

GOING GOING GONE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT./INT. POLICE SUV (MOVING) - NIGHT

The SUV zooms down a wet winding wooded road. Windows tinted. Headlights off. Wipers on high against the pouring rain.

Oncoming car headlights blink through the windshield onto RAY DONNER (27) tall, baggy suit. Steely-eyed missile man. Beat-up blood-splattered unshaven face. Burn-scarred hands, arms.

He stammers through the scene:

RAY
You're messing with my
concentration. I missed my turn.

He twists the rearview mirror. Sees several cop cars chasing him disappear around a curve some distance behind.

The spotlight from a low-flying police helicopter just overhead shines in the rear window.

A CURLED-UP PERSON shakes in a black garbage bag on the backseat. The bag inflates and deflates as they breath through small puncture holes in it...

Ray guns it toward a long dark underpass.

RAY
Keep your eyes on my bouncing
balls.

The helicopter zooms just over the car.

The cop cars close on him from a hundred yards behind.

RAY (O.S.)
Now ya see me...

He speeds into the

UNDERPASS

He veers left and scrapes between two upright I-beam bridge-supports in the middle. Halts behind them.

The police race past him. Deeper into the tunnel...

He fishtails backward. Bangs the fenders as he pulls-out from between the upright I-beams. Tailspins back onto the

ROAD

Ray swerves across the median grass and cuts between several cars. Joins the traffic.

A car comes up behind him. Horn blaring...

RAY

Ya shouldn't tempt me. I'm not in the mood.

He slides a pistol off a newspaper on the passenger seat. The headline is: "POLICE OFFICER'S DAUGHTER MISSING".

RAY

We sure as hell know where she is now. Huh? Do we? Say something!

He waistbands the gun. Pulls a nightstick from under the seat. Smacks the Curled-up Person in the bag:

RAY

Now you know what it's like to be smothered to death. Get used to it.

The Curled-up Person jerks around and whines.

Ray spins the wheel. Fishtails around a "mile 86" road sign.

An oncoming pickup swerves around the SUV rear fender just over the center lines. Runs over a "Grandly Road" sign and crashes into a drainage ditch.

Ray fishtails onto a muddy path into the

INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - WOODS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The police SUV fishtails. Sideswipes trees to both sides.

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS. LIGHTNING FLASHES.

The Curled-up Person squirms on the backseat.

Ray bites his lip. Guns it. The car shimmies. Goes nowhere.

O.S. TIRES WHIZZ...

RAY

How can this get any better? I don't know.

He slams it in "R" and pumps the gas pedal.

The rear tires spin in the soupy mud. Wheels sink deeper...

RAY

Easy...

He slams it in "R". Taps the gas. Rocks the car back. Brakes.

RAY

Whoa...

He drops it in "D". Pumps the gas. Revs the engine.

The car squirms. Tires spinning. Bottomed out in the mud.

He slams it in "P". Grabs a shovel from the floor in the back and hops out.

He stares up. Shields his eyes from the rain.

O.S. HELICOPTER BLADES THUMP CLOSER. THEN ROAR AWAY.

He yanks the caved-in back door open.

RAY

Come on!

He busts the back door window with the shovel. Drags the Curled-up Person out the broken window. Throws he/she down.

O.S. ONCOMING SIRENS BLARE CLOSER...

He raises the shovel like a spear, blade aimed at the Curled-up Person in the bag as he/she whimpers and squirms.

RAY

Why did you have to do this to us?!

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS!!!

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

A bullet smacks the rain-speckled windshield. Spider-webs it dead-center. Between the clapping wipers.

SUPER: A MONTH EARLIER

HANK (22) hooded man in a Kevlar vest, stands on a driveway outside in the rain, smoking gun aimed at the webbed-glass.

Ray, cop uniform, spins the steering wheel. Fishtails away from the driveway to the front of a two-story complex of inner city scattered-housing project buildings.

TEMA (25) cute, butch-looking, rookie lady-cop, presses her face against the dashboard from her shotgun seat.

EXT. SCATTERED HOUSING - BUILDING ONE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Hank jumps from the driveway onto a sidewalk.

The cop car thumps over the curb after him.

The car's headlights illuminate the pistol in his hand before Hank enters the building's shadowy entryway.

Drug DEALERS. BUYERS. LOOKOUTS. Scoot back into the shadows.

Hank climbs an unlit stairway. Steps into the shadows of the second-floor landing.

Ray, cop uniform, hops out of the car. A .45 in hand.

O.S. A POLICE DISPATCHER SQUAWKS OVER A POLICE RADIO:

POLICE DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Unit 54202 proceed. Tactical unit
en route. Over.

Tema jumps out of the car. Picks at the strap over her 380 in its holster.

RAY
Is got a problem, Tema?

TEMA
My holster snaps stuck...

Ray leads her toward the building entryway. Dodges used syringes falling from the windows above.

Tema halts. Watches the hypos land before her.

Ray calls her from just outside the entryway:

RAY
Let's go, Tema. Stay close to the
building!

TEMA
Shh-shit, shit, shh-shit!

She backs up to the wall. An old TV crashes on the ground in front of her.

RAY
Tema! Get your sidearm out!

He hops over the TV. Drags her through the entryway into

INT. BUILDING FIVE SOUTH VESTIBULE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ray leads Tema by an "OUT OF ORDER" sign across an elevator.
Ray ducks in the shadows. Trains his gun up the unlit stairs.
He points to the other side of the staircase. Whispers:

RAY

Go up that side. We move in tandem.
Stop at the landing. We'll check it
out together from both sides.

She nods. Trembles. The 380 shakes in her hand:

TEMA

Yes sir, Ray. Together.

RAY

Don't fuck around, Tema. This is
Hank Martin, big time drug dealer,
stone cold cop killer as of this
morning. You get the chance, you
take the shot, rookie.

TEMA

You know I graduated at the top of
my cadet school class.

O.S. APPROACHING SIRENS SHRIEK... He glances at her:

RAY

You stay one step behind me.

She nods. They climb a step at a time. Her on the other side
of the stairs.

They stop two steps before the second-floor door, in shadows.

She aims her gun, ready to fire. Kisses the trigger. Jumps
onto the second-floor landing. Turns.

Hank jumps from the shadows toward Tema. She aims her gun at
him. Her finger trembles on the trigger...

He slams her gun into her face. Spins her. Jams her 380
barrel under her ear.

Ray aims across the landing at him. Tema's nose spews blood.

HANK

*I can and will pull this trigger,
ya scared little fucking bitch!*

RAY
What the fuck, Tema?

TEMA
I couldn't fire, Ray. I'm scared
I'm not gonna make it home to ever
see my wife and little girls again.

HANK
Listen here, Ray-sir. I got five
hundred "K" stashed away. I split
it with you two. Just let me go.

RAY
Fuck you. I take a hundred percent
of your ass to the morgue if you
don't let her go.

He keeps his gun on him. Hank cocks her gun under her chin.

HANK
Yo, Ray-sir! I'm gonna blow Tema's
fucking head off. Best put it down!

TEMA
Ray. Please. I have three little
girls and a wife. Ray. Please...

Ray sets his .45 on the ground. Hank blasts Ray three-times
in the chest. He tumbles down the steps into the gloom.

Hank laughs. Drags her down the steps and halts.

Ray fires a Sig P238 from the shadows lit by muzzle flashes.

Hank takes three shots in the chest. Slams back to the wall.
Slides to the ground. Legs moving. Stunned.

Ray kicks Tema's gun from Hank's hand.

Ray smiles. Bloody teeth. Puts the Sig in an ankle holster.

Five cop cars skid up to the entryway. Sirens screeching.

Blue lights flash on the walls. Tema handcuffs Hank. He's
still stunned on the ground.

TEMA (CONT'D)
Ya have the right to remain...

RAY (O.S.)
-Why didn't you do as I told you?

He stomps toward her. She aims her gun at him. He rips the three slugs from his Kevlar vest. Throws them in her face.

TEMA

You left me alone!

RAY

You lying cunt-eating fucking dyke!

She punches his face. He punches her in the chest. Several COPS enter. She lands on her ass at the feet of the Cops.

INT. CHURCH SIDE AISLE - NIGHT

O.S. SEVERAL DOGS GROWL. SNAP THEIR JAWS. MEN SCREAM. WHINE.

Ray kneels and shakes his head with his hands over his ears before a statue of Jesus above a rack of votive candles.

He takes one hand off his ear. Makes the sign of the cross.

He tucks a folded letter in his jacket pocket. Pulls several folded ten bills out of it as he lays it next to him.

He puts the bills in a donation box. Lights a match. His shaky hand lights several candles. Covers his ears again.

INT. GUANTANAMO PRISON CELL (FLASHBACK MONTAGE) - NIGHT

O.S. DEATH METAL SHRIEKS THROUGHOUT THIS MONTAGE...

Ray, Army uniform, sparks a cattle prod. Walks a growling big dog around six nude DETAINEES shackled to the floor kneeling. Arms extended over their heads chained to the ceiling. Screaming.

Ray holds the dog's snarling jaws inches from the genitals of a nude hooded Detainee chained in the corner.

Ray lets the dog sniff and snarl inches from several nude Detainees in a pile. Arms and legs zip-tied together.

INT. CHURCH SIDE AISLE - (END FLASHBACK MONTAGE) - NIGHT

Ray sweats. Whispers to the Jesus statue. The skin on his shaky hands and arms smokes as he holds them over several candles:

RAY

Is there no God for mercy? Just a
God for torture. His love for hate.

INT. VINTAGE CONVERTIBLE (PARKED) - NIGHT

The car idles in the middle of other parked cars in a parking lot in the pouring rain...

Ray, teary-eyed, sits at the wheel. His jacket off behind him. He unfolds the letter with shaky burn-blistered hands.

INSERT LETTER

Detective Raymond Donner Case #3764892-967

Detective Raymond Donner:

Based on the evaluation of complaints of your abusive and erratic behavior, the Psychiatric Review Board has determined you are not fit for active duty.

You are hereby ordered to surrender your badge and weapon within 48 hours.

O.S. CAR DOORS OPEN, SLAM SHUT.

INSERT LETTER ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

Ray looks away from the letter toward...

LIEUTENANT MARS (45) sits shotgun. Short, bald, baseball cap, baggy suit. Lapel-pin shaped-like mini-boxing gloves. "FIGHT on one. "CRIME on the other. Chews gum. Pops it in his teeth.

RAY
Lieutenant Mars...

He turns to LIEUTENANT TARO (50) linebacker size, blond, porn star mustache, nice suit, same "FIGHT CRIME" lapel-pin as Mars, sits in the backseat.

RAY
Lieutenant Taro...

TARO
We can take care of that for you,
Ray.

Mars snatches the letter from Ray's hand:

MARS
Just like that!

TARO
All ya gotta do is come work for
us, Ray.

Ray grabs the letter back.

MARS

Show us some of your Guantanamo expertise. You...

RAY

-You've been torturing gangbangers for years. Don't...

TARO

-Don't be so cynical. I...

RAY

-I'm not. It's ironic. Asking me to do what I pray to get away from.

MARS

-You got a wife and kid to take care of now...

RAY

-Now that's ironic and sarcastic.

Taro grabs the letter from Ray. Ray sneers at him and twitches his eyes as Taro pops his gum as he speaks:

TARO

You guys still living in that tiny studio apartment with the fucking "L" train roaring by all night.

MARS

Come on, Ray. There's extra money in this for ya.

TARO

Beth's gotta be working double shifts to pay her tuition loans for school. Besides nursing your shaky-ass. Shit. Help *her* out more, Ray.

MARS

Not only can we take care of this letter for ya, Ray. But you'll get overtime pay. And we'll bump you back up to detective sergeant.

TARO

You can send Anna to Catholic school. Keep her away from all the shit-heads in public school.

RAY
Let's just keep Anna and Beth out
of it, okay?

MARS
Sure thing.

TARO
Okay...

RAY
And speaking of shit-heads, gimme
my fucking letter back.

Taro waves the letter at Ray:

TARO
Just say yes, Ray, and this will
all go away.

MARS
Be smart, Ray. This is an offer you
can't refuse. Not anymore. You're
not the man you used to be.

Mars pulls Ray's sleeve up. Exposes slash scars leading to a
bullet wound scar over a "SPECIAL FORCES AIRBORNE" skull and
daggers tattoo above "NO ONE LEFT BEHIND" on his upper arm.

RAY
I'll think about it. Gimme a day.

TARO
The Fat Man will message you with
this. When he needs you.

He hands Ray a red cell phone.

MARS
You help us. We help you.

TARO
Your troubles will be over.

Mars and Taro get out of the car. Slam the doors.

EXT. CITY PLAYGROUND - DAY

Elevated "L" train roars over an alley beyond a rear fence.

Several KIDS scream. Jump on play equipment. PARENTS,
GRANDPARENTS, and OLDER SIBLINGS watch them.

ANNA (9) angelic blonde, karate outfit, yellow belt, sits on a bench. Finishes an ice cream cone, holding it with her hand inside a monkey hand puppet. Licks ice cream off her lips.

Ray finishes his cone on the bench. Scratches his bandaged burned hand and arm. Pulls his Army jacket sleeve down. Raises a red cell phone on a selfie-stick as he gets up.

INSERT CELL PHONE SCREEN SELFIE

Anna waves the monkey puppet at Ray as she runs around him.

She disappears as the screen spins with its focus on the sky:

ANNA

Daddy. Here. I'm over here. Come and get me mister monkey.

The focus drops onto a close-up of oncoming Anna as she comes down a slide. Waving the monkey as she screams...

Ray films himself as he imitates a monkey, while he hobbles over. Grabs Anna off the end of the slide with his free arm.

RAY

I'm gonna get me a little monkey.

ANNA

Please, mister monkey, don't eat us!

He twirls her around and play-bites her stomach:

RAY

Ow-ea, ow-ah-ah. I'm just gonna nibble on your jelly belly!

She kicks him in the face. He snarls. Enraged. Nose bloody.

RAY

Owe--! You...

She grabs his face between her hands. Peers deep in his eyes.

ANNA

I see your mean eyes, Daddy.

He represses the rage. Wipes dirt, blood off his face. Grins:

RAY

My mean eyes are gone now, huh?

ANNA

Yes, Daddy. I'm sorry.

He imitates the monkey face and grumbles:

RAY
Ow-ea, ow-ah-ah.

He play-bites her stomach. Twirls her. Growls. They laugh.

RAY
Mister monkey can never stay mad at his little monkey. But you keep reading my eyes for me. Like I taught you. 'Cause...

ANNA
-'Cause deep in people's eyes they can never lie. They're either good or bad. But they never lie.

RAY
That's right. And you're the best at reading people's eyes, Anna.

ANNA
Now can we go on the tire swing? Please, mister monkey.

He hobbles to the tire swing. Sits her in it. She puts the monkey in her jacket pocket. She giggles. As he spins her.

ANNA
Underdog, Daddy.

He goes under her as he spins her:

RAY
See ya around.

ANNA
Go, Daddy, go. Around the world.

He twirls her faster. She screams. He stutters again:

RAY
(stammer time again)
Hold, tight, little monkey!

He loses his balance. Wobbles. Stumbles back.

ANNA
Faster, mister monkey, please...

He trips forward. Twirls her faster as he falls sideways.

