

A LITTLE OFF THE TOP

by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. HANGAR - NIGHT 1

Deserted. Light from an upstairs office seeps through grime smeared panes. Long shadows cast through the lower level.

2 INT. HANGAR OFFICE - NIGHT 2

A GLOVED HAND wielding tweezers cranes over a smoldering soldering iron. Attaches a micro-chip to the circuits on an electronic device. Steady. Meticulous.

3 INT. HANGAR - NIGHT 3

A large Mercedes pulls up to the hangar door, pulls in, parks. The DRIVER exits, opens the rear passenger door for...

DAMASCUS BYRNE (40s), dark, strong jaw line. He takes in the hangar. Adjusts his suit coat.

4 INT. HANGAR OFFICE - NIGHT 4

The hands snap the device together, insert tiny screws. The person attached to the hands swivels around on a shop stool upon hearing Byrne enter.

HORATIO (20s), African-American. Horn rimmed glasses, neatly cut afro. He holds the device up. It's a CELL PHONE.

BYRNE

Is the package ready?

HORATIO

Does Pinocchio have wooden balls?

5 INT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - STEPHANIE'S ROOM - DAY 5

STEPHANIE WORTHINGTON (20s), moves back and forth packing her toiletries, an airline ticket rests on a nearby nightstand.

DOWN THE HALL

RICHARD WORTHINGTON (50s), multimillionaire in an impeccable Armani suit. Wall Street Journal tucked firmly under arm. Behind Worthington is BENTLEY, a round butler who follows his every move.

Worthington starts to knock on Stephanie's door when booming RAP MUSIC emits from a nearby room.

6 INT. RITCHIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

6

Richard "RITCHIE" Worthington Jr., belts out angry rap lyrics. All of 16, he's a little small for his age and totally oblivious to his father's presence.

Worthington looks to Bentley who offers no suggestion.

WORTHINGTON

You know how I feel about that kind  
of music in the house, Richard.  
Turn it down. Now.

Ritchie rolls his eyes.

WORTHINGTON

Don't roll your eyes, Richard.  
It's a telltale sign of immaturity.

Ritchie stares blankly then turns it off as his father moves up the hall.

STEPHANIE'S ROOM

WORTHINGTON

Done packing?

STEPHANIE

Almost.

Worthington steps to a bureau where he tilts a framed photo of a woman with flowing dark hair. He looks at Stephanie.

WORTHINGTON

Sweetheart...please--

STEPHANIE

Daddy, I can take care of myself.  
I'm not one to worry over.

Worthington nods in agreement when Stephanie grabs him by the shoulders and turns him around where he spies...

RITCHIE

Eavesdropping. Father and son hold each other's gaze. Ritchie hits play on the boom box. Worthington pauses, turns back to Stephanie.

WORTHINGTON

What's with him? All he ever does  
is listen to hit-pop all day.

STEPHANIE

It's hip-hop, daddy. You'd know  
this if you bothered to say more to  
him than "turn that noise off."

Worthington heads off then stops abruptly. He's still holding  
the framed photo.

7 EXT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - DAY 7

A DRIVER places luggage into a limo trunk then tends to  
Stephanie's door. She slides in back. Worthington approaches  
the Driver and tips him. They hold a brief, inaudible  
conversation.

8 EXT. STREET - DAY 8

The limo makes several turns before pulling into an airstrip.

9 EXT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS 9

The limo pulls up to the hangar doors.

10 INT. LIMO - DAY 10

Stephanie looks puzzled as the limo pulls in.

STEPHANIE

I'm not on a private flight today.

11 INT. HANGAR - DAY 11

Byrne descends a staircase followed by an entourage of...

JACK: A yeti-sized man with hands the size of catchers mitts.

TINA: A fit, masculine looking woman

LUZON: A small Filipino man toying with a yo-yo. His skills  
are incredible.

Byrne steps to the driver side door. The window rolls down.

DRIVER

The Black guy with the hair said if  
I got here early I could make some  
extra coin.

BYRNE

Extra coin? How about a little  
nickel.

Byrne draws a sleek nickel-plated Walther PPK from his inner  
coat pocket and FIRES!

Stephanie shrieks as she watches through the partition.

BYRNE

Good morning, Ms Worthington. Please  
join us.

Byrne steps to Stephanie's door. She hysterically mashes all the locks. Byrne sighs with irritation.

BYRNE

Jack.

Jack steps up, grabs the handle and plucks the door from the car like wings off a fly. He tosses it aside and dives in.

Stephanie rummages through her purse. She pulls a canister of pepper spray and showers Jack in the face. It doesn't phase him. Might as well be Visine. Jack gabs Stephanie and pulls her from the vehicle kicking and thrashing.

STEPHANIE

Let go of me you ape!

BYRNE

Relax...Stephanie, is it? You've  
nothing to fear.

STEPHANIE

But, you just killed that man--

BYRNE

And as long as you cooperate I'll  
hesitate to do the same to you.

STEPHANIE

What about my flight?

BYRNE

Your flight's been canceled.  
(to Luzon)  
Send the package.

Jack pinches Stephanie on the neck and she falls out cold. He snatches her limp body up in a fireman carry.

Byrne removes something from his pocket. He grips Stephanie's limp hand and takes a blood sample using a finger incision device.

A Fed-Ex van swoops into the driveway. The FED-EX GUY jumps out with a clipboard and a small package. He rings the bell.

13 INT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - DAY 13

Ritchie answers.

FED-EX GUY  
Delivery for Mr. Worthington.

RITCHIE  
I'm a Mr. Worthington, homie.

Ritchie closes the door. As Bentley rounds the corner Ritchie rams the package down the back of his pants.

BENTLEY  
Who was--

RITCHIE  
Watchtower. Did you want one?

BENTLEY  
Heavens, no.

14 INT. RITCHIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 14

Ritchie ravages the package and unwraps a cell phone...the CELL PHONE. He pockets it and discards the package.

15 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 15

A lump on a shoddy mattress stirs. The blanket ripples off revealing GAVIN BONDS (30s). Paper-thin. African-American. Funny looking...but not in a nerd-type way.

Gavin drags himself out of bed. He wipes his eyes and moves toward the wall where he stops and stares. His eyes transfixed.

GAVIN  
Good morning, baby, how you doing?  
Yes, you are fine. I dreamt of you,  
again-- I know, I know, but I can't  
help it. I can't wait to find out  
how you feel inside. Play with all  
your accessories. You wait. I'm  
gonna drive you crazy.

On the wall is a huge poster of a MERCEDES SL 500 Roadster. Gavin regards it a minute before moving off.

16 INT. GAVIN'S BEDROOM - LATER 16

Gavin places electric clippers, a straight razor and professional-grade hair scissors into a briefcase when the doorbell rings.

AT GAVIN'S FRONT DOOR

Gavin picks up a sheet of paper protruding from under it.

GAVIN  
Eviction notice?

Another ring. Gavin opens the door.

GAVIN  
Aw, shit.

Gavin's greeted by DO-LOW (30s), a slim gentleman in a slick suit and mink stole. He's accompanied by BIG MOE (30s), bald and stocky. Big Moe weighs about 350 and his only visible weakness is the asthma inhaler he sips from every few minutes.

DO-LOW  
Rent's due my brother.

GAVIN  
Good morning to you, too.

DO-LOW  
You did hear me say "rent's due?"

GAVIN  
Do, it's only the tenth. Besides,  
I'm going through some things--

DO-LOW  
Moe, bring 'em out.

Big Moe nonchalantly produces a chrome Desert Eagle. It's a big ass gun. Gavin gulps. He looks peaked.

GAVIN  
Damn. Why you gotta turn Japanese  
and shogun.

DO-LOW  
See that there? It's new. He ain't  
even shot it yet.

GAVIN  
Let's keep it that way. I'm not one  
to break tradition.

DO-LOW  
You're going through some things,  
I'm going through some things. You  
don't turn toaster real quick some  
things are gonna be going through  
you.

GAVIN  
Toaster?

DO-LOW  
Pop up with my bread.

Gavin slams the door. He scrambles, grabs his briefcase and ducks out a side window.

17 EXT. GAVIN'S FRONT DOOR - DAY 17

Do-Low has a file to his fingernails as Big Moe waits in silence, Desert Eagle in hand.

DO-LOW  
Moe, I want you to get that rent money. Don't stop till you do, hear me?

Big Moe nods then kicks in Gavin's door.

18 EXT. GARAGE - DAY 18

Gavin trots through the carport. He passes several nice cars before arriving at his 1990 Ford Tempo.

19 INSIDE THE CAR 19

Gavin inserts the key and gives it a turn. Not a chance. He caresses the dash.

GAVIN  
C'mon, baby, start for daddy. I promise I'll get you fixed and no more cheap gas. Super unleaded!

He tries again. The engine whines and dies.

GAVIN  
See, this is why I'm seeing someone else.

20 EXT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - DAY 20

Byrne, tall drink in hand, stares out from a patio deck. Tina suns herself by a crystal clear pool.

Stephanie sits in a chair blindfolded. Attached to her ankle is a device resembling a pager. Jack snatches the blindfold off. She squints in the sunlight.

BYRNE  
Thought you could use some sun.  
Eat?

(MORE)



BYRNE (CONT'D)  
 (off her silence)  
 You young girls and your eating disorders. Sad.

STEPHANIE  
 Am I here to discuss my diet? Let me guess, you're kidnapping me right? Get on with it.

BYRNE  
 Fine. Chew on this. Attached to your ankle is what I like to call the black box.

Stephanie rubs her ankle, tugs at the box.

BYRNE  
 I would not do that if I were you.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Laser checkpoints like those used by retailers to deter theft are attached to several doorjams.

BYRNE (O.S.)  
 Throughout the house are a number of checkpoints. Monitored by computer, they can pinpoint your location.

BACK TO SCENE

BYRNE  
 Remove the collar or leave the yard without permission and well...let's just say...

Byrne picks up a melon. It has a BLACK BOX attached to it. He tosses it in the air. The Black Box chirps then EXPLODES spewing melon chunks.

BYRNE  
 ...You'll never dance again.

21 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

21

A bus swoops to the curb. Gavin steps off, looks around when...

A Cadillac SUV screeches to the curb. It's Big Moe. Gavin rushes off and into...

22 INT. STEVIE RAY'S BARBER SHOP - DAY

22

Photos of Black sports legends adorn the walls: Ali. Aaron. Jordan. Tyson? Nobody's perfect.

Packed to capacity. The barber closest to the door is STEVIE RAY (50s), a cool white cat. An empty station next to him belongs to Gavin and TWO BARBER'S stations follow that.

A YOUNG MAN with half his hair cut sits in Stevie Ray's chair. Every now and again Stevie Ray snips at a hair or two. His cuts tend to take much longer than needed.

Gavin breezes through. He doesn't stop for conversation.

STEVIE RAY

Boy, where have you been?

BARBER #1

Look like you seen a ghost.

GAVIN

Worse. Big Moe.

STEVIE RAY

Who?

GAVIN

Big. Moe.

Gavin reaches the back as Big Moe hits the door. He siphons off his inhaler.

BIG MOE

Where is he?

STEVIE RAY

He who?

BIG MOE

Don't play dumb.

BARBER #1

Gavin ain't here. You want a cut?

BIG MOE

Do I look like I need a haircut?

STEVIE RAY

No, but your big ass could use a personal trainer. You sucking up all the goddamn air!

There's a ruckus in the back. Everyone looks to Stevie Ray. He just shakes his head out of pity.

STEVIE RAY  
Damn that boy's dumb.

23 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY 23

Gavin dashes down the block. Hops on another bus. Big Moe follows closely in his car.

24 EXT. STREET - DAY 24

The bus stops. Gavin darts off towards a MALL.

Big Moe watches Gavin enter then steers his Cadillac into the parking lot.

25 INT. MALL RECORD STORE - DAY 25

Ritchie, CELL PHONE on his hip, digs through CD crates. He glances about the store then slyly tucks one into his waistband and dashes out before the CLERK can get around the counter.

26 INT. MALL - DAY 26

Gavin rushes toward a bathroom sign.

Big Moe enters seconds later wheezing heavily. He takes a hit of the inhaler.

27 INT. MALL BATHROOM - DAY 27

Gavin secures a stall and bolts the door.

Big Moe staggers in, breathless. At the sink he splashes his face with water. He starts to put the inhaler to his lips when he sees...

GAVIN

Peering over the top of the stall. He and Big Moe lock eyes in the mirror. Big Moe turns, drops the inhaler and batters the stall door with thunderous kicks.

Gavin jumps onto the toilet, flinching with every strike. He tries to go over the stall...

But Big Moe breaks through! He grabs Gavin and slams him to the floor.

GAVIN  
Not the floor, people piss there!

Big Moe snatches Gavin to his feet. Gavin goes into his pocket and offers Big Moe a ten dollar bill.

BIG MOE  
What's this?

GAVIN  
Good faith payment?

Big Moe crumples up the bill and tosses it aside.

GAVIN  
Wait! Do-Low's not gonna kill me over the rent. We go back. We're boys!

BIG MOE  
That don't mean shit. You should know by now I take my job very--

Out of breath, Big Moe searches his person for the inhaler. It's not there. He scans the floor. Nudges Gavin for help.

Gavin spots it. He picks up his phone and briefcase, walks over to the inhaler and kicks it! Big Moe watches...

THE INHALER

Skitter across the nasty bathroom floor and secure itself next to the floor-level urinal biscuit.

Gavin charges from the bathroom, around a blind corner and smack dab into...

RITCHIE

Whose small frame is sent airborne along with TWO CELL PHONES.

Big Moe staggers from the bathroom.

Ritchie sees the Store Clerk hustling toward him. He grabs the NEAREST PHONE and takes off. Gavin grabs the PHONE NEAREST him and hauls off toward the escalator.

UPSTAIRS

Gavin passes a movie theater. He returns then ducks in.

Big Moe reaches the escalator, exasperated. Gavin's nowhere in sight.

28 INT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - DAY

28

Byrne descends a spiral staircase then breezes through several doors arriving at a...

COMPUTER LAB

Monitors. Mainframes. LED lights.

Horatio sits at a large console stroking keys with blinding speed. A list of code scrolls his monitor followed by a map of a major metropolitan area

Byrne pulls up a seat. Tina, Luzon and Jack stand in back.

BYRNE

Are we on-line?

