Propinquity

Dwhyte Star

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FADE IN:

INT. OLD BASEMENT - DAWN

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESENT

A shell casing on the ground, it is surrounded by cigarette butts.

A half smoked cigarette of the same brand falls to the ground.

A hand reaches down and picks up the shell casing.

SHAW (V.O.)

Déjà vu all over again.

SHAW - handsome, 31 years old, Unshaven, hair slightly a mess. He lifts the shell to his nose and sniffs it.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Paramnesia. You've just entered, feel like you've already been.

He pockets the casing and rises to his feet.

Shaw looks around the basement very slowly, taking it all in.

The basement has not been used in years; cobwebs from spiders long dead still hang. Dust covers every piece of old wood furniture, the solitary window is boarded up and only a small beam of sunlight gets through a crack.

The ray of light shines in his eyes, he squints.

SHAW (CONT'D)

You feel like you should know exactly what is going to happen next, it's on the tip of your tongue...

Shaw reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

SHAW (CONT'D)

...annoying little shit. Like the name of the crazy robot in the Jetsons... una - something...

He shakes his head and places a cigarette in his mouth, he lights it with a match and exhales the smoke through his nostrils.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Stuff you should know...

On the wall on the far side of the room is a large dry blood stain. A wooden chair is turned over with one of its legs broken.

A fat rat crawls from underneath a pile of papers, walking very slowly.

He stares at the blood stain on the wall.

SHAW (CONT'D)

But doesn't really matter. I've been here before, maybe not in person but...

He brings the cigarette to his lips and takes a deep pull.

SHAW (CONT'D)

... I know this place.

INT. NEW BASEMENT - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: THREE DAYS AGO - MONDAY

SHAW - clean shaven, trim haircut and wearing an expensive suit. He holds his cell phone to his ear while he turns a toothpick over in his mouth.

SHAW

It's almost over man, and when you get here I want that 50 bucks you owe me.

He flips the cell phone closed and sticks it in his pocket.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Almost over.

He turns around to face his friend, VINCENT - muscular, 40. He also wears a suit and his receding hairline is greased back.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Let's get this over with, I got shit to do.

Vincent smiles and removes his jacket.

Shaw removes his suit jacket and rolls up his sleeves.

VINCENT

What shit you got to do?

He folds his jacket and places it on the back of a chair, Vincent does the same.

SHAW

I mean I have things to see and people to do. You know Francesca?

Vincent nods and loosens up his tie.

VINCENT

You back with that Puerto Rican bitch? Her brother thinks he's Italian.

Shaw removes his tie and rolls it up neatly.

SHAW

So do you.

Vincent cracks his neck and walks over to the far wall - there is a MAN tied to the pipes.

VINCENT

Hey, my mother was from Italy.

Shaw follows him over to the man, cracking his knuckles.

SHAW

Yeah but your father was a Jew, that makes you a Jew.

Vincent stops and turns to his friend.

VINCENT

Hey. Fuck you Damion; I still got my whole dick - that makes me Italian.

He laughs and turns to the tied up man.

SHAW

This shit is really unnecessary. You know that?

MAN

I told you! I didn't know what was going on!

Shaw backhands the man across the face.

SHAW

You didn't know what was going on?

He picks the man's face up by the chin so that he looks at him.

SHAW (CONT'D)

If you don't know what's going on then why the fuck are you talking about it?

Shaw throws a short punch to the man in the nose, the man's head snaps back and he hits the back of his head against the wall.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Why the fuck would you talk to the cops anyway? You need to change your story.

Vincent cracks his knuckles and bounces on his heels.

VINCENT

You catch the game last night?

He punches the man across the face, his nose is bleeding and blood runs down his chin.

MAN

Please. I didn't know!

SHAW

Which one?

Vincent steps forward and moves Shaw to the side.

VINCENT

The Lakers. Which else?

SHAW

Of course.

MAN

Please, I have a family.

Vincent punches the man in the stomach, the man doubles over and almost goes down but his hands handcuffed to the pipes hold him up.

VINCENT

That Kobe is a piece of work.

He turns around and faces Shaw.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I think it's better to work over the body, you wear him down.

He bounces on his heels, strikes a boxing stance.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Take away his oxygen, then when he's dead on his feet you make him go home to his wife ugly.

Shaw smiles and nods.

Vincent throws a few jabs.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I used to box you know, Golden gloves. I ever tell you that?

MAX - 38 and fat, also wearing a suit. He walks down the stairs holding a large brown paper bag, a smile on his face.

MAX

Yeah Vincent. You showing him those moves?

Vincent nods and turns around, he uppercuts the man in his ribs twice.

VINCENT

I still got it Max.

Max sets the paper bag on the table and one by one he takes out containers of Chinese food. Shaw checks his watch.

MAX

We used to call old Vince her lucky Jesus.

SHAW

Is that a fact? Why is that?

Max takes some plastic forks out of the bag and a large iced tea.

MAX

You ever heard the term, your arms are too short to box with God?

Shaw grabs one of the containers and a fork.

SHAW

Yeah. What's this?

MAX

Beef and broccoli.

He nods and sticks his fork in, shoving some broccoli into his mouth.

MAX (CONT'D)

Well, we called him lucky Jesus because Jesus was lucky Vincent's arms were too short.

He laughs as Vincent uppercuts the man in the stomach two more times.

The man hunches over and spits blood.

Shaw takes another bite.

SHAW

What about Kobe?

Vincent walks over to the table and digs into the bag, he comes out with an egg roll.

VINCENT

Oh. That bastards on trial for rape and he's still scoring thirty.

Max sits down at the table and digs into his container.

MAX

That wasn't no rape.

Shaw shovels a few quick spoonfuls into his mouth before walking over to the beaten man.

SHAW

You don't know that. They always make the girl look like it was her fault and shit...

Max and Vincent look at each other.

MAX

Listen to mister sensitive over here.

He punches the man across the face twice, grabs the man by his shoulders to straighten him up and then punches him in the eye.

He turns around.

SHAW

I'm just saying.

Vincent and Max laugh while they eat their food.

VINCENT

And I'm just saying that if he did rape her he isn't too shaken up by it.

MAX

He didn't rape the bitch. She just thought it was going to be romantic and it turned rough. Fuck she expect from a black?

Max almost chokes on his food laughing.

MAX (CONT'D)

All black guys know how to do is fuck hard, that's how their women like it.

He shakes his head and watches his friends, the man behind him stirs.

VINCENT

How the fuck you know?

SHAW

Listen guys, I got to go. It's later then I thought.

MAX

I fucked a black chick; they're the only ones who love it in the ass. They love that shit!

SHAW

You want to take over Max?

Max talks with his mouth full, chewed up rice falls out of his mouth.

MAX

I'm fucking eating.

He looks at the beaten man and then back at his friends.

SHAW

Vincent?

VINCENT

I'm eating too kid, fuck him.

MAX

Shoot the fucker.

Shaw pulls a gun out from the small of his back; he turns around and shoots the man in the face twice. The man goes limp.

SHAW

I'm not dumping him; I seriously have to be somewhere.

Max opens up another container and digs in; Shaw walks over and picks up his jacket.

MAX

Thirty points?

VINCENT

Thirty fucking points.

SHAW

I'll see you two bastards tomorrow.

Vincent checks his watch.

VINCENT

It is tomorrow.

He slides his jacket on and jogs off.

SHAW

Shit!

Vincent watches him run up the steps before turning back to Max.

VINCENT

He's the next Jordan.

MAX

You know what? I got your cigarettes but I forgot the matches.

Vincent nods towards the dead man.

VINCENT

That assholes teeth is yellow as my piss, check his pockets for a lighter.

INT. HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

An elderly couple stands waiting for the elevator and holding hands.

The elevator dings and the doors slide open revealing Shaw, he stares down at his feet.

He looks up and offers a small smile.

SHAW

Top of the day to you.

They stare at him.

Shaw walks out of the elevator, he cuts in between the elderly couple forcing them to let each others hands go.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Or maybe not. Fuck out of my way.

He stalks down the hallway occasionally looking up to check the door numbers. He stops at 623.

SHAW (CONT'D)

623. I can never remember this place...

He looks up at the door and pulls out a gun.

SHAW (CONT'D)

This tramp better be home.

He checks his gun, checks the bullets in the clip before sliding it back in. He sticks his gun into the front waistband of his pants and knocks on the door.

SHAW (CONT'D)

House keeping.

He knocks again.

VOICE (O.S.)

Who is it?

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out two gloves, he slides them on.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Try using you're peep hole.

He waits for a few seconds as the locks are undone.

The door slowly opens and FRANCESCA - pretty, 27, stands in the doorway. She has bags under her eyes and she wears a robe.

FRANCESCA

You got a lot of nerve showing your face here.

Shaw looks her up and down before staring into her eyes.

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESENT

SHAW

I missed you too, mind if I come in?

She steps to the side.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is modestly decorated in pastel colors; a television sits on a small table. There is a couch directly across from a recliner with a round table in between both. Francesca points at the couch.

FRANCESCA

Yes, but I don't think that matters to you.

He takes her arm and gently pulls her into the apartment before closing the door behind her.

He releases her and she watches him lock the door, he slides the chain on before turning to her.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

So what, are you going to kill me?

Shaw smiles and points his thumb back at the chain.

SHAW

You know, that thing isn't going to stop anyone who really wants to get in. Sit.

She turns and walks over to her couch; she curls her legs underneath herself and grabs a pillow to hold over her chest.

FRANCESCA

I heard that already.

He walks past the couch without looking at her.

SHAW

Don't move.

He enters the hallway that leads to the bedrooms.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINOUS

The door opens and Shaw walks in with his gun drawn, he looks around before closing the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Francesca squeezes her pillow and stares at her telephone.

FRANCESCA

There's no one else here.

INT. 2<sup>ND</sup> BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He opens the door and steps in with his gun, he surveys the room before stepping out.

SHAW

I like to be sure.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shaw returns to the living room, Francesca watches him walk past the couch again.

FRANCESCA

I can see that. Are you going to kill me?

