

Leverage

An original screenplay

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1.

Fade In:

EXT. Chicago - Crowded rush hour streets (summertime) - Day

FACES of several hundred pedestrians walking toward us (slow motion). Faces of all creeds, colors and sexes, walking through a crowded downtown Chicago.

Narration (VO)

The sea of secular mankind. All of them belonging to one prison. The prison of slavery, greed, capitalism, material wealth, to that next promotion that'll allow them to pay off the house, put the kids through college, get that new car. Just slaves we are. Career, finances, retirement and then finally...death. Everything is vanity because that is the eventuality awaiting us all. No time to reflect on the great wonders of this miracle called life, no, just be a good citizen, work hard, pay your taxes, pay your bills, die at a ripe old age and leave everything you've slaved for most of your life to someone else.

PAN IN closely, focusing on A FACE. The FACE belongs to TREVOR MACKSON.

We hear his voice continue...

NARRATION (cont'd) (VO)

I wanted to escape these things vain, even flee from my own body which I inhabited, if possible. I was tired of living my reality, but with some things in life you just are powerless to change. All I wanted truthfully was just a little respect, just a small inkling of appreciation, so I decided enough was enough. Today was going to be an epiphany, today I was going to do something about it, today I wasn't going take anymore of life's shit!

2.

INT. Business Office - DAY

TREVOR MACKSON walks through a busy telemarketing agency on his way toward his desk. Dressed in slacks, a crisp white button down and tie and wearing a tan colored trench coat, Trevor looks tired and very unenthusiased.

Trevor finds his desk amid the others and takes a seat to log into the computer system...Right away he notices that his password doesn't work and neither his mouse. He sighs, dropping his head into his hands, rubbing his face in sheer frustration, *what a way to start off the day...* Shakes his head...

Trevor, gets up and walks down the office corridor to find the IT guy...He spots him down the hallway wiring something and approaches him...

TREVOR

There's a problem with my computer, I can't log in...

IT GUY

Can't do nothin' right now, I'm busy.

TREVOR

When can you get to it? I can't do my job until I log into the system. Same problem that's been happening for, two weeks now.

IT GUY

Put in a work order like everyone else..

TREVOR

I did. You still haven't fixed it.

Trevor waits for some kind of reply but the IT guy ignores him and keeps on wiring a component.

Trevor turns and walks away angrily mumbling to himself...

3.

TREVOR

(to himself)
Asshole.

While walking away, Trevor LOOKS BACK...He notices a beautiful young female employee approach the IT guy to ask for his assistance. The IT guy immediately stops what he's doing and goes off to help her...

Trevor (really pissed now), storms his way toward the supervisor's office...

INT. Business Office - Supervisors Desk - Day

The supervisor is on the phone talking into a headset, typing something into his computer.

Trevor walks right in and starts complaining...

TREVOR

Harry, I've gotta talk to you right now
about this guy he...

Harry quickly stops him, throwing up his palms, motioning for him to be quiet until he's done with the call.

Trevor, puts his hands on his hips...

HARRY

(into headset)
Alright Bob, got it. Thanks, I'll have
it off to you first thing tomorrow
morning. Thanks again, bye. (to Trevor)
What's the problem Trevor?

TREVOR

The problem is my systems been screwed
up for the past two weeks now and this
IT jerk hasn't so much as budged to fix
it yet. But soon as the new hot looking
intern asks him anything, he's over
there helping her faster than she can
wink her eye at him...

4.

HARRY

You mean Gary...?

TREVOR

Yeah, Gary, whatever his name is. He's IT right?

HARRY

Yeah, but he's not your go-to person with this kind of problem Trevor. The procedure is you put in a work order and...

TREVOR

I did that. I put in a work order two weeks ago, and the week after that. I put one in everyday this week, so when's the goddamn thing going to get fixed?!

Trevor's LOUD VOICE turns the heads of other employees working close by...

HARRY

Why don't you calm down, and then make plans to take the next a few days off without pay...I'm suspending you until we get this thing straightened out.

TREVOR

Suspending me? You're suspending me? For what? On what grounds?!

HARRY

On grounds you should be glad I haven't fired you yet Trevor.

TREVOR

What?!

Harry's phone line RINGS again...He picks up the call and begins talking...

5.

HARRY

(into headset)
GKN marketing firm, Harry speaking. Oh
John, hey how the heck are you? How was
the vacation? Great, great....

Trevor, still stands there pissed...

HARRY

(cont'd)
Hol, hold on a sec. (to Trevor) Is there
some good reason why you're still
standing here?

Trevor turns and leaves out the office...He makes a bee line
straight for his computer going right past Gary the IT guy
helping the new beautiful intern...

Trevor

walks up to his computer, picks up the monitor and SLAMS it
hard on the floor...BAM!!! He angrily pulls out wires and
such, then takes the computer brain and SMASHES it into the
keyboard...! BAM!!!! BAM, BAM!!!!

Everyone stops and stares his way...

Harry rushes out of his office and over to Trevor's busted
computer...

HARRY

(to Trevor)
Have you lost your mind?! What the hell
are you doing?!

TREVOR

There, I fixed it.

Trevor brushes Harry aside as he begins to leave...He walks
up to the beautiful intern's desk, stops, GLARES at Gary
the IT guy as if to say, "what are you looking at?", grabs
a handful of reeces pieces from a glass jar atop her desk,
pops some in his mouth, and walks away...

As Trevor leaves, he turns around to say one more thing...

6.

TREVOR
(removing his tie)
I quit...

INT. Social Services Building - Day

Trevor talks with an employment specialist about finding another job inside a social services facility...

The employment specialist looks over a copy of Trevor's resume...

EMPLOYMENT SPECIALIST
So you're a locksmith by trade?

TREVOR
Ah, yes...I ran my own company for twelve years...

Employment specialist continues reviewing resume...

EMPLOYMENT SPECIALIST
So what happened with that?

TREVOR
Business got slow, I had some marital problems that effected me and eventually we went bankrupt.

EMPLOYMENT SPECIALIST
Well Mister Mackson, as of right now I don't have anything to offer you at the moment but if you wanna take my card and follow up with me periodically I can point you to some leads that may come up in the following months.

TREVOR
Sure, thanks...

Trevor, stands up to leave...The employment specialist hands him a business card...

7.

EMPLOYMENT SPECIALIST (Cont'd)

In the meantime you can always make use of our online employment searches located in our public computer lab...Hang a left just outside these doors here and go straight ahead to the end of the hall and you'll run into it right there...Good luck...

Trevor gets up to leave...

TREVOR

Thank you...

Trevor, walks through the building. He goes past several people (mostly women) standing in a long line looking tired, worn down, holding children and others just looking rough in general. Babies are CRYING. He continues on trying to find the computer lab.

INT. Computer Room - Day

Trevor walks in the room, finds himself an empty seat and begins walking toward it. Just before he gets to it, another gentleman grabs the seat and sits down.

Trevor, stands there feeling himself getting angry but calmly takes a deep breath and begins looking around again...The place is nearly full...He finally spots someone leaving and hurries over to take their spot...

Trevor sits down, gets comfortable and logs onto the internet. Instead of doing a job search though, he looks around to make sure the coast is clear then logs onto a modeling web page to view bikini models...

Not long after his screen lights up with beautiful, half naked models a VOICE appears from behind him...

VOICE

I don't think you're gonna find too many jobs on that bikini site, that means you should exit that now.

8.

Trevor turns behind him to see a MALE EMPLOYEE looking over a cubicle that separates small offices from the computer room. Trevor ignores him and turns back to his computer screen, continuing his viewing of bikini models..

MALE EMPLOYEE#1

Did you hear what I said? Log off of there now.

Trevor, SLAMS the mouse down, turns around, stands up and SNAPS...

TREVOR

(visibly disturbed)
Son of a - I'm this close to seeing your face on the floor!
So if you're not the goddamn internet police, today aint the day for you to piss me off! Now, I just wanna sit here for a moment, look at something to calm my nerves and be on my way...

Others around look toward the SHOUTING...

Male employee #1 picks up his telephone receiver and dials security.

Another male employee walks over...

MALE EMPLOYEE#2

(quietly to his co-worker)
What's going on?

MALE EMPLOYEE#1

Nothing, just another nut-job. (into phone) Code eleven in the computer lab, thank you.

INT. / EXT. Social Services Building - Day

Trevor is being physically FORCED out of the building by two very big security guards and their supervisor. Each guard has a hold on Trevor's arm as they maneuver him out of the building.

9.

TREVOR
(struggling to free his arm)
Let go of me!

SECURITY OFFICER #1
Just calm down buddy, relax. You're only
making it worse on yourself.

TREVOR
I'm suing the shit out you people, all
of you!

At that moment Trevor is TOSSED outside the building doors...

SECURITY OFFICER#2
(pointing his finger at Trevor)
Don't come back...

The security officers stand there to make sure Trevor
doesn't reenter the premises...Trevor makes a BOLT toward
Security Officer #2...Security Officer #2 PUSHES him hard,
knocking Trevor back and flat on his ass...The Supervisor
smirks, they laugh mockingly at Trevor...

A Squad car pulls up...Trevor gets back up...Two officers
exit the police car, one walks toward Trevor, the other
walks toward the security officers...

OFFICER#1
We got a call about a disturbance?

SECURITY SUPERVISOR
(points at Trevor)
Yeah, that's him right there...

Officer #2 removes his handcuffs and begins to arrest
Trevor...

OFFICER #2
(to Trevor)
Place your hands behind your back sir...

OFFICER #1
(to security officers)
Thanks, we got it from here...

10.

TREVOR

Wait a second, what are you arresting me for?

OFFICER #1

(searching his pockets)
You have any guns, knives or weapons on you sir?

TREVOR

No! I'm not a criminal, I've got kids, I have a family.

OFFICER #2

What are you 'causing problems in there for?

TREVOR

I didn't do anything! Those guys just kicked my ass and you're taking me to jail! What am I being arrested for?

OFFICER #1

Shut-up and get in the car.

OFFICER #2

You're being charged with disorderly conduct.

TREVOR

Disorderl...I didn't do anything!

OFFICER #1

Yeah, yeah...

Officer #1 shoves him in the back seat and slams the door shut....

EXT. Cook County Jail - Night

Trevor walks out of the county jail still putting his watch on and looking at an official piece of paper from the court...

11.

INT. County Mental Health Center - Day

Trevor listens to a Doctor give him his evaluation of his mental status.

DOCTOR

(closing a file)

Well, Mister Mackson I'm going to be frank with you, you're clinically depressed. I'm going to submit my report to the judge and recommend that you take an anti-depressant, perhaps Paxil or Zoloft.

TREVOR

So I don't have to be committed?

DOCTOR

Oh no, only the most serious of cases are actually committed, a very small percentage. I'm sure that with the proper meds and perhaps taking it easy for awhile, you'll be fine.

TREVOR

I don't need medication. All I need is a little respect, that's it.

DOCTOR

Um Hum, sure.

The doctor stands up and walks over to the door, opens it for Trevor.

DOCTOR

Take care Mister Mackson.

NARRATION (VO Trevor's)

I knew right then what I was going to do and I wasn't going to take any meds. It was time for me to go see my friend Victor.

Trevor gets up leave...

12.

EXT. O'Hare Airport (runway) Chicago, Ill. - Night

A PLANE, takes off fast down a runway and lifts itself mightily in the air.

INT. Airplane (ascending) - Night

Trevor nervously grips the arm rests of his seat and keeps his eyes closed as the Plane makes it's ascent into the sky. SWEAT begins to come down his face.

A MALE PASSENGER sitting next to him comfortably reading a newspaper looks over at Trevor, noticing his anxiety.

MALE PASSENGER
First time on a plane?

Trevor nods his head no, keeping his head straight and with eyes still closed...

As the Plane levels out, Trevor removes his seat belt when prompted and takes a bottle of PILLS from his pocket and quickly pops some in his mouth...

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT walks by...Trevor stops her...

TREVOR
M'am, I would like a glass of water please...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sure, I be right back with it...

INT. Airplane - (in flight) - Night

Trevor is fast asleep in an isle seat with his head resting comfortably on a pillow. A STEWARDESS approaches passengers along the isle, courteously checking up on them before the plane prepares to land.

Trevor DREAMING,

13.

INT. High school Weight Room - Day

A scrawny teenage Trevor enters the weight room full of several much bigger wrestling team students. The WRESTLING TEAM notices him enter near the entrance.

Trevor walks over to a Lat pull down machine and sits down preparing to use it. Two wrestling team members immediately walk over...

WESTLER #1

Hey slim, mind if we finish our sets over here first?

Trevor gets up and moves...

TREVOR

No, sure...

Wrestler #1 sits down and starts pulling down on the Lat Pull with his partner looking on.

Trevor walks away another area of the gym.

INT. High school weight room - Day

Trevor walks over to the dumbbell rack.

DUMBELLS on a rack.

Trevor, picks up two 40lbs. dumbbells and tries to curl them but having great difficulty. A SWARM of WRESTLING team members flock over to the dumbbell rack and begin snatching dumbbells off of it. The Wrestling Coach shouts at Trevor.

COACH

Hey kid! I'm trying to run a drill here!
Get out of the way! Let my boys do what they gotta do!

WRESTLER #1

(low-toned, to a friend)
Look at him, he can't lift shit anyway...

Trevor sets the dumbbells back on the rack and walks away.

14.

INT. High school weight room - Day

Trevor walks over to a bench press.

Trevor, pulls himself under a bench press and pauses for a moment to take a few deep breaths before he tries to lift.

Two Wrestling team students stroll over on each side of the bench press.

WRESTLER #4

(grabbing heavier plates) Hey slim, you got put more weight on here if you wanna see any progress...

Wrestler #4 and #5 add on another 45lbs. plate to each side of the bar.

TREVOR

Oh, no thanks guys I'm alright with just the...

Before Trevor can finish speaking the two Wrestlers LIFT the weight bar from each side of the bench. Trevor's scrawny arms struggle to keep it from smashing down onto his chest...The bar DROPS to Trevor's chest nearly crushing him as he begs the two to help him...

WRESTLER #4

Come on slim, push it up! (grinning)

TREVOR

Get it off me! I can't lift it! Please!

The two wrestlers laugh as they lift the weight from off of Trevor's chest...

WRESTLER #5

Stay out of the way next time when we're running a drill lightweight.

WRESTLER #4

The cheerleading team comes in next after we do, maybe you can practice with them....(grins)

15.

The entire Wrestling Team laughs and smirks at Trevor.

Trevor, angered, JUMPS UP, PUSHES wrestler #4.

Wrestler #4, in a quick BURST grabs Trevor in-between his legs, LIFTS him up and SLAMS him hard on the floor.

TREVORS POV

Lying face-up on the ground, Trevor sees a LARGE FIST (wrestler #4) come crashing down to his face.

CRACK!

Blacks out.

INT. Airplane - Landed - Night

Trevor JERKS awake from his flashback dream. He OPENS his eyes.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT stands politely over him tapping his shoulder...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir. We've landed. It's time to deboard
the plane.

Trevor, LOOKS around, somewhat disoriented to see an empty flight cabin...

TREVOR

(still waking up)
Where am I?

The Flight Attendant tilts her head slightly, SMILES and says....

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

LAX...Los Angeles California...

INT. A New Jaguar - Moving in Airport traffic - Night

VICTOR (30's) is behind the driver's wheel driving.

16.

VICTOR is a casually well-dressed man, thirty two years old, wearing cream colored kaki pants, a black buttoned down, starched and pressed and open toed dress sandals with BRIGHT RED SOX.

VICTOR has a youthful appearance, tanned and muscular with dark black, thick wavy hair. The kind you see on Hollywood pretty boys...

He spots a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN walking with her expensive looking bags...He STARES at her ass...

VICTOR

(to himself)
Nice...

Victor, spots Trevor standing outside waiting for him...He pulls over, lets his window down, HONKS the horn and WAVES him over...

TREVORS POV

Trevor spots a smiling Victor and begins walking toward the car...He opens the rear door, puts his bags in the back seat, hops in the front...They take off..

INT. Jaguar - (moving through traffic) - Night

Victor and Trevor catch up on the last visit he made to Los Angeles...

VICTOR

(Slight Cuban Accent)
Good to see you again! So what's it been? Like two years since I seen you last?

Trevor looks around to see all the strange weirdness of folks in L.A.

TREVOR

A year and four months.

17.

VICTOR

I'm glad you came back. We're gonna have a good freaking time this time, better than the last time you hear me? I gonna take care of you man, you don't worry about a thing, okay.

Victor, extends his hand out...Trevor looks at it, smiles and feels comforted...They lock hands in brotherly affection...

TREVOR

Thanks...

Jaguar SPEEDS away, rear plates read, LEV RAGE...

EXT. Luxury Condominiums - Night

Victor's' illustrious Jaguar pulls up to a security gate already OPENING for him...The Jag rolls inside...Gate CLOSES...

INT. Luxury Condo - Night

Victor and Trevor enter his condo from the outside.