HORATIO

Yep.

BYRNE

And the police?

HORATIO

Man, fuck the police.

A WALKIE-TALKIE crackle followed by POLICE JARGON emits. Byrne dons a headset and jacks into the console.

BYRNE

Let's reach out and--

HORATIO

Rob somebody.

29 INT. MALL THEATER - DAY

29

Gavin devours handfuls of popcorn, his eyes peeled for Big Moe. There's a muffled ring. He digs out his cell phone and answers.

GAVIN

Yeah?

BYRNE (O.S.)

Worthington?

GAVIN

Wrong number?

Gavin hangs up.

GAVIN  
 (to audience)  
 Don't you hate that? I apologize.

30 INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY 30

The group exchanges befuddled glances.

31 INT. MALL THEATER - DAY 31

The phone rings again.

INTERCUT GAVIN AND BYRNE

GAVIN  
 (in Spanish, subtitled)  
 Hello?

BYRNE  
 Mr. Worthington, please.

GAVIN  
 (in Spanish, subtitled)  
 I don't speak English.

BYRNE  
 (in Spanish, subtitled)  
 Can I speak with Richard Worthington?

GAVIN  
 What? Uh, no, Mr.-- señor Worthington  
 no home right now. Adiós!  
 (to audience)  
 I'm so sorry. It's somebody looking  
 for...Pancho Villa.

The lights fade as the phone rings again. Gavin answers quietly. An annoyed AUDIENCE MEMBER stomps up the aisle.

INTERCUT GAVIN AND BYRNE

BYRNE  
 I want thirty million dollars before  
 I send her home to you, Richard.  
 Either that or she's dead.

GAVIN  
 Thirty million?

BYRNE  
 Correct.

GAVIN  
 Dollars?

BYRNE

Yes.

Gavin tosses kernels into his mouth when an USHER taps him on the shoulder.

32 EXT. STREET - DAY

32

Gavin walks, phone attached to his ear.

INTERCUT GAVIN AND BYRNE

GAVIN

You got me kicked out my movie.

BYRNE

There's been some sort of mistake.

GAVIN

Sounds like there's been some sort of kidnapping.

BYRNE

Please--

GAVIN

What's to stop me from calling the police?

BYRNE

That's not necessary.

GAVIN

Oh, it's necessary.

Gavin hangs up, dials 911.

33 INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

33

A speaker phone rings.

HORATIO

It's him. He's calling the fuzz.

BYRNE

I'll handle this.

(to Luzon)

Find him. I want that phone.

Horatio tosses Luzon a Palm Pilot. He stares at it clueless.

34 EXT. STREET - DAY

34

INTERCUT GAVIN AND BYRNE

BYRNE  
911, what's your emergency?

GAVIN  
I'd like to report a--

BYRNE  
Kidnapping?

GAVIN  
Yeah. How...?

BYRNE  
I told you. It wasn't necessary.

GAVIN  
I thought I dialed...911?

BYRNE  
Heard of the ransom note? You hold  
in your hand the ransom phone.  
Modified, every call is intercepted  
by me.

GAVIN  
Really. Well you heard of the pay  
phone? Every 911 call is monitored  
by the police. And it's free. 'Bye.

BYRNE  
Wait! What's it going to take?

GAVIN  
What?

BYRNE  
Let's make a deal. Whatever you  
want. Then you walk away.

GAVIN  
I can have anything?

BYRNE  
Name it.

GAVIN  
I don't know. Can I have a hundred?

BYRNE  
One hundred dollars? Sold!

GAVIN  
A hundred dollars? No, no, no. A  
hundred thousand.



BYRNE  
One hundred thousand?

GAVIN  
Correct.

BYRNE  
Dollars?

GAVIN  
No, pesos, of course dollars!

35 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY 35

A big-bodied Mercedes blazes across the highway.

36 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 36

INTERCUT GAVIN AND BYRNE

Gavin moseys along still on the phone.

GAVIN  
Can you throw a Mercedes in with that?

BYRNE  
I'm beginning to regret this deal.

Horatio taps Byrne then points to the map on his...

MONITOR

Where one red dot quickly moves toward a second stationary dot.

Byrne flashes a wicked smile.

BYRNE  
I just happen to have one Mercedes on hand. Hope you like the color.

Byrne removes his headset ending the call.

37 INT./EXT. MERCEDES - DAY 37

Luzon studies the Palm Pilot. Jack doesn't mind him. He floors the vehicle into traffic.

The German machine barges through cross traffic. Cars swerve and skid avoiding collision. PEDESTRIANS flee in all directions.

38 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

38

Gavin approaches a phone booth. Someone inside beckons him.

GAVIN

J.T.?

J.T. (20s), African-American, wiry, skull cap, gives Gavin a pound. J.T. has not one, but TWO CELL PHONES on his waist.

J.T.

What's up, Gavin. You cutting today?

GAVIN

T, I really need to use the phone.

J.T.

It's my girl. She went into labor this morning.

GAVIN

T, you got two cell phones. What the hell are you doing in a phone booth?

39 INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

39

Horatio and Byrne watch the

MONITOR

Where the two red dots slowly merge

40 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

40

Gavin spots a Mercedes driving erratically and barreling toward the phone booth. Unsure, he plays safe.

GAVIN

Hey, T...come on out of the booth.

J.T. signals Gavin to hold on.

GAVIN

T, I'm serious. Get outta the booth.

J.T. closes the door. Gavin raps on the glass.

GAVIN

T, get outta the damn booth!

Gavin muscles the door, but it's too late. He dives out of the way as the Mercedes plunges through the booth. It's ripped from the foundation with J.T. still inside.

There's glass everywhere.

J.T.'s TWO CELL PHONES land near Gavin.

The Mercedes pulls a screeching 180 and stops next to the slab formerly known as J.T. Gavin watches in shock as Luzon hops out and scoops up both of J.T.'s phones. He hops back in the Mercedes and it peels away.

41 INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY 41

Horatio swivels around on his office chair oblivious as the two red dots on his monitor move in opposite directions.

42 INT. STEVIE RAY'S BARBERSHOP - STORAGE ROOM - DAY 42

Stevie Ray sits atop a stack of towels, the cell phone in hand. Gavin paces feverishly. He's hysterical.

STEVIE RAY

A hundred thousand dollars? Gavin,  
you the only person I know who could  
mess up a bowl of Cornflakes.

GAVIN

What should I do? Help me out.

STEVIE RAY

Kill yourself. Just get it over  
with. Here, use my pistol.

GAVIN

I'm-- wait a minute...the kid.

STEVIE RAY

The kid?

GAVIN

He must've got my phone and I got...

STEVIE RAY

Call the police. Kidnapping is a  
federal matter.

GAVIN

I can't. They'll kill the girl.

STEVIE RAY

Shit, then I don't know. Unless you  
could find her yourself.

GAVIN

That's not a bad idea. Save the  
girl...collect the loot.

STEVIE RAY

Save the girl. Negro please. You  
couldn't save energy.

Gavin takes the phone from Stevie Ray and holds it up.

GAVIN

Thanks. Anyway, how hard can it be?  
I got the link to the kidnapers  
right here.

43 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY 43

Gavin teeters off the bus, briefcase in hand along with a  
piece of paper. His cell phone is clipped to his waist.

44 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - DAY 44

Gavin struts along, a young black male in a high-class  
residential neighborhood. Recipe for disaster.

A B.H.P.D. cruiser goes unnoticed as it pulls up behind him.

45 INT./EXT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY 45

This is a true black and white -- one BLACK COP, one WHITE.

WHITE COP

Watch this.

The Cop hits a button and releases a quick blare of the SIREN.  
Gavin startles, drops his briefcase and throws both hands in  
the air, frozen. The Cops cackle.

BLACK COP

That was great.

WHITE COP

Yeah.

The cruiser pulls alongside Gavin.

WHITE COP

Where you headed, son?

Gavin ignores the question, puts his phone to his ear and  
pretends to hold a conversation.

GAVIN

(into phone)  
Hello? Johnnie? Man, I was just  
thinking about you!

Gavin faces the cruiser, points to the phone and mouths the words "JOHNNIE COCHRAN."

The Cops exchange a smirk.

GAVIN  
 (into phone)  
 I'm here with two of the city's  
 finest-- what's that?  
 (to White Cop)  
 Johnnie said what's your name?

WHITE COP  
 Officer White.

GAVIN  
 (into phone)  
 It's Officer White. No, doesn't  
 ring a bell? Say what? What's his  
 badge number? Boy, you so crazy!

Gavin shrugs, smiles big -- "that Johnnie's such a kidder."

46 EXT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - DAY

46

The cruiser pulls up. Gavin's in the back seat. He double checks his paper as the Black Cop lets him out.

GAVIN  
 I have to admit I thought I was in  
 for some N.W.A. type stuff...*Black*  
*police showing out for the white*  
*cop.* I was scared, but you guys are  
 all right.

BLACK COP  
 F.Y.I....Johnnie Cochran's dead.

GAVIN  
 What? No?

The Black Cop nods then hops in the cruiser. It pulls off.

GAVIN  
 Stay away from the Rampart division!  
 (beat)  
 That shit actually worked. Damn,  
 Johnnie Cochran's dead.

47 INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

47

Luzon sets two cell phones in front of Byrne then pulls out his yo-yo. Byrne looks them over.

BYRNE

Neither of these are my phone.

Luzon messes up his trick as he looks up, stuporous.

48 EXT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - DAY 48

As Gavin approaches the door he removes his wallet and opens it revealing his barbers license. He flashes it at breakneck speed till it appears as a mere blur to the human eye.

49 INT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - DAY 49

Ritchie dances along to a Snoop Dogg video on the TV.

50 EXT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - DAY 50

Gavin waits as Bentley opens the door.

GAVIN

What's up, brother?

Gavin offers a pound. Bentley just stares at it.

RITCHIE (O.S.)

Who is it, Bentley?

GAVIN

Damn. Bentley, like the car?

Ritchie appears from behind the door. His demeanor changes upon sight of Gavin.

RITCHIE

(offers a pound)

What's up, black?

(beat)

Oh, you gonna leave me hanging?

Mr. Worthington arrives.

WORTHINGTON

Richard? Bentley? What's going--

(to Gavin)

May I help you?

GAVIN

Mr. Worthington?

WORTHINGTON

I am.

51 EXT. WORTHINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

51

Ritchie, ear pressed to the door, is eavesdropping.

INSIDE THE OFFICE

Worthington sits behind a magnificent desk. Gavin stands.

WORTHINGTON

There must be some mistake.

GAVIN

There's no mistake.

WORTHINGTON

But it's preposterous! Who would do such a thing?

GAVIN

Whoever it is they mean business.

WORTHINGTON

So do I. I'm calling the police!

Worthington starts to dial, but Gavin runs over and presses the hook down.

GAVIN

No! You don't want to do that.

WORTHINGTON

Why not?

GAVIN

Beee-cause. They made it very clear, no police! They only want to deal with me-- I mean you.

Worthington squints, skeptical still.

WORTHINGTON

The authorities need to be alerted. What if--

GAVIN

Look. They think I'm you. We have the upper hand. You call the police now and she's dead. Deader than a chicken at a Zacky Farm. I'm talking...

Gavin runs his finger across his neck, ear-to-ear, while cocking his head and sticking his tongue out. Worthington gets the point and puts the phone down.

WORTHINGTON

So, what do you suggest we do?

GAVIN

Let me work the case. I'll bring your daughter back safe.

WORTHINGTON

Really?

Gavin nods confidently.

WORTHINGTON

What was your name again?

Gavin pulls out his wallet and flashes his barbers license as practiced.

GAVIN

Gavin Bonds, P.I. You know...private investigator. Yep, I'm a private dick. A black one.

(beat)

Shall we discuss my fee?

Worthington sits back in his chair observing Gavin with a leery eye.

52 EXT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - DAY

52

Gavin closes the front door behind him and giggles.

GAVIN

Private dick. That shit worked, too.

Ritchie springs from the bushes startling Gavin.

RITCHIE

Hey.

GAVIN

Don't hey me. Where'd you get this?

Gavin holds up the cell phone.

RITCHIE

It came in the mail.

GAVIN

The mail.

RITCHIE

Yeah, Fed-Ex.



GAVIN

Opening other people's mail is a federal offense.

RITCHIE

Other people's? How do you know it wasn't for me. Technically I am Richard Worthington.

GAVIN

How do I know? It's got a thirty million dollar price tag on it is how. You got thirty mil?

(off silence)

Didn't think so.

53 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY

53

Ritchie and Gavin cruise in a flashy little Honda.

RITCHIE

Where's your car?

GAVIN

I left it home. We're exploring an open relationship.

RITCHIE

It's cool, you can roll with me. I'll help you.

GAVIN

Help me what?

RITCHIE

Find my sister.

GAVIN

Yeah, right. You can help me with this lift. I'm a bust this case wide open. Alone.

Gavin closely inspects the interior of the car. He points out a monitor embedded in the dashboard.

GAVIN

Where'd you get this, "Pimp my ride?" Do you watch TV and drive at the same time?

(beat)

This isn't a car, it's an apartment.

RITCHIE

You like music?

GAVIN  
Of course, who doesn't?

Ritchie turns on the stereo filling the cabin with booming bass. Gavin's face contorts as the sound waves vibrate his insides.

GAVIN  
I take it back. This isn't an apartment...it's the Terror Dome.

Gavin powers the cell phone off then back on. An AT&T logo shows prominently on the screen.

54 INT. AT&T STORE - DAY

54

A CLERK sweeps up broken glass from a storefront window. Ritchie waits by the entrance as Gavin approaches. He flashes his license with swagger.

GAVIN  
I'm the private investigator.

CLERK  
You here to take the report?

GAVIN  
What report?

CLERK  
The burglary report.

55 INT. AT&T STORE - REAR OFFICE - DAY

55

Gavin follows the Clerk to the rear. Ritchie inconspicuously lingers behind.

CLERK  
We found the place like this. Some merchandise was stolen, but they left the computer. Surveillance hasn't been installed yet so that's out. Ride along?

GAVIN  
Ride-a-who?

CLERK  
What's with the kid?

GAVIN  
Who, him? I'm his mentor. Yeah, he's a junior crime dog. You ever heard of McGruff?

(MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
 (low; to Ritchie)  
 Thought I told you to go home?

They arrive at a computer wired into several mainframes.

