

Our Problem in Vegas

By

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INT. CAFE - DAY

A HOOD makes toward the exit -- as he moves, behind him, he reveals a --

DEAD MAN

lying slumped in a booth.

SIRENS

as a squad car screeches to a halt -- two

COPS

burst into the cafe - the Hood holds the door for the cops - the latter cop eyes the hood, and -- moves on.

The first cop checks the GUN in the dead man's hand. Opens the dead man's JACKET to reveal another --

GUN

INT. CAR - DAY

A GUN on the passenger side dash-board.

A gloved hand slides the gun toward the driver-side.

The driver passes a wad of CASH across, and takes the fire-arm.

The passenger exits.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

DETECTIVE HOOLAN (45), suited, stood behind a desk, shades in his hand. DETECTIVE BELGAN (34), lolling by the window, shirt-sleeves.

A PROJECTOR SCREEN to the rear.

TOM SHIPYARD (38), good looks, intense, takes a seat.

SHIPYARD

Hey guys.

HOOLAN

Tom.

SHIPYARD
So what's this about?

HOOLAN
We have a problem in Vegas.

Hoolan rolls a pen in his hand.

SHIPYARD
What kind of problem?

BELGAN
A rogue.

HOOLAN
You like rogues? You like dealing
with them?

SHIPYARD
What kind of rogue are we talking
about.

Hoolan flicks on the projector screen.

HOOLAN
This type.

SHIPYARD
Don't know him.

HOOLAN
Jack Pincher.

Belgan moves off the window-sill.

BELGAN
He has an operation. In Vegas.

HOOLAN
A little extra-curricula activity,
shall we say.

SHIPYARD
What do you want me to do about it?

HOOLAN
You've done well with the force,
Tom. Impressed us.

SHIPYARD
This isn't really my game.

BELGAN

He's running quite an outfit.

HOOLAN

We need someone who's going to be able to play him, keep up with him. He's a bit of a wily fox.

SHIPYARD

Guys. I really think that I have enough going on here.

HOOLAN

You'd be well rewarded. Could lead to a promotion.

SHIPYARD

You can send someone else?

HOOLAN

Pincher's not stupid.

SHIPYARD

Am I meant to be converted now?

Belgan lean over Tom.

BELGAN

We know about you.

Shipyard looks at Belgan.

BELGAN (CONT'D)

You're smart, intelligent, quick off the mark. We know what we're dealing with.

SHIPYARD

I'm the only smart cop in this place?

HOOLAN

Let me level with you.

SHIPYARD

That'd be nice.

HOOLAN

We've already had a couple of guys on Pincher. Things didn't go too well. We need things to be done ... a little bit differently.

SHIPYARD
Differently?

BELGAN
Yeah. A little more, creativity.

SHIPYARD
Meaning?

HOOLAN
Look. We're talking free range
here. Long lease.

Tom leans back.

SHIPYARD
Tell me about this guy.

HOOLAN
He's worked the force for about
thirty years now. Pretty much
impeccable record. Nothing major.

Tom whips a notepad out.

HOOLAN (CONT'D)
Then we start hearing stories.

BELGAN
Rumors.

HOOLAN
He's spending his weekends in
Vegas.

SHIPYARD
Not entirely illegal?

BELGAN
But not entirely legal either.

SHIPYARD
So what's he doing?

HOOLAN
Well, that's what we'd like you to
find out.

BELGAN
Dig around a little.

HOOLAN
He's been seen with movers and
shakers.

BELGAN
We had his bank accounts checked.

HOOLAN
And he's smiling.

BELGAN
But we don't where it's coming
from, going to, or where's it been.

HOOLAN
But he's turning over a pretty
picture.

BELGAN
And we need to know what's going
on.

HOOLAN
We want the full picture. And we're
hoping that you're going to give it
to us. Can you do that Tom?

Tom looks right at Hoolan.

HOOLAN (CONT'D)
Can you play that game?

SHIPYARD
Yeah. I can play the game.

Hoolan leans forward.

HOOLAN
Because it's like a game of chess.
That's the only way this is going
to be resolved. Do you play chess,
Tom?

SHIPYARD
I play.

HOOLAN
Do you play good, Tom?

SHIPYARD
We'll see.

INT. LUIGI'S BAR - VEGAS - DAY

Tom walks to the bar. Orders a drink.

JACK PINCHER (62), old before his time, done it seen it all, walks in, moves next to Tom.

PINCHER

Fine day.

Bemused, Tom responds.

SHIPYARD

It is.

PINCHER

Mind if I join you?

SHIPYARD

You're welcome.

PINCHER

Are you visiting, or are you resident here.

SHIPYARD

I'm ... visiting.

PINCHER

Fine place, Vegas. Many attractions. Which have you seen?

SHIPYARD

None. To date.

PINCHER

Then allow me to be you guide.

SHIPYARD

I have ... other plans. Commitments.

PINCHER

Oh. You came with a schedule?

SHIPYARD

You might call it that.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Hoolan and Belgan climb into the rear. There are two other men inside.

HOOLAN
Status?

MAN #1
Established visual and audio.

HOOLAN
So we're getting somewhere.

There is a RADIO CRACKLING.

MAN #1
It's him.

Man #1 hands Hoolan a device.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. VEGAS STREET - DAY

Shipyard moves along the sidewalk. He appears to be talking into his sleeve.

SHIPYARD
What in the hell is going on?

HOOLAN
You want to clarify?

SHIPYARD
He knew who I was.

HOOLAN
Tom, who are you talking about?

SHIPYARD
I just bumped into Pincher. In a bar, and he strolled right up to me and began conversation.

HOOLAN
We'd better talk.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Hoolan, Belgan and Shipyard are gathered.

Shipyard hunched over.

SHIPYARD

How did he know who I was?

BELGAN

He's a cop.

SHIPYARD

Is that supposed to be an explanation?

BELGAN

No, but he may have access to records.

HOOLAN

This operation is well off the records. He couldn't have known.

SHIPYARD

Well he did.

BELGAN

Did he have access to files?
Photos?

SHIPYARD

What files?

BELGAN

Is there any way he could have recognized you?

SHIPYARD

From where?

Hoolan sits back, contemplates.

HOOLAN

So we could have a mole. That's the basic suggestion.

SHIPYARD

He's paying someone to feed him?

HOOLAN

Too short to tell right now.

SHIPYARD

Does he know that I'm monitoring him? How much does he know?

HOOLAN

Impossible to tell.

SHIPYARD

This isn't helping me.

HOOLAN

Like I said. This is going to be a game of chess. I asked you. Remember? Whether you liked chess.

BELGAN

He's made first move and we need to figure it out.

SHIPYARD

He's on to us.

HOOLAN

Well let's get on to him.

SHIPYARD

And how do you propose to do that?

HOOLAN

Follow what we've got.

BELGAN

Get close to him.

The guys think.

SHIPYARD

We know where he is?

BELGAN

We've got surveillance on him.

SHIPYARD

So I can bump into him.

HOOLAN

It could be arranged.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Hoolan, Belgan, and the other two guys are in the van.

Hoolan is hunched over a mike.

HOOLAN

22nd street. There's a bar, blue
hoarding. He's just gone in.

EXT. VEGAS STREET - DAY

Shipyard marches down the sidewalk, eagle-eyed.

SHIPYARD

Okay. I'm straight on it.

HOOLAN

Take your time, and think your way
through it okay?

SHIPYARD

Don't worry about me.

INT. BAR - DAY

Pincher is lounged over the bar, regaling the tender.

SHIPYARD

Hey Pincher, how's it going.

Pincher, surprised, turns to see Shipyard.

PINCHER

Hey. If it ain't my little buddy.
What brings you here so soon?

SHIPYARD

Passing. Saw you in here.

Pincher turns to the tender.

PINCHER

One in for my man, here.

Bar-man serves one up, and Pincher and Shipyard go find a --

SEAT

SHIPYARD

I'm looking for hints, clues, how
to break in.

PINCHER

Break in to what?

SHIPYARD

Oh, you know, anything. Didn't come
here to pick up a pay-check.

PINCHER

You looking for something ... a
little extra.

SHIPYARD

I know there's stuff that goes on
here.

PINCHER

And you want a piece?

SHIPYARD

And what if I did?

PINCHER

What's in for me?

SHIPYARD

A cut.

PINCHER

That might not be how it swings?

SHIPYARD

So how does it?

PINCHER

I could be risking my ass even
talking to you. You now that?

SHIPYARD

And I ain't risking mine?

PINCHER

Not if you're undercover.

Shipyard laughs.

PINCHER (CONT'D)

Maybe a different kind of risk.

SHIPYARD

But there's a take. Whatever it is.
I'll clear you fifty per cent.

PINCHER

Sound kinda desperate, huh?

SHIPYARD

Let me run some hoe's round here.

PINCHER

You think I run whore houses?