The FRONT DOOR inside the condo OPENS. Victor and Trevor walk inside.

Victor HITS the light switch, Trevor sets down his luggage.

Trevor looks around, impressed.

TREVOR

(to himself)
Nice...

VICTOR

Baby! I'm home!

A beautiful suntanned BLONDE comes running like a little girl toward Victor. She JUMPS on top of him, WRAPS her long, tanned, shapely legs around his hips and kisses him passionately.

18.

VICTOR

Woe...baby, baby let me introduce my friend first before you suffocate me.

The Blonde, jumps down from him, composes herself then extends her hand out to Trevor.

BLONDE

Sorry. Hi, I'm Courtney, nice to meet you.

TREVOR

(shaking her hand)
Likewise, I'm Trevor. Victor never told me you were so beautiful.

Courtney BLUSHES

VICTOR

(grins)
Listen to this guy, picking up some of my ways already, that was smooth...But sorry, she's already taken. I tell you what though, since you my good friend, we can share her.

Courtney, puts her hands on her hips, HITS Victor on the side of his shoulder.

COURTNEY

Not, funny...

VICTOR (cont'd)

(to Trevor)
Your room is down there, first door to the left, just make yourself at home.

TREVOR, picks up his bags ...

TREVOR

Thanks. I'm going to go ahead and crash for the night, I'm pretty jet-lagged.

19.

VICTOR

Get some rest brother, I see you in the morning. I got some big things planned for us. We got a big day ahead of us tomorrow...

COURTNEY

Let us know if you need anything.

Trevor nods kindly and heads toward the room but then stops short and turns around to say something.

TREVOR

(to Victor)
Hey listen. I really appreciate this...You letting me come down again on such short notice and everything, and its...

VICTOR

Look, save the sentiments. That's what friends are for right? I'm your friend, right...?

TREVOR

Yeah...that's what friends are for.
G'night...

Trevor turns and walks away toward his room.

VICTOR

That was very touching
though...(chuckles)

Victor grabs his woman and kisses her on the forehead.

COURTNEY

You're so mean.

Victor, lightly grabs her around the throat, pulls her toward him and begins KISSING her passionately.

20.

INT. Trevors' room - Night

Trevor opens the door to his room and hits the light, walks inside. He leaves the door partially cracked and goes over to the bed where he drops his luggage and PLOPS himself down onto the bed, lying face up.

After a short moment and a couple of deep breaths, Trevor turns his head toward a near-by closet. He looks at it for a moment then sits up straight and begins unpacking his luggage. Trevor takes a Lap-top computer from his bag and sets it down on top of the bed. He then gets up and walks over toward the closet.

Trevor, tries to TURN the closet door knob...Its locked...He pauses, there is complete silence...

Suddenly, A VOICE...

What you looking for?

Trevor, JUMPS around toward the direction of the voice. A shirtless Victor stands there staring hard at him.

TREVOR

Jesus man you scared the living
daylights out of me!

VICTOR

I'm very quiet, like a cat.

Trevor notices Victor's muscular build.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Gosh, Vic you look great. You been
workin' out?

VICTOR

A little bit here and there you know,
nothin' serious.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Oh sure. Look at you, all buffed and
tanned, you look great...

Trevor looks down at himself...

21.

TREVOR (cont'd)

I got some work to do.

VICTOR

I go to the twenty-four hour nautilus down in Riverside. By the time you leave here, I'm going to have you in the best shape you ever been.

TREVOR

I was just trying to get in the closet over here to put my things away.

VICTOR

Oh...don't mess with that door. It doesn't open, I got to get it fixed. You can put your things in the dresser over there or hang it up in here...

Victor walks over to another door across the room and OPENS it for Trevor, revealing an empty closet with coat hangers and shelves to store luggage and hats. Trevor takes notice of Victor's BRIGHT RED SOX.

TREVOR

Thanks.

VICTOR

You look tired.

TREVOR

(yawning)
Tired is an understatement...

VICTOR

No I mean like really tired, exhausted, like you been dragged through the mud. Pretty pathetic, get some rest...

TREVOR

Thanks. You're so charming.

VICTOR

Oh, and you got your own bathroom and shower right there. (pointing to the open bathroom door)

22.

TREVOR
I saw that, thanks.

VICTOR
G'night.

TREVOR
'Night

Victor starts to walk out the room but stops short to say something.

VICTOR
Oh. And one last thing before I forget.
A few house rules. Rule number one,
there are no rules. Rule number two, no
smoking (looking at Trevor's pack of
Newport's through his white button
down). Me and the girlfriend don't
smoke. But anything outside of
that...it's okay.

TREVOR
Not a problem. I'll just smoke outside.
I've been trying to quit anyway.

Victor turns and starts walking out...

VICTOR (cont'd)
See you in the morning...

Trevor,

watches Victor walk away.

He looks back at the door Victor told him not to bother with
wondering, *what's in there?*

Trevor takes his Lap - Top over to a small desk and PULLS
the string to a small lamp, LIGHT comes ALIVE. He takes a
seat in the cozy soft Black leather chair. Looking under the
desk he finds an outlet then proceeds to connect the wiring
from his Lap - Top to the outlet.

23.

His computer comes ALIVE. Trevor leans back deep in the comfortable chair and stretches his fingers while waiting for his system to boot. Afterwards he selects his E-Diary icon saved to his Desk Top and begins to type a NEW PAGE.

TREVOR (VO)

(typing) June thirtieth, two-thousand and eight. I'm here again in the city of Angels. It's been nearly a year and a half since the last time I came, my second trip here. I still remember my first trip about three years ago and meeting Victor. He's been like a brother to me ever since and we always stayed in touch. I'm staying at his place until I sort things out this time with Karen. I'm afraid this time when I go home though, it may be over for good. Especially since I lost my locksmith business and now she has to flip all the bills instead of me for a change. Victor's place is awesome. I didn't expect him to be living so regal. He seemed more like a one-bedroom flat kind of guy. He's got this locked door in my room that I'm a little curious about. Must be a closet full of money or something 'cause there's no way he can afford a place like this. I'm really looking forward to enjoying myself while I'm here and hopefully getting my mind off Karen. Until next time...Trevor signing off ...

Trevor

hits the SAVE icon on his laptop, the HOURGLASS appears on the screen saving his document. He pulls the lamp string to kill the light and retires for the night.

INT. VICTOR'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A shirtless Victor sits comfortably on his sofa flicking through cable channels. His legs are propped up on a coffee table wearing BRIGHT RED SOX. His muscular torso is ripped to the bone and deeply tanned.

24.

VICTOR

aiming the remote at the television, a bowl of oatmeal sitting on his lap.

A WIDE SCREEN TELEVISION

channel after channel flips through the screen then stops at an ESPN2 channel showing a strong man competition. Victor stretches out his arms comfortably across the top of the sofa and watches.

TREVOR

slowly walks in, wrapped in a robe and takes a seat on a comfortable Lazy-Boy chair next to the sofa.

TREVOR

(to Victor) Mornin'.

VICTOR

Morning. So how was the flight down the other night?

TREVOR

Terrible. A two hour delay in Denver `cause some jerk off makes a phony terrorist threat. Not to mention we already took off late out of Chicago. Next time I'm going Greyhound. What's this?

VICTOR

Strongman competition.

TREVOR

Never heard of it.

VICTOR (cont'd)

Just a bunch of juiced up brutes going around pulling trucks with their teeth and stuff like that.

TREVOR

Oh...

25.

Brief silence as the men look on at the Strongman comp.
Trevor is not impressed.

TREVOR

Anyway...this is a really nice place man,
I'm awed.

VICTOR, stuffs a spoonful of oatmeal in his mouth and turns
the channel, stopping on a Clint Eastwood "Dirty Harry"
flick...

TREVOR (cont'd)

I could never afford a place like this
in Chicago, even after my business took
off. You must be pulling in some really
good figures at the job, huh?

Victor tries to focus his attention on the "Dirty Harry"
movie...

TELEVISION SCREEN...Dirty Harry points massive six-gun at a
Bad guy... *"Go ahead, Make my day"*...

VICTOR

(re: Dirty Harry flick)
I like this guy.

Brief silence, Trevor tries to regain Victor's attention...

TREVOR

So where you working these days?

Victor, looks at his friend..

VICTOR

Work? I don't work for know body my
friend.

TREVOR

Oh. That's cool, nothing like being your
own boss.

VICTOR

That's right, I'm the boss around here
and guess what else...the girlfriend, she
pays for everything.

Momentary silence...

26.

TREVOR

What do you mean?

VICTOR

My girlfriend, the hot blonde haired chick you met last night, space cadet, she pays for all of this. I don't do nothing...

Trevors' facial expression changes to that of someone perplexed.

TREVOR

Oh...What are you, some kind of pimp or something?

Victor turns to look at Trevor, with a serious and stern look in his expression...

VICTOR

You want to fuck her don't you?

TREVOR

Who me? What are you crazy?!
Naahh...(lying) Hell no! Of course not, come on...

VICTOR

You're a liar my friend...

Victor, gets up and walks over to the front door and OPENS it for Trevor...

VICTOR (cont'd)

And I don't like a lying bastard I can't trust. Get the fuck out of here.

Trevor, looks on at Victor...

TREVOR

Are you serious?

Victor doesn't reply. He stares sternly at Trevor holding the door open...

Momentary silence...

27.

TREVOR

Come on, look, sit down. I mean, listen, what guy wouldn't want to...You know...

VICTOR

(helps him out)
Fuck her...?

TREVOR

For lack of a better term, yes. She's gorgeous, okay. Any guy would wanna, you know, unless he's gay or something.

VICTOR

Correct-ah-mundo. I like your honesty.
(grins)

Victor CLOSES the door back and returns to his bowl of oatmeal...

Brief moment of silence...Trevor tries to break the awkward moment they just had...

TREVOR

So anyway, what do we got going today?

VICTOR

Don't worry, today you going to be my apprentice. Today I'm going to teach you about something I call leverage.

Trevor gives his friend Victor a puzzled look...

Victor, gets up and heads toward the kitchen with his half-empty bowl of oatmeal...

TREVOR

What do mean? Leverage, what's that?

VICTOR

Since you came all this way, I might as well teach you something while you here right? You want a protein shake?

TREVOR

No thanks. Got a beer?

28.

INT. VICTOR'S CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

Victor opens his refrigerator door. He reaches inside pulling out a SHARPS non-alcoholic beer.

VICTOR
(to Trevor) Heads up!

Victor, TOSSES the SHARPS beer can over to Trevor from across the kitchen.

Trevor CATCHES the beer can, LOOKS at it.

TREVOR
What the hell is this?

VICTOR
(re: Beer)
Tastes just like the real thing.

TREVOR
(to himself) I'd rather have the real thing.

Trevor, CRACKS open the Sharps and drinks it down.

TREVOR (cont'd)
So what do mean by teaching me about leverage?

Victor walks back into the living room from the kitchen.

INT. VICTOR'S CONDO - Living Room - Day

Victor returns to his seat on the couch.

VICTOR
(to Trevor) When I first came here from Cuba I came with nothing. I was nothing, except flat broke immigrant with a heavy accent who spoke very little English. But the one thing I did have was ambition. I worked a job here and there, washing dishes, doing whatever I could. So eventually I said screw this, went off to college and earned myself a degree in business. But even after that,

there was still something missing. You know what I mean? That's when I had an epiphany, I discovered that life isn't about your education, your career, your big fucking house in the hills, or any of that nonsense. None of those things matter. What matters is LEVERAGE.

TREVOR

(Lost)

Okay. And so what is 'leverage'?

VICTOR (cont'd)

Its a concept, and the concept is this: To have leverage is to take all of life's bullshit by the balls in a vice grip and say, "Go ahead, make my day", like Dirty Harry (grins). That's Leverage.

TREVOR

(thinking Victor to be insane)

Is that right?

VICTOR

I love that shit, what's his face? Dirty Harry... "make my day"...

TREVOR

Sounds crazy...

Victor, stops grinning, suddenly his demeanor turns serious...

VICTOR

Why don't you open your mind! Look beyond the surface! This is real life man! If you want freedom, the time is now and this is it! You think because I live in this fancy condo, I drive around in a brand new sixty-five thousand dollar jag, and screw a beautiful, ditsy blonde white broad every night who pays all the bills makes me a somebody? That don't mean squat my friend. Any low-life living in Los Angeles can pull that one off. What I discovered is something greater than that, understand?!

30.

VICTOR (cont'd)
LEVERAGE...Respect that shit brother!

Trevor, convinced Victor's insane...

TREVOR
(nodding his head)
Alright...

VICTOR (cont'd)
So today my friend, this is what your going to do. You gonna take a great big chunk of life by the balls okay, put it in a vice grip and you gonna say, "Go ahead, make my day!"

Victor, winks at his friend, grins, gets up and walks away.

Narration (VO)
Although I was starting to think my friend was totally crazy, I had already been thinking and feeling along the same lines. I totally sympathized with his concept, crazy as it may have sounded. I was fed up with life beating up on me and not getting back what I thought I deserved, just a little respect. Everywhere I turned I saw my world slipping slowly out of control. I was tired of bills, taxes, and everything else in between. I was ready to do just like he said, take life by the balls in a vice grip and say, "Go ahead, make my day".

INT. Twenty-Four Hour Nautilus - Riverdale - Day

Victor takes Trevor for a workout at the gym. Several Huge guys sweat it out on racks of heavy iron. Even a muscular female or two pumps some iron. Testosterone floods the room, Muscles are everywhere.

31.

A BENCH PRESS

Victor

lying under a bench press pushing out his last few repetitions. Nine...Ten...Eleven...Twelve...

He sets the weight bar on the resting prongs after his last rep. Victor moves his muscular frame from under the bench.

TREVOR

(looking around)
I don't belong here...

VICTOR

Your turn brotha.

Trevor moves under the bench press and braces his arms and hands under the weight bar, preparing to lift.

VICTOR (cont'd)

Wait a second. Let's take some weight off first.

TREVOR

Good idea...A lot of weight.

Victor moves around to each side of the weight bar removing a forty-five pound plate from each side.

VICTOR

Alright, now we're ready. I want to see six good ones! Let's go!

Victor helps Trevor lift the weight bar off the resting prongs. Trevor lets the weight down, but can't get it back up back up, he PANICKS.

TREVOR

Jesus man, grab it!

Victor, easily pulls the weight bar off of Trevor's torso and sets it back on the resting prongs.

Trevor PAUSES...Out of breath...Sits up...

32.

VICTOR
(chuckling) Relax man. Breath, you look like you're fucking constipated or something. Turning all pink and shit...You alright...?

INT. Twenty-Four Hour Nautilus - Sauna - Day

Trevor wades comfortably in a hot tub after working out.

Victor approaches with a freshly made protein shake for Trevor and hands it to him.

TREVOR
What's this?

VICTOR
Protein shake.

Trevor takes a few sips while VICTOR joins him in the sauna.

TREVOR
Looks gross but it tastes pretty good.

VICTOR
The grosser it looks, the better it is for you. That's usually how it works...

A GROUP of WOMEN leaving the area walk by in bathing suits, ADMIRING Victor's good looks and muscular body as they pass along...

Victor, smiles cordially and waves...

VICTOR
Ladies...

The women, all smiles as they walk away...Trevor takes notice...

TREVOR
You have a way with the ladies, that's for sure.

VICTOR
Comes naturally, you envy?

33.

TREVOR

Envy? Nahhh, I wouldn't call it that.

Trevor, flashes Victor his wedding band...

TREVOR (cont'd)

I'm married, remember?

Victor, looks at his friend...

Trevor glances back at the women as they leave out the door...

VICTOR

Maybe you're right. Maybe I should settle down, get myself a wife and a regular job. Live from check to check, get treated like crap by my boss, come home wasted every night because I hate my existence and drink my liver into oblivion. What do you think? Sound good?

TREVOR

I think you should do whatever makes you happy. And just for the record, I respect the fact that you don't drink, you don't smoke, you've got a body women die for, good looks, a hot car, an even hotter girlfriend...I admire all that, you know, but...(pauses)

VICTOR

But what?

TREVOR

Nothing, never mind, it doesn't matter.

Victor looks on at his friend Trevor as if studying his thoughts...

VICTOR

(grins)

I know what it is...you envy me. You only wish you could live the way I live.

TREVOR

(lying)

No, that's not it...

34.

Victor looks on at his friend, studying him closely...

TREVOR (cont'd)

Alright, look. I'll put it to you this way. Every guy in the back of his mind probably wouldn't mind having all the things you have. But that's not the only thing life's' all about.

VICTOR

Let me ask you something. If you could be anywhere you wanted to be right now, where would it be?

TREVOR

I don't know.

VICTOR

Would you rather be back in Chicago, slaving your ass off everyday to keep your wife happy and your bills paid while she does nothing?

TREVOR

Listen man, don't go there. No. I'd rather be right here, doing what I'm doing.

VICTOR

Exactly! And what is it that you're doing my friend?

