

PETROS

original screenplay

by

Ed Petty

Ed Petty
P.O Box 68733
Indianapolis, IN 46268
edpetty@ymail.com

"PETROS"

by

Ed Petty

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

HIP HOP MUSIC BUMPING:

EXT. STRIP CLUB - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: DURANT, OKLAHOMA

A few DANCERS walk in the work place carrying duffel bags toting there customs.

A rusted 98' Buick sits near the front row of cars parked occupied by two males ... engine running.

INT. STRIP CLUB - DURANT, OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

Half naked women stalk the pockets of men.

BAR

GRACE JONES (late 20's) slim, dark hair American, exotic dancer, great skin tone ... she sits next to MAN IN SUIT... all business. Natural bust.

Grace beauty is effortless ... her cleavage desirable.

GRACE
(flirtatious)
You wanna' dance?

MAN IN SUIT... uninterested...

OBESE FEMALE BARTENDER pushes a drink in front of Grace.

MR. DIAZ (40's) bald Hispanic American, thick mustache, strip club owner. Walks with pride as he counts money. Ostrich skin shoes says a lot about his fancy taste.

Working DANCERS scattered amongst the crowd ... he spots Grace doing the opposite.

MAN IN SUIT and MR. DIAZ portray business savvy hand shakes. They turn to Grace. Diaz displays his gold pinkie ring as he points with the money hand.

MR. DIAZ

(to Grace)

Get to work.

(to suit)

She new.. by next time, she'll do anything you say.

Together they walk down the hall towards his office. She flips them the bird.

Wrist tattoo: "Jones Family"

POP ... champagne fun as corks fly ... young American lawyers toss dollar bills to naked ladies at their private table.

Grace looks at the table of fun with envy.

DJ BOOTH

DJ KOOL', 30's, biracial, scratch the disk in a Kangol hat like he's a hip hop cultured New Yorker.

DJ KOOL

It's DJ Kool' on the ones and two's...

Yawl give it up for Diamond.

(to Diamond)

Damn, you got it goin' on.

CROWDS CHEERS as DIAMOND collects her earnings. Grace pops a pill and takes her shot of vodka.

DJ KOOL (O.S.)

Next up...

(rap)

Is the new and beautiful Honey, so show love and spend dat' money.

DIAMOND causally waits to guide her up the steps.

Lights dim ... 12 PLAY by R. Kelly plays. Her hips follow the rhythm as her hair falls pass the shoulders.

Her busty figure allures the crowd to toss dollars her way. Bending over only helps... the crowd loves her and she enjoys it...

DRESSING ROOM

MEXICAN DANCER, late 20's, hands Grace a towel off the counter.

MEXICAN STRIPPER

You're a natural mama'... Sure this yo' first time?

Grace smiles amiably as she grabs clothes from the locker. Other girls change into costumes. She dabs her face with the cloth ... Grace purse on the bench.

MEXICAN STRIPPER

Where you goin' mama' the night ain't ova'?

GRACE

I gotta get something out the car.

MEXICAN STRIPPER

You betta' hurry, it's some heavy weights tonight girl... you don't wanna miss money.

HALLWAY

Grace cross paths with MAN IN SUIT now carrying a briefcase.. all business.

Mr. Diaz in his office counting more money. She points in mocking manner.

GRACE

Get to work.

OFFICE

He kicks door shut from where he sits ... phone to his ear. He LAUGHS placing the money on the desk adding to a pile.

Texas Bullhorns are mounted on his wall to show his tradition of a true Hispanic.

MR. DIAZ

(on phone)

Don't worry boss... business is picking back up...

MONITORS POINTED IN THE PARKING LOT

She walks pass a HEAVY BOUNCER at the front entrance then leans against the building to take a smoke.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The passenger window on a rusted 89' Buick rolls down.

Leaning ... exhales smoke ... she talks to the men in the car.

GRACE

He's in his office... heavy guard at the front.

CHRIS JONES (mid 20's) handsome American, tall, dark hair grips a Mp-5 with a adjustable sling in passenger seat.

TERRY JONES (early 20's) also American, driver, not that good looking, blue eyed, brown hair, he appears to be weak minded ... also grips Mp-5 with sling attachment.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

HEAVY BOUNCER, HEARS a knock at the door ... through the slot he recognizes the face.

door opens ... two men rush in dressed in all black ski masks to match ... guns out

To demise all threats Chris shoots him in the knees .. in pain he MOANS ... they're not fucking around.

TERRY watches ...

CHRIS

(points)

Go!

TERRY walks with a slight limp in his right leg from a train accident. He shoots the ceiling...

EVERYONE YELLS as they duck for cover. He SHOOTS towards DJ booth...

DJ KOOL

(eyes big)

Oh shit!

The MUSIC STOPS ... the DJ gets to the ground. The girls all run to the locker room.

OFFICE

He places cash into his safe ... the commotion forces him to look up at monitor pointed at the dance floor...

MR. DIAZ

What the fuck?

Chris BUST through the door shooting at Diaz reaching for a .38 Special on the shelf.

Diaz surrenders without a good fight...

FRONT ENTRANCE

Grace plays the lookout. Cars pass on the road... the siblings are unnoticed.

DANCE FLOOR

Terry waves the gun around...

TERRY
Nobody fuckin' move!

he limps around ... in total control. More armor piercing bullets from the Mp-5 shatters bottles at the bar.

Grace waits by the door as a lookout.

OFFICE

Safe open ... empty. Owner is zipped tied to office chair. As a sign of irony Chris put Diaz's .38 Special on his lap.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Lets go!

MONITOR

The three bandits escape from club richer than they came.

INT. 89' BUICK - IN MOTION - NIGHT

The Jones family takes off down the road and side swipes a smaller vehicle. The Buick catches balance ... continues on without intent of exchanging insurance information.

The guy in the smaller vehicle steps out with anger. A train's HORN interrupts the background noise...

INT. 89' BUICK - IN MOTION - LATER

U.S ROUTE 69

Chris drives while he shoots out window into the night sky. Fire from the barrel imitates the sun.

CHRIS
(crazy)
Whooh!

He shoots a sign: Dallas 60 miles

INT. 89 BUICK - IN MOTION - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE: DALLAS, TEXAS - A HOUR LATER

Car cross city state line of Dallas, Texas.

From the rear view mirror hangs a younger photo of them with mom near a Christmas tree... Terry's on crutches in photo...

Grace is laid across the back seat ... Terry sleeps with his seat back.

Chris pulls into a ran-down motel.

EXT. GOODTIMES INN - MORNING

The car stops at the door of the motel office. Chris shakes Terry's leg. The brothers have tattoos on their chest and arms.

CHRIS

Hey, wake up.

Terry pushes Chris hand off his knee.

Chris gets out the car, checks under the hood going for the oil stick before entering. Oil's fine, he slams the hood.

INT. GOODTIMES INN - OFFICE - MORNING

BELL GOES OFF as he enters. The newspapers are a sure sign of a compulsive horder.

RONNY WHITE (70's) white man walks in from back room holding a small dog named STINKY. She BARKS at the tattooed stranger.

Ronny White speaks with deep smokers voice.

RONNY WHITE

How can I help you son?
(to dog)
Quiet stinky.

Chris reads his name tag.

CHRIS

I need a room. Got any?

RONNY WHITE

(humor)
Booked for months boy.

Chris looks towards the half empty parking lot.

INT. 89' BUICK - MORNING

Grace puts the photo in her pocket from off the mirror. On the back of the photo reads: My Petros.

INT. GOODTIMES INN - OFFICE - MORNING

Ronny White notices two young adults in the car.

RONNY WHITE
(skeptical)
I know da' young crowd. You won't
be any problem will ya'?...

CHRIS
(charming)
Nah, not me... we want your best
suite.

Owner walks to the cash register through a pile of old
newspapers ... he grabs keys for room 1027.

RONNY WHITE
How will you be paying?

Chris pulls out a wad of money ... owner very pleased.

INT. GOODTIMES INN - ROOM 1027 - MORNING

Terry toss the duffel bags on the mattress. Dust flies off
as the bags land.

Grace wipes off the television.

GRACE
This place probably has bed bugs.

After going to the frig' Chris sits on the bed ... empties
the bag. A few ID's from Oklahoma Kansas sits on bed spread.

CHRIS
Call Mason, tell em' we're here,
(holding ID)
We need new stuff.

TERRY
This was his best?

Terry plays with a hole in the wall.

Chris opens the curtains bringing in some sun light. Terry
flicks on the tv and scans channels.

Tv frequency is poor ... he SLAPS it a few times to bring in
some channels.

Grace on the phone fixes an old picture frame on the wall.

GRACE
He's not answering.

She toss the phone next to a small pile of money on the bed.

TERRY
He's probably at the bar.

CHRIS
It's ten in the morning.

TERRY
He's gone end up like his dad.

CHRIS
Shut up...

TERRY
Im just sayin'...

Terry counts the money in front of the TV ... phone RINGS...
She tosses it to Chris.

CHRIS
Where have you been?

INTERCUT

INT. TRAILER - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - MORNING

MASON JONES, (mid 20's), tall blonde, wears blue jeans. A few tats on his body ... a beer in his hands.

MASON
Sleep!

He wipes his eyes sitting upright on the futon. His computer screen saver: CoCo Austin toting two machine guns in tights.

He reaches for an empty pack of cigarettes under the mouse.

CHRIS (O.S.)
I'll be over in a minute.

BACK TO SCENE

They hang up ...

CHRIS
Lose the ID's and count the money.

He exits the room. Terry has money in his hand.

TERRY
We're a long way from two hundred thousand.

EXT. TEXAS WOMEN STATE PRISON - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE: TEXAS WOMEN STATE PRISON

TWO PRISON GUARDS look over the yard from watch tower with 223 rifle with scope attachment in hand. Other guards walk the perimeter of the fence.

Inmates scattered across the yard jogging, playing checkers, excising etc. most are smoking on cigarettes.

INSIDE CELL

ROSE JONES (50's) rest on the bottom of bunk-bed rubbing a smooth small black stone with her thumbs.

A few inmates walk on by.

INMATE#1 (O.S.)

Hey Rose.

INMATE#2 (O.S.)

What's up girl?

ROSE

(softly)

Hey.

She stares at a photo of her three children on the bottom of her cell mate's bed.

Moments later a guard walks up to her cell.

C.O

Come with me please.

She follows his orders after slipping a pair off shoes. She walks with him down the hall.

PRISON HALL

ROSE

Where to?

VISITATION AREA

they approaches a corridor C.O #2 holds a clip board. Guard checks Rose's inmate badge number...

C.O #2

(authoritative)

Cube three.

Visitation area, busy ... She sits at booth three. A male awaits for her on the other side of the plexiglass.

REX JONES (40's), hard core with ear and nose rings. He picks up the phone.

An old slash wound on his neck leaves his voice raspy.

Barbwire and tribal tattoo's displayed under his short sleeve shirt and neck. His fingers are inked on: F.U.K.U.

She picks up her end of the phone.

REX
(smiles)
What up big sis?

She's surprised.

ROSE
Long time.

REX
Yea... still look good.

She smiles.

REX
You know we buried momma a few years back.

She nods.

ROSE
You came all this way to tell me that? Next time just write. Ya' know?

She runs her fingers in her hair.

ROSE
How's my babies?

He wipes his head. She can sense that something's not right.

ROSE
Every time, it's something new... shoplifting again?

REX
Sorta', A few strip clubs in Oklahoma. Kansas. Their wanted...

She appears to be stressed as she rotates the stone.

REX

They took over my place I had to
kick em' out. It's been month since
I seen em'.

ROSE

(tears falling)

I never meant for any of this to
happen.

REX

We'll get through it.

EXT./INT. JACK EVENS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

A few cops in uniform walk into the building. Two Suits
walk by.

HOMICIDE UNIT - ARCHIVES ROOM

DETECTIVE STRIKLAND, (mid 40's), white man - good looking
even with a little belly bulge ... veteran detective for
Dallas Police.

Dressed in cheap suit ... clean cut.

The door is open as he watches video surveillance footage of
an police raid on notorious Dallas drug lord at an warehouse.

He fast forwards the video to the part where a dozen of drug
dealers are apprehended by the cops. He's one of the cops...

DETECTIVE BREWS, (early 30's), black man, bald and good
looking ... walks into the room in much nicer suit.

DET. BREWS

Glory days are over, partner. Ready
for the gun range?

Detective Strikland turns off the video.

DET. STRIKLAND

I still can't figure out how we got
footage and still can't catch the
bastard.

DET. BREWS

(humor)

Money's the root of evil.

They exit the room both with badge and Glock 9mm at their
waistline. Other COPS in uniform stroll by.

EXT. TRAILER - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - MORNING

Chris parks in the yard next to a 98' Chevy Astro Van with tinted windows. SLAMS the door on his Buick.

A can of Colt 45 is wedged under the bald tire. Mason gulps down another 16oz can.

MASON

(smiling)

You're back early? How was the hit?

Chris walks towards the trailer. A blue furred Pitbull comes from behind the property BARKING with spikes for a collar.

Chris down to pet his four legged friend. Mason BELCHES...

CHRIS

Hey, boy...

MASON

Killer misses you.

He rubs Killer. Spite the name she's a good dog.

CHRIS

It wasn't enough. We need something bigger that.

Chris tosses a tennis ball ... the dog fetch ... Chris hands Mason his cut from the heist.

MASON

I may have the perfect job. A few weeks ago I put in a wall safe at a strip club.

CHRIS

It's hot up there, we can't go back.

MASON

No, no... down here. Mexican owned. He got all the dough you need.

EXT. GOODTIMES INN - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

It's cloudy as a semi-truck pulls out of park lot.

INT. GOODTIMES INN - ROOM 1027 - DAY

Terry's prosthetic leg hangs off the mattress next to a small pile of money.

Family photo tooth pasted on the wallpaper. Grace prepares ham sandwiches over the stove in braless tank top and jeans.

Chris stands in front of the dresser reloading the Mp-5.

Terry FLUSHES the toilet ... maneuvering on his crutches as he joins his siblings from the bathroom to the kitchen area.

He grabs a piece of ham without washing his hands. She slaps it with the spatular.

He flops on the bed next to the pile of money and his leg.

TERRY

The money won't last long. When's our next lick?

EXT. DALLAS - SKYLINE - NIGHT

Bank of America Plaza exhibits it's green light structure. Other Dallas Landmarks in scene.

ESTABLISHING SHOT: "NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB" - NIGHT

Group of Farreri's cruise ... ENGINES ROARING ... small crowd of ladies cheer them on.

INT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC BUMPING:

DANCE FLOOR

DANCERS, (mixed age and race) walks around in different costumes: lingerie ... fishnet ... boy shorts etc.

BOUNCERS, black security shirts posted on every corner.

A minor scuffle breaks out between two guys... two muscle bouncers handles it quickly but roughly...

CROWD continues to enjoy themselves.

AT THE BAR

SEXY BARTENDER (cougar) pushes two drinks to Chris and Terry as they attempt to blend in. She has the hots for Chris, caressing his hand as she grab the money.

UPSTAIRS

The way Grace moves in skin tight pants begs for attention. Guys love her figure ... women dream her figure

Her hair is in a pony tail to the back ... simple beauty... no makeup.

Bouncer#1, black man, stands at the top of the stair case.

BOUNCER#1
 (aggressive)
 What you want?

She places her hands on her hips with sass.

GRACE
 I'm looking for work!

Bouncer#1 checks out her body as she spins.

BOUNCER#1
 (flirt)
 What you willin' to do for it?

BOSS OFFICE

Office draped in dark Italian furniture ... Picasso mounted over the fireplace. King size bed sits off in the corner.

A man MOANS in pain OFF SCREEN.

MR. TRENELLO (50's) Hispanic club owner and drug smuggler. Black Armani suit ... hair slick to the back ... deep Mexican ascent.