SHIPYARD

You decide who does and who
doesn't.

PINCHER

And how'd you know that?

SHIPYARD

How'd you know who I was when you
first came in?

PINCHER

Didn't.

SHIPYARD

So we got ourselves a cute
co-incidence. You just so happen
make small talk with someone who
knows a lot about you.

PINCHER

So maybe I do. Maybe I don't.

SHIPYARD

Well, to my mind you did. And
that's my way in. Give me a cut. I
won't let you down.

Pincher studies Shipyard.

EXT. VEGAS STREET - DAY

Shipyard marches down the sidewalk. Cuff to his mouth.

SHIPYARD

I'm in.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Hoolan has a piece to his ear. He looks toward Belgan.

HOOLAN
(to Shipyard)
Okay. Let's meet.

SHIPYARD
(filtered)
Back at the hotel. In ten.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A cheap hotel room, basic, clean, wooden furniture.

Shipyard leans against the wall, checks outside the window.

Hoolan and Belgan are relaxed, sitting with drinks.

HOOLAN
So what did he give you?

SHIPYARD
Nothing. A way in, but no meat on
the bones.

BELGAN
Any idea what he's running?

SHIPYARD
I started him off with a chick
ring, but he didn't take the bait.

Shipyard moves away from the window.

Hoolan spins the contents of his drink.

HOOLAN
Doesn't mean he's not running them.

Belgan leans forward in his seat.

BELGAN
We think he's got a lot of fingers
in a lot of pies.

SHIPYARD
Anything with big numbers? Or just
small numbers that add up big?

HOOLAN

Jack Shade. He's a pretty big player. Shifts a lot of cash.

SHIPYARD

Yeah, I've come across him. He's pretty much retired.

HOOLAN

At least we thought he had. Appears he's just gone under the radar.

SHIPYARD

Not serious. He's getting too old for this game.

BELGAN

What's your next move then, Tom?

Shipyard thinks.

SHIPYARD

Jack Shade.

Hoolan and Belgan look at each other.

Tom gets up, with purpose.

SHIPYARD

I've got a meet set up.

Shipyard checks his watch.

HOOLAN

What? With Shade.

SHIPYARD

No. Pincher. Tonight. Nine.

EXT. VEGAS STREET - NIGHT

Shady part of town. Neon lights splattered up high, food wrappers splattered down low. The bored, the wasted and the rejected are scattered around.

Shipyard and Pincher march along the sidewalk. They sweep round a corner into a small alley-way that leans only to a tacky nightclub entrance: DAN'S ALLNITE NIGHTCLUB.

PINCHER

I got a good place here I got to show you.

Pincher turns to Shipyard with a grin.

PINCHER (CONT'D)
See if you want a cut of this crap.

Nightclub entrance blocked by six foot of bald MEAT-HEAD.

PINCHER (CONT'D)
Here to see Petroso.

MEAT-HEAD
Know you're coming?

PINCHER
Call him. See.

And into a radio-mike --

MEAT-HEAD
Yeah?
(to Pincher)
Name?

PINCHER
Pincher.

MEAT-HEAD
(to radio-mike)
Pincher.

A CRACKLE gets spat out of the radio-mike. Meat-head looks at Pincher with contempt.

MEAT-HEAD
You're in.

Pincher ambles past.

Meat-head looks at Shipyard. Nods his head towards him.

MEAT-HEAD
Hey Tom.

Shipyard glares back. Walks right past.

PINCHER

turns to Shipyard, about to ask the question, but before he can --

SHIPYARD
You want to tell me how he knew my name?

PINCHER

I was going to ask the very same question.

They glare.

PINCHER (CONT'D)

Lets go. I ain't got time to stand around here all night.

Shipyard takes a backward glance to Meat-head, who returns with a furrowed brow.

The guys move into the nightclub's --

CORRIDORS

people are milling - coming in and out of doors. Low brow cheap end types - bad hair, bad skin, probably bad breath.

Pincher looks over his shoulder to Shipyard and motions to some stairs at the end.

PINCHER (CONT'D)

We're up here.

And they continue on. Up the stairs - a short flight, with a door at the top. A step or two before the top, a PUNK BLOND (MAY, 20's), exits the door. She's a care-free delinquent with some attitude. Big fat grin to Shipyard as she passes him.

MAY

Hey Tom.

And she disappears down the stairs.

Shipyard stares after her. He moves up a stair and levels with Pincher.

And then from

BEHIND THEM

PETROSO

Hey. You coming in, or you just going to love-stare at each other all night?

Pincher and Shipyard both turn to ...

STILLIAN PETROSO (38), a Mediterranean with a greasy pony-tail.

PINCHER
Got a guy I'd like you to meet.

INT. CAR - DAY

Hoolan, driving seat, is sat next to Shipyard.

HOOLAN
So who was he?

SHIPYARD
Dealer. Runner.

Shipyard looks at Hoolan.

SHIPYARD (CONT'D)
Tax evader.

HOOLAN
So ... small fry.

SHIPYARD
Small time scum.

HOOLAN
So he's letting you in. Bit by bit.

INT. PETROSO'S OFFICE

Petroso is sat behind a desk.

Pincher and Shipyard, uncomfortably, sitting in front.

PETROSO
So you a cop too?

SHIPYARD
Now why'd you want to ask me that?

PETROSO
Got to know who I'm playing with.

SHIPYARD
In case your fingers get burnt?

PETROSO
Standard precautions. We've all got
to have something to lose, huh?

SHIPYARD

Maybe.

PETROSO

Or it'd be too easy to walk away.

SHIPYARD

So give me a reason.

PETROSO

(to Pincher)

I can trust this guy?

Pincher looks at Shipyard - gets his gaze returned.

PINCHER

He's cool.

PETROSO

I got some guys who owe me.

INT. CAR - DAY

Hoolan looks at Shipyard.

HOOLAN

So he wants you to call up his debt, right?

Shipyard looks out of the window.

SHIPYARD

It's a teaser. He wants to see what I do.

HOOLAN

So what do you want to do?

SHIPYARD

He gave me some names. I'm going to check them out. Squeeze people. Get his money back. And get him to move me up some.

HOOLAN

Anything else go down?

Shipyard looks at Hoolan.

SHIPYARD

No.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Shipyard, Petroso, and Pincher climb down the stairs.

PETROSO

Drinks?

Pincher grins.

PINCHER

Oh ... whatever you got.

Petroso looks at Shipyard.

SHIPYARD

Same. And your bathroom.

Petroso smirks.

PETROSO

Up on your left.

Shipyard walks off and --

hunts the nightclub, eventually seeing the Punk Blond.

EXT. VEGAS STREET - DAY

Bright sunshine on a busy street. Shipyard's hunting. See's his quarry and heads for the PHONE BOOTH.

Slight panic. Jabs in a number.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Busy - bodies are moving round, people check each other, chat, run things by.

A PHONE RINGS, and is grabbed by the nearest guy. He looks around, trying to spot someone.

GUY

Ellie? Phone.

ELLIE SANCHEZ (30's), tall, long-haired brunette, no-nonsense type, a cop since as early as she could legally be one.

She flicks her head round at the sound of the voice, but doesn't want to be distracted - she has enough on her plate.

ELLIE
Who is it?

GUY
(to caller)
Who's calling?

The GUY looks irritated now. He listens and --

GUY (CONT'D)
(to Ellie)
Just take the call, it's yours.

Wound up, she moves and grabs the receiver.

ELLIE
Ellie Sanchez?

Ellie goes from hassled face to seriously hassled face. She moves away from the Guy so she's out of ear-shot.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
I thought I told you not to contact me here.

SHIPYARD
Didn't have any choice. And we need to talk.

ELLIE
Well talk, then. I got a phone jammed up on my ear, what else am I going to do?

SHIPYARD
Not now. We need to meet.

ELLIE
Tom, I really don't have the time or the energy for this, I got so many ...

SHIPYARD
Just hear me out that's all I'm asking, no more.

Ellie's had enough of this, but softens.

ELLIE
Where are you at?

INT. CAR - DAY

Hoolan and Belgan sip up a couple of cappuccinos.

Hoolan's in contemplative mood. Staring ahead --

HOOLAN

You think he'll to fall for it?

Belgan looks across to him. He couldn't care less.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Petroso and Pincher have coffees in front of them.

Petroso relaxed, Pincher a little more urgent.

PINCHER

Well ... do you?

Petroso shrugs.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Shipyard's back by the window, gazing at the activity outside.

ELLIE (O.S)

So what's your problem, Tom?

Shipyard turns to Ellie, and wanders over to her.

He picks up a bottle of whiskey, and pours a little more in her glass.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

A little more ice.

Shipyard moves to the --

KITCHEN

and opens up the freezer. Breaks up some ice. Raising his voice --

SHIPYARD

I'm being set up.

Silence. He return to the ...

MAIN ROOM

with the ice. Deposits the blocks in Ellie's glass.

