

# Rusty's Legacy

written by

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Logline: Detective Vincent Price, a middle-aged detective, uncovers harsh truths about institutions he believes in while searching for his kidnapped wife.

## Main Characters:

Vincent Price

Joan Price

John Regan

Agent Rockwell

Agent Smith

Captain Rigs

Garcia

Lopez

Rubin

Tom Wright (Frankie)

FADE IN:

INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vincent, a middle-aged man, is sitting up in his bed in the middle of the night. His wife is sound asleep beside me. Vincent is panting as if he has just woken up from a nightmare. He closes his eyes.

VINCENT  
(voice-over)  
The dance continues long after the  
music stops playing.

CUT TO:

EXT. A FOREST IN AFGHANISTAN - MORNING

A younger Vincent is camouflaged between trees. His position overlooks a young Afghan soldier fetching water from a stream.

VINCENT  
(voice-over)  
Let the sheep stray from the herd.

Vincent adjusts his rifle into position. The Afghan soldier crouches down to fill his water bottle. His back is towards Vincent.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
(voice-over)  
Take aim.

Vincent's grip tightens.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
Exhale.

He exhales.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
And shoot.

A shot is fired. The soldier falls down without a sound. His bottle flows away with the stream.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
And again.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLY AREAS - EVENING

VINCENT

And again.

Vincent shoots. Another man falls down.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - NIGHT

Vincent stands with a few compatriots in a deserted place. They carry their guns against their chests. They watch a man be executed.

VINCENT:

(voice-over)

The wheel keeps rotating.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. SCOTTSDALE POLICE ACADEMY - MORNING

Vincent, 26 years old, shouldering a duffel bag, stands outside the premises of the academy.

VINCENT:

(voice-over)

You find that some habits cannot be overturned, even when you return home.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A much older Vincent, wearing a police vest, holds a gun ready. His partner John is positioned parallel to him. They stalk the criminal hiding behind a post-box a few feet away. Suddenly, the criminal sprints. The detectives run after him.

JOHN:

(shouts)

Cover me!

John runs after the criminal. Vincent quickly aims at the back of the criminal and hits at his leg. The criminal yelps and falls down. Red and blue lights surround them.

Vincent looks up to see John shaking his head in disappointment.

VINCENT:  
 (voice-over)  
 Shoot to kill becomes second  
 nature.  
 (Pause)  
 Exhale.

BACK TO:

INT. DURANGO'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Vincent opens his eyes. His wife Joan sits opposite to him. She is wearing a deep red dress. There is soft music and polite conversation in the background. The interior is very trendy, with rustic wood floors. The tables are dark oak and spacious, with no white tablecloths. The chairs are a unique wood-carved design with red cushion-seat covers. Open beam ceilings give the impression of an old western log cabin salon. Billiard balls crack against each other as some patrons play pool near the bar.

JOAN:  
 (sipping wine)  
 So I said to Bob, "Bob, if you  
 don't let my first graders have the  
 same access to library as other  
 kids, the PTA and I will have a  
 serious conversation.

VINCENT:  
 (amused)  
 Did he concede?

JOAN:  
 (shrugging)  
 He had to.

VINCENT:  
 Are first graders really that  
 enthusiastic about libraries?

JOAN:  
 I have been working on them, and  
 some of them are, yes. And needless  
 protocol is only going to stand  
 between them and knowledge.

Vincent nods and focuses on his steak.

JOAN: (CONT'D)  
 What are you thinking about?

VINCENT:

(sighs)

I just don't understand why John would look at me like that. We've worked well together for 20 years, for Christ's sake. His children call us Uncle Vince and Aunt Joan.

JOAN:

Maybe he was surprised by how easily you ...

VINCENT:

By how I what? Shot at the dealer? He would have gotten away, Joan!

JOAN:

If it bugs you that much, get a new partner.

VINCENT:

How can you say that? He's like a brother to me. And it's not that easy. There are all kinds of protocols in place and-

JOAN:

See? I tell you, they're everywhere. It's boggling. How is anyone supposed to get anything done?

VINCENT:

Now, I don't agree with you there. This is a completely different matter.

JOAN:

How is it any different?

VINCENT:

Well, for one, we're supposed to protect the people.

JOAN:

Does that mean all people?

VINCENT:

Yes, of course. Why do you say that?

JOAN:

Then, that also includes the man who was running away.

VINCENT:  
I told you, it was a reflex.

JOAN:  
You know, it's our anniversary.  
Let's just not talk about this.

VINCENT:  
(quietly)  
I can hear it when you're judging  
me, okay?

Joan sips wine but does not say anything.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
Do you hate that I am a cop? Is  
that it?

Joan quietly searches her husband's face for something.  
Vincent does not understand what it is and shies away from  
her gaze.

JOAN:  
I love you, Vinnie. Happy  
anniversary.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEAR THE STEAKHOUSE'S EXIT - LATER

The bar was full, and the dining room was empty. The  
atmosphere inside is noisy and joyful, the music loud, as the  
alcohol fills the patrons with a false sense of euphoria.  
Outside, it is empty with little to no people around. Vincent  
is helping Joan put on her coat.

JOAN:  
(apologetic)  
Listen, I'm sorry about earlier. I  
did not mean to sound so  
capricious.

VINCENT:  
I like being a cop, Joan.

JOAN:  
I know. I do, too...

VINCENT:  
(interrupting)  
Do you? Because sometimes I sense  
that you can't bear to look at me  
when I get into trouble.

(MORE)

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
I'm a detective. I'm supposed to  
notice these things.

Joan looks at Vincent dismally. A beat passes.

JOAN:  
Vincent, I-

A man's voice from behind Vincent speaks.

MAN:  
Leaving so soon, Price?

Vincent turns around effortlessly to see who is addressing him. Turning, he hears a thunderous blast, sees a flash of light, and feels a hard pounding in my shoulder. He falls back to the floor, and all goes dark.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Vincent wakes up in a hospital bed. He winces at the sharp pain in his shoulder. He looks up to find a doctor and a nurse in the room with him.

DOCTOR:  
I am Dr. Ward. Detective Price, I'm  
afraid you got shot earlier  
tonight. I removed the bullet,  
cleaned you up, and closed the  
gunshot wound. You are lucky it was  
not a powerful weapon. The bullet  
did not go far into your shoulder;  
it was more of a surface gunshot,  
an inch deep.

Dr. Ward waits for Vincent to say something, but Vincent narrows his eyes as if he is trying hard to readjust himself to waking up.

DOCTOR: (CONT'D)  
I will let you leave here tomorrow  
and rest at home for the week. Keep  
using the arm sling to keep the  
weight off your shoulder. Take your  
antibiotics, and I will check on  
you.

VINCENT:  
(remembering)  
Joan!

DOCTOR:  
I'm sorry?

VINCENT:  
My wife! Where is she?

Dr Ward gives the nurse a confused look. The nurse also shrugs.

DOCTOR:  
Mr. Price, I'm afraid you were brought in alone. Do you want us to contact your wife?

VINCENT:  
(exasperated)  
No, you don't understand! She was with me when I-

Vincent stops short when his colleagues Williams and Scranton come in. The two officers nod to the doctor and shake hands with him.

DOCTOR:  
We'll leave you to it.

The doctor exits the room. The officers step forward.

WILLIAMS:  
How you doing, Vince?

VINCENT:  
(strained)  
Where's Joan?

Williams and Scranton look at each other, befuddled.

SCRANTON:  
We were hoping you'd know.

WILLIAMS:  
We tried contacting her but there was no answer. We dropped by your house, but she wasn't there either.

SCRANTON:  
(slowly)  
We think that whoever did this to you must have taken her.

Vincent presses his lips together and shakes his head. Williams steps forward and holds Vincent's shoulder to console him.

SCRANTON: (CONT'D)  
How did this happen? Did you see anyone you knew? See anything unusual? Notice anyone watching you while eating?

VINCENT:  
(after a moment's pause)  
We had just finished our meal, paid the bill, and walked out holding hands when I heard my name called. I had barely turned to see their faces, and before I knew it, I was out. Next thing I know, I wake up here and am told I have a gunshot into my shoulder.

WILLIAMS:  
Did you recognize their voice?

Vincent shakes his head.

VINCENT:  
Look I don't care if I have a bullet hole in my shoulder. I need to find Joan.

WILLIAMS:  
(steadying him)  
Hey, now. You need to rest. We got this.

VINCENT:  
But Joan-

WILLIAMS:  
Will be okay. Don't worry. We're on it.

Vincent looks at his colleague with an empty expression on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- LATER

Vincent attempts to sit up in bed but since he is hooked to an IV and injected with pain medication, he fails.

As he lies in the hospital bed and stares at the ceiling, thoughts keep recurring in his mind of the events leading up to my shooting, but nothing stands out. He frowns. His eyes grow heavy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN AFGHANISTAN - DAY

A younger Vincent is shot in the leg, wounded on my right thigh as his platoon storms a small village. Vincent holds his thigh and grits his teeth. He stares at the gash that stares back at him like an abyss.

BACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NOON

Vincent wakes up, gasping for air. His partner John is in the room with him and gets up to pour him water. Vincent looks at John in a perplexed manner. He quietly accepts the glass of water John offers him.

VINCENT:  
Everything alright?

JOHN:  
I should ask you that.

A beat passes.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
(sighing)  
I visited Durango Club this morning and managed to secure the surveillance footage. The camera caught firing a gun and wearing a hat, but had no facial recognition. He grabbed Joan's arm, put the gun to her side, and pull her toward the back emergency exit door.

Vincent clenches his jaw and tightly grips the railing of the bed. John watches Vincent.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
The station has called in the FBI, saying that there has been a homicide attempt on a detective's life and a kidnapping of his wife.  
(MORE)

JOHN: (CONT'D)

The patrons at the questions have been brought in and are being questioned. So far, none of them has said anything of significance or suspect. They're saying they only saw a flash and heard a gunshot.

(Pause)

The station has also sent photos of Joan to the U.S. and Mexican border patrols. Just in case.

Vincent nods absently.

JOHN: (CONT'D)

What are you thinking?

VINCENT:

I just feel utterly useless.

JOHN:

I figured you would say that, which is why -

(turns around to take out  
a laptop from his bag)

I brought you your laptop.

VINCENT:

(touched)

John, I -

JOHN:

(shaking his head)

It's fine. Let's not dwell on it.

(Pause)

We should find Joan first, at least.

Vincent nods, looking past John and at the TV screen. The screen shows the local media in a frenzy, with news trucks in front of the hospital and questions being asked. The public relations are being handled by Captain Rigs, the head of the station.

CAPTAIN RIGS:

(on TV)

The investigation is ongoing, which is why we won't be commenting on the case. If anyone has any information regarding Detective Price's wife, Joan Price, do come forward. We hope Detective Price makes a speedy recovery. Thank you.

The conference ends and the news outlet displays Joan's picture on screen along with the station's landline.

Captain Rigs walks in.

CAPTAIN RIGS: (CONT'D)  
I won't stay too long, Price. I  
just dropped by to see how you were  
faring.  
(nodding to John)  
John.

John nods, and steps aside to take a phone call.

VINCENT:  
I'm just racking my name here,  
hoping to figure out who it is who  
shot me and had the balls to kidnap  
my wife.

CAPTAIN RIGS:  
Well, you don't excel at being a  
cop without making a few enemies. I  
also had to let you know that we  
wire-tapped your house and your  
cell in case you receive a ransom  
call. There's also a police car  
stationed near your home, so don't  
fret.

VINCENT:  
Thank you, Captain.

CAPTAIN RIGS:  
(nodding)  
At ease, soldier.

Captain Rigs leaves. Vincent sits there, brows furrowed in contemplation. John hangs up his phone call and steps forward.

JOHN:  
The Internal Department has some  
new info.

VINCENT looks up, eager yet a little nervous.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
They were able to zoom in on the  
footage of the suspect outside  
Durango. The moment the gun went  
off, his hand was exposed and so  
was the devil's head tattooed on  
it.

John hands over his phone to Vincent. A grainy image of a man's hand holding a gun is visible.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
Identified the gun's model too. He used a .22 Caliber, The Saturday night special.

Vincent narrows his eyes on the image.

VINCENT:  
The tattoo's familiar. The Mexicans?

JOHN:  
(hums in contemplation)  
Your guess is as good as mine. It's similar to the Sinaloa Cartel's insignia. There's gotta be hundreds of members in the Phoenix area alone, but -

VINCENT:  
We have a lead.

Vincent keeps looking at the grainy image with a thoughtful expression.

JOHN:  
What is it, Vince? What's bothering you?

VINCENT:  
He didn't want to kill me.

