

HARBOR CITY

by

Sasha Knezev, Co-written by Jeff Helton

sknezev@msn.com
310-951-0188
jeffhelton2000@yahoo.com
909-593-2667

FADE IN:

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

MONTAGE OF HISTORICAL SHOTS

- Early visitors dredge the San Pedro bay.
- Workers, lay a railroad track along the bay.

SUPER THE FOLLOWING

The Port of Los Angeles is the largest in the United States and fifth busiest in the world.

MONTAGE OF HISTORICAL SHOTS

- Dockworkers, off load early cargo containers.
- A group of Longshoremen, show off their daily catch.

SUPER THE FOLLOWING

Employing over twenty thousand people along a forty five mile waterfront.

MONTAGE OF HISTORICAL SHOTS

- A proud group of female dock workers pose for a picture.
- An early crane hoists a shipment from a vessel.

SUPER THE FOLLOWING

It is responsible for over two billion dollars of shipments from around the world.

INT. CAR TRUNK - PRESENT - NIGHT

The trunk lid pops open to TWO MEN hovering over it.

One of them is GRIFFITH, late 30s, husky, wears a leather jacket, obviously in charge.

The other is JOJO a strong arm to Griffith, 30s, wouldn't want to fuck with him.

Griffith looks into the trunk.
A MALE FIGURE inside the trunk GROANS.

The figure struggles to get up, he is RICHARD MALLARD, 40s, white collar, wearing a tie.

RICHARD
(climbs out of
trunk)

Griffith... come on, why do you
have to humiliate me like this?
I told you the load was dry... was
three months ago, I got the weight
tickets if you want to see them.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - SAME

JoJo, lights a cigarette, looks around.

 GRIFFITH
 Stop yapping so loud.
 Lower your voice I just want to
 have a talk with you.

 RICHARD
 Well why do you have to put me in
 the damn trunk?
 You're scaring the shit out of me.

 GRIFFITH
 I'm going to ask you some
 questions and I want you to answer
 me honestly. You lie to me once
 and I'm gonna leave you empty on
 the Harbor bridge job.
 (rubs his face)
 Alonzo held you responsible so if
 you're holding out on Max you
 better get your bins out of there
 and unload all that Copper in our
 fucking yard.

 RICHARD
 The copper was contaminated, I
 told you Griffith. Swear on my
 mother.. Alonzo ok'd the dump
 tonnage.
 (looks at JoJo)
 My drivers drove the load straight
 to Waste Disposal. All the clean
 shit went to your and Alonzo's
 yard.

 GRIFFITH
 I got the weight ticket Rick.

 RICHARD
 Griffith I'm sorry.
 I needed the money.

Richard, falls to the ground and grabs Griffith around the
 knees. He looks up at Griffith, frightened.

 RICHARD
 You know these contracts go
 straight to city.
 I got shit on this deal.
 One fucking load.
 One fucking load!

Griffith takes a step back.

 GRIFFITH
 One load makes Max think you're
 stealing from him. You stole from
 Max - you stole from me.
 You wanna steal from me Rick?

Griffith pulls out a thirty eight caliber gun.
Richard changes course, becoming hostile in tone.

RICHARD

You guys get millions from this
Harbor. The city gets fucking
billions and I can't get one God
damn score!?

Richard gets angry, rises to his feet.
Griffith points the gun directly to his head.
He looks Richard in the eye.

RICHARD

Fuck you!
Fuck you Griffith and fuck Max...

Griffith, done with the conversation, pulls the trigger.
Richard's knees buckle as he drops to the pavement.
Blood gushes onto the dirty street from his head.

JoJo, flicks his waning cigarette butt on Richard's body
then violently kicks the lifeless corpse to the side.

DISOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES PORT - LATER - NIGHT

A BLACK MALE, TREVOR P, early 30s, sprints through a street
alley, looking over his shoulder while wearing a Dodger cap.

JoJo and LEONARD 30s, run around the corner of the alley way
in pursuit of Trevor P.
They appear to mean business as they brandish guns.

Cargo Ships and the Vincent Thomas Bridge sit in the b.g.

TREVOR P

stops to catch his breath as he takes cover behind a wall.

A TRAIN

begins to make its way as Trevor P strides alongside it out
of sight. Jojo and Leonard come to the alley's end and
frantically look for Trevor P.

LEONARD

Where the fuck is he?
Cocksucker disappeared!

JOJO

He's here. Keep your eyes open.

The two stand still and look around.
Then Leonard spots him breaking away from the train.

LEONARD

There he is!

Jojo and Leonard run toward a fence with a hole cut in it.
They scurry through it, then run along side a ditch.

Trevor P runs on a dock to it's end then jumps into water and swims evasively but he ain't getting away this time. Trevor looks up at Jojo as they catch up to him, he gives up.

Jojo helps him out of the water and lays him down on the dock. Gasping for air, tired and out of breath, Trevor babbles...

TREVOR P
JoJo... JoJo... man...

JOJO
Trevor P from the Harbor C.
Did you think you could avoid me
stupid mother-fucker.

TREVOR P
Jojo, Alonzo fucked us... he took
everything, everything.
He said he would let us slide.

Trevor P, turns to Leonard to plead his case.

TREVOR P
My people are getting played out
man... their driving us out man.
Mexicans and Brothers are killing
themselves on the street!

JoJo, takes out a knife, grabs Trevor P by the hair and stabs him in the neck.

Leonard, holds his head, then eases it to the dock floor as Trevor P, gasps from the shock of the blade.

SUPER FILM TITLE - HARBOR CITY

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - DAY

MARIA REYES, late 20s, attractive Latina, restlessly jumps out of a bad dream.

She is breathing heavy and sweating profusely.
She takes a moment to situate herself and climbs out of bed.

INSERT - ALARM CLOCK

The clock reads six forty five.

BACK TO SCENE

Maria enters the room of a sleeping young girl.
She is ROSIE, 7, her daughter.
Maria wakes her.

KITCHEN - LATER

Maria is cooking breakfast for Rosie.
Rosie sits patiently at the table swinging her legs while holding an infant rabbit.

Maria walks over and sets down some eggs and bacon, sees the rabbit.

ROSIE
Mama, mama, I got Diva to eat her food!

MARIA
Diva needs to be put down Rose, she's just a baby and needs to sleep, sweetie.

ROSIE
Mama, what is a Diva?

MARIA
It's a strong girl who doesn't need anyone but herself to be happy.

ROSIE
(cocks head, smiles)
She's like you Mommy.

Maria, kisses Rosie on the forehead, then gently takes the rabbit and walks OS. Rosie starts eating her breakfast.

In the b.g. on a shelf is a family picture.
A closer look reveals it to be of a young Maria, an infant Rosie, and a MALE FIGURE, perhaps Rosie's father?

DISOLVE TO:

INT. MAX'S BAR - NIGHT

From above, a group of casual, blue collar WORKERS gather. Closing in reveals, LONGSHOREMAN, WOMEN, MECHANICS and several other forms of blue collar workers. The crowd demographic is conspicuously white.

A Union Jack flag, Manchester United banners and a sign that reads "Fish and Chips Served All Day" decorate the bar. Definitely, a British pub.

ROCK MUSIC blares from a jukebox against the wall. Multiple TVs, run football games on all the screens. Random gambling, cigarettes, typical bar scene.

At a corner table, Griffith and JoJo, sit with FOUR MEN. No English accents here, just basking in their heritage.

GRIFFITH
This global warming shit, you know what it is? It's another tax. Tax the air. I always said if they could, they would tax the air we breathe. And they did.

On the T.V. visuals of a Labor Strike run while a FEMALE REPORTER covers the story.

FEMALE REPORTER (on TV)
 ...and while Union delegates
 continue to threaten with yet
 another strike, the shipping..

Video footage of angry teamsters appear on the TV as the reporter continues to speak over the footage.

FEMALE REPORTER (VO TV)
 ..companies, the city of Los
 Angeles, the state of California,
 and even the federal government
 are stepping in...

On the TV the reporter appears back on screen and...

FEMALE REPORTER
 The last time Harbor City's Union
 negotiated with state and federal
 authorities was four years ago.
 And now, they are at it again.

An image of a FEMALE FIELD REPORTER interviewing a MALE DOCK WORKER in his early 50s, appears on the TV.
 There are several supportive workers standing in the b.g.

DOCK WORKER
 We're not stepping down. We never
 have and we never will. There's
 billions of dollars coming through
 this port every year.
 (straightens hat)
 They can't cut us out or we'll be
 standing here everyday if they
 think they can come through with
 the freight. They won't do it.
 They can't do it. We got guys out
 here willing to die.

Feeling he's said enough, the dock worker, walks away.
 The reporter, feeling his cause, looks to her notes and...

FIELD REPORTER
 The mayor has made the statement
 that, quote "The docks are the
 lifeline of Los Angeles, and we
 must find a way to make both sides
 satisfied for the better being of
 the city."
 (looks at camera)
 Back to you in the studio.

Griffith, exchanges a concerned look with Max about the broadcast.

Max, gets up and walks toward a hall escorted by TWO MEN.
 They are LANCE and FRED, early 40s, both in casual slacks
 and button up shirts.
 The three men walk down a narrow hallway and into a

DIMLY LIT ROOM

Max turns on a light and closes the door.
The bar music is still heard but muffled now.

MAX

Sit.

Fred and Lance grab a chair and sit.

LANCE

It's cake Max, cake.
Our guys are in as usual, but this
tip is outside, he's your guy,
Walker.

MAX

Joey Walker?

LANCE

Joe Walker. The Longshoreman
strike is set for at least ten
days, that's perfect time for us.

MAX

There's no us Lance, there's only
me. If they're your men they're my
men. Better enforce the pull on
the two containers.

(pulls up chair,
takes a seat)

The trucks need to be filled by
12:30am sharp, no later. I got the
Port Police on standby.

LANCE

Not a problem Max.

MAX

And no apparel shit, no shoes,
pants and jackets. I don't need
that shit, just the score. I find
one truck full of any apparel I'm
pulling it from your end Lance.

Max, leans over his desk to get his point across.

MAX

All I want on those trucks is our
scores. And I have the weight
invoice from China so if there's
any disparities in weight you pay
every penny on your end.

LANCE

Every pound? Those weight tickets
from China are off sometimes.
Sometimes up to a couple of
thousand pounds.

MAX

So make sure they match.

Lance looks at Fred sitting next to him.

MAX (OS)
 Griffith's going to be driving the
 first truck. You take orders from
 him.

LANCE
 (looking to Max)
 Does it have to be Griffith?
 Can it be Justin or Stevie?
 He's a major ballbuster.

Max glares at Lance assiduously.

EXT. AERIEL - SCRAP YARD - DAY

A series of cars, primarily American made, Lincolns and
 Cadillac and some European as well, drive into the entrance
 of a Commercial Recycling Center.

INT. RECYCLING CENTER - DAY

The cars pull up in linear fashion.
 Max and Griffith SLOWLY exit them with two other MEN.

The other men are GEORGE MUNDAKAS and THOMAS.
 TWO MEN also accompany George and Thomas.

They are all met at a door by a GUARD that opens the
 entrance for them then leads them to another adjacent door
 into a large office setting, where Max establishes a primary
 role by taking a seat behind a desk.

There are a series of monitors set up, eight, one on top of
 another in the b.g. where the Recycling Center's yard is
 being meticulously examined.

Griffith, stands closely at Max's side.
 George, Thomas and crew all follow in as the door closes.

MAX
 Explain to me Thomas why I'm
 missing two dozen weight tickets
 in six weeks? Will you please?

Thomas, wears a dejected look and stares at the floor.

MAX (OS)
 Explain, and don't tell me
 anything about the Chinese New
 Year.

Max, leans back in his chair as he grills him further.

MAX
 I haven't seen a twenty percent
 slip at any other time prior to
 this year.

George steps in, obviously assuming the position of
 negotiator, but Max ain't buying it.

GEORGE

It's a cultural thing Max, they got these Slope holidays that prevents me from catching up. What the hell can I do?

(looks to Griffith)

They shut down the harbor with these holiday's and now they finally come up short.

(clears throat)

Tell Nigel he'll get the balance.

GRIFFITH

(steps in)

Nigel's got nothing to do with this. This is about territory.

MAX

You don't answer to Nigel, you answer to me.

George's Men, eye Griffith.

MAX

You have a seventeen percent commission that commits to me.

George, scoffs, turns his head as if he's biting his tongue.

MAX (OS)

You lose twenty percent, means you got three left on top that needs to cover.

Griffith, dismayed, steps in again.

GRIFFITH

You don't work for Alonzo, you work for Max.

MAX

Griffith..

MAX

looks at Griffith, giving the signal for restraint.

MAX

Look at me George. Never mention Nigel, and never mention Alonzo to me again, you got that? When Nigel resided over this family, you answered to him.

GEORGE

Nigel and your father built these docks. With all do respect Max, I need to make sure Nigel doesn't think I'm not pinching from his piggy bank. Make sure of that. I need your word.

MAX

I'm not going to tell you again
George. I don't want to hear the
name Nigel come out of your mouth.
The next time I hear his name
Griffith's going to stab you
through the neck with a pencil,
you hear me?

CU of a very sharpened pencil atop Max's desk.
Griffith, takes the pencil from the desk.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Maria walks toward the entrance of an elementary school.
Among the flurry of children swarming from the entrance,
Rosie sprouts from the budding students that emerge.

ACROSS THE STREET

a shady MALE FIGURE sits inside a late 90s Cadillac Seville.
He is wearing sunglasses and a Dodgers baseball hat.
CU on his face as he sips on a coffee while watching Maria
and Rosie.

Maria, makes her way up the stairway with children running
past her waist-side, her phone RINGS. She answers just as
Rosie wraps her arms around her mother's waist.

She hugs her with her right hand while answering the cell
phone with her left.

MARIA

Hey baby... hold on...
(answers phone)
Hello? ...yeah.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION MARIA AND LYDIA

CASA DEL NAJARA RESTAURANT - SAME

Maria's mother, LYDIA, is on the other end of the phone.
Cultural Mexican music plays in the b.g. as cooks scurry
about in her busy restaurant, the Casa Del Najara.

LYDIA

(in Spanish)
Are you coming on Sunday for the
party?

MARIA

Well be there. I'm not going to be
able to make it to the ceremony
but we'll make it to the
restaurant by four.

LYDIA

(in Spanish)
Your brother wants you to make it
for the birthday cake.
You said you would make it.

Lydia, interrupts her conversation to instruct two of the servers.

LYDIA
(in Spanish)
You're forgetting the soup, it's
on the other stove.

She points to a corner at the end of the kitchen with her finger while holding the phone with the other, then continues her conversation with Maria, but now in English.

LYDIA
Call your brother, tell him.
I don't want to be your messenger
again Maria.
And be polite this time.

MARIA
You tell him. I'll be there mom.
Tell him it's been a long month,
Rose has her parent-teacher
meetings this week.
(rubs Rosie's head)
Look... I have to go, I'll call you
later, I'm at school.

LYDIA
Call me Maria. I'm not going to
keep doing this for you. You need
to show some more respect toward
your brother and what he's done
for this family.
(starts pacing)
You need to include your family
with this one.

MARIA
(on phone)
Bye mom.

Maria hangs up and walks with Rosie on the street.

INT. CASA DEL NAJARA - SAME - DAY

Lydia hangs up. She puts her right hand over her forehead but only long enough to where she turns her head and observes another logistical malfunction in the restaurant.

She yells at the top of her lungs at another employee...

LYDIA
(in Spanish)
What are you doing!?

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - SAME - DAY

Maria and Rosie make their way down the busy Los Angeles street toward Maria's car.

The male figure in the Cadillac continues to sip his coffee.

He glances through his driver side mirror as they enter her car.

EXT. PORTS OF CALL SAN PEDRO - DAY

Max and Griffith walk along the walkway of Ports of Call, San Pedro, a southern Los Angeles hot spot where restaurants, retail stores, and amusement carousels adorn the vibrant setting.