CLERK  
 Here she is.

GAVIN  
 Did you touch her?

CLERK  
 No.

GAVIN  
 You sure? I need to know so I can  
 distinguish your prints from the  
 perpetrator's.

Gavin goes into his briefcase. He removes a woman's compact,  
 a blush applicator and a pair of latex gloves.

GAVIN  
 Watch me work.

56 INT. AT&T STORE - REAR OFFICE - LATER

56

Gavin's down on both knees. He delicately dusts an area of  
 the mainframe using the applicator.

He, the mainframe and the computer are bathed in powder.

Ritchie and the Clerk stare amazed. It's an episode of C.S.I.  
 gone awry.

Gavin leans in close to the computer and blows on a freshly  
 dusted area sending a huge cloud of white powder wafting  
 into the air. He coughs and wipes his brow.

GAVIN  
 There's no prints here.

RITCHIE  
 You missed a spot.

57 EXT. AT&T STORE - DAY

57

Ritchie and Gavin exit with Gavin all white like Casper the  
 Friendly Ghost.

Wow.  
 RITCHIE  
 (MORE)

RITCHIE (CONT'D)

You're really busting this case wide open. You're some kind of spade.

GAVIN

No surveillance, computers down. I've seen better security on crack houses.

RITCHIE

That's it!

GAVIN

What's it? We got nothing.

RITCHIE

What we got is house surveillance.

58 INT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - DAY

58

Gavin and Ritchie face a bank of TV monitors, each one the feed from a camera located somewhere throughout the estate. Ritchie rewinds the footage from one.

GAVIN

What were you doing at the mall?

RITCHIE

Boosting CD's.

GAVIN

You said "boosting?"

RITCHIE

Cheaper than paying. I live a thug life.

GAVIN

Oh, I get it. You're one of them white kids who thinks he's black. Walk around pants sagging. "Yo' dog." Listens to rap music.

RITCHIE

I don't think I'm black and I don't want to be black.

GAVIN

What's wrong with being black.

RITCHIE

Nothing, but there are certain advantages to being white.

GAVIN

Look around you. You don't need anymore advantages.

RITCHIE

I'm not rich, my dad is. I want a good job someday. A dream job. If I were black and with Affirmative Action dissolved and all, the chances are I wouldn't get it.

Gavin takes a second to examine this logic.

GAVIN

Damn, man. I just asked if you were one of those kids. You don't have to get all Ronald Reagan on me.

ON BLACK AND WHITE MONITOR

Stephanie is at the limo. Gavin is taken aback by her beauty.

GAVIN

That's your sister? She's fine!

RITCHIE

Don't even think about it. You're here to find her, not date her.

GAVIN

There's your dad, now your sister. Where's your mom at?

Ritchie pauses the tape then faces Gavin.

RITCHIE

She's not here and that's all you need to know about it.

Ritchie plays the tape.

ON THE MONITOR

Worthington approaches the Driver. They have a short meeting.

GAVIN

What's going on with your dad and the limo driver?

RITCHIE

He's just telling him to drive safe, all that crap. He does it all the time.

GAVIN  
Wait. Go back.

Ritchie rewinds the tape then plays it back.

GAVIN  
Right there. Freeze it.

Ritchie pauses it again.

ON THE MONITOR

The license plate on the limo reads STRONG6.

RITCHIE  
Strong six?

GAVIN  
Strong six, strong six? Armstrong.  
Stretch Armstrong's Limos.

RITCHIE  
Stretch Armstrong?

GAVIN  
Yeah. It's a fleet. Let's go find  
number six.

59 EXT. STRETCH ARMSTRONG'S LIMOS - DAY 59

The sign has a man with features similar to the plastic toy from the 70s. Fingertip-to-fingertip his arms span the length of a stretch limo, hence the name 'Stretch Armstrong.'

60 INT. STRETCH ARMSTRONG'S LIMOS - DAY 60

Gavin and Ritchie are at the counter. The man behind it, ELMER, watches "THE PRICE IS RIGHT."

ELMER  
Help you?

Gavin flashes his license with authority.

GAVIN  
I'm gonna need to take a look at  
strong six.

ELMER  
I know you? You look real familiar.

GAVIN  
No, you don't.  
(MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Strong six picked up a passenger. I want to know all the places they went.

ELMER

I can't give out that info, but if the price is right...

Elmer sports a huge grin. Gavin steals a peek at the TV.

GAVIN

If the price is right, huh?

61 INT. STRETCH ARMSTRONG'S LIMOS - REST ROOM - DAY

61

Gavin has Elmer by the neck, his face hovering just inches above the commode. He's not grinning anymore.

GAVIN

How's this price?

SPLASH! Gavin dunks Elmer. He keeps him down a few seconds before bringing him back up gasping for air.

GAVIN

Strong six, where is it?

ELMER

I can't!

GAVIN

Wrong answer!

SPLASH! Gavin dunks him again.

GAVIN

(to Ritchie)  
Come and flush.

Ritchie rushes over and flushes two times in quick succession. Gavin pulls Elmer up then puts him back under as Ritchie flushes again.

ELMER

(gurgled)  
Okay, okay!

GAVIN

Okay what?

ELMER

The airport, it's at the airport!

GAVIN

The airport! Man, flush him again.

Ritchie flushes again. Gavin brings Elmer up.

ELMER

Strong six made a drop at the Bob Hope airport.

GAVIN

Bob Hope? So what?

ELMER

It wasn't supposed to! Tracking system says the car's still there!

GAVIN

Show me.

ELMER

I'll show you, just get him the hell off that handle!

Gavin throws Elmer a towel then admires Ritchie who's exhilarated.

GAVIN

You flushed Elmer's brains out. Are you that rich you don't have to flush the toilet anymore?

RITCHIE

No, but we do have a bidet with a heated seat. Talk about sweet!

62 EXT. STRETCH ARMSTRONG'S LIMOS - DAY

62

Gavin and Ritchie pull the car in front of Elmer who looks like a wet dog holding a cordless phone.

GAVIN

Bob Hope, huh?

(off Elmer's nod)

You better hope it's there or me and my boy are gonna be back flushing your ass.

Ritchie dips his hand in a flushing motion.

ELMER

You sure we've never met? I know I know you.



GAVIN

Maybe you've seen my commercial?  
Gavin Bond's private investigations.

ELMER

TV, right. You work at Stevie  
Wonder's barber shop.

RITCHIE

Stevie Wonder has a barber shop?

GAVIN

The man's delirious. He's got water  
on the brain. Move out!

Gavin and Ritchie drive off. Elmer watches them go before  
dialing.

ELMER

(into phone)

Let me speak to Do-Low.

63 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY

63

Ritchie and Gavin cruise along.

RITCHIE

A shakedown. Too cool.

GAVIN

Is that what you call that?

RITCHIE

You called me your boy.

GAVIN

Part of the act. Don't get excited.

Silence. Ritchie stares at Gavin a long while.

RITCHIE

What's your problem?

GAVIN

What?

RITCHIE

I've been nothing but friendly--

GAVIN

We ain't friends. You're a kid. I  
don't like kids.

RITCHIE

Why not?

GAVIN

They squirm. Run around misbehaving.  
They're just...bad.

RITCHIE

But, I'm not a kid.

GAVIN

Are you eighteen?

RITCHIE

Almost.

GAVIN

Kid.

RITCHIE

But I'm almost--

GAVIN

You're almost about to get slapped  
for almost getting on my nerves.

Beat.

RITCHIE

You sound just like my father.

GAVIN

Yeah? Dad sounds like a smart man.

RITCHIE

The two of you sound like a couple  
of assholes. Just 'cause I'm young  
doesn't mean...you know what? Forget  
it.

(beat)

Asshole.

64 INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

64

Byrne watches a single red dot on the monitor.

BYRNE

Where is that?

HORATIO

That is the 5. Due North. Near the  
airport.

Byrne removes his Walther, checks the magazine and replaces it then storms out the lab. Horatio shrugs it off.

65 INT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - STEPHANIE'S ROOM - DAY

65

A tiny room. Bare walls. Single bed. Vanity with a small mirror. A sliding glass door lets out to a lattice canopied lagoon.

At the bottom of the doorjamb is a LASER CHECKPOINT.

Stephanie, on all fours, stretches all of her body through the door EXCEPT for the ankle with the black box. She rummages through the dense lagoon foliage. Her fingers nearly grasp a lonely but unique flower bud when...

Byrne rushes through the door, gun poised.

Frightened, Stephanie jumps up and spiders back into the corner.

STEPHANIE

Shit. He didn't pay.

BYRNE

Sit. I'm going to ask you some questions. Feel free to be as forthcoming as possible.

Stephanie eases onto the bed.

BYRNE

Does your father have an advisor or security head? Someone trained to handle a situation like this?

STEPHANIE

No, not that I know of. But, that doesn't mean anything.

BYRNE

How so?

STEPHANIE

My father's very sequestered. Plus we don't talk all that much.

Byrne leans against the wall with his arms crossed. Stephanie relaxes, rolls onto her stomach. Byrne inspects her perfect figure. She sees this, looks at herself then back at him.

STEPHANIE

Anything else?

Byrne turns to leave as Stephanie rolls onto her back, smiling devilishly.

BYRNE

And no. He hasn't paid...yet.

STEPHANIE

Take your time. I'm starting to enjoy it here. It's not rafting in the Sierras, but...

Byrne stops and turns. Gun in full view.

BYRNE

It pleases me to know I've made your time here comfortable. But if I do not get what I want I will not hesitate to kill you.

Stephanie's smile quickly fades. She and Byrne hold each other's gaze. His cold stare reaffirms his seriousness.

COMPUTER LAB

Byrne strolls back in.

BYRNE

Luzon, bring the car around.

(to Horatio)

You and Jack keep an eye on the girl.

Horatio tosses Byrne the Palm Pilot. He catches it, slips it in his pocket and walks off.

Horatio spins around on his office chair.

ON MONITOR

Where the red dot continues on its path.

66 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY

66

Ritchie and Gavin ride in silence.

RITCHIE

How many cases have you worked?

GAVIN

Each one feels like the first.

(low)

Especially this one.

RITCHIE

Ever find any missing kids from the milk cartons?

GAVIN

Yeah, the ones on powdered milk.

RITCHIE

But they don't put kids on powdered milk.

GAVIN

That's 'cause I found 'em all.

RITCHIE

Are you heavy? You packing?

GAVIN

I don't like guns.

RITCHIE

Why?

GAVIN

Why? Ralph. That's why.

RITCHIE

Who's Ralph?

GAVIN

Ralph got killed in a drive-by. Innocent bystander.

RITCHIE

Sorry. Must be hard losing a home-boy.

GAVIN

Ralph was my dog.

RITCHIE

I feel you.

GAVIN

No. You don't. Ralph was my dog. For real. Black Labrador Retriever. I...I don't want to talk about it.

RITCHIE

Private eye afraid of guns? What kind of dick are you?

Gavin sniffles then wipes a teary eye.

67 EXT. BOB HOPE AIRPORT - BURBANK - DAY 67

A Gulfstream jet screams down the tarmac.

68 EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY 68

Gavin and Ritchie checkout abandoned hangars away from the tower and incoming flights.

RITCHIE

All locked up. Guess it's back to flush ol' Elmer, huh?

Gavin stares at a window on the side of the hangar. He picks up a rock and hurls it through it.

GAVIN

Let's have a look.

69 EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY 69

Big moe's Cadillac pulls next to Ritchie's Honda. He scans the field while taking a pull from his inhaler.

70 INT. HANGAR - DAY 70

Pitch black. A single ray of light rides in through the broken window. Gavin and Ritchie fumble in the dark.

GAVIN

I can't see a thing.

RITCHIE

You should make a list. Call it P.I. must haves. Number one; a gun. Two; a flashlight.

GAVIN

I told you no gun-- ow!

The lights suddenly power on illuminating the whole hangar.

RITCHIE

We're busted!

Gavin and Ritchie find themselves wedged behind a limo. Ritchie nudges Gavin then points at the license plate.

ON LICENSE PLATE

Which reads STRONG6.

Byrne and Tina exit the office and start down the stairs. Gavin pushes Ritchie to the ground.

GAVIN  
Go out the window.

Ritchie crawls behind the limo out of sight from Byrne and Tina.

BYRNE  
Come out, come out...wherever you are. We've been expecting you.

Gavin reluctantly steps from behind the limo.

GAVIN  
I've been looking for this limo. This...this is my damn limo!

BYRNE  
Really?

GAVIN  
It's supposed to be at the Fox Hills Mall waiting on Brangelina. Yeah, see, little Maddox, he has a thing for Bathing Apes.

Gavin approaches the driver side window. He spots the Driver's corpse splattered all over the interior.

GAVIN  
Ahh!

Tina hands Byrne a cell phone. He quickly dials. A second later Gavin's phone start to ring. He watches Ritchie go out the window before answering.

GAVIN  
Who could this be? Probably Brad. He hates to wait.  
(into phone)  
Hello?

BYRNE  
(into phone)  
Boo. Well, well. If it isn't the hundred thousand dollar man. Doesn't quite have the same pizazz now does it?

The hangar door opens up. Byrne's Mercedes, driven by Luzon, pulls behind the limo.

Gavin gazes at the damaged grill of the car. J.T.'s skull cap protrudes from it.

Luzon hops out the Mercedes, yo-yo in hand. He executes an array of mesmerizing tricks. Gavin stares enthralled.

71 EXT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 71

Ritchie runs to his car and hops in. Inside, he reaches into the back and throws the switches on two nitrous oxide tanks before buckling a four-point harness around himself.

72 INT. HANGAR - DAY 72

BYRNE

Get the phone!

Luzon swings his yo-yo and hits Gavin square in the head. He staggers in a daze rubbing his head. Luzon then extends a length of the string, loops it around Gavin's neck and strangles him. Gavin fights, his legs going crazy kicking in limo panels and sweeping over towers of crates.

GAVIN

(strained)

I don't think this trick is...Duncan approved.

RITCHIE

Duncan?! Modern yo-yo is fighting weapon from the Philippines.

Gavin and Luzon manage to make their way outside as they continue to do the man dance. Byrne and Tina watch the action.

GAVIN

Where's a Junior Crime Dog...when you need one?

73 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 73

Ritchie approaches quickly. He guffaws upon seeing Gavin and Luzon grapple.