PERSONAL GUARD, wears a suit, bigger, meaner than the other Bouncers. He lays down law on a YOUNG BLACK MAN (20's) in front of a fire place.

Blood runs from his nose ... mouth. He sports Rocawear urban gear ... gold chain ... gold rings

TRENELLO looks down at the man puffing on an Italian Toscano Cigar. His pinkie ring symbolizes the wealth ... power ... respect of a true Dallas crime boss.

A hand gesture from TRENELLO stops the punishment.

MR. TRENELLO
 You think you're gangsta', don't ya'? Gold chains and baggy pants.. you have no idea...

He kneels close to the guy ... grabs his chain ... SNATCH!

BLEEDING MAN
 C'mon, man.

MR. TRENELLO
 (puffs on cigar)
 The chain is made to link. You broke link when you short me three kilos.

BLEEDING MAN

Trenello... c'mon man, it won't happen again.

(pleading)

I got a little boy on the way... man don't do dis'.

MR. TRENELLO

Weak links must go...

(Spanish)

Take him upstate and burn the body.

PERSONAL GUARD pounds on the man once more.

A KNOCK at the door interrupts...

BOUNCER#1 (O.S.)

Hey, boss?

He fixes his coat and puffs the Italian Toscano.

MR. TRENELLO

Excuse me.

Corridor opens...

MR. TRENELLO

What is it?

BOUNCER#1

I got something to make up yo' day.

Grace stands near the staircase ... he's impressed with her beauty.

Door opens enough for Grace to see the man get beat.

BAR

Chris and Terry sips on beers ... a tall sexy BLACK STRIPPER walks up to them with a friend. The friend is NICKI MINAJ.

BLACK STRIPPER rubs Terry shoulders.

BLACK STRIPPER

I saw you staring blue eyed cutie.

He quickly raise his eye brows.

NICKI MINAJ

How you feeling tonight baby?

TERRY
(to strippers)
We feel good.
(to Chris)
We feel good, right?

No answer from Chris...

NICKI MINAJ
This one is a stiff, girl. He
probably ain't got no money.

Chris drinks his beer.

TERRY
I love em' chocolate...
(to Chris)
Dude what's your problem?

He gives Terry an lowbrow look.

TERRY
He's just shy.

CHRIS
We're here for work.

TERRY
Don't blow it for me. I haven't
been with a woman in awhile.

Chris smiles, he don't want to ruin it for his brother.

NICKI MINAJ
(showing him the behind)
It's Bubble Caramel baby... Ima'
keep lookin', girl.

Nicki walks away giving a dirty look towards Chris.

BLACK STRIPPER
(whisper in ear)
Let's play in the Freaky Girlz
area?... things get a lil' wild...

She tilts his head towards Freaky Girlz sign. Terry gets up
from the bar stool. She rubs his neck...

TERRY
(to Chris)
I'll be back.

CHRIS
Stay focus and don't spend too much.

TERRY

I got it, I got it.

She grabs his shirt to guide him. He slaps her ass as he limps behind her.

FREAKY GIRLZ SECTION

The two pass multiple doors right and left. A woman escapes out of one of the rooms in body paint lingerie.

Black Stripper opens the last door on the right and enters the Huge Hefner Style room. She shuts the door behind them.

Terry sits down on the Italian leather couch, unfastens his shirt. Autographed Playboy posters on wall. He's in heaven.

She turns her back to him and remove her top making her ass clap.

TERRY

Nice!

BAR

Chris is at the bar by himself while others have fun around him. Grace bumps a few people in the crowd getting to Chris.

GRACE

(pushy)

Come on, let's go.

Bystander look on... she appears frantic.

CHRIS

(confused)

What's wrong?

GRACE

Let's go!

Chris stands up reaching for keys in his pocket.

GRACE

Where's Terry?

Chris looks towards the Freaky Girlz section. She takes off in the direction of the sign.

A few men watch with interest...

CHRIS

Whoa, whoa.

He tries to stop her but she is determined.

FREAKY GIRLZ SECTION

Grace enters the first door ... obese white man receives a blow job from a white stripper.

He eyes Grace with a smile ... signals for her to join. She closes the door with discuss ... continuing her search.

The next door is locked ... to the next also locked.

She finds the correct door ... push the stripper off Terry's lap. Dancer falls, chest exposed.

BLACK STRIPPER

Hey, bitch!?

Pulling up his pants, exposing his half a prosthetic on his right leg.

TERRY

What the hell is wrong with you?
You can't treat people like that.

GRACE

Pay her and let's go! We have to talk.

Loose cash falls around the dancer as they exit the section.

TERRY

Couldn't we talk later?

SIDE DOOR

They meet with Chris standing by the side entrance.

CHRIS

I found another way out.

He opens the door.

INT. 89' BUICK - IN MOTION - NIGHT

Grace drives through the city...

CHRIS

(upset)
What the hell was that?... What happen up there to make you flip out?

She looks in the rear view mirror...

TERRY

I was having the time of my life
until you had to come and ruin it.

GRACE

We need to stop and think this one
through.

TERRY

About what, sis?

CHRIS

What's there to think about? Mason...

Chris pulls on a cigarette in the back seat. He rolls down
the window to release toxins from the air.

GRACE

--Why him, I don't trust it?

CHRIS

Mason said it's what we been waitin'
for... the big hit to clear mom's
debt.

She looks in the rear view mirror ... Chris has crooked
smile.

She's fed up.

GRACE

This is my last one. I'm done after
this.

He dumps ashes out the window.

CHRIS

And do what?

Grace thinks ... approaching red light. Other cars on the
road.

GRACE

Dunno' ... maybe visit Auntie Tammie
in Nap Town.

TERRY

To dance? She not goin' for that.

GRACE

If I wanna dance I'll move to Las
Vegas.

The light turns green ... she continues to drive.

TERRY

You love to dance. What else would you do?

GRACE

Nurse school ... sumthin'.

She pulls into Whataburger restaurant drive thru ... a few cars before her.

CHRIS

What's yo' deal?... when we started this we said family, first, forever. We're solid, c'mon, don't bell on us.

Grace feels unappreciated...

GRACE

Yawl wear mask... I'm probably wanted all over. Risk is on my shoulders.

Scams are getting old to Grace ... staring into space. A couple biracial couple steps out the restaurant with meals.

GRACE

We're gettin' too old for this shit.

INT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - NIGHT

CHRIS (V.O.)

Out of three businesses this is his crown jewel ... most lucrative.

Clean cut white guys in suits pop bottles of champagne with a few half naked strippers ... having a blast.

CHRIS (V.O.)

The bankers, politicians, judges all come here. Its the Playboy mansion of the south.

BASEMENT

Illegal casino operation. Small group of folks gamble at poker and black jack tables ... huge bids.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Downstairs is the casino operation.

COUNTING ROOM

TWO accountant type white men are in the 8x8 room ... money machines on the table ... BEEP

The shorter man grabs the money from the machine ... place rubber band around the fifty thousand dollar in hundreds.

MONEY COUNTER

Fifty.

He puts the stack with the rest of the night's earning.

CHRIS (V.O.)

On average he brings in about a quarter mill a month.

BACK TO SCENE

Grace grabs the food from the drive-thru window.

GRACE

(to female server)

Thanks.

She drives on...

CHRIS

Guys like this are the easiest... he can't afford heat from the cops. He'll lose everything.

She realize how easy it could be after all.

INT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

Mr. Trenello stands at huge window overlooking his elaborate operation ... a silent toast to the crowd below.

TWO half naked MODELS lay scattered across silk sheets on his king size bed in the background.

INT. TEXAS WOMEN PRISON - CLASS ROOM - MORNING

A GUARD stands near the door to watch over the small group of inmates gathered in a social circle.

Inmates will do anything to get out early... Rose is no exception.

GROUP DIRECTOR (40's) white lady, dressed like psychiatrist. Speaks softly with confident, sits at the head of the mixed circle.

GROUP DIRECTOR

Very well, Debbie.

Debbie, white woman takes her seat as the LADIES APPLAUD. Group Director jots in her note pad.

GROUP DIRECTOR
 Let's talk about regrets?... any of
 you beautiful ladies have any?

It's quiet ... ladies think to themselves. Rose rubs her
 black stone.

GROUP DIRECTOR
 We all do... before my Masters from
 Stanford, I lived in a small town
 most of my life.

She glances at the ladies as they listen closely.

GROUP DIRECTOR
 I was scared.

BLACK INMATE#1
 Scared of what?...

GROUP DIRECTOR
 (to inmate)
 Taking risk, what other thought of
 me.
 (to group)
 I always felt like other people were
 in control of my life, my decisions...
 I regretted giving my family
 control... until I had enough.

WHITE INMATE#1
 I regret having a husband...

BLACK INMATE#1
 I wish I had one...

Some of the ladies smile and laugh... room gets quieter.

GROUP DIRECTOR
 Anyone else wants to share?... Pam?

PAM waves her off... Rose rubs her black stone for comfort.
 The director notices.

GROUP DIRECTOR
 Anyone else?... One more then we're
 done.

Group Direct looks at her gold watch.

GROUP DIRECTOR
 How about you Rose? Have anything
 to share?

Rose nods. Group Director writes in her note pad.

GROUP DIRECTOR
The floor is yours.

ROSE
I regret ever getting in the car. I
wouldn't even be here if I hadn't...
I messed everything up... my job..
my life
(tears)
My three kids...

Group Director writes... inmate next to her places her arm
around Rose.

GROUP DIRECTOR
(concerned)
--How are they holding up?... Do
you talk to them much?

Filled with guilt she shakes her head no as tears roll down
her face...

INT. GOODTIMES INN - ROOM 1027 - DAY

Captain Planet cartoon series is on the tube.

Grace sleeps on twin size bed ... Terry on the floor.

Chris SLAMS the empty refrigerator shut ... pulls back the
curtains ... sun light brightens the room.

CHRIS
We need some food.

The siblings slowly wakes up from Chris's loud mouth. Terry
stretch ... Grace yawns.

Chris holds an empty pancake box ... throws it the trash.

CHRIS
Pancakes?

Terry wipes his eyes.

TERRY
(morning voice)
That sounds good... blueberry like
mom use to make.

CHRIS
You remember that?

He nods.

GRACE
(just waking up)
Close the fuckin' curtains.

He waves her off.

She throws her pillow his way then hides under the covers from the sun light.

CHRIS
Ride with me to the store.

TERRY
Help me up.

Terry throws his arms out to be lifted.

Chris helps him put on his prosthetic leg. They toss on black sweat jackets.

TERRY
We'll be back sis.

She sticks up her middle finger from out the covers as they head out the door.

EXT. WILLIAM CONVENIENT STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

The brothers pulls up in their rusted 89' Buick. Terry reaches for the door handle ... Chris grips his arm.

TERRY
What?

Chris looks at his younger brother.

CHRIS
Our store heist, we always talked about.

TERRY
(baffled)
What? Now? As in right now? What about all these people?

PEDESTRIANS WALKING, enjoying their day with the dog, shopping, socializing with friends etc.

CHRIS
C'mon, it'll be fun.

Terry doesn't think its a good idea.

CHRIS
(convincing)
C'mon... In and out... And besides,
we need food. No one will get hurt.

Chris grabs the guns from the back seat under a jacket.
Terry grabs the ski masks from the glove compartment.

TERRY
(sarcastic)
Like, I never heard that before.

CHRIS
I've never been wrong, you know it.

INT. WILLIAM CONVENIENT STORE - DAY

The florescent light flickers: OPEN

STORE CLERK, chubby black male (30's), stands behind the counter handing a customer her change back for a pack of cigarettes and two liter of Pepsi.

STORE CLERK
(smiles)
Have a good day... Next in line.

Detective Strikland puts two packs of donuts on the counter as he talks on his cell phone. Store Clerk rings up items.

DET. STRIKLAND
(phone in hand)
Yea I got the donuts.

INTERCUT

INT. JACK EVANS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

HOMICIDE UNIT

Detective Brews stands amongst fellow officers at the downtown precinct.

In the background there's party decorations for CHIEF BROWN'S birthday surprise.

DET. BREWS
No apple crumb, remember last time
the unit got heartburn.

OFFICERS in background are preparing for photographer.

STORE CLERK (O.S.)
Will this be all Detective?

He snaps his phone shut.

DET. STRIKLAND
Um, yea. It's Captain's birthday.

The store clerk smiles in a dubious manner.

STORE CLERK
Oh. A Scorpio too. Mine just passed
a week ago. You still trying to
diet?

Detective Strikland looks at the fattening boxes of powder
donuts.

STORE CLERK
I knew it, you slippin' detective.
You gotta' stay tru' to da game. I
lost fifteen pounds recently.

DET. STRIKLAND
You lost fifteen pounds?.. I knew it
was something different.

STORE CLERK
It was either shed a few or lose the
wife... how's your wife?

He walks to the door with his purchase, turns back towards
the Store Clerk.

DET. STRIKLAND
Keep up the good work.

He holds the door open for an elder woman entering.

PARKING LOT

Det. Strikland is at his door of his unmarked Ford Taurus as
he notices two young men in 89' Buick fidgeting around, he
ignores it.

Chris pretends to have a pair of drumsticks in his hands as
he plays a beat on the steering wheel.

INSIDE FORD TAURUS

The detective looks at the box of donuts. He takes a bite
of the powder donut and pulls off.

DET. STRIKLAND
It's ex wife.

INSIDE 89' BUICK

Terry and Chris gears up not paying any attention to the cop that just left the store.

Music gets turned down slightly.

CHRIS

Ready?

The cop car leaves the parking lot in the background.

INT. WILLIAM CONVENIENT STORE - DAY

Mask men enters the store aiming their weapons. Chris locks the door.

CHRIS

(aggressive)

Alright, on the fuckin' ground.

The OLD WOMAN in the store obeys. Terry limps to the snack isle gun on his sling.

CHRIS

(points gun at clerk)

You! Give me all the cash!

The store clerk glances out the window, hoping the cop is still around.

CHRIS

What the fuck are you looking at?
Give up the money before I start
shooting... c'mon, lets go!

The clerk puts his hands up.

STORE CLERK

Ok, ok.

Terry empties a jumbo bag of potato chips on the floor and uses the bag to stock up items...

CHRIS

(to brother)

Grab a beer.

Store clerk presses silent alarm located under the register.

CHRIS

What the fuck did you jus' do?

The clerk is in deep shit now.

STORE CLERK

Um, nothing.

CHRIS

You think I'm stupid, huh? What did you just do?

The store clerk is scared out of his mind. The OLD WOMAN on the floor has her hands over her head for cover.

STORE CLERK

(scared shitless)

I opened the register for you, sir.

The mask man comes closer to the counter ... looks over. He see's the register slightly opened.

Chris grabs a bag from of the counter.

CHRIS

Fill it up!

The store clerk grabs the bag ... fills it up with cash. Some of the money falls to the floor from nervousness.

CHRIS

Pick that shit up! And no tricks, you hear me?

Chris has his gun pointed in his direction shoulders down.

INT. FORD TAURUS - IN MOTION - DAY

Detective drives down the road wiping powder residue off his face.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

We have robbery in progress at William's Convenient Store. All cops respond.

DET. STRIKLAND

(angry)

You gotta be shittin' me!

He turns his siren lights on ... makes a u-turn. Oncoming traffic HUNKS as he cuts them off.

INT. WILLIAM CONVENIENT STORE - DAY

Chris has the bag of cash in his hand while gripping his sub machine gun in the other. He's not finished...

CHRIS

I know yawl keep a safe in the back
before the weekly drop off at the
bank.

He looks guilty.

CHRIS

Take me to it.

STORE CLERK

I don't know the code. I'm not the
manager, man.

He whips him with the butt of the gun... SMACK.. SMACK!!
Store clerk gets leveled to the floor.

CHRIS

Where is he?
(heading towards back)
He's probably back here.

Terry has all he can carry in both arms.

TERRY

C'mon... Another day.