ELLIE

You brought me here to tell me
that?

Shipyard flops down in an armchair.

Ellie follows suit.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

The whiskey's good.

SHIPYARD

You don't want dragging down.

She laughs.

ELLIE

It's your crap. You sort it.

SHIPYARD

Hear me out.

ELLIE

As if I am so interested.

SHIPYARD

I'm going to need names.

ELLIE

Tom. I have a job to do, I have...

SHIPYARD

I'm not going to be some ... burden
on you.

ELLIE

It's ten. At night. I could be
doing other things.

SHIPYARD

All I need is --

ELLIE

We've been here before.

Shipyard know she's right.

He looks her right in the eyes, full on.

SHIPYARD
This time it's different.

EXT. VEGAS STREET - DAY

Bright sunshine, busy.

Hoolan and Belgan exit a fast-food joint - both have their faces full of food.

BELGAN
You know. If Petroso's trying to test Shipyard out, we could be here all day.

HOOLAN
Could be.

BELGAN
Well. How long are we going to hold out?

HOOLAN
Long as I feel is necessary.

BELGAN
How long's necessary?

HOOLAN
As long as it needs to be.

BELGAN
Are you actually being philosophical?

HOOLAN
What do you propose?

BELGAN
Moving things up.

HOOLAN
By?

BELGAN
Adding pressure.

HOOLAN
To whom?

BELGAN
 Against whomsoever it would be most
 effective.

Hoolan stops. He thinks.

HOOLAN
 Mmmm.

INT. PETROSO'S OFFICE -DAY

A PHONE RINGS. Petroso picks up.

PETROSO
 Yes?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. VEGAS STREET - DAY

Shipyard has his cell to his ear.

SHIPYARD
 Shipyard.

PETROSO
 Oh. Good to hear you.

SHIPYARD
 Give me some details then let's go
 on this.

PETROSO
 Harvey Lynch, garage owner. Walk
 straight down, then look for you
 left. Owes me about --

INT. GARAGE OFFICE

Functional, messy room, not seem a woman's touch in a while.

At his desk, HARVEY LYNCH. Balding weasel of a man, dressed
 in oily overalls, struggling through his paperwork.

LYNCH
 This damn stuff just never adds up.

He jabs numbers into a large desk-calculator.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
Damn calculator.

Shipyards walks in -- and keeps on walking. Right up behind Lynch, who looks up almost not having time to look surprised, unsure, then scared, as --

Shipyards SLAMS Lynch's head into the desk - grabs one of his wrists and twists it round his back.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
What in the ... !!!

Shipyards takes the wrist and maneuvers it so the palm is facing upwards.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
Who the hell are you? What in the hell do you want?

Shipyards squirts SUPER-GLUE into the palm of Lynch's hand.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
What's that? What're you doing
BOY!?

Shipyards SLAPS a grenade into the palm of Lynch. The grenade has string attached. Then Shipyards waits.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
You better have a damn fine explanation for this crap you putting me through, or you're going to be one hell of a sorry bitch when I done wit' you.

Shipyards relents his grip. Moves round to the front of the desk.

Lynch slowly moves his hand to see what his palm is now inexplicably linked to.

Shipyards sits in front of Lynch.

Lynch eye-balls Shipyards - a mean, ugly stare - he'd kill him given a fraction of a chance.

Lynch holds his hand up. Follows the piece of string to where Shipyards sits.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
What'd you want, prick.

Shipyards, relaxed and easy.

SHIPYARD

Let you know that string does end
in my hand. That is a live grenade.
And no.

(pause)

Sudden moves, please.

Shipyard grins.

Lynch grins back an 'I'm going to kill you next' smile.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

String a little short, don't you
think?

Suddenly Shipyard's YANKS on the string --

Lynch lurches forward up on his feet, his hand and arm
following the pull of the string - horror scrawled across
his face.

SHIPYARD

Yeah. I guess.

INT. PETROSO'S OFFICE - DAY

Shipyard is sat in a comfy chair, table near to him.

Petroso walks up to him, two drinks in his hand. Offers one
to Shipyard.

Petroso's clearly bemused. He sits.

PETROSO

Little early for problems? Already.

SHIPYARD

There's no problems.

PETROSO

Oh? So why are you here so soon?

Shipyard smiles. Reaches into his jacket pocket. Takes out a
brown envelope. Places it on the table. Pushes it closer to
Petroso.

Petroso can't quite figure this out. Looks at the envelope.
Reaches out to take it, and looks inside.

SHIPYARD

Fifty thousand.

Petroso looks up at Shipyard.

PETROSO

You didn't get this from Lynch.

Still comfortable, but a little mocking --

SHIPYARD

No, I lent it to looks good. Got some from a loan shark, loaned from a bank. oh, and I just took some out from my credit card.

Petroso smiles - he feels a little better now, shakes his head some.

PETROSO

I'm impressed. That was quick.

Then Petroso sits back in his seat looking a little more serious.

PETROSO

So, tell me ...

INT. HOOLAN'S CAR - DAY

Shipyard in the driving seat, Hoolan next to him, Belgan in the rear.

Hoolan's got an expression on his face like someone simultaneously broke uber-bad wind whilst asking him to solve Faucault's missing theorem.

HOOLAN

And what if he hadn't stood so quick?

BELGAN

How about 'Boom!!!'?

Shipyard smiles, comfy with the center of attention.

SHIPYARD

You should have seen his face!

HOOLAN

You don't think it was a kind of risky strategy?

SHIPYARD

I hung around while they got it off.

BELGAN
I mean it's kind of extravagant.

SHIPYARD
One his boys chucked it in the back
of the lot - wanted to see if it'd
go off.

HOOLAN
Mmm. Oil monkeys. They do that.

BELGAN
It's grease monkey.

SHIPYARD
He looked more scared then. Bigga
boom.

Belgan slaps Shipyard on the shoulder.

BELGAN
You got a result!

HOOLAN
Petroso impressed?

SHIPYARD
(nodding)
Oh, most.

BELGAN
Very most, I would think.

HOOLAN
Next move?

SHIPYARD
Oh, I pushed him.

BELGAN
Like a bitch!

HOOLAN
Result?

SHIPYARD
I'm pretty much in.

INT. ELLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ellie's at a computer, checks around her, looking to see if she's being watched.

Taps away at the keyboard.

Looks a little closer at the monitor. Shakes her head slowly.

ELLIE
Petroso. Who are you?

EXT. BALCONY - PETROSO'S HOME - NIGHT

A warm evening. Shipyard and Pincher are leaning against a balcony.

PINCHER
You got yourself a fine little ending there, hu?

SHIPYARD
I guess.

PINCHER
Petroso's sitting up.

Petroso walks on to the balcony, three shorts in his hands. Offers them out.

PETROSO
I've got a little bit more of a complicated scenario that I want you to look into.

PINCHER
You got a promotion!

Petroso glances, but ignores the intrusion.

PETROSO
Figi Juliano. City Mayor.

Pincher raises his hand to halt proceedings.

Petroso glances at him, irritated.

PINCHER
Can we talk a moment?

PETROSO
I'm talking. Right now.

Pincher's not happy, but he gets the message. Hand falls to his side.

PETROSO
Juliano. He likes
(needs to think)
parties.

He lets it hang in the air for a moment.

PETROSO (CONT'D)
Girls, pretty ones. The white
stuff. Lots of. You know the thing.

SHIPYARD
I get the picture.

PETROSO
We used to supply him.

SHIPYARD
Nice little earner.

PETROSO
Until we got ... undermined.

PINCHER
Undersold.

Petroso's really had enough of Pincher.

PETROSO
I've not been able to, commit the,
appropriate resources toward this
problem ...
(darting glance at Pincher)
thus far.

PINCHER
It's been a bitch!

PETROSO
(sarcastic)
Well said.

PINCHER
New suppliers? Assholes.

PETROSO
Shall we go in?

Petroso leads, diplomatically, offering the entrance to the two men. He lets Pincher go first, and places a hand on Shipyard.

PETROSO
(quietly)
We'll talk.

EXT. ALFRESCO CAFE - DAY.

Ellie and Shipyard at a table outside a cafe. Both have cappuccinos.

ELLIE
So you think he wants Pincher out
of the game?

SHIPYARD
No. But he wants me in pretty
quick.

ELLIE
You impressed him.

SHIPYARD
Seems a bit ...

ELLIE
You come with credentials.

SHIPYARD
From Pincher?

ELLIE
Well if he's the best he's got ...
then he's still heading upwards.
You see?

Shipyard plays with his coffee.

Ellie leans forward. Sympathetic, but tired.

ELLIE
Still think you're being set up?

He throws her a happy glance - confident.

SHIPYARD
I know I'm being set up.

ELLIE
So what are you playing at?

SHIPYARD
Their game. I want to see them out.

ELLIE
(weakly)
I haven't got time for this.