Vincent sounds as if he's trying to put pieces of the puzzle together.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
If he did, he wouldn't have used that joke of a weapon. It's likely a Rohm RG-14, judging by the way it fits in his palm. Was this a warning shot meant to scare me?

John and Vincent exchange a meaningful look.

CUT TO:

EXT. A ROOFTOP IN AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

The view is from inside a scope. A young boy runs out onto the street, a doll of some kind tucked under his arm.

The scope shakes as the gun recoils from the warning shot. The boy screams rushing back. The doll is left abandoned in the dirt.

BACK TO:

INT. THE HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

John leans against the bed looking at the image on the phone in Vincent's hand.

JOHN:

It was close range and yet he still shot you in the shoulder of all places. You were unarmed, dining out with your wife in an establishment you did not frequent since the Durango opened recently.

A beat passes.

JOHN: (CONT'D)

(slowly)

Somebody must've been keeping tabs on you.

Vincent looks up at John, with barely contained anger.

VINCENT:

When I find this son of a bitch, they'll be scraping him off the sidewalk with a shovel.

John sighs and reaches out to pat Vincent's back once.

JOHN:

Let's not get ahead of ourselves just yet, Vince. Whoever this was, has a grudge.

A beat passes. John glances at Vincent knowingly.

VINCENT:

(sighs)

You think I don't know that? That is exactly why I can't sit here in this hospital room, being absolutely useless while my wife is in danger, God knows where, because of me!

John silently takes in Vincent's outburst.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
I didn't mean to shout at you.  
(rubbing his temples)  
I know everyone's doing their best  
to find Joan and I couldn't be more  
thankful but I just-

JOHN:  
(placing his hand on  
Vincent's shoulder)  
We're going to get her back, Vince.  
They'll let you out tomorrow and  
we're getting Joan back, don't fret  
about it.

The room is silent for a moment, except for the soft beeping of the monitor and the hum of machines accompanied by the occasional sound from beyond the closed door of the room.

Vincent suddenly looks up at JOHN as if he's had an epiphany.

VINCENT:  
John, remember those two arrests we  
made? What, five, six years ago?

John nods his head at once.

JOHN:  
That's what I thought too. They  
were members of the cartel. But I  
checked with the department. Both  
are still serving time at the state  
prison in the federal correctional  
institution outside the city, east  
of Phoenix.

Vincent curses under his breath.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
Here's what we'll do. I'll scour  
the streets for more clues. We have  
a good idea of where to start. They  
kidnapped a cop's wife. Someone's  
gotta budge.

Vincent nods.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
I'll put out word with the  
informants too. They're a dime a  
dozen in drug trafficking cases,  
you know that.

A beat passes. John gets up to leave.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
You relax. I'll come pick you up  
tomorrow when they discharge you.  
Trust me, yeah?

Vincent looks up, mustering a small smile.

VINCENT:  
Yeah. Thanks.

John returns the smile. The two hold eye contact for a second, twenty years of working together making them used to speaking without words. JOHN leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - MORNING.

Vincent walks next to John. Vincent's arm is in a sling. They both head out towards the parking lot. The voices of medical staff and the occasional sound of wheels against the tile fill the scene in the background. Vincent is wearing a sweatshirt issued by the department instead of the bloodied button down he came in wearing.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

The two walk to a police cruiser. John walks ahead and Vincent brings his right arm up to shield his eyes from the sun. He looks haggard, and his eyes are bloodshot.

JOHN:  
I'll drop you off at home, get  
dressed and for god's sake get some  
sleep. You look like I've picked  
you up from a shift at the  
graveyard.

John unlocks the car, and Vincent opens the door with his right hand with some difficulty, being used to opening it with his left. Vincent looks at John over the top of the car.

VINCENT:  
I'll take a shower and change at  
home, but then I'm following you  
out on your investigation.

John looks as if he wants to argue, but Vincent is already in the car by then. John sighs and slides into the driver's side.

JOHN:

Your badge and weapon were taken in by the department, following the medical suspension. You're too close to the case, it's policy.

Vincent stares out the window.

JOHN: (CONT'D)

Anyway, there's an extra weapon in the glove compartment if the situation demands.

VINCENT shares a look with JOHN and nods.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S CONDO- MORNING

The condo looks lived in, with little trinkets adorning every surface. There is a framed artwork that appears to be a first grader's, one of Joan's students. JOHN steps away to take a call, and Vincent heads to his room.

CUT TO:

EXT. A WAREHOUSE RAID - NIGHT, FIVE YEARS AGO

Red and blue lights flash as sirens blare and two Hispanic men are ushered into a police cruiser. In the background an officer's voice can be heard reading the Miranda rights to them. Vincent stands to the side with John. One of the two men being arrested makes eye contact with Vincent: there is no remorse in his eyes but an unspoken greed. Vincent looks away, disturbed.

BACK TO:

INT. VINCENT'S CONDO - MORNING

Vincent emerges from his room, looking somewhat better having changed out of the Department's tracksuit. John sits there waiting and looks up at his arrival.

JOHN:

You sure you wanna do this?

Vincent gives a single determined nod.

CUT TO:

INT. THE POLICE CRUISER- MORNING.

The car drives through a bustling neighborhood: loud music blares from cars driving by. Vincent looks tired and yet stares around the block as if trying to commit every face to memory. John sighs.

JOHN:

I still think you should've rested a while, Vince. You can't find Joan if you're barely functioning yourself.

VINCENT:

(quietly)

I can't sit still. There's not much I can do right now, so at least let me be a second pair of eyes for you, yeah? I'm fine. Don't worry.

John does not look convinced, but he nods anyway. Suddenly, Vincent's phone rings. The caller ID reads "UNKNOWN CALLER". Vincent and John make eye contact, a silent understanding passing amongst them. Vincent picks up the call putting it on speaker. A deep voice begins addressing him.

KIDNAPPER:

Detective Price, do you want to see your wife again?

VINCENT:

(quickly)

Who is this?

KIDNAPPER:

(ignoring Vincent's question)

Check your text.

Vincent looks at the screen, his brows furrowed and a mix of concern and anger overtaking his features. On the screen, there is an image of Joan tied up and gagged.

VINCENT:

If anything happens to her, I swear to God I'll hunt you down for the rest of your life. I'll cut you up and feed you to the fucking dogs!

John places a placating hand on Vincent's shoulder, silently urging him not to lose his cool.

KIDNAPPER:

Vincent, calm down. I just want two things for the price of your wife and her life. Now listen carefully. (A pause) Fifty thousand dollars and the release of my brother from prison.

VINCENT:

(quickly)

I can get you the money!

Vincent looks at John who slightly shakes his head. The silent gesture makes Vincent furrow his brows.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)

But your brother is out of my control.

KIDNAPPER:

(interrupting)

Make it happen. I will call you back later!

The call disconnects, and Vincent stares at the phone in his hand.

JOHN:

A brother in jail. So it was really as we had guessed. Personal grudge.

VINCENT:

I'll skin the bastard alive.

Vincent puts his head in his hands.

JOHN:

The money is doable, Vince and you know we're always here-

VINCENT:

(interrupting)

I have some money saved up. That's not the issue.

A lull of silence. The sounds outside the parked police cruiser have faded into the background.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)

But the release of a convicted criminal? That's not in my hands!

Vincent stares at his palms in frustration. John wordlessly starts the car.

JOHN:

Let's do what we can and worry  
about the rest later.

The phone rings again. The caller ID reads "Detective  
Lakers". Vincent puts it on speaker.

VINCENT:

Detective Lakers, any lead on where  
the kidnapper was calling from?

DETECTIVE LAKERS:

That's why I called Price. The call  
came from a burner phone, from a  
cell tower east of Phoenix,  
somewhere around Apache Junction.

VINCENT:

Apache Junction? That's not far  
from here. The bastard's right  
under our radar.

DETECTIVE LAKERS:

We're trying to trace the location  
more closely.

(Pause)

And please return to the station  
with John.

John looks sheepish at the Detective's tone. Vincent is not  
supposed to be working right now or accompanying him on an  
official investigation.

DETECTIVE LAKERS: (CONT'D)

Our friends down at the FBI are  
here for a visit.

JOHN:

We'll be right there, Lakers. Just  
gonna make a quick stop at the  
bank.

DETECTIVE LAKERS:

Sure. Be on guard. I think there's  
more to this than that man's  
letting on.

VINCENT:

Yeah, but I'm hoping giving him the  
money will calm the issue down for  
a while. We'll get there as soon as  
possible. Thanks for the heads up.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTTSDALE STATION - NOON.

Vincent and John walk into the station. Detective Lakers stands next to an unfamiliar pair. He turns to John and Vincent and introduces the others.

DETECTIVE LAKERS:  
 (acknowledging their  
 presence)  
 Price, Regan. Was there a problem  
 at your end?

JOHN:  
 The withdrawal was a large amount.  
 We got a little late with bank  
 procedures.

DETECTIVE LAKERS:  
 (nods)  
 This is Agent Rockwell and Agent  
 Smith from down at the FBI. They'll  
 be helping us look over how to  
 handle the, uh, situation with  
 Joan.

The detectives step forward. Detective Smith and Detective Rockwell both look to be around their late thirties.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
 Hello, Detective Price.  
 (holding her hand out for  
 a shake)  
 I hope that wound's not bothering  
 you much?

Detective Rockwell eyes the sling with a passive expression.

VINCENT:  
 (taking her hand and  
 shaking it firmly)  
 Not at all. I've seen worse.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
 Yes, I'm sure. I hear you served in  
 Afghanistan. Makes sense that  
 gunshot wounds like this don't faze  
 you.

Vincent's brows furrow wondering how she knows. He looks at Detective Lakers who seems perplexed too.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
 Don't look so troubled, Detective  
 Price. We're the FBI.  
 (MORE)

DETECTIVE SMITH: (CONT'D)  
We make it our business to know things.

(smiles good naturedly)  
Which is exactly why we're here to help. But first we need a detailed account of last night and everything that's followed. Detective Lakers was kind enough to help piece a few things together but we need to hear it from you.

VINCENT:  
(nodding)  
You can ask me anything that might help you track down the suspect.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
Let's sit down in the interrogation room and go over everything, one more time.  
(Pause)  
If that's fine with you.

Vincent nods, and the five of them head to the interrogation room.

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. MILITARY BASE IN AFGHANISTAN - NOON.

A young Vincent stares down the scope of his rifle and shoots two repeated rounds taking down an Afghani soldier swiftly. He exhales, his eyes set on the blood trickling from between the dead man's empty looking eyes.

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE RAID - NIGHT

Two eyes stare at Vincent as the suspect is lowered into the police cruiser after being handcuffed. Red and blue flashing lights and the sound of sirens invades his senses.

BACK TO:

INT. SCOTTSDALE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - NOON

Detective Rockwell voice sounds as if it is coming from somewhere far away, as if she or Vincent is underwater.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
Detective Price? Detective Price?  
Vincent?

VINCENT shakes his head returning to the present. All eyes in the room are fixed on him.

VINCENT:  
I'm sorry, could you please repeat that?

The FBI agents share a look.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
(clearing his throat) )  
Rockwell and I both agree that based on all the evidence we have so far, and based off the assumption that the suspect is indeed a member of the Sinaloa Cartel,  
(a beat)  
the "brother" the kidnapper wants out is probably either of these two.

Detective Smith slides two papers towards Vincent. He finds the faces slightly familiar.

DETECTIVE SMITH: (CONT'D)  
That's Garcia and Lopez. Locked up in federal prison five years ago by you and Detective Regan. Both members of the Sinaloa Cartel, serving time after a cocaine sale went wrong, and Oscar Sanchez was killed in the fallout.

John leans forward, taking a better look at the pictures.

JOHN:  
(remembering)  
The warehouse raid?

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
Precisely. We're currently looking for any trace of a family who might be living nearby. We'll be sending the photo you received to forensics too, hopefully we can find out where they're keeping Detective Price's wife from the results.

The two FBI agents rise.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL: (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry, Detective Price.  
 Shooting an officer of the law,  
 kidnapping his family member and  
 demanding a convicted criminal to  
 be freed...we're finding this  
 audacious bastard one way or the  
 other.

Vincent nods, still looking down at the images of Garcia and Lopez on the interrogation table. The detectives take their leave. John pats Vincent's back, shaking him out of his reverie.

JOHN:  
 Come on, Vince. Let's head out and  
 get you something to eat.

VINCENT:  
 John, I'm not-

JOHN:  
 (interrupts)  
 I'm not taking no for an answer.  
 You look like you'll faint if you  
 don't eat anything in the next few  
 minutes.

VINCENT sighs.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
 Besides, I'm starving too, help me  
 out here?  
 (smiles meekly)

VINCENT:  
 (shaking his head)  
 Twenty years, and you're still a  
 pain in the ass.