Chris places his gun on his shoulder sling behind his back,
under his sweat shirt.

They run out the store going towards their car when all of a
sudden ...

DET. STRIKLAND

Stop!

The detective has his Glock 9mm drawn on the suspects. The
cop parked his car in front of the suspects 89' Buick.

DET. STRIKLAND

(to dispatch)

I have the suspects send backup.

Stopped in their tracks ... they look at each other ... then
back at the cop pointing the gun at them.

DET. STRIKLAND

Put down the bags and place your
hands on top of your heads.

They hesitate...

DET. STRIKLAND

Now!

For a moment it seems like they have no choice but to surrender ... then...

Chris drops the bag of money and whips around his sub machine gun ... Gun GOES OFF at the detectives car. Terry can't believe it he just shot at a cop.

Chris displays a unique shooting style. Every time he pulls the trigger his shoulders raises slightly but noticeably.

Terry drops the food ... quickly hides behind a car to catch his thoughts.

Detective shoots back not intimidated.

Detective signals PEDESTRIANS to run for cover. Terry stars at his deranged brother.

DET. STRIKLAND
(to dispatch)
Shots fired at the William's!

Chris fires ...

INT. DISPATCH STATION - CONTINUOUS

She snatch off the headphone as bullets hit detective's car.

INT. WILLIAM CONVENIENT STORE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Chris retreats behind parked vehicle with Terry as he reloads clips, from his pockets...

In the side mirror, the driver see's the armed men and drive off exposing the men to the cop.

BOW, BOW, BOW! The detective shoots ... they duck running behind another parked car.

TERRY
Now what?

Terry waits for an answer...

Chris opens fire on the detective again ... then he turns his attention to the gas station a few hundred feet away.

Chris shoots in it's direction. A bullet catches a guy behind the wheel of a moving vehicle ... killed immediately, he crashes into one of the gas pumps ... BLOOM!

The explosion is great for Chris's ego.

FOLKS SCREAM in fear...

DET. STRIKLAND
(looking at the
explosion)
Oh, no!

Detective lifts up his head enough to be seen by Chris. He fires again at the law.

Glass pour down on the detective's head as he hides.

An young gullible COLLEGE STUDENT drives towards the action from the opposite direction jamming to loud rap music.

Detective tries to get his attention.

DET. STRIKLAND
(to Terry)
Shit!

Detective scrapes his hand on some loose glass on the ground.

CHRIS
Shoot!

Terry rain down bullets on cop car. Strikland ducks...

Chris walks in the path of the moving vehicle.

The student stops several feet in front of him. He looks in shock as the gun points his way. He turns down his music.

CHRIS
(standing tall)
Get out the fuckin' car!

STUDENT obeys, running away wearing an UTD orange sweat shirt. Chris WHISTLES for his brother.

SIRENS are near.

CHRIS
(hand movement)
C'mon!

Terry notices the bag of money on the ground ... tries to retrieve it ... detective shoots. BOW, BOW, BOW! The bullets rip through nearby cars.

It's too risky. He limps to the stolen vehicle and speeds out of sight leaving behind the money...

The cop runs towards the gas station to help the wounded once the coast is clear.

SIRENS are CLOSER ... cops are pulling up.

EXT. WILLIAM CONVENIENT STORE - PARKING LOT - LATER

Caution tape blocks the off crime scene.

Gas station drenched by Firemen of Dallas. Ambulance are on the scene attending the injured. ONE FATAL.

POLICE INVESTIGATORS collect bullet fragments off the pavement. OFFICERS gather information from witnesses.

Coroner rolls a lifeless body in the van on a gurney.

CHIEF BROWN (50's), black man, silvered hair, stands next to the MAYOR OF DALLAS as he talks to NEWS REPORTERS from Channel FOX 5 News.

Detective Brews finishes his business with the tow truck driver on the suspects 89' Buick.

He walks up to Detective Strikland, leaning against the back of an EMS van with his hand bandaged from the glass.

DET. BREWS

It was loaded with prints. How's the hand?

CHIEF BROWN joins the two...

CHIEF BROWN

(to Strikland)

Whoever did this wanted to send a message... Do whatever it takes to get these thugs off my streets...

(to Brews)

Hear me!

REPORTERS rush over mic's in hand full of questions at the same time.

INT. GOODTIMES INN - ROOM 1027 - DAY

The brothers quickly enters the room, shut and lock the door. There's no sign of Grace ... the room is silent.

Chris looks out the window through an three inch space between curtains ... they weren't followed he shuts the curtains.

TERRY

Things will never be the same. Will they?

INT. GOODTIMES INN - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ronny White looks out his window towards Room 1027 rubbing his small dog in his arms ...

INT. GRAPEVINE MILLS SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Grace looks like an fashion model carrying a few shopping bags from Victoria Secret. She wears Gucci colored yoga pants, a pair of Gucci sun glasses like a pop star.

Her PHONES RINGS from inside her Gucci purse...

GRACE

What?...

CHRIS (O.S.)

(anxious)

We need to hit Nippies so we can get the fuck outta' here...

Grace is growing tired of this lifestyle.

ACT TWO

INT. JACK EVANS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - GARAGE - DAY

Detective is on the phone with his ex-wife while CITY COP searches the suspect 89' Buick. A bandage is on his hand.

EX WIFE (O.S.)

I was driving from to book club meeting when I heard it was you, I almost had heart attack...

The detective searches a bag of clothes found in the trunk. He finds a escort service card from Kanas in a pair of jeans.

DET. STRIKLAND

Yea, it was crazy...

(smiling)

Since our divorce I been living on the wild side. Prostitutes and shoot outs.

INTERCUT

INT. DETECTIVE STRIKLAND - SUBURBIA HOME - DAY

There's a shelf full of Detective Strikland's memorabilia, photos, awards etc.

The photo at the end is a family photo at the park years ago of detective, SARAH and KAREN (late 20's). SARAH has a photo in cop uniform as well.

KITCHEN

SARAH STRIKLAND (40's), good looking blonde, thin, eats on a strawberry and feta summer salad with a half glass of water.

A children book, "*BRYAN & MISS PAT*" sits a few inches away.

SARAH

(laughs)

Don't be silly... Maybe this is a sign, that you should retire before you get yourself hurt... Karen would love that.

DET. STRIKLAND (O.S.)

Karens' in London learning the piano. I think it's you who would love that.

SARAH

Well...

DET. STRIKLAND (O.S.)

On a more serious note, it was like the wild west. Them kids kept shooting. I never seen anything like it.

BACK TO SCENE

The city cop has something in his hands after fishing around in the glove compartment.

CITY COP

Hey detective!

Back to work...

DET. STRIKLAND

I gotta go. Talk to you soon.

SARAH (O.S.)

Oh, don't forget about my parents fortieth anniversary dinner tonight.

DET. STRIKLAND

Ok. Gotta go.

Detective hangs up the phone. The cop holds two white male ID's from Oklahoma.

Detective takes a look at the ID's ... THUMPS them.

DET. STRIKLAND

Bingo!

INT. JACK EVANS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Other members of the police force are walking around the office handling day to day operations. Some in suits, others in uniform.

Detective has a photo of his daughter, KAREN (mid 20's) playing the piano on stage. A powder donut is on his desk from earlier.

He runs the names on the ID's in the data base ... No luck.

SHOT ON SCREEN

NO MATCH FOUND

Frustrated ... he sips on a cup of coffee.

DET. STRIKLAND

Ugh!

He places the snack and coffee in the garbage next to the desk. Detective Brews walks by going towards his desk with lunch from McDonalds.

DET. BREWS

(joking)

Just put some ice in it to make mocha, next time...

(serious note)

I got extra tickets to the Mav's, wanna' com' hangout? I know you're lonely in that apartment...

DET. STRIKLAND

(joking)

Where's mine?.. Look, from the Buick.

He hands him the photo ID's. Det. Brews examines ...

DET. BREWS

Now we know what they look like. This is good. What type of name is John Dolls?..

DET. STRIKLAND

I don't know, but I'm go check into it...

Detective Strikland's cell PHONE RINGS as Brews unwraps his Big Mack sandwich. It's Sarah but he ignores the call.

DET. BREWS

(mouth full)

Yo', you never answered my question...

DET. STRIKLAND

(holding up phone)

Nah, I can't. I have to be somewhere.

Detective Brews suspects who's on the other end.

DET. BREWS
 (reaching for fries)
 How's the wife?

DET. STRIKLAND
 You know she's my ex.

DET. BREWS
 C'mon, who are you kidding?... I
 never seen a divorced pair act like
 yawl. Movies, diners, cruise ship
 vacations. I'm married and I still
 haven't been on a ship.

Detective Strikland grabs the coat on the back of his chair.

DET. STRIKLAND
 (joking)
 You know blacks folks don't do water.

Detective Brews holds the sandwich laughing.

DET. BREWS
 Oh, that's cold.

He closes his laptop.

DET. BREWS
 Tell the Mrs. I said hello.

DET. STRIKLAND
 Call me when we get those prints...
 oh, and just because we're separated
 don't mean, we have to be... says
 Dr. Watson.

He walks towards the elevators.

INT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

Grace stands in a black elegant tiered tank dress, tight
 fitted with a back zipper, hair to her soft shoulders. Her
 cleavage peeks out the dress.

The club lights are visible from inside the office. Trenello
 sips on glass of liquor as he sits in his chair.

PERSONAL GUARD is at the door with his arms crossed looking
 solid as a rock. The fire place burns in the back ground.

He taps his lap ... she sits...

MR. TRENELLO
 I thought when you stormed out you
 wouldn't be returning.

GRACE
(seductive)
I can't say no to guys like you...
That's my down fall.

He eyes her chest... rubs her face with the back of his hand.

MR. TRENELLO
Honey, there are no guys in the world
like me.

She kisses his hand ... sucks on his finger...

GRACE
There's guys like you all over the
world. I'm a woman with sexual needs.

His hand moves down her shoulders. He's almost at her
breast... She gets up before he tries to go too far too fast.

MR. TRENELLO
How tight are you?

GRACE
(confident)
I'm tight.

He signals for guard to leave the room with a head gesture.
As he exits ... she turns around.

GRACE
(innocently)
Can you help me?

He get's up and place the glass on the desk. He grabs the
remote from inside his drawer. There's his chrome Revolver.

He close the curtains with a push of a button. Behind her
he unzips her dress ... her breast exposed.

He kiss her shoulders.

MR. TRENELLO
Fiorucci.

He massages her soft shoulders.

GRACE
Strong nose. How did you know?

MR. TRENELLO
My wife's favorite ... close your
eye's.

She relaxes with her eyes closed. He softly kisses her neck.

She opens her eyes slowly on the Picasso as the fire's blaze glows off her face.

MR. TRENELLO
 (referring to moment)
 How are you feeling, Honey?

Looking at the painting with lust in her eyes.

GRACE
 (referring to cash)
 Unstoppable.

He turns her around to face him, breast exposed, the two start kissing.

INT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - OFFICE - LATER

She lie on the floor in elegant silk sheets next to the fireplace as she puffs on a cigarette after their night of fun.

MR. TRENELLO
 (standing)
 Start tomorrow since tonight's almost over.

GRACE
 I have one request.

EXT. DETECTIVE STRIKLAND - SUBURBIA HOME - DRIVEWAY- NIGHT
 INSIDE SQUAD CAR

He parks in the drive way and turns off the ignition. The crickets CHIRP in the yard.

A car drives by down the road.

DET. STRIKLAND
 Your parents are hilarious.

She leans her seat back to get a little more comfortable as she wears his suit jacket around her to keep her warm.

SARAH
 Forty years and counting... They're so cute...

DET. STRIKLAND
 Wow, forty years. That's a huge number.

She looks into his eyes.

SARAH

I miss the time we shared. I really do...

He look back into her eyes and places her hand over his heart.

DET. STRIKLAND

You're here, always... high school sweetheart, the mother of my beautiful daughter, at the Royal Academy of Music.

She smiles as her heart is filled with love.

SARAH

More...

DET. STRIKLAND

You have the house, what more do you want from me?

SARAH

I never been a material woman, you know that. The things most important aren't things you touch, only feel.

Detective thinks about that message for a moment.

SARAH

What if I was to say I want you back at the house?

DET. STRIKLAND

(humor)

For what a quickie?... you had too many drinks tonight.

She LAUGHS and pushes him.

SARAH

(smiling)

No... Well, maybe. But, I mean for good. I miss you being around.

He listens...

SARAH

I know the therapist thought it would be best for us to start over and remain friends... It's been over nine months. I think we're fine now, don't you? We're in a much stable place now...

She bring her hand back to her side.

DET. STRIKLAND
 I want to, but I don't think I'm
 ready. I can't give you the time
 you deserve and that's how we got
 into this mess in the first place...
 I'm sorry... it's not fair.

He starts the car.

DET. STRIKLAND
 I think I should get going.

A frustrated pause... She leans over to kiss him on the cheek.

SARAH
 Thanks again for tonight... Good
 night, Dan.

DET. STRIKLAND
 Good night, Sarah.

He waits until she is in the house like a true gentleman
 before he backs out the driveway.

EXT. GOODTIMES INN - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

A couple cars are in the motel parking lot.

INT. GOODTIMES INN - ROOM 1027 - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace cries silently in the shower scrubbing her body after
 having Trenello hands all over it.

EXT./INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Detective arrives at his studio apartment. He enters the
 building. He gets into bed... Turns off light... alone.

EXT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - ESTABLISHING SHOT - MORNING

two men in suits walk into strip club.

INT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - OFFICE - MORNING

TWO KNOCKS at the door.

Mr. Trenello has the Picasso safe open as he place brown
 envelopes full of money neatly inside next to blue prints.

PERSONAL GUARD stands by the door ... arms crossed as he
 invites Grace in.

MR. TRENELLO (O.S.)
 (to Grace)
 Make yourself comfortable.

She looks around his office. The curtains are closed.

GRACE
I just wanted to tell you that I
brought my brother.

He closes the painting above the fire place ... cash in hand.

MR. TRENELLO
(snickers)
He understand what he's doing, right?

He gives her a couple hundred dollars ... she's proud.

GRACE
Relax, it's not the fuckin' Bellagio.

He BACK SMACKS her like a pimp does his hoes when they get
out of line. PERSONAL GUARD on standby.

MR. TRENELLO
Watch ya' tongue!..

She holds the stinging area on her face.

He pours himself a glass of liquor. A half cigar waits for
him in the ash tray ... he lights it... puffs ... exhales.

MR. TRENELLO
Now that we have things clear, we're
going to be doing things my way...

LOWER LEVEL

Chris deals cards at the Black Jack table. There are three
gamblers sitting at the table.

Chris turns over his cards and he has 21. Dealer win the
money.

He deals the next hand when all of a sudden one of the
bouncers interrupts.

BOUNCER#1
(to gamblers)
This table is closed for right now.
(to Chris)
Mr. Trenello wants to see you
upstairs.

He continues to deal. The men at the table is wondering
what is going on but they mind their own business.

BOUNCER#1
Now!

BACK TO SCENE

Grace is sits in a chair in front of his desk. PERSONAL
GUARD stands with his arms folded.

MR. TRENELLO
(to Chris)
Please, join us.

Chris sits in a chair next to Grace.

MR. TRENELLO
So, we get to meet. David is it?

He nods as the two shake hands. Mr. Trenello gets up from
the desk.

MR. TRENELLO
Would you like a cigar? Something
to drink, David?

He walks over to the cabinet.

CHRIS
(untrusting)
No thanks.

He lights a cigar from the cabinet and pours a drink anyway.

MR. TRENELLO
Don't be rude... she tells me that
you have family problems.

Chris looks at his sister ... she turns away.

CHRIS
I don't follow...

MR. TRENELLO
Your sister comes to me with problems
and I'ma crutch, I know... havin'
money brings all kinds of people my
way ... But crutches cost.

Chris is silent.