The cell phone screen crash-lands face down and blacks-out...

END CELL PHONE SCREEN SELFIE INSERT

Anna slips backward as her butt slides off the tire. She spins by her hands. Gripping the chains. Looks for Ray:

ANNA

Daddy...!

Ray leaves the red cell phone attached to the selfie-stick on the ground as he crawls toward her.

She flies feet-first. Rolls face down in the wood-chips.

A crowd of apprehensive ONLOOKERS gathers around them.

Ray gets to his feet. Shaky. Off balance. Picks her up. Wipes tears off her dirty face. Points two fingers at his own eyes:

RAY

You turned away from your task.
Holding on to the chain. You lost
your concentration. If ya have to
watch two things. Just shift your
eyes. Keep your focus on the task.

ANNA

I'm a tough little monkey, right,
Daddy?

They hug. Squeeze their tearful-eyes shut.

RAY

You are tough, my little ma-monkey.
And I love you so much...

The crowd backs away. Kids run and play. An Onlooker hands Ray the cell phone and selfie-stick. Ray mouths "thank you."

ANNA

Are you feeling bad again, Daddy?

RAY

Yes, An-Anna...

She frowns. Pouts her lips at him. Mocks a monkey face:

ANNA

Oh-ah-ah...

She feels her jacket pocket. No monkey. She looks around. Full of fear:

ANNA

Oh, no. I lost monkey.

RAY
We'll find it...

He puts her on his back. Holds her legs. She hugs his neck.
He carries her around. Finds the monkey. Lets her pick it up.

ANNA
Oh goody. I won't go anywhere
without mister monkey. Or my Daddy.

RAY
And I won't go anywhere without, my
little monkey.

Anna kisses him all over his face. Points her finger at him:

ANNA
Better take your pills now, Daddy.

He smiles. Opens a flip-top canister. Slides three different
pills on his tongue. Swallows them. The stammer slowly goes
away as he regains his balance...

RAY
My little monkey, you sound so much
like your mom.

ANNA
Can I do the monkey bars today? Ma
says, "Do your breathing, Daddy."

He brushes her off. Looks at his watch. Nods. Carries her.

RAY
Because you're such a...

He takes a long deep rhythmic breathes:

RAY
Come on. My Little monkey. One more
time. Then we go. Okay?

They duck under a horizontal ladder between two decks.

She hands him the monkey. Then grabs the first rung:

ANNA
I got this, Daddy.

He backs up a step. She hangs. Face flush. She grips the
second rung. Loses a hand. He reaches for her.

RAY
I--

ANNA

No way, Daddy. You said I can try.

She clutches a third. Fourth. Fifth. Sixth, and seventh rung. Swings with both hands. Huffs. Puffs. Groans.

RAY

Oh, yeah!

She seizes the eighth rung. Ninth. Tenth. Drops off. Lands on her feet. Karate spin-kicks. Crouches in a fight stance.

ANNA

Ta-da...!

RAY (CONT'D)

Wow! Toni said you're her best student.

He hands her mister monkey. She hugs it. Smiles wide.

ANNA

Yeah, Daddy, she tells me that every time I'm there!

He grabs her up. She turns a cheek. He kisses it. They laugh.

RAY

I think that's a world record for a nine-year-old.

He passes WATTS and JESUP (30s) big guys, military haircuts, playing chess on a bench inside the gate as he carries Anna out onto the sidewalk to the curb. Sits her shotgun in a

INT. RUSTY VINTAGE CONVERTIBLE (PARKED) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ray sits at the wheel. His shaky hands set the cell phone on the selfie stick between the seats. Breathes deep...

He tries two times. Finally buckles Anna in. His shaky hand can't get the key in the ignition. Anna's steady hand on his guides the key in.

ANNA

Should we call Mommy, Daddy?

RAY

No... I'm okay now.

He breathes deep. Starts it. Looks from the rearview mirror to his side mirror. Pulls out. Slams the brakes.

A car swerves around them. Misses by inches. Tires squealing.

EXT. RAY'S BUILDING - STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

An ambulance lays-rubber down a street under elevated tracks. Streaks by a two-story apartment building over retail shops.

The ambulance red-lights flash through window curtains into

INT. RAY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A modestly furnished room...

The ambulance red-lights reflect off of a badge and two medals of valor on a Chicago Police dress uniform coat on a chair.

The red-lit-images of the badge and medals move across the wall into Ray's eyes. He lies under a pile of covers on a pull-out couch. Burns on his arms and hands bandaged.

BETH (25) lovely, nurse scrubs, approaches Ray. Lifts the covers off Anna. Asleep in his shirt. Hugs him from behind.

Anna awakes. Smiles at Beth. Kisses Ray's back.

ANNA

Mom. I love my Daddy. You too.

BETH

We know, sweetie. We love you too.

She pulls Anna's hair over her ear. Kisses her neck.

ANNA

Can Daddy take me to the park today?

BETH

It's late, Anna. Go back to sleep.

O.S. AN ONCOMING SIREN BLARES CLOSER...

Beth crosses the room into a

SMALL KITCHEN ALCOVE

She passes a dozen prescription bottles on the counter. Peers out a back window at...

A cop car backs into a "HOSPITAL EMERGENCY" entrance across the alley.

The headlights shine in her eyes. She turns from the window.

The headlights illuminate twenty photos of Ray and several others in special forces uniforms in the Iraqi desert and the mountains of Afghanistan that are stuck on the fridge door.

STUDIO APARTMENT

Ray awakes on the bed. Turns to Anna.

O.S. A CELL PHONE BLEEPS.

He drags the red cell phone from under a pillow. Reads a message.

He tries to get up. Sits. Looks at the door. Anna hugs him.

ANNA

Don't go, Daddy. Stay and sleep
with me and Mommy.

He kisses her. Stands. Wobbles. Sits. Stands. Stutters again:

RAY

I'll bring you to the park tomorrow
morning. First thing.

ANNA

I'm gonna go all the way across
monkey bars myself again, Daddy.

She grabs his legs. He falls on the bed.

RAY

No doubt about it, Anna.

ANNA

And slide on the slide right into
your arms, huh, Daddy?

She crawls over him. Nods. Kisses him.

ANNA

I love you, Daddy!

She hugs him with all her strength until she shakes. Beth pries Anna off Ray. Lays her on the bed.

BETH

Let Daddy take his medicine.

Anna pulls the covers under her chin. Furrows her brow. Bites her knuckle.

BETH

Gotta take *all* of your pills, Ray.

She hands him a glass of water. Drops several pills in his shaky hand. He pops the pills. Gulps water. Breathes deep:

RAY

I can't. Forget the past. And I, I don't remember. What I'm supposed to do... next.

Beth kisses his forehead. Turns. Hides her tearful eyes.

BETH

It's gonna take some time, Ray, that's all.

RAY

I gotta pass a, a psych test. So I ah... can get back to work.

He squeezes his eyes shut. Presses the red cell phone against his forehead. Grits his teeth:

RAY

Think ah, I can... Get this through my ah, my head?

Anna pulls the covers over her head.

BETH

Ray...

She squats. Rubs his shoulders. Leans to kiss him.

RAY

Don't!

He slaps his palms over his ears. Shaking. Sweaty.

Beth pulls the cover off Anna. Alarmed. Tries not to show it:

BETH

Anna, come on. Use the bathroom. It's still bedtime.

Anna jumps on the bed. Pulls her shirt sleeve up and exposes hearts drawn down her arm around "love mommy daddy".

ANNA

Look, Daddy, words like you.

Beth grabs her. Carries her to the bathroom. Anna stares over Beth's shoulder:

ANNA

Daddy's sick again.

BETH

You'll wear that tattoo for a while. You used my indelible marker from the hospital emergency room!

Beth sets Anna on the toilet. Whispers into her ear.

Ray rocks on the edge of the pull-out couch. Lowers his head. Rubs the red cell phone between his hands.

Beth snatches the phone from his hands. Reads the message.

BETH

You promised me you wouldn't have anything to do with the Fat Man. And what they do at that warehouse.

Ray pockets the red cell phone. Breathes deep. Teary-eyed:

RAY

I just showed them some things. I've gotta get reinstated. I could be made a sergeant again.

BETH

Those things you've done in the war... are still tearing you apart. You've already started it again.

She grabs the bandages on his arms and hands. She squeezes her eyes shut. Kisses his head. They both weep:

RAY

Beth. We need the money.

BETH

I'll work double shifts for the next few months.

RAY

I'm not much help, am I, Beth?

BETH

Ray, you're a good father.

He scratches his earlobe:

RAY

I don't know...

She gets in his face:

BETH

I can see it in your eyes.

He pokes a finger in his temple and whispers:

RAY
Torture. War. It's never far. The
sounds always screaming in my head.

He squeezes his eyes shut. Leaks tears. She sneers at him:

BETH
Stay with me, Ray?

She hugs him. He squirms from her grasp. Jumps up.

RAY
I've got to go.

BETH
You're not going, Ray! Look what
it's doing to you.

She stands in his way. He shakes his head. Grabs her arms:

RAY
I'm! Not taking orders anymore! I
won't do those things, anymore!

Anna runs to Beth. Hugs her legs.

ANNA
Daddy, please don't hurt Mommy!

He lets Beth go. Turns. Punches holes in the wall.

BETH
Ray. We're not your enemy.

He grabs a hoodie off the chair. Slips it on.

RAY
I'm going.

He puts the Army jacket on. "Donner" on the breast pocket.

She picks Anna up. Stares at him. Backpedals away. Anna sobs.

BETH
Going, going...

Anna peeks around her. Beth backs into the bathroom:

BETH
Gone!

She slams the door shut.

Ray grabs a thumb-print activated gun case and a small flashlight from under the bed. Takes the .45 and a loaded clip from the case. Flips his hood over his head.

He blows a kiss toward the bathroom. Looks down the barrel. Pulls the trigger... Click.

RAY
Gone... to pieces.

He pockets the flashlight. Puts the loaded clip into the .45.

RAY
One more night, Beth! I'll quit
after tonight! Go back on patrol.

He storms out the front door.

INT. POLICE DETENTION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Windowless brick. One light bulb above. Soundproof door. A hose on a funnel lies on a metal bed with buckled restraints.

Hank moans in pain, nude, ankles shackled to the floor. Arms cuffed to a bar on the wall. Arches his burn-scarred back. His genitals inches from a hissing radiator. His rectum bleeds down his legs.

FAT MAN (54) detective lieutenant, jogging suit, pushes Hank into the radiator and zaps him with two bloody cattle prods.

Hank screams. Yanks his arms down. The cuff chain rattles and pulls on the bar. Brick dust falls from the behind the anchor plate as it jerks away from the wall. Dusting the radiator.

FAT MAN
Scream all ya want. No one is going
to hear you way down here.

Ray sneers at the .45 in his shaky hand. Sweat drips off his chin. Facing a desk with a propane torch, four empty gallon milk jugs, and two used aerosol cans of mousse on it.

Fat Man backs away from Hank. Hank arches his back, screaming. Fat Man zaps his legs with the cattle prods.

FAT MAN
Ray! Ya wanna get in on this?

Ray shoves Fat Man away.

Fat Man opens a desk drawer. Four syringes of heroin, a 9mm in a holster, felt pen, lighter, handcuff key, and a roll of duct tape inside.

Ray gets Hank in a headlock. Jams the .45 in his mouth. Hank's body shudders. Ray cocks the .45...

RAY

Give us what we want, Hank. And ya get your wish. This is all over.

He pulls the trigger. It clicks on an empty chamber. Ray pulls the gun from Hank's mouth.

HANK

I... got the five "K" buried under the back porch of my stash house. Ten-ten west Leclair street.

Fat Man grabs Hank's arm. Injects a syringe full of heroin in his vein. Hank convulses as he hangs overdosing against the radiator, skin sizzling. He stops moving. Dead.

FAT MAN

Live by the sword. Ya die by it.

Ray feels Hank's carotid artery. Unlocks his cuffs. Lays him on the floor. Makes a quick sign of the cross on himself.

RAY

It's over for him all right.

FAT MAN

The other end of the rainbow for us, Ray. Pot o' gold.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - SIDE AISLE - NIGHT

Ray steps by a dozen HOMELESS PEOPLE asleep in pews as he approaches the Jesus statue and rack of lit votive candles.

ANGLE

Mars and Taro sit down a few pews behind the Homeless People.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray makes the sign of the cross in front of the lit candles. Opens his shirt. "NEVER FORGET 911" under the twin towers burning, wrapped in the American Flag, tattooed on his chest.

He bends over the lit candles. Kisses the Jesus statue's feet. Burns his chest. Shakes. Sobs through gritted teeth:

RAY

O Lord, Jesus Christ, Redeemer and Saviour, forgive my sins just as You forgave Peter's denial and those who crucified You. Count not my transgressions, but rather my tears of repentance. Remember not my iniquities, but more especially My sorrow for the Offenses I have committed against You.

He drops to his knees. Slaps his hands over his burnt chest.

RAY

I long to be true to Your Word, and pray that You will love me and come to make Your dwelling place within me. I promise to give You praise and glory in love and in service all the days of my life. And grant me peace at the end of my days.

He makes the sign of the cross. Cringes as he buttons his shirt. Pulls the red cell phone out. Opens a new message...

INSERT CELL PHONE SCREEN

"Meet me under Kinzie Street railroad bridge. North of Wolf Point. There's a hole in the fence. Go down to the river. One hour - Fat Man"

EXT. WOLF POINT - NIGHT

Ray jogs on the sidewalk past glass and steel buildings along the river across the street.

Ray passes a newspaper truck idling at the corner. The DRIVER, back to Ray, tosses a bundle of newspaper next to a paper-box.

Ray stops as goes around the bundle. Reads the top paper...

INSERT NEWSPAPER

"GRAND JURY PROBE OF POLICE TORTURE" is the headline over a photo of the FAT MAN (49). A gold lieutenant shield hangs over his suit jacket breast pocket.

"A hidden crime: Child sex trafficking is on the rise" is the caption over a side column.

END INSERT

Ray races across the street along a cyclone fence bordering a slanted concrete embankment leading down to the river.

A luxury sedan idles blocking the sidewalk ahead. Door open. No one inside. The headlights shine on a hole in the fence.

RAY

That's a squeeze for a Fat Man...

He pulls his .45 and flashlight out. Shines the light along a concrete counterweight and down the black steel trestle drawbridge raised over the river.

Ray squeezes halfway through the hole in the fence...

A police SUV, tinted glass, pulls alongside the luxury sedan.

Mars jumps out the passenger door toward Ray.

MARS

Hold up there, Ray!

Taro exits the driver side. Opens the trunk.

Ray leans over the embankment. Squirms. Looks at his jacket's shoulder epaulet snagged on the fence. Raises his .45.

Taro Tasers Ray's ear. Ray rips the Taser out of Taro's hand. It tumbles down the embankment.

RAY

What the fuck are ya doing,
asshole?!

Taro grabs the fence. Slams his shoe-heel to the back of Ray's head. Ray cocks the .45 as he shakes his head. Stunned.

INT. CONCRETE PRISON CELL (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Ray cocks his .45 in the mouth of a shrieking Arab detainee in filthy pajamas hanging by his arms chained to the ceiling.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray screams and blinks his teary-eyes open, leaning over the embankment from his jacket epaulet snagged on the fence hole.

