

Chicago Shooter

By

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FADE IN:

**EXT.ESTATE - CHICAGO NORTHERN SUBURBS - DAWN**

A twilight sky rests above a beautiful Spanish-style mansion. A roundabout driveway in front holds three black SUV's.

BENICIO VALENTINO (40s), slowly walks up the driveway. A tall man of Latino descent wearing simple jacket and jeans. He chews on a toothpick with a stoic look cemented to his face.

Black leather gloves cover both hands. He pulls out a SUPPRESSED 9MM PISTOL.

And approaches the front mahogany doors -- One slightly ajar. Gives a puzzled look, then proceeds inside.

**INT.ESTATE - FOYER**

Dead silence. A magnificent grand staircase in front of him. He readies his gun, cautiously moves down the hall.

**KITCHEN**

He enters. Stunned.

Blood splattered on the granite counters, wood cabinets, and white walls.

A dead MAN in a suit sits slumped in a high stool. ANOTHER MAN in a suit lays dead on the floor in a pool of blood. A GUN in his hand.

He walks over toward the dining area, stepping over ANOTHER BODY. Checks the body and pulls out a wallet. Empty.

He follows a trail of bloody boot prints toward the back screen door. Careful not to cause prints himself.

Looks out the back screen door to the backyard. A FEMALE BODY sits back in a chair facing away. A broken wine glass on the ground under a lifeless hanging, blood ridden arm.

Benicio heads back through the kitchen toward the grand staircase. He quickly checks the great room.

Empty.

**INT.ESTATE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

A long hall and at the end of it, an open door. MUFFLED NOISE comes from the room.

He cautiously walks down the hall toward the room. Gun still ready. Peeks inside.

**MASTER BEDROOM**

A large wall mounted LED TV is on with low volume, the source of the sound. The lavish white bed is saturated in blood with a trail leading to the bathroom.

He walks toward the bathroom door and kicks it open.

**INT.ESTATE - MASTER BATHROOM**

SENATOR NEWMAN (30s), still alive, lays against the tub bloodied, with a phone in hand. His face covered in blood and completely swollen over. Suit a mess.

Unrecognizable.

He's struck with fear when he sees Benicio and tries desperately to lift himself but can't. Benicio rushes to his aid.

BENICIO

Who did this to you?

SENATOR NEWMAN

(struggling)

W-w-water. I-I need water.

Benicio stands and looks toward the sink. A cup sits on the counter. He fills it and feeds him.

SENATOR NEWMAN

M-my kids. Call the p-police.

Benicio looks at the blood covered phone in Newman's hand.

He quickly walks out toward the hall.

**INT.HALL - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A BOY (7) lays face down with a bullet hole in the back of his head. Benicio struck by the sight.

He closes the door then hastily checks the other rooms. All empty except the last room.

**ANOTHER BEDROOM**

(CONTINUED)

A baby crib sits near the window. He looks inside to see; A BABY peacefully asleep.

His face betrays a feeling of relief.

**INT.MASTER BATHROOM**

Benicio enters. The senator's eyes almost swollen shut, struggling to look at him.

SENATOR NEWMAN  
My kids? P-p-please?

BENICIO  
Can you tell me who did this to you? Where is senator Newman?

Newman struggling more.

SENATOR NEWMAN  
I-I'm senator N-N-Newman. I h-heard noises. I didn't see him. Are my k-k-kids alright?

Benicio's facial expression changes. Now apathetic.

BENICIO  
They're both alright.

SENATOR NEWMAN  
Oh, thank you.

The senator somewhat at peace. Benicio pulls out his silenced pistol and SHOTS the senator in the head.

**INT.ESTATE - HALL**

He walks down the hall and peeks into the baby's bedroom. Locks the inside of the door and shuts it.

**EXT.ESTATE**

He walks out to the front driveway past the three black SUV's and heads down the desolate street. Birds chirp. A breeze rustles the trees.

A compact car is parked down the street. Benicio pulls out his cell phone and dials three numbers.

BENICIO  
I like to report suspicious activity. 23 Winthrop boulevard, Winnetka.

He enters his car, hangs up and drives off.

**EXT.DINER - MORNING - ESTABLISHING**

His compact car sits with a row of others cars in front of a classic 50's style diner.

**INT.DINER**

A busy place occupied mostly by blue-collar workers. Benicio enters and walks through the diner. Takes a seat on one of the stools at the end of the counter.

A wall mounted TV shows the morning weather.

To his right, the BALD MAN (40s) sits staring at his plate. On it; Untouched eggs and bacon.

WAITRESS

The usual?

Benicio nods then looks back to the bald man. The bald man's eyes glued to his plate.

Spots of blood on the man's left arm. Benicio notices.

BALD MAN

We're the same you and me.

Benicio turns back to him. The bald man's face still fixed on his plate. An eerie sound to his voice.

BALD MAN

Puppets. Under god. And the devil.

He reveals his blood stained hand.

BALD MAN

I didn't do it I swear. They were all dead.

The bald man sniffs. Tearing up. Voice becoming shaky.

BALD MAN

I couldn't do it. I couldn't finish him. I mean, who could do that to a child? Someone's son?

Benicio's eyes fixed on the Bald man.

BALD MAN

I just can't do it anymore. I-I just can't do it anymore.

(CONTINUED)

The bald man quickly gets up and heads out. Benicio stares the whole way.

The waitress returns and lays a plate of eggs, bacon, and toast along with a hot cup of coffee.

She notices the full plate the Bald man left behind and him exiting.

WAITRESS  
Sonuva bitch! Hey!

BENICIO  
I got it. I got it.

Benicio pulls out a twenty dollar bill. The waitress stares at him.

BENICIO  
Don't worry about it. Keep the change.

WAITRESS  
A least there's some good left in this town.

She smiles and turns to face the TV. Her smile quickly fades as something on it catches her attention. She grabs the remote and turns the volume up.

TV shows--

BREAKING NEWS

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)  
(through T.V.)  
It has just been confirmed that  
Senator Newman has been found dead  
in his home.

Every head in the diner directed toward the TV.

WAITRESS  
My god. There goes the last of the good.

She shakes her head. The News Anchor puts a hand to his ear to listen clearly. He is struck hard by the news. News he doesn't want to say.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)  
(through T.V.)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.) (cont'd)  
We're also getting word that his  
wife and six-year-old son have also  
been found dead as well.

Everyone in the diner in just as much shock. The waitress covers her mouth in disbelief.

Benicio continues eating.

**EXT. BENICIO'S HOME - WEST CHICAGO - MORNING**

The compact car pulls up in front of dilapidated homes. Benicio gets out and looks around. Nobody out. He walks up into his home.

**INT. BENICIO'S HOME**

A different looking place on the inside. Clean carpet and organized shelves. Benicio takes off his shoes and jacket. Lays back on his bed.

He stares at the ceiling. Still chewing on a toothpick.

He pulls out a cell phone different from the one before. Hesitates, then dials a number.

It rings and rings with no answer. He hangs up. A beat.

Grabs a remote on the night stand.

He turns on the LED TV in front of him. Breaking news on the senator plays.

On TV; a News reporter stands down the street from the estate. Behind her, an armada of police personnel, police cruisers, and do-not-cross tape.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)  
(through T.V.)  
We have word from the police that  
this, in fact, was an  
assassination. Senator Newman's  
bodyguards were also said to be  
found dead. Now we're trying to  
confirm as much of this as possible  
as quickly as we can but as you can  
see behind me that this is as close  
as we can get right now. We are  
also getting word that this could  
be related to the infamous Chicago  
Shooter.

(CONTINUED)

Benicio shuts off the TV. He pulls his phone out again and dials a number. Less patient.

It rings and rings. Nothing. He throws his phone out of frustration against the wall.

**EXT.ESTATE - CHICAGO NORTHERN SUBURBS - MORNING**

Police cruisers light up the side of the estate. Police of all ranks stand in the driveway and front lawn. At the entrance are TWO POLICE PRIVATES who act as makeshift bouncers.

DETECTIVE SAMUEL WES (50s), walks up to the door sporting a gray trench coat. A man who's been dealing with the morbid side of the world his whole life.

The two police privates immediately recognize him and move aside to let him in.

**INT.ESTATE**

Crime scene investigators are scattered about the house taking pictures and scavenging for evidence.

Wes walks to the kitchen with an annoyed look.

He takes in the bloodbath that remains static from earlier.

WES  
(to himself)  
Motherfucker.

CAPTAIN TRUMAN (50s), badged and distinguished, stands amidst other high ranking officers staring at the bodies. He sees Wes and heads toward him.

TRUMAN  
Detective Wes. I see you're up early.

WES  
Yeah, used to working the graveyard shift. What do we got here captain?

TRUMAN  
Well, these three guys here were his guards. The Senator hosted a little get-together last night with a few friends.

Truman leads him to the back screen door.

(CONTINUED)



TRUMAN

That's right. The Mrs. got her's too. They must have been up till late last night cause they're saying she's only been like that for a couple hours.

They both look out toward the back. Multiple forensic investigators dissect the scene.

WES

The kids?

Truman's mood changes. He nods his head signaling Wes to follow.

**INT. ESTATE - UPSTAIRS**

Wes and Truman stand at the kid's doorway. The boy still lays dead. Wes approaches and squats to examine the body.

TRUMAN

He just turned seven two weeks ago.

Wes closes his eyes for a moment. Stands back up and scans the room.

TRUMAN

Someone was trying to send a message.

Wes walks out to the hall.

TRUMAN

The daughter is fine. Her room door was locked.

WES

And the senator?

TRUMAN

Right this way.

**INT. ESTATE - BEDROOM**

The TV still on and the bed still covered in blood. Wes notices the blood trail to the bathroom. He follows it.

**BATHROOM**

A FEMALE FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR takes pictures of Senator Newman.

(CONTINUED)

TRUMAN

The man of the hour.

WES

And why is his face like that?

TRUMAN

Like I said. To prove a point.  
Mafia maybe? That anonymous call  
sure hints at it.

WES

You're living in the past.

TRUMAN

Oh, you'd be surprised. What about  
you? Any ideas hotshot?

WES

Not sure yet but I know it's not  
mafia or gang related.

Truman a little ticked off by the answer.

TRUMAN

Oh really? And how do you figure  
that?

WES

No assassin in their right mind  
would take on a job with this many  
people. The wife outside, the three  
armed guards, and the senator up  
here.

TRUMAN

Well, he must have been a damn good  
one cause look what he did.

Wes observes the blood stains everywhere.

WES

When do the evidence reports come?

TRUMAN

A case like this? By tomorrow I'm  
guessing. Let's get out of here,  
the smell is getting to me.

They walk out.

**INT/EXT.ESTATE - DOWNSTAIRS**

Wes and Truman head down the grand staircase toward the front door. NOISE from people arguing resonates from behind the door.

TRUMAN

What the hell is going on out there? I told them to keep the fuckin' cameras away from the property.

Truman opens the door to see the two police privates arguing with DETECTIVE DANIEL COLT (30s). A shoot first and don't ask questions kinda guy.

COLT

I'm a detective assigned to this case too! See the badge?

He shows his badge. It reads: POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE PRIVATE #1

I need to see a detective badge.

COLT

It doesn't say det-  
(checks badge)  
Fuck!

TRUMAN

Alright, that's enough. It's fine, he's with us.

The two police privates back away. Colt gives a triumphant look.

TRUMAN

Wes, this is detective Daniel Colt.  
Colt, this is Lieutenant Samuel  
Wes.

COLT

Detective Wes. I look forward to be working with you.

Colt sticks his hand out for a shake. Wes stares awkwardly not understanding the situation. Colt now confused too.

TRUMAN

I meant to introduce you two later but we're all here so whatever. Colt will be working with you on this case.

(CONTINUED)

WES

After twenty years, you rally think I'm gonna change how I do things? You know me better than this Truman. I think I can handle myself.

(to Colt)

No offense.

TRUMAN

Look, the chief wanted the city's best detective to have a little backup on this case. Like me, he agrees this could be something bigger than we think.

WES

Oh, what? Mafia? External operations? If you're so sure why don't you work on this with me yourself, captain?

The word 'captain' stressed seeming to bring up a distant past between the two.

