Memoirs

by

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EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The parking lot is scattered with cars. At the far end is a tall building, a hotel, obvious by the big sign that hangs above the entrance. Most of the cars are closer to the hotel. At the outer edge of the parking lot, sits one lone black car, with somebody inside.

INT. BLACK CAR - AFTERNOON

STEVEN WILLIS

An aged man with a short beard and shaggy black hair. He wears casual looking jeans, a white shirt and a black jacket. By the look of him, he’s in his early forties. He sits behind the wheel, sleeping. His breathing is the only thing heard, the noise filling the car. His eyes open slowly, awakening. He looks around, and sits up from the slumped position he was in. He blinks, focusing his eyes, and looks at the digital clock on the dashboard.

4:52

He yawns, and takes the car keys from his pocket. He unlocks the lock box that sits between the two front seats, and opens it up. He pulls out a small square bag (a laptop bag). He unzips it, glances inside, and then shuts the box behind him. He reaches over and unlocks the door. He gets out, and locks the car behind him. He turns and looks around at the empty parking lot.

NOBODY

Satisfied, he walks towards the hotel, passing a sea of cars. As he nears the entrance, he veers off to the side, walking in a line towards the edge of the building. He walks along the side wall, and turns right when he comes to the corner. He walks along the back wall and comes to a door. He knocks three times, and waits. A few seconds pass, and the door opens.

SETH CATES

A small young man, with a clean buzz-cut and some type of uniform on. He looks at Steven for a second, then steps aside to let him in. Steven walks inside, and Seth shuts the door behind him.

INT. STOCK ROOM

The two men stand in an empty stock room, the walls lined with boxed products with brand names all over them. They walk past a sea of boxes, and to another door.
Seth pulls out a card, and runs it through the electronic lock. It beeps, and a green light is displayed. Seth opens the door, walks through. Steven follows him.

INT. SECURITY BAY

Both men walk past a long line of security monitors. There are three guys watching the monitors. They don’t turn around as Steven and Seth walk past.

ELEVATORS

A long row of them. Seth walks to the end one, and presses the up button. The elevator doors open, and Steven and Seth walk inside.

INT. ELEVATOR

This elevator is very different than most. Its floor is simply metal, and there aren’t any handles along the walls. The buttons are very plain, and the floor is scratched from wheels going in and out. Seth presses a button, 19. The elevator doors close, and the elevator moves.

Steven

Looks around the elevator, his eyes searching for something. He looks at the row of buttons, and a small hole above them. A few wires protrude from this gap. Steven looks at his watch, then at Seth.

STEVEN

Which room?

SETH

Nineteen ten.

Steven reaches into his pocket and pulls out an envelope, full of bills. He hands it to Seth, who quickly pockets it.

SETH (CONT’D)

So where are you going?

STEVEN

I’m sorry?

SETH

After you’ve finished here. You got any idea where you’re going?

STEVEN

No, not really.

The elevator doors open. Seth looks at his watch. They wait a few seconds. Seth nods, and they exit the elevator.
INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Steven and Seth walk down the hallway, past the doors. They come to room 1910. They stop. Seth pulls out his card key, slides it into the electronic lock, and opens the door.

SETH
I’ll lock you in from the outside. What time will you be done?

STEVEN
One o’clock, give or take.

SETH
Alright.

They shake hands.

SETH (CONT’D)
Later man.

STEVEN
Yeah.

Steven steps inside, and Seth shuts the door. The electronic lock beeps, indicating that it’s locked again.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven walks around the room. It’s not the nicest hotel room, but it isn’t bad. The kitchen is fairly plain. Steven walks over to the other half of the room, where a bed and a small table sit. Steven sits his bag down on the table. He walks into the bathroom, looks around, and then walks back into the main area. He pulls a seat out from under the table, and sits down on it. He unzips his bag and pulls out

A LAPTOP

He sits it down, then zips up the bag and moves it to the side of the table. He opens the laptop up, and turns it on.

STEVEN'S FACE

Lights up from the display of the computer screen. He watches the screen load up. It finishes, and he rests his hands down on the table. He moves the mouse, and clicks a few times. A blank word document opens up. Steven looks at it, and begins to type.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
My name is Steven Peter Willis.
I’m 41 years old, at the time of writing this. I’m a fairly average guy.

(MORE)
STEVEN (CONT'D)
I go to the movies every now and again, although it's been a while since I saw something I liked. I've lived in the same city all my life, although I've been to a few other continents now and then. I'm not married, I don't have a girlfriend. I've had a steady job the past 31 years, although I'm soon retired. And in my lifetime I've killed about 85 people.

Steven stops typing and looks at this sentence. He continues.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
I'm not a serial killer, or anything like that. I've never killed anybody for fun, or the enjoyment of it or any of that shit. I'm not too sure what my official job title is, but if I had to label it, I'd say I was an enforcer for the mob, I suppose. I'm not really a merc, or a hired gun. All I did was fix problems that needed fixing.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

[NOTE] THE MONTAGE IS FILLED WITH SCRATCHY FOOTAGE TAKEN FROM HOME VIDEOS. THE VOICE OVER ACCOMPANIES IT.

- A Couple in the hospital, holding a baby. They grin and smile to the camera, showing the baby off.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
I was born on February 22nd, 1963. It was a pretty big day in history, because it was the day that President Kennedy was killed by that guy from the building.

- The couple standing outside their home, holding the baby.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
We lived in a pretty calm area of town, just outside the reach of the mob. They were a pretty big presence in that area, because a lot of them lived in our neighbourhood. (MORE)
They kind of liked my dad, he was a funny guy. He never caused trouble, and they never gave him any.

A graveyard. Steven, seven years old stands with his dad, both wearing suits.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
When I was five, my mom died. Something with the heart, I don’t really know. I never really wanted to know. My dad didn’t earn much money, even though he had two jobs. So some of the guys around the neighbourhood would help him out with money now and again when he needed it. He was like family to them, and so was I.

Steven, now ten, stands outside a deli.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
I was ten when I got my first job. It was just after school, for a couple of hours. Loading and unloading the truck. It’d come in everyday at 4 with the fruit and stuff, so me and Mr. Roberts, the guy who owned it. He was a nice guy.

Another funeral.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
He was killed the next year, and the store was bought out by Frankie Spats. They changed the store into a bakery, with a little bit more in the back. I didn’t want to lose my job, because the money I was earning kept us afloat. So my dad asked one of the local guys if he’d talk to Spats about me working at the bakery.

Steven at ten shaking hands with a man.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
I got the job.

(MORE)
It required a little extra work, because the bakery would get more stuff in than the deli, so I'd work another couple hours before school. Now Spats was working for a guy named Robert Mancini.

ROBERT MANCINI

A big man wearing a tailored suit. He has brown hair and a big smile. He stands, talking with young Steven outside the bakery.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
Mancini was a great guy. He never looked down on me because I was Jewish. Mancini didn't care about that sort of stuff. So it was cool. That stuff stayed the same for about five years. And then it happened.

-A third funeral. Steven, at 16 stands in a crowd of people, but talks to nobody.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
My dad died when I was 16. Lung cancer.

-Mancini walks up to Steven and they talk. Mancini gives Steven a small envelope.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
Mancini knew if I didn't have any money, I'd have to move away to one of my uncles or something. So he sat me down and talked to me. After that, I quit school and went to work for him full time. He taught me things, like how to drive a car, things like that. I always loved cars, and I got really good at driving. So Mancini put me to work as a driver for his guys. It helped me make a little more money. It was great. And there was one day when I was about 20, he asked me to do something a little different.

-END OF B&W FOOTAGE

"CUT TO:"
INT. BAKERY - DAY 1984

The bakery is scattered with people. The main of them are big guys, wearing casual suits. They all sit around in small groups, eating or drinking and talking with each other. Steven, at 20, a young fresh-faced kid with a smile on his face, sits with Mancini. They sit alone in the back, away from the chatter.

MANCINI
Look, it’s not different than anything else you do. All you gotta do is drive the guys out there, they’ll get out, do their thing, get back in the car, and you drive them back here. That’s it.

STEVEN
It’s not that it’s complicated or anything. I’m just worried something’s gonna happen is all.

MANCINI
Look, you don’t gotta worry about a thing, alright? It’s a simple business meeting. Besides, if there’s even a hint of trouble, you just drive away, alright?

STEVEN
What about the other guys?

MANCINI
Just drive away. Trust me, they would not wait for you, would they?

STEVEN
I don’t know.

MANCINI
Exactly. Look, for this I’ll give you an extra 150.

Steven thinks this over for a second.

STEVEN
Alright.

Mancini reaches under the table and pulls out a brown paper bag. He hands it to Steven.

MANCINI
This is just a loan, in case you need it.
Steven looks in the bag and sees it holds a small six-shooter pistol.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
That was the first time I ever held a gun. It didn’t feel right, like it was made for somebody else’s hands. Like a glove that’s a size too small.

MANCINI
So what do you say?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Steven types on his laptop.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
I should’ve said no. I always wonder how my life would’ve turned out if I said no. God knows it was the smart thing to do.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY - 1984

STEVEN
Yeah, sure.

MANCINI
Alright. You’re doing me a huge favour with this one Stevie.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
He always called me Stevie. I don’t know if he knew I fucking hated it.

From the back door walks

ALAN MANCINI

A young twenty-something looking kid with brown hair and a real tough look on his face.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
(V.O.)
Mancini’s son, Alan.
I didn’t really know him that much back then. I’d met him a couple times, but we weren’t really close friends.

Alan sits down at the table.

ALAN
Hey Stevie.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
Like father like son.

Steven flashes Alan a smile.

ALAN
Hey pop.

MANCINI
Don’t you see me talking here?

ALAN
I just figured since you were talking to the kid...

STEVEN
(V.O.)
I always found it funny he called me “kid”. He was only two years older than I was.

MANCINI
Look, just get out of here, alright? Go take care of that barbershop thing downtown.

ALAN
Alright pop, I’m sorry.

MANCINI
Good.

Alan stands and kisses Mancini on the forehead. Alan turns and nods “goodbye” to Steven. Steven returns the nod.

ALAN
I’ll see you at 6.

MANCINI
Alright.

Alan turns and walks away. Mancini watches him go.

MANCINI (CONT’D)
So the car’s parked out back. You go bring it round front, and the guys will be out in fifteen.
Mancini stands and Steven does. Steven turns and walks out the back door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Steven, still typing.

STEVEN

(V.O.)
It was out by the boatyards. Practically in the middle of nowhere. There were people who lived nearby, but they were used to hearing gunshots and shit, so it really didn’t matter to them what happened in their neighbourhood, just that it didn’t happen to them.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOATYARDS - 1984

The boat yard is filled with scrap metal all over the place. There are a few buildings close to the road, and a fair distance between the road and the waterfront.

THE CAR

Steven pulls up, down the street from the buildings. There are three big guys sitting in the car with Steven. The two guys sitting in the back get out and shut their doors behind them.

MICHAEL PARKER

The one sitting up front with Steven, with a small briefcase in his lap. Parker opens his door, then turns to Steven.

PARKER

Go park it down around the corner there. You should be able to hear if anything happens. We’ll be back in 5 minutes.

Steven nods. Parker gets out and shuts the door. Steven drives away. The three men walk towards the warehouse.
Pulls down next to a building. The radio is playing softly. Steven turns it off. He sits behind the wheel, waiting.

STEVEN

(V.O.)
I can still remember that moment. Sitting in that car, praying nothing would happen. That everything would be fine.

A gunshot is heard. Steven jerks his head to look towards the warehouse. Another gunshot is heard. Steven starts the car, and waits. He looks at the warehouse, then at the wheel. He shuts the car off, and opens the glove box. He takes out the brown paper bag and pulls out the gun it holds. He opens the door, steps out and closes it softly behind him.

Steven

Walks cautiously towards the warehouse. He looks around to see is anybody is watching him. He comes up against a wall, where he can hear chatter. He stops, and listens to the talk. He walks carefully towards the door, and steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Steven comes in behind a great pile of rusted metal. He looks both ways, and turns left towards the noise. He walks past great heaps of metal and waste when he comes to an opening.

Parker

Kneeling down, facing the wall, his hands behind his head. The two other men lay dead. There is one guy wearing a grey suit standing directly behind Parker, one in the corner holding a pistol and another sits at a table with the briefcase open, counting money. Steven comes out, gun in hand and points it at the man with briefcase.

STEVEN

Let him go.

The guy in the corner with the gun spots Steven. Guy points his gun at Steven. Steven points his gun at Guy. Grey Suit turns around to see Steven pointing the gun at Guy. Grey Suit reaches to his belt to grab the gun that rests in the holster attached.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Don’t try it.

GREY SUIT

Mancini really recruits them young, huh? How old are you kid?
STEVEN
I’m not gonna tell you again, let him up.

Grey Suit raises his arms. Parker stands up, and takes the gun from Grey Suit.

GREY SUIT
You ever shoot anybody before kid?

STEVEN
Shut up.

GREY SUIT
There ain’t no coming back from that.

Parker points his gun at Grey Suit. Guy turns his head to Parker.

PARKER
Drop it.

Grey Suit nods at Guy. Guy drops his gun, and kicks it over the floor to Parker. Parker picks it up, and now points his guns at both Grey Suit and Guy.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
As cheesy as it sounded, the guy was right. Once you kill somebody, it really does change you.

Parker fires both guns, hitting Grey Suit and Guy in the chest with the bullets. Counter stands up, and brings a gun out from his jacket. Steven swings around and shoots once, the recoil jerking his arm. The bullet hits Counter in the lower abdomen, sending him to the ground. Parker fires twice more, hitting Grey Suit and Guy as they lay on the ground.

Parker
Walks over and stands next to Steven.

PARKER
Nice work kid.

STEVEN
Is he gonna die?

PARKER
Yeah.

Pause.
PARKER (CONT'D)
Go back to the car.

STEVEN
What?

PARKER
Go, now.

Steven turns, and walks away. He walks out of the warehouse.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Steven opens the door, and sits down in the seat, not shutting the door behind him. He rests his hands on the steering wheel, looking at them. The passenger door opens. Steven jerks his head around to see Parker getting in. He has blood on his shirt, and holds two briefcases. He sits them in the back seat. Steven stares at the blood. Parker stares at Steven, waiting.

PARKER
Are we going or what?

STEVEN
(V.O.)
He said it so casually, like we’d just gotten coffee.

Steven blinks himself back into reality. He starts the car and drives away. After 20 feet, he stops the car and shuts his door. He continues driving.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY

Steven sits by himself in the main area. Mancini and Parker sit in the back, talking quietly.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
I don’t know why, but sitting there, waiting. That’s the part that scared me the most. I knew they were talking about me back there. I’ve learnt it’s not a good sign when people talk about you, and they whisper. They were back there for ten minutes.
Parker walks up to where Steven sits. Steven looks up at him.

PARKER
Took deep balls to do what you did today, kid. I appreciate that.

Parker extends his arm. Steven shakes it.

PARKER (CONT’D)
See you round.

Mancini stands behind them, watching this take place. Parker turns and leaves the bakery. Steven looks around to see Mancini standing there, watching him.

MANCINI
Come with me.

Steven walks, unsure, following Mancini to the back. They sit down. Mancini stares at Steven. Steven avoids eye contact.

MANCINI (CONT’D)
He told me what you did.

STEVEN
Yeah?

MANCINI
How you completely ignored what I told you, risked getting yourself killed loosing my gun and my car.
(pause)
Saved the life of a good friend of mine, and got my stuff back, plus the product. You did good kid.

Steven looks at Mancini and smiles.

MANCINI (CONT’D)
Really good.

Mancini shakes Stevens hand with gratitude.

STEVEN
Thank you sir.

MANCINI
Now let’s talk serious. I got a guy who works for me who’s leaving in a few weeks. I’ve known this guy since I was your age. Now his contributions to the business have been great, and I’ll be sad to see him go. But I need for somebody to take over for him.

(MORE)
MANCINI (CONT'D)
And there are a few guys who
might be able to fill the slot.
But I want somebody new, a fresh
face out there.

STEVEN
What would I have to do?

MANCINI
Nothing straight away. Just come
back tomorrow and meet with us
and we’ll discuss it further.

Steven nods.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
Is that a yes?

Pause.

STEVEN
I just have to meet with the guy?

MANCINI
Yeah. If you don’t like it, you
can go back to driving. But trust
me, this is a better career move.
It’s a lot more money.

Pause.

STEVEN
Yeah, OK.

MANCINI
Good, good.

Mancini grabs a small envelope that’s filled with money and
hands it to Steven.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
For today.

Steven opens it up, and thumbs quickly through the money.

STEVEN
There’s more than 500 in here.

MANCINI
I know. You’ve earned it Stevie.

STEVEN
Thank you.

MANCINI
So we’ll see you tomorrow?
STEVEN
Alright.

Mancini and Steven stand. Steven turns and walks out. Mancini sits back down.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven stops typing for a second, and then continues.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
A good career move. Mancini always had a way of being able to sell shit to a squirrel. I think that was part of his charm. Had he told me right off the bat what I’d really be doing, I would’ve said “fuck you” about it, and that would’ve been it. But I wanted to see what all this was about.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

Young Steven

Walks up towards the bakery. As he nears the front door, he slows his walk, taking a second to look around the street. A few seconds later, he continues, walking up the steps and going into the bakery.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
Will Garnori. That’s the guy Mancini wanted me to meet.

Steven walks through the bakery towards the back area. Seated at the usual table is Mancini, and seated across from him is Garnori

A tall skinny man wearing a grey suit. He is clean shaven, with light grey hair that is thinning towards the front.

Mancini

Spots Steven walking towards them. Mancini stands up to greet Steven.

MANCINI
Stevie. How’s it going?
STEVEN
Good.

MANCINI
I want you to meet a good friend of mine.

Mancini gestures to Garnori.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
This is Will Garnori. The guy I was telling you about.

Garnori looks Steven up and down.

GARNORI
Not much to him.

MANCINI
He can take care of himself, trust me.

Garnori thinks about this for a second, then extends his hand to Steven.

GARNORI
Nice to meet you.

Steven shakes Garnoris hand.

STEVEN
You too.

MANCINI
(to Steven)
Take a seat.

Steven and Mancini sit down.

GARNORI
Bobby told me about yesterday.

STEVEN
OK.

GARNORI
Ballsy. Not my taste, but do each’s own.

STEVEN
Thank you.

GARNORI
(to Mancini)
So what makes you think this kid is good enough for the work, huh? That thing yesterday was probably one-time.
MANCINI
I’ve known this kid since he was 5. I knew his old man, for Christ sakes.

GARNORI
Good for you.

MANCINI
Look, I know this ain’t a definite fit, but he’s the closest thing I know, and he’s practically family.

GARNORI
You trust this kid?

Pause.

MANCINI
Yeah.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
I don’t know why they felt the need to talk about me like I wasn’t there. But all the time I spent with Garnori, he was kind of an asshole.

GARNORI
OK, I’ll bite. But this kid fucks up or ends up dead, you can’t get me back in here to train the next goon-ball you got lines up.

MANCINI
Fair enough.

Mancini turns to Steven. Mancini starts to talk to Steven.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
So Mancini told me all about the job. He laid it all out on the table for me to see, so to speak. If I had agreed to it, he already had Garnori ready to teach me everything I needed to know.

Mancini stops talking. Both Mancini and Garnori stare at Steven, waiting for an answer. Steven thinks about this for a second.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
OK.
MANCINI
Yeah?

STEVEN
Yeah.

MANCINI
Great. That’s excellent.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
So we talked for a while more, then they sent me home to pack my bags. I came back a half hour later and found out me and Garnori were going down to Mexico for two weeks. It turns out they had this “hitman school” thing in a basement down there. Mancini knew a guy who knew a guy who got him the hookup for us to be there, so that’s where we went.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE
Steven handles different weapons with help from Garnori. He’s being shown how to handle them, reloading, firing and cleaning.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
To start off with, he showed me the handhelds. Pistols first. Working with silencers, cleaning, taking apart, all that stuff. Then automatic weapons and rifles, although there wasn’t much calling for those. I think I’ve only used those twice in my lifetime. Since it was mob related stuff, we never did any of that flashy movie shit with the sniper rifles and hitting targets from miles away. Then he showed me bullet-proof vests. Then we went onto more practical stuff, like where to hit a guy to make him talk, getting into a house quietly, getting lost in the crowd, having a story ready in case the cops talked to you, all that sort of shit. It was like a very weird school trip, you know? It was a week before I got to fire a gun again.