GRIFFITH

It just doesn't make sense Max.
They keep pulling from us and it
always keeps coming from the
inside.

(off Max's look)

You gotta set these guys straight.
Alonzo's coming in closer by the
year.

MAX

You remember when we used to walk
these piers? We couldn't of been
more than twelve years old.

GRIFFITH

This has to stop. We need to take
Hector out and press on their dock
commission or their gonna start
entering more guys as casuals.

They stop along a wood railing and overlook the harbor.

GRIFFITH

Pretty soon they'll have full time
longshoreman on the inside.
They're catching up with us.

Max avoids Griffith's statement as he looks across port.

MAX

You know they're tearing down the
Soccer on seventh street?
Every Churchill has played at that
field for fifty years.
You know what that means?

GRIFFITH

Yeah, you better be a father soon
so you can keep your bloodline
going in the neighborhood.

MAX

It means times are changing.
L.A. is changing.

GRIFFITH

Changing for what? What Max?
That's what I've been trying to
tell you.

MAX
 Our families reigned as sole
 proprietors of this dock, of this
 neighborhood, of this city.
 (hand gestures)
 Your family goes back even further
 than mine.
 But that's not important anymore.

Max looks over his shoulder, make sure nobody is around.

GRIFFITH
 What the hell do you mean not
 important?

MAX
 It's business Griffith.
 It always has been, and this makes
 it no different.

GRIFFITH
 This is about the neighborhood,
 we're all that's left.

MAX
 There is no more neighborhood,
 there hasn't been the last ten
 years. You open your eyes lately,
 you take a look around?
 (extends arms)
 Look, turn your fucking head and
 look around.

Griffith, looks briefly over his shoulder.

MAX
 What do you see? Huh?
 You see any English stock from the
 neighborhood? Anyone we know?
 Any of our guys?

GRIFFITH
 So you're saying we're supposed to
 forget about who we are?

MAX
 I'm saying it's about the fucking
 money. Wise up.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

The same man who was at the elementary school is driving the Cadillac. This time, the baseball cap is removed, yet his sunglasses remain on.

A closer look reveals he is the father figure in the picture at Maria's house, better known as STEWART CHURCHILL or STEW to those who know him. Early 30s, but with younger features.

A classic tune blares through his speakers as he drives. An OLD MAN waves at him as he drives by. He's obviously from around here.

The port town of Los Angeles is seen off in the f.g. Stew, takes a few glances at several houses on the block. They appear to have some reminiscence to him.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

Stewart, reacquainting himself with his stomping grounds, drives by an old hole in the wall BAR, then a LIQUOR SHOP, and then smiles and nods his head as he passes by an old TACO STAND as if he's been there before.

He turns onto a busy downtown street corner and makes his way toward the Mexican part of town, as shops, restaurants, and street patrons occupy the bustling setting.

Along side his car and with his window down, he sings to a song on his RADIO...

STEWART
Sally don't you go/don't you go
downtown...

He stops at a red light in front of a restaurant with several younger GIRLS and BOYS dressed up. The girls wear formal dresses while the boys are in suits. Likewise, their ADULTS are also dressed up. However, there are more children than adults.

Stew stares outside his window until the light turns green. He continues straight ahead through the busy Los Angeles intersection.

AERIEL: STOP LIGHT

From above, Stew's Cadillac sits at the light, descending as he drives his car OS. A modest amount of FOOT TRAFFIC pass through the crosswalk.

Across the street a crowded entrance of a restaurant, as patrons mutter in they're Spanish language. An atmosphere of festiveness accentuates the setting.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Inside is even more vibrant than outside. Every table inside is occupied as the place is slam packed.

Two smaller television sets show a soccer match between two Mexican teams.

At the bar, several locals watch the match displaced from the celebratory setting around them.

DOWN THE HALL

a door opens as THREE LARGE MEN in suits exit. The door stays open behind them revealing a private room.

INSIDE THE ROOM

there is a separate bar, five tables, and in the corner sits a LARGE MAN that the WWE would be proud of. The large man is ALONZO GONZALEZ, and the place is his.

He sits at the table's head with SEVEN MEN flanking him. One of his men, HECTOR, is sitting directly across from him as he is already in the middle of a humorous discussion.

HECTOR

...don't matter man, don't matter.
I got this funky white girl next
to me asking why I got so many
tattoos.

(looks to group)

I mean, this girl looks amused by
this. So she asks me in a low
voice, like she's scared, and she
says, "Are you part of the Mexican
mafia?"

The table breaks into a rolling laugh. One of the men at the table OSCAR, remarks to Hector.

OSCAR

She fine?

HECTOR

Don't matter, she's white.

All at the table laugh, except for Alonzo.

A MAN from the bar approaches him and hands him a cell phone.

The laughter fades and Hector takes a drag of his cigarette as Alonzo conducts business.

Alonzo gets up and walks with the cell phone through a backdoor and

OUTSIDE THE BAR

and into an alley way, where he hangs up the cell phone and puts it in his pocket. A car pulls up just as he does so.

Out of the car comes RENALDO MORALES, early 30s, dressed casually. He closes the car door behind him.

RENALDO

Alonzo.

ALONZO

What's the word Renaldo?

RENALDO

He's here. Definitely.

ALONZO

Did he contact her yet?

RENALDO

Maybe, maybe not.

ALONZO
Where's he staying?

RENALDO
Don't know yet. Give me a couple
of days and I'll find out.

Alonzo looks up and down the alley.

ALONZO
Keep me posted. And make sure Max
doesn't find out we're keeping
track on him.
Does Max know he's here?

RENALDO
Don't know.

ALONZO
Lay off him for a while.
I know he's here.
(starts to walk
off)
That's all that matters.
I'll call you later.
(stops and turns)
And get me your numbers by
Tuesday.

RENALDO
You got it Alonzo.

Renaldo gets back in his car and drives away.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maria walks down the hallway taking off her clothes.
The television runs OS in the b.g.
She walks to her bedroom, and looks at herself in the mirror
as she takes her earrings off.
She undresses, taking off her dress and putting on jeans and
a white tee-shirt but is semi shaken as her DOORBELL RINGS.

Maria pauses, hearing the doorbell, and looks at her watch.
She then makes her way to the door slowly.
She opens the door and sees Stewart.

There is a long, uncomfortable pause as Maria and Stewart
look at each other.

MARIA
Stewart?

Stewart is quiet, but takes a moment to look Maria up and
down as a smile begins to slowly manifest.

Maria continues to just look at him.
As such, Stewart proceeds to let himself in.
He walks into the house as the door closes behind him.
Maria is still silent but then she lunges forward and begins
to violently hit Stewart.

MARIA
 (screaming)
 You fucking asshole, get the fuck
 out of my house!

STEWART
 Maria! Maria! Stop!

Stewart grabs Maria and subdues her while she continues to slap and kick at him. He throws her to the couch. She gets up again and begins to scream and hit him again. Stewart grabs her and falls on the couch with her. She begins to scream but he puts his hand over her mouth and then in the b.g....

ROSIE walks in from the hallway.

ROSIE
 Mama!?

Stewart looks at his daughter and lets go of Maria's mouth. There is a long silence between the three of them. Stewart, appears taken by how much she's grown.

STEWART
 Rose...

Maria gets up and grabs Rosie by the hand, walking her toward her bedroom aggressively and then OS. Stewart takes two steps forward, then stops.

After a beat, Maria, walks back into the room. She proceeds to the kitchen, pours herself a glass of wine.

Stewart remains in the living room. Maria takes two large sips from her glass and carries it back with her into the living room. A moment of silence as they both gather themselves.

STEWART
 Can I talk?

MARIA
 Talk Stewart please talk.
 Because I can't wait to hear what
 you've got to say? Speak!

STEWART
 (swallows hard)
 Look... I had to leave and now I'm
 back, alright, I'm back.
 No bullshit.

MARIA
 You're back? What the hell is that
 supposed to mean?

STEWART
 It means I'm sorry. I know I've
 got a lot of explaining to do. But
 will you at least hear me out?

MARIA
 Speak Stewart.

STEWART

I had to leave Maria... I had to.

MARIA

At least you admit you left us!

Both of them raise their voices.

STEWART

What was I supposed to do!?

MARIA

Gee, I don't know Stew, maybe stay with me and your daughter, be a father!

STEWART

I had to go Maria. It had nothing to do with you and Rose. It was this place.

MARIA

So you put this all on your brother. Your brother! You don't even have the balls to take responsibility Stew! You left me! You left us!

Maria, begins to cry, then walks toward the door; opens it.

MARIA

(wipes eyes)

Get out. Get out of here.

Stewart, walks up to the door and then

OUTSIDE

onto the porch. He turns to look over his shoulder, but she slams the door in his face.

Stewart stands in front of the house and looks over at a window to his right, he knows it's Rosie's room. He looks for a moment, and then makes his way to the Cadillac where he opens the door and gets

INSIDE THE CAR

and turns on the engine. He continues to look toward the window for a beat, then the light is turned off. Feeling defeated, he pulls the shifter into drive and eases away.

INT. NIGEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Max Churchill's black Mercedes pulls up to house behind the gates of Palos Verdes, an affluent hilltop community that resides north of the Harbor City's docks in San Pedro.

Max walks out of the car and makes his way towards the entrance of the lavish setting; fountains, garden, and columns at the entrance of the home decorate the estate.

Although visually impressive to the naked visitor, Max walks cool and slowly, he has been here several times before. Max steps to the door rings the doorbell.

An attractive housekeeper, NATASHA, mid 30s, with an Eastern European accent answers the door.

NATASHA
Max. How are you?

MAX
Good Natasha...

Max walks

INSIDE THE HOUSE

and into the foyer as Natasha, closes the door behind him.

MAX (OS)
...how's your son?

NATASHA
(turns to Max)
Good... good Max, he's watching television.

Max walks down the lavish hallway and makes his way toward the massive living room, where an OLD MAN is watching a college football game between USC and UCLA.

He is NIGEL, early 70s. He is laying down on the couch as there are a set of crutches resting against the sofa.

Max doesn't say a word and just sits down on an adjacent love seat across from Nigel.

NIGEL
Max. 'Mad Max'. You want something to drink? You hungry?

MAX
I'm alright Nigel.

NIGEL
You watch college football?
(catches himself)
That's right I forgot, you watch our English football, soccer right? Manchester United fan, just like your father.

Max, silent, just listens.

NIGEL
I grew into enjoying American football. All the money we made from our gambling operations.

Nigel, turns and looks to Max.

NIGEL
I make it a point to watch
USC-UCLA if anything, the battle
of Los Angeles. Who do you prefer?

MAX
USC.

NIGEL
(looks to T.V.)
I figured. I always rooted for
UCLA and your father always rooted
for USC. Competition.

Max turns his attention to the game.

MAX (OS)
It's good for business.

They both watch a play on the screen.
As soon as the play finishes...

NIGEL
You okay?

MAX
Yeah. Yeah everything's fine.

NIGEL
Good. Everything should be fine.
(over shoulder)
Natasha!

Natasha comes and picks up the crutches resting against the
sofa and helps Nigel up. She helps him up and situates the
crutches, helping him to adjust himself, before he is fully
capable of walking on his own.

He crutches himself toward the patio as Max gets up and
walks alongside him, toward the ocean setting deck
overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

They both walk through a sliding glass door and

OUTSIDE

to the edge of his patio where there are four vacant chairs.
The sun is setting as they continue to walk.

NIGEL
This pinched nerve is killing me.
I took four shots to my lumbar and
two to my cervical. If it doesn't
go away the doctor's say a surgery
may fix it.
(notions with hand)
But it's a fifty fifty percent of
recovery, without damaging my
ligaments and muscles.
But I'm not having surgery.
I'm not taking that chance.

MAX
You'll be alright.

NIGEL

I still don't trust doctors. After all these years and all these prescriptions, I still don't trust those crooks.

(looks over ocean)

Dumping all these pills on me and making money. Who the fuck do they think I am? The medical industry; talk about a racket.

MAX

You look good Nigel.

NIGEL

It hurts. It hurts real bad. But I still believe it's going to get better. I'm stubborn but I'm not that stubborn.

(points to chair)

Grab that chair for me will you?

Max grabs the chair in front of Nigel and pulls it next to him, grabbing his crutches and helping him sit down. Nigel makes himself comfortable as Max sits next to him.

MAX

You know with this view, Natasha, and the kids off to college it can't be too bad.

NIGEL

It's okay.

MAX

So you're not complaining.

NIGEL

I always complain. It keeps me strong. It keeps us strong.

MAX

So there's nothing between us?

Max's remark draws a brief silence between them.

NIGEL

Us. As in the organization?

Nigel raises himself up, painfully, tilting his head to look Max in the eye.

NIGEL

Us Max.
What we have, where we're going.

MAX

And where are we going?

NIGEL

Where did we come from?

Max, sits silent and looks at the deck as he listens.

NIGEL (OS)
Your father. He knew.

Max, looks back up at Nigel.

NIGEL
He always understood. This goes back, back way before you were around. You know what Los Angeles looked like fifty years ago?
(clears throat)
Like the city about to give birth to a movement, an idea, something. We were young back then, and we were hungry.

Max and Nigel view the sunset and beautiful ocean setting atop the Palos Verdes Estate.

NIGEL
I have space up here, up here on this hill, but there's no space down there, down on the streets and freeways.

Nigel, turns from the view and looks at Max.

NIGEL
I'm not going to be here to see it Max, but you are. Just because your father, me, and a couple of the early crew celebrated our English background don't mean it meant anything, cause it doesn't.

The remark turns Max's head toward Nigel.

NIGEL (OS)
It didn't then and it doesn't now. The Jews and Italians were here before us.

MAX
I know.

NIGEL (OS)
What do you know about your brother?

Nigel's remark has struck a nerve with Max. Max, seemingly having enough, gets up and walks OS. Nigel, stands alone and looks out across the ocean view.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Stewart, jumps the fence of a cemetery. He regains composure after he lands. He walks down a path and appears to have lost his way. It takes him a while to position himself as he looks about. It has been a while since he was last there.

As he walks along the labyrinth of graves, he stops. He looks left then right.

He pauses for a moment then remembering, he goes left.

He takes the West-side path as he takes an observant look at

TOMBSTONES

They read off a deluge of different names.

He continues along the path.

In the distance, a familiar grave, he approaches it.

He stops and stands next to it as it obviously effects him.

INSERT - TOMBSTONE

"Franklin and Mary Churchill"

BACK TO SCENE

The Churchill family grave is very elaborate, more so than those that surround it.

Stewart sits at the base of the grave. He pulls a pint bottle of Cutty Sark out of his right sleeve pocket in his black leather jacket. He takes two swigs out of the bottle.

CU of Stewart.

He continues to gaze at his mother and father's grave.

He takes another drink from his bottle and then proceeds to pour the rest over the graves of his parents.

The bottle is finally flushed out as Stewart throws it empty over his left shoulder making sure it doesn't disrupt the accompanied tombs.

From afar, Stewart, stands and looks over the grave.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

A SHOWER RUNS OS, in the b.g. of a very small hotel room.

Moving SLOWLY toward an open window.

Out of the window and below, and least four stories, a CAR pulls up and parks across the street from the hotel.

INT. GRIFFITH'S CAR - SAME - DAY

Griffith has JoJo sitting shotgun. JoJo takes a swing from a small bottle of Jim Beam as Griffith puts the car in park. They get out the car.

INTERCUT - BETWEEN STEWART AND GRIFFITH/JOJO

STEWART is in the shower and lets the water run down his neck and backside as he is perched over with his hands pressed up against the wall. He is tired.

GRIFFITH AND JOJO enter the apartment building entrance.

They walk at a strident pace. The criminals are at work.

Their walk indicating a steadfast determination and Griffith is in charge.

An elderly male hotel employee looks at the two as they pass and Griffith gives him a dagger stare.