SHAW

Yeah.

He pushes open the kitchen door and walks in.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He walks over to the refrigerator and opens it; on the top shelf are half of a tuna sandwich and a six pack of beer.

SHAW

That'll do Francesca, that'll do.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Francesca reaches for the telephone; she picks it up and dials a number.

Shaw walks out of the kitchen with the sandwich in his left hand and his gun in his right; he points the sandwich at her.

SHAW

Put the phone down, don't be stupid.

Francesca hangs up and leans back into her position on the couch.

FRANCESCA

That's not yours.

He sits down on the recliner and takes a bite of his sandwich, Francesca watches him.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

But by all means.

Shaw places his gun in his lap and reaches into his pocket; he pulls out a silencer and a beer. He sets them on the table.

SHAW

I just wanted to check your apartment, I don't like ambushes.

FRANCESCA

Did you check the closets?

He looks up at her while reaching into his pocket and pulling out another can of beer.

SHAW

I like to be sure but sometimes I can be lazy. Is there anyone in the closets?

She shakes her head.

SHAW

Good.

FRANCESCA

I was crying the whole night.

SHAW

Even better.

FRANCESCA

I didn't know what to do Damien. I couldn't... I just didn't know what to do.

SHAW

Sometimes, when you don't know what to do... you should try not doing anything.

FRANCESCA

We always learn these things too late.

He nods his head and places the second can onto the table.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

You're not really going to kill me are you?

SHAW

The thing about those chains, they don't really keep people out but they make you feel like they will.

He takes another bite of his sandwich and reaches into another pocket; he pulls out a beer and opens it.

SHAW (CONT'D)

I guess sometimes that's what it's about. Feeling safe, not necessarily being safe but the feeling of it...

He takes a long drink and sets the can down.

SHAW (CONT'D)

...security is a thin blanket.

FRANCESCA

What does that mean?

SHAW

It's been a long time.

FRANSCESCA

Not that long.

He lets out a long burp and takes another bite of his sandwich, he points it at her.

SHAW

You look like shit.

FRANCESCA

When you do something really bad, it gets a little hard to sleep at night.

SHAW

Because you feel guilty or because you knew I was coming back?

She looks away.

He finishes his sandwich and then downs his beer.

Francesca runs her fingers through her hair and stares up at her ceiling.

He opens another beer and sets it down on the table, he picks up his silencer.

SHAW

A lot of people are going to be sorry that I came back.

She laughs and looks at him.

FRANCESCA

What's that? You're attempt at sounding scary? You always did watch too many movies...

He screws the silencer onto his gun, a small smile on his face.

SHAW

Yeah. Yeah I did didn't I?

FRANCESCA

Yes.

SHAW

You know, you watch these movies with the badass and he always has these cool lines. Western style.

FRANCESCA

I'm sorry.

SHAW

It's the western style of movies I mean, those Asian movies... the good guy is always silent and deadly. You killed my master is the only thing he needs to say. You know why?

Francesca stares at his gun; he picks up his beer and takes another drink.

FRANCESCA

Did you hear what I said?

SHAW

Because he's angry. You killed his master, angry and hurt people don't have time to think of cool things to say. In the west, in our culture - you kill a guy's whole family...

Francesca grips her pillow, tears run down her face.

FRANCESCA

I said I was sorry. I am sorry.

SHAW

...and the guy has something funny or cool to say. Americans have a whole different sense of grief I guess.

FRANCESCA

I guess.

SHAW

You made these sandwiches?

FRANCESCA

Luis.

SHAW

The boy can cook, I'll give him that.

FRANCESCA

It's only a sandwich. There's no cooking involved...

SHAW

For a man, that's cooking.

Shaw stares at her for a long time.

SHAW (CONT'D)

What did you have planned for tonight Francesca?

FRANCESCA

I was going to try and drown my sorrows in a bottle of liquor, watch some lifetime.

He extends his gun and fires two shots into her chest and one into her forehead.

He stares at her for a while before reaching for his beer and downing it.

He picks up his third unopened can and sticks it in his pocket.

SHAW

I was supposed to go catch a basketball game.

Shaw walks over to her body and picks up his shells; he sticks them in his pocket and turns to leave.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Francesca sits on the couch of her living room; she eats some strawberries from a bowl and watches television. She is wearing a formal dress. Someone rings the doorbell.

She looks over at the door and rolls her eyes.

The doorbell rings again and she sighs before getting up and placing her bowl on the table.

FRANCESCA

He must have some nerve...

She walks over to the door and unlocks it, she leaves the chain in place as she opens it a crack.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Do you know what time it is?

SHAW (O.S.)

You know, those chains won't stop anyone who really wants to get in.

She crosses her arms over her chest.

FRANCESCA

You're four hours late.

He sticks his arm in through the space; he holds a bouquet of flowers.

She looks at them and sighs, snatches them from his hand and pushes his arm out of the doorway.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Wait.

She removes the chain and opens the door, standing there is Shaw - wearing an expensive suit and tie.

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO DAYS AGO

He offers a smile, showing his dimples.

SHAW

Can I come in?

She moves out of his way and he walks in as she sniffs her flowers.

FRANCESCA

Why do men think dead flowers will get them out of trouble?

Shaw locks the door and takes her hand.

SHAW

I picked them myself.

He leads her into the living room.

FRANCESCA

So you murdered them yourself, how romantic.

He walks over to the table and picks up a strawberry; he takes a bite and sits on the couch.

SHAW

Hunter and gatherer.

FRANCESCA

Where the hell were you Damion?

SHAW

I had business Francesca. Come here.

He pats the seat next to him; she walks over and sits on the recliner.

FRANCESCA

Did you know you had business before you said you were going to take me out?

SHAW

Yeah, but I didn't think it would take so long to find the guy. Where do you want to go?

FRANCESCA

I don't want to go anywhere Damion, it's late. I'm going to bed, and you're leaving.

Shaw leans forward.

SHAW

I just got here.

FRANCESCA

You stood me up, for the last time. I care about you but I can't let you treat me like this.

SHAW

I'm sorry.

FRANCESCA

Sorry doesn't give me my time back. Sorry doesn't mean anything if you can't give the person back what you took. You told me that.

SHAW

So my sorry doesn't mean anything?

She reaches out and picks up the bowl of strawberries.

FRANCESCA

Not to me.

He stares at her as she eats the strawberries.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

You know, I thought you were going to be different. I told you that I was spoiled by my father and I wouldn't take anything less from another man. Remote.

He looks down on the couch and picks up the remote, he hands it to her.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

If you were a few minutes, even an hour late... I would understand.

She turns off the television.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

You were four hours late! If you think your business is so much more important than me then you can go to hell.

SHAW

I had to kill someone.

She stares down into her bowl of strawberries. They are both silent for a long time.

FRANCESCA

You can't kill anyone...

SHAW

I did. I had to...

She looks up at him, his eyes are watering.

FRANCESCA

What are you going to do?

He shakes his head.

SHAW

I had to...

FRANCESCA

This is too much, beating people up - stealing... I can live with that. You can live with that but killing -

Shaw stands up and walks over to the kitchen.

SHAW

You think I don't know that!

He pushes the doors open and enters.

Francesca runs a hand through her hair.

Shaw walks back in with a beer. She follows him with her eyes as he sits down.

FRANCESCA

I want you to get out -

SHAW

This is what I do. It's what I do Francesca, you know that.

FRANCESCA

Not killing people.

He opens the beer and takes a long drink.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

So now you're going to drink like him?

Shaw sets his beer on the table.

SHAW

One drink doesn't make me an alcoholic.

FRANCESCA

What about one murder? What does that make you?

He throws the can across the room.

SHAW

What!?! What the hell did you say to me?

FRANCESCA

I didn't mean for it to come out like that...

SHAW

I don't need to hear this shit right now!

FRANCESCA

I don't want to hear this shit either!

Shaw walks over to the door; she gets up and grabs his arm.

FRANCESCA

I want you out Damion. Tell them you want out!

SHAW

You think it's that easy? You think that you can just walk away from this?

FRANCESCA

You have too. Look at what it's doing to you! Is this the life you want? Killing people?

Shaw grabs the doorknob, she holds his arm.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Tell them you want out. Please...

SHAW

I'm one of them now. It's only going to be a little while longer...

FRANCESCA

It's not worth it.

He stares at her for a while before he opens the door and walks out.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

SHAW

Driving... I have to see Spencer.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shaw presses the button for the elevator; she stands in the doorway watching him.

FRANCESCA

I love you.

He stares at the elevator doors.

She turns and walks back into her apartment, closing the doors.

The doors open and he walks in.

SHAW

I love you to.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Francesca stares at her living room.

She walks over to her telephone and picks it up off the hook; she waits for a second and then hangs it back up.

She stares at the door for a long time.

She picks up the telephone and dials a number and waits.

FRANCESCA

Hello? Luis, I need your help...

She waits for a moment.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

I have something to tell you, I need you to come over. It's important...

She listens and hangs up.

She walks over to the bowl of strawberries and picks it up.

She turns to look at the can of beer on the floor.

She walks over and kneels down to pick up the beer.

She sits down on the carpet and weeps.

EXT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Across the street from a modest house is a parked car, it does not stand out from all the other parked cars.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shaw crushes a cigarette into the ashtray. From where he is parked he has a perfect view of LUIS - 30, hair in a ponytail with a thick beard and mustache, exiting the house.

He opens his glove compartment, inside is a gun and a candy bar. He reaches for the candy bar.

Luis walks over to his car and opens the door.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Luis starts his car up and pulls off.

Shaw's car pulls off a few moments later.

INT. SHAW'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He follows Luis's car, he stays at least two cars behind him at all times.

He takes a bite of his candy bar and reaches to turn on the radio, a pop song plays.

He chews his candy bar and pats his hands against the steering wheel to the beat.

Shaw steps on the gas harder, his engine revs.

INT. LUIS'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Luis takes a drink from a bottle of water and spits out his car window. There is the sound of a crash and he jerks forward.

LUIS

What the hell?

He looks through his rearview mirror in time to see Shaw's car speeding towards his bumper again.