MARS (O.S.)

Shut him. The fuck. Up.

Ray raises his .45 as he turns his head. Taro jams a pistol to Ray's temple. Cocks it.

TARO

Spider to the fly. Lose the gun!

O.S. TWO SHOTS FROM A .22 WITH A SILENCER, PST-PST ECHOES...

Ray drops the .45. Slips out of his jacket. Falls through the fence hole onto the

SLANTED EMBANKMENT

Ray tumbles through weeds grown from cracks in the concrete.

He flops on the chest of Fat Man lying at the river's edge.

Ray peers in Fat Man's eyes as he dies. Two bullet holes in his temple ooze blood. Whispers his dying words to Ray only:

FAT MAN

The pot o' gold is all yours now,
Ray. I didn't tell them shh-shit--

SOMEONE in tactical boots stomps on Ray's back.

Ray looks up at DANCER (35) tall. Identity is hidden under a bulky black ski jacket, pants, three-hole ski mask. Hood on. Gloves. This is the Someone with their boots on Ray's back.

Dancer pokes the smoking silencer on a Ruger .22 to Ray's head. Holds a portable voice changer to her mouth whenever speaking:

DANCER

Welcome to your murder.

She tosses Fat Man's gold shield on the ground. Aims the .22 at Ray. Fingers the trigger:

DANCER

Sorry, Ray, but I gotta do this.

Ray shines the flashlight in her eyes. Dancer turns away. Pst-pst. Two bullets chip the concrete as...

Ray rolls over the Fat Man. Tackles Dancer. Pst. A bullet rips Ray's ear apart.

Dancer falls backward. Pst...

A bullet pops Ray in the shoulder. He kicks Dancer in the face. Pst...

A bullet pings off the bridge girder overhead.

Mars pokes his pistol to the back of Ray's head. Taro aims the .45 at Ray's chest and cocks it:

TARO

Tick-tick! You're just in time to be the Fat Man's killer, Ray. Before you die. Which will make me and Mars the heroes in the end.

He taps the .45 barrel on his red cell phone screen in his hand with the Fat Man's message to Ray on it.

MARS

What took you so long, Ray?

RAY

You two sent me the message.

TARO

The Fat Man was too distracted by his own looming death, so, yeah.

MARS

But he was dying to see ya, Ray.

Mars and Taro laugh. Dancer rubs the back of her head.

MARS

Did-ya really think Taro and me were just gonna wait for the Fat Man to rat the three of us out to the Grand Jury?

Ray yanks Taro's arm. Gets behind him. Hugs the .45 in Taro's hand against his belly.

Mars and Dancer aim their guns at Ray.

RAY

Put your guns on the ground. Or this gun makes a loud noise and a big hole.

Mars nods to Dancer. They set their guns down. Ray shoves Taro into Mars. They fall. The .45 splashes into the river.

Dancer raises the Ruger from the ground. Ray spin-kicks Dancer's arm. Pst. A bullet pits the cement.

Ray kicks Dancer sideways. Pst. A bullet nicks Ray's neck.

Dancer hits the ground. Ray kicks her in the face. Pst-pst... Two bullets ricochet off the bridge overhead.

Ray dives in the river. Disappears underwater.

Taro and Mars run along the river after Ray. They slow to a halt as the river bends.

ANGLE

Ray surfaces behind a dozen upright wood poles driven in the mud eight feet above the waterline across from Taro and Mars.

BACK TO SCENE

Taro and Ray stand at the river bend. Staring at the water.

TARO

Ray swims like that fucking Phelps.

MARS

He's gonna die like any other cop killer scum-bag. We'll catch him on the other side.

TARO

What if he gets away?

Mars leads Taro back to Dancer sitting on the dead Fat Man.

TARO

What are you doing?

DANCER

(robotic voice, laughs)
My job. Making sure this one doesn't get away from you guys.

EXT. CITY STREET - UNDER "L" STATION - NIGHT

An "L" train roars across the overhead tracks.

Ray, hood up, climbs from the roof of a box truck parked along the curb onto an I-beam supporting an "L" platform.

He climbs onto a girder. Squirms through the floorboards under the

"L" TRACKS

Ray squeezes between the braces. Gets stuck halfway through. Sneers at a train heading for him.

He grunts and twists. Unable to free himself.

The oncoming train brakes squeal as it closes on Ray...

INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Taro floors it under the "L" tracks. Gets ahead of the squealing train.

Mars sits shotgun. Scrolls through Police Personal Files on a laptop screen. Halts on Ray's ID photo. Opens his file.

Dancer looks over Mars' shoulder at Ray's file from the backseat.

MARS

Got his address if we need to...

O.S. SOMETHING SLAMS ONTO THE ROOF.

Mars sticks his head out the window. Looks over the roof...

Ray crouches like a surfer on the roof.

MARS

We got him!

TARO (O.S.)

What..?

Ray kicks at Mars' head. But misses. As Mars ducks back in. Dancer leans over the seat and laughs in Mars' ear:

DANCER

(robotic voice)

You guys are hilarious.

Mars sneers at Dancer as she drops her ass in the backseat.

MARS

Fucking stop, Taro!

Taro slams the brakes. The SUV screeches to a halt.

Ray shuffles down the hood. Jumps. Stumbles onto the street.

DANCER

(robotic voice)

I really like this guy, Ray.

Mars stiff-arms Taro's shoulder.

TARO

The fuck!

Mars points ahead through the windshield:

MARS

Run this motherfucker over!

Ray jumps onto the hood. Hops on the roof. Taro punches it.

The SUV fishtails from under Ray. He leaps up. Grabs onto a horizontal girder supporting the "L" tracks overhead.

Taro squeals the SUV through a U-turn. Races back.

The SUV skids to a stop. No Ray. Taro and Mars leap out. Climb opposing stairways to either side of an

EXT. "L" PLATFORM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Taro and Mars walk to the ends of the empty platforms on opposite sides of the tracks. Guns ready.

A train enters the station on Taro's side.

Taro backs up to billboard watching the train slow a halt...

ANGLE

Ray climbs over the back of the billboard. MAYOR RIND (48) in a boxing robe and shorts on the poster. Arms extended with boxer's gloves on. "Fight" on one. "CRIME" on the other.

ANGLE

Mars points through the train windows from the other side:

MARS

Behind you, Taro!

BACK TO SCENE

Ray drops on top of Taro. Takes him down. Smacks the gun out of his hand. Kicks him in the gut. Runs across the platform.

Mars crosses the tracks from the other side after Ray.

The train leaves the station.

Ray leaps off the end of the platform. Grabs a spring on the rear of the end car. Swings over. Grabs the rear-door handle.

Taro pounces on Ray's back. Ray shrugs him off. Taro falls. Grabs Ray's pant leg. Hangs on just over the tracks.

TARO

Give it up, I got-ya, war-hero!

Mars runs on the tracks. Closes on them. Aims his gun at Ray.

MARS

Let the chain go, or I'll shoot!

TARO

Mars! Just shoot!

Ray kicks Taro off his leg. He falls into Mars. Both go down.

Ray loses his grip on the door handle. Slides down the spring. Grips it halfway down.

He sways on the spring. Swings his shoes inches over a "WARNING" sign with an electric bolt across it.

Mars fires. The bullet pings off the top of the spring.

Ray loses one hand's grip. The other hand slips down the spring. Clutches the open curl at the end of the spring.

The rail-ties slap his shoes off. They spark off of the third rail. He waves his stocking feet over the third rail.

EXT./INT. POLICE SUV (MOVING) - NIGHT

Taro swerves through late night traffic under the "L" tracks.

TARO

Ya gotta call it in. Already got us in the station's security camera.

Mars keys the laptop:

MARS

No fucking way.

TARO

What are ya gonna do?

MARS

The driver would-a stopped if he saw or heard us.

TARO

No one watches those films if no one's interested. We can collect them before anyone sees 'em. We got executive privileges.

MARS

We'll get this fucker before the light of day. He's gonna come to us. He's got a wife and little girl to keep us from killing.

Dancer leans over the front seat from the back speaking through the voice changer throughout the scene:

DANCER

This is where I get off.

TARO

I don't want to kill any kids.

DANCER

My job was to kill the Fat Man. You two were supposed to kill Ray when you were trying to arrest him.

He hands Mars the Ruger. Mars hands him a briefcase.

DANCER

I know you're experts in putting guns in dead guy hands, but...

(laughs)

You sure you can do that without needing any more help from me?

MARS

We don't need anything from you.

Dancer opens the briefcase. Slaps a Ruger clip of ten .22 cartridges on twelve \$10,000 bundles of hundreds. Shuts it.

Taro pulls the SUV to the curb under an overpass. Opens the back door:

TARO

Get the fuck out, Dancer.

She gets halfway out. Tosses Ray's red cell phone to Taro.

DANCER

Ray dropped his phone. Need any more help, boys, call my burner. I'll keep it for 24 more hours.

TARO

Dancer? That's a funny name for an assassin.

Dancer waves the briefcase in Taro's face as she gets out.

DANCER

Hundred and twenty thou' a dance.

(walks away)

How funny is that?!

Taro slams the door shut. Looks at Mars behind the wheel.

MARS
I'm fucking driving.

Taro goes around to the passenger side.

EXT. UNDER OVERPASS - NIGHT

Dancer puts the briefcase in a saddlebag on a motorcycle by a fence along railroad tracks in an abandoned industrial area.

O.S. ONCOMING FREIGHT TRAIN HORN BLARES NEARBY...

She starts the bike. Revs the engine and tailgates the police SUV as it turns from under the overpass and goes up over it.

OVER THE OVERPASS

Dancer pulls a wheelie as she roars around the SUV. The SUV veers left. Smack into Dancer.

The bike veers left. Rips through a fence along the edge and goes over. The fence tears off its posts as it dips clinging to the bike rear wheel until it rips free and the bike falls.

The police SUV fishtails to a halt. Mars and Taro get out. Look through the hole in the fence and down over the edge...

ANGLE

The freight train locomotive slams into the motorcycle wreckage. Sparks fly as the train mangles the bike on the tracks. It explodes in a fireball.

BACK TO SCENE

Mars grabs a side of the torn fence. Leans over the edge. Taro pulls him back up. Mars smiles. Saddlebag in hand:

MARS
That's how ya fucking dance.

ANGLE

Dancer clings to the end of the fence hanging over the edge of the overpass with one hand. Her other hand grips a metal truss under the overpass.

EXT. BUS SHELTER - NIGHT

The police SUV passes an oncoming bus stopped at the corner.

The bus pulls away...

A statuesque sexy blonde, black boots, ski pants, bulky jacket, hobbles into the shelter. Sits. Twirls the three-hole ski mask on her hand. This is Dancer.

INT. BUS (MOVING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ray, head down, hood on, limps aboard. Joins the several Riders. Pays the fare. Sits behind the BUS DRIVER.

RAY
 Could you please call me when we
 hit Foster Avenue, sir?

Bus Driver looks at Ray's stocking feet:

BUS DRIVER
 Sure, mister. Rough night, huh?

RAY
 It ain't over yet.

He lies on the bench. Pulls his hood over his face.

The bus eases into the next stop. O.S. DOORS OPEN, CLOSE.

Ray gently rocks slightly. Mumbles indistinctly...

EXT. RAY'S STUDIO APARTMENT BUILDING - REAR STAIRS - NIGHT

Rain pours. Ray trudges up the winding staircase.

Taro in the shadows under the stairs. Holds his hand over Anna's mouth as he hugs her tight. Whispers in a cell phone:

TARO
 Time to play.

SECOND FLOOR - BACK PORCH

Ray pulls a brick from a lower corner of his back door frame. Pulls out a snub-nose .38 between the bricks. Opens the door.

O.S. RAGTIME MUSIC PLAYS INSIDE.

He quietly cocks the .38. Stammers, calling through the door:

RAY
 Beth... I ah, better not wake her.

EXT. RAY'S BUILDING - FRONT - NIGHT

Taro carries Anna down a gangway between two-story buildings toward the police SUV parked under the "L" tracks.

INT. RAY'S BUILDING - STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ray closes the back door. The light disappears. Shades shut. The cocked .38 shakes with his hand against his thigh...

O.S. RAGTIME MUSIC GETS LOUDER...

Ray steps around the corner into the

KITCHEN ALCOVE

An ambulance red light flashes through the closed shades on the kitchen window...

Ray feels around the counter for his pills. Opens the shade. Headlights from an ambulance backing into the hospital emergency shine through the window for him...

He grabs his prescription bottle off the back of the counter. Slaps two pills in his mouth. Pockets the bottle.

ANNA (O.S.)

I want my monkey! Let me go! Daddy!

STUDIO APARTMENT

Ray. Gun raised. Steps from the kitchen onto the red cell phone on the floor. Steps off it. The screen lights-up...

INSERT RED CELL PHONE SCREEN

Taro hugs Anna on his lap with one arm in the police SUV backseat. Other arm extended. Aims the unseen phone camera at Anna. She sobs as she tries but can't squirm from his grasp:

ANNA

They said you killed someone,
Daddy! I don't want Mommy to die!

The screen fades to black...

INSERT CELL PHONE SCREEN ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

Mars, gloves on, steps from the shadows behind Ray. Zaps him with a cattle prod. Ray drops to his knees. Mars kicks the .38 from Ray's hand.

Ray watches the ambulance headlights as they move across the floor following the .38 as it spins under the couch.

MARS

Always someone dying to see you.

Ray sees the headlights illuminate Beth's badly beaten face. Mouth taped shut. Wrists. Ankles taped. Seated on the couch.

MARS

Got the cattle prod... more amps,
just for you, fucking Frankenstein!

Ray climbs to his feet. Reaches for her. Mars zaps his head.

Ray stumbles toward Beth. Mars zaps him again.

MARS

This is all your fault, Ray. This
could have ended at the river.

Ray drops to his knees. Head in Beth's lap. He rips the tape off her mouth.

BETH

I let them in. They say you killed
the Fat Man. I wanted to stay here.
Get you to give up. I told Anna to
go downstairs. I fucked up, Ray.

(sobs, shakes head)

Anna said she saw bad deep in their
eyes. Oh, God, Ray! I didn't
listen. But she was right. They're
not gonna let us live...

Ray kisses her head:

RAY

We'll be together, Beth, forever.
(pleading-eyes to Mars)
I'll do anything, Mars. Please...
Do anything to me, but don't make
them suffer... not for my sins.

MARS

You and Beth gotta die for this to
work. But I do hate to see your
little girl suffer. What have ya
got for me, Ray?

RAY

Five hundred thousand cash, buried
under a back porch in the city.

MARS

All I can promise is: I'll make
sure Anna won't suffer. Much. I
should be sorry about that, but...

He chuckles. Ray hops to his feet. Reaches for Mars.

RAY
 Fuck you, you...

Mars ducks Ray's grasp. Zaps Ray until he drops. Then Mars zaps Ray as he crawls to mister monkey on the floor. Squirms around being zapped as he stuffs mister monkey in his pocket.

MARS
 But I've seen so many bad, fucked-up things. I don't hesitate anymore. You know what I'm talking about, Ray...

He pokes the Ruger .22 silencer to Beth's head from the side of the couch. Tapes her mouth shut. Tosses a pad of legal paper on the floor next to Ray. Pen clipped to it.