MR. TRENELLO
Secrets are like cancer. No matter
what temporary treatment you take to
quiet the secret it follows you and
eventually kills you from the inside
out. There's no hiding.

Chris doesn't know what to think.

MR. TRENELLO

Let me get to the point, David. I did you a favor now it's time for you to do me a favor. I have a bank in mind.

GRACE

Wait, what? Because you gave him a job he only worked for an hour?

MR. TRENELLO

You step to me you betta' be ready to play, balls in my court.

CHRIS

I don't do banks...

MR. TRENELLO

Today, for me, you do...

CHRIS

And if I say no?

MR. TRENELLO

I have you and your sister killed and dumped in Lake Texoma.

PERSONAL GUARD stands firm looking at the two siblings.

INT. FORD TAURUS - IN MOTION - MORNING

U.S ROUTE 69

EXT./INT. REX HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Three small bicycles are behind a small fence in the yard. A couple of backyard dogs BARK in the neighborhood.

He walks up on the porch ... RINGS the DOOR BELL. Movement inside.

REX (O.S.)

Who is it?

Rex opens the door.

The detective has badge in hand and gun on his waist.

DET. STRIKLAND

Sorry to bother you sir. My name is Detective Strikland. I'm looking for this young man.

He pulls out a photo from his pocket of Chris after putting his badge away.

REX
(bull shitting)
Um, I don't know who that is sir.

Detective is not buying the bull shit Rex is selling.

DET. STRIKLAND
You think I'd travel one hour north
by coincidence?... Your address was
on his ID I found in a current
investigation.

REX
And?

The detective shows him the ID.

DET. STRIKLAND
Which means their mail comes here...
Unless you want to be part of the
investigation, I advise you to
cooperate.

He SIGHS then let's the Detective inside.

EXT. TRAILER - VACANT FIELD - MORNING

Terry wears shorts exposing his prosthetic leg as he and Mason
pour gasoline in the stolen car from the store.

Mason wears regular clothes with a trucker's hat.

Mason grabs the Ak-47 from the trunk ... drenches the space
with gasoline.

Mason host it rifle on his shoulders like he's Rambo. Terry
grabs the hat off Mason's head as he fires a few shots in
the vehicle.

MASON
Hey! What the...

Terry smiles as he pours a little gasoline on the hat. Lights
it on fire.

TERRY
Ouch!

He tosses the burning hat in the car window before his hand
is caught on fire. The back seats catch flame first.

WHOOSH, the college kid's car is engulfed flames in a matter
of seconds.

EXT. TRAILER - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - MORNING

The car burns in the back ground as the two shoot their weapons at surrounding trees with a paper targets of former President's Regan and Bush.

TERRY

Fuck the war on drugs! They were the ones brin' the shit in...

MASON

I saw that shit on the news. It looked pretty wild.

Terry smiles as he limps to the table three feet away to grab a different machine gun.

TERRY

My brother is fuckin' crazy. He didn't even grab the milk.

The two respond with laughter ... them more shots.

Phone RINGS from inside the trailer.

MASON

Can you go get that for me?

Mason looks at his legs ... he should known better.

MASON

I got it.

INSIDE TRAILER

Cordless phone RINGS next to dirty dishes piled up on the counter.

MASON

Yea.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

You have a collect call from...

INTERCUT

INT. TEXAS WOMEN PRISON - PHONE AREA - DAY

Rose finally uses the phone. Other inmates are in the area loud watching wrestling on tv. She close her ear not to the phone to block some of the noise.

BACK TO SCENE

Mason presses a button on the phone to accept the caller then walks outside the trailer.

ROSE (O.S.)
Hello, Mason.

MASON
Auntie! Aw man it's great to hear
your voice... been a long time.

BACK TO OUTSIDE

Terry SHOOTs Ak-47 at targets. He stops to reload ... Mason hands the phone over without saying a word; not wanting to spoil the surprise.

He pass the gun to Mason.

TERRY
(on phone)
Chris get yo' ass down here.

INTERCUT

ROSE
Baby boy.

TERRY (O.S.)
Mom?

A tear falls from her eyes.

INT. REX HOME - MORNING

Detective writes notes in his pad while he stands near the couch. A envelop sits on the table but it's hard to read without being obvious to Rex.

Rex leans against the wall. Detective notices a crutch in the dinning room area of the house.

DET. STRIKLAND
So when was the last time you seen
your nephews?

REX
It's been a while.

DET. STRIKLAND
If I find out you're lying I'll come
back with a warrant.

Detective Strikland notices a tattoo on his shoulder that says: "Jones".

REX
(convincing)
I'm telling you officer. I haven't
seen them or know where to find em'.
I wish I did cause I'd love to repay
them for the trouble.

An awkward pause...

THUMP! A ball hits the window from outside. Rex looks out the window and see's two little GIRLS in the front yard, LAUGHING... enjoying their youth.

REX
(to small girls)
Go play in your own goddamn yard!

GIRLS stick out their tongues at the mean guy and run away with the ball.

The detective writes down an address from a enveloped with a Dallas zip code located on the coffee table next to the sofa.

DET. STRIKLAND
There's no trouble, Rex.

Rex turns his attention back to Detective Strikland.

DET. STRIKLAND
You say you don't know where I can
find them. I'll keep looking... I
don't believe you but you're not the
one I'm after.

He walks to the door ... hands Rex a business card.

DET. STRIKLAND
Oh!... And don't be shy to give me
a call when you know something.

The door shuts after the Detective. Rex looks at ease. The dogs continues to BARK a few houses down.

INT. JACK EVANS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

A secretary places small files on Detective Brews desk while he dials numbers on the phone.

He's says thank you to her without the words coming out of mouth much like lip reading.

DET. BREWS

(on phone)

Where the hell have you been?...
 Captain Brown chewed me up bout' the
 cost of repairs to gas station.

INTERCUT

INT. FORD TAURUS - IN MOTION - DAY

U.S ROUTE 69

DET. STRIKLAND

Following up on those ID's... I got
 an Dallas address, I want you to...
 hold on'...

He fumbles around on the passenger seat for the note pad.
 It's under DALLAS MORNING NEWS article ... store crime scene
 on the front cover.

BACK TO SCENE

Detective Brews opens the first folder on his desk.

DET. STRIKLAND (O.S.)

Ok, it's eleven fifteen, South De...

DET. BREWS

--Sarah's been in a minor car
 accident.

DET. STRIKLAND (O.S.)

When?

DET. BREWS

This morning... that's why I was
 calling like crazy... we have to...

DET. STRIKLAND (O.S.)

--Is she fine?

DET. BREWS

Yeah... look we have to find those
 guys or this case will get pushed to
 the side for the Fed's to clean up
 our mess.

Captain Brown comes from his office.

CAPTAIN BROWN

Did you reach em'?

He signals to Captain that he's on the phone with Strikland.

DET. STRIKLAND (O.S.)

See you soon

DET. BREWS

Wait...

INT. GOODTIMES INN - ROOM 1027 - DAY

Chris paces back and forth in tempestuous manner ... fist balled.

Television on the medical channel.

Grace eats Chinese food from Chung Lee's on the the bed. More food for her siblings in containers.

GRACE

Sit down and eat. You're making me dizzy.

CHRIS

(angry)

That mother fucker hit you?... why didn't you say anything?...

Chris punches the wall out of anger. Grace continues to eat. She shakes her head at her deranged brother.

CHRIS

After we get the money, I'm gonna kill that son of a bitch. I swear!

She raises her head from her food ... food in her mouth.

GRACE

That's why I don't like telling you stuff... it wasn't even like that, so calm down and eat, please...

She takes another bite of the Orange Chicken from Chung Lee's.

CHRIS

(yelling)

Mom raised you better than that... You let this Hispanic mutha' fuckas' hit you... You're suppose to be the oldest, setting examples and stuff like that.

Wiping her mouth with a napkin putting on a half smile.

GRACE

You think you're so perfect, don't you?

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

She damn sure didn't raise us to do what we're doing either but that's not stopping you, is it?

He points to her.

CHRIS

Shut the hell up!... you're a slutty stripper... what'll mom think of that, huh? You ain't perfect either.

She looks as if she wants something different out of life. His comment hangs in the air.

GRACE

I have dreams! I'm not going to jail for your stupidity.

CHRIS

What?

GRACE

You shot at a cop, Chris! Ain't no coming back from that, it was the stupidest shit you ever done. I want to make sumthin' out of life.

Chris smiles with an sarcastic tone.

CHRIS

Oh, yeah?... like what?

A pause...

GRACE

I don't have to answer to you... jail bird..

He's had enough of his sister's mouth. He rushes her on the bed. The Chinese food get knocked over.

She fights back but no match for Chris.

He has his hand around her neck ... not choking. His fist is bald as if he is going to strike her.

She glance at his fist.

GRACE

Oh, it's ok for you but not someone else?

He GRUNTS and storms into the bathroom and SLAMS the door shut. The cheap picture on the wall falls from the impact.

Terry enter the motel room shortly after. He has a smile on his face. A HUNK goodbye from Mason's van as the door shut.

TERRY

Man, I could hear you two from out there.

She turns up the television and notices his grin. He SLAPS the television for clarity.

GRACE

What you got that stupid look on your face for?

TERRY

Guess what?

GRACE

I don't have time for your shit today... I'm pissed at you too...

TERRY

I talked to momma'. She's finally up for parole soon.

She punches him in the arm.

GRACE

Don't tell lies like that!

TERRY

No, I'm not playing. Dead serious... We need to hurry and get that money for her.

Chris peeks his head out the bath room door.

TERRY (O.S.)

You two make up we have to pay Trenello a visit.

EXT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

a chubby man walks to his car in the parking lot of the strip club.

INT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - OFFICE - DAY

The three are in the office with Mr. Trenello sitting around the table. There's a blue print layout of the job at hand.

Mr. Trenello stands, smokes on his favorite cigar, going over the details of the bank heist.

A small model car shows the get away route ... two men as the robbers known to Mr. Trenello as "David" and "Willie".

MR. TRENELLO
 Italians, heist eighteen wheelers
 from famous fashion designers.
 Wholesale it to the next, I'm after
 quick bucks, tomorrow never promised.

He flicks his ashes with his gangsta' demeanor.

MR. TRENELLO
 It shouldn't take no more than a few
 minutes. Longer and you're caught
 or dead...
 (to Chris)
 Understand David?

He nods, with a cigarette in his hand.

MR. TRENELLO
 (to Terry)
 And you, Willie?

TERRY
 Got it. Be quick or die.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Detective Strikland, walks through the automatic doors heading towards the receptionist desk. He pills off his hand bandage.

RECEPTIONIST (30's), black woman is on the phone ... typing on the computer in front of her.

RECEPTIONIST
 (on the phone)
 University Hospital, how my I direct
 your call?... Ok please hold.

She hangs up the phone as Det. Strikland walks up.

DET. STRIKLAND
 Hello, ma'am. I was wondering if
 you could tell what room my wife.. I
 mean ex.

He place the bandage in the garbage can.

RECEPTIONIST
 (polite)
 What's her name, sir?

DET. STRIKLAND
 Sarah Strikland.

She types on the computer with speed.

RECEPTIONIST
Second floor room two fourteen.

He begin to walk off.

DET. STRIKLAND
Thank you so much.
(turn around)
Oh, the gift shop?

She points down the hall.

RECEPTIONIST
Down the hall to your right.

ROOM 214

In walks Detective Strikland with vase of flowers. Sarah sits up watching the Oprah Winfrey Network.

DET. STRIKLAND
I got here as soon as I could.

He kisses her on the cheek. She eats on a bowl of Jell-O.

DET. STRIKLAND
Are you?..

He looks at her leg in the sling.

SARAH
--It's fine. I broke my leg but
other than that I'm ok... a guy ran
a red light.

He feels remorse as he touch her on the shoulder.

SARAH
Where were you? I tried calling but
I kept getting voice mail...
(humor)
Shoot outs and prostitutes again?...

DET. STRIKLAND
(smiling)
I was in the Durant area.

SARAH
Oklahoma?

DET. STRIKLAND
We found their ID's in their Buick.

She finishes the salubrious bowl and politely hands it to her ex husband. He places it on the side table.

SARAH
Leaving evidence like that around
they deserve to be caught... help me
up.

He fixes the pillows behind her.

DET. STRIKLAND
Captain ain't too happy...

SARAH
Why?

DET. STRIKLAND
It happened on his birthday for cryin'
out loud... Their talking about
giving the case to the Fed's.

SARAH
Be optimistic you now know what they
look like.

DET. STRIKLAND
They're not planning on showing their
faces to the media, yet. Don't want
em' to think we're on to them.

SARAH
I remember those days.

DET. STRIKLAND
When?

SARAH
When you know who the suspects are
but you can't prove it.

DET. STRIKLAND
You ever miss being in uniform?

She looks into his eyes ... touches his hand.

SARAH
Im not worried about the force these
days.

INT. TRENELLO'S CAR - BANK - PARKING LOT - DAY

Grace the driver ... Chris and Terry load their automatic
weapons behind the tent ... CLIP-CLAP. Gloves and masks on.

INT. NEARBY CAR - DAY

A couple of Mr. Trenello's GOONS are in a car nearby keeping an eye on the his investment. Faces are draped with tattoos... MS-13 gang..

GOON#1
(spanish)
What are they waiting for?...

INT. TRENELLO'S CAR - BANK - PARKING LOT - DAY

CHRIS
Are you serious?

TERRY
What?

A police car pulls in at the bank's drive-thru service.

CHRIS
Where'd they come from?

EXT. BANK - DRIVE THRU - DAY

BANK MANAGER (mid 30's) white guy, clean shaved, arrogant attitude in fancy suit.

BANK MANAGER
You just made it officers. We close in fifteen minutes.

INT. TRENELLO'S CAR - BANK - PARKING LOT - DAY

Grace looks nervous. Chris and Terry sit tight.

The officer begins to away from the bank.

INT. NEARBY CAR - DAY

The GOONS see's the brother's entering the bank... Masks on... guns outs

INT. BANK - DAY

Terry puts gun in GUARD (60's) back ... he wraps his arm around GUARD's neck in a choking manner.

Chris shoots towards the ceiling. YELLS as CITIZENS get to the floor for cover.

TERRY
Ladies and gentlemen this is a robbery! Do as I say and all should go well.

GUARD's hands are zip tied ... the door as well.

CHRIS
Put the phone down! Put it down!

ROUND LADY puts her hands in the air ... phone in her hand.

CHRIS
Hang it up!

She does pronto...

Branch Manager, reaches for alarm...

Chris lets off several rounds at the manager's hand. WOMEN
SCREAM and ducks down out of harms way.

Branch Manager, puts his hands in the air.

BANK MANAGER
(scared)
I'm Sorry...

CHRIS
Take me to the safe.

He's hesitant...

BANK MANAGER
It's lock'd on security system twenty
minutes before closing time.

THUMP ... Chris hits the manager in the face with the gun.

TERRY
(with authority)
Get on the fuckin' ground!

MA'AM (70's), white woman ... stands.

Chris glances at the second hand of the clock on the wall.

TERRY
That goes for you too ma'am.

She refuses to get down on the ground.

MA'AM
You expect me to get on the floor?...
I'm not doing it...

He glances at the clock once more.

CHRIS
Get the money. We don't have time
for this shit.

The two switch positions ... he limps behind the counter.

CHRIS
(calmly)
If you don't get down like everyone
else, I'm going to give you an early
trip to your maker.

MA'AM
You should be ashamed of yourself.

Chris points his gun at the elderly woman face. From the
ground people look up.

KID, (8) on the ground next to the ma'am.

KID
(sadness)
Grandma, please.

LADY BANK EMPLOYEE, black (late 20's), lifts up her head.

LADY BANK EMPLOYEE
Get down before you get us killed.

She obeys.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

he points the gun at an overweight BANK TELLER.

TERRY
You, stand up.

She shivers out of fear.

TERRY
You could use the exercise... c'mon.