74 EXT. HANGAR - DAY 74

The Honda comes in fast, brakes and tires squealing. The car drifts and slides in while moving sideways. Luzon looks, but it's too late.

The Honda swipes him, but keeps on coming and takes out Gavin, too. Thrown onto the hood then rolled up to the roof, Gavin peers down at Ritchie through the sunroof.

GAVIN

If you're trying to kill me I know a lot less painful ways.



Ritchie slams it into gear and punches out.

Byrne dashes to the Mercedes and hops in. Tina hefts Luzon and chucks him into the back. She jumps in the passenger seat and the Mercedes peels off.

75 EXT. SURFACE STREET - DAY 75

The Honda blazes into traffic and roars through a red light. Two vehicles come close to colliding head-on. The Mercedes follows, swiftly maneuvering through the jammed intersection.

76 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 76

Ritchie, face steely, drives with precision. Gavin snakes through the sunroof and settles into his seat.

GAVIN

What's wrong with my seat belt?

Ritchie checks on him, eyes off the road.

GAVIN

No, no! Eyes forward, watch the road!

Gavin fidgets with the harness. Unable to crack it, he wraps himself up in it.

GAVIN

This thing got airbags?

RITCHIE

I do.

GAVIN

And me?

RITCHIE

Passenger airbag's gone. Had to make room for the TV.

GAVIN

The TV? The TV? Is watching Oprah gonna stop me from going through the windshield?

77 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 77

The Honda powers through another red light. The Mercedes follows and narrowly misses being T-boned.

78 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY

78

Gavin has a kung-fu grip on the door handle.

GAVIN

That's the second red light you ran.

RITCHIE

If you want to stop I'll be more than happy to watch the Chinese man beat the crap out of you.

GAVIN

Ha, ha. I know they all look alike, but he's not Chinese. He's Filipino. Did you know the yo-yo was invented in the Philippines?

Gavin goes back to the harness. He plugs the buckles in, but the belts are all twisted up.

RITCHIE

Was Stephanie in there?

GAVIN

Who?

RITCHIE

Stephanie, my sister-- hello?

GAVIN

No. But the limo driver was. He couldn't tell me jack. His lid was blown off! This shit's getting real.

A sea of red taillights looms ahead. Ritchie jumps the Honda onto the sidewalk while blaring the horn.

79 INT. MERCEDES - DAY

79

The Mercedes skims along the curb.

BYRNE

This is starting to irritate me.

Byrne hands Tina the Walther. She rolls the window down and proceeds to FIRE!

80 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

80

Parking meters explode raining fountains of copper and nickel.

81 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 81

Gavin ducks down hearing the shots.

GAVIN  
They're shooting at us!

RITCHIE  
What, you've never been shot at  
before?

GAVIN  
On purpose? Well, there was this  
one house party...

82 EXT. STREET - DAY 82

Ritchie drifts the Honda back into the street. It skids into  
a slide and blasts down an alley.

Byrne cuts the corner and follows closely.

83 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 83

Gavin's eyes are shut tight. His grip on the door handle  
tightens.

GAVIN  
California's insurance rates are  
through the roof because of drivers  
like you.

RITCHIE  
You got to chill. Here, have some  
music.

GAVIN  
No, not the music!

Ritchie hits the radio. Gavin's face contorts. His body and  
senses are being bombarded by pounding bass.

84 EXT. METRO-RAIL CROSSING - DAY 84

Red lights blink. The black and white guard bars lower and  
that annoying bell is ringing. There's a train a-coming.

85 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 85

The Honda slides out the alley and heads for the crossing.  
The Mercedes is a car length behind.

86 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 86

Gavin opens one eye and sees the Metro. He rubbernecks. He doesn't see any alleys or other routes.

The Metro streaks, a metal snake with its mouth wrapped around a bullet.

GAVIN

Pardon me boy, but that's not the Chattanooga choo-choo. That's a train.

87 INT. MERCEDES - DAY 87

Byrne watches the Metro coming across.

88 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 88

Ritchie grips the steering wheel tight.

RITCHIE

Hold on.

GAVIN

Why? What're you gonna--

The door handle pops off in Gavin's handle

GAVIN

Great!

Gavin tries to re-attach the handle when Ritchie presses a red button on the steering wheel igniting the nitrous. He and Gavin are thrust back into their seats.

89 EXT. METRO-RAIL CROSSING - DAY 89

Ritchie's Honda darts off. It catches a dip and goes airborne crashing through the guard bar.

The Metro is still coming.

The Honda just misses being clipped by the Metro as it sails by and obliterates the second guard bar.

90 INT. MERCEDES - DAY 90

Byrne mashes the brakes and cuts the wheel hard bringing the Mercedes to a screeching halt. Tina looks out her window watching as the Metro hulks by.

DOWN THE STREET

Big Moe's Cadillac eases off the road. He tops off from his inhaler. Did he follow the entire chase?

The Mercedes drives off. Big Moe's Cadillac follows at a safe distance.

91 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY

91

Ritchie loosens his grip on the wheel as the nitrous fades. Gavin has sunk to the bottom of his seat. Ritchie slides the car into a 180 and stops.

RITCHIE

Zoom-zoom.

GAVIN

Who do you think you are, Jeff Gordon?

RITCHIE

That's NASCAR. I was thinking more like Vin Diesel.

GAVIN

"Vin Diesel?" Try more like thin weasel.

Ritchie puts the car in gear and pulls off.

92 EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DAY

92

Ritchie and Gavin pull into the parking lot of the Four Seasons.

RITCHIE

Are those the people that have my sister?

GAVIN

How should I know.

RITCHIE

Duh. You're the P.I., defective detective.

GAVIN

Watch it. I think that's them.

RITCHIE

You think? Either they are or they aren't.

GAVIN

Hey, I'm upset, too. If I don't find her I don't get my finders fee.

RITCHIE

Screw your fee!

Ritchie gets out the car slamming the door behind him. He walks around the car looking for damage when a DERELICT approaches Gavin.

DERELICT

Hey, brother. Spare some change? I've fallen on some hard times--

GAVIN

You're gonna fall on some hard concrete if you don't back up.

Gavin dismisses the man with a wave of the hand. The Derelict stares for a beat before trudging off.

Ritchie has observed the whole thing while stooped by the front tire. He jogs the Derelict down, gives him a few dollars and returns.

RITCHIE

Would it have killed you to give the guy a few bucks?

GAVIN

Why? So he can drink it up?

RITCHIE

Forget it.

GAVIN

What's the matter? Can't see the bums from the big house on the hill? I live with these people. I can't help everybody.

RITCHIE

You can't help anybody. Except maybe yourself. Try being a little more altruistic.

GAVIN

All-true-what? The hell's that mean?

RITCHIE

Look it up...dog.

Ritchie walks off. Gavin looks after him, pondering.

93 INT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - STEPHANIE'S ROOM - DAY

93

Stephanie once again reaches for the flower bud. Her fingers clasp it, uproot it and reel it in. She stands admiring it when she's met by a furious...

BYRNE

Startled, she loses her footing. One leg drifts backward through the sliding glass door sill. The leg wearing the black box is destined to follow.

Byrne watches as Stephanie teeters off balance. He offers no assistance.

The black box crosses the checkpoint. Stephanie is out of bounds. The black box starts beeping. Terror registers on her face.

Suddenly, Byrne grabs her and yanks her into him. They spin into the room like ballroom dancers. The black box beep-beeps like a disarming car alarm.

Stephanie is clutched in Byrne's arms. He dips her. They're close. It's intimate. He leans in over her. She's scared, but a bit excited, too.

BYRNE

You look just like your mother. So beautiful.

STEPHANIE

Cheddar pink?

Byrne looks down to where Stephanie offers him the lone bud from the lagoon.

STEPHANIE

This flower, Cheddar Pink. It's rare. So rare it's protected. Where did you get it?

Byrne raises her then sits on the bed, the Walther by his side.

BYRNE

Tell me about the black man helping your father.

94 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DAY

94

Large double doors swing open as the CONCIERGE enters followed by Ritchie and Gavin. The place is immaculate; high ceilings, crystal chandelier and master bedroom jacuzzi.

The Concierge opens the blinds. Sunlight stabs the room making everything sparkle. Gavin joins Ritchie on the patio deck where a large American flag whips in the wind.

GAVIN

Wow. Now I know what it's like to be Puffy. God Bless America.

Gavin and Ritchie head inside where the Concierge waits quietly.

RITCHIE

Tip him.

Gavin turns the Concierge side-to-side, drapes an arm across his shoulder and walks him to the door.

GAVIN

Got a comb?

The Concierge hands Gavin a comb. Gavin proceeds to comb and style the Concierge's hair.

GAVIN

Parts on the left, never down the center. You look like Alfalfa. Stop going to Super Cuts. This is Beverly Hills. Go to a salon and get a real barber.

Gavin slips the comb into the Concierge's shirt pocket and sends him on his way. Ritchie gives him a look.

GAVIN

What? You said tip him. He's lucky I didn't tip his ass over.

Ritchie grabs the hotel menu.

RITCHIE

I'm hungry. Let's eat.

95 INT. WORTHINGTON PENTHOUSE - DAY

95

Gavin and Ritchie sit in their seats, bloated.

GAVIN

What age is almost eighteen?



RITCHIE

Oh, I'm sorry. Are we friends now?

GAVIN

C'mon.

RITCHIE

(beat)

Sixteen.

GAVIN

Kinda small aren't you? And what's up with your hair?

Gavin grabs his briefcase. He removes a comb, mirror, electric clippers, shears and an apron. He approaches Ritchie.

RITCHIE

Oh, no! You're not touching my head!

GAVIN

Relax. I'm the best-- was the best...back when I did this.

Gavin fans the apron around Ritchie and fastens it. He combs his hair, taking care to be gentle.

GAVIN

Tell me about yourself...school. If we're gonna be partners...

Ritchie conceals a smile.

RITCHIE

Schools okay. I guess.

GAVIN

You got a lot of friends? You popular?

RITCHIE

No, not really.

(sheepish)

I got a bully.

GAVIN

Get out of here, a bully?

(off Ritchie's nod)

He beat you up?

RITCHIE

No, he paints my nails and bakes me cookies!

96 EXT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - DAY 96

Worthington steps from the back of a Bentley limo. He makes his way toward the house while talking on the phone.

WORTHINGTON  
(into phone)  
I'm fully aware of the company's  
position concerning that matter.

97 INT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - CONTINUOUS 97

Worthington approaches Ritchie's room. He opens the door and peeks in. Empty. He closes the door with a concerned look about him.

WORTHINGTON  
(into phone)  
The kids?  
(beat)  
The kids are...the kids are fine.  
Just fine.

98 INT. WORTHINGTON PENTHOUSE - DAY 98

Gavin works diligently on Ritchie's hair. The hum of electric clippers fills the room.

GAVIN  
You got a girlfriend?

RITCHIE  
W...what?

GAVIN  
A girlfriend. A lady. Do you have  
one?

RITCHIE  
(low)  
No.

GAVIN  
Say what?

RITCHIE  
You heard me.

GAVIN  
Uh, oh! What's her name?

Ritchie buries his chin in his chest. He's blushing.

GAVIN  
 Seriously, what's her name?

RITCHIE  
 Candy.

GAVIN  
Candy? You got a crush on a stripper?

Ritchie tries to hit Gavin. Nobody talks bad about Candy.

RITCHIE  
 It's short for Candelyn.

GAVIN  
 Candelyn, huh? Tell me about  
 Candelyn.

RITCHIE  
 Like what?

GAVIN  
 Like...I don't know. She fine?

Ritchie slumps and slides out of the chair onto the floor, a young man head over heels. Gavin watches as he lies there staring at the ceiling.

RITCHIE  
 My God. You don't know the half.

GAVIN  
 She's so fine she melts you, huh?

99 INT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - STEPHANIE'S ROOM - DAY

99

Stephanie kneads the Cheddar Pink into a transfer pot, sprinkles water on it and sets it out in the sun.

COMPUTER LAB

Horatio stares at his monitor.

HORATIO  
 It hasn't moved. It's frozen like a  
 black man when the cops yell freeze.

Byrne, Tina and Jack stand near ready to move. Luzon is unconscious in a chair next to Horatio.

BYRNE  
 Is it possible to rig another phone?

HORATIO

It could be done. Gonna take some time though.

Byrne ponders a minute.

100 INT. WORTHINGTON PENTHOUSE - DAY

100

Ritchie's still on the floor dreaming of his beloved Candelyn.

RITCHIE

It hurts when I look at her, when I think of her. Really. It physically hurts!

GAVIN

Buy looser pants.

Ritchie gives Gavin the evil eye.

RITCHIE

I don't think of her that way.

GAVIN

Of course not. Probably still a virgin.

RITCHIE

What?

GAVIN

I'll take that as a yes. Shoot, go on and rub that first one on out. No shame in battle testing your equipment.

Ritchie sits back down. Gavin starts to cut.

RITCHIE

You did that, huh? Probably still do.

GAVIN

That's none of your damn business!

RITCHIE

I'll take that as a yes.

101 INT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - DAY

101

The Mercedes pulls out of the driveway. Seconds later, Big Moe's Cadillac pulls away from the curb several houses up.

102 INT. WORTHINGTON PENTHOUSE - DAY

102

Gavin massages a gel into Ritchie's hair then styles it.

GAVIN

You haven't talked birds and bees  
with your dad have you?

RITCHIE

"Birds and bees?" What're you, sixty?

GAVIN

So, what's the story with your mom?

Long silence.

RITCHIE

She took off when I was little. She  
accused my father of still being in  
love with Stephanie's mother.  
According to him, anyway. Crazy,  
huh?

Gavin listens attentively.

RITCHIE

We wrote her. Birthdays, Christmas.  
She never wrote back. Been about  
five years now.

(sobbing)

I try to remember...if I was a bad  
kid or something, but...

Tears roll down Ritchie's face. Gavin kneels in front of him  
and blots them with his apron.

GAVIN

Don't ever think that. You didn't  
do anything wrong. You didn't ask  
to be brought here. You were invited.

Gavin holds up the mirror. Ritchie stares into it admiring  
his fresh haircut which makes him look older and more mature.

RITCHIE

For a detective you're one hell of  
a barber.

103 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DAY

103

Byrne, Tina and Jack stride through the lobby toward the  
elevators. They hop on the first one available.

