Smith and Wesson

Ву

Kemuel Butler

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - AMTRAK PLATFORM - EVENING

An AMTRAK COMMUTER TRAIN pulls into the station. The doors finally open and people pour out on to the platform. Through the entire crowd we locate...

JAMES and WESLEY ARCHER, both in their late 20's. Dressed with an ultra bad ass style - black leather jackets, black jeans, boots and cool sunshades. They make their way through the crowd, while keeping a cool swagger.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - EVENING

James and Wesley step out of the station and on to the streets of New York. Their eyes scan their surroundings.

They spot a LINE OF PEOPLE waiting for a TAXI CAB. The first man on line is a WELL DRESSED MAN. calmly speaking into his cellphone.

WELL DRESSED MAN

(not making it obviously he's looking at them)

I see them. They're right on time. Sending them to the location right now.

A GREEN CAB pulls up. The Well Dressed Man turns to James and Wesley. He whistles and calls them. They spot him. Approach him.

WELL DRESSED MAN (opening the door for them)
Welcome to our city. The Boss sends his regards.

They acknowledge. Wesley get inside, while James stands face to face with the man.

WELL DRESSED MAN What you need is under the passenger's seat.

Wesley nods his head. Enters the vehicle as well. It takes off down the block.

INT. TAXI CAB - EVENING

Wesley sits back, listening to his music. While James, reaches into his pocket and takes out his PDA. Wesley turns up the music on his player. It's SMOOTH JAZZ.

James reaches underneath the passenger's seat. Takes out a BROWN BRIEFCASE. He opens it.

INSIDE THE CASE - is a B/W PHOTO of an ugly, yet truly powerful mobster - along with FOUR 9mm HANDGUNS and FOUR SILENCERS.

James takes up the photo and studies it.

EXT. LACE STRIP CLUB - EVENING

A Strip Club in the heart of Midtown. The bright Neon sign reads "LACE". The Cab stops. The two brothers step out. They look around.

They glance at each other and step inside.

INT. LACE STRIP CLUB - EVENING

James and Wesley enter the "PIT OF SIN". Beautiful females dancing on poles, dancing on laps and walking around. James looks around the place and locates...

A HEAVY SET MAFIOSO TYPE.

Sitting in a booth, while two FLOOZIES whisper in his ears and delve under the table.

James and Wesley nod at each other, throw their bags over their shoulder and approach forward.

THE MAFIOSO TYPE GUY

Has his eyes closed. He's miles away from Reality. He's just giving mind to the wonderful BJ he's receiving under the table.

THE TWO BROTHERS

Close in, ten feet on their target.

TWO BODYGUARDS

are positioned across from THE BIG BOSS, while another FOUR OF HIS MEN, sit nearby the Stage. Drinking and having a good time. James, leads front.

CONTINUED: 3.

He signals Wesley with TWO FINGERS at his side. Wesley nods. They close in, keeping enough distance to not raise any suspicion.

The two of them DIVE into their holsters. Wesley and James remove TWIN SILENCED AUTO 9mms. Wesley turns around, both guns on the FOUR GOONS. He takes them all down.

James Marches forward, RIDDLING the BIG BOSS with GUNFIRE. He falls over, pinning the TWO GIRLS in between his CROTCH and his STOMACH.

The last TWO BODY GUARDS make their move, but James is too fast. He crosses his GUNS - EXPERT BLIND FIRING - empties the rest of his clip into them.

He ejects both clips. Re-holsters his weapon. Wesley does the same. The Job's done, but everyone's in CHAOS. Running and screaming.

EXT. LACE STRIP CLUB - EVENING

The two brothers step out. Everyone else is in pandemonium. They stay calm as everyone BRUSHES past them. Why attract any attention? The two of them hail another cab and continue down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOYS AND GIRL'S CLUB - EVENING

KIM SMITH (37) Black. Beautiful. Tough in her own controlled way. A New York City Detective. Waits in front of her MINI-VAN, patiently glancing at her watch.

A beautiful little boy emerges out of the building, running towards his mother. His name is TRENT (8) He is Kim's pride and Joy.

TRENT (excited)

(exc)

Mom!

Kim kneels down and Trent runs into her arms. They share a hug, she kisses him on his cheek.

KIM

I missed you so much sweetie.

INT. MINI VAN - EVENING

Kim is at the wheel, they're on their way home, while Trent sits in the back.

TRENT

Today was so fun. We learned how to write in script, but the teacher called it cursive, so Timmy Mathers jumped up and said Fuck!

Kim stops the brakes and turns to Trent.

KIM

Trent!

TRENT

(burying his head)

Sorry mom!

