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 your 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 know 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

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 Shipyards - 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, Pinches 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.

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

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

LYNCH (CONT’D)
What in the ... !!!

Shipyard 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?

Shipyard squirts SUPER-GLUE into the palm of Lynch’s hand.

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

Shipyard SLAPS a grenade into the palm of Lynch. The grenade has string attached. Then Shipyard 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 sorry bitch when I done wit’ you.

Shipyard 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.

Shipyard sits in front of Lynch.

Lynch eye-balls Shipyard – 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 Shipyard sits.

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

Shipyard, 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 Shipyards 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 theorum.

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.
SHIPTYARD
I know I’m being set up.

ELLIE
So what are you playing at?

SHIPTYARD
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.

SHIPTYARD
Did you get me the names?

ELLIE
Nothing showing.

SHIPTYARD
Pincher?

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

SHIPTYARD
Hoolan and Belgan.

ELLIE
Uh huh.

She takes a sip of her drink.

SHIPTYARD
Petroso?

ELLIE
(shrugging)
Nothing.

SHIPTYARD
And that’s not a good thing.

ELLIE
So did Pincher bring him in?

SHIPTYARD
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?
SHIPTYARD
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?

SHIPTYARD
Yes it is.

JULIANO
And you have a plan?

SHIPTYARD
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?

SHIPTYARD
Bring back Petroso.

JULIANO
Oh?

SHIPTYARD
Why did you drop him?

JULIANO
Price.

SHIPTYARD
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 crips 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 --
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. DINNER - 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
Ooooh ... 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 known 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

Hooland 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


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

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
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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Everyone’s on the line here. No exceptions.

Trust me. It’ll all be fine.

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 heath.

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.
Shipyard dusts Pincher’s jacket, and checks around as Pincher’s head lolls. Shipyard open’s Pincher’s jacket and removes a KNIFE from Pincher’s chest.

Shipyard 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
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
Mmm.

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