Shipyard sits back in his chair - chest out.

SHIPYARD
Did you get me the names?

ELLIE
Nothing showing.

SHIPYARD
Pincher?

ELLIE
Oh, he's a cop okay. Same base as
you. Deep undercover for a long
time. Managed by your boys.

SHIPYARD
Hoolan and Belgan.

ELLIE
Uh huh.

She takes a sip of her drink.

SHIPYARD
Petroso?

ELLIE
(shrugging)
Nothing.

SHIPYARD
And that's not a good thing.

ELLIE
So did Pincher bring him in?

SHIPYARD
Can't see it.

ELLIE

So he's the real deal?

SHIPYARD

Or he's damn good.

INT. DINER - DAY

Hoolan and Belgan sit together, food in front of them - burgers and fries, and two coffees.

Both staring ahead. Unsure what to make of this.

Opposite them --

is Pincher. Arm outstretched like it's round an invisible woman.

HOOLAN

The Mayor?

Belgan fiddles with his collar, tries to get a little air to his throat. Turns his head away.

BELGAN

Little warm in here?

PINCHER

Petroso wants him to take out the current supplier.

HOOLAN

And replace that supplier with ...

PINCHER

(triumphant)

Petroso!

Belgan leans forward, a little uncomfortable.

BELGAN

Isn't this a little --

HOOLAN

We're going to have to ... tread with care.

Hoolan takes a gulp of coffee.

HOOLAN (CONT'D)

Does he suspect anything?

PINCHER

Would the terms hook and line, keep
you content?

Hoolan looks at Belgan - and back to Pincher.

HOOLAN

Pretty much.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Hoolan and Belgan sat in a car.

Both have coffees.

HOOLAN

This working?

Belgan doesn't react.

Takes a gulp.

BELGAN

Maybe.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A lavish office. Behind the opulent desk --

FIGI JULIANO (50's) silver haired, over fed, easy life type.

Nervous.

JULIANO

So ... you think you can just walk
in here?

He stops. Waiting for the interruption that never comes.

JULIANO (CONT'D)

... and ...

SHIPYARD

Yes.

Juliano studies him.

JULIANO

Bold.

(pause)

You like bold?

SHIPYARD
I like brass.

Juliano thinks.

JULIANO
Brass monkey, huh?

Juliano toys with a pen on his desk.

JULIANO (CONT'D)
So this is a problem, then?

SHIPYARD
Yes it is.

JULIANO
And you have a plan?

SHIPYARD
I have a solution.

Juliano emits a small laugh.

JULIANO
Is that what you call it?

He looks around the desk.

JULIANO (CONT'D)
So what do you propose?

SHIPYARD
Bring back Petroso.

JULIANO
Oh?

SHIPYARD
Why did you drop him?

JULIANO
Price.

SHIPYARD
He was too expensive?

JULIANO
Others. Same produce, lower price.
Market forces, you see.

SHIPYARD
My ass is a market force.

Juliano sizes up Shipyard.

JULIANO
I don't understand what you mean.

SHIPYARD
You weren't meant to.

JULIANO
Oh.

SHIPYARD
So you'll take Petroso back?

JULIANO
I'd like to.

SHIPYARD
Then we'll consider it done.

JULIANO
But I don't see why. Yet. Just yet.
Give me a hint?

Shipyard stands. Moves closer to the desk. Takes a GRENADE out of his pocket. He places it in front of Juliano - on Juliano's desk.

SHIPYARD
I might have to apologize for the
lack of ...

JULIANO
Subtlety?

SHIPYARD
Good choice. I like the choices you
make.

Both men are still for a moment.

JULIANO
You know I could ...

SHIPYARD
Do you know me?

JULIANO
Yes. I know you very well.

Shipyard leans closer - an inch from Juliano.

SHIPYARD

So what do you know, then?

Juliano now only knows nerves.

JULIANO

I've ... I've never seen you before
in my life.

INT. PETROSO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Petroso and Pincher are lounged, drinks in hand. Both look a little confused.

PETROSO

The mayor's office?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Hoolan and Belgan amble through a park. They've got fast food and drink.

Hoolan's in some seriously deep thought.

Belgan's not too bothered.

HOOLAN

A grenade?

INT./EXT. PETROSO'S APARTMENT / PARK - DAY

Pincher nods.

PINCHER

Uh huh.

HOOLAN

I mean, is this becoming a habit?

BELGAN

Using a grenade?

PETROSO

He seems to like it.

PINCHER

His weapon of choice.

HOOLAN
But it's not ...

BELGAN
Don't say healthy.

HOOLAN
I've never said healthy.

BELGAN
But you were going to.

HOOLAN
Do you know me?

PETROSO
Exactly how well do you know this
guy?

PINCHER
Well we got a result.

PETROSO
That's not answering the question.

PINCHER
So the question was inappropriate.

HOOLAN
Is this working?

BELGAN
Like?

PETROSO
That's not a great answer.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STREET - DAY

Punk Blond, also known as PHEBE BROWN (26) a slim
punk-haired female exits a grocery store, with her cell to
her ear.

She stops.

BROWN
Yeah. I could. If you want me to.

She listens for a moment. Then checks her watch.

BROWN (ONT'D)
Half hour.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Brown lounges in a booth, sucks on a crushed ice drink.

She smiles to herself as Shipyard walks in. He takes a seat.

BROWN
Hey. You okay?

SHIPYARD
Yeah. You?

BROWN
Back in town a while?

SHIPYARD
I've some business to cover.

BROWN
Anything exiting?

SHIPYARD
Well, that depends on what you call exiting.

BROWN
Always used to be exciting.

SHIPYARD
Things change.

BROWN
And you've changed?

SHIPYARD
I need you to help me out a little.

BROWN
Problem?

SHIPYARD
Maybe. Maybe not. Not if you give me a little time on a couple of things.

BROWN
Gun ahead, boy. See what I can do.

Shipyard leans in a little. Brown mirrors his moves, but with a smile on her face, thinking this is fun.

SHIPYARD

Petroso.

BROWN

Uh huh?

SHIPYARD

How long's he been in town?

She shrugs her shoulders.

BROWN

I dunno. Ask him.

SHIPYARD

Mmm. Helpful.

BROWN

Try me with another one.

SHIPYARD

When did he take over the club?

She thinks a little.

BROWN

'Bout ... three months ago.

SHIPYARD

Three months?

BROWN

About.

SHIPYARD

You know anything about him?
History, previous?

BROWN

Not a thing.

SHIPYARD

Anyone think that was strange? New
player in town.

BROWN

Yeah, lots.

SHIPYARD

And?

BROWN
He paid well.

SHIPYARD
So nobody gave a toss.

BROWN
Pretty much.

WAITRESS dawdles up to the table.

WAITRESS
Take your order?

SHIPYARD
Coffee.

He looks at Brown.

SHIPYARD (CONT'D)
And whatever you want.

BROWN
Nuthin'

SHIPYARD
(to waitress)
Just coffee.

WAITRESS
Just coffee?

SHIPYARD
Yeah. Just coffee.

Waitress slouches off.

SHIPYARD
Where were we?

BROWN
Nobody gives a toss?

INT. / EXT. HOOLAN'S CAR - DAY

Hoolan and Belgan have burgers and coffees.

BELGAN
You know what we should have done?

HOOLAN
We did what we should have done.

BELGAN
What else we could have done.

HOOLAN
Why would we have done something else? Nothing wrong with what we did.

BELGAN
So how come you keep asking is it working?

HOOLAN
'Cause I want to know if it's working.

BELGAN
But if it ain't working ...

HOOLAN
I never said it ain't working.

ELLIE (O.S)
Hey guys.

Ellie is stood outside the car leaning in - she has a great big 'pleased to see you grin' on her face.

HOOLAN
(bemused)
Hi

BELGAN
(also bemused)
Hi.

ELLIE
So what are you guys up to?

Hooland glances at Belgan. Looks back at Ellie.

HOOLAN
Sorry, do we know you at all?

Ellie takes her badge out.

ELLIE
Las Vegas Police.

HOOLAN

Okay.

ELLIE

Got any I.D. on you?

BELGAN

We're cops too.

Hoolan looks at Belgan likes he's three.

ELLIE

Oh, I didn't recognize you. You new?

HOOLAN

No. We're from out of town.

Hoolan and Belgan dig out their respective I.D.'s.

ELLIE

Oh. Out of town.

She looks at the I.D.'s presented to her. Belgan's really stretching across.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

So aren't you acting out of your jurisdiction?

HOOLAN

Well, we're not acting.

ELLIE

You're ...

BELGAN

Yeah, we're just sitting.

HOOLAN

So we're not out as such.

BELGAN

Because we're not actually doing anything.

ELLIE

So what are you doing here?

HOOLAN

Well, like we said, nothing.

BELGAN
Just sitting.

ELLIE
So you're not on an operation ...
or ...