Trevor keeps listening,

VICTOR (cont'd)

You're relaxing in a sauna at the hippest fitness club in L.A., enjoying a good, refreshing protein shake after a hard workout. There's nothing wrong with that is there? This is the *real* life my friend...The average hardworking Joe is just a slave. A slave to the everyday grit and grind. You spend all your time pleasing other people, gotta keep your wife happy, your kids happy, and where does it leave you in the end?

(cont'd)

With nothing. Maybe you end up in a nut-house? Or sticking a gun in your mouth?

TREVOR

Look, I'm not sure where you're trying to go with this but I'll just say this, we all do what we have to do in order to survive. That's just it. Either you accept the reality of that or you just fall by the wayside. We're all just slaves man. Slaves to ourselves, to greed, to money, to whatever...That's just the way it is...No body can change it...You do what you have to in order to survive...That's it...

VICTOR

I'm not just "surviving" my friend, I'm living! And that's the difference between me and you...

Momentary silence...Trevor ponders his reply...

VICTOR (cont'd)

(switching subjects)

So why did you and Karen split up this time?

TREVOR

(taking a deep breath)

Well, technically we didn't really "split up" this time, not technically. I just got on a plane and left for here again without telling her, and she thinks I'm cheating on her.

VICTOR

Why is that?

TREVOR

Because whenever I pull this crap she thinks I'm here seeing another woman. I still love her, I'm just burned out. And I'm not so sure she feels the same about me anymore after eighteen years together.

36.

VICTOR

You'll get over it. There's too many beautiful, young and very, very rich women here in Los Angles.

INT. Locker Room (Fitness Club) - Day

Victor does a steroid deal with a huge BODYBUILDER inside the locker room.

A HUGE and heavily muscular BODYBUILDER approaches Victor, kneels down and begins to show him something.

The Bodybuilder shows Victor a copy of FORBES MAGAZINE with a MAN pictured on the cover...

Victor NODS his head, listening...Looking around to make sure know one is paying attention...

BODYBUILDER

(speaking very low)

His names' James Hightower. Couldn't find an address but I know where you can find him. He golf's just about everyday except Sunday's at Arroyo Seco Golf course in Pasadena. Usually between three and five.

Victor checks his watch. It reads one-thirty.

The BODYBUILDER stands and pulls something else from inside his workout sweatshirt.

INT. Shower Stall (Fitness Club) - Day

Trevor lathers himself up in the shower.

From his stall he sees Victor and the bodybuilder talking. He looks on at them.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. Locker Room - (fitness club) - Day

The Bodybuilder hands Victor a folded sheet of paper.

37.

VICTOR

What's this...?

BODYBUILDER

A map and printed out instructions on
how to get there.

Victor puts the information away inside his shirt.

BODYBUILDER (cont'd)

You got the stuff?

Victor carefully but inconspicuously scans the area, making
sure that know one is seeing the deal go down.

Victor OPENS a locker door. He removes a brown paper bag
from the locker, hands it to the Bodybuilder.

VICTOR

(to Bodybuilder)

That's two thousand milligrams of D-Bol.
Eight weeks on, same amount of time off.

Victor then hands the Bodybuilder a wad of cash.

BODYBUILDER

Good lookin' out bro.

They slap hands together and the Bodybuilder departs.

Victor removes the rest of his items from the locker and
closes it.

INT. Shower Stall (fitness club) - Day

Trevor steps out of the shower, wraps himself in a towel and
walks out toward Victor in the locker room.

INT. Locker Room (fitness club) - Day

Victor looks up to see his friend approaching.

Trevor, approaches a locker near Victor, OPENS it and begins
to grab his things out.

VICTOR

(joking)

Wow man, I didn't know you looked so sexy all steamy and hot and dripping wet like that. (laughs)

TREVOR

(opening his locker)

Knock it off, I'm not quite ready for another relationship just yet.

VICTOR

(re: Trevor's clothes)

Listen, I was taking notice of your whole get-up here and frankly, if you're going to be hanging out with me, we gotta get you in some better looking clothes. I know just the place too.

TREVOR

Vic, I came to have a good time, but I don't have a lot of money for stuff like that.

VICTOR

Don't worry about it, I told you, I know just the right place...

Trevor,

scrambles through his gym bag trying to find something...

VICTOR

What's wrong?

TREVOR

My socks, there gone.

VICTOR

You sure?

TREVOR

Yeah, I put them inside my gym bag. At least I thought I put them there.

Trevor, scrambles through the bag once more...No socks...

39.

VICTOR

Don't sweat it, you can pick up another pair later. Let's go.

INT. Upscale suit shop - Los Angles - Day

Victor stands distinguished in front of a huge three-way mirror just getting finished trying on a tailor made suit.

The SALESMAN stands behind Victor and helps him put the sports coat on and completes the finishing touches by brushing off the slightest degree of lint, going over the shoulders of the suit carefully with a lint roller.

The salesman moves around toward the front side of Victor to view his new suit admiringly.

Victor, tidies-up his red tie to match his red sox.

SALESMAN

It looks great on you, especially with your build and everything (mock flex)...Fabulous...

VICTOR

It *better* look great on me, I paid a lot of money for this body...

Trevor, sits quietly in the distance looking on...

VICTOR (cont'd)

How fast can you find something nice for my friend over there?

The Salesman, walks over to Trevor, curling his finger over his lips....

SALESMAN

(to Trevor)

Stand up for me please...Um Hum, we have plenty his size in stock, he's much smaller, about a thirty-eight regular... Come, over here. (walks over to a rack of suits) These are our higher-end, Italian made suits, a little more expensive, but well worth the price tag...

40.

Trevor, looks at the price tag on one of the suits...

TREVOR
Fifteen hundred bucks...?

SALESMAN
Or, if you prefer, we have some cheaper
selections over...

Victor interrupts him...

VICTOR
Don't worry about the price. Get him in
the most expensive suit you have...Okay...

The salesman smiles, takes a three piece, double-breasted
pin-stripped, Gray colored suit from the rack, removes the
sports coat from the hanger and proudly proceeds to hold it
open for Trevor to try on...

Trevor, moves behind it to slip his arms through the open
sport coat as the salesman slides it easily over his
shoulders onto his back...The three look it over in the
mirror...

SALESMAN
Excellent...And the color blends in quite
nicely with your complexion as well...

VICTOR
Perfect...Get'em in that suit and the
most expensive pair of Italian dress
shoes also, quickly. (to Trevor) I'll be
waiting for you up front. (to Salesman)
Oh, and before I forget, red dress sox
for him only...You have any? Is that
gonna be a problem?

SALESMAN
(thinking it an odd request)
No, sure, absolutely not...

INT. Upscale Suit shop - Los Angles - Day

A FOOT in BRIGHT RED dress sox and glossy, wet looking
dress shoes sits on top of a wooden bench for sitting.

41.

A HAND wipes the dress shoes to a spit shine with a clean white cloth...The hand and foot belongs to Victor... He cleans his flawless dress shoes while waiting with the salesman near the cash register for Trevor to emerge...

Victor, notices a stack of fine chocolates for sale sitting near the register. A PRICE CARD reads ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS per bar...Victor reaches for a bar and proceeds to OPEN it...

VICTOR

(to salesman)
You mind...?

SALESMAN

(imagining Victor to be wealthy)
Sure, help yourself, not at all mister...?

VICTOR

(swallowing chocolate)
Del Larruso...

Trevor, walks out of the dressing room and toward the front of the store in his new fifteen hundred dollar suit looking sharp as a tact...

Victor SMILES at Trevor and nods his head in approval...

The Salesman waits behind the cash register, ready to ring them up...

SALESMAN

You both look fabulous gentlemen and thank you for stopping in today. So we come to a grand total of...

Salesman, types in a few numbers...

SALESMAN (cont'd)

Four thousand, two hundred and eighty three dollars and ninety six cents. (to Victor) Will that be cash, charge or check for you today Mister Del Larruso?

VICTOR

It'll be neither of'em...

42.

SALESMAN

(perplexed)
Pardon...?

VICTOR

(proceeds to walk out)
This is good chocolate, sure as hell
aint worth a hundred bucks though...

Victor, TOSSES the remainder of the chocolate bar in a small trash can and heads towards the door to leave...

Trevor is stumped, motionless, not knowing what to do or say...

The salesman, HURRIES from behind the register to BLOCK the front entrance of the door...

VICTOR

(to salesman)
Get out of the way...

SALESMAN

With all due respect sir, you cannot
leave this establishment without paying
for that suit...

An argument ensues...Both the Salesman and Victor speak simultaneously...

VICTOR

Is that so? You think so huh? Do you
know who I am?

SALESMAN

That's right sir, you either pay or I
call the police, and...I don't care who
you are sir, with all due respect,
you're not leaving without paying first.
Either that or you take it off..

A MAN, owner of the business, appears from behind a door in the back of the store after hearing the commotion.

SALESMAN POV

He sees the owner and WAVES him over.

43.

OWNER

Excuse me!

The men stop and turn around toward the voice.

OWNER (cont'd)

(politely)

Gentlemen, I'm the owner of this establishment, what seems to be the problem?

VICTOR

Problem? There's no problem, we're not paying. So...(smiles)...have a nice day.

Trevor, finally comes over and tries to resolve the situation, beginning to remove his tie and suit jacket...

TREVOR

(to Owner)

Wait a minute, this is all a mistake, listen, here, take the suit back, I don't want any...

OWNER

(to salesman)

Marshall, call the police.

Marshall the salesman, goes off to call the police.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Look, excuse me sir that won't be necessary, it's really not that big of a deal, I had no idea what was going on here, I'll take the suit off...

VICTOR

(to Trevor)

Screw these guys man, put your tie back on, let's go.

OWNER

That's it! I gave you gentlemen an opportunity to pay so now I'm getting the police...

Victor, walks up close to the OWNER. STARING him dead in the eye...

44.

The OWNER, a medium height, upper fifties, graying, burly, distinguished looking gentleman isn't intimidated in the least by Victor...

VICTOR

You wanna call the police on us? How about INS!

Victor, storms past the Owner toward the back entrance door of the shop.

He PUSHES it open and ENTERS.

The Owner, Trevor and Marshall the salesman follow in after him.

INT. Upscale suit shop - Back Room - Day

Victor stands in front of several illegal Mexican immigrants working inside what resembles a sweat shop. The workers are visibly hot and sweaty.

The workers STOP what they're doing, they all STARE toward Victor.

Old Mexican women sitting in front of sewing machines look...

VICTOR

(to workers)
Can anyone here speak English?

No reply...

VICTOR

Anyone?

No reply...

Victor takes out his cell phone and DIALS a number.

VICTOR

(in Spanish to a worker)
Amigo, how much does this asshole pay you an hour?

Victor puts the cell phone to his ear...RINGING...

45.

WORKER

(in Spanish)
Five dollars an hour...

OWNER

(to Victor, worried)
What the hell do you think you're
doing!? This is *my* establishment! Who
the hell are you calling?

VICTOR

Who do you think? I-N-S.

Victor reaches inside his coat pocket and pulls out a fake,
but real-looking official government badge and display's it
right up to the owner's face...

VICTOR (cont'd)

I'm shutting you down and I've got a
couple of good friends there just
itching to find a back room full of
illegal immigrants. By the time they're
done here, your entire crew will be back
on bus to Mexico faster than you can say
adios!

The owner POUNDS his fist on a nearby table in frustration..

OWNER

Jesus, just go! Please, just get the
hell out of my store!

Victor, flips his cell phone closed and puts it back into
his pocket....

VICTOR

Good day gentlemen...

Victor turns and walks out, Trevor follows...

Owner, SLAMS his fist angrily again onto a counter...This time
hurting his fist...

Owner, curses something in Italian...

46.

EXT. Parking lot - Day

A CAR (Victor's Jaguar) backs out of a parking space.

It shifts into forward drive, BURNS RUBBER and SCREECHES away, tires SMOKING...

INT. Victor's Jaguar - Day

Victor and Trevor drive off into the busy Los Angeles streets.

TREVOR

Are you nuts? What the hell was that in there?

VICTOR

That, was some very poor customer appreciation, that what that was... They'll never get my business again let me tell you...

TREVOR

And what, what happened to your voice, your accent?

VICTOR

Oh, you mean the one you bean hearing me wit all day?

TREVOR

Yeah that one...

VICTOR

That's Victor's accent.

TREVOR

(confused)
You are Victor...Aren't you?

VICTOR

(winks at Trevor)
Only when I need to be.

TREVOR

So who are you now?

47.

VICTOR

I'm Victor, but in there I was Dave Del Larruso, federal investigator for the INS. I feel like golfing, you play golf?

EXT. Driving Range - Arroyo Seco Golf Park - Day

A GOLF BALL sits on a Tee

Suddenly a strong swing from a golf club STRIKES the ball.

WACK...!!!

It disappears HIGH in the air. Victor watches it fly off after striking it.

Trevor and another golfer look on. The other golfer is a tall, clean cut, older looking gentleman wearing an old, dark blue Navy veteran hat. He's impressed by Victor's swing.

GOLFER

Wow! That's a pretty damn good swing there son, get'n some nice lifts there. How long did you say you've been out here driving?

VICTOR

(lying)
Just learned the other day.

GOLFER

I'll be damned. Took me six months to get my swing down like that. (stretching out his hand) The names Hightower. James Hightower, pleasure to meet you.

Victor shakes Mister Hightowers' hand, he notices his expensive PRESIDENTIAL ROLEX watch.

VICTOR

I'm John and this is my friend Lex.

Trevor looks at Victor Oddly, wondering why he lied to the man about their names...

48.

Mister Hightower extends his hand also to "Lex" (Trevor) and shakes it.

MISTER HIGHTOWER
(positioning his ball on a tee) You boys
members of the golfers club?

VICTOR (John)
Nahhh. Just taking my friend here
somewhere he can relax and take out all
his frustrations on the little white
ball.

MISTER HIGHTOWER
Oh...I see...

VICTOR (John)
You wouldn't happen to be the same James
Hightower that's CEO/Chairman of
Northrop Grumman Corporation would you?

MISTER HIGHTOWER
(setting up his next swing)
That's me. How did you know that?

VICTOR (John)
I read your article in Forbes last
month. I keep up on all the latest
Fortune five hundred companies.

MISTER HIGHTOWER
(impressed)
You don't say...

VICTOR (cont'd)
They ran the story about your new Aero-
Space and defense technology. Amazing
stuff let me tell you.

MISTER HIGHTOWER
Isn't it...Our best and most exciting
breakthrough yet.

VICTOR (John)
Wow. (to Trevor) He's a celebrity. (to
Mister Hightower) Can I have your
autograph?

49.

Mister Hightower WAVES him off...

Mister Hightower,

SWINGS his club, sending his golf ball flying high in the air.

VICTOR

(re: swing)
Not bad yourself.

MISTER HIGHTOWER

After six years I managed to get the hang of it. So what do you fellas do for a living?

VICTOR (John)

I'm into sports medicine and my friend here is an editor with the New York Times.

MISTER HIGHTOWER

(impressed)
You don't say? Ed Warner, he's the head executive editor up there right?

TREVOR

(acting)
Yeah, that's right...

MISTER HIGHTOWER (cont'd)

Old college buddy of mine. Been good friends twenty years now.

TREVOR

Really? Very nice man Mister Warner is...

MISTER HIGHTOWER

(to "Lex" and "John")
Yeah, Ed and I go a long ways' back. Hey listen, a couple of club buddies and I are throwing a little shin-dig tonight at my vacation home around ten, why don't you fellas drop in and have a few? They'll be plenty of "entertainment" there (winks). The house is just beyond the lake over there on Semore Hill.

50.

TREVOR

Thanks for offering but....

MISTER HIGHTOWER

Any friend of Eds' is a friend of mine.

A GOLF CADDIE stops near-by to pick Mister Hightower up.

VICTOR (as John)

(extending his hand for a shake)

We appreciate the invite...We'll be honored to stop by... Nice pair of socks by the way...

MISTER HIGHTOWER

Huh...? (unusual compliment) Oh, okay...see you boys later then....

Mister Hightower grabs his golf club bag and walks away to the Golf Caddie and hops in...A MAN drives him off.

INT. Some small Café - Day

Victor is meeting with his Columbian drug cartel comrade to discuss plans to steal schematics for a super-telescope being built by Northrop Grumman Corp.

This telescope will enable governments, drug cartels or anyone who builds it to see activities of Federal Agents or anyone whom they chose from space. It is equipped also with new weaponry technology that will allow those in its possession to target and destroy even a single individual with an invisible laser.

Trevor sits separate from the men at another table looking up something on the internet using his laptop, making sure his screen is facing the opposite direction of the men to avoid their sight...

A LAPTOP COMPUTER SCREEN

Trevor searches through a web-site data base of Federal criminals wanted by the FBI.

He TYPES the name VICTOR SAEZ in where it prompts him to do so and waits...

51.