MARS
 Now write down the address of that house, or I'll have to blow Beth's brains out with Anna watching.

He aims the cell phone camera at Beth's head. The gun to it.

INSERT RED CELL PHONE SCREEN

Taro's fingertips are seen on the edge of the shaky screen as Anna kicks and screams in Taro's lap in the SUV backseat:

ANNA
 Daddy, please don't make Mommy die!

END INSERT RED CELL PHONE SCREEN AND BACK TO SCENE

Ray smacks the phone from Mars' hand as he dives over Beth. Mars collars Ray with his gun-arm. Throws him over the couch.

MARS
 Write down the address, or I'll make you watch me torture Anna, just like you... taught us to, Ray.

The phone slides across the floor into the wall...

Ray crashes face down on the phone. Mars steps on his back and left arm. Drops the pad of paper by Ray's right.

Mars backs away. Pulls out another cell phone.

MARS
 Write the address down, Ray, or we bring Anna up here to torture next.

Beth shrieks through the tape. Shakes her head...

Ray writes "ten-ten west Leclair street" on the paper.

RAY

We will be together again, Beth. I
promise we'll be together *again*...

Mars zaps Ray until he's unconscious. Puts the Ruger with the
silencer in Ray's right hand:

MARS

I'm gonna get a medal for this.

He pulls the trigger with the gun in Ray's hand. Pst... Puts
a bullet in his own shoulder. Leaves the gun in Ray's hand.

Mars pulls the phone from under Ray. Looks around the floor
for the .38. It's under the couch by his feet.

Beth works her mouth and gets it open under the tape. Screams
and stomps her feet on the floor:

BETH

Help! Someone! Help...!

Mars drags Ray to the couch. Puts the gun in Ray's hand to
Beth's head. She sobs. He clicks the trigger. No bullets.
Zaps her until she's unconscious. Takes the tape off her.

O.S. INDISTINCT MUFFLED SHOUTS, SOMEONE BANGS ON THE CEILING.

He grabs a five-gallon gas can behind the couch. Pours gas on
the back of the couch. Backs up to the back door. Pouring it.

He opens the back door. Sets the gas can outside on the

EXT. RAY'S BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Mars pulls out his cell phone. Keys it. The screen goes on:

MARS (INTO PHONE)

We'll keep the kid. Ain't got time.

He lights a stick-match on the back door. Hesitates... Taro's
face is on the screen of the cell phone in his other hand:

TARO (FROM PHONE)

Yeah. Fuck. I don't know? I, uh...
This got way out of hand. I uh...

MARS (INTO PHONE)

It's out of my hands now.

Mars flings the lit match inside. It hits the floor. Whoosh.
Flames race across the apartment. He shuts the door.

EXT. RAY'S BUILDING - FRONT - NIGHT

Mars carries the gas can down the gangway between the buildings toward the police SUV parked under the "L" tracks.

INT. POLICE SUV (PARKED) - BACKSEAT - NIGHT

Taro hugs Anna in his lap with both arms. She sits cross-armed frowning as she shifts her eyes toward the window...

ANGLE

Anna watches Mars come out of the gangway toward the SUV...

BACK TO SCENE

Anna twitches her nose and squirms in Taro's arms:

ANNA

My nose. My nose itches. Can I scratch it? Please...?

He lets her arm free:

TARO

Go ahead.

Anna smacks her head back into his nose. Breaks free and darts between the front seats. Taro reaches and misses her...

EXT. RAY'S BUILDING - FRONT - POLICE SUV (PARKED) - NIGHT

Mars opens the driver door...

TARO

(between front seats)
Get her!!!

Mars reaches down, but Anna darts out between him and the door.

GANGWAY

Anna runs toward the backyard...

Mars gains as he chases her. Closing fast. He grabs for her. But she skids on her knees and he tumbles into the backyard.

She steps toward the stairs. Stops. Mars stands, arms spread, waves her toward him from in front of the stairs.

MARS

Come on. Don't ya wanna go upstairs
and see mommy and your daddy?

She shakes her head. Sees Taro coming from the gangway. Sly smile:

TARO

I thought we were gonna be good
friends.

Mars creeps toward her. She sees him. Her eyes shift back and forth at them. Frozen. As they, arms spread, close on her:

MARS

Don't fucking move, kid. I got...

O.S. AN ONCOMING AMBULANCE SIREN BLARES NEARBY.

Startled. She takes off toward the partially open back gate. Mars cuts her off. She dodges him. Taro crashes into Mars.

She runs to the gate. Taro grabs her from behind. She twists away from him. Darts out the gate. Shuts it. Smack into Taro.

ALLEY

Anna runs just ahead of Taro a few yards from ten HOSPITAL WORKERS pointing toward her outside the "EMERGENCY ENTRANCE".

The police SUV skids around her to a halt. Taro grabs her from behind. Throws her in the backseat. Hops in. The SUV peels-out.

ANGLE

Hospital Workers point at the back of Ray's apartment. The windows lit by the fire inside. Dancer kicks the porch door in...

INT. RAY'S BUILDING - STUDIO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The back door bursts open. Dancer, ski jacket, pants, mask, boots, hood, hobbles in through the smoke and fire.

She halts shy of Beth on the couch. Engulfed in flames. Steps closer. Reaches in the flames. Jerks her hand back. Backs-up.

Ray lies on the floor unconscious. Clothes on fire.

Dancer grabs the Ruger from Ray. Flips him over her shoulder. Her clothes catch on fire as he limps out the back door.

EXT. RAY'S BUILDING - FRONT - NIGHT

Smoke and fire pour out of the broken windows.

O.S. ONCOMING SIRENS WAIL NEARBY.

Two oncoming fire engines howl up the street. Under the "L" tracks. Red-lights reflecting off buildings to either side.

One engine halts in front of the burning building.

The second zooms around the corner into the backside alley.

Firefighters connect hoses to hydrants. Enter the front door.

A car with a "30 minutes or less delivery" sign stops at a

BUS SHELTER

Across the street from the burning building.

Ray shivers in singed clothes seated on the bench. The flames reflect in his blank stare.

A DELIVERY GUY exits the car. Peers at Ray. Then the firefighters. Uses the firelight to read the food order stapled to the bag.

DANCER (O.S.)
(robotic voice)
I'll take that.

Dancer, singed ski mask and clothes. Shoves the Delivery Guy against the car. Kicks his feet from under him. Slams his head into the fender. Knocks him out.

She drags the Delivery Guy to the bench. Sits him on it. Puts Ray in the delivery car. Grabs the food. Gets in. Peels-out.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

O.S. A FREIGHT TRAIN ROARS NEARBY. EVERYTHING INSIDE RATTLES.

Ray awakes, screaming naked in a large antique tub of ice and water. Aloe vera gel on his blistered arms, back, and legs.

His shaky hands feel stitches on his ear, shaved spot on his head, shoulder. Wipes blood from his fingers onto the tiles.

RAY
(stutters through scene)
Where's Beth and Anna?

He tries to get up. Falls back. Bangs his head on the tiles.

RAY

Shh-shit...

He stares at the opaque images of Dancer and SOMEONE ELSE standing, through the curtain.

RAY

Who the fuck are you two? And where's mister monkey? It's Anna's.

Dancer opens the curtain. Sits on a toilet in a T-shirt and panties. Wet hair. Legs, arms, bruised. Gun in hand. Tosses Anna's monkey to Ray. Holds the voice changer to her mouth:

DANCER

(robotic voice)

My name is Dancer, Ray. Yes. I was disguised on the riverfront. My clothes are on yours over there.

She points to singed clothes, along with Dancer's padded hockey shirt, pants, shoulder, and elbow pads, in the corner.

A sewing needle threaded with floss hangs from out of a vodka bottle behind a closed laptop on the sink.

DANCER

(robotic voice)

Sorry, Ray, I was too late to save your wife. My lady stitched ya up. Gave ya something for pain. Meet Dr. Sheba. She works the emergency room at County in the day. Her girls on the street every night.

DR. SHEBA (37) African American enters. Looks like Pam Greer. She's the Someone Else. Grabs the voice changer from Dancer.

RAY

Thank you, Sheba.

She squats close to Ray. Tearfully inspects at his stitches.

SHEBA

Sorry about your wife, Ray. Lost my brother Don a year ago. He was a Marine. Killed in Afghanistan.

(shaky breaths, sheds tears)

If there's anything you need, tell Dancer to call me. I'll come running. Any time, ya hear?

RAY

Thank you. But all I really need is
my little girl back.

She applies more aloe to his burns. Looks at his stitches.
Kisses his head as she rubs his back:

SHEBA

I'll ask St. Anthony to help you
find your little girl, Ray. He and
I are as thick as thieves.

RAY

Thank you.

SHEBA

I make the rounds at night caring
for *my* girls working the corners.

She pulls a singed wallet out of the sink. Hands it to Ray:

SHEBA

Do ya have a photo of your little
girl in here I can snap a picture
of? Show it around to my girls...

RAY

Yes. I can sure use your help.

He takes a photo from his wallet. Looks teary-eyed at it:

RAY

It's Anna. Her... Her name's Anna.
She's a tough little monkey.

INSERT PHOTO

It's a picture of Anna in her karate outfit and tied yellow
belt in a fighting stance on a mat at the training center.

END INSERT

Ray holds the picture out for Sheba. She smiles sideways at
it as she snaps a photo of it on her cell phone.

SHEBA

You're gonna get your little girl
back, Ray.

She kisses his head. Embraces and kisses Dancer. Then leaves.

RAY

She's a nice woman.

DANCER

Sheba is the patron saint of lost sheep. I'm the shepherd that protects them from the wolves in pimps clothing. This is her house.

RAY

And you trust her, right?

DANCER

We're in love, Ray. And Donald was like a brother to me. And here's the kicker, Ray... she's a Muslim. And I used to hate them.

RAY

Sometimes the ones you hate are the only ones left to save you. Now tell me why you're helping me.

DANCER

Let's just say, I don't like Taro or Mars.

RAY

I've gotta let Mayor Rind know my side of what's going on. He'll help me. But I've gotta save Anna first.

Dancer hands Ray his prescription bottle. A glass of water.

Ray slaps two pills in his mouth. Gulps the water. Coughs...

Dancer opens the laptop on the sink...

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

"MUTE" on screen: Two lit-up fire-trucks dousing Ray's smoldering apartment building from the alley.

DANCER (O.S.)

They'll use your interrogation experience at Guantanamo to connect you to the Fat Man torturing confessions out of suspects.

Ten HOSPITAL WORKERS watch the fire from outside the "Emergency Room".

DANCER (O.S.)

They'll say you killed the Fat Man so he wouldn't name you to the Grand Jury.

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN ENDS

Dancer closes the laptop.

Ray stares blankly at the wall. Tears stream down his face:

RAY

I'm a sick man. If I commit
suicide. Or let them kill me. They
promised they'd kill Anna quickly.
Are you still working with them? Ya
know, showing me all this...

He faces Dancer. Breathes slow and deep. Wipes the tears off.

DANCER

I was paid to kill the Fat Man.
Leave the gun. You got there before
I could leave. Bad fucking timing.

Ray bangs his head against the tiles.

RAY

My skull got cracked in a million
pieces during a mortar attack. Army
doctors put it back together. But
I'm missing some things. Sometimes
everything...

He squeezes his head between his shaky hands. Weeps:

RAY

I told Beth to take Anna and leave
me. "All the King's horses. All the
King's men." I'm "Humpty Dumpty".

DANCER

I know all about you, Ray, I was a
sniper. Iraq. Afghanistan. You got
the names. I did the kills. We
saved plenty of American soldiers.

RAY

Bullshit. We never had any female
snipers over there.

DANCER

Seeing and believing isn't what it
used to be, Ray. I was a guy. I had
sex reassessment surgery.

Ray shakes his head sideways looking at her.

DANCER

It was your intel that helped me stop a Hajji driving a car full of explosives on his way to Allah. I blew his head off one klick from a Marine base. Got me a silver star.

RAY

I think I know you. I mean, I used to... The doctor did a really good job on you. If looks could kill... Well, I guess in your case they do.

DANCER

It's the other way around. I went back to Iraq and Afghanistan as a contract assassin, to settle old debts for Uncle Sam. That's the money I used for my...

(blows on the gun barrel
with pursed lips)

...Killer looks. Gonna retire soon. Adopt a little girl of my own. Buy her all the dolls and girly things I always wanted as a kid.

RAY

Have we met? I mean, previously.

DANCER

I was buried in the green zone rubble when the mortars hit. You carried me out and went back in. Mortars hit again. I lost sight in one eye for a while. Got sent home.

RAY

Sorry. I don't remember names from the war too well.

DANCER

Better that way. Assassin's don't use real names. Call me Dancer.

RAY

Why Dancer?

DANCER

You dance with me, it's your last.

RAY

Well, Dancer, thanks for being my Guardian Angel.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

Though I have to admit the only thing I really do remember about the war is I never fucking liked private contractors.

Ray wraps himself in the towel. Peers sideways at her.

DANCER

Don't worry. You ain't exactly my type either, Ray. Weird isn't it. I'm still attracted to women.

RAY

Can't change your mind. Ain't that a bitch?

DANCER

I became a woman. Ended up a dyke. You don't hate dykes, do ya, Ray?

O.S. LOW-FLYING JET HYDRAULIC WHINE BECOMES A ZOOM OVERHEAD.

EXT. OASIS MOTEL - NIGHT

A jet airliner taking-off rises over the roof of a rundown motel near an airport runway.

"OASIS MOTEL" on a neon sign spins on a post in front.

Two HOOKERS on a corner come out of the shadows under a tree. Wave, laugh, and dance in the street as cars go by.

ZOE (28) African American hooker, stays under the tree with LISA (13). GABE (1) cries in her arms. Zoe gives Lisa money.

ZOE

Get milk for Gabe. Then back to our room. And don't be coming out here at night again! You here, Lisa?

LISA

Sorry, but... He'd be crying till the morning if I didn't, Momma.

She waves to the Hookers as she totes Gabe across the street.

The police SUV pulls out of the parking lot leaving several old cars parked with two pickups full of junk for recycling.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clean room. Modestly furnished. The window is just below the "L" tracks outside the front of the building.

Ray sits on a bed. Speaks without stammering:

Dancer grabs a black wig with bangs and granny sunglasses with six more wigs and glasses on Styrofoam heads, facial hair disguises, hoodies, and baseball caps, on a dresser.

DANCER

Got-ya this for going out. Joey
Ramone hid behind these for years.

RAY

Took the Ramones first album thirty-
eight years to get recognized.
Gold. I won't need so long.

DANCER

The best way to hide is to look
like you ain't trying.

She sits at a table with gun-cleaning products, a meatball sandwich, Salvation Army store bag, and a sniper rifle on it.

She pulls a biker leather jacket from the Salvation army bag and tosses it to Ray. He puts it on:

RAY

Now I'm an official Ramone.

DANCER

You know, I helped dig you outta
the rubble of that green zone
dungeon after you went back in.

Ray squats. Grabs the wall. Opens a duffel bag on the floor full of new pre-paid cell phones still in plastic packaging.

RAY

Thanks for helping me. But I ah...
I'm not sure I'll ever get my head
out of that burning apartment.

He loses his balance. Sits on his ass.