HOOLAN
... or ...?

ELLIE
... anything like that?

HOOLAN
Nothing like that.

BELGAN
Just having a burger.

HOOLAN
And a little coffee.

BELGAN
And nothing else. No action is
taking place.

ELLIE
So it's like a day trip.

HOOLAN
It's very, like a beautiful day for
a day trip.

ELLIE
So if I called your office?

HOOLAN
Well, be my guest.

ELLIE
And call your office?

BELGAN
Please do. Call right now.

Ellie thinks for a second or two.

ELLIE
It's just that it's a little
strange, don't you think? That
you've come for a day trip all the
way here?

HOOLAN
It's a beautiful day.

BELGAN
And it's a beautiful city you got
here.

HOOLAN
Really is. Such a beautiful city.

Big grin, she stares at them.

ELLIE
Well. I really hope both you boys
enjoy your day out. It's been so
good to meet you both.

HOOLAN
Yeah. And it's been, so good to
meet you.

BELGAN
Nice to meet you.

Ellie wanders off.

HOOLAN
Thank-you for that.

BELGAN
For what? You being sarcastic?

HOOLAN
We're both cops?

BELGAN
She was a cop.

HOOLAN
We're under cover, out of our
jurisdiction.

BELGAN
She's just a cop. Being nosy.

HOOLAN
Did it ever cross your mind, she
might be being nosy for a reason?

Belgan thinks this over for a second.

BELGAN

You think she's linked to Shipyard?

Hoolan takes a swig of his coffee. Spits it out of the window.

HOOLAN

Gone cold.

BELGAN

You think Shipyard sent her here to suss us out.

HOOLAN

Oh, I'm thinking a lot of things right now.

INT. PETROSO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Petroso's bedroom - modern and sophisticated, clean colors, clean and crisp design.

Petroso has a whiskey in his hand, and wanders over to his sofa - flops down on it. There is a coffee table in front of the sofa, Large BOTTLE OF WHISKEY on it.

PETROSO

I was impressed with him. That stuff with the mayor. Didn't think he would pull that off.

He takes a swig of his drink, looking a bit worse for wear.

PETROSO (CONT'D)

But what do I do now? They've put me in a difficult position. You can see that now? Eh?

Petroso unscrews the lid of the whiskey, and pours another shot.

Rolls his hand a little toward his audience.

PETROSO (CONT'D)

I know, I know. It's a game.

(pause)

But some game you win, some game you loose.

Petroso stands and wanders over to the bed, and sits on the edge. He looks across to --

PHEBE BROWN

who is in an undisclosed state of undress under the bedclothes.

BROWN
He was asking about you today.

PETROSO
He was? What did he want to know?

BROWN
History, mainly.

PETROSO
(laughs)
What did you tell him?

BROWN
What you'd want me too?

PETROSO
Which was?

BROWN
I know nothing.

INT. DINER - DAY

Shipyard and Brown now have their feet up on their respective seats, really relaxed.

BROWN
...and the club, before Petroso?

SHIPYARD
What happened?

BROWN
Nobody knows.

SHIPYARD
And ...

BROWN
... then one day, Petroso walks in with these two guys, and he's giving it
(paraphrasing)
Oh, I own the place now, it's all gonna be real good, times is goin' 'n change ...

SHIPYARD

What did --

BROWN

... and we're all like, who cares!
Pay check safe? It's cool.

Giggling, she looks over to Shipyard who's deep in thought.

SHIPYARD

The guys who came in with him?

BROWN

Yeah?

SHIPYARD

What they look like?

Brown squints her eyes like she's making a mental picture of them.

BROWN

Oooh ... one of the tall,
sunglasses, slightly balding, held
himself well.

SHIPYARD

The other?

BROWN

Smaller. Well, a little shorter,
little less, athletic, and kinda,
easily distracted?

Shipyard nods his head.

BROWN

Just can't quite recall their
names. Petroso used the bigger
guy's name once.

SHIPYARD

Anything?

BROWN

It's not going to come, but it was
something like - Hooligan?

SHIPYARD

Uh huh.

BROWN
So you know these guys?

SHIPYARD
That's one for me, hun.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STREET - DAY

Pincher is ambling down the sidewalk, cell up to his ear.

PINCHER
Hey Tom.
(pause)
You still good to meet?
(pause)
'k. See you in five.

From BEHIND Pincher, two YOUTHS on BMX's wind their way up to him - Pincher still has his CELL phone to his ear.

Youth #1 makes a GRAB for the cell and yanks it out of Pincher's hand.

Pincher whips round and screams out at the two youths --

Too late.

The youths speed off in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION taking Pincher's cell with them.

Pincher watches them for a moment.

PINCHER
Assholes!

Pincher TURNS AROUND and carries on in his original direction.

The two youth, only some metres away, now complete a u-turn and end up on the opposite side of the road -- same direction as Pincher, and slowly ride up the road.

They come up to a car, dark sedan, a short distance behind the spot the mugging took place.

They stop by the car. A window winds down, but no occupant is visible.

They hand the phone into the car.

A bundle of cash is proffered from the vehicle. They take it. They ride off.

The vehicle moves off, as if to take a u-turn.

INT. LUIGI'S BAR - VEGAS - DAY

It's a bright day. Tom's marching in to Luigi's full of swagger. He can see --

PINCHER

and slots in opposite him.

PINCHER

Tom!

SHIPYARD

Jack.

PINCHER

So how the hell are you doing?

SHIPYARD

I'm doing good. You?

PINCHER

'part from my pockets being a little lighter, good.

SHIPYARD

Oh?

PINCHER

I heard you've been slapping your reputation around a little.

SHIPYARD

Oh, not so much.

PINCHER

You've been impressing people.

SHIPYARD

Not too many I hope?

PINCHER

Oh, all the right ones.

SHIPYARD

And who might that be?

Pincher takes a swig of his drink.

PINCHER

Look. You've got to have some things going on round here? Some contacts. You done good out of me, huh?

SHIPYARD

I was hoping to built a resume.

PINCHER

That's no amatuer running around.

SHIPYARD

Oh, you can build those skills anywhere.

PINCHER

Like?

Shipyard looks intently at Pincher's drink.

SHIPYARD

You done there? Can I get you another.

Pincher raises his hand.

PINCHER

I'm all done.

Shipyard look over to the bar.

SHIPYARD

Coffee.

BARTENDER

Just coffee?

SHIPYARD

Yeah.

PINCHER

They got to ask.

SHIPYARD

You're the impressive one.

PINCHER

I don't blow my own trumpet.

Shipyard laughs.

Pincher throws Shipyard a box of matches, gets up and leaves.

Shipyard's gaze follows.

BARTENDER
Coffee?

SHIPYARD
Yeah.

INT. PETROSO'S OFFICE - DAY

Hoolan and Belgan sit in front of Petroso's desk. Hoolan has a whiskey in his hand.

HOOLAN
It is a problem. And personally ...
I think it's a pretty big problem.

BELGAN
I mean, it obviously needs dealing
with.

HOOLAN
We can't just leave it as it is.

BELGAN
Because that would be wrong.

Hoolan nods his head.

HOOLAN
Wrong, wrong, wrong.

Hoolan looks into his whiskey, Belgan looks into his hand.

BELGAN
Thing is, with problems ...

HOOLAN
Like boils.

BELGAN
Gotta be lanced.

ELLIE (O.S)
You assholes have really got
issues.

Ellie's sat opposite, in Petroso's chair.

HOOLAN
Issues, maybe.

ELLIE
Make that a definite.

BELGAN
But at least we're not looking at a
break and enter.

HOOLAN
At a know gangster residence.

ELLIE
Known gangster?

Hoolan stares Ellie out for a moment.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
What you got on him?

HOOLAN
Number of felonies.

ELLIE
Oh. My check brings him up clean.

HOOLAN
So check properly.

Ellie leans forward on the desk, clearly agitated.

ELLIE
You're out of your jurisdiction.

BELGAN
And you're breaking and entering.

Hoolan looks chuffed with himself.

HOOLAN
Stalemate.

ELLIE
As if.

HOOLAN
You call our office?

Ellie blank stares Hoolan.

BELGAN
Well I ain't no expert on body
language, 'n all but that there
here appears to me to be an
all-mighty --

ELLIE
 (harsh)
 Shut. Up.

She sits back in her chair.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
 What are you doing in town?

HOOLAN
 What's your connection with
 Shipyard?

ELLIE
 How come you know Petroso?

BELGAN
 How come you broke into his office?

ELLIE
 Pincher? Where does he fit in?

HOOLAN
 How come the mayor rolled over so
 easy?

She sits forward with a smug little smile.

ELLIE
 'Cause he's a little puppy who
 likes to have his tummy tickled.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Hoolan and Belgan stroll through the park. Both got colas
 in poly cups and straws - holding barf-bags of burgers.

Hoolan stops - in thought.