A SCREEN, pops up with several references and photographs of several individuals connected with the alias "Victor Saez". No picture of the Victor he knows though.

Meanwhile, Victor and his Columbian comrade continue their discussion as Trevor resumes his "background" check.

VICTOR

(to Columbian comrade, in Spanish)
I located the target but are you sure he keeps the plans inside his safe at his vacation home...?

COLUMBIAN COMRADE

(in Spanish)
He has a butler who, let's just say had no choice but to give us reliable information....He keeps the plans there. It's located in the bathroom behind a painting of Socrates. How will you get into it?

VICTOR

(in English)
I put a gun to his head and say, "open".
(chuckles)

Columbian Comrade, sits stone-faced...isn't amused in the least by Victor's humor...

Meanwhile,

Trevor

scans through another web-site trying to find any kind of clues about Victor's past...

BACK TO SCENE

VICTOR (cont'd)

See that guy over there, (looking back at Trevor) that's my partner. He's the top locksmith in the nation, and there's no safe he's ever failed at getting open. He's how I get in the safe...

Victor's Columbian Comrade takes notice of him...

52.

COLUMBIAN COMRADE

Do you trust him?

Victor, looks back at Trevor again then back at his Colombian Comrade, moving closer to him.

VICTOR

I don't trust anyone...

Trevor

searches through several addresses and phone numbers but none matching the Victor he knows...

Victor

asks his Colombian Comrade about something else...

VICTOR

What about the bird catcher?

EXT. Mini-Van - Café Parking Lot - Day

The Colombian Comrade OPENS the rear door of his Mini van revealing a long black box.

Victor, excited, reaches in for it...

INT. Victor's Jaguar - Café Parking Lot - Day

Trevor sits inside the Jag waiting for Victor. He looks back to make sure he's not coming then takes out his cell phone and dials a number...

Ring...Ring...

OTHER END (VO)

Department of Motor Vehicles, how may I help you?

TREVOR

Ahhh, yes. I lost my driver's license today and I want to know how I can get a replacement and a copy of my driving record?

53.

OTHER END (VO)

Could I have your name please?

TREVOR

Victor. Victor Saez. Last name spelled
S-A-E-Z.

Trevor, glances back again towards Victor to be sure he's not coming...

EXT. Mini Van - Café Parking Lot - Day

Victor takes the long black box, unfastens the lock levers around it and OPENS it, revealing its content...A ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADE launcher...!

Victor, SMILES with gratification...

COLUMBIAN COMRADE

You can take out anything moving with that. Trucks, cars, buses, tanks, anything. Even an aircraft if you know what you're doing.

Victor smiles and begins to fasten the locks back proceeding to take it....

INT. Victor's Jaguar - Café Parking Lot - Day

Trevor waits to see if he can pull any information about Victor from the Department of Motor Vehicles.

OTHER END (VO)

I'm sorry but our records don't show any information about a Saez, Victor. Could I have your social security number, I'll try looking it up that way...

Trevor, flips his cell phone closed hanging up...No luck...

Meanwhile, Victor shakes hands with his Columbian Comrade and takes away his new toy, walking back towards his car.

54.

EXT. Some Public Park - Day

A MAN sits on a park bench smoking a cigarette...

He checks his watch, waiting for someone.

Finally a Mercedes pulls up and stops at a curb near-by him...The MAN walks over to the car and gets in...

INT. Mercedes - Day

Victor's Columbian Comrade and THE MAN he picked up discuss a plot to get the schematics for the telescope...

THE MAN

Can he get the Blue prints and schematics?

COLUMBIAN COMRADE

I think he can deliver.

THE MAN

And if he does, then what?

COLUMBIAN COMRADE

Then we kill him, and keep our half million dollars.

INT. Jaguar - driving through LA streets - Day

Victor tells Trevor a joke while driving through the busy LA streets.

VICTOR

Here's a joke. A guy calls up his best friend and asks: "Hey man, what's the difference between reality and hypothetical reality?" The best friend replies: "Well, I could give you a book on definitions, but I feel it'd be best to show you by example. Go upstairs and ask your wife if she'd have sex with the mailman for \$500,000." The guy goes and asks his wife: "Honey, would you have sex with the mailman for \$500,000?" The wife replies: "Hell yes I would!"

55.

(cont'd)

The man returns to the phone: "She said 'Hell yes I would!'" The best friend then says: "Okay, now go and ask your oldest daughter if she'd have sex with her principal for \$500,000." The guy asks his daughter: "Would you have sex with your principal for \$500,000?" The daughter replies: "Hell yes I would!" He returns to the phone: "She said 'Hell yes I would!'" The best friend answers: "Okay, here's the deal: Hypothetically, you're a millionaire, but in reality, you're just living with a couple of whores."

Victor looks over at Trevor waiting for a laugh...he doesn't...

VICTOR (cont'd)

Yeah...Anyway...

A SHERIFF'S SQUAD CAR pulls up behind Victor and flashes his lights...

Victor looks in his rear view then turns right onto a nearby street and pulls to the curb.

The SHERIFFS' DEPUTY exits his vehicle and walks slowly up to the driver's side window of Victor's car...He waits for Victor to lower his window...He doesn't...

Victor, looks straight ahead inside his car as if the officer isn't standing there..

Sheriff Deputy,

TAPS on his window...

Victor lets it down...

DEPUTY

Afternoon...My names deputy James Horton. I stopped you today because you forgot to signal when making a left turn back there on Normandy. No big deal.

56.

VICTOR

(smiles) Oh, gosh, I must not have been paying attention, sorry about that.

DEPUTY

I just need to see your drivers license, registration and proof of insurance and then you can be on your way.

Victors' facial expression changes...

VICTOR

Okay...sure...

Victor, reaches over into his glove compartment and pulls its lever letting the compartment door down...Inside is the vehicles registration and a hand held STUN GUN...Victor takes the registration out then quickly closes the compartment door...He hands the information to the deputy...

And waits...

DEPUTY

Okay. I just need to see your driver's license and proof of insurance also...

VICTOR

Oh...(smiles) Sorry, I forgot you said that.

Victor reaches inside his back pant pocket and retrieves his wallet...He pulls out a proof of insurance card and a drivers' license.

DEPUTY

Thank you sir. Sit tight for moment and I'll be right back.

The deputy walks back to his squad car and gets in.

INT. Jaguar - Pulled over by the curb - Day

Victor and Trevor wait for the Deputy to return.

57.

Victor

reaches inside his glove compartment again while carefully looking in his rear view at the deputy. He pulls out the STUNN GUN and slips it discretely under his shirt.

INT. Squad Car - Day

The Sheriff's deputy looks closely at the picture on the driver's license Victor gave him and realizes that it's not the same person.

He gets out his vehicle and approaches Victor's car again.

EXT. / INT. Jaguar - Pulled over by the curb - Day

The Sheriff's takes another glance at Victor's license and compares it against Victor's face. He bends down to look a little closer.

VICTOR

There a problem officer?

Before the Sheriff can respond...

Victor, GRABS him by the shirt and pulls him in toward the car window. He shoves the stun gun to his neck and ZAPS his ass!

The Sheriff's legs WIGGLE violently like rubber-bands before giving way...He FALLS limp to the ground, out cold...

Victor, gets out of his car and proceeds to KICK the downed officer...

VICTOR (to officer)

You...(KICK)...stinking...(KICK)...cop
bastard! You picked the
wrong...(KICK)...goddamn car...(KICK)...to pull
over...(KICK)...this time!

Victor kneels down and takes the officer's gun and badge. He then begins to remove the officer's shoes.

58.

A completely shocked and scared Trevor nervously looks around, perplexed by Victor's strange behavior.

Victor removes the officer's socks, folds them neatly and carefully places them inside his pant pocket. He calmly gets back in his car, starts the engine and drives off.

INT. Some Sports Bar - Night

Victor eats a Turkey sandwich while Trevor scoff's down a stiff drink.

Trevor, searches through his pockets for a cigarette. Nervous...he can't find one.

TREVOR

Dammit!

VICTOR

You alright...?

TREVOR

No! I'm not alright!

VICTOR

What are you all worked up for?

TREVOR

Do you realize we just assaulted a Sheriff's Officer and left him lying unconscious in the middle of the road?! We've probably got the entire goddamn Los Angeles police force looking for us right now?! If I were you, I'd be just a tad-bit paranoid at this point!

Trevor's intensity gets folks looking toward their direction...

VICTOR

(looking around)

Lower your voice. You wanna let the whole place know about it? Relax, he'll be fine in couple of hours. You act like we killed the guy.

59.

TREVOR

Yeah well, you probably should have. Now he can leave a description of how we look.

VICTOR

After getting zapped with twelve thousand volts? I don't think so my friend. Just be cool, everything's under control...

TREVOR

I need a cigarette....

VICTORS POV

A BODYBUILDER sitting across the room talking to someone...Victor eyes him carefully...

VICTOR (cont'd)

You can't smoke in here anyway. California law.

TREVOR

Since when did we become concerned about breaking the law all of a sudden?

VICTOR

Let's step outside for second, get some fresh air...

EXT. Sports Bar - Near Front Entrance - Night

Victor and Trevor have a talk outside.

Trevor, stressed...

VICTOR

Your really blowing it for yourself right now. I'm trying to show you a good time, and you're freaking out on me, what's your problem...?

TREVOR

What's my problem? I don't know Vic. Maybe it's, playing in the backyard with my kids, being with my wife when she's not bitching about money problems, you know...to me, *that's* having a good time. Not worrying about bills and losing my house, my car, my family. Okay...Taking a vacation to see my friend...*That's* having a good time. But now I'm regretting all of this. I mean, it's like I don't even know you. Like, I don't even know myself.

VICTOR

Listen to me. I understand okay. You feel like your world is spinning right down the toilet with all of life's shit in it with you. Right?

Trevor listens...

VICTOR (cont'd)

And, and the more you try and pull yourself out, it just keeps sucking you down deeper into the toilet...where all the shit is, Right? Listen, life is the toilet brother. But, the shit, the shit is all the things we deal with. So, what you do is, you scoop out all the shit, as much as you can. You know how you do that? You get yourself a big fucking shovel and you scoop it out. You know what the shovel is? The shovel is Leverage.

TREVOR

Leverage huh? Leverage is the Shovel?

VICTOR (cont'd)

That's what I've been trying to show you all day now. How to scoop the shit out of your own toilet, with leverage.

TREVOR

You know initially I thought, maybe he's not *really* crazy, maybe he's just different in a strange sort of way. But

61.

(cont'd)
now, oh there's no doubt about it...you're
totally crazy, and you could use some
anger management too.

INT. California Hospital Medical - Intake area - Night

Detective MARIO BIRD and PARTNER interview Sheriff's Deputy
JAMES HORTON about the incident that occurred while on duty.

Detective BIRD introduces himself to Sheriff Horton.

Sheriff Horton, sits in a Hospital bed holding his neck.

DETECTIVE BIRD
Sheriff Horton? I'm Detective Mario
Bird. This is my partner Detective
Gonzalez.

Detective Bird pulls out a pen and small pad of paper to
take notes...

DETECTIVE BIRD (cont'd)
So tell me what happed out there...

SHERIFF HORTON
It was just a routine traffic stop. The
guy forgot to signal before turning, so
I pulled him over. I was going to let
him go with a warning after I checked
his license and registration but then I
noticed the picture on the license
wasn't him. The next thing I know I was
lying on the ground half-conscious and
my sox were gone.

DETECTIVE BIRD
Besides your gun and your badge?

SHERIFF HORTON (cont'd)
(embarrassed)
Yeah...

DETECTIVE BIRD
Do you recall what kind of vehicle he
was driving?

62.

SHERIFF HORTON

Yeah...It was a Teal colored Jaguar. Real light and shiny like one of those Metallic colors...

Detective Bird writes down that information...

DETECTIVE BIRD

Any other information that you recall that may be helpful in our investigation?

SHERIFF HORTON

No, that's about it. Why would a guy take my sox?

EXT. Sports bar - Near Front Entrance - Night

Victor continues his conversation outside the bar with Trevor...

VICTOR

You listen to me, crazy or no crazy we got more work to finish before you leave, and you're going to help me get it done.

Victor, checks his watch...He looks up and notices the BODYBUILDER coming out from inside the bar leaving...

VICTOR'S POV

The man stops in front, flags down a cab, opens the rear passenger door and hops in.

VICTOR (cont'd)

(to Trevor) Hurry we gotta go.

Victor hurries to his Jaguar...Trevor isn't moving fast enough for him...

VICTOR (to Trevor)

Lets go!

Trevor, reluctantly moves toward the car...Victor, goes over to the passenger side, tosses Trevor the keys over the top of the car...

63.

The cab pulls off...

VICTOR
You drive, follow that cab!

INT. Yellow Cab - Night

The cabbie listens to funny sounding foreign music from a small radio sitting in his front seat.

MAN
Nice tunes. Where you from, India?

CABBIE
Pakistan.

MAN
Hey, just curious about something. Why is it that you guys only drive cabs or work in fucking gas stations?

INT. Victors' Jaguar - Night

Trevor follows the yellow cab.

TREVOR (to Victor)
So you gonna to tell me what's going on here?

VICTOR
The guy in that cab owes me a lot of money, and I intend on getting it.

TREVOR
Listen, I don't want any part of this, alright. Please don't get me involved.

VICTOR
Too late, you already are. Hurry, don't lose them!

The cab makes right turn onto another busy L.A. street, the Jag follows behind.

64.

Finally the cab pulls up to the curb entrance of a Metro Rail station and stops. Trevor pulls up a couple of car lengths behind and stops.

Cut to:

INT. CAB - Night

The MAN hands the cab driver a crisp one hundred dollar bill...

MAN

Here you go. Keep the change.

He proceeds to exit the cab...

BACK TO SCENE

INT. Victor's Jag - behind the cab - Night

VICTOR'S POV

The BODYBUILDER, exits the cab, closes the door and proceeds to enter the Metro Rail station...

VICTOR (to Trevor)

Wait here...

Victor, grabs the Stun Gun from the glove compartment and proceeds to exit the Jag...

TREVOR

Wait a minute...!

Victor, SLAMS the door shut on Trevor...

INT. Metro Rail Station - Entrance - Night

The BODYBUILDER skips down a flight of escalator stairs. Victor follows behind, unknowingly to him.

The BODYBUILDER approaches a ticket machine and proceeds to take money out his pocket to put in the machine.

Victor stops to confront him...

65.

VICTOR

Romanowski!

Romanowski, turns toward the voice, catching sight of Victor he freezes with fear...

VICTOR

Long time no see...

Romanowski pauses....He STRIKES Victor hard in the face, HOPS over the ticket gate then takes off running...

Victor, quickly recovers from the blow and chases after him....

EXT. Metro Rail Station - Entrance - Night

Meanwhile, Trevor enters the train station where Victor and Romanowski did...He runs down the flight of escalator stairs to the bottom...

Trevor, looks around frantically...He quickly catches sight of Victor chasing Romanowski down a long corridor...He follows...

INT. Metro Rail Station - Train Corridor - Night

Romanowski quickly gets winded and losses his endurance to run any longer...

Victor, catches up to him, grabs him by the collar, spins him around and ZAPS him with a Stun Gun...

Romanowski, falls against a wall...

VICTOR

Where's my money...!?

Trevor, stops at a distance to look on...

ROMANOWSKI

You zapped me, screw you....

Victor, grabs him again by the collar and puts the Stun Gun right up to his neck...

66.

VICTOR

I'm going to ask you again, where's my money?

ROMANOWSKI

Money, money, money, money...Screw you, alright, I paid you.

VICTOR

In counterfeit bills you bastard.

ROMANOWSKI

I don't know nothin' about no counterfeit bills.

Cut to:

INT. CAB - Night

The driver of the same cab that delivered Van Donald to the Metro Station looks closely at the folded One hundred dollar bill that he was given...He holds it up toward the light coming in through his windshield from the bright LA street lights...After examining it closely, he turns it over to see the other side of the bill to be BLANK WHITE, realizing that it's a PHONY BILL.

He angrily BALLS UP the fake bill and throws it..

BACK TO SCENE

INT. Metro Rail Station - Train Corridor - Night

ROMANOWSKI (cont'd)

I don't owe you anything. You're nothin' but a petty steroid dealer, that's it. Get your goddamn hands off me!

Victor smiles at Romanowski...

Romanowski makes an attempt to HIT Victor again..

Victor, easily BLOCKS the punch with his arm..

Romanowski, tries to CHOKE victor, tightly wrapping his hands around Victor's throat...

67.

Victor, ZAPS him again with the Stun Gun...

Romanowski, his eyes POP OUT of his head from the volts and he loosens his grip around Victor's neck...

Victor smiles, HEAD BUTTS Romanowski...KAPOW!

Romanowski neck and head whip back violently...dazed...

Victor, SMASHES his elbow hard into Romanowski's stomach, knocking the wind out of him...

OFFFFF!!!

Romanowski, buckles over in pain, trying to catch his breath...