He forces the lady to stand. He hands her a duffel bag with
a red sticker on the handle.

TERRY
Fill it up! Don't be stupid.

Once done she hands the bag to him.

Chris glance at the second hand.

CHRIS
Time!

Chris grabs a pair a industrial scissors and head towards the door.

Branch Manager gets up ... bloody ... presses the alarm.

The rush out the front door with the duffel bags full of money in their hands.

INT. TRENELLO'S CAR - BANK - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Grace waits...

GRACE

C'mon!

They get in the back seat. She speeds through parking lot. Chris SLAPS the back seat.

CHRIS

Whoa, slow down. Blend in.

They blend in with oncoming traffic on the road.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - DAY

They turn down an ally way...

BLACK HOMELESS MAN (60's) sleeps on side of a dumpster near broken glass.

Chris grabs the blue bag ... rolls down his window. Terry stops him.

TERRY

The red one.

He toss the duffel bag out the window. HOMELESS MAN wakes up from the disturbance ... he wipes his eyes.

Before the unfortunate guy could see who was his savior the car turns the corner out of sight.

He opens the bag ... cash ... cash ... cash.

BLACK HOMELESS MAN#1

(praise money)

Oh lord! Thank you Jesus.

The man looks around then gets up.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Detective lies in bed with his ex wife ... his phone RINGS.

NURSE (30's), slim white lady walks in with charts and x-rays in hand.

NURSE

Aw, you guys are so cute.

She checks Sarah's medical equipment ... jots on a clip board.
He answers the phone...

SARAH

Hey mom!

Sarah's MOM and DAD (70's) walked in looking wealthy and in love.

Detective climbs out of bed. He shakes DAD hand and hugs MOM.

MOM

(to Sarah)

How's my baby girl?

Embarrassed to still be called baby girl after forty years.

SARAH

Mom?...

DET. STRIKLAND

(on phone)

Ok, I'll be there.

He snaps the phone shut.

DET. STRIKLAND

(to everyone)

Downtown bank has been robbed.

MOM

Oh my god, was anybody hurt?

DET. STRIKLAND

That's what I'm about to find out.

(kiss Sarah on forehead)

I'm sorry...

DAD

This world is getting out of control.

Twenty twelve is here.

Everyone looks at Dad.

EXT./INT. BANK - LATER

Detective arrives at the crime scene. Black Homeless Man handcuffed in back of a police car ... duffel bag on trunk.

COPS, INVESTIGATORS and PARAMEDICS are on the scene.

Detective Brews holds a tan folder as he exits the bank to brief Detective Strikland.

DET. BREWS
Welcome to the party.

DET. STRIKLAND
Who robs a bank twenty minutes before
it closes?.. Hell of a week.

Brews has no answer...

DET. BREWS
It gets better.

Detective Brews holds the door ajar for Detective Strikland as they entered into the bank.

The zip tie hangs on the inside of the door.

DET. BREWS
They say two masked men entered,
ties the guard ... then the door,

The GUARD talks to cops, demonstrating the robbers actions.

DET. BREWS
Knocks out the branch manager,

Bank Manager holds a head bandage while cops gathers info.

DET. BREWS
Grab the cash, then exits.

Strikland looks towards the parking lot.

DET. STRIKLAND
Where does he fit in?

DET. BREWS
He was picked up bout' two block
with the ink over his clothes.

Detective spots a bullet fragment lodged into the vent in the ceiling.

DET. STRIKLAND
Looks like they gave off warning
shots.

DET. BREWS
Yea, witness say the old lady wasn't
too cooperative at first.

DET. STRIKLAND
Send a guy up there. I want those
fragments.

The camera is pointed their direction.

DET. BREWS
We got camera footage too.

Detective Strikland studies the Homeless Man in the back
seat ... scratching his body.

DET. STRIKLAND
First, let's see what he is about.

BANK PARKING LOT

Detective Brews opens the squad door.

DET. BREWS
Step on out... Watch your head, sir.

BLACK HOMELESS MAN#1
You still go give me sumthin' to
eat, right?

Homeless Man has dye on his hands, pants and shirt.

DET. STRIKLAND
Start from the beginning, how did
you get the money?

BLACK HOMELESS MAN#1
Like I told him, I don't know.

He scratch his hairy beard.

DET. STRIKLAND
So you don't know where the money
came from?

BLACK HOMELESS MAN#1
No, sir. I thought it was a gift
from God or sumthin'... It just
fell out the sky and hit my leg.

The two detectives look at each other. Detective Strikland
is write in the pad.

DET. STRIKLAND
Hit your leg?.. C'mon. I wanna
believe you but you making it hard
for me.

DET. BREWS
 You wanted the money for yourself,
 didn't you? Just admit it.

BLACK HOMELESS MAN#1
 Well?...

DET. BREWS
 What was you going to do with it?
 Hide it for them?... What?

DET. STRIKLAND
 Tell us, who your partners are.

DET. BREWS
 Where's the guns?

BLACK HOMELESS MAN#1
 I don't have a partner!.. Yes, I
 tried to hide the money then ink
 started to spray out. I didn't know
 it was from a robbery...

He looks down at his stained clothes.

BLACK HOMELESS MAN#1
 This is the five hundred and thirty
 six day I wore these clothes. This
 could'a changed my life forever.
 Give me a break...
 (looks at Det. Brews)
 Brotha'.

Detectives shows sympathy.

DET. STRIKLAND
 Try to remember. Did you see anything
 when you woke up?

BLACK HOMELESS MAN#1
 Like I said, I didn't see anything...
 (thinking)
 Wait, I think I saw the back of a
 woman's head as the car turned the
 corner. But that's it.

DET. STRIKLAND
 A woman?

BLACK HOMELESS MAN#1
 Yea, the driver.

DET. STRIKLAND
 How do you know it was a woman?

BLACK HOMELESS MAN#1
A man couldn't look that beautiful,
you know what I'm sayin'.

He has a drunk laugh...

DET. BREWS
I thought you didn't see anything.

Homeless man shrugs his shoulders.

DET. STRIKLAND
Thank you for your time.

He reaches for the keys to his handcuffs ... the Homeless
Man is a free man.

BLACK HOMELESS MAN#1
Hey, what about the meal you promised?

A cop comes from inside the bank.

CITY COP#4
Detectives! Take a look at this.

BLACK HOMELESS MAN#1
How do I get this shit off?

The detectives shrugs their shoulders at the homeless man
and walks away.

The homeless man begins to walk off.

BLACK HOMELESS MAN#1
Punk mutha' fuckaz'...

DET. STRIKLAND
Do me a favor.
(cash to officer)
Go get him a sub from somewhere.
Don't give him the money, you buy
it.

CITY COP#4
Ok sir.

INT. BANK - MULTI CAMERA ROOM - DAY

The security CAMERA OPERATOR (50) fat guy who looks exhausted.
He sits in front of the monitor station as they roll back
the robbery.

A few COPS are present...

It doesn't take long before veteran Detective Strikland notices something familiar on the screen.

Brews stands near gripping a folder.

DET. STRIKLAND
Whoa, go back.

ON MONITOR, Terry limps behind the counter.

DET. BREWS
What is it?

DET. STRIKLAND
He looks like the guy from the store.

DET. BREWS
How can you tell?

He points at the limp from Terry's right leg. The bank manager has his ears glued on their conversation.

The two detectives leave the room for a more private conversation.

HALL

DET. STRIKLAND
What the hell is going on? Who the fuck are these guys? Everyday it's sumthin' new.

He places the folder on Strikland's chest.

DET. BREWS
Christopher Jones... we found a print on the Buick that matched. I...

He raises his voice a little louder.

DET. STRIKLAND
--When the hell were you planning to let me in? ... guys terrorizing our streets and you're holdin' back...

He push the fold back to Brews.

DET. BREWS
I called you all morning but your goddamn phone was off.

DET. STRIKLAND
You're helpin' the enemy.

DET. BREWS

I want them caught too... but things
take time, you know that..

DET. STRIKLAND

I don't have time,
(hand gesture)
Captain is up to here...

One of the cops from inside the camera room comes out and
look at the detectives.

COP

Come see this... it's like they were
being watch'd and follow'd.

They enter back into the camera room...

INT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - OFFICE - EVENING

Grace, Terry and Chris sits in front of Mr. Trenello's desk.

Money from the bank heist is stacked in a neat pile next to
an empty blue duffel bag.

A small fire in the fireplace as PERSONAL GUARD puts documents
in the flames.

MR. TRENELLO

Fifteen percent.

He pushes a lump sum towards their way.

MR. TRENELLO

(smiling)
Now, lets talk about your next
venture.

The siblings display discomfort.

CHRIS

Hold up, you didn't say anything
about more banks.

He stands up pointing his finger in a threatening manner.
Trenello smiles ... he know he's in charge.

CHRIS

Give us the money you promised you
son of a bitch.

PERSONAL GUARD punches him in the gut, knocking him to one
knee. He COUGHS up air. Terry watches in ire.

Grace comes to his aid. He's punched again.

GRACE

Wait, that's uncalled for.

Mr. Trenello get's up out of his seat.

MR. TRENELLO

(Spanish to Personal
Guard)

Next time he raises a hand... take
it off.

He walks over to Chris with his gun out. He puts the gun in his shoulder holster under his suit blazer.

MR. TRENELLO

You're gonna take another bank whether
you like it or not... understand?

He gives Terry a friendly tap on the cheeks like the mobsters displaying his pinkie ring. He winks at Grace ... laughing.

INT. REX HOME - EVENING

Rex is on the phone. He smokes a joint on the couch. A six pack sits on the end table next to a piece of mail.

HOOKER (30's), comes down the stairs in fishnet stocking under a short skirt ... champagne glass full of beer in her hand.

REX

You're on my shit list. The fuckin'
cops gave me visit earlier!

INTERCUT

INT. TRAILER - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - EVENING

Mason's on the computer making phony Atlanta ID's. The television on in the background.

A theatrical release poster of the Newton Boys is hung on the wall of his junky place.

Couch is used as his bed for him and KILLER as she sleeps peacefully.

MASON

Why? For the weed you're growing in
the back yard? Or for the
prostitutes?

BACK TO SCENE

HOOKER shows Rex her double D's. He ignores her ... walks in the kitchen. He puffs on the joint by the sink.

A menu from Hooter's hangs from the refrigerator.

REX

No, you dip shit, because you fuckin' use my address on the fake I.D's after I specifically said not to.

MASON (O.S.)

Pops, remember I asked you if I could use your address two months ago?

REX

I don't know how you could be so damn stupid, boy... they're goin' to get you caught.

MASON (O.S.)

Just relax dad. You didn't tell them anything, did you?

REX

You know better than that.

HOOKER (O.S.)

C'mon baby, we gon' do this or what?

He looks into the living room ... her ass in the air reaching for the remote controller for the television. She has on no panties.

REX

Look, you guys be careful down there.
(look at card)
This Detective Strikland is serious business. I gotta go.

The two hang up.

INT. JACK EVANS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

BRIEFING ROOM

TASK FORCE and PATROL OFFICERS talk amongst themselves, as they sit in chairs while Detective Strikland stands in front.

Detective Brews holds a folder as he stands to the side.

A clear picture of Christopher and Terry Jones is on the board in front of the group.

DET. STRIKLAND
(to room)
Alright, listen up!

The room quiets down...

DET. STRIKLAND
Meet Christopher Jones, think he's a bad ass. Did some time in Oklahoma State Prison for assault with deadly weapon. Terry, his younger brother had a ticket for jay-walking. He has a slight limp in his right leg due to an accident. Both robbed a store the other day, shot at me in broad day and a bank job today... they're considered highly dangerous and they will shoot at you so keep your eyes open.

COP#2
Brothers stick together, huh.

DET. STRIKLAND
Their mom is serving seven years on a vehicle homicide.

COP#2
No shit? A family full of criminals.

Strikland looks at Detective Brews. Brews passes out the suspects photos.

DET. BREWS
Take these but the computers in your vehicles are uploaded...
(look Johnson)
Right Johnson?

OFFICER JONHSON
Yes, sir.

DET. STRIKLAND
(to captain)
Anything you want to add, sir?

CAPTAIN BROWN walks up to the front from the back of the room. He holds a search warrant.

CAPTAIN BROWN
We have our warrant... so do a good job.
(to Strikland)
Hit em' hard. Be safe out there...
(MORE)

CAPTAIN BROWN (CONT'D)

(humor)

Keep the Mayor off my ass, and I'll
stay off your's.

The crowd CHUCKLES.

DET. STRIKLAND

(shake hands)

Thank you, sir.

Captain Brown exits the room.

DET. STRIKLAND

(to crowd)

We will attack first thing in the
morning. Go home and get some sleep.
Let's be prepared for anything.

INT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

Grace is bent over the desk of Trenello as he MOANS behind
her ... PERSONAL GUARD watches with his arms crossed.

She's embarrassed ... she feels dirty .. she looks woeful.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Detective Strikland lays in bed looking at a picture of his
family. His badge and gun are both on the end table next to
the lamp. He turns off the light. He goes to bed, alone.

INT. DETECTIVE BREW - SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Detective, wife and three kids (16, 10 and 5 years of age)
all girls, are having dinner at the table together ... happy.

EXT. TRAILER - IN MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - EARLY MORNING

Task force only a few yards outside of the trailer getting
geared up for a raid.

TASK FORCE MEMBER#1

(gripping M16)

Let's take down this asshole.

DET. STRIKLAND

We're not cowboys. We're
professionals. Keep your eyes open
and watch each others back and your
own.

The men get into formation to smash the door down with the
door ram. Detective gives the signal.

DOOM, DOOM! The door flies open but still attached to the nuts and bolts.

TASK FORCE MEMBER#1
(entering, yelling)
Search warrant!

KILLER attacks the first cop in the door. KILLER GROWLS as she bites down on the arm of a police officer. He drops his gun from the struggle.

TASK FORCE MEMBER#1
(screaming)
Aw, get em' off me.

GROWLING DOG viciously continues to attack the arm of the cop. SHOTS are fired ... missing the dog.

One of the task force officers tries to kick the dog off his fellow officer but the dog attacks his foot.

Another cop hits the dog with the shield. The dog backs off hurt and dazed.

Other cops pull the bloody officer away from any further harm. Detective Brews grips the door shut as far as it can go. KILLER BARKS on the other side.

DET. STRIKLAND
(gun in hand)
Mason Jones! This is the police,
come out with your hands up. We
have a search warrant... control
your dog or we'll take em' down.

There's no answer ... nothing.

Detective Strikland signals an officer to toss tear gas into the trailer.

The gas spreads throughout the trailer. The dog feels the effects of the tear gas and CRIES out for help.

The dog runs out of the trailer in internal pain...

The cops search the trailer.

TASK FORCE MEMBER#2 (O.S.)
(gas mask)
Clear!

INT. TRAILER - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - CONTINUOUS

The detective enters fanning the air.

DET. STRIKLAND
Where is our boys?

He scans the place. Detective Brews glance at the computer.

DET. BREWS
This dude has an I.D template for
making phonies...
(to Strikland)
Those were fake ID's.

Detective Strikland looks at the kitchen sink. A nasty display of dishes with dried up food stuck on them.

DET. STRIKLAND
(mumble)
Someone's lonely.

Detective Strikland spots a small closet barely open...

MAIN ROOM

A cop picks up a notebook of hand written clients.

TASK FORCE MEMBER#2
Here's some type of list.

Strikland walks in holding two Ak-47's with banana clips.

DET. STRIKLAND
(to TFM#2)
Take these outside...

DET. BREWS
Damn!... Tony Montana

TFM#2 hands him the list of clients.

DET. BREWS
What is it?

He examines the list.

DET. STRIKLAND
Looks more like people they robbed.
He even jotted the amount taken from
each job... places in Oklahoma and
Kansas.

TASK FORCE MEMBER#3
They get around...

He scans down the list with his eyes.

