your mom.

MELEAH

Yeah, sure. That'd be good.

STEVEN

Great. Well, I look forward to meeting you.

MELEAH

You too.

Steven hangs up, and drops the phone on the seat.

From the group of police cars

Nolan

Appears. He's aged, now with a beard and it's greying. He holds a megaphone in his hands.

NOLAN

Steven. There's no way out of this for you.

STEVEN  
(yelling)  
Wanna bet?

NOLAN  
The bridge isn't coming down. The  
only way out of this is you  
coming with us.

Steven looks around for another way out.

NOLAN (CONT'D)  
Come on, don't do something  
stupid.

Steven gets his computer out of his bag. He opens it up, and starts putting together an e-mail.

NOLAN (CONT'D)  
You've got ten seconds, then  
we're coming to get you.

Steven finishes the e-mail, with the story attached. He hits the send button. The progress bar fills slowly.

The cops

Start walking towards the car, their guns aimed at it.

Steven

Opens the door, and drops the computer on the ground. He shuts the door. He stares at the bridge, then shifts the car into drive. He slams his foot down on the accelerator.

STEVEN  
(yelling)  
I'm not going back to prison!

The car drives towards the empty space where the bridge used to be.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I'm not going back.

The car drives off the bridge, and into the water. The car quickly sinks.

Nolan

Watches in horror as this happens.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN'S CAR

Steven is looking around while his car is submerged in water. The inside of the car is not filling. Steven aims his gun at the passengers side, and shoots twice, the bullets hitting both windows. The windows shatter, and the car quickly fills up with water.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Nolan is yelling at the cops standing around, watching.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN'S CAR

As the water fills around Steven, he holds a picture in his hands. It's of him and Clare, smiling for the camera. His grip loosens, and the picture floats away, drifting towards the surface of the river.

FADE OUT.

ROLL CREDITS