The building is old and worn, a true Los Angeles relic, perhaps a one and a half star rating on a Zagat survey. The two proceed up the stairs. There is no elevator.

STEWART is drying himself with a towel. He wipes the foggy bathroom mirror with his right hand.

CU of a HANDGUN resting atop a heap of clothes.

IN THE STAIRWELL

Griffith and JoJo begin their way up the third floor stairs.

JOJO
So what's the deal?
We need to rough him up?

GRIFFITH
No. He's Max's brother. He hasn't been around for a long time so he should be alright as far as I know. Max said don't make a move but if he does he's mine.

They make it to the fourth floor stairwell door.

JOJO
So if he's Max's brother why do we have to show him up like this? Is there a part of this you're leaving out for me?

GRIFFITH
I'm just telling you the way it is.

JOJO
So what the fuck am I doing here?

GRIFFITH
You're here to back me up.

JOJO
You just said he'll be alright..

GRIFFITH
JoJo shut the fuck up and just do what I tell you.

STEWART

is out of the bathroom and in the room, he put on his jeans and a black tee shirt. He looks himself in the mirror.

JOJO, stops as they make their way down the hallway.

JOJO
Why do you gotta talk to me that way Griffith?

Griffith, standing in the hallway, turns to JoJo.

During the tussle, Stewart lets go of the gun, as it treads across the floor.

Stewart kicks JoJo in the stomach, gets up and throws him across the table that smashes upon impact.
JoJo gets up and makes his way back to Stewart for more.

A gun COCKS OS.

Griffith points gun at Stewart. He yells...

GRIFFITH

Stew!

Stewart looks behind him as Griffith stands with his forty five pointing at him.

STEWART

Griffith?

GRIFFITH

Stew.

STEWART

I see you're still Max's little bitch.

JoJo strikes Stewart from behind. Stewart grabs his leg and throws him to the ground. He punches JoJo in the face.

Griffith walks toward them, grabbing Stewart with his left hand with gun in right, pointing it to Stewart's face.

He throws Stewart onto the bed and continues to point the gun at him.

Griffith's POV is pointing his gun at Stewart.

GRIFFITH

Welcome home Stew.

EXT. MAX'S BAR - ALLEY - DAY

In the f.g., the sun begins to escape the remains of day. Griffith's car pulls up and parks. Griffith, Jojo, and Stewart exit the car. Jojo stands behind Stewart as Griffith leads them down a narrow alley way.

After a brief walk, Griffith leads them down a small stairway that leads to the back of Max's bar. Griffith opens a door and

ENTER MAX'S BAR

as they continue to walk, through the kitchen. The cooks continue to prepare the bar food.

Griffith leads them through the kitchen and to another door he opens, leading them into Max's

BACKDOOR OFFICE

They enter as Max is standing by his bar pouring a drink. Stewart and Max's eyes lock. They haven't seen each other in the years that elapsed after their father's death.

Griffith stops in front of Max's table.
Max and Stewart look at each other after a long silence.

MAX

Stew.

Griffith walks away from Jojo and positions himself right next to Stewart. The two brothers continue to look at each other directly in the eye.

STEWART

Max.

A beat goes by as they continue to look at each other.

Stewart walks straight to Max and abruptly PUNCHES him in the face. Max falls down.
Griffith immediately jumps in, with Jojo behind him.
Griffith grabs Stewart and pulls him back, restraining him.
Max gets up as Stewart is held.

MAX

It's alright...

Max wipes a small amount of blood running down his nose.

MAX

It's alright, let him go Griffith.

Griffith holds Stewart back ferociously as he keeps looking at Max.

MAX

(looks to Griffith)
Griffith let him go!
(looks to Stewart)
You got something to say Stew!
Huh?
(screams)
You got something to say? Say it!

Stewart remains silent as Griffith and Jojo hold him back.

MAX

That's what I thought.
Let him go Griffith.

Max takes his jacket, watch, and one ring off.

MAX

Let him go! You got something for me Stewart let it out right now, you and me... right now.
(looks to Griffith)
Griffith, let him go and both of you two let us go at it.
Nobody steps in.

Griffith lets Stewart go. Stewart and Max put their fists up and walk slowly in circles. Stewart jabs Max in the face. This time Max doesn't fall down. Max, instantly issues a right blow followed by a left.

Stewart grabs Max from his knees and throws him to the floor.

Stewart begins to throw punches at Max who is lying on the floor. Griffith begins to make his way forward to protect Max.

Max holds up his hand toward Griffith...

MAX
No! No! Griffith.

Griffith stops in his tracks, obeying Max's command.

Max pulls himself up and throws several blows to Stewart. Now toe to toe, Max gains the upper hand and continues to beat Stewart.

Stewart throws one last devastating BLOW that drops Max to the floor. Max gets up, grabbing Stewart by his neck and falls down on top of him as he proceeds to punch him with his right fist.

Griffith jumps in and grabs Max, pulling him back, sparing his brother Stewart from more punishment.

Griffith screams...

GRIFFITH
Max! Max!

MAX
Let me go! Mother fucker!

Max curses and continues to kick with his feet as Griffith pulls him away from Stewart.

Max turns around and throws Griffith up against the wall, he doesn't like Griffith's grasp. He turns around and looks Griffith in the eye to affirm this. Griffith looks back at Max with as much indignation.

In the b.g., Stewart gets up.

MAX
Everyone get out of here!
Griffith, Jojo, get out.

Griffith and JoJo look at Max and make their way out, not before eyeballing Stewart who also looks back at the two.

Griffith and JoJo exit the room.

MAX
(exhausted)
Sit Stew.

Stewart ignores his commands while catching his breath.

MAX
Sit!

Stewart sits. Max walks to his bar and pours two drinks. He hands Stewart a glass of cognac as he sips from his. Max snaps out of his volatile state.

MAX
You alright?

STEWART
Yeah.

MAX
Yeah.

Max drinks the entire glass of cognac down, then slams the glass down and looks at Stewart.

STEWART
What do you want from me?

MAX
What?

STEWART
(with more clarity)
What do you want from me?

Max just looks at Stewart.

MAX
You're my brother Stew, why do you think I want something?

STEWART
What do you want Max?

MAX
Why are you here?

STEWART
I'm here for Maria and Rose.

MAX
Bullshit.

Max gets up and pours himself another drink.

MAX
(off Stew's look)
Bullshit Stew. You leave after all these years... what's it been? Six?

STEWART
Seven.

MAX (OS)
Seven. Seven fucking years and you come back. Why?

STEWART
I told you Rose and Maria.

MAX
Rose and Maria?

STEWART (OS)
Rose and Maria.

Max walks to a refrigerator situated in the corner, opens it, pulls out a large bag of ice, then closes it. He places the bag on a table next to a small sink.

He pulls out two handfuls of ice, places them in a zip-loc bag, walks over and hands it to Stewart.

Stewart looks up at him, reluctantly, before finally taking the bag from his hands and placing it to his jaw. His lip is slightly bleeding. Max falls into his chair with relief.

MAX
Now you want to tell me why you're here?

STEWART
I told you.

MAX
You told me? All of a sudden you want to see your daughter and the girl you left after seven years?
(rotates neck)
Is that what it is? Am I supposed to play the role of sympathetic older brother here?

STEWART
I never asked to come here.
I never asked to see you.

MAX
And you thought you could stroll into Harbor City and I wouldn't hear about it.
(scoffs)
I suppose you came back for Maria and Rose. Shit.
You fucking abandoned them.

STEWART
Fuck you.

Stewart continues to place the bag over his jaw.

MAX
Where you been Stew?

STEWART
Around, I've been around.

MAX
That covers a lot of territory.
Where?

STEWART
Frisco, for a while then went
east.

MAX
San Francisco. Why there?

STEWART
Had to.

MAX
Didn't want to get your hands
dirty in these streets?

STEWART
No.

MAX
No?

A brief moment of silence.

STEWART
No.

MAX
You passing through or you here to
stay?

STEWART
I'm here to take care of my
daughter. I'm here to take care of
my family.

MAX
Don't be so sure they're still
your family. Times change, seven
years turn into a lifetime.
Nothing stays the same, nothing.
It all just keeps going on.

STEWART
I'll take my chances.

MAX
Well you sure as hell took one by
coming back.

STEWART
I don't want anything from you
Max. I know who you are and I know
where you stand. You make
decisions and people answer to
you.

MAX
And how do you know this?

STEWART
I've got ears.

MAX
 And you've also got a tongue.
 So tell me what else it is you
 think you know about me.

STEWART
 Enough to tell you that I won't
 step on your toes if you just let
 me take care of my family and
 leave me alone. Leave me alone.

Max, plays with his shot glass as Stewart speaks.

STEWART (OS)
 I'll take care of myself and stay
 clear from your path.

MAX
 As long as you're in this city
 you're in my path.

Stewart doesn't say a word as silence looms in the air.

MAX
 There's something you have to
 understand, and I want you to
 listen to me real close.

Stewart, shifts his eyes toward Max.

MAX
 I'm who everyone answers to now,
 no more bumps in the road, not
 like there were when you were
 around.

Stewart continues to place the ice over his jaw.

STEWART
 Just like you always wanted.

MAX
 You could have had a piece of
 this, you could have... but you
 didn't.

STEWART
 I didn't ask.

MAX
 So you left.

Stewart just listens.

MAX
 You passing through or you here to
 stay?

STEWART
 What, work for you?
 Or work for Griffith?

MAX
 Griffith works for me.

STEWART

I don't want to hear from him anymore. I don't want no subordination bullshit.

MAX

You want to run with me you're going to run with Griffith. You do some scores with him it's through my discretion, not his.

Stewart, plays with his shot glass.

MAX

I got my eyes all over the harbor, nothing goes unnoticed. You run a score with Griffith you run a score for me.

Stewart finally takes a drink from his glass.

INT. THE PORTHOLE BAR - MARIA'S WORK - NIGHT

Maria works tables as a cocktail waitress in a dive bar. Her tight mini skirt accentuates her nice hips as her high heels are the foundation of her long legs and her breasts heave from her low cut top. She will make good tips tonight, no doubt.

The name of the place is THE PORTHOLE, it says so above the bar. A place frequented by neighborhood longshoreman.

The place is a relatively large restaurant-bar. Maria carries a tray full of beers and shots of tequila to a table of seven, FIVE MALES and TWO FEMALE. All are longshoreman, drunk and content with music pumping a classic blue-collar melody.

Maria passes the drinks to those at the table. A drunken MALE LONGSHOREMAN can't help but to court her.

LONGSHOREMAN

Hey mamasita, what time you get off?

Maria continues to hand out the drinks as she responds.

MARIA

You don't got the goods white boy.

LONGSHOREMAN

I make ninety thousand a year.

MARIA

You make ninety thousand a year driving a forklift, but you ain't got ten minutes of my time.

He looks at her thrown back, his blue-collar seeds at a standstill. Maria serves the drinks and makes her way back to the bar.

AT THE BARS ENTRANCE

Alonzo enters.
His presence is unavoidable, his large frame is let through the doors by the BOUNCERS knowing very well who he is.

EXT. PORTHOLE - BACK-ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Maria is taking a break and smoking a cigarette. She is in the back alley of the bar and slowly drags the cigarette, not as a maintenance call but more of a interlude to reflect on Stewart strolling into town. City lights and harbor docks loom far behind her.

INSIDE THE BAR

Alonzo stands and takes a tequila shot. He looks around the premises and finally gets up. He walks between and around the patrons of the bar. Several notice who he is, and move out of the way as he finally walks through the door leading

INTO THE BACK-ALLEY

where he confronts Maria. Maria, sees him and takes two quick drags from her smoke before throwing it to the side and attempting to walk back into the bar around Alonzo.

Alonzo puts his hand over the door and pushes Maria back with the other.

MARIA
(off his look)
Let me go!

ALONZO
Stop!

MARIA
Let me go.

Alonzo pushes her back gently while simultaneously holding the door closed tightly. Maria takes some steps back.

MARIA
I know what you want to ask me.
I've got nothing to say to him
Alonzo. He's nothing to me.

ALONZO
Relax Maria. Relax.

MARIA
No. You think Stew coming back to town gives you the right to control me. It doesn't.

ALONZO
You got me all figures out?

MARIA
 Leave me alone Alonzo. It's my
 business not yours. I'll handle
 it.

ALONZO
 You'll handle what?

Maria leans up against the wall and doesn't say a word.

ALONZO
 Stewart coming back into the
 neighborhood means much more than
 him coming back home to you and
 Rose. He affects my business.

MARIA
 Your business, not mine.

ALONZO
 Oh so you don't like my business
 but you like the money I give you
 and Rose?

Maria, is silent for a moment but finally asserts herself to
 her brother.

MARIA
 I don't want your money anymore.

Maria walks around Alonzo, who has let go of the door, and
 makes her way back inside, not before her and Alonzo's eye's
 lock.

Alonzo remains outside alone.

INT. MAX'S BAR - DAY

Max, Griffith, JoJo, and FOUR other MEN are playing cards.
 They are at the entrance window of the bar.
 It is approaching daybreak, as daylight creeps its way
 slowly through the window.

All the men are tipsy except for Max, who studies his cards
 astutely and listens to the others who converse around him.

JOJO
 I don't care, don't fucking give a
 shit. It's a spread all the way.

JoJo, lays down some cards.

JOJO
 Even all the way across and I let
 this cocksucker know this from the
 bat. Two hand to his face, pull
 out my gun, point it at his nuts.

A smattering of laughter breaks across the table.

JOJO
 (jovial)
 His nuts!

GRIFFITH
Feeling right at home JoJo?

They continue to laugh, all except Max.

 JOJO
No, no Griffith, you should of
seen his face bellow, like a
fucking balloon.

 GRIFFITH
Yeah, so you blew him like a
balloon.

More laughter from those at the table.
Max takes as much as he could before he finally gets up.

 MAX
Alright everyone get the fuck out
of here!

All at the table look at Max, who is standing out of
context; calm, introspective, yet above all, pissed off.
Drunk, early am, they listen for a second affirmation to
confirm what they heard.

 MAX
 (loudly)
You heard me!
Get the fuck out of here!

Max's scream prompts all those at the table to place their
cards on the table and make their way out. All leave except
for Griffith, and JoJo who attempts to stay behind with
Griffith and Max.

 MAX
JoJo get the fuck out of here!

Insulted, JoJo walks out. Max and Griffith remain.
Max is standing as Griffith continues to be seated.

 GRIFFITH
Max?

 MAX
I'm fucking sick of JoJo acting
like he fucking means something.
 (looks at Griffith)
I thought I left it up to you to
tell him he doesn't mean shit.

 GRIFFITH
Max, he's a good earner.
He's a kid for Christ's sake.

 MAX
We never stepped on any toes at
his age?

 GRIFFITH
Toes? Who's toes is he stepping
on?

MAX

Mine!

Griffith listens as Max begins to clean up the bottles.

MAX

I don't want to see him for the next month.

GRIFFITH

Month?

MAX

(takes a seat)
You alright?

GRIFFITH

Yeah I'm alright.

MAX

Stew. I want you to take him in for a while.

GRIFFITH

Take him in?

MAX

Walk him through. Take careful steps with him, and hold his hand. Walk him at your pace, our pace, slowly, and let me know if he tries to hold your hand or if he walks on his own.

Griffith looks at him assiduously.

MAX

I want to know if he can walk on his own, without our hand walking him along.

GRIFFITH

What about Alonzo?

MAX

Alonzo's knows he's here. He has to. If I know he knows. especially if he saw Maria and he has. Keep Alonzo out. And keep your mouth shut.

(rubs his eyes)

Leave his business with Maria out of ours. Judge him on the runs.

GRIFFITH

I already did test him.
He passed.
The next test is on you.

Slow CU of Max.

EXT. ALONZO'S BAR - DAY

A car pulls up to an outside parking lot with several cars parked symmetrically, Mexican Spanglish Hip-Hop playing in the background. It parks as Hector steps out.

There are two men at the door, and Hector pulls out a twenty and hands it to one of the men as he opens the door for him.

INT. ALONZO'S BAR - SAME - DAY

Hector walks through bar. The place is vibrant. Sexy Latin women inhabit the dance floor as Cuban-American rap pulsates in background.

Hector makes his way through as those in the bar make way for him, they know this is his domain.

He walks to a door where the man in charge of guarding it opens it for him and Hector enters the

MONEY ROOM

There are FOUR MEN wearing white gloves and counting money with nearly twice as many CAMERAS watching them do so from all different angles. Every move and count of the currency is monitored.

Hector acknowledges Alonzo behind a desk with an old paper-print calculator.

Alonzo is quick with his fingers, punching numbers on the numbers pad at a quick pace, as he looks over papers.

Next to Alonzo on his left are seven video monitors observing the inside and outside of the bar.

Hector walks to a refrigerator, grabs a can of Tecate, cracks it open and sits in the chair across from Alonzo.

HECTOR

Que paso?

Alonzo continues to punch numbers, not even looking at him as Hector takes a sip from his beer.

HECTOR

What is it exactly you want me to tell you?

ALONZO

(counting his work)

Tell me what you know.

HECTOR

He came back to his room and went to bed. He saw Max but I don't think I have to tell you that. Max is scoping him too.

Hector continues his work, not looking up.

HECTOR
I'm not tailing him cause you
never told me to. I still don't
know what I'm looking for.

ALONZO
That's it, that's all I wanted to
know. Don't worry about it until I
tell you something.

A desk phone next to Alonzo BEEPS. He answers it...

ALONZO
Si.
(looks at watch)
Pueden entrar en diez minutos

SUPER - IN TEN MINUTES, SHOW THEM IN

Alonzo finally stops his work.

ALONZO (on phone)
I'll call you tomorrow morning. Be
awake, not like this morning.

After hanging up, he stands and looks to his counters.

ALONZO
(in Spanish)
Enough for now.

The men, diligently place the cash in their own briefcases.
They then enter the final data in a small laptop computer.

SECURITY CAMERAS POV shows the men packing up.

Alonzo picks up two of four cases left and gestures to
Hector, prompting him to put his beer down.
He gets up and grabs the remaining two.

The counters exit the room from a separate door than Hector
entered and once outside they stand in a

HALLWAY

where they stand in single file, removing their gloves and
are frisked by TWO MEN thoroughly one by one.

BACK IN THE MONEY ROOM

Alonzo places two briefcases in a safe, then grabs the other
two from Hector and places them inside as well.
Alonzo, checks his watch and looks to the door Hector came
in from as if he anticipates someone important is coming.

Closing the safe, Alonzo then walks over to the table with
Hector, the two clean the small laptops.
They place them into a desk drawer near Alonzo's desk as the
suspense builds as to who is making their way.

A KNOCK OS at the door as they look to each other.

ALONZO
Entre.

The door slowly opens. The tension dies down as four children, a young GIRL and three BOYS, run in and wrap their arms around Alonzo. They have the utmost respect for their father.

CHILDREN (together)

Papa! Papa!

Alonzo hugs his children as his wife, GABRIELA, walks in behind them.

Hector looks at them. Alonzo looks over at him. When he notices this, Hector walks to the table, grabs his beer, and makes his way out the door.

Alonzo continues to hug and kiss his children.
SLOW CU of a proud Gabriela as she watches in elation.

EXT. SAN PEDRO HARBOR - DAY

Early darkness looms, as a ships HORN sounds OS.

Griffith behind the wheel of his car, sits with JONATHAN, a scruffy white male, mid 40s, who is smoking a cigarette.

JoJo and MARKO, one of Griffith's thugs, sit in the back. The car is parked facing a tower as they look ahead.

Griffith just continues to look toward the pier. There is another long silence as they watch and wait.

INT. CAR - LATER

The SUN is just about to make its way, as an SUV pulls up near the forefront of the dock.

Griffith's crew take notice, as Marko takes one last drag from his cigarette and throws it out the window. Griffith, starts the car.

JOJO

Jackpot.

Griffith drives from under the tunnel and back onto the street. The SUV has turned its lights off and remains parked as Griffith drives toward them.

Griffith pulls next to the SUV as TWO MEN inside look at him as he parks directly aside.

DRIVER

Griff...

Griffith turns toward JoJo and Marko in the back seat.

GRIFFITH

Stay put.

Griffith and Jonathan, exit the car as do the two men inside the SUV.

DRIVER

Less than twenty.

GRIFFITH
Port police?

 PASSENGER
Reynolds, Eric Reynolds.

 GRIFFITH
Second guess that prick.
Port police has been complying
lately with the Feds after all
this Union bullshit.

 DRIVER
He's Max's guy.

 GRIFFITH
 (thumbs to himself)
He's our guy.

 DRIVER
You work for Max.

Griffith takes a moment, not feeling like he's earned his own respect and insulted again by having differentiation from Max, as Griffith has been a name in the neighborhood since back in the day.

Griffith pops back.

 GRIFFITH
Yeah well you talk to me.
Keep your eye on him and call me!
Not Max.

Griffith walks back to the car as the other men remain standing. He and Jonathan get

INSIDE THE CAR

and drive off. JoJo, is finishing a swig from a small bottle of Seagram's 7, then notices that Griffith is a bit taken back.

 JOJO
What the fuck Griffith?

Car turns around and drives away from the dock, daylight barely breaking its way through the windshield.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Stew is sleeping on the bed.
A violent jolt causes him to position himself upward on the bed as he takes a moment to snap out of his state.

He looks around the room and is cognizant of his surroundings. He gets up wearing only his boxers and walks to the window overlooking the street block.

Morning street traffic moves up and down the street.

He makes his way over to a table, grabs his pants that are draped over a chair's back and slips into them.

MARIA
(irritable)
Speak!

STEWART
What do you want me to say?

Maria downs her glass of wine, places the glass down, and turns around, facing Stewart.

MARIA
(bobbles head)
Tell me Stew. Tell me.
(slowly approaches)
Come on! Speak you mother fucker!
Speak!

Stewart, feeling her aggression, stands up to her.

STEWART
What the fuck do you want me to say?

MARIA
Tell me how you left me, and your daughter without a father!
Tell me Stew!

Maria walks to Stewart and begins to punch him with clenched fists as she begins to cry.

MARIA
Tell me how you fucking lied to me and said we were going to build a family!
Tell me that!

STEWART
Settle down Maria!

Stewart grabs Maria's hands to protect himself from her blows, finally guiding her to a chair, forcing her to sit.

STEWART
Sit down!

She takes her seat and turns away from him.

STEWART
You got something you want to say? Say it.

She can't bare to face him as she continues to look away. She wipes her nose as tears glisten her face.

MARIA
I told you to speak and you have nothing to say, do you?

STEWART
I came back. I came back for you two. I'm here to ask you to allow me to take my family back, to take our family back.

MARIA
 (emphasizing your)
 It's been seven years Stew, what
 do you think your family has to
 say about your abandonment?

STEWART
 I'm back Maria. I'm here.

MARIA
 You're here?

STEWART
 Yeah, I'm here.

Maria gets up. She turns around and faces Stewart.

MARIA
 You left me Stew.
 You fucking left me.

STEWART
 You know why I left. You do.
 And I know you do.

Maria continues to look Stewart in the eye.

STEWART
 Tell me. Tell me you know why I
 left. Tell me Maria.

MARIA
 I don't... I don't know.

She lowers her head, and begins to cry again.

STEWART
 (consoling)
 Maria.

He grabs her and holds her tight, as she cries profusely on
 his shoulder.

STEWART
 It's ok, it's ok baby.

MARIA
 You left me.
 (lightly pounds
 his chest)
 You left me Stew. You left me.

Maria continues to cry heavily as she hugs Stewart.

MARIA
 You left us... you left us.

STEWART
 I didn't leave you Maria I'm here.
 I'm here.

MARIA
 You're here for how long?
 How long? How long before you
 leave us again?

She pushes herself away from him and walks over by the sink.

STEWART (OS)
 What do you want me to say?

MARIA
 Explain. Explain Stewart.
 (looks to ceiling)
 Explain to me why you walked out
 on me and Rose and chose to come
 back?

STEWART
 I want to get us out of here.

MARIA
 Us?

STEWART
 Us. You, me Rose, we leave LA.

MARIA
 Leave LA? With you?

STEWART
 You telling me you want to stay
 around here?

His remark draws silence and deep thought to her.

STEWART
 Listen to me. Where I was and what
 I did don't make up for why I
 went. I know that. But you have to
 at least hear me out. That's all
 I'm asking, hear me out.

Her eyes glazed with tears as she continues to stare off
 into space.

STEWART
 After my father died I had to
 leave.

Maria finally snaps out of her trance.
 She is sullen when she speaks.

MARIA
 Why?

STEWART
 Max.

MARIA
 You left us because of your
 brother?

STEWART

I left you because things were going down Maria. Alonzo and Max came up at the same time; I knew what happened was going to happen.

Maria finally turns toward Stewart and faces him.

MARIA

What did that have to do with us?

STEWART

You know Maria. You know, I'm not saying it's an excuse but you know what I'm talking about. Alonzo took over his side and Max became boss. They both got fucking made.

Maria walks back to the kitchen counter and grabs her glass of wine. She begins to drink.

STEWART

Max couldn't wait for him to die.

MARIA

Franklin?

STEWART

He couldn't wait for our old man to die. You know Max had to take Alonzo in despite what the rest of the crew thought.

MARIA

What the fuck were they complaining about?
The Union has more than enough money to go around.

STEWART

So why didn't you get a job on the docks through Alonzo?

Maria, doesn't have an answer as she just stares at him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A long, massive warehouse that's all but empty except for seven pallets of cardboard boxes and two forklifts.

Griffith, stands with JoJo, Jonathan and two other young strong arms, PETER and ALEX.

A closer look as Griffith reaches into the pocket of his black leather jacket and pull out a black leather glove. He places the glove on his hand.

A WHITE MAN, early 40s, is sitting tied up in the chair.

The black leather glove is firmly fit and pulled onto Griffith's right hand.

GRIFFITH

Speak.

MAN IN CHAIR

(screaming)

Griffith the...

Griffith punches the man hard in the face.
The man howls in pain!

MAN IN CHAIR

Fuck!

(spits out a tooth)

Fuck you Griffith!

Griffith proceeds to beat the shit out of him with his gloved right hand. JoJo and Jonathan grab the back of the chair so he doesn't fall over.

Griffith beats him, methodically, as occasional shots of his sheering face show him gloating in the punishment he is giving.

Closing in on Griffith's face as he continues the beating.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Returning back to Stewart and Maria's conversation.

MARIA

I didn't want to have anything to do with the docks after you left.

STEWART

Cause we can't. Those... those others at the dock, they get what we give them.

MARIA

Your passing through Stewart?
You just passing through?
Is that what it is?

Frustrated, Stewart gets up.

STEWART

They're gangster's.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Griffith continues to punch the man in the chair as JoJo and Jonathan hold him down.
He then delivers two more blows.

He steps back, the man in chair is unconscious.
JoJo and Jonathan, let go of him and step aside.

Griffith reaches into a black sports bag on the floor and pulls out a handgun. He cocks it, turns around.
JoJo and Jonathan jump back out of harms way.
Griffith unloads four clips into him.
The man in the chair SLOWLY falls backward to the floor.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

MARIA
 You're back Stew?
 You back to be a gangster?

Maria turns around and walks close to Stewart's face.
 She looks him closely in the eye...

MARIA
 You back to be a gangster?

CU STEWART

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Griffith puts the gun back in his bag as JoJo and the other man grab the body and carry it out the warehouse.

DISOLVE TO:

A SLOW shot of Griffith beating the man as "Nights in White Satin" begins to play as the scene continues to play itself to the song as it continues throughout.

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Stewart is standing outside the door as Maria closes it slowly, their eyes locked as it shuts.
 He walks slowly across the street, gets into his car.
 He starts it and looks at the house before leaving.

As he pulls away a CU of the house has Maria pulling a curtain from one of the houses large windows and looks outside as his red tail lights fade away.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Griffith, appears dwarfed by the large warehouse as he walks toward the exit.
 As he exits the warehouse, it appears deep and empty.

His men place the body in a black body bag.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME - NIGHT

Griffith opens the door as two men follow behind him as JoJo and the other man carry the body to a parked car.
 JoJo opens the trunk as the other man dumps the body inside.

GRIFFITH stares inside the trunk as the body is situated.

DISOLVE TO:

INT. CASA DEL NAJARA - DAY

Alonzo eats chorizo and menudo alone in the restaurant.
 Ranchero music serenades OS in the b.g.

INSIDE THE KITCHEN

Lydia is speaking to two cooks in Spanish, inaudibly instructing them to the evening's protocol, what the dinner special is going to be, the anticipated number of guests, etc.

Rosie, Alonzo's daughter, EMILIA, and his youngest son SERGIO, stand next to Lydia.

She finishes her instructions and walks through the kitchen into the dining area with the children.

She walks to Alonzo's table as his children run to him. Alonzo places his fork down, hugs and kisses his children. Rosie, feeling out of place, just looks on in the b.g.

Lydia, addresses Alonzo.

LYDIA
(in Spanish)
I'm leaving for two hours.
(wipes off table)
I'm going to take them home and be
back for dinner.

ALONZO
Mother, thanks for helping
Gabriela with the kids.

LYDIA
She's your wife... you don't need
to thank me.

In the b.g. the front door opens and Max walks in. A GUARD, who was standing watch outside holds it for Max.

LYDIA recognizes Max instantly as Stewart's brother.

CU on Rosie as she looks at him instinctively, although young, as if he vaguely represents a space in her hollow life that has left her fatherless.

Lydia, quickly gathers the children and abruptly walks out the dining area with salience.

She looks over her shoulder one last time as she walks the children back into the kitchen as Max approaches Alonzo.

Alonzo proceeds to eat his breakfast as Max sits down.

ALONZO
You eat breakfast yet?

MAX
I'm fine.

ALONZO
We have Mexican breakfast but we
also have English breakfast.
Ham, eggs, sausage.

Amused, Max just sits and listens.

A young Latina WAITRESS walks over and pours Max a cup of coffee. She walks away as Max pours some sugar into his cup, and Alonzo continues to devour his breakfast.

ALONZO

I always think it's funny how Americans never call it an English breakfast.

Alonzo, takes another bite as Max stirs his coffee.

ALONZO

The English breakfast consists of eggs, toast, pork. But I don't think one American knows it is an English breakfast.. like the name suggests anywhere else in the world but here.

MAX

It's ours Alonzo, like the language, law, food... everything.

ALONZO (OS)

Food? I would have to dispute you my friend.

Max, sits proper as he gives the place a once over.

ALONZO

I must say, you did bring a lot to the world but I would not consider food to be one of them.

Max and Alonzo continue to play with each other.

MAX

What about sports Alonzo?
You like sports, I know that.

ALONZO

What about sports?

MAX

You like football?

ALONZO

I don't like American football.
I like international football,
soccer.

MAX

Yes, and who invented football
--international football.

ALONZO

The British, I know.

MAX

And who invented Tennis, Golf,
Baseball, American football...

ALONZO

Baseball and American football?

MAX
Yes, Baseball and American
football. Baseball comes from
Rounders and American football
comes from Rugby and our football.

Alonzo, sets down his fork and wipes off his face.

ALONZO
It does not surprise me. But let
me ask you this Max. Are you
British or are you American?

MAX
I'm British. British is American.

ALONZO
And I am Mexican.
So, your loyalty is to those who
built the docks?

MAX
We built the docks.

ALONZO
You did Max, you did build the
docks. You took over your father's
position and your family name is
inscribed in those foundations.
But let me ask you this Max.
Why don't you have children?

MAX
I will.

ALONZO
You will but we do. I respect you
Max, you know I do. I know you
listen to Nigel and Nigel is
always about business, money.
(takes a bite)
You do business with us despite
Griffith, a psychopath with a
one-track mind but I have those in
my organization as well. But look
around the city Max.
(swallows)
Look around. My people have
children. And we will continue to
have more.

MAX
And you still will owe us a
commission check.

ALONZO
Yes we will. We will Max.
But how can you organize your
operation without us?

MAX
Get to it Alonzo.

ALONZO

This score in Long Beach will be a big score. The Union is on strike, Monday is a Holiday.

Alonzo looks Max in the eye.

ALONZO

You need us Max. And I appreciate your mutual business interest in recognizing your structure to accommodate me, us.

(wipes his face)

Los Angeles is changing my friend. You recognize this but your crew, Griffith, and especially that cabron JoJo, who continues to clock my men on the street.

MAX

JoJo answers to me. I'm here because Nigel and I are the only ones who think you're capable.

ALONZO

Long Beach is a big score.

MAX

That's why I'm letting you in.

ALONZO

Max, you have the docks, we need you to get a piece and you need us to complete the task. But on the street, Nigel asks for too much.

MAX

Nigel asks what is due to our financing.

ALONZO

Yes but our operation is stronger than ever. Nigel knows this. So he's squeezing my balls? Half my men are organizing the strike.

MAX

They are. But you'll be answering to me. Nigels' going to be giving me the make.
That's why I'm here Alonzo.

ALONZO

So we cut his the same way?

MAX

The same.

ALONZO

Alright. I'm taking your word. But there's one thing I must ask you Max as I have accepted your business proposal.

Max listens as Alonzo pushes his finished plate to the side.

ALONZO

Stewart. I don't want him to hurt
Maria and Rose.

Max, uninterested, looks away from Alonzo.

ALONZO

He's here Max. I know. I don't
want my sister and my niece to
suffer more than they already
have.

Max gets up.

MAX

You stick to business Alonzo. You
stick to business. You let me
handle my brother. I'll expect you
to cover your angle in Long Beach.

Max walks out of the restaurant as Alonzo stares blankly.

INT. GRIFFITH'S CAR - NIGHT

Griffith is driving in the car with JoJo through an L.A.
neighborhood near the docks.

Street Fighting Man by the Rolling Stones, streams from the
radio as JoJo grooves to the beat and smokes a cigarette.

JoJo begins his tirade, as he looks out the window.

JOJO

Look at this. Look at this. We're
two steps away from losing this
neighborhood. Two fucking steps.
By next year it'll be one.

Griffith continues to drive and listen to JoJo.

JOJO

Can you believe this shit?
Look at this shit?

He accentuates his remark by raising both of his hands with
a lit cigarette in his mouth.

JoJo takes notice to a group of Mexican-Americans that
occupy the sidewalk.

JOJO

You know I read this article in
the paper that said the civil war
in Yugoslavia was a result of the
forced cultural integration of its
citizens. Forced integration. What
the fuck do you call this?

He notions to the Hispanics as his subject of discussion with his arms as he looks out the window. They continue to drive down the Los Angeles streets of Port Town.

JOJO

Why do you have to be so quite all the time when it comes to Max?

Griffith, trying to evade the question, remains silent and continues to drive.

JOJO

You've been loyal to him for twenty years, you obviously ain't climbing up anytime soon. And you stay quite. Nobody likes what the hell he's doing. All you've done for him and you can't even voice your opposition to this integration bullshit with Alonzo?

Griffith drives and looks ahead, JoJo's words resonating slightly, yet he keeps composure as JoJo pulls out his flask and takes a swig.

JOJO

Nigel isn't going to be around forever. Then what? You'll replace being the little voice in Max's ear.

Griffith makes a U-Turn at a busy intersection and parks his car just in front of a old, four story apartment building. He turns the car off and the music stops.

Griffith and JoJo

EXIT THE CAR

and around to the trunk, where Griffith opens it up with his keys.

As the trunk pops open, JoJo reaches inside and grabs a wooden baseball bat. Griffith slams the trunk down and they make they're way over to the the apartment building and enter

THE STAIRWELL

and walk up one story of stairs.

A MAN tries to squeeze by them in the narrow hallway. He takes a look at JoJo who is holding the bat.

JoJo grabs the bat with both hands and motions as if he is going to swing at the man who covers his face with his arms just as JoJo holds back. The action is sardonic.

They continue on and arrive at the door.

JOJO

(to Griffith)
Hands or legs?

GRIFFITH

Legs.

Griffith KNOCKS on the door. A T.V. is on and audibly heard through the door. TONY SARSUSO, early 40s, white male, answers the door in a white robe and is smoking a cigar.

Griffith kicks the door open with his right foot, throwing Tony back while the cigar flies out of his hand and onto a small rug underneath the wooden kitchen table.

JoJo, wastes no time as he enters

THE APARTMENT

and immediately strikes a violent blow to Tony's legs with the bat as Tony wails in pain.

TONY

Awww..fuck!

He falls to the ground, as Griffith closes the door.

GRIFFITH

Get up Tony. Get up!

TONY

(in pain)

I can't! My fucking legs.

GRIFFITH

JoJo help him the fuck up.

JoJo picks him up with one hand while maintaining the bat on the other. Tony is nimble as he is barely standing. He continues to moan as he balances himself on his right foot.

GRIFFITH

I'm going to ask you some questions Tony, and each time you deny me an answer or lie to me...

Griffith, meaning business, violently grabs Tony's collar.

GRIFFITH (OS)

...JoJo's going to smash your fucking legs until you can't walk no more.

TONY

Griffith no!

GRIFFITH

You told Alonzo about our shipment coming in from Long Beach...

TONY

Griffith I would never...

JoJo grips the bat with both hands and strikes him in the legs again as he falls back and shatters a glass table behind him.

Tony screams. Griffith grabs the television remote control and raises the volume of a game show on the TV.

JoJo, grabs him with one arm again and raises him up and has to continue to hold him this time, as Tony is unable to stand straight while he cries and whimpers in pain.

TONY
(reaching out)
Griffith!

GRIFFITH
We're going to try this one more time Tony. I'm going to break your fucking legs you understand me?

JoJo holds the bat with one hand as he props Tony up.

GRIFFITH
(steps in close)
Who paid you? Huh? I know it wasn't Alonzo. Who'd you tell?

TONY
My fucking legs!

GRIFFITH
Who'd you tell!?

Griffith looks at JoJo. JoJo motions with his one hand as if he's going to swing as Tony interjects...

TONY
Hector! Hector!

JoJo is angered by the answer and throws Tony back to the floor and onto the shattered glass.

JOJO
Cocksucker!

GRIFFITH
How did Hector approach you?
Did he know what we were taking?
Or did you tell him?

TONY
He knew. I swear on my mother
Griffith he knew!

GRIFFITH
How!?

TONY
I was drunk, I was at the Porthole drinking all day watching football. He mentioned Long Beach I thought he knew.
(pleads with hands)
I swear to Christ Griffith I thought he knew! I thought Max and Alonzo were in on this together!

GRIFFITH

The Union's on strike Tony.
 We placed you on that security job
 to let our trucks through.
 And we paid you.!
 And you tell Hector?
 (grabs his collar)
 Who runs these fucking docks Tony?

TONY

I thought Alonzo made his way up?

As soon as JoJo hears Tony's praise of Alonzo he grips the bat with both hands and proceeds to beat Tony. Griffith, looks on as JoJo puts Tony to an early death.

While he does so the rug in

THE KITCHEN

is now on fire from the cigar that was thrown out of Tony's hand during their entrance. JoJo looks back at Griffith and notices the fire.

JOJO

Shit! Griffith!

Griffith turns around sees the fire.
 JoJo runs over to put it out.

GRIFFITH

No! Let it go!

Moving quickly, Griffith goes into the kitchen and begins opening the drawers.

He finds a bottle of rubbing alcohol under the kitchen sink. He then opens up a drawer and pulls out four rags, then opens up the fridge and pulls out four bottled beers, then hands the bottles to JoJo who dumps them in the sink.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME - NIGHT

From above and across a busy street, a rather ominous, orange glow starts to manifest as smoke begins to billow out of Tony's apartment window.

BACK INSIDE THE APARTMENT - SAME

Griffith lights two of the rags sticking outside of JoJo's bottles, full of rubbing alcohol. JoJo then hurls them one at a time into the living room.

Griffith hands the lighter to JoJo, who lights Griffith's bottles, as he then walks into

THE BEDROOM

and sends both of his Molotov's exploding into the walls. The whole apartment is set ablaze.

The two of them then make their way out and swiftly toward the stair case they came up earlier.

STEWART
Enjoying the view.

She looks around to make sure nobody else is outside.

MARIA
Stewart! Get off the roof!

STEWART
Relax.

Maria, nervously looks around and lowers her voice not to draw attention.

MARIA
Stewart! I work here.

STEWART
I know. Come up.

MARIA
Up there!?

STEWART
You're closed.
What's the big deal?

MARIA
I could get fired.

STEWART
Is your boss here?

MARIA
No.

STEWART
So come up.

MARIA
Why?

STEWART
Why not?

Maria looks around; takes another drag from her cigarette.

MARIA
How?

Stewart, smiles for a beat, he's gaining her trust back.

STEWART
There's a ladder to your right.

Maria looks to her right.

STEWART
You mean to tell me you've worked
here so long and have never been
up here?

Maria takes one last drag and throws it to the pavement.

MARIA

No.

STEWART

Well, now's your chance.

Maria looks up at Stewart and again over her shoulder. After a moment, she makes her way to the ladder and walks up. Stewart takes another swig.

Maria walks up the ladder. Once up, she looks around.

She has worked here for so many years, yet has never been on top of the roof, a new and exciting vantage point that she has never considered.

After looking around, she walks next to Stewart. They both look at the fantastic view of the harbor over a beat of silence.

STEWART

Nice huh?

Maria, silent, just looks at the industrial view.

STEWART

When I left, that's all I used to remember. The water, the docks, the harbor.

(looks to his left)

I never thought about what went around within this space.

Stewart, takes a few steps in another direction for another vantage point.

STEWART

I thought about my parents.
I thought about you and Rose, and
I thought about these docks.
But it's much bigger now.
Much bigger.

Maria looks straight ahead, avoiding eye contact with Stewart. She listens softly. But she is listening.

STEWART

(looking outward)

This... this is what I remember
about Los Angeles.

Maria finally snaps out. She is brooding.

MARIA

You never said where you went.

Stewart takes one last swig of the bottle, finishing it off, and throws it from the rooftop as it sails into the dark.

STEWART

I went East. I got bored and kept going. I didn't know where I was going but I had some money.

He kicks at the loose gravel on the rooftop.

STEWART
I left you and Rose some before I
left, but I had some of my own to
figure things out.

Maria just looks at the view.

STEWART (OS)
It got cold. I hated the fucking
weather. LA was all I knew.

The remark grabs her attention as she cocks her head.

MARIA
And?

STEWART
I went to San Fransisco...
(turns, looks to
harbor)
...and ended up in Chicago.
(looks to Maria)
You off now?

MARIA (OS)
I'm done with my shift.

STEWART
You want to come with me?

The question causes Maria, to look down before answering.

MARIA
Where?

STEWART
Somewhere. I'll find a spot.
Somewhere we can talk.

EXT. BEACH - LATER - NIGHT

Stewart and Maria are walking alongside a beach.
The ocean waves climax and wash ashore their remains under a
dimly lit moonlight.
Stewart and Maria walk toward the shore and take a seat.

EXT. DINER - DAY

The night has elapsed as as the sun begins to stretch its
fingers across the early morning sky just outside of a cheap
diner.

INT. DINER - SAME - DAY

Stewart and Maria sit in a booth across each other where the
two are finishing their breakfast.

Stewart has just finished detailing a moment of his past.

MARIA
...and so you just left?

STEWART
I left.

MARIA
Well leaving is something you're good at.

STEWART
(extends hands)
There you go.

MARIA
No I'm serious.

STEWART
That's the Maria I know.

MARIA
No... come on. Tell me.

STEWART
There's nothing to say. I left.

MARIA
You left.

STEWART
I left.

Maria takes the last bite from her plate; sips her coffee.

MARIA
And now you're going to leave again?

Stewart takes a drink from his coffee.

STEWART
No.

MARIA
So now you're playing the role of the broken down father coming back to heal his wounds.
That's what it is.
(plays with cup)
You're back to instill more insult on me, on your daughter.
Keep talking Stew, let it manifest slowly as you please.

STEWART
No.

Stewart, reaches across the table and grabs Maria's hand. She doesn't resist.

STEWART
No! I'm here. I'm back Maria. I'm not leaving.

Maria continues to hold Stewart's hand, but off his look.

MARIA
Why Stewart? It took me a long
time to get over you.

Maria's eyes start to glisten with tears.

STEWART
I know... I know.

Maria lets go of his hand to wipe the tears from her eyes.

STEWART
It's ok. It's ok babe.

Stewart pushes back. He faces her.

STEWART
Maria. Maria look at me.

Maria finally looks Stewart dead in the eye.
Her own eyes starting to streak red from the tears.

MARIA
Stew. Don't lie to me anymore.
Stew. Please. Don't lie to me any
more Stew. Please.

STEWART
No more lies baby. No more lies.

Maria looks away as Stewart clutches her hand again.

DISOLVE TO:

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Maria is sitting on top of Stewart.
From behind her, she removes her bra, then slowly pulls
Stewart's shirt above his chest and over his head.

A bedroom stereo plays the Jaynett's "Sally Go Round the
Rose" in the b.g.

Maria takes a moment to look over Stewart's rock physic.
Her attentive nature to slowly kiss his chest shows this is
her territory.

She leans upright and eases her head back in ecstasy as he
slowly drags his fingers along the side of her perfect body
like a painters brush on fresh canvas.

MARIA
(softly)
God! How I've missed you.

The bed's comforter is up against the small of Maria's back,
just teasing of what she holds below.

Stewart, reaches out to her face and eases her down to his
as both they're eyes are closed while they venture into this
long awaited reunion.

Maria, now parallel with Stewart's body, tilts her head upward as she anticipates his entry. Stewart watches her as the look on her face begs for him. He then softly bites on her bottom lip as she moans.

STEWART
(whispers)
I love you.

Then, with one simultaneous movement, he locks lips with her and enters her as a satisfying groan comes from within Maria and her eyes explode with elation.

They stay still for a moment not breaking the kiss as they absorb the magic, then start into making love as their passion, after so many years apart, erupts!

The motions of their bodies are succinct to the song that continues to play in the b.g.

DISOLVE TO:

EXT. SCRAP YARD - DAY

An overview of Max's scrap yard next to the harbor.

Aluminum cans, Steel, and Cardboard pervade the setting. Several trucks haul in loads of each of the commodities.

Run-down buildings, cheap hotels and liquor stores envelope it's surroundings.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

Max, is standing up in his office facing his window that has a full view of the yard. His arms folded, as he listens to Griffith speaking behind him.

A Union Jack hangs in the b.g.; a testament of his pride.

GRIFFITH (OS)
Hector told Alonzo about the score. He fucked us Max.

Max, continues to gaze out the window.

GRIFFITH
Long Beach had nothing to do with his crew. It's a big cut and Alonzo set us up to give them a cut of the score.

MAX
He already had a cut.

GRIFFITH
Before he knew the details. Instead of hearing about it after we made the deal he made himself a part of it.

Max turns around and faces Griffith.

MAX
So you killed his contact?

GRIFFITH
He labeled Alonzo.

Max looks around and turns back around to face the yard.

MAX
I'll pay a visit to Alonzo.

GRIFFITH
Check him Max. Put him in place. I
don't have to tell you what our
crew is beginning to think.

Max turns back around, perturbed.

MAX
My crew Griffith. My crew.

GRIFFITH (OS)
We're all your crew I know that
Max, it's me alright. It's me.

Griffith, looks to the ground and pauses for a beat.

GRIFFITH
I know they have their cut.
The crew knows.

Griffith, runs his hand through his hair.

GRIFFITH
But they can't run up their number
by infiltrating our scores.

MAX
Alonzo and I have a business
understanding. Now you tell me he
was compromised?
He was compromised Griffith?

GRIFFITH
Hector, Max. It was Hector.
He juiced us and got everything.

MAX
So now Alonzo knows about what
we're bringing in.

Max walks over to a small refrigerator and pulls out a
chilled bottle of scotch. He pours himself a drink.

MAX
I'll talk to that mother-fucker.
I'll talk to him.

GRIFFITH
What do you want me to do?

MAX
You're going to drive me there.
Just me and you.

Max drinks his glass of scotch.

EXT. SCRAP YARD - DAY

From the entrance of the yard, a series of six cars, all black, Benz and BMW's pull into the driveway, through the entrance of the warehouse and into the garage.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME - DAY

From above, the cars drive in symmetrically into the warehouse, one after another.
All the cars park one behind the other.

Several ASIAN MEN exit the parked cars.

The LEAD CAR, opens its doors as the PASSENGER on the driver's side exits and opens the rear passenger door directly behind him.

He opens the door as a MALE FIGURE of importance exits.
He is CHO, mid 50s, wears a nice suit with a tie.

His MINIONS are wearing slacks and button up shirts, no tie.

INTERCUT: MAX AND GRIFFITH, CHO AND HIS CREW

Max leads Griffith through the hallway as they walk through a backdoor.

The Asian crew walk to an office hallway.

Max and Griffith continue their walk.

TEN of Max's MEN walk from behind the vehicles.
The four up front are dressed appropriately as Max's guards.

The Asian crew walk to an office hallway.

The first seven men in Cho's crew walk quickly towards Max's men. They shake hands.

Max opens the door with Griffith behind him and enters his private office.

Cho and four of his men walk down the walkway to Max's office.

Max, appears to be going through a desk drawer.

The door opens from another hallway, where five of Max's top MEN, walk in a single file line to the office entrance.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

Griffith pulls out a forty five caliber gun from the holster in his black leather jacket. He cocks his gun.

Max sits down at his spacious office desk.

He pulls out a cigar from his inside drawer as Cho, and only one of his men, walk in.

Max lights the cigar, notions for Cho to have a seat.

MAX

Cho. Sit down.

CHO

(sits)

Max. How are things?

MAX

Business Cho. You have headaches and you have rewards.

CHO

Yes but aren't the rewards plentiful.

MAX

Most of the time.

CHO

How's Nigel?

MAX

Well. Living in the lap of luxury.

CHO

Good. And you're here to, as you English say, fill his shoes.

Cho, glances at the British flag hanging behind Max.

MAX (OS)

I am.

CHO

Everything in Long Beach is set?

MAX

The strike is imposing federal regulations, media coverage, private security.

CHO

You're private security.

MAX

My guys inside private security. I have everything clamped down, but only for two hours.

(clears throat)

I've got surveillance, men on the inside, and logistical contingency but for only two hours.

CHO

We've never had all these "regulatory" provisions before.

The statement pinches a nerve with Max as the new boss needs to constantly affirm to shoes in his shadow.

MAX

It's not Nigel anymore, it's me.
He's living on a hilltop
overlooking a beach.

CHO

The English have always enjoyed
profiting from the Chinese.

(clasps hands)

The Opium Wars made many of your
people, your, commonwealth,
wealthy individuals, at the
expense of my people.

(leans back)

And now, we are dipping our hands
into your pockets.
And for this, you hold resentment.

MAX

There's plenty to go around.

MAX

You exploit your own people, we
just taught you how.

CHO

These docks cannot function
without the Chinese.
You exploit our labor and label
us, Most Favored Nation at the
same time.

MAX

I need to know how many trucks are
coming in. Like you, we live in a
police state.

(looks out window)

But unlike you we need to take
certain precautions so that those
unwanted elements around us don't
need to take a share from us.

(looks back to Cho)

There are those around us who want
a piece.

Max, looks to Griffith, the comment directed at Alonzo.

CHO

Regardless how many truckloads,
I've got at least three Seatrain
containers, it's clean Stainless
Steel, all equipment going to the
medical center.

(assuring look)

Your cut is six million minimum.

MAX

And we send it back to you
immediately as a recyclable item.

CHO

Of course.

Max glances at Griffith, then back to Cho.

MAX

This medical equipment is federal
shit. It's being reshipped next
month to Iraq for military use.

(leaning in)

That's fragile ground.

EXT. PALOS VERDES HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Alonzo is standing on a hilltop, enjoying a magnificent view
of Los Angeles as his car is parked to his left.

Another car makes its way and parks directly next to
Alonzo's. Once it stops, Hector exits.

HECTOR

What's up?

ALONZO

Any word?

HECTOR

Griffith. Just Griffith.

ALONZO

What's he saying?

HECTOR

He has JoJo and Felix making
rounds at the restaurant and our
bars on twelfth and thirty third
street.

ALONZO

And?

HECTOR

They're just making circles, twice
a day. Sooner or later JoJo's
gonna slip. That's what he does.
I need to tell the guys what to do
in case.

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - DAY

Maria is sitting on a park bench and watches as Stewart
rocks Rosie back and forth on a swing.
Stewart rocks Rose cautiously, still reacquainting himself
with his daughter and being delicate in the process.

Rosie establishes a rhythm on the swing.
Stewart walks over sits next to Maria on the bench.
He grabs her hand.

STEWART

I've got some business with Max.

Maria just looks at Rose, confused with the statement.

MARIA
Not you too Stewart.
I thought you left to get away?

STEWART
I did. And after I finish with him
we're going to get away.

Maria looks at Stewart.

MARIA
What?

STEWART
You, me and Rose. I know you want
to get out of here Maria. I can
see it in your eyes. I can feel
it. Am I wrong?

Maria turns her head back toward Rosie on the swing.

MARIA
Where?

STEWART
Away. Far from Los Angeles.
This place is a powder keg.
(watches Rosie)
When they finish the port in
Mexico and open the NAFTA
Superhighway, they're going to
start breaking up the Union.
(looks to Maria)
It's going to get violent.
People are going to die.

MARIA
What about my brother?

STEWART
Your brother's a big boy. He's
going to be fine. Max is going to
be forced to work with him. The
longshoreman will still be here.

Maria, looks back to Stewart and listens intently.

STEWART
They'll just be cut in half. The
other half will resort to crime.
That's where Alonzo and Max come
in.
(sits forward)
They'll make their cut from them.
The streets are going to get ugly
though.

MARIA
How?

STEWART
 You'll have a group of uneducated
 laborers getting overpaid for
 doing manual labor without jobs.

MARIA
 I don't care about Alonzo.
 I just care about mama.

STEWART
 You don't care about Alonzo?

MARIA
 No.

STEWART
 You sure?

MARIA
 Of course I'm sure. You have your
 problems with Max I have my
 problems with him.

STEWART
 I need for you to tell me these
 problems Maria, I need you to tell
 me them now, especially if I'm
 going to do this.

Maria looks at Stewart.

EXT. POOL HALL - DAY

A shabby, pool hall named, 'The Breakzone' sits alone under
 a bridge on the waterfront. The busy port harbor is at life
 in the early morning as smoke stakes in the b.g. cloud the
 air.

From a distance, the front door KICKS open.
 JoJo, stumbles out with Jonathan, Marko, Eric and two other
 men, PETER and ALEX.

They all shade their eyes as the sun hits their faces.
 Obviously drunk and been at it all night as they rough house
 one another on their way to a parked car and get in.

INSIDE THE CAR

JoJo gets behind the wheel while Peter takes shotgun.
 Alex, Jonathon, and Eric sit in the back.
 JoJo turns on his CD player as Doctor Dre's 'Let it Ride'
 bumps from the speakers.

EXT. POOL HALL DRIVEWAY - SAME - DAY

The car exits the dirt driveway and inadvertently breaks
 traction as it makes it's way to an adjacent street.

INT. JOJO'S CAR - SAME - DAY

The hip-hop music blares as JoJo bobs his head to the beat.

JOJO
Listen to this shit.

JoJo makes a turn, and spots a group of Hispanic DAY WORKERS sitting at a corner looking for work.

JOJO
Those fucks!

JoJo makes an abrupt U-Turn and makes his way toward them.

ERIC
JoJo what the fuck you doing?

JOJO
Having some fun.

INT. HECTOR'S CAR - SAME - DAY

Hector is driving with RAUL.
Raul takes a swig from a flask.
Both men have obviously also been drinking all night.

INTERCUT - JOJO AND HIS CREW

JoJo pulls next to the Hispanic men, parks, and exits.
The men slowly step back, not knowing what is going on.

JoJo grabs one unsuspecting MAN and begins to beat him.
Jonathan runs behind him and begins to kick him on the ground as he is defenseless.

Alex runs towards those inhabiting the perimeter space and aggressively, drives them away.
Eric joins JoJo as the two begin to kick him.

INTERCUT - INSIDE HECTOR'S CAR

Hector and Raul pull onto the street where the action is occurring. Raul, takes first notice.

RAUL
What the hell?

HECTOR
Who is that?

After a moment of observance...

RAUL
It's JoJo Hector.

Hector eyes JoJo as he drives. He then parks next to JoJo's car, and...

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Hector and Raul, both vault from the car and come from behind, jumping JoJo and Jonathan.
A nasty brawl ensues on the early morning street.
Spectating cars scantily pass by in the b.g.

JoJo and Hector square-off exchanging blows.
Hector starts to take the better, just as Eric strikes him
from behind.

Peter then runs toward Raul and helps Alex.

Seizing the moment, JoJo runs to the car.
Jonathon scuffles with Hector on the ground.

FROM INSIDE THE CAR

JoJo reaches in and grabs a gun off the seat.

ON THE SIDEWALK

JoJo rails straight toward Hector.
Jonathan takes notice to JoJo and pulls away from Hector.

JoJo unloads four rounds into Hector.

Raul, jarred by the gunshot, reacts and be-lines to JoJo.
JoJo turns around and shoots Raul twice; once in the head.

Controlling the situation, they all bolt around the street
corner.

JONATHAN
JoJo! What the fuck!?

JOJO
(to Jonathan)
Get the car!

All of JoJo's crew are still taken back by the events.

Jonathan, gets behind the wheel, being that he's closest.
The rest of them pile inside.

JOJO
Get in! Get in!

Once all inside the car they speed away, as bodies are left
scattered over the pavement.
The sun has now made its presence on a bloody morning.

INT. CASA DEL NAJARA - DAY

Maria enters the back door through the kitchen.
She walks through the corridor into the kitchen, where she
stops at its entrance. Lydia, is speaking to Rosie.
It brings a smile to her face.

Lydia and Rose do not see Maria off in the distance.

LYDIA
Rosario.
En español y en inglés

Lydia, picks up a frying pan.

LYDIA
How do you say pan in Spanish?

ROSIE

Peter Pan!

Rosie, breaks into laughter.
Maria looks on and continues to smile.

LYDIA

No Peter Pan!

Lydia jokingly motions to hit her on the head with the pan.

Rosie, sits on the kitchen counter.
Lydia, walks to the grill where she is cooking carnitas.
She turns the meat over and walks over to Rosie.
She lifts her from the counter and places her on the ground.

LYDIA

Muchacha loca.

Once down Rosie notices Maria.

ROSIE

Mommy!

She runs to Maria who hugs her.

MARIA

Hey baby!

They walk into kitchen together.
Lydia, proceeds to cook the carnitas.

LYDIA

¿Tiene hambre?

MARIA

I'm okay.

LYDIA

Come on. You love my carnitas.
I'll join you.

MARIA

Okay.

LYDIA

I'll make you a plate.
Go sit down.

Rose lets go of Maria's hand and runs into the dining area.
Maria follows.

Rose runs to table in the corner by the window and sits
down. Maria follows her and sits down at the table.

EXT. CASA DEL NAJARA - SAME - DAY

Outside of the restaurant, the Mexican neighborhoods
cultural idiom is reflected as a Mariachi band plays their
music on the street corner.

BACK INSIDE THE RESTAURANT - SAME

Maria continues to look outside the window.
Lydia, walks in from the kitchen with two plates of carnitas in her hand. She places the plates on the table; sits down.

LYDIA
You're thin. Why don't you cook?
I taught you everything.
You know how.

MARIA
I cook Mama.

LYDIA
And Rosario. She's thin too.

They both begin to eat. After one bite Maria makes a facial expression that signifies approval.

MARIA
Mmm. Mama

LYDIA
You haven't had carnitas that long?

MARIA
Not yours.

They both take a moment to divulge in the food.

LYDIA
You ok Maria?

MARIA
Of course. Why?

LYDIA
I'm your mother. I know.
Tell me about Stewart.

MARIA
What do you want to know mama?

LYDIA
Tell me what I already know Maria.
I know you've been seeing him.

MARIA
And?

LYDIA
And. And what? Tell me what is happening. You don't think Rose knows what's going on? She talks Maria. You should listen.

MARIA
He's in town. You already know that. Stew's in town.

LYDIA
Stew left you.
And now he's back.

Maria continues to eat her food.

MARIA
(swallows)
He's back.

LYDIA
And you're leaving?

MARIA
Who told you we're leaving?

LYDIA
Rosie told me.
She said you're moving.

Maria swallows her bite. She takes a drink from the glass of water to her right.

MARIA
I'll be nearby mama.

LYDIA
Where?

MARIA
In the Southwest.

LYDIA
Leaving Los Angeles. Leaving me,
your brother. He left you once
mija he'll leave you again.

Maria takes the statement personally.

MARIA
No! No mama.

LYDIA
You have too much faith in him.
He was gone for seven years and
now what... he had an epiphany to
just come back play the role of
the prodical husband and father?

MARIA
No. No.

Maria, takes another bite of food.

LYDIA
First loves Maria.
First loves are the work of the
devil for the young.
And he is yours.

MARIA
How could you say that?

LYDIA
 He's Rosie's father, the father of
 your child and now he's your
 curse. You leave now Maria you'll
 never come back.
 (with clarity)
 You'll never come back.

Maria finishes her last bite and sets down her fork hard.

MARIA
 Why?
 (stands, pushes
 chair back)
 Why mama? Why do you hurt me?

LYDIA
 You won't come back. You won't.

MARIA
 (leaning in)
 I - love - him.

LYDIA
 I know Maria. You always have.

Closing in on Maria's eyes.
 Closing in on Lydia's eyes.

INT. MAX'S LOFT - NIGHT

A moderate gathering of WOMEN drink and smoke cigarettes
 with three of Max's MEN, inside his very sheik loft.

INTERCUT: MAX'S HOME OFFICE

Glass windows enveloping the view expose the nightly lit
 harbor.

Stewart, Griffith and THREE MEN stand inside the office.
 Max, behind his desk, is yelling, specifically at Griffith.

MAX
 I told you about that mother
 fucker Griffith, I told you to
 keep JoJo on a leash cause he's a
 wild dog!

GRIFFITH
 What do you want me to do Max,
 JoJo earned his way up. He's no
 more cockier than you and me were
 at his age.

MAX
 We didn't walk around capping
 people without pop or Nigel's
 approval.
 (leans across desk)
 We answered to people on the
 street who answered to them. JoJo
 answers to you, you answer to me.

GRIFFITH
They're still our streets!
Alonzo still answers to you!

MAX
It's not Alonzo. Alonzo will be
dead and gone like you and me.
We'll all be gone like my pop's is
gone right now.

Their voices raise as Griffith attempts to protect JoJo.

GRIFFITH
JoJo is an earner.

MAX
He killed a made fucking guy!
He listens to that nigger music
day and night.

The yelling match briefly subsides as Max calms down.

Griffith looks at Max. There is a silence. Griffith abruptly
walks out of the room. Stewart hangs around with the rest of
Max's men. Max nods at the three men, who also walk out of
the room.

MAX
Have a seat Stew.

Stewart sits down.

MAX (OS)
Want a drink?

STEWART
No. I'm alright.

Max continues to think about the precarious situation.
He finally speaks after a brief lapse.

MAX
I'm glad you're here.

STEWART
Yeah?

MAX
Yeah. I need someone I can trust.

STEWART
You don't trust Griffith?

MAX
Right now I don't know. He was
close with JoJo. He treated him
like a brother. But you... you Stew...
you are my brother.

Stewart sits in a seat across from Max, pulls out a smoke
and lights it up. Max gets up, walks around the desk in
front of Stewart.

MAX

Get up.

Stewart, uncertain, gets up and Max hugs him. After an initial hesitation, Stewart wraps his arms around Max and the two hold on to each other.

EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE - NIGHT

Just under the foot of the bridge, Max stands alone, next to his car overlooking the waterfront docks. His car is parked across the action. Whereas the harbor is lit, the spot of his meeting is darkened for obvious reasons.

In the distant f.g., car headlights approach. The car approaches and pulls alongside Max's car. Alonzo exits the car. He has come by himself as well.

ALONZO

Some balls, some balls on JoJo.

MAX

Some balls on juicing me on Long Beach Alonzo.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stewart, smokes a cigarette as Maria appears to pack her entire closet into several suitcases spread about the floor.

MARIA

What time Stew, I need to know what time?

STEWART

Two more days, two more days.

Rosie walks into the bedroom and walks over to Maria.

MARIA

Go to daddy Rose.

Rosie looks at Stewart. She has familiarized herself with her dad somewhat, but is still a tad resistant.

STEWART

Come here Rose. Come here.

INTERCUT: MAX AND ALONZO

ALONZO

I deserve a piece of Long Beach Max. Hector didn't have to die.

MAX

JoJo's done Alonzo. I'm taking care of him. He's my problem not yours. We'll split Long Beach. But now I'm giving you only twelve percent. Was gonna give you fourteen regardless but now it's twelve.

ALONZO

Now you're saying you planned on paying me? You could of told me and saved both of us a headache.

INTERCUT: STEWART AND MARIA

Rosie walks over to Stewart slowly. Stewart reaches his arm out. As their fingers make contact Stewart pulls her towards him and lifts her up. He lifts her up and holds her in his arms.

Maria takes a break from packing and looks over at the two.

INTERCUT: MAX AND ALONZO

ALONZO

I want JoJo dead!

Max walks straight to Alonzo's face to address him.

MAX

I'll take care of JoJo, he's mine!
But remember something Alonzo.
Without me there's no compromise.
You think because you're north of the border you mean something down south?

ALONZO

JoJo kills one of my made men and you're giving me ultimatums?

MAX

You may own these docks in twenty years. But now it's still ours.

ALONZO

We own the streets and prisons.
Without the prisons you ain't shit.

CU ALONZO as Max walks to his car, gets in and drives away.

INTERCUT: STEWART AND MARIA

Stewart continues to hug Rose. He kisses her on the cheek and looks over to Maria. Maria zips up her last bag and looks over at the two of them, smiles.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Griffith is standing in front of a bar on 9th street. He looks at his watch. A car pulls up. JoJo is the driver. Griffith enters the car and JoJo drives away.

INT. JOJO'S CAR - DAY

JoJo, drives the car as he listens to his Hip-Hop. Griffith, annoyed looks at the stereo.

GRIFFITH
Turn that off.

JoJo, confused, yet turns the music off.

 GRIFFITH
Why do you listen to that shit?

 JOJO
Gotta know Griff. Am I in trouble?

 GRIFFITH
No. You got lucky?

 JOJO
Lucky?

 GRIFFITH
Turns out Hector turned on Alonzo.
Alonzo found out Hector tried to
make a shipment from Long Beach
without letting him in.
 (looks out window)
He rented out a warehouse downtown
where his two cousins were going
to stash about two hundred
thousand behind Alonzo's back.

 JOJO
So Max isn't pissed?

 GRIFFITH
You saved me a job.

 JOJO
Oh fuck! Thank god! Griffith, I
thought he was gonna clip me.

 GRIFFITH
Just drive.
Instead we have to do this shit.

 JOJO
Who we doing?

 GRIFFITH
A pusher that owes Alonzo money.
He tapped into his coke operation.
 (looks to horizon)
He thinks we're showing Alonzo
some of our coke. He's playing the
role of product specialist. We're
driving him to Rex's Tavern.

Griffith, looks over to JoJo as he explains.

 GRIFFITH
Frank's meeting us there. We're
taking him to the back and I'll
handle it. You just drive and make
sure that no one enters.

JoJo, reaches down and grabs his flask.

JOJO
 I take back everything I said
 about you and Max. I thought you
 sold me out to him. I thought what
 I said about him made you have
 your doubts.

Griffith pulls out a forty five from his waist side.

JOJO (OS)
 I always thought you would give
 into Max.

Griffith, looks out the window to his left, then right.

JOJO
 I know he doesn't like me. I told
 you what I thought about him.
 But you protected me.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

From a distance, a loud BANG and a flash come from within
 JoJo's car.

INSIDE JOJO'S CAR - SAME

Griffith, has killed JoJo, as he does not take satisfaction
 in the job. His facial expression displays this.

A car pulls up next to them and stops.
 Griffith exits JoJo's car, throws the gun through the open
 passenger window and gets into the other car.
 Just as the car pulls away a FREIGHT TRAIN creeps by.

Interior CU on JoJo, as he slumps dead in the car.
 Fragments and blood tint the inside of the windshield.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Max is walking in an open warehouse with Stewart, and four
 other MEN.

MAX
 (over his shoulder)
 Show me the space.

They walk into an open, spacious warehouse.
 All the men, Max in front, stop in an open setting nestled
 in the corner of the warehouse.

MAX
 It's got space. Two shipments
 here, one on PCH and the rest to
 Rosecrans.

Max and Stewart walk

OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

as Max point some things out to Stewart.

MAX
See this shit Stew? This is what
we do. This is what I need you to
do.

STEWART
You take pleasure in that don't
you?

MAX
Brother, this is where we're at.

STEWART
Where we at Max?

Max and Stewart continue to walk into a vacant parking lot.

MAX
I told you Stew.
You're my brother.

STEWART
And you're mine.

Max stops, propelling Stew to stop in his tracks.

MAX
It's just us Stew.

STEWART
What about mom and pop?

MAX
Yeah... them too.

INT. DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Alonzo and TEN MEN are loading automatic rifles.
CU on the loading of the guns.

Alonzo walks over to one of the trucks, where a MECHANIC is
doing work under the hood and speaks to him in Spanish.

ALONZO
Everything running well?

The Mechanic, looks up to Alonzo and nods his head.

ALONZO
I can't have this thing going down
on me. It's carrying a lot of
weight and will be moving fast.

MECHANIC
(in Spanish)
It's good.
(wipes off hands)
We took it on a test last night
carrying twelve tons of bricks.

One man stands next to Alonzo, he is JOSE MARTINEZ.

ALONZO
How many tests did you take it on?

MECHANIC
Uno.

ALONZO
Uno mas.

MECHANIC
¿Pero jefe?

ALONZO
¡Uno más!

JOSE
Why one more Alonzo?
Everything is ok amigo?

Alonzo addresses the mechanic in Spanish again, making sure that Jose has no influence on his demands.

ALONZO
¡Uno más!

Alonzo turns around with Jose and walks down the warehouse.

JOSE
Every thing's going to be alright
Alonzo. Why you so tense?

ALONZO
If we're going to compete with the
British we need to be organized
like the British.

JOSE
The British? Who's British? The
British side of their family died
out after their father died and
Nigel moved to the fucking hills.
They're just American weros.

ALONZO
And what do they think of us Jose?
You think we're Mexican? We're
Chicanos. I send you and our men
south of the border for a job, you
wouldn't last a week.
(scoffs at Jose)
To them we're Chicanos. If
anything we need to improve our
English.

Alonzo, starts walking again using his hands to explain.

ALONZO
We don't have the political pull
like they do south of the border
over here. Not yet.

JOSE
That's who we are.

ALONZO

Through heritage not territory.
We need to get more organized with
the docks. There's more money
there than all the dope and city
scores.

(looking forward)

We'll leave the street shit to the
El Savadorians to handle for us.

JOSE

But we have to work with Max.

ALONZO

Our aspirations are mutual, for
now. More organization.
We need more organization.
Theirs is slipping.

Alonzo walks away and Jose follows. The men in the b.g. have
loaded the guns in large, black bags.

They throw them over their shoulders and walk down the
opposing side of the warehouse.

From above, Alonzo and Jose walking north of the warehouse
as the men walk with bags south.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Stewart is sleeping next to Maria. He is restless. He looks
over to the clock next to the bed.

INSERT - DIGITAL ALARM CLOCK READS 5:42

Stewart looks over at Maria, who is sound asleep.
He pulls himself over her. She is facing him.
He looks her over as she sleeps.

CU on Maria's face. Stewart's hand enters frame.
He moves the hair from her face and looks at her in her soft
somber state.

He gets out of bed and dresses himself.

Stewart walks through the

LIVING ROOM

where there are suitcases packed and resting on the floor.
He then walks into

ROSIE'S ROOM

and spends an intimate moment watching her sleep as well.

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Stewart walks out to his Cadillac in the dark morning.
He enters, starts it and drives away.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER - DAY

A marine layer fog covers the cemetery as Stewart walks over to his parent's grave. Hands are in pockets. It's a chilly morning.

He looks at their tombstones, and looks around the periphery of the cemetery.

CU on Stewart's face.

EXT. SOUTH WATERFRONT - LATER - DAY

Stewart stares across the waterfront. Giant ships are docked. Craters are being loaded. The early crew is at work.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a POLICE BADGE.

Stewart looks at the badge.
CU on Stewart's face.

INT. MAX'S BAR - DAY

Max and Stewart are sitting at the bar drinking two large Ale Beers. In front of them is a large screen TV. Manchester United is playing a soccer match. Max is engaged in the match.

MAX
Speed up the pitch.
Use your left winger.

STEWART
I must admit, you remained a Manchester United loyalist all these years.

MAX
MU Stew. MU.

STEWART
MU.

MAX
Our family's MU loyalty spans four generations. We're number five.

STEWART
You're number five.

MAX
No, we. You came at the right time. Sent down by angels.

STEWART
Angels.

They drink their beers.

MAX
I need you. I can't trust anyone. Nigel's done.

Max, looks over at the TV set while he continues.

MAX
He's trying to keep a rope onto
the docks but he can't.
He knows it's me.

Stewart, drinks, wipes off his lip.

MAX (OS)
He gave it to me only because he
has to.

STEWART
You ever think about mom?

MAX
No.

STEWART
Why? She was our glue.

MAX
She's gone.

STEWART
Why don't you have a woman Max?

Though watching the game, Max is shaken by the remark.

MAX
I've got women.

STEWART
You've got women but you don't
have a woman. You don't want one?

MAX
Matrimony is overvalued.

EXT. MAX'S BAR - DAY

Stewart is at a payphone. He drops some coins; dials.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - STEWART AND MARIA

Stewart, stands at the phone booth as the phone rings.
Maria, at home, walks over to her ringing cell phone.

MARIA
(answers phone)
Hello?

STEWART
Maria. You alright babe?

MARIA
I'm ok baby.
What time are we leaving tomorrow?

STEWART
I don't know, soon as it's over.

Stew? MARIA

Yeah baby. STEWART

Be careful. MARIA

Give Rose a kiss for me. STEWART

I love you Stew. MARIA

Maria hangs up the phone.

MATCH CUT:

Stewart hangs up the phone.
He slowly turns, and walks back into the bar.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maria is walking with Rosie down the hall, then into
ROSIE'S BEDROOM
where Maria, turns on the light and Rosie jumps into bed.

Bedtime. MARIA

But I don't have school tomorrow. ROSIE

We're waking up early baby. MARIA

Where are we going Mama? ROSIE

We're going to be leaving. Me you
and daddy. Everything is ok. And
it'll get better for us. Daddy is
going to be with us now. He's not
leaving anymore. MARIA

What about my friends? ROSIE

Maria, unsure of how to answer, kisses her on the forehead.

Good night baby. MARIA

Maria gets up, turns off the light, looks at Rose, and
closes the door.

She then walks back into...

THE LIVING ROOM

and is STARTLED to see Alonzo standing in there under the dim light. She jumps back.

MARIA
You scared the shit out of me!

ALONZO
Sorry.

MARIA
Don't you knock?

ALONZO
Would you of let me in?

Maria turns on another light to brighten up the room.

MARIA
Sit.

Maria walks into the kitchen as Alonzo takes a seat. Alonzo looks around the room, takes notice to the packed suitcases and rearranged furniture.

ALONZO
Going somewhere?

MARIA
You want something to drink?

ALONZO
Water.

MARIA
You want ice?

ALONZO
Yeah.

Maria grabs two glasses, fills them with ice, and pours both with water.

She walks over to Alonzo and gives him the glass, taking a seat on the sofa opposite of Alonzo.

ALONZO
How's Rose?

MARIA
She's fine.

Maria drinks the entire glass of water. She is nervous in front of Alonzo. The last gulp of the water demonstrates this.

ALONZO
So where you going?

MARIA
Away.

ALONZO
How long?

MARIA
Does it matter?

ALONZO
You're my sister.

MARIA
And Stew's the father of my child.

ALONZO
Is that all he is? He left you and
his daughter for all these years
and now you believe in him?

MARIA
He won't leave anymore.

ALONZO
You sure of that?

MARIA
Why did you come here Alonzo?

ALONZO
Stew's been working for Max.
Did he tell you that?

Maria listens precariously.

MARIA
What do you want?

ALONZO
I don't know why you hate me. I
tried to give you and Rose
everything. I tried to get you a
job on the docks making good
money, and you said no.
(looks away)
You always hated me. Always. Why?

MARIA
You kill people.

ALONZO
Stew works for Max.

CU on Maria.

ALONZO (OS)
Did you know that?

MARIA
So.

ALONZO
So that means he'll kill people.
If he hasn't before, he will now.

MARIA
We're leaving. It's all going to
be over. Everything in this city.
Over.

ALONZO
Does Max know Stewart's leaving?

CU on Maria.

INT. STEWART'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Stewart is sitting on his bed with his shirt off, wearing only his jeans. He looks around his hotel room and then gets up and starts pacing around. He looks over at his hotel clock next to his bed.

INSERT - DIGITAL ALARM CLOCK - READS 11:57

He reaches into a drawer next to his dresser and pulls out his 10 MM Handgun. He cocks it.

He then walks over to the window and looks down on the street below. Traffic drives across the street in both directions.

CU on Stew.

He walks over to his bed and lays down with his head up, gun still in hand, then reaches over and turns the light off next to his bed as the bedroom falls dark, being only lit up by the glow of nearby street lamp.

EXT. STEWART'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A suspicious car eases up to a stop just across the street from Stewart's hotel.

INTERCUT - INSIDE THE CAR AND STEWART'S HOTEL

Behind the wheel is a SHADOWY MALE FIGURE.
His POV is looking up above at Stewart's hotel window.

From up inside Stewart's window, the car lurks below.

STEWART, lying in bed, is not aware of the cars presence.

BACK ON THE STREET

the cars slowly eases off, not drawing attention to it.

EXT. HARBOR CITY DOCKS - DAY

The sun raises its head with a glare over the harbor shipping yard. From the other side of the harbor, under the Vincent Thomas bridge, the motions of the industrious docks come to life.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - DAY

CU on Maria's face who abruptly wakes up.
She awakens from a nightmare.
She gets up, walks into the bathroom, and looks at her face.

CU in the mirror as she splashes water on her face.

She takes off abruptly, leaving the faucet run and walks across the house and into Rosie's bedroom.

The faucet continues to run OS, fading out as she walks into

ROSIE'S BEDROOM

She turns on the light and sees Maria sleeping.
CU of Maria with a relieved expression on her face.