DET. STRIKLAND
And guess who's next.

The detective shrugs his shoulders as he examines the equipment used for the fake ID's to be manufactured.

DET. BREWS
Who?

DET. STRIKLAND
The guy the Fed's been trying to build a case against for years.

They're in thought...

TASK FORCE MEMBER#3
(snicker)
John Wiley Price?

They all share an inept look...

DET. BREWS
That was unnecessary.

DET. STRIKLAND
Ok try this, Dallas Hispanic drug lord...

TASK FORCE MEMBER#4
Mr. Trenello?

Detective strikland confirms with a head gesture.

TASK FORCE MEMBER#3
Good luck with that. They're going to get themselves killed.

DET. BREWS
I put my money, that's where can find our boys.

TASK FORCE MEMBER#3
Hopefully alive.

DET. STRIKLAND
Alright fellas, grab all what's here and put out a search for Mason. Don't forget to grab the files on his computers containing those I.D's.

DET. BREWS
Ok.

One of the members of the task force is outside checking the perimeter.

TASK FORCE MEMBER#5 (O.S.)
Hey check this out!

EXT. TRAILER - VACANT FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The stolen car is crisp. COP checks the VIN number.

DET. STRIKLAND
This car was stolen from William's.

DET. BREWS
Or what's left from it.

DET. STRIKLAND
Call the tow truck service, I want
this taken. I told you Mason was
involved.
(to Brews)
Let's go.

The detectives walks off screen.

INT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - OFFICE - DAY

Trenello stands in front of his BUSINESS CLIENT as he unloads
80 compressed blocks of pure cocaine on the desk. PERSONAL
GUARD watches over Trenello's back.

BUSINESS CLIENT, Mexican (30's), has a scar on his cheek,
equally matched and powerful as Trenello. He also has a
couple of guards that watch over his back.

BUSINESS CLIENT has a shit load of money in five suitcases
laid out on the floor ... cigar in both their hands.

A few laughs from both bosses.

Trenello looks out the huge window and notices Detective
Strikland entering. His smile disappears as he points.

MR. TRENELLO
Detective Strikland!

Trenello SNAPS his finger at PERSONAL GUARD. PERSONAL GUARD
leaves the office to chat with Bouncer#1.

MR. TRENELLO
Everyone stay put!

The men is on high alert, pistols out.

BAR

Detective Strikland sips on a glass of orange juice. Grace
wears a blouse showing off her décolleté.

She grabs his tie.

GRACE
Hey there handsome.

He smirks. They make eye contact as if he might be interested.

DET. STRIKLAND
Nah, too weird, you're around my daughter's age. I just need some time to think.

She looks around. A couple of topless dancers walking around trying to pick up men.

GRACE
And your choice was here?.. Oh, I get it, looking at naked chicks is your coping mechanism to get away from the wife.

He notice a small mark over her eye.

DET. STRIKLAND
Not the wife, the job.

She understands ... with a nod.

GRACE
Sometimes I too wanna' walk away from it all... ya' know?

There's a pause ... as she pulls out a cigarette.

DET. STRIKLAND
You work here so you must enjoy it to some degree.

GRACE
Sometimes you just get tired of the same ol-same ol...

She fixes her hair ... he see's the beauty in Grace.

DET. STRIKLAND
Why do women degrade themselves in places like this?

GRACE
Cause you men come to watch... I've been dancing for a while. It don't bother me too much.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

(giggle)

I can't believe I'm telling you all this.

DET. STRIKLAND

Nah, it's fine... everybody needs someone to talk to.

GRACE

Do you have someone to talk to?

He nods.

She slightly puts her head down and exhales the cigarette smoke from her mouth.

DET. STRIKLAND

How'd you get the small shiner?

She opens up her Cover Girl compact from her purse.

GRACE

Men, and their big egos ... that kind of thing.

She drinks on her apple martini with a cigarette in her right hand.

He goes into his pocket.

DET. STRIKLAND

If you ever need...

GRACE

--A lawyer huh?... which firm is it, Bradford and Bradford?

He places card on the bar.

DET. STRIKLAND

The firm of the Dallas Police Department. What's your name darling?

She looks at the card for a second.

GRACE

(flirtatious)

Am I under arrest?

DET. STRIKLAND

I'm looking for someone...

He shows her a small photo of her brothers. She plays it off cool ... while stunned to the core.

GRACE

Nah, I haven't seen them but I will
keep an eye out for you if you want,
(sarcastic)
Daddy.

DET. STRIKLAND

This is serious.

TWO DANCERS walk by.

GRACE

(serious)
Is something wrong... should I get
the owner?

She gets out her seat and proceed to walk away. He stops
her and puts the photo away.

DET. STRIKLAND

That won't be necessary. Just give
me a call if you see them around.
Ok?

GRACE

(convincing)
Yea.

He's leaving. She looks at the card.

GRACE

(friendly)
It's Honey... my name is Honey.

He turns around for one last look.

DET. STRIKLAND

(friendly)
If you ever need help with that man,
just call.

She points at the makeup covered wound.

GRACE

(humor)
An eye for an eye?

He smiles.

OUTSIDE THE STRIP CLUB

Detective Brews waits eating a burger in the car across the
street from the strip club as his partner walks out.

DET. BREWS

Well, what happen?

INT. GOODTIMES INN - MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Chris hides the money under the bed. HONK! He see's a shadow walk pass the window.

He close the curtains all the way walking to the door. He touch their family photo on the wall before exiting.

Chris locks the door behind him. He enters Mason's van.

INT. 99' CHEVY ASTRO VAN - DAY

Chris gets into the passenger seat ... tries to roll down the window ... it's stuck.

Mason has on a safe installer uniform. He wears a pear of glasses to appear eminent.

Terry sits in the back, casually.

CHRIS

Stop rushing. We're going to make time, even in this piece of shit...

He and Terry laughs.

They pull out heading down the road. Mason pushes Chris for the joke.

MASON

Don't hate on my ride...

TERRY

How sure are you?

CHRIS

She text me saying they were on their way to a restaurant.

Chris sniffs.

CHRIS

You got a gas leak or something, what the hell is that smell?

Molotov cocktail's in the back of van. Chris get's his window down.

MASON

A lil sumthin' just in case those wet backs' give us problems.

He hangs his arm out the window.

CHRIS
The taser is enough.

MASON
It's better to have and don't need
than to need it and don't have it.

INT. JACK EVANS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Detective Strikland sits at his desk eating jelly roll snack.
OFFICERS walk by.

Detective Brews looks up info about the plates from the
robbery at his computer.

DET. BREWS
We never saw this comin'... The
plates on the vehicle following our
suspects from the bank belongs to
Trenello.

Detective Brews leans back in his chair.

DET. STRIKLAND
Ok, that's good, news.

DET. BREWS
There's more... plates on the getaway
vehicle ... also Trenello's.

Detective Strikland is in thought...

DET. STRIKLAND
What's Trenello's business with the
brothers?

DET. BREWS
Maybe he's using em'.

Detective Strikland gets out of his chair.

DET. STRIKLAND
I'm goin' back.

DET. BREWS
For what? You know we need a warrant.

DET. STRIKLAND
To shake some trees.

INT. 99'CHEVY ASTRO VAN - NIPPIES - PARKING LOT - DAY

Astro Van is in the half empty parking lot. Chris phone VIBRATES due to a text message from Grace.

CHRIS

Ready?...

The two nods their head.

TERRY

(smiling)

This time tomorrow, we will be chillin' in ATL shawty'.

Chris hands are on the door handle ... they give each other dap.

CHRIS

Once I'm in, I'll let you in through the side... remember in and out.

INT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - DAY

Chris enters the club and goes for the side door. It's slow at the club. Only a handful of workers during the day.

SIDE ENTRANCE

Terry and Mason waits. It opens. The two are carrying a duffel bags. Terry opens his bag and gives Chris a Mp-5.

CHRIS

(open hand)

Five minutes tops...

BASEMENT

The brother's enter silently then locks the door behind them.

UP STAIRS

Bouncer#1 at the top of staircase stands firm.

BOUNCER#1

Where you think you're going?

A pause...

MASON

Mr. Trenello put in a work order for me to come by.

BOUNCER#1

Today?

He glance at Mason's uniform.

MASON
Yea, he's was having problems with
his safe mount.

Bouncer#1 thinks this is suspicious. PHONE on the wall RINGS.

BOUNCER#1
(rudely)
Wait here.

He grabs the phone off the wall.

the detective is driving on the road.

DET. STRIKLAND (O.S.)
Mr. Trenello, please.

BOUNCER#1
He's not here right now.

INTERCUT

INT. FORD TAURUS - IN MOTION - DAY

Detective is on the road coming towards a tunnel.

DET. STRIKLAND
Um, do you know when you will expect
him?

BOUNCER#1 (O.S.)
Sometime soon.

DET. STRIKLAND
(breaking signal)
If you see... call... right

The phone gets disconnected as the detective drives under a tunnel.

DET. STRIKLAND
Hello, hello?... shit!

He sits the phone on the passenger seat. He turns on his sirens heading towards the strip club. He floors it...

BACK TO SCENE

The bouncer#1 turns his back to Mason as he hangs up the phone.

Mason retrieves a taser gun from his bag. Connecting the electric probes to the bouncer#1's neck with a pull of the trigger.

He turns around ... grabs Mason's throat with all the energy left in his body ... it don't last long.

Bouncer#1 flops to the floor and shakes violently.

Mason continues on the trigger until he knows the huge bouncer#1 is out for good. He foams from the mouth ... eyes rolled back.

OFFICE

Mason goes for the Picasso mounted on the wall with swiftness.

BASEMENT

The place is practically empty. Three dealers are zip tied.

The two men in the cash room are tricked to open the room when one of the male dealers is forced to act like he has money for them ... door opens.

The dealer tries to signal the guy in the cash room with his eyes but it's too late ... Chris pushes him aside.

CASH ROOM

Once the man inside opens the door they are met by the masked gunman. Terry has the rest of the area under control.

But these aren't two accountants types men ... both look like BODYBUILDERS IN SUITS.

The shorter of the men grabs a baseball bat. He swings it, connecting to Chris's arms. Mp-5 falls to the floor...

The men wrestle around in the confined area. The taller man goes for the sub-machine gun but Chris manages to kick it away in the scuffle.

He swings again ... Chris ducks ... it hits the other man in the face knocking him down causing commotion as he falls into the table ... cash lands on the floor.

Terry comes over to see what the commotion is about. The shorter man attempts to unmask Chris. chris head is tilted back.

Terry COCKS the gun getting their attention. They all settle down.

He points the weapon ... Chris fixes his mask and picks up his weapon. CLIP-CLAP...

CHRIS
(shoulders up)
I should blow yo' fuckin' head off!

The men surrender with their hands in the air. Terry taps his wrist as a signal for time running out.

TERRY
Look!

Something in the room catches their attention...

OFFICE

Mason looks at his wrist watch. He has tools used to open a safe. He listens for the tone of the safe with a tool used by safe crackers.

He cracks it open ... there's documents which resemble a blue print ... lots of cash inside brown envelops.

MASON
Yea, baby.

He places it all in the bag including the blue prints.

SERIES OF SHOTS

He place the painting back on the wall ... step over the lifeless bouncer#1 ... makes his way down stairs.

A couple dancers suspiciously looks at Mason carrying the bag. Including Nicki Minaj.

OUTSIDE FRONT

Detective arrives ... He flashes his badge to the bouncer#1 standing at the door.

INSIDE

Detective and Mason miss each other by seconds. One of the workers lead the detective upstairs to Mr. Trenello's office.

BASEMENT

They all meet by the side door ... masks off ... weapons put up ... they exit.

UPSTAIRS

The detective finds Bouncer#1 unconscious on the floor, dead. He reaches for a pulse ... there's none.

DET. STRIKLAND
(to dispatch)
I need backup and paramedic at Nippies
Gentlemen Club.

He draws his weapon... enters Mr. Trenello's office. It appears untouched.

He makes his way towards the stairs.

PARKING LOT

Stone family takes off in a smooth manner not causing any unnecessary attention to themselves ... in Astro Van.

SHOT OF SKYLINE DOWNTOWN DALLAS

EXT. DOWNTOWN - FIVE STAR RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - EVENING

MEXICAN DRIVER pulls up at an luxurious restaurant in black 2012 Benz. Trenello's dress to par ... he stands with car door ajar.

MR. TRENELLO
(to Grace)
Sit tight.
(Spanish to driver)
Watch her.

Door shuts as he enters into the restaurant ... PERSONAL GUARD following.

INSIDE 2012 BENZ

She sighs and slouches on the Italian leather seat ... she begins to play with her phone to get rid of boredom.

EXT./INT. FIVE STAR RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Another black Benz pulls up also with tinted windows. THE MAN inside steps out wearing expensive dress shoes.

THE MAN enters the five star restaurant ... walks up to the hostess ... his back towards US the whole time.

A classic WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART plays in the background.

THE MAN
(to hostess)
Mr. Trenello.

The hostess points to the back.

BACK TABLE

Mr. Trenello eats casually on a delicious California Scampi served with garlic bread and butter sauce. He wears a napkin like a bib.

A glass of water to wash down his meal ... cigar burning in the ashtray.

PERSONAL GUARD stands nearby as The Man approaches... EMPLOYEE walks by carrying trays of lobster and shrimp.

MR. TRENELLO
Glad to see you made it.

He display manners by offering him to a seat.

MR. TRENELLO
Please, sit.

The Man sits down in full camera view. It's Mr. Diaz. He looks a little uneasy.

A cute (early 20's) waitress comes over with more drinks. Trenello takes a glimpse go her little tight ass.

MR. TRENELLO
So, let's get right to it. I have more meetings.

He puts down the fork ... sips on his glass of water, then wipes his mouth.

MR. TRENELLO
You got my money?

MR. DIAZ
Yea, of course.

He place the glass back on the table.

Mr. Diaz reaches into his pocket and pulls out three brown envelops. He places them on the table ... slides them over.

Trenello flips though one envelop only to see crispy hundreds.

MR. TRENELLO
The stuff is good, huh? The same thirty next week?

Mr. Trenello hands the envelops to PERSONAL GUARD and he puts it in his blazer pocket.

Mr. Diaz looks brooded.

MR. DIAZ
I was robbed.

Trenello POUNDS the table making the silverware and glass of water shake. CUSTOMERS near their table look their way.

MR. TRENELLO
Again?!...

Mr. Diaz wipes his sweat with a table clothe.

MR. DIAZ
Calm down, boss. It wasn't my fault.
(spanish)
The bitch brother's set me up.

INT. MR. TRENELLO'S CAR - EVENING

Grace receives a text from her brother.

TEXT
We're here.

GRACE
(to message)
Shit!

Grace pretends to have to have a full bladder.

GRACE
I held it too long.

She reaches for the door ... it's on child lock.

GRACE
I'm have to go.

Driver looks back through the rear mirror.

DRIVER
Boss said stay, you stay.

She signs ... then unbuckles her pants.

GRACE
(rubbing seat)
Or I go on his imported Italian
leather... I'm sure Trenello will be
proud you, now open the fuckin' door!

He looks unsure...

DRIVER

Ok, ok! Hurry back and no games.

INT. FIVE STAR RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

PRESTIGIOUS CUSTOMERS dressed in elegant gowns look at Grace with their nose in the air ... Obviously, she's not dressed for the occasion ... their men seem to like her outfit.

BACK TABLE

Mr. Diaz gets up from the table heading towards the men's room ... Trenello taps him on the back ... a great job done.

WAITRESSES wait on tables, some WORKERS carry trays of food.

FRONT

Grace stands in the entrance as Mexican driver watches her every move.

PARKING LOT

The driver's attention gets distraction by a mix couple of DRAG QUEEN'S (30's) arguing in the parking lot.

DRAG QUEEN #1

You wasn't sayin' dat' last night.
Boo, boo.