(MORE)
STEVEN (CONT'D)
At first the weapons were a bit strong for me with the strong recoil in unfamiliar hands, but eventually you get used to them. It was the one thing he kept saying to me that stuck with me all these years. “Stick with what you know”. At the time I thought he just meant weapons wise.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven at the computer.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
So we finished on a Wednesday afternoon. Thursday morning, he drove me to the airport, dropped me off, and disappeared. I left home a kid, and returned a trained killer.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOME - NIGHT

Young Steven

Comes out of the front door, wearing all black. He has a small cheap briefcase with him. He gets in the drivers side of his car, and closes the door. He sits the briefcase down on the seat next to him, and starts the car. He drives away.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
My first visit by myself was about a week later. I was given something easy to take care of. Some guy was slowly moving into Mancini’s area, and bringing all sorts of unwanted attention with him. Causing a lot of problems. I learnt soon after that I shouldn’t ask questions. It wasn’t a soldiers job to stick his nose where it didn’t belong. (MORE)
I still don’t know if it was because I didn’t need to know or didn’t want to know.

CUT TO:

EXT. CURB - NIGHT

Steven parks the car on the side of the road in a suburban area. He turns the engine off.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Steven closes his eyes, and breathes in heavily.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

I remember sitting in that car, waiting, trying to build up the nerve to actually go inside. I must have sat there for ten minutes. It didn’t seem like that though. I seemed like hours passed. It was the most scared I’ve ever been in my life.

Steven opens his eyes, and opens the suitcase. Inside rests a small pistol with a silencer attached. Steven grabs the gun, pulls back the slide, checking the bullet in the chamber. He closes the slide, and exits the car. He quietly shuts the door behind him. As he stands, he tucks the gun inside his jacket, so it’s hidden. He proceeds to walks up the street. He stops, looks up and down the street, and crosses over. He walks onto a driveway, and continues down it towards the house. He nears the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is totally quiet. After a few seconds, Steven gets the door open. He opens it, steps inside, and pushes it ajar. He stands in a hallway. He looks left, then walks right. At the end of the hallway is a door, which sits open. Steven pulls the gun out, and slowly peaks into the room. He walks in and points the gun down at the bed. There are two people lying there, covered by a blanket. Steven fires twice into the first body, points the pistol at the second body and fires twice again. A second passes. He moves the pistol back to the head of the first body, and fires once. He then trains the gun on the head of the second body, and fires again.
Satisfied, he walks out of the bedroom, down the hall and out the front door, closing it behind him this time.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Steven walks up the driveway, stopping at the street. He crosses, and walks hurriedly towards his car. He opens the door and climbs in.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Steven sits in the drivers seat. He sits the gun back in the briefcase and closes it up. He rests his hands on the steering wheel. He looks at the house he came from, silhouetted in the dark by the moon. He pulls the keys from his pocket, starts the car up and drives away.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Steven is at various social functions, weddings, funerals birthday parties talking with different people.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
From then on, I became one of the guys. Before I would rarely get invited to anything. But now I was one of the guys, I was busy almost every weekend with something different. Weddings, birthdays, christenings. It almost became like an endless stream of social events. Everybody knew me, and I knew everybody.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Steven at the computer.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
Growing up in that area with those guys, you got to meet a lot of women.
(MORE)
Now it was June 1987, and nearly every women I'd meet wanted to be an actress, or a weather girl, or a stewardess, basically any job you only needed fifteen IQ points to do. It always seemed like any conversation I had with these chicks went the exact same way. But I remember at this wedding, I had recently turned 23. My life took a pretty unexpected turn.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - AFTERNOON - 1985

Steven sits at a bar, looking out at a sea of people. In the middle of the room stands a happy bride and groom, talking to Mancini. Steven holds a beer in his hands.

Alan

Walks from the crowd and takes a seat next to Steven.

STEVEN

Hey.

ALAN

Hey Stevie. Enjoying the party?

STEVEN

Yeah, I guess.

ALAN

Nice job on that canned goods thing for us. You have no idea how much trouble you saved us there.

STEVEN

No problem.

Pause. Alan looks into the crowd and sees

CLARE ROGERS

A beautiful woman, 22, stands there talking to the bride. Alan stands up.

ALAN

If you'll excuse me.

Alan doesn't wait for a response. He makes a bee-line for Clare. The bride walks away from Clare, and Clare's eye line shifts towards Alan. STEVEN sees Clare. He watches Alan walk up to Clare. Clare moves her eyes to Steven.
Steven and Clare make eye contact for a second, and then it is broken by Alan standing square in front of her. Steven stands up, and walks across to a door. Clare watches him go as Alan talks to her. Steven opens the door and steps outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINING HALL - AFTERNOON

Steven walks across a small field of grass and takes a seat on a bench sitting by itself. He looks out across the water, as the sun starts to set. He hears the door open and shut, but doesn’t avert his eyes from the view.

Clare

Sits next to him on the bench. She stares out at the water.

CLARE
You should tell your friend he needs a new pick-up line.

STEVEN
Why. What did he say?

CLARE
Oh no. Trust me, you don’t want to hear this one.

STEVEN
Well now you gotta tell me.

Pause.

CLARE
He said, “I think there’s something wrong with my eyes, I can’t take them off you”.

Steven and Clare laugh.

STEVEN
Wow.

CLARE
I know.

STEVEN
How did that not work?

CLARE
I have no idea.

STEVEN
I’ve been using that one for years. That’s my go to.
CLARE
Wow, you and your friend must be beating them off with a stick.

STEVEN
With the success of that line, I’d say there’s a lot of beating off involved with it.

Clare laughs. Steven looks at her and laughs too. A small pause.

CLARE
You want to get out of here?

STEVEN
Ahh, yeah.

Steven and Clare stand up and walk away from the bench.

CLARE
You hungry?

STEVEN
I could eat.

CLARE
The food in there, it’s like a friggen torture game.

STEVEN
Yeah, I know. My natural reaction is to just drink a lot until you can’t taste anything. Then go in for the finger foods.

CLARE
Good idea.

Steven and Clare continue to walk and talk.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
Her name was Clare Rogers. By far the coolest woman I’ve ever met. She was nothing like these beach blonde airheads walking around the city. We left the wedding and got something to eat at a small place nearby. We talked for an hour, then I took her back to get her car. We set, well, she set plans for our next date. We said good night, and I drove home. Now early on in our relationship, we set a kind of a rule. We both knew the other worked for Mancini. She was an accountant.

(MORE)
I told her I was in transport. So we decided that our work was our own, and the other didn’t need to know much about it. She had her secrets about her job, and I had mine. We knew we had to be careful, because Mancini wasn’t a big fan of his people dating each other. He didn’t like it when two people who worked for him were at the same restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steven, wearing sweat pants and no shirt climbs into bed. He stares at the ceiling for a moment, then turns out the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARE’S HOUSE - DAY

Steven pulls up outside a house. He is wearing a nice shirt and jeans. He gets out of the car and walks towards the house.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

Our second date was a couple days later.

Steven reaches the door. He knocks. After a few seconds, Clare opens the door slightly.

CLARE

Hey.

STEVEN

Hi.

CLARE

I’ll just get my bag.

STEVEN

OK.

Steven walks down the steps, and waits on the pavement. A few seconds pass, and Clare opens the door, steps outside and closes it behind her. She walks down the steps to Steven.

STEVEN (CONT’D)

Ready to go?
They walk towards the car. Clare opens the passenger side door and gets in. Steven walks around, and gets in the drivers side. He starts the car, and they drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN’S CAR

Steven and Clare sit in silence.

CLARE
So how’s your week been?

STEVEN
Not too bad. It’s been pretty easy. You?

CLARE
Oh, I’ve had the worst. As boring as the day is long.

STEVEN
I’ve had a pretty lazy day. I generally don’t have to work that much.

CLARE
Show off.

STEVEN
What?

CLARE
Nothing. So is there good money in transport?

STEVEN
Yeah.

Pause.

CLARE
So I better have fun tonight, because I’m taking the cold shoulder for you.

STEVEN
And why is that?
CLARE
A friend of mine tried to set me up with her brother, but instead I’m going out with you.

STEVEN
Well, you expectations are unreasonably high.

CLARE
Why, what did you have planned?

STEVEN
I’m supposed to have plans?

CLARE
That’s generally how this works.

STEVEN
Twenty seconds in I’ve already screwed it up. Should I let you out here.

CLARE
(points outside the car)
Just up here’s good.

Clare and Steven exchange looks, and smile.

CUT TO:

INT. CINEMA – NIGHT

Steven and Clare sit together, watching a movie in a crowded theatre.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
It was always fun spending time with Clare. She had a great sense of humor, and we had practically the same tastes for everything.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP – LATER

Steven and Clare sit opposite each other, with a small plate with a piece of pie in between them. They eat off the plate.

STEVEN
So how long have you know Bob?

CLARE
Mancini?
Steven nods.

CLARE (CONT'D)
6 months, give or take. Went to work for him almost as soon as I moved out here. You?

STEVEN
Since I was 5.

CLARE
Really?

STEVEN
Oh yeah. Me and my dad moved here when I was young, and when you live in the neighbourhood, you can’t help but not know Bob.

CLARE
And where’s your dad now?

STEVEN
Passed away when I was 16. Lung cancer.

CLARE
I’m sorry.

STEVEN
That’s OK. So after that, I dropped out of school, and went to work for Bob as a driver full time.

CLARE
OK.

STEVEN
So what about you? Family?

CLARE
My parents are still together. They live outside of Missouri. I have one older brother, I don’t know where he is. You?

STEVEN
No brothers or sisters.

CLARE
So it’s just you?

STEVEN
Yeah, pretty much.

CLARE
So you’ve been alone for, what?
STEVEN
I’m not alone. I have friends, work friends.

CLARE
I didn’t mean it like that. Just about your family.

STEVEN
Umm, 6 years sound right.

CLARE
So now don’t I feel like an idiot.

STEVEN
That’s alright. You’re pretty, people don’t really listen to what you say.

CLARE
That’s harsh.

STEVEN
Go on, try it. I’ll prove it to you.

CLARE
OK.

Pause.

CLARE (CONT’D)
I used to hijack trucks with my dad when I was 5.

STEVEN
No thanks, you can have it.

CLARE
Sometimes I believe I’m Jodie Foster.

STEVEN
It’s about 10.

CLARE
I used to have a penis.

STEVEN
No, your hair looks great.

CLARE
Did you want me to pay for this?

STEVEN
No, I got it.
Steven reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARES HOUSE

Steven pulls up outside Clares house.

STEVEN
Well here we are.

Clare looks at her house, then back at Steven.

CLARE
Yeah, here we are.

STEVEN
So you want to do this again sometime?

CLARE
Yeah, definitely.

STEVEN
Friday night?

CLARE
Sounds good.

Pause.

CLARE (CONT'D)
Did you want to come inside?

Steven thinks.

CLARE (CONT'D)
Get a cup of coffee?

Pause.

STEVEN
No thanks.

CLARE
Oh come on. You’ve gotta try my coffee.

STEVEN
Yeah, maybe next time.

CLARE
Oh, OK.

STEVEN
I just want to quit while I’m ahead. You understand.
CLARE
Sure. I’ll see you Friday.

STEVEN
Friday.

Clare gets out of the car, and walks towards the house. Steven thinks for a second, then gets out of the car. He runs up behind Clare.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Clare!

Clare turns around. Steven walks right up to her, and without breaking stride, kisses her.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
There were a million times in my life I wished I was somebody else. This wasn’t one of them.

They break the kiss. Clare smiles at Steven.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
So Friday?

CLARE
Yeah.

Clare turns and walks into her house. Steven watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven sits at the computer.

STEVEN
That was the one time I ever acted on my impulses. And to this day, I’m damn happy I did.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY - 1985

Alan sits at a table near Mancini, eating a muffin. Steven walks in, nods to Mancini, and sits with Alan. Alan looks up, and smiles at Steven.

STEVEN
Hey guys.

MANCINI
Stevie.
STEVEN
Hey Alan, how’s it going?

ALAN
Good. It’s been a fairly good week.

Steven looks at Mancini.

STEVEN
Have you got anything for me?

MANCINI
Yeah. Just wait a few minutes. I got somebody coming.

STEVEN
OK.

Steven turns to Alan.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
So I hear you got the pick-up line of the century.

ALAN
What are you talking about?

STEVEN
Something about bad eyes and not being able to take them off.

ALAN
Yeah, but when you say it like that it sounds fucking retarded.

MANCINI
How’s it go then?

ALAN
You look the chick in the eyes and say “I think I’ve got a problem with my eyes, I just can’t seem to take them off you”.

Steven and Mancini trade looks, then laugh.

MANCINI
Where the hell did you learn that?

ALAN
I don’t know. Why?

STEVEN
Because it’s fucking retarded, that’s why.
ALAN
Back off man.

STEVEN
My neighbors kid called. Even they don’t want that line back.

ALAN
(yelling)
Why don’t you shut the fuck up?

MANCINI
Calm down.

ALAN
(yelling)
No. Where the fuck do you get of patronizing me? If you knew how much cunt flew my way you’d be ready to suck my dick just to get a fucking taste.

STEVEN
Back off man.

ALAN
Why don’t you fuck yourself, coz nobody else ain’t gonna.

STEVEN
Listen to the jokester over here. Fucking Steve Martin sitting with us.

MANCINI
Hey. Cut the shit out.

Alan glares at Steven. Steven glances at Alan, then looks back at MANCINI.

STEVEN
Look, you got something for me or not?

MANCINI
Why, you got some place to be?

STEVEN
Maybe.

ALAN
There’s a new gay bar opened up downtown.

MANCINI
I’m not gonna tell you again. Shut your mouth.

(To Steven)
(MORE)
I got this thing for you. It’s not your usual job, but I figured you’d be interested anyway.

What is it?

I just need you to talk to this guy for me. He’s not paying us what he should be, and he’s trying to strongarm me into letting him get away with it.

So why not just let me take care of him?

Because he’s worth more to me alive then dead. Plus we don’t want to scare everyone around here too badly. Just kick his ass, nothing else.

OK. Address?

Mancini reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a piece of paper and hands it to Steven. Steven looks at it, then scrunches it in his hand.

Have fun.

I’ll talk to you later.

(To Alan)

Later Martin.

Alan is fuming at the table. Steven walks away from the table, out the door of the bakery.

EXT. CLARES HOUSE

Steven walks up the path to Clares front door. He rings the bell, and stands patiently. Clare opens the door. Steven smiles.

Afternoon.

Hi.
CLARE
Coming in?

STEVEN
Sure.

Steven walks into the house, and Clare closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARE’S HOUSE

Steven and Clare stand looking at each other. A brief second passes.

CLARE
So what did you have planned?

STEVEN
Usual deal I guess, meal and a movie, why?

CLARE
Well, my room mate’s gone until tomorrow, so we’ve got the place to ourselves.

STEVEN
(unsure)
OK.

CLARE
So I figured we could make something here, and maybe just watch TV.

STEVEN
Sounds good.

CLARE
So what can you cook?

STEVEN
Me? Unless it involves the microwave, I don’t do much cooking.

CLARE
OK. So the cooking plan’s out. How about we order something.

STEVEN
Sounds like a plan.

CLARE
Cool.
Clare walks into the living room. Steven follows.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARE’S LIVING ROOM

Clare walks to her phone book and picks it up.

    CLARE
    What do you want?

    STEVEN
    Surprise me.

Clare smiles, and opens the book.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARES LIVING ROOM - LATER

Clare and Steven sit on the couch, relaxed, watching TV. Clare lays against Stevens shoulders. They both look bored with what’s on TV. Clare sits up, and turns to Steven, looking him in the eyes. It takes Steven a second to notice. He glances at her, then notices she’s staring, so he stares back.

    STEVEN
    What?

    CLARE
    Nothing.

Clare leans forward, and Steven and Clare kiss. After a few seconds, they break.

    CLARE (CONT'D)
    Got plans tomorrow?

    STEVEN
    No. Why?

    CLARE
    Probably a good thing.

Clare stands up, and walks to the door. Steven watches her walk over. She stands in the door frame, then turns to Steven.

    CLARE (CONT'D)
    Coming?

Steven realizes what’s going on. He stands up and follows Clare. She stays a few steps ahead of him as she leads him through the house, up the stairs and to her bedroom door. She stops, turns and kisses Steven again.
While in the kiss, the stumble through her bedroom door, then accidentally fall against the door, slamming it shut. They laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven sits at the computer, completely focused on what he’s typing.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
And that was how me and Clare became a couple. We decided it was a good idea if we didn’t tell anybody who worked for Mancini. She said people would treat us differently if they knew we were dating. Things were what I’d call normal for the first six months or so.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOME - KITCHEN

Clare stands in the kitchen, cooking pasta. No sign of Steven. She has the radio on, listening to music quietly. The front door in the hallway opens, and Steven walks in hurriedly. He walks straight into the bathroom.

CLARE
Hey.

STEVEN
Hey.

Steven stands in front of the bathroom mirror and turns the light on. His face has a small amount of blood on it. His shirt too. He grabs the shirt and pulls it off quick, then wipes his face and neck with the shirt, wiping off most of the blood. Clare comes into the room.

CLARE
So what’s the deal? Not talking to me now?

STEVEN
No, I thought I was gonna be sick.

CLARE
So why’d you take your shirt off?

Pause
STEVEN
I’ve been sweating. I don’t feel well.

Steven drops the shirt into his hamper. He looks at Clare.

CLARE
Well that makes two of us.

STEVEN
That stomach thing still bothering you?

CLARE
All day. I had to leave early.

STEVEN
I don’t know why you won’t go to the doctor.

Steven walks past Clare and down to his bedroom. Clare follows him.

CLARE
Because I thought I’d be fine by now.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS BEDROOM

Steven grabs a black t-shirt from a small stack sitting on his bed. He talks while putting it on.

STEVEN
Well, like I keep saying, you need to go see a doctor.

CLARE
I don’t need a doctor to tell me I’m sick.

STEVEN
But at least then you’re sure that it’s not serious.

Clare exhales.

CLARE
OK. If I go to the doctor tomorrow, will that make you happy?

STEVEN
Happy would have been yesterday.
CLARE
Don’t push it.

STEVEN
Yes, I’ll be happy.

CLARE
Good. Because I’m only doing this to shut you up.

STEVEN
And I’m so happy.

Clare smiles.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
So what’s on the menu tonight swede?

CLARE
I thought I’d give pasta a try.

STEVEN
OK. Sounds good.

Clare smiles.

CLARE
OK.

They both walk out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOME - KITCHEN

Steven and Clare sit at the table, eating their dinner.

CLARE
So how was work?

STEVEN
OK, I guess. You?

CLARE
Not too bad, I guess. Same old, you know.

STEVEN
No, I don’t.

CLARE
Look, we talked about this.

STEVEN
Yeah, I know. I just think it’s time we re-talk about it.
CLARE
OK. You go first.

STEVEN
I don’t think it’s asking to much when we talk about our days over dinner, if you expand a little more on what you did.

CLARE
And I remember six months ago, we sat down and both agreed that we would keep work very separate from our home life, and neither of us felt the need to expand on it any more.

STEVEN
It’s just we’ve been dating for six months, and I don’t even know what you do.

CLARE
I told you, I’m an accountant.

STEVEN
Yeah, but I want to know more than that. I want you to be able to tell me every little boring detail about your day.

CLARE
Yeah, I know. But I also remember that you flat out refuse to tell me anything about what you do during the day, other than the phrase “odd jobs”.

STEVEN
I just don’t see why you need to know any more than that.

CLARE
You are aware you’re being a hypocrite.

STEVEN
Yeah, I’m OK with it.

CLARE
Look, here’s the deal. I’ll tell you whatever you want to know about what I do, if you tell me what it is you do. The way I see it I’ve already got you one up. You know what I do.

(MORE)
CLARE (CONT'D)
But the way you talk about work, it seems like you’re a secret agent or something.

STEVEN
I’m not, trust me.

CLARE
Look, I’ve had time to think about it, and I think I’ve figured it out.

Steven takes a drink, looking a little nervous.

STEVEN
Oh, OK.

Clare looks Steven right in the eyes, with a serious face. A beat.

CLARE
You’re a prostitute.

Steven smiles.

CLARE (CONT'D)
That’s what I figure you mean when you say “odd jobs”.

STEVEN
Good for you. You figured it out.

CLARE
Thank you.

STEVEN
I’m just so surprised it took you this long to find out.

CLARE
Oh, I’ve suspected for some time.

STEVEN
Oh really?

CLARE
Yeah.

STEVEN
And how’s that?

CLARE
Well, sometimes you smell like man sex for one.

STEVEN
Man sex?
CLARE
Yeah.

STEVEN
What exactly does “man sex” smell like?

CLARE
Old whisky and gun powder.

Steven smiles.

STEVEN
I do love my whisky and gun powder.

CLARE
The one thing I don’t understand is why you’re so lousy in bed. You practice all day, god knows you should get better eventually.

STEVEN
Wow, you’re letting it fly tonight.

They both smile. A second passes.

CLARE
OK, seriously. When you’re ready to tell me more about your stuff, I’m ready to tell you about mine.

STEVEN
Yeah, OK.