DISOLVE TO:

INT. ALONZO'S OFFICE - DAY

Alonzo is sitting in his office talking to Jose.
In the background four of Alonzo's MEN are placing the large black bags of ammunition over their shoulder and make their way out the back.

They leave as Jose and Alonzo engage in their conversation.

JOSE

I have it, I have all the logistics.

ALONZO

You better. I don't want any fuck-ups. Those trucks break down, they don't make it to my garages, they run out of gas, one of my guys gets caught taking a leak... it's on you.

(points at Jose)

If I get cut a dime off my percentage it's on you.
You got that?

JOSE

There won't be no fuck-ups.

ALONZO

Good.

JOSE

What do you want me to do about Stewart?

INT. STEWART'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Stewart is sleeping with his clothes on.
The bed is completely made.
He is holding a gun in his right hand.

His cell phone, CHIMES OS.

Stewart is awoken by the sound of the ringing phone on the dresser next to his bed. He notices the gun in his hand and looks around the room half asleep before answering.

STEWART

Hello?

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN STEWART/MAX

Max is sitting at his desk punching in numbers on his computer while Stewart lies on his back in the hotel room.

MAX
You awake?

STEWART
Sort of.

MAX
I'll be picking you up at midnight outside your hotel. I've got everything. All you need to do is wear dark clothes. No whites.

STEWART
I'll be there.

MAX
Stew...

STEWART
Yeah.

MAX
...thanks.

STEWART
For what?

MAX
For being around.

STEWART
I'll see you when I see you.

Max, pauses and looks at the phone for a beat, closes it.

END INTERCUT

Stewart, hangs up and places the gun on the dresser.
He gets up and walks into the bathroom.
He splashes the water in his face from the sink.
He looks at himself in the mirror as if to question himself as the water continues to run OS.

He then walks over to the window and dials another number.
Staring out the window as the phone RINGS on the other end.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

Stewart looks both ways before he walks across the street.
He walks down the busy street with his hands in his pockets.

He turns the corner and makes his way onto the next street.
Continuing, he walks into a Mexican Restaurant.

INT. SENOR TACO - SAME - DAY

Stewart enters. A Mexican waitress walks up and greets him at the entrance and addresses him in Spanish.

WAITRESS

¿Uno?

Stewart nods his head. She walks him to a booth in the corner, hands him a menu, and walks away.

He looks around for a moment, then picks up the menu. He doesn't look at the menu.

Instead, he looks around the restaurant, then at the one television screen.

A Mexican soccer match is playing in the background.

MONTAGE OF SHOTS

-- Stewart's mouth is full as he is eating a Mexican dish.

-- He takes another bit from his taco then a sip of beer.

-- Back at his hotel, Stewart walks up a flight of stairs.

-- Stewart enters his room, walks around a bit over time.

-- Stewart is sitting on the bed in contemplation.

-- He looks at the clock on the dresser; reads: 3:29pm.

EXT. STEWART'S HOTEL - LATER - NIGHT

Stewart is standing outside the hotel.
Cars drive by as he checks his watch.
As he does so, Max pulls up in his car.

Stewart, jumps in the passenger seat.. Max drives away.

INT. MAX'S CAR - NIGHT

Stewart, stares forward while Max drives.
Max, looks over at him.

MAX

You ok?

STEWART

I'm cool Max.

MAX

Yeah?

No response from Stewart as Max continues to drive them down the streets of Harbor City.

MAX

Keep an eye on Griffith.
Make sure he doesn't endanger anything.

STEWART
Griffith, you're top dog.
You don't trust him?

MAX
No.

EXT. LONG BEACH DOCKS - NIGHT

A CAR pulls up near the harbor docks.
Four other CARS are awaiting as Alonzo exits once the car is
stopped.

Alonzo's DRIVER exits with him as they greet the crew.

INT. MAX'S CAR - NIGHT

STEWART
Griffith's had your back since
birth and now you don't trust him?

MAX
No.

Continues to drive.

MAX
It's different. In case you
haven't notice things are
changing.

STEWART
That's for sure.

Max, rounds a corner.

MAX
How's Maria?

STEWART
Good.

MAX
Rose?

STEWART
Good.

MAX
We'll take care of them.
We'll take care of you.

STEWART
We?

MAX
You. You and me.

STEWART
You never gave them a dime while I
was gone now you want to take care
of them?

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - SAME - NIGHT

Maria is in the bedroom. She finishes zipping up yet another suitcase, and walks into the living room. Once there, she looks down at the other suitcases on the floor.

MAX (VO)
You left Stew.

INT. MAX'S CAR - SAME - DAY

Stewart, tired of hearing that line, looks out the window.

STEWART
My daughter. My daughter Max. My daughter; the mother of my daughter and you never once visited. Never once.

MAX
What for Stew? What?

STEWART
You could have come over one fucking time.

MAX
And that would of made things better for you?

STEWART
Yeah.

INT. CASA DEL NAJARA - SAME - NIGHT

Lydia, is walking around the empty restaurant. She looks over the empty, dark dining room.

She proceeds to the window, looks out across the street. She sees TWO WOMEN and ONE MAN, all Latino, all smoking cigarettes and laughing.

She pulls down the curtain as their visibility erodes.

INT. NIGEL'S HOUSE - SAME - NIGHT

Nigel is lying on his sofa. His young house keeper brings him a glass of an unknown substance.

He gets up from the sofa as she brings the drink. He acknowledges her gratefully; she kisses him on the cheek and walks out of the room. Nigel drinks from the glass.

EXT. HARBOR CITY STREETS - NIGHT

In the b.g. stands the Vincent Thomas Bridge. Max's car is etching its way toward the bridge.

BACK INSIDE MAX'S CAR

MAX
You're here Stew. You're here with
me. After tonight you're taking
Griffith's position.

STEWART
And if I don't want his position?

EXT. TOLL BOOTH - SAME

Max is in line at the toll booth. The sound of a helicopter
drones in the faint distance. Police SIRENS resonate in the
b.g. as well, as they make their way closer, audibly.

Max pays the toll and begins to drive across the bridge.

INTERCUT: BETWEEN ALONZO AND NIGEL

Alonzo addresses his hombres in front of the caravan of
trucks, as the men are silhouetted by the headlamps of the
trucks behind them.

Nigel is sitting up at his sofa, sipping his glass and
watching the television set. A soccer game from Italy is
being broadcast, AC Milan against AS Roma.
AC Milan player Kaka takes a ball from the wing and scores a
goal. Nigel, watches the replay of the goal.
CU on Nigel's face.

INSIDE MAX'S CAR - SAME

Max and Stewart continue to drive across the bridge.

MAX
What the fuck's your problem?
I'm bringing you in and you're
questioning my judgment?

STEWART
Bringing me in.
You bringing me in Max?

MAX
I'm bringing you in Stew.
That's what I'm doing.

The thundering resonating of the helicopter blades and
police sirens gets closer and more audible.

STEWART
You bringing me in Max right?

Stewart reaches into the pocket of his black leather jacket
and pulls out his POLICE BADGE.

Max, looks at the badge and is flabbergasted.

STEWART
You're under arrest!

Max is beleaguered. He looks in his rear-view mirror and
notices two UN-MARKED CRUISERS on his tail.

He looks up and notices the POLICE HELICOPTER hovering above. At that moment the sounds of the police and the above flying chopper come to life.

Feeling as if Judas Iscariot himself was sitting beside him, Max turns to confront Stewart.

MAX
What the fuck did you do Stew!

STEWART
You're under arrest!

Stewart pulls out his gun and points it as Max is driving.

INTERCUT: ALONZO/LYDIA/MARIA/GRIFFITH

Alonzo breaks away from the crew and walks to his car. His driver opens the door for him as his men disperse. From afar, Alonzo and his driver drive off.

Lydia, turns off the lights of the restaurant. She walks to the entrance; looks over her shoulder once at the darkened restaurant.

Maria, in Rosie's room watches her as she sleeps. Maria looks at her for a moment, then kisses her on the head. She gets up and SLOWLY exits the room.

Griffith, drives his car with a weary look on his face. Jonathan is riding shotgun and stares out at the harbor.

INSIDE MAX'S CAR

STEWART
Pull the fucking car over Max
you're under arrest!

MAX
Don't do this to me Stew!
Don't do this to me brother!

Max, not doing as he's told puts stress onto Stewart.

STEWART
Pull the fucking car over!

Max continues to drive. Stew points the gun at Max's head.

Max sways back and forth before the car LOOSES CONTROL and crashes in the middle of the bridge.

His car does a 180 degree turn, smashing into the divider. Instantly, three mores cars pile into his front end. This vaults Max's car up and over, resting on it's lid. Smoke and steam spew from all cars involved.

Other panicked drivers, follow suit and chain react their brakes, some avoiding collision, others not so much.

Max and Stewart are jolted. Stew snaps out of the accidental haze and immediately points his gun back at Max, as Max warily slips out of the car.

ARIEL: ABOVE THE BRIDGE

A traffic jam starts as a line of cars are featured symmetrically on the Vincent Thomas Bridge, each one smashing into the other.

Max, staggers to his feet and runs across the other side, where cars are driving in the opposite direction.

BACK ON THE BRIDGE

Stewart, sees him and bursts out...

STEWART

Max! Max!

Max runs to the other side of the bridge. Helicopter lights illuminate him from above.

ARIEL: Helicopter POV shines it's lights on Max as he evades.

Stewart, manages to open his smashed door, comes to his feet and painfully runs out of car.

ARIEL: ABOVE THE BRIDGE

the traffic jam is severely effecting the flow on both sides.

ON THE BRIDGE

From behind Max, he limps as he attempts escape. He climbs through the mess of wreckage as car horns blare.

FURTHER DOWN THE BRIDGE

A line of police cars are jammed behind the parked cars lined up on the west side of the bridge as Cops peer their heads out they're windows, unable to make way on the bridge. The same situation has engulfed the east bound as well.

Stewart, runs after Max, as his POV bounces through the traffic jam, but after a brief run loses sight of him.

Hiding behind a car, Max jumps abruptly out of nowhere, and tackles Stewart to the ground, Stewart's gun falls to the floor and slides toward the edge of the bridge.

Max begins to punch Stewart relentlessly. Stewart's head is thrown back after each vicious blow.

MAX

You fuck!
(punches Stewart)
Mother fucker!

Max punches him one more time and leaves him to bleed on the pavement. Max stands up and raises his head, looking at the now two helicopters in flight over the bridge.

He walks back over to Stewart, stands above him, and begins to SCREAM as Stewart wipes the blood from his face and slowly sits up, still on the ground.

MAX
 Came back to bust me Stew!
 Came back to take your brother to
 jail!

STEWART
 (spits blood)
 You're under arrest Max...

MAX
 That's all you got to say!

STEWART
 I'm sorry...

Stewart, starts to break down emotionally.
 Max hears the police from the helicopter on a LOUD SPEAKER.

AIR SUPPORT PILOT
 You are under arrest!
 Place your hands on the ground!

Feeling no where to go, Max looks up.

EXT. DIRT ALLEY - SAME - NIGHT

A chain of cop cars surround Alonzo's men who are parked in
 a dirt alley next to a south side dock.

Cops burst out of cars, pronouncing their bust.
 Two of Alonzo's men draw their guns. Alonzo screams...

ALONZO
 Don't shoot!

One of his men unloads one shot. One cop shoots back
 propelling the others to unload their rounds, killing him
 and throwing him violently to the ground.

Alonzo puts his hands up. His other man who drew his gun
 throws it to his side and places his hands over his head.
 Cops run toward both Alonzo and him with guns drawn.

The cops grab Alonzo from behind and cuff him.
 CU on Alonzo's face. It's over.

BACK ON THE BRIDGE

Stewart is on his feet, barely, looking directly at Max.

STEWART
 It's over Max. It's over.

MAX
 You penetrated the cops? After
 sixty years of owning them you
 turn them against us?

STEWART
 They were taking you down anyway.
 They had you.

MAX
So you took it upon yourself?

STEWART
I had to come back.

MAX
To take me down huh!

STEWART
I had to come back to see you.

Max looks back up at the helicopters lights shining down upon him, blurring his vision temporarily.

He crouches down and notices Stewart's ejected gun resting alongside the bridge.

MAX. grabs the gun.

STEWART
I'm sorry. I'm sorry Max.

AERIAL - INSIDE HELICOPTER - SAME

POV shot from helicopter as police sniper rests Max in the scope of his rifle.

BACK ON BRIDGE

MAX (in scope)
I trusted you Stew!

STEWART (in scope)
Maria... Rose... I came for them... but
I had to see you... I had to... I had
to visit Mom and Pops grave...

CU Max's gun cocking.

CU on Max's face, one of despair.
Max points gun at Stewart.

MAX
You did a service, that's what you
did, a service.
(raises his hand)
Congratulations officer Churchill!

STEWART
Don't do it. Don't do it...

A MORPHED moment as Max and Stewart look each other in the eye.

POV from HELICOPTER SNIPER has Max in the cross hairs.

MAX, wipes the blood from the side of his head and...

MAX
(looking at Stew)
Say hello to Mom and Pop...

Max SHOOTS Stewart dead as all time STOPS.

Then in an instant, from the SNIPERS SCOPE, Max is dropped instantly.

Max drops to the ground, and over Stewart's dead body. Barely breathing, he ambivalently rests his arm over Stewart, before finally succumbing to his wounds atop his brother.

The two helicopters fly around the bridge. Lights beam onto the two dead bodies.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maria opens the front door of her house. She looks across the vacant street. The street is silent.

INT. NIGEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nigel is sleeping on the couch. Natasha is standing above him. The television in the background is on, a college football game plays in the background.

Natasha pulls a blanket over and covers him. She looks at him sleeping, walks to the television and turns it off.

INT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

Alonzo's face is on the ground. Cop holds shotgun to his head. Alonzo looks around the dirt parking lot to see three members of his crew gunned down.

Alonzo is pulled up abruptly by the police officer. Officer walks Alonzo to the police car while he continues to look over at the dead bodies.

INT. LYDIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lydia, looks at herself in the bathroom mirror. The lights are off as two candles burning in the background.

She walks out of the bathroom and into her bedroom. She sits down on her bed and looks blankly in the corner.

Her eyes shift and rest upon a picture of the Virgin Mary hanging above the headboard of her bed.

EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE - NIGHT

Griffith, sits in the line of traffic with Jonathan. He pokes his head out of his window and sees all the Police Air Support above, and a S.W.A.T. VAN just in front of him.

He looks to his right and sees a freeway sign.

INSERT SIGN: EXITING LOS ANGELES PORT

With no haste he makes a hard right and exits the freeway in the other direction, avoiding any run in with authorities.

Jonathan looks to him with concern and confusion, but says nothing.

MAX AND STEWART

lay dead, as Max's body lays over Stewart's arm.
The helicopters drone rumbles OS.

AERIAL:

A half dozen helicopters hovering over the bridge, as the red and blue lights of the police cars flutter below.

The nighttime lights of the Harbor City docks are pronounced.

DISOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A typical marine layered, gloomy morning hangs over Harbor City, as a CAR pulls up to the cemetery.

INSIDE THE CAR

Lydia is driving, as Maria sits shotgun and a quiet Rosie sits in the backseat.

Maria, starts to exit the car, but looks to Lydia and they share a sympathetic smile with each other.
Maria, then opens the door and

STEPS OUTSIDE

and continues to walk over to the Churchill family grave markers as Lydia and Rosie wait for her in the car.

MAX AND STEWART'S GRAVESTONES

now sit next to their parents, respectively, as Maria walks up sad but fights off tears as she's a strong woman, considering what she's been through and her family background.

AERIAL: CEMETERY

Maria, stands alone over Stewart's grave.
In the b.g., the cranes continue to work.
Freights are pulled from ships, cargo trucks symmetrically haul off merchandise.

The docks are proliferated, the harbor commodities exchange are in full perpetual motion as ships, cargo, transport, and commerce proceed over Harbor City without the Churchills'.

SUPER FILM TITLE: - HARBOR CITY

FADE OUT

The End