Dancer takes old jeans, T-shirt, and gym shoes, from the Salvation Army bag. Tosses them to Ray.

DANCER

You need to eat some of that
meatball sandwich on the table.

RAY

I need to find Mars and Taro, then
get my little girl back.

Dancer tosses the sandwich to him.

DANCER

You'll have to keep on the move.
You'll need the energy.

She chambers a cartridge in the rifle. Looks through the scope at Ray:

DANCER

Eat! Or I'll shoot you right now.

RAY

I've got to see Anna!

He nibbles on the sandwich.

Dancer keeps the gun on him:

DANCER

She may already be dead. Besides,
dead or alive, she's bait. Once
they hook you, you're both dead.

RAY

All I want is to see her...

DANCER

If she's dead?

RAY

I'll hold her one more time before
I die. Holding Anna's as close to
whole as I've felt since...

DANCER

You can't trust these type of
people, Ray. They are not gonna
trust you either.

RAY

Then I'll just have to make sure
neither of us has a choice.

DANCER

Sheba must have stitched your
brains back in pretty good, huh?

RAY

Not to play down Sheba's doctoring
skills, but it's the drugs working.

He eats more of the sandwich. Feels his stitches. Nods:

RAY

They work for a while. Can you help me get Anna back?

DANCER

You know how many threats I've eliminated for people in this business. I can't bite the hand that feeds me so well. I'd never get hired again. Besides, they'd just send someone else to kill me.

(stares sideways at Ray)

But I'll stick around. Few more hours. I got a contract job. Gotta be there in less than twenty-four hours. I got bills to pay, Ray.

RAY

Ah shit. I had a drug dealer's stash. Five hundred grand.

DANCER

That pays more than the contract.

RAY

I told Mars where it was. I ah... I thought I could save Beth and Anna.

(smirks teary-eyed)

Hey, I'm sorry. Ya saved my life. But I'm not really worth saving.

The room shakes as... O.S. AN ONCOMING "L" TRAIN ROARS...

DANCER

Ray, I saved ya 'cause you're all that I'm not. I'm a shadow dancer. You're a team player. You'd take a bullet for the cause. A patriot. I respect that. I'm a Marine. Hoorah!

(looks sideways at Ray)

Hell, I'd probably be the one that fired that bullet. Ya know why?

She points at an "L" train as it shrieks to a halt on the tracks outside the window:

DANCER

'Cause this view ain't my style. I prefer Mediterranean views, Ray.

RAY

Quit your dancing. You did shoot me. You just weren't paid to kill me, or I'd be dead.

Dancer laughs. Takes a new cell phone from the bag. Snaps open the plastic packaging. Pulls the phone out.

DANCER

I wasn't gonna shoot ya, but you wouldn't stop kicking me. You saved my life. I like to think it's worth more than a hundred twenty thou'.

RAY

Is everyone's life worth the same?

DANCER

Saving a kid's life has gotta be worth half a million. Pro rata.

RAY

You speak the language of God, Latin.

DANCER

My Daddy's a Baptist preacher.

RAY

Doesn't that cramp your style?

DANCER

Never killed a Baptist in my life.

Through the window. The "L" train screeches away...

INT. OASIS MOTEL - ROOM "9" - NIGHT

An old kung fu movie fight scene plays on a TV on a dresser.

Anna sits on a bed, her eyes shift from the TV to Taro on a chair leaned back against the door watching the movie.

ANNA

Where's my Mommy and Daddy?

He sets the chair on four legs. Stands. Leans over the bed. Fixes her hair. Snaps pictures of her with his cell phone.

TARO

I told you to go to sleep.

She points to the TV:

ANNA

Can you do that, Mister? What's on TV?

TARO

If you don't shut up I'm gonna wrap
you in a sheet and make ya sleep
under the bed. With monsters!

He sits and leans the chair back on the door. Talks to
someone on the cell phone:

TARO (ON PHONE)

Come on. She's worth more than
that.

She fidgets on the bed. Kicks her feet...

ANNA

I need my mister monkey.

TARO (ON PHONE)

Hear that? How cute she sounds.
Cute is gonna cost you...

She crawls toward him and yells:

ANNA

I can't sleep without my mister
monkey!

TARO

Put your hands together like you're
praying and smile for a picture and
I'll give you mister monkey.

She kneels on the bed. Puts her hands together. Smiles...

He takes another picture of her. Pockets the cell phone. Sits
on the chair. Leans it back. Sneers at her:

TARO

Mister monkey is dead.

She falls back with her head on the pillow. Rolls on her side
away from him. Crosses her arms. Pouts. Teary-eyed. Whines:

ANNA

I can't sleep in a bed by myself...

He slams the legs on the chair down. Leans over the bed:

TARO

I can't hear the TV, kid! What do I
gotta do to shut you the fuck up?!

ANNA

Can ya put your feet on the bed so
I can feel them? I'll be quiet...

TARO

All fucking right, kid, but this is
it. Ya gotta go to sleep.

He sits. Leans his chair on the door. Feet on the bed.

ANNA

Can I just pee first, please?

TARO

Go. Be quick. The door stays open.
And don't flush. Conserve water.

She nods. Gets out of bed. Goes in the bathroom. Door open.

O.S. A STREAM OF URINE SPLASHES IN THE TOILET...

Taro stands. Removes his pants. Sits on the chair in his
boxers. Feet on the bed. Makes a cell phone call:

TARO (ON PHONE)

Are you watching? Show's gonna
start.

He waves at a ceiling vent. The red light on a CCTV camera
shines from the darkness inside the vent.

INT. OASIS MOTEL - MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Shabby 70s decor. The parking lot outside the front windows.

"Manager's Office" shows on the outside of the door as Mars
silently enters. A silenced .22 pistol in his gloved hand...

ANGLE

BILL (47) Bluetooth headset, sits behind the counter. Changes
a CCTV monitor's channels onto bird's-eye views of different
motel rooms and various scenes of guests having kinky sex:

BILL

Hey, Taro, gimme a second.
(hand over microphone)
Enough of this I spy bullshit. It's
time for the CCTV kiddie porn show
celebration theme song, Angela...

He turns to ANGELA (38) tall, zombie looking, dark hair,
kneels next to him. A cheap bottle of champagne in her hand
as she and Bill sing:

ANGELA

"How many special people change?
How many lives are living strange?"

BILL

"Someday you will find me. Caught
beneath a landslide."

She helps Bill remove his pants as he peers at the monitor:

ANGELA AND BILL

"In a champagne supernova. A
champagne supernova in the sky."

INSERT CCTV MONITOR SCREEN:

The CCTV camera's view of ROOM 9 through a ceiling vent. Taro waves at the camera in his boxer's, sitting, feet on the bed.

As Anna comes out of the motel room bathroom:

O.S. CHAMPAGNE CORK POPS. BILL GRUNTS!!! PST-PST-PST-PST...

INT. OASIS MOTEL - ROOM "9" - CONTINUOUS

The bird's-eye view of Anna as she steps out of the bathroom toward Taro. He smiles. Nods to her:

TARO

Good idea putting my feet up, kid.

She plows into his knees. Lifts his legs as she goes under and spins him.

ANNA

Underdog!

He crashes sideways. She opens the front door. The door chain snaps in place. She shuts it. Slides the chain. It's stuck...

He hops over the chair at her. She skids on her knees under him before he crash-lands against the door. Chases her around the bed into the...

BATHROOM

He slips on a bar of soap in a puddle as he runs in. Slams backward. Bangs his head. Anna jumps over him out the door...

ROOM

She slides to the door. Chair in hand. Steps on it. Removes the chain. Jumps down. Yanks on the door. It's stuck...

Taro runs across the bed. Leaps at her. She shoves the chair at him. He crashes face down over it. She runs out the door.

EXT. OASIS MOTEL - MANAGER'S OFFICE - ROOM "9" - CONTINUOUS

Mars stares out the manager's office window watching...

Anna runs between a parked car and Mars' Suv parked facing Taro shaking his head in the room 9 open doorway.

Anna runs under the tree into Zoe's accepting arms.

ZOE

(finger combs Anna's hair)
Hey, my little angel. Where did you come from?

ANNA

Motel room nine. Two policemen hurt my Mom and Dad!

The Hookers run from the corner as they see Mars charge toward the tree. Grab tearful Anna. But Zoe hugs her tight.

MARS

Hey, momma. What's shaking?

ZOE

Ain't nothing but the leaves in this tree. And I ain't your momma.

Mars grabs her neck. Shove her and Anna against the tree. Grinds his badge into her forehead:

MARS

How would ya like to stay overnight in the warehouse?

He yanks on Anna. Zoe resists. Taro limps over:

TARO

I'll fucking take care of this.

MARS

(walks away)
It's another of your fuck ups.

TARO

Enough with this bullshit, kid.

He pokes his gun in Zoe's eye. Cocks it. She lifts her arms. Her eye bleeds. Taro drags Anna away.

Zoe raises her cell phone, turns it, videos her bloody eye:

ZOE

Hey, Sheba. Look what this child molester cop in room nine did to--

O.S. PST. A bullet punches her chest. She falls on her face. Her finger taps on her cell phone on-screen keyboard...

Mars slams his shoe-heel into her cell phone. Busts it. As he pst. Shoots her dead in the back of the head with the .22.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ray sits at the window. Stares out.

Sheba, teary-eyed, fearful, cell phone in hand, drifts toward Dancer. She cleans her sniper rifle on a tripod at the table.

Dancer sees Sheba. Puts the gun down. Stands. Catches Sheba as her knees buckle. Sits her in a chair. Whispers to Dancer.

Ray turns from the window toward them.

SHEBA

Oh, my God. They got one of my girls... I'll play it.

DANCER

You better see this, Ray.

Ray comes over. Sheba shakes her head as she taps on her cell phone screen. Turns it for Ray and Dancer to watch the...

INSERT CELL PHONE SCREEN

The camera focus spins from the "OASIS MOTEL" sign onto the motel then under the tree to a close-up of Zoe's bloody eye.

ZOE

Hey Sheba. Look what this child molester cop in room nine did to--

O.S. PST...

Zoe's eye explodes. Blood splatters the screen before it hits the ground. Focuses up under the tree. As Mars slams his shoe-heel down and spiders the screen-glass before it goes black.

O.S. LISA SCREAMS AND GABE SHRIEKS...

LISA (O.S.)

Mamma...

O.S. PST-PST-PST...

EXT. OASIS MOTEL - NIGHT

The police SUV is surrounded by two cop cars and an ambulance, lights flashing, parked at the corner. The tree area is taped-off.

INT. POLICE SUV - FRONT SEAT (PARKED) - CONTINUOUS

Mars and Taro watch the motel with binoculars. The cop cars and ambulance flashing lights dimmed by the tinted glass.

BACKSEAT

Anna squirms on the floor under a black garbage bag spread over her. Wrapped like a mummy in tape. Ankles to her mouth.

EXT. OASIS MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

A MAN COP interviews two MEN at the door of room "7".

A LADY COP interviews two WOMEN outside room "12".

Dancer, dark wig, mini skirt, long coat, and Ray, black wig with bangs, granny sunglasses, set their pistols in the rear bed of a pickup parked between two cop cars lights ablaze in room parking spaces.

ROOM "9"

Dancer leans on one side of the doorway. Ray leans on the other side and uses two picks on the door lock.

The Man Cop leaves the two Men at the door of room "1" next to the manager's corner office. Approaches Ray and Dancer.

Dancer approaches the Cop. He grins. Stops to talk to her.

The pickup backs up and drives away with their pistols.

Ray turns the lock with the picks. Enters room "9".

INT. OASIS MOTEL - ROOM "9" - NIGHT

Ray steps away from the closed door. Goes around the toppled chair. The room is in disarray.

Ray's hand shakes as he reaches for crumpled covers over a body on the bed. Blood soaked pillows and sheets around it.

O.S. THE COPS YELL AND BANG ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR:

LADY COP (O.S.)

Police. Open the door, please, sir.
We need to ask you some questions.

O.S. THE COPS THUMP AGAINST THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR.

Ray lifts the covers. Lisa hugs Gabe to her chest. Both dead. Bloody. He covers them. Drops to his knees. Squeezes his head between his shaky hands. Stutters:

RAY
 Jesus, help me keep my head from
 coming apart until I can save Anna.

EXT. OASIS MOTEL - ROOM "9" - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The two Cops slam their shoulders into the door...

ANGLE

Dancer kicks the manager's corner office door open.

INT. OASIS MOTEL - MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dancer avoids blood and spilled-champagne on the floor. Then the blood-splattered wall and counter as she steps behind it.

She unplugs two DVD recorders from an extension cord on the floor behind the counter under the CCTV monitor.

She rips open the breaker board for the fuse box on the wall.

INT. OASIS MOTEL - ROOM "9" - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The door bursts open.

The two Cops, guns raised, enter. Surround Ray. He shakes his head. Clamped between his hands. Eyes shut. He stammers:

RAY
 I'm officer Ray Donner...

LADY COP
 -Sir. You have the right to...

RAY
 -Lieutenant Mars killed my wife
 Beth. Taro has my daughter Anna.

O.S. THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT BEHIND THEM.

They turn their heads toward...

Mars, rubber gloves, right in front of them. Ruger ready. Pst-pst. Pops a bullet in their foreheads. They drop dead.

Taro backs against the door. Puts on rubber gloves.

Ray reaches for the Cops guns. Mars kicks Ray in the head. Knocks him on his side. Kicks his head again. Knocks him out.

MARS

Someone's always dying to see ya,
Ray.

TARO

What are we gonna do about the
security cameras?

Mars drags Bill and Angela from under the bed. Both shot twice in the head dead. The champagne bottle up Alan's ass:

MARS

We're gonna make it look like Ray
cut the wires to the CCTV cameras.
After he killed your degenerate
friends the Night Manager Bill, and
his girlfriend Angela.

He points the silenced .22 at Bill then at the Angela:

MARS

Once we finish this, that is, and
put this .22 in Ray's hand. These
are DVDs from the office recorders.

He pulls two DVDs from his pocket. Puts them back.

TARO

Who's gonna kill Ray?

MARS

Ray ought to appreciate letting the
Lady Cop here get the credit.
(looks at Taro)
Don't fucking shoot me, asshole.

Taro grips the gun in Male Cop's hand. Drags him around Mars.

TARO

Don't me an asshole, dick-head.

He fires from in front of the door. Blasts several holes in the furniture, fixtures, ceiling, and walls.

Mars grips the Lady Cop's gun still in her hand. Drags her toward the bed. Shoots the bed three times. Aims at Ray.

The lights inside and out go off.

Mars fires. The bullet smacks the bed over Ray as he rolls under it. Mars kneels. Fires six shots under the bed.

The front window shatters.

Taro turns from a shower of glass. The door bursts open. Knocks him sideways. He trips on the Male Cop. Stays up.

Dancer darts in. Swings two DVD recorders by the cords like nunchucks. Smacks Taro in both sides of his head. Drops him.

Mars aims the Lady Cop's gun at Dancer and ducks the recorders as she flings them inches over his head.

Dancer spins behind the door. Mars blasts the edge of the door as she goes behind it.

RAY (O.S.)
What about me fuck-head!