Drag Queen #1 pushes the other into a parked car ... sounds the alarm. PEOPLE come to calm down the situation.

He looks back at the door ... she's gone.

FRONT

She turns around...

GRACE

Whoa! You scared me.

Mr. Trenello stands in front of her holding a bottle of Charddonay.

MR. TRENELLO

Going somewhere?

GRACE

Yea, you know, to the bath room.

She lifts her purse.

GRACE

A girl thang'.

He let her continue on.

MR. TRENELLO

Of course.

He walks off ... handing the bottle to two ladies sitting at nearby table.

She walks closer to the bathroom ... out comes Mr. Diaz from the men's rest room. She's instantly filled with horror.

Thinking quickly, she drops her purse on the table occupied by a wealthy BLACK FAMILY. It works. Diaz passes by without noticing the embezzler.

BLACK FAMILY has a strange look upon their dark faces...

GRACE

(awkward)

I'm sorry.

Mr. Diaz returns to Mr. Trenello's table. She continues on.

WOMEN REST ROOM

She throws up in the sink then uses the water to rinse her mouth ... she pause for a moment to think.

A beautiful BLOND woman in high heels enters to fix her lipstick and makeup. She sees the afflicted Grace.

BLOND

Bad date too, huh? Guys suck these days. I want to meet an Hollywood screen writer slash director or...

Grace turns into a evil woman.

GRACE

(low)

--Get the fuck out of here.

Blond fixes her hair...

BLOND

Excuse me?

Rage comes into Grace eyes.

GRACE

Get the fuck out!

OUTSIDE REST ROOM

She pushes the Blond out the rest room by the hair. She stumbles in the arms of a young BLACK BUSBOY.

WOMEN REST ROOM

Grace gets on her phone.

GRACE

Diaz is here.

TERRY

Who?... c'mon we're out here, ATL is callin'.

GRACE

(anxious)

The guy from Oklahoma...

TERRY (O.S.)

What are you talkin' about?

GRACE

Just get me the hell out of here.

She hangs up the phone and wipes her face ... she thinks...

RESTAURANT

Mr. Trenello signals for the PERSONAL GUARD to get Grace.

MR. TRENELLO

See what's taking her so long.

Everyone enjoys their meals and worthless conversations... then ...

MOLOTOV COCKTAILS crash through the windows of the fine restaurant ... flames emerge ... WOMEN SCREAM

Cold water from the fire sprinkler falls onto body of fire, meals, cleavage and fun. MANAGERS try to put out a small blaze by throwing flour on the table.

As Grace exits the rest room, PERSONAL GUARD puts her in a death gripping bear hug.

GRACE

(squirming)

Let go of me.

FOLKS exits the restaurant covering their heads.

PARKING LOT

Chris see's Grace being handled by the bodyguard out the restaurant with extreme force.

GRACE
Help!... let go of me!

CHRIS
(pointing)
There.

Chris grabs his Mp-5 and shoots carelessly. PERSONAL GUARD fires back dropping Grace in the process...

BYSTANDERS SCREAM, running for their lives ... she picks herself up when an over weight man trips over her slim body as more shots rainout.

Mr. Trenello opens fire on the crew using his Revolver.

MR. TRENELLO
(to Mr. Diaz)
Get the girl!

Mr. Diaz grabs Grace by the hair, she draws blood from his face with a scratch ... now mad, he knocks her out with a punch...

Several WORKERS are hit in the cross fire.

Mason get's shot twice in the chest by PERSON GUARD and falls to the ground. He bleeds bad from chest and mouth.

Chris shoots, shoulders raised with each pull of the trigger.

Terry takes off his shirt to attempt to stop the bleeding... no luck ... Mason is in bad shape...

TERRY
C'mon!... We have to get to the hospital before he bleed to death.

Chris changes a clip and lets off several more rounds. Terry pulls Chris away from the battle to get in the van.

TERRY
We have to go!

Mr. Trenello's driver takes off with Grace in the back seat. Mr. Diaz follows.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Terry and Chris carries their wounded cousin inside the hospital. They're all coved in one person's blood .. Mason's.

They rest him on the floor. People watch with big eyes.

TERRY

Help!

DOCTORS and NURSES rush to help.

INT. TEXAS WOMEN PRISON - CELL - NIGHT

Jail cell door SLAMS shut.

Rose rubs her stone with her thumb as she lie in bed staring at the pictures of her children.

INMATE#3 black, 30's, climbs in bed.

INMATE#3

You always got that stone with you.

ROSE

(calm)

Terry was a stillborn who loved rocks. One day he said mommy you're my petros. A word he learned from Dora and Deiago.

INMATE#3

What does it mean? My daughter use to watch her all the time.

Rose cries to herself.

ROSE

It means rock. It hurts my heart that I caused his leg to be amputated. I would've seen the car coming if I had not been worried about my drugs. I killed a man, injured my son, kids taken away and ended up here... Petros is all I have.

INMATE#3 (O.S.)

God gives us all second chances.

EXT. TRENELLO'S ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The back to back Benz arrive at an abandoned warehouse.

INT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Detective Strikland, Brews and other officers are in the basement collecting evidence.

The five casino workers are cuffed.

DET. BREWS

No wonder he never liked for us to look around. Look at all that dope.

Piles of blow stacked on top of each other in counting room.

DET. STRIKLAND

Homicide turned into a drug bust on one of Dallas most notorious figures.

He taps Det. Brews on the back proudly.

DET. BREWS

Let's see his fancy lawyers get him out of this one.

Detective Brews picks up one from 150 kilos and kisses it. Officer takes photos of the kilos.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Terry and Chris waits for an update.

Terry grabs candy bar at the vendor machine. Chris pace back and forth.

DR. LEI (40's) oriental doctor walks in.

DOCTOR LEI

Hello, I am Doctor Lei. I want to talk to you about Mason Stone... Please sit.

The brothers obey. Lei glance at their clothes.

TERRY

What is it doc?

DOCTOR LEI

There's no easy way to tell you this...

TERRY

No!

DOCTOR LEI

--Mason is pronounced dead.

(MORE)

DOCTOR LEI (CONT'D)

We couldn't save him... we tried so hard but we couldn't save him.

The two brother drop tears.

Chris kicks the air with deep emotions. Terry hugs him to calm him down ... shedding tears.

DOCTOR LEI

I'm sorry... the cops would like a word with you.

The doctor leaves out the waiting room.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They're leaving in the Mason's van...

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doctor comes back with the COPS but the boys are gone.

EXT. GOODTIMES INN - ESTABLISHING SHOT - MOTEL - NIGHT

Chevy van parked in front of room 1027. The motel office light are on.

INT. GOODTIMES INN - ROOM 1027 - NIGHT

The duffel bags on the floor, empty. Television is on the Joel Olsteen Station.

Terry slowly counts money on the bed with a deplorable look upon his face ... Mp-5 sits close on the bed.

He stops counting...

TERRY

My head is so fucked up right now, I can't even think straight...

CHRIS

(eyes on tv)

Fuck the money!

TERRY

We can't say fuck the money what about mom's debt to the mob?

Chris LAUGHS in a half-crazed manner.

CHRIS

What mob?

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

Idiot, there's no debt.. we didn't
think you would believe us.

Terry stares...

TERRY

What do you mean there's no debt?...
(snappy)
Look at me when I talk to you!

Chris slowly turns around...

TERRY

What are you saying?...

No answer from Chris.

CHRIS

You lost your memory after the
accident. We made it up, just to
get you to be in on hits with us.
We knew you would be too much of a
chicken shit.

TERRY

What ever happen to loyalty?

He turns back around towards the tube.

TERRY

Mason's death is your fault! Grace
is in trouble ... all your fault!

Chris flicks through the channels ... Terry attacks.

TERRY

(angry)
I hate you...

Terry punches him in the face twice. Chris bleeds from the
mouth and spits the blood on the cheap motel carpet.

Terry grabs the Mp-5 of the bed ... CLIP-CLACK!

TERRY

I should kill you right now!

Chris knees him in the nuts ... he drops the weapon.

TERRY

(grabbing his balls)
Awww!

Terry falls to the floor. Chris stands up and kicks him in the stomach.

Terry trips him making Chris fall close. He grabs him in a head lock ... all of a sudden ... A lady's voice from tv.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Police are asking for your help tonight. Suspects, Christopher and Terry Jones considered armed and dangerous,

Both photos appears on the screen. They pause the fight...

REPORTER (O.S.)

Wanted for the store shooting days ago, a downtown bank robbery yesterday and this tonight. Police say they found pounds of cocaine on the property behind me at Nippies.

EXT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - NIGHT

REPORTER (30's), good looking female, stands in front of establishment. She reports the news.

Detective Strikland stands next to her. INVESTIGATORS, POLICE etc. in the background working.

REPORTER

If anyone have any clues to their whereabouts please call crime stoppers at the number below. There's a twenty thousand dollar reward as well... Detective Strikland?

She pushes the mic his way.

DET. STRIKLAND

The streets of Dallas will be much safer with these thugs off the streets for good but we need your help. Callers will be anonymous... if you know or see anything call us.

ACT THREE

INT. TRENELLO'S ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

There's old industrial equipment in the warehouse along with old cars from the 1930's.

Grace hands are tied in front of her while sitting in a chair in the middle of the room. She bleeds from the nose ... her left eye swollen shut.

Mr. Trenello watches the news on a small television. He turns to his PERSONAL GUARD.

MR. TRENELLO
Buy us some time. Kidnap his wife.
(to Grace)
I'm not going to ask you again.
Where are your brothers?

She shrugs her shoulders with the little energy she has left. He throws her phone to the cement wall ... it break's in pieces.

She manage to get a smile off. He puts his gun in her mouth.

MR. TRENELLO
Laugh now! I dare you!... Where's
my fuckin' money?

Her smile goes away, as she GAGS. She looks at the barrel.

GRACE
Ok... I'll tell you. But promise
not to hurt em'.

EXT. PAY PHONE - NIGHT

Chris is on the phone dialing numbers. Terry waits in van.

TERRY
Why are we here?

CHRIS
They'll track our phones.

REX (O.S.)
(raspy)
Hello?

There's a pause...

CHRIS
It's Mason... he's gone...

REX (O.S.)
--What he done got himself locked
up, didn't he? I don't have no bail
money.

CHRIS
He's dead.

REX (O.S.)
What?

CHRIS

He's gone.

REX (O.S.)

(bangs the phone
repeatedly)

No! No! No!

Rex begins to cry.

CHRIS

Look, we need to come there to hide
out. It's too hot down here our
face is everywhere.

REX (O.S.)

I been telling you boys for years to
slow down,.. now my only son is dead.

CHRIS

We have no place to go... we're
family.

REX (O.S.)

You're wanted here too. It won't do
you any good.

CHRIS

Fuck!

REX (O.S.)

Family or no family, you're on your
own.

CLICK ... Chris stands there with the phone to his ear as
the dial tone plays ... he BANG the phone three times.

INT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Detective Strikland leaves with bags of evidence when he
receives a call.

DET. STRIKLAND

(on phone)

Detective Strikland.

SIDE ENTRANCE

He holds the door open for POLICE OFFICER'S coming in the
side entrance.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

We have a Ronny White on the phone.
He has info on the two suspects.

DET. STRIKLAND
Put him through.

INTERCUT

INT. GOODTIMES INN - OFFICE - NIGHT

Ronny White, looks through the blinds. STINKY, BARKS in the background. Headlights in the parking lot.

MOTEL MANAGER
Quiet Stinky. Detective, I think
I've located your suspects.

INT. DETECTIVE STRIKLAND SUBURBIA HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah's sleeping in the queen size bed, dressed in silk pajamas shorts. Her leg in a cast. The tv is on low.

A half empty glass of wine sits on the night stand.

KITCHEN

Two mexican men, draped in tattoos, wearing black, enters from the patio sliding glass doors after picking the lock.

Mexican Man#1 (40's), long black hair, leader, carries an AA-12 shot gun. Tattoo on his face: 13.

Mexican Man#2 (20's), carries a pistol.

They quietly walk through the dining room passing the awards of both Sarah and Dan Strikland in uniform inside the china cabinet.

They walk closer approaching the back of a recliner chair in the living room ... Mexican Man#2 spends it around ... no one is in it.

A bottle of Merlot is empty on the coffee table. Mexican#1 smells the rim of the bottle.

MEXICAN MAN#1
(spanish)
She's here.

He see's the flash from the television on the walls from upstairs.

A simple nod has Mexican Man#2 heading for the stairs ... up a few stairs ... CREEK.

BEDROOM

she opens her eyes ... CREEK

DOWNSTAIRS

BAD MAN#1
(finger over mouth)
Shhh!

HALLWAY

He reaches the top. Reflection from the tv is bouncing off the master bedroom.

He moves closer and closer.

He approach a door wide open with the name Karen on the walls in fun colors ... peeks inside the dark room ... keeps moving

BEDROOM

She climbs out of bed not meaning to make noise ... SQUEAK

HALL

He walks closer ... and closer

BEDROOM

She hobbles into the closet as he enters. She peeks out the blinds of the closet.

It seems empty ... He peeks into the master bathroom... it's empty ... under the bed, nothing. He gets off the floor and head towards the closet ... the only unchecked.

BAD MAN #2
(spanish)
There's no one here!

Finger on the trigger as he raise his pistol at the closet.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

DOWNSTAIRS

Mexican Man#1 rush towards the bottom of the steps.

BEDROOM

Sarah limps out the closet gripping a Glock 9mm. A cloud of gunsmoke escapes her Barrel. A small safe in the closet is open.

BAD MAN#1 (O.S.)
(yell upstairs)
What was that?

Mexican Man#2 lays peaceful in his own blood.

She limps out the bedroom ... peeks over the half wall.

DOWNSTAIRS

He BLAST at the woman's shadow.

BAD MAN#1
I'm going to kill you bitch!

Without looking she fires several rounds down the staircase.
He ducks from harm. She checks her clip ... one bullet left.

EXT. NIPPIES GENTLEMEN CLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Detective Brews walks to the squad car. He listens to the
dispatch over the police scanner.

DET. BREWS
There's reports of shots being fired.

DET. STRIKLAND
Where?

He looks at Detective Strikland.

DET. BREWS
Your home.

DET. STRIKLAND
Shit, Sarah.

Surprised but in a hurry, he opens his squad car door.

DET. STRIKLAND
The boys are at Goodtimes Inn. Send
back up with you.

Detective Brews nods.

INT. DETECTIVE STRIKLAND - SUBURBIA HOME - NIGHT

Mexican Man#1 walks up the stairs BLASTING away debris from
the sheetrock flies. The holes in the walls are the size
watermelons from his AA-12.

A white dust fills the air. His bullets are tearing up the
place.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! He continues to shoot.

He walks up the stairs. More debris everywhere.

He peaks over what's left of a banister ... see's nothing.

Covered in dust, she has her gun pointed right at the intruder's head. POW!

He falls backwards down the staircase, bullet in his head.

Heavy THUMP! His dead weight hits the wooded floor.

INT. GOODTIMES INN - MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Terry locks the door behind his brother.

TERRY
(pointing blame)
You got us in this mess... you're
gonna get us out of it.

Chris sits on the bed with his head in hands.

He angrily hits his head with his fist. Terry shakes his bottle of meds.

TERRY
(handing him a pill)
What about Grace? Is she go end up
dead too?... Or you out for yourself?

Chris is on the phone.

CHRIS
Her phone is dead.

TERRY
What about me, huh? You go let me
die too?

Chris in on the floor going towards the money stashed under the bed. He searches ... but comes up with nothing.

CHRIS
The money?... Where the fuck is it?

TERRY
What?

Terry looks.

TERRY
Fuck!

Chris kicks the bed. He think for a moment.

CHRIS
Ron!..

TERRY

Who?

With anger he opens the door.

PERSONAL GUARD has gun is on Chris forehead. Trenello stands close with a cigar in hand.