HOOLAN
 Here we go.

BELGAN
 Like?

HOOLAN
 I got a plan.

BELGAN
 Gonna work?

HOOLAN

Don't know yet. Haven't done it.

He walks on and Belgans follows.

BELGAN

So what's going to happen?
Anything?

HOOLAN

Uh, huh. This. Listen up. Shipyard.
This evening. We need to meet.

INT. LOUCHE STRIP-CLUB - DAY

Thick pile carpet, shiny everything, glitter-balls spinning drunkenly, hung-over waiters, and half-naked chicks.

Ellie walks in, hesitantly, looking for someone.

Over to one end of the club a fat man raises his hand, beckons her over, big fat grin on his big fat face.

FATS OASIS (45) stands to greet Ellie. He's a black male, locked hair, belly would hang over his waist, but it's just hanging over fat. Dressed in black, he's adorned with rings, and jewels - two vapid chicks sit along with two males.

OASIS

Hey Ellie! How you doin'?

ELLIE

Hey fats. I'm cool.

OASIS

Been a time since I saw you neat
ass.

ELLIE

I've been doing stuff.

OASIS

Get yourself down.

Ellie sits. Oasis motions to the guys and the chicks.

OASIS (CONT'D)

Get some drinks in round here.

(to Ellie)

What you having?

ELLIE

I'm on what's going.

Oasis parks himself back on the seat.

OASIS

So what brings you on here?

ELLIE

Could be any number of things.

OASIS

You looking for a little extra compensation? Want to strip a little for your uncle?

ELLIE

I want you to strip for your little girl.

OASIS

(laughs)

Oh, I'll strip my ass.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

C/U: A brown door. A peephole. A number "Twenty Three" hangs on hopefully.

Hoolan raps on the door.

BELGAN

Hope he's in.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Shipyard ambles to the door, checks the spyglass. Opens up.

SHIPYARD

Heys guys.

He motions them in.

INT. LOUCHE STRIP-CLUB DAY

One of the chicks hands Ellie a drink.

ELLIE

You know my ass is good with you?

OASIS

Ooooh, I know your ass is good with me, all night long.

ELLIE

And you know your ass is a couple down on me?

OASIS

Yeah... I could owe you a couple.

ELLIE

Well, I might have you call your ass up.

OASIS

Call my ass up?

ELLIE

Yeah. Or I might have to haul your ass over to the station.

OASIS

(grinning)

And what you going to do to my ass when you haul it up to the station?

ELLIE

I might have to whip your ass ...

OASIS

You going to whip my ass!

ELLIE

Real good whipping.

OASIS

So, tell me, how my going to stop this a'haul and a'whipping on my ass?

Ellie lens back.

ELLIE

Well ... I'm going to need some names.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Shipyard bring the guys a drink each.

HOOLAN
So how's it going, Tom?

SHIPYARD
Take a seat.

Shipyard get comfortable.

BELGAN
We making any progress?

SHIPYARD
Oh. Depends.

HOOLAN
Are you getting any closer to
Pincher?

SHIPYARD
He's not giving out.

Hoolan nods, studies the floor.

HOOLAN
You though of ... pushing him a
little more.

SHIPYARD
Like, convincing him.

BELGAN
So far you've done a couple of jobs
for Petroso.

SHIPYARD
And Pincher wants to know more
about me. Why do you think that is?

HOOLAN
Tom, that's for you to figure out.

BELGAN
Maybe he's trying to get the
measure of you.

SHIPYARD
I'm talking more like information.

HOOLAN
And he wants to know?

SHIPYARD
What I'm running.

Belgan scratches the back of his head.

HOOLAN
But, you're not running things,
Tom.

BELGAN
Is he putting you off?

SHIPYARD
Off what?

HOOLAN
The scent Tom. Is he putting you
off the scent? Distracting you?

SHIPYARD
No. No, he's not distracting me.

BELGAN
Well, something is?

HOOLAN
We need a result, Tom. Soon.
Something.

SHIPYARD
(nodding)
Yeah. That can be arranged.

INT. LOUCHE STRIP-CLUB - DAY

Oasis raises his eye-brows.

OASIS
Names is good.

ELLIE
Pincher. Jack Pincher.

Oasis looks blank.

OASIS
That one's not so good.

ELLIE

What, he ...

OASIS

Never heard of him.

ELLIE

Pincher? You sure?

OASIS

Where we know this guy from?

Ellie swills her drink around.

ELLIE

Petroso. Stillian Petroso.

Oasis still looks blank.

OASIS

You only drawing blanks from me
tonight, honey.

ELLIE

He runs Dan's nightclub.

Oasis looks puzzled.

OASIS

Babe, no-one runs Dan's anymore. I
mean, not in the way it used to be
run. Not since you man left.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STREET - DAY

Ellie marches down the street. From --

BEHIND HER

Shipyard takes her arm.

SHIPYARD

Sorry I'm late. Let's keep walking.

ELLIE

Petroso's a fake.

SHIPYARD

You heard it?

ELLIE

From Fats.

SHIPYARD

Sure he's not playing you?

ELLIE

I saw the look on his face.

SHIPYARD

Surprised?

ELLIE

Who? Him or me?

SHIPYARD

His face.

ELLIE

Total blank.

SHIPYARD

So what about Pincher?

ELLIE

Same story.

Shipyard leads Ellie into a cafe. He orders a couple of shakes, and they take --

SEATS

Ellie sucks on her straw.

SHIPYARD

Why fake them both?

ELLIE

Co-operation.

Shipyard sits back in his seat, gazes out of the window.

ELLIE

Saves having to convince a hood.

SHIPYARD

So they get them into the club.

ELLIE

Easy enough. Police op. Current owner gets well compensated, promise of no trouble, job done. Use of the club.

Shipyard leans forward, thinks.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
You thinking?

SHIPYARD
Time to push for the endgame.

ELLIE
Oh. We there already?

SHIPYARD
Not according to them we're not.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Hoolan leans against his car, sucks on a shake. Belgan's round the back of the car, stretching himself.

Hoolan's in deep thought, again, when his --

CELL PHONE RINGS

He picks up.

HOOLAN
Yeah. Hoolan?
(listens)
You're in? You sure?

Hoolan nods sagely. He looks over to Belgan, who's attention he now has. Raises his eyebrows to him.

HOOLAN (CONT'D)
(to phone)
Good man.

INT. DINER - DAY

Pincher sat in a booth. He gazes out of a window.

Shipyard slips in across from him.

PINCHER
Hey.

Pincher proffers his hand, which is taken by Shipyard.

PINCHER (CONT'D)
Good to see you, man.

SHIPYARD
So what's cooking your side?

PINCHER
Well ... you're here.

SHIPYARD
Ain't I just.

Waitress bimbles over like she wants to hang out.

WAITRESS
Order?

SHIPYARD
Just coffee.

Bimbles off.

SHIPYARD
I've been thinking.

PINCHER
Like every good man should.

SHIPYARD
You let me in on Petroso and his deals. Not on your stuff.

PINCHER
That's my stuff. I lead you to where you need to be. And you're impressed.

SHIPYARD
And now you want in on my end.

PINCHER
That's the deal. Share and share alike.

SHIPYARD
So I'll start you off small.

PINCHER
I'm not in the mood for small.

SHIPYARD
That's what you did for me.

PINCHER
That was a 'getting-to-know-you' process. C'mon. We're buddies now.

SHIPYARD
You're kinda stretching it.

PINCHER
I'm taking a chance. You know how
long I could go away for?

SHIPYARD
I did the crap. I go down too.

PINCHER
That's my point. Now let's cut the
small talk out. Let's cut the small
out altogether. Let's see where
we're going with this.

Shipyard laughs - takes a sip. Shakes his head.

SHIPYARD
What do you know about me?

PINCHER
Only what I heard.

SHIPYARD
Which is?

PINCHER
Got some big stuff going.

SHIPYARD
I did some research on Petroso.

PINCHER
Don't tell me.

SHIPYARD
Don't tell you what?

PINCHER
Then tell me.

SHIPYARD
I want to know what you meant.

PINCHER
You didn't find anything.

SHIPYARD
And should I?

PINCHER

That's the point. That's how good
he is. Heat? Round here? He's gone.

Pincher and Shipyard size each other up.

PINCHER (CONT'D)

So. What you got for me? Am I
wasting my time?

SHIPYARD

You know what?

PINCHER

I'm listening.

SHIPYARD

I'm going to let you in.

PINCHER

That's what I like to hear.

SHIPYARD

I just hope ...

Pincher's waiting ...

SHIPYARD

... you can handle it.

INT. HOOLAN'S CAR - DAY

Hoolan is sat in his car, Belgan has a gun next to him.

Hoolan picks up his cell.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STREET - DAY

Shipyard walks. Comes to a halt, picks up his cell.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STREET - DAY

Ellie dumps her bag on a bench. Digs out her cell, sticks it
to her ear.