CLARE
So are we having this conversation tonight or what?

STEVEN
No.

CLARE
Good. The last thing I want to know tonight is what Mancini taste like.

STEVEN
You’re foul.

INT. STEVENS HOME - LIVING ROOM

Steven sits on the couch, watching TV. Clare lays on the couch, with her head on his lap. Steven grabs his TV remote, and turns the TV off. He looks down at Clare, who is asleep. He shakes her softly.
STEVEN

Clare.

She stirs, then goes back to sleep.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Clare. Wake up.

She doesn't move. Steven lifts her head up, then slides out from under it and stands up. He looks down at her, sleeping, and smiles. He looks for a few seconds, and then leans down and scoops her into his arms. He stands upright, and carries her away towards his bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOME - HALLWAY

Steven looks down at Clare. She stirs lightly.

CLARE

I love you.

STEVEN

I love you too.

Steven walks into his bedroom, and lays her down on the bed. He throws back the covers, placing her in the bed. He fixes the blankets so she's snuggly in place. He stands back to his feet, and walks out of the room, closing the door quietly behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven stops typing, staring at the computer screen. Five seconds pass, and then he continues.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOME

Steven pulls into the driveway of his house. He turns the car engine off, gets out and shuts the door. He walks to the front door, opens it and walks inside.

INT. STEVENS HOME - HALLWAY

Steven stands in the hallway, looking around.

STEVEN

Clare?
No answer. He walks to the bedroom and looks inside, then walks back down the hall to the kitchen. He looks around the kitchen and the living room, but can't find Clare anywhere.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Clare?

CLARE (O.S.)
Out here.

Steven walks through the living room and opens the door at the back, leading out to the small porch.

EXT. STEVENS HOME - PORCH

Clare sits in a chair outside, with a lit cigarette in her hand, staring off into the sky.

STEVEN
There you are.

CLARE
Here I am.

STEVEN
What are you doing out here?

CLARE
Nothing.

Steven sits down in the seat next to her.

CLARE (CONT'D)
I went to the doctor today.

STEVEN
And what did he say.

CLARE pauses.

CLARE
I'm pregnant.

Pause.

STEVEN
Oh.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Should you really be smoking?

CLARE
I don't think my smoking is the big problem at the moment.
STEVEN
I’m sorry, you just caught me off guard there.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
How long?

CLARE
Six weeks. But don’t worry. I’ve made an appointment in the morning to get it taken care of.

STEVEN
What do you mean.

Clare looks at Steven for a second. Steven realizes what she means.

CLARE
I think it’d be better for both of us if I just got rid of it.

STEVEN
I, uh. What, have you thought this through?

CLARE
What is there to think about. I’m not a big fan of kids. I know you don’t want kids.

STEVEN
How do you know that?

CLARE
Well it’s not like we’ve ever talked about anything like this.

STEVEN
We’ve never had the need to.

CLARE
Well we do now.

STEVEN
Look, I just think you’re moving too fast with this.

CLARE
What do you mean?

STEVEN
Well you made this decision without even talking to me about it. It’s my kid too.

(MORE)
And I just think that we should at least think about taking this seriously, rather than just ignoring the problem.

CLARE
The fact you’re calling this a problem is exactly the fact I was able to make this decision without talking to you.

STEVEN
Look, in all seriousness, I think we should keep it.

CLARE
Really?

STEVEN
There are much worser people out there who have kids. We’re smart people, right, we can do this.

CLARE
You don’t sound sure.

STEVEN
I’ve never been more sure of anything in my life.

Clare looks at him, thinking for a second. Clare drops the cigarette on the ground and stands up. Steven stands with her.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
Is that a yes?

CLARE
Yeah.

Steven kisses Clare.

CLARE (CONT’D)
There is one thing we need to do first.

STEVEN
Name it.

CLARE
We need to tell Robert about us.

Pause.

STEVEN
Why?
CLARE
Look, it’s not like I can hide this. Eventually people are gonna catch on that I’m pregnant. And if he finds out we tried to keep this from him, I don’t know what he’ll do. Him or Alan.

STEVEN
Why would they need to “do” anything.

CLARE
You know them a lot better than I do. And I know in their eyes no secret is a good secret. So if and or when “us” finally comes out, I want Robert to be able to back us up on it. Because if we don’t have Robert, we may as well leave the city because none of us will be able to find decent work. Not with the connections he has.

STEVEN
OK.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
You hungry?

CLARE
Starving.

STEVEN
Let’s get something to eat.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN’S CAR - DAY

Steven and Clare sit in Stevens car outside the bakery. It’s the middle of the afternoon. Clare stares at the closed glove box. Steven stares at Clare.

STEVEN
You OK?

CLARE
Yeah.

STEVEN
If you want to do this another day.
CLARE
(interrupting)
No. Let’s do it now.

Clare opens the door, gets out and closes the door behind her. She circles the car to the drivers side. Steven gets out of the car. Together, they walk across the street to the bakery.

INT. BAKERY

Steven walks into the bakery, holding the door open for Clare. Clare walks in and Steven closes the door behind her. Together they walk towards the back of the shop, were Mancini sits alone. Mancini sees them coming.

MANCINI
Steven.

STEVEN
Bob.

Mancini sees Clare.

MANCINI
(confused)
Clare. We aren’t supposed to meet until next week.

CLARE
I know.

MANCINI
Did you two come here together.

STEVEN
Look, we’ve got something we need to tell you.

CLARE
And we’re doing this because we feel that this is something you need to know.

STEVEN
So we’d appreciate it if you didn’t tell anybody. Not yet.

MANCINI
(Still confused)
OK. So tell me.

Pause.

STEVEN
We’re together. Like a couple.
CLARE
And we’re having a baby.

Pause.

MANCINI
It’s not Alan’s, is it?

CLARE
What?

MANCINI
Well he said that you guys got together a couple of times.

Steven looks at Clare.

CLARE
I never slept with Alan.

Clare looks at Steven.

CLARE (CONT’D)
I swear.

STEVEN
Look, we felt we needed to tell you because we didn’t want you finding out from somebody else later.

MANCINI
Fair enough.

CLARE
And like we said, we’d appreciate your discretion on this.

MANCINI
Why?

STEVEN
We’re just not ready to tell people yet.

MANCINI
But you’re telling me.

CLARE
Because you’re the boss. And telling you took us six months.

MANCINI
Really?

Pause.
STEVEN
Yeah.

MANCINI
And you’re keeping it?

CLARE
Yes.

MANCINI
Well, congratulations you guys. But don’t think telling just me your news counts as a Christmas present.

STEVEN
Don’t worry, we won’t.

MANCINI
I can’t believe it. Six months and I’m only finding out now. I’m usually a lot better with this stuff.

CLARE
We’ve been careful.

MANCINI
You’ve been paranoid. I don’t know why you guys were so scared to tell me.

STEVEN
Neither were we to be honest.

MANCINI
Is there anything else you guys need to tell me?

STEVEN
No, I think we’ve got it all covered.

MANCINI
Well congratulations again guys.

CLARE
Thank you.

Clare and Steven walk out of the bakery.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
After Mancini, we decided to tell Monique, the room mate. Well, Clare decided we should. I’d never really met Monique before.

(MORE)
Tell you the truth, I wasn’t really looking forward to it.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARES LIVING ROOM

Steven and Clare sit in the living room.

CLARE
She won’t be far away.

STEVEN
It’s OK.

The front door opens.

MONIQUE
Enters through the front door, holding two paper bags filled with groceries. She’s late twenties, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. She’s wearing a casual t-shirt and jeans.

MONIQUE
Clare!

CLARE
In here.

Monique walks into the living room, and sees Clare and Steven. Monique sits the bags down on the table near the door and walks towards Steven.

MONIQUE
You got some nerve coming round here after what you done.

STEVEN
What are you talking about?

MONIQUE
My brother came round today. The first time I’ve seen him since he got out of hospital.

(To Clare)
I told you about this, remember.

CLARE
Yeah, your brother got robbed about three months ago.

MONIQUE
That’s what I thought. Turned out he owed money to somebody around the neighbourhood.

(MORE)
MONIQUE (CONT'D)
They sent one of their monkeys
after him and beat him so bad he
was in the hospital for a month.

STEVEN
What’s this got to do with me.

MONIQUE
He came round today. Spotted you
in the picture.

Monique points to the sole picture in the room sitting on a
dressing table of Clare and Steven, smiling.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
Tells me “that’s the guy who put
me in the hospital. That’s the
guy who knocked out three of my
teeth, broke my nose and damaged
my left eye”.

Monique shoves Steven hard. Steven stumbles backwards.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
You got some fucking nerve. Doing
that to family and then coming
round here expecting me to put a
smile on my face for you. You can
forget it, killer.

CLARE
Is this true?

STEVEN
If you can just let me explain.

MONIQUE
Don’t try and talk your way out
of this one. You’re lucky we
didn’t call the cops on you. Now
get out.

STEVEN
What?

MONIQUE
Did I stutter. I said get out of
our house.

STEVEN
(To Clare)
Clare.

CLARE
Just go.

Steven looks hurt.
STEVEN
Just let me tell my side of it. Please.

MONIQUE
We don’t want to hear it.

STEVEN
Will you shut up? I’m not talking to you.

CLARE
Please, just go.

STEVEN
Fine.

Steven walks out, slamming the front door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARES HOUSE

Steven walks to his car and gets in. He starts the engine and takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOME

Steven is sitting at the kitchen table, eating dinner alone. There’s a knock at the door. Steven grabs the knife from the table and walks to the front door. He peaks through the side curtain, then opens the door.

Clare
Stands on the other side.

STEVEN
Come back for a second round?

CLARE
No. Can I come in.

STEVEN
Why? Apparently I’m not welcome in your house.

CLARE
Please. I just want to talk.

STEVEN
Fine.
Steven walks away from the door and back to the table. Clare walks in and shuts the door. Clare sees Steven carrying the knife.

CLARE
Expecting anybody else?

STEVEN
No.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
So talk.

CLARE
I just wanted to talk about what happened today.

STEVEN
I don’t need to talk about it, I was there.

CLARE
Look, I know Monique’s brother. The guy is an idiot, and he’s a bad gambler. I know it’s not the first time he’s had trouble and I’m sure it won’t be the last.

STEVEN
So what was that today?

CLARE
If Monique leaves, I can’t afford the rent for the house all by myself.

STEVEN
So what. Let her leave, I’ll pay it.

CLARE
It’s not that. I like having Monique around.

STEVEN
I don’t see why.

CLARE
And I don’t expect you too. But I like having a girlfriend that isn’t a work buddy. I need something outside of work and you. And I knew it was pointless to try and get the two of you to get along today.

(MORE)
CLARE (CONT'D)
So from now on I won’t expect the two of you to spend time together. If I can avoid it, you’ll never have to see her.

STEVEN
It’s just that you left me standing there to fend for myself.

CLARE
You’re a big boy, I thought you could handle it.

STEVEN
It’s not the point. She’s just a friend. You’re having my baby. I thought you’d want to defend me.

CLARE
It wasn’t that easy. You put her brother in the hospital. It’s not like you stiffed him on ten bucks. I’ll defend you until the day I die, but you gotta realize that you might have been in the wrong on that one. Now what happened today wasn’t pleasant for anybody. So I think we should just forget it and move on. OK?

Pause.

STEVEN
Fine.

CLARE
Good. What are you eating?

STEVEN
Soup.

CLARE
Any good?

STEVEN
No, not really.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
It was six months after telling Mancini and Monique before we told anybody else.

CUT TO:
INT. OFFICE - DAY

Steven and Clare stand amongst six people as they smile and talk. Clare is six months pregnant, and shows a pregnant belly.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
Since I didn’t have many close friends then, we decided to tell her friends first. There were six people she was close to. I never really got to know any of them. Sitting here now, I couldn’t even tell you their names except for one. Saul Adams. And the only reason that name sticks with me is because I’m the one who killed him. But I’ll tell you about that later.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOME

Steven sits on the couch, watching TV. A car pulls up outside. A car door opens and shuts, and a few seconds later Clare walks through the door, now eight months pregnant.

STEVEN
Hey baby.

CLARE
Hey.

STEVEN
How was your day?

CLARE
I spent the entire afternoon feeling like I was going to burst. I can’t wait for this baby to come out.

STEVEN
Don’t get too far ahead of yourself, you’ve still got a month left.

Clare groans.

CLARE
Don’t remind me.

Steven smiles. Clare walks into the bathroom.
CLARE (CONT'D)
How was your day?

STEVEN
Boring. Sat around here most of the morning. Went out in the afternoon for a couple of hours.

Clare comes out of the bathroom, and sits down in a chair across from Steven. Steven turns the TV off and shifts his position on the couch so he’s facing Clare.

CLARE
Didn’t work today?

STEVEN
No.

Pause.

CLARE
So I was talking to Monique today, about the baby.

STEVEN
What about the baby?

CLARE
She asked me what we were going to do after the baby is born.

STEVEN
OK.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
What’d you say?

CLARE
I told her I didn’t know.

Steven nods. Pause.

CLARE (CONT'D)
I know you hate talking about this type of stuff, but we need to start thinking about this.

STEVEN
About what?

CLARE
The fact I’m catholic and I’m having a baby with a man I’m not married to.
STEVEN
Not this again.

CLARE
What?

STEVEN
I don’t see what the big deal is.

CLARE
It’s how I was raised.

STEVEN
And when was the last time you spoke to anyone in your family?

CLARE
That’s not the point.

STEVEN
So what is the point?

Steven sits upright.

CLARE
I just feel that you’re not taking any of this seriously.

STEVEN
What?

CLARE
The fact I’m working a proper job 8 hours a day, trying to earn some money before this baby comes, while you sit around here and do nothing.

STEVEN
I have money saved away.

CLARE
Really? Where?

STEVEN
With the boss.

CLARE
Oh, the boss. That’s a real assurance.

STEVEN
What is your problem tonight?

CLARE
My problem is you! We’re having this baby together. At least that’s what I thought.
STEVEN
We are having this baby together.

CLARE
Bullshit! I’m the one doing all the work! I’m carrying this baby, I’m working a full time job. Meanwhile, when you can be bothered, you go out and fuck around with your friends. You’re not even making an effort.

STEVEN
So what, you want to get married. Is that what this is all about?

CLARE
Yes! That’s what I want. It’s what I’ve wanted since you knocked me up!

STEVEN
We had this discussion a long time ago. If we were to get married we’d have to move.

CLARE
Yes!

STEVEN
But we both have lives here. We both have work, we have friends, we have this house. We can’t just pack up and go.

CLARE
And like I told you before, if we were to get married and become a proper family, we wouldn’t raise a child in this city.

STEVEN
I know. You’ve told me before. But I just can’t figure out why you feel we’d need to leave.

CLARE
Are you kidding me? Do you read the paper, or watch the news. This place is a crime infested slum, and I fucking hate it here.

STEVEN
I know. It’s just, I don’t think I’m ready for it all just yet.

CLARE
You don’t feel ready?
STEVEN
Yes. The baby was a shock, and if we were to get married, I don’t know how it’s going to affect my life.

CLARE
I got news for you. This kid isn’t going to be a little blip on your social radar, OK. If you don’t think you’re ready for marriage, I clearly made a mistake keeping this kid.

STEVEN
Then why did you?

CLARE
Because you told me too. You were the one who sat there and told me that we were going to be alright. You convinced me into believing we’d be able to handle this. You lied to me, told me we’d be equal partners in this.

STEVEN
It’s not like I forced you to do it. You’re a grown woman, Clare! You can make your own decisions.

CLARE
So now it’s my fault?

STEVEN
No. I just feel you’re treating me unfairly.

CLARE
Treating you unfairly? You’re so fucking full of it.

STEVEN
Fuck you!

CLARE
You know what, I don’t have to take your immature shit. I’m leaving.

STEVEN
Good.

Clare stands up. Steven shifts his attention back to the TV.

CLARE
Fine.
Clare walks towards the front door.

CLARE (CONT'D)
Call me when you grow up.

STEVEN
(yelling)
Fuck off.

Clare walks out the door, slamming it behind her. Steven tried to turn the TV on with his remote control. It doesn’t work. He tries it three times, then throws it across the room, smashing it against the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY

Steven sits in the bakery, alone. Mancini walks in, sees Steven sitting there.

MANCINI
Steven.

STEVEN
How’s it going?

MANCINI
I don’t have anything for you this week.

STEVEN
I know. Can we talk?

MANCINI
Sure.

Mancini walks towards the back, with Steven following him. They both sit down at a table.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
So what’s the problem?

STEVEN
I, just things with Clare.

MANCINI
How far along is she?

STEVEN
 Eight months.

MANCINI
Jesus. You’re almost a father.

STEVEN
Yeah, I know.
Alan walks from the back door of the shop.

ALAN
Pop. Stevie.

Steven nods, Mancini does nothing. Alan sits down.

STEVEN
Things aren’t just going so good between us.

ALAN
Who?

STEVEN
Nothing, never mind.

MANCINI
Oh no, this is hilarious. You know Clare, the accountant.

ALAN
Preggers?

MANCINI
Yeah.

ALAN
Yeah, I know her. Pretty well. I told you about it, right.

MANCINI
Yeah, I remember.

ALAN
So what about her?

Steven glances at Mancini.

MANCINI
She’s dating Steve.

ALAN
You’re kidding me?

STEVEN
No.

ALAN
How long?

STEVEN
Over a year now, back at the Stewart wedding.

Alan is speechless.
MANCINI
This was three months before you told me you’d fucked her, right?

Alan says nothing.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
I gotta tell you, if I was telling a lie about some girl I’d done, I’d make up a much more interesting story than the one you told.

ALAN
So you’re telling me she chose you over me?

STEVEN
I suppose so.

ALAN
Well, it had to happen sometime.

MANCINI
Anything else you want to come clean about?

ALAN
Why are you making such a big deal over this?

MANCINI
I just remember you tried for so long to bed her. And to think the chose Steve over you.

ALAN
So is the kid yours?

STEVEN
Yeah.

ALAN
And you stayed with her?

STEVEN
Yes.

ALAN
Wow. I know if I’d done something like that, I’d be making sure she was as far away from me as possible.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
Sitting there, listening to this, I realized something.

(MORE)
If I didn’t leave this life soon, I’d be stuck with this sort of thing forever.

Steven stands up from the table.

STEVEN (CONT’D) If you’ll excuse me boys, I’ve got something I need to do.

Steven walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING MALL

Steven stands outside a large shopping centre, at a pay phone. He drops a couple of coins into the machine, dials a number and puts the receiver to his ear. It rings five times. Somebody answers the phone.

CLARE
Hello?

STEVEN
Clare? It’s me.

CLARE
What do you want?

STEVEN
Can we meet up, tonight.

CLARE
Why are you calling me at work.

STEVEN
It’s important.

Pause.

CLARE
Your house at 7.

STEVEN
Actually, I think it would be easier to meet at your place.

CLARE
OK.

STEVEN
So 7?

CLARE
Yeah.
STEVEN
Great. I'll see you then.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS CAR - NIGHT

Steven is driving his car at night. He's just outside the city, in a more suburban area. As he turns into another street, a car speeds past him. Steven gets a look at the driver, male about 30 with black hair and a moustache

STEVEN
(V.O.)
I never forgot that face. That moustache, the long eyebrows. I didn't think anything of it at the time.

The car speeds off, then peels into another corner. Steven looks in his rearview mirror, shaking his head. He pulls up outside the front of Clares house. He pats his jean pocket lightly, then gets out of the car. He walks up the driveway towards the house, and notices the front door is open slightly. He fastens his pace.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Clare?

Steven walks into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARES HOUSE

Steven looks around the front room.

STEVEN
Clare?

Steven walks into the living room, to see Clare

Lying on the couch, shot twice in the chest, blood all over her, and her eyes closed. Steven runs up to her.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Jesus.

Steven places his fingers on her neck. He holds them there for a few seconds, then takes them away and quickly scoops up Clare in his arms. With Clare in his arms, he runs out the front door.
EXT. CLARES HOUSE

Steven runs to his car with Clare in his arms. He struggles to get the backseat door open, but he finally does and lays Clare down in the back seat. He runs around to the front and gets in the drivers side.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS CAR

Steven is driving frantically, swerving in between traffic.

STEVEN
Just hold on baby, just hold on.

Steven pulls up outside the hospital. He gets out of the car, and takes Clare with him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL

Steven runs towards the front doors of the hospital. The sliding doors open, and he runs inside. Nobody notices him at first.

STEVEN
Somebody help her.

A nurse looks up and sees Steven holding Clares bloody body. She yells down the hallway.

NURSE
We need a doctor up here!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Clare lays on a gurney being wheeled down a hallway. Two doctors and a nurse push the trolley while they try to work on her. Clare holds Stevens hand. They come to a set of closed doors, but as they approach them, they open. Two nurses stand there. One walks ahead of the gurney, while the other one stands in front of Steven.