TRUMAN

Alright, I don't have time for this shit right now. You two are working together and that's it. You can plan your honeymoon later. Right now I have to report to a million different officials who all have their noses up my fucking ass!

Truman walks away.

COLT

Jeez. Well, I guess it's just you and me. The start of a beautiful friendship.

WES

(staring)

Yeah, how 'bout that.

**INT. BENICIO'S HOME - EVENING**

Benico does push-ups on his bedroom floor. Trying to keep the fading physique of a once promising man. The TV still on about the senator.

(CONTINUED)

NEWS ANCHOR  
(through T.V.)

Senator Thomas Newman was just days away from signing a bill that would significantly raise taxes on imported goods. All of this was a part of the democratic plan to restore the economy ever since they took house majority.

Benicio walks into the kitchen and opens the fridge. Inside, are a couple beers and an almost empty gallon of milk.

**EXT.URBAN BLOCK - BODEGA - DAY**

Benicio walks down a city street chewing on a toothpick. He approaches a bodega and walks in.

**INT.BODEGA**

PABLO (50s), the store owner, sits behind the counter. Fat, balding, and straight out of the seventies. He watches a small TV which covers the senator's death.

PABLO  
(in Spanish; English subtitles)  
*Hey Benicio. You hear about this shit on TV? Unbelievable.*

BENICIO  
*Yeah.*

He reaches the back fridge and grabs a carton of milk and a twelve pack. Heads to the front counter.

PABLO  
*He was one of the good ones too. Wish they'd do that to those damn republicans. They'll never pass this bill without him.*

He rings up Benicio's items.

PABLO  
*I'm tellin' you, this was an inside job.*

Benicio hands him money.

PABLO  
*What do you think?*

(CONTINUED)

BENICIO

*I think that you're thinking too hard.*

Pablo waves a dismissive hand. Benicio smiles and leaves.

**EXT. CITY BLOCK - EVENING**

The sky a beautiful spectrum of orange hues. Reflects off the distant skyscrapers of downtown Chicago.

Benicio walks down the rundown street and approaches an alleyway. He turns and continues down the darker alley. A COMMOTION coming from around a corner.

He approaches the corner and peers to see;

Two SPANISH THUGS beat a helpless young man, DAMIEN KOLAOWSKI (late 20s). He wears a rugged trench coat and knitted hat. A complete bum.

They YELL at him in Spanish. One thug gets a last kick in. The other lights a cigarette.

THUG #1

Won't talk eh ese? We got a tough one here.

DAMIEN

Fucking kill me if you're gonna do it. You'll never get your hands on any more of the shit I got. Ese.

Damien spits blood on Thug #1's clean white sneakers. The thug, now furious, pulls out a CHROME BERETTA. Points it at Damien's skull.

THUG #2

Yo man this isn't a good idea-

THUG #1

No fuck this white boy! He's already dead my man.

Benicio approaches them with a pointed silenced 9mm. He WHISTLES and gets their attention for a split second then takes FOUR SHOTS. They drop dead immediately.

Damien stares at Benicio surprised. He crawls up to Thug #1's dead body and takes out a tiny zipped bag of HEROIN. He also grabs the thug's unfinished cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

DAMIEN

Thanks but more will come and they'll eventually get me. Especially after this.

Damien sits back against the wall. Takes a long drag of the thug's cigarette.

BENICIO

Are you not gonna to leave?

DAMIEN

I'm an enigma. I'm rich but I'm homeless. I'm alive but I'm a dead man walking. You being here only proves my assumption.

He takes another drag. Benicio stares. Damien sits feeling his awkward stare.

DAMIEN

I appreciate you, you know, taking care of these guys but I can assure you this guy El Chico will have my head. I might just overdose tonight and save him the trouble. He's a very dangerous man you know.

Benicio walks back around the corner. Damien rolls his eyes and continues to smoke.

Benicio reemerges with his twelve pack and milk carton and continues past Damien. Damien awkwardly stares.

BENICIO

Come with me.

DAMIEN

Uh, why?

BENICIO

Because you owe me money.

DAMIEN

For what?

BENICIO

Saving your life.

**INT. BENICIO'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Damien sits at a tiny table. A gauze pad over his nose and an ice pack held to his head.

Benicio puts a bowl of soup in the microwave.

DAMIEN

Thanks but why are you doing this?  
Good samaritans don't usually carry  
silenced nine mills.

BENICIO

You said his name. El Chico. How do  
you know it?

DAMIEN

Well as you can figure, I'm an  
inconvenience to his drug  
operation. The question is how do  
you know his name?

BENICIO

Inconvenience? How exactly?

DAMIEN

Look I'm not answering any more  
questions until you answer mine.

BENICIO

Tell me how you know him and where  
he is.

His voice menacing.

DAMIEN

Alright man, calm down. We're  
friends here.

(sighs)

You heard of "the new drug" right?

BENICIO

Yes.

DAMIEN

Well, guess where it comes from.

Damien pulls out the bag of heroin from before and lays it  
on the table.

Benicio takes the bowl of soup out the microwave and places  
it in front of Damien. Inspects the heroin bag.

(CONTINUED)



DAMIEN

Now, at first sight, it looks like the usual shit but trust me, it's much more. You wanna taste?

Benicio shakes his head. Damien begins chowing down on a rare meal.

DAMIEN

(eating)

Let me guess. You want to know where I get the stuff? Well long story short, I was a college grad eager to make the business men above me richer. I got a job with a prosperous agricultural company and quickly made my way up the ranks all while getting my masters. I eventually became a part of an operation that allowed "waste" product to be sold to some shady people off the grid. When things got tight with the company I became their fall man. The sacrifice sent to the depths of hell to burn for their shit. They probably laugh about it to this day. Anyway, I escaped from prison with a hefty bribe. And that was the easy part.

Benicio grabs a beer out of the fridge and stares.

DAMIEN

Don't believe me? I get that a lot. Here.

Damien pulls out a folded piece of paper. A HARVARD UNIVERSITY DIPLOMA and on it reads: MASTERS IN BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION.

Benicio impressed.

DAMIEN

Graduated Summa too.

BENICIO

You didn't answer my question.

DAMIEN

The "waste" product I was referring to was a brand new chemical substance that was a product of a brand new chemical process. It was

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAMIEN (cont'd)  
five times as potent as heroin and they had a lot of it. So with our preexisting contraband operation, we did as businessmen do and jumped on it. And stupid me regulated it.

BENICIO  
Where's El Chico then?

DAMIEN  
Fuck if I know. We didn't really deal with Mexican cartels. Mostly ones from South America.

BENICIO  
I heard the men about to kill you mention he came here personally. To look for the source of the new drug.

DAMIEN  
No hablo espanol. But if he's really here then I'm shocked. I must have pissed off their whole cartel for him to come.

Damien somewhat proud.

DAMIEN  
And what are you gonna do? Kill him? He do something to you? Do you know him? Wait, wait, let me guess. You're cartel too.

Benicio grabs the bowl from Damien and rinses it out in the sink.

DAMIEN  
C'mon at least answer one question. I know you're not a cop.

BENICIO  
Meet me Friday night in front of Bowler City with my money. Now get out of here.

**EXT.STREET - DETECTIVE CRUISER - MORNING - MOVING**

A tan detective cruiser pulls up to a red light.

**INT.POLICE CRUISER - MOVING**

Detective Wes drives with Colt in the passenger seat. A silence between them.

The traffic light turns green. They begin moving.

COLT

I thought the FBI handles cases  
with federal officials.

WES

The death of the wife and the kid  
created a gray area which pulled us  
in.

Wes pulls up alongside a line of parked cars and double parks. A small coffee shop sits sandwiched between other businesses. Colt confused.

COLT

What are you doing? This isn't  
Starbucks.

WES

This coffee's better. What do you  
want?

COLT

I want Starbucks.

Wes gets out.

WES

Decaf it is.

Colt can't believe it. Frustrated, he looks to the traffic in the street to see; A RED sports car blatantly run a red light.

Colt jumps up but realizes his helpless position in the passenger seat. He slumps back in his seat and turns on the radio.

Morning news about SENATOR NEWMAN'S FUNERAL and "THE NEW DRUG".

The driver door opens and Wes enters with two coffee cups and a paper bag. He hands everything to Colt.

(CONTINUED)

WES

Try it.

A beat. Colt takes a sip. Wes awaits his answer.

COLT

You win this one.

WES

There's a bagel in there. Best  
bagel in town.

Wes puts the car in drive and pulls off.

**EXT.HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING**

A multitude of school buses and parents drop kids off. An expensive private high school.

The tan detective cruiser is parked up the street.

**INT.DETECTIVE CRUISER**

Colt chows down on his bagel. The frustration from before gone.

COLT

What are we doin' here?

WES

I just got to handle something.  
I'll be right back.

Wes exits and walks up to his ex-wife JILL SMITH (40s) and a high school boy, THOMAS WES (14). Colt continues to enjoy his meal while watching;

Wes hands the boy something then the boy enters the building.

Jill stares at Wes with a stern look. She shakes her head and begins to speak. Obviously berating him. Wes yells something back.

Moments after, she walks off even more pissed. Wes stares at her then heads toward the car. He enters and sits with a lost look glued to his face.

COLT

What the fuck was that?

(CONTINUED)

WES  
My ex-wife.  
(A beat)  
And my son.

COLT  
Your only son?

Jill blazes past them in a brand new red Mercedes. The same one that ran the light before.

WES  
I'll tell you more when I start to like you.

COLT  
Back to fucking square one I see.

Wes pulls out his PHONE and takes a look.

WES  
Evidence reports are in.

**INT.POLICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING**

Wes and Colt walk in and make their way through the busy office. Constant ringing and chatter surround them.

**INT.WES' OFFICE**

Wes sets his coat on a hanger and sits behind his desk. Turns his computer on.

Colt looks around observing the medals and news stories posted on the wall behind Wes.

Just before Colt can open his mouth, a man enters. TRAVIS PRESCOTT (40s). A thick skinned, bombastic officer with no real aspirations.

He dramatically slams a binder on Wes' desk.

WES  
Thanks, Travis.

Wes immediately dives into the contents of the binder.

TRAVIS  
Are you not going to introduce me to this guy?

(CONTINUED)

WES  
Oh yeah, Colt this is officer  
Travis, Travis this is Colt.

TRAVIS  
Nice to meet ya Colt.

They shake hands.

COLT  
Detective Colt.

TRAVIS  
Don't mind him. Been working with  
him for ten years. You get use to  
it.

Wes continues to read as if alone.

TRAVIS  
Been trying to bring out the best  
in him. One day I will. Well  
anyway, where you from?

COLT  
Just transferred from Madison.

Travis puzzled.

COLT  
Wisconsin. Madison Wisconsin. Well  
anyway, I solved a murder case out  
there and was requested to come  
here.

TRAVIS  
Nice. We need more detectives like  
you in this city. Cases like this  
can't be left unsolved. Would give  
the government a bad rep.

COLT  
As if it could get any worse.

They share a laugh.

WES  
Unbelievable.

Their attention now on Wes.

COLT

What?

WES

This case just got a whole lot more complicated.

**INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT**

Wes quickly makes his way through the office with Colt trailing.

COLT

What do you mean three different boot prints? Did they send a task force to kill this guy?

WES

I don't know but the FBI's going with this in their final report.

COLT

Three people!? What if it was to throw us off? A decoy? This is textbook shit.

Wes reaches a door and opens it to enter...

**INT. TRUMAN'S OFFICE**

...and find Captain Truman sitting behind his grand mahogany desk on the phone. A large office with plaques and medals dressing every wall.

WES

What's the deal-

Truman signals Wes to be quiet and to shut the door behind them.

TRUMAN

(on phone)

Yes I-I understand sir. I'll get all the men I can get-... I know the funeral is next Sunday. Okay, I'll see you then.

Truman hangs up and sighs.

TRUMAN

Let me guess, the reports?

(CONTINUED)

WES

Yes. I want a warrant to confirm these reports. I don't agree with the FBI's initial allegations. And why did they get this before me?

Truman takes a sip of his scotch. Wes impatiently awaits an answer.

TRUMAN

The FBI stated that they will handle this case alone. Which means you two are off it unless they call on you.

Wes dumbstruck. Colt also surprised.

WES

What? This is ridiculous.

COLT

Why include us in the first place?

TRUMAN

After they read the reports they decided that this case could be bigger than they think. I mean they're throwing internal investigations, analyzing possible conspiracies, espionage, the list goes on and on.

WES

Have you read these reports?

TRUMAN

Yes I have. And frankly I'm leaning with 'em. I mean can you blame 'em? The bill the senator was about to sign just got voted down. People are calling it a conspiracy.

WES

This is bullshit.

COLT

Fuck the FBI. What the fuck are we supposed to do now?

Truman takes the binder and places it in a shelf.

(CONTINUED)



TRUMAN

They wanted me to take this from you. Right now you have no jurisdiction on this case.

Truman then places an identical binder at the edge of his desk, grabs his glass of scotch, and leans back relaxed.

TRUMAN

But I've taken a few law classes. And there's nothing stated about my copy being lent out for reference.

Wes and Truman trade mutual grins.

**INT.DETECTIVE CRUISER - NORTHERN SUBURBS - DAY**

They drive through empty streets. Trees towering over them on both sides.

COLT

I can't believe were doing this without a warrant.

WES

We'll be fine. I'll handle everything.

COLT

If we get caught I'm done.

WES

And why is that?

COLT

Let's just say this isn't the first time I've done shit like this.

They pull up to a closed gate with an OFFICER stationed in front. Wes rolls the window down. The officer recognizes him.

OFFICER

Hey, detective Wes. What brings you up here?

WES

Was called in to meet with some FBI near the estate.

OFFICER

Um, I can't really let you in unless you have a warrant or some sort of statement.

(CONTINUED)

Wes lets out a dramatic sigh. He pulls out his PHONE and begins to dial a number.

WES

Then I'll have you explain to the department head why this investigation isn't proceeding.

The officer slightly panicked.

OFFICER

Okay, it's fine. Just go.

WES

You sure?

The officer pushes a button and the gate swings open.

OFFICER

Yeah. No need to slow down the investigation.

WES

Thanks, I really appreciate this. Frankly I don't want to speak with him either. Hasn't been in the best of moods lately.

The officer nods and they continue through.

COLT

How did that work?

WES

That there was officer Frank. Let's just say he's been in the commissioner's office one too many times.

#### **EXT.DETECTIVE CRUISER - MOVING**

They drive up by a municipal building with multiple FBI vehicles and police cruisers parked outside.

Wes eyes the building. No one outside. He continues past it.

#### **EXT.ESTATE**

The tan cruiser pulls up where the roundabout driveway meets the street. Do-not-cross tape surrounds the yard.

The two exit the vehicle. Wes steps under the tape and continues on. Colt has the reports in hand and follows.

(CONTINUED)

They reach the front door. It's locked.

WES  
Shit.

COLT  
Now what?

Wes looks toward the left then to the right.

**EXT.ESTATE - BACKYARD**

The massive infinity pool filled with crystal blue water.  
The empty lawn chair in front, once occupied by a dead wife.

Wes walks up to the lawn chair on the luxurious patio.

WES  
It starts here. Let me see the  
examination.

Colt hands Wes a packet of papers out of the binder. Wes  
aims his hand as if it were a gun. Points toward the chair.

Colt watches. Captivated.

Wes pretends to shoot.

WES  
This was the suppressed glock. Nine  
millimeter.

Wes then makes his way toward the back door and opens it  
much to his surprise. Colt follows.

**INT.ESTATE - KITCHEN**

The kitchen has OUTLINES of the two dead bodyguards and a  
MARKING on the high stool for the third.

Wes pretends to wield what we can assume to be a shotgun. He  
points it trying to decide a target.

WES  
Remington model eight-seventy.  
Twelve gauge.

He points it at the marker on the seat then above the two  
outlines on the floor.

COLT  
That would explain all the blood.  
But it doesn't explain how the  
senator didn't hear all this shit.

(CONTINUED)

WES

Maybe the senator wasn't here. Or the TV in his room was too loud.

COLT

Maybe, but what about the kids?

WES

That detail is making me lean toward them not being here. He might have taken the kids out.

COLT

At three in the morning?

Wes doesn't answer and continues to the front.

**INT. ESTATE - GRAND STAIRCASE**

Wes stands at the bottom of the staircase looking at the front doors. He then looks up the staircase.

WES

If they left, then when they came back, there would be no reason to go to the kitchen. They'd just head upstairs. He wanted to put the kids to bed.

COLT

Completely unaware of all the shit back there. And the killer hiding. This was a one man job.

WES

We don't know that.

Wes heads up the stairs.

**INT. ESTATE - BEDROOM**

Wes looks at the lavish room. The floors still stained with faded blood. Wes looks toward the bathroom then back at the bed.

COLT

The senator was shot in the bathroom by a suppressed M9. Point blank. It's saying he was beaten by a crowbar too.

Wes walks up to the bed.

(CONTINUED)

WES

Let me see the pictures.

Colt hands him the pictures. Wes views the bloody mess, that was the bed, in the picture.

COLT

I want to know how he got to the bathroom. The senator comes back with the kids and heads straight upstairs to put 'em to sleep. He then lays in his bed cause he's tired after a long night. The killer sneaks upstairs, kills the son, then beats the unsuspecting senator in his bed. The senator survives then crawls to the bathroom trying to dial 911.

(walks toward window)

I'm saying the killer came back and purposely killed the senator with a different gun to throw us off.

He looks intently at the bed again.

WES

(more to himself)

No that's not it.

COLT

What? Then what happened Sherlock?

Wes walks up to the TV. Notices the surround sound system set up.

WES

They were all here. The senator just finished hosting a party which means he's had a few drinks. He's not going anywhere. Apparently the relationship with the wife wasn't at its highest point either. I'm guessing an argument occurred which had the wife sit outside and him lay up here still in his suit.

COLT

Okay, then what about the shotgun blasts downstairs. The son would have heard it and ran out his room.

(CONTINUED)

WES

That's where the TV comes in.  
(points; Speakers)  
He probably had the TV at high volume. If by chance he had an action movie of some sort playing then the sound of a shotgun wouldn't be too out of place for the kid or the senator.

Colt starting to make sense of it.

COLT

The senator would be tipsy and half asleep so to him the TV's just making noise.

WES

Ahh, you're coming through kid.

COLT

But that doesn't explain the three different shoe prints.  
(looks at binder)  
Two boots and one sneaker print as it says here.

Wes thinks on it.

WES

That and the three guns are what help the FBI's case.

COLT

I think it's to throw us off. Purposely placed shoe prints. Three different guns- I mean come on, what assassin or assassination "group" would use a fucking shotgun!

Wes switches pictures. He views a picture of the dead son's room. An OPEN BOOK sits on a table in the corner of the picture.

Wes quickly moves out of the room. Colt puzzled, follows.

COLT

What?

**INT.ESTATE - SON'S BEDROOM**

An OUTLINE of the son's dead body sits in the middle of the room. Wes walks past it to a small toy desk.

COLT  
What the fuck? Did you see something?

Wes looks at the picture again. The desk the same except with a book on top.

WES  
There was a book here. How did I miss it?

Colt looks at the pictures.

COLT  
Looks like a bible.

Wes' face serious. The sound of DOOR SLAMS from outside alarm Wes and Colt.

COLT  
Shit.

**INT.POLICE DEPARTMENT**

Wes and Colt stand watching FBI agents talk with Truman and POLICE COMMISSIONER BROLIN (60s). Tired and aging.

Their conversation ends. Truman and Brolin head toward Wes and Colt.

TRUMAN  
What the fuck was tha-

BROLIN  
Enough Truman.

Brolin takes a moment. No rush.

BROLIN  
How's it been, Sam?

WES  
Eh, times have been better. How about you?

BROLIN  
Oh you know a lot of shit going on in the department and I got to deal  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BROLIN (cont'd)  
with it all. But a decent day so  
far. How's your son?

Colt feels the awkward conversation. Looks to Truman who  
seems used to it.

WES  
He's fine.

Brolin sighs.

BROLIN  
Well let's cut to the chase, the  
FBI didn't like that stunt you  
pulled and they're giving the  
department a warning. I'm pretty  
sure you were aware they'd do that  
so I don't want to hear anything  
again.

WES  
Anything else?

BROLIN  
No, that's it. Try to have a good  
day. We're not getting any younger  
you know.

WES  
You too.

Brolin walks off with Truman.

COLT  
You gotta teach me how you do that.

WES  
It's a little thing called  
experience.

**EXT.RANCH - MEXICO - DAY**

The sun blazes down overhead. YOUNG BENICIO (7) sits playing  
in the dirt out front. A scorpion slowly crawls by. It  
captivates him.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
Benicio!... Benicio! Ven aqui!



**INT.RANCH - MEXICO**

Young Benicio sits at a worn down wooden table. His MOTHER places a bowl of stew in front of him. The years draw lines on her face.

MOTHER

Comer.

Benicio eats while his mother washes dishes.

She looks outside. Drops the dish in the sink. Her eyes widen.

**INT.BENICIO'S HOME - NIGHT**

Benicio's eyes slowly open. He lays in his bed staring at the ceiling. The room a deafening quiet. The phone RINGS.

He grabs it and answers. A man with an AGED but REFINED VOICE speaks.

VOICE (V.O.)

How are you doing Benicio? Sorry for getting back to you late. Had a lot of stuff going on here.

BENICIO

Where have you been? The senator's been dead.

VOICE (V.O.)

Yes, I've heard. The money is in the usual spot. I have one last job for you.

BENICIO

No, tell me what's going on. Everyone except the senator was dead. And there was a man before me who was there. He said he didn't kill anyone.

VOICE (V.O.)

I know you have a lot of questions and I can assure you I've nothing to do with it, but there are more important matters to attend to.

BENICIO

This case is everywhere. There's no way I can do anything else out here.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (V.O.)

Just listen. You're the best guy I've got and I only trust you to do this. Are you listening?

A beat.

VOICE (V.O.)

Good. This last job is integral to what we've been working so hard to achieve. Next Saturday is the senator's memorial service and some very important people will be there. Among them is Steven Randolph, big exec at At&T. You take care of him and the whole world will never be the same again.

BENICIO

Answer my question. Who was at the mansion before me that killed everyone?

VOICE (V.O.)

Whoever he is, he's not from me. But what he's doing is only... how should I say?... Reinforcing the big picture.

BENICIO

No, the bald guy. Who is he?

VOICE (V.O.)

That should not be your concern right now. All I can tell you is he will not be interfering with you again. Now I'm going to ask you, will you take this job?

A beat.

BENICIO

No.

Benicio hangs up.

**EXT. BOWLER CITY - NIGHT**

Benicio's compact car pulls into a parking spot. The wet pavement glistens under the bright neon signs of the bowling alley.

Benicio exits and heads around the side of the building towards two large dumpsters.

(CONTINUED)

He opens one and pulls out a BLACK PLASTIC BAG. He checks its contents. Heads back to the front and puts the bag in the car. Stands outside for a long beat.

He checks his watch. Looks around then turns to the entrance.

**INT. BOWLER CITY**

Benicio stands facing the pristine lanes. Crowds of people bowl. Benicio looks right then left to see; Damien gleefully bowling in dramatic fashion.

Benicio walks up and takes a seat behind him. He watches Damien pull a gutter-ball. Damien turns around to grab another ball but notices Benicio.

BENICIO  
You have the money?

DAMIEN  
Not even a hello? Yeah I got your damn money.

BENICIO  
Alright then let's go.

Benicio stands up and heads off. Damien quickly grabs a bowling ball then rolls it down the lane. He walks off without even seeing the result. A strike.

**EXT. SOUTH CHICAGO - NIGHT**

The small compact car sits parked. Down the street is a DISTINCT TWO-STORY HOUSE.

**INT. COMPACT CAR**

Benicio and Damien sit facing the house.

DAMIEN  
I don't know about this. What did he do to you? And don't tell me you're going in there to kill him? Are you?

Benicio puts his gloves on and pulls out a handgun. Damien rolls his eyes, not believing it.

BENICIO  
Open the glove compartment and hand me the suppressor.

Damien sighs and hands him the suppressor. Benicio screws it on.

DAMIEN

Are you sure this is what you want to do? I mean I can definitely respect a man like that.

(A beat)

But one question. What if you die?

BENICIO

Give me ten minutes. Any longer then take the car and leave.

Benicio exits and heads toward the house. Damien, okay with it, sits back comfortably.

**EXT.TWO STORY HOUSE**

Benicio walks up to the front door. LOUD MUSIC resonates from inside house. Benicio walks up to the window to take a peek. Inside; An empty living room with the lights on.

Benicio walks to the back. A THUG stands guarding the door. He sees Benicio. Before he can react, he's SHOT dead.

Benicio walks to his body and pulls a BERETTA from it. He checks and cocks the gun. Then opens the back door.

**INT.TWO STORY HOUSE - KITCHEN**

The place is filthy. Benicio walks through wielding the Beretta.

He finds an open door to the basement, the source to the loud Spanish music. He walks down the stairs to...

**INT.TWO STORY HOUSE - BASEMENT**

...a smoke filled room. Laughter resonates from the front end of the basement behind a wall.

Benicio peers around the wall to see sitting on a couch; EL CHICO (40s) and another thug CARLOS (30s) both tatted up along with THREE WOMEN (20s), facing away from him. All having the time of their lives.

A table holding AK-47s and COCAIN sits in front of a large flat-screen TV.

Benicio walks up behind the couch and presses the gun on El Chico's head.

(CONTINUED)

The women turn around and scream. EL Chico sits frozen. Carlos turns around to see Benicio.

BENICIO  
Can you tell the ladies to turn  
off the music?

Carlos' eyes switching between Benicio and El Chico.

EL CHICO  
(In Spanish; English  
Subtitles)  
*Turn off the music.*

One of the women goes to turn the MUSIC OFF.

BENICIO  
Now can you tell them to leave?

EL CHICO  
*Get out of here.*

The three women run off terrified.

A long beat.

EL CHICO  
So are we gonna sit here or get to  
business?

A beat.

EL CHICO  
You a cop?

BENICIO  
*You know who I am.*

El Chico puzzled.

EL CHICO  
*You the one who killed my boys in  
the alley?*

Benicio silent.

EL CHICO  
*Look I don't know who the fuck you  
are! All I know is you're making a  
big mistake.*

BENICIO

*Cortez paid you to kill my family.*

El Chico struck with a realization.

EL CHICO

Benicio?

El Chico begins to laugh.

EL CHICO

*It really is you eh?*

*(To thug)*

*Hey, Carlos. You know who this is?*

*It's Benicio Valentino. You know*

*he's a legend back home.*

Carlos sits frozen ignorant to what's going on.

EL CHICO

*Ah he's new. He doesn't know who*

*you are but if he did, he would*

*know we're already dead. Ain't that*

*right Benicio?*

El Chico laughs. Carlos terrified.

CARLOS

*Look I don't know what he did but I*

*had nothing to do with it. Please*

*let me go, I can tell you where*

*Cortez is.*

'The word "Cortez" changes El Chico's mood. His eyes slowly turn to Carlos, angered.

EL CHICO

*You'd give up the man who saved*

*your life so easily? I should chop*

*your fucking balls off right now.*

El Chico keeps his eyes locked on Carlos.

EL CHICO

*Do me a favor and kill me first.*

*I'll be waiting for him in hell.*

*And hurry up I don't have all*

*fucking da-*

BANG!

EL Chico slumps over. Carlos frozen stares at Benicio. His hand slowly reaches for something.

(CONTINUED)

CARLOS  
*Please, please, please.*

Benicio shoots Carlos.

**INT. COMPACT CAR**

Damien sits half-asleep in the passenger seat. Checks the time on the dashboard and sighs. He scoots over to the driver seat and starts the car.

He looks up and is completely taken by surprise. Benicio walks calmly toward the car.

DAMIEN  
No fucking way.

Benicio opens the driver door. Damien returns to the passenger seat.

DAMIEN  
How it go? You did what you had to do?

BENICIO  
Yeah.

DAMIEN  
I guess this is where your story ends. Or maybe it's just beginning.

An SUV pulls up in front of the house. FOUR GANG MEMBERS exit and enter the front door.

DAMIEN  
And there's the cavalry. Damn, you're a lucky son of a bitch.

**EXT. SOUTH CHICAGO**

The compact car does a u-turn and continues down the street.

**EXT. BENICIO'S HOME**

The compact car is parked out front.

DAMIEN (PRE-LAP)  
I didn't expect his posse to return that quick.

**INT. BENICIO'S HOME**

Damien sits on the carpet at the foot of the bed watching TV. Benicio walks in with a beer.

DAMIEN

So can you tell me something?  
Anything? You know, elaborate more  
about yourself. I told you my story  
and pretty much helped you kill El  
Chico. It's only fair.

Benicio grabs a chair and sits. Eyes lost on the TV.

Damien sighs. He stands up, pulls out a coupon and places it on the bed.

DAMIEN

Well, I'm gonna go. It was good  
meeting you. That's five dollars  
off any large pizza if you wanted  
to know.

Damien walks to the door. Benicio takes a sip of his beer.

DAMIEN

You've got that look in your eye. A  
look I once had. You've lost  
purpose. Just like I did. You've  
become an enigma.

Damien begins to walk out.

BENICIO

That right there was everything. I  
never thought avenging my family  
would come so easy. So quick.  
Almost pointless.

Damien turns, interested.

DAMIEN

Well, he was a pretty bad guy. I  
think you did something good.  
Probably saved a lot of people's  
heads from getting chopped off. And  
I'm not stupid. I know what you do.  
I've seen the upper-management of  
your business before.

Benicio continues to stare at the TV.

(CONTINUED)



DAMIEN  
C'mon a silencer really? How'd you  
get to become this?

A beat.

BENICIO  
(More to himself)  
I did something good huh?

Benicio takes another swig.

BENICIO  
There's one more person I want to  
see.

DAMIEN  
Do you even listen?

**EXT. BOWLER CITY - NIGHT**

Benicio's car sits distinctly in a filled lot. The sound of  
bowling pins getting smacked around.

**INT. BOWLER CITY - LANE 22**

The old monitor above the lane reads, STRIKE. Music plays in  
the building.

Damien dramatically celebrates. Benicio sits watching with  
bowling shoes on and a beer in hand.

DAMIEN  
Tonight's my lucky night. I should  
go out and get laid. How about the  
strip club next?

Benicio still deep in thought.

BENICIO  
You said you knew about my upper  
management? What did you mean?

Damien plops in a seat.

DAMIEN  
I know who employs people like you.

Benicio more interested.

BENICIO  
Who?

(CONTINUED)

DAMIEN

What do ya mean who? Cranky wives  
who want their cheating husbands  
dead.

Benicio sits back takes a swig. A subtle smile. He gets up  
and grabs a bowling ball.

He rolls the ball down the lane and knocks half the pins  
down. Walks back to grab another ball.

DAMIEN

You know what's funny? It's that  
I'm not stupid. C'mon, I have a  
fucking Harvard diploma.

Benicio about to bowl, pauses.

DAMIEN

I always had a feeling but the way  
you handle yourself. Definitely too  
good to be a cheap hit-man.

Benicio's eyes still glaring down the lane.

DAMIEN

But good enough to be someone  
professional. Someone like the  
Chicago shooter.

Benicio rolls the bowling ball. A spare. The cheesy  
animation plays on the monitor.

He walks back to his seat.

DAMIEN

So tell me. Did you kill that whole  
family?

Benicio takes a swig. Face serious.

**EXT. BOWLER CITY**

Benicio and Damien both leaned over a railing facing the  
street. The wet pavement glistens.

DAMIEN

Doesn't seem like you'd be the  
type.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

DAMIEN

But this is the infamous Chicago shooter huh?

BENICIO

That title means nothing. It's something the media came up with.

Damien confused.

BENICIO

I've only done three jobs total in this country. Including this one. And this was the only job I've done in this city.

DAMIEN

So you're saying the Mayor five years ago wasn't you? But the targets seem to match up - I mean all these officials...

BENICIO

It was done under the person who hired me. I'm starting to think this is all for business. That's why I wanted to know if you knew. You said you were familiar with my upper management.

Damien thinks.

DAMIEN

Usually, there's a threat to big business but assassinations like this are ridiculous, even for large corporations or mafia. I heard the senator was beaten and the kid was shot. Sounds like mafia or a cartel to me but that's just too risky for them.

BENICIO

I didn't kill them. That's why I'm trying to find out who did.

DAMIEN

Why the fuck do you care? The guy did your job for you? You got paid, right?

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

BENICIO

He killed that boy. If that boy was alive right now, I bet I could tell you how he would feel. What he would want.

DAMIEN

What? Revenge?

Damien dismissive.

BENICIO

No, justice. And I would tell him that from my experience it's almost pointless.

(A beat)

Almost.

DAMIEN

Hate to break it to you but justice and revenge are the same damn thing, my friend.

(More to himself)

One feels just a little better.

**INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT**

The office is nearly empty.

**INT. WES' OFFICE**

Wes sits at his desk reading a book. Travis walks in eating a fat burrito.

TRAVIS

Hey boss, I'm headin' out. Finally finished with all my shit. Where's hotshot?

WES

He left a while ago. His son got sick at school so he had to get him.

TRAVIS

He has a son? He seems young.

Travis bites a mouthful of his burrito.

WES

That's the problem with today's society, kids having kids.

Travis laugh, almost choking.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

So what's going on with the case?  
You find anything at the mansion?

WES

Well, there was a book. A bible I think, that was in the son's room. I don't know how I missed it the first time.

TRAVIS

Really? How did you miss it? You're losing your touch man. You think it could be something?

WES

I doubt it. The senator was your average christian which means he attended church every once in a while. I'm done with this case anyway. I don't care anymore.

TRAVIS

Well hey, the biggest event in history is coming up. I'm trying to get a giant TV in here for the boys unlucky enough to work that day.

WES

And what event is that?

TRAVIS

C'mon really? February. Think about it. Well, I'm out.

Travis leaves but peeks his head back through the door.

TRAVIS

Oh and uh, if you see the janitor, can you tell him to stop sweeping shit under my desk. It's painfully obvious.

WES

We have a janitor?

TRAVIS

Yeah just hired. And Sunday night football. NFC championship. I better see you and Colt Sunday.

Wes nods his head. Travis exits.

**INT.POLICE DEPARTMENT**

Travis heads through the office toward the front. A FEMALE OFFICER attends the front desk.

TRAVIS

Don't forget Sunday night. NFC  
championship. I wanna see you there  
in a bikini.

She can't help but laugh.

FEMALE OFFICER

Bye Travis.

He smiles and puts his coat on making his way to the front doors. RAMIREZ (60s), the new janitor, walks in through the front doors.

Travis walks past him and gives an annoyed look. The Janitor ignores him and continues in.

**INT.WES' OFFICE**

Wes looks up and through his windows and sees Ramirez walk past toward the back of the department.

He continues to read.

**INT.WES' HOME - NIGHT**

Wes sits at his kitchen table reading the FBI reports. A beautiful, spacious kitchen. A small TV has the NFC championship football game on mute.

He rubs his temples out of exhaustion and stares. Thinking.

WES

(whispers to himself)  
Phone call, phone call. Who made  
the phone call?

His eyes wander and land on the TV.

**EXT.TRAVIS' CONDO - NIGHT**

The tan cruiser parks in front of modern condos. One condo has a full spectrum of lights illuminating from its windows.

**EXT/INT.TRAVIS' CONDO**

Wes knocks on the door. The Female Officer opens the door and stares at Wes surprised. He nods his head.

FEMALE OFFICER  
Hey, nice of you to show up.

WES  
Yeah figured I'd take the night off.

FEMALE OFFICER  
Come in, come in.

**INT.TRAVIS' CONDO - LIVING ROOM**

Wes enters to see twenty plus people watch the football game. Strobe lights glow the room and snacks fill the tables. They roar in excitement at the TV. Travis turns to see Wes.

TRAVIS  
Hey, no way, you made it. See, I'm starting to get to you. You want a beer?

Wes takes everything in.

WES  
No I'm fine thanks. Where's Colt?

TRAVIS  
(To person in kitchen)  
Hey, get me another beer!  
(To Wes)  
Colt decided to stay and watch the game with his family. I respect him for that. C'mon grab a seat and enjoy yourself.

WES  
I had a question about the reports. I wasn't informed of any phone call and apparently there was one from an unknown number?

TRAVIS  
Oh hop off the work stuff for one night will ya. There's only one rule in this house and it's to have fun. But I guess in your case you are following the rule. Well anyway, I got something for ya.

(CONTINUED)

Travis walks to a back hall. A man hands Wes a beer and continues to the craziness of the living room. Travis returns with a thick book. He hands it to Wes.

TRAVIS  
You know what this is?

Wes shocked. It's the book from the pictures. A compact bible.

WES  
How did you...

TRAVIS  
Don't worry about it. I have my ways. I'm a magician.

Travis makes histrionic motions with his hands.

TRAVIS  
Just don't get caught. That's my career right there.

WES  
Thanks.

Wes begins to walk to the exit completely engrossed in the book.

TRAVIS  
Hey where you goin' man?

WES  
Home but thanks. Oh, and that big event. The Superbowl obviously. I get it.

TRAVIS  
Huh?

Wes exits through the front doors.

**EXT. TRAVIS' CONDO**

Wes enters his car and inspects the book. Nothing special. He thinks for a second then feverishly opens to a certain page.

WES  
Exodus, Exodus...  
twenty, twenty-five.

He flips one last page then becomes frozen. His face turns to stone. A long beat.



On the page, written in blood: **IT HAS BEGUN**

**EXT. GRANT PARK - DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY**

Citizens fill the commons as they gather in front of a large makeshift stage. Multiple chairs and a podium sit on top.

A large photo of Senator Newman hangs behind the platform.

Benicio and Damien walk toward the park from the street.

Police officers armed with assault rifles and German Shepards patrol the edge of the crowds and the perimeter of the park.

DAMIEN

(Singing: Saturday in the park)

Saturday, in the park, I think it was the fourth of July.

Benicio stops. He looks at the platform. On it; a group of formally dressed people head up.

DAMIEN

Seriously what are we doing here?

BENICIO

You recognize those men up there?

Damien looks at the platform

DAMIEN

Yeah, a couple senators. What you'd expect at a memorial service. And I think that that guy is the head of some company. Verizon? I've seen him before.

A speaker walks up to the podium.

SPEAKER

Welcome, everyone. I want to start by saying that today is not just a day of mourning but a day of celebration. Today I am proud to announce our new initiative to strengthen our economy and it starts with you.

Benicio scans the area. His eyes eventually land on someone familiar. The Bald man. Talking with a police officer.

(CONTINUED)

SPEAKER

Along with AT&T, Exxon, Microsoft, and many other corporations, we are working together to introduce a new string of legislation that will limit the power that wall street and the big banks possess. Power that for decades have been ruining this country.

A cello case strapped to his back and a large smile on his face. Like a different person.

Benicio barely recognizing him.

DAMIEN

What a sec. You're not telling me...

(Realizing)

No fucking way. Another hit? Here?

SPEAKER

I would like to especially thank AT&T for their extensive support toward this initiative.

People constantly block Benicio's line of sight as they gather to hear the presentation.

The bald man disappears. Benicio heads toward his direction. Damien turns to see Benicio gone. He spots him briskly walking toward the park perimeter.

DAMIEN

Hey, what the fuck.

Damien quickly follows.

#### **EXT. SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE**

Benicio walks out the park and heads down the sidewalk. He scans the street to find the bald man. Benicio now anxious.

He then spots the Bald man now on the other side of the street, hastily walking.

#### **INT. DETECTIVE CRUISER**

Wes and Colt sit quietly observing the area. Other officers periodically communicate through the radio. Colt overrun with boredom.

Wes' eyes scan outside until he notices the Bald man hastily walking down the street.

(CONTINUED)

COLT  
What's with you today? You've been  
quiet all day.

Wes starts the car and slowly drives toward the bald man.

COLT  
What's going on?

The bald man turns into an alleyway.

**EXT. SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE**

Damien exits the park and sees Benicio crossing the wide  
avenue. He quickly tries to catch up.

Benicio notices the tan detective cruiser pull up in front  
of the alleyway. Wes exits with Colt following. They both  
head down the alleyway.

Benicio cautiously follows the detectives.

**ALLEY**

Benicio peers around the corner to see the detectives enter  
a backdoor. He looks up to see the old building.

Damien catches up.

DAMIEN  
What the fuck man? What are you  
doing?

BENICIO  
Bring the car down over there and  
wait for me.

DAMIEN  
What's going on?

BENICIO  
The bald man from before. He's  
here.

Benicio hands him the keys and runs toward the back doors.

**INT. OLD BUILDING - STAIRWELL**

Wes looks up the dim stairwell. FOOTSTEPS echo off the  
concrete walls then they STOP. Wes and Colt listen closely.  
The sound of a door OPENING and CLOSING.

(CONTINUED)

WES  
That was sixth floor, right?

COLT  
Yeah, I think. Who the fuck is  
that? We need to radio in.

WES  
No.

Wes heads upstairs quietly but quickly.

COLT  
Why the fuck not?

WES  
Just not yet.

**INT. OLD BUILDING - SIXTH FLOOR**

The Bald man walks through the desolate storage floor. Abandoned shelves and cubicles take up half the room. A boarded window lights the other side of the room.

He walks up to a window on the well-lit side of the room and looks outside to see: The memorial in the park and the endless horizon of Lake Michigan.

Satisfied, he opens the cello case to reveal a sniper kit full with silencer and scope.

He attaches each piece and screws on the large suppressor. He opens the window and aims it at the speaker -- calibrating the scope.

**INT. OLD BUILDING - STAIRWELL**

Wes and Colt stand in front of the door. Wes carefully opens it and-

CLING!

Knocks over a purposely placed shard of metal.

The Bald man, alarmed, grabs a handgun out of his pants and aims it toward the darkness of the entrance. Cubicles sit between him and the door.

Wes and Colt swiftly slip through staying low and hide behind cover.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

BALD MAN

Hello?

(A beat)

Don't tell me it's you. You're  
always there.

His voice becomes shaky.

**INT. OLD BUILDING - STAIRWELL**

Benicio cautiously approaches the sixth floor. The Bald man's voice more audible.

**INT. SIXTH FLOOR**

The Bald man's happy demeanor from before gone.

BALD MAN

You killed everyone. And I'm the  
only one who knows. Please have  
mercy on me.

**BEHIND CUBICLES**

Wes and Colt give each other puzzled looks. Wes contemplates.

Colt, impatient, draws his gun and moves out of the darkness toward the Bald man.

Wes, clearly in disagreement with Colt's choice, follows suit.

The Bald man now confused but still restless. Both Colt and Wes aim their guns at him.

BALD MAN

What is this?

COLT

Look you need to calm down and  
surrender yourself. This won't end  
well for you if you don't listen.

The Bald man unable to decide a target. Colt creating space between Wes and himself.

BALD MAN

You need to leave. You're  
interfering.

(CONTINUED)

COLT  
Put the fucking gun down-

WES  
Who were you talking about?

The Bald man's eyes now on Wes.

WES  
You were referring to someone when  
you said they killed someone. Who?

The Bald man silent. Shaking. Colt gives Wes a quick look.

WES  
Look, nothing's going to happen to  
you if you tell me everything. Were  
you the one who killed the senator  
at the estate?

The Bald man becoming more restless.

BALD MAN  
No,no,no,no, I didn't do it, I  
didn't do it. I couldn't.

Wes and Colt not understanding.

WES  
Then who did it?

The Bald man losing his grip on reality. Hands trembling.

Wes grabs the bible out of his inner coat pocket. Colt  
notices and stands shocked, trying to keep his attention on  
the Bald man.

WES  
Do you know what this is? Is it  
familiar to you in any way?

The bald man frozen now. His eyes wide.

BALD MAN  
He's got you too. You've already  
lost...

COLT  
What?-

BANG!!

The Bald man shoots Colt then takes aim at Wes-

(CONTINUED)

BANG!! BANG!!

The Bald man drops dead.

**INT. OLD BUILDING - STAIRWELL**

Benicio stands at the door shrouded by darkness, overlooking the whole thing. Can't believe what just happened, he quickly heads back down the stairwell.

**INT. OLD BUILDING - SIXTH FLOOR**

Colt lays on the ground grimacing in pain. Shoulder bleeding.

COLT

What the fuck? He fucking shot me!  
Motherfucker!

Wes dials a number.

WES

We have shots fired and an officer down. Um, sixth floor of an older looking building up the street from the memorial service.

(To Colt)

You'll be fine just breathe.

COLT

I can't believe he just fuckin' shot me.

Wes looks at the bald man's lifeless body.

**EXT. ALLEY**

Benicio speed walks down the alley towards the street. As he turns the corner, Police Officers rush by him and head in the alley.

Benicio acts like a normal pedestrian.

**MICHIGAN AVE**

Benicio's small compact car sits parked up the street. He approaches and enters the driver side.

**INT.COMPACT CAR - MOVING**

Damien sits in the passenger seat eating a fat hotdog.

DAMIEN

What the fuck's going on?

Damien notices the rush of officers. Benicio turns on the car and pulls off.

DAMIEN

Where are all the cops going?

Outside, officers scramble toward the alley. Benicio drives past the memorial service scanning the area.

BENICIO

They killed him. The assassin.

DAMIEN

What!? How?

BENICIO

I don't know. Two detectives followed him.

Benicio notices a BLACK MERCEDES S550 sedan with black tinted windows, parked on a perpendicular corner.

The Mercedes does a conspicuous u-turn and heads down the street.

Benicio turns left and follows.

**EXT.AVENUE**

The black Mercedes stopped at a red light. The compact car pulls up beside it.

**INT.COMPACT CAR**

Benicio and Damien stare at the passenger window of the Mercedes.

DAMIEN

Who the fuck is that?

Pitch black tint. Can't make out anyone inside.

Traffic light turns green. The Mercedes pulls off normally and turns left onto a larger street. Benicio follows closely.

(CONTINUED)



An armada of police cruisers fly by in the opposite direction.

Suddenly, the Mercedes floors it and pulls off fast. Benicio also floors it.

DAMIEN

Shit!

**EXT. LARGE STREET**

The Mercedes pulls away until it reaches slight traffic.

It weaves in and out of cars. Benicio keeps up with every move.

An on-ramp approaches and the Mercedes takes it, descending into the underground streets of downtown.

**EXT. UNDERGROUND STREET**

The Mercedes swerves and floors it in the left lane. The compact car follows.

**INT. COMPACT CAR**

Damien holds on with his hot-dog still in hand.

DAMIEN

These guys with the assassin?

BENICIO

Probably.

DAMIEN

Who the fuck was the assassin?

**EXT. UNDERGROUND STREET**

The Mercedes takes a quick exit onto an exit ramp then-

BOOM!!!

Crashes into another car.

The Mercedes boomerangs off the other car and into the median. Totaled.

The other car sits upside down in the middle of the street. It's HORN CONSTANT.

Damien shocked. Benicio stops and immediately gets out.

(CONTINUED)

He passes by the turned over passenger car. The driver side completely caved in.

He approaches the wrecked Mercedes with his gun ready.

He cautiously opens the front passenger door but can't. The front of the car too compressed. He then breaks the window and looks inside.

Driver and passenger both dead.

From the front window, he peers to the back. Gun leads his sight.

A FAT MAN (40s) in a suit sits dazed and bleeding with his seat-belt on.

Benicio opens the back door and pulls the man out. He points his gun at him. The Fat man tries to shield himself with an arm.

BENICIO

Who are you!? Why did you run?

The Fat man coughs.

FAT MAN

I need an ambulance.

Benicio grabs him by the collar and shoves the gun in his face.

BENICIO

You know who I work for?

The Fat man shakes his head.

FAT MAN

No.

BENICIO

Why did you run? Huh? Why did you run!?

FAT MAN

Look, we thought you were an undercover or something, you spooked us.

BENICIO

You got something to do with today's hit? Huh? The bald man. Who he was supposed to kill?

(CONTINUED)

FAT MAN

I don't know what you're talking  
about-

Benicio slams the Fat man in his already bleeding face with  
the butt of his gun.

FAT MAN

Alright! Fuck! Fuck!

(gathers himself)

Look, we were supposed to pick him  
up. Couldn't risk him getting  
captured. But we saw the cops  
scrambling. Thought some shit went  
down. Can you please call an  
ambulance?

Benicio now very impatient, slams him in the face again.

BENICIO

I'm gonna give you one more time to  
tell the whole truth or I'm gonna  
kill you, alright?

The Fat man feverishly nods.

BENICIO

Who are you and how are you a part  
of all this?

FAT MAN

We were supposed to kill him. He  
was too unstable. Too  
unpredictable. Everything's fucked  
up now with this killer interfering  
with all the hits. They don't tell  
me nothing, I swear. Please.

SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

Benicio releases the Fat man and sprints back to his car.  
OTHER DRIVERS stare in shock.

**INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY**

Wes stands with Truman and Brolin.

TRUMAN

So he didn't say anything? He just  
fired at Colt and you took him  
down?

(CONTINUED)

WES  
Yeah. Nothing.

TRUMAN  
Ah, fuck.

BROLIN  
The department along with the FBI  
have decided to keep this quiet.  
Don't need to cause panic.

WES  
What about the officials? They  
know?

BROLIN  
Yeah.

Brolin looks to a group of FBI.

BROLIN  
This pretty much confirms a hostile  
organization. The mayor five years  
ago, the senator, and now almost  
another senator. Patterns are  
patterns. And it's our job to  
recognize them.

WES  
How'd you know it was gonna be the  
senator?

BROLIN  
Cause he had a sniper, not a bomb.  
One person, and you could take a  
good guess who.  
(Sighs)  
This is not good. All right I'll  
see you later.

Brolin walks off toward the officials.

TRUMAN  
It's organized. We just don't know  
the motivation.  
(A beat)  
They were all democrats you know.

WES  
Huh?

TRUMAN

The officials killed. All democrats. And get this, before they were killed, each of them were crucial to passing some sort of legislation. Legislation to crack down on money in the government. You know. crony capitalism. Some group out there seems to be against this. And people are taking a good guess who.

Wes thinks on it.

WES

Who?

TRUMAN

Who do you think? People with big money.

WES

That's risky.

TRUMAN

Yeah but don't act like we haven't seen it before. Ugh, I need a fucking drink. Stay out of trouble.

Truman about to walk off, hesitates.

TRUMAN

And one thing. They're talking about the Chicago shooter. Don't turn this into another obsession.

Truman walks off.

**EXT. UPSCALE HOME - EVENING**

The tan detective cruiser pulls up in front.

**INT. DETECTIVE CRUISER**

Wes stares down the road ahead. Thomas, in the passenger seat, stares at the beautiful home.

A beat.

WES

Is, uh, what's his name home?

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS  
My da- um Gerald? No.

Wes clearly affected by the answer.

THOMAS  
He took my sister to New York for  
the weekend.

WES  
And what are they doing out there?

THOMAS  
They're gonna see the museum of  
natural history.

WES  
Why didn't he take you?

THOMAS  
I didn't really want to go. Sounded  
boring. And I thought I was gonna  
be with you this weekend anyway.

Wes looks down.

WES  
I wanted to spend time with you too  
but this case is becoming very  
serious. I know you've heard about  
it.

THOMAS  
No I understand, it's fine. It  
sounds crazy.

A silence between them.

WES  
You try out for football?

THOMAS  
No, I didn't do it.

WES  
What? Why not?

THOMAS  
Gerald said he wanted me to focus  
on school-

Wes upset.

WES

Look, I'm your father okay? I don't give a shit what he says. The only people you listen to are me and you're mother. Okay?

Thomas nods.

WES

You try out and if there's a problem, I'll deal with it, okay?

THOMAS

Okay.

Thomas has his head down. Something off. Wes notices.

WES

What's the matter?

THOMAS

Nothing.

WES

No, somethings wrong. I'm a detective, remember?

A beat. Thomas takes a breath.

THOMAS

My- my mom's thinking about changing my last name.

This hits Wes hard. He takes a deep breath.

WES

Look don't worry about it. That's not gonna happen. Just focus on school, try out for football, and I'll call you sometime tonight alright?

THOMAS

Okay. I'll see ya.

Wes nods him off. He watches Thomas as he approaches and enters the front door.

**EXT. COLT'S APARTMENT**

The tan detective cruiser pulls up in front of a well-kept brownstone.

**EXT. COLT'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR**

Wes looks for a doorbell but can't find one. He knocks.

JEN COLT (30s) opens the door. She pauses.

JEN

Hello?

WES

Hi, is Colt here? I'm his partner,  
Samuel Wes.

JEN

Oh Wes, yes, come in. I'm Jen,  
Colt's wife.

**INT. COLT'S APARTMENT**

Wes follows Jen down the rather large foyer with high ceilings and exquisite wood finishes. He takes in the place.

A framed newspaper article hangs on the wall. Reads: DANIEL COLT, HERO

JEN

Daniel! Your partner Wes is here!

They enter the kitchen.

JEN

You can have a seat. Can I get you anything?

WES

No I'm fine, thank you.

Jen attends to the pots and pans cooking on the stove.

JEN

He should be down in a sec.

WES

There's no rush.

JEN

You know he talks so much about you  
and work. He really likes it here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



JEN (cont'd)

I think it's a very nice place to raise a family.

WES

Eh, it's getting there. How's he doing?

JEN

Oh he's fine. It was just a shoulder wound. Don't worry about him, he's a tough sunovabitch. I heard you got him though.

WES

Yeah well-

JEN

If it weren't for you, I don't think Daniel would be here.

Her face turned away. Mood changes.

JEN

I told him to stop being superman out there and focus on being one here. I don't know what I'd do without him.

She holds her emotions back. Wes unsure how to respond.

QUICK FOOTSTEPS rush down the stairs.

JOHNNY (6) enters the kitchen hyper, wearing a silly red hat. He tries to grab a large cleaver off the counter. Jen grabs him.

JEN

No Johnny, no.

Colt walks in, playfully chasing after Johnny. His left arm sporting an arm sling. He sees Wes. Face betrays a feeling as he grabs his son.

COLT

Go watch TV. We're getting pizza tonight.

Johnny, ecstatic, runs out the room. Jen not liking it.

JEN

Daniel, what the hell?

(CONTINUED)

COLT

What?

JEN

I'm making dinner.

COLT

Don't worry babe. It ain't goin' anywhere.

JEN

And did he take his pills? Doesn't look like he has.

COLT

Twice a day remember. I'll give it to him later.

JEN

Just don't forget.

COLT

(To Wes)

What's going on partner?

WES

I wanted to discuss something. In private.

COLT

Can't it wait till Monday?

Wes quickly reveals the bible. Colt serious. He nods Wes to the front.

COLT

(to Jen)

We gotta head somewhere real quick. The departments calling a meeting.

JEN

What? You need rest, your arm. What did I say about doing shit like this?

COLT

I know but this is serious. They're calling everyone and as far as we're concerned, they're paying the mortgage.

She sighs heavily.

(CONTINUED)

JEN

Okay. Just be back soon. Johnny needs his pills.

COLT

Don't worry I will.

WES

It was a pleasure meeting you.

JEN

You too.

They head out.

**EXT. COLT'S APARTMENT**

They head toward the car.

WES

Why can't she give him the pills?

COLT

That's the difference between you and me.

Wes not expecting the response. They enter the car.

**INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - EVENING**

Wes sits in his office. Door shut and blinds closed.

Colt paces. Flustered.

COLT

Why didn't you tell me before?  
We're partners. I would have backed you.

WES

This killer is connected. I don't know to whom, but I'm not gonna risk ticking off an associate.

COLT

How the fuck did they miss that?

Colt points to the blood message written in the bible.

COLT

He's talking to us man. We need to tell someone. This is serious evidence we're hiding and this is a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COLT (cont'd)  
federal fucking case. We can't be  
doing this shit man.

WES  
Look, we're knee deep in this shit,  
alright? Sometimes following the  
system isn't the way to go. This  
guy, this killer, is playing games  
with the department. Now we have an  
advantage because only we know  
this.

Colt contemplates. His pacing ceases. He sighs.

COLT  
Fuck. Fine, but we better have  
something to fucking show for it in  
the end.

WES  
And if we don't, we get rid of  
this.

KNOCK, KNOCK

Colt looks at Wes for confirmation. Wes nods. Colt opens the  
door.

Travis enters. Colt closes and locks the door.

TRAVIS  
Is that the book? Let me see that  
shit.

Travis walks up to the book. Inspects the message. Colt  
looks to Wes. Not understanding.

TRAVIS  
(More to himself)  
Holy shit. No one else knows?

WES  
Just us three.

COLT  
We want to know how they missed  
that.

WES  
We're thinking an associate maybe?  
Who gave you the book?

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

The boys from the evidence room handed it to me. I asked them if they had a bible from the estate and they actually did so he let me have it. Said it had nothing.

COLT

So you're saying someone wrote that in after?

TRAVIS

No, I'm saying they have a history of being lazy. You know how many books were in that kid's room? Nobody in our department's going through all that shit page by page.

Colt contemplates but accepts.

WES

But this is a federal case. Wouldn't they process the evidence?

TRAVIS

Yeah, but our department acted like an evidence filter or was in this case. We reported all the stuff we thought was important.

COLT

So this psycho wants to play games huh? Where do we go from here?

A beat. Colt looks to Wes for an answer. Travis inspects the book.

TRAVIS

A religious sonuva bitch eh? I'm more of a man of science.

WES

The bald guy said he didn't kill anyone in the estate.

Travis now into the conversation.

TRAVIS

You talked to him?

WES

Yeah, he said he didn't kill anyone in the estate. That he couldn't.

(CONTINUED)

COLT

That means there was more than one person at that estate. The killer was fucking there. Probably before him.

WES

Exactly.

TRAVIS

Wait, wait, wait a sec. You guys know this? That means the FBI's doing fuck all. Why aren't you telling them?

WES

We would but we think this killer has eyes inside the investigation.

COLT

And, you know, we don't want to be arrested and fined up the ass for withholding evidence.

Wes shoots Colt a look.

TRAVIS

Fucking shit. Did the bald guy say anything else?

COLT

Yeah, he did. In the beginning, it was like he thought we were the killer. He said he was always there. Means the killers been keeping an eye on him.

Wes thinks on it.

TRAVIS

So they have history together.

WES

So the theory is this killer is killing all the hits before the bald guy could get to them.

COLT

Then what's the fucking motive for that? Insanity?

(CONTINUED)

WES

No. Too sophisticated for that.  
It's gotta be something deeper.

TRAVIS

Or it could be the same.

COLT

I guess conspiracy really isn't out  
of the question then?

Colt stares at Wes for an answer. Wes returns a contemplative look.

**EXT. RANCH - DAY**

The sun blazes down over a small desert ranch. Young Benicio sits playing in the dirt in front of the ranch. A scorpion slowly crawls by him.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Benicio!...Benicio! Ven aqui!

**INT. RANCH - DAY**

Benicio sits down at a worn down wooden table. His mother places a bowl of stew in front of him.

MOTHER

Comer.

Benicio eats while his mother washes dishes.

His mother looks out the window to see: Two vans approaching the house fast. She drops the dish in the sink, panicked.

BENICIO'S MOTHER

Benicio , escondese! Escondese!!

She pushes him toward a small closet and closes him in.

BENICIO'S MOTHER

No deje este armario!

She runs quickly outside. Benicio exits the closet and heads toward the window.

Outside: THREE CARTEL MEN stand with a tied up BOY and MAN. Both on their knees. The man beaten and bloodied up.

Benicio's mother screams and pleads. The lead cartel man slams her in the face. She drops. He then pulls out a gun and points it at the man.

(CONTINUED)

He SPEAKS and she shakes her head eccentrically. The man SHOOTs the bloodied man. She lunges out but is detained by the other men.

The man now points the gun at the boy. She begs. Her emotion uncontrollable. He yells at her, clearly wanting something. She shakes her head bawling. A beat.

He then SHOOTs the kid. Benicio's mother now still. The man SHOOTs her.

**INT.BENICIO'S HOME - DUSK**

Benicio's eyes slowly open. He lays in bed staring at the ceiling. The room a deafening quiet.

He sits up and turns the TV on. News about the senator's assassination.

NEWS CORRESPONDENT

(through TV)

We have to get rid of this notion that our government is willing to do things like this.

NEWS CORRESPONDENT #2

No, they would. How can you call it our government when most of them are bought? Is it so implausible that they would commit an act as treacherous as this to keep legislation in their donor's favor?

Benicio walks to the window and stares outside. A beautiful sky.

NEWS CORRESPONDENT

It's always liberals like you that want to put the blame on conservatives and the wealthy for everything-

NEWS CORRESPONDENT #2

We've seen this before! This has happened before! Kennedy's assassination. The mafia killed him because he was going to shut down Cuba. They had major investments there-

NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Oh, that's utterly ridiculous. You're comparing that false mafia story to this?

(CONTINUED)



The phone RINGS. Benicio stares at it lying on the nightstand.

NEWS CORRESPONDENT #2  
Whether it's mafia or big business  
or wall street, my point is it all  
stems from the same thing. Mon-

TV shuts off.

**INT. BENICIO'S HOME - KITCHEN**

Benicio stands with the phone to his ear.

BENICIO  
I said I was done.

VOICE (V.O.)  
No, listen to me Benicio. This is  
the final step in reaching our  
goal. And I only trust you with  
this. Are you still listening?

A beat.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Good, just hear me out. As you know  
our other guy has failed as I was  
expecting. This job is essential  
the same. Steven Randolph. Do you  
accept?

BENICIO  
Tell me why? What is his  
importance?

VOICE (V.O.)  
I've told you from the very  
beginning. This is necessary to  
better the country. A country that  
deserves more.

BENICIO  
Then why kill the good ones.

VOICE (V.O.)  
The good ones? Trust me they're not  
as good as you think. Look, the  
whole purpose of this is to send a  
message. Planting an idea strong  
enough to stir controversy. Big  
enough to ignite a lost motivation  
thus creating a new purpose. And as  
you can see, it's working.

(CONTINUED)

BENICIO  
I want to know who killed that boy.

VOICE (V.O.)  
(sighs)  
That's something we too have been trying to figure out. Look, forget about him for now. His actions are actually furthering our cause, even if his methods are... distasteful.

A beat.

VOICE (V.O.)  
I see you're still conflicted so I'll take this as a no. Think on it. I'll only call once more. Don't answer if you don't intend to carry this out.

BEEP. Benicio's face hangs over the counter. Conflicted.

**EXT.BOWLER CITY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING**

The parking lot mostly empty. The compact car sits alone in front.

**INT.BOWLER CITY - ENTRANCE**

Benicio enters. A slow night in house.

DESK ATTENDANT (O.S.)  
Hello, sir. We have a special discount for single bowlers.

Benicio turns to the source of the dreary voice. A fat DESK ATTENDANT (20s). Acne covers his face.

BENICIO  
No thanks. Waiting for someone.

Benicio looks toward the far end. Damien finishes bowling and turns to notice Benicio.

**INT.BOWLER CITY - LANE 22 - LATER**

Benicio and Damien sit. Benicio drinks a beer.

BENICIO  
Where's the money?

(CONTINUED)

DAMIEN

Don't worry, I got it. There's a lot so I keep it somewhere safe. Look if you don't trust me at this point then I don't know what to say.

BENICIO

There's no rush.

A beat.

DAMIEN

Why didn't you kill that guy?

Benicio raises a brow.

DAMIEN

The fat man in the Mercedes. He's gonna tell whoever he works for that you caused this.

BENICIO

I'm not worried. One last job and I'm gone.

DAMIEN

What do you mean one last job? You're still at it after all this?

BENICIO

I need the money.

DAMIEN

For what? You've admitted that there's nothing left for you. You've avenged your family. What about the kid? Don't you want to find his killer?

Benicio silent.

DAMIEN

Look, fuck whoever you work for. I know from experience that they're probably some dirty corporate fucks that prioritize money over everything. How can you blame 'em? Capitalism states that it's their duty. Destroy all competition and maximize profits. And some take the former literally.

Benicio caught off by the rant.

(CONTINUED)

DAMIEN

Just something I've been passionate about recently.

BENICIO

It's fine.

DAMIEN

There's a nice bar by the lake downtown. Meet me there at eleven tonight. The money will be there.

Damien gets up.

DAMIEN

In the meantime, I'm gonna treat myself.

He pulls out a clear plastic bag of heroin and walks out. Benicio continues to drink his beer, indifferent. His eyes now fixated on something.

A bag of heroin with a needle, rests in the seat which Damien occupied.

#### **INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT**

Wes sits in his office reading FBI reports. Officers outside his office say goodbye to one another. Ramirez walks past this door. Wes notices and gets up to follow.

#### **INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOCKER ROOM**

Wes enters. NOISE RESONATES from a janitor's closet.

Wes slowly approaches and looks inside to see; Ramirez loads a janitor bin with cleaning supplies.

#### **JANITOR CLOSET**

He turns around. Wes snaps out of sight. Ramirez rolls the bin out of the closet.

#### **LOCKER ROOM**

Wes sits on a bench pretending to be on his phone. Ramirez pays him no attention and drearily rolls the bin out.

Wes enters the janitor's closet and inspects. A picture of the virgin Mary sits on a shelf along with rosary beads. He removes rags and other items which reveal a CROWBAR. Wes thinks.

**EXT.WES' HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT**

Wes sits in the incandescently lit room. Book shelves surrounding him. The bible on his desk with the message in it.

Wes walks over to a shelf and takes an armful of books. He drops it on his desk. Each of them with a single tab.

He opens to the tab on one book. It reads in blood: THE END IS COMING

He opens another book. In blood: GET HELP

And another book: CHANGE

He feverishly continues to open the bibles, each with a different message. Every message in the same chapter.

Wes failing to hold back his rage, swipes his desk clean of the books. His face buried in his hands. Silence.

He grabs his phone and dials a number.

WES

Hey.

**EXT.OHIO STREET BEACH - BAR - NIGHT**

Wes sits with Colt. He stares at his drink. The city lights glow like magic in contrast to the darkness of the Lake.

COLT

It's gotta be fucking FBI. I mean if this is a government conspiracy then the FBI's in on it.

WES

You think?

Wes a little buzzed.

COLT

So what, you gonna drink your liver out?

WES

Probably.

Colt shakes his head. Gives up.

Damien walks up and takes a seat next to Colt. Benicio follows and sits next to Damien. Colt and Wes seem familiar to him. He stares for a beat, then forcefully looks away.

(CONTINUED)

The BARTENDER walks up.

DAMIEN  
(to bartender)  
Two Whiskeys. Straight.

COLT  
(to Damien)  
Guessing you boys had a long day  
huh?

DAMIEN  
Yeah, well, I'm a drug dealer and  
this guy over here's an assassin.  
You know how it goes.

Colt's face crossed with confusion. He laughs.

COLT  
You hear that Wes? Guess that means  
we gotta put these drinks down and  
cuff 'em.

WES  
(joking)  
Go get 'em shooter.

He takes a swig. The Bartender serves the two drinks.

DAMIEN  
Oh, you guys are cops? Didn't  
realize.

Damien slides an apologetic look to an indifferent Benicio.

COLT  
Detectives actually.

DAMIEN  
So you guys have your hands full  
with these killings huh?

COLT  
You don't know the half of it.  
(takes a sip)  
Your friend, he's talkative.

DAMIEN  
Eh. Not easy to get much out of  
him.

(CONTINUED)

COLT  
I know how you feel.

A beat. Wes' phone BUZZES. He checks it. A puzzled look crosses him.

COLT  
Who the hell's calling you this  
time a night?

Another BUZZ. This time from Colts phone. He also looks at it confused.

WES  
We gotta go.

COLT  
Shit. What now?

They quickly gather themselves. Colt throws a twenty on the counter.

COLT  
Sorry but we gotta go. Good talking  
to ya.

Damien sits with his arm resting on the counter. Nonchalantly waves them off.

Benicio stares them off. Curious.

**EXT. OHIO STREET BEACH - NIGHT**

Damien digs up a duffel bag and hands it to Benicio.

DAMIEN  
Here. About two-hundred thousand.  
Give or take.

Benicio stares at him deadpan.

DAMIEN  
Trust me. It's not as much as you  
think when you realize this stuff  
won't make you feel better. I don't  
need it. Never did.

A long beat.

DAMIEN  
Well, I guess this is it. Auf  
wiedersehen.

(CONTINUED)

Benicio nods him off. Damien walks off, hesitates, then turns back around.

DAMIEN

If you think avenging this boy is your redemption then by all means do it. Just hope your soul rests with god before the devil knows you're dead.

Benicio raises a brow.

DAMIEN

Just some saying I heard- I don't know.

Damien walks off. Benicio looks at the downtown skyscrapers. A picturesque view.

**INT. BENICIO'S HOME - NIGHT**

Benicio stands near his window on the phone.

BENICIO

I'll accept.

VOICE (V.O.)

I'm very pleased to hear this. I'll send you the address. And I suggest something long distance. There will be someone in the back to let you in and to show you the spot. Stay inconspicuous once you're there. Randolph will be seated in the upper boxes. Don't know which side though. Got everything?

BENICIO

Yeah.

VOICE (V.O.)

Event starts at eight. Set up early and get out quick.

(sighs)

Well, this will be the last you hear from me. Remember' you've done a very good thing. I commend your faith in this. Take care of yourself Benicio.

BEEP.

Benicio's eyes gaze out the window.



**EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT**

The tan detective cruiser comes to a screeching stop up front. Officers stand outside somewhat dysfunctional.

Wes and Colt run inside.

**INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

A madhouse inside. Officers scramble, phones constantly ring while a group surrounds something in the middle of the room. Wes pushes through to see.

In the middle of the floor lies a half open body bag holding a charred, DEAD MAN.

Wes and Colt struck with shock.

Brolin walks in with a company of high officers.

BROLIN

Jesus fucking christ- Get him the hell out of here!!

**INT. TRUMAN'S OFFICE**

Wes and Colt rush in. Truman stands behind his desk just getting off the phone. Before he can utter a word to them, the phone rings. He frustratingly unplugs it.

WES

What was that?

COLT

Yeah, what the fuck is going on?

TRUMAN

That apparently is house representative, Tim Rockwell.

They pause. Distressed.

WES

And he's there how?

TRUMAN

They said the body was right in front with no idea as to who and how. And the FBI wants to keep this quiet.

(CONTINUED)

COLT

What!? We can't keep covering this  
shit up! It's what this psycho  
wants.

TRUMAN

What psycho?

Something strikes Wes.

WES

Wait here, I'll be right back.

Wes hurries out.

#### **INT.LOCKER ROOM**

Wes passes by scrambling officers. He reaches the janitors  
closet and opens it.

#### **JANITOR CLOSET**

Wes searches the corner. The crowbar from before gone. In  
its place is another BIBLE. He pauses. Slowly picks it up  
and opens it.

A blood red message reads: AND THEIR SON'S SONS...

Wes, confused looks up to one of the shelves. Johnny's silly  
red hat sits there. His eyes wide. Can't believe it.

#### **INT/EXT.POLICE DEPARTMENT**

Wes hastily walks through the tense office and outside to  
his cruiser.

#### **EXT.COLT'S APARTMENT**

Wes pulls up. Not a soul outside. He slowly walks up to the  
front door and rings the doorbell. No answer. He knocks on  
the door. The knocks push the door open. His face crossed  
with worry.

#### **INT.COLT'S APARTMENT**

Pitch black inside. Wes pulls out his gun and tiny  
flashlight. The light leading his aim. He tries for a light  
switch. Doesn't work.

He heads down the hall more cautious. The flashlight  
illuminating each room. An unnerving silence.

#### **KITCHEN**

(CONTINUED)

He enters. Can't believe what he's seeing. Jen sits dead in a chair. Bullet holes in her chest covered in blood.

Wes point his flashlight towards the floor to see an ARROW DRAWN IN BLOOD pointing toward a door. Wes breathing more audible. Follows it and slowly opens the door.

### **INT. BASEMENT**

Wes stands at the top of the stairs. A FAINT, TWITCHY LIGHT illuminates the basement. Wes slowly makes his way down. Every step paired with an eerie creek.

He reaches the bottom. A figure sits in a chair silhouetted by a static CRT TV. Wes tense.

WES

Turn around and put your hands up!

He moves toward the figure to see that it's Johnny, tied up and unconscious.

Wes drops his guard and checks the kid's pulse. He shows a look of relief. Another BIBLE sits on Johnny's lap. Wes taken over by it, hesitates to grab it. He looks around, picks it up, and opens it.

A blood message reads: TURN ON THE END

### **INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT**

Colt stands in the middle of the floor looking around. The commotion from before tame. Truman walks up.

TRUMAN

The president wants to meet with our execs so that includes me. Apparently defcon three. Look we'll talk later about all this. Just get home to your family.

COLT

Alright. Oh, and have you seen Wes?

TRUMAN

No. Knowing him, he's probably out trying to solve this one by himself.

Truman walks off telling the remaining officers to go home.

Travis fiddling with a large wall mounted TV which shows static. Colt heads toward him.

COLT  
Hey, Travis. You seen Wes?

TRAVIS  
Um, no. Haven't really seen him all day.

Travis passes Colt a remote control.

TRAVIS  
Here, see if you can fix this for me. I'm headed back home. Fucking tired of all this shit. It never stops.

COLT  
Yeah sure. This is getting pretty ridiculous.

TRAVIS  
See ya.

Colt nods him off as Travis exits. Jill and Thomas enter. She berates officers while yelling for Wes.

COLT  
Hey! They're with me. That's Wes' Family.

The officers let them in.

**INT. COLT'S APARTMENT - BASEMENT**

Wes pushes a button on the TV. The static disappears, turning black screen. Top right of the screen reads: AUX 1.

A RED LIGHT turns on. A message on screen pops up: IF THE BOY ISN'T DEAD BY 1 AM THEN MORE WILL DIE.

Wes hit hard by the message.

**INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT**

Jill and Thomas approach Colt.

JILL  
What the hell is going on!? They called my house telling us to come here.

Colt confused.

(CONTINUED)

COLT  
What? Who called?

JILL  
Where the hell is Wes?

COLT  
I want to know myself.

She walks off impatient and frustrated. Thomas squints at the TV.

THOMAS  
Is that my dad?

Colt turns back around to see the TV. His face frozen.

**INT. COLT'S APARTMENT - BASEMENT**

Wes has a gun pointed at the unconscious Johnny.

THOMAS (V.O.)  
(through TV)  
Is that my Dad?

Wes snaps his head toward the TV. His face frozen.

**INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT**

Colt dumbstruck.

COLT  
Wes? What the fuck is going- is that Johnny?

**INT. COLT'S APARTMENT**

Wes still frozen.

**INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT**

COLT  
Wes. Is my son okay? Why are you pointing a gun at him?

**INTERCUT WES/COLT**

WES  
Look, we don't have the advantage here. He's threatening to kill more people.

COLT

What?

(realizing)

Oh no, no, no

Colt slowly shakes his head. Not wanting to believe.

WES

Colt this is-

COLT

Are you serious right now? Stop pointing that gun at my fucking kid.

Wes doesn't budge.

Why won't you put the fucking gun down!?

An OFFICER in the back notices the commotion.

WES

Look, this has become bigger than you and me detective.

COLT

You're gonna shoot my son? Are you seriously gonna fucking shoot my fucking son!!? Where's my fucking wife?

WES

John listen to me-

COLT

Where's my FUCKING WIFE!!?

Colt shaking. Wes lowers his face. Colts eyes tear up. Can't seem to find the words.

WES

He... he got her. That's why you need to understand who were dealing with here.

Colt draws his gun and grabs Thomas. Holds him at gunpoint.

Wes eyes wide.

WES

Daniel, look at me. That's not gonna change anything.

The Officer draws his gun and approaches.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

Hey! Put the gun down detective!!

Colts eyes stuck to the TV. As if the outside world didn't exist.

COLT

Oh, so I'm the one to lose here?  
I'm the only one who's gonna  
fucking lose here?

His voice a desperate calm.

WES

If I don't do this, a lot more  
people will die. You understand  
that.

COLT

Please put the gun down. Please.

Colt tearing up. Losing himself. More officers gather behind him with their guns drawn. Jill also among them, SCREAMS FOR HER SON.

Wes checks his watch: 12:59 AM. His apologetic eyes lock back on Colt.

Colts eyes beg for mercy. Every second heavier,

The clock clicks 1:00 AM.

BANG!!

Colt stands Frozen. Face numb.

Wes drops his gun. Smoke rising from the barrel. He stands frozen. Face full of regret.

Every officer in just as much shock. A long silence.

BANG!!

Wes' eyes go wide. Thomas no longer standing.

Colt indolently turns around. Points his gun at the officers.

BANG! BANG!! BANG!!

Colt drops. The last shell casings hit the floor. Silence overwhelms the office.

Wes stands lost. The TV shuts off.

**INT.BENICIO'S HOME - EVENING**

Benicio sits on the end of his bed. In front of him is an open guitar case holding an AR-15. A silencer and scope lay next to it.

The final rays of sunlight pierce through the window.

**EXT.THEATER - NIGHT**

Benicio walks past the front entrance wearing a black suit. The guitar case strapped over his shoulder. He chews on a toothpick.

Wealthy couples enter the front and are bombarded by paparazzi. Benicio continues past inconspicuous.

**EXT.THEATER - LOADING DOCK**

The dock hectic with workers rushing to unloading delivery trucks. Benicio enters a side door.

**INT.KITHCEN**

Chefs and ushers rush back and forth holding entrees and bottles.

Benicio walks through and reaches a door. He stands observing.

A USHER (18) opens the door and looks directly at Benicio. He nods at Benicio signaling him to follow.

**INT.AUDITORIUM**

Benicio follows the Usher to an elevator. The doors open and wealthy couples exit laughing.

The usher and Benicio enter the elevator.

**INT.ELEVATOR**

Silence. The usher stands like a robot. Not once turning to look at Benicio.

**INT.AUDITORIUM - TOP FLOOR**

The Usher walks up to a door in the center of a long wall. Opens it. He gestures his hand for Benicio to enter.

**SKY BALCONY**

Benicio looks back at the Usher who nods at him and shuts the door.

(CONTINUED)



He walks up to the edge of the balcony. A breathtaking view of the amber-lit auditorium. Stage far and tiny.

He sets down his guitar case and opens it. Sets everything up and takes post near the edge.

Impossible to spot from below.

Through his scope; Stephen Randolph sits down with his wife, playing with his kids. A server with his back turned, places a drink and walks off.

Benicio pulls his face from the scope. Contemplates, then zooms back in. Cross-hairs directly on Randolph.

A long beat.

The orchestra begins to play an INTENSE PIECE. The lights in the auditorium DIM.

Randolph now sits slumped over in his seat. His wife pokes him. Nothing. She then shakes him and calls for help. MEN in suits grab him and take him away.

Benicio shocked. Scans the auditorium with his scope. Too dark to see anything else. He pulls his face away from the scope.

#### **INT. KITCHEN**

Benicio walks through the busy kitchen. He looks all around almost desperate. Ushers, servers, and chefs scramble.

A conspicuous FIGURE walks through a back door. Benicio takes notice and follows.

#### **INT. STORAGE ROOM**

Benicio catches the figure walk around a corner. He follows, avoiding workers.

#### **STAIRWELL**

He looks down the long stair set. At the bottom a door.

#### **INT. BASEMENT**

Benicio enters a large abandoned stage room. A room lost in time. Racks of clothes and eerie costumes scattered throughout.

A faint RED LIGHT emits from a corner of the room. Clothing racks block the source.

(CONTINUED)

Benicio draws his gun and moves around the racks, slowly heading toward the light. He rounds the last clothing rack to see;

The figure stands over a single lit table. His back turned, working on something. An empty BOTTLE sits on top.

Benicio keeps his distance aims his silenced pistol at him.

BENICIO

Who are you?

The figure freezes immediately. A beat.

TRAVIS

I should be asking you that.

Travis slowly turns his head. Glimpses Benicio with the corner of his eye.

BENICIO

You're the one who killed the family.

TRAVIS

Yes. And I'm guessing from that silenced gun, they sent you to kill me. Well, tell them they're making a mistake.

BENICIO

Nobody sent me.

A beat.

TRAVIS

What do you mean nobody sent you? You're one of their assassins. Why are you here then?

BENICIO

That boy. You killed him. Why?

Travis puzzled.

TRAVIS

Look, there are bigger things, atrocities, going on around us. Far worse than what happened to that boy.

BENICIO

Why did you do it?

Benicio's voice forceful.

TRAVIS

I, the Lord your God, am a jealous God, punishing the children for the sin of the parents to the third and fourth generation of those who hate me. Is that what you want to hear?

(laughs)

You're the one who put the senator out of his misery. I know the other guy didn't do it.

(sighs)

Understand that your cause is in line with mine. You and me, we're the same. Society created us. I'm here to make a change and so are you. So put the gun down so we can finish what you started.

Benicio holds his gun steady. Face unwavering.

BENICIO

We're not the same. Nowhere near it.

Travis ticked off.

TRAVIS

Don't you understand why I'm doing this!? I'm what this country needs! Families were destroyed! Children lost to poverty. You know there was a bill that would have regulated the drug industry. Not allowing these companies to raise prices by five- hundred percent. But the poor senator voted against it. And guess what? It didn't pass! The mortality rate of kids after birth increased by seven percent. Seven fucking percent!! So don't think too hard about his fucking kid! Maybe the bible's right.

He puts a hand on the bottle.

TRAVIS

The people up there are the ones who own the government. The ones

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS (cont'd)  
who should be put to trial. Yet the  
department focuses everything on  
this one case. Fucking pathetic.

Travis turns his head to look at Benicio once more.

TRAVIS  
Let's witness the glory that is to  
come.

A beat.

BENICIO  
Turn around.

Travis struck with a hard realization. Lowers his head.

TRAVIS  
(calm)  
I really can't get to you, huh?  
(more to himself)  
Amazing what you can do when you  
put your mind to it.

Travis silent. Back turned. Still.

Whips his body around with a gun-

BANG!!

They both stand.

Travis looks at his chest. White shirt filling with blood.  
He falls to the ground back first.

Benicio still holds his gun up. Shot in the abdomen. He  
stumbles back into a pillar and slides to the ground.

His stomach bleeds profusely.

Travis rests his upper body on his elbows. The best he can  
do.

They stare at each other.

TRAVIS  
I can't believe he did it. He  
fucking did it. And you... you...  
heh. I had a son once too.

He cracks a smile then lays back dead.

Benicio stares at his lifeless body. A long eerie silence. Creepy costumes and masks all seem to stare.

**EXT.RANCH - MEXICO - DAY**

Benicio's mother lays dead next to the boy and the beaten man.

Young Benicio stands over them staring with lifeless eyes.

**INT.BASEMENT**

Senator Newman stands happily with his son in front of Benicio. His face still bloodied. The son with the bullet hole.

SENATOR NEWMAN

Thank-you Benicio.

Benicio's eyes wide.

Thug #1 appears. Blood on his clothes.

THUG #1

Thank-you Benicio.

Then Thug #2.

THUG #2

Thank-you Benicio.

Then El Chico.

EL CHICO

Thank-you Benicio.

Then Carlos.

CARLOS

Thank-you, Benicio.

Then Benicio's Mother alongside the beaten Man.

BENICIO'S PARENTS

Gracias Benicio.

They all now stand together.

EVERYBODY

Thank-you.

Benicio's eyes slowly fade.

Damien appears.

(CONTINUED)

DAMIEN  
Congratulations Benicio.

He bows with a smile. Calmly walks towards the table and puts his hand on the empty bottle and taps it. Turns to look at Benicio once more.

DAMIEN  
Congratulations.

He flicks the light switch.

FADE OUT

SUPER: MAY YOUR SOUL REST WITH GOD...

BEFORE THE DEVIL KNOWS YOU'RE DEAD.