Victor, gives Romanowski a swift upper-cut punch to the face...POW! Knocking him backward and too the floor...

Victor, KICKS and STOMPS the helpless Romanowski mercilessly...

Trevor, runs toward the men...

TREVOR

(yelling)

Stooooooooop! That's enough! He's done!

Victor, takes a pause from beating Romanowski. He looks into the frantically worried eyes of Trevor...

Trevor, breathing hard from running and adrenaline...

VICTOR

I told you to wait for me in the car.

Victor, looks around to notice a few stunned faces of people scattered in the station waiting for trains...Some whispering, others in shock or fear of what they just witnessed.

Victor's POV

A man talking on a cell phone (to police)

VICTOR (cont'd)

(to Trevor) Go get the car, we gotta get out of here. Hurry!

68.

Trevor, nervously leaves...

Victor, bends down and hurriedly removes the shoes and socks from Romanowski...

A CONCERNED CITIZEN who witnessed the beating approaches Victor...

CITIZEN

(to Victor) Hey man, what's your deal?

Victor, pulls the police pistol he stole from the sheriff and sticks it right between the Concerned Citizen's eyes...

VICTOR

(to Citizen)

You really want to find that out? I got the leverage here my friend, you see this gun in your face?

The Citizen throws up his arms, eyes looking right down the long black barrel in terror...

CITIZEN

(backing away)

Hey, okay man. I, I didn't mean to bother.

The Citizen backs away slowly...

Victor GRINS an evil grin...

Victor folds Romanowski's socks neatly and stuffs them in his pocket. He bends down to take his wallet and proceeds to exit the station...

EXT. Victor home - Trevor's room - Balcony - Night

Trevor stands outside on the balcony calling home to his wife Karen.

RINGING...

INT. Trevor's Home - Chicago - Night

Trevor's wife Karen is packing her things and preparing to move out of the house.

69.

KAREN, putting things into in a box. Other boxes are stacked all about the area.

Her Cell Phone sitting near by on a dresser RINGS.

KAREN goes over to answer the call...

KAREN

Hello...

PHONE (VO) TREVOR

Karen it's me, its urgent...

KAREN

(into phone, frustrated)

Trevor, where are you? I can't do this anymore okay, who is she? This is the second time you've left without telling a thing and I'm sick and...

Trevor cuts her off...

EXT. Balcony - LA - Night

TREVOR

(into phone)

Karen please, just listen to me. I really need you to listen right now. I'm in big trouble alright.

INT. Trevor Home - Chicago - Night

KAREN

Trevor, I can't help you, I can't believe you would even pull this sort of thing on me and the kids twice already...

Trevor cuts her off again...

EXT. Pay Phone - LA - Night

Trevor tries to explain to Karen what's been going on...

70.

TREVOR

Listen to me! I'm in danger alright!
He's crazy!

INT. Trevor Home - Chicago - Night

KAREN

Who's crazy...? You're cheating on me with
another *guy*...Ughhh...I can't believe this...

EXT. Balcony - LA - Night

TREVOR

(trying not to speak too loudly)
No! I'm not...No! It's my friend alright.
We're not gay, but I'm telling you he's
nuts and I'm scared he'll kill me if I
don't do what he says!

INT. Trevor Home - Chicago - Night

KAREN

Trevor, you're scaring me okay, I really
can't do this anymore, I've had enough.
Do you understand? Enough!

EXT. Balcony - LA - Night

TREVOR

Karen please just listen to me this
once, please! Have you ever felt like
you don't really know who your friends
are? Like you don't even know yourself,
or even trust yourself? Like you're
trapped inside a world that you can't
escape?

KAREN (VO)

Trevor, maybe you should go to the
police. You know, get some help.

TREVOR

I can't do that...He'll kill me if I do...

71.

INT. Trevor Home - Chicago - Night

Karen pulls her ear away from the phone, frustrated with the conversation...

EXT. Balcony - LA - Night

Trevor waits for a reply....No response...He senses something ...

TREVOR

You're leaving me aren't you?

INT. Trevor Home - Chicago - Night

KAREN

I have to go.

EXT. Balcony - LA - Night

TREVOR

Yeah, sure. (shaking his head) I can't believe you....

INT. Trevor Home - Chicago - Night

KAREN

What, Trevor!?! You can't believe what!?! I've just about had it with all your stupid, stupid lies alright! So you just go right ahead and stay there in California and have fun with your little whores or mistresses or whatever, okay! I won't deal with it anymore! I'm sick of it!

TREVOR (VO)

Why do keep saying that? What have I done so terrible to you? I told you, I'm not seeing anyone....

72.

KAREN

Trevor, I'm moving out tomorrow, me and the kids are leaving. I'm filing for a divorce. I hope you get help, I have to go...

Karen hangs up...

EXT. Balcony - LA - Night

TREVOR

Wait a second...Karen?! Don't hang...Hello?
Karen?

No answer...

Trevor realizes she's gone...

INT. Trevor Home - Chicago - Night

Karen sits down on a sofa, obviously frustrated. She looks up to notice her SON and her DAUGHTER standing in the doorway staring at her...Faces downtrodden and blank...

They both stare at her for a moment, her son then turns and walks away...

INT. Victor's Home - Next Day - Day

Trevor awakens early to try and leave town back for Chicago before Victor wakes up.

A SUIT CASE, with clothes being tossed into it..

Trevor, hurriedly stuffs his remaining items and then zips the suitcase shut...He walks over to his bedroom door, quietly opening it. Trevor pauses for a moment, sticking his head out to make sure the coast is clear for him to leave..

He tip-toes it down the short hallway towards the front door...Before opening it, he places a good-bye letter on the counter for Victor to see...Then he heads for the door...

Carefully and quietly Trevor opens the front door, and slowly creeps his way on out...

73.

Just as he gets ready to step his last foot out the door, a VOICE appears....Its' Victor!

VICTOR

Going somewhere?

Trevor turns around...

TREVOR

I didn't want to wake you. Look, I have to do this. Karen says she's leaving me and she's taking my kids with her. I can't let that happen.

Victor walks up closer to Trevor...

VICTOR

We got work here to be finished...I understand your feelings but, there's nothing you can do anymore about that situation. If she's leaving, it's done. Just let it go. You can't do anything about that...

Trevor, drops his head in frustration.

Victor walks over and grabs the suit case out his hand, taking it from him.

TREVOR

(distraught)
My kids mean everything to me...

Trevor, begins WEEPING bitterly...

Victor walks toward him, placing his hand on Trevor's shoulder to offer comfort...

VICTOR

Trust me, by the time this is all over, everything will be okay. Including your kids, I promise you.

INT. Victor's Jaguar - Day

Riding through the LA streets, Victor drives as Trevor stares into nothing as if in a trance.

74.

Momentary silence, then finally Trevor speaks...

TREVOR

It's like a dream, you know.

VICTOR

What's like a dream?

TREVOR

My life. Everything that's happening.
Like its not reality, but yet it is.

VICTOR

(being sarcastic)
Life's that good huh?

TREVOR

I wonder if we have dreams in death? You
ever think about stuff like that?

VICTOR

No, can't say that I do. But I do know
this, you can't have dreams in death.

TREVOR

Why not?

VICTOR

Are you kidding me...? (Laughs) The dead
don't dream. They don't do anything,
they're just, dead...

TREVOR

Someone told me once that death is like
being in a deep, sleep-like state. So
that's why I wondered if we have dreams
in death, just like when we're in a
deep, deep sleep.

VICTOR

Okay, so maybe, you're dead already and
your just dreaming all this stuff that's
happening right now. Maybe that plane
you caught here really crashed and
you're just living inside your dead
dream, right?

TREVOR, ponders Victor's comment, giving it some thought...

75.

TREVOR

That's deep.

Now Victor thinks TREVOR is totally crazy...LOOKING at him in such a manner...

VICTOR

You been smoking something more than those cigarettes man?

Suddenly a SPEEDING MUSTANG cuts in front of Victor and slams on the brakes in front of him at a red light.

Victor SLAMS his brakes, rubber screeching on the hot pavement...scwwweeeeeerrrrrrrrrrr!!!!

TREVOR

Jesus!

Victor BLOWS his horn...

VICTOR

What the...!

The young PASSENGER in the CAR sticks his torso half-way out the window and flips Victor the bird.

The driver PUNCHES the gas pedal and speeds off when the light turns green. Victor follows behind.

VICTOR

(to TREVOR)
Okay, listen, you see what those guys just did to us? Now this is your second chance at getting some respect, applying some leverage, okay. You missed out on it with that cop, but that's okay, because now we got another shot at it with these assholes right here. So don't blow it this time.

At the next red light Victor pulls along side the CAR.

Victor LOWERS his window.

The PASSENGER, after laughing with his buddy, casually looks over at Victor. They stare on at one another.

76.

VICTOR

(to Passenger)
Something wrong with your finger?

PASSENGER

What? You mean this one?

Passenger, sarcastically Flips him the bird again...Looks over at his buddy as they LAUGH...

VICTOR

How 'bout I break it off and shove it right up your ass? You probably would like that huh?

The cocky Passenger SMILES, looks over at his PARTNER in the drivers' seat. They both get out of the vehicle ready to whip some ass.

Victor

gets out his vehicle, the two MEN walk toward him, cracking their knuckles confidently.

PASSENGER

What's up tough guy, you want some of this!?

Victor PULLS out a SHINY POLICE BADGE showing the two men. They STOP in their tracks...

DRIVER

(to passenger)
Awe! He's a cop dude!

VICTOR

Bingo!

Victor pulls out his stolen police pistol and POINTS it at the men...

VICTOR (cont'd)

Turn around and put your hands up against the vehicle. Do it now!

The two men turn around and brace themselves against their car. Victor KICKS their legs open in a traditional police jack-up procedure.

77.

VICTOR (cont'd)
(to the Men)
You think you can just go around
flippin' off-duty cop's off huh?

PASSENGER
No, sir.

VICTOR (cont'd)
You must be some sort of tough ass, huh?
You think I'm playing some kind of game
with you? That what you think?

PASSENGER
We didn't know you were a cop dude.

VICTOR (cont'd)
Put your hands on top of your head and
interlock your fingers. You got any I.D.
on you?

Victor PATS the man down and goes through his pockets. He then turns to look over in his car at a nervous looking Trevor.

PASSENGER
It's in my front pocket.

VICTOR (cont'd)
Got any drugs, money or weapons on you?
You packin' some heat in that car? (to
Trevor) Hey partner! You wanna give me
hand here?!

DRIVER
Naw man, we aint got nothing on us.

Victor moves near the Driver and SOCKS him hard in the rib cage...POW!

The Driver BENDS over in pain, holding his side but still trying to keep his hands on the car.

DRIVER
(wincing in pain)
Owe, oh,! Owe, I think my ribs' are
broken.

78.

Trevor moves behind the driver, not knowing what to do.

VICTOR (cont'd)
(to Trevor)
Check his pockets.

Trevor goes through the drivers' pockets'.

Victor takes a wallet from the passengers pocket and pulls out some cash from it, holding it up to the passengers' face.

VICTOR
How much money is this?

PASSENGER
A few thousand.

VICTOR
Where'd you get it from?

PASSENGER
My girlfriend.

VICTOR
Tell her I said thanks.

Victor stuffs the cash in his pocket.

PASSENGER
(shaking his head)
You can't do that shit...

VICTOR
What did you say?

PASSENGER
Nothing. (low tone) You guys aint supposed to do that shit.

VICTOR
We aint supposed to do that shit? Is that what you said? Did you hear this guy partner? (mockingly) We aint supposed to do that shit.

Victor puts the pistol he stole from the Sheriff, and presses the barrel hard up against the passenger's temple.

79.

VICTOR (cont'd)

Do you know who we are? We aint supposed to set-up little piss-ant punks like you for talkin' shit to the police either, but guess what, we do it all the time. We love to do that. I'll pull this trigger, have my partner stick a gun in your hand and make it look like a justifiable shooting. Take myself home with a pat on the back and a three day paid leave for stress. (to Trevor) How's that sound to you partner?

Trevor doesn't reply, he just stares Victor in the eye...

VICTOR (cont'd)

(to passenger)
So give me reason, please, I want you to.

Victor, in a controlled nervousness looks around now for REAL cops.

VICTOR

(to Trevor)
What did you get?

TREVOR

Nothin', he's clean.

VICTOR

(looking around)
Check his shoes and socks. Hurry up!

TREVOR

What?

VICTOR

(holding up the cash)
These assholes are dealin'. Check his socks for drugs and put them in this evidence bag...

Victor hands Trevor a small zip lock bag across the hood of the car.

80.

VICTOR (cont'd)

(to passenger)

Take your shoes off and give me your socks. They're clean right? I swear if they smell, I'm gonna blow your fuckin' brains out right here.

The passenger takes his shoes and socks off and gives them to Victor....

Victor takes the socks and puts them in his pocket.

VICTOR

(to Trevor)

Alright, we're done, let's go.

Victor and Trevor walk back to his Jaguar.

VICTOR

(to Men)

You boy's stay out of trouble now, hear.

Victor and Trevor hop in and PEEL off fast....

INT. Police Station - Day

The two young men who got jacked by Victor go report the incident at the police station.

The PASSENGER and DRIVER approach an officer sitting at the front counter...

DRIVER

We wanna file a complaint!

OFFICER

Okay. Against a citizen, an officer?

DRIVER (cont'd)

An officer! He socked me in the ribs, took all my homeboy's money, pulled his gun out, stuck it in our face and said he was gonna blow our heads off! For no reason man! We didn't do nothing! This dude violated all our civil rights and I wanna press charges!

81.

OFFICER

Listen, I realize you're upset but just calm down alright. What was the officer's name?

DRIVER

Psssss....(they don't know)

OFFICER (cont'd)

Okay, did you get his squad car number?

Detective BIRD happens to hear the commotion near-by and comes closer to investigate...

PASSENGER

He wasn't in a squad car, he was driving a Jaguar....

DRIVER

Now what's an off duty cop driving a brand new Jaguar for? He's dirty holmes! I'm telling you! There needs to be some investigation put in....

Detective Bird intervenes...

DETECTIVE BIRD

Woe, woe, woe, wait a second. You said this "officer" was driving a Jaguar? Are you sure it was a Jaguar you saw him driving?

PASSENGER

Yeah, I'm sure...I know what a Jag looks like man...

DETECTIVE BIRD

Okay, okay, okay...(retrieves his note pad) What color was the car?

PASSENGER

I don't know man, like some sort of Teal-lookin' color.

DETECTIVE BIRD

Real shiny, metallic?

82.

DRIVER

(nodding yes) Yeah.

Detective Bird jots a note down on his pad..

DETECTIVE BIRD

You gentlemen mind if I ask you a few more questions? (to officer) I got it from here thanks...

OFFICER

No problem...

DETECTIVE BIRD (cont'd)

(to young men) Follow me please...

Detective Bird takes the two men back to his office...

INT. Police Station - Detective Bird's' Desk - Day

Detective Bird interviews the two men about the incident...

DETECTIVE BIRD

Have a seat gentlemen, make yourselves comfortable. Can I get you anything? Coffee? Soda?

The men a take seat...Detective Bird signals his partner, Detective Gonzalez, to come over and join them.

Gonzalez, a handsome baby face, rookie detective walks over to join them with a hot cup of coffee in hand.

DETECTIVE BIRD (cont'd)

My name is Detective Bird with the violent crimes division and this is Detective Gonzalez. So tell me what happened out there.

PASSENGER

Okay, we're riding down the street right, minding our business and...

DETECTIVE BIRD

Who's driving?

DRIVER

I was...

DETECTIVE BIRD

Okay go ahead...

PASSENGER (cont'd)

Then, we get to a light and the guy gets all pissed because we pulled in front of him.

GONZALEZ

Where was this...?

DRIVER

On Melrose and Vine...

DETECTIVE BIRD

(writes it down)

Alright, then what...?

PASSENGER

So at the next light he rolls down his window and starts talking all this shit so we get out the car and the next thing we know he flashes a badge, puts a gun to my head and starts patting us down and beating us up and taking our money and shit.

DRIVER

He took our socks too.

Detective Bird looks at his partner, same M.O. as the suspect that assaulted the Sheriff's Deputy. He writes everything down on a legal sized yellow note pad...

DETECTIVE BIRD

Can you give us a description of what he looks like? Was he white, black, Hispanic, Asian...?

DRIVER

He was White or Latin I think. Kind of tall, about six one, six two, and sort of muscular, like he lifts weights every day and shit.

84.

GONZALEZ

How much money did he take off you?

PASSENGER

Around Five racks man. (pissed) Damn!

DETECTIVE BIRD

Five thousand? Wow! (to his partner) We must be in the wrong business G-man.

GONZALEZ

Must be...

INT. Victor's Condo - Couch - Night

Victor sits on his couch relaxing in front of a cable channel watching a UFC Ultimate Fighting match.

In walks his girlfriend Courtney through the front door...

COURTNEY

(happy)

Hey baby, you're home...

She sets her shopping bags down and goes to jump on top of her man...

Courtney lays a sensual kiss on Victor...Victor still tries to keep his eyes on the fight...Courtney finally climbs off of him...

COURTNEY (cont'd)

I missed you. What did you do today?

VICTOR

Ummm, nothing...What did you do today?

COURTNEY

I went shopping.

Victor, uninterested keeps his focus on the television...

COURTNEY

Where's your friend?

VICTOR

Taking a nap...

85.

Courtney, KISSES Victor on his cheek, then slowly works her way downward until her head disappears into Victor's lap...

INT. Victor's Condo - Trevor's room - Night

Trevor quietly picks the lock on the closet door that Victor told him not to bother. Using a credit card and a paper clip, he gets the door unlocked.

Trevor OPENS the door to see a closet full of neatly folded and pressed SOCKS...All shapes, colors and sizes...He stands there just looking perplexed...

Trevor moves in to get a closer look,

SOCKS and SOCKS, all with small pieces of paper attached to them with a stick pin with DATES and EVENTS matching the pair...Then he sees HIS pair of socks that were missing from the gym...

Trevor stares for a moment then closes the door back, making sure it locks again...

He turns around to see Victor standing there, directly behind him...!!!!

Trevor, freezes with fear...

VICTOR

What are you doing?

Brief silence as the two men look into each other's face.

TREVOR

Nothing...Jesus, I didn't know you were standing behind me...

VICTOR

Quiet as a cat, remember? (smiles) You picked the lock didn't you? I should've known better.

Another moment of brief silence...

TREVOR

What is that in there?

VICTOR

(shaking his head)

You really don't know who I am, do you?
What you see in there is called
leverage. It's called respect.

Trevor is perplexed, already growing in greater fear of Victor...He doesn't respond...

VICTOR (cont'd)

You of all person's should know what it feels like to be powerless in a situation. Ask yourself why you're here in the first place. That, (pointing at the closet) is taking back power over your life. Whenever I became powerless, I made myself powerful. And now, it's your turn. It's your time to become powerful. Are you ready?

Trevor shakes his head...

TREVOR

I don't know Victor, I'm scared...The things we've been doing. When I came here I thought getting away and coming to you might do me some good, you know. I wanted to get in touch a little with my 'wild' side again. But now I'm not so sure...

Victor puts his hand on the shoulder of Trevor...

VICTOR (cont'd)

Come on man, I saw the exhilaration in your eyes when we jacked those punks today. You liked it.

TREVOR

I was scared as hell...that was crazy!
I've never done anything like that before...

87.

VICTOR

(smiling)
Felt good though didn't it? Teaching
those young punks a lesson...right?

TREVOR

(admitting to it)
Yeah...it felt damn good actually.

VICTOR

I could tell you were nervous as hell
though, you gotta learn to relax. I told
you, I'm gonna take care of you okay. As
long as you're with me, I'm not going to
let anything happen to you.

Victor, raises his free hand for Trevor to grab...

Trevor, raises his hand and unites it with Victor's...

VICTOR (cont'd)

You're going to be okay, trust me..

TREVOR

Alright...

Victor, embraces Trevor with a brotherly hug to comfort
him..

VICTOR

Now listen, I gotta make a run somewhere
for awhile, you hungry? I'll have
Courtney make you something to eat,
she's a damn good cook. You just kick
back, take it easy, relax for awhile and
wait 'till I come back okay. She's gonna
take real good care of you for me.

Victor, GRINS, nudges Trevor on the arm with his elbow and
WINKS at him...He starts to leave and walk out...

VICTOR

I'll see you later..

88.

INT. Victor's Condo - Front Door - Night

Before Victor leaves, he gives his girlfriend instructions on what to do with Trevor...

VICTOR

(to Courtney)

I want you to take real good care of him for me, understand? Shown him a really, really good time okay, a really good time...

COURTNEY

(rubbing Victor's chest)

Okay baby, I'll do it for you...kiss?

Victor gives her a peck on the forehead and then leaves out the door...

INT. Police Station - Detective Bird's' Desk - Day

Detective Bird and partner Gonzalez kick back comfortably in their desk chairs pondering the case...

DETECTIVE BIRD

I've had enough of this crap for a day, I'm ready to go (checking his watch).

GONZALEZ

(yawning) Me too...What you got goin' tonight?

DETECTIVE BIRD

I got invited to a little thing up in Semore Hill, friend of mines' throwing a party at his vacation home tonight. You wanna go?

GONZALEZ

(sleepy) Thanks but, (yawns) my wife's' cooking tonight. So it's dinner, a movie and then...sex.

DETECTIVE BIRD

(laughs) You say that like it's a chore.

GONZALEZ

That's 'cause it is a chore. I'm freaking tired man. All I wanna do is kick my feet up, nurse a cold beer, turn on ESPN and fall out. But then she complains I'm not giving her enough attention, spending enough time with her, showing her affection, blah, blah, blah...Whatever...

DETECTIVE BIRD

Get used to it, that's married life...

GONZALEZ

I should've stayed a bachelor...My life was so much simpler then...

DETECTIVE BIRD (cont'd)

(changing subjects)

You know, I just don't get this whole sock thing. Why some guy would want to go around collecting societies funky socks is just beyond my reasoning.

GONZALEZ

Maybe it's some sort of sexual thing, you know. Like that De Berry case, remember. The guy kept his girlfriends bra and panties on him after he kills her, so he could relive the moment over and over again in his mind, you know, that sort of thing?

A female Chief Detective strolls over...

DETECTIVE BIRD

Twenty-five years I been doing this, and I've seen a lot of weird stuff. But this one takes the cake. Sox?

GONZALEZ

My wife would thank him to come take mine...

DETECTIVE BIRD

These jerk-off's just keep getting weirder every summer...

GONZALEZ

So what do you think Chief Myers? In all your grand wisdom, tell us what you make of this?

Chief Myers, a beautiful Black woman in her early fifties, smiles, then gracefully parks her wide hips on top of Detective Bird's' desk, and thoughtfully gives her insight...

CHIEF MYERS

Well my little lads, let mamma Myers tell you what she thinks...

GONZALEZ

(egging her on)
Yes, do tell...

CHIEF MYERS (cont'd)

I think what we have hear is someone trying to prove something.

DETECTIVE BIRD

Is that so?

Chief Myers smiles wisely, nodding her head confidently...

DETECTIVE BIRD (cont'd)

Trying to prove what?

GONZALEZ

(joking)
That he likes smelling socks.

CHIEF MYERS

No silly. He wants people to know that he's got the upper hand.

DETECTIVE BIRD

By taking their socks?

CHIEF MYERS

Strange as it sounds, yes. By doing that, he proves to himself that he was in control of the situation, and not the other person. He likes being in power.

91.

Detective Bird reclines back in his chair, interlocking his fingers and placing hands on top of his head. Her ponders her logic, giving it much thought.

Detective Gonzalez STANDS, taking Chief Myers hand...

GONZALEZ

As always Chief Myers, your wisdom is worth the graciousness of a kiss...

Gonzalez kisses her hand...Chief Myers BLUSHES...

CHIEF MYERS

(getting up to go her way)
Now, you boys go run along and catch this guy and make mamma proud.

Chief Myer's gets up and goes on her way...

Detective Bird gets up and grabs his coat...

DETECTIVE BIRD

I'm outta here...Catch you later lover boy.

Gonzalez takes something out his desk drawer...

GONZALEZ

(to Detective Bird)
Oh hey! Check this out before you go.

DETECTIVE BIRD

What's this...?

GONZALEZ

New GPS tracking system. I know you're not a high-tech buff but you gotta get one of these...You take this here, (showing him a small tracking device) and stick it anywhere you want, under a car, in your wife's purse, anywhere and you can track whoever or whatever to a precise location within minutes with this (showing him the tracking component).

92.

DETECTIVE BIRD

Let me see that...(takes the device from him)

Detective Bird examines it...

DETECTIVE BIRD

Hummmm...

GONZALEZ

Go ahead, take it home and play with it for awhile. It's fun.

DETECTIVE BIRD

Thanks...(stuffs it in his coat pocket)
See you tomorrow...

GONZALEZ

Sure...

INT. Victor's Condo - Trevor's room - Night

Courtney walks in on Trevor lying down on his bed with his eyes closed. She's wearing Victoria Secrete underwear and a bra with a see-through slip. She walks over and lays down right next to him, Trevor OPENS his eyes and watches her.

Courtney, seductively starts to KISS him on the lips.

Trevor, moves his face away and gets up from the bed...

TREVOR

What are you doing?

Courtney SMILES and tries to seduce him...She moves provocatively across the bed on her hands and knees closer to him.

COURTNEY

I know you want me...Victor won't be back for at least a few hours, come on, it's okay...

Courtney, gets up from the bed and walks over to Trevor...She moves her body close to him, Trevor backs away into a wall...Courtney PRESSES herself firmly up against him...

93.

COURTNEY

I think you're cute...You've got this sort of innocence about you, I like that...

Courtney, starts to rub her hands all over Trevor...

TREVOR

No I can't do this, I'm a married man, this really isn't good, alright...This isn't good at all...

Cut To:

INT. Victor's Condo - Front Door - Night

Victor, walks back in the condo pretending he forgot something. He doesn't see Courtney anywhere...

He makes his way toward Trevor's room and OPENS the door, 'busting' them in the act...

VICTOR

(acting)

Hey I forgot someth...What the hell is going on?!

Trevor quickly PUSHES Courtney away and tries to explain...

TREVOR

Wait a minute! Its not what you think, listen she pushed herself against me and...

Victor, pacing back and forth through the room...

VICTOR

I can't believe this! How could you do this man? I would have shared anything at all I had with you, anything! But this? Not my girl, Trevor! How could you betray me like this after everything I've done for you!?

94.

TREVOR

No Victor I swear, you got this all wrong. She...she came after me, I tried to stop her. I swear to you!

Victor sits down on the bed putting his hands over his face in mock distress over the supposed 'cheating'.

VICTOR

This is bad...This is bad, bad, bad...

TREVOR

We didn't...Victor listen, I swear to you I didn't do anything...(to Courtney) Would you please tell him the truth!? Tell him how you came in here and...How you jumped all over me! Please!

Victor cuts him short...

VICTOR

Be quite. What's done is done now. I forgive you, but you're gonna fix this. You're gonna make this up to me my friend, I promise you that.

Victor gets up and leaves out...

INT. Victor's Jag - MR. Hightower Vacation Home - Night

Victor and Trevor pull up about a half block away from Mr. Hightower's' vacation home.

VICTOR / TREVOR POV

They look on toward the huge home...Lights on, faint sounds of people inside laughing, talking, having a good time...

They notice a MAN (Detective Bird) getting out of his car and leaving it for a Valet Parking attendant. Afterwards he walks to the front door.

VICTOR

(to Trevor)
You remember the plan right?

95.

TREVOR

(nodding yes)
Yeah...

Victor takes his cell phone and dials a number...It RINGS...

Cut to:

INT. Some Modest Hotel Room - Night

A phone RINGS inside the room...RING...RING...RING...

Victor's Columbian Comrade walks over to pick up the call...

COLUMBIAN COMRADE

Hello...

Cut to:

INT. Victor's Jag - Night

Victor speaks...

VICTOR

(into cell phone)
We're right on schedule. The deal goes
down tonight. Meet me at the Calvary
Cemetery on Whittier twelve thirty
midnight.

Cut to:

INT. Some Modest Hotel Room - Night

Columbian Comrade nods his head...

COLUMBIAN COMRADE

Good....

Columbian Comrade hangs up, looks over at his partner (The Man) loading bullets into a clip to a 9mm pistol at a table...

COLUMBIAN COMRADE

(in Spanish)
It's a go...Tonight we do it...

96.

EXT. MR. Hightower vacation home - front door - Night

Victor and Trevor approach the front door.

A YOUNG MALE Parking Valet drives away to park his Jaguar...

Victor presses the doorbell...DING DONG....

The door OPENS....A jubilant MR. Hightower warmly invites the men inside...

MISTER HIGHTOWER

Hey! My friends from the golf range,
come on, come on, inside...John and Lex
right?

INT. MR. Hightower Vacation home - Night

Victor (John) and Trevor (Lex) enter the home noticing several scantily dressed, beautiful women serving drinks and mingling with partygoers.

MISTER HIGHTOWER

Glad you boys could make it. Drinks are
on the house, and so are the women.
(laughs) Let me introduce you to some
friends of mine.

INT. MR. Hightower Vacation Home - Night

Victor (John), Trevor (Lex), Mister Hightower and some of his friends all stand in a group together talking, cracking jokes, laughing and having a good time. A couple of the guys have their arms wrapped around beautiful girls.

Victor, looks at Trevor and NODS his head, giving Trevor the signal to start.

Trevor

puts his head down then holds his stomach as if not feeling well. He puts his hand over his mouth as if going to throw-up...

The group notices...

97.

MISTER HIGHTOWER
You alright son...?

Trevor (Lex) shakes his head no...

TREVOR (Lex)
Excuse me, may I use your bathroom?

MISTER HIGHTOWER
Just up the stairs, down the hall. Third
door to the right.

Trevor leaves the group holding his hand covering his mouth as if on the verge of puking.

INT. MR. Hightower's Vacation Home - Upstairs - Night

Trevor enters a long hallway upstairs. No one appears to be up there but he is cautious as he walks down toward the bathroom...Looking over his shoulder...He finds the bathroom door and goes inside...

INT. MR. Hightower's Vacation Home - Bathroom - Night

Trevor closes the door behind him and locks it. He looks on the wall and sees the painting of Socrates. He walks over to it and removes it from the wall, behind it there appears to be nothing but more wall.

Trevor begins to feel over the area, checking for signs of inconsistencies in the walls texture which means there's something hidden within it.

Trevor, takes out a knife from his pocket and sticks it into the area where the safe is located. He digs, and digs, as more and more plaster falls to the ground. The soft plaster falls away more easily as he digs more of the wall away.

Soon, the wall begins to reveal a small safe.

Trevor then takes a hidden work belt tucked discretely under his clothes from around his waste. He lays the belt lightly on the floor so as not to make any noise, and begins to extract the necessary tools he needs to break into the safe...

98.

INT. MR. Hightower Vacation home - Downstairs - Night

MR. Hightower, Victor (John) and friends stand in a group discussing his new super telescope project for Northrop and Grumman corp.

A MAN praises MR. Hightower's achievements...

MAN #1

I have to say Jim, this new technology being developed by Northrop is absolutely remarkable. Fascinating.

DETECTIVE BIRD

And it's only going to make him an even richer bastard than what he already is, so what the hell, here's to you Jim.

Detective Bird raises his glass in the air, in honor of Mister Hightower.

MAN #2

And cheers to that six figure check from the Military!

Another Man, (intoxicated) raises his glass of champagne in the air...

MAN #3

Let's all drink to the man...(lifts his drink, scarf's it down quickly)...

MISTER HIGHTOWER

Thank you all. It's been many years of hard work and long, long hours developing this technology. This is a high security project, and quite honestly, I can't wait to get it out of my hands. (raises his glass) Cheers. (drinks down).

Victor raises his glass of water with the group and drinks it down...

99.

Mister Hightower looks at "John"...

MISTER HIGHTOWER

So John, how's the world of Sports
Medicine?

VICTOR (John)

Splendid, but the best part is I get
free season tickets to the Lakers games,
Dodgers, you name it. I've gotten to
know most of the players so I get
invited to all the exclusive parties
too. Some of them get pretty wild.

MAN #1

I bet they do...

MAN #3

(intoxicated)
Sounds like I need to switch
careers... (laughs drunkenly)

Man #3 sets his drink down...

MAN #3 (cont'd)

Excuse me everyone, I have an
announcement to make. As a gift to you
Jim in appreciation for your business on
this project, our entire staff got
together and purchased you a new car!
Here are the keys, and...

Man #3 reaches inside his sport coat and pulls out a TOY
JAGUAR, red in color...he hands Mister Hightower the toy
Jaguar....

MAN #3 (cont'd)

Here's your car...Congratulations...And
remember, don't drink and drive!

Everyone LUAGHS...

MISTER HIGHTOWER

Wow, I'm speechless. I'm going to have
some trouble fitting inside it, but
thank you Chuck. That was rather
thoughtful of you.

100.

VICTOR (John)
Nice car, I have one just like it. Only
I can fit inside mine.

Detective Bird grows curious of "John" because of the
comment...

DETECTIVE BIRD
(to John)
Same color?

VICTOR ("John")
No, mine's Teal...

Detective Bird grows suspicious of "John"...

Man #2 comes up and puts his arm around "John" whispering
something to him...

MAN #2
I could use a boatload of Vicadin or
Oxicotin if you happen to know how to
get your hands on some. I could make you
lots of money, know what I mean? For my
wife...

VICTOR ("John")
(nodding his head) Sure...

Man #2 smiles and PATS "John" on the back...

Mister Hightower looks toward the stairway that leads
upstairs to the bathroom...He looks away momentarily, but
then looks again...

MISTER HIGHTOWER
(to the group)
Pardon me gentlemen....

Mister Hightower excuses himself and makes his way toward
the bathroom upstairs...

Victor becomes alarmed, he makes an attempt go after Mister
Hightower to distract him but he's quickly interrupted by
Man #3...

Man #3 puts his drunken arm around "John" leading him in the
opposite direction to go party with the girls...

101.

MAN #3

(to "John")

Hey where you going!? Come on party
pooper! Let's stop fucking around and go
party with the ladies...Come on!

Man #3 leads him away as Victor looks back at Mister
Hightower heading up the stairway...Detective Bird keeps a
watchful eye on "John"...

Detective Bird heads outside...

EXT. Mister Hightower Vacation Home - Night

Detective Bird exits the front door and walks toward the
Valet Parking Attendant booth...

EXT. Valet Parking Attendant Booth

Detective Bird approaches the booth and the Valet Parking
Attendant courteously comes out to greet him...

Detective Bird shows the young man his badge...

DETECTIVE BIRD

My names Detective Bird with the Los
Angeles County police department. I'm
looking for a Teal colored Jaguar that
may be parked here tonight.

PARKING ATTENDANT

Ahhhh...(looking on the key board)...Yeah
here it is...Did you need me to pull it
around for you?

DETECTIVE BIRD

No that's alright, just tell me where
it's parked...

PARKING ATTENDANT

Sure...across the lot third row, second
car to your right.

102.

INT. Mister Hightower's Vacation Home - Bathroom - Night

Trevor pulls out a satchel containing a special tool that allows him to hear the clicks of the turning gage...

He takes the tool out and begins to turn the dial of the safe until he hears the right clicks and then the safe OPENS...

Inside, Trevor sees a single sealed envelope containing the schematics for the Super Telescope.

EXT. Parking lot - Night

Detective Bird spots the Jaguar. He walks over to it, takes the GPS tracking device from his pocket, moves under the vehicle, and places the device under it as quickly as possible...

Afterwards he gets up and walks back toward the party...

INT. Mister Hightower's Vacation Home - Upstairs - Night

Mister Hightower quietly approaches the bathroom door, putting his ear toward it cautiously, listening...

He hears something DROP...

INT. Mister Hightower's Vacation Home - Bathroom - Night

Inside the bathroom Trevor unintentionally knocks one of his tools over after he reaches for the schematics, and it DROPS on the floor...CLINK...

He's unaware that Mister Hightower is standing right outside the door listening.

Trevor scrambles to tuck the schematics away and gather his tools together back inside the small satchel.

INT. Mister Hightower Vacation Home - Downstairs - Night

Detective Bird reenters the home from the front door being cautious that know one notices him...

103.

INT. Mister Hightower Vacation Home - Upstairs - Night

Mister Hightower cautiously checks the door knob, it's locked...He takes a remote device out of his pocket and points it at the door, a CLICK sound...The door is now unlocked...He proceeds to OPEN it...

INT. Mister Hightower Vacation Home - (bathroom) - Night

Mister Hightower sees Trevor kneeled down over the toilet, as if puking in it...A KNIFE is concealed in his hand in front of him...

MISTER HIGHTOWER

Oh, pardon me son...Are you okay...?

Mister Hightower scans the entire bathroom, after seeing his picture of Socrates still hanging neatly on the wall, he doesn't immediately suspect anything suspicious...Just as he proceeds to exit and close the bathroom door however, he notices chunks of plaster from the wall next Trevor's foot as if it were SWEEPED underneath the toilet...

Mister Hightower, reaches for a gun tucked behind his waist belt...

Trevor, quickly turns around, he THROWS the knife at Mister Hightower...

Trevor's blade SLAMS into Mister Hightower's right shoulder...He SQUEEZES the trigger to his gun in pain...

A SHOT goes off...BAM!

Trevor WINCES from the shot...

The bullet barely misses Trevor's head...A big HOLE in the wall sits just to the side of his head...

Trevor, RUSHES toward Mister Hightower to grab the gun...

104.

INT. Mister Hightower's Vacation Home - Downstairs - Night

The loud BLAST from the gun shot alarms everyone downstairs...The party stops and everyone looks toward upstairs...

Detective Bird draws his pistol holstered under his sports coat...

INT. Mister Hightower's Vacation Home - Bathroom - Night

Trevor wrestles the gun away from Mister Hightower...

Mister Hightower grasps his shoulder, he slides down the wall in pain...

MISTER HIGHTOWER

Son of a...You won't get away with this!
I promise you!

Trevor, point's the gun at him...

TREVOR

(nervous)
Take your socks off.

MISTER HIGHTOWER

What?

TREVOR

Take your socks right now I said!

MISTER HIGHTOWER

Listen son, I don't know who's put you up to this but, there are off duty cops and high ranking employees for the federal government downstairs who happen to be good friends of mine. There's no way you're gonna walk out of here scott free. If you give up now, I'll make sure you don't go to prison.

Trevor, quickly bends down and begins to untie Mister Hightower's' shoes with one hand, keeping the gun pointed with the other, and removes his socks.

105.

INT. Mister Hightower Vacation Home - Downstairs - Night

Meanwhile, Detective Bird instructs Man #2 to call the police...

DETECTIVE BIRD

Get on the phone and get the police here now!

Man #2 pulls out a cell phone...

Detective Bird, begins to head up the stairs with his gun pointed straight in front of him...

Detective Bird slowly creeps his way up the stairs, making his way toward the bathroom...He can hear sounds of Mister Hightower GROANING in pain...

INT. Mister Hightower Vacation Home - bathroom - Night

Detective Bird cautiously approaches the door, rounding it with gun pointed straight ahead...He sees "Lex" pointing a gun at Mister Hightower and taking his socks...

DETECTIVE BIRD

(to "Lex")

Drop the gun now! Drop it!

Trevor begins to lower his gun, but suddenly Victor comes from behind Detective Bird and knocks him hard in the back of his head with a pistol...

WACK...!

Detective Bird falls to the ground...Victor picks up his gun and shoves it inside his waist belt...

Victor

(to Trevor)

Time to go...

Victor and Trevor make their way out the bathroom and down the hallway...

Detective Bird quickly comes to, he scrabbles to find his gun...realizing it's been taken, he reaches down for another pistol he has holstered around his ankle...

106.

Detective Bird draws his secondary weapon and immediately goes after "John" and "Lex"...

INT. Mister Hightower Vacation Home - Downstairs - Night

"John" and "Lex" make their way down the stairs, guns in hand...

A Woman, GASPS in fear...

Just before "John" exits the front door, he goes waving his weapon at the group...Sending several men ducking behind tables, couches, chairs, whatever...

VICTOR ("John")
Ladies...gentlemen...it's been my
pleasure...Have a good evening...

SHOTS ring out from the top of the stairs...BAM! BAM! BAM!
BAM!

SCREAMS from Women...

Glass flies everywhere near Victor...

Victor, SHOTS back...

BAM...! BAM...! BAM...! Trevor RUNS out the front door...

Victor quickly runs out behind...

EXT. Valet Parking Booth - Night

Victor and Trevor run up to the Young Parking valet attendant...Victor conceals his gun in hand behind his back...

VICTOR
The teal colored Jaguar please.

VALET PARKING ATTENDANT
Coming right up sir...

The young man takes Victor's keys from a key board...

107.

VALET PARKING ATTENDANT
Hey, where those gun shots I just heard
coming from in there?

Victor stops him from going to get the car for him...Pulls his
pistol from around his back, now in plain sight...

VICTOR
That's okay boy. I'll get it myself.

Victor, SNATCHES the keys out his hand..

VICTOR
Where is it parked?

Valet Attendant hesitates in fear....

VICTOR (cont'd)
Where!!?

VALET PARKING ATTENDANT
Right across the lot, third row, second
car to your right...

Victor and Trevor take off..

Detective Bird comes running from inside the house (gun in
hand) YELLING to the Valet Attendant...

DETECTIVE BIRD
Stop! Stop...Don't give him the keys!

He gets a little closer and OPEN FIRES at Trevor and
Victor....

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Valet Attendant, RUNS behind the booth ducking for cover...

Detective Bird runs out of ammo...

EXT. / INT. Victor's Jag - Night

Victor and Trevor quickly find the car and get inside the
Jag, start it and peel off...

108.

EXT. Calvary Cemetery - Night

A shiny silver Mercedes sits waiting in a secluded area of the cemetery.

INT. Silver Mercedes - Calvary Cemetery - Night

Victor's Columbian Comrade and his partner "The Man" wait inside the vehicle.

The Columbian Comrade checks his watch, it reads twelve fifty-five.

Columbian Comrade takes his cell phone and begins to call Victor...His partner, "The Man", stops him...

THE MAN

Wait...we give him a little more time...

The Man looks in his side view mirror...

TWO MEN are DIGGING a large hole in the distance...

EXT. Valet Parking Booth - Night

Detective Bird checks on the Valet parking kid...

DETECTIVE BIRD

You okay kid?

Detective Bird, helps the kid to his feet...

DETECTIVE BIRD (cont'd)

You aint shot anywhere are you?

Kid looks down at himself...

VALET ATTENDANT

No, I'm fine...

DETECTIVE BIRD

Okay, get my keys for me and then stay here...

109.

The Valet Attendant LOOKS for Detective Bird's keys, still a little nervous...

Detective Bird pulls out a cell phone and dials a number...

Valet Kid hands him his car keys and the Detective hurries off to his vehicle...

RINGING....

Chief Myers picks up the other end...

MYERS (VO)
(awakened from sleep)
Hello...

Detective Bird
I marked him.

Cut to:

INT. Chief Myers Home - Bedroom - Night

Talking into the phone...half sleep...

CHIEF MYERS
You marked who?

Back to scene:

EXT. Parking lot - Night

Detective Bird, talking into cell phone...

DETECTIVE BIRD
The sock bandit, I marked him. I need you to call Gonzalez and get me air born fast!

INT. / EXT. Calvary Cemetery - Night

The Columbian Comrade and "The Man" wait inside their vehicle for Victor to arrive...Suddenly they see HEADLIGHTS...

110.

Victor pulls right up front to their vehicle, KILLS his headlights...

Victor's POV

The Man and the Columbian Comrade exit their vehicle...

Victor, exits his vehicle...Trevor waits inside, nervous...

The men briefly stand facing each other without words as if about to draw down in an Old Western duel...

The Man and the Columbian Comrade stand stone-faced...Victor uses the opportunity to poke fun...

VICTOR

I'm so happy to see you too...(grins)

THE MAN

(serious)

Do you have what we came here for?

VICTOR

Um, hum. But of course I need to see the money before we go any further..

"The Man" nods to his partner signaling for him to get the money...

The Columbian Comrade reaches inside their vehicle and comes out with a huge SPONGE BOB bag.

Victor, walks toward the bag...

VICTOR

(tickled)

What is this? You put a half million dollars in a fucking Sponge Bob bag?

Columbian Comrade, OPENS it for Victor to see inside..

Victor looks in, the cash is all there...Columbian Comrade closes the bag...

VICTOR

Okay. I think we can do business.

111.

"The Man" draws his pistol and points it at Victor...The Columbian Comrade produces a mini, fully-automatic rifle and cocks it ready to fire...

THE MAN

Yeah, we can do business. Get your friend out the car and let's go for a walk...

Victor remains cool headed and calm...He turns toward Trevor sitting in the car and motions for him to get out...

VICTOR

(to Trevor)
Get out...

Trevor, reluctantly gets out the car with his hands up and walks next to Victor...

Victor, removes the schematics from Trevor, walks over on the side of "The Man" and his Columbian Comrade and pulls his pistol on Trevor also...

Trevor is betrayed...!!!

TREVOR

(nervous)
What is this...? What's going on?

VICTOR

Sorry friend. Business is business, you served your purpose, now...I don't need you anymore.

INT. Police Helicopter - in flight - Night

Detective Bird sits in the passenger seat tracking the location of Victor's Vehicle while the pilot flies over the night lights of Los Angeles...

DETECTIVE BIRD

(to himself)
I hope I'm reading this right...
(into headset)
I'm getting a location near Tom Bradley boulevard and Main, what's over there...??? (thinking)

112.

PILOT

That's the graveyard, Calvary Cemetery.

DETECTIVE BIRD

Why would he go to a Cemetery?

PILOT

What better place can you think of to stay out of sight?

EXT. Calvary Cemetery - Night

Trevor stares on at Victor with contempt still not believing that he'd been utterly betrayed by someone he thought was a friend...

TREVOR

So I guess this is leverage huh Victor?
You pretend to be my friend, get me to steal your schematics and then kill me.

VICTOR

(looking at his cohorts)
I think he's finally caught on guys... (laughs) Hell...with friends like me, who needs enemies right? (Laughs)

The Columbian Comrade waves his gun at Trevor signaling for him to start walking towards the shallow grave dug for him in the distance...

Trevor walks...The men follow, including Victor...

They arrive at a LARGE MAN-MADE GRAVE HOLE...

TWO MEN are standing there...They are dirty, scruffy and tired looking as if homeless and perhaps hired for a quick buck...

"The Man", tosses a wad of bills on the ground for the two men...They pick it up immediately and disperse...

TREVOR

(to Victor, his back facing him)
How could you betray me Victor? I have a family...

113.

VICTOR

I'll send them my regards...Get on your knees...

Trevor turns around and looks Victor dead in the eye..

TREVOR

No Victor, I won't...If you're gonna kill me, then do it like a man...Look me in the eye and do it.

Victor NODS his head in acceptance of Trevor's request, momentarily he looks on at him admiring his honor and courage. He then raises his gun and points it at Trevor, preparing to shoot...

Suddenly, a HELICOPTER rapidly appears in the sky above the men shinning a BRIGHT LIGHT on the group...

Victor, The Columbian Comrade and "The Man" take their attention away from Trevor for a moment and look up...

THE MAN

It's a set up, kill them!

Columbian Comrade, points his gun toward Victor and FIRES...BAM...!

Victor is struck in the arm, drops his gun...

Trevor, lunges quickly toward Victor and strikes him hard in the face...POW! He picks up Victor's gun, takes the schematics from him and takes off running for his life...

"The Man" FIRES several fully automatic rounds at the helicopter...BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM...

Bullets from his weapon PING off the metal of the helicopter above...

Victor, kicks Columbian Comrade in the groin for shooting him...POW...

Columbian Comrade bends over in pain, Victor elbows him hard in the face...CRACK! He drops the Sponge Bob bag full of money. Victor grabs it and takes off running after Trevor...

114.

Columbian Comrade FIRES several more shots at Victor, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM...

Victor disappears into the dense darkness of the cemetery after Trevor...

INT. Helicopter - Calvary Cemetery (in flight) - Night

The helicopter hovers above as Detective Bird FIRES a high powered rifle weapon at the men below...

BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM...

He strikes "The Man", wounding him fatally...

"The Man", falls to the ground dead...

EXT. Calvary Cemetery - Night

Amidst all the commotion, The Columbian Comrade darts away to his vehicle to make a fast get away...

Suddenly more SHOTS ring out from Detective Bird's rifle in the Helicopter above...BAM! BAM! BAM!

The Columbian Comrade, falls to the ground face down...He turns over, points his gun at the helicopter and fires his last dying shot in total defiance...BLAM!

Detective Bird finishes him off...BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

EXT. Calvary Cemetery - Night

Trevor runs behind a huge headstone and kneels down in the darkness to rest. He tries hard to catch his breath while holding the gun ready to fire and peeping around the headstone to see how close Victor is behind.

He waits...feeling his chest move up and down rapidly and hearing himself BREATH...

Trevor scans the entire area in front of him nervously from behind the headstone...No sign of Victor...

115.

Trevor's POV

Scanning...Headstones, darkness, grass, trees, no Victor...
He cautiously waits for another moment before getting up to
move on...

Going a short distance, Victor suddenly appears from behind
a large tree(bag of money under his arm)...

VICTOR

Quiet as a cat.

Victor, STRIKES Trevor hard in the face, POW! Knocking him
to the ground...

Trevor's gun goes flying out of his hand...

Trevor, scrambles on his knees quickly to get his gun back...

Victor, grabs hold of Trevor's leg with one hand...

Trevor breaks free and gets back on his feet...

Victor, HEAD BUTTS Trevor hard in the temple...BAM! Then
again, BAM...Then again, BAM...He snatches the schematics
back from him...

VICTOR

I believe this belongs to ME!

Trevor, regains focus and PUNCHES Victor hard in the
shoulder where his gun shot wound is...OUCH!

Victor, drops the Sponge Bob bag of money but maintains
control of the schematics while grabbing his side in pain...

Suddenly, a HELICOPTER appears in the sky above them,
SHINNING a bright spotlight upon the men...

Trevor, quickly gets up, takes the bag of money and runs to
make a get away...