NURSE #2
I’m sorry sir, you need to stay here.

Steven looses his grip with Clare.

STEVEN
What?
NURSE #2
Sir, we can’t have you in the operating room.

STEVEN
No, I, I, I need to be with her.

NURSE #2
Sir, I’m sorry, we can’t allow you in there.

STEVEN
(Yelling)
I need to say with her!

NURSE #2
The best thing you can do is stay out here while our doctors do what we can to save her.

Steven looks at the nurse. Pause.

STEVEN
OK.

NURSE #2
Thank you.

STEVEN
Is she going to be OK?

NURSE #2
I’m sorry, I don’t know.

Steven looks through the doors windows.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven sits at the computer. A single tear rolls down his cheek as he looks at the words on the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

Steven sits by himself in a small waiting room. He stares at his hands, covered with blood. He closes his eyes, and tears from both eyes start to form. He wipes them away, leaving small traces of blood around his eyes.

Nurse #2
Walks up to Steven. Steven sees the nurse coming, and stands up.
STEVEN
Is she alright?

The nurse pauses, then sits down. Steven stays standing.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
Is she alright?

NURSE #2
I’m sorry.

Steven stares at him for a second, as if he doesn’t understand.

NURSE #2 (CONT’D)
We tried everything we could, but she didn’t make it.

Steven starts to cry. Nurse #2 looks on. Steven falls to the floor, crying his eyes out. Nurse #2 kneels down, and places an arm around him. Steven continues to cry.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - LATER

Steven sits in the chair, his face a light tint of red, and his cheeks still wet from the crying. A doctor walks up to Steven. Steven, staring at the ground, doesn’t even notice.

DOCTOR
Mr Willis?

STEVEN
(without looking up)
Yeah.

DOCTOR
My name is Dr Wilson.

STEVEN
What can I do for you doc?

DOCTOR
We managed to save the baby.

Steven looks up at the doctor.

STEVEN
What?

DOCTOR
The baby. We managed to get the baby out before she died.

STEVEN
Why the baby?
We knew she had a very slim chance of surviving a shooting like that. We made a judgement call to try and save the baby.

Did you even try and save her?

Yes, of course we did. But she was nearly dead when you brought her in here. We did the best we could, I promise you. But it wasn’t enough.

So what about the baby now?

It will need to stay here for a couple of days, but after that you can take her home.

It’s a girl?

Yeah. A beautiful girl.

I need to you write the baby up as dead too.

I can’t do that.

Listen to me. Whoever did that to her obviously did it for a reason. If you make it public the baby survived, I don’t know what could happen.

It’s not that easy.

Steven reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small box. He hands it to the Doctor.

Take this.

The Doctor opens it, revealing an engagement ring.
STEVEN (CONT'D)

Just do it, OK?

The Doctor looks at Steven for a second.

DOCTOR

OK.

The Doctor stands up and walks away. Steven lays back in his eyes and tears roll down his cheeks.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven sits at the computer.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

August 23rd, 1988. The best part of my life ended that night.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY

A huge group of people stand around, watching the priest talk. Steven stands at the front, his face void of expression. The group breaks up, and Steven turns around.

Monique

Stands behind him. She walks up to him and hugs him.

MONIQUE

I’m so sorry.

STEVEN

Thank you.

MONIQUE

About all that bullshit before...

STEVEN

Hey, don’t even worry about it. It’s water under the bridge.

MONIQUE

You’re sure.

STEVEN

Yeah.

Monique breaks away from the hug.
MONIQUE
Come up to the house sometime. We should catch up.

STEVEN
Yeah, definitely.

MONIQUE
You know, whenever you’re ready.

Steven nods. Monique walks away. Mancini and Alan walk up to Steven. It starts to rain.

MANCINI
How are you doing, kid?

STEVEN
Fine.

MANCINI
You’re sure?

STEVEN
Yeah.

MANCINI
You ever need anybody to talk to, you know where our office is.

STEVEN
Yeah. Thanks.

Mancini walks away. Alan stands with Steven.

ALAN
I don’t know if you heard this or not, but now we got a connection with a guy from Detroit.

STEVEN
OK. What are you trying to say?

ALAN
If you ever need anything, you can give me a call.

STEVEN
Anything like what?

ALAN
Pot, Blow, Heroin, PCP. Anything you want I can help you out.

STEVEN
Thanks, but I’m good.

ALAN
OK. Keep it in mind though.
STEVEN
Sure.

ALAN
Awesome.

Alan walks away. By this time, the whole group has cleared off, leaving Steven alone. He stands quietly, looking down at the hole in the ground as the rain falls hard around him.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS CAR
Steven gets in the car, dripping wet from the rain. He starts the car up, and drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOME
Steven pulls up outside his house.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS KITCHEN
Steven stands in the kitchen, cooking dinner.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS KITCHEN
Steven sits alone, eating.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS LIVING ROOM
Steven sits to one side of his couch, watching TV.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS BEDROOM
Steven lays in bed, alone. The small amount of light coming from a source outside shines directly onto the pillow next to Stevens head. He turns, looking at the light.

CUT TO:
INT. STEVENS BEDROOM

Steven wakes up. Drowsy at first, he climbs to his feet.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS BATHROOM

Steven stands at the counter, brushing his teeth slowly.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS KITCHEN

Steven sits at the bench, eating breakfast alone.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS BEDROOM

Steven walks in, and rolls two dumbbells out from underneath his bed. He starts to lift them, alternating arms. As he’s lifting, he closes his eyes.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
You know when you go to somebody’s home after they’ve died. How it looks familiar to when you’ve been there when they were alive, but now they’re gone it looks so different. This is how it felt, standing in my house. All I could think about was her, laying on that couch, dying.

Steven continues to lift, the look on his face grimacing as he groans during each lift. He lifts once more, then out of frustration hurls the dumbbell into the wall. It crashes through the wall, landing in the bathroom on the other side. Steven looks at the hole in the wall, and drops the other dumbbell.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOME

Steven sits on a small bench outside his home, holding a lit cigarette. Steven stares off into the distance, letting the cigarette burn in his hand. His attention is distracted when

_DETECTIVE CHRISTOPHER NOLAN_
Walks in front of Steven and sits down on the bench next to him. Chris is a few inches shorter than Steven, wearing a police uniform. He sports brown hair and a clean-cut face.

CHRIS
Mr Willis?

Steven nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
My name is Detective Nolan.

OK.

CHRIS
I’m going to have to get you to stand up and put your arms behind your back.

STEVEN
What?

CHRIS
I’m placing you under arrest for the murder of Clare Rogers.

Steven drops the cigarette on the ground, He stands up with Chris, and puts his arms behind his back. Chris pulls out his handcuffs, and puts them on Steven.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION

Steven walks in front of Chris. The two of them walk up to the main desk.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Steven walks in, followed by Chris. Chris unlocks the handcuff on Stevens right hand, and cuffs it to a bar that runs along the table. Chris gestures to the seat. Steven sits down, then so does Chris.

CHRIS
I’m sorry to have to do this, but it’s a formality.

STEVEN
And why couldn’t we do this at my house.
CHRIS
Because you’ve been avoiding me for the past couple of days.

STEVEN
Fair.

CHRIS
So how well did you know Clare?

STEVEN
How long have you been a cop for?

CHRIS
I’m sorry?

STEVEN
How long?

CHRIS
Four years.

STEVEN
And a detective?

CHRIS
This is my first week.

STEVEN
You like it?

CHRIS
It’s... OK.

STEVEN
Just OK?

CHRIS
How well did you know her?

STEVEN
She was carrying my child. So, pretty well.

CHRIS
Do you know who killed her?

STEVEN
No.

CHRIS
You’re sure?

Steven stares at Chris.

STEVEN
Are you trying to ask me if I did it?
Chris says nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Just ask me.

CHRIS
Did you?

STEVEN
No. No I fucking didn’t. Why would I shoot somebody twice in the chest, and then drive them to the hospital to save them. I’d have to be a fucking idiot.

CHRIS
You could’ve made a mistake. You got into a fight, maybe.

STEVEN
Let me tell you something. I loved her. More than anything else in the world. And now she’s dead. And every time I close my eyes, I can see her laying on that couch, dying. You think I did it? You’re too fucking stupid to be sporting that badge.

CHRIS
I’m sorry. It’s just we have nothing to go on. Besides, we know about what you do for a living.

STEVEN
And what’s that?

CHRIS
We both know. There’s no point in even having the conversation, because we have no evidence that you really do it. You know it. You’ll just deny it. So let’s not waste each others time.

STEVEN
You’re wasting my time right now.

CHRIS
You’ve got somewhere else to be?

STEVEN
As a matter of fact, I don’t. I’m not going to answer any more questions until my attorney gets here.
CHRIS

Fine.

Chris stands up from the table, walks over to Steven.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELLS

Chris walks with Steven towards the pay phones. Chris takes off Stevens handcuffs. Steven picks up the phone, and dials a number. He holds the receiver up to his ear, listening to it ring. After four rings, somebody answers.

VOICE

Hello?

STEVEN

Steven Willis. I’ve been arrested.

VOICE

On what charge?

STEVEN

Murder.

VOICE

Have you talked to anybody yet?

STEVEN

No. Talk to the right people, get me out of here.

VOICE

I know what to do, thanks.

Voice hangs up. Steven places the receiver back in place. Chris walks Steven to the cell doors, they open, and Steven walks inside. The doors close. Steven scans the room, looking for a seat. He spots one on the other side of the room. He walks over, and sits down. He looks to his left, he sees the wall. He looks to his right, and sees

MIKE BURNETT

A black man in his mid thirties, shaved head and brown eyes. He sits with his arms crossed. He looks left to see Steven looking at him.

MIKE

I know you?

STEVEN

No.
MIKE
You look familiar.

STEVEN
We’ve never met.

MIKE
You sure?

STEVEN
I’d remember.

Steven breaks eye contact and stares at the roof. Mike looks at him a bit more, then goes back to staring at the door outside.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELLS – LATER

Steven still sits, doing nothing.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
Five minutes. That’s all it took them.

The cell doors open, and two big muscle-bound guys walk in. They scan the room, and spot Steven. They both walk over to him.

MUSCLES #1

Steven?

Steven looks up.

STEVEN
Who wants to know?

Muscles #2, from his pocket, pulls out a small blade. Steven sees it and tries to move, but is too late. Muscles #2 lunges forward, stabbing Steven in the right shoulder. Steven yells, and lunges forward, tackling Muscles #2 to the floor. While they fight on the floor, Muscles #1 pulls out a blade as well.

MUSCLES #1

Hold him!

Muscles #2 gets a hold of Steven, holding him still on the floor. From his seat

Mike

Flies forward, tackling Muscles #1 into the wall. Muscles #1 turns around, holding the knife in his hand. It stabs Mike in the upper left arm.
Mike punches Muscles #1 with his right hand, then pulls the knife out. From outside, five cops rush in, holding batons. They all quickly swarm the four guys, hitting each of them repeatedly with their batons.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL

Steven wakes up in a hospital bed. Chris Nolan and another uniform officer stand above him.

    CHRIS
    You OK?

    STEVEN
    Where am I?

    CHRIS
    Hospital.

    STEVEN
    What about the black guy?

Chris looks over at the next bed. Mike lays there, watching them talk.

    CHRIS
    Looks fine to me.

Chris and the uniform exit the room. Steven looks over at Mike.

    STEVEN
    Thank you.

Mike makes a face and shrugs his right shoulder.

    STEVEN (CONT'D)
    What are you in for?

    MIKE
    Some stupid drug thing.

    STEVEN
    You do it?

    MIKE
    Officially, no. You?

    STEVEN
    Killed my girlfriend apparently.

    MIKE
    Sorry to hear.
STEVEN
So what do you do, for money.

MIKE
I work in a garage. Fix cars.

STEVEN
And unofficially?

MIKE
Whatever I can get into. Drug dealing, car jacking. Small time stuff, but I need the money.

STEVEN
What’s your name?

MIKE
Michael Burnett. You can call me Mike.

STEVEN
Mike. I owe you one after what happened in there.

MIKE
Yeah, what was that all about?

STEVEN
I don’t know if I’m right or not, but I think my boss just tried to kill me.

MIKE
And who’s your boss?

STEVEN
Robert Mancini.

Mike says nothing.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
So I don’t know if you’d be interested or not, but I think I’d be able to get you some work if you’d be interested.

MIKE
Really?

STEVEN
Sure. After saving my ass, it’s the least I could do. If you want to, of course.

Mike thinks about this for a second.
MIKE
Yeah, definitely.

STEVEN
OK, cool. You wanna leave your number with me and I’ll give you a call in a few weeks.

MIKE
Cool.

STEVEN
One more thing.

MIKE
Yeah?

STEVEN
You any good with a gun?

CUT TO:

EXT. MANCINI’S HOUSE – NIGHT

Steven walks up the long driveway. Mancinis house is more like a small mansion.

STEVEN
Three days later, and I was out of the hospital. Mancini didn’t try anything else while I was there. Probably a smart move.

Steven opens the front door and walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCINI’S HOUSE

Steven walks in the house. There are three different doors leading from the main room. Steven looks lost.

STEVEN
(yelling)
Mancini!

MANCINI
(off screen)
In here.

Steven walks through the door on the left. Mancini sits at a table with three lines of cocaine set up on the coffee table. He watches TV.
STEVEN
(yelling)
What the fuck were you thinking?
Who the fuck do you think you...

MANCINI
(cutting him off)
Shut up! Don’t you ever talk to
me like that again. You call up
and say you’re arrested. How the
hell do I know you’re not going
to give us all up. It’s a risk I
can’t take.

STEVEN
You should have trusted me! You
said yourself you do! How the
hell am I supposed to trust you
now?

MANCINI
I don’t know. I don’t care. You
were arrested for exactly what I
pay you for. The only thing you
had to do was keep me as far away
from it as possible. And then you
call me less then five minutes
after you’ve been booked in. You
better prey to god that somebody
doesn’t make the connection or
I’ll end you.

STEVEN
You can’t make a call based on
that. They arrested me because
they thought I was the one who
killed Clare.

MANCINI
It doesn’t matter. These cops,
they put the pressure on you, who
knows what you’ll tell them. I’ve
been very careful so far, and I’m
not going to let you sell me out
to escape some bullshit charge

STEVEN
I wasn’t going to! I know they
had absolutely nothing to go on.
So they made the faintest
connection to me, because they
know who I am. For all I know,
they know who all of us are.

MANCINI
How?
STEVEN
I don’t know. All I was going to do was ride it out, because I knew that eventually they’d have to let me go. Even if it was for something I did, I’d last more than five minutes.

MANCINI
All I know is that you know a lot about what we do. And if you ever get arrested again, I will kill you. There won’t be any thought, any debate in it. I’ll pick up that phone, and next time it won’t be two small timers who owe me a favour. I know it’s impossible for you to comprehend, but I do know people who are a lot better at this than you. And they’ll be the ones who come for you, when you’re sitting alone in that prison cell. Do you understand me?

Pause.

STEVEN
Yes.

Mancini and Steven lock eyes, staring at one another.

MANCINI
Good.

Mancini goes back to watching TV.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
You want?

Mancini gestures to the drugs.

STEVEN
No thanks.

MANCINI
Suit yourself.

Pause.

STEVEN
I’m ready for more work.

MANCINI
Really?

STEVEN
Yeah.
MANCINI
I’ve got no use for you. Your arm is fucked for Christ sakes. How long did the doctors say it’d take to heal?

STEVEN
One month. Maybe two.

MANCINI
So why don’t you come back and see me in a month, maybe two.

STEVEN
Fine. But when I come back, we need to talk about something.

MANCINI
Tell me now.

STEVEN
OK. I need a favour.

MANCINI
And what makes you think you can ask me for a favour?

STEVEN
Since you tried to have me killed last week.

MANCINI
Fine.

STEVEN
I got a friend who wants a bit of work.

MANCINI
What kind of work?

STEVEN
I don’t know what you think, but maybe he’d be able to work with me.

MANCINI
I don’t follow.

STEVEN
I want to get into collections.

MANCINI
Collections?

STEVEN
I don’t know. Whatever you’d need a couple of guys for.
MANCINI
Can your friend handle himself?

STEVEN
Yeah.

MANCINI
OK. I do have somebody I want working with you, though.

STEVEN
Who?

MANCINI
You don’t know him. Son of an old friend.

STEVEN
I don’t know if I can work with two people.

MANCINI
Adjust. The only way I’m going to let you do this is if you work with him as well.

Pause.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
Think about it. Come see me when you’re all healed up. Then we’ll talk.

Steven glances down at the drugs, then at Mancini.

STEVEN
OK.

Steven turns and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOME

Steven sits in the kitchen, eating from a bowl.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
Six weeks. Six weeks I had to sit around my house doing nothing. All I wanted to do was work. But now, because of Mancini, I couldn’t.

CUT TO:
EXT. MANCINIS HOUSE

Steven and Mike are outside Mancinis house. They're walking up the driveway towards the house.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
Finally, I was able to go back to work. I gave Mike a call, and took him to meet Mancini.

They reach the front door. Steven opens the door and walks in, followed by Mike.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCINIS HOUSE

In the foyer again. This time, Steven walks through the second door, and into the kitchen. Mike follows. Sitting at the table is Mancini and Alan. Both are eating from a plate. As Steven and Mike enter, Mancini and Alan look up from their plates.

ALAN
Stevie.

STEVEN
How’s it going?

MANCINI
Take a seat.

Mancini gestures to two seats at the end of the table. They sit down.

STEVEN
Mike, this is Robert and Alan Mancini. Guys, this is Mike Burnett.

MIKE
Nice to meet you.

Alan is quiet.

MANCINI
Likewise.

ALAN
How do you two know each other?

MIKE
Prison.

Pause.
Mancini turns his head to a door in the back of the room.

Mancini (yelling)
Carver!

The door opens, and out steps
Brody Carver

Early twenties, with short brown hair and blue eyes. He wears a t-shirt and black jeans, with a jacket.

Steven and Mike looks at Brody.

Steven
How old is he?

Mancini
Twenty one.

Steven
Little young, isn’t it?

Brody
I’m sorry, how old were you when you started?

Steven smirks.

Mancini
His father’s an old friend of mine. Sent his boy down here for a job. He said this is what he wanted to do. Who am I to deny him that?

Steven
He any good?
BRODY
You know, I’m standing right here.

STEVEN
I know.

MANCINI
He’s good. Trained up and everything

Pause.

STEVEN
(To Brody)
You own a leather coat?

BRODY
No.

STEVEN
Get one.

BRODY
Why?

MIKE
Blood washes off leather easier.

STEVEN
Exactly. The last thing you want is a blood stain ruining your favorite jacket.

BRODY
Fine.

MANCINI
Take a seat.

Brody walks to the other end of the table where Steven and Mike sit, and sits down with them.

MANCINI (CONT’D)
So we’re gonna give you guys a bit of a trial period, see how things go. If it works, OK, we’ll move you onto bigger things. If not, you all go back to how things were before.

STEVEN
So have you got anything for us?

MANCINI
(To Alan)
Envelope.
On the table sits an envelope. Alan picks it up, and slides it down the table to the three. Steven grabs it, and opens it up.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
Sam Reynolds. You know him?

STEVEN
Kind of.

MANCINI
Got arrested last week.

STEVEN
What for?

MANCINI
Kiddie porn. A case full of it.

Steven says nothing.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
The guys a time bomb. He doesn’t give a fuck about anybody but himself. And we’ve tried everything we can think of to get rid of him, but this bug just won’t squash. So we need you to take care of it.

ALAN
His numbers in the bag. He doesn’t go anywhere without his bodyguards.

STEVEN
How many?

ALAN
Two.

MANCINI
You think you can handle this?

STEVEN
Yeah.

ALAN
There’s money in the envelope. You can either kill him and keep it, or give him the money to make sure he leaves. It’s your choice.

Steven nods.

MANCINI
Make sure it’s tomorrow night. Around nine.
Steven stands. Mike and Brody do the same.

STEVEN
We’ll take care of it.

MANCINI
I hope so.

Steven walks out of the room. Mike and Brody follow him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANCINIS HOUSE

The three guys walk down the driveway.

STEVEN
So you’re Carver?

BRODY
Yeah. Brody Carver.

STEVEN
I’m Steven. That’s Mike.

BRODY
Nice to meet you guys. Pleasure to be working with you.

STEVEN
Well, we’ll see how you go tomorrow night, then we’ll decide if you’re a good fit.

BRODY
I didn’t know there were try outs.

STEVEN
For both of you.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET ALLEY

In the alley sits a silver car. Expensive. In the front seats sit two guys. In the back on the drivers side sits

SAM REYNOLDS

A late thirties man with glasses and very short hair. He wears a suit, but it looks about one size to big for him. Another car pulls into the alley, parking two cars length away from Sams car. The doors open, and Steven, Mike and Brody exit the car.
Steven and Brody walk towards the car, while Mike stands in between the cars. Sam rolls down the window as Steven and Brody approach.

SAM
Steven. How are you?

STEVEN
You know. Good, I guess.

SAM
Who’s the extra muscle?

STEVEN
Just some people Bob loaded me with. Gotta show them the ropes.

SAM
He’s got you running a training course now? That’s pretty funny.

STEVEN
Not as funny for being arrested for drunk driving and having the cops find a kiddie magazine in the passengers seat.

SAM
That’s debatable.

STEVEN
Not really.

SAM
So I heard about what happened with your girl. Shame.

Steven nods.

SAM (CONT’D)
The kid make it?

STEVEN
No.

SAM
Shame. Clare was cute. The kid would’ve been too.

Steven shifts his weight.

SAM (CONT’D)
You got my money?

Brody pulls a small envelope out of his pocket. He drops it in Sams lap. Sam opens it up.
BRODY
You gonna count it?

Sam looks at the envelope, then leans forward and hands it to the guy in the passengers seat.

SAM
Count that.

STEVEN
Anything else we can do for you?

SAM
No. This looks juicy enough.

STEVEN
Good.

BRODY
Hey, wind your window up, or else you’ll catch a cold.

Steven and Brody take a step back.

SAM
(To driver)
Wind this window up.

The driver starts to wind the window up. From the back of his pants, Steven pulls out a handgun. He quickly points it and shoots twice, both shots hitting Sam in the head. At the same time, Brody also pulls one out, shooting the driver once in the head.

GUY IN PASSENGER SEAT
Reaches for his gun.

Mike
Pulls out a shotgun from underneath his coat. He brings it up and blasts it. The shots hit the window, hitting Passenger in the chest.

STEVEN
(To Brody)
Get the money.

Brody runs around to the other side of the car, opens the door and grabs the envelope from the hands of Passenger. He leaves the door open, and Steven and Brody walk towards the car. Passenger rolls out of the car, hitting the pavement. By this time, Steven and Brody are standing with Mike. They hear the noise and turn around. Passenger starts to crawl, slowly, away from them.
BRODY
Don’t shoot him yet. Wait till three.

Passenger hears this, tried to crawl faster. He leaves a smeared trail of blood as he goes.

BRODY (CONT'D)
One.

Steven steps away from the two, brings his gun up and fires twice, both shots hitting Passenger in the head. Passenger stops crawling.

STEVEN
It’s not a game.

The three run back towards the car. They get in and drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Steven and Mike sit in the front, with Steven driving. Brody sits in the back.

STEVEN
How much money is in the envelope?

Brody opens it up and skims through it quickly.

BRODY
About ten thousand.

STEVEN
(To Mike)
How are you for money?

MIKE
Could do with a little more.

STEVEN
OK.
(To BRODY)
Split it up. Five for Mike, and two and a half for us.

BRODY
OK.

Brody quickly counts out five thousand, and hands it to Mike. Mike stuffs it in his pocket. Brody counts out some more, and puts that in his pocket. He hands the envelope forward to Steven.
STEVEN
Not in the envelope.

Brody takes the money out, and hands Steven the money, Steven takes it with one hand, and puts it in his coat pocket.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Burn the envelope when we're finished.

Brody nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCINIS HOUSE

Steven, Mike and Brody walk into the house, and through to the living room. Mancini sits on the couch, watching TV. He sees the three come through the door.

MANCINI
Boys. How'd it go.

BRODY
Good.

MANCINI
And Sam?

MIKE
Dead.

MANCINI
Good.

Mancini looks at Steven.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
You guys mind giving me and Steve a minute alone?

BRODY
No problem.

Mike and Brody leave the room, closing the door behind them.

MANCINI
Take a seat.

Steven sits down on an armchair. He looks at Mancini.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
How'd they do?

STEVEN
Good.
MANCINI

Brody?

STEVEN

He did good. One of the guys tried to get away.

MANCINI

Did he?

STEVEN

It’s a bit hard when you’ve got a chest full of bullets.

MANCINI

So do you think this is something you’d like to keep going?

Pause.

STEVEN

I think so. Yeah.

MANCINI

Good. You guys did good tonight.

STEVEN

Thank you.

MANCINI

One more thing. I think the cops have got a rat inside our camp.

STEVEN

What?

MANCINI

I don’t know for sure. It’s just a feeling I’m getting. The cops seem to be too smart for their own good these days.

STEVEN

So what do you want me to do?

MANCINI

Nothing yet. We don’t want to do something stupid until we know more.

STEVEN

OK.

MANCINI

Come back next week. Got something a bit more challenging for you boys.
STEVEN

OK.

Steven stands up, and exits the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANCINIS HOUSE

The three guys walk down the driveway.

MIKE
What’d he say?

STEVEN
He wants us to do more work for him. Together.

BRODY
That’s cool.

STEVEN
Yeah, it is.

They get to the bottom of the driveway. Steven and Mike walk towards the car they came in.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
(To Brody)
You need a lift?

BRODY
No, I’ve got my car.

STEVEN
OK.

Steven and Mike get into their car and drive off. Brody walks along the street.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven sits at the computer, typing.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
And that was it. I didn’t want to be a part of the whole team thing. But what choice did I have? I promised Mike a job, and I’m a man of my word.

(MORE)
But I knew that if he wasn’t working with me, that either Mancini or Alan would’ve had him killed for the jail thing. And since I was working with Mike, I had to work with Brody as well. I’m not complaining, the work was easy and a lot less risky. But it was different, and I didn’t like it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Steven, Mike, Brody and Mancini sit in a parked car at the dockyard. It’s night-time, and there is nobody around.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

It was about three months later when we got called in for what Mancini called a business deal. I think the legal term for it is drug dealing.

From the distance, a car drives forward, its headlights illuminating Stevens car. The other car stops 30 feet away from Stevens.

MANCINI

OK.

Steven, Mike, Brody and Mancini get out of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKLANDS

The four stare at the other car. After a few seconds, the front door opens and a man gets out.

VICTOR FAVREAU

35 years old, with short brown hair and brown eyes. He wears a suit, and has glasses. Favreau speaks with a southern accent.

FAVREAU

Mr Mancini. So nice to finally meet you.

MANCINI

Likewise, Victor.
FAVREAU
How about this weather, huh?

MANCINI
I know. It should be illegal for it to be this fucking cold.

FAVREAU
Yes.

Pause.

FAVREAU (CONT'D)
Why is it you don’t trust me, Robert?

MANCINI
What gives you that idea?

FAVREAU
Well, you turn up to a business deal with more muscle then Miami Beach, what am I supposed to think?

MANCINI
And I’m sure you don’t have your men out there, watching us right now?

FAVREAU
I don’t know what you’re talking about.

MANCINI
You’ve got your two in the car there, one on the shipping container across the way, one behind the scrap heap you passed when you came in, and one in a car near the entrance we passed on our way in.

FAVREAU
OK.

MANCINI
So I’m not the only paranoid one here, am I?

FAVREAU
I suppose not.

MANCINI
The difference is I walked in here assuming everything would go fine. Should I be worried?
FAVREAU
No, not at all.

MANCINI
Good. I'd hate to have my boys here kill you.

Pause.

FAVREAU
Your briefcase?

Brody walks back to the car, opens the back door, leans in and pulls out a briefcase. He shuts the door, and walks back over, briefcase in hand. From his coat pocket, Favreau pulls a manila envelope, which is bulky in size. Brody walks over, and exchanges the briefcase for the envelope. Brody walks back over to the car.

MANCINI
This is all of it?

FAVREAU
Sure is. The money?

MANCINI
It's all there.

FAVREAU
Good. In there is a phone number. If you want to deal, call me on that number only.

MANCINI
OK.

FAVREAU
And next time. Send only one guy. Any more than that and we'll kill them all. Am I understood?

MANCINI
Yeah.

FAVREAU
And make sure next time, you leave your nigger at home.

Favreau looks at Mike. Mike goes to say something.

MANCINI
Leave it.

Favreau smiles.

FAVREAU
Good porch monkey. Good.
MANCINI

Let’s go.

The four go back to the car. As he walks, Mike turns back to look at Favreau. Favreau watches them leave. They get in the car, and drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Mike, sitting in the back with Brody, is fuming.

BRODY
You OK?

MIKE
No, I’m not.

STEVEN
Don’t let him get to you.

MIKE
And why the fuck not?

STEVEN
He’s trying to piss you off.

MIKE
Well he’s doing a good job.

STEVEN
Look. When we get back to the house, we’ll go out for a drink. OK?

MIKE
OK.

STEVEN
(To Brody)
You?

BRODY
Yeah, sure.

STEVEN
(To Mancini)
Boss?

MANCINI
Sorry boys. Got plans.

STEVEN
Fair enough.

CUT TO:
INT. STEVENS CAR

Steven, Mike and Brody sit in Stevens car across the street from a club. The three get out of the car and walk across the street. They get to the door, and Steven talks to the man in front of it for a second. The man smiles, and gestures to the door. The three walk into the club.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB

The music is blaring. The place is packed. The three walk through the crowd. They pass a small group of people crowded around a guy break-dancing. The three stop and watch for a second, then keep walking. They come to a empty booth. They sit down.

STEVEN
Why’d we come here?

BRODY
Come on man, this place is the shit.

STEVEN
No, it’s not “the shit”.

BRODY
Well what would you rather?

STEVEN
A place where we don’t have to yell to have a conversation.

BRODY
Be older, grandpa.

Brody stands up, and walks to the bar. Steven looks at Mike.

MIKE
That kid can be a real smart-ass sometimes.

STEVEN
You OK?

MIKE
Yeah. I’m still pissed about what that fuckhead said at the boats.

STEVEN
Look, forget it, OK? Trust me, we’ll tag him back for that one.
Brody walks back to the table, holding three beers in his hands. He sits them down on the table, and sits down next to Mike.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Thanks.

BRODY
So how lucky are you guys feeling tonight?

MIKE
What do you mean?

BRODY
Well, I’m going to be the responsible one here and say that we have to try and get you laid tonight.

MIKE
What?

BRODY
The whole time I’ve known you, I’ve never seen you with a girl.

MIKE
Neither of us have ever seen you with a girl, either.

BRODY
I’m working on some stuff.

STEVEN
Yeah, you keep working on it and you’ll go blind.

Mike laughs.

BRODY
(To Steven)
And what about you? When’s the last time you picked up?

STEVEN
That’s none of your fucking business.

Pause.

BRODY
OK. I was just asking.

STEVEN
And I was just saying.
BRODY
(To Mike)
Look, if it’s the last thing I
do, I’m gonna get you laid	onight.

MIKE
It might be the last thing you do
if you don’t shut up.

BRODY
Make all the empty threats you
want, it’s happening.

MIKE
I don’t think I’m going to meet
anybody that’s my type in here
anyway.

BRODY
Really.

Brody looks around the club. He spots an attractive group
of women sitting close to them.

BRODY (CONT’D)
OK, what about somebody there?

MIKE
Leave it alone.

BRODY
What’s the problem? There are
loads of prime women here.

MIKE
The fact that they’re women.

BRODY
What?

Steven looks at Mike.

MIKE
I’m gay.

Steven looks bewildered. Brody thinks for a few seconds, then
stands up, and sits on Stevens side of the table.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Are you happy now?

BRODY
I didn’t mean to push.

MIKE
Well, now you know.
BRODY
I mean, if I knew you liked sucking cock, I would’ve taken you to a different bar.

STEVEN
Watch yourself.

BRODY
No, I’m just saying, maybe we can still make a bar that caters to men who like a little meat between the cheeks.

MIKE
I will kill you.

BRODY
You can try.

Steven stands up.

STEVEN
Where’s the bathroom?

Brody points to a door next to the bar. Steven walks towards the door, until somebody bumps into him. Steven is pushed into a man who is holding a drink. He spills the drink all over his clothes. The man turns around to face Steven.

DRINK MAN
What the fuck is your problem?

STEVEN
Sorry man, it was an accident.

DRINK MAN
Well you’re gonna buy me another fucking drink, that’s for sure.

STEVEN
It wasn’t my fault. Why don’t you let it go.

DRINK MAN
Because it’s my drink. And it’s your fault. So hurry back with my drink, bitch.

Drink Man shoves Steven hard. Steven takes a few steps back because of the push. Steven steadies himself, then swings hard and punches Drink Man in the face. Drink Man goes down. Drink Mans friend lunges toward Steven. Brody comes from nowhere and tackles Friend to the floor. Friend rolls Brody over so Friend is on top, and starts punching Brody. Mike comes behind Friend and grabs him in the sleeper hold.
Drink Man takes a wild swing at Steven. Steven dodges the punch, leans left and punches Drink Man in the kidneys twice. Drink Man falls to the ground.

Friend is flailing all over the place. One wild swing manages to hit Mike in the groin. Mike lets go. Friend swings around, hitting Mike across the head. Steven kicks high, landing his foot in Friends stomach. Friend is breathing hard. Steven walks forward, wrapping his hands around Friends neck, and slamming him down onto the floor.

FOUR BOUNCERS

Run in and drag Steven, Mike, Brody away from Drink Man and Friend. They are dragged outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB

The three are dragged outside the club. Steven and Mike walk calmly, but Brody struggles in the mans grip. Steven and Mike are let go. Brody is let go. Brody goes to say something to the bouncer, but Steven grabs his arm. Brody goes quiet.

The four bouncers stare at the three, and Steven, Mike and Brody stare back. A few seconds pass, and the bouncers leave them and go back inside. Brody falls to the ground. He sits up, his nose bleeding. Steven and Mike sit down next to him.

MIKE

Starts to laugh softly. Brody does too. Steven smiles, but doesn’t make a noise.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Steven stops typing. He stands up from his chair and stretches his arms and legs. He walks into the bathroom and shuts the door. The bathroom tap runs, and is then turned off. Steven walks back out and sits down. He begins typing again.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

So it was about two weeks before Mancini made a deal with the Southern guy.

CUT TO:
INT. STEVENS CAR

Steven sits in his car alone. He’s driving through the docks. It’s night-time.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
And, as per the guys request, I met him alone.

Steven stops the car. He sits in the darkness.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
(V.O.)
It was a pretty big deal. 5 million dollars. I was surprised that Mancini was able to trust me with that much money. But then again, it’s hard to get lost with that sort of cash.

A car in the distance. It drives up to Stevens car. It stops, and Favreau gets out. In Favreaus hands he holds a radio.

FAVREAU
No Mancini this time?

STEVEN
Nope. Just me.

FAVREAU
Good. And you’re alone?

STEVEN
Like you asked.

Favreau lifts the radio up to his mouth.

FAVREAU
Anything?

RADIO VOICE #1
(O.S.)
Clear.

RADIO VOICE #2
(O.S.)
Clear.

Favreau stares at Steven.

FAVREAU
Alright.

From the distance, a second car drives up.

STEVEN
This isn’t what we talked about.
FAVREAU
I know. You really didn’t think
I’d walk in here with 5 million
worth of product alone, did you?

The car stops behind Favreau. Two guys get out, and walk to
the trunk. They open it and both pull out two large gym
bags. They walk and stand behind Favreau.

FAVREAU (CONT'D)
Money?

Steven opens his drivers door and leans in. He grabs a small
backpack, and leaves the car door open. He opens the bag and
shows it to Favreau. It’s stuffed with bundles of money.

FAVREAU (CONT'D)
Good.

Favreau drops the radio to the ground. From his jacket, he
pulls out a gun. He points it straight at Steven.

FAVREAU (CONT'D)
Hands!

Steven puts his hands on his head. The two guys with the bags
drop the bags to the ground.

FAVREAU (CONT'D)
You know, I never really thought
that Mancini would be stupid
enough to send one guy out here.
One guy. It’s amazing.

A red dot blinks briefly on Favreaus chest.

FAVREAU (CONT'D)
You see, we figure it’d be easier
if we just took your five million
for ourselves rather than do
business with you.
(To the guy on the left)
Go get the bag.

The guy on the left walks forward towards Steven. Steven
curls both hands into fists.

Brody

On a platform some distance away, watches through a sniper
scope. Laying on the floor next to him is a dead body, with
a knife stuck in his throat, and a radio laying on his
chest.

Mike

On the ground, watching through a sniper scope, also with a
dead body laying a few feet away.
They both see Steven curl his fists.

Brody

Fires his rifle, the shot hitting Favreau in the shoulder. Favreau goes down.

Mike

Fires, hitting the guy standing on Favreaus right in the head.

Steven

Quickly pulls a gun from his pants, bringing it up and shooting the man coming towards him twice in the chest. He goes down.

The two men

Still in the second car. They try to exit the car, but both are hit by sniper fire. Steven leans into his car and grabs a shotgun from underneath the drivers seat.

A third car

Drives towards them. Steven shoots through the front windscreen with the shotgun, hitting the driver. The car veers off to the right, and then stops. The three guys jump out, firing at Steven as they exit the car. Steven takes a shot at one, but misses. Steven runs and takes cover behind his car.

Mike

Shoots quickly, taking two of the three guys down.

Brody

Tries to shoot the third, but misses. The third man hides behind a car. Brody picks up the dead mans radio.

    BRODY
    I don’t have a shot.

Mike

Takes a few shots, but only hits the body of the car.

    MIKE
    (into radio)
    Me neither.

Steven

Holds the shotgun close to his chest. He rolls on the ground out from cover, and shoots at the car. The blast hits a tyre, but nothing else.
Hiding Man

Leans out and fires a few shots at Steven. Steven hides back in cover.

BRODY
(into radio)
Coax him out.

STEVEN
(yelling)
I can’t!

Mike

Grabs the shotgun laying next to his feet, and comes out from his cover and runs towards the cars.

MIKE
(Into radio)
I’m moving for a better shot.

Steven

Leans out, holding the shotgun with one hand. He fires it, this time blasting the window. Hiding Man fires back a few shots. Steven moves around the other side of his car, then makes a run to the car that Hiding Man is behind. Hiding Man takes a few shots, and then his gun is empty. Hiding Man tried to reload.

Steven

Comes around and points the shotgun at Hiding Man. Steven pulls the trigger, but it only clicks. It’s empty.

Hiding Man

Reloads fast. Steven grabs his gun from his waistband. Both men bring up their guns at almost the same time. Steven shoots first, hitting Hiding Man in the stomach. Hiding Man drops his gun. Steven shoots Hiding Man in the head. Hiding Man falls to the ground dead.

Favreau

Still alive, stands with his gun in his hand. He looks around, and sees Steven. He points his gun at Steven.

MIKE

From behind Favreau, points his gun at Favreau’s head.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Don’t.

Favreau sees Mike out of the corner of his eyes. Favreau drops his gun to the ground.
MIKE (CONT'D)
Who's the nigger now?

Mike fires his shotgun, removing Favreau’s head.

Brody

Approaches from his spot. They both look at Favreau’s body

STEVEN
Get the bottles.

Brody runs to Steven’s car and from the trunk grabs a small wooden box. He brings it back to Steven. Steven opens the box. Inside are five small bottles of gas. They grab one each. Steven goes for the first car, Brody the second, and Mike douses the three bodies that lay away from the cars. Mike and Brody grab the four gym bags. All three of them run back to Steven’s car.

Steven

Holds a pack of matches. He lights one match, and then uses that one to light the rest. He drops the burning matches onto one of the bodies. It ignites, sending the flame along to the next body, and the next.

The three

Are now in the car and driving away as fast as they can.

The flame train

Has now reached the first car. The first car explodes. Flames from the first car explosion ignite the second car. The second car explodes as well.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN’S CAR

Steven drives. Brody is in the front, and Mike in the back.

STEVEN
You guys OK?

Brody nods.

MIKE
Yeah.

STEVEN
Check the bags.

The four gym bags lay in the backseat. Mike opens them all. From one, he pulls a phone book. He passes it to Brody. Steven looks at it.
STEVEN (CONT’D)

Fuckers.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCINI’S HOUSE

Steven, Mike and Brody walk into the living room of Mancini’s house. Brody holds one of the bags. Mancini sits on the couch.

Eva Mancini

Lays on the couch, her feet on Mancini’s lap. All she’s wearing is a small t-shirt and her underwear. Steven, Mike and Brody stand, looking at them on the couch.

STEVEN

(V.O.)
Eva Mancini. The second wife, after Alan’s mother. Probably the only person Mancini didn’t respect.

EVA

Boys!

The three boys avoid looking at her.

EVA (CONT’D)

How are you Steve?

STEVEN

Good, thanks.

EVA

I haven’t seen you in a while.

STEVEN

I know.

EVA

You’re looking good.

STEVEN

Thanks.

Pause.

EVA

Well what about me?

STEVEN

I’m sorry?

EVA

Don’t I look good?
STEVEN
Yeah, I guess.

Mancini looks at Steven, then turns his attention to Eva.

MANCINI
Why don’t you go brush your teeth?

EVA
I’ve done them already.

MANCINI
It wasn’t a suggestion.

Eva stands up. Brody stares at her.

EVA
It was good to see you guys.

BRODY
You too.

Eva walks slowly out of the room, but not before glancing back to the three. Only Brody is still looking. She smiles, and leaves the room.

Mancini
Sees Brody watching.

MANCINI
Are you catholic, Brody?

BRODY
No.

MANCINI
Well I am. And I strongly believe in the bounds of marriage. So if I ever catch you staring at my wife again, I’ll have Steven take your fucking eyes out.

BRODY
(Nervous)
OK.

MANCINI
Don’t take it personally. The same rule goes for everyone. Isn’t that right, Steve?

STEVEN
Yeah.

Pause.
MANCINI
So, how’d it go?

STEVEN
Exactly how you said it would.

MANCINI
And the money?

MIKE
They didn’t have any.

BRODY
The bags were filled with these.

Brody pulls a phone book from the bag, and throws it on the
couch next to Mancini. Mancini stares at it for a second.

MANCINI
And Favreau?

STEVEN
Gone.

MANCINI
Good. There’s nothing I hate more
than somebody who isn’t afraid to
stab you in the back.

Mancini picks up the phone book and throws it to Mike.

MANCINI (CONT’D)
Burn the bags with the rest of
your stuff.

STEVEN
OK.

MANCINI
You know what this means, don’t
you?

BRODY
What?

MANCINI
It’s war now.

Mancini smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Steven stops typing for a second, and reaches into his
pocket. He pulls out a cell phone. It’s vibrating. He answers
the call.
STEVEN

Hello?
Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Did it get there OK?
Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Good.
Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
What’s the number?

Steven types numbers into the computer.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Thanks.
Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Hey, don’t worry about it. My gift to you.
Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
You’re welcome.

Steven hangs up. He looks at the computer screen, and then types the numbers into his phone. He stares at the phone screen, then puts the phone back into his pocket. He goes back to typing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
And that’s when it started. Mancini called it a war. It’s a bit of an overstatement. Whatever ties we had with the family up north were now severed. If you were alive then, you probably read about it in the papers. A city divided, they called it. Everybody tried to make a bigger deal about it than it actually was.

CUT TO:
EXT. BAKERY

Steven stands outside the bakery, smoking.

STEVEN

(V.O.)
Fast forward to winter, 1990. The movie Goodfellas had just come out, and everybody thought that they were a true gangster. By this time, the three of us were well known around the place. I once heard somebody say that if they saw the three of us together, it only meant bad news for somebody.

Steven finishes his cigarette, and walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY

Steven walks into the bakery. He heads towards the back, where Mancini sits. Mancini spots Steven, and gives him a sideways wave. Mancini sits with Michael Parker, now a lot older. Steven hangs back.

STEVEN

We'd been getting word about a rat for the cops. Somebody involved with us. It wasn't good news for anybody.

Parker

Stands up, turns and walks towards Steven. Parker stares at Steven for a second.

PARKER

Hey, it's you.

STEVEN

Yeah.

PARKER

How've you been?

STEVEN

Good. You?

PARKER

Good, I guess. Money's a little tight.

STEVEN

Yeah.
PARKER
Hey, if you ever need a fourth
guy in your team, I'd be more
than happy to volunteer.

STEVEN
Thanks. I'll keep that in mind.

PARKER
OK. See you later kid.

STEVEN
Bye.

Parker walks off.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Michael Parker. The years had not
been good to him. I'd seen him
around, but he never seemed to
recognise me. Personally I think
it was a bit of a dick move to
forget the person who saved your
life. But who am I to judge?

Steven walks over to Mancini and sits down.

MANCINI
You remember Parker?

STEVEN
Yeah.

MANCINI
Good.

Mancini picks up and envelope from the ground. He hands it to
Steven.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
You remember our talk about the
rat problem?

STEVEN
Yeah.

Steven opens the envelope, and pulls out a picture. He stares
at it.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Are these real?

MANCINI
Yeah. My guy got them a couple of
days ago.
STEVEN
I thought you said he could be trusted?

MANCINI
I did.

STEVEN
So what do we do?

MANCINI
I think we both know what needs to be done here. You’ll need three.

STEVEN
OK. Consider it taken care of.

MANCINI
Make sure the body is hidden real good.

STEVEN
Don’t you worry about that. I’m gonna scatter it all over town.

MANCINI
Good man.

Steven stands up, and drops the envelope on the table.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
Don’t you want to take them?

STEVEN
Don’t need them.

Steven turns and walks out of the bakery.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
In our business, there’s nothing worse than a guy who rats his friends out to the cops. So we have no problem taking our time to take care of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE

Steven is walking up the front lane of a house. He gets to the front door, and rings the bell. A few seconds pass, and the door opens.

Parker
Stands there.

PARKER
What’s up?

STEVEN
Need your help.

PARKER
Really, with what?

STEVEN
You know my guy Brody?

PARKER
Yeah.

STEVEN
He’s working with the cops.

PARKER
You’re kidding me.

STEVEN
No. I need you to come with us so we can take care of it.

PARKER
OK. Just let me grab my jacket.

STEVEN
No time. Let’s go, now.

Parker stares at Steven for a second, then closes the door. He pulls his keys from his pocket and locks the door. They walk towards Steven’s car, parked on the street.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN’S CAR

Steven and Parker sit in the front, while MIKE and BRODY sit in the back.

BRODY
So why’s he sending us all the way out here?

STEVEN
Make a pick-up from some guy.

BRODY
What sort of pick-up?

STEVEN
Guns.
Silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The car pulls into a motel. It’s pretty empty, only a few cars in the lot. Steven parks close, with his trunk facing the room. The four get out.

STEVEN
(To Mike)
Check the room.

Mike and Brody walk towards the room. They unlock the door, and walk inside.

PARKER
Do you think he knows?

STEVEN
No.

Steven pulls out two handguns, both equipped with silencers. He hands one to Parker. Parker ejects the clip, and checks it. He slides it back in, and hides the handgun in his pants. Steven does the same.

Steven and Parker walks towards the room. They walk into the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Brody stands in the living room. Mike walks out from one of the bedrooms.

MIKE
It’s good.

Steven nods. He gestures to the chairs, sitting in the middle of the room. The floor is wooden panels. Brody and Mike sit down. Parker looks at Steven. Steven nods, and Parker sits down as well. Steven looks at the three, sitting down in the chairs.

BRODY
Aren’t you going to sit down?

STEVEN
No.

Pause.
STEVEN (CONT'D)
You know, we always suspected that there was somebody close to us who was tipping off the cops. They always seemed to be able to find bodies that we’d dumped somewhere a little too quickly. But I bet you thought we’d never figure out it was you.

Parker is looking at Steven. Parker turns his head, and sees that Brody and Mike are staring at him as well.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
No wonder you wanted to join up with us. I bet it would’ve been a good payday for you when you traded us in.

Parker grabs the handgun in his pants, aims it at Brody and pulls the trigger.

Click.

Parker’s slight smile, drops to a frown.

Steven

Has his handgun out, already pointed at Parker’s head. He pulls the trigger twice, both bullets hitting Parker at close range. Parker drops to the floor, his blood spraying everywhere.

Mike and Brody

Are up out of their chairs. Steven puts the gun away. Brody goes into the bedroom and brings back out a large plastic bag. He lays it down. Mike brings out a bucket and a sponge. Brody and Steven roll the body over into the bag.

Brody zips the bag up halfway, and Steven zips it the rest. They grab their respective ends, and lift the bag up.

Mike opens the front door, steps outside and looks around. He turns and nods. Steven and Brody walks outside. Mike opens the trunk. Inside is lined with garbage bags. They drop the body inside.

Steven

Looks at Mike, and nods. Mike walks back into the room, and shuts the door. Steven and Brody get into the car and drive. They drive down the street, and off onto a dirt road. They follow the dirt road until they come to a small clearing.

The trunk
Pops open as Brody and Steven open it up. They drag the body out. Steven keeps hold, and keeps dragging it away from the car. Brody goes to the back seat, and grabs a small duffel bag. Steven drops the body, and Brody walks over. He opens the duffel bag.

Two axes

Are pulled from the bag. Brody hands one to Steven, and keeps one for himself.

BRODY
I hate this part.

Steven swings around, and brings the axe down.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL ROOM

Steven and Brody drive back. Mike is already outside. The car pulls up, and Mike gets in. They drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. CREMATORIUM

The three boys walk inside the crematorium. It’s dark, so Mike turns on a light. They each hold a garbage bag in each hand. The furnace is already turned on. The guys place their bags on the table, and Steven opens the door. Mike and Brody throw the bags into the fire. Steven closes the door.

MIKE
Did he have his wire with him?

STEVEN
No. He would’ve left it at home

BRODY
Didn’t you say you knew him?

STEVEN
Yeah, saved his life a long time ago.

BRODY
A little ironic.

STEVEN
I know.

The three boys watch the fire, as it burns the chopped up body parts that lay on the slab.
INT. STEVEN’S HOME

Steven sits on the couch watching TV. There’s a knock at the door. Steven stands up and walks to the front door, opening it.

Eva Mancini

Stands there, wearing a coat.

EVA

Hi.

STEVEN

Eva.

EVA

Can I come in?

STEVEN

What are you doing here?

EVA

I was in the area. Thought I’d stop by.

Steven stands aside, and Eva walks in. Steven closes the door behind her. Eva looks around the room.

EVA (CONT'D)

You know, I didn’t expect you to live in a place like this.

STEVEN

A place like what?

EVA

Never mind.

STEVEN

So what can I do for you?

Eva takes her coat off and drops it on the floor. Underneath, she’s wearing a t-shirt and jeans. She lifts the t-shirt over her head, and drops that on the floor as well.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

EVA

I think you know what I’m doing. I’ve seen you looking at me.

STEVEN

No, I haven’t.
And I know you haven’t had a woman since Clare.

Steven says nothing. Eva walks up to him, standing close.

Please.

If Bob ever found out, he’d kill us both.

So we won’t let him find out.

No. Put your clothes on, and go.

Eva looks at Steven for a second, and then walks back over to her coat and t-shirt. She puts them back on.

Please don’t say anything to Bob.

Don’t worry, I won’t.

A cell phone rings. Eva pulls her cell phone out of her pocket and answers it.

Hello?

Pause.

Just some shopping. I’ll be home soon.

Eva hangs the phone up.

I’m sorry. I thought it’d be something you wanted.

It’s not.

Eva walks out of the house. Steven watches her go. He looks confused by what’s just happened.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Steven sits at the computer, still typing.
STEVEN
(V.O.)
Over the next year, there was a lot of fighting going on between the two halves of the city. Our side would push, they'd push back. By this stage, Mancini’s paranoia was out of control. Anybody doing wrong was killed. No question. But what could I do? I was just hired help.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER

Steven walks towards a trailer, sitting in the middle of nowhere.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
Saul Adams was a work friend of Clare’s. I’d met him a few times, he seemed like a nice guy.

Steve walks up to the trailer door, and pushes it in. He walks inside the trailer.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER

SAUL ADAMS

A skinny man with black hair and brown eyes. He wears glasses, and is clean shaven. He wears a suit, but it’s wrinkled. He’s moving frantically around the trailer. Steven walks in, and Saul looks at him.

Steven
Pulls a gun, and points it at Saul.

STEVEN
Take a seat.

Saul sits down.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
Before we get started, I just think you should know that this isn’t personal.

Saul says nothing.
STEVEN (CONT'D)
Where’s the money?

Saul says nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
I have two ways I can do this.
You tell me and I kill you quick.
You don’t tell me, I search for
it and find it anyway, and let
you go slowly.

Steven pulls out a small container, holding lighter fluid. He
points it at Saul, and squirts it all over him. Saul squirms,
but doesn’t move from his seat. Steven throws the container
on the floor at Saul’s feet.

Saul says nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
I know it’s still in here.

Pause. Steven pulls out a pack of matches.

SAUL
Black bag on the bed.

Steven turns and walks towards the bed. He picks up a small
black bag, and opens it up. He looks inside, and closes it
again.

STEVEN
How did you think we wouldn’t
find out. You had to know that
we’d find you. You might have
gotten away tonight, but we
would’ve found you eventually.

SAUL
I had a pretty good idea for an
escape plan.

STEVEN
I don’t care.

Steven raises his gun and points it at Saul.

SAUL
I know who killed Clare.

Steven stops, looking at Saul.

STEVEN
What?

SAUL
I said, I know who killed Clare.
Pause.

STEVEN
Who? How?

SAUL
There’s rumors. That Alan had her killed. For what, I don’t know.

STEVEN
Don’t you lie to me. The last thing you want to do is piss me off.

SAUL
I’m serious, you ask anybody. They say he bought an outsider in. So it would look random. But everybody says the same thing. Alan did it.

Steven lets his gaze wander off to a window. He thinks about this for a second. He turns, and walks out of the trailer.

Saul
Breathes a sigh of relief. The trailer door opens, and Steven walks back in. Points his gun at Saul and shoots once, hitting Saul in the forehead. Saul slumps down in his chair, dead. Steven walks out of the trailer.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER
Steven steps down from the trailer.

Mike and Brody
Stand there, each holding a molotov cocktail in each hand.

STEVEN
Hit it.

BRODY
Ten bucks if you get it through the window.

Mike and Brody throw their cocktails into the wall of the trailer. Then they each throw one inside the door of the trailer. The trailer starts to burn. The three men get in Steven’s car and drive away as the trailer burns behind them.
INT. DINER - NIGHT

The three sit in a booth at a diner. Mike and Brody on one side, Steven on the other. Brody is eating pancakes. Mike holds a bottle of water. Steven is staring at the window, not listening to the conversation.

BRODY
Do you believe in God?

MIKE
Yeah. I guess.

BRODY
Steven?

STEVEN
What? No.

BRODY
I do. And I know that people go on about how can we believe when there’s no real proof, blah blah blah. Well, it all depends on how close you look at things.

MIKE
I don’t follow.

BRODY
Well, look at Hitler. His mother thought about aborting him, but decided not to. He was the first child of his mothers to survive infancy. Once, he almost froze to death while sleeping on a street, but he was saved, and you’ll love this, by a Jewish charity group. After some speech, before he became “mass murdering fuck head Hitler”, he tried to shoot himself in the face, but some cop saved him. In 1943, somebody put a bomb on his plane, but it never went off. All up, between 1933 and 1945, there were at least seventeen attempts on his life. Now you can’t tell me that God wasn’t trying his hardest there.

STEVEN
You really think that there’s a god? You really think that? There is no way we’d be doing what we do if there was a god.

(MORE)
It takes a certain kind of evil
to do what we do, and I can
guarantee you that if there is a
God, we sure as hell won’t be
meeting him. All three of us are
going to hell for what we’ve
done. And the Nazis? What is the
difference between them and us?
Huh?

BRODY
We kill bad people, that’s the
difference.

STEVEN
And how do we know that they’re
bad? Because Mancini passes us an
envelope with a picture or a name
inside, and tells us that they’ve
been doing naughty things that he
doesn’t approve of? The Nazis
were killing people that they
thought were evil, or wrong. The
only difference is the numbers.

MIKE
There is no way that you can
compare us to the Nazis. No way.
They killed six million people,
wiped out entire families because
they didn’t approve of their
religion. We kill because it
comes down to us or them.

STEVEN
And why should we be able to make
that decision? Us or them? How do
we know that it’s not supposed to
be us and not them? Huh? How?

Steven looks at Brody and Mike, then stands up and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN’S HOME

Steven sits in the kitchen, with a cigarette in his hand.
It’s lit, but he’s not smoking it. He’s staring at a picture
on the table, one of him and Clare.

A knock

At the door.

STEVEN
(Yelling)
Come in.
The door slowly opens. Brody walks in.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Brody.

Brody looks sheepish.

BRODY

I just came to apologize about what I said tonight.

STEVEN

Don’t worry about it.

BRODY

Look, I’ll understand if you don’t want to work with us anymore.

Steven says nothing.

BRODY (CONT'D)

OK.

Brody turns and walks towards the door.

STEVEN

Five years.

Brody stops, and turns to look at Steven.

BRODY

I’m sorry?

STEVEN

I can’t believe it’s been five years, and I still can’t get the image out of my head. I try to go to sleep at night, and all I can do is think about Clare. The one decent person I knew, and God took her away from me. I walked through her front door, and saw her standing there, covered in her blood. That image is burned into my brain forever. Do you know what it’s like? To have the last image of the person you loved, dying in your arms?

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I used to spend so much time with her. Not doing anything in particular. Just hanging out. But it was the best time of my life.

(MORE)
And now all I can do is sit around here, and think about how if I’d been just a minute earlier, I would’ve been able to save her. If I’d driven just a bit faster, she might be alive today. And the last gift that Clare ever gave me, I sold it down the river, because I was scared. Scared that my child would grow up to be just like me.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
I’ll call you tomorrow. Tell Mike I’m sorry for going off on you guys like that.

Brody nods, and walks out the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Steven sits at the computer.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
The next year was a busy one.

CUT TO:

EXT. RANDOM HOUSE

Steven and Brody wait outside a house. They are both wearing long brown rain coats.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
We’d set up a meeting with the new guys in town. They’d just come in from Europe, and were looking for some sponsoring. They’d worked with the other side before, but now were fishing for money from us.

The front door opens. A muscle bound guy opens the door. He wears all black.

MUSCLES
Come in.
Muscles opens the door, and Steven and Brody walk inside.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

Steven and Brody walk inside the house into the living room. Sitting on a couch is

MYLES HEDER

A man in his forties, with a bald head and blue eyes. He wears a cheap suit, and sits alone. Around the room are six other bodyguards, including Muscles. Muscles holds a portable metal detector in his hands.

MUSCLES

Arms up.

Steven and Brody raise their arms to shoulder length. Muscles runs the metal detector over Steven first. Nothing. He runs it over Brody, and it beeps around his waist at the front.

MUSCLES (CONT'D)

Give it to me.


MYLES

Come in. Sit down.

Steven and Brody walk closer. They sit down in two armchairs next to each other.

MYLES (CONT'D)

I was told that there was three of you.

STEVEN

Our third had a date.

MYLES

Why did you feel the need to bring that with you?

BRODY

Nervous bowels.

MYLES

You don’t trust me?

STEVEN

No.
Myles
Fair enough. I’m looking for about 3 and a half per load. And for every successful load, you’re boss will make 5 back. And if there is any loss, we will still cover your end.

Steven
Why’d you come to us?

Myles
The way the other guy runs his business is shaky. I don’t like it. The way your man does stuff is a little more to my liking. The boat yard for example. It takes a smart man to plan his moves two steps ahead.

Brody
How do we know that you’re not still working for them, just trying to fuck us over.

Myles
When I sever all ties, I sever all ties. Why would I bring you to where I do business, where my children play if I were planning a double cross?

Steven
So you can promise us that we wouldn’t have any connections to the other side.

Myles
Well, one or two. I still need to run a business here, you know.

Brody
We’re not comfortable with that.

Myles
I don’t follow?

Steven
You either need to commit to us completely, or not at all.

Myles
I don’t think so. And do you know why, Mr Willis?

Steven looks surprised.
MYLES (CONT'D)
Yes, I know who you are. I know a lot about the both of you. More than you’d like me to know, I’m sure.

Pause.

MYLES (CONT'D)
I run my business how I like, and if somebody doesn’t like it, than that’s their decision. But if they try to strong-arm the way I do things, well, they can push as hard as they want, but trust me when I say this. I will push harder.

Two guys behind Myles pulls out a gun each.

MYLES (CONT'D)
Do you understand what I’m saying?

Pause.

STEVEN
Yeah.

MYLES
Good. So do we have a deal?

STEVEN
Yeah.

MYLES
Excellent. Well, your man has my number. Tell him to contact me next week, and we’ll get this ball rolling.

Steven and Brody stand up.

STEVEN
There is just one more thing.

MYLES
And what’s that?

STEVEN
We know you had a hand in a robbery six months ago. Six of our guys died, two of them friends of mine. So don’t take this personally.
Brody reaches into a pocket of his coat, the one directly over where he was hiding his handgun before, and pulls a second one out. He points it at the two guys behind Myles holding guns, and shoots them both. He swings around, and shoots Muscles.

Steven swings his fist wide, and punches one of the guys closest to him in the head. He grabs the guys gun from his holster, dives to the floor and takes out the other two, one moving towards Steven, the other towards Brody. Steven stands up from the floor. Muscles is still moving. Brody shoots him in the face, killing him. Steven and Brody turn their guns on Myles.

MYLES
Don’t be stupid.

Steven and Brody empty their guns into Myles, his body bouncing with every bullet hit. The guns empty, and Steven and Brody exit the house quickly, leaving behind the room of dead bodies.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANCINI’S HOUSE

Steven and Brody exit Mancini’s house. They walks towards Steven’s car. Across the street is another car, parked at the curb. The door opens, and Detective Christopher Nolan steps out. He’s a little older, and now has a goatee. He walks across the street towards the two. Brody notices him first.

BRODY
Steven.

Steven looks at Brody, then follows his eye line to Nolan. Nolan stops walking at Steven’s car.

NOLAN
Mr Willis.

STEVEN
Call me Steve.

NOLAN
You might not remember me.

STEVEN
Detective Nolan.

NOLAN
That’s right.

STEVEN
What can we do for you this evening?
NOLAN
I’m here to talk to you both.

STEVEN
Is that right? What about?

NOLAN
We’re building an investigation against the Mancini family. Anybody who works high up faces serious charges. We had somebody working inside for about three months, and then all of a sudden he just left the city.

STEVEN
Is that right?

NOLAN
Yeah. Didn’t pack. Even left his wallet at home. Just left without telling anybody anything. But I suppose you wouldn’t know anything about that, would you?

STEVEN
Nope.

NOLAN
Look, you guys are getting a lot of attention. This feud is getting out of control. And if you guys don’t slow down, you and your boss are facing serious charges.

STEVEN
But we both know for a fact that you’ve got nothing on any of us.

NOLAN
I wouldn’t say that. I’m here to tell you both that if you decided to help us out, it would be much appreciated. We’d be willing to compensate you both greatly, and, if necessary, relocate you so you’ll be safer.

BRODY
You really are brave, trying to turn us outside the mans house.

NOLAN
Oh, does he live here? I had no idea.

Nolan smiles.
NOLAN (CONT'D)
Here’s my card.

Nolan passes them both a card.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
You can call me at that number anytime. Please give it some serious thought.

STEVEN
Yeah, definitely.

Nolan turns and walks away. Steven drops the card on the ground. Brody does the same. They watch Nolan walk back to his car.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN’S HOME

Steven is in the bathroom, brushing his teeth. There’s a knock at the door. Steven drops his toothbrush in the sink, and walks to the front door. He opens it.

Eva Mancini
Stands in the shadows.

EVA
Can I come in, please?

Steven stands aside. Eva walks inside. Her face is bruised, and she’s got blood under her nose. Her eyes are red from her crying.

STEVEN
Jesus, what happened?

EVA
Bob, just went off. He was high, and I made some stupid joke about cops, and next thing I know he’s beating me. It’s not the first time he’s done it either.

She turns her head, and shows Steven her ear. Her earring had been ripped out, tearing the ear lobe.

EVA (CONT'D)
He did this as a warning. Said, next time he’d kill me. And you know what scares me? I believe he’ll do it. He’s getting worse. All this coke is fucking up his brain. Turning it into mush. He’s not himself.
Pause.

EVA (CONT’D)
I need your help. I gotta get out of here. Tonight.

Pause.

STEVEN
OK.

EVA
You’ll help me?

STEVEN
Yeah.

EVA
Thank you.

STEVEN
There’s bandages in the bathroom. Clean up your ear. Be ready in ten minutes.

EVA
OK.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN’S HOME – LATER
Eva walks out of the bathroom, her ear now wrapped in a bandage. Steven is talking on the phone.

STEVEN
Thanks.

Steven hangs up the phone.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
Ready?

Eva smiles.

EVA
Yeah.

STEVEN
Let’s go.

CUT TO:
INT. STEVEN’S CAR

Steven is driving around a car park at the airport. He finds a spot, and pulls in. He turns the car off, and gets out. He circles the car, and opens the door for Eva. Eva gets out, and Steven closes the door behind her.

STEVEN
Are you sure you want to do this?

Pause.

EVA
Yeah. I’m finished here.

Pause.

STEVEN
You’re gonna go to the ticket desk and ask for Kerry. A guy will come out and give you a ticket for San Francisco. He’ll lead you outside, away from the cameras, and put you on a flight to LA.

Steven pulls out a small envelope, filled with money.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
Here’s ten thousand.

Eva looks at the envelope, then at Steven.

EVA
I don’t know how to thank you.

STEVEN
It’s OK.

EVA
LA, huh?

STEVEN
Yeah, City of Angels. You’ll fit right in.

Eva smiles.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
In the envelope is the number of a guy you need to call when you get there. He’ll help you out.

Eva hugs Steven. Steven hugs her back.

EVA
I’ll never forget this.
Eva turns, and walks away. Steven watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY

Steven sits in the bakery at the back table. Mancini and Alan walk over, and sit down with him.

ALAN
What’s going on, Stevie?

STEVEN
Nothing.

MANCINI
Let me ask you something. Have you seen Eva the last couple of days?

STEVEN
No, why?

MANCINI
She’s taken off, and we can’t find her anywhere.

STEVEN
What happened?

MANCINI
We were sitting at home, and she was plastered. She starts making threats about how she’s gonna rat me out to the cops, about how she knows more than she lets on. So I give her a light tap, to let her know who’s boss. Next thing I know, she’s left.

STEVEN
What do you want me to do?

MANCINI
Nothing. She’ll be back in a couple of days. She always does.

STEVEN
So why’d you call me down here for?
ALAN
How would you and your boys like to fix this problem we have with the boys on the other side of the river?

STEVEN
I don’t follow.

MANCINI
We found the guy who’s in charge of the business over there.

ALAN
We’ve called in a specialist to help you with this one.

STEVEN
You both know that we never needed help before.

MANCINI
It’s not what you think. We’re making this one public. We’re sending a message to everybody who thinks it’s OK to fuck with us. You’re gonna tail the man for a couple of days, and then stick a bomb under his car seat.

ALAN
Make sure you do it somewhere nice and public.

MANCINI
I’ll let you and your boys work out the details.

Mancini gives Steven a folded piece of paper.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
Call him outside.

Steven stands up.

ALAN
Now you gotta be careful with this one. Because if we try and fail, we’re royally fucked.

MANCINI
What do you mean we?

Alan says nothing.
MANCINI (CONT'D)
Regardless of what The Brit says, you’re in charge of this, understand?

Steven nods.

MANCINI (CONT'D)
Good.

Steven turns and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven, Mike and Brody all sit in a small hotel room. They have a map on the wall. They’re all examining it.

THE BRIT

Walks out from the bathroom, doing up his fly. He’s a tall man with black hair and intense brown eyes. He walks over, and sits down in an armchair.

STEVEN

(V.O.)
The Brit. That’s what they called him. The guy never said much. To be honest, I don’t think I heard him say more than ten words. But who was I to complain. He was there to help us.

Steven points at the map.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
OK. We’ll take the car along this street.
(to Mike)
You’ll take the car, pick the man up, then take him here.

Steven points to a spot on the map.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
You get out, and just walk away.

Steven looks at The Brit.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Once I give you the go ahead, you blow the car.
(to Mike)
You take the subway home.
BRODY
So what about the doors?

STEVEN
You’ll take the car the night before, and fix the doors. And make sure that they can’t be opened from the inside, OK?

BRODY
Sure.

STEVEN
(To Mike)
You think you can find a suit before tomorrow?

MIKE
No problem.

STEVEN
Good.
(To The Brit)
You go with Brody. Rig the car.

The Brit nods, and Brody and The Brit walk out of the room.

MIKE
You sure this is going to work.

STEVEN
I hope so.

MIKE
So what happens when this is finished?

STEVEN
Same as usual, I guess.

MIKE
No, I meant with Mancini. With this guy gone, he’s in control of the whole city.

STEVEN
I know.

MIKE
Do you really think that’s a smart move?

STEVEN
I don’t know. I know I’m not paid to think to much.

MIKE
Maybe that’s your problem.
STEVEN
What?

MIKE
Nothing. Forget it.

STEVEN
OK. Show me on the map what you're supposed to do.

They go back to looking at the map.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL

Mike is sitting in a black limo, wearing a suit. He is parked outside a big hotel. Down the street, Steven, Brody and The Brit all sit in a dark blue car. Steven is driving, Brody is passenger, and The Brit is in the back seat. They watch Mike in the limo.

BRODY
You sure he’s not going to figure it out?

STEVEN
He’s got a different driver every week. Don’t worry about it.

The hotel doors open, and

THE BOSS
Walks down the steps towards the limo.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
That’s him.

The Boss is an older man, with greying hair and he’s wearing sunglasses. He walks up to the limo. Mike gets out, and opens the back door. The Boss stops and turns back to the hotel. A small girl runs out of the hotel and down the steps. The Boss picks the girl up, and swings her around. The Boss puts her in the limo, then climbs in and shuts the door.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
Who’s that?

BRODY
I don’t know. His daughter?

STEVEN
We can’t do this now.
BRODY
What? Why?

STEVEN
I’m not killing a kid.

BRODY
This is the last time we can do it. After today he flies out to Europe for six months. We need to do this now.

STEVEN
What did I say to you? I’m not killing a kid. I’m in charge here.

Brody turns to The Brit.

BRODY
Arm it.

The Brit picks up a detonator from the seat next to him. He presses a button on it.

Steven
Starts to get out of the car.

BRODY (CONT’D)
You get out and we’re going to leave you here.

Gets out of the car, slamming the door behind him. He runs across the street, and then up towards the limo.

STEVEN
(Yelling)
Get out of the car!

Mike moves in the limo. He opens the limo door and starts to climb out.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE CAR

Brody watches this happen. He turns back to The Brit.

BRODY
Do it now.

THE BRIT
What?
BRODY
(Yelling)
Do it!

The Brit presses a button on the detonator.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Mike is halfway out of the limo. Steven is a cars length away. The limo explodes. Steven dives behind a car. The limo, along with Mike, The Boss and his daughter are burnt to a crisp. Steven staggers to his feet to look at the burning car. He breathes heavily as he watches the car burn.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE CAR

Brody climbs over to the drivers seat. He starts the car, and pulls a U-turn, leaving Steven on the street. Steven watches them leave. Steven looks around, and the sound of sirens are heard in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER

Brody sits in a booth near the back, hunched over a plate eating food.

Steven

Wearing a baseball cap, walks up, and sits down. Brody leans back from his meal. Steven grabs his gun from his jacket, slams it down on the table, and puts his hat over it. The barrel is pointed at Brody.

STEVEN
You really didn’t think I’d come find you?

Brody says nothing.

A WAITRESS

Walks up to them.

WAITRESS
(To Steven)
What can I get you?

STEVEN
I’m fine.
WAITRESS
(To Brody)
Can I get you anything else?

STEVEN
We’re fine.

The waitress, offended, walks away.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
So what, you’re not going to talk to me now?

BRODY
It was The Brit. He’s the one who blew the car. Then told me if I didn’t drive away...

STEVEN (interrupting)
Don’t even try it.

Steven opens his jacket a little, and reveals it’s covered with blood.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
I talked to The Brit. He told me it was all you.

BRODY
And you’re going to believe him?

STEVEN
After what I put him through, he had no reason to lie.

Pause.

BRODY
OK. I’m sorry. I just thought...

STEVEN
You didn’t think! If you had waited for just a few more seconds, Mike would’ve been out of the car. If you’d thought it through, we would’ve been able to come up with something. But you didn’t think! You made a decision, and now my best friend is dead because of your impatience.

BRODY
I just thought it’s what you would’ve done.
STEVEN
You’re wrong.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
After what happened today, I
don’t want to ever see you again.

BRODY
What?

STEVEN
You heard me.

BRODY
Look, I’m sorry. But you can’t
throw away six years of
friendship over this.

Steven says nothing.

BRODY (CONT’D)
It’s just, I’m proud of the work
we do. And working with you guys
has been great. I used to think
to myself, if there was anybody I
wanted to be like when I’m older,
it was Mancini. But I’m wrong.
The person I want to be like is
you. You’re the man.

STEVEN
Me? You want to be like me?

BRODY
Yeah.

STEVEN
Why? I work for a man who once
tried to kill me. My girlfriend
is dead, probably because of me.
I have a kid out there I don’t
even know. My best friends are
you and Mike, and now he’s dead.
There are cases being built up
against me by the police to bring
me down. The only decent people
I’ve ever known are either dead
or left me a long time ago. Every
night, I sit at home and regret
every decision I ever made. I’m
lucky if I can get a few hours of
sleep a night, because every time
I close my eyes, the faces of all
the people I’ve executed are
staring straight back at me.

(MORE)
I live a miserable fucking life,
and you want to be like me?

Brody says nothing. Steven stands up, puts his hat back on
and his gun in his jacket.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
If I ever see you again, I’m
going to kill you.

Steven turns, and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven stops typing for a second. He looks at the words on
the computer screen, then at his watch. 11:30. He keeps
typing.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
And that was it for the three of
us. The next day Brody packed up
his stuff, and moved out to the
east coast somewhere.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY

Mancini and Alan are talking between themselves. Steven sits
with them, listening.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
It took the cops six more months
before they came down on us. They
started at the bottom, arresting
some low level soldiers for some
minor charges, then trying to turn
them. Word was it was the bombing
that started their move on us.
(Out loud)
So how long will it take before
they arrest us?

ALAN
Three days. Four, tops.

MANCINI
Hold on a second.

Mancini stands up, and walks to the front of the bakery.
Standing there is
MATTHEW BEAN

A man in his late thirties, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. He’s wearing a nice expensive suit, and has a briefcase in his hands. Matthew talks to Mancini, then the two walk back to the table and sit down.

ALAN
Stevie, this is Matthew Bean, our lawyer. Matt, this is Stevie.

MATTHEW
(To Mancini)
Steven?

MANCINI
(To Matthew)
Head soldier.

MATTHEW
Ahh.
(To Steven)
Nice to meet you.

STEVEN
Likewise.
(To Mancini)
So what do we do now?

MATTHEW
The first thing you need to do is go home, and remove anything that they could use against you in court. All of you. They’ll come with warrants, and look through your house with a magnifying glass. Anything even remotely incriminating needs to go.

MANCINI
Do you know the prosecutor?

MATTHEW
Yeah. David Pratt. You know him?

MANCINI
No.

MATTHEW
He’s been around for twenty years. Thorough little shit. Good to.

ALAN
How is he in court?

MATTHEW
Good. Very good.
STEVEN
Better than you?

Matthew says nothing.

MANCINI
(To Steven)
Find him. Follow him. Find out all the dirty little secrets you can about him.

MATTHEW
You’d be wasting your time. The man is clean. The cleanest I’ve ever seen. Doesn’t drink. Goes to church. Married for fifteen years. Has a daughter. There is nothing you can use against him, trust me.

MANCINI
Do it anyway.

Steven nods.

MATTHEW
The cop in charge is a Chris Nolan. Steady promotions for the last ten years. Top marks in cop school.

MANCINI
Nolan, that name familiar to any of you?

Alan shakes his head.

STEVEN
He was lead on Clare’s murder.

MANCINI
So he knows you?

STEVEN
Yeah.

MANCINI
Can we use that in any way?

STEVEN
No.

MATTHEW
No.

MANCINI
OK. So what after we clean house.
MATTHEW
Talk to your people. Anybody not already inside. Make sure they understand what will happen to them if they talk.

MANCINI
Can you get us a list of the people they’ve got now?

MATTHEW
No.

Mancini looks unhappy.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
The other only thing left to do is wait. We can’t do much else until we find out what charges they’re bringing against you.

ALAN
Fuck.

STEVEN
I’m going home. I’ll talk to you guys later.

Steven stands up and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOME

Steven is getting out of his car. From the street, three cop cars pull up.

STEVEN
(to himself)
So much for three days.

Nolan gets out of one of the cars, and walks up to Steven.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
How are you Chris?

NOLAN
You’re under arrest.

STEVEN
Yeah, we’ve been through this show before. I understand my rights, don’t waste your breath.
Steven turns, and puts his hands out. Nolan puts the handcuffs on him. They walk up to one of the cop cars.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY

Steven is sitting alone.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
Things moved pretty quickly after that. They arrested Mancini and Alan that afternoon. Matthew got us out the next day. It was three months until the court dates.

Mancini, walks up to Steven, and sits down.

MANCINI
Walk with me.

Steven stands up, and the two walk outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY

Mancini and Steven walk down the street.

MANCINI
Can’t talk inside. Cops have got the place wired like a motherfucker.

STEVEN
OK.

MANCINI
I need you to go to San Francisco for us.

STEVEN
Why?

MANCINI
Our man at the airport. Looked through security tapes, found Eva. She flew out to San Francisco when she left. I need you to track her down. I don’t know how much she knows, and I don’t want the cops getting to her first.
STEVEN
How exactly do I convince her to come home.

MANCINI
You don’t.

Pause.

MANCINI (CONT’D)
Know what I mean?

STEVEN
Yeah.

MANCINI
Good. You’re on a plane tomorrow morning. Make sure you track her down.

STEVEN
I’ll do my best.

MANCINI
Do better.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANSISCO AIRPORT

Steven is standing outside the airport holding his suitcase.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
San Francisco was the closest thing I ever had to a vacation. Spend a week pretending to look for somebody. It’s a good thing Mancini didn’t know she was in LA. We had people there. So rather than waste my time and energy trying to accomplish the impossible, I enjoyed my time. Hey, he was paying for it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE

Steven walks out of a cafe with a cup of coffee in his hands. He stops walking, places the coffee down on a table, pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

GUY
Can I have one of those?
Steven turns, holding out another cigarette.

STEVEN
Sure.

Steven comes face to face with

MOUSTACHE
The man who killed Clare. He still has the moustache. He takes the cigarette.

MOUSTACHE
Thanks.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
There he was. The guy who killed Clare. Standing a few feet away from me. I’d never forgotten his face.
(Out loud)
No problems.
(V.O.)
That moment was the hardest moment I’ve ever had in my life, because it took all my will not to lift my arms up, and strangle that motherfucker out there in the daylight.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
I’m Steven.

MOUSTACHE (PHIL)
I’m Phil.

STEVEN
What do you do, Phil?

MOUSTACHE (PHIL)
I’m in construction. You?

STEVEN
I’m a driver. On holidays.

MOUSTACHE (PHIL)
Oh really? Where from?

STEVEN
New York. Ever been?

MOUSTACHE (PHIL)
Yeah, once or twice. On business.

STEVEN
Right.
MOUSTACHE (PHIL)
Well, I’ve gotta go. It was nice to meet you.

STEVEN
You too man.

Phil walks away. Steven watches him go. Steven waits until there is about 50 feet between them, and follows Phil.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
(V.O.) Any other time, he wouldn’t have lived the rest of the day. But the last thing I needed was more attention. So I followed him home. Made sure I knew where it was he lived. Because, believe me, I was going back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY

Steven walks up to the front of the bakery. Mancini is sitting there. His eyes are red. He’s high.

MANCINI
You find her?

STEVEN
No.

MANCINI
What?

STEVEN
I don’t know what to say. I tried everything I could think of. And I couldn’t find her.

MANCINI
How hard did you try?

STEVEN
Hard enough. Maybe she moved somewhere else. How the hell should I know. It was over a year ago for Christ sakes.

Pause.

MANCINI
OK. What about David Pratt.

STEVEN
What about him?
MANCINI
You’ve been following him, yeah?

STEVEN
Yeah. But I can’t find anything.

MANCINI
You don’t seem to be doing a very good job this month, Stevie.

STEVEN
What do you want me to say? Like Matt said, the man is clean.

MANCINI
Nobody’s that clean. Keep on him. Be thorough. I’m not going to jail in this lifetime.

Steven stands up, and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

Mancini and Alan are sitting at the defendants table. Matthew is with them. The trial is in progress.

DAVID PRATT
A middle aged lawyer is talking to the jury. He has grey hair, and wears glasses. Everybody is watching him talk.

Steven
Sits in the front row, right behind Mancini.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
This is David Pratt in action. Fuck, this guy was good. The guy had an impressive record, some were saying he had the makings of a district attorney. I didn’t really care. I had my job to do. So I kept following him through the trial. For three months, I followed him, with nothing coming up. But we all make mistakes.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT HOUSE

Steven sits in a chair outside an office. A receptionist is talking on the phone. She looks at Steven.
RECEPTIONIST
You can go in now.

Steven stands up, and walks into the office.

CUT TO:

INT. PITTS OFFICE

David Pratt is talking on the phone. He sees Steven come in.

DAVID
I’ll call you back.

David hangs up the phone.

DAVID (CONT’D)
Mr Willis. I must warn you that this isn’t appropriate.

Steven sits down.

DAVID (CONT’D)
I’ll also have you know that if you try to bribe me, I’ll have you arrested before you can leave the building.

STEVEN
I didn’t come with any money. I need to talk to you.

DAVID
OK. Talk.

STEVEN
I’ve been with Mancini for over fifteen years. And I’ve done things I’m not proud of. For the last six months, I’ve been following you. Trying to find something we can use against you.

DAVID
So now you’ve come here to make a deal.