INT. DAN'S NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Petroso paces his office. Stops. Pause for thought. Grabs his cell and sticks it to his ear.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STREET - DAY

Pincher, in a rush, dodges people in his way, sticks his hand into his coat-pocket, and fishes out his cell. Lumps it up to his ear.

INT. LOUCHE STRIP-CLUB - DAY

Fats Oasis leans his weight forward, and reaches for a cell phone on the table in front of him. Puts it up to his ear.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. / EXT. HOOLAN'S CAR/STREET/DAN'S/STREET/LOUCHE - DAY

Shipyard appears to be listening for a moment.

SHIPYARD

Hey. You okay? I got a plan. Need to move things forward a little.

PETROSO

Well ... I need to know what's in it for me?

OASIS

And how much we talking here?

HOOLAN

By how much?

ELLIE

A lifeline. We've got a lot on you.

PINCHER

And it's big deal. A real big deal.

SHIPYARD

And the deal's going down today, no two ways.

PETROSO

So I've got no choice. Is that what you're saying?

OASIS

You're going to be well rewarded.
A'long as it's water tight.

HOOLAN

We're going to need some details,
information, can't go in blind.

ELLIE

I'm going to give you what you
need. We're going to help each
other out. Remember that.

PINCHER

I need the when and the where's on
this, and it'll go like clock-work.

SHIPYARD

I'm going to give you everything
you need. No more no less.

PETROSO

But you understand that this is a
big risk I'm taking here. This
isn't my ... usual.

OASIS

Anything goes wrong, and I'm just
going to start sticking lead in
everyone's ass. That clear?

HOOLAN

Okay. With my ass on the line ...
I'm ready to roll on it.

ELLIE

Everyone's on the line here. No
exceptions.

PINCHER

Trust me. It'll all be fine.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A large warehouse. Two sliding door let in a large amount of
sunlight.

Hooland and Belgan walk through the two main doors.

In front of them a LARGE BOX. They amble toward it.

They can now see that

ELLIE

is stood near to the box.

HOOLAN

Well. This is a little embarrassing.

ELLIE

(chirpy)

Hey boys. How are you doing?

Hoolan looks around, like he's trying to get an angle on things - and he's not too happy.

HOOLAN

So. Where is everyone?

ELLIE

Who're talking about, now?

HOOLAN

What are you dong here Ellie?

ELLIE

My jurisdiction, ass. Might ask you the same question.

HOOLAN

Yeah. You might.

ELLIE

Might like to answer too.

Hoolan shifts nearer to the box.

HOOLAN

Big.

BELGAN

What's in it?

Hoolan begins to skirt the box.

HOOLAN

What's in the box, Ellie?

Ellie laughs.

ELLIE

How am I supposed to know? It's closed.

HOOLAN
Want to open it?

ELLIE
Maybe. When you're gone.

HOOLAN
Private?

ELLIE
Not your bag. Not your ...

BELGAN
Jurisdiction.

ELLIE
(to Hoolan)
He's quicker than you.

INT. DAN'S ALLNITE NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Shipyard walks the corridor toward the office.

INT. LOUCHE STRIP-CLUB - DAY

Pincher pokes his head through the door. Looking too suspicious. Enters fully into the room. Looks around. He can't see anything. But then --

He spots Fats.

Fats is sat on his own, same spot from when he saw Ellie.

Pincher looks like he's just been found out.

PINCHER
Oh. Hey. Mind if I come in?

Fats ignores him.

Pincher moves forward, making his way toward Fats.

Almost there. And then --

ON THE TABLE

Is a gun.

Pincher looks at the gun. Stops.

OASIS

Sit you self down, man. Git comfy.
 We a little talkin' to do. I ain't
 gonna bite.

Pincher looks like this is the last place he wants to be. He moves forward a little, carefully, and takes a seat.

He's already sweating some.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Hoolan's in deep thought again.

HOOLAN

You see, if you'd have wanted to
 call back up, you'd have done
 it by now.

BELGAN

I don't hear no sirens.

ELLIE

You guys are just ...

HOOLAN

I'm listening.

ELLIE

... an amusement.

HOOLAN

What's in the box, Ellie?

INT. PETROSO'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is still. The light is dim.

Petroso is stood. Rooted to the spot.

Shipyard looks around. Small smile on his face. He's quite relaxed. He ambles slowly one way then the other. Avoids the gaze of Petroso - not that it bothers him.

INT. LOUCHE STRIP-CLUB - DAY

Pincher, sat, has almost risen an inch his pants are so full of poo.

PINCHER
 (clears his throat)
 So where is everyone?

Fats, big smile on his face, ignores the question. Carries on staring at Pincher.

PINCHER (CONT'D)
 So what's the deal?

Fats sits forward.

He beckons Pincher to him with his hand.

INT. PETROSO'S OFFICE - DAY

Shipyard, slowly, pats himself down. He's looking for something. Has a small smirk on his face.

Petroso's still -- scared.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ellie is standing off Hoolan and Belgan.

Her eyes flit to the box. Tempting.

ELLIE
 You want to know what's in it?

Hoolan sticks his hand on his hips - tiresome.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
 Then open it.

HOOLAN
 You know I'm not going to do that.
 On somebody else's territory.

ELLIE
 I'm just not too sure that you're
 going to do anything, are you?

HOOLAN
 What are you hiding from us Ellie?
 What don't you want to show?

ELLIE
 You had your invitation. It's all
 yours. Dig in guys.

INT. LOUCHE STRIP-CLUB - DAY

Pincher moves a little closer to Fats.

Fats places his hand round the back of Pincher's neck - it could look like they're the best of friends.

Fats pulls a little closer - they're nose to nose.

OASIS

Here the deal, boy. How 'bout you tell me what's going on with Shipyard?

PINCHER

What's ...?

OASIS

... the set up?

PINCHER

I'm, not too sure what you're ...

Oasis starts to get a little wound up.

OASIS

You want me to tell you what I think?

PINCHER

Yeah. You ... go with that.

OASIS

One. You ain't a bad cop on the take. Two, Petroso ain't real. I heard he got no record.

PINCHER

Yeah, that's 'cause ...

OASIS

Now I'm going to tell you something 'bout Petroso right now.

Pincher nods. Oasis has his full attention.

PINCHER

Uh huh.

OASIS

He's with Shipyard. Thought he was going to be be with you? Wrong 'gain.

PINCHER

What's he doing with Shipyard?

OASIS

Getting scared, I would guess.
Seein' as he's most likely got a
gun 'gainst his temple as we talk.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Hoolan's on his haunches in front of the box. He flips the lock-over up.

He nonchalantly knocks the box open. Stares inside.

Belgan, too curious, ambles over - looks over Hoolan's shoulder.

BELGAN

Mmm hmmm. I get it.
(to Ellie)
Where's the real deal Ellie?
Where's it really going down?

ELLIE

You see? You guys just haven't got a clue.

HOOLAN

So you dragged us all over here just to see an empty box. Anyone watching us?

Hoolan has an exaggerated look around.

ELLIE

Have you actually got any idea where Shipyard is?

HOOLAN

You're on dangerous ground, hun.

ELLIE

Pincher? Whereabouts? I mean, you have a single clue?

Hoolan, turns slowly, his back to Ellie, points his finger toward her.

HOOLAN

Don't ... push it.

INT. DAN'S ALLNITE NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Shipyard pulls on a pair of black gloves, comfortable grin aimed toward Petroso.

Petroso flicks nervous glances toward Shipyard.

PETROSO

Anything ... we can talk? Maybe?

SHIPYARD

We can always talk.

PETROSO

What would you like to hear?

SHIPYARD

A phone call. Someone else's call.
That's the only thing that's going
to save you now.

INT. LOUCHE STRIP-CLUB - DAY

Oasis shift his weight in his seat, getting comfy - still keeps a firm hand round the back of Pincher's head.

Oasis reaches for his gun, and holds it in good view for Pincher to see.

OASIS

Now, what you got to do is tell me
what I'm wanting to hear. Right?

PINCHER

I ...

OASIS

Your story matches what I'm on so
far, and then I make a call and
your buddy goes home. You start
talking too much bull to me, and I
put a bullet in yo' brain, and that
line ain't goin'n ring and you
fella ends up just as dead as yo'
ass. Hearin'?

PINCHER

Yeah. Yeah, I get the picture.

INT. DAN'S ALLNITE NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Shipyard pull a gun out of his jacket. Pulls it open and checks inside. Holds it down in front of himself.

Petroso looks at the gun. Terrified.

PETROSO

This has really gone too far. We need to stop this. Stop it now.

SHIPYARD

It may well stop. I'm just waiting for the call.

PETROSO

What call?

SHIPYARD

Now that's not for you to worry about. Just you hush your mouth up and wait quiet with me.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ellie looks confident - on top of her game.