LUIS (CONT'D)

Who the fuck...

He steps on his gas to speed up.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Luis's car speeds down the road followed by Shaw's. There are a few other cars that swerve to get out of the way of the chase.

Luis's car moves around a minivan, Shaw's car follows.

Luis makes a sharp left, cutting off several vehicles.

Shaw's car dodges the swerving cars by going up on the sidewalk - he slams into the side of Luis's car as Luis makes the turn. Other cars in the road come to screeching halts, some of them crashing into each other.

Smoke rises from the hoods of both cars.

INT. SHAW'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shaw reaches into his backseat; he pulls out a pair of handcuffs.

He opens his car door and steps out, his gun in his hand.

Luis kicks his car door open and crawls out. He is bleeding from his head, turning to look at Shaw.

They lock eyes, Shaw winks.

LUIS

Son of a bitch.

Luis gets to his feet and darts off; he disappears in between some small homes.

Shaw sticks his gun into his waistband and jogs after him.

EXT. HOUSES - CONTINUOUS

He gets around the corner of a house; the houses are all divided by short fences.

He looks to his left, nothing.

SUPERIMPOSE - PRESENT

Shaw looks to his right, nothing.

When he turns left again he catches a glimpse of Luis hopping a fence and disappearing behind another house.

He gives chase; he hops over the fence and turns the corner in time to see Luis turning another corner behind a house.

He hunches over and places his hands on his knees, catching his breath.

He moves closer to the wall of the house and rests a hand on it as he walks.

When Shaw gets to the end of the wall he waits.

He slowly moves forward.

As soon as he sticks his head out to look around the corner two shots hit the wall, he sticks his head back in and checks his watch.

SHAW

He's going to run.

He sticks his head back out again, no one is there.

He steps out and slowly walks in between the houses.

He looks down on the ground; there is a small blue ball.

A large dog jumps up against a fence and barks; Shaw does not seem to notice it as he walks.

CUT TO:

Luis hops another fence and runs as fast as he can; he sucks in air and holds his side.

He walks through someone's backyard, pushing a clothes line out of the way.

He approaches another fence; he crawls over this one slowly.

He jumps at the sound of a dog barking.

Luis turns around he lays eyes on the large dog, charging towards him.

He turns and runs, making a right at the edge of the house.

Shaw catches Luis by his waist and lifts him off his feet before slamming the man down on the ground.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the ball.

When the dog comes around the corner of the house Shaw throws the ball far away, the dogs chases after it.

Luis stirs, holding his back.

SHAW

You alright?

He reaches down and lifts Luis up by his collar, short punching the man in the nose.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the handcuffs; he turns Luis over and handcuffs him.

SHAW (CONT'D)

I'm sure you know this procedure.

Luis coughs up some blood as Shaw pulls the man to his feet.

LUIS

My ribs!

SHAW

You can't be serious.

He drags the man through the space between the houses.

SHAW (CONT'D)

We need to take a ride.

He releases Luis, causing him to collapse to his knees.

He walks over to a parked car and raises his gun to shoot out the glass on the driver's side, he pauses.

Shaw reaches out and pulls the door handle, it's locked.

He looks over the car at Luis and shrugs, Luis watches him.

SHAW (CONT'D)

It was worth a shot.

He steps back and fires a silenced shot into the car window; it leaves a small hole and several cracks.

He punches the window and it shatters easily. He reaches in and unlocks the doors.

Shaw walks back around the car and over to Luis. He picks the man up by his elbow and pulls him towards the car. SHAW (CONT'D)

You alright?

LUIS

Fuck you!

SHAW

I thought so.

Luis spits out some blood and coughs as Shaw opens the passenger door and pushes him inside.

LUIS

I'm spitting blood!

SHAW (CONT'D)

Good.

Shaw slams the door, Luis screams out in pain as the door hits him in the leg.

He laughs and opens the car door; he lifts Luis's leg up into the car and slams the door shut again.

He runs around to the drivers' side and gets in.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shaw looks over at Luis; he reaches across and pulls a gun out of his jacket.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Let me help you with that.

He opens the glove compartment and throws the gun inside before closing it up.

He reaches down underneath the steering wheel and after a few moments the car starts.

He looks over at Luis.

SHAW

You look worried.

LUIS

I don't believe it man. How the fuck are you here?

Shaw laughs and puts the car into drive, pulling off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Luis opens the door and Francesca tries to prevent him from leaving; he blows smoke through his nostrils.

FRANCESCA

This isn't why I told you!

LUIS

Yeah but you told me so ...

Francesca grabs his arm; he turns to look at her.

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO DAYS AGO

FRANCESCA

They'll kill him!

LUIS

Is that my business?

FRANCESCA

Please Luis, I love him.

Luis pulls his arm free.

LUIS

You love this fucker?

FRANCESCA

You think I sleep with every guy I meet?

He puffs on his cigarette as he opens the door.

LUIS

You gave this guy your virginity!?!

She pushes the door closed.

FRANCESCA

Luis, I'm almost thirty years old and Damion is not my first boyfriend...

LUIS

What does that mean?

She shakes her head.

FRANCESCA

Please, I told you so that you could help him get out. You know these guys - they'll kill him.

Luis stares at his sister.

LUIS

I'll see what I can do.

FRANCESCA

You promise?

LUIS

I see what I can do.

He opens the door and walks out, slamming it shut.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Shaw walks over to the bar, the bartender approaches.

BARTENDER

Yeah?

SHAW

Spencer.

The bartender looks him up and down before nodding to the left.

He turns and walks to the far side of the bar where there are some booths.

SPENCER - salt and pepper hair, light mustache and beard, 42. He sits in a booth with a pitcher of beer and two men.

Shaw stops when he reaches the booth, Spencer looks up at him.

He turns back to the two men.

SPENCER

I'm going to have to take this call.

The men glare at Shaw as the slide out of the booth and walk past him.

Shaw slides into the booth.

SHAW

More people risking their lives for you?

Spencer pours himself a glass of beer.

SPENCER

What the fuck are you doing here Damion?

SHAW

I needed to talk to you.

SPENCER

We don't talk till it's over Damion, you know this.

SHAW

This is important.

SPENCER

You're out of character.

Shaw looks around the bar.

Spencer takes a long drink and pours some more.

SHAW (CONT'D)

You know what that stuff is right?

SPENCER

Beer?

SHAW

Shit. Beer is made by fermentation caused by bacteria feeding on yeast cells and then defecating. It's a nice tall glass of bacteria shit…

Spencer pours the beer back into its pitcher.

SPENCER

What the fuck do you want?

Shaw leans forward in his seat.

SHAW

I killed someone Spencer.

SPENCER

You did?

SHAW

Yes...

SPENCER

So?

He stares at the older man.

SHAW

The guy was a witness to the Torrio murder.

SPENCER

That took place in Jersey.

SHAW

What does that matter?

SPENCER

Let the cops in Jersey worry about the crimes in Jersey.

Shaw pounds the table with his fist.

SHAW

This isn't what I wanted to do!

SPENCER

You're supposed to be a lowlife criminal; you didn't think you would have to kill someone?

He runs a hand through his hair.

SHAW

I thought I'd be pulled out by then... before anything like this would happen.

SPENCER

How'd you do it?

SHAW

What?

Spencer leans forward and interlocks his fingers.

SPENCER

How'd you do it? How'd you kill the guy?

Shaw stares at him.

SHAW

I shot him.

SPENCER

Two in the chest, one in the head right? Did you act all cool like... like you didn't care?

He closes his eyes and rubs his face.

SHAW

I want out Spencer, it wasn't supposed to go this far. I got enough on Vincent and Max -

Spencer sighs and leans back; he pulls out a cigarette and pats his pockets.

SPENCER

Where the fuck are my...

Shaw reaches across the table with his lighter and lights Spencer's cigarette.

SHAW

This is going too far.

SPENCER

One egg gets cracked and you want to shut down the whole chicken coop.

SHAW

It's turning deadly.

SPENCER

Your middle name. Don't turn soft on me now...

Shaw looks around the bar.

SHAW

You kill one man, you change.

Spencer smiles and slaps the table.

SPENCER

See? It's going to get easier.

He puffs on his cigarette.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

You get out when you meet Tony. You haven't met Tony yet, he's the one I want. Get out of my face.

Shaw stares at Spencer, who still has the flame from the lighter going.

He snatches the lighter out of his hand and gets up, Spencer watches him leave.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

And get yourself some matches. You don't carry no fucking lighter!

Shaw exits.

INT. GYM - LATE AFTERNOON

The gym is practically empty save for one man, RICK - using the heavy bag and the big GUY in the ring sparring with Vincent.

The guy covers up as Vincent tries to hit him in the body with several hooks.

VINCENT

Yeah. Yeah protect your body at all times!

Vincent backs up and hits himself in the face with his own gloves a few times.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

This, your face? You learn how to take a punch then you don't have to worry about it.

The guy nods. Vincent hits the guy in the stomach a few times.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

But no matter how many sit ups you want to do, taking too many shots to the body is gonna take its toll.

He bobs and weaves; far behind him Shaw walks into the gym.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

He realizes he can't get to your body; he's going to go for the head. The head's smaller, it's a harder target...

GUY

Gotcha.

VINCENT

I'ma take you to the top kid. You just gotta use your head...

SHAW

You still soliciting young guys for oral sex Vince?

Vincent turns around; Shaw stands near the door by a weight rack with his arms crossed and an unlit cigarette dangling from his mouth.

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESENT

VINCENT

What the fuck? This is impossible, you're fucking dead.

SHAW

I am?

The man on the punching bag stops and watches Vincent. Vincent steps out of the ring slowly, his mouth wide open. His sparring partner follows.

VINCENT

We killed you.

SHAW

I got better.

RICK

How did you...?

Shaw takes the cigarette out of his mouth and places it on the weight rack.

SHAW

You want to mind your business.

The big guy pulls out of his gloves and stalks toward him, Rick cracks his knuckles and does the same.

RTCK

This time I finish this shit!

The big guy swings at Shaw, he ducks and chops him in the throat.