MR. TRENELLO

(puff cigar)

Hello boys!!

Back into room 1027 they go ... Mr. Trenello SLAMS the door.

MR. TRENELLO

(to Chris)

Secrets follow. Where's my money?

Terry limps forward.

TERRY

It isn't here.

POW! Terry falls from a shoulder shot from Mr. Trenello.

CHRIS

(hands in air)

Whoa!

MR. TRENELLO

(at Terry, angry)

Not talking to you!

Terry's grounded gripping his bloody wound spotting the Mp-5 under the bed.

MR. TRENELLO

(at Chris calmly)

Now, the next thing that comes out your mouth better be what I wanna' hear... my money?

Chris looks mad.

CHRIS

He's telling you the truth, the manager stole it from us.

INT. TRENELLO'S ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Grace squirms to free herself loose from the rope around her wrist. Her cleavage hangs out from being man handled...

Mr. Diaz finds himself starring. He walks closer to her, his scratch visible.

He caress her boobs.

MR. DIAZ
Your brothers owe him but...
(perverted)
We can find a way for you to pay me.

INT. GOODTIMES INN - OFFICE - NIGHT

Ron, panicky packs clothes into a retro style suitcase. The duffel bags are on his bed. The money is stashed away in the suitcase, next to a leather backpack.

STINKY barks towards the front entrance. Ron tries to catch the dog but she escapes under the bed.

RONNY WHITE
Come here Stinky. We're going bye,
bye...

Three hard KNOCKS.

Ron looks up and see a man in suit (Mr. Trenello).

RONNY WHITE
We're closed for the night.

Mr. Trenello points to the open 24 hours sign in the window.

MR. TRENELLO
C'mon it'll be quick, I got a chick
in the car. I won't be all night
and I'll triple the rate.

Ron opens the door. PERSONAL GUARD pushes the door open making the old man fall backwards.

CHRIS
(aggressive)
Where's the money?

RONNY WHITE
(trying to get up)
I don't know what you're talkin'
about.

Chris punches him in the face. He falls down.

MR. TRENELLO
(to Chris)
That's enough...
(Spanish to bodyguard)
Take a look.

BACK ROOM

The bodyguard searches the area. Bodyguard looks through his closet.

INT. TRENELLO'S ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Grace leans against the antique car inside the warehouse. Mr. Diaz pushes himself onto her.

She looks to find a way out with her eyes...

He places his hands under her shirt. He undoes her belt. She doesn't want his hands on her.

MR. DIAZ

C'mon baby. Don't be shy.

She plays along with a kiss on the lips...

He force her to get on her knees. He unzips his pants. She begins to please him.

MR. DIAZ

Aw, yea, baby.. just like that.
Whoa, watch the chops.

She bites down hard...

MR. DIAZ

Awww!

Blood around her mouth ... she knees him in the balls.

He falls to the concrete floor holding his wound in excruciating pain.

GRACE

(blood around lips)
Piece of shit!

She kicks him in the stomach twice. He GROANS.

Grace leaves the warehouse.

MR. DIAZ (O.S.)

(in pain)
Get back here!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Factory's and other industrial buildings are in the background.

Bloody and chest exposed ... she flags down an LONELY OLD MAN (70's) riding in his 72' Grand Prix... he stops for her and she gets in.

INT. FORD TAURUS - IN MOTION - NIGHT

Detective Strikland drives with his sirens on.

SARAH (O.S.)
(crying)
I killed them.

DET. STRIKLAND
Look, you did what you had to. I'm
on my way to put an end to this crap.

INTERCUT

INT. DETECTIVE STRIKLAND - SUBURBIA HOME - NIGHT

Sarah on the phone with gun in hand as she sits at the bottom of stairs next to the dead gunman.

DET. STRIKLAND (O.S.)
Sarah! Go to your parents. I will
meet you there.

INT. GOODTIMES INN - MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Ron stands behind the counter reaching for his gun under the counter as the men attention is elsewhere.

BACK ROOM

PERSONAL GUARD
(Spanish)
Here!

Personal Guard holds up some of the money from the envelops.

Ron cocks the weapon pointing it towards Trenello's head.

RONNY WHITE
Nobody move.

PARKING LOT

Detective Brews arrive at the motel without backup. He notices a room wide open ... lights on.

He pass both vehicles the Benz and the Chevy Van.

ROOM 1027

His weapon is drawn as he enters the room. It's empty. He grabs his phone.

DET. BREWS
 (on phone)
 Trenello and Mason are here...
 something heavy goin' down, man.

DET. STRIKLAND (O.S.)
 I'm on my way. Where's the manager
 who called in.

DET. BREWS
 Dunno'.

DET. STRIKLAND (O.S.)
 I'll be there shortly. Stay put!

The two hang up ... he looks under the bed and finds their weapons.

Detective Brews walks pass the family photo exiting the room holding two Mp-5's.

PARKING LOT

He put the weapon in his trunk. He looks towards the motel office and see movement from within. He wants a better look.

BACK OF GOODTIMES INN

Grace arrives in the Grand Prix with the LONELY OLD MAN.

GRACE
 I'll just be a minute I have to get
 some things. Will you wait for me?

The man looks uneasy about the idea of waiting on a complete stranger.

OFFICE

Ron has the gun pointed.

RONNY WHITE
 Now, put the money down.

Personal Guard doesn't respond.

RONNY WHITE
 Drop it punk!

After his boss gives him the signal he drops it on the bed next to the leather backpack.

INT. FORD TAURUS - IN MOTION - NIGHT

Detective Strikland drives at top speeds.

EXT. JACK EVANS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

POLICE FORCE, rushes out of the parking lot with SIRENS ON.

EXT. JACK EVANS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The police chopper blades rotates into the night sky.

INT. GOODTIMES INN - MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Detective Brews joins the party pointing his Glock 45 at Ron.

DET. BREWS
(badge visible)
Freeze! Put the gun down!

Ron still aims the gun at Trenello.

RONNY WHITE
(pointing to self)
It was me who called.

DET. BREWS
I said put the goddamn gun down!

Mr. Trenello pulls out his weapon taking aim at Brews. Personal Guard points his weapon at Ron.

DET. BREWS
Trenello put the weapon down. You, Chris and Terry are all under arrest...
(to Ronny White)
And you will be joining them if don't comply.

MR. TRENELLO
You drop your weapon, Detective Brews. Your partner tried to put me away a few years back... my brother was killed in that raid.

INT. HELICOPTER - IN MOTION - NIGHT

Helicopter flies a few miles away from the motel.

INT. GOODTIMES INN - MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

DET. BREWS
Put the gun down!

Ron gun shakes in his sweaty palms.

RONNY WHITE
(nervous)
Don't do this man.

Chris and Terry ease down the wall in this heated situation.

DET. BREWS
(demanding)
Drop the gun!

Ron's gun mistakingly fires causing a chain reaction.
Detective shoots at Trenello.

Mr. Trenello takes a few bullets to the mid section while
catching Ron in the face.

Personal Guard and Brews exchange fire.

The detective flies out the office entrance from the bullets.
Silence fills the room ... everyone is down ... dead...

Mr. Trenello eyes wide open at the boys, as they slowly get
up from the chaos once the smoke clears.

Chris grabs Ron's gun from his bloody grip.

TERRY
(points, very weak)
The money... get, the money.

Chris leans Terry against the wall handing him the gun.

CHRIS
Wait here.

He smiles with blood in mouth.

TERRY
(humor)
Look at me... where can I goin'?

BACK ROOM

Chris grabs the money. He stuffs the cash and blue prints
inside black leather backpack on the bed.

Personal Guard suddenly awakes and grabs Chris foot as he
has the bag of money in hand.

Chris kicks away but his grip is too strong so he push the 42" television off the night stand and smashes it over his head ... sparks fly.

Personal Guard is done.

They both exits the office stepping over the injured detective outside the door.

ROOM 1027

Terry has lost a lot of blood. Chris lays him on the bed.

Terry GROANS and MOANS in pain.

CHRIS

Got to get you to a doctor, bro.

He faintly HEAR something in the bathroom.

Chris grabs the gun ... CLICK-CLAP He slowly opens the door with his gun pointed at the perp.

Grace climbs in from the bathroom window.

GRACE

(hand out)

Help, don't just stand there.

He complies without hesitation.

She looks roughed up. Terry looks like he's on the verge of dying ... Chris looks stressed ... they're all together once again.

CHRIS

Where you been? We were worried.

Breathing heavy, Terry can barely stand on his own. She comes out the bathroom. There's a moment of silence, then they group hug.

They lay Terry on the floor slowly. He MOANS from the pain.

GRACE

I'm so sorry Terry we got you in the mess... look at you.

She fixes his hair and wipes his face...

TERRY

(weak)

It's ok, I knew, there was no money for mom.

CHRIS
(surprised)
What?

TERRY
When I spoke to her I mentioned the
debt and she didn't know what I was
talking bout'... I knew...

A pause... Grace and Chris look at each other....

GRACE
So you went with us to rob the bank
anyways?...

CHRIS
And you picked a fight with me?

He taps over his heart.

TERRY
I'm no chicken shit after all.

They smile proud of their little brother.

GRACE
We need to get you to a hospital,
now.

TERRY
I'll be fine. Just give me a pill...
I... I... have one more left...

She goes to retrieve the pill when all of a sudden...

LOUD MIC (O.S.)
This is the Dallas Police Department
we have you surrounded. Come out
with your hands up or we will use
deadly force.

PARKING LOT

RED and BLUE LIGHTS. Police officers have there cars blocked
off ... barricades in place.

SWAT arrives. Their weapons are all pointed at the room.
SNIPERS take position on top of surrounding buildings.

Detective Strikland give orders with hand gestures. There's
no way he's letting them slip out of this one...

BACK TO SCENE

Chris looks out the curtains just enough to see what's going on outside.

CHRIS
Shit, the whole force is here.

He moves away from the window as the chopper flashes the huge light inside the room.

GRACE
(panic)
What are we gonna' do?... we need to get the fuck outta here.

Terry coughs up blood as he slowly slips away.

TERRY
(soft voice)
I need a doctor or I'm not going to make it.

Chris thinks...

LOUD MIC (O.S.)
Come out with your hands up!

CHRIS
Grace, you split out the way you came in... here, take the money.

GRACE
What?

He tosses her the leather backpack stuff with U.S currency.

CHRIS
We'll catch up with you later. Stay close to the building, the chopper won't see you...

He knows there's no way for all of them to escape...

GRACE
(tearing up)
No! What about yawl? I don't wanna leave.

CHRIS
I have to stay with him. Now go!

GRACE
(crying)
I'm not leaving you behind...

OUTSIDE ROOM

SWAT is forming a line formation getting ready to enter with brute force.

PARAMEDICS are gathering the injured but alive Detective Brews, the rest are in body bags.

BACK TO SCENE

CHRIS

In thirty seconds they're going to storm this room and if you're in here that makes you an accomplice. You wasn't on the news so that should buy you some time. Get out of Dallas and never look back, hear me?

She sheds heartfelt tears.

TERRY

(soft voice)

It's going to be ok sis. We love you...

She cries ... nods as leaving her family is the hardest thing she's ever had to do. She hugs them and kisses them on the cheeks.

Chris snatches their family photo off the wall and hands it to Grace.

GRACE

I love you.

She makes her way to the bathroom.

OUTSIDE ROOM

SWAT is outside the motel room door in kick ass formation.

BACK TO SCENE

Grace is in the bathroom at the window.

She takes one more look at her brothers, then exits as the swat BUST down the door. WHAM! FLASH BANG brightens the room, making the suspect incoherent. Swat enters.

SWAT MEMBER

Drop the weapon!

BACK OF GOODTIMES INN

She gets into the car.

LONELY OLD MAN

The cops have the area lock'd down.

GRACE

Just get me outta here.

The car reaches the main road ... a road block brings them back towards the motels. Grace doesn't like this...

FRONT OF MOTEL

multiple cars are in a traffic jam waiting to be cleared by the police...

Terry is lifted into an ambulance while Detective Strikland walks manacled Chris in his squad car.

Chris looks at the Grand Prix and see's a familiar face in the passenger seat.

He smiles at Grace ... winks his eye. Grace smiles back sticking up her middle finger. He's happy for her...

Detective wonders what he's smiling at. She ducks her head just enough not to be recognized by the detective.

Detective Strikland walks closer...

DET. STRIKLAND

Aight' get these cars out of here...
C'mon!

Police signals for traffic to continue... She's thankful.

EXT./INT. ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: LONDON - TWO WEEKS LATER

The logo of the college sits in the yard as STUDENTS, CONDUCTORS and ADULTS pass by heading into the building.

The sound of BEETHOVEN'S LOVE STORY plays off screen.

AUDITORIUM

Detective Strikland and Sarah sit together amongst the large audience, ALL in suits, listening to their daughter play the piano on stage.

She plays a piece from BEETHOVEN: LOVE STORY.

INT. ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC - MOMENTS LATER

The playing comes to a stop...

EVERYONE STANDS and APPLAUDS as KAREN takes a bow.

SARAH
(proud)
She's perfect.

DET. STRIKLAND
(proud)
We did great. Good job.

SARAH
Good job to you, dad.

They kiss romantically; she touches his face. Karen smiles.

INT. ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC - LATER

Walking towards the entrance with Karen and Sarah. Audience walks towards the exit as the concert is finished.

His arm is around his talented daughter.

DET. STRIKLAND
That was beautiful. We're proud.

KAREN
(smiles)
Aw, thanks, dad. This school is amazing...

DET. STRIKLAND
(humor)
It's expensive... it damn well be.

Sarah and Karen smiles. Detective receives a call.

DET. STRIKLAND
(to family)
Hold on...

He answers...

DET. STRIKLAND
Hello?
(to family)
Go ahead I'll catch up.

INTERCUT

INT. JACK EVANS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Detective Brews is at the precinct looking at a file of Grace Stone with his arm in a sling ... a few bruises on his face.

He stands near the window as it pours down rain.

DET. BREWS

The boys got thirty years a piece,
today... and after doing some
investigation, I've found out that
they had a sister who worked at
Nippies. No one can locate her.

Detective Strikland is at a pause mixed with a blend of
confusion.

KAREN (O.S.)

(concerned)

Is everything ok daddy?

He nods in a reassuring manner.

DET. STRIKLAND

(confused)

A sister?...

DET. BREWS (O.S.)

Yeah. Grace Jones, a fugitive in
Durant. I'm sending you a photo of
her to your phone. It should be
coming up soon.

His phone corresponds with a BEEP.

DET. STRIKLAND

I'm getting it now. Hold on...

The photo is of his new friend Honey.

SERIES OF SHOTS

He remembers the tattoo located on her wrist at the strip
club.

The HOMELESS MAN describing the driver.

He thinks about when he saw Chris looking at the Grand Prix
smiling.

He now understand that he's known her all along.

DET. BREWS (O.S.)

We received an anonymous tip of a
blue print of Trenello's drug
operation pipeline forwarded to you...
titled "An eye for an eye"...

DET. STRIKLAND

Oh, no.

Confusion turns into disappointment and letdown by her deceitfulness...

INT. TEXAS WOMEN PRISON - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE: TEXAS WOMEN PRISON - TWO WEEKS EARLIER

Rose stands outside the gates as a free woman at last. She carries the small black stone in hand as she takes a whiff of fresh air ... free air ... God gave her a second chance.

Time stands still as she prepares herself for the outside world after imprisonment for seven years.

A long pause... then

A WHISTLE off screen.

Rose turns towards the noise.

Grace patiently waits outside the Grand Prix toting the leather backpack. She gives her mom a warm hug.

INT. 72' GRAND PRIX - MORNING

She reaches into the leather bag and grabs a hand full of cash... enticing the driver.

LONELY OLD MAN
(taking funds)
Where to?

GRACE
Indianapolis.

The Grand Prix in motion upon Grace's request. Mother and daughter heads touch in the back seat.

FADE OUT: