

Anyway But Dead

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Bangarang Productions
May 2013

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FADE IN:

INT. CLUB GRIND - NIGHT

Loud bass filled music thumps from speakers of the packed night club. Sexy women and well dressed men dance, drink, and converse.

Near the back of the club a large windowed office on the second floor overlooks the dance floor.

At the window, smoking a LARGE MARIJUANA FILLED CIGAR, is VICTOR CORSO (45), African-American, he wears a tailored Armani suit over his muscular frame.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Corso steps away from the window. Walks past RICHIE (33), handcuffed to a chair, he's bloody, beaten, and sobbing.

CORSO

Where is it?

Corso continues past Richie, over to his personal bar where a SEXY DOMINICAN WOMAN hands him a drink.

RICHIE

Please...don't do this...I don't know...

Corso looks over to a man sitting on a couch, peeling an orange, nods to the man.

LESTER GIBBONS (early 60's), very fit for his age, wearing a white dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, sets his orange down, picks up a SOCKET WRENCH, walks over to Richie and CRACKS him in the face with it!

That ones definitely gonna leave a mark.

CORSO

Where's my money?!

Richie continues to sob, he shakes his head, he doesn't wanna talk.

CORSO

He's sleeping on me Gibb...do me a favor...wake his ass up.

Gibbons raises the wrench.

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE
OK! OK! I'LL TALK!

Gibbons sighs and moves back over to the couch to finish his snack.

Corso steps in front of the handcuffed, bloody man and speaks slowly and concise.

CORSO
Speak. No filler. No bullshit. You play games with me and I'll have Gibbons break out the power tools. You understand?

RICHIE
We met up with the Dominguez crew and exchanged the yayo for the cash. Blake came up with the scheme to stage a hit and stash the money until the heat died down. I'm sorry Vic, I'm fuckin stupid man. I made a mistake. Please don't fucking kill me!

Corso grabs Richie by the throat. Squeezes tight.

CORSO
Where's Blake?

RICHIE
No idea. Hiding out. Said he was gonna call me in the morning.

CORSO
You lying to me?

RICHIE
Aw man I wouldn't fuck with you like that Vic.

Corso takes his cigar and STUBS IT OUT in Richie's EYEBALL.

RICHIE
I SWEAR ON MY MOTHERS LIFE! BLAKE'S GONNA CALL ME IN THE MORNING! THE PLAN WAS TO LAY LOW TILL THE MORNING I FUCKING SWEAR TO YOU!

Corso releases his death grip. Moves over to the bar and places the gore covered blunt in an ashtray.

CORSO

Lester, take this piece of shit to the Doc's and get him cleaned up. Then stick him in the kennel with the dogs for the night.

Gibbons tosses his orange in a waste basket. Nods with boredom.

CORSO

(to the Sexy Bartender)
Clean this shit up.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING

A pair of black and white Chuck Taylor's POUND PAVEMENT. The shoes belong to a Hispanic gang-banger, MANUEL (23), he runs past store fronts, runs from...

Officer SHAWN CASSIDY (30), athletic, good looking, wears a patrolman's uniform.

Manuel heads down an alley, dumping garbage cans and pallets to the ground as he books for freedom.

Shawn jumps the kids makeshift blockades, screaming for him to stop.

Manuel reaches the end of the alley, goes to cross the street, when out of nowhere he's HIT BY A COP CAR.

He SLAMS on the hood.

The cop car BRAKES.

Manuel slides off the hood and hits the pavement hard.

Shawn comes out from the alley, stops to catch his breath as:

FRANK WELKER (46), weathered good looks, the sense of humor of a twelve year old, wears a patrolman's uniform with SARGENT STRIPES, steps out of the driver seat.

FRANK

Oh shit, I know that hurt!
(looks at Shawn, breathing hard. Laughs.)
Why'd ya get out the car?

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN
I almost had him.

FRANK
Yeah sure, Shawny. You wanna take a
seat in the car? Turn on the A.C?
Cool off a little?

SHAWN
Blow me, Frank.

Manuel moans on the concrete. Shawn grabs him off of the
ground and slams him face down on the hood of the car.

MANUEL
(in Spanish)
AH FUCK MAN! MY ARM!

SHAWN
(in Spanish)
Shut up.

Shawn pats Manuel down. Finds a ROLL OF CASH wrapped in a
rubber band tucked in the kid's sock.

SHAWN
Bingo.

He tosses the cash to Frank. Frank looks around. The streets
are clear. He pockets the cash.

MANUEL
(in Spanish)
This is fucked up man. Y'all got
nobody else to fuck with?

SHAWN
(in Spanish)
It's payday. Stop acting brand new.

The other leg gets frisked. Shawn finds a chrome .22 caliber
pistol strapped to his ankle. He holds the gun up for Frank
to see.

FRANK
You still having problems with that
punk Latrell up the block?

MANUEL
Motherfucker threatened my little
sister. Next time I see him that's
a wrap man.

(CONTINUED)

Shawn stands up, lets Manuel get off of the hood of the car, hands him the pistol. The young gangbanger tucks the weapon in his waistband.

SHAWN

Don't blow your nuts off with that thing.

FRANK

Now we don't wanna have to chase you down like this again. Comprene hombre?

Manuel nods his head, grimaces as he rotates his aching shoulder.

FRANK

We'll pay Latrell a visit soon for ya. Don't go looking for trouble with that gun. Get out of here.

Manuel takes off running. Shawn and Frank shoot each other a look. Frank smiles.

FRANK

God damn hustling these assholes is the best part of this shit job.

SHAWN

Hustling these assholes is the only thing keepin me afloat.
(lights a cigarette)
Let's get out of here.

FRANK

Knock out some stops then head to Samir's?

SHAWN

You drive. Pump the A.C.

EXT. CORSO'S COMPOUND - DAY

Corso's compound is a sprawling property surrounded by eight foot high stonewalls. A LARGE THREE STORY MANSION looms over the estate.

A BLACK SUV is parked out front of the massive house.

THREE GOONS dressed in black suits stand by the vehicle smoking and joking.

(CONTINUED)

Gibbons walks out from inside the house holding a RINGING CELLPHONE.

GOON 1 (DELANEY) opens the back passenger door of the SUV. Richie sits inside, handcuffed, his eye covered in gauze and an eye patch.

Gibbons holds up the ringing cellphone.

GIBBONS

Say anything more than what needs to be said, any hints or signals, and I'll cut your other eye out. Understand?

Richie nods his head. Gibbons answers the phone and holds it to Richie's ear.

RICHIE

Hey man. Yeah everything is good. No. No. Aint seen any of the crew. You? Good. I been laying low at this shitty motel all night. Ok. What's the plan? Okay. I'm on my way.

Gibbons hangs the phone up and pockets it.

RICHIE

He's at some abandoned Fuel Em Up gas station down 6, right outside of Dixie. Bout an hour out. Just him...Hey Gibb man I'm fuckin sorry. You aint gonna kill me are you?

The door gets shut in Richie's face. Gibbons turns to see--

--Corso, walking out his front door in a bathrobe smoking a marijuana filled cigar. Gibbons makes his way to his constantly stoned boss.

GIBBONS

Blake's holed up at a rundown Fuel Em Up out in Dixie.

CORSO

Bring that two-bit, thieving, motherfucker back with you. He's got a lot to answer for.

(CONTINUED)

GIBBONS
Understood. And Richie?

CORSO
Closed casket treatment.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - TRAFFIC STOP - DAY

Frank and Shawn's cruiser is parked two car lengths behind a SILVER BMW. They both walk back toward the cop car. The BMW pulls away.

Frank hands Shawn a couple twenty dollar bills as they get in the cruiser.

FRANK
Your cut.

SHAWN
Driving a brand new BM fucking W
and only had eighty bucks on him.

INT. COP CAR - SAME

They settle in the car and buckle up.

FRANK
Economy stinks. My pockets are
hurting too.

SHAWN
The economy? Yeah right. I think
the NBA finals are the reason
you're pockets are lighter, buddy.

A beat.

SHAWN
You uhh...you ever feel bad about
these shakedowns? Trust me I need
the money but...I don't
know...sometimes it fucks with
me...karma or some shit-

FRANK
Screw these assholes. Karma? Get
that shit outta here. You're lucky
enough to have gotten started
young. Learning from the master,
Shawny-Boy.

(CONTINUED)

Just as Frank finishes, a CANDY APPLE RED CORVETTE speeds past the cop car. Shawn and Frank shoot each other a look.

FRANK

Speakin of assholes. Light em up.

Shawn flips the sirens and lights on the center console and takes off after the sports car.

EXT. ROUTE 6 - BLACK SUV - DAY

The SUV with Gibbons and his crew speed down the road.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Richie sits in the backseat of the SUV with Gibbons and GOON 2 (HARRIS) sitting beside him. Delaney rides shotgun and GOON 3 (MARCO) drives.

Delaney points to a WORN OUT SIGN that reads: FUEL EM UP GAS STATION - World famous chili dogs! The pumps aren't the only thing that'll give you gas! 1 mile on the right.

GIBBONS

(takes out a pistol)

Marco, pull in to the lot but keep some distance from the building.

MARCO

Roger that.

EXT. FUEL EM UP GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

There's nothing around for miles and no sign of life in the store. The Gas Station has seen better days, it's boarded up and the pumps are all out of service.

The SUV pulls into the parking lot and Marco parks a good distance from the entrance of the store.

Gibbons steps out of the truck, PISTOL at his side. Marco and Delaney follow suit both carrying MP-5 SUB MACHINE GUNS.

GIBBONS

(to Harris)

Stay in here with One Eyed Richie.

Before Harris can respond...

GUNSHOTS RIP THROUGH THE SUV.

(CONTINUED)

Gibbons ducks down by the opened door.

Delaney and Marco take cover.

Harris dives down on top of Richie, covering him.

The gunshots stop.

Gibbons looks up and sees A FIGURE move through the interior of the store.

GIBBONS
LIGHT IT UP!

Delaney and Marco stand up and let off a volley of gunfire into the storefront. WOOD SPLINTERS. GLASS SHATTERS. The quiet morning just turned into fucking Baghdad.

Marco and Delaney's guns go empty, they drop their empty mags, SLAM in new ones and go to fire again.

GIBBONS
HOLD YOUR FIRE!

They ease back off the triggers. An eerie hush washes over the scene.

Gibbons listens for any signs of life from inside the store. He hears nothing. Motions for the two gunman to move forward.

Marco and Delaney advance methodically.

And then... A LOUD ENGINE REVS TO LIFE.

From the back of the building a PONTIAC FIREBIRD burns rubber, kicks up dust and gravel as it flees from behind the store, to the front parking lot.

Marco and Delaney UNLEASH BULLETS into the side of the vehicle.

The driver ducks low. Continues to speed for the main road.

Gibbons rushes to the back of the SUV. Pops the back door. Grabs a BLACK CASE. Runs to the side of the road.

The Pontiac swerves onto the main road.

Gibbons waits just for the right moment...

The Firebird barrels forward.

(CONTINUED)

Gibbons throws the case into the street. SPIKE STRIPS pop out the case.

The Firebird tries to swerve. Too late.

The front tires run over the spikes. The Goodyears shred like paper.

The car FLIPS SIDEWAYS! Lands on its roof.

Skids to a stop in a mangled wreck of metal and glass.

Marco and Delaney give each other a "holy shit" look.

Gibbons walks casually toward the flipped over Pontiac.

The driver, BLAKE (late 20's), is twisted up inside the wreck. He groans in pain. He adjusts himself and begins to crawl out the driver side window.

He makes it halfway out before Gibbons STEPS DOWN onto his NECK, pushing his face into the glass and debris covered pavement.

Blake SCREAMS in agony. Stops moving.

GIBBONS

(to Marco and Delaney)

What are you standing there looking ugly for? Getchur asses over here!

Marco and Delaney jump in the SUV and drive over to the wreckage.

Gibbons moves to the trunk of the Pontiac. Kicks it open. TWO LARGE DUFFEL BAGS fall out onto the pavement. He kneels down and unzips one of the bags.

It's filled with BRICKS OF CASH.

The three goons step out of the SUV.

GIBBONS

Alright drag his ass outta there.

Marco drags Blake out of the car and puts him on his feet.

Delaney puts the bags of money into the back of SUV.

Gibbons moves over to the stone faced Blake who is bloody, tired, and staring at the pavement.

GIBBONS

Look at me.

Blake looks up at Gibbons.

GIBBONS

I trusted you.

Harris yanks Richie out the back seat and shoves him against the turned over car. Blake and Richie lock eyes and then...

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!!

Gibbons puts rounds in Richie's face, turning it to mush.

Closed Casket treatment.

Blake's eyes go wide and before he makes a sound, Marco GUN BUTTS him the back of the head. Knocks him out cold.

GIBBONS

Toss him in the back with the cash.
Let's get outta here.

CUT TO:

EXT. 7-11 STYLE STORE - DAY

Shawn and Frank's police cruiser pulls into the parking lot of a small convenience store. And if you didn't notice that these two are assholes before...they park in a handicap spot. Both exit and head into the store.

INT. 7-11 STYLE STORE - CONTINUOUS

A MIDDLE EASTERN MAN, SAMIR (50's), works the register behind the counter of the small convenience store.

Frank approaches the counter. Shawn goes to the coffee dispenser.

FRANK

Samir my man, what's the word?

SAMIR

Officers, what can I do for you?

FRANK

I gotta pocket full of cash and I'm feeling lucky. I wanna put down for the O's over Arizona.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

(pouring coffee)

You gotta get that imported shit,
Samir. This stuffs coming out like
motor oil.

SAMIR

(to Shawn)

I'm not forcing you to buy it.

(to Frank)

You still owe from last weeks game.

FRANK

Bullshit.

SAMIR

Want I should get the book?

FRANK

How much?

Shawn brings his coffee to the register. Grabs a donut from
a case. Grimaces, knocks the donut on the counter top, it's
a brick. Frank chuckles.

SHAWN

Shit, Samir this things older than
you. Should be illegal to sell this
to people.

SAMIR

You wouldn't arrest me anyway.

(to Frank)

Two hundred.

FRANK

(taking out cash)

That's gonna wipe me out man. Take
the two hundred and put me down for
another two on the O's. Fuck man I
gotta get a new bookie, you're a
fuckin jinx.

Samir takes the cash, pulls out a notebook and scribbles
down whatever information and turns back to Shawn.

SAMIR

That it?

SHAWN

Let me get one of those five dollar
scratch offs too.

Samir rips off the scratch off, hands it to him.

(CONTINUED)

Shawn takes a penny from the "Take One Leave One" tray and scratches at the numbers. Not a winner. He balls up the ticket and pockets the penny.

FRANK
Gotta pay to play right partner?

SHAWN
Fuckin rip offs.

Shawn's cell phone RINGS. He checks it, lets out a groan, heads for the exit.

SHAWN
This broad. I gotta take this.

FRANK
O's make me this money and I'll be at your brothers club getting shitty all night. I'll be back to pick up my winnings.

Frank walks out the store.

SAMIR
You never win!

FRANK
Yeah well...things change.

EXT. STORE - CONTINUOUS

Shawn paces in the parking lot arguing on his cellphone.

Frank steps out the store, walks to the cruiser, he cant help but overhear Shawn's conversation.

SHAWN
I can't do this with you now, Teresa. I'll get you it. When I have it! Later, I don't fuckin know. Cause I'm WORKING. Fuck me? That's nice. Fuck you.

Shawn hangs up. Takes a deep breath to control himself and turns back to the car. Frank tosses him the keys.

FRANK
You okay?

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Shifts almost up. Let's get outta here.

FRANK

(sighs, trying)

Yeah okay.

They both get in the car. Shawn takes off out the parking lot like a bat out of hell.

INT. COP CAR - DAY

Shawn and Frank sit in the cruiser on a desolate stretch of road. Shawn smokes a cigarette and listens to music on the radio. Frank watches porn on Shawn's iPhone.

FRANK

You seen that new girl on swing shift? Thinking about asking her out.

SHAWN

Gwenn gonna be cool with that?

FRANK

Who gives a fuck. If she aint sleeping, she's drinking. Either way she aint talking to or fucking me.

SHAWN

Why don't you get rid of her? Look at me and whatshername.

FRANK

Yeah sure, sure, look at you two, huh? I don't need Gwenn hassling me every other day about cash or whatever. Cheaper to keep her.

SHAWN

(sotto)

Yeah what the fuck do I know...

(beat)

At least Frankie Jr's out the house and old enough to understand the shit if it did go down.

FRANK

At least your kid likes you.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Yeah well her mother's working on that one.

Frank laughs and then spots something in the side mirror.

FRANK

Check out the Denali pulling up.

Shawn spots the BLACK SUV cruise by them.

FRANK

Probably some rich soccer mom with a lot of her hubby's spending money on her.

SHAWN

Aw shit man it's almost quittin time.

FRANK

C'mon those sexy cougars give the best hand jobs. They use that expensive ass moisturizing cream and shit. And if it aint some sexy thing...shit we can roust em for that five percent tint.

Shawn shrugs his shoulders.

SHAWN

Fuck it. More beer money never hurt no one.

He slams the car in drive, takes off after the SUV.

SHAWN

I gotta stop letting you watch porn on my phone.

FRANK

You're a good man Officer Cassidy. You'll be Chief one day. Chief I tells ya!

Frank flips the lights and sirens. Shawn mashes the accelerator.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Lights and sirens!

Marco, Delaney and Harris start to sweat. Gibbons stays calm.

HARRIS

What the fucks this about?

GIBBONS

Stay calm.

HARRIS

Speed limit's fifty-five, Gibb. I'm barely doing fifty.

DELANEY

Maybe they spotted the bullet holes in the windshield. Fuck.

Gibbons spots a dirt road to the right.

GIBBONS

Pull down there. Park the car. Don't make a move unless I do.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The SUV turns onto the dirt road. The cruiser pulls in behind, a couple car lengths away.

INT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

FRANK

Let's make it interesting. Winner take all.

SHAWN

The possibility of a hand job aint enough you wanna make off with the whole shebang?

FRANK

C'mon. Rock, paper, scissors.

SHAWN

What are you six years old?

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
Chicken shit.

SHAWN
Best out of three?

FRANK
You're done son.

They start to play ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS.

FRANK/SHAWN
One, two, three, SHOOT.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

HARRIS
(watching in the mirror)
What the hell are they doing?

GIBBONS
Running the plates. They're clean.
Relax.

INT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

FRANK/SHAWN
One, two, three, SHOOT.

Shawn throws paper. Frank throws ROCK. Frank loses.

FRANK
Son of a bitch!

SHAWN
Predictable Frank fuckin Welker.
You NEVER throw rock last in a best
two out of three!

FRANK
I better get a hand job. Let's go.

They exit the car.

EXT. SUV/DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Gibbons watches the side mirror--the officers step out their
cruiser, he thumbs back the hammer on his pistol.

Marco and Delaney rest their MP-5's on their laps. Harris
palms his Beretta.

(CONTINUED)

The cops get right behind the vehicle--and then...

MARCO

Fuck this.

Marco, loses it, steps out the back passenger door, gun set to hot.

GIBBONS

NO!

Marco starts SHOOTING! POP! POP! Frank takes two to the chest. Hits the dirt.

Shawn drops quickly behind the SUV, takes out his pistol.

Marco moves toward Frank. Frank fumbles for his weapon. Shawn aims underneath the SUV. Sees the gunman heading for his partner.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Shawn puts bullets into Marco's legs. Marco SCREAMS and drops on the ground, exposing his head. Shawn fires two more rounds; SPLATTERING Marco's face all over the dirt road.

Frank draws his weapon BLASTS ROUNDS into the SUV's windows.

Gibbons ducks low from the onslaught of bullets and shattering glass.

Delaney jumps out the car and starts to circle toward the back of the SUV. Frank spots Delaney heading towards Shawn's position. He FIRES!

Delaney gets hit in the chest and throat and drops to the ground.

GIBBONS

MOTHERFUCKERS! DRIVE! DRIVE! DRIVE!

Shawn lifts the back door latch. The door OPENS. The SUV SPEEDS OFF.

Shawn stands up, FIRES into the car. Harris' head BLOWS APART spraying BLOOD AND SKULL all over the windshield.

The car swerves, Gibbons yanks the wheel and mashes his foot onto Harris' and the accelerator, driving the car from the passenger side.

Gibbons hits a bump in the road sending the SUV airborne.

(CONTINUED)

The BAGS and Blake TUMBLE out of the opened up back door and onto the dirt road.

Shawn chases, UNLOADING AMMO. He jumps over the bags and body, drops to a knee, releases his empty mag, slams in a fresh one. Empties another clip into the fleeing car.

Gibbons manages to turn a corner on the road and disappear in trail of kicked up dirt.

A beat.

Shawn holds his smoking empty pistol, focused hard on the fleeing car. He turns to see Frank on the ground--rushes over to him, kneels down. Frank attempts to get up.

SHAWN

Frank stay down. Don't move.

FRANK

I'm all right. Hit my vest. Didn't go through.

SHAWN

(relieved)

Shit man it is your lucky day. What the fuck was that?

FRANK

Don't know. But I bet its got something to do with that.

Frank points to the BAGS and BLAKE laying on the ground.

Shawn helps Frank to his feet.

They move over to the bags and body. Shawn checks Blake's pulse.

Frank kneels down next to the bags.

SHAWN

He's alive. Unconscious.

Frank unzips one of the bags. Sees the bricks of cash. He stands up in shock.

FRANK

Jesus, Mary mother of god.

Shawn sees the bags of cash. His eyes go wide.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

What. The. Fuck?

(removes a brick of cash)

Frank these are all hundreds man.

FRANK

(unzips the other bag)

Fuckin millions in here.

SHAWN

I'm gonna call this in. We gotta get everybody out here.

Shawn goes for his walkie. Frank moves over to Shawn and stops his hand from keying the mic.

FRANK

Whoa whoa whoa let's think about this for a second.

SHAWN

Think about what? Frank we got dead bodies, a bunch of fucking cash and nearly got our heads blown off. We gotta get investigations out here.

FRANK

Shawn hear me out on this.

SHAWN

Hear you out? You sure those bullets didn't go through? You losing blood?

(realizing.)

No fucking way Frank. We can't take this money.

FRANK

Why not? We got no witnesses, dash cams off, bad guys are dead. This is the big score.

SHAWN

What about the guy in the SUV?

FRANK

What's he gonna do? Shits probably drug money, you think he's gonna waltz into a police station and ask for it back? Fuck no. He's gonna cut and run. That's where we come in.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

That's where we come in as police officers! This aint jackin rich bitch princesses for their daddy's mall money, Francis, this is--

FRANK

This is our ticket outta this shit! The big pay day! Living large like we always talked about.

SHAWN

PIPE DREAMS FRANK! Fuck man why am I even entertaining this? This is nuts I'm calling it in.

Frank gets close to Shawn. Speaks quietly. Speaks slowly.

FRANK

Don't say shit. Just listen. I'll let you make the call if you want to but let me say what I gotta say first. This aint rich cunts. This aint douche bags in Porsche's. That right there is a gift from god himself. A problem solver. Mine...and yours.

(beat)

No more scraping by to pay your old mans medical bills, rest his soul. No more calls from Teresa busting your balls about providing for Gracie. No more hustling to keep you afloat. You wanted answers?

(points to the bags)

There ya go.

Shawn backs away from Frank. He goes for his radio.

SHAWN

Central this is ten-nineteen.

Frank slumps his head. Defeated.

CENTRAL

Go ten-nineteen.

Shawn looks at Frank. Looks down at the money. He hesitates.

CENTRAL

Ten-nineteen, go for Central.

Shawn's mind is racing. He zones out staring at the bags of cash. His concentration gets broken by his RADIO.

(CONTINUED)

CENTRAL

Unit ten-nineteen, this is Central,
what's your status?

SHAWN

Uhh...Disregard Central.
Ten-nineteen is code seven. All
secure.

Frank looks over at Shawn. Shawn takes out a smoke. He
lights it up. Takes a drag.

SHAWN

Okay, Frankie. What's the plan?

EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY

Corso's at a private table on the balcony of an expensive
restaurant.

A little girl sits across from him wearing a powder blue
dress, this is LEENA CORSO (7), Victor's daughter. She pokes
at her food with her fork.

CORSO

Baby girl don't play with your
food.

LEENA

I thought we were getting chicken
nuggets, daddy?

CORSO

Chicken nuggets? That's a seventy
dollar plate of strawberry crepes
sunshine. Chicken nuggets ain't
got nothing on those.

LEENA

Don't say AIN'T daddy. You're too
smart for that.

CORSO

(laughing)

Well I hope I can be as smart as
you one day. Tell ya what baby, you
eat up all that's on your plate and
I'll take you to the biggest toy
store in the city.

Leena's eyes LIGHT UP--digs in, giggling as she does.

(CONTINUED)

One of Corso's bodyguard's CELLPHONE RINGS. The goon answers the phone, hands it to Corso.

CORSO
Talk to me, Lester.

INT. GIBBONS' SUV - CONTINUOUS

Gibbons is now in the driver's seat of the SUV, speeding down the road. Blood seeps from a gunshot wound in his shoulder.

GIBBONS
The situation's fucked, Victor!

INTERCUT:

Corso steps away from the table.

CORSO
Explain.

GIBBONS
The crews dead! I'm hit! You gotta make your way to the Doc's!

CORSO
What the hell happened, Gibb?

GIBBONS
It's as fucked as it can be. Make your way to the Doc's, Victor. We don't have much time.

Gibbons hangs up.

Corso's pissed. He throws a couple hundreds on the table. Turns to his bodyguards.

GIBBONS
Take her back to the house. Lock it down until I get back.

LEENA
We're not going to the toy store daddy?

CORSO
Sorry baby girl, daddy's gotta go to work.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATER

Frank and Shawn throw the two bags of cash into the trunk of the police cruiser. Frank turns to Blake--he's still knocked out.

FRANK

What do we do with him?

SHAWN

Toss him in the weeds with the other bodies?

FRANK

Should we...

(motions a gun to his head)

...take him out?

SHAWN

(shakes his head)

Waxing the dudes with the machine guns is one thing. I'm not about to execute somebody.

FRANK

Good. I couldn't do it either....
Well we can't just leave him out here. What if he's some poor schmuck caught up in all this? Might come to and somehow link all this back to us.

SHAWN

Maybe he knows whose money we got. We can talk to him before we stash the bags.

Frank nods. The two stand there for a minute. Soaking in the situation.

SHAWN

We really doing this, Frankie?

Frank doesn't answer. He moves over to Blake's body and as he goes to lift him up, police dispatch comes over the radio.

CENTRAL

Unit ten-nineteen this is Central.

SHAWN

(keys his mic)

Go for nineteen.

(CONTINUED)

CENTRAL

Roger ten-nineteen, first responders are requesting an additional unit on scene for an automobile accident on Route six in Dixie near the old Fuel Em Up. How copy?

SHAWN

Roger Central...we're in route.

INT. COP CAR - LATER

Frank drives the cruiser. Shawn rides shotgun, flipping through a wallet, he removes Blake's drivers license.

SHAWN

Guy in the trunk is Lawrence Phillip Blake. Lives in the valley.
(Shawn runs the Blake's info in their computer)
Couple misdemeanors. Felony for carrying an unlicensed fire arm a couple years back. Nothing serious since then. Coulda went straight.

FRANK

Could've gotten smarter at being a bad guy.

SHAWN

Couldn't be too smart winding up in the back of that Denali with his lights turned off.

Frank chuckles and nods. Then he spots something up ahead.

FRANK

What the fuck happened here?

Shawn looks up from the computer to see: THE WRECKED FIREBIRD. The SHOT UP STORE. Cops on the scene. The aftermath of Baghdad.

They cruise in slow. A YOUNG PATROLMAN (OFFICER PATTON) standing by his vehicle flags down Frank and Shawn.

Frank rolls up on him with the window down.

PATTON

Wassup Frank. Cassidy.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

What the hell is all this about,
man?

PATTON

Gotta one stop shop of illicit shit
here fellas. Stores shot up like a
junkie's forearm. Spike strips
caused the car crash. Automatic
weapon in the vehicle and the
cherry on top of the shit sundae is
the UNSUB with his face blown off.
God damn war zone out here.

(to Shawn)

You know all about that shit though
huh, Cassidy.

SHAWN

Long time ago brother.

FRANK

The car don't belong to the dead
guy?

PATTON

No ID on him. Forensics is on their
way to see if he matches up to the
registered owner.

FRANK

Who'd the plates come back to?

PATTON

Some small time dude from the
valley...Lawrence Blake.

Shawn and Frank shoot each other a look.

PATTON

Ever heard of him?

SHAWN

(bullshitting)

Knew a Wes Blake way back when but
he's been locked up the last couple
years.

PATTON

Detectives got here a couple
minutes ago so it's gonna be a long
fuckin shift. Which reminds me, I
need some yellow ribbon, pop the
trunk let me get your traffic kit.

(CONTINUED)

Patton moves to the trunk of the car. The same trunk filled with bags of cash and the owner of the wrecked vehicle. Shawn slaps Frank on the arm like "Do something!"

FRANK

(leaning out the window)
Hey sorry man we're all out!
(Patton turns back to them)
That accident on Wilshire the other day. Forgot to re-stock the kit.

PATTON

(walking back to the window)
Oh yeah that was pretty brutal.

SHAWN

Yup, shit happens though ya know? Sorry we didn't have what you need but you guys got plenty of units here.

FRANK

You know how they been burning us on our overtime.

PATTON

Fuckin bean counters.
(remembering)
Oh shit, just to give you a heads up, lotta rumors buzzin around the walls of the station about IA coming through. So keep your noses clean, fellas.

FRANK

IA? What's that about?

PATTON

Beats me Sarge, I'm just spreading the news. You guys take it easy.

FRANK

Yeah later kid.

Patton takes off toward another patrol car. Frank takes off from the scene of the shootout.

INT. DOC'S OFFICE - LATER

A stitch gets pulled through skin, sealing up a wound.

Gibbons sits on a table in Corso's personal doctor office. The doctor, DOC (pushing 70), works on Gibbons' shoulder.

DOC

First the kid with the eyeball and now YOU come in with a bullet in ya. Can't stay outta trouble huh?

GIBBONS

Guess it's not my week, Doc.

Doc finishes bandaging up Gibbons' shoulder.

DOC

I'll write you a script for the pain, take it easy on yourself Lester.

The door to the room opens up and Corso steps in.

CORSO

Take a smoke break, Doc.

Doc gathers his things and makes his way out of the room.

Gibbons starts to get up off of the table. Corso holds his hand out for Gibbons to stop.

CORSO

You're good right where you're at Gibb.

Gibbons sits back down. Relaxes.

GIBBONS

I know that you're upset Victor.

CORSO

Do I have my money?

GIBBONS

...no.

CORSO

Than upset doesn't even scratch the surface. Explain.

(CONTINUED)

GIBBONS

Everything went down how I anticipated. We got to the rendezvous, got the cash, got Blake, and started making our way back. Than out of nowhere, for no discernible reason, some local cops hit us with the red and blues. We pull over to handle the situation and before I can make a move, that idiot Marco steps out shooting like he's at the OK Corral. Shit hit the fan and next thing I know Delaney's dead, and Harris gets his head shot off. I did what I had to do to get outta there alive.

CORSO

Those guys are a dime a fuckin dozen. My money...my way out of this shit is the only thing I'm concerned with.

GIBBONS

Somehow the trunk popped open, the cash and Blake fell out as I was gettin outta dodge.

CORSO

My money's in police custody?
(Gibbons nods)
What the fuck happened Lester!?
You're supposed to be the best at this kinda shit!

GIBBONS

I AM the best at this shit. You know that...you're uncle knew that. Don't start that shit with me.

CORSO

You steal my money?

GIBBONS

You know this ain't the first slug I've taken for this family...so you really gonna stand there and ask me that?

Corso backs off, ignores the question.

(CONTINUED)

CORSO

I got everything else tied up in other deals, this money isn't mine to lose.

GIBBONS

You got Forty-Eight hours till your deal with Oleg. I'll use my connects with the P.D. and get your money back. I'll make this right.

CORSO

Best better happen quickly or we're gonna be in all out war with those Russian motherfuckers. Hurry the fuck up.

Corso storms out of the room, leaving Gibbons sitting on the operating table with his brain racing a million miles an hour.

EXT. POLICE MOTOR POOL - AFTERNOON

The cruiser pulls into the motor pool of the police station and parks next to a seventy-something GTO. Frank and Shawn exit the car.

SHAWN

I'm gonna run in and grab my tac-gear.

FRANK

I'll meet you at the Wickett building in-
 (spots something in the parking lot)
 -Oh shit.

SHAWN

(turning)
 What...
 (sees what Frank sees)
 ...the hell?

A woman leans against a red Dodge Neon--TERESA (28), African-American, pretty, doesn't look happy.

FRANK

We don't got time for this shit, Cassidy.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN
(moving to Teresa)
I'll handle it.

Shawn crosses the parking lot, eyes narrow with anger.

The back door to the Neon opens and six-year old GRACIE CASSIDY, Shawn's daughter, leaps out, ear to ear grin, runs to her father.

GRACIE
Hey Daddy!

Shawn's anger vanishes as Grace jumps into his arms, hugs him tightly around his neck, he hugs her back, kisses her cheeks.

SHAWN
Hey Gracie-girl! What are you doin'?

GRACIE
Coming to see you! I missed you
daddy! Where have you been?

Shawn holds his daughter and walks toward Teresa.

SHAWN
I miss you too babe, I'm sorry I've
been working a lot. Busy catching
bad guys. I told mommy that but you
know how she can be silly and
forget things.

TERESA
(smiling/fake)
Now we know dad's the silly
forgetful one. Keys.
Phone...birthdays.

SHAWN
Okay, take it easy not in front of
the kid.
(beat)
You can't just show up like this.

TERESA
It's the only way I can talk to you
without getting hung up on.

SHAWN
Look right now isn't the best time
for this, Teresa.

(CONTINUED)

TERESA

Gracie is starting school soon and she needs new everything.

SHAWN

I'm handling it. I just signed up for a bunch of OT and the money will be coming in. Just give me a few days.

TERESA

How many times am I gonna hear that?

(beat)

We're struggling, Shawn.

Teresa's eyes well with tears, a woman at the end of her rope. She reaches out for Gracie. Shawn kisses his daughter on the forehead. Hands her over.

GRACIE

I wanna stay with daddy!

SHAWN

I'll be seeing you soon Gracie-girl. Daddy's gotta finish up at work. I promise I'll call you later to tell you goodnight. I love you.

Teresa kisses Gracie. Whispers I'm sorry to her. Puts her in the backseat. Buckles her in. Closes the door, turns back to Shawn.

SHAWN

(quietly)

This is fucked up...you can't be using her like that to fuck with my head.

TERESA

Using her? That is NOT fair, Shawn. I give everything to her...I gave everything for you...during your drinking...your father--

SHAWN

Don't talk about him.

TERESA

We're scraping to get by god-dammit and you've barely been around for seven months. I don't know what happened to you but-

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

It's always about the fucking money.

TERESA

Excuse me?

SHAWN

I didn't stutter.

TERESA

Ya know what...no...it's always about the money with YOU. I just want you to be a productive part of our daughters life.

SHAWN

Divorce papers were a good start.

TERESA

Look at us! Do you blame me?

(Shawn says nothing)

I'm seeing a lawyer in a couple days...filing for full custody and child support. I figured you should hear it from me face to face.

This hits Shawn like a ton of bricks.

SHAWN

Whoa, whoa, whoa look I'm sorry okay? You don't gotta do that. I'm just having a crazy day. But things are different. I'm gonna have the money. Don't try and take her away from me when things are starting to work out.

(taking out some cash)

Here take this...it's what I got on me but there's a lot more coming...I promise.

Teresa hesitates, but takes the couple twenties. She goes to get in her car, stops and turns back to Shawn.

TERESA

She's not used to the broken promises, Shawn. But I am. I'm sorry I had to come here to do this but you shouldn't put me in the position to act like...a beggar...I'll see you in court.

Teresa gets in, starts the car, heads out the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

Gracie looks out the window at Shawn, crying, waving good bye. His heartbreaks.

Shawn storms towards the station, passes by Frank whose been watching by the cruiser.

SHAWN
(still walking)
Wickett building, twenty minutes.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

A LOCKER DOOR slams shut. Shawn slings a tactical bag over his shoulder and makes his way out of the empty locker room. A man steps in the doorway; blocks Shawn from leaving.

CAPTAIN STAN DEACON (50's), he sports a mustache and a close cropped military style haircut; doesn't look happy.

SHAWN
What's goin' on Captain.

DEACON
(scanning the locker room)
Where's Welker?

SHAWN
Took off. Wasn't feeling well. Got something for him?

Deacon unwraps a TUMS from a roll, pops it in his mouth, chews.

DEACON
This concerns you too. You hear anything about Internal Affairs coming to pay us a visit?

Shawn plays dumb; shakes his head.

DEACON
Well I gotta e-mail earlier with a list of names on it. You and Sgt. Welker made the roster.

SHAWN
Bullshit...sir.

DEACON
Yeah I bet it is.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEACON (cont'd)

I need you two in here Eleven AM sharp for a sit down with IA's best and brightest.

SHAWN

What's this about?

DEACON

Maybe you oughtta be telling me.

Shawn feigns innocence. Shrugs.

DEACON

Listen to me...I don't like this "we police the police" Internal Affairs bullshit so I'm gonna give you a heads up but I need to know if something is gonna blow up in my face over this.

(Shawn's listening)

They're looking into allegations of bribery and extortion. Now all this shit has got my stomach in knots. This department can't handle anymore bad press. Dollenback's on suspension again. Taylor knocked some goodie-two-shoes teeth out last week. Last thing I need is shit coming down on my head cause you two clowns wanted some jerking off money.

SHAWN

I don't know how our names got tossed in the mix, Captain. Everything that goes down when we're out there is on the up and up.

Deacon eyeballs Shawn. Backs away after a moment. Unwraps another Tums. Pops it. Crunches down on it.

DEACON

Okay. Be here tomorrow in your best pressed uniform, shine your shoes, your brass, and I don't give a rats ass if Frank is puking, shitting, and dying, tell him he needs to be dressed to the nines too. Understood?

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN
Roger that, boss.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn walks through the hallways of the police station, he heads for a door marked: "MOTOR POOL - AUTHORIZED POLICE OFFICIALS ONLY".

Just as Shawn reaches the door it swings open and he comes face to face with...GIBBONS.

It seems like shit is about to go down but...

...they don't recognize one another.

Gibbons holds the door open for Shawn.

GIBBONS
After you.

SHAWN
(rushing past him)
Thanks.

Shawn exits the building and Gibbons enters.

EXT. WICKETT BUILDING - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The Wickett Building is an old car parts factory that has been out of commission for years.

The surrounding area is the same. Building after building of failed businesses and factories falling to pieces.

Shawn and Frank talk by the cruiser in the empty parking lot. Frank hands Shawn his half smoked cigarette.

FRANK
You and me?
(Shawn nods)
Bullshit.

SHAWN
Frank do you think this is the best time for me to be fuckin with you? I'm serious man. Allegations of bribery and extortion.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
Sounds like us.

SHAWN
No shit.

FRANK
What else?

SHAWN
We gotta be at the station tomorrow morning in full service for a meeting with some IA prick.

FRANK
They wanna talk?

SHAWN
No they wanna bake a fuckin cake-
of course they wanna talk!
(beat)
We gotta get rid of this cash
Frank. They're onto us about petty
shit, imagine what happens if
something slips up now.

FRANK
Calm the fuck down. You said it
yourself, they wanna TALK. If they
had anything on us they wouldn't be
talking, they'd be putting cuffs on
us. IA bullshitters wanna catch us
fumbling the ball but they don't
know that you and me are star
motherfuckin players baby. Hand's
like glue. You really wanna give up
this payday cause Deacon got a
fuckin E-Mail?
(chuckles)
I don't think so, Shawny-boy.

Shawn ponders, debates, shrugs--finishes the smoke and stubs
it out.

SHAWN
Shit man you're probably right. I
mean like Deacon said, Dollenback
and Taylor are suspended. They made
a move on them quick, no talking,
straight to the chopping block.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Right. They gotta complaint from some clown and gotta go through the motions. I've seen it before.

(pats Shawn on the back)

Let's get our game faces on.

INT. WICKETT BUILDING - MAIN FLOOR - EVENING

The GTO is parked inside the abandoned building, it's headlights illuminate the dark, rundown interior.

Frank and Shawn both wear all black and matching black ski masks.

Blake lies on his side on the greasy cement floor, hands cuffed behind his back. DUCT TAPE cover Blake's EYES and MOUTH.

Shawn's gloved hand holds SMELLING SALTS under Blake's nostrils.

Blake groggily comes to. Tries to move. Can't. Freaks out.

SHAWN

Stop moving, Lawrence. You're not going anywhere.

They pick Blake up from his underarms and put him on his knees.

SHAWN

Now this is how this shit's gonna work. You're gonna be asked questions. You're gonna answer the questions assuming we already know the answers. This is gonna save you the trouble of trying to come up with a bullshit lie. You dick around with us and I start removing pieces of you. Nod if you understand.

He nods quickly. Scared out of his mind.

FRANK

We're gonna take off the duct tape. Don't say shit unless asked.

Frank rips off the strip of tape from Blake's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Tell us about the hit at the gas station. What went down?

BLAKE

(confused)

I had the money and..and you guys came with that stoolie fuck Richie. Y'all were there. Why you asking me?

Shawn CRACKS Blake in the face with a right cross.

SHAWN

Tell the fuckin story moron or I break out the knife.

BLAKE

(spits blood on the ground)

Fuck! Okay!

(gets his thoughts together)

I tried to get the fuck outta there with the loot and Gibb threw out some spikes or some shit and then my fucking car...

(remembering)

Aw shit man my fucking ride! That thing was cherry! Fuck!

SHAWN

Your car sucked. Keep talking.

BLAKE

Next thing I know, I'm getting yanked out. Richie gets murked and I'm waking up with you two motherfuckers.

FRANK

How did a low level, cheeseball dude like you get your hands on all that green, Lawrence?

BLAKE

What's with this Lawrence shit? My momma don't even call me Lawrence.

SHAWN

Your momma calls me slick dick, fuck head...answer the man's question.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

(more confused)

Me and Richie got the loot from the Dominguez deal. The coke deal boss man sent us on.

(remembering Corso)

Oh shit man, is he here now? What the fuck's he gonna do? He gonna feed me to the dogs? He bought that fucking wood chipper just for some shit like this. Fuck man.

FRANK

Whose money do we have?

BLAKE

What the fuck are y'all talking about? You new here or something. Where's Gibb?

Shawn flips out a knife. Presses it to Blake's throat.

BLAKE

SHIT! OKAY! VICTOR CORSO!!

Shawn and Frank shoot each other a worried look. Frank backs away, removes his mask. Shawn takes a step back, pockets his knife.

BLAKE

(realizing)

Oh shit...you jacked the cash didn't you? That's what this shit is. How the fuck did you get the drop on Gibbons? That dude is like a brick wall of not fucking around. Y'all either gotta be professionals or dumb shits cause nobody would try to steal from Vic if they knew who they were fuckin around with.

SHAWN

(looking at Frank, talking to Blake)

You did fuck-o. Keep your mouth shut.

BLAKE

That kinda money'll make you do crazy shit...but you two know that. Word around the campfire is that loot was supposed to be for some Russian mobster cats. You know

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE (cont'd)
those Soviet, Bratva motherfuckers
who'll gut you with a Vodka bottle.
(laughs)
Y'all are fucked man.

SHAWN
You're talking real greasy for a
dude in your position.

BLAKE
What's the point man? I'm already
dead. If it aint you it's gonna be
Corso. Right?

FRANK
Right.

Frank puts TWO GUNSHOTS in Blake's head.

Blake's body hits the cement in a puddle of blood and grime.

Shawn, jumps back, shocked. He looks back and forth between
Blake's corpse and Frank.

SHAWN
What the fuck did you just do?

Frank walks to the GTO, pistol still smoking. Shawn rushes
him, grabs him by the shoulder, turns him around.

FRANK
(pushing Shawn off of him)
Get your fuckin hands off me!

SHAWN
That wasn't the plan, Frank! We
were gonna get the info, scare the
shit outta him and cut him loose
out of town!

FRANK
The plan changed when he started
talking about Victor Fucking Corso!
You know who that is right?

SHAWN
Of course I do!

FRANK
Then you should know, just as well
as I do, that that motherfucker
right there needed to go. We got
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (cont'd)
the biggest gangster in the
tri-state areas money. Not only
that but he's talking about Russian
mobsters and...and we were just
gonna set him free? Fuck that. I'm
not letting some two-bit shit stain
like that come between us and that
money.

Shawn stares at Frank like "who the hell is this guy?".

Frank steps away, pulls out a smoke, tries to light it with
a shaking hand.

Shawn moves back to Blake's corpse. Stares at it for a
moment. Let's what Frank said soak in.

Frank turns back, he exhales a deep puff of smoke, tosses
his jack, makes his way over to his boy.

FRANK
Shawn-

SHAWN
You're right.

Shawn turns, lights up a smoke.

SHAWN
We're not cops...

Frank's confused.

SHAWN
we put the brakes on that as soon
as we agreed to take that money.
(beat)
This guy needed to die.

FRANK
I really didn't wanna kill the kid
man. I was looking out for us. For
our families.

SHAWN
I know.
(smokes/thinking)
Now that we know the stakes we're
up against, we can plan
accordingly.

FRANK

We got the benefit of being on the inside...we're untouchable.

SHAWN

You're god damned right we are. Let's clean this shit up and get the money to your storage unit. We got that IA nonsense in the morning. Get our story straight with that.

(smiles)

And once we put that fire out, brother we are set for life.

CUT TO:

INT. CORSO'S COMPOUND - OFFICE - NIGHT

A TV plays SPONGE BOB SQUAREPANTS in Corso's luxurious office. Leena lays on a couch, wrapped in a blanket, watching the show.

Corso sits at his desk, on the phone.

CORSO

I didn't know he was going to be in town so soon. We can meet up tomorrow morning. Now? Now's not the...I understand. I'll be there shortly.

He hangs up. Stressed out. There's a KNOCK at the office door.

CORSO

Come in!

Gibbons enters. Corso pushes a button on his desk intercom.

CORSO

(in Spanish)

Elizabeth I'm sending Leena to the kitchen. Fix her a snack and put her to bed.

ELIZABETH

(in Spanish/over intercom)

Si Senor Corso. I'll be waiting for her.

(CONTINUED)

CORSO

Leena baby, turn that off. Daddy's gotta talk to Uncle Les.

LEENA

Aw dad just a little bit longer.

CORSO

I think Ms Elizabeth has a snack waiting for you in the kitchen.

Her eyes light up. She jumps off the couch, turns off the TV with the remote and heads for the door.

CORSO

Eh-eh-eh! You better get back here and give me a kiss goodnight.

She stops in her tracks and gives a "really dad?" look. She walks over, wraps her arms around his neck, plants one on his cheek.

CORSO

Night baby, love you.

She takes off out of the room.

LEENA

(passing by Gibbons)
Hi Uncle Les! Bye Uncle Les!

GIBBONS

Goodnight sweetheart.

Gibbons shuts the door and walks over to the desk.

CORSO

How's the arm?

GIBBONS

I've had worse.

Corso takes a marijuana filled cigar out from a gold case.

CORSO

Whattya got for me Gibb. Please tell me it's good news. I need good news.

GIBBONS

I talked to our contact. No reports were made. No money was brought into evidence. Seems the boys in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GIBBONS (cont'd)
blue who came up on us took the
money themselves.

CORSO
(lights up the blunt)
You're shitting me...

GIBBONS
None of the guys on our payroll.
Must be a couple of new fellas
crossing that thin blue line. I
gotta list of patrols working in
twos in that area. I've just gotta
narrow it down. Shouldn't take too
long.

CORSO
The Russians are in town. Just got
off the line with em.

GIBBONS
They're early.

CORSO
They wanna meet up...now.

GIBBONS
Are they expecting payment?

CORSO
They can expect whatever the fuck
they want. I've still got time.
(beat)
I shouldn't even be sweating this
shit but with the Dominguez crew
dragging their feet to get the coke
and now all this...timetable's all
fucked up...shits enough to give a
man a heart attack.
(puffs his blunt)
What's your plan?

GIBBONS
I'm gonna pay a visit to a local
bookie that works the area where we
got hit-

CORSO
Nah, nah what are you gonna do when
we go our separate ways? What are
your plans?

(CONTINUED)

GIBBONS

Not sure.

CORSO

Well shit I know you got money stashed away. Whattya wanna do with it?

GIBBONS

Caye Culker.

CORSO

Gay what?

GIBBONS

(laughs)

Caye Culker. A little island in Belize. Buy a boat...nothing fancy. Fish. Drink. Maybe find a woman or two.

CORSO

Find some peace?

Gibbons nods but doesn't offer anymore. Corso stands--puts his shoulder holster on, a .45 sits tucked in the holster. He snaps the leather straps to his belt.

CORSO

Tomorrow morning run down your list, hit up this bookie, do your thing. I need you backing me up with this Russian shit tonight. You never know how these ornery motherfuckers are gonna act. You strapped?

Gibbons shoots him a "you know I gotta gun" look.

CORSO

Let's roll, brother.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAWN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shawn steps into his small two bedroom apartment carrying a stack of envelopes. He sets them down on a table littered with other unopened mail--mostly bills sent from COLLECTION AGENCIES and HOSPITALS.

(CONTINUED)

He crosses into the kitchen, sets his pistol on the counter, opens the fridge, cracks a beer, sips. He's beat. Savors the drink.

His eye catches the microwave clock: 9:45.

SHAWN

Shit.

He takes out his cell and dials a number. It rings multiple times and goes to voice-mail.

TERESA

It's Teresa you know what to do.

SHAWN

(After the BEEP)

I know it's late but I told Gracie
I'd call to say goodnight...I
pulled some overtime last minute
and I uhh...look when you get this
can you please let her listen...

He sits at his dining room table, clears his throat and begins to sing...badly, off key, but still very sweet.

SHAWN

You are my sunshine, my only
sunshine, you make me happy when
skies are gray, you never know dear
how much I love you so please don't
take my sunshine away...Daddy loves
you Gracie-girl. Be good for momma.

He hangs up, runs his fingers through his hair, the stress of his life weighs down on his shoulders....

INT. RUSSIAN OWNED RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

A low lit, quiet, hole in the wall joint. Operated by Russian immigrants for years. Owned by Russian mobsters.

The place is empty save for a bartender, an elderly waitress and a table near the back of the room where FOUR RUSSIAN MOBSTERS hang out.

Two of the Russian's stand guard--FOOT SOLDIERS(both around 35)--tall and muscular, wearing slick Black and White suits, star-shaped tattoos on their hands.

The other two men sit at the table--talk in their native tongue over plates of food and glasses of wine.

(CONTINUED)

OLEG KALISHNAVICH (53), sits at the head of the table. An expensive suit covers his boxy frame. A Rolex is strapped around his thick wrist. His cold dark eyes flicker against the candle burning on the table.

Sitting to his left is--IVAN KALISHNAVICH (38), Oleg's little brother. A six-inch scar runs down his cheek. Multiple tattoos on his neck and hands. If he wasn't wearing the leather jacket, the sleeves of tattoos on his arms would be exposed.

DING! DING! A bell above the front door rings.

The Foot Soldiers look over to the door to see Gibbons and Corso entering.

FOOT SOLDIER 1
(In Russian to Oleg)
The nigger is here.

Oleg nods. Foot Soldier 2 motions for Corso to approach.

Gibbons and Corso cross the room.

CORSO
Gentleman.

Oleg and Ivan stand up. Oleg moves over to Corso and gives him a hug.

OLEG
It's good to see you Victor. It's been such a long time.

CORSO
You look well, Oleg.

Corso and Ivan shake hands.

CORSO
Ivan, hows the family?

IVAN
Well. Thank you. And you? Your daughter?

CORSO
She's good. I'm good. Everyone's healthy, happy. Thank you.

OLEG
Please, sit.

Corso sits at the table. Oleg looks at his two goons and Gibbons.

OLEG

Boris, Vanko, take Mr. Gibbons to the bar and get him a drink.

(to Corso)

Are you hungry? Fabian makes the best pelini you'll ever taste.

CORSO

No. Thank you. Had a late dinner.

OLEG

Perhaps a drink?

CORSO

Yeah sure. Thank you.

Oleg shouts something in Russian.

The Elderly Waitress brings over a bottle Vodka--pours the men two-fingers each. They grab their respective glasses and raise them.

OLEG

It seems this may be the last drink we will share as business partners, Victor.

CORSO

But hopefully not the last drink as friends.

IVAN

(in Russian)

za ná-shoo dróo-zhboo.

(to our friendship)

The three tap their glasses, drink...savor the taste.

CORSO

Damn good.

OLEG

Swavorski. Seven thousand dollars a bottle. It's exquisite.

CORSO

I'll have to remember that.

Oleg pulls out a cigar, smells it, chomps the end off, lights it. He puffs in and out, the thick smoke wafts around the table.

(CONTINUED)

OLEG

You're cutting it very close to the deadline, Victor. That isn't like you. You've always come off as a punctual business man. Problems?

CORSO

Small delay with another business associate, but I'll have everything in order by this time tomorrow. No need to worry.

OLEG

(skeptical)

Okay.

(beat)

We've done business for a long time and I'm sad to see you go. This puts us in a, how you say, PICKLE, is that right?

CORSO

(laughs)

Hey I don't say pickle, but it works for you.

The three men laugh. Oleg offers Corso a cigar. Corso shakes his head.

OLEG

Oh that's right you'd probably want to gut it and stuff it with marijuana. I'm all out of gas station cigars though.

Oleg and Ivan laugh. Corso smirks but doesn't join them.

OLEG

You know with you departing we're forced to work with a new distributor and it's going to take some time to feel comfortable again. A lot of guns sitting on standby.

(beat)

We were comfortable with your Uncle, we've been comfortable with you...there wouldn't be a way for me to convince you to stay would there?

(CONTINUED)

CORSO

No.

Oleg shoots Ivan a disappointed look. Ivan shrugs.

OLEG

(sighs)

You're Uncle Shade would never put us in this predicament.

CORSO

I'm not Shade. Now I'm sorry to put you in this predicament, or pickle, or whatever you wanna call it but we've talked about this. I've made the first three payments, no problem, the fourth is on the way. We've had a good run but I'm ready to get out. Ready to try something new.

IVAN

For your daughter? For little Leena?

A subtle threat. Gibbons takes notice. His hand casually slides to his hip where that pistol he always has, sits comfortably tucked.

CORSO

That's right. Among other reasons.

A quiet moment passes. Oleg breaks the silence.

OLEG

You've got thirty-six hours to pay the rest of your debt to us. I know I don't need to remind you what happens if you fail to deliver.

(beat)

We'll be in touch.

Oleg goes back to his plate of food. Ivan stares daggers at Corso.

Corso gets up leaves. Gibbons follows him out the front door.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - MORNING

Shawn, wearing his best dress blues, paces up and down the hallway--looking at his watch every couple seconds.

He moves to a secluded nook in an adjacent hallway. Takes out his phone, dials a number. It RINGS. And RINGS. And goes to VOICE MAIL.

FRANK

This is Frank, leave a message.

SHAWN

Frank...where the hell are you man?
I'm here at the station for this meeting and...you better be on your way asshole.

Shawn is furious. He clenches his phone tight in his fist and turns back toward the hallway he was pacing up and down in only to walk right into...

A woman dressed in a smart pant suit. She leans against the wall, arms folded. CARMEN DESILVA (33), As smart as she is tough. As tough as she is beautiful.

Shawn catches himself before he crashes into her.

SHAWN

Whoa, excuse me, I didn't--

DESILVA

Trouble finding your partner?

SHAWN

I'm sorry?

DESILVA

You're Officer Cassidy.

SHAWN

How do you know that?

DESILVA

(taps his name tag)
Aside from that...I'm familiar with your work.

SHAWN

Investigations...

(CONTINUED)

DESILVA
Ding. Ding. Ding.

Shawn looks around to see if anyone is near by. They're all alone. He focuses back on DeSilva.

SHAWN
Okay Investigations--

DESILVA
DeSilva.
(smiles)
Lieutenant.

SHAWN
Okay...Lieutenant...this how our little meeting's gonna go down? Here in the halls? I thought you guys got your own fancy offices. Name on the door. Solitaire on the desktop. That kinda stuff.

DESILVA
Hard to catch the bad guys sitting in an office.

SHAWN
Stalking these halls aint gonna get you any closer. Bad guys are on the streets.

DESILVA
I go after a different kind of bad guy. Sometimes, they're dressed like you.

SHAWN
That an accusation, Lieutenant DeSilva?

DESILVA
Certain names hit my desk. I gotta do what I gotta do with those names.

SHAWN
I'm cleaner than a nun's sheets, L.T.

DESILVA
Than why am I standing here talking to you?

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Funny, I was wondering the same thing.

DESILVA

Complaints.

SHAWN

We're cops. Nobody likes us.

DESILVA

The name Herbert Dickson, ring a bell?

SHAWN

Should it?

DESILVA

How about Janet Peoples? Victoria Santos? Michael Lowden?

SHAWN

Yeah wasn't he the guy on that TV show back in the seventies?

DESILVA

Those are citizens who filed complaints accusing you and your partner of soliciting bribes...some even said they were forced to give up cash...within the past month.

SHAWN

Funny thing about cop work, REAL cop work, is you need this little thing, might wanna write this part down, you need this thing called "evidence". I don't know about you but I'm pretty sure a couple of reports with my name on it from Joe Blow-Nobody and Sally Who-Gives-a-Shit aint enough to bury two great cops. If you did have any real evidence, you wouldn't be talking to me, you'd be talking to Danny Rosenberg. That name ring a bell?

DESILVA

Should it?

SHAWN

My attorney. Keep this up and he'll be suing you out of that pretty little pant suit.

(CONTINUED)

DESILVA
Watch yourself, Officer.

SHAWN
I thought that was your job?

Just then Capt. Deacon steps out of his office sipping a water. He sees the two talking and bee lines for them.

DEACON
Hey, hey, hey, now I know we agreed
if you were gonna talk to my guys
you were gonna do it with me
present.

DESILVA
Relax, Captain. Officer Cassidy and
I were just...chatting.

SHAWN
Yeah, we were just getting to the
weather.

DESILVA
That's right. Supposed to be a big
storm coming down.

They let a moment pass between them. There's a connection.

DEACON
You get a hold of Frank?

SHAWN
No, sir. I can keep trying.

DeSilva spots her partner, PETE ROMERO (35), clean cut,
All-American, in a decent suit and tie combo, approaching.

DESILVA
Officer Cassidy, this is my
partner, Lt. Romero.

Romero and Shawn shake hands.

ROMERO
Sorry we've gotta meet under these
circumstances.

SHAWN
Yeah right, me too.

ROMERO

What's the plan, Carmen?

DESILVA

We're still waiting on, Sgt. Welker.

ROMERO

We've got a couple more meetings...wanna reschedule?

DESILVA

Captain?

DEACON

Yeah..sure...that's fine.

(to Shawn)

I want Frank here ten minutes ago. You and him. We crystal?

SHAWN

Of course, sir.

DESILVA

I'd like to reschedule A-sap, sir.

DEACON

I've got your card, Lieutenant.

DESILVA

Officer Cassidy.

SHAWN

Gotta card for me?

DESILVA

Fresh out. Don't worry though. I'll be around.

DeSilva walks down the hallway. Romero shakes Shawn's and Captain Deacon's hand.

ROMERO

Gentlemen, have a good day.

DeSilva and Romero make there way down the hallway.

SHAWN

(snaps his fingers/ calls out to DeSilva)

Little House on the Prairie!

(CONTINUED)

DESILVA
(still walking)
That's Michael Landon!

Shawn nods. He shouldn't but he digs her. Deacon steps in front of Shawn's face, blocking him from watching DeSilva walk away.

DEACON
I'm not a blind man, Cassidy. I see how she's wearing those pants. But let me tell you that that woman is prepared to snatch you AND Frank's balls off and three-ring circus juggle em. Keep your self focused. Why don't you go do your job, your job right now is to get Sgt. Welker in this building.

SHAWN
I'm on it.

Deacon walks away. Shawn, head back in the game, walks down the hallway to the motor pool.

CUT TO:

INT. 7-11 STYLE STORE - DAY

Samir stands behind the counter of the store flipping through a magazine. A couple customers move about the store getting their items.

DING DONG. The door opens but Samir doesn't even look up from his magazine. After a few moments he notices the customers leaving.

TWO MEN in DECENT SUITS are left, one by the front entrance and one posted near a back door.

Samir eyes them, confused.

SAMIR
Can I help you with some--

Before he can finish, Gibbons walks in. Spots a bin filled with oranges, grabs one, and makes his way to the counter.

SAMIR
Is that gonna be all, buddy?

(CONTINUED)

GIBBONS

(peeling the orange)

It's my understanding that you don't just sell coffee and cigarettes here Mr. Patel. You gotta different kind of operation going on and I've got some questions that need answering regarding a couple of your customers.

SAMIR

I don't know what you mean sir.

Gibbons moves to the end of the counter--steps behind it, approaches Samir, takes a bite from his peeled orange.

GIBBONS

I'm gonna burn this shit hole to the ground using you as the kindling if you keep dicking me around...Are we clear?

Samir nods. Gibbons backs off slightly.

GIBBONS

I need to know if any police officers have come in here placing large bets in the last 24 hours. The cash would more than likely be in crisp hundred dollar bills. Sound familiar?

SAMIR

Yes.

GIBBONS

What're their names?

SAMIR

Just one guy. He's gotta partner but it's the one guy who makes the bets. He's a degenerate. Came in yesterday afternoon, placed some small time stuff like usual, but then earlier this morning he comes in with a stack of cash, placed big money, and left. Thought it was odd, but this guy, his partner too, aren't exactly good guys.

(beat)

His name is Frank Welker.

(CONTINUED)

GIBBONS

He came in this morning?

SAMIR

A couple hours ago.

GIBBONS

Show me the security footage.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAWN'S GTO - DAY

Shawn drives his car, phone to his ear, loosening the collar on his blues, he's flustered. The phone rings and rings and then finally someone picks up.

GWENN (FRANK'S WIFE)

(groggily)

Hello?

SHAWN

Gwenn it's Shawn. I need to--

GWENN

Hey honey, how are you? I haven't seen you in forever.

SHAWN

I'm good, thank you. How are things with you?

GWENN

I'm doing okay. Hey hon do you think you can stop by the store and pick up some smokes, and maybe some Seagrams for me? I asked Frank to get me some and I haven't seen him since.

SHAWN

I'd love to do that for you, I can't now, but maybe later because I've actually been looking for Frank myself and it's really important.

GWENN

Ah he came in earlier acting all happy and excited and wanted to celebrate. I told him I didn't wanna go out so early and he split.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

What did he want to celebrate?

GWENN

Said he won big on a game and wanted to go out...I don't know...he never tells me anything, the bastard, probably at the god damned titty bar again.

A light bulb goes off in Shawn's head.

SHAWN

Shit you're probably right. Listen to me I'm gonna go see if he's there. If you hear from him before I do could you please remember to have him call my cell right away.

GWENN

Is everything okay?

SHAWN

No. Yeah. I mean...It's not like that. Something with work that's all.

GWENN

Okay sweetheart. If you see him tell him to come home will ya?

SHAWN

Yes ma'am. You take care, I'll tell him to swing by the store for you, okay?

GWENN

Thanks Shawny.

Shawn hangs up the phone. Slaps the steering wheel.

SHAWN

Frank you fucking moron!

Shawn presses down on the accelerator and heads toward the club.

INT. SAMIR'S STORE - DAY

Gibbons and Samir watch a TV screen playing security footage.

SAMIR

That's him.

Gibbons gets a good look at Frank's face.

GIBBONS

He say anything else?

SAMIR

Said he wanted to go celebrate. He usually does that at my brother's club.

GIBBONS

What club?

SAMIR

Bottoms Up Strip club. Nice place. Would've liked to have gone into business with him but my brother's an asshole.

GIBBONS

(checks his watch)

The place open now?

SAMIR

Opened up at Eleven. If you're looking for this man, I'd start there.

GIBBONS

(throws down money on a table)

For your troubles.

EXT. BOTTOMS UP STRIP CLUB - AFTERNOON

Shawn's GTO pulls into the parking lot of the strip club, stops by A BLACK DODGE RAM PICKUP TRUCK. Shawn shakes his head as he gets a good look at the plate.

SHAWN

Frank you motherfucker...

Shawn parks his car. Lights a smoke. Steps out--goes to the trunk. Takes off his Blues Top--straps on a BULLET PROOF VEST. Takes off his Dress Shoes--laces up BLACK BOOTS.

(CONTINUED)

Clips a HOLSTERED GLOCK to his hip.

Throws his SERVICE BADGE, hooked to dog-tag chains, around his neck...and walks toward the Strip Club.

CUT TO:

INT. DESILVA'S UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

DeSilva sits in the passenger seat of the sedan. Romero sits in the driver's seat, sipping coffee.

They watch in their unmarked car from across the street as Shawn makes his way to the front entrance of the club.

ROMERO

Doesn't look like he's going in to get a lap dance.

DESILVA

I knew there was something about this guy Pete...one of my famous hunches...they're up to something.

ROMERO

What are you thinking?

DESILVA

Not sure yet but the bad guys are out on the streets right?...here we are....lets catch some bad guys.

ROMERO

We gonna wait?

DESILVA

We're gonna wait.

ROMERO

I'm gonna pee.

DeSilva laughs as Romero steps out the car.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BOTTOMS UP STRIP CLUB - AFTERNOON

Shawn opens up the door to the club, LOUD THUMPING BASS MUSIC bounces off the walls. He comes in from the light of the sun to the purple and pink neon of the dark club.

(CONTINUED)

Shawn walks toward a LARGE BLACK MAN, waiting by the front entrance, ALONZO(28), he's gotta shirt that reads SECURITY on the back and the BOTTOMS UP STRIP CLUB LOGO on the front.

He and Shawn slap hands.

SHAWN

Where is he?

ALONZO

He's been in the champagne room since the doors opened. Buying drinks and dances for everyone. That's why the place is as packed as it is. Motherfuckers been calling their friends. Good for business.

SHAWN

Not for mine. What's he been drinking?

ALONZO

He bought the bar out.

SHAWN

I'll let you know if I need you. Shawn walks away toward the main room of the club.

ALONZO

(jokingly)

Shit I'll know when I hear the gunshots.

SHAWN

(to himself)

Don't tempt me.

Shawn beelines across the main floor, makes his way into the VIP section of the club.

INT. BOTTOMS UP STRIP CLUB - VIP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Women giggle and chatter behind a closed door of one of the private rooms. Shawn opens the door.

Frank sits at a booth surrounded by topless strippers. Bottles of booze and cash are scattered on the table.

Frank whispers something in one of the girls ears and she laughs like it was the funniest thing in the world. Frank slides her a hundred.

(CONTINUED)

Shawn steps in, pissed off, the girls see him and get excited.

STRIPPER #1
Ooo look Frankie it's one of your
cop friends. He's sexy.

Frank looks over, drunk, smiling, surprised to see Shawn.

FRANK
Shawny-Boy!! What's up man, come
and have a drink!

SHAWN
(to the Stripper)
No thanks.
(to Frank)
I need to talk to you.

FRANK
Well shit man, sit, talk, the water
feels real nice.

The girls laugh at the cornball joke. Shawn steps forward.
More authoritative.

SHAWN
Frank this isn't what we talked
about. You need to get up and come
with me. Right now.

FRANK
Why are you trying to fuck up the
party?
(leans forward, more focused)
I won big with Samir. Placed some
bets and I'm celebrating. Relax.
Have a good time....there aint a
lot of it left.

SHAWN
What's that supposed to mean?

Frank stares at Shawn for a moment. Eyes glassy. The smile
slowly fades away.

FRANK
Girls why don't you give us a few
minutes.

The ladies mumble and grumble but shuffle out of the room.
Leaving just Shawn and Frank.

FRANK

Take a seat. Have a drink with me.

SHAWN

I don't want a dri--

FRANK

SIT DOWN!

Shawn's taken aback. Goes quiet. Makes his way to Frank.

FRANK

Always with the smart mouth,
Jesus...

(Shawn sits next to Frank)

I just want to have a drink with my
friend.

Frank pours whiskey into two shot glasses. Hands one to Shawn. Raises the other for a toast.

FRANK

To you and yours. They tap glasses
and fire down the shots.

Frank slams the glass down onto the table and picks up a smoke.

FRANK

I'm dieing, Shawn....

Shawn chuckles a "yeah right" kinda laugh, wipes his mouth, looks into his partner's eyes. Frank lights his cigarette. Takes a deep puff, exhales, holds up the cig.

FRANK

These things finally caught up to
me...

Shawn laughs again. Frank's stone-cold expression hasn't flinched. Shawn loses the grin. Gets serious.

SHAWN

Bullshit.

(Frank shakes his head)

Is that what all of...this...is
about?

FRANK

Found out about two months. Lungs
are shot...

(a pitiful laugh)

I always figured that it be one of
these...assholes...on the streets

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (cont'd)
that would send me packing...Nope.
Just another one of the sick jokes
in the brew ha ha that is my
fucking life, Shawny-Boy...Nobody
knows about this. Not work. Not
Gwenn. Just you. I'll be lucky if I
live to see Christmas.
(pours another drink)
And you know how shitty my luck
is....

He gulps down the shot, looks at Shawn, and smiles.

EXT. BOTTOMS UP - STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

A BLACK SUV pulls into the parking lot of the club. Gibbons
and the two guys in decent suits step out.

Gibbons and Goon #1 walk into the strip club. The second
man runs to the backside of the building.

INT. DESILVA'S UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

DeSilva watches as the man heads around the back of the
club.

DESILVA
Check this out.

ROMERO
Now what the heck is he doing?

DESILVA
(realizing)
He's covering the exit.

INT. BOTTOMS UP STRIP CLUB - VIP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shawn pours a drink, fires it down. He sees a pile of WHITE
POWDER on the table.

SHAWN
May I?

FRANK
Yeah fuck it...lets both do one.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

And then we gotta get the fuck out of here. This aint the place we need to be at. We gotta lotta shit to figure out. Okay?

FRANK

Okay partner.

Frank cuts fat lines of cocaine. Shawn stands up and surveys the main floor of the club from the VIP booth.

SHAWN

Damn it Frank...I'm sorry.

FRANK

Nah I'm an asshole. I shoulda been there for you at the precinct this morning.

(beat)

I'm gonna be okay buddy. Got this money now...gonna take my ass to Florida, live out the rest of my days paid in the shade.

Shawn spots something from across the club. The two men walking in. Gibbons and Goon #1. Something about them doesn't sit right. He focuses on Gibbons...the guy looks familiar.

Frank snorts his line. He breaks Shawn's concentration.

FRANK

You're up.

Shawn moves over to the table, takes the rolled up hundred, and snorts his line. The rush hits him quick.

SHAWN

God damn that's good.

FRANK

I figure I'm dead already...might as well spring.

SHAWN

Let's get the fuck out of here.

INT. DESILVA'S UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

DeSilva and Romero spot a MAN WITH A BEARD (Goon 2) get out of the SUV and stand casually by the front door.

The SUV takes off to the backside of the building.

ROMERO

What do you wanna do L.T.? Go out on foot? Pull in with the lights?

DESILVA

Shit...no...we wait...

INT. BOTTOMS UP STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Shawn and Frank make their way out of the VIP room toward the front of the club.

Gibbons and Goon #1 make their way to the VIP room...

...and then...

The four men see each other at the same moment in the middle of the club.

They stop.

Stare each other down.

There's about twenty feet of space between them, space filled with half naked women and drunken patrons with no idea the perfect storm of FUCK is brewing around them.

SHAWN

You see this?

FRANK

Of course.

SHAWN

You strapped?

FRANK

Of course.

SHAWN

They probably got the exits covered.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Yup.

Gibbons watches them, not hearing the plotting going on over the loud sex filled song banging through the building.

GIBBONS

(Loudly over the music)

Gentlemen I think we should go outside and talk!

SHAWN

Move to the back on my cover.

FRANK

Got it.

Shawn quickly draws his pistol and BLASTS ROUNDS off at both men. The place goes APE SHIT. People scramble for cover or make a break for the front door. A girl walking between the two groups gets SHOT TWICE.

INT. DESILVA'S UNDERCOVER CAR - SAME

GUNSHOTS from inside the strip club. Romero and DeSilva shoot each other an "oh shit" look.

He slams the car in gear, mashes the accelerator and heads toward the building.

INT. BOTTOMS UP STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Gibbons takes cover by the stage.

Goon #1 takes cover behind a support pillar.

Shawn CONTINUES FIRING as Frank makes his way to the VIP section door way.

Frank tucks into the corner of the doorway, starts shooting at both men.

FRANK

MOVE!

Shawn starts walking backwards as fast as he can, his sights trained on Gibbons' cover spot.

Gibbons BLIND FIRES at the two cops.

(CONTINUED)

Shawn BLASTS BACK keeping him pinned down. He reaches the doorway where Frank is covered. Moves ten feet down the hall. Turns back. Aims.

SHAWN

MOVE!

Frank moves down the hallway as Shawn covers the doorway.

GIBBONS

(into radio)

They're going for the backdoor!

EXT. BOTTOMS UP STRIP CLUB - FRONT ENTRANCE - SAME

DeSilva and Romero's unmarked car screeches to a stop out front of the club.

The armed guard out front, GOON #2, sees the car speeding up. He pushes through the wave of screaming people rushing out the front door, makes his way inside the club.

DeSilva jumps out the car.

DESILVA

I'll cover the back. Stay here.
Check for injuries. Call it in!

Before Romero can protest DeSilva's moving around the corner.

INT. BOTTOMS UP STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Goon #2 runs into the club, gun drawn. Just as he crosses the curtain to the main floor, his knees get BLOWN OFF by a SHOTGUN BLAST.

Laying on his back behind the bar, right by the entrance, is Alonzo. He grips the still smoking shotgun.

GIBBONS:

Sees his guy get his lower half shotgunned. He curses, gets up, makes his way to the VIP doorway, his partner following close behind him.

FRANK AND SHAWN:

Move in standard two by two cover formation through a small kitchen. It's emptied out. They move toward a dimly lit EXIT SIGN above a door.

EXT. BOTTOMS UP STRIP CLUB - BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

DeSilva slinks along the wall of the building, she reaches the corner, spots a man with his back to her, holding an UZI, watching the exit door.

She rounds the corner--pistol drawn.

DESILVA
POLICE! DO NOT MOVE!

The gunman spins around, raises his weapon.

The exit door opens up.

DeSilva squeezes off shots.

Frank and Shawn burst out the back door.

Two bullets take out the back door gunman.

The third bullet PUNCHES into Frank's side!

Shawn sees his partner hit the pavement. Spins with his pistol ready to fire only to see...

...DeSilva. She stares at Frank on the ground. Points her weapon at Shawn.

Shawn's finger tenses on the trigger, in a FLASH he aims AWAY from DeSilva and FIRES OFF ROUNDS into--

--THE WINDSHIELD of the bad guys' SUV speeding toward DeSilva.

The Driver gets his chest punished with lead. The wheel yanks out of his grip.

DeSilva jumps for cover on the side of the building.

The SUV whips out of control and SLAMS headfirst into a dumpster in a MASSIVE COLLISION.

DeSilva sits with her back against the wall. She freaks out. Panics. Scared. Thankful she's alive. Romero's voice comes over her radio.

ROMERO
DeSilva what's your status? Are you okay?

She says nothing, starts to tear up uncontrollably.

ON SHAWN:

SHAWN
(bringing Frank to his feet)
Come on buddy you gotta get up,
gotta keep moving.

Frank SCREAMS in pain. Shawn does his best to help move him through the parking lot.

ON GIBBONS AND GOON #1:

Moving down the hallway leading to the kitchen.

A back office door BURSTS OPEN and a SKINNY MIDDLE EASTERN MAN (Samir's brother), comes out screaming, brandishes a large REVOLVER.

Gibbon's turns to the man and puts bullets in his kneecaps. Goon #1 finishes him off with a rake of gunfire across his body.

ON ROMERO:

Still isn't getting a response on the radio from DeSilva.

He hears the GUN FIRE inside. Thinks the worst. Makes his way inside the building with his gun drawn.

He bursts inside, gun ready, moves toward the main floor and then--BOOM! A shotgun blast goes wide, BUCK SHOTS clip Romero's ribs.

Romero turns to see Alonzo...SHOOTS rounds into the bouncer's face and neck--collapses the floor.

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The back door to the club BURSTS open. Gibbons and Goon #1 move out. They see the dead body. Wrecked SUV. Shawn toting the injured Frank.

SIRENS WAIL in the distance.

The boys get to the GTO. Frank leans on the passenger door. Shawn checks their six. Gibbons and his partner move toward them. Shawn fires off shots!

Gibbons and Goon #1 duck behind cars.

(CONTINUED)

Frank opens the passenger door, begins to climb in--RA-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! Gunshots RIP into Frank's back! Knocks him to his knees. He SCREAMS in agony!

Shawn sees Frank drop, his eyes explode with rage.

Goon #1 still shoots.

Shawn moves toward Frank, aims at Goon #1--trigger finger working overtime--BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Bullets rip through the henchman's heart. Gibbons, in cover, curses, reloads.

Shawn pushes Frank inside the car. Slams the door shut. Moves to the trunk. Opens it. Reaches in and comes out with TWO SMOKE GRENADES.

He pops the tops. Tosses them around the parking lot. SMOKE BILLOWS. Creates a screen of cover for Shawn and Frank.

The POLICE SIRENS get closer.

Shawn jumps in the driver seat. Cranks the engine.

SHAWN

Frank we're gettin the fuck outta here man!

ON GIBBONS:

All of a sudden the GTO BURSTS out of the smoke screen and SPEEDS past him--almost gets clipped.

Gibbons tries to fire at the fleeing vehicle but it rounds a corner. Takes off like a bat out of hell.

Police sirens close in on the mayhem. Gibbons is pissed, sweating, brain races. He pulls out his cellphone and walks into the smoke.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOTTOMS UP STRIP CLUB - CRIME SCENE - LATER

Police, EMT's and Fire Rescue personnel surround the building. Helicopters circle the skies. News trucks are on scene with reporters lining up to get the scoop.

DeSilva is in the center of the chaos--watches EMT's wheel Romero off on a stretcher.

(CONTINUED)

DESILVA
Shit Pete, I'm so sorry...

ROMERO
Don't sweat it boss lady...I'll be
out before ya know it.

Romero is loaded in an ambulance and driven off.

DEACON (O.S.)
Lt. DeSilva!

She turns to see--Capt. Deacon, he motions for her to join
him and a group of men standing by a police cruiser.

She jogs over to the group that consists of: Capt. Deacon.
Plain clothes Detectives. Uniformed police supervisors and--

Lt. BAKER (35), crew-cut hair, Oakley Sunglasses, decked out
in tactical gear, the letters S.W.A.T stamped across his
vest.

DEACON
Okay, ladies and gentlemen this is
the deal. We got two subjects last
seen fleeing this parking lot
heading East in a sixty-nine, Black
in color GTO...approximately
twenty-two minutes ago. Lt. DeSilva
has I.D.'d the owner-operator as
Officer Shawn Cassidy, and his
accomplice as Sgt Frank Welker. And
yes you heard that right these guys
are one of us. As information comes
in about the circumstances
surrounding just what the hell
happened here I'm putting priority
number one on apprehending these
two. Lt. DeSilva is going to head
up the task force along side
S.W.A.T. to bring our boys in.

DeSilva shoots Deacon a look.

DEACON
(to DeSilva)
You wanted em, you gotta go get em.
(to the group)
Coordinate with your subordinates.
Get all pertinent information to me
as soon as you get it.

The group disperses. Deacon moves through rows of cop cars.
DeSilva follows.

(CONTINUED)

DESILVA

Are you sure about this sir?

DEACON

Somebody involved in this mess just put your partner in the hospital and damn near killed you. I can send you home or you can do something about it. It's up to you. Don't think you can handle it just let me know.

DeSilva thinks about it, surveys the craziness around her, spots an EMT moving a bagged body through the crowd...could've been her. She fights back the thought and turns to Deacon.

DESILVA

I'll bring them in, sir.

DEACON

Good. When you do please let me know. I'd like to talk to em.
(his cell phone rings, checks the screen)
Excuse me.

Deacon answers his phone and walks through the crowd. DeSilva stands there. Determined...and worried.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERNEATH A FREEWAY ON RAMP - SHAWN'S GTO - LATER

Shawn's car is parked under the on ramp, idling quietly.

He uses the ramp as cover from the police and news helicopters circling the skies above.

Shawn is in the driver's seat--staring straight ahead. No emotion on his face.

Frank is in the passenger seat, head slumped to the side. He's covered in blood. Not moving. Not breathing...Dead.

Shawn's CELL PHONE rings. He looks down and sees a PICTURE OF GRACIE AND TERESA as his CALLER ID. He ignores it. Stares off in disbelief.

SHAWN

God damn it, Frank...how do I get outta this shit?

INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING - 20TH FLOOR - AFTERNOON

The floor of this luxury building is still under construction. Workers put up drywall, run wires, paint walls.

Corso is going over blueprints with a lead worker. His phone BUZZES. He checks it.

TEXT MESSAGE: Board room. Now.

Corso pockets the phone and excuses himself.

CUT TO:

A FLATSCREEN TV. A NEWSCAST PLAYS OF:

A reporter on scene at the strip club.

REPORTER

-brutal shoot out that has left more than twelve injured and five dead. No word has been given yet on whether the police have the shooters in custody but police Captain Stanley Deacon is going to be delivering a conference shortly--

The TV turns off.

Corso looks away from the TV and out the large window overlooking the city.

Gibbons sits at a boardroom table. A remote control is in his hands.

GIBBONS

I tried to do it quietly. They didn't hesitate shootin the club up once we were on em. Couple of fuckin cowboys.

Before Corso can respond--the doors to the board room open. THE TWO RUSSIAN FOOT SOLDIERS from the restaurant walk in. Ivan and Oleg walk in behind them.

Corso and Gibbons look over, confused.

Gibbons' hand goes for his gun.

Oleg moves to the head of the table and sits down.

(CONTINUED)

OLEG

Relax Mr. Gibbons. We're not here
for that.

CORSO

You didn't wanna call or anything,
Oleg?...just gonna interrupt me
like this...

The foot soldiers stand guard. Ivan closes the door to the
room.

OLEG

These streets have a big mouth,
Victor. I'm a little upset to say
the least but...I understand.

CORSO

That makes one of us...what's this
about?

OLEG

Your money that is supposed to be
MY money was stolen sometime in the
past few days...and you've been
scrambling to get it back...now
don't bother trying to cover your
asses because like I said...I
understand...I want to offer my
services in helping you retrieve my
money.

GIBBONS

That won't be neces-

CORSO

What were you thinking?

Gibbons shoots Vic a look of confusion. Corso doesn't pay
him any attention.

OLEG

Ivan...

Ivan sits down at the table.

IVAN

Tell me everything.

CUT TO:

EXT. METRO STATION PARK AND RIDE - EVENING

A car window SMASHES in with the butt of a gun. Shawn, wearing a jacket, hood up, gets in the driver's seat. Hot wires the car. Drives out the parking lot.

Shawn cruises, face emotionless, in shock. Then an outburst of anger! He SLAPS the steering wheel, CURSES, starts tearing up...

INT. STOLEN CAR (MOVING) - LATER

Shawn smokes a cigarette. Looks beat to hell.

RED AND BLUE FLASHING LIGHTS catch his attention. Police a mile or so up the road have a CHECKPOINT set up.

He sits up, looks around, spots a sign on his right for MADGE'S TAVERN...a run down little hole in the wall, bar.

Shawn parks. Watches the checkpoint up ahead. Cars are stopped. Officers talk to passengers and drivers.

A SEDAN pulls into the parking lot, drives around to the back. Shawn doesn't notice.

He looks up at the sign for the bar--flicks his butt and steps out the car.

EXT. MADGE'S TAVERN - EVENING

He walks to the front door but something catches his attention. He spins, gun drawn, aims at a shadowy area leading to the back of the bar.

From the darkness: Gibbons steps out. Empty hands casually raised.

GIBBONS

Easy cowboy...I'm not armed.

SHAWN

You?...gotta lotta balls old man...how'd you find me?

GIBBONS

It's what I do.

Shawn looks around nervously. Gibbons notices.

(CONTINUED)

GIBBONS

It's just me out here, Mr. Cassidy.
I was hoping maybe we could have a
drink...my treat.

SHAWN

I can buy my own drinks.

GIBBONS

You certainly can afford em...come
inside...one drink...you're gonna
wanna hear what I have to say.

SHAWN

You killed my best
friend...and...and you expect me to
sit with you and have a beer?...Get
in the fucking car.

GIBBONS

No offense, Officer but I believe
your side has racked up the higher
body count....I've been trying to
avoid loss of life...how about
this...we go inside, have a drink,
you listen to what I got to
say...and we go from there.

Shawn hesitates...but soon lowers the weapon. He keeps it
pointed at Gibbons, concealed under his jacket.

SHAWN

You've got ten of my fuckin minutes
old man. Then I deal with you.

INT. MADGE'S TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn and Gibbons sit at a table near the back of the bar.
Gibbons grabs his beer and casually sips it.

Shawn, burnt out, tired, wanting to get shitfaced and forget
the world exists, uses his free hand to take a swig from his
mug--his other hand palms his pistol under the table.

GIBBONS

I got a story to tell, Officer.

SHAWN

Cut it out with the Officer shit...

(CONTINUED)

GIBBONS

I've never told this story to anyone.

SHAWN

This is the last time you'll ever drink a beer mister...you sure you don't wanna savor it?

GIBBONS

Well as far as I see it, you could've shot me dead in that parking lot...that's what guys like you do, right? Pull triggers? But you didn't...why was that?

SHAWN

Guess I'm gettin tired of killin all you motherfuckers.

GIBBONS

You've seen one too many movies Mr. Cassidy. Good guys don't always end up alive in real life.

SHAWN

Who said I was the good guy?

GIBBONS

Well I'm certainly no hero.

SHAWN

So then we're both bad guys. One of the bad guys deserves to die. And the other bad guy is ME...and I got the gun...and since you seem more interested in story time I guess I'm gonna have to live up to my trigger pullin reputation.

They stare each other down. Shawn gives in, shrugs, he knows he's in control.

SHAWN

It's your ten minutes old man...do your thing.

Gibbons is quiet. Collecting his thoughts. Something is bothering him.

GIBBONS

I used to be a cop. Long time ago. And like you-I suspect-I got

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GIBBONS (cont'd)
jaded...got cynical...got
dirty. I've done more horrible
things in my life than you've had
hot meals...I'm done with it.

(beat)

Me and you, we're a couple regular
fellas, sitting in a bar, having a
beer, caught in a situation because
of money that doesn't belong to
either one of us....I know this
cash seems like the answer to all
your problems, but take it from me,
your going to regret compromising
who you are based off of material
things you want.

SHAWN

You don't know who I am or what I
want, Mister.

GIBBONS

I know what you don't want...

Gibbon's hands Shawn a folded piece of paper. Shawn eyeballs
the paper...doesn't go for it.

GIBBONS

I had to convince a lot of angry
people to let me talk to you like
this. I've gotten a little fed up
with the bloodshed. So meet me at
that address by midnight tonight
and we can end this.

SHAWN

What makes you think I won't shoot
you dead right fuckin here?

GIBBONS

(reaches in his breast
pocket...removes a picture)
Because you don't want them to hurt
her.

Gibbons slides the photo across the table.

Shawn looks down and sees...

...his daughter, Gracie! Shawn's heart drops. He's confused,
scared, angry, he looks up at Gibbons.

(CONTINUED)

GIBBONS

Relax Mr. Cassidy...she's safe.

SHAWN

You're lying. The entire police force is looking for me...they'd have a unit on standby with my family....in..in case I went by there.

GIBBONS

Mr. Corso has a pretty big reach within your department...how do you think we found you in the first place?

(Shawn sits on that information)

Now if you don't allow me to walk out of here...unharmd...so I can make a phone call in-

(checks his watch)

Two minutes...she won't be safe...

Shawn's blood is boiling...he grips his pistol tight.

GIBBONS

Your ex-wife is still at work...the sitter was left tied up and unharmd...Believe me the alternate way this was going to play out wouldn't have been this civil...don't make me regret giving you this opportunity.

(beat)

I don't wanna see anymore little girls get hurt in this crazy world...

(beat)

I'm gonna leave now...please don't shoot me in the dick.

Gibbons stands. Shawn's furious, he stares at the picture of his daughter, fighting to not kill this man.

Gibbons lays down a twenty on the table--walks out the bar.

Shawn shakes his head--grabs the piece of paper and picture--rushes out the front door of the bar.

EXT. MADGE'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Shawn bursts out the front door. Scans the parking lot.

Gibbons is no where in sight.

Shawn curses. Rushes over to the stolen car. Hops in--speeds off in the opposite direction of the police checkpoint in a trail of tire smoke.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

DeSilva is running the show trying to deal with the shootout and the manhunt. Phones Ring. Cops talk over one another. Walkies crackle out chatter over the police net.

DeSilva is handed a piece of paper by a young officer, she scans, signs, and keeps moving.

Lt. Baker (S.W.A.T. leader) comes into the room--points at two of his men--motions for them to head out.

DeSilva catches this--approaches Baker.

DESILVA

(hopeful)

You got something for me?

Baker's not exactly thrilled to be working along side this woman. Maybe they've had a run in in the past? Maybe he just has a macho jerk off attitude.

BAKER

No I do not. Something came down from top brass...you'll still have Sgt. Edwins to act as a liaison for S.W.A.T.

DESILVA

I was told that I-

BAKER

I don't give a good god damn what you were told. I've been given an assignment and that's all you need to hear.

Baker moves out of the room. DeSilva watches him walk out...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - THE MEET UP - NIGHT

The shipping yard is lined with warehouses, small offices, and large boats stocked with storage containers.

Shawn pulls up to an open gate leading into the depths of the shipping yard. His cellphone RINGS.

VOICE(IVAN)

Toss any weapons you have out the window.

Shawn reluctantly tosses his pistol out of the window.

IVAN

Drive to the end of the wharf and turn right...pull into the open storage container at the end of the dock. Turn off the motor. Do not get out of the car.

SHAWN

Wait a god damned minute I want proof of life! I wanna talk to my daughter!

Ivan hangs up. Shawn fumes. Drives forward. Follows Ivan's directions.

His headlights illuminate a LARGE STORAGE CONTAINER, placed on the docks--the doors to the storage container are open.

Shawn slowly pulls into the container. Kills the engine. Eyes go to the rear view mirror.

TWO FLASHLIGHT BEAMS shine on the rear view mirror. The flashlights are attached to sub-machine guns being held by Ivan and a RUSSIAN HENCHMAN WITH A MULLET.

Both men stand outside of the storage container, fingers on their triggers.

IVAN

Put your hands on your head!

As Ivan barks out orders Shawn follows them to a T.

IVAN

Open the door with your right hand!...Step out, slowly!...face the front of the car!...step back to the sound of my voice!...stop!...get down on your fucking knees!

(CONTINUED)

MULLET moves forward, zip ties Shawn's hands behind his back. Lifts him to his feet. Spins him around.

SHAWN

Money's in the trunk...where's my daughter?

Ivan opens the trunk, unzips both bags, filled with the loot. He closes the trunk and brings a radio to his mouth.

IVAN

Move in.

HEADLIGHTS beam--two SUV's pull out from inside a warehouse. The lead SUV pulls up next to where Shawn is detained. The rear SUV stays back near the warehouse.

Gibbons steps out the lead SUV.

SHAWN

Where's my daughter?!

GIBBONS

She's near. I'm a man of my word
Mr-

Before Gibbon's can finish a CAR APPROACHES the group of bad dudes doing bad shit. Anyone with a gun aims at the incoming vehicle.

The car stops.

The driver side door opens up and a silhouetted figure emerges from the glow of the headlights....

...Pete Romero--steps out, bandages on his ribs, walks with a slight limp.

SHAWN

...what the hell is this-

GIBBONS

What are you doing here, Pete?

Romero moves in--shakes Gibbons hand. Ivan is jumpy and pissed.

ROMERO

I got word on this little meeting once I got out the hospital. Wanted to come by...make sure everything went smoothly.

(CONTINUED)

IVAN
What is this?

GIBBONS
(to Ivan)
Relax.
(to Romero)
You shoulda called, Pete.

ROMERO
Sincerest apologies, gentlemen.

SHAWN
You rat fuckin bastard...

GIBBONS
(to Ivan)
You got your money...I appreciate
your help...tell Oleg to call if
there are any issues.

ROMERO
I'm afraid there is an issue,
Lester.

Gibbons starts to respond when... A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT!

Mullet gets his hair dyed brain matter gray. Ivan takes a
SHOT TO THE CHEST from an unknown SNIPER.

Shawn hits the deck. Gibbons reaches for his pistol.

Romero SHOOTS him in the chest! Gibbons crashes to the
ground. Head smacks on the wooden docks. Knocked out cold.

The LEAD SUV gets strafed with bullets. The windshield
SHATTERS. Sprayed in blood. Everyone inside: Dead.

The REAR SUV takes off. Peppered with gunfire. CRASHES into
a stack of pallets. Turns a corner. Speeds from the scene.

Shawn scrambles to get up. Romero kicks him in the
ribs--Shawn sprawls onto his back. Looks up at Romero. This
isn't the hand shaking nice guy from earlier, this man looks
lethal.

ROMERO
Where's the money?

Shawn hesitates...pissed...thinking...not sure what to
do...he motions toward the storage container with the stolen
car. Romero nods and takes out a walkie.

(CONTINUED)

ROMERO
(in the radio)
We clear?

RADIO
(over radio)
Affirmative.

ROMERO
Move in.

From three locations flanking the docks: THREE MEN in TACTICAL GEAR double time it to Romero. Lt. Baker leads. The two S.W.A.T. cops he wrangled earlier follow close.

ROMERO
Check the car.

The two nameless S.W.A.T. cops move into the storage container.

Baker catches Shawn eying the gun clutched in Ivan's dead hand. He kicks it away.

BAKER
Don't even think about it tough
guy.

IVAN'S MACHINE GUN:

Slides over the edge toward the water below. At the last second the gun's STRAP catches on a metal bar sticking out of the concrete. Dangles.

ON ROMERO AND SHAWN:

SHAWN
They had my daughter...

ROMERO
I'm sorry Shawn but that's not my
problem. I'm here to get paid for
my contributions.

Romero watches the S.W.A.T. cops in the container. They pop the trunk, go through the bags, turn and NOD.

ROMERO
Load it up. Kill him. Dump the
bodies.

Shawn can't believe it. His mind races a million miles an hour.

(CONTINUED)

Romero walks back toward his vehicle. Baker circles Shawn. Aims the gun at his head.

Romero opens the door to his car--turns back to watch the execution and then...

VOICE

Do not move!

Everyone turns to see...

DeSilva! Gun pointed at Romero's head.

Romero's shocked.

Baker grabs Shawn and uses him as a human shield.

The two S.W.A.T. cops aim their M-4's toward the commotion.

ROMERO

Carmen, thank god your here--

DESILVA

Save it, Pete. I heard everything.

ROMERO

How'd you...

DESILVA

Your boy Baker over there rubbed me the wrong way when he took off earlier...not too good at checking your six for tails, Baker.

BAKER

Blow me, cunt.

ROMERO

(laughing)

One of those famous hunches, huh?

DESILVA

Put down your weapons...NOW!

Baker shakes his head. Fuck that. He tosses Shawn to the side, lifts his gun up and starts spraying rounds toward DeSilva.

As DeSilva takes cover behind the car she POPS OFF SHOTS.

TWO SLUGS hit Romero in the back.

Shawn takes off, arms still zip tied behind his back, he makes it to the edge of the docks--JUMPS IN THE WATER BELOW.

(CONTINUED)

Shawn hits the freezing cold, murky water and sinks, he thrashes around, tries to get his secured hands over his feet and back in front.

ON THE DOCKS:

DeSilva is pinned down behind the car. Baker motions for SWAT 1 and 2 to move out from the storage container. The men ADVANCE, weapons tight to their shoulders.

ON SHAWN:

Emerging from the water. Gasping for air. He looks back up at the docks, hears gunfire, spots Ivan's AK-47, dangling by a ladder.

ON THE DOCKS:

DeSilva blind fires. Hits air.

Baker circles the driver side of Romero's car.

SWAT 1 and 2 circle the passenger side. DeSilva is pinned in from both angles.

Just as the bad motherfuckers with the machine guns hit the rear of the vehicle...

GUNFIRE ERUPTS!!

The three men get OBLITERATED--Drop to the ground in a bloody heap.

Shawn stands on the ladder by the edge of the dock, holding Ivan's smoking AK-47.

Shawn moves onto the dock holding his aim on DeSilva's position.

SHAWN
DeSilva, you okay?

DESILVA
I think so.

SHAWN
Toss your pistol out.

DESILVA
Fuck that!

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

You gonna shoot me with it?

DESILVA

Maybe later.

Shawn moves over to the rear of the vehicle.

DeSilva's ducked down, clutching her pistol.

He continues past her. Checks Baker's dead body for something. Finds a knife. He opens the blade, turns to DeSilva--holds it out to her.

DESILVA

I'm supposed to be bringing you in,
not cutting you loose.

SHAWN

Look, I know you've gotta job to do
but these guys got my little
girl...and I don't know where she's
at and if she's...if she's even
alive. You help me find her and
I'll handcuff myself.

DeSilva hesitates. Shawn's eyes plead with hers. She lets out a sigh, takes the knife, and severs the plastic ties.

SHAWN

Where's the backup?

DESILVA

What backup? Everyone's stretched
thin looking for your
ass. Plus...who do we trust?

Just as she finishes, A GASP is heard. They look over and see Gibbons moving, trying to sit up.

Shawn rushes over to him, kicks him in the chest, aims the AK-47 in the man's face.

SHAWN

Where the fuck is my daughter?

Gibbons looks over to see only one SUV still at the docks.

GIBBONS

She was in the second vehicle...

SHAWN

Where are they taking her?

Gibbons sees Ivan's bloody corpse.

GIBBONS

...shit...

SHAWN

Whose the Rooskie?

GIBBONS

You want to get your daughter back?
We need to move now.

SHAWN

That the guy your boss owes money
to?

GIBBONS

No. The little brother. But once
this gets out...nobody is gonna
make it out alive...we need to move
now if you wanna save your little
girl.

DeSilva watches from the sidelines. Doesn't notice that
Romero...still alive...is moving, his hand goes for his
ankle--a small pistol is stuffed in a holster.

Romero snatches the gun out of its holster--FIRES!

A bullet CRACKS DeSilva in the side of her face.

Shawn turns quickly to see her hit the docks in a bloody
mess. He aims down on Romero...squeezes the trigger--the gun
goes CLICK.

Romero AIMS at Shawn.

Gibbons--grabs his pistol--shoots bullets into Romero's
chest and neck.

Shawn's face drops--rushes to DeSilva. Kneels down over her
body. Dark blood covers her beautiful face. She locks eyes
with Shawn...her face a mask of confusion, pain, shock and
sadness...

She blinks twice...and then...she doesn't blink again.

Before Shawn can register what the hell just happened...

A pair of HANDCUFFS lands by his side. Gibbons stands over
him. Pistol in hand.

(CONTINUED)

GIBBONS

Do what I say...put em on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORSO'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Gibbons parks the stolen car out front of Corso's mansion. A dozen armed henchmen stand guard.

Gibbons steps out, suit jacket off, KEVLAR BODY ARMOR strapped to his chest--an impact mark from where Romero shot him is visible on the vest. He snaps his fingers, points to the trunk.

Two men take out the bags of cash. Gibbons helps Shawn get out the backseat.

All eyes are on him. Handcuffed, wet, cold, tired, scared out of his mind but trying to hide it.

Gibbons moves him up the steps toward the front door of the mansion. The guys with the bags follow. Corso steps out the front door puffing his signature marijuana filled cigar.

GIBBONS

Vic you gotta get out of here.
Oleg's probably rounding up a hit
squad as we fuckin speak.

CORSO

(talks to Gibb, looks at
Shawn)

Leena is safe and sound with her
body guards off site. I wanted to
be here to talk to Mr. Po-lease-man
myself.

GIBBONS

It's not safe--

CORSO

(still staring at Shawn, but
taking to Gibbons)

Why don't you take a break, Gibb.
You been working hard. Go in and
clean up, meet me in my office, in
twenty.

(addresses Shawn)

You're daughter is inside watching
a movie...just had a snack...once
we're done talking...which trust

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CORSO (cont'd)
me, is gonna take a long time...I'm
gonna cut her open right in front
of you.

Shawn's pushed inside and we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CORSO'S COMPOUND - TORTURE ROOM - LATER

Shawn's face...

A FIST comes in, SOCKS him in the mouth, rings his bell. He spits blood on the floor. Tries to move. Can't. Both hands are cuffed to the arms of a chair and the chair is bolted to the floor.

The BIG LUG who slugged Shawn, is bald and covered in tattoos, he smiles.

The door to the room opens up. The Doctor who stitched Gibbons up earlier, walks in with a black medical bag.

DOC
(to Big Lug)
You can leave us now.

The Big Lug moves out of the room.

DOC
Oh and the last time I was here I
had access to a cattle prod. Is
that still available?

The Big Lug shrugs his shoulders.

DOC
Be a dear and fetch that for me.
I'll be needing it.

The Big Lug nods, leaves the room, slams the door closed behind him.

Doc places his bag on a table and begins removing surgical tools from it, as he places each item in a row on the table, he speaks to Shawn.

DOC
It's one of my favorite instruments
for this type of work. If you start
to pass out from the shock and
blood loss, which you most
certainly will, the ZAP will keep
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOC (cont'd)
you awake while giving you a nasty
little jolt at the same time. Which
means more play time for us.

Off of Shawn's scared shitless face...

CUT TO:

INT. CORSO'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Gibbons fixes himself a drink at Corso's private bar. He's dressed down, Kevlar off, seems to be lost in his thoughts.

Corso enters.

CORSO
Make me one of those, Lester.

Gibbons slugs down his drink.

GIBBONS
You really going to do what you
said back there, Victor?...with the
kid?

Corso smiles at Gibbons, walks over to his desk, takes out a marijuana filled cigar, lights it up, takes a deep puff.

CORSO
What do you care? You've spent your
whole life looking the other way.

GIBBONS
I can't let you do this, Victor.
I'm sorry things got fucked up so
bad. But this is too much...you
should just leave. Take Leena and
go.

In a flash Corso removes a pistol and SHOOTS Gibbon's in the GUT! Gibbons looks down at the blossoming blood in shock-- falls to his knees.

CORSO
If you had done your job right the
first time I wouldn't be in this
mess. I can't believe I let you
talk me into you chatting with that
motherfuckin pig. What the hell
was that? Redemption? For him or
for you?

(CONTINUED)

(beat)
Sheeeit. You've done so much
fucking dirt I don't think you CAN
get clean. Just like in Philly.
(Moves to Gibbons)
I'll save you the trip to Belize
old friend...here's your peace.

Corso aims the gun at Gibbons head, his finger tenses on the trigger, and then...

A TWO WAY RADIO on Corso's desk SCREECHES to life.

RADIO
Boss! We got trouble!

Corso moves over to the desk and grabs the radio.

CORSO
The Russians?

Before he can get a response an EXPLOSION--BOOMS outside!

Corso rushes to the window. Sees the cast iron gate leading to his house:

BLOWN APART. A crew of BAD RUSSIAN MOTHERFUCKERS, armed to the molars, swarm in.

CORSO
(in the radio)
Here they come...kill em all.

Corso moves to a safe, opens it to reveal AN ARSENAL OF WEAPONS. He grabs a tactical shotgun, box of ammo, turns back to where Gibbons is laying only to see...

...Gibbons is gone! Just a blood stain on the carpet and the door to the office opened.

EXT. CORSO'S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

SUV's and armed men rush towards Corso's mansion. The Russian Gunmen SHOOT at anyone they see on the property. Corso's bodyguards hold posts around the front of the mansion, shooting back. The Alamo resurrected.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TORTURE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN SCREAMS IN PAIN.

Doc stands over him smiling. He steps away and places a bloody scalpel down on the tray, scans over his supplies, which one to use next?

Shawn, bleeding, crying, cursing. Tries to break free. No use...

INT. HALLWAY LEADING TO TORTURE ROOM

The Big Lug walks down a dimly lit hallway leading to the torture room. Carries the Doc's CATTLE PROD.

Before he reaches the door--Gibbons JUMPS out from behind him. DISARMS the Big Lug, grabs the CATTLE PROD, WHACKS him upside the head with it twice; knocking him unconscious.

INT. TORTURE ROOM

Doc chooses a FILLET KNIFE and turns back to Shawn.

Suddenly the door to the room BURSTS OPEN! Doc turns to see--Gibbons!

Gibbons rushes the crazy old man, JAMS THE ELECTRODES OF THE CATTLE PROD IN THE DOC'S THROAT. The electrical charge FRIES THE DOC'S BRAIN. He drops to the ground, dead as disco.

Shawn can't believe it. Gibbons removes the cuffs. Shawn stands, sees the bleeding gunshot wound. Gibbons stumbles. Shawn catches him before he falls.

GIBBONS

We've got to get to your
daughter...they're here...it's
gonna be a massacre.

SHAWN

Where is she?

INT. CORSO'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Corso and FOUR BODYGUARDS move through the halls. Two of the bodyguards carry the black duffel bags with the five million dollars.

One guard has Gracie, GAGGED AND BOUND, slung over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

Russian gunmen storm through various parts of the house. The bodyguards shoot and move Corso to safety.

CORSO
(into radio)
Xavier, get the jet ready and put Leena on board. I'm heading there now.

RADIO (XAVIER)
Yes sir!

Corso turns to the FOURTH BODYGUARD.

CORSO
Go get that pig fucking cop and bring him to the airfield. This isn't over yet.

The fourth bodyguard nods and takes off in the opposite direction to go get Shawn.

SHAWN AND GIBBONS:

Race down the hallway leading away from the torture room. Shawn takes a pistol off the Big Lug's hip. Move up a set of stairs--before moving out into the upstairs hallway he peeks his head out.

TWO RUSSIAN BAD GUYS WITH MACHINE GUNS STALK THE HALLS.

Shawn comes out quickly--BLASTS SHOTS.

The Russians drop to the ground in a bloody heap. Shawn drops the empty pistol. Picks up both machine guns. Hands one to the injured Gibbons.

Suddenly the FOURTH BODYGUARD comes around a corner. Gibbons smokes the dude with his newly acquired AK-47.

INT. CORSO'S COMPOUND - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Corso's garage is filled with a dozen vehicles. Sports cars. Trucks. Classics.

And a BLACK SUBURBAN, decked out in tinted/bullet-proof windows, and reinforced armored paneling.

The bags and Gracie get tossed into the back of the vehicle. Corso jumps in the passenger seat.

SHAWN AND GIBBONS:

(CONTINUED)

BAM! A bedroom door gets kicked in. Shawn moves through, gun at eye level. Gibbons leans against the wall in the hallway, keeps a look out. Shawn clears the room...empty.

SHAWN
She's not here!

Gibbons moves in the room and just as he goes to respond a MASSIVE EXPLOSION shakes the house.

IN THE GARAGE:

The EXPLOSION blows apart the large garage door.

RUSSIAN GANGSTERS move in shooting.

Corso's body guards MOW DOWN the first few gangster ass Russians as they move in.

Backup Russians move through the destroyed door--RAT-A-TAT TAT TAT TAT--The bodyguards get cut down with ease.

SHAWN AND GIBBONS:

They look out the shattered window and see a swarm of gunmen moving into the garage below.

CORSO:

Scrambling over into the drivers seat of the Suburban. Gracie cowers in the back. Covers her ears. Screams. Cries. Is scared out of her mind.

The Russians BLAST SHOTS. Bullets zing off the Suburban.

Corso starts the car, slams it into REVERSE, backs up running over Russian baddies as he escapes the garage.

SHAWN AND GIBBONS:

Watch the Suburban take off out of the garage.

TWO SUVs loaded down with more Russian gangsters speed across the lawn. Chase after the fleeing Suburban. Gunmen hang out the windows FIRING WEAPONS.

GIBBONS
Shit that's Corso's
Suburban...she's gotta be with him.

SHAWN
We need to move!

(CONTINUED)

Shawn heads out of the bedroom. Gibbons follows but he stumbles against the wall, he catches himself, he's bleeding out badly.

SHAWN

Stay here. I got this.

GIBBONS

Fuck you. I'm not laying here to die.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CORSO'S COMPOUND - SUBURBAN/CHASE SEQUENCE - CONTINUOUS
COMPLETE CHAOS!

Corso's Suburban tears across his property, heading for the blown apart front gate.

The pursuing Russian gangsters lean out the windows of the SUV's--firing their automatic weapons at the fleeing vehicle.

INT. CORSO'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Shawn and Gibbons move through the hallways of the house. Gibbons leads the way. Shawn covers the rear. Just as they're rounding a corner...

A Russian Gangster turns at the same time.

The Russian is a six foot five MOUNTAIN. He disarms Gibbons, SLAMS him against the wall. Gibbons slumps to the floor as--

--Shawn turns, weapon raised.

The RUSSIAN MOUNTAIN moves on Shawn quickly, stepping on Gibbons wounded stomach as he does.

GIBBONS SCREAMS IN PAIN!

The Russian SLAPS the gun out of Shawn's hand, sending the weapon skidding down the tiled floor.

He presses against Shawn with his massive frame, pins him against the wall, throws DEVASTATING punches.

Shawn gets his head lumped, tries to fight off the onslaught. He manages to get an elbow up and BLOCK one of the punches, he comes up quick with a devastating hook--

(CONTINUED)

CRACK!--The Russian's jaw shifts causing him to stumble back in a daze, accidentally kicking the gun Gibbons was reaching for.

Shawn rushes forward. The Russian FRONT KICKS.

Shawn dodges the kick, connects another SOLID PUNCH to the big guy's nose. BREAKING IT. The Russian screams, nose gushes blood, his eyes flood with water.

Out of sheer ANGER he grabs Shawn, THROWS HIM THROUGH A DOOR.

CRASH!--Shawn's body SHATTERS the door, he tumbles to the floor of a large kitchen.

The giant Russian shakes the pain away, moves through the broken apart door frame, advances on Shawn.

Shawn turns over just in time to see A BOOT coming down on him. He turns to the side, avoids the stomping--KICKS THE RUSSIAN'S KNEE IN.

The KNEE SHATTERS. The Russian HOWLS IN PAIN, drops to the ground.

Shawn stands--spots a FRYING PAN on a stove top burner, he grabs it--CLANG!--Cracks the fallen Russian across the face with it. Knocking him out cold.

Shawn moves out of the kitchen, into the hallway, rushes to Gibbons.

SHAWN
You still with me?

Gibbons tries to get himself up on his own free will. Shawn helps him to his feet.

They lock eyes--share a "this is fucking crazy, how did we get here?" look.

Shawn picks up one of the discarded machine guns.

SHAWN
Which way to the garage?

Gibbons points down the hall and the two move forward.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CORSO'S COMPOUND - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Two vehicles block that entrance to the compound. Russian gangsters, using the vehicles as cover, SPRAY ROUNDS into the oncoming Suburban.

Corso mashes the accelerator and CRASHES into the blockade.

Bodies go flying!

Metal gets twisted!

The Suburban creates a hole and like an NFL Running Back; Corso moves through it.

The Russian SUV's continue to give chase.

Corso grabs his walkie, screams into it.

CORSO

I'm coming in fast! Got some
assholes on me! Scramble the
chopper!

INT. CORSO'S PRIVATE AIRFIELD - HANGAR - NIGHT

Two ex-military personnel, now on Corso's payroll, rush into a plane hangar and get into a HELICOPTER.

The PILOT starts the engines. The second guy, hops in the back and saddles up behind an old school M60 MACHINE GUN.

He loads the weapon as the rotors start spinning.

INT. CORSO'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Shawn and Gibbons burst into the garage, scan for any enemies. None. Just the blown open entrance, the dead bodies, the fleet of vehicles.

Gibbons opens up a box on the wall. Grabs a set of keys. Tosses them to Shawn.

SHAWN

Which one?

Gibbons manages a smile.

SMASH CUT TO:

A V-12, 750 HORSEPOWER, BLACK AND SILVER, 2013 ASTON MARTIN, ONE-77, SPEEDS OUT OF THE BLOWN APART GARAGE DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

Shawn's behind the wheel. Gibbons is in the passenger seat bleeding all over the leather, holding the AK-47, nodding in and out.

GIBBONS

He's gonna head for his private
airfield.

Shawn SHIFTS gears, mashes the accelerator, heads toward the front of the house.

SHAWN

He's gotta plane?
(Gibbons nods)
FUCK!

The Aston Martin speeds down the driveway, blows through the opening in the blockade, and makes it to the main road.

GIBBONS

Right! Turn right!

Shawn YANKS THE WHEEL TO THE RIGHT, the car goes sideways. Shawn shifts gears, punches it and heads straight toward all the fleeing bad guys.

THE RUSSIAN SUV'S:

Burning dinosaur bones to ride up on Corso's tail.

The passenger side SUV's SUNROOF OPENS. A Russian baddie stands up through the sunroof. An RPG Launcher in hand.

He aims the large weapon at the Suburban...finger tenses on the trigger. Steadies his aim... then...

--VRRROOOOOOOOMMM!!!

THE ASTON MARTIN SPEEDS THROUGH THE NARROW SPACE BETWEEN THE SUV AND THE SUBURBAN!

RPG Russian gets DISTRACTED, aims at the DRIVER SIDE SUV, he accidentally squeezes the trigger!

--WHHOOOOOOSSSHHH!!!

THE ROCKET FIRES INTO THE OTHER SUV AND

--BOOM!!!--

The Driver Side SUV EXPLODES! The vehicle FLIPS. Fire engulfs the car and barbecues the bad motherfuckers inside.

Shawn sees the utter destruction in his side mirror.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN
HOLY SHIT!

RPG Russian can't believe it either, he ducks back inside the vehicle.

Corso looks over and sees his Aston Martin pull up next to the passenger side of the Suburban.

Shawn looks over. The two lock eyes. Corso points ahead.

Shawn looks to see...

THE HELICOPTER! COMING FAST OVER THE HORIZON!

SHAWN
That's not good.

The Chopper turns sideways, revealing the GUNNER ON THE M-60. The M-60 starts letting off ROUNDS.

SCREEEEEEEECH--Shawn brakes between the RPG SUV and SUBURBAN!

BULLETS RIP THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE RUSSIAN SUV.

Shawn pulls up behind the BULLET PROOF SUBURBAN, using it as a shield.

THE RUSSIAN SUV'S MOTOR EXPLODES!! The car FLIPS on its side and CRASHES into the SUBURBAN.

The SUBURBAN gets ROCKED--starts swerving--Corso straightens out as--

THE CHOPPER FLIES OVER HEAD, past the speeding vehicles.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - RUNWAY - NIGHT

Corso's private GULFSTREAM G-650 airplane is waiting near a runway.

XAVIER (Thin, black, rocks an afro, Leena's bodyguard) stands by the staircase leading into the plane, waiting for his boss to show up.

Leena sits in the plane looking out the window, waiting for her daddy.

EXT. ROADWAY - ASTON MARTIN/SUBURBAN - NIGHT

The entrance to the private airfield is straight ahead.

The Helicopter soars low, turns, now following the two vehicles.

CORSO
(into walkie-talkie)
TAKE OUT THAT FUCKING CAR!!

The helicopter turns sideways. Gibbons spots the chopper in the side mirror.

GIBBONS
(dead serious)
You're gonna have to take out that
chopper.

Shawn sees the chopper turning. The M-60 sticking out the side ready to vaporize them with hot lead.

Shawn grabs the AK-47 on Gibbons' lap.

SHAWN
Fuck the chopper. We need to take
out that gun.
(rolls down the window)
Hold the fuck on!

Shawn YANKS THE WHEEL. PULLS THE E-BRAKE. The car SPINS AROUND, faces the opposite direction. Shawn SLAMS the car in REVERSE. DRIVES BACKWARDS.

The Gunner steadies his aim and presses the butterfly trigger.

Shawn aims the AK out the window and BLASTS ROUNDS AT THE GUNNER!! The Gunner gets PUMMELED BY BULLETS, the M-60 FIRES, and TILTS UP at the SPINNING CHOPPER BLADES.

The blades get DESTROYED by the M-60 ROUNDS. The chopper starts to smoke and shake and goes into a TAIL SPIN! The helicopter CRASHES to the pavement.

Shawn WHIPS THE CAR FORWARD, shifts gears and speeds ahead as THE CHOPPER EXPLODES!!

DEBRIS from the EXPLOSION sends SHRAPNEL into the rear tires of the Aston Martin, shredding the rubber, forcing the car to the side of the road.

Shawn slaps the steering wheel. Curses as he sees Corso's Suburban speed through the gates of the airfield.

(CONTINUED)

Shawn looks over. Gibbons lies still. Breathing shallow breaths.

Shawn grabs the AK-47, hops out the car, runs on foot toward the airfield.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Corso's Suburban moves past the hangars and heads for the GS-6 waiting on the runway.

SHAWN:

Runs as fast as he can through the open Airfield gates.

CORSO:

Pulls the Suburban next to the plane. He steps out. Xavier runs over to him. Leena sees her father through the window of the plane, and starts waving and shouting "Daddy!"

The pilots for the aircraft are smoking and joking by the nose of the plane.

CORSO
(to Xavier)
Get the little girl on the plane.
(to Leena)
Stay there! Don't move!
(to pilots)
Start the god damn plane!

The pilots stub out their cigarettes and rush to the steps of the plane, they board, and move to the cockpit.

Xavier opens the door to the Suburban. Gracie scrambles away from the man, he pulls her out of the vehicle kicking and screaming.

Corso moves over to the back of the Suburban, opens it, and grabs one of the bags of cash.

ON SHAWN:

Two hundred yards out. Feet pound pavement. Runs faster than he's ever ran in his life. He sees Corso grab one of the bags from the car.

He spots a man throwing his daughter over his shoulder and walking toward the plane.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN
GRACIE!!

Gracie looks up to see...

HER FATHER COMING TO HER RESCUE!

GRACIE
DADDY!!

Corso turns to see the desperate man with the assault rifle running toward him. He grabs the second bag, slings it over his shoulder and makes his way toward the plane.

ON THE AIRPLANES ENGINES:

Beginning to rotate. The engines have started. The plane's almost ready for take off.

SHAWN:

Aims the AK-47. Sprays rounds at Corso. The bullets hit the Suburban and the surrounding pavement...the gun goes empty. Shawn tosses the weapon to the side and keeps booking.

Corso follows behind Xavier up the stair case into the plane.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Leena's confused to see her dad and her bodyguard carrying in this little girl her age; crying and fighting.

Corso tosses the bags on the floor and makes his way to the cockpit.

Xavier straps Gracie into a seat.

LEENA
...daddy?

CORSO
(passing by her)
Sit down. Buckle up.

Corso moves into the cockpit.

CORSO
I wanted this thing ready to fly
five minutes ago.

He pulls out a PISTOL and SHOOTS the co-pilot in the head!

(CONTINUED)

The girls SCREAM.

CORSO
Get us in the air right now.

EXT. AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

The plane starts to move down the runway.

Shawn reaches the Suburban. Sees the plane taxiing. Spots the STAIR CAR leading into the OPEN DOOR of the plane.

He runs up the steps. The plane pulls away from the stairs; door still open.

Shawn reaches the top of the steps--an eight foot gap between the plane and the staircase.

With no hesitation Shawn LEAPS off the stair car, and JUMPS into the OPEN DOORWAY!

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Shawn crashes into Xavier! Throws the man against the wall of the plane.

Corso turns with his gun ready.

Leena freaks out and runs over to Gracie. The little girls, hug, bonding quickly over the scary shit going on around them.

Shawn throws fast fists into Xavier's chest and face.

Xavier pushes Shawn off of him, front kicks, sending Shawn tumbling backwards--OUT THE OPEN DOOR HATCH!

EXT. RUNWAY - SAME

SHAWN HITS THE RUNWAY HARD! He screams in agony! His left arm is broken from the impact. He rolls over, the plane picks up speed.

The door to the plane closes shut.

Shawn grits his teeth. Pushes himself up off the ground. Turns to see... THE SUBURBAN.

He musters whatever strength he has in him, shakes away any pain, and runs over to the vehicle.

He gets in, uses his good arm to start the car, puts it in DRIVE and TAKES OFF AFTER THE FLEEING PLANE!

EXT. RUNWAY - JET - CONTINUOUS

Picking up speed on the runway.

INT. JET (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

The Pilot spots something on his right hand side.

PILOT
What the hell is this?

Corso looks to the right to see--The Suburban speeding straight at the FRONT WHEEL OF THE PLANE!

ON SUBURBAN:

Shawn throws on his seat belt and CRASHES INTO THE FRONT OF THE JET!

The Suburban takes out the FRONT WHEEL OF THE JET and FLIPS onto its side.

The Jet loses control. Spins. The nose CRUNCHES into the pavement!

CORSO:

Get's knocked on his ass.

THE GIRLS:

Scream. Hold on tight to their seats.

XAVIER:

Slams his head into a window, CRACKING his skull open!

THE SUBURBAN:

Rolls over in a tumble of debris and metal! Shawn gets turned upside down, hanging on by his seat belt, as the large vehicle skids to a stop.

THE JET:

Slides across the runway and onto it's side, tearing a WING OFF and sending it skidding in a mangled mess of metal.

(CONTINUED)

FUEL BEGINS TO DUMP ONTO THE PAVEMENT as the plane finishes it's crash course in a ditch by the runway.

SHAWN:

Upside down in the wrecked Suburban. He unbuckles the seat belt holding him in place, drops onto the ceiling.

He's twisted up but manages to crawl out through the broken passenger side window.

He holds his broken arm as he limps towards the wrecked airplane.

INT. WRECKED PLANE - CONTINUOUS

The pilot is slumped against the controls with a piece of shrapnel lodged in his back. Dead.

Corso is layed out on the floor of the plane, not moving.

Xavier is at the back of the plane, bleeding from a grisly head wound.

EXT. WRECKED AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Shawn limps over to the wreckage. Spots the fuel leaking everywhere. Curses. Rushes over to the damaged aircraft door.

Its just above his head, slightly cracked open. He manages to yank it open all the way and hoist himself up into the plane.

He peers through the darkness, lights flash, smoke fills the cabin. He coughs and wafts the smoke away. Searches for any signs of life.

Then he sees...

--Leena and Gracie, ducked behind a chair, scared, crying, coughing from the smoke. Shawn rushes to them.

GRACIE

DADDY!

She hugs him around his neck and squeezes tightly. Shawn holds his daughter close to him.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

It's gonna be okay Gracie
girl...it's gonna be okay.

Shawn sees Leena, the little girl is scared out of her mind and crying. He peers through the cabin of the plane and spots...

--Corso's body laying face down on the floor.

SHAWN

(to Leena)

Hey sweetie, I'm a policeman
okay...don't be scared...I'm here
to help you.

LEENA

(crying)

I want my daddy.

SHAWN

I'll take care of your daddy but I
need you guys to be brave for me,
okay? We need to get off the plane
right now.

Shawn picks up Gracie and holds Leena's hand. Moves to the open door. Sees the fuel spilling. Cables and wires SPARK near the combustible liquid.

SHAWN

When you guys get on the ground I
want you to run as fast as you can
away from the plane. Do you
understand?

The girls wipe tears from their eyes and nod.

SHAWN

As fast as you can, as far as you
can, okay? Stay together, okay?

Shawn lowers Leena out of the door hatch and onto the grassy embankment. He kisses Gracie on the cheek and lowers her down.

The girls take off running, just like Shawn told them to, fast and far.

Suddenly Shawn's GRABBED FROM THE BACK and THROWN against the wall of the plane!

He looks up to see...Corso! Bloody, covered in soot. Seething with anger.

He moves in on Shawn quickly. Stomps him violently. Picks him up and THROWS him out of the open doorway!

EXT. WRECKED JET - CONTINUOUS

Shawn CRASHES onto the embankment hard! Lands on his broken arm and SCREAMS IN PAIN!

Corso stands in the door frame of the aircraft, looking down on Shawn.

Shawn crawls up the embankment toward the runway.

Corso jumps out of the plane. Lands on the grass. Moves toward Shawn.

CORSO

The treacherous are caught by their own greed.

Corso picks up a piece of jagged metal debris, about four feet long, he moves forward, holding the makeshift weapon like a spear.

Shawn continues to move slowly up the embankment.

The SPARKING WIRES fall closer to the pool of jet fuel.

CORSO

I was gonna kill her in front of you...but I think...now I'll just raise her like she was my own.

Corso stands over Shawn. Raises the weapon high above his head.

Shawn is out of options, in bad shape. He turns to Corso, looks him in the eye, braces for the death blow...and then

--GUNSHOTS!!

BANG BANG BANG BANG!!

Corso's chest gets opened up with bullets! He's shocked. Looks up on the runway to see...

--GIBBONS! Holding a smoking pistol. Barely alive.

A look of betrayal and pain wipes across Corso's face. He stumbles backwards.

Shawn looks back. Sees Gibbons. Can't believe it. Gibbons collapses on the runway in a heap.

(CONTINUED)

Shawn turns back to Corso. He's falling backwards into the SPARKING WIRES, dragging them down with him toward the puddles of fuel.

Shawn musters the strength. Gets to his feet and up the embankment. Rushes to Gibbons. Fights through the pain and hoists him up on his shoulder.

Corso falls to the ground. The wires land in the puddle of fuel.

Shawn runs as fast and as far as his busted leg and broken arm can take him...and then...

...a single spark from the wires...IGNITES THE JET FUEL!

KA-MOTHERFUCKING-BOOM!!!!

The plane EXPLODES IN A MASSIVE FIREBALL!

The SHOCK-WAVE from the detonation sends Shawn and Gibbons to the ground. Hell fire and debris rain down as flames scream up to heavens...

Burning hundred dollars bills flutter through the sky and fall to the earth... and then we...

FADE TO WHITE:

FADE IN:

EXT. AIRFIELD - MORNING

The sun begins to peek out over the horizon, bathing the darkness in slivers of pink and orange rays of light.

The other lights in the area are RED AND BLUE Police and Fire Rescue lights, spinning and bouncing off of the surrounding buildings of the airfield.

Captain Stan Deacon is in the middle of the chaos of cops, detectives, EMT's, reporters, and public officials, barking orders into his cell phone.

Shawn is on a gurney being pushed through the chaos by EMT's He's HANDCUFFED to the gurney. He looks around at all the mayhem and spots Gibbons...

--being zipped up in a black body bag.

Shawn looks to his left and spots TERESA standing by a row of police men, holding Gracie. Both are crying, upset, confused.

(CONTINUED)

Shawn locks eyes with Teresa, removes the oxygen mask from his face and mouths the words: I'M SORRY.

The EMT's get to an ambulance, they begin to lift Shawn inside, but before they do a a little voice calls out:

GRACIE(O.S.)

DADDY!!

Gracie runs toward him. She throws her arms around him and holds him tight. Shawn does his best to hug his daughter with his busted arm and secured wrist.

GRACIE

(crying)

I love you daddy!

SHAWN

I love you too Gracie-Girl. I love you so much.

Teresa rushes over and scoops Gracie up. Holds her close to her chest.

Shawn manages a smile as the EMT's lift him into the back of the ambulance. He gets one last look out at the chaos. Than he sees...

Leena Corso, wrapped in a blanket, being carried away by a police man.

She cries for her father.

Shawn's smile disappears. The ambulance doors close shut. And we...

FADE OUT.