Victor, goes for the gun Trevor dropped, grabs it and FIRES
at the helicopter...

BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM...!!! The gun goes empty...

116.

INT. Helicopter - Calvary Cemetery (in flight) - Night

Detective Bird returns FIRE from the helicopter at Victor...

BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM!!!

Detective Birds POV

Victor, tosses the gun and RUNS away...

EXT. Calvary Cemetery - Vehicles - Night

Trevor runs back to where the vehicles are parked...He comes upon "The Man" lying on the ground dead and takes his KEYS from his pocket...

Trevor, gets into the Silver Mercedes...

INT. Silver Mercedes - Calvary Cemetery - Night

Fumbling with the keys, Trevor scrambles quickly, desperately trying to find the ignition to the key fab...Finally he gets it, shoves the key fab in the ignition and starts the vehicle...It's headlights come ALIVE...

Trevor's POV

Victor running toward him...

Trevor, puts the transmission in drive and PUNCHES the gas...

Victor, hops on top the hood of the vehicle, schematics still in his grasp...

EXT. Calvary Cemetery - Silver Mercedes - Night

The Silver Mercedes SPINS wildly in circles in the grass, it's tires spitting dirt and grass everywhere...

The helicopter appears again over the men shining a bright spotlight on the vehicle...

Victor loses his grip on the Mercedes and rolls onto the ground, Trevor peels off...

117.

Victor, quickly gets up and moves toward his Jag...

Victor
(To himself, re: The Helicopter)
I've had just about enough of you!

Victor, opens the trunk of his Jag, pulls out the "bird catcher" (anti-aircraft grenade launcher)...He aims it precisely at the helicopter....

INT. Helicopter - Calvary Cemetery (in flight) - Night

Detective Bird reloads his rifle as he and his pilot hover over Victor...

Detective Bird, notices the grenade launcher in Victor's grasp now pointed at them....

DETECTIVE BIRD
(to pilot)
Back off! Pull away, pull away! Get out of here!!!!

Victor FIRES...

VICTOR'S POV

The helicopter EXPLODES into a fiery ball...

Detective Bird is no more...

INT. Silver Mercedes - Night

Trevor speeds toward the exit of the Cemetery. Just as he gets near the exit, he hears a LOUD EXPLOSION from the helicopter...

BOOM!

Trevor, jumps in his seat and turns his head toward the explosion...

A HUGE BALL of FIRE in the sky...

118.

Suddenly, Trevor is met by an onslaught of police vehicles from several different Federal and State agencies...He SLAMS on the brakes...

Weapons drawn, they order him from the vehicle...

Trevor, quickly complies and surrenders to authorities...

EXT. Calvary Cemetery - Night

Victor covers himself from the falling debris of the explosion using his arm as a shield...As the smoke clears, SOUNDS of twisted metal and fire hitting the ground puts a wicked grin on his face...

He sees and hears the sounds of cars coming...Sensing the obvious, he takes off running, leaving his car behind...

Soon after, several police vehicles swarm the area, but no Victor is in sight...

TWO YEARS LATER

INT. Federal Penitentiary - ADX Florence - Day

Trevor lays on his top bunk watching television. His cell mate reads through a newspaper while sitting on the toilet.

A VOICE comes through from the cell intercom...

Mackson...

TREVOR

Yeah...

You got a visitor, get dressed...

INT. Federal Penitentiary - ADX Florence (Hallway) - Day

Trevor is escorted down a long hallway by three burly correctional officers. He is led to an INTERVIEW ROOM. Upon approaching the door and entering, Trevor sees Mr. James Hightower sitting there waiting for him patiently with an FBI agent.

119.

Trevor, takes a seat at the opposite end of the table.

Mr. Hightower, waits until Trevor is fully comfortable before speaking...

MR HIGHTOWER

Long time...How's the food?

TREVOR

Not bad actually. I've gotten used to it. I don't have much of an alternative...

MR HIGHTOWER

Listen I'm just going to get right down to the point of why I'm here. You can help me get back what was stolen from me and in return I can help get your life back.

TREVOR

I'm serving a life sentence...

Mr. Hightower smiles casually...

MR HIGHTOWER

I know. I can get that taken care of, if you agree to do this.

Trevor, leans forward slightly...interested...

TREVOR

Alright, I'm listening...

The FBI agent produces a manila folder and takes out several photographs of "Victor" seen with Trevor's wife! He slides them over to Trevor.

Trevor, looks through all the photographs...He becomes visibly disturbed as he views his wife being kissed, touched and together with "Victor" and his children in the series of photographs...

Trevor, pushes the photographs away from him in shock, anger and disbelief...

FBI AGENT

His real name is Emmanuel Ruiz. He migrated from Cuba to Los Angeles in 1983. Educated in England and the United States, received a masters in psychology in '89 and went on to get his doctoral degree in psychology five years later. He started taking and distributing steroids Nationwide since stepping foot on US soil.

MR HIGHTOWER

After finishing college he became a high class thief and con artist and has been on the FBI's most wanted list for three years now.

Trevor drops his head into his hands, obviously distraught...

TREVOR

I should've known all along...

MR HIGHTOWER

Known what?

TREVOR

The phone calls.

Mister Hightower is perplexed...Trevor explains...

TREVOR (cont'd)

Not long after my first trip to Los Angeles my wife started receiving phone calls from someone. She'd go off by herself in a room and lock the door, and just talk for hours. She told me it was just an old college friend. Then she'd get these cards and gift baskets in the mail. The return address was from somewhere in England but the packages were all postmarked from California. She didn't know anyone in California.

MR HIGHTOWER

(re: Trevor's wife having an affair with "Victor")
How do you suppose this happened?

121.

TREVOR

My wife and I were having marital problems. "Victor" or whoever he is, he knew that. He knew my phone number, my address, all of that. I gave it to him to keep in touch with me after I left back home for Chicago the first time I came to California. I trusted him. He made me believe that he was my friend.

Trevor gets up to leave before the tears begin to flow from his face...

TREVOR (cont'd)

I can't do this, I'm sorry.

Mister Hightower STANDS...

MR HIGHTOWER

Wait. The Detective that was killed in that explosion, he had a family. A wife and three kids.

Trevor stops but keeps his face turned away...

MR HIGHTOWER (cont'd)

Do it for your children. Forget about me, forget about everything that's happened between then and now, you can't change that. But don't forget about your kids. Do it for them. What else have you got to lose? You'll never get a chance like this again.

Mister Hightower waits for an acknowledgement from Trevor...

Trevor turns and looks at him...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - Chicago - Day

Trevor sits on a barstool inside the coffee shop sipping on hot tea waiting for "Victor" to arrive.

Moments later, a MAN sits down right next to him. Trevor doesn't recognize him at first, he's dressed very conservatively, sporting glasses and carrying a thick Bible.

122.

"Victor" places the Bible on the countertop, keeping his head straight never looking toward Trevor.

A waitress approaches to take his order.

EMMANUEL

(to waitress)

Small coffee please, black, no cream.

Trevor recognizes the voice, turning his head to look toward the very different looking "Victor" sitting next to him. "Victor" keeps his head looking straight, never turning toward Trevor.

The waitress comes back with his coffee and sets it down in front of him.

EMMANUEL

(to Waitress)

Thank you.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else?

EMMANUEL

No. Thank you.

WAITRESS

(to Trevor)

You sir?

TREVOR

I'm fine, thank you.

The waitress walks away. "Victor" takes his coffee and sips.

EMMANUEL

(to Trevor)

I thought you were dead.

TREVOR

I thought I was too that night...But, as fate would have it, here I am...

EMMANUEL

How did you find me?

123.

TREVOR

It didn't take long for me to figure out what you were really after, you wanted my life. You wanted what I had, a wife, kids, a family, a normal life, something you could never get. So all I had to do was come home.

Emmanuel now turns to look at Trevor...

EMMANUEL

You talk as if you didn't want to have my life also. Don't sit there and act like you didn't.

TREVOR

That's beside the point now.

EMMANUEL

Oh no, I think it is the point now...

TREVOR

That's not why I'm here....

EMMANUEL

What do you want from me? Let's cut to the chase shall we, why am I here? You want your family back, is that it? Go ahead, I'm not going to try and stop you. Whether you believe it or not, I'm a changed man now. I'm not like I used to be anymore.

A LARGE BIBLE, sitting under Emmanuel's' hand, he PATS it and caresses it as if something dear to him...

EMMANUEL (cont'd)

I'm ministering now. I mentor youth and troubled kids all over the inner-city.

Trevor is not impressed, he gets right down to business...

TREVOR

I called you here because I've got something you might want, and you've got something I definitely want.

124.

EMMANUEL

And what might that be?

Trevor, leans over close to him and whispers in his ear...

TREVOR

Cash...Lots of it. In exchange for, you know.

Emmanuel doesn't respond right away. He SIPS his coffee contemplating the request...

Finally he speaks...

EMMANUEL

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

TREVOR

Come on, what do you...

Suddenly, without warning, Emmanuel LEAPS out his seat and RIPS Trevor's shirt open, looking for a wire...There is none...

Trevor, STANDS UP and lifts his arms, showing Emmanuel that he's legit, not wired up or carrying anything...Once Emmanuel is satisfied he takes his seat again...Trevor closes his shirt...

EMMANUEL

(re: Ripping his shirt open)

I just had to make sure...

I'm sponsoring a new sports supplement at a bodybuilding convention tomorrow. At the Sheridan hotel. We do it there.

Emmanuel, turns and looks at Trevor straight in the eye...

EMMANUEL (cont'd)

And if I get a funny feeling about anything or I get the slightest hunch that you're working with the feds...(turns to look at Trevor) Well, you know what happened the last time...But first I have to know why do you want it back? Why not just take the money and live, go somewhere and enjoy it?

125.

TREVOR

The money doesn't matter to me, I never cared about the money, you know that. I want it back because I'm the one who stole it for you. And I want what's mine.

EMMANUEL

That it?

TREVOR

That's it...

EMMANUEL

Alright, I can accept that. Honor among thieves...

Emmanuel gets up to leave but then stops and turns toward Trevor to say something...

EMMANUEL

You know, I'm kind of glad that you came back for them. I was getting bored with your life anyway.

Emmanuel leaves out...

EXT. Sheridan Hotel - Night

A Wide View of the luxurious hotel in all it's grandeur...

FBI cars pull into parking spaces, agents in plain clothes exit and move toward the entrance...

INT. Sheridan Hotel - Main Posing Stage - Night

Several BODYBUILDERS on stage do POSES, thick muscles and veins are popping out everywhere. FLASH BULBS are going off and the energy is wired.

INT. Sheridan Hotel - Wide Lobby - Night

A LONG LOBBY filled on both sides with several Bodybuilding and fitness venues, products and photo-taking booths...

126.

MUSCLE MEN are posing for cameras...FLASHES keep going off from cameras...

Trevor moves through the crowd of Bodybuilding and fitness enthusiasts...Undercover agents keep a close distance behind him...In Trevor's hand is a LARGE DUFFLE BAG...

Cut To:

INT. Main Posing Stage - Night

Several HUGE BODY BUILDERS flex poses on a LARGE STAGE.

INT. Sheridan Hotel - Back Stage - Night

Romanowski wipes oil off himself back stage with other Body Builders, he puts his shirt on.

ROMANOWSKI

(To guy standing next to him)
I got get something in my stomach, I
can't take this crap anymore.

Romanowski leaves out...

INT. Sheridan Hotel - Wide lobby - Night

Trevor continues down the hallway until he spots Emmanuel standing inside a bodybuilding supplement venue...

Emmanuel's POV

Emmanuel spots Trevor and waves him over...Trevor approaches...Plain clothes FBI agents keep a close watch on the both of them.

As Trevor walks up close to Emmanuel, he never takes his eyes off him...

EMMANUEL

Step over here.

Emmanuel and Trevor move over to the side area of the venue to do business...

127.

EMMANUEL (cont'd)

Is that the money? Let me see the bag.

TREVOR

No. You hand over what I came here to get first.

Emmanuel stares in his eyes for a moment, as if looking into his soul for a sign of weakness. Yet this is a different Trevor than the one he knew of before, this is a hardened, more tougher Trevor.

Trevor, holds Emmanuel's stare firmly.

Emmanuel, looks around cautiously then lifts up his shirt and produces a brown folder containing the schematics. He sets it on the counter then slides it to Trevor.

Trevor, takes the folder, unravels the small cord wrapped around the circular button that holds it closed and gently PULLS the schematics halfway out, just checking to make sure they're the same ones he stole. He puts them back inside, ties them back closed and places the folder under his armpit.

Trevor, sets the bag on top of the counter but doesn't let go of it. He UNZIPS it and opens the bag just long enough for Emmanuel to take a peek inside at the cash and then quickly closes it and takes it off the counter...

TREVOR

Its all there, satisfied? But you're not walking out of here with this bag, I am.

Emmanuel, glares menacingly at Trevor...

TREVOR (cont'd)

I got this place swarming with the feds. They're looking at us right now. Go ahead, take a look around..

Emmanuel, inconspicuously looks around...

EMMANUEL'S POV

A suspicious looking WHITE MALE standing off into the distance pretending to be interested in something else but obviously looking toward his direction...

128.

In another direction the same thing, and then another and yet another...

Emmanuel, realizes that the game is over...

TREVOR (cont'd)
Nothing personal, just business.
Leverage...

Trevor, pulls out a pistol from his waist band and aims it at Emmanuel...

TREVOR(cont'd)
Now...give me your goddamn sox.

Emmanuel FUMES with anger, he GRABS Trevor by the collar and pulls out a pistol...

FBI agents SPRING into action! They run towards the men from every direction drawing their weapons...

FBI agents, SCREAM at Trevor from all directions...

FBI AGENTS
DROP THE WEAPON, DROP THE WEAPON!!!

Trevor FIRES off the first shot at Emmanuel...BAM!

FBI agents FIRE several SHOTS, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM...

SCREEN GOES BLACK

INT. Sheridan Hotel - Wide Lobby - Night

The BACKSIDE of a bloodied Emmanuel runs down the crowded lobby PUSHING folks out his way as he flees...

While fleeing he BUMPS into Romanowski without noticing him. Finally, he runs out of breath, weakened from the gunshot wounds, and stoops against a wall. He LEANS against the wall then slowly slides down to his butt.

Romanowski takes notice of him in disbelief then moves toward him...

ROmanowski, stoops down to look him in the face, Emmanuel is too weak to fight or even speak a word...

129.

He finally goes unconscious...

FBI agents quickly move their way down the lobby trying to locate Emmanuel...Trevor lies DEAD where he was shot...

Romanowski takes the bag Emmanuel was holding and quickly walks away before anyone notices him...

Soon after, FBI agents MOVE IN toward the dead body of Emmanuel with guns drawn, but its too late, he's dead..

INT. FBI Head Quarters - Office - Day

Head FBI Agent TONY CLARK walks into an office with a MANILA FOLDER where Mister Hightower is already waiting for him...Tony is an older, mid fifties black man wearing a conservative navy blue suit, white button down and black neck tie. Clean shaven and slightly graying he takes a seat in front of Mister Hightower..

Tony Clark, slides Mister Hightower the manila folder containing his schematics...

TONY CLARK

We never recovered the money.

MISTER HIGHTOWER

(re: Trevor and Emmanuel)

What about...

TONY CLARK

Dead, both of them.

Mister Hightower bows his head, shaking it...

MISTER HIGHTOWER

Shame...

Mister Hightower takes a moment to reflect...

MISTER HIGHTOWER (cont'd)

You know, it took me the best engineers and a research team of great, young and talented scientist five years and millions of dollars to develop the plans for this project. I never thought men would lose their lives over this.

130.

MISTER HIGHTOWER (cont'd)
What were those guys thinking?

Tony Parks SHRUGS his shoulders...

TONY CLARK
This guy Ruiz was nothing more than an ambitious criminal with a hatred for law enforcement, authority in general. Societal dissent if you ask me, plain and simple.

MISTER HIGHTOWER
What of the other one?

TONY CLARK
Trevor Mackson, I don't know. He's never been arrested or had a criminal record from what we could find. Just made the wrong kind of friends I suppose.

MISTER HIGHTOWER
That's too bad...

TONY CLARK
(re: Trevor's Death)
One things for sure, his family won't have to worry.

MISTER HIGHTOWER
No?

TONY CLARK
He set up a three million dollar life insurance policy just before making the trip to California to visit his buddy, his kids being the sole beneficiaries...Must've known something bad might happen.

MISTER HIGHTOWER
Hum, smart man...I wanna thank you for your manpower and cooperation on this. I worked too hard on this project to just have it taken away from me. Thank you.

TONY CLARK
Glad we could help.

131.

EXT. Mackson Home - Day

Two FBI agents ring the doorbell to the home of Karen Mackson, late wife of Trevor Mackson.

She OPENS the door...

FBI AGENT #1
Misses Mackson?

KAREN MACKSON
Yes...

FBI AGENT #1
I'm afraid we have some bad news...

FADE OUT