Mars turns to the voice. Ray dives off the bed. Plows Mars over. Elbows his throat as he crashes over him. Stammers:

RAY
You're living on borrowed time. I
want my daughter alive.

Three cop cars skid up to the door and the broken window. Lights swarming around the walls of the room.

Ray jumps off of Mars. Mars moans. Shakes his head. Groggy.

RAY
You're fucking lucky.

He kicks Mars in the head. Knocks him unconscious.

Dancer comes out from behind the door.

DANCER
Thanks, Ray.

EXT. OASIS MOTEL - ROOM "9" - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ray and Dancer wave detective lieutenant badges at five POLICE OFFICERS, guns raised next to their cars.

RAY
Get the fuck in there and arrest
those two asshole baby killers.

Four Officers enter the room. Guns ready.

ANGLE

An Officer hops behind the wheel of one of the four cop cars facing the room.

ANGLE

Ray gets in the driver door of another of the cop cars.
Dancer hops in the shotgun side.

INT./EXT. ANOTHER COP CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ray starts it. Swings back out of the space. Guns it forward.

The parked cop car backs away from the room, blocking Ray.

He broadsides the cop car. Tema at the wheel. Fires her gun
out the open passenger window at him as she tailspins away:

TEMA

Eat *me*, Ray!

Ray's windshield implodes. Glass showers him and Dancer,
leaned-over in their seats as he floors-it in reverse.

Ray fishtails backward. His rear end smashes the rear bumpers
of the remaining parked cop cars. Shoves them toward...

Five Officers exit Room 9. Dive back in. As the fronts of the
cop cars smack against the wall and doorway of the room.

Ray races backward. Tema closes on him. Facing each other.

Tema fires as he spins a quarter-turn out of the parking. The
bullets smack the hood as she tailspins completely around.

ANGLE

Bullets drill the rear of Ray's car as it zooms away from the
motel past the police SUV parked by the tree on the corner:

RAY (O.S.)

Anna!!!

Tema fires at Ray as she races after him down the street.

INT. POLICE SUV - BACKSEAT (PARKED) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Anna rocks side to side on the floor. Smiles behind the tape.

INT./EXT. COP CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ray veers left. Fishtails around the next street corner.

He whips a left around another corner.

Speeds along the fence bordering the river.

DANCER

Why are we going back to the motel?

RAY

The same Suv Mars and Taro had Anna
in is parked back there.

DANCER

What about the cop car chasing us?

RAY

(looks at Dancer)
I think we lost her.

They enter an intersection...

Tema's cop car zooms out of a side street to the left. Slams
them sideways through the fence. They spin down the
embankment. Splash into the river. Sink...

EXT. RIVER BEND - NIGHT

Ray and Dancer surface behind the dozen upright wood poles
driven in the mud eight feet above the waterline.

ANGLE

Tema stands on the embankment across the water. Gun ready.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Ray and Dancer sit with their knees to their chests, on
opposing sides of the bathtub full of hot sudsy water.

Ray activates the new cell phone. Types a message...

EXT. CITY HALL BUILDING - DAY

Watts and Jesup, the guys that played chess on a bench inside
the gate at the playground now wear suits with "FIGHT CRIME"
lapel-pins, as they guard the building's front entry doors.

The police SUV parks at the curb. Mars, face bruised, exits
on the sidewalk side. Grunts as he slips a suit jacket on.

Taro, bruised face, eases himself out of the driver side.
Flinches in pain as he fixes his tie in the mirror.

Watts and Jesup share a private joke and stare sideways at
the oncoming Mars and Taro limping slightly toward the doors.

MARS

Sergeant Watts, Jesup, how they
hanging, boys?

(MORE)

MARS (CONT'D)

How's it feel to be on the ground
floor while we're on our way up,
for a change?

Mars tosses the car keys to Watts.

MARS

Get it washed, waxed, and vacuumed,
and we'll see if we can get you
guys back upstairs. That is after
you do something for us.

Watts and Jesup give him the finger as they open the doors.

TARO

Sorry, boys. Mayor Rind owns our
asses too.

Everyone laughs. Mars and Taro enter the building.

EXT. CITY HALL - ROOFTOP - DAY

MAYOR RIND (48) short, in a tied boxer's robe, matching
shorts, cowboy boots, sombrero, tends to a vegetable garden.

He stops. Touches a Bluetooth on his ear:

MAYOR RIND

Yes, Ms. Daily, send them out.

Taro and Mars exit the double access doors from the building.
Step over to him. Then stop.

TARO AND MARS

(simultaneously)

Mister Mayor!

Rind opens his robe. Two quick draw holsters on his belt. A
pistol right and left. His fingers move. Hands ready to draw.

MAYOR RIND

Hold it right there, boys. You know
the drill. Wanna see the mayor? Ya
gotta go through me.

Taro and Mars open their jackets. Reach for 9mm automatics in
their waistband holsters. But before they get them out...

Rind crouches. Draws his gun. Mocks the sound of gunshots.

Mars and Taro grab their chests and bend their knees.

TARO AND MARS

Ya got me.

MAYOR RIND

Come on now. Don't make me pistol
whip you again.

They sit on their asses and lay down.

Rind blows in his pistols barrels. Holsters them. Laughing:

MAYOR RIND

That's what I call law and order.

Mars and Taro get up, brush themselves off, and approach him.

Mars hands Mayor Rind Ray's red cell phone. Rind opens a text
message on the screen...

INSERT RED CELL PHONE SCREEN

"Bring Anna under The Bean @ Millennium Park tonight. I see
she's okay. I give myself up to u. If she's not there...

Rind's finger taps out of the message. Opens another: It's an
MMS video clip of a nice house seen in the crosshair of the
rifle scope. A woman and two kids exit the front door.

Rind's finger taps out of that one into another: A different
MMS video clip of a nice house through the crosshair. A woman
pushes twins in a double stroller out the front door.

TARO AND MARS (O.S.)

Those are our wife's and kids!!!

He taps out of that video clip. Opens the original message.
Taps "reply". Types, "She'll be there." Thumbs, "send".

INSERT CELL PHONE SCREEN ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

He hands Mars the cell phone. Mars and Taro read the message.
Mars' hand shakes. Taro shakes his head. Chews on his lip.

Rind pinches chewed tomato leaves on a wilted plant.

MAYOR RIND

Fucking rats. Do you believe they
can get all the way up here?

TARO AND MARS

(simultaneously)
Yes, Mister Mayor.

MAYOR RIND

This city is my fucking garden.

TARO AND MARS
Yes, Mister Mayor.

He tears a chewed-leaf off another wilted tomato plant.

MAYOR RIND
Two full-time exterminators should
be enough. I won't pay an
independent contractor again.

TARO AND MARS
(simultaneously)
Yes, Mister Mayor.

He yanks both wilted tomato plants out. Plucks a small green
tomato off one plant.

MAYOR RIND
I have to takeout all three. Poor
fucking baby's got to go too.

He tosses the green tomato into the dirt.

MARS
Yes, Mister Mayor.

Rind dangles the three plants over the garbage bin. Waits for
Taro's response... Eyeballs Mars. He peers sideways at Taro.

TARO
Yes-yes. Sir. Mister. Mayor.

Rind peers at Taro. Few beats. Breathes deep. Gets mayoral:

MAYOR RIND
As state's attorney, I fought a war
against crime. Now as mayor I'm
going to win that fucking war. No
matter what it takes.

Taro and Mars share a quick stern look. Nod as they speak:

TARO
Yes... Mister. Mayor.

MARS
It will be done, sir.

MAYOR RIND
Bush gave us two never-ending wars.
Now we got monsters like Donner
coming home.

He takes the sombrero off. Holds it over his chest:

MAYOR RIND

Beats his wife to death. Burns his apartment building down to cover it up and runs off with his baby girl.

He fingers his Bluetooth.

MAYOR RIND

I bet she's dead too. God fucking help us. Of course, you two will corner this monster.

(shakes his head at them)

Although, I bet he kills himself before he's brought in. Sick fuck!

TARO

Yes, sir. He is...

(beat)

He is sick, sir.

MARS

He is most certainly that, Mister Mayor, sir.

Rind smiles at the sombrero. Then at them:

MAYOR RIND

A gift from my Mexican supporters. You'll have to excuse me, men.

He flings the sombrero to Mars.

MAYOR RIND

I have a press conference to attend. Twenty-four hours should be enough for you two to finish this before I get a task force together. We must save the fucking taxpayers any more undue costs.

He slips his robe off as he steps away...

MAYOR RIND

You two bury the baby tomato. I can't get any fucking dirt on me.

TARO AND MARS

Yes, Mister Mayor.

Taro slightly shakes his head as he kicks a hole in the dirt. As Mars boots the baby tomato in. Taro mouths "fuck". Then kicks the dirt over it. Mars stomps the dirt down.

Two big well-dressed BODYGUARDS (30) appear as they open the access doors. Mayor steps in. Calls back:

MAYOR RIND
Guys, let's win that fucking war!

Taro and Mars scurry toward the doors. The Bodyguards slam the doors shut in their faces...

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK - CLOUD GATE PLAZA - NIGHT

Hard rain. Ray, wig, granny sunglasses, Anna's Monkey stuffed in his leather jacket pocket, stands in a tree among several others across the plaza. Looks through night vision scope...

INSERT RAY'S POV THROUGH THE NIGHT VISION SCOPE

Anna's distorted image reflects off Cloud Gate's elliptical-shaped mirror-like stainless steel between Mars and Taro in dark overcoats and hats. As they walk around it. Go inside...

BACK TO SCENE

Ray lands between trees. Runs across the plaza. His image distorts as he nears the mirror-like stainless steel of...

INT. INSIDE CLOUD GATE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ray runs up behind Taro and Mars standing side by side in the center of the bean-shaped dome. He pulls them apart. No Anna.

Ray spins, watching a distorted fifty-inch wide projected screen image of Anna going around the bean-shaped walls...

RAY'S POV

Anna waves her hand in the monkey puppet as she circles the camera in the playground surrounded by Kids playing.

She disappears as the screen spins with its focus on the sky:

ANNA (O.S.)
Daddy. Here. I'm over here. Come
and get me mister monkey.

The focus drops onto a close-up of oncoming Anna as she comes down a slide. Waving mister monkey as she screams...

Ray films himself as he imitates a monkey while he hobbles over. Grabs Anna off the end of the slide with his free arm.

RAY
I'm gonna get me a little monkey.

ANNA

Please, mister monkey, don't eat us!

He twirls her around in his one-arm. Play-bites her stomach:

RAY

Ow-ea, ow-ah-ah. I'm just gonna nibble on your jelly bellies!

She kicks him in the face. He snarls into a rage.

RAY

Owe--! You...

ANNA

Daddy. I'm...

He suppresses the rage. Wipes dirt and blood off his face.

ANNA

I'm sorry.

He imitates the monkey face and grumbles:

RAY

Ow-ea, ow-ah-ah.

He play-bites her stomach. Twirls her. Growls. They laugh.

RAY

Mister monkey can never be mad at his little monkey.

ANNA

Tire swing. Please. Oh please. Please, mister monkey.

He hobbles to the tire swing. Sits her in it. She puts the monkey in her jacket pocket. She giggles. As he spins her.

RAY

See ya around.

ANNA

Go, Daddy, go. Around the world.

He twirls her faster. She screams. He stutters again:

RAY

(stammer time again)
Hold, tight, little monkey!

He loses his balance. Wobbles. Stumbles back.

ANNA

Faster, mister monkey, please...

He trips forward. Twirls her faster. His image falls sideways into the indented center of the bean ceiling.

The screen crash-lands face down and blacks-out...

An out of focus image appears in the darkness. The image focuses on trees in the middle of the woods.

The focus turns into a selfie of Taro smiling, shovel in one hand, his other flips a sheet of plywood off the top of a hole:

TARO (ON PHONE)

This is all your fault, Ray. You should of let me and Mars kill you with the Fat Man along the river.

The focus drops into a six-foot-deep hole in the dirt. Anna stares up from the bottom. Wrists, ankles, mouth, duct-taped.

END RAY'S POV AND BACK TO SCENE

Ray shakes teary-eyed as he sees the image of the grave under a pile of dirt projected on the concrete in front of him.

RAY

I gave you five hundred thousand...

MARS (O.S.)

-I dug under that back porch, Ray. The money wasn't there.

Mars stands five-feet away. Aims a cell phone projector beam at the ground in front of Ray. Ray steps toward him...

Taro zaps Ray from behind with two cattle prods:

TARO

I'm the one that buried Anna. Mars was sleeping in the fucking car.

Ray crashes face down. Taro zaps him on the ground.

MARS

We figured as long as we bought the shovels, we might as well...

TARO

-Keep this ironic and sarcastic...

MARS

-Just like old times, Ray.

Mars and Taro laugh sardonically...

Ray slips the cell phone from his pocket. Slides it along his chest under his chin. Whispers:

RAY

Tema Rossi has your money.

EXT. POLICE DETENTION - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A four-story brick warehouse. Surveillance cameras mounted all around. Along a street going under a railroad viaduct.

Mars and Taro drag Ray, wrists, legs cuffed, wig, sunglasses, jail scrubs, toward a metal entry door.

They wave their badges at a camera overhead.

The entry door buzzes as it opens. They drag Ray into the

INT. POLICE DETENTION - ENTRY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The entry door shuts behind Mars and Taro as they drag Ray to a COP seated at a desk behind an open laptop.

Mars signs in on a clipboard. The Cop waves them by.

They drag Ray to an elevator. Press the down button. The bell chimes. The door opens. They drag Ray into the

ELEVATOR

Taro presses the "B" for basement button. The door shuts.

Mars whispers to Ray:

MARS

After we're done with ya, hell will be something to look forward to.

The elevator shimmies and squeaks as it drops...

TARO

We're all going to hell, anyway. Might as well start here.

INT. POLICE DETENTION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ray convulses on the bed in jail scrubs, legs, wrists cuffed, strapped-down. Spews water from his nose as Mars pulls the hose from his mouth. Ray coughs out and vomits water...

Taro drops an empty gallon jug. Sits on the desk next to a propane torch, two aerosol cans of mousse and Anna's monkey.

TARO

We saw you in the church, Ray. We
knew you were a weak link.

Mars raises the funnel and makes the sign of the cross across Ray's burned-chest tattoo with the dripping end of the hose:

MARS

In the name of the...

He drops the hose and funnel. Reaches behind his back.

MARS

Get the fuck outta here with that
noise, Ray!

He whips the two cattle prods from behind him. Zaps one of Ray's nipples with each one. Ray's teeth rattle as he spits.

Taro squats next to Ray. Speaks in his ear:

TARO

You keep looking up for help.
Ray... It ain't there.

MARS

"Abandon all hope, ye who enter
here." That's Dante, Ray.

He back pockets the cattle prods. Ray whispers, stammering:

RAY

I know. My dad used to say that
before he beat me in the basement.
Now, why don't you just kill me, so
I can join Beth and Anna?

MARS

We want to know who this bitch is
that's been helping you.

TARO

Help yourself, Ray. Then you can
join 'em. Just tell us her name.

RAY

She's a... She's my guardian angel.
That's all I know.

Mars hops on the bed. Zaps the sides of Ray's head. He shakes. Bloody teeth rattling. Rolls his eyes back. Out cold.