JOHN:  
 (laughing)  
 You'll go if I tell you we'll pay  
 Garcia and Lopez a little visit in  
 Tucson after you've eaten  
 something?

Vincent looks at John with an eager expression.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
 That's what I thought. Get up.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTE TUCSON - AFTERNOON

Vincent sits in an interrogation room and taps his foot on the ground as the warden brings a handcuffed Garcia in front of him. At the same time, John is in another interrogation room. He eyes Lopez sitting across him.

JOHN:  
(voice-over)  
How do we go about this?

VINCENT:  
(voice-over)  
We separate them.

JOHN:  
(voice-over)  
Give them the old good cop bad cop?

VINCENT:  
(voice-over)  
Get them to give you something.  
Anything.

John watches Lopez.

JOHN:  
(smiling, to Lopez)  
Nice to meet you Mr. Lopez. My  
name's John Regan, I'm hoping you  
remember me? It has been a while.

Lopez looks irked.

SHARP CUT TO:

Garcia sits in the seat across from Vincent and places his cuffed hands on the table as the warden retreats to stand in the back. Vincent's eyes snag on the devil's head tattoo on the back of his hand. Garcia raises a brow leaning back in his seat.

GARCIA:  
Of course, I remember you. You  
don't forget the bastard that puts  
you in prison.

VINCENT:  
Glad you have a great memory, I'm  
gonna need you to put it to use for  
me today.

GARCIA:  
Why would I do shit for you, *cuico*?

VINCENT:  
 (leaning forward)  
 You have a brother.

Vincent watches for any signs of alarm in Garcia's expression. There are none: he wears an impassive look.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
 He wants you out, but he's going about it in the worst way possible. The feds are involved. With the way he's going, you won't breathe the air outside this facility until you've done your time.  
 (Pause) )  
 Tell him to call off his plan and return what he has taken, and we can talk about a better way to get you out of here.

GARCIA:  
 (Silently listens and then leans forward)  
 Don't have a brother and don't give a shit about you pigs. Why should I count on the same guy who put me here?  
 (spits)  
*Vete a la verga.*

SHARP CUT TO:

LOPEZ:  
 (scoffing)  
 I don't got no brother, officer.

JOHN:  
 Detective.

LOPEZ:  
 (shrugs)  
 Don't make no difference to me. Pig's a pig.

SHARP CUT TO:

VINCENT:  
 You are right. I'm the reason you're in here.  
 (Pause)  
 Life in prison seems to be suiting you well, you've put on some weight. Be a real shame if it became hell.

GARCIA:  
 (barking out a laugh)  
 Go fuck yourself.

Vincent slams a fist against the table. Garcia remains impassive.

VINCENT:  
 (angrily)  
 That "brother" of yours kidnapped someone he really shouldn't have. If I find an inkling of evidence that says you had shit to do with that you'll be wishing you had opened your mouth here and now.

SHARP CUT TO:

LOPEZ:  
 You're wasting your time with me. I don't know nothin' about no kidnapped lady, okay? I've been sitting here in prison cause there ain't no one to do all that for me.

JOHN:  
 Mr. Lopez, I could help reduce your sentence if you just-

LOPEZ:  
 (mocks)  
 I don't know shit, de-tec-tive. Try your luck elsewhere.

Lopez rises, and the warden steps forward to lead him back to his cell. John sighs.

SHARP CUT TO:

Vincent stares at Garcia hoping for an answer.

GARCIA:  
 You're wasting your time here,  
*cuico.*

Something passes over GARCIA'S features.

GARCIA: (CONT'D)  
 Let me give you a word of advice:  
*busca el eslabón débil de tu cadena.*

VINCENT:  
 (confused)  
 What is that supposed to mean?

Garcia leans forward holding eye contact with Vincent.

GARCIA:  
 (voice lowered)  
 Find the weak link in your chain.

Garcia rises, and the warden leads him away, leaving Vincent behind to wonder at the meaning of his words.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL FACILITY TUCSON - EVENING.

Vincent and John stand outside the facility, leaning against the police cruiser. John has a lit cigarette in between his fingers. He takes a puff periodically.

JOHN:  
 Both of them said pretty much the same thing.

VINCENT:  
 I don't know - Garcia's words have been bothering me. What do you reckon he meant by that?

JOHN:  
 Forget about it; he was just trying to get into your head.  
 (Pause)  
 Well, this turned out to be a wasted trip, we're no closer to knowing the truth than we were before.

A ring echoes in the mostly empty space. Vincent reaches into his jacket to take out his phone. The caller ID reads "Unknown Caller." He puts the phone on speaker.

KIDNAPPER:  
 Vincent, will you have my money and my brother Garcia by tomorrow?

Vincent glances at John at the mention of Garcia's name. John crushes his lit cigarette under his sole.

VINCENT:  
 The funds are available. I want to talk to my wife.

KIDNAPPER:

I hear you just paid a visit to my brother, so you know who I am.

VINCENT:

No, listen let me speak to-

Vincent stops mid sentence when Joan's voice pleads through the phone.

JOAN:

(as if she's crying)  
Vincent, please help me! Get me out of here!

VINCENT:

(in a panicked voice)  
Joan! Jo-

KIDNAPPER:

(interrupting)  
Tomorrow we make the exchange.  
(A beat passes)  
Or your wife is dead.

VINCENT:

(quickly but calmly)  
I have the funds. I cannot release your brother, and the feds will not make a deal. Let 's try to work this-

The line goes silent. Vincent turns around and slams his good palm against the roof of the car. John sighs patting his back.

JOHN:

We'll think of something, calm-

Vincent grabs John by the collar and shoves him back.

VINCENT:

(voice raised)  
Don't fucking tell me to calm down, John! Did you hear him?! He said he'd kill her!

John raises his hands in an effort to calm him. The phone rings again. This time it's Detective Rockwell.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:

Detective Price, we recorded the call.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL: (CONT'D)  
The background check on Garcia and Lopez came back too. Neither of them has a brother.

VINCENT:  
(gruffly)  
What about the kidnapper? Any leads?

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
Afraid not. But we're looking into it.

VINCENT:  
So all we know right now is that this kidnapper, whoever he is, wants fifty thousand dollars and Garcia out tomorrow? What I don't understand is why me. Why us?

A beat passes.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
I hear you, Detective Price. Smith and I have been wondering the same. It's not Garcia's brother because he doesn't have one. The cartel hasn't come for him in the past five years so it's unlikely that they'll start caring now with only six months of his sentence left. When it comes to the Sinaloa Cartel, I'd say he's safer in prison than out on the streets. Five million dollars went missing after Sanchez's death and Garcia might be the only one who knows where it went.

JOHN:  
(cutting in)  
What if it's someone who wants Garcia out of prison because of that exact reason?

Vincent glances at John trying to guess at the meaning of his words.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
What if the only reason someone wants Garcia out is because he's safer in prison.

(MORE)

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
Maybe the man doesn't have a  
vendetta against Vince, maybe his  
real target is Garcia.

Detective Rockwell hums in acknowledgement.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
Good point, Detective Regan. If  
what you're saying is the case we  
could use this to our advantage and  
set up a plan to trap the  
kidnapper. Detective Price?

VINCENT:  
I agree. John and I are-

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
(talking over him)  
At the federal correctional  
facility. Yes, I'm aware.

VINCENT:  
(sighs)  
We'll get back to the station in  
half an hour. We can talk then.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
See you then.

The call disconnects. Vincent looks at John apologetically.  
John shakes his head.

JOHN:  
Don't. I know how hard this is on  
you, Vince. I was only looking out  
for you.

VINCENT:  
I know. I appreciate it.  
(Pause )  
Let's head back to the station.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTTSDALE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The two FBI Agents, a handful of Detectives and VINCENT stand  
around a table with papers splayed on top of it. The  
detectives talk amongst each other and point towards the  
papers discussing the plans.

DETECTIVE SMITH:

He'll call to arrange a location and Detective Price will go there with the funds under the guise of exchanging Garcia for his wife.

Detective Smith looks at Detective Paul and nods.

DETECTIVE SMITH: (CONT'D)

Paul will be with you, disguised as Garcia. They're both roughly the same build. The full SWAT team will be ready at whatever location the bastard ends up choosing, to grab him and put an end to this. Sound good? Any questions?

Detective Smith looks around at the circle of detectives.

VINCENT:

(gruffly)

We need the son of a bitch alive. He's the only lead to Joan. I need to deal with him myself.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:

Rest assured, Detective Price. Your wife will be returned to you safely and the man behind it all will be dealt with.

A beat passes.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL: (CONT'D)

That's all for now then. We'll be tapping your phone to hear the location Detective Price, until then it's best you go home and get some rest. You look like you need it.

VINCENT sighs and he and JOHN head out.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S CONDO - NIGHT

Vincent and John sit around the kitchen island, the phone resting on the marble between them. They are waiting for the call. Vincent opens a can of beer and extends it towards John.

JOHN:  
(shakes his head)  
On duty, remember?

Vincent places the beer in front of himself and retrieves a diet coke from the fridge and hands it to John who accepts it with a nod.

VINCENT:  
(faraway tone)  
Joan nags me about having dinner  
around this time.

JOHN:  
We'll get her back, Vince.

VINCENT:  
It's the third night, John. What if  
she's-

JOHN:  
(cutting him off)  
None of that. Joan's tough, you  
know that. There's a reason she's  
survived this long with you.

VINCENT:  
(slight chuckle)  
You're right about that. I hope  
she's okay, that she isn't hurt. I  
would never forgive myself if  
something happened to her because  
of my job.

A beat passes.

Vincent takes a swig of the beer.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
That night...at the restaurant. She  
looked, I don't know. She wasn't  
really happy with me being a cop,  
you know.

JOHN looks at VINCENT with surprise.

JOHN:  
Nonsense. Joan always showed up for  
you.

VINCENT:  
She didn't like what the job made  
me do, John.

Vincent looks at John meaningfully.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
And I'm not sure you do either.

John opens his mouth to say something. The phone rings. VINCENT immediately snatches it up. The caller ID reads "Unknown Caller."

KIDNAPPER:  
Vincent, be at the Scottsdale  
airport's Voltari Restaurant at  
9:00 p.m. sharp tonight.  
(Pause)  
Alone.

VINCENT:  
How will I know you? What is your  
name?

KIDNAPPER:  
If I tell you my name, I will have  
to kill you. Be there with my  
brother and money. I know what you  
look like.

The call disconnects.

JOHN:  
Still keeping up the brother  
facade.

Vincent looks at the clock on the microwave. It is 7:30 pm. The phone rings. It is Detective Smith.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
Detective Price, we're coordinating  
locations with the police and  
planting detectives inside the  
restaurant. The plan is for you to  
arrive alone, show the suspect the  
funds, tell him Garcia is outside  
handcuffed in your car, and ask him  
where your wife is. I'm sending  
Paul over, he'll leave with you  
dressed in a hoodie, covering his  
face so he looks like Garcia.  
Handcuff him in the back of your  
car so the kidnapper doesn't  
suspect anything. Is that clear?

VINCENT:  
Crystal.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
Good. You leave within the hour.

The call ends. John looks at Vincent a little conflicted.

JOHN:  
About what you said-

VINCENT:  
Later, John. Right now the only  
thing that matters is getting that  
bastard to tell me where Joan is.

John nods and says nothing.

SHARP CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S CONDO - A FEW YEARS AGO

Joan wraps a bandage around Vincent's hand. She ties with  
force and he winces.

VINCENT:  
Easy, okay? It hurts-

JOAN:  
(passive aggressively)  
Does it? Good. Now you'll think  
twice about trying to grab a knife  
coming at you!

VINCENT:  
(smiling)  
Hey, it was either the hand or the  
kidney.

Joan looks at him unimpressed. Vincent's smile falls.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
Okay. I won't joke about it.

A few seconds pass in silence as JOAN holds VINCENT'S injured  
hand in her lap.

JOAN:  
(quietly)  
Do you have to do this?

VINCENT:  
(confused)  
Injuries are a part of the job,  
Joan.

JOAN:  
(frustrated)  
(Why does the job have to  
be a part of you?)

VINCENT stares at her in silence.

VINCENT:  
What are you saying? This is what I  
do, I help people. Yes, sometimes I  
get hurt but it's all worth it in  
the end.

JOAN:  
(shakes her head)  
You don't understand.

A beat passes.

JOAN: (CONT'D)  
Vince, you're not a hero. You don't  
have to-

VINCENT:  
(cutting her off a little  
angrily)  
You think I think myself some sort  
of hero?

JOAN:  
No, that's not what-

Vincent pulls his hand out of Joan's lap and gets up from the  
bed.

VINCENT:  
Forget about it.

JOAN:  
Vince!

Vincent walks away from her and into the bathroom and slams  
the door behind him. Joan stares at the closed door.

BACK TO:

INT. VOLTARI RESTAURANT, SCOTTSDALE AIRPORT - NIGHT.

Vincent sits at a front window in an unobstructed view. He  
looks around, there are undercover detectives all over the  
place. A man dressed in a gray suit approaches him and taps  
his shoulder.

Vincent turns his head and sees the devil's head tattoo before the man pulls his hand back. Vincent stands.

KIDNAPPER:  
I don't see Garcia.

VINCENT:  
He's cuffed in the backseat of my car. Where's my wife?

KIDNAPPER:  
All in good time.

The kidnapper pulls out a chair and sits across Vincent.

VINCENT:  
What's your name? I don't believe we've met before.

KIDNAPPER:  
(leaning forward,  
obviously lying)  
You can call me ... Juan.  
(pause)  
Now. Where's the money?

Vincent reaches inside his suit jacket, lifting his slinged arm out of the way and hands the man a package. The kidnapper checks inside and lets out a low whistle.

KIDNAPPER: (CONT'D)  
And Garcia?

VINCENT:  
(firmly)  
Where's my wife? There's no deal until I know where my wife is.

KIDNAPPER:  
(faux disappointment)  
Vincent, you've failed me.

The kidnapper rises from the table and reaches into his suit jacket. The handle of a gun appears and shots are fired. A bullet lands right between the man's eyes.

VINCENT:  
No!

Vincent gets up in panic. The kidnapper's body is splayed out on the floor, blood trickling out onto the floor.

Vincent rushes to try and revive the man. There are people screaming in the background.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MILITARY BASE IN AFGHANISTAN - NOON.

A young Vincent stares down the scope of his rifle and shoots two repeated rounds taking down an Afghani soldier swiftly. He exhales, his eyes set on the blood trickling from between the dead man's empty looking eyes.

BACK TO:

Vincent pushes at the man's chest, but his dead eyes remain open and lifeless.

VINCENT:  
(screams)  
Fuck!

Detective Smith runs over and searches the shot individual. He procures his ID.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
(holding up a card as the  
dead man lies between  
them)  
Rubin Renaldo.

Detective Smith shouts orders to some men to search the parking lot for the man's car, handing over his keys to another agent.

Vincent sits on the ground staring at the pooling blood. Detective Smith shakes Vincent.

DETECTIVE SMITH: (CONT'D)  
Get a grip, Price! Let's go. Now we  
find out if this man was working  
alone or not.

Vincent nods, disoriented. An agent runs up.

AGENT:

Sir, we found his car and have extracted coordinates of his last location from his GPS.

Smith nods to the agent. He calls out to John.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
Detective Regan! Help Detective  
Price to his feet. Let's go!

John runs over and pulls Vincent up.

JOHN:  
Come on, Vince. We're going to the  
bastard's house.

Vincent nods.

Police cruisers draw out of the parking lot, the tires  
screeching as red and blue lights flash and sirens wail.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE KIDNAPPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The SWAT team stands at the ready outside the door. Someone  
shouts an order and the door is broken open. The SWAT team  
rushes in, closely followed by Vincent and John.

INT. THE KIDNAPPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is pitch black. The entire SWAT team rushes in with  
weapons drawn.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
Check every nook and cranny of this  
place! Find Price's wife.

SWAT team members clean out every room. There is no sign of  
Joan. John presses a hand Vincent's against shoulder.

JOHN:  
We'll find her, don't worry!

Detective Rockwell speaks to someone on the phone. She  
hurries over to John, Vincent and Detective Smith.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
I just received a call from the CSI  
team, they've found another  
location is Rubin's car GPS. It's a  
location down in Casa Grande. I  
talked to the Chief of Police  
there, I've told them to secure the  
location but stand down until we  
arrive. Get moving!

CUT TO:

EXT. CASA GRANDE PROPERTY - MIDNIGHT

Vincent sits on the steps of the property with his head in his hands. The SWAT team is searching the house in the background but it's clear Joan is not there. Red blue lights flash around the premises. John comes and sits next to Vincent.

JOHN:

(quietly)

I really thought she was gonna be here.

VINCENT:

(tiredly)

We all did. Six rooms and all empty.

(he hangs his head. tired)

John pats Vincent's back.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)

What now?

JOHN:

We keep looking. He has to have her stashed somewhere close. The feds are trying to look into potential locations right now.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:

(joining in on their conversation)

We just regrouped with our CSI team. Ruben Renaldo has a sister named Maria who lives in Phoenix about ten miles away from your station. That's our next stop.

Vincent and John stand and follow Detective Rockwell to a police cruiser.

CUT TO:

INT. A ROOFTOP IN AFGHANISTAN - MIDDAY.

A younger Vincent sits with his rifle pressed against his chest staring at the tied up Afghan in front of him. The man's head is covered with a black cloth and his whole body writhes to be freed.

He simply stares at the man for a few seconds longer before taking out his pistol and shooting at the black cloth covering the man's head. The body goes limp. The light of the man's life is snuffed in the dark.

BACK TO:

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - MIDNIGHT (LATER)

Detective Rockwell and Vincent at opposing sides of the door. A SWAT agent and John approach the house from the back. Vincent rings the doorbell.

MARIA:

Who is it?

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:

FBI.

Two gunshots fire from behind the closed door and miss Rockwell and Vincent. There is a sound of glass breaking. John and the SWAT agent enter from the backdoor.

JOHN:

Put your weapon down and your hands  
up where I can see them!

Maria tries to shoot but the SWAT agent shoots and wounds her. She falls to the floor. Vincent breaks the front door and enters followed by Rockwell.

VINCENT:

(crouching down near Maria)  
Where is Joan?

Maria lifts a finger weakly pointing down the hallway. John and Vincent both rush down the hallway with their guns raised. On the third bedroom door there is a padlock. John and Vincent give each other a nod and rush at the door. Vincent pushes his good shoulder against the door with a grunt and John does the same. The door gives. Inside the room is Joan gagged and tied to a chair. Vincent rushes over and takes the cloth gagging her out of her mouth.

JOAN:

(panicked)  
Don't move me! There's a bomb under  
the chair!

Vincent looks over his shoulder at John who stands frozen in the doorway.

JOAN: (CONT'D)  
(almost crying)  
There's a bomb under the chair,  
Vince. If you move me it will get  
triggered and blow up. Please,  
Vince, take me out of here, I can't-

Vincent takes hold of Joan's face cautiously.

VINCENT:  
Hey. Hey, look at me! I'll get you  
out of here, okay? Nothing is gonna  
happen to you. I'm right here.

Vincent leans down. Under the chair, there is a homemade  
bomb.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
We have people who can take care of  
that thing, you just sit tight for  
a little longer, yeah? Be brave for  
a little longer.

Joan nods sobbing silently. Vincent stands and walks over to  
John and Rockwell.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
We need a bomb squad.

JOHN:  
The Phoenix police station has a  
bomb squad, if you want to call it  
that. Several officers were trained  
in bomb dismantlement. If we call  
them now, they can get here in  
fifteen minutes.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
I'll get them here.

Detective Rockwell leaves the room to make the call. John and  
Vincent enter the room again and sit by Joan's chair.

JOHN:  
(smiles)  
You had this one losing his mind.

VINCENT:  
(scoffs)  
We were all worried.

JOAN:  
(worried)  
Your shoulder-

VINCENT:  
(cutting her off)  
Looks worse than it is. You just  
focus on yourself for now, yeah?

JOAN:  
They'll get rid of it right?  
(tearing up)  
Vince, it was so frightening.

VINCENT:  
I know, but it's going to be fine.  
I'm here now. The bomb disposal  
squad will be here any minute and  
then you'll get out of here. We'll  
go back home. You and me.

JOAN:  
You and me.

Rockwell appears in the doorway.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
The squad's here. Price, Regan,  
clear the room.

Vincent and John rise.

VINCENT:  
(to Joan)  
It'll be okay. You'll be fine.

The bomb disposal squad enters as Vincent and John leave the room. Three men in protective gear enter the room. One of them gets down and slides under the chair as everyone stands at a distance, looking on.

BOMB DISPOSAL MEMBER:  
It's a homemade bomb. Just need to  
cut one wire and you'll be all  
good.

There is silence in the room and then a snip sound. The wire has been cut. Vincent enters the room and approaches Joan, untying her. The bomb is left tied to the chair as everyone quickly rushes down the hallway to get Joan to the ambulance waiting outside. They step outside the front door and the room in the back explodes, debris flying everywhere. Vincent covers Joan with his body and crouches down.

CUT TO:

EXT. KABUL - MIDDAY

A bomb explodes near a younger Vincent. He cannot hear anything anymore except the ringing in his ears. He crouches down, clouds of dust going up around him. There is a distant sound of bullets flying overhead but he lays there, almost crumpled into himself. In front of his eyes is half of a friend's body. Blown to smithereens. He squints his eyes closed as the ringing in his ears continues.

BACK TO:

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

Vincent opens his eyes as the faint ringing in his ears fades away. Joan crouches next to him, her hands over her ears. Vincent rises grabbing Joan's shoulders and rushes out of the house. He looks around wildly as if looking for someone.

VINCENT:

John? John! John was-

JOHN runs up to him covered in debris.

JOHN:

(coughs)

Right here. Not dead.

VINCENT:

(sighs)

Thank God.

A bomb disposal squad member runs up to them.

BOMB DISPOSAL MEMBER:

Shit. Good thing you guys got out when you did.

(Apologetically)

There must've been another timer we missed-

Vincent steps towards the man angrily, but John holds him back.

JOHN:

It's late. Thanks for showing up and helping.

BOMB DISPOSAL MEMBER:

(nods)

Glad everyone's safe.

The man walks away. Vincent shakes his head, frustrated.

JOHN:

Let it go. What more can you expect from a small-town bomb squad? They are not military professionals.

JOAN:

It's alright, Vince. John's right. We're fine. Everyone's fine.

Joan holds Vincent's hand in hers. It has been shaking constantly. Vincent seems to be calming down. The three walk to an ambulance and get checked for any wounds. Joan is wrapped in a blanket.

EMT:

You should visit the hospital.

JOAN:

No. No hospitals.

EMT:

Ma'am-

JOAN:

Vince, tell them no hospitals. I just want to take a bath and rest. Please. I'm tired.

VINCENT:

(sighs)

Let's get you home.

JOHN walks up to them. A bandage on his hand.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)

(concerned)

What happened to you?

JOHN:

Ah, nothing. Just a scratch. You guys heading home?

Vincent pulls Joan into his side.

VINCENT:

Yeah. It's been a long night. Hell, long week.

JOHN:

(scoffs)

Understatement, Vince. I'll head home too. Robin's been worried sick about Joan, I'll pass on the good news.

VINCENT:  
You do that.

John turns around and starts walking away from Vincent and Joan.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
John!

JOHN:  
(turns around)  
Yeah?

VINCENT:  
(sincerely)  
Thanks for everything. I owe you.

JOHN:  
(smiles)  
Joan! Take your husband home.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S CONDO - PAST MIDNIGHT

Joan sits on the bed in a bathrobe. Vincent stands behind her, drying her hair.

JOAN:  
After he took me, he blindfolded me  
and took me to that god-awful place  
at gunpoint. Then they bound and  
gagged me. I was so afraid every  
minute, Vince. Not just for myself.

Joan reaches a hand behind her and gives Vincent's hand a squeeze.

JOAN: (CONT'D)  
(tearing up)  
He shot you and I saw you fall, I  
thought-

VINCENT:  
Nothing happened. I'm here, you're  
here. We're okay.

JOAN:  
(nods)  
We are. That woman Maria, she fed  
me and kept an eye on me.

VINCENT:  
The feds will take care of her now.

JOAN:  
Vince, I do not understand how you  
can go through this shit each day  
at work.

VINCENT:  
I told you. I can handle this. It's  
my job, but you?

A beat passes. Vincent turns the drier off.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
I wouldn't have forgiven myself if  
something happened to you because  
of my work.

JOAN:  
I'm more worried about something  
happening to you, Vince.

Vincent places the dryer down and presses his palms down on  
Joan's shoulders.

VINCENT:  
Don't worry about me. I'm one of  
the lucky ones.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S CONDO - DAWN

The room is dark now. Joan is asleep next to Vincent. He is  
wide awake, staring at the ceiling in contemplation. He  
recalls the scene at the Voltari. The bullet hits Renaldo  
between the eyes at the slightest hint of a weapon. Vincent's  
brow furrows. He recalls John's words.

JOHN:  
(voice-over)  
Somebody must've been keeping tabs  
on you.

Vincent turns in bed facing his wife. He recalls Garcia's  
words to him in the prison.

GARCIA:  
(voice-over)  
Find the weak link in your chain.

Vincent watches Joan breathe lightly. He recalls Renaldo's eyes. Wide open, blood seeping into them. He closes his eyes to welcome sleep.

WIPE TO:

INT. VINCENT'S CONDO - MORNING

The screen is black, a faint voice can be heard.

JOAN:  
Vince? Vince?

Vincent's eyes snap open and he sees Joan. She is holding a mug of coffee. She extends it to him, he accepts with a smile. Sitting on the bed she eyes his bandaged shoulder.

JOAN: (CONT'D)  
How's your wound?

VINCENT:  
I feel nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTTSDALE POLICE STATION - MORNING

Lakers, Spears, Captain Rigs, Agent Rockwell, and Agent Smith sit around a table in a large conference. Vincent, Joan, and John sit together facing them. Captain Rigs stares at Vincent as if he's irritated.

CAPTAIN RIGS:  
We have Detective Vincent Price and his wife Joan Price with us in the interrogation room. This conversation is being recorded.

A beat passes.

CAPTAIN RIGS: (CONT'D)  
Answer the questions with a yes or no, Detective Price.

Vincent nods, his face stern.

CAPTAIN RIGS: (CONT'D)  
You left the restaurant with your wife, and some unknown party called your name?

VINCENT:

Yes.

CAPTAIN RIGS:

You turned to see who it was and you were shot.

VINCENT:

Yes.

CAPTAIN RIGS:

Your wife, Joan, was grabbed and kidnapped.

VINCENT:

Yes.

CAPTAIN RIGS:

You were taken to the hospital, and you discovered your wife was not with you.

VINCENT:

Yes.

CAPTAIN RIGS:

Your partner and several officers put out a missing person bulletin.

Vincent glances at John who nods.

VINCENT:

Yes.

CAPTAIN RIGS:

After your hospital release, you went on a drive with your partner, trying to track down leads?

VINCENT:

Yes.

CAPTAIN RIGS:

You did this while on medical leave?

VINCENT:

Yes.

CAPTAIN RIGS:

You know this action is against police procedure?

VINCENT:  
(narrowing his eyes)  
Yes.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
(interrupts)  
Captain, we are trying to get to the root of the shooting and kidnapping, not Detective Price's actions against the procedure. Where are you going with this?

VINCENT:  
(to Captain Rigs)  
Why are you trying to blame me? My wife and I are the victims.

Captain Rigs goes silent. Detective Rockwell eyes the two men.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
(authoritatively)  
The FBI will take charge of this investigation from this moment on.

Captain Rigs stands and walks out of the room, insulted.

JOHN:  
(whispering to Vincent)  
What's up with him?

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
(to JOAN)  
Can you tell us what happened, what was said, and what you heard from the time the gun was put into your side to when you were led out of the restaurant.

Joan glances at Vincent. He nods encouragingly.

JOAN:  
(recalling)  
I heard the gunshot and then saw the gun flash. Vince dropped to the floor. This unknown man grabs my arms, puts a gun into my side, and walks me out the back door. He places a hood over my head and tells me that if I spoke, I would be killed. So, I cooperated. My first thought was that I was going to be raped, not knowing that I would be held for ransom.

(MORE)

JOAN: (CONT'D)  
I heard both the driver and a woman speaking in Spanish.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
Continue.

JOAN:  
We drove for about twenty minutes. I am removed from the car with my head still covered, guided into a room, and placed on a chair. I hear a door close behind me.

Joan stares at the table. Vincent holds her hand under the table.

JOAN: (CONT'D)  
Later that evening, a woman came into the room wearing a black mask, removed the hood from my head, and held a bottle of water to my mouth to drink, saying to me, "You are the detective's wife?" I shook my head up and down. She tells me that if I cooperate, I will leave here with my head attached. If not, they will find it in a bag. I was all for cooperation.

Joan takes a deep breath. Rockwell nods encouraging her.

JOAN: (CONT'D)  
The next morning, I am led to the restroom by the same woman wearing a mask, returned to the room I am locked in, and hand-fed some food. I believe it was cornflakes and milk. I ask, "What do you want from me?" And they reply, "I will find out soon." There I stayed for days, tied up, brought to the toilet, and fed. I could hear several phone calls daily but did not understand the Spanish that was spoken. I was told my husband is well and alive, and if I continued to cooperate, he would remain that way.

Joan glances at Vincent.

JOAN: (CONT'D)

The night the house was raided, I heard the gunshots, the door being knocked open, and the cover was removed from my head. Seeing my husband, I felt hope and relief.

Joan glances at John.

JOAN: (CONT'D)

John was with us too. We sat and spoke, waiting for the bomb squad to arrive and the bomb to be removed from the chair, running down the hall, and then the explosion.

Rockwell sighs and turns off the recorder in the middle of the table.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:

We got nothing new. Let's let Mrs. Price return home. She has been through enough.

(smiles at Joan)

You both can leave for home. Both your phones are tapped, and your house is under surveillance. Get some rest.

Vincent and Joan rise.

VINCENT:

Do you have any idea what all of this is about—the shooting and kidnapping?

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:

(shakes head)

We are working on the case. We will keep you posted. We see no clear connection at the moment and Detective Price?

VINCENT:

Yes?

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:

Captain Rigs might've brought it up at the wrong time, but he was right. You are still under medical suspension. Stay home and stay off the streets.

VINCENT:  
(smiles)  
I make no promises, Agent.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S CONDO - MIDDAY

Joan and Robin sit together talking. They appear to be close. The camera shifts to Vincent's study where John and Vincent are sitting. On the table, there are files and two cans of beer.

VINCENT:  
I just don't understand it, John.

JOHN:  
That's because there are a lot of loose ends ,and I know how you feel about them.

VINCENT:  
It's like when I was trying to find Joan I was so single-minded that I didn't see all the obvious discrepancies in the entire case. Why were Joan and I targeted? Why did Renaldo want Garcia of all people? Renaldos's dead now, but it still makes no sense. He and Garcia have no apparent connection and I think that connection is the only thing I need to know in order to understand why those bastards became the reason my wife was taken away for three days.

JOHN:  
I understand where you're coming from, Vince. I would tell you to take a breather after something so big just happened and everything's finally back to normal, but I know you and I know you won't listen to me anyway. So-  
(pauses)  
-you can't be saying all this without already having an idea in your head. What is it that you're hesitating to state?

VINCENT:

(sighs)

I know you told me to forget about it because you thought Garcia was just trying to get into my head but I couldn't shake his words. He had looked so sure when he said it. "Find the weak link in your chain," as if he was suggesting it's -

JOHN:

(finishing the thought)

An inside job.

Vincent and John look at each other. A silence settles over the room.

VINCENT:

I know it sounds ridiculous-

JOHN:

I'm not so sure about that. I've been doing some thinking of my own, Vince, and I think you're right. I started questioning this when Renaldo was shot at the Voltari.

VINCENT:

What do you mean?

JOHN:

I mean think about it. Why would Captain Rigs shoot someone as important as Renaldo dead?

VINCENT:

(surprised)

Captain Rigs took that shot? Renaldo did have a gun.

JOHN:

Yes, but that didn't warrant him killing him. Especially after you had told Rockwell you wanted him alive. Shooting the only person who knew where Joan was shouldn't have been his move. It almost seemed like a-

VINCENT:

(cutting in)

A setup.

JOHN:

Yeah.

VINCENT:

I thought the same. But whoever was behind it, if there is someone else at all, would've wanted me dead as well.

JOHN:

I think you just got lucky, Vince.

Vincent sighs.

JOHN: (CONT'D)

What are you thinking?

VINCENT:

I have a theory about Garcia and Renaldo's connection. But it's a little...

JOHN:

Go ahead, Vince.

VINCENT:

Five years ago, the only people who were involved in the Oscar Sanchez shootout and the warehouse raid leading to Garcia and Kopez's arrest were you, me and-

JOHN:

(realizing)  
Captain Rigs?

VINCENT:

(nods)  
Yeah. I know it all sounds crazy but I thought about it the entire time last night - I couldn't sleep - and that's when the things started connecting.

A beat passes.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)

I remembered the report you had written after the case. I didn't like how it had ended back then with the five million going missing and had printed a copy of the report to take it home with me to look over it later.

(MORE)

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
(pointing to the file on the table)  
Sergeant Detective Rigs at the time  
had shot Oscar Sanchez before the  
deal could take place and you and I  
had apprehended Garcia and Lopez  
outside. I remember now that the  
Captain seemed to only wanna go  
after Sanchez at the time. When I  
made Garcia's arrest, he didn't  
look too pleased.

JOHN:  
You're right. He's kinda had it out  
for you ever since. Even today-

VINCENT:  
He tried to blame me for doing  
everything to get my wife back,  
yeah. I thought about it, John.  
Here's what I think so far. Garcia  
is going to be released this year.  
Could it be that Rigs and Garcia  
made a deal to split the cash for  
the reduced sentence, and Garcia  
would look the other way? Garcia is  
soon to be released. Captain Rigs  
got greedy and wanted to have  
Garcia killed. The captain would do  
it himself when Garcia was released  
and keep all the funds. Was this a  
setup by the captain for me to get  
Garcia out of prison early so he  
could be assassinated by Rigs? This  
would also explain why the captain  
was looking to blame me for not  
following protocol at the  
interrogation the other day and  
changing the subject.

JOHN:  
(sighs)  
That's a big claim, Vince. We need  
to support it if you want to get  
any further with it.

VINCENT:  
That's why I called you here and  
asked you to bring Robin. Joan  
doesn't want me to look further but  
I can't sit still not knowing why  
it all happened.

JOHN:

(nods)

Captain Rigs hires Rubin Renaldo to shoot you and take Joan.. He wants Rubin to ask for the early release of Garcia so he can kill him and keep the entire \$5 million from the deal. Garcia feels suspicious speaking with us and would rather stay in prison for the next six months, perhaps not trusting Rigs himself.

VINCENT:

It sounds crazy, I know.

JOHN:

It sounds like a theory. Let's work on it.

VINCENT:

I only had the report you wrote and not the one Rigs submitted. We got on the scene after he shot Sanchez, remember, We had left the station together but he lost us.

JOHN:

I can call Lakers to get us the file.

VINCENT:

Already did.

Vincent opens a drawer and retrieves a file.

JOHN:

(surprised)

You're on medical suspension, how-

VINCENT:

That's not important right now.

JOHN:

(reprimanding)

Vince.

VINCENT:

(dismissing him)

This is what I found. After the captain shot Sanchez, he was at the Phoenix alleyway with Garcia for about twenty minutes, and both were alone.

(MORE)

VINCENT: (CONT'D)

Garcia said the cocaine buyers ran off with the money when they heard the police siren. Rigs said there was no money at the location when he shot Sanchez in self-defense. The department cleared Rigs, saying it was a good shot. Garcia went to trial and interrogation, saying he was there to pick up the funds and transport the money to his boss. Now we have a Phoenix detective's word against a drug dealer with several felony convictions. Whom would the court believe—the felon or Detective Rigs? The district attorney had a simple case to prove: Was it a decorated detective or a convicted felon?

A beat passes, as Vincent and John consider their next move.

JOHN:

I think it's time we paid another visit to the cryptic Mr. Garcia in prison.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - AFTERNOON

Vincent and John sit on one side of the lone table in the interrogation room. A warden brings in a handcuffed Garcia. The warden handcuffs Garcia to the table and retreats standing in the back.

GARCIA:

(to Vincent)

You again? And you brought your friend, *cuico*.

JOHN:

Mr. Garcia, we need to ask you some questions about your arrest five years ago.

GARCIA:

You were there. Got dementia or something, old man?

VINCENT:

Answering our questions might be in your favor, Garcia.

GARCIA:

I don't need any favors from a cop. Last time I trusted one of you, I ended up here in this shithole. So you can take your favors up your ass, I'm not interested.

VINCENT:

You told me to find the weak link in my chain, I'm trying to do exactly that. Help me out.

Garcia looks at Vincent in contemplation.

GARCIA:

That fucker Rigs set me up and stole the money!

Vincent and John share a look.

JOHN:

Are you ready to talk to us about it?

Garcia watches them in silence.

GARCIA:

(sighs)

Yes. I want to get out of here without having to look over my shoulder for my boss or that piece of shit pig.

VINCENT:

Tell us everything that happened, and we might be able to get you into protective custody.

JOHN:

We'll be recording this conversation for evidence.

John sets a recorder on the table, and Garcia eyes it distrustfully.

GARCIA:

He arrived at the drop-off spot to deliver the drugs to Sanchez. During the exchange, Detective Rigs arrived by himself, gun in hand, and told Sanchez and me to raise our hands. Sanchez tries to draw his gun, and Rigs shoots him at close range in the chest.

(MORE)

GARCIA: (CONT'D)

Rigs tells me to turn and put my hands on my head. I see him remove the money from Sanchez's car trunk and place it in the trunk of his police car. Rigs tells me, "Say nothing about the money, and when you get out, I will be keeping twenty five percent saved for you. Remember, you saw nothing."

JOHN:

He didn't cuff you.

GARCIA:

No. He was probably going to frame me for Sanchez's murder before you guys got on the scene, but *cuico* here was faster. He arrived and cuffed me.

Vincent recalls the incident.

VINCENT:

So you're saying if I hadn't pressed charges for trafficking drugs he would've framed you for murder and you'd get a life sentence?

GARCIA:

You didn't help me out either, *cuico*. If I was dead, at least there wouldn't be a fucking target on my back.

JOHN:

Someone besides Rigs is after you?

GARCIA:

After Rigs threatened me I did what he said, not wanting to be shot. Later, I learned my boss wanted to kill me for taking the money. For the past five years, I have been lying low from Rigs and my boss.

JOHN:

Who is your boss?

GARCIA:

I work for the Sinaloa cartel. They are led by Lorenzo Romano.

(MORE)

GARCIA: (CONT'D)

He is waiting for me to be released, so he can get his money back or kill me. Your captain is a dirty cop and wants me dead. The word is, he hired Rubin Renaldo to get me out of prison to get his money back.

VINCENT:

Garcia, do you have any proof of this happening?

GARCIA:

He put the cash in a blue canvas bag with his name Rigs on it, then closed the trunk. When you two arrived, he had already hidden everything. Sanchez's body was removed, and I was placed in the back of the cop car and driven to the station. I did not see Rigs again until my trial, where I was told I was making up this story, that detective Rigs had a spotless record in drugs and homicide. I was used because I wanted to be greedy, and look what it got me: five years in the pen and a target on my back.

JOHN:

Is there anything else you can tell us about the event?

A beat passes.

GARCIA:

Yes. During the time he was transferring the money to his car trunk, he made a phone call on his cell phone.

VINCENT:

Did you hear any of the conversations?

GARCIA:

It was five years ago. I don't remember much.

JOHN:

(to Vincent)

We can check the phone company file for that date and the numbers Captain Rigs called.

VINCENT:

(nods)

If we can find that burner or the money we might have a chance at this.

(to Garcia)

Thanks. We'll visit if something comes up.

GARCIA:

I just need you to get that fucker Rigs out of my way.

VINCENT:

I'll try my best. He put my wife in danger. He won't get away this time.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL FACILITY PARKING - AFTERNOON

Vincent and John stand next to the police cruiser. John has a cigarette in between his fingers again. Vincent coughs as the smoke flies his way.

VINCENT:

(distastefully)

You really need to quit that. Robin will find out, and you'll be in deep shit again.

JOHN:

(smiles crushing the cigarette underfoot)

She has been on my case lately.

A beat passes.

JOHN: (CONT'D)

What're we going to do now?

VINCENT:

What we need to find is the burner phone or the money after five years—it's a true cold case.

JOHN:

There is no way we can get a search warrant for the captain 's home with what little we have, and we should not confront him now that we are investigating him.

VINCENT:  
(suddenly)  
Let's search the captain's garage  
while he is at work. He's a  
widower. No one will be around.

John stares at Vincent for a second before shaking his head.

JOHN:  
(sighs)  
Sure, why the hell not?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPTAIN RIGS' HOME - MIDDAY

Vincent and John approach the garage. It is unlocked. The garage is filled with boxes and scrap parts. The two don gloves and begin searching. An old toolbox lies in the corner. John opens it. Inside it there is a canvas bag with "RIGS" written on it.

JOHN:  
Vince, come see this.

VINCENT:  
That's it, isn't it?

JOHN:  
Sounds like the one Garcia  
described.

John opens the bag. It is empty.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
(squinting)  
There's something-

John reaches his gloved hand in the bag and when he takes it out there is white powder on it. Vincent and John share a look.

VINCENT:  
If that's what I think it is,  
Captain Rigs is going to pay.

JOHN:  
(nods)  
Cocaine.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER -MIDDAY

Vincent sits in the passenger seat as John drives. In the backseat there is a plastic bag containing the canvas bag retrieved from Captain Rigs' house.

JOHN:

We can't submit this in court as evidence. We didn't have a warrant.

VINCENT:

It's time to confront Rigs. Rattle his cage.

JOHN:

How will you do that?

VINCENT:

I will ask him to meet me for lunch, sit across the table from him, and record the conversation. If I get it recorded and play it for the FBI, they may bring the captain in for questioning.

JOHN:

You think he'll take the bait?

VINCENT:

He's a greedy bastard, a liar, and a murderer. He will.

Vincent picks up his phone and dials Captain Rigs' number. The call connects.

CAPTAIN RIGS:

Price? To what do I owe the pleasure?

VINCENT:

I wanted to discuss the evidence I found about the shooting of Rubin Renaldo at the airport last week.

CAPTAIN RIGS:

Aren't you still on medical suspension?

VINCENT:

That's why I want your help Captain. I realized I was wrong to forgo the procedure. You're the only one I can trust with this information.

John scoffs in the background, and Vincent glares at him.

CAPTAIN RIGS:  
Meet me at Denny's near the station  
in an hour.

VINCENT:  
Sure, Captain. Thank you.

The call disconnects.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
There. He asked me to meet him in  
an hour, he's already on edge.

JOHN:  
(concerned)  
Just don't provoke him, Vince. He's  
killed without remorse before.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. KABUL, AFGHANISTAN - NOON

A younger Vincent sits atop an old house's roof. The streets have been barricaded off. In the corner of his eye there is a movement. He steadies his rifle against his shoulder and looks through the scope. An Afghan man with a beard walks into view. The man holds a bag. Vincent sends a bullet straight into the man's chest. He gurgles and falls to his knees. Suddenly there is a shrill scream. The scope refocuses. A young girl is running towards the dead man. She falls to her knees and cries shaking him.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MIDDAY.

Vincent's eyes are unfocused as if he's somewhere else. A faint crying voice fades away, replaced by John's.

JOHN:  
(concerned)  
Vince? You okay?

VINCENT:  
Uh, yeah. I'm sorry, what were you  
saying?

John looks concerned but lets it go.

JOHN:  
Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNY'S - AFTERNOON.

Vincent sits at a table, alone. Captain approaches and takes a seat. He looks confident and at ease, his eyes full of menace.

CAPTAIN RIGS:  
What do you have, Price?

VINCENT:  
Do you remember the Garcia arrest  
years ago?

Captain Rigs sit up straight.

CAPTAIN RIGS:  
Yeah. What about it?

VINCENT:  
Well, they never found the money.

CAPTAIN RIGS:  
Well, that is a cold case from  
years ago. It's dead and buried. I  
thought you said you had something  
about Renaldo. Why are you bringing  
this up now?

VINCENT:  
Captain.

A beat passes.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
We found the case, and it has  
traces of cocaine in it.

Captain Rigs looks apprehensive.

CAPTAIN RIGS:  
Where did you find it and how?

VINCENT:  
Your toolbox in your garage.

Captain Rigs stands up abruptly. His features are contorted with anger.

CAPTAIN RIGS:  
You're crazy, Price. This lunch is  
over.

VINCENT:  
Your career's over.

Captain Rigs storms out of the restaurant. From a few tables  
over, John gets up and walks by, his face half hidden by a  
baseball hat. He pauses by Vincent's table for a second.

JOHN:  
That last jab was entirely  
unnecessary.

John walks out of the restaurant, leaving Vincent behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPTAIN RIGS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON

John followed the Captain home. Now he stands a few paces  
away hidden in the shade of a neighboring house and watches  
Captain Rigs as he storms into his garage, leaving the door  
open. John holds his phone up, recording the whole scene.  
Captain Rigs walks straight to the toolbox, opening it, he  
finds it empty.

CAPTAIN RIGS:  
That son of a bitch!

Captain Rigs kicks the toolbox and John presses save on the  
video.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKWELL'S OFFICE, FBI HQ - EVENING

Detective Rockwell and Smith walk into Rockwell's office  
followed by Vincent and John.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
Sit.

Vincent, John, and Smith sit. Rockwell remains standing. She  
leans against her desk.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL: (CONT'D)  
I see you haven't been taking my  
advice to lay low seriously,  
Detective Price. What is this  
about?

John lays a recorder on the table and presses play.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKWELL'S OFFICE, FBI HQ - EVENING (LATER)

All four sit in silence as the video JOHN recorder of CAPTAIN RIGS finishes playing.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:

We can not use the cocaine evidence bag as it was removed without a warrant and will not be admissible in court.

DETECTIVE SMITH:

The question remains, "Who did Rigs call after he shot Sanchez in the alley?" We need a strong plan to get answers. Did Rigs have an associate or contact that he worked with at the cartel?

Both FBI agents look to Vincent for an answer.

VINCENT:

I could blackmail Rigs, telling him I will return the blue canvas bag for half the money stolen, with the FBI knowing I am setting up Rigs for entrapment. Rigs knows if the agents retrieve the bag with his fingerprints on it and cocaine samples inside, they have no way to explain its possession. Besides making a deal with Garcia to keep his mouth shut and giving him a payoff, he is now involved in a deep conspiracy.

JOHN:

(contemplating) )

In the event we meet with him, he will surely assume we will be wearing a wire. We should make a simple call to meet Rigs at a place of his choosing, and when he hands us the cash, the FBI could arrest him for trying to bribe an officer.

DETECTIVE SMITH:

It's a solid plan. How desperate is he now? We will find out.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE SMITH: (CONT'D)  
I suggest you call him right now.  
Strike when he's on edge.

Vincent dials up Captain Rigs. He picks up on the first ring.  
The phone is on speaker.

CAPTAIN RIGS:  
What the fuck is your problem,  
Price? You think you're some  
bigshot, huh? You-

VINCENT:  
(cuts him off)  
You have a problem. I can make it  
disappear for Garcia's portion of  
the money, and it will never be  
spoken about again. You remain  
Captain, I keep my job, and life  
goes on. We will be in this  
together. If one of us breaks, the  
other will go down as well.

A beat passes.

CAPTAIN RIGS:  
I never figured you for a cop on  
the take.

VINCENT:  
I can't say the same for you,  
Captain.

Rockwell shakes her head, reprimanding.

CAPTAIN RIGS:  
Here's what we'll do. You will  
receive a courier package  
containing what you want. Send my  
merchandise back with the courier.  
And don't use that fucking tone  
with me again, Price.

VINCENT:  
Goodbye, Rigs.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S CONDO - EVENING.

Joan places a tray of refreshments on the living room table.  
Vincent, John, Rockwell, and Smith sit around a table.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
Thank you, Mrs. Price. You didn't  
have to.

JOAN:  
You people helped get me back home  
safe, no need to thank me. Just  
call me Joan.

Joan leaves. Vincent points to the package on the table.

VINCENT:  
He's desperate alright. His  
fingerprints are all over the  
package and he sent the courier in  
his name. For a cop, he's careless.

JOHN:  
That's the reason why he's deep in  
this shit right now. He didn't try  
the loose ends together and instead  
messed with the one man on the  
force who can't let a loose end  
fray.

VINCENT raises a brow at JOHN'S comment but lets it go.

VINCENT:  
So. Is this enough to convict him?

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
Quite enough. You get off medical  
suspension tomorrow, Price?

VINCENT:  
Yes. Can't do field work for  
another two weeks though.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
(dryly)  
Like that will stop you.

John laughs. Vincent glares at him.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
Tomorrow you might see something  
interesting at the station.

All of them lean forward and grab their drinks. The package  
lies there: the name on it reads "RIGS".

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTTSDALE POLICE STATION - MORNING

Four FBI agents enter the station. Every detective in the place looks on to see what's happening. The detectives move towards CAPTAIN RIGS' office. There are sounds of an argument. VINCENT looks on from behind his desk, JOHN looks at him with a satisfied smile. When the door opens, CAPTAIN RIGS is brought out in handcuffs. His eyes meet VINCENT'S and he glares before he is led out of the police station.

JOHN:

Well. That's dealt with.

VINCENT:

Not yet. There's someone else involved with Rigs. He's been taken in but we need to make sure we keep him there.

JOHN:

And how do you suggest we do that?

VINCENT:

I think Garcia will miss us if we leave him alone for too long.

John shakes his head resigned. Rockwell and Smith walk up to Vincent's desk.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:

Price, Regan. I know that look. You're planning something again.

VINCENT:

We owe a visit to Garcia.

DETECTIVE SMITH:

Whatever for?

VINCENT:

There's a lot more to this than Rigs.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:

(eyes narrow)  
And you don't trust the FBI?

VINCENT:

It's not that. I want to help.

JOHN:

Don't try to talk him out of it.  
He's quite stubborn. I've been  
trying to make something sensible  
out of him for twenty years now, no  
such luck.

Vincent hits John's arm with a file.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:

(sighing)

What're you planning on doing?

VINCENT:

Garcia mentioned Rigs called  
someone the day of the raid, maybe  
his dealer, though he said he  
didn't remember. Let's hope time  
apart has refreshed his memory.

DETECTIVE SMITH:

He won't speak. There's only six  
months left in his sentence to end,  
why would he risk it now?

JOHN:

He hates Rigs.

VINCENT:

Precisely .If Garcia knows he is  
going to get nothing from Rigs  
after serving four-plus years, he  
may be angry enough to say  
something to dig a deeper hole for  
Rigs. I am going to leak the  
information that Rigs has been  
arrested and the drug funds  
confiscated. A white lie, of  
course. Cops don't lie now, do  
they?

Rockwell and Smith scoff.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - AFTERNOON (THE NEXT DAY)

The same interrogation room as before. GARCIA is brought in  
by the warden and handcuffed to the table. VINCENT and JOHN  
sit opposite him.

GARCIA:

Got rid of the sling, *cuico*?

VINCENT:  
Found the weak link in my chain.

GARCIA narrows his eyes.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
Rigs has been arrested and the drug money has been confiscated. When you're released, there will be no Rigs or money for you.

GARCIA:  
That motherfucker! I'll kill him myself!

JOHN:  
Garcia, if you want to see him put away for a long time and for screwing you out of your money, tell us who he called on the day he took the funds.

GARCIA:  
(suspiciously)  
What's in it for me?

VINCENT:  
How about getting out of here next month instead of six months later?

GARCIA:  
Rigs called another drug distributor and sold him the cocaine, then pocketed the money.

VINCENT:  
Do you have any idea who he called?

GARCIA:  
No, but he arrived quickly, so he must have been nearby with the cash available, knowing the deal was going down. Rigs collected the funds for a sale and stole the other money for a drug buy. He screwed both sides and drove off with everything. The potential buyer lost his money and drugs. Then he sold the cocaine to a third party, receiving cash from both ends of the bust while I sat in prison for almost five years. Fuck him.

VINCENT:

If you really want him to go in for longer than you, you need to tell me the buyer's name Garcia. I know you know. If you keep quiet now we could miss this chance to lock Rigs away for a long time.

Garcia considers this.

GARCIA:

Rubin Renaldo. He drove up to our location in the alley soon after the phone call was made, took the drugs from the car trunk, and gave Rigs a package. I assume the package contains the money for the drugs that are being purchased. Rigs placed the wrapped package in his car trunk as I faced the wall with my hands behind my head.

VINCENT and JOHN rise.

VINCENT:

Rubin shot me and kidnapped my wife; in exchange, he wanted to get you out of prison faster, most likely to kill you. Now we'll tie up this loose end.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - AFTERNOON

JOHN drives as VINCENT sits in the passenger seat.

VINCENT:

Garcia seems to have changed and is now rehabilitated; his cooperation has meant a lot to our case.

JOHN:

Can you believe our station captain was involved with the drug deal and cover-up?

VINCENT:

I hope the judge does not let him out on bail. If he does, you know Rigs will take his money and disappear.

JOHN'S phone rings. VINCENT reaches for it. The Caller ID reads DET. SMITH. He picks up and puts the phone on speaker.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
Regan, I'm hoping Price is with you?

VINCENT:  
Right here.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
Good. We got a warrant for searching Rigs' house and guess what we found? The burner phone.

Vincent shares a look with John.

VINCENT:  
And?

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
We sent the phone to forensics. It's the same number that was used to make the call the day of the warehouse raid. Rubin Renaldo.

VINCENT:  
(glancing at John)  
We were on our way to share information we got from Garcia today too. He too recalled the buyer was Rubin Renaldo.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
That's great. This means we can depend on Garcia to give testimony in court to strengthen the case.

JOHN:  
But why was Rigs working with the Sinaloa cartel and so confident in stealing from them? Especially if another member, Renaldo himself was involved.

Rockwell speaks up.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
Good question, Regan. Imagine our surprise when we find out your ex-police Captain and his dealer are not only involved with the Sinaloa Cartel and the Mexicans but also the Chicago mob.

JOHN:  
(astonished)  
You can't be serious.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
I'm perfectly serious. Rubin is not only connected with the cartel but also with the Chicago mob. We discovered Rigs drove each month to a Chicago hotel, The Hyatt Place, to meet with buyers of his product. There he met with a local mobster called Three-Finger Frankie. We assume this is not the first time; he has made six trips to Chicago in the last six months.

VINCENT:  
(distressed)  
Instead of wrapping up this case seems to be getting more and more complicated.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
This is what happens when you pull at a loose thread, Price. You have to be ready to handle the entire thing unraveling. There's another loose thread we almost forgot.

JOHN:  
This must be interesting.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
Maria.

VINCENT:  
Renaldo's sister? Wasn't she shot in the arm and taken in by you guys? What does she have to do with this? Wasn't she just a cover for her brother?

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
Rockwell and I had a chat with Rigs' neighbor who was kind enough to let us see the footage from his security system that had a clear view of Rigs' house next door too. They claimed to see a white van there often. Guess whos owned the van?

VINCENT:  
Maria Renaldo.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
Exactly. She's denying everything now, but we have proof. She was in the hospital under surveillance so far but today she was moved to Phoenix prison.

JOHN:  
Will she testify?

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
She'll have to. We'll make her an offer she can't refuse.

There is a faint sound of a sigh that sounds like Rockwell's.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
Stop quoting The Godfather, Smith. She has no other choice. She either fesses up to being a drug runner or accompanying her killer kidnapper brother.

(A pause)  
The arraignment for tomorrow morning is postponed considering the new evidence. We're hoping Maria testifies in court.

VINCENT:  
What about the Chicago contact?

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
All in due time. You guys get some rest for now. Good work. Your leads helped the case a lot, you guys deserve some rest from all the excitement.

JOHN:  
(sighs)  
Truer words have never been spoken.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINCENT'S CONDO - EVENING

VINCENT rings the bell. JOAN opens the door.

JOAN:  
 (smiles)  
 Welcome home.

VINCENT steps inside his house. JOAN and he walk through the hallway, in the background the faint noise of the news can be heard on TV.

NEWSCASTER:  
 (on TV)  
 Reports say the murdered woman was around her thirties and does not have any living family. Her brother has been identified as the man who was shot in a police shootout a few days ago, Rubin Renaldo.

Vincent halts in shock at the name. He rushes to the living room and grabs the remote and turns up the volume.

JOAN:  
 Is everything okay, Vince?

The news shows no image of the woman murdered.

NEWSCASTER:  
 (on TV)  
 The victim had just been shifted to the jailhouse yesterday, sources say. A fight broke out with an inmate which led to-

VINCENT'S phone rings. He picks it up in a daze. JOHN speaks.

JOHN:  
 Vince? Maria just got murdered in jail.

Vincent stares at the TV screen. The words are blocked out by a ringing sound.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
 Vince? Vincent! Maria-

VINCENT:  
 (cuts him off)  
 I heard you.

JOHN:  
 Did Rockwell call you? Did Rigs get out?

GARCIA:  
(voice-over)  
Find the weak link in your chain.

VINCENT:  
I don't think so.

JOHN:  
This is so messed up. Who could it be?

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
(voice-over)  
This is what happens when you pull at a loose thread, Price. You have to be ready to handle the entire thing unraveling. There's another loose thread we almost forgot.

VINCENT:  
(whispers as if he has had an epiphany)  
Three-Fingers.

JOHN:  
What?

VINCENT:  
I'll see you in the morning.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTTSDALE POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Vincent sits at his desk shuffling through a set of papers. John stands next to him with a mug in hand. Rockwell and Smith walk up to the desk.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
Are those the papers the CPD sent?

VINCENT:  
No. The information I demanded about Three-Fingers hasn't arrived yet.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
There's a chance it never might.

JOHN:  
What's that supposed to mean?

DETECTIVE SMITH:

Three-Fingers is a big name in the Chicago Crime scene. He operates in the Garfield Park area of Chicago, noted for its drug and gang involvement.

The whirring of the fax machine attracts everyone's attention.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:

(disdainfully)

This could've been an email.

Vincent grabs the fax from the machine.

VINCENT:

CPD sent over documents.

On the paper, there is information about Three-Fingers along with a picture of a black man covered in tattoos and piercings. Vincent stares at the picture intently. His eyes widened in realization.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)

Tom?

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN AFGHANISTAN - DAY

A younger Vincent is shot in the leg, wounded on my right thigh as his platoon storms a small village. Vincent holds his thigh and grits his teeth. He stares at the gash that stares back at him like an abyss. Suddenly he sees a man lean over him.

VINCENT:

(strained)

Tom?

TOM:

You're not dying here like a dog.  
Get up!

The man's face is covered in dust as he shoulders VINCENT'S weight and walks him over out of firing range. The man rushes off, shooting as he goes.

BACK TO:

Vincent is still staring at the image.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
You know him?

VINCENT:  
Yes! His name is Tom Wright. We served in Afghanistan together. He saved my life.

JOHN:  
(disbelieving)  
You mean he's the SEAL who took you out of harm's way?

VINCENT:  
Yes.

JOHN:  
Let me search up the records. It's a great coincidence that you happen to know his real name Vince.

JOHN drags his chair to the computer and begins searching through police records. A few minutes later he calls over the other three to see. The screen shows records of a TOM WRIGHT sans the tattoos and piercings.

VINCENT:  
That's him!

JOHN:  
He changed his name after his first arrest for drug possession. His records show that after being released from the service, he became a drug addict and dealer. He changed his name when he was thirty-three to Frank Dickie.

VINCENT:  
I remember him so well. He was a man known for being brave, recklessly so.

JOHN:  
(glancing at Vincent)  
Sounds like someone I know.

VINCENT:  
(sorrowful)  
What happened?

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
People change; who knows what brought him to this current life?  
(MORE)

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL: (CONT'D)  
Maybe it was PTSD that drove him to  
substance abuse. I've seen many  
veterans waste away like that.  
Unfortunately this country only  
decorates its veterans, using their  
bodies as weapons and then  
discarding them with no regard for  
their minds and souls.

VINCENT:  
(a little indignant)  
I turned out just fine.

Rockwell looks at Vincent meaningfully.

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
Consider yourself privileged,  
Price. Not everyone is so lucky.

A beat passes.

VINCENT:  
I am going to Chicago to meet him.

ALL THREE:  
No.

VINCENT is peeved.

VINCENT:  
I have to. It's only right. I never  
even got to thank him for saving my  
life.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
Price, he might've been noble  
enough to help a comrade on the  
field, but he's a dangerous  
criminal now. I think you should  
think this through.

JOHN:  
(stern)  
There's nothing to think through.  
If you think going to meet a gang  
leader who may or may not have  
murdered Maria in jail and weakened  
our support against Rigs is a good  
idea you must be out of your mind.

Rockwell remains silent.

VINCENT:  
 (to Rockwell)  
 What? No objections from you?

DETECTIVE ROCKWELL:  
 I take Regan's advice better than  
 he does. It's no use telling you  
 anything.

CUT TO:

INT. GARFIELD, CHICAGO - DAY

VINCENT:  
 (voice-over)  
 Maybe I should've listened.

VINCENT is tied to a chair. A huge man punches him in the jaw. Three others look on. They're in a small house. The room he's currently in is empty save for a cupboard in the corner and a table with a decanter of whiskey and a bunch of glasses on it.

MAN 1:  
 The fuck were you doing in our  
 area?

VINCENT spits out blood to the side. He looks roughed up.

VINCENT:  
 I am a friend of Three Fingers, and  
 I want to see him.

MAN 1 remains behind as the rest exit the room. A few moments pass, and then the door is thrown open as a tall black man with tattoos enters the room.

TOM WRIGHT (FRANKIE):  
 What are you doing in my part of  
 town, fucker, and what do you want?

TOM (FRANKIE) points a gun at VINCENT.

VINCENT:  
 (strained)  
 Tom, it is me. Vincent Price. I  
 came to thank you for saving my  
 life in Afghanistan.

TOM (FRANKIE) eyes VINCENT oddly.