He stomps on the big guy's leg, snapping his knee backwards.

Rick rushes him.

Shaw reaches into his waistband and pulls out his gun; he fires a silenced shot into the Rick's forehead - sending his head snapping back.

Before the man hits the ground Shaw turns and pulls the big guy's head backwards and sticks tip of his gun into the space between his left and right clavicle, firing two shots.

He lifts the gun back up and fires two shots into the man's chest.

As both men hit the ground Shaw fires another shot into the big guys' forehead.

He ejects the cartridge and looks inside, it is empty.

He checks the sight on the gun and then sets it on the weight rack. He picks up his cigarette.

Vincent stands on the ring apron in shock as Shaw pulls out a book of matches, striking one and lighting his cigarette.

SHAW

You still trying to get into the boxing industry?

Vincent does not move. Shaw blows out a thick cloud of smoke and steps forward.

SHAW (CONT'D)

What's wrong Vince? You don't believe in ghosts?

VINCENT

This is fucking impossible.

Shaw continues to walk towards Vincent.

SHAW

You know what I always hated about you Vince? You always thought you could beat me up...

He flicks away some ashes and stops right in front of the ring.

SHAW (CONT'D)

...you always thought you were some tough shit.

VINCENT

So what? You came here to fight me? To kill me?

Vincent jumps down from the ring apron.

SHAW

A little. Don't worry; I'm not a ghost...

Vincent punches him across the face; Shaw stumbles backwards and holds his jaw when he finally gets his footing back.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Ow.

Vincent strikes a boxing stance and begins to move around him in a circular motion.

Shaw looks back at his gun on the weight rack.

He turns back to Vincent and takes a fighting stance as well.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Okay.

He throws a hook that Vincent blocks.

Vincent punches him in the side and follows up with two quick jabs.

Shaw holds his nose and bounces up and down on his toes, Vincent smiles.

VINCENT

I don't know how you did it you punk son of a bitch...

Vincent throws another left hook to the body; Shaw blocks it but is too slow to protect his right side. Vincent hits him with two uppercuts to the ribs and a straight to his stomach.

Shaw grabs his stomach and Vincent hits him with an uppercut to the chin. He stumbles backwards into the ring apron.

Vincent moves in and hits him several more times with shots to his ribs.

Shaw head butts the bigger man, there is a crack and he falls back into the ring apron - holding his head.

Vincent rubs his forehead and smiles.

VINCENT

Without a weapon in your hand you aint shit.

He throws a straight towards Shaw's face; he dodges the blow and catches him by his fist.

With his free hand he slices Vincent across his wrist with a small blade.

Vincent steps back, holding his rapidly bleeding wrist.

SHAW

So fucking what?

Shaw rubs his ribs but straightens up; Vince tries to stop the bleeding by squeezing his wrist.

VINCENT

Motherfucker!

Vincent charges him.

Shaw drops to one knee and stabs Vincent in the upper thigh, he twists the blade before pulling it back out. Vincent screams out in pain.

He rises up and slices the man across his Adam's apple; he switches hands and stabs the blade into Vincent's right eye.

He punches Vincent across the face, breaking the handle of the blade off.

Vincent rolls on the ground screaming.

EXT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

Shaw pushes the gym door open and walks over to his car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

He opens the passenger door. Luis is still handcuffed and duct tape is wrapped around his throat, connecting him to the head rest. He starts to squirm when Shaw enters.

LUIS

Please man, let me go!

SHAW

Excuse me.

He opens the glove compartment and pulls out Luis's gun; he slams it shut and exits the car.

EXT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

He slams the car door shut and stomps back to the gym.

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

Shaw walks over to the injured man and stops his writhing around by firing two loud shots into his chest.

He drops the gun on the ground and walks over to the weight rack; he pockets his gun and exits.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shaw exits the gym and walks around the car; he opens the driver's side door and gets in.

He pulls down the visor on his side and checks his nose, he grimaces. There is blood on his teeth.

He turns to looks at Luis. He stares at the man for some time.

SHAW

You ever heard of a silencer?

Luis is trembling while he nods.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Then why the fuck don't you have one? Did you hear those shots? It was like World War three in there, are you trying to go to jail?

Luis shakes his head. He replaces the clip in his gun, checks the silencer.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Well, if somehow you manage to kill me and escape... invest in a silencer.

LUIS

What else do you want from me?

SHAW

We have a few more stops I think, and then I'm going to shoot you in the face.

Shaw starts up the car.

LUIS

Where's my sister?

He laughs and pulls off.

DAMIEN

I shot her.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Luis' car pulls up into the driveway; he gets out and runs up to the door where a big muscular guy waits. The guy is PAUL, 24.

LUIS

Is he in there?

Paul nods and steps out of the doorway, Luis walks in and he follows.

The door shuts.

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO DAYS AGO

INT. TOWNHOUSE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul steps into the dining room followed by Luis. TONY TORRIO, a balding slightly overweight and heavily tanned man of 50 years sits eating freshly sliced fruit from a bowl. Max and Vincent sit with him. There are several other men in jogging suits standing around with their arms crossed.

Luis steps forward but Paul stops him and gives him a stare.

Paul walks over to Tony and whispers in his ear. After awhile Tony nods and Paul walks back over to Luis.

Luis looks around the room, everyone at the table eats and no one talks.

After some time Tony looks up from his fruit.

TONY

You're Francesca's brother right?

Luis approaches the table.

LUIS

Yes.

TONY

One of my guys called and said you had some important information for me.

LUIS

Yeah, I do Mr. Torrio.

Tony takes a bite of an orange slice.

TONY

You know something Luis, if my family has only one talent, its picking talent. It's reading people.

Luis looks around the room and nods.

TONY (CONT'D)

We have an insight, a skill in knowing what makes people tick. A relative of mine, he found Al Capone. Did you know that?

Luis shakes his head.

TONY (CONT'D)

He found Al Capone. There were others but I mention him because it seems to have some relevance to people who think they know something about... family.

LUIS

I know a lot about family -

VINCENT

Shut the fuck up.

Tony is quiet again; he picks up another piece of fruit and waits until he is done chewing before he speaks again.

TONY

So when you call one of my guys and tell me that I have disloyalty in my camp...

He shakes his head and picks up another piece of fruit.

MAX

What the fuck makes you think you can tell us something about one of our guys?

LUIS

That's the thing. He's not one of your guys. He's a thug that you met on the street, he's not family.

Vincent lights up a cigarette and puffs.

VINCENT

You're talking about Damien.

LUIS

Listen, I wouldn't be here putting my neck on the line if I didn't have a good source. My own fucking sister told me.

VINCENT

You're fucking tramp sister told you what?

LUIS

He's working with the cops. She said he's working with the police to take you guys down.

Vincent blows out smoke. A woman comes into the room with a plate of food; she brings it to the table and sets it in front of Max.

MAX

About fucking time.

VINCENT

Damien is the coldest asshole I've ever met after me. Why the fuck would he go to the cops?

LUIS

I don't know, but Francesca says he wants out. She wants him to get out too... maybe that's why.

MAX

I never trusted the mick piece of shit in the first place.

Vincent turns to Max.

VINCENT

You believe this asshole?

MAX

I'm just saying; time away can make a guy rethink his situation. His values and shit like that.

Max digs into his food. Vincent watches him eat before turning to Tony.

VINCENT

You believe this Tony?

Tony eats a slice of fruit.

TONY

Thanks for all your help Luis.

Luis looks around at everyone, Paul steps forward.

LUIS

I was kind of hoping that, you know...

VINCENT

I don't know. What the fuck do you want?

LUIS

It was valuable information.

Vincent reaches into his pocket and throws some bills onto the ground at Luis' feet.

VINCENT

That's like a thousand. Get the fuck out of here.

Luis bends down to pick up the money; he stands back up and smiles at Tony.

LUIS

You know. I'm good with guns; I was actually thinking that if you needed any more hands...

Vincent stands up and points at Luis.

VINCENT

If you don't get the fuck out of here I'm going to cut off your balls and stick them down your sisters throat. Paul.

Paul grabs Luis by his ponytail and pulls his head back; he draws back and drives a fist into the man's gut.

Luis drops down to all fours.

Paul kicks Luis in the ribs with all his might.

Some of the other guys in the room walk over and pick Luis up off the ground, carrying him out.

Vincent turns back to Tony.

VINCENT

You believe him?

TONY

I told Damien to lay low for at least three months, he seemed pretty pissed about it.

MAX

That asshole don't know how to enjoy a vacation from violence.

TONY

He comes back two weeks early and you tell me yourself he's acting a little different.

Vincent puffs on his cigarette and paces.

VINCENT

I didn't mean like that Tony.

TONY

Max says he's hearing shit from Vegas about Damien hooking up with some different crew. That he's starting up on his own...

VINCENT

That's one thing Tony. Turning to the cops is something entirely different.

Tony grabs another piece of fruit and bites into it; Max fills his mouth with food.

TONY

You ever hear of eliminating the competition Vince? He's a tough one, he's a good killer but he wouldn't be dumb enough to try and wipe us out.

MAX

Probably figures the cops can do it for him; if he gets a sweet deal out of it too...

VINCENT

I don't believe it.

Tony slams a fist down on the table.

TONY

I don't give a fuck what you believe. This is your friend, you found him. I don't know the motherfucker from Adam! I'm not taking the chance.

Vincent scratches his jaw and stands over the table.

Everyone is quiet for some time.

VINCENT

What do you want me to do?

TONY

Get rid of him. He's your friend, I respect that. If you want to do him clean, I don't care. Just get rid of him.

Vincent looks over at Max.

MAX

Invite the prick out to dinner.

TONY

I want you in on this too Max.

VINCENT

You don't trust me?

TONY

I don't trust my own dick half the time, that's why I wear condoms. Get it done!

EXT. RESTAURANT - DUSK

Two men in suits stand outside smoking a cigarette and laughing as Shaw's car pulls up.

He opens the car door and slides over the hood, both men reach for their guns.

He hits the first guy across the face then fires a single silenced shot into the second guy's chest.

He turns around and snatches the 9mm out of the first guy's hand; he uses it to hit him in the temple.

As the first guy goes down Shaw catches him by his tie and fires two silenced shots into his chest.

He releases the tie, allowing the man to fall. He sticks his silenced weapon into his waistband.

He turns and gives a thumb up to Luis.

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESENT

Shaw reaches into the man's jacket and pulls out another 9mm handgun.

He walks into the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

At the far end of the restaurant Max sits at a table enjoying his food, he is seated with two other men in suits and two big guys - FRANCO and Paul, stand behind him. Only half of the other ten tables are occupied, by couples.

MAX

...the best food outside of my mother's house, I'm telling you.

The other two guys at the table nod and eat their food.

Shaw walks in through the main entrance with the 9mm's in his hands, no one notices his approach.

He cuts through the tables with the 9mm's behind his back as he makes his way over to Max, one of the big guys behind Max tap him on the shoulder.

Max looks up and chokes on his food.

One of the guys seated with Max stands up.

Shaw raises his hands and opens fire, hitting the man in the chest with three shots. The fourth shot hits Paul in the shoulder.

The patrons in the restaurant run for safety.

Max continues to choke; he gets up from his seat and starts to run - ducking for cover.

Franco pulls out his gun and fires; hitting a woman running with her boyfriend, Shaw ducks behind a table.

The boyfriend tries to catch his girlfriend before she hits the ground.

Shaw flips the table over and it hits the couple, knocking them over. He runs at a slanted angle, bullets barely missing him.

He reaches a pillar and places his back to it as shots ring out. People scream and flee all around him.

SHAW

I used to be where you were guys, trying to keep that fat fuck alive.

Several shots hit and graze the pillar as Shaw throws away his empty gun, he sighs as he grips the only 9mm left.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Hey! Stop shooting for a second!

Franco and the guy at the table both replace the clips in their guns as they watch the pillar; all the tables in the restaurant are turned over.

Shaw slightly sticks his head out from behind the pillar.

SHAW (CONT'D)

What the hell is wrong with you two? Do you know how many people could have been hurt? I just want Max; he's not worth all this...

FRANCO

If he's not worth it then drop your gun!

Shaw steps out a little more and stares at Franco.

SHAW

No. I mean he's not worth it to you.

He fires a shot into the guy's chest; he falls down onto the table dead. Franco raises his gun and Shaw does the same.

FRANCO

Hey!

SHAW

I wasn't talking to him.

Franco watches the guy slide off the table.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Franco! I know your brother man... you're too young to die like this.

Franco points at the other bodyguard on the ground.

FRANCO

You shot my brother you asshole!

Shaw looks over to the corner of the restaurant; Max's legs can be seen behind a table.

He turns back to the Franco, while slowly walking around to get a look at the other Paul.

Paul writhes on the ground, holding his bleeding shoulder.

He nods at Paul.

SHAW

What's up Paul?

PAUL

I thought they killed you.

He looks up at Franco.

FRANCO

Yeah man, I heard you were in the Hudson.

He nods and keeps his gun aimed at Franco while moving closer. Franco keeps his gun on Shaw.

SHAW

It's complicated. Listen, everyone here is dead except for you guys, me and Max.

FRANCO

So?

SHAW

Take your brother and go to the hospital, Max aint worth dying for.

FRANCO

Who says I'm the one going to die?

Shaw reaches out and snatches the gun out of Franco's hand while hitting him in the face with his elbow.

Franco stumbles backwards, holding his nose. He stops and stares at Shaw, who is pocketing his old gun and waving the newly acquired gun.

Shaw nods towards the exit.

SHAW

Get the fuck out of here, tell them I killed Max and got away.

Franco reaches down and helps his brother up as Shaw walks towards where Max is hiding.

Shaw turns around and aims his gun at Franco, he and his brother pause.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Paul, drop your gun on the ground.

Paul reaches into his jacket and throws his gun on the ground. Shaw turns around again and the two brothers walk to the exit.

He shakes his head and drops the 9mm millimeter on the ground; he reaches into his waist band and pulls out his silenced gun.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Those guys are going to be in a lot of trouble when the cops find these guns here.

He smiles as he slowly walks over to the table Max is behind.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Right Max? To tell you the truth, I was the smartest guy you had - that's not saying much but...

Shaw stops on the other side of the table.

SHAW (CONT'D)

How could you believe I would turn snitch? Me? I mean, it was true, sort of...

He stares at the table, he slowly raises his gun.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Max?

He walks around and stops.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

Max is dead, having choked on his food.

He fires three shots into Max's body.

He sticks his gun into his waist band and leaves.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shaw opens the driver's door and gets in, slamming the door shut.

Luis looks over at him.

Shaw turns to Luis.

SHAW

You want a drink?

LUIS

Tony is going to kill you, this time for good.

SHAW

So... you're not thirsty?

LUIS

How did you survive man? I thought they killed you...

He starts up the car.

SHAW

Why does everyone think I'm so easy to kill?

LUIS

Just let me go man. You didn't die, so technically I didn't do anything wrong.

SHAW

You're logic is profound.

LUIS

I'm serious man.

Shaw places the car in reverse and backs out of the space.

SHAW

Me too. Tell you what, I'm going to go get us some beers and we can talk about you living to see tomorrow. Cool?

Luis stares at him.

LUIS

Are you serious?

SHAW

I just said I was.

Shaw reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small blade; he uses it to cut the duct tape that binds Luis to the headrest and sits back.

SHAW (CONT'D)

I'll take your handcuffs off when we get to the bar. I think I'm just going to need one favor from you, and then you can go.

LUIS

Whatever you need man. All I ever wanted was to be in. In with you and Vincent...

Shaw nods.

SHAW

Here's your chance.

He places the car into drive and pulls away.

INT. APARTMENT - DUSK

Francesca wipes her eyes and runs up to the door as the doorbell rings.

FRANCESCA

Just a minute.

She dabs her eyes one last time before opening the door for Shaw, he stands in the doorway with a small rectangular jewelry box.

SHAW

Maybe this is better than flowers.

She looks down at the box.

FRANCESCA

What are you apologizing for now?

SHAW

Standing you up. This time I'm apologizing in advance.

She looks back up at him.

FRANCESCA

You told me sorry was useless.

SHAW

I didn't say sorry, I said I was apologizing. Now this is the part where you ask me, what for.

FRANCESCA

What are you apologizing for?

SHAW

No. I already told you that, ask me why I'm standing you up.

She looks back into her apartment for a brief second before turning back to him.

FRANCESCA

Okay.

SHAW

I'm standing you up because I'm almost done. I'm finally going to meet Tony Torrio, tonight.

She wipes her face with a napkin and takes the box out of his hand.

FRANCESCA

You are?

SHAW

Yeah. I meet him; get him to talk about some business with me. Spencer gets his guy and I get some time off. Open it. She nods and opens the box, inside is a simple but beautiful gold chain.

Shaw smiles and she starts to weep, covering her mouth.

SHAW (CONT'D)

You like it.

She nods.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Turn around. I have to go but I'll be back tonight and we'll celebrate.

She turns around and he takes the box, he places the chain around her neck and gives her a kiss where he locks it.

FRANCESCA

Maybe you shouldn't go.

Shaw turns her around and smiles at her.

DAMION

I have to go. Give me a kiss.

She leans forward and kisses him on the mouth passionately as they embrace.

When they pull apart he smiles at her, flashing his dimples.

DAMION (CONT'D)

When I get back, make sure you're wearing that black outfit.

She nods and smiles.

He turns and jogs to the elevator; he presses the button and gets on without looking back.

Francesca slowly closes the door; on the other side of the door is Luis.

SUPERIMPOSE: YESTERDAY

LUIS

It's the best thing.

She swings at her brother; he catches her wrists as she tries to pound against his chest.

FRANCESCA

I hate you! How could you tell them!

LUIS

You want to be married to a snitch!?!

FRANCESCA

He's not a snitch! You don't know anything about him!

He pushes her down onto the couch; she throws a pillow at him.

LUIS

He's an asshole. He's been an asshole from day one, he used to cheat on you, remember that?

She shakes her head.

FRANCESCA

He never cheated on me. You don't even know...

She closes her mouth and shakes her head.

LUIS

What?

FRANCESCA

Nothing Luis. The last time I told you something you ran to those... nothing.

Luis looks at the kitchen door.

LUIS

You got anything in there to eat?

FRANCESCA

There's tuna.

LUIS

Got any beer?

She shakes her head.

He pulls some money out of his pocket and counts it.

LUIS (CONT'D)

I'm going to go get a couple of six packs. I'm fucking thirsty.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Spencer sits in a booth, across from him is a pretty WOMAN and they are both enjoying drinks.

SPENCER

I don't usually trust a woman who likes danger so much.

WOMAN

You told me you had a dangerous job, you still haven't told me what it is you do.

Spencer looks into her eyes and smiles.

SPENCER

Let's just say it involves criminals.

She smiles.

WOMAN

Really...

Spencer looks over at the entrance, Shaw walks in.

SPENCER

I'll be god damned, speak of the devil.

The woman follows Spencer's eyes; Shaw approaches carrying three bottles of beer.

WOMAN

Who is that?

SPENCER

The guy everyone thinks they killed.

Shaw reaches the table and sets his beers down, he smiles at the woman.

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESENT

SHAW

Hello.

WOMAN

Hello.

Spencer clears his throat and sips some of his liquor.

SPENCER

I was just talking about criminals and lo and behold, you appear.

He turns to Spencer.

SHAW

Mind if I have a seat?

The lady slides over and Shaw sits down across from Spencer, he opens one of the beers.

SPENCER

Be my guest.

SHAW

Lo and behold Spencer? No wonder you get all the chicks...

SPENCER

I do alright.

SHAW

You going to introduce me?

SPENCER

I don't think that's necessary.

Shaw takes a drink from his beer, the woman shifts in her seat uncomfortably.

SHAW

I'm not going to kill her.

Spencer doesn't take his eyes off Shaw.

SPENCER

Damion, this is...

He looks at her; she stares down into her drink.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Uh...

Shaw smiles at her.

SHAW

It's not important.

SPENCER

I heard you returned from the dead, I didn't think you could be so stupid.

SHAW

I guess I showed you.

SPENCER

What do you want?

SHAW

Everyone automatically assumes I'm here to kill them.

SPENCER

You think you could kill me you son of a bitch?

WOMAN

Maybe I should go.

He smiles at Spencer.

SHAW

Yeah, but that's not why I'm here.

SPENCER

What do you want?

SHAW

What was I supposed to be doing for you?

SPENCER

Tony. Vincent. Max. The whole gang, except I wanted them alive.

Shaw shrugs.

SHAW

I wanted to be 6 foot 6, we make due with what we get.

SPENCER

How tall are you?

SHAW

I'm six one.

SPENCER

That's not bad. If I gave your description I would have went for six three...

Spencer takes a drink, the woman smiles nervously and does the same. Shaw takes out his pack of cigarettes.

SHAW

Thanks.

SPENCER

What are you looking for Damien, redemption?

SHAW

You know me better than that. I've never been that deep, in fact...

Shaw takes out a cigarette and lights it.

SHAW (CONT'D)

I'm not sure if all the people I plan on killing deserve it.

He turns to the woman and shows her his pack.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Smoke?

She looks at Spencer before taking one, Shaw lights it for her with a match.

WOMAN

Thank you.

SHAW

You know Spencer ...

She takes a pull of her cigarette.

SHAW (CONT'D)

I was seriously considering walking in here, killing you and anyone you were with.

She chokes and coughs, Shaw takes a long drink from his bottle of beer. Spencer smiles at him.

SPENCER

You change your mind?

Shaw places his beer back on the table.

SHAW

Six three huh?

SPENCER

Six three.

SHAW

That's cool.

SPENCER

What do you want?

SHAW

Blood.

The woman slides closer to Shaw.

WOMAN

I have to use the bathroom.

He looks at her, nodding.

SHAW

Yeah.

He stares at her for a few seconds before turning to Spencer.

SPENCER

I wish I could have seen their faces when you showed up.

SHAW

It was a sight.

SPENCER

They must have thought they were seeing a ghost.

Shaw laughs and picks up his beer.

SHAW

Yeah.

SPENCER

How's that working out for you? Being a ghost?

SHAW

As long as you don't start calling me Casper I'm good.

Spencer laughs and picks up his drink, they both drink at the same time - and place their drinks down at the same time.

SPENCER

I could have got to you in Vegas you know.

SHAW

You keeping tabs on me?

SPENCER

I never let you out of my sight.

SHAW

You're a good cop. I never said you weren't a good cop... a little obsessive though.

SPENCER

It's not often a cop meets a guy like you Damien. You're one of a kind; do you know what remorse is?

Shaw shakes his head and puffs on his cigarette.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I didn't think so. You must have been born without a soul, a real piece of shit from day one.

SHAW

Your mother.

Spencer slowly leans forward.

SPENCER

What?

Shaw leans forward in his seat as well.

SHAW

I said your mother... is a real piece of shit.

The two men stare at each other.

WOMAN

Please, don't kill anyone in front of me.

SPENCER

Shut up.

Shaw leans back.

SHAW

Tony Torrio huh?

Spencer leans back as well.

SPENCER

What about him?

SHAW

I take care of him; then I get to be a ghost for real.

SPENCER

I let you disappear?

SHAW

Even better.

SPENCER

I get him alive?

SHAW

Is that a must?

Spencer licks his teeth with his tongue, he spits out a piece of food.

SPENCER

Too much?

SHAW

Torrio is clean, and dangerous. Anyone thinks about even mentioning his name to a cop... or to a jury...

He moves his thumb across his own throat.

SPENCER

That a fact.

SHAW

I should know; I did most of the wet work.

SPENCER

Government agents do wet work. You kill innocent people in cold blood.

Shaw lifts his hands up and down, indicating scales.

SHAW

Tomato. Tomotto. It's still a Mokrie dela, whoever you're working for.

Spencer smiles.

SPENCER

You get your hands on a book while in Vegas?

SHAW

Wasn't the bible.

He points at Shaw.

SPENCER

Do whatever you want with Torrio, but you get me something I can use to get a few stripes.

SHAW

Something you can use.

SPENCER

A phone book. His PDA, anything that's going to make taking all his friends down a hell of a whole lot easier...

Shaw downs the rest of his beer and balances the empty bottle upside down on the table. He smiles at his work.

SHAW

I heard he keeps a diary, you want that too?

SPENCER

I want it tonight.

SHAW

You got it.

He picks up the other two beer bottles and turns to leave.

SPENCER

Damien. There's something I gotta ask you...

Shaw continues to walk towards the exit.

SHAW

Later.

He exits.

Spencer turns to the woman; she puts her cigarette out in her drink.

SPENCER

Where were we?

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shaw opens the driver's side door and gets in, slamming it shut behind him.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small key.

He pushes Luis forward and reaches behind him, undoing his handcuffs. When he is done he leans back and opens a beer.

SHAW

That went well.

Luis rubs his swollen wrist as Shaw hands him the other beer bottle.

LUIS

I get to go?

SHAW

I think I know what your problem was with me Luis, other than the fact that I was screwing your sister.

LUIS

I didn't give a fuck about that.

Shaw looks at him and smiles.

DAMIEN

And I don't give a fuck about the fact that you're not Italian. Hell, I'm Irish.

LUIS

What are you talking about?

SHAW

You wanted in right?

Luis nods.

SHAW (CONT'D)

By the time this is all over, I'll be in charge. You do me one favor, and you'll be there with me.

LUIS

What do you want?

SHAW

Torrio.

Luis laughs as Shaw drinks his beer.

LUIS

You want to take down Torrio?

SHAW

I want to take down Torrio.

LUIS

I'm one brave motherfucker, but what they said about you is true. You're not brave, you're fucking crazy.

SHAW

They are always pretty well informed.

Luis moves to drink his beer but pauses, he stares at it.

SHAW (CONT'D)

I'm not a woman Luis; if I wanted to kill you I wouldn't be using poison.

LUIS

You piss in it? Because I'll taste it...

SHAW

No.

LUIS

Spit?

He stares at Luis for a few moments before reaching for his beer; he tosses it out the window.

He hands Luis the beer he was drinking.

SHAW

What do you say?

Luis drinks the beer and stares at Shaw.

LUIS

I'm dangerous, but me and you can't get to Torrio. Not just the two of us...

SHAW

It won't be the two of us, just me.

LUIS

What do you want me to do?

SHAW

The guy doesn't trust his own mother; I've never been to his house. He's scared of me, I think...

He starts up the car.

SHAW (CONT'D)

You have. Give me directions and I'll thank you.

LUIS

I want to be a lieutenant.

Shaw nods and smiles, they pull off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Shaw sits in the passenger seat of a car with Vincent behind the driver and Rick behind him. A BIG MAN drives.

RICK

I'm telling you. Once you meet Tony its easy street, no more grunt work.

Shaw looks back at Rick and smiles.

SHAW

It's about fucking time too, how many guys I gotta take out before he trust me right?

The driver looks over at Shaw.

BIG MAN

He's had a rough life you know, he's been shot twice. Both times by guys he knew...

Shaw nods.

SHAW

Better than getting shot by a stranger, at least you know why they're trying to kill you.

RICK

Thing about him, he don't like to be interrupted or talked over. So make sure you only speak when spoken to.

Shaw turns around slightly to look at Rick.

SUPERIMPOSE: YESTERDAY

SHAW

What's your name?

RICK

Rick.

SHAW

Joe, don't ever tell me what to do again.

Rick turns to Vincent who is staring out the window.

Rick turns back to Shaw and smiles.

RICK

Just thought I'd let you know.

Shaw faces front again, he lights up a cigarette.

SHAW

Shut the fuck up.

All four men drive in silence for awhile.

Shaw blows out smoke and tries to press the button that lowers his window.

SHAW (CONT'D)

This button don't work.

Rick reaches out with a plastic bag and wraps it around Shaw's head.

The driver looks over as Shaw struggles.

BIG MAN

Get his fucking arms asshole.

Rick tries to reach out and grab his arms; Shaw lifts up in the seat and gets his feet on the glove compartment.

Vincent pulls out a gun.

VINCENT

Son of a bitch! Get his goddamned arms!

Shaw turns to the side; Rick struggles to keep the bag on his head. With his back to his door Shaw draws back and kicks the big man in the head, causing his head to fly through the driver's side window. The engine revs.

The car swerves out of control; Rick wraps an arm around Shaw's throat and tries to choke him out. He turns to Vincent.

RICK

Shoot him!

Vincent tries to reach over the unconscious driver and get a hold of the steering wheel.

VINCENT

Not in the car you fucking idiot.

RICK

The car is already fucked up!

Shaw reaches down and pulls the lever that lets his seat down, he pushes his seat back and down on top of Rick.

He reaches back and sticks his still lit cigarette into Rick's right eye.

Rick screams out in pain and releases his choke hold.

Vincent aims his gun at Shaw; he grabs it and forces it towards the ceiling.

As they struggle Vincent releases the steering wheel.

INT. MAX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Max sits in the back of his car; they are following the car that Shaw is in. Three other men are in the car including a heavy set DRIVER.

MAX

What the fuck are they doing?

DRIVER

They're speeding up...

Max leans forward; the car in front is swerving all over the dark road.

MAX (CONT'D)

Keep on them.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shaw rips the bag off his head and elbows Vincent across the face, causing him to drop his gun.

Rick reaches out and tries to apply another choke hold.

Vincent reaches for the steering wheel again.

Shaw kicks Vincent's arm off the steering wheel.

EXT - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The left front wheel of the car that Shaw is in hits a lift on the side of the road at top speed and flips into the air. The car lands on its side and skids down the road, Max's car swerves and comes to a stop.

It does a 180 and then turns over onto its back, rolling over and over again as it goes down a slight hill.

The car finally stops.

All is quiet for some time.

INT. MAX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Max looks at the men in his car.

MAX

Someone go check that shit out.

They all look at each other.

The driver reaches into his jacket and pulls out a revolver.

DRIVER

Fucking pussies...

The driver opens his door and steps out, after a few seconds he sticks his head back in the car.

DRIVER

I'm going to see if anybody's alive.

MAX

You two go with him.

Max watches the driver walk to the edge of the hill.

The other two open up their doors and step out.

Three shots ring out and the driver goes down.

Max watches as the men on either side of him both get shot one by one before they can get a chance to fire back.

MAX

Fuck!

Max covers up in the back seat.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shaw stands on the edge of the hill by the heavy set driver's body; he drops his gun on the ground and picks up the revolver. Shaw's head is covered in blood.

He stumbles as he walks towards Max's car, holding his ribs and spitting blood.

He fires a shot into the windshield of Max's car.

SHAW

Get out you fat fuck!

He fires another shot into the left headlight.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Come on Max! Get the fuck out!

Vincent comes charging up the hill and tackles Shaw, both men hit the ground and a shot goes off.

Vincent grabs Shaw's wrist and slams it against the ground, forcing the gun out of his hand.

He tries to punch Shaw in the face but he catches his fist and turns him over.

Vincent hits the ground and Shaw rolls to the left, eventually getting to his feet.

Vincent slowly stands up, behind Shaw Rick is making his way up the hill.

VINCENT

You think you could take me asshole?

SHAW

What the fuck is this about?

Rick charges up behind Shaw, he sidesteps, turns and clotheslines him - causing the man to flip over.

Vincent charges and Shaw spins around, karate kicking the man in the stomach. Vincent goes down.

He steps over Vincent and picks up the revolver.

A loud shot goes off and Shaw spins before falling to the ground.

Vincent turns around and looks over at Shaw, he twitches on the ground - the revolver still in his hand.

Vincent looks over the Max's car. Max stands by the passenger side with a shotgun in his hands.

XAM

Get him up.

Max looks around; there is a dark house that appears abandoned in the distance.

MAX (CONT'D)

Fuck Tony, he can watch someone else die. We'll do him in there...

Vincent gets to his feet; Rick struggles to get up as well.

VINCENT

Go with him Rick, I'm going to move these bodies.

Rick nods and walks over to Shaw's body, he kicks the revolver out of his hand before reaching down to pick him up.

He turns to Max.

RICK

You got him in the shoulder.

MAX

Shit.

Vincent walks over to Shaw and punches him across the face, knocking him unconscious.

INT. OLD BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rick and Max carry Shaw down the steps, Max holding the unconscious man by his legs.

RICK

Where?

MAX

Over there.

They carry him to the far wall and drop him on the dirty basement floor. He stirs.

Max kicks him in the side.

Shaw turns over; his shirt is soaked in blood. He gets up on all fours.

MAX (CONT'D)

Call me a fat fuck...

He rises in a sudden burst of speed and punches Max across the face, Rick punches Shaw in the stomach and then shoves him so hard that his back hits the wall.

MAX (CONT'D)

Shoot him!

Rick pulls out a gun and aims it at Shaw's face.

VINCENT (O.S.)

No!

Rick turns; Vincent comes walking down the steps carrying the shotgun.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Tony told me to do it. I'll do it...

He walks over to stand in front of Shaw; he is resting his back against the wall and staring down at his own feet.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, I never believed that you'd turn on us.

Shaw slowly raises his head and stares at Vincent.

SHAW

For what it's worth, I'll see you in hell... sooner than you think.

Vincent fires a shotgun blast into Shaw's chest; he flies back against the wall.

He slowly slides down the wall leaving a blood stain; he sucks in air with rapid short breaths.

Vincent turns and walks away, Rick and Max follow.

VINCENT

He's done.

They walk up the stairs and exit through the door.

Shaw's breaths slowly become farther apart until finally his eyes glaze over and he dies.

EXT. TOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

Several men in suits walk up and down the driveway, patrolling.

Behind the town house more men walk up and down, patrolling the area.

INT. TOWN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Some more guys stand around with their hands in their jackets, holding onto their guns.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Tony Torrio walks up and down his large library, looking at the books.

He selects The Rackets by Thomas Kelly.

Tony exits the library.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tony walks past two of his guys who sit on chairs in front of his study, they wear sunglasses.

He pats one of them on the back before entering his study.

TONY

Tell Peter I need some coffee.

He closes the door behind him, the man he patted on the back falls out of the seat - a knife in the back of his neck.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

He sets the book down on his desk. His chair is facing the window.

Tony walks over to a mini bar, moves the wooden chair over and pours himself a drink.

He turns around and Shaw is seated in his chair flipping through his book.

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESENT

SHAW

If everything you've heard about me is true, you won't be stupid enough to run.

Tony looks down at the desk; Shaw's silenced gun sits on the table.

Shaw looks up from the book.

SHAW (CONT'D)

I was once told that I put Billy the kid to shame.

He smiles.

SHAW (CONT'D)

You mind pouring me a drink?

Tony turns around and reaches for another glass; he moves the bottles of liquor around.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Just pour the drink.

He turns around and stares at Shaw; Shaw raises his other hand revealing a single shot pistol.

SHAW (CONT'D)

I already found your pussy pistol if that's what you're looking for.

TONY

Do you have any idea who the fuck I am?

He lays the pistol on the desk next to his own.

SHAW

Have a seat... now.

Tony takes the chair from the mini bar and moves it up to the desk, he sits down. He sets Shaw's glass down.

TONY

You won't get out of here alive.

SHAW

This book, I read it a few years ago. Really makes you think about the state of the union.

TONY

Those pricks lied to me.

SHAW

The mafia really needs to be put into check; they have to have their hands in every cookie jar.

TONY

They didn't kill you.

SHAW

It's ridiculous.

TONY

What'd you do? Pay them off?

He closes the book and drops it on the desk, he reaches for his drink.

SHAW

Pay who off?

TONY

They told me they killed you.

SHAW

They did... so to speak.

Tony watches him as he takes a sip from his glass.

TONY

You paid them off, why'd you kill them?

SHAW

Boredom?

TONY

You think you can kill me?

Shaw nods and smiles.

DAMIEN

Funny thing, you have got an unusual amount of guys patrolling the place. Also...

He reaches down and opens a desk drawer, never taking his eyes off of Tony.

He pulls the drawer out and shows it to Tony, it is empty.

SHAW

Your desk drawers are all empty.

TONY

You trying to rob me?

SHAW

No... yeah, but I was actually looking for something else.

Tony looks over at a painting on the wall briefly before turning back to Shaw.

Shaw drops the empty drawer onto the ground.

SHAW (CONT'D)

You moved all your papers.

He picks up his glass and points at Tony with his pinky.

SHAW (CONT'D)

You got a call from a guy named Spencer.

TONY

You betrayed me to work with the cops, what? Did you think they would be more loyal?

SHAW

I never went to the cops.

He downs his glass and tosses the glass to the side.

SHAW (CONT'D)

To tell you the truth I wasn't going to rob you, but you moved the papers to the safe and I figured while I was in there...

TONY

You got into my safe?

SHAW

I went to Chubb brothers high for a brief period.

TONY

What?

Shaw stares at Tony; he reaches out and slowly slides the single shot pistol towards the man.

SHAW

Tell you what; I'm going to give you a fighting chance.

Tony stares at his pistol.

Shaw dangles his hand over his own gun.

SHAW (CONT'D)

On three.

Tony raises his hand over his pistol, he licks his lips.

SHAW (CONT'D)

One...

Shaw picks up his gun and fires two silenced shots into Tony's chest and one in his head.

He stands up, picking up his briefcase and pocketing his qun.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Two...

He walks over to the mini bar and takes a bottle of scotch.

SHAW (CONT'D)

This should even me out.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Three men in suits sit at the island in the kitchen; there is a door that leads out the back of the house. The men are all eating sandwiches.

Shaw kicks the door open and fires a shot into each of their heads.

He walks over to the island and picks up a sandwich, he checks it.

SHAW

What is up with everyone and tuna?

He takes a bite of the sandwich.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Two men stand guard at the door. One of them is on a cell phone and smiling.

Shaw pushes the door open and pins the man on the cell phone behind it; he fires two shots into the other guy's chest.

He turns around and fires three shots into the door.

He slowly closes the door, the man behind it slides down to the ground. Shaw pockets his gun.

He reaches down and picks up the cell phone and puts it to his ear.

SHAW (CONT'D)

I'll call you back.

He hangs up the call as he walks down the back lawn and dials another number.

He puts the phone to his ear.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Yeah. Spencer, listen. I got your shit. Meet me at...

He checks his watch.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Eleven thirty.

He listens, after a few seconds he nods and smiles.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Yeah I know. To tell you the truth I'm surprised that I'm still alive myself.

He approaches his parked car; Luis leans against it smoking a cigarette.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Meet me where I died.

He hangs up and looks at Luis.

LUIS

You did it?

SHAW

No, I failed. That's why I'm still alive. Get the fuck in the car.

Luis flicks his cigarette and runs around to the passenger side; Shaw catches it in mid-air and sticks it in his mouth, taking a pull before throwing it away.

SHAW (CONT'D)

We got one more stop to make.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Shaw sits in his car staring at the clock, it says 11:22.

He turns to Luis.

LUIS

You gotta tell me how you survived man.

SHAW

You believe in divine intervention?

LUIS

No. I left the church along time ago.

SHAW

How about luck?

Luis shakes his head.

LUIS

This is crazy.

SHAW

Ever watch the Highlander?

LUIS

You know what man? I know this city like the back of my hand, I know people even Tony didn't have contact with.

SHAW

So?

LUIS

Me and you are going to take this bitch over!

Shaw laughs; he lays his head on the steering wheel and starts to slap the dashboard. Luis smiles and stares at him.

LUIS

What?

He laughs harder.

Luis watches him, he cracks a small smile.

LUIS (CONT'D)

What?

Shaw has tears in his eyes when he finally turns to Luis.

SHAW

You man. I'm going to kill your ass...