Big Moe, not far behind, watches as the trio enter the elevator. He steps over and watches as the floor numbers illuminate.

104 INT. WORTHINGTON PENTHOUSE - DAY

104

Gavin packs his briefcase. Ritchie sits in a chair staring at the floor.

RITCHIE

This is all my fault.

(beat)

We gotta get her back!

GAVIN

We will, just calm down.

RITCHIE

No, you don't understand. My father finds out I caused this...he'll never forgive me.

GAVIN

Relax. You're acting real white right now and it's freaking me out.

The doorbell rings. Gavin makes sure Ritchie is OK before moving for the door.

GAVIN

I'm gonna get the door then we'll figure this whole thing out.

Gavin opens the door to find...

Byrne, Tina and Jack. Surprise!

BYRNE

Roaches check in...

Jack pinches Gavin's shoulder. Gavin flops face first out into the hallway, unconscious. Jack hoists him up by a belt loop as Byrne and Tina enter the room.

Big Moe rounds the hallway corner where he catches a glimpse of Gavin's head before it disappears behind the closing door.

105 INT. WORTHINGTON PENTHOUSE - DAY

105

Byrne and Jack look at the view from the deck. Byrne sips on a mixed drink.

Ritchie sits next to Gavin who's laid out on the sofa with Tina towering over him. She slaps him one time.

He comes around.

TINA

He's awake.

Byrne and Jack return. Jack closes the sliding glass door behind him.

BYRNE

You are costing me a lot of time  
and money. Who are you and how did  
you get this?

Byrne holds up the original modified cell phone. Gavin immediately points at Ritchie.

RITCHIE

Snitch.

BYRNE

(to Ritchie)  
And who might you be?

Ritchie stays silent. Jack approaches him, his huge hands out in front of him. Ritchie reels at the sight of them. Gavin's eyes widen.

GAVIN

Damn! Hollywood called. King Kong  
needs his hands back.

Jack glances at his hands self consciously.

IN THE HALLWAY

Big Moe stands at the door trying to listen in. He psyches himself up by taking successive hits off the inhaler.

WORTHINGTON PENTHOUSE

Big Moe crashes through the door!

Byrne quick draws his Walther, but Big Moe is never outdone. He draws his Desert Eagle making it an old fashioned duel.

GAVIN

Look, they playing fat boys and  
Indians. How'd you find me, Moe?

BIG MOE

Do-Low said whatever it takes.

RITCHIE

Who is that and what's a "Do-Low?"

GAVIN

That's my overzealous rent collector.  
Do-Low is a man. He runs the city.  
We came up together.

BIG MOE

I'm here for the money, Gavin.

BYRNE

So am I and the line stars here.

Gavin stands behind Byrne.

GAVIN

Careful how you talk to him. That  
gun is new.

BYRNE

Jack.

Jack steps in front of Byrne and pinches Big Moe's shoulder.  
Big Moe's eyes roll back in his head as he reels for what  
seems an eternity. Suddenly, he drops like a bomb, snoring.

BYRNE

That's better. Now, where were we?

Byrne and Jack face Gavin. Behind them, Big Moe stands up,  
back from the dead. Byrne and Jack avert their attention  
back to him.

BIG MOE

Interrupted the flow to my brain.  
Makes me pass out.

Jack reaches for him again, but Big Moe swipes his hand aside  
and rushes him. The two behemoths plow into Byrne making him  
drop the cell phone. He steps aside and allows Jack and Big  
Moe to run into Gavin.

PENTHOUSE DECK

The sliding glass door shatters, showering chunks of glass  
diamonds on Gavin as he is bulldozed clear through it,  
followed by Jack and Big Moe.

Gavin grabs hold of the rope used to raise the American flag  
as the trio busts through the deck railing.

Jack tumbles ten stories. Byrne and Tina look over the rail  
and witness Jack touch down into the pool below.

Big Moe grabs hold of Gavin as they pitch off the edge of  
the deck.



Suspended in mid-air, Big Moe clutches Gavin's belt. Gavin hangs on for dear life under the strain of his own weight plus the added poundage of Big Moe.

Byrne and Tina return inside to find Ritchie and the cell phone gone.

IN THE HALLWAY

Ritchie sprints for the elevators.

106 EXT. WORTHINGTON PENTHOUSE DECK - DAY

106

The flagpole supporting Gavin and Big Moe starts to crack. Big Moe claws at Gavin's clothes desperate for a better grip.

BIG MOE

Pull me up Gavin. The air's thin up here-- I can't breathe.

GAVIN

Moe, you big monkey mouth! I'm trying to get the rent and you're messing it up!

Gavin and Big Moe start to sway.

BIG MOE

Pull me up!

GAVIN

Pull you up? What am I, a crane?

Big Moe continues to claw away.

GAVIN

Stop moving! I'll help you up, but...I need an extension on the rent.

BIG MOE

No, no, no. Hell no!

GAVIN

If we fall I'm not gonna be around to pay and you're not gonna be around to collect.

BIG MOE

I can't! Do-Low will have my head.

GAVIN

Not if I don't save your ass!

BIG MOE

OK. One week.

GAVIN

One week? I need at least ten days.

(silence)

I can't hear you.

BIG MOE

OK, ten days, ten days!

Gavin unbuckles his belt. Big Moe goes crazy, clawing and pawing. The flagpole crack doubles.

BIG MOE

What are you doing?!

GAVIN

Helping you. Now remember, arch your back...enter the water straight.

BIG MOE

Gavinnnnn!!!

Gavin's belt goes slack. Big Moe plummets the ten stories and belly flops into the pool. Gavin screws his face -- ow, then...

THE FLAGPOLE SNAPS!

Gavin drops two floors. The rope pulls taut against the deck. Gavin swings out away from the deck then back toward another sliding glass door.

107 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - SUITE TWO FLOORS DOWN - DAY 107

Gavin bursts through another window pane! He lands hard on the carpet. Glass shards cascade all around him. He lies still. Pained.

108 EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DAY 108

Byrne and Tina exit. There's no sign of Ritchie. They move to the Mercedes where Byrne smashes his fist on the roof.

109 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 109

Ritchie watches as the Mercedes pulls up to a pool-side entrance. A soaking wet Jack climbs in back and the car drives off.

Ritchie spots Gavin limping out of the entrance of the hotel. He drives over.

RITCHIE

Get in.

GAVIN

I just flew through two plate-glass windows.

RITCHIE

And it was totally amazing. Now get in here.

Gavin climbs in slow and elderly. Ritchie guns out of there.

110 EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - POOL - DAY 110

Big Moe doggie paddles to the side and pulls himself up. He collapses.

111 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 111

Ritchie flows with the traffic.

GAVIN

I think I messed up.

RITCHIE

What?

GAVIN

We may be in over our heads.

RITCHIE

Don't you quit on me now.  
(pointing)  
Look.

Gavin sits up and takes a look. The Mercedes cruises several cars in front of them.

GAVIN

Good job Junior Crime Dog.

112 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 112

Ritchie pulls over to a curb. He watches the Mercedes pull into the garage of the beach house. He nudges Gavin awake.

113 EXT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - DAY 113

Gavin and Ritchie creep along the side of the house.

A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

Zeros in on them as they come into range.

114 INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

114

HORATIO'S MONITOR

Shows Gavin and Ritchie from the camera's perspective. Horatio and Byrne watch closely.

HORATIO  
Foxes in the hen house.

BYRNE  
Show them in.

Horatio goes to work punching keys.

115 EXT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - DAY

115

Gavin and Ritchie come to a door. Gavin tries the knob.

RITCHIE  
You know, I was just thinking.

GAVIN  
What about? Damn it. It's locked.

RITCHIE  
Pick it.

GAVIN  
You got a credit card?

RITCHIE  
Yeah.

GAVIN  
Give it to me.

RITCHIE  
What for?

GAVIN  
Just give it to me.

RITCHIE  
Back at the hotel...how'd they know  
to find us there?

Ritchie removes a credit card from his velcro wallet. He hands it to Gavin who regards it a second too long.

RITCHIE  
I mean...what?

GAVIN  
This is an American Express card.

RITCHIE  
What? You only accept Visa?

GAVIN  
It's black.

RITCHIE  
C'mon. Not the black thing again.  
Can you pick the lock or not?!

GAVIN  
Course I can. P.I. ain't I?

Gavin starts on the lock. It's obvious he has no clue.

RITCHIE  
So, how'd they know?

GAVIN  
I don't know.  
(beat)  
They know everything else. Why not?

RITCHIE  
It's too easy. I bet we're bugged.

GAVIN  
We're not bugged.  
(beat)  
What's your limit?

RITCHIE  
Ain't no limit, soldier.

GAVIN  
No limit? No limit?

Gavin sifts through his pockets and removes two bobby-pins.  
He hands the credit card back to Ritchie.

GAVIN  
Keep that. After we solve this thing  
you're buying me something shiny.

Gavin bends the clips and jams them in the keyhole. He jiggles  
them with no results. He continues when suddenly the door  
just...pops open.

GAVIN  
Open sesame. I'm a bad man.

Ritchie stares in awe. Gavin plays along knowing damn well he had nothing to do with it.

116 INT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

116

Gavin and Ritchie creep through the foyer where they're confronted by a trio of doors. Ritchie shrugs.

RITCHIE

They already know we're here so  
just pick one.

Gavin opens a door while looking at Ritchie so he doesn't see Jack standing behind it. But Ritchie does.

GAVIN

Nobody knows we're here. You know  
why?

RITCHIE

Gavin, look--

Jack draws his massive fist back and POW! He smashes Gavin in the face! Gavin falls out, unconscious again.

RITCHIE

...out. Ouch.

117 INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

117

Stephanie, Ritchie and Gavin are all tied to chairs. Gavin, stripped down to his boxer shorts, wears a neck collar with a BLACK BOX attached to it. His eye is the size of a softball.

Tina slaps him. He comes around.

RITCHIE

I told you we we're bugged, but  
look who I found.

Gavin looks over, sees Stephanie. He smiles before realizing...

GAVIN

Damn! They broke me down to my  
skivvies! And a dog collar!

Byrne enters poring over several SHEETS OF PAPER. He pauses, stares at Stephanie a long while before crumpling the pages and dropping them at his feet. He removes Gavin's wallet from his coat pocket and rifles through it stopping at Gavin's barbers license.

BYRNE

Gavin Bonds.  
 (re: license)  
 Is this real?

Gavin looks at Ritchie, fear on his face. He gives a slight confirming nod.

BYRNE

What are you doing here?

RITCHIE

He's looking for my sister and we found her 'cause he's a private dick. A black one!

GAVIN

Shh. Don't provoke the man.

BYRNE

Is that what you told him?  
 (off silence)  
 Amusing.

Byrne drops the wallet at Gavin's feet then holds up the cell phone.

BYRNE

Did Worthington give you this?

GAVIN

No. He did.

Ritchie does a slow burn toward Gavin.

RITCHIE

You need to stop snitching.  
 (to Byrne)  
 I stole it.  
 (to Stephanie)  
 I'm sorry. It was for dad and I took it. I...I'm sorry.

STEPHANIE

It's OK. I like the haircut...it's a good look on you.

GAVIN

Look, let the kids go. If you want to know something just let big momma here take me upstairs and pump me for information.

Gavin smiles at Tina who growls back at him.

BYRNE

Who would pay thirty million for you?

STEPHANIE

Who are you? Why are you doing this?

BYRNE

My name is Damascus Byrne. Several years ago I was in negotiations with your father to build a hotel and casino on the reservation of my people, the Cahuilla Indians.

RITCHIE'S BINDS

Slowly start to loosen up as he tugs at them.

BYRNE

After lots of red tape your father finally managed to get them built. At the same time he also managed to steal from me the only woman I've ever loved...

(to Stephanie)

Your mother.

Gavin and Ritchie look at Stephanie. She looks back and shrugs.

GAVIN

So how does kidnapping the daughter of that woman fit into all of this?

BYRNE

Last year my tribe voted to have me removed from my seat on the council ending my ability to partake in profit sharing of the very enterprise I helped them create!

GAVIN

You said "profit sharing?"

BYRNE

Correct.

GAVIN

I don't know if you can tell, but I got some Indian in me, too.

BYRNE

(smirks)

Really? What kind?



GAVIN  
 (clears throat)  
 Blackfeet.

Stephanie guffaws. Byrne is less than amused.

BYRNE  
 You have a very smart mouth, Mr.  
 Bonds. What else have you got to  
 say?

GAVIN  
 What do you want to know?

BYRNE  
 Everything. JACK!!

A toilet flushes and Jack exits the bathroom.

GAVIN  
 You didn't wash your hands.

Jack places those dirty hands on Gavin's face, prying his  
 mouth open as wide as it'll go. Gavin cries out loud.

FADE OUT:

SUPERIMPOSE: 22 SECONDS LATER

FADE IN:

118 INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

118

Gavin blubbers like a baby.

GAVIN  
 ...I told you. My name is Gavin  
 Antwan Bonds. I was born July 25th,  
 1965. I...I'm a Leo.

BYRNE  
 Stop your babbling.

GAVIN  
 You said you wanted to know  
 everything.

BYRNE  
 Jack.

GAVIN  
 No!  
 (MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

(low)

Go to a safe place. Find a safe place. *Sailing takes me away...soon I will be freeeee...*

BYRNE

Jack!!

Gavin screams again.

119 INT. COMPUTER LAB - LATER

119

Gavin is worn out. Roughed up. His head hangs low. Drool streams from his mouth to the floor. Ritchie and Stephanie speak in hushed tones.

Horatio sits away from them, his attention focused on a video game.

RITCHIE

What's that around his neck?

STEPHANIE

It's a bomb. See...

Stephanie shakes her leg. Ritchie looks down at the black box.

STEPHANIE

Who is he?

RITCHIE

He's a detective.

GAVIN

(sluggish)

They're gonna kill us.

RITCHIE

No they're not. I'm...almost...free.

GAVIN

You were in the Boy Scouts, huh?

RITCHIE

Three years.

GAVIN

Don't see too many brothers in the scouts. I could've been a scout. I like the cookies.

RITCHIE  
That's the Girl Scouts.

GAVIN  
Really?  
(beat)  
Where is everybody?

RITCHIE  
They left after you passed out a  
third time. Now there's only him.

Ritchie nods toward Horatio then slouches in his chair.

RITCHIE  
I got it.

Ritchie wiggles out of his rope. He kneels next to Gavin's wallet and starts to open it.

GAVIN  
No! Don't worry about that. Untie  
me.

Ritchie sets the wallet down and unties Gavin. Gavin grabs his chair and heads for Horatio as Ritchie works on Stephanie.

GAVIN  
Hey, my man?

Horatio looks up and POW! Gavin wallops him. The chair disintegrates over his head. Horatio slumps to the ground, unconscious. Gavin kneels and massages his afro.

GAVIN  
That's a nice, neat 'fro you got  
there.

Gavin then picks up the CRUMPLED PAGES that Byrne discarded. He smooths them out and reads. Like Byrne, he pauses, staring at Stephanie with concern. He folds them up and adds them to his pile of clothes.

GAVIN  
What's the quickest way outta here?

STEPHANIE'S ROOM

Gavin opens the sliding glass door. He starts to step out when Stephanie yanks him back.

STEPHANIE  
You can't go outside. The bomb will  
go off.

Gavin scans the room, his mind racing. What to do?

COMPUTER LAB

Jack enters to find Horatio out cold. He runs off.

STEPHANIE'S ROOM

Gavin kneels and examines the laser checkpoint closely. He waves his hand through the beam.

STEPHANIE  
Watch out for my plant.

Gavin moves the Cheddar Pink aside.

GAVIN  
The box crossing the beam must be  
what activates it. We need--

Crash! Gavin and Stephanie turn. Ritchie holds two shards of broken glass. Behind him the vanity mirror is destroyed.

120 EXT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - DAY 120

Byrne, Tina, and Luzon relax with pool-side drinks when Jack rushes out.

JACK  
They've escaped!

121 INT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - STEPHANIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 121

Stephanie and Ritchie each hold a shard of glass on either side of the checkpoint as Gavin carefully steps through the sliding glass door. The black box remains silent.

GAVIN  
Mission possible!

RITCHIE  
Hold the glass so she can get clear.

STEPHANIE  
No. I'm not going.

GAVIN & RITCHIE  
WHAT?!

STEPHANIE  
There's some things--

Jack's massive fist busts through Stephanie's door and blindly searches for the knob.

He gets it open and goes right for her.

Gavin hops on Jack's back. Jack twirls and backs into the wall leaving Gavin embedded in it. Jack grabs Gavin by the throat and hoists him up. Gavin pokes Jack in the eyes Three Stooges style. Jack releases him.

GAVIN

Let's get outta here.

Gavin steps back through the door. Stephanie stands. The mirror is still in her hand. The laser's continuity is now broken. It causes Gavin's collar to beep.

GAVIN

I'm being paged.

STEPHANIE

That's no page! That's the bomb!

Gavin freaks. He dances on either side of the checkpoint like he's jumping rope. It doesn't have the effect desired.

Jack regains his sight. He grabs Gavin by the collar and spins him like a merry-go-round.

GAVIN'S COLLAR

Starts to unravel at the seams.

Jack and Gavin spin around a few more times before the collar splits! Gavin is thrown through the wall and into the next room.

Jack now holds the collar in his hands. It beeps like mad.

GAVIN

Get down!

Stephanie pushes Ritchie through the sliding glass door then jumps under the bed. They lock eyes while covering up.

The collar DETONATES! It blows Jack clear through the door!

Gavin crawls through the hole back into Stephanie's room. Ritchie comes in from outside. They all look after Jack.

GAVIN

Damn! He broke up like a crash dummy!

Gavin takes Stephanie's hand. She jerks it back.

GAVIN

We're leaving. Now!

STEPHANIE

I can't leave. Not yet.

RITCHIE

We came here for you!

STEPHANIE

I'm sorry, but...it's Byrne. He...  
knows things. You understand, right?

RITCHIE

Yeah, but...we risked our lives.

GAVIN

If I don't get you back I don't get  
paid! Did I mention we risked--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Slugs smash into the wall right between  
Gavin and Stephanie. Everyone ducks for cover.

Byrne blindly FIRES through a crevice where Jack and the  
black box exploded.

STEPHANIE

Get out of here. Come back with the  
police.

Angry. Frustrated. Gavin exchanges looks between Ritchie and  
Stephanie.

BLAM! BLAM! Byrne FIRES more.

GAVIN

Damn it!

Gavin ushers Ritchie out the sliding glass door. They dash  
off.

Tina and Luzon join Byrne to find what's left of Jack buried  
under a mound of smoking wood and drywall. Stephanie peeks  
out from under the bed. Tina snatches her up by her hair.

BYRNE

Why didn't you run?

STEPHANIE

Maybe you're not the only one with  
ulterior motives.

BYRNE

If you only knew. Take her  
downstairs. Do not let her out of  
your sight.

(MORE)

BYRNE (CONT'D)  
 (to Luzon)  
 You come with me.

122 EXT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 122

Gavin and Ritchie sprint to the Honda. Gavin's still in his boxers. Ritchie goes to get in when Gavin stops him.

GAVIN  
 Allow me.

123 EXT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - DAY 123

Ritchie's Honda streaks past the house with Gavin at the wheel. A second later the Mercedes rips through the garage door in hot pursuit!

124 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY 124

It's near the end of a beautiful day. The sunset paints the clouds with changing hues of orange, gold and blue.

125 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 125

Gavin pushes the little Japanese machine as he downshifts and double clutches. Ritchie's helpless and forced to endure Gavin's reckless driving.

GAVIN  
 Your sister's a real piece of work.

RITCHIE  
 I can't believe you just left her there.

GAVIN  
 She didn't want to come! You heard her.

RITCHIE  
 You're gonna listen to her? She's a kidnap victim. She's traumatized!

GAVIN  
 Yeah, a victim with her own plan. She's staying for a reason. Trust me.

RITCHIE  
 What reason?

GAVIN

I don't know! That's between her,  
your father...and Byrne.

RITCHIE

Whatever. You're not doing what  
you're paid to be doing!

GAVIN

You better watch some TV or listen  
to some music 'cause I'm not even  
trying to hear that!

Gavin turns on the radio. More heart pounding bass. But rather  
than turn it down he pumps it louder.

RITCHIE

Thought you didn't like rap?

GAVIN

What black man you know doesn't  
like a little rap?

(beat)

I like rap. I like that gangster,  
road rage rap. Tupac. DMX-- grrr! *I  
won't deny ya, I'm a straight  
rider...*

RITCHIE

You're a straight idiot.

THE MERCEDES

With Byrne at the wheel brings up the rear in a big hurry.  
He mirrors Gavin's every move.

126 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

126

The Mercedes powers into the Honda's bumper smashing it.  
Once. Twice. The fiberglass body cracks and splinters.

The two fast moving vehicles zip in-and-out of traffic like  
lab mice through a maze. The Mercedes aligns itself alongside  
the rear quarter panel of the Honda then cuts hard into it.  
The Honda spins into a wild 360 across several lanes.

127 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - CONTINUOUS

127

Gavin screams. He yanks the hand brake, downshifts and  
recovers. Days of Thunder. Ritchie is anchored to his seat  
with both hands.

RITCHIE

That was awesome! How'd you do that?



GAVIN

When I was a kid I had a Green Machine.

RITCHIE

Technically this could be considered child endangerment.

GAVIN

Yeah? Well technically, I could push your little biscuit-head out the car without stopping. Say you jumped.

Ritchie sinks down in his seat. Bested by Gavin.

128 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY 128

A sea of red taillights awaits as traffic thickens.

129 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 129

Ritchie looks back. The Mercedes is right there.

RITCHIE

Get off. We're sitting ducks in traffic.

Gavin pulls the Honda onto the median and guns it. He's hugging the center divider.

130 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY 130

The Mercedes follows, its fit more snug. It plows through slapping the side view mirrors of every idling car.

The Honda speeds past. Up ahead the center divider eliminates a third of the shoulder space.

131 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY 131

Ritchie shows concern knowing the space is too small even for this compact car.

RITCHIE

We're not going to fit.

132 INT. MERCEDES - DAY 132

BYRNE

They're not going to fit.

133 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - DAY

133

Gavin presses on with confidence. Ritchie looks on with unease.

GAVIN

We'll fit. Don't think so much.  
Driving is something done best on a  
subconscious level.

RITCHIE

Are you nuts?

GAVIN

On second thought...nah. We're fine.

RITCHIE

Stop the car!

The Honda is full steam ahead. Sparks fly off the guard rail. Metal grinds metal. The side view mirrors and door handles are immediately sheared off.

134 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

134

The Mercedes pulls to a stop at the shoulder reduction. Byrne hops out. All he can do is watch as Gavin and Ritchie slip away.

135 EXT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - DAY

135

The Honda sits in the driveway, a twisted mess of metal. Gavin and Ritchie walk toward the front door with Ritchie stealing glances at his car. He shakes his head in contempt.

GAVIN

You were right you know. There wasn't  
enough room.

RITCHIE

No shit, Sherlock.

Bentley opens the door. Worthington steps into the opening, fuming.

WORTHINGTON

Richard, where have you been? Mr.  
Bonds, would you care to explain  
this?

RITCHIE

We found--

WORTHINGTON

Richard, please. Mr. Bonds, sir.  
I'm waiting.

Gavin observes as Ritchie steps back, rejected.

GAVIN

What I think your son's trying to  
tell you is that we found your  
daughter. We found Stephanie.

Worthington's eyes light up. He cannot believe what he's  
heard.

136 INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

136

Byrne and Luzon descend the stairs to the lab. Horatio sits  
at the monitor, an ice pack pressed to his head.

BYRNE

Are the mainframes armed?

HORATIO

Yes.

BYRNE

It's because of you our location is  
compromised.

(draws the Walther)

If you weren't such a wizard I  
would've killed you sooner.

HORATIO

Now, hold on a second, Big Red.

Byrne FIRES two slugs into Horatio blowing him from the chair.

BYRNE

Beside, I never got your sense of  
humor.

(to Luzon)

Pack it up. We're leaving.

Byrne exits. He passes by several blinking LED lights attached  
to the sides of the mainframes.

137 EXT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - DAY

137

Byrne pulls Stephanie by the wrist toward the awaiting  
Mercedes. She drops the Cheddar Pink as he forces her into  
the rear of the car. The transfer pot slaps the ground  
discharging the soil and blooming flower.

Byrne returns to the house. He props the cell phone up against the front door. He regards it a moment, smiles devilishly and strides off.

138 EXT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - DAY

138

A jet-black limo, followed by a parade of police cruisers all with sirens blaring, pulls up to the beach house. Gavin, Ritchie and Worthington exit the limo.

Several UNIFORMED OFFICERS gather around, service pistols drawn. The SERGEANT in charge approaches Gavin.

SERGEANT

This the place?

Gavin and Ritchie exchange a glance. Gavin nods.

Three officers fan out across the property.

SERGEANT

I'm sending spotters 'round back.  
If your daughter's in there we'll  
get her back.

GAVIN

Something's not right.

There's a faint ringing in the distance.

OFFICER

Hey, Serge, have a look at this?

SERGEANT

(to group)  
Stay here.

The Sergeant joins an Officer at the front door. The cell phone propped against the door is ringing.

OFFICER

Just started ringing. What do you  
make of it?

The Sergeant looks around then down at the phone. He scowls -  
"Should I answer it?"

Gavin spots the Cheddar Pink. He kneels, sweeps the soil back into the transfer pot. He observes the Sergeant and Officer talking by the door. Their conversation is inaudible to him.

GAVIN

What's the hold up?

SERGEANT  
Sir, go back to your vehicle!

Gavin watches as the Sergeant picks up the phone.

GAVIN  
No, don't answer--

ON CELL PHONE

As the Sergeant pushes the TALK button.

139 INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS 139

ON ANOTHER CELL PHONE

This time in Byrne's hand. He pushes ZERO.

BYRNE  
Boom.

140 INT. COMPUTER LAB - CONTINUOUS 140

The blinking LED lights attached to the mainframes stop blinking. A long monotone beep sweeps through the lab.

141 EXT. BEACH-FRONT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 141

The numeric tone associated with the number zero is the last sound the Sergeant will ever hear because...

The beach-front house EXPLODES!

Wood. Concrete. Bricks, dirt and debris shoot out in a million directions. The Sergeant and the Officer's charred bodies are sent hurtling into the atmosphere. No autopsies needed.

Gavin is knocked to the pavement by the concussion blast.

Worthington tackles Ritchie into the safety of the limo.

Everyone comes up, all eyes on the fiery blaze. Gavin can't believe what just happened. Worthington staggers toward the house. He drops to his knees and sifts through random pieces of debris.

142 INT. WORTHINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY 142

Worthington's slumped in his chair. Ritchie and Gavin stand before him. Gavin sets his wallet and the Cheddar Pink down on the desk.

WORTHINGTON

Mr. Bonds, you fail to realize my daughter may have just been incinerated!

RITCHIE

But, why would--

WORTHINGTON

Richard, please. This is no time for--

RITCHIE

Dad, seriously. Think about it--

WORTHINGTON

Seriously, Richard? You don't know shit!

Worthington stands. He's livid. He faces off with Ritchie. Neither one budes. Gavin places a hand on Ritchie's shoulder.

GAVIN

I think what Ritchie's trying to--

Ritchie shrugs Gavin's hand away, turns and walks out. Worthington slumps back into his chair with a sigh.

Gavin saunters over to a bookcase where he runs his finger along the spines of several hardcover books. He stops on a dictionary, plucks it from the shelf and leafs through the pages.

WORTHINGTON

Ah, I don't know what's wrong with that kid.

Gavin runs his finger down the page stopping on the word...

ALTRUISTIC

Gavin reads the definition low and to himself.

GAVIN

"Altruistic: Unselfish interest in the welfare of others."

Gavin smirks. Bested by Ritchie. He shuts the dictionary and places it back on the shelf.

WORTHINGTON

You say something?

GAVIN

There is nothing wrong with that kid.

Worthington sits up, his interest peaked.

GAVIN

You may know about multimillion dollar ventures, or casinos for money starved Indians. But when it comes to dealing with children...you're the one who doesn't know shit. Pardon my language, sir.

WORTHINGTON

What did you say?

GAVIN

You heard me. You know exactly what I'm talking about.

Gavin unfolds the PAPERS BYRNE DISCARDED IN THE COMPUTER LAB. He floats them across the table. Worthington puts on his reading glasses, grabs the papers and reads. His face slowly drains of color.

GAVIN

You better find out what's inside your son before you lose him, too.

Gavin and Ritchie stare coldly at each other for a second.

143 INT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - DAY

143

Gavin joins Ritchie in the foyer.

GAVIN

J-C-D, what's up? Pound it.

Gavin extends his hand, his wallet held inside. Ritchie pounds him and jars the wallet loose.

GAVIN'S WALLET

Falls, slaps the floor and opens up revealing Gavin's BARBER LICENSE. Ritchie scoops up the wallet and gapes at the license. He's momentarily shocked.

GAVIN

I...I can explain.

RITCHIE

You can explain?

GAVIN

I was in trouble. You came along  
and dropped that phone in my lap. I  
just figured...

Ritchie trudges off without saying a word. Gavin grabs him  
by the shoulder. Ritchie shakes him off.

RITCHIE

You lied. That whole act--  
everything! It was all bullshit,  
wasn't it?

GAVIN

How can you say--

RITCHIE

Wasn't it?!!

GAVIN

How can you say that? We found her.  
You and me. Together. We found  
Stephanie.

Ritchie stares a hole in Gavin's head. He's got tears in his  
eyes.

RITCHIE

Get out of here.  
(beat)  
Get out!!

Gavin snatches up his wallet and walks off. He stops in the  
open door and turns.

GAVIN

It wasn't bullshit. Not all of it.

RITCHIE

Now I know.

GAVIN

Yeah. What's that?

RITCHIE

What kind of a dick you really are.

Ritchie musses his hair in defiance. Gavin looks to the floor  
then heads out.

The home telephone in the foyer rings. Ritchie answers it.



- 144 EXT. MERCEDES - DAY 144  
Byrne talks on his cell phone.  
BYRNE  
Mr. Worthington please.
- 145 INT. LIMO - DAY 145  
Ritchie jumps in the back of his father's limo. He hands the Driver a twenty and a piece of paper.
- 146 INT. LIMO - DAY 146  
Ritchie stares out the window as the limo comes to a stop. He sees Gavin sitting at a bus stop holding the Cheddar Pink. He watches Gavin fade from sight as the limo drives off.
- 147 EXT. LONG BEACH - GERALD DESMOND BRIDGE - NIGHT 147  
The limo heads over the bridge toward the harbor. The moon and dock lights reflect on the calm water.
- 148 EXT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 148  
The limo makes a sharp turn and pulls up to a boat warehouse. Ritchie climbs out.  
A roof mounted surveillance camera spies him.
- 149 INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 149  
VIDEO MONITOR  
The feed from the roof camera shows Ritchie on the dock.  
Byrne, Tina and Luzon watch from an elevated office. Stephanie sits bound and gagged in a chair nearby.  
BYRNE  
Go and bring him back.  
Luzon pulls a length of yo-yo twine taut between his hands.  
BYRNE  
Be gentle. He's just a kid.
- 150 EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT 150  
Gavin steps off a city bus. The bus chugs away leaving him in a cloud of exhaust.

151 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 151

Gavin ambles along dead on his feet. He passes a HOMELESS MAN lying on the ground with a change cup held high.

HOMELESS MAN  
Spare some change, mister?

Gavin looks at the man a beat before going into his pocket. He starts to remove his hand, but pauses.

152 INT. DINNER - NIGHT 152

A deserted mom-and-pop burger joint. Gavin sits in a booth with his new friend, Homeless Man. They both sip steaming cups of coffee when a waitress, her nose pinched between two fingers, ushers a tray of food to the table. Gavin slides her a fiver.

GAVIN  
For the smell.

She clinches it and takes off. Gavin slides the tray in front of the Homeless Man who digs in ferociously. Gavin scoots over waving his hand under his nose.

153 INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 153

Byrne pushes Ritchie into a chair and hands him a cell phone.

BYRNE  
I want you to call your father.

Ritchie pauses then dials.

154 INT. WORTHINGTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT 154

Worthington remains in his chair, anguished. His phone rings and rings. He finally picks up.

WORTHINGTON  
Hello? What?  
(listens)  
I don't believe this!  
(beat)  
Yes. I'm perfectly happy with my  
long distance carrier!

155 INT. DINNER - NIGHT 155

Homeless Man devours a slice of pie. Gavin nurses his coffee when his phone rings. He let's it. Homeless Man looks at him - "You gonna answer that?" Gavin gives him a look in return.

GAVIN  
 Yeah, yeah. What're you looking at,  
 stinky?  
 (into phone)  
 Who is it?

RITCHIE  
 Dad?

INTERCUT GAVIN AND RITCHIE

GAVIN  
 Ritchie?

RITCHIE  
 I'm in a ware--

Byrne snatches the phone from Ritchie.

BYRNE  
 Richard?

GAVIN  
 Guess again, red-man.

Byrne shoots an ice cold stare at Ritchie.

BYRNE  
 Is this the barber?

GAVIN  
 That's right. And if you touch one  
 hair on his head--

BYRNE  
 What? What can you possibly do?

GAVIN  
 I'll scalp you, chief.

156 INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

156

Speechless, Byrne hangs up. He slaps Ritchie something awful  
 across the face knocking him from the chair. Ritchie cowers  
 on the floor, blood in the corner of his mouth.

BYRNE  
 Tie him...to his sister.

Byrne reflects a moment then dials a number.

157 INT. WORTHINGTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

157

Worthington is still at his desk. The phone rings again.

WORTHINGTON  
 (answers)  
 Look asshole--

BYRNE  
 Richard...

INTERCUT BYRNE AND WORTHINGTON

WORTHINGTON  
 Damascus? What the hell's going on?

BYRNE  
 Listen carefully. I want thirty million dollars for the safe return of the children.

WORTHINGTON  
 The children...thirty million? This...this isn't what we agreed to.

BYRNE  
 I can't get back what was once mine.

WORTHINGTON  
 I did exactly as you asked. Why are you doing this?

BYRNE  
 I'm not asking. Get the money, Richard. Don't force me to show you how serious I am. Yours will be first.

WORTHINGTON  
 Damascus--

Worthington gets the dial tone. He pauses, depresses the hook and dials.

PHONE VOICE  
 Republican National Trust, Mr. Ross speaking.

WORTHINGTON  
 This is Richard Worthington, number 2-1-4-9-8. I want to make a withdrawal.

158 EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

158

A Yellow Cab pulls up to a gated storage facility. Gavin hops out and approaches two MEN standing guard.

GUARD #1  
What's happening, Gavin?

GAVIN  
I need to see him. It's an emergency.

159 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

159

Smoke filled. This large storage space has been converted into an office. Do-Low sits behind a desk in a large recliner smoking a cigarette. Big Moe stands nearby as two FEMALE CLERKS file papers and stuff cash into money counters.

A TV spits ALEX TREBECK'S voice throughout the office.

ALEX TREBECK (V.O.)  
Answer: Home of the modern yo-yo,  
no strings attached. Sorry Mr.  
Duncan.

DO-LOW  
What is the Philippines.

CONTESTANT (V.O.)  
What is the Philippines?

DO-LOW  
Hot-dog.  
(beat)  
You got my money, G?

GAVIN  
No. Not exactly.

DO-LOW  
I heard about the extension. I'm an  
entrepreneur of my word so I suppose  
you still have ten days.

GAVIN  
Thank you, but I'm here to call in  
a favor.

DO-LOW  
I don't owe you no more favors.

GAVIN  
You owe me favors for the rest of  
your life.

DO-LOW  
For one little accident? Some shit  
that happened fifteen years ago?

GAVIN

Accident? You shouldn't have been driving. You didn't have a license.

DO-LOW

If you had kept yo' mangy dog--

GAVIN

You take that back. Ralph was not mangy.

Silence.

GAVIN

Take. It. Back.

DO-LOW

OK. I take it back. Ralph wasn't mangy.

160 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

160

Do-Low and Gavin arrive at another storage space. Do-Low unlocks the padlock and throws the roll gate up. Inside looks like a sales booth at the N.R.A. weapons galore. Gavin takes one look and buckles.

DO-LOW

Still afraid of guns.

GAVIN

Not afraid. Just don't like. Please close it.

Do-Low pulls it close and locks it.

DO-LOW

Works like Kryptonite.

ANOTHER STORAGE SPACE

Do-Low opens a cardboard box. In it are mace and pepper spray canisters.

DO-LOW

The only thing you're gonna do with this is piss somebody off.

Gavin fishes out a T.A.S.E.R. gun.

GAVIN

What's this?

DO-LOW  
Thomas A. Smith's Electric Rifle.

Gavin looks quizzically.

DO-LOW  
T-A-S-E-R. It's an acronym.

Gavin looks at him like he's crazy.

DO-LOW  
Business gets slow. Jeopardy's in  
syndication.

Do-Low takes it from Gavin and turns it on. A SMALL MAN  
carries a VCR past. Do-Low calls him over.

GAVIN  
Bigger.

Do-Low calls over a LARGE MAN with a flat screen TV.

DO-LOW  
What you got there?

LARGE MAN  
Plasma. Nice huh?

DO-LOW  
Expensive too. Set that down.

The Man sets the TV down. Do-Low shoots him. An electrode  
strikes the man in the chest. Blue current arcs from the  
post along the conductor line. The Large Man dances, a  
marionette, electric current on the strings. The Large Man  
drops, twitches radically.

DO-LOW  
That's what I call an electric slide.

161 EXT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - NIGHT 161

The security gate opens and an armored truck barrels through.  
Gavin squeaks by before the gate closes.

162 INT. WORTHINGTON MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT 162

Gavin enters the foyer which has been temporarily converted  
into the headquarters for Operation: Child Recovery. The  
atmosphere is thick. Tension in the air.

SPECIALISTS dressed down in black fatigues man the tapped  
phone lines, check machine guns and plot strategic points on  
a clear Plexiglas map. Gavin approaches Worthington.

WORTHINGTON

What the hell are you doing here? I should have you thrown in jail.

GAVIN

What's all this? Cops?

WORTHINGTON

Armed security. Compliments of Republican National Trust.

Worthington indicates three huge, black duffel bags on a hand cart off to the side. Gavin adds it all up: Thirty million dollars.

GAVIN

Tell me you're not gonna pay him.

WORTHINGTON

Stephanie's alive.

GAVIN

I know.

WORTHINGTON

How could you possibly...  
(realizing)

I swear. I'll never understand that kid.

GAVIN

That's exactly why he called me.

WORTHINGTON

Mr. Bonds, I'm sorry I don't have time for a parenting lesson.

GAVIN

That's too bad because good parenting lesson number one is don't ever set-up a kidnapping scenario to introduce your daughter to her real father.

WORTHINGTON

Shh! Keep your voice down! I didn't set-up a scenario.

GAVIN

What would you call it, Dick? What, he just called you up? Said he wanted to meet her?



WORTHINGTON

It's more complicated than that. I don't expect you to understand.

GAVIN

Oh, I understand. You thought she might be his so you sent her.

WORTHINGTON

Well? According to that paternity test of his she is, isn't she?

GAVIN

So you set me up?

WORTHINGTON

You set yourself up! You extortionist!

GAVIN

What's that make you?  
(beat)  
And what about Ritchie?

WORTHINGTON

What about him?

GAVIN

I bet I learned more about him in the few hours we spent than you'll probably ever know.

WORTHINGTON

Really? When this is over you're gonna learn what the inside of a cell looks like if you don't already.

GAVIN

And you'll be in the next one over.

Gavin and Worthington behold each other, two men with an understanding. The phone in the foyer rings. Everyone scrambles like mad hornets.

WIRETAPPERS don headphones and start a reel-to-reel recording. Another fiddles with the tapping machine. The room quiets to a hush. Worthington moves to a table and picks up the receiver.

WORTHINGTON

Damascus?

Byrne's voice comes through a speaker phone.

BYRNE (O.S.)  
You have the money?

Gavin tiptoes over to the money bags. He unzips one.

INSIDE BLACK DUFFEL BAG.

Nothing but greenbacks. Thick bricks of cash.

Gavin's ecstatic. He bites his fist and mouths the words: "Thirty Million Dollars." He's never seen such money. He beckons a FRESH FACED SPECIALIST. He starts to flash his barbers license, but decides against it.

GAVIN  
Gavin Bonds, P.I., lead detective on the case since its start. We're about to get the ball rolling on this ransom, but first I need your help with something.

FRESH FACED SPECIALIST  
Sure thing, sir. How can I be of service?

Gavin flashes a wicked smile.

BYRNE (O.S.)  
Good. I want you to bring it to dock 19. Long beach harbor.

Frustrated, the Wiretapper throws his arms up unable to get a trace.

BYRNE (O.S.)  
I know you've got a team tracing this call. Don't bother. I want you, and you alone.

WORTHINGTON  
Let me speak to my children!

Dial tone. Worthington lets the receiver tumble from his fingers. Two nearby Specialists await his instructions.

WORTHINGTON  
(to Specialist #1)  
Load the money into my car.  
(to Specialist #2)  
And I want you to place him...

Worthington looks around for Gavin. He's nowhere in sight.

SPECIALIST #1  
Uh...Mr. Worthington?

WORTHINGTON  
Yes?

SPECIALIST #1  
What money?

The room stops. Specialist #1 stands where the money bags used to be. Worthington storms over. He knows exactly where the money is...and so do we.

WORTHINGTON  
Son of a bitch!

163 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - NIGHT 163

Gavin blasts across the Gerald Desmond bridge toward Terminal Island, rap music booming. The three duffel bags worth thirty million dollars are in the back seat.

164 EXT. LONG BEACH HARBOR - NIGHT 164

Gavin coasts the dock outskirts. He spots dock 19 and watches it for a second before continuing past.

165 EXT. DOCK 19 - NIGHT 165

Gavin creeps along the poorly lit dock. He spots Tina by a 30 foot schooner tied to the moorings.

GAVIN

Tiptoes down the darkened dock and springs a choke-hold on Tina.

GAVIN  
Where's the kid?

Tina flips Gavin over her back and slaps an arm lock on him.

GAVIN  
What's all this terrorism? Give me your number and go on home. I'll call you tomorrow.

TINA  
Pathetic little man. You couldn't handle me.

GAVIN  
I can handle anything you throw at me.

Tina lets Gavin up. She throws a lightening-quick combo which snaps his head back. Gavin feels his face for blood.