ELLIE

Tell me about Shipyard.

HOOLAN

Nothing you need to now about Shipyard.

ELLIE

Did you set him up?

Hoolan laughs to himself. He moves over to Belgan, close to his ear.

HOOLAN

(quietly)

Do we need to be somewhere else?

BELGAN

Yeah. I think so.

HOOLAN

Any idea where?

BELGAN
Nope. Think you can get it out of
her?

HOOLAN
Got to give a go.

ELLIE (O.S)
You guys kissing?

Hoolan spins round on his heel - thinking on his feet mode.

HOOLAN
You in league with Shipyard?

ELLIE
Now this has got to be like some
kind of fair exchange, right? I'm
not giving if I'm not receiving,
okay?

Hoolan nods.

HOOLAN
Yup. I'm good with that.

ELLIE
Well. Give me something first. Take
a risk on something.

HOOLAN
He's an ass.

ELLIE
You set him up?

HOOLAN
Didn't have much choice.

ELLIE
You didn't?

HOOLAN
What was supposed to be in the box?

INT. LOUCHE STRIP-CLUB - DAY

Oasis and Pincher are locked. Both sweating. Pincher pulling
back, Oasis pulling him forward.

PINCHER

We wanted to get Shipyard. We had
to get Shipyard.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The office we first saw Hoolan and Belgan with Shipyard:

Belgan is sat in the same position, Hoolan perched on the
edge of the desk.

There is a

KNOCK

on the door.

Hoolan turns to Belgan. Gets up of the desk.

HOOLAN

That'll be him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ellie thinks a little.

ELLIE

Guns. Lots of guns. Oh, and drugs.
Lots of drugs.

Silence.

Hoolan and Belgan not too sure now - this wasn't what they
expected.

HOOLAN

Why guns?

ELLIE

It's what the market demanded.

HOOLAN

Shipyard ... supplying or
receiving?

ELLIE

Oh very supplying.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Hoolan walks over to the door, opens it up.

HOOLAN
Hi. Want to come in?

and Hoolan sits back on his --

DESK

HOOLAN (CONT'D)
Glad you could come.

BELGAN
Hey.

HOOLAN
Got some stuff we'd like to talk to
you about.

INT. LOUCHE STRIP-CLUB - DAY

Oasis and Pincher are still locked up.

PINCHER
We'd had people watch him before.
Didn't work out.

OASIS
Uh, huh.

PINCHER
So we tried a different tactic.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Hoolan scratches his head.

HOOLAN
So he's buying guns?

Ellie laughs a little.

ELLIE
You're so way off. Okay. You really
don't know? I get it now.

HOOLAN
So if he's not buying them, where
is getting them from?

ELLIE

Busts?

Hoolan looks at Ellie.

BELGAN

Busts?

HOOLAN

Busts?

ELLIE

Yeah busts.

HOOLAN

Okay.

(pause)

You're going to have to explain
some.

MONTAGE

Grubby street. Three bodies lie on the pavement.

ELLIE (V.O.)

People got hit on shoot-outs.

A cop moves over to one of the bodies, looks around him. Surreptitiously slips the gun belonging to the criminal into his own pocket.

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

'Course, the Police didn't count
the guns before-hand.

A Diner. Two bodies lie on the floor. A Policeman stands over one of them. His slips the gun from the dead man into his own jacket.

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

So how many guns were there?

A car. A man leans out, quite dead.

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

Some of these guys were armed to
the teeth.

On the --

PASSENGER SEAT

there is one Uzi, and one hand gun.

ELLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So who's goin' to miss the
occasional ...

A POLICE OFFICER reaches into the car, takes the Uzi, slips it into his jacket - holds his hand up high, with the hand-gun in it.

POLICE OFFICER
Got a fire-arm here.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ellie looks at Hoolan, who's processing all he's heard.

HOOLAN
So these guys ...

ELLIE
Where off-loading to ...

BELGAN
Our man.

HOOLAN
And then he was ...

ELLIE
Selling on.

HOOLAN
To ...?

Ellie gives him a little time to think, testing him.

INT. LOUCHE STRIP-CLUB - DAY

Oasis pulls Pincher a little closer to him.

PINCHER
Something a little psychological.
You know, Freak him out some.

OASIS
Freak him out?

PINCHER
Irrational circumstances sometimes
elicit an irrational reaction.

INT. DAN'S ALLNITE NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Shipyard toys with his quarry.

SHIPYARD
So you set the club up?

PETROSO
Oh no, not me, not at all.

SHIPYARD
But you're in with Pincher.

PETROSO
He hire me.

SHIPYARD
Hired you.

PETROSO
Yes. I'm an actor.

INT. LOUCHE STRIP-CLUB - DAY

Oasis looks quizzically at Pincher.

OASIS
An actor?

PINCHER
Couldn't be a cop really. Had to be clean. Problem with leverage and associates otherwise.

OASIS
Use another cop, then.

PINCHER
Already got one rogue and a suspected mole. An outsider, an actor, it's clean bill of health.

OASIS
But of course you do realize yo' key problem wit' that?

INT. DAN'S ALLNITE NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Shipyard fixes Petroso a steel glare.

SHIPYARD
You're directly in the line of
fire.

Shipyard raises his gun to Petroso's head.

A PHONE RINGS.

Petroso nigh on collapses.

SHIPYARD
Mmmm.

INT. CAR - DAY

Hoolan and Belgan, coffees and pastries going down.

HOOLAN
So the guns went from the guys on
the streets ...

BELGAN
To Shipyard.

HOOLAN
Who shipped them out to Oasis.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Pincher's across the way from a --

MONUMENT

with wide paths and seats nearby.

INT. CAR - DAY

Hoolan and Belgan.

HOOLAN
And Ellie?

BELGAN
Insurance. Had to be.

EXT. STREET - MONUMENT - DAY

Pincher crosses onto the wide sidewalk, and moves on ahead,
as from --

BEHIND

him, comes Shipyard.

INT. CAR - DAY

Hoolan takes sip.

HOOLAN

In case anybody started asking
difficult questions.

BELGAN

She'd head them off, or --

EXT. STREET - MONUMENT - DAY

Shipyard catches up to Pincher - puts an arm around him.

SHIPYARD

Hey.

PINCHER

Hey ...

Shipyard guides Pincher to one of the seats.

Pincher GRABS Shipyard's jacket.

INT. CAR - DAY

Hoolan nods.

HOOLAN

Warn off Shipyard.

Belgan looks across to Hoolan.

EXT. STREET - MONUMENT - DAY

Shipyard helps Pincher to a sitting position.

Pincher GRABS harder on Shipyard's jacket.

And emits a gurgle.

Shipyards dusts Pincher's jacket, and checks around as Pincher's head lolls. Shipyards opens Pincher's jacket and removes a KNIFE from Pincher's chest.

Shipyards makes off along the sidewalk.

INT. CAR - DAY

Belgan's looking across Hoolan.

BELGAN
Hey ...

Hoolan looks across to Belgan.

HOOLAN
Huh?

Belgan points to the window, as Hoolan turns to ...

ELLIE

ELLIE
Hey guys.

HOOLAN
Hey girl. How's tricks?

ELLIE
Good. Vacation living up to expectations?

HOOLAN
Beautiful place you got here.

BELGAN
Beautiful.

ELLIE
So you got it all sussed out yet?

HOOLAN
Mmmmm hm.

BELGAN
Sure do. Every dot's ...

HOOLAN
Done. Very well done.

ELLIE

So you planning on staying a while
or you heading off?

HOOLAN

Oh, I think we're pretty much done
here. Pretty much.

BELGAN

It's been a fine time though. Have
to say.

ELLIE

Cool.

HOOLAN

Mmm. Cool.

BELGAN

Super cool.

Ellie scratches her head a little.

ELLIE

Say. You guys seen Shipyard?

Both shake heads.

HOOLAN

We've not seen him.

BELGAN

No ma'am.

HOOLAN

Seen Pincher?

ELLIE

No. No I haven't.

BELGAN

Mmmm.

ELLIE

You looking for him?

Hoolan has a cell phone in his hand.

HOOLAN

Ass hasn't called in.

BELGAN

What an ass.

ELLIE

Well, if I see him ...

HOOLAN

Yeah, and if we see Shipyard ...

Some more nods, as ...

ELLIE

Great.

HOOLAN

Great.

BELGAN

Super great.

Ellie wanders off.

HOOLAN

So, can we actually ... prove anything?

BELGAN

Ahh ... proof. That's ...

HOOLAN

A hard one.

BELGAN

A difficult word, to be honest.

HOOLAN

Not my favorite.

BELGAN

Yeah, I don't ...

HOOLAN

Not a ... nice word.

BELGAN

I just don't like it.

Hoolan takes a sip of his coffee.

Thinks for a second.

Takes another sip.

Thinks.

HOOLAN
Great coffee.

FADE OUT:

THE END