TOM WRIGHT (FRANKIE):  
 Is that you, Vince?  
 (to the men)  
 Untie this fuck; I risked my life  
 to save him once, and I won't do it  
 again.

The men untie Frankie. He rubs his jaw. Tom lifts a decanter from a nearby table and pours two glasses of whiskey and hands one to VINCENT.

TOM(FRANKIE):  
 When the medics took you off, I  
 thought you were dead.

VINCENT:  
 I lived, thanks to you. Joined the  
 police academy, got married, became  
 a detective.

TOM(FRANKIE):  
 (skeptically)  
 So, you're a cop. I see.  
 (sips wine)  
 And here I thought you missed me.  
 How did you find me? What brings  
 you here?

VINCENT:  
 It's a long story.

TOM(FRANKIE):  
 Aren't they all?

CUT TO:

INT. GARFIELD, CHICAGO - MOMENTS LATER

Tom and Vincent sit together and sip wine like two friends meeting after a long time.

TOM(FRANKIE):  
 (chuckling)  
 I thought there was something  
 strange about Rigs; I suspected he  
 was a cop, but I had my people buy  
 from him, anyway. The price was  
 right.

VINCENT:

I am not here to involve you; I am just trying to gather information on the person behind my recent shooting and my wife 's kidnapping. We are trying to prove that Rigs killed several people for drugs and money, came here to town, and sold the merchandise to someone.

TOM (FRANKIE):

That is correct; I had one of my men deal with him on each visit; he was small-time, delivering one or two million in product with each visit, so I let Rusty deal with him.

VINCENT:

Do you know where he got his product from, Tom?

TOM (FRANKIE):

Drug busts and the police department storage room.

VINCENT:

(muses)

He was stealing evidence. Great, now I have the last nail in his coffin.

Vincent stands up, followed by Toem.

TOM (FRANKIE):

Be careful. Rusty's been a no-show. The cartel has a thing against harming members of the police, its the standard procedure for them. I told him to lay off but I just know he'll try to fuck with Rigs in some way ad then the entire fucking cartel will be on my ass. And possibly, yours.

VINCENT:

Mine?

TOM (FRANKIE):

You're taking a man off the streets by trying to put him in jail. The cartel has it out for Rigs for their money now, but they need him alive.

(MORE)

TOM (FRANKIE): (CONT'D)  
If anyone fucks that up...They should  
get used to being a whole head  
lighter.

VINCENT:  
If Rusty shows up, you'll tell me?

TOM (FRANKIE):  
I will. But I can't promise I'll  
let you deal with him.

VINCENT:  
Tom, he's a murderer. Let the law  
bring him to justice.

Tom stares at Vincent for a while.

TOM (FRANKIE):  
The only justice I know is justice  
served by these streets. We all bow  
to it.  
(pause)  
Brother, take care of yourself;  
it's good to know you are alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURT STAIRS - DAY

The morning comes for the arraignment, and RIGS is  
transported by the FBI to the federal courthouse. VINCENT and  
JOHN stand by as the police car drives up.

JOHN:  
It's a shame about Maria, but I  
think we have enough evidence.

Vincent nods.

As Rigs exits the police car handcuffed in a jail uniform,  
agents Rockwell and Smith, John, and Vincent stand at the top  
of the steps leading into the court. As Rigs is about four  
steps up, a gunshot is heard. Rigs drops to the floor.

The officers all draw their weapons, looking around to see  
where the shot has come from. Vincent runs down the steps to  
Rigs, finding a lemon-size hole in his head and blood and  
brains on the steps. It is a perfect assassination. Confusion  
breaks out on the courthouse steps, with people and news  
personnel running in different directions. Police officers  
are looking in all directions.

Agent Rockwell takes a quick look at Rig's head to see where the bullet entered and points in the direction where the shot may have been fired from. The bullet entered the back of his head and exited his forehead. Across the street from the courthouse is an office building about four stories high with many windows and a flat rooftop. About a half-dozen officers head in that direction.

Vincent sits next to Rigs on the courthouse step, waiting for the ambulance and coroner to arrive. He looks down to see the syrup-like liquid dripping from his head. Static noise.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MILITARY BASE IN AFGHANISTAN - NOON.

A young Vincent stares down the scope of his rifle and shoots two repeated rounds taking down an Afghani soldier swiftly. He exhales, his eyes set on the blood trickling from between the dead man's empty looking eyes.

BACK TO:

John rushes to Vincent's side and grimaces at RIGS' dead body.

VINCENT:  
(voice-over)  
Another man dead.

Chaos is all around them. Someone lifts Rigs' dead body over to a stretcher.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
(voice-over)  
Another closed door.

Detective Rockwell's voice can be heard shouting orders in the background.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
(voice-over)  
Another thread cut.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. VINCENT'S - MORNING, TWO DAYS LATER

Vincent stands in front of the mirror, wearing his uniform. The phone rings. The caller ID reads "Unknown Caller."

VINCENT:

Hello?

TOM(FRANKIE):

I have him.

Vincent's eyes widen.

VINCENT:

Rusty?

TOM (FRANKIE):

Yeah. I am in a hotel in Las Vegas.  
I have him with me. You need to  
come over. ASAP.

VINCENT:

(sighs)

It's Rigs' funeral today, I can't.

TOM (FRANKIE):

(scoffs)

You're going.

VINCENT:

It's a police funeral. Not many  
people in the station knew the  
entire story. The feds thought  
until we find Rusty, it's better to  
bury the truth along with Rigs.

TOM (FRANKIE):

(bitter)

Fake fucks. They'd rather give a  
star studded funeral to a rat than  
accept how fucked up their system  
is.

VINCENT:

(defeated)

This is how it is, Tom.

A beat passes.

TOM (FRANKIE):

And is this how you are?

VINCENT:

What is that supposed to mean?

TOM (FRANKIE):

Nothing. Haul ass here as soon as  
you're done with the charade.

The call disconnects.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCOTTSDALE CEMETERY - MORNING

Vincent stands still next to Joan, John, and Robin as RIGS is lowered into the ground.

VINCENT:  
(voice-over)  
How long will this dance continue?  
When will the music stop?

CUT TO:

Moments later, Vincent stands outside the cemetery next to his car. John approaches.

JOHN:  
You're leaving?

VINCENT:  
Yeah.

JOHN:  
I had to talk to you about  
something, Vince.

John appears hesitant.

VINCENT:  
What is it, John?

JOHN:  
I'm thinking of resigning.

Vincent is shocked.

VINCENT:  
Retiring? You? What brought this on  
so suddenly?

JOHN:  
It's not sudden. I've been thinking  
about it for a while actually. Both  
Robin and I. The kids are growing  
up. They need their father. I'm  
hardly around because of the job  
and then with everything that's  
happened recently...

VINCENT:

I can understand it was  
frightening, John, but isn't this  
decision too-

JOHN:

(cuts him off)

No. I am not being impulsive. I've  
seen a lot in my career, Vince.  
We've seen a lot together. But I  
can't do this anymore. Rigs'  
betrayal, the Cartel, this farce  
of a funeral? Is this what I worked  
so hard for? Missed out on my  
children's childhood for?

VINCENT:

Think it over, John.

JOHN:

(quietly)

I'm not like you, Vince. I don't  
reckon myself some sort of hero.  
I'm an ordinary man.

VINCENT:

(indignant)

What do you mean?

JOHN:

The war. The force. You've seen so  
much death you're desensitized to  
it, Vince. I can't do that.

VINCENT:

I'm one of the lucky ones, many  
don't-

JOHN:

(talking over him)

It doesn't make you lucky, Vince.  
It makes you inhuman.

Vincent stares silently.

VINCENT:

So that's what you think of me.  
Some sort of inhuman monster? After  
twenty years?

JOHN:

You know, I only mean the best for  
you, Vince. You're my best friend.

VINCENT:  
 (gruffly)  
 I have to go. Tom called me.

JOHN:  
 (surprised)  
 You're not seriously thinking of  
 visiting that criminal again, are  
 you?

VINCENT:  
 His circumstances made him a  
 criminal!

JOHN:  
 That was the case with Rubin and  
 Garcia too. Would you give them the  
 same courtesy?

VINCENT is silent.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
 Vince, you're inviting trouble.  
 Joan is safe, this case is up to  
 the feds, can't you just let it go?

VINCENT:  
 It was a good run, John. Enjoy your  
 retirement.

VINCENT opens the car door and slides inside. The car starts  
 and he drives away. JOHN'S figure appears smaller and smaller  
 in the rearview mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. TALKING STICK, LAS VEGAS - EVENING.

VINCENT walks up to the room number TOM (FRANKIE) had  
 messaged him. The door is slightly ajar. VINCENT'S features  
 are overtaken by alarm. He enters the room pulling his gun  
 out.

VINCENT:  
 (whispers)  
 Jesus Christ.

In the middle of the room on a chair tied up is the man who  
 is supposedly, Rusty. Or what is left of him anyway. His head  
 lies in his lap. Vincent's eyes roam to the bed where Tom's  
 has been placed horizontally. His head lies at his feet and a  
 shape seems to have been scratched into his chest. A devil's  
 head.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
The cartel.

The blood on the bodies is already dry. They have been dead for a while.

Vincent looks at Tom's head again.

GARCIA:  
(voice-over)  
Find your weak link.

Suddenly, he springs into action. He locks the door and looks around the room.

DETECTIVE SMITH:  
(voice-over)  
This is what happens when you pull at a loose thread, Price. You have to be ready to handle the entire thing unraveling. There's another loose thread we almost forgot.

Vincent finds Tom's phone and pockets it. He then straightens his clothes and leaves the room silently, composed as if he had never seen the carnage inside.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTTSDALE POLICE STATION - A WEEK LATER.

VINCENT:  
(voice-over)  
The dance continues long after the music stops.

A paper lies on the desk. The words written on it are "RESIGNATION LETTER". The signatures underneath read "VINCENT PRICE".

CUT TO:

EXT. A PARK - DAY

ROBIN calls out to the kids as they run around playing. JOAN and ROBIN sit together.

John watches his daughter play in the distance. He turns to Vincent.

JOHN:  
You did the right thing.

VINCENT:

I didn't think about doing the right thing. Just about-

JOHN:

Stop it. It happened, it's done. He was a bad influence in your life. He would've only taken you down with him. They found evidence in his room. He was trying to expand to Phoenix. The Sinaloa Cartel doesn't like people invading their territory. He dug his grave and now he's lying in it. It's time to move on.

VINCENT:

He was the last link to that image of bravery I held on to. And now he's dead.

Silence ensues. A beat passes.

JOHN:

Do you know what you're going to do next?

VINCENT:

(shrugs)  
Do you?

John shakes his head.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)

It's the craziest thing. Hear me out for a second.

John furrows his eyebrows. He leans forwards to listen.

VINCENT: (CONT'D)

I've had flashback from my time in Afghanistan from time to time. But this past month alone, I cannot get the images out of my head.

JOHN:

(quietly)  
Have you told Joan about this?

VINCENT:

(shaking his head)  
No, you're the only person I've told - am telling.

(Pause)

(MORE)

VINCENT: (CONT'D)  
This incident with Tom was the last  
straw. The hotel room...with his  
head...

Vincent buries his face in his hands. John thinks of reaching  
his hand out but reconsiders. He chooses to give his friend  
space.

JOHN:  
You should talk to Joan about this.  
I can't imagine what it must have  
been like for, to be kidnapped like  
that. I bet, she might just be as  
haunted as you are.

VINCENT:  
I don't think so. I'm not saying  
her experience is not frightening.  
But -

JOHN:  
(nodding)  
Those you weren't there can't  
relate.

VINCENT:  
Exactly.

John sighs.

JOHN:  
Why do you think Rigs turned  
rotten?

VINCENT:  
That's hard to say.

JOHN:  
Garcia, Lopez, Tom, I understand  
where they come from, even if I  
cannot empathize with them. But  
Rigs...?

VINCENT:  
Some people are just like that. I  
think. I don't know.

JOHN:  
Maybe that's what I'll do.

VINCENT:  
What do you mean?

JOHN:  
Read more about cops like Rigs.  
Maybe write a book.

VINCENT:  
(chuckling)  
Since when have you wanted to write  
books?

JOHN:  
Since I took an early retirement  
and don't have much to do.

VINCENT:  
(musing)  
Maybe I'll visit the vets homes  
more. Donate every now and then.  
Give back to the community.

John nods. They exchange a look and smile.

JOAN:  
(from a distance)  
Vince! Come here!

JOHN grabs his daughter and VINCENT smiles at JOHN'S son as  
he talks in excited motions.

VINCENT:  
(voice-over)  
But I am one of the few lucky ones,  
who know when to stop.

FADE OUT.