INT. TEMA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dancer in her bulky ski jacket and mask, gun ready, firing position, creeps without sound through the shadows toward the

LIVING ROOM

Modest furniture, no lights, clean, plants by a window. Kids cops and robbers drawings on the walls. An upright piano.

Tema sits-up on a couch with a 2-YEAR-OLD GIRL. Tema combs the hair of a 4-YEAR-OLD GIRL in a special needs wheelchair in front of her. They watch cartoons on a TV. The only light.

AMARA (27) pretty wife, breast-feeds a NEWBORN in a rocker.

Tema turns her head toward...

ANGLE

Tema sees Dancer just visible in TV light at the end of the hallway. Waves the gun for Tema to come. Backs into shadows.

BACK TO SCENE

Tema gets up from the couch:

TEMA
Who wants popcorn?

Everyone but the Newborn raises their hands.

TEMA
I'm gonna use the bathroom first.

HALLWAY

Dancer backs up matching Tema's steps as they enter the

BATHROOM

Tema turns the double vanity sinks faucets on high. Backs up past the toilet. In between two closed diaper palls.

Dancer shuts the door with her back to it. Gun aimed at Tema. She uses the voice changer throughout this scene:

DANCER
You know exactly what I came here to get.

TEMA
I know your not Ray. But I have a message for him.

DANCER

Make it quick.

TEMA

Ray. Didn't think much of me as a cop. Much less a detective. Just another cunt-licking dyke that couldn't pull the trigger. But...

She pulls a clear bag of a few used diapers out of a pall. Sets it on the floor. Pulls a large bulging garbage bag out:

TEMA

I beat all ya swinging dicks to the pot o' gold. 'Cause I'm something y'all never be. A mother that will always provide for her children.

She unties the bag. Smiles at fifty ten thousand dollar bundles of hundreds inside as it spreads open on the floor.

She turns to the closed door. Dancer is gone. Tema smiles...

O.S. POPCORN SIZZLES THEN POPS IN THE MICROWAVEABLE BAG...

INT. POLICE DETENTION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ray shrieks cuffed to the wall bar. Ankles shackled to the floor. Arches his back. Genitals inches from the radiator.

Mars pushes him from behind into the hissing radiator.

Ray arches his back, inches from the radiator, bleeds down his legs from between his buttocks as he moans and gasps.

Taro chews his lip. Looks away. Mars sits next to him on the desk. Blood drips off the tip of the cattle prod in his hand.

MARS

Come on now, Ray, just say the name!

Ray shakes his head and stammers:

RAY

Why the hell don't you just kill me!!!

Mars offers the cattle prod to Taro. He shakes his head:

TARO

What the fuck, Ray. Just tell us her name.

RAY

Come on, Taro. Why do you have to be such a fucking pussy all the time!

TARO

I guess it's no use pretending anymore. I'm a secret admirer of yours, Ray. But I'm getting over it.

Mars bounces his butt on the desk as he laughs his ass off:

MARS

First, you tell us her name, Ray, then we'll kill ya. That's the deal.

Taro puts Ray in a headlock. Shoots the can of mousse up his nose. Ray gags. Sneezes mousse. Skin hissing on the radiator.

Taro drop-kicks the can off Mars' legs. Mars throws his cap in Taro's face.

MARS

Fuck-off. Ya fucking pussy.

TARO

You're a bald fucking pussy!!!

Ray, arched back. Shifts his eyes from brick dust on the radiator to the wall-bar plate tilted away from the wall.

Taro sits on the desk next to Mars. Both laughing:

TARO

Out of the frying pan and into the...

Mars opens the desk drawer. Grabs the lighter next to the handcuff key, three heroin syringes, and their pistols. He picks up the propane torch. Lights it as he steps toward Ray:

MARS

Do you like to barbecue, Ray?

TARO

Don't be a fool, Ray. Tell us about your guardian angel. And we'll put you out of your misery. Why wait?

Ray laughs and coughs weakly:

RAY

'Cause misery loves company. And my guardian angel needs time to bury your families!

Mars turns the torch off. Sets it on the desk. Whips out a cell phone. As Taro taps on a cell phone screen in his hand:

TARO

I'm not getting any fucking signal...

MARS

Mother fuck!

Ray shifts his eyes from the door to the bar. Pulls and lets up on it as they're distracted. Dust falls on the radiator.

Mars and Taro pocket their phones. Taro approaches the door:

TARO

Let's just...

Mars cut him off at the door.

MARS

We can't just leave him here like this.

Taro gets Ray in a headlock. He can't let up on the bar. Taro doesn't see dust fall on the radiator as he whispers to Ray:

TARO

I piled dirt on plywood over the hole. We kept Anna alive. So we can sell your little angel to child sex traffickers.

He twists Ray's head to see Mars pull a syringe from the desk drawer. Squirts heroin from the needle and approaches them...

ANGLE

The bar plate leans down away from the wall. The wall anchors behind it hang out of their holes in the bricks...

BACK TO SCENE

Ray squirms. Taro chokes him harder. Turns his head toward...

Mars grabs Ray's arm. Jams the needle in it. Ray jerks his arm. The needle tears his arm as it twists out. Blood spurts.

Ray exhales weakly. Stops fighting. Eyes roll back. Locked in Taro's choke-hold. Even as he hisses against the radiator.

TARO

Let it rain...

Mars grabs Ray's arm. Yanks him sideways. Jams the needle in:

MARS

Finally. You fuck!!!

Ray's knees buckle. The bar and plate fly off the wall. Smack Taro in the head as Ray falls sideways. Gasping for air.

Taro flies over Ray's head as Ray crashes on top of Mars.

Ray rips his arm from Mars' grip. Moaning under him. Stunned.

Ray bends his bloody arm. Grabs the syringe out of his arm with his teeth...

Taro kneels behind Ray. Gets him in a headlock. A gash in his forehead bleeds down his face:

TARO

Why don't ya let me help you with that?

He reaches for the syringe in Ray's teeth. Ray drops it into his own hand. Stabs it into Taro's neck and injects him:

RAY

You're getting off way too easy, you fucking asshole.

Taro gasps as he flops facedown on the floor. Dead. Ray searches his pockets under him. Pulls the handcuff key out.

MARS (O.S.)

Don't you go and forget about me, Ray!

Ray's ankle chains rattle as he turns. Mars zaps him with the cattle prod. Ray slams the wall bar in his hand to Mars' jaw.

RAY

I got a world of pain saved just for you, Mars.

He throws Mars against the radiator. Bangs his head off it again and again...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Storm clouds part. Uncover the moon overhead above the trees blown by the whistling wind.

A dog's bone-shaped name-tag "Bella" rattles as she scurries through a hedgerow.

ANNA'S GRAVE

Bella sniffs scattered plants and shrubs.

She swishes through leaves on the ground as they rustle in the wind. She sniffs around an elongated mound of dirt.

She paws the edge of the mound. Scratches dirt away from the corner of a piece of plywood laid under the mound.

She spins around, squats, and pees on the mound.

INT. ANNA'S GRAVE - NIGHT

Her urine flows through the moonlit corner of the plywood over the hole and trickles down the dugout wall.

A shaft of moonlight illuminates Anna's wide-eyed frenzy as she rocks side to side wrapped like a duct-taped mummy on the bottom. Her screams muffled by the duct tape over her mouth.

O.S. AN APPROACHING LADY WHISTLES...

DOG LADY (O.S.)
Bella... Come on girl. We're gonna
be late. Bella...

EXT. WOODS - ANNA'S GRAVE - NIGHT

Bella stops peeing. Spins around. Sniffs the now more exposed and cleaned-off corner of plywood illuminated in the moonlit.

The DOG LADY (50s) well dressed, tipsy, steps halfway through the hedgerow. Untangles her scarf caught in the branches.

DOG LADY
Oh, damn. I just got this!

She shakes her head. Upset. Frees her scarf. Furrows her brow as she leans out of the hedgerow. Points toward the mound...

O.S. THE WHISTLING WIND MIXES WITH ANNA'S MUFFLED SCREAMS.

Bella scratches the plywood. Uncovers more. Sniffs it. Barks:

DOG LADY (O.S.)
 Don't you dare dig up any more dead
 things to bring in my car. Cover
 whatever it is up, now!

INT. ANNA'S GRAVE - NIGHT

Anna stares teary-eyed at the moonlight through the corner of
 the plywood as it shrinks into darkness.

DOG LADY (O.S.)
 That's it. Good girl. Cover it up.
 Let's go. Before it rains!

INT. POLICE DETENTION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Mars crouches naked. Grunts in misery. Face contorted. Ankles
 crossed, cuffed to the floor. One arm behind his legs, one
 between them, cuffed under ankle cuffs.

Ray grabs the propane torch off the desk.

RAY
 Are you ready to show me where
 Anna's buried?

MARS
 You'll never even be able to get me
 out of here.

RAY
 The bizarre beauty of torture is
 it's an inescapable trap. You give
 me what I want to end the pain.
 (shakes his head,
 grimaces)
 But it will always be there. To the
 ruin of both of us. My ugliness and
 your pain in ironic harmony.

Mars grunts and groans as he tries to see what Ray's doing.

MARS
 Jesus Christ. Taro dug the hole. I
 just drove. I don't know where it--

Ray lights the torch with the lighter.

RAY
 "Yea, thou I walk through the
 shadows in the valley of death. I
 will fear no evil." Doesn't mean I
 won't shit myself with every step.

MARS

What are you gonna do?

Ray carries the live torch over. Shoves Mars facedown. He shrieks as the top of his head sizzles against the radiator.

RAY

I'm gonna sear your asshole shut.
So you don't crap on me when I
roast your nuts.

He squats behind Mars. Moves the torch flame toward Mars' butt as Mars shudders violently:

MARS

North on Grandly Road. Just outside
the city. Sharp right around the
"mile 86" sign. Dirt path into the
woods.

Ray swipes the flame across Mars' butt and bangs his head against the radiator.

O.S. BELL ON ELEVATOR DOOR CHIMES...

ELEVATOR - ENTRY CORRIDOR

The door opens...

Ray drags Mars facedown by his cuffed wrists behind his back, out of the elevator toward the Cop behind the desk.

Ray in Taro's suit, cap. Anna's monkey in his pocket. Mars in Ray's wig, jail scrubs, protests through tape over his mouth.

Ray waves Mars' badge. Signs the clipboard.

RAY

I got a real ball-busting prick
with ears here. Got a big-ass
mouth, too.

The Cop steps around the desk. Grabs Mars by his beaten-up face. Mars shakes his head, loud protests muffled by tape.

COP AT DESK

You are one mouthy motherfucker,
aren't you, huh?

RAY

He's a hell of a lot more than
that. This one here's a fucking
pervert too.

COP AT DESK
 (reaches in back pocket)
 Well now... I got just the right
 thing for that.

He zaps Mars in the balls with a Taser. Mars groans loudly!!!

The Cop laughs as he sits behind the desk. Sets the Taser in the top drawer. Pushes a button on the side of the desk.

Ray drags Mars out the door as it buzzes open. Quietly shuts.

O.S. THE ELEVATOR DOOR CONTINUES CHIMING...

TARO (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
 This is all your fault, Ray. You
 should of let me and Mars kill you
 with the Fat Man along the river.

The Cop steps from behind the desk. Brows furrowed:

COP AT DESK
 What the motherfuck is going on
 down there?

He stares sideways as he drifts over toward the

ELEVATOR

He sees the cattle prod jammed in the door.

He turns to Taro, seated naked, dead against the side wall. The cell phone projector in his mouth aimed at the side wall.

"Going, going, gone, north on Grandly Road... catch me if you can, Ray Donner" is written in felt pen across Taro's chest.

The cell phone projects the trees in the middle of the woods onto the opposite side wall.

The focus turns into a selfie of Taro smiling, shovel in one hand, his other flips a sheet of plywood off the top of the hole:

TARO (ON PHONE)
 This is all your fault, Ray. You
 should of let me and Mars kill you
 with the Fat Man along the river.

The focus drops into the hole in the dirt. Anna stares up from the bottom. Cocooned ankles to her mouth in duct tape.

INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - WOODS - NIGHT

The police SUV fishtails in the pouring rain. Sideswipes trees to both sides down the muddy path into the woods.

INT. ANNA'S GRAVE - NIGHT

Rain seeps in around the edges of the plywood and runs down the dugout walls of the hole.

Anna jerks around in a wide-eyed frenzy halfway under the rising rainwater at the bottom. Screams muffled by...

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS AND LIGHTNING FLASHES.

INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - WOODS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS AND LIGHTNING FLASHES CONTINUE.

Mars is the Curled-up Person breathing through puncture holes in the garbage bag as he squirms on the backseat.

Ray bites his lip. Guns it. Goes nowhere. As the car shimmies halfway down the muddy path into the woods.

O.S. TIRES WHIZZ...

RAY

How can this get any better? I don't know.

He slams it in "R" and pumps the gas pedal.

The rear tires spin in the soupy mud. The wheels dig deeper...

RAY

Easy...

He slams it in "R". Taps the gas. Rocks the car back. Brakes.

RAY

Whoa...

He drops it in "D". Pumps the gas. Revs the engine.

The car squirms and bottoms out in the mud. Stuck.

He grabs a shovel from the floor in the back and hops out.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Ray slams the driver door shut. Stands ankle deep in the mud. Shields his eyes from the rain as he stares up.

O.S. HELICOPTER BLADES THUMP CLOSER. THEN ROAR AWAY.

He yanks the caved-in back door. It won't open.

RAY

Come on!

He busts the back door window with the shovel. Drags the bag with Mars in it out the broken window. Throws him down.

O.S. ONCOMING SIRENS BLARE CLOSER...

He raises the shovel like a spear, blade aimed at Mars in the bag as he whimpers and squirms.

RAY

Why did you have to do this to us?!

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS!!!

Ray stabs holes on the edge of the bag. Tears it open. Drags Mars from the bag. Rips the tape off his mouth.

RAY

Now show me where is she or you'll
be dying to see me!

MARS

Give me a second...

O.S. ONCOMING SIRENS BLARE NEARBY AS TIRES SQUEAL TO A HALT.

RAY

They're not gonna get here in time
to save you!

He rolls Mars facedown. Pushes Mars' face into the mud with his shoe-heel...

Mars gurgles. Nose in the mud. Jerks around violently.

INT. ANNA'S GRAVE - CONTINUOUS

The rainwater pours down the walls of the hole.

Anna splashes violently. Trying to squirm from her duct tape cocoon. As the rainwater rises just under her chin.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Mars turns his head sideways. Ear in the mud. Spews mud from his nose and coughs words like a stammer:

MARS
I don't know where...

RAY
-I can't wait anymore!!!

He stomps on the side of Mars' head. His nose and mouth under the mud. Bubble rise from his nose and mouth. Then stop...

Mars twists his head with all he's got. Spits mud. Yells out:

MARS
Let me up now and I swear I'll show you.

Ray pulls him to his feet. Pokes him in the back with the shovel:

RAY
Let's go!

Mars falls to his knees:

MARS
I can't walk in this mud and through all the bushes and shit. Come on, Ray. You're going to have to take the cuffs off me. Come on?

RAY
All right, asshole.

Ray shoves him facedown into the mud:

MARS
What the fuck--

Ray removes the cuffs from his legs and wrists. Mars wipes the mud from his face and climbs to his feet.