STEVEN
I think you should look at these. I’m giving them to you because I think you’ll know what to do with them.

Steven pulls an envelope from his pocket, and puts it down on the desk. David picks it up, and opens it. He looks at the photos. His smile drops.
STEVEN (CONT'D)
Six months, and you only slipped up once. I gotta give you points for that. I don’t know how good the detail is, but I’m pretty sure you can make out that guys dick stuck in your mouth.

David drops the envelope.

DAVID
This is absurd.

STEVEN
Yeah. Tell me about it.

David picks up the envelope and drops it in his rubbish bin.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
That’s OK. I have other copies. I was thinking about sending a couple out, Christmas card style. One to your wife, one to your daughter, one to your church, and one to each of the five major papers in the city.

David is silent.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
For a catholic man who is so well known for his outspoken views on homosexuality, you don’t seem to have a problem with it there. Imagine the controversy.

DAVID
I should have you arrested.

STEVEN
You already did. And you can do it again if you want. But like I said, those pictures will be sent out if you don’t do what I want.

Pause.

DAVID
What do you want?

STEVEN
Lose the case.

DAVID
What?
STEVEN
Our case. I’m sure you know the one.

David nods.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
I want you to loose it. On purpose.

DAVID
I can’t.

STEVEN
Do you want another look at the photos, prosecutor?

Pause.

DAVID
OK.

STEVEN
Good. And, try not to make it to obvious, will you? The last thing we want is everybody knowing you work for us now.

David frowns at Steven.

DAVID
Get out.

Steven stands, and leaves.

STEVEN (V.O.)
It didn’t take long for the case to get back into our hands. It was like Pratt stopped trying. He kept up the show. But we had it won.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

The judge is handed a piece of paper. He looks at it, and reads it out.

JUDGE
Not guilty.

The whole crowd in the courtroom reacts. Some positively, most negatively. Mancini and Alan stand, proud. They shake Matthew’s hand. They walk up to Steven.
Mancini doesn’t look good. He’s sweating, and his eyes are red. Steven shakes Mancini’s hand, and then Alan’s.

Mancini

Falls to the ground. People swarm around him.

STEVEN

Somebody call an ambulance!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

Alan, Steven and a few other guys all sit in the waiting room. A doctor comes up to them.

ALAN

Is he OK?

DOCTOR

The drugs have done a number on his system. It’s a miracle he’s lived as long as he has.

STEVEN

(V.O.)

An overdose. Fucking hilarious.

ALAN

So he’s going to live?

DOCTOR

I doubt he’ll be leaving the hospital alive.

Alan nods.

DOCTOR (CONT’D)

He’s asking for you.

Alan nods, and takes a step towards the door.

DOCTOR (CONT’D)

Not you.

Doctor gestures towards Steven.

DOCTOR (CONT’D)

Him.

ALAN

What?

STEVEN

I’ll go see what’s going on.
Steven and the doctor walk through the doors. The doctor leads him to a room. He opens the door, and Steven steps in. The doctor closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Mancini is laying in the bed. He’s pale, and is hooked up to a few machines. He looks at Steven.

Mancini
Come here.

Steven walks over, and sits down.

Mancini (CONT'D)
Did we win?

Steven
Yeah. We won.

Mancini
Good.

Steven
How are you feeling?

Mancini
Sleepy. Exhausted. What’d the doctor say?

Steven
You overdosed.

Mancini
Right. Bastards probably poisoned me.

Steven
Did you want me to get Alan for you?

Mancini
No.

Steven
What did you want?

Mancini
The doctor told me I won’t be leaving here alive.

Steven
Yeah.
Mancini
After all the shit we did, this is how I go out.

Steven
I know.

Mancini
When I go. Somebody needs to be in charge.

Steven
Yeah. Alan will take over.

Mancini
No, not Alan. I want it to be you.

Steven
What?

Mancini
You, I want you to take over for me after I check out.

Steven
I don’t, I don’t know anything about the business.

Mancini
You know what you need to.

Steven
But what about Alan?

Mancini
He doesn’t deserve it. He’s not a hard worker like you. Don’t you understand. I’ve been grooming you for the past twenty years. You’re a good man, and I’m proud to have known you. I’ve always known that you’d be my successor. Because we’re the same type of person. You know that? I always wished that my Alan would’ve been more like you. The work that you’ve done for me over the years has been a great help, much more than you could ever realize. And it’s very rare in this day and age to find somebody who’s as loyal as you.

Steven is silent.
MANCINI (CONT'D)
So please. Grant a dying man his last wish.

Pause.

STEVEN
OK.

Mancini smiles.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
I gotta go.

Mancini nods. Steven leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

Steven walks out. He is met at the door by Alan.

ALAN
What’d he say.

STEVEN
He wants me to take over.

ALAN
Take over what?

STEVEN
Take over the business when he dies.

Alan is shocked by this. Steven walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN’S HOME

Steven is sitting in his arm chair, staring at the wall. He’s thinking. He exhales, loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN’S BEDROOM

Steven lays in bed, half asleep. He hears a noise, very faint. He grabs a remote control and throws it down under his sheet, then from underneath his pillow he grabs a handgun and points it straight at his door.

BRODY
Drop it.
Brody comes in from behind the door, also holding a gun, pointing it at Steven. He keeps his face hidden from the light.

BRODY (CONT'D)
There’s three other guys in your living room. Drop it.

Steven drops his gun on his floor. Brody picks it up, and tucks it away behind his jacket.

STEVEN
Brody, is that you?

BRODY
Sure is.

STEVEN
I heard you were dead. Took a bullet to the face last year.

BRODY
Almost, chief.

Brody takes a step forward, revealing his face. On his left cheek, he has a long scar.

STEVEN
When’d you come back into town?

BRODY
Tonight.

STEVEN
You’ve got a new crew?

BRODY
Yeah, three guys.

STEVEN
Any good?

BRODY
They’re OK. Not as good as us, but still OK.

Under his covers, Steven is moving his feet. He curls his toes around the remote control. He feels around with his toes. He holds his big toe over a button near the top.

BRODY (CONT'D)
So what have you been up to?

STEVEN
You’re really going to try and make small talk now?
BRODY
Good point.

Steven presses the button with his toe. The stereo system on the other side of the room turns on, and starts playing music very loudly. Brody turns his attention to it quickly.

Steven launches out of bed, tackling Brody into the wall. Steven punches Brody twice in the stomach, and Brody falls down. Brody aims his gun at Steven. Steven grabs Brody’s arm, twists it around, breaking the bone. He fires the gun, the bullet hitting Brody in the lower stomach.

GUY #1
Fires a wild shot into the bedroom. Steven takes cover behind the door frame. Steven pushes the door open, dives to the floor, and fires twice. Both bullets hit Guy #1 in the face. Steven stands, and walks down the hall.

GUY #2 and GUY #3
Wait in the living room with their guns trained on the door. Steven pops out, now kneeling on his knees, and shoots Guy #2.

Guy #3
Runs and hides behind the kitchen counter. Steven aims his gun at the counter, and shoots four times, the bullets going through the thin wood. Steven runs at the counter, jumping on it and sliding over. Steven, hanging upside down from the counter, points his gun at Guy #3 and shoots him, point blank in the face. Steven turns, and sits up on the counter. He walks back to the bedroom.

Brody
Lays on the floor, breathing heavily.

STEVEN
You know what Mancini’s gonna do to you when he hears about this bullshit, you ignorant little fuck?

BRODY
Mancini’s dead.

Steven is surprised.

STEVEN
When?

BRODY
This afternoon.
STEVEN
So who sent you?

Brody says nothing. Steven kneels down, and pushes the barrel of his gun into Brody’s bullet wound. Brody winces with pain.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
Who?

BRODY
Alan. Fucking Alan sent us.

STEVEN
Why’d you take the job if you knew it was me?

BRODY
He promised me your job. Said if I killed you, then he’d make us head soldiers.

STEVEN
You spineless little fuck.

Brody says nothing.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
You remember the last thing I said to you?

Brody shakes his head. Steven stands to his feet, aims the gun at Brody and shoots him in the head, killing him. Steven looks at Brody on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCINI’S HOUSE – MASTER BEDROOM

Alan is walking around the bedroom. He’s taking clothes out of the closet, and putting them in a large garbage bag.

Steven
Now covered with blood, walks into the room. He holds in his hands a gun with a silencer.

Alan turns to put another armful of clothes into the bag, and sees Steven. He drops the clothes.

ALAN
Stevie, what are you doing here?

STEVEN
Your guys are dead.

ALAN
What do you mean?
STEVEN
Brody, his crew, your guys downstairs. They’re all gone.

ALAN
What are you doing?

STEVEN
Don’t start. Come here and sit down.

Alan walks over, and sits down in an armchair. Steven sits down opposite him.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
How dare you send people into my house to kill me while I’m asleep. And it’s Brody, no less.

ALAN
Don’t even try and preach to me. I deserve to be in charge around here more than you. And my father, in a moment of drug induced stupidity, gives all the power over to you.

STEVEN
I didn’t want it! Did you ever stop to think about that? I didn’t want to be in charge of it all. I wasn’t even happy doing what I’m doing now. What makes you think I wanted to move up higher in the ladder?

Alan looks at the chest of drawers. Sitting on top is a handgun.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Don’t even think about it. Look at me.

Alan looks at him.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
If you look away again, I’ll drill you in the kneecaps.

Alan says nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
What happened tonight says a lot about who we are. Really. Like, your actions tell me about your belief in loyalty. You know what loyalty is, right?
Alan nods.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
I have been loyal to you and your father all the years I’ve known you. I have been loyal and valuable to you all this time, and you turn around and give the order. I only mention it because I don’t believe loyalty is a one way thing. It’s truly mutual. Your father knew it. But then again, he was a better man than you. Because in all the time I’ve known the two of you, I’ve respected you both. And I always thought that the respect, like loyalty, was mutual. But apparently not. You set your eyes on something you wanted, and you didn’t care what happened, as long as you got what you were after. But guess what. Your plan has gone hard left on you now. Because what you did, is unforgiveable.

Steven looks at his watch, then back at Alan.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
I changed my life for you. And other people’s lives as well. You should be so lucky. You’ve never been in my position. Never had to look a man in the eyes while he’s dying. Never had to listen to somebody beg and plead you for their life. Never had to wash somebody’s blood off your hands, off your clothes. Wash it out of your hair. Because you had me for that. I knew that you’d never be that guy. Because that’s what a true leader is. A guy who isn’t afraid to get his hands dirty. All you ever had to do was write a name down, and that was it. The problem was solved for you. Out of sight, out of mind. And that’s your problem. You took me for granted. Made me do all your dirty work, for next to nothing in return. Because the shit that I’ve done for you, and you turn around and pull this shit on me. Send your lackeys into my house, sail me down the fucking river. (MORE)
STEVEN (CONT'D)
Trade me in for a newer model, somebody who’s a lot dumber, who won’t ask questions. It’s unforgiveable. You bought this on yourself.

Steven raises his gun, and points it at Alan.

ALAN
I was the one who had Clare killed.

Steven stops.

STEVEN
What?

ALAN
I gave the order for Clare.

Steven grimaces.

STEVEN
Why?

ALAN
We knew that once the baby was born, you guys would leave the city. And with the stuff that both of you knew, we couldn’t have it. So I called somebody in from out of town to take care of her. Because we couldn’t risk it.

STEVEN
You mean to tell me that you had Clare killed just so I wouldn’t leave. Because you were scared we might rat on you. What did your father say?

ALAN
He never knew.

STEVEN
So it was all your decision? To take out the only person who ever truly made me happy.

Pause.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
If I was a lesser man, I might make this slow and painful. But you’ve been a burden on me my whole life, and in some way, I’m glad it’s come to this.
Steven shoots once, hitting Alan in the chest. Steven fires again, hitting Alan in the face. Alan slumps down in the chair, dead. Steven stands to his feet, looking at Alan’s body. He grabs the bottom of his shirt, and rubs the handle of the gun, and drops it to the floor. He turns, and walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven is still typing.

STEVEN
And that was it. Because I had all my money in their accounts, I came away from it with nothing. So for the past two years, I’ve been hiring myself out to anybody who wanted me.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHIL’S HOUSE

Phil (Guy who killed Clare) is standing at his front door, unlocking the door with his keys. He opens the door, and shuts it behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. PHIL’S HOUSE

Phil runs his hand along the wall to find a light switch. He finds one, and turns the light on. He’s standing in the kitchen. He walks over to the living room, and turns a light on in there as well.

Phil walks into the bathroom, and runs some water into the sink. He splashes some on his face, turns the water off and walks back out into the living room. Standing there, is Steven.

PHIL
(startled)
Jesus Christ!

Steven is holding a handgun. He points it at Phil. Phil puts his hands up.

PHIL (CONT’D)
Take it easy, man. Don’t you know who I am.
STEVEN
You’re Phil.

PHIL
You don’t know what you’re doing.

STEVEN
I know exactly what I’m doing. More than you know. You don’t remember me, do you?

PHIL
No.

STEVEN
Well, this is the second time we’ve met, but you’ve had such a huge influence on my life.

PHIL
What do you mean?

STEVEN

PHIL
Yeah, so what? Some chick who couldn’t keep her mouth shut.

STEVEN
Her name was Clare.

PHIL
Like it fucking matters.

STEVEN
You should be careful, you know. The locks around here aren’t very good. Somebody with a huge grudge might storm in here looking for revenge.

PHIL
Is that what you’re here for? It was sixteen years ago, for Christ sakes.

STEVEN
Sixteen years next month.

PHIL
What do you want? If it’s money you’re after...

STEVEN
Not money.
PHIL
What then?

STEVEN
I want to give you the same feeling you gave her. To have somebody storm into your house and execute you.

PHIL
Look, I’m sorry, OK? But it needed to be done.

STEVEN
What kind of heartless man kills a woman? A pregnant woman at that. There is no way I’d ever do that.

PHIL
Well maybe you you need to learn how.

Steven walks over, and hits PHIL across the face with the gun. Phil falls to the floor. Steven kicks Phil in the stomach, hard. Phil yells in pain. Steven kicks Phil in the shoulder, rolling him over so he’s flat on his back.

PHIL (CONT’D)
Please man, I’ve got kids.

Steven shoots Phil twice in the stomach, then twice in the chest, then once in the head. He drops the gun on Phil’s chest, and kneels down. He pulls Phil’s wallet from his pocket. He opens it up, and takes the drivers license out. He drops the wallet on the floor, and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Steven is typing.

STEVEN
(V.O.)
So it took me sixteen years, but I finally found him. I’d always wondered what I’d do to him when I found him. I never thought it would be that tame. Sometimes I surprise myself.

Steven looks at his watch.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
(V.O.)
So that’s it, I guess.
(MORE)
It’s not my whole life, but it’s the most important parts. And that’s all I was asked to put into this book. When this lady, Ms Foster tracked me down to write this, I was concerned at first. I’ve never written anything before. So, Ms Foster, I hope this is to your liking, and I hope it sells well. Obviously I’ve changed a couple of names to protect the people who are still alive, but apart from that it’s the truth, from start to finish. What more could you ask for?

Steven stops typing and looks at the screen. He presses a button, and the computer turns off. He closes it, and puts it back in the bag. He looks at his watch, then stands up and walks to the door. He doesn’t exit. He waits a few seconds, and the door opens. He hides behind it.

SOPHIE BROWN

Walks in. She closes the door behind her.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
You’re a creature of habit, Ms Brown.

Sophie turns around, startled.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
Always back in your room at one o’clock.

Sophie goes to say something. Steven grabs a handgun from his bag and points it at Sophie.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
Quiet. You know why I’m here?

Sophie nods.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
You know who sent me?

Sophie nods.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
Good.

Steven lowers the gun.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
If I’d come on a different night, I would’ve killed you. But I think I’ve had a change of heart. (MORE)
STEVEN (CONT'D)
So whatever you’re mixed up in, I suggest you get out as soon as possible. Because it’s only going to be a matter of time before the people who sent me come after you again. And I guarantee you, the next guy won’t be so nice.

Steven puts the gun back in his bag.

SOPHIE
You’ve done a smart thing.

STEVEN
What?

SOPHIE
You weren’t supposed to come until tomorrow night.

STEVEN
What do you mean?

SOPHIE
That’s what she told you, isn’t it?

STEVEN
That’s right. How did you know.

Sophie reaches into her pocket and pulls out a wallet. She opens it, and drops it onto the table.

A police badge

Rests inside.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
You’re a cop?

SOPHIE
Yes.

STEVEN
What’s going on?

SOPHIE
We’re setting you up.

STEVEN
Do they know I’m here?

No answer.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Do they know I’m here? Right now?
SOPHIE
No. Nolan won’t be here until tomorrow night.

STEVEN
Nolan.

SOPHIE
He said you’d know who he was.

Steven walks over, and strikes Sophie hard. She falls down. Steven runs out of the room. Sophie takes out her cell phone and dials a number.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Steven is running. He grabs his gun, ejects the magazine and drops the magazine into a trash can. He turns the corner, and drops the gun into another one. He reaches the stairs. He opens the door and runs in.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK

Steven is running across the car park towards his car. He gets to it, unlocks it, and jumps inside. He starts the car, and starts driving.

A cop car

Pulls in, driving towards him. Steven pulls a u turn, and drives in the opposite direction. He floors it, driving as fast as he can. He exits the hotel car park.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Steven is driving, followed by police cars. He’s flying around corners, but whatever he does, he can’t seem to shake the police that are chasing him.

A bridge

Is up ahead. Steven drives towards it. The middle of the bridge rises up, making Steven unable to drive across. Steven stops driving, stopping midway between the bridge and the police cars, which have stopped at the start of the bridge. Steven grabs a gun from the glove box, aims it out the window (away from the police), and fires off two shots. The cops take cover behind their cars.
Steven

Pulls out his cell phone. He presses a few buttons, then
hits the call button. The phone is ringing. After four
rings, somebody answers.

MELEAH
Hello?

STEVEN
Hello, is that Meleah?

MELEAH
Yes.

STEVEN
Hi Meleah. Happy birthday.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM

A group of girls sit around the room.

MELEAH
Sixteen years old, with brown hair and brown eyes, holds
the phone.

NOTE: THE SCENE SWITCHES BETWEEN WHO’S TALKING

MELEAH
Thank you.

STEVEN
You don’t know me, but my name is
Steven. How do you like the
phone?

MELEAH
It’s great.

STEVEN
I thought you’d like it. I did
call on the right day, right?

MELEAH
Yeah, it’s midnight, so it’s
officially the 23rd.

STEVEN
Great. I was actually an old
friend of your moms. Your real
mom, anyway.

MELEAH
OK.
STEVEN
Do you know much about her?

MELEAH
No, not really.

STEVEN
Well, her name was Clare. She had brown hair, and brown eyes. She was in her early twenties when she had you. And I loved her very much. Do you go to school?

MELEAH
Yeah. Tenth grade.

STEVEN
Wow. And your foster parents, what are they like?

MELEAH
They’re great.

STEVEN
That’s good.

Steven sheds a tear.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
I’m going to be up that way very soon. Would it be OK if I came by. I’d love to meet you. Tell you more about your mom.

MELEAH
Yeah, sure. That’d be good.

STEVEN
Great. Well, I look forward to meeting you.

MELEAH
You too.

Steven hangs up, and drops the phone on the seat.

From the group of police cars

Nolan

Appears. He’s aged, now with a beard and it’s greying. He holds a megaphone in his hands.

NOLAN
Steven. There’s no way out of this for you.
STEVEN
(yelling)
Wanna bet?

NOLAN
The bridge isn’t coming down. The only way out of this is you coming with us.

Steven looks around for another way out.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
Come on, don’t do something stupid.

Steven gets his computer out of his bag. He opens it up, and starts putting together an e-mail.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
You’ve got ten seconds, then we’re coming to get you.

Steven finishes the e-mail, with the story attached. He hits the send button. The progress bar fills slowly.

The cops
Start walking towards the car, their guns aimed at it.

Steven
Opens the door, and drops the computer on the ground. He shuts the door. He stares at the bridge, then shifts the car into drive. He slams his foot down on the accelerator.

STEVEN
(yelling)
I’m not going back to prison!

The car drives towards the empty space where the bridge used to be.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
I’m not going back.

The car drives off the bridge, and into the water. The car quickly sinks.

Nolan
Watches in horror as this happens.

CUT TO:
INT. STEVEN’S CAR

Steven is looking around while his car is submerged in water. The inside of the car is not filling. Steven aims his gun at the passengers side, and shoots twice, the bullets hitting both windows. The windows shatter, and the car quickly fills up with water.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Nolan is yelling at the cops standing around, watching.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVEN’S CAR

As the water fills around Steven, he holds a picture in his hands. It’s of him and Clare, smiling for the camera. His grip loosens, and the picture floats away, drifting towards the surface of the river.

FADE OUT.

ROLL CREDITS