Luis' smile disappears.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Thanks for all your help Luis.

He places his gun to Luis's temple and fires two silenced shots.

He changes the clip and sticks his gun into his waistband, drying his eyes with the back of his hand.

SHAW (CONT'D)

That whole family was funny.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shaw exits the car with his briefcase and slams the door shut, looking up and down the empty street.

He yawns and stretches.

He walks down the driveway that leads to the dark house.

INT. DARK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The door is slowly pushed open and Shaw stands in the doorway, he hocks up some phlegm and spits on the ground.

SHAW

Déjà vu.

He walks past the living room and stops in front of the door that leads to the basement.

A bullet flies through his left leg; he goes down to one knee and reaches for his gun.

He spins around and Spencer is walking towards him.

Spencer steps forward and catches Shaw by his wrist before he can fire.

He backhands Shaw across the face with his pistol.

Shaw drops his briefcase.

He manages to squeeze the trigger twice; the only thing he hits is the ceiling as Spencer forces him to aim high.

Spencer hits Shaw in the shoulder with the butt of his gun, causing him to finally drop his weapon.

Spencer kicks him in the chest and he goes down, he is not unconscious.

Shaw clutches his chest and tries to turn over onto his stomach.

Spencer opens the door to the basement and pockets his pistol.

He turns to Shaw.

SPENCER

You know what it's like to think you killed a fly and then you hear buzzing again five minutes later?

Shaw looks up at him.

SHAW

What?

Spencer reaches down and grabs him by his collar; he drags him over to the steps and holds him by the edge.

SPENCER

You are one annoying son of a bitch.

He throws Shaw down the stairs.

Spencer picks up the briefcase.

Shaw rolls down the long flight of stairs and hits the floor with great impact.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Spencer walks down the stairs slowly, straightening his tie.

SPENCER

Why would you come back here? Why?

Shaw stirs, he squeezes the area of his leg that he was shot in and turns to look up at the approaching man.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

What's left here for you? You were free!

Shaw gets on all fours and tries using the wall as leverage to help him stand.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

As far as the world was concerned you were dead. You had every opportunity to start over somewhere else, become another person. Why would you come back?

He coughs and clears his throat.

SHAW

I couldn't let my rep go to shit.

Spencer kicks Shaw in the ribs. He goes down again, clutching his side.

SPENCER

What rep? As a piece of shit criminal who didn't give a damn about anyone but himself?

He nods.

Spencer kicks him again.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

So what did you come back here for Damien?

SHAW

What'd you do with the body?

SPENCER

It's in the Hudson. Why did you come back here?

Shaw looks up at Spencer.

SHAW

I'm a little apprehensive to answer because you keep kicking me

Spencer walks over to a dusty desk; he pulls the wooden chair out and sets it a few feet from where Shaw lay. He has a seat.

SPENCER

I'm done kicking dogs.

Shaw grunts in pain as he sits up.

SHAW

Me too.

SPENCER

Why did you come back here Damien?

SHAW

Why didn't you let him go Spencer?

SPENCER

Because he had a job to do, do you understand the concept of responsibility?

DAMIEN

I have plenty of responsibilities.

Spencer laughs.

SPENCER

You're a shit bag who hasn't worked a day in his life.

SHAW

You don't call this work? I've been running all around town, killing assholes, getting into fights.

He points at Spencer.

SHAW (CONT'D)

I even managed to do your job.

Spencer reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes; he takes one and sticks it in his mouth.

SPENCER

You could have ran. Torrio was dead, you could have ran.

SHAW

We can't always take the easy way out. I already tried running and all that did was get Damion killed.

Spencer stares at him.

SPENCER

The brothers Shaw. Damion and Damien, you're parent smoke weed?

SHAW

A little. Why?

SPENCER

You're brother had to do what I'm assuming he's done his whole life, clean up after you.

He pats his pockets looking for a lighter.

Shaw reaches into his pants and comes out with a book of matches, he throws them to Spencer.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Thanks. Do you know what kind of mess you left here?

SHAW

That was the point of me leaving. I can't cause trouble when I'm gone...

SPENCER

So you should have kept running. Why would you want to meet me?

SHAW

You had Torrio try to kill me.

SPENCER

You were going to kill me.

SHAW

Yeah, but you didn't know that.

Spencer lights his cigarette.

SPENCER

You should have taken me up on my offer. You don't care about anyone, why didn't you just take the offer?

SHAW

I didn't feel like turning into your snitch. I left town, I was gone...

SPENCER

That wasn't good enough. That's why I had to get your brother.

SHAW

I figured I was your main problem; you never leaned on anyone but me. Not Vince, not fat ass Max...

Spencer tosses him a cigarette and the matches.

SPENCER

I leaned on you because I thought you would turn. Bring the rest of them in, believe it or not Damien I had a lot of respect for you and your brother.

SHAW

So you get him killed.

SPENCER

I could have gotten you both killed a long time ago if that was my intention. You think your friends would be happy knowing you had a twin on the force?

Shaw shakes his head and lights his cigarette, blowing out smoke through his nostrils.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Blowing up your little lie about being an only child? They would have burned the both of you and thrown you in the same shit filled grave.

SHAW

Shit filled grave?

SPENCER

I was going to come after you. You know that? In Vegas.

Shaw takes another pull and shrugs.

SHAW

I wasn't worried about you. Like you said, I don't care about anything.

SPENCER

You don't.

Spencer looks down at the briefcase.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

What's in the case?

SHAW

About one hundred thousand and the shit you wanted.

SPENCER

If you were going to kill me why'd you bring the stuff?

Shaw takes a long drag of his cigarette and blows out a line of smoke.

SHAW

I might be able to use it.

Spencer nods.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I was going to come after you with everything I had; but your brother said no. He said he could bring your friends in...

SHAW

And you thought he could play me? May he rest in peace but Damion was a little pussy.

Spencer laughs.

SPENCER

That's what I thought too. I thought the same goddamned thing but he did it. He did it and he did it damn good...

He flicks some ashes, Shaw does the same. They are both smiling.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

He walked like you, he talked like you. He even started acting like a smart mouthed bastard, thinking he was tough shit. He started screwing your girlfriend...

SHAW

See? He got something out of it ...

SPENCER

Did you even like your brother?

Shaw hocks up and spits, he is quiet for a few moments.

SHAW

I still can't believe they bought it. I knew those guys for two years.

SPENCER

It wasn't that hard if you think about it, all he had to do was think of the biggest asshole in the world and times it by two.

SHAW

Don't forget cold blooded.

SPENCER

You're a piece of work.

Spencer and Shaw both take pulls of their cigarette, nodding to themselves. They are quiet for some time.

SPENCER

That was the problem. He killed someone, he couldn't take it...

SHAW

I didn't think you could kill someone while undercover...

SPENCER

I wasn't complaining, he was.

Spencer adjusts in his seat, Shaw squeezes his ribs.

SHAW

Shit Spencer, I already fell down the steps. You ever heard of overkill?

SPENCER

You're one to talk.

SHAW

If you only knew what I went through with Vincent...

SPENCER

That bastard as tough as they say he is?

SHAW

Not with a knife in his face.

They both laugh.

Shaw takes a final pull and throws his cigarette at Spencer; it bounces off the man's leg.

SHAW

You should have pulled him out.

SPENCER

It's not my fault he's dead Damien. It's yours; you and your lifestyle forced him into this. You're mess.

SHAW

That's bullshit.

SPENCER

Doesn't make it false.

SHAW

I think that's the definition of bullshit buddy.

Spencer takes a final pull of his cigarette and flicks it at him; it hits him in the cheek.

Shaw turns away and shakes his head.

SPENCER

The definition of bullshit is a bulls shit. You might not like the smell but that don't mean it's going to go away.

Shaw laughs.

SHAW

You have got the weirdest expressions on the face of this planet.

SPENCER

Gotta have something.

SHAW

What would you say I've got, and don't say dimples because that was Damion.

SPENCER

Style. Your brother was close, but he didn't have your style.

SHAW

Style.

SPENCER

You took being a murdering shitbag to a whole new level.

SHAW

I can't wait to see you what your blood looks like.

SPENCER

It's not my fault Damien.

SHAW

Yes it is.

Spencer sighs and removes his tie, folding it and putting it in his pocket.

SPENCER

You don't know how to take responsibility for your own actions.

SHAW

Yes I do.

SPENCER

You're a child throwing a lifelong temper tantrum. You fucked up and now you want to blame me for it?

Shaw shrugs.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

So you came here to kill me.

SHAW

Yeah, pretty much.

SPENCER

And nothing I've said is going to change you mind?

Shaw pulls his gloves off and tosses them across the room.

SHAW

I was uh... trying to play hit man. Gloves and silencers; leave no evidence and disappear. I suck at it.

SPENCER

You did pretty good. You killed a whole bunch of low lives; I don't think anyone would have been looking for you too hard.

He looks at his leg, blood soaks his pants.

SHAW

My DNA is all over this place.

SPENCER

You still plan on killing me?

Shaw looks around the basement.

SHAW

What the fuck have I been saying all this time? Yes.

SPENCER

I'm the only one with a gun.

SHAW

No you're not.

Shaw reaches into his pocket and pulls out Spencer's pistol; Spencer stares at him in disbelief.

He checks his pockets for his gun and looks back at Shaw.

SHAW

A guy named Fagin... he taught me a few things.

Shaw rests the gun on his lap and looks around the room.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

This is where they killed him you know.

Spencer leans back in his chair. They are both quiet for a very long time.

SPENCER

Yeah, about that... there's something I always wanted to ask you. You being a twin and everything...

Shaw fires a shot into Spencer's forehead; Spencer slowly slides down in his seat - his arms dangling at the sides.

He struggles a bit but he makes it up to his feet, he leans against the wall and stares at Spencer.

SHAW

Yes.

He slowly makes his was up the stairs.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAWN

Shaw stands near the park benches with his arms resting on the guardrail, looking out at the Hudson River.

He stares out at it for a long time; he is a fifty dollar bill in his left hand.

He tosses the bills into the river and closes his eyes.

FADE OUT