Ray pokes him with the shovel in one hand. Cocks Mars' 9mm in his other hand.

RAY
But you make one wrong move and I'll bury you out here. Alive!

He follows Mars as he trudges between trees and overgrown bushes until they find their way onto a deer path.

Mars glances at a hedgerow to the left before he veers right.

Ray follows him with the shovel ready to poke him. Gun ready.

O.S. POLICE DOGS BARK IN THE DISTANCE...

Mars stops against a tree. Glances at the hedgerow farther off to the left as he turns his head toward Ray behind him:

MARS

Oh, God, Ray, I'm uh, I'm... I'm not fucking sure. I think, yeah wait...

O.S. ONCOMING POLICE DOGS AND COPS TRUDGE CLOSER.

He turns right around the tree. Ray comes around the other side and shoves Mars to the right with the shovel.

RAY

I know you're circling back the way we came. You fucking bastard! You turned us away from her. Toward the dogs!

He shoves Mars back toward the hedgerow.

EXT. ANNA'S GRAVE - CONTINUOUS

Mars is barely visible through the hedgerow in the rain as he approaches the other side of it.

ANGLE

The rain changes the elongated mound of dirt into mud and pitter-patters in puddles along the exposed edges of the plywood.

INT. ANNA'S GRAVE - CONTINUOUS

The rainwater pours down the walls of the hole.

Anna tilts her head up and takes frenzied breaths through her nose as the waterline rises over her lips.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Mars stops just before the hedgerow.

MARS

Come on, Ray. You're making me go the wrong way.

Ray backs away from him. Fingers the 9mm trigger.

RAY

I've had enough of your bullshit you--

Ray's foot sticks in the mud. As he leans back and yanks his foot out he loses his balance and flops on his back...

MARS

You're fucking dead!

He grabs the shovel. Kicks the 9mm from Ray's hand. It sticks in the mud next to his ear. Ray pulls the gun from the mud:

RAY

You first!

MARS

After you!

He swings the shovel down from over his head. Smacks the gun from Ray's hand as he crosses his arms over his face...

Mars stabs the shovel like a spear. Ray rolls over. The side of the blade rips his cheek wide open as it sinks in the mud:

RAY

Ah-fuck!

Mars yanks the shovel from the mud. Rears back. Cocks it over his shoulder like a spear:

MARS

This one is going through your throat.

Ray leaps off the ground. Head-butts Mars under the chin and drives him backward through the hedgerow.

INT. ANNA'S GRAVE - CONTINUOUS

The rainwater pours down the walls of the hole.

Anna tilts her head up and takes her last breath before the water rises over her nose and mouth.

EXT. ANNA'S GRAVE - CONTINUOUS

Mars bursts through the hedgerow backward with Ray in his face as he crashes over him on the elongated mound of mud.

Ray punches Mars in the windpipe. Mars grabs his throat. Chokes, coughs, and gasps for air. Immobilized.

Ray squats. Digs his hands under the plywood. Grunts as he slides it halfway off the hole. It slips from his hands.

He jumps in the hole.

ANNA'S GRAVE

Ray splashes in the water. Scoops Anna out of the water. He stares in her glazed-eyes. Limp. Not moving. Unresponsive.

RAY

Anna! Anna! Anna!

He raises out of the hole. Slides her back away from it. Climbs out. Mars is gone.

ANNA'S GRAVE- CONTINUOUS

Ray rips the duct tape off of her. Tilts her head back. Pumps her chest.

Mars leaps through the hedgerow. Lands on the plywood. Raises the 9mm point blank at Ray. Ray just pumps Anna's chest:

MARS

See ya--

He slips as the plywood dips corner down in the hole. Smacks his head and fires in the air as he slides into Anna's grave.

ANGLE

He splashes in the water and the pile of mud slips off the plywood and buries him under it as it splashes in the water.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray breathes into Anna's mouth. Pumps her chest. Water spews from her mouth. But her eyes are still fixed.

Ray dangles her by the ankles. Jerks her up and down. Slings her facedown and bounces her chest on his shoulder.

He lays her down. Breathes in her mouth. Pumps her chest. She coughs-out water as she breathes in jerking motions:

ANNA

Da-da... Dad... Daddy...? Are we alive, Daddy?

RAY

Yes, Anna.

ANNA

I heard you calling me from far away.

He cradles her in his arms and sobs:

RAY

Yes, we are.

He puts mister monkey on her chest. She hugs it. Smiles weakly. Whispers softly:

ANNA

Mister monkey.

One police and two news copters above shine spotlights on two POLICE DOGS as they lead their OFFICERS through the hedgerow.

The Officers hold their Dogs in check by their leashes as they sniff Ray and Anna. Then sniff around the hole...

The spotlights follow Ray carrying Anna through the hedgerow.

ANGLE

The Officers sit their Dogs and shine flashlights in the hole onto the pile of mud surrounded by still water on the bottom.

WOODS

The helicopters spotlights follow Ray and Anna as...

Several POLICE OFFICERS step back in awe of Ray as he carries Anna up the muddy path toward the flashing lights of a dozen cop cars and three ambulances parked along the road ahead.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Ray stands at the window.

ANGLE

Ray watches several news camera operators filming with cameras and a selected crowd of onlookers in the courtyard.

Mayor Rind stands at a podium microphone on a stage with PA speakers and five HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS behind him, speaking to the crowd as he turns and points up to Ray at the window.

BACK TO SCENE

Watts and Jesup enter. One COP outside the door shuts it.

Watts and Jesup surround Ray at the window.

WATTS

It's all set, Ray. You're beautiful.

JESUP

You're a big fucking hero in this town, man.

WATTS

Yeah, Ray.

JESUP

Shh-shit, Man. Skies the limit for you, Ray. You're a god blessed celebrity. All ya gotta do is be cool. Take what you can get, man.

WATTS

Yeah, Ray. Saw your little girl Anna downstairs. They took her off the I-V. She's doing great. Her and her mister monkey.

Ray grabs him by his expensive lapels:

RAY

Who the fuck are you to tell me anything about my little girl? Why are you keeping me from her?

Jesup gets between Ray and the windows. They move Ray away from the windows.

JESUP

She's being protected. The Mayor's worried. There may be others involved in this still out there.

WATTS

Maybe you'll never be safe either, Ray.

RAY

What are you talking about?

WATTS

Think about it, Ray. Was there anyone else involved in this with you?

RAY

Beyond the Fat Man, Mars or Taro? I don't know about anyone else. I had my part in... I did my job like any other cop. What I was trained to. Interrogation. Methods. I used 'em on some very bad people. But...

He squeezes his eyes shut and his head between his hands.
Stammers:

RAY

It was all for a good cause. To
make the city, the world safer.

WATTS

See what I mean, Ray. Why you may
present a threat to any number of
other people like you. Just doing
their jobs. Dirty work. Good cause.

JESUP

But we're all vulnerable to
scrutiny, Ray. Right or wrong, we
gotta protect ourselves. For the
common good of everyone.

WATTS

Do you see what we mean? There may
be other cops out there just doing
what they're trained to do, that
might see you as a threat.
Depending on what ya say.
Especially in the next week or two.

JESUP

That's why we're here, Ray. That's
why there are two cops outside
guarding your door and two at
Anna's. But that's the problem too.

WATTS

Yeah, Ray. Ya see. It's a trust
thing.

RAY

Okay. Yeah. But who can I trust? I
mean. Why should I trust you two?

WATTS

Because the Mayor sent us. He's
looking out for you and Anna. He's
gonna make ya a hero, Ray. It's
gonna be all about you, against two
very bad apples. He's gonna be by
your side this whole way.

JESUP

He's gonna give you the award of
valor and the police medal, Ray.
You'll be made a lieutenant.

(MORE)

JESUP (CONT'D)

You'll be the most decorated officer in the history of this department.

WATTS

All you gotta do is keep your head together for a couple of weeks of good publicity, Ray. The public has a short memory.

JESUP

You're gonna be made a captain later this year. And you can retire with a captain's pension. All ya gotta do is let the Mayor handle everything. All your statements will be prepared for you.

WATTS

What do you say, Ray? All you gotta do is agree and go through with it.

JESUP

Watts and I will be protecting you and Anna, keeping you both safe, 24-7, all the way through this.

RAY

I... I don't know... I need my medication... To think clearly.

JESUP

It won't take long. Once the rest of the department sees you're not gonna cause trouble for anyone else, you'll be safe again.

WATTS

We'll get you your medication, Ray, but I want you to think hard, we gotta know, is there anyone else?

JESUP

We heard something about a tall dark-haired lady you maybe had on the side. Someone special you were involved with, in this or that. She might know something? We're gonna need to protect her too, Ray.

WATTS

Jesup and I gotta cover all the bases. Safer for everyone. Gotta protect the Mayor too.

(MORE)

WATTS (CONT'D)

So if this special lady is out
there tell us who she is so we can
protect her.

JESUP

Trust goes both ways, Ray. Trust
us, and we'll trust you, and we'll
do good things together.

RAY

Her name was Angela. She's dead.
She died in the Oasis Motel. Mars
shot her, and the Night Manager
Bill, the night we tried to get
Anna out of room 9.

INT. CITY HALL - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Ray sits between Jesup and Watts in an audience of several
other OFFICERS in dress uniforms, medals, hats, white gloves.

Ray stares at Jesup's "FIGHT CRIME" lapel-pin. Then at Watts
"FIGHT CRIME" lapel-pin.

The SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE stands with two glass-framed
medals in hand next to...

Mayor Rind at the podium microphone. Fixes a "FIGHT CRIME"
lapel-pin on his lapel. Smiles at it. Then at the audience:

MAYOR RIND

Officer Ray Donner was off-duty
when he heard shots fired and came
to the aid of a fallen officer.
Under fire from two offenders, he
returned fire. In the course of the
evening, he was captured and
escaped the offenders. The
offenders then murdered his wife
and kidnapped his daughter...

(tears-up, clears throat)

...In order to get him to surrender
to them. Officer Donner then took
it upon himself to track down the
offenders and free his daughter. In
doing so under life-threatening
conditions he killed the offenders
and freed his daughter. The...

(wipes tears off face)

dedication to duty and sacrifice
made by this officer exemplify the
finest tradition of the department
and deserve special recognition.

(MORE)

MAYOR RIND (CONT'D)

It is with great honor that the superintendent of police presents the medal of valor and the police medal to officer Ray Donner.

Everyone stands and applauds.

Ray stands and steps onto the stage.

Mayor Rind steps behind the Superintendent...

The Superintendent and Ray trade salutes. Then shake hands as the Superintendent gives Ray the two framed medals.

SUPERINTENDENT

I am truly sorry about your wife...

RAY

-Sorry's not enough!

He drops the medals. Shoves the Superintendent sideways.

The Mayor backs away...

Ray tosses Taro's and Mars' "FIGHT CRIME" lapel-pins, on their torn-off lapels on the floor between him and the Mayor.

RAY

This is our fight.

He draws his pistol. Before the Mayor draws both of his from under his coat. But before Ray can fire...

O.S. MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS ECHOING...

A hail of bullets slam Ray in the back. He drops to his knees.

The Mayor approaches Ray. Aims both pistols to Ray's head.

O.S. A SINGLE SHOT RINGS-OUT.

The bullet smacks the Mayor between the eyes. The back of his head explodes as he folds dead to the floor.

Ray smiles as he exhales his last words:

RAY

Let's dance...

Before he falls dead facedown over the Mayor.

INT. CITY HALL - AUDITORIUM - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

Two Officers enter the door. Guns ready. Nothing there but the sniper rifle on the tripod on a table aimed through the projector slot at Ray and the Mayor dead on the stage below.

EXT. CITY HALL - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The "EMERGENCY EXIT" door opens. No alarm. Security key turned to off in the push bar alarm box.

Dancer in a police uniform and baseball cap, shades, dark-hair. As she exits the door, takes the keys from the push bar alarm box and eases the door shut.

EXT. "L" PLATFORM - NIGHT

A train squeals to a stop.

Dancer in her bulky ski jacket and mask, mouths "POW" as she walks past Mayor Rind's "FIGHT CRIME" poster.

She takes a newspaper from a paper-box.

The train doors open. Tema steps out. Dancer nods to her as she gets on the train. The train pulls away...

Tema grabs a newspaper from the paper-box. She looks at the paper before she folds it around her badge and the security key for the push bar alarm box.

INT. ANNA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Watts and Jesup step to either side of Anna as she lays in her bed. Hugging mister monkey. They smile sideways at her.

WATTS

Hey, Anna.

JESUP

How about we take you downstairs
for ice cream, huh?

She looks deep into Watts' eyes. Then deep into Jesup's.

EXT. ANNA'S GRAVE (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Anna, cocooned ankles to her mouth in duct tape. Stares up from the bottom of the hole...

ANGLE

Jesup and Watts peer down over the edge of the hole as they help Mars and Taro slide the plywood over it.

INT. ANNA'S HOSPITAL ROOM (END FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Anna peers into Watts' eyes. Then into Jesup's eyes:

ANNA

You two helped them bury me.

Watts laughs. Jesup smirks as he rolls a wheelchair over.

WATTS

You can leave mister monkey here to rest...

He grabs for mister monkey. Anna hugs him tighter. They pry mister monkey out of her hands. Toss it aside.

Watts grabs her legs. Jesup pins her shoulders. One-armed. Slaps tape over her mouth and a surgical mask on her face.

They lift her off the bed. She yanks her arms free. Grabs the bedside rail. Kicks her legs, still in Watts' grasp.

Jesup removes a syringe from a cigar tube. Grabs her arm. Ready to inject her...

O.S. PST...

A bullet smacks Jesup upside his head. He spins. Legs akimbo. Arms flailing like a dancing scarecrow as he collapses dead.

Watts drops Anna on the bed. She watches him turn toward...

ANGLE

Dancer, in surgical scrubs and mask, closes the door with her back as she fires a silenced .22. Pst...

The bullet smacks Watts in the forehead. He shuffles his feet backward like he's moon-walking before he face-plants dead.

Dancer waistbands the .22. Apprehensively steps over to Anna, kneeling on the bed. Their tearful-peering-eyes locked...

DANCER

I'm so glad to see you, Anna.

Anna leaps off the bed into Dancer's arms. Legs around her. They embrace. Trembling cheek to cheek. Awash in tears.

ANNA

My Daddy's not coming. He's back with my Mommy now. I see them in your eyes. They say "we better go."

Dancer nods as she grabs mister monkey off the bed:

DANCER
Let's get ice cream mister monkey.

She squeezes mister monkey between them as she scurries out the door:

DANCER
Has either of you ever had Gelato?

EXT. BARCELONA BEACH - NIGHT

The architecture of Barcelona in the background.

Dancer and Anna eat Gelato in the sand. Facing their Gothic sand-castle. Watching several SURFERS in the Mediterranean.

ANGLE

Sheba sits on a bench in a playground behind Dancer and Anna. She speaks Spanish to four YOUNG HOOKERS around her.

Tema, black wig with bangs, granny sunglasses, biker leather jacket. Pushes a stroller with one gloved-hand past Sheba toward Dancer. Raises a silenced .22 in her other gloved-hand inside the canopied bassinet.

FADE OUT...

O.S. PST-PST. SEVERAL PEOPLE SCREAM.

THE END