GAVIN

I hate to have to put hands on a woman. But I'm about to invoke the spirit of Ike Turner.

Gavin swings on her. She ducks and commences to handing him a royal ass whipping. A quick flurry followed by a sweeping roundhouse puts Gavin on his back. He pulls out the taser gun.

GAVIN

I'm through playing you crazy bitch!

Gavin FIRES the taser. The electrode springs and spears her right in the breast. She spasms and falls to the ground.

GAVIN

All you had to do was give me the number.

Gavin stands over her when a yo-yo wraps around his wrist. Gavin looks up and sees Luzon. Luzon gives the twine a swift tug and sends the taser gun skittering up the dock.

Gavin tries to untie himself. Luzon yanks again and pulls him crashing to the ground. He grimaces in pain.

Luzon unties Gavin. Gavin cracks his neck and gets loose. He bounces side-to-side and does sloppy cartwheels back and forth. It's a comical mixture of break-dancing and Capoeira.

GAVIN

You done made a wrong turn and entered the dragon 'cause I float like the Philippines, sting like a bee.

Luzon charges Gavin and drops him with a double front kick. He quickly ties Gavin up and drags him down the dock. Gavin kicks him off balance and unties himself. Luzon blasts the yo-yo back at him, but Gavin catches it and pulls Luzon into him, upending him with a vicious clothesline.

GAVIN

Where's the kids?

Luzon moans. Gavin ties his hands and slaps him upside the head.

GAVIN

The kids? Where are they?

LUZON  
Warehouse. Over there.

Luzon points with his head to a warehouse in the distance.

166 EXT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 166

The roof mounted surveillance camera pans and stops. Gavin marches toward the warehouse, a little swagger in his walk now.

167 INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 167

Byrne watches Gavin. After a second he walks away from the monitor.

168 EXT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 168

Byrne exits and sees Gavin. Gavin sees him, too. They strut toward each other, two cowboys with a duel scheduled at high noon. As the distance between them narrows Byrne draws his Walther and FIRES!

The bullet explodes through Gavin's right arm. He stops and hunches over, pain and shock sprawled across his face.

GAVIN  
Are you crazy?! You're not supposed  
to shoot first.

BYRNE  
Where's my money?

Silence. Byrne pinches Gavin's wound. Gavin screams then breaks down sobbing.

GAVIN  
In the car. Here, take the keys.  
You need gas money? I got five on  
it.

169 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - NIGHT 169

Byrne flips the passenger seat forward. He dives right into one of the duffel bags and withdraws a stack. His eyes light up.

GAVIN  
You got your money. Tell me where  
the kids are.

BYRNE  
I wish it were that simple. Get in.

Byrne waves Gavin into the drivers seat. He gets in reluctantly, but buckles up immediately.

GAVIN  
Music? A little TV?

BYRNE  
Shut up and drive.

Gavin starts the engine. He grimaces as he puts the car into gear and pulls off.

170 EXT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - NIGHT 170

The Honda whips down the road.

171 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA 171

Gavin looks at his wound. Byrne keeps the gun trained on him.

GAVIN  
Where am I taking you?

BYRNE  
L.A.X.

GAVIN  
Why'd you do it?

BYRNE  
Money, Mr. Bonds. Money. The same reason you got involved. You and I aren't so different.

GAVIN  
Seems that way doesn't it? But I lied to a friend.

Byrne guffaws.

BYRNE  
You will never be a friend to the Worthington's. You have nothing to offer.

Gavin stares ahead contemplating Byrne's statement.

172 INT. WORTHINGTON'S ROVER - NIGHT 172

Worthington drives with three Specialists. One up front eyes a navigation system. The two in back are armed with automatic rifles.

SPECIALIST #1  
G.P.S. has the vehicle within a  
quarter mile.

Worthington eyes a car approaching from the opposite  
direction. He gets a good look as it whips by.

WORTHINGTON  
That-- I think that was my son's  
car.

173 EXT. L.A.X. - NIGHT 173

A giant commercial class aircraft streaks toward the runway  
on approach. The thunder of turbine jet engines reverberate  
off the terminal into the surrounding streets.

The Honda passes under the large LAX sign.

174 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - NIGHT 174

Byrne looks out the window.

GAVIN  
You know, you could've just knocked  
on the door and introduced yourself.

BYRNE  
That's enough talking.

GAVIN  
She's your little girl, man.

BYRNE  
She hasn't been that in a long while,  
Mr. Bonds. Turn here.

GAVIN  
I'll drop you right at the terminal.  
Trust me, I don't mind.

Byrne jabs the Walther into Gavin's ribs. Gavin pulls into a  
corkscrew parking structure.

BYRNE  
Go to the top.

Gavin stops in the middle of a ascending driveway.

GAVIN  
You're gonna shoot me, aren't you?

BYRNE  
You thought I would let you go?

GAVIN

Hell yes!

Byrne laughs.

BYRNE

I can't do that. You can identify me.

GAVIN

Identify you? All the Worthington's can identify you! You aren't killing them.

BYRNE

True.

GAVIN

As far as I'm concerned you're blonde haired and blue eyed. Shoot, for a chunk of the wampum I'll even say you were black.

BYRNE

Drive.

Gavin notices Byrne isn't wearing his safety harness.

MEMORY FLASH

*Gavin looks at the TV and recalls a conversation with Ritchie about it.*

*RITCHIE*

*Passenger airbag's gone. Had to make room for the TV.*

BACK TO SCENE

Gavin smiles to himself and slams the car in gear.

GAVIN

To the top it is.

175 INT. AIRPORT PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

175

The Honda spirals up the ramp at an alarming rate. It makes Byrne a little uneasy.

BYRNE

Slow down.

GAVIN

Shoot me.



BYRNE

I mean it. Slow down.

GAVIN

Damascus must be your white name.  
What's your Indian name?

Byrne fumbles with the seat belt.

BYRNE

What?

GAVIN

Your Indian name? You know, "Dances  
with wolves", "Two dogs humping?"

BYRNE

Damascus is my name.

GAVIN

You need an Indian name. How about  
"Chief Chicken Shit?"

176 EXT. AIRPORT PARKING STRUCTURE - ROOF - NIGHT 176

Gavin steers the Honda onto the roof. There's a good fifty yards of real estate ahead of them. The Honda keeps on truckin'.

177 EXT. AIRPORT PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT 177

Worthington's rover turns in and goes up.

178 INT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - NIGHT 178

Gavin stares straight ahead at the parking lot retaining wall. He white knuckles the steering wheel with both hands.

GAVIN

Funny thing about chickens. They  
can't fly. And neither can you!  
Tuck and roll bitch!

179 INT./EXT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - NIGHT 179

The Honda rams full speed into the retaining wall. Collapses into it. It crumples like an accordion.

BYRNE

Is ejected through the windshield! He jettisons over the wall and into a five story free fall. Gavin's airbag deploys. His head pillows into it causing a thick cloud of factory powder to fill the cabin. It turns him all white.

The open black duffel bag is jolted. It spews money. Hundred dollar bills drift through the cabin like falling snowflakes.

180 EXT. RITCHIE'S HONDA - NIGHT

180

Worthington's Rover swoops up to the Honda. Worthington and the Specialists jump out, guns at the ready. Worthington moves to the drivers side. Gavin's near unconsciousness.

WORTHINGTON

You okay?

GAVIN

I'm shot.

WORTHINGTON

You're all white.

Gavin looks at himself and laughs.

WORTHINGTON

Byrne?

Gavin whistles while demonstrating Byrne's trajectory with his hand.

GAVIN

I told him to buckle up.

WORTHINGTON

Stephanie and Ritchie?

GAVIN

Dock 19. Warehouse off to the side.

WORTHINGTON

What you said before. You were--

Gavin grabs Worthington by the collar and pulls him near.

GAVIN

Just go get your kids...Dick.

WORTHINGTON

(to Specialists)

Get an ambulance out here.

Worthington pries open Gavin's door. Gavin spills out onto the ground.

GAVIN

Finders fee.

181 INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

181

Dark now. Screeching tires, footsteps, and indistinct chatter can be heard. The warehouse door is kicked in. Worthington enters flanked by a dozen Specialists. They fan out.

SPECIALIST #2 (O.S.)

Over here.

Worthington sprints. He finds Stephanie and Ritchie bound and gagged. He works feverishly and unties them. Ritchie has a fresh shiner compliments of Byrne.

WORTHINGTON

Oh, thank God you're safe. I'm sorry.

STEPHANIE & RITCHIE

Dad!

Worthington and his kids group hug as they unite for the first time.

RITCHIE

Where's Gavin?

STEPHANIE

Yeah, dad. Where's Gavin?

WORTHINGTON

Gavin...got shot.

Ritchie and Stephanie's faces turn glum.

WORTHINGTON

In the arm. He's fine.

(pause)

I'm am so happy you're okay. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Worthington squeezes both kids tight.

182 INT. GAVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

182

It's the following morning. Gavin lies in the middle of his shoddy mattress staring at the ceiling. He gets up. His arm is bandaged at the site. He moves to his beloved poster. He regards it before kissing two fingers and putting them on the poster.

183 INT. GAVIN'S TEMPO - DAY

183

Gavin inserts the key into the ignition.

GAVIN  
C'mon baby.

The engine turns right over. He smiles, elated.

GAVIN  
That a girl.

He shifts into reverse. The car shudders. It diesels a second then shuts off. Gavin's head slumps on the steering wheel.

GAVIN  
You bitch.

184 INT. STEVIE RAY'S BARBER SHOP - DAY

184

It's business as usual. Stevie Ray still taking an hour to cut one head. Gavin cuts an OLDER GENTLEMAN'S hair as the CUSTOMERS listen to him spin a yarn.

Displayed prominently on his station is the freshly potted Cheddar Pink.

GAVIN  
E.M.S. patched me up and I took my  
ass home.

OLDER GENTLEMAN  
And the money?

GAVIN  
I gave it back.

CUSTOMER #1  
All of it? You didn't keep nothing?

Gavin shakes his head - "No."

STEVIE RAY  
How's J.T. doing?

GAVIN  
Lucky. All that fool broke was a  
toe. But he's got a brand new baby  
girl.

A FED-EX GUY enters with a small package in hand.

FED-EX GUY  
You got a Gavin Bonds here?

Gavin squints apprehensively.

GAVIN  
I...I'm Gavin.

FED-EX GUY  
Sign here.

Gavin signs. Fed-Ex Guy hands Gavin the package and exits. Gavin examines it quizzically. All eyes are on him. He peels the wrapping away and removes a CELL PHONE. The phone starts to ring. He lets it.

STEVIE RAY  
Boy, if you don't answer that damn phone...

Gavin hesitates then answers.

GAVIN  
Hello?

FILTERED VOICE  
Gavin Bonds?

GAVIN  
Yeah.

FILTERED VOICE  
Would you step outside, please.

GAVIN  
What the hell for?

FILTERED VOICE  
Please. Step outside.

Gavin goes to the door and pushes it open. He sees...

RITCHIE AND STEPHANIE

Huddled together. They share a cell phone.

Gavin steps back in. He grabs the Cheddar Pink from his station and exits. Everyone in the shop moves to the window.

185 EXT. STEVIE RAY'S BARBER SHOP - DAY

185

Stephanie and Gavin meet half way.

GAVIN  
I think you dropped this.

Gavin hands her the plant.

GAVIN  
How are you?

Stephanie's eyes well up. She wipes her tears away.

STEPHANIE  
I'm so confused. I don't know what  
to feel.

Gavin comforts her.

GAVIN  
He wasn't your father.  
(beat)  
How's our boy doing?

Stephanie glances at Ritchie then back at Gavin.

STEPHANIE  
You're the investigator. Investigate.

Gavin's hesitant. Stephanie nudges him.

STEPHANIE  
Go on.

Gavin apprehensively approaches Ritchie.

GAVIN  
How's it going?

RITCHIE  
I don't know. It's going.

Gavin regards Ritchie's black eye.

GAVIN  
Bully?

RITCHIE  
Byrne.

GAVIN  
Hurt?

RITCHIE  
(shrugs)  
He baked me cookies.

Gavin smiles.

GAVIN  
Look. I don't know how--

RITCHIE

Don't.

A silence.

GAVIN

Pound it.

Ritchie pounds Gavin's fist and Gavin pounds him back. Respect earned. Respect given.

RITCHIE

Thanks for not leaving me hanging.

GAVIN

I don't leave friends hanging.

Stephanie walks over.

STEPHANIE

We have a present for you.

RITCHIE

From our dad.

GAVIN

What is it, a subpoena?

STEPHANIE & RITCHIE

Look.

Stephanie and Ritchie point to something across the street. Gavin looks and sees...

A MERCEDES SL 500 ROADSTER.

Brand-spanking-new. Chrome 20s.

Gavin's jaw drops. The trio quickly charges across the street. Gavin examines the car. He gives it a big hug. He's in love.

RITCHIE

He wanted to give you your own salon.

GAVIN

Really? No, I like it here. My boss is real cool.

Gavin looks at Ritchie when Big Moe pulls up in his Cadillac. He exits, inhaler in hand.

GAVIN

You have got to be shitting me.

Big Moe stalks up to Gavin. He takes a long pull off his inhaler and bear-hugs Gavin in a loving manner. Gavin peers from one eye. He's not sure what to make of it.

BIG MOE

If you ever kick my inhaler again I will kill you. Understand?

GAVIN

Absolutely.

BIG MOE

And you got exactly nine days.

Big Moe lowers Gavin and returns to his car.

GAVIN

Shall we?

Gavin, Ritchie and Stephanie climb in. Stephanie hands Gavin the key. He turns the engine over. It purrs. Stephanie leans over and kisses him on the cheek. He smiles huge.

STEPHANIE

I never did thank you.

GAVIN

Don't mention it.

RITCHIE

Oh, I almost forgot.

Ritchie hands Gavin a check. He looks at the amount. It's for...

ON CHECK

\$50,000 dollars!

GAVIN

You know what kind of dick I am?

RITCHIE

What kind?

GAVIN

I'm a fifty-thousand-dollar dick rolling on dubs, dog!

Gavin mashes out leaving a smoke cloud in his wake.

RITCHIE (O.S.)

Still a dick.



104.

GAVIN (O.S.)

Sit back, shut up and buckle your  
seat belt!

FADE OUT.