KIM

Looks like I'll have to talk with Timmy Mathers' Parents. When is your spelling bee?

TRENT

Tomorrow?

KIM

Are you prepared?

TRENT

(shaking his head)

Yes, Mommy.

KIM

Spell Anarchism.

TRENT

That word's not gonna be on there.

KIM

How do you know?

TRENT

I'm eight, they're not that mean.

Kim has nothing to do but laugh. How cute is that?

INT. FAMILY HOME - DAY

Trent and Kim sit in the kitchen, eating a hearty, home cooked meal. There are THREE CHAIRS at the table. One of them is empty.

She twirls the fork between her fingers and looks up at a PICTURE OF HER LATE HUSBAND. There was once a full family, but tragedy struck. Kim takes a deep breath and continues eating.

INT. TRENT'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Kim tucks Trent in his bed.

TRENT

Mommy, can you tell me a bed-time story?

KIM

A Bed time Story?

Trent nods his head.

KIM (CONT'D)

Well... there was this little boy in this place very far away. He needed to get some sleep so he could be very strong in the morning, but he didn't want to. He wanted to stay up all night and play with his Toys. The hours started to count down. Eight O' Clock turned into Nine O' Clock, Nine O' Clock turned into Ten O' Clock, and before he knew it... it was twelve O' Clock. He was too scared to sleep. So he cried. He cried loud till his Mommy came, and she was there right by his side, to tuck him to sleep.

Trent just stays there... folding his arms.

TRENT

That was not a real bed time story.

Kim takes a deep breath and tucks him in.

KIM

But it's a true one. Go to bed.

He kisses him on the forehead.

CONTINUED: 6.

KIM (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Sweetheart.

She gets up to leave the room, when...

TRENT

Mom?

Kim turns around.

KIM

What's the matter, Trent?

Trent reaches inside his book bag next to his bag.

He pulls out a ROSARY BEAD.

TRENT

I made this for you, do you like it?

He hands her over the beads... she looks at them smilingly.

KIM

They're beautiful.

TRENT

I knew you'd like em. The teacher said they'll keep you safe. I don't wanna see you get hurt, Mommy.

She can't help but smile.

KIM

(putting on her)

Here, I'll wear it around and never take it off.

She gives Trent one last kiss and hug.

TRENT

I love you Mommy.

KIM

I love you too.

INT. KIM'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Kim enters a large bedroom, which is neatly decorated. A KING SIZED BED with ONE PILLOW is at the end of the room. She un-clips her badge and throws it down on the DRESSER, then hangs up her GUN - a Colt. 1911 Silver Barrel and BROWN/BLACK HANDLE.

She undoes the top three buttons on her blouse and drops down on her Mattress. She takes a long, calming SIGH and closes her eyes. "It's been a long day."

INT. CASH ROOM - NIGHT

Several Men sit around, counting LARGE SUMS OF MONEY. They're not charity runners and they're not legitimate businessmen.

The handguns in their holsters negate any LAW-ABIDING elements to their characters. Their door is SUDDENLY RAMMED OPEN. SIX COPS burst their way inside.

COPS

Freeze, Don't move!

The men stop what they're doing and reach for the Skies. The Cops wearing BULLET PROOF VESTS make their moves and rack up arrests.

LESLIE WESSON. White. A straight up New York City tough gal. (34) holds her Smith+Wesson SIGMA 9mm handgun on the perpetrators.

COMMANDING OFFICER (O.S.)

Look at what we got here... This don't look like no church function.

Leslie lowers her gun.

COMMANDING OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D) Wesson, check the other room.

The sound of a BREAKING GLASS echoes throughout. Leslie raises her gun and kicks open the door to the next room.

She sees a MAN, heading out the BROKEN WINDOW with a briefcase.

LESLIE

(gun aimed)

Hey!

The man raises his gun and FIRES. Leslie quickly moves out the way. The bullet missed her head by an inch. The man leaves through the window.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Son of a motherfucking bitch!

She goes after him.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The man slides down the railing of a FIRE-SCAPE and hits the ground running. Nothings gonna stop him. Leslie does the same. She might have a good chance at stopping him.

THE MAN

Quickly stops, turns around and aims... Leslie takes cover behind a DUMPSTER. The man FIRES three times. The bullets RICOCHET off the DUMPSTER.

ARMED MAN
You're not getting me alive, Bitch!

He continues firing, while backing up and heading out the alley. He's out of bullets. He throws down his gun and takes off running.

Leslie comes up from the Dumpster. Gun aimed, clear shot. She doesn't take it. Instead she continues to pursue on foot.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

She chases his down clear across the street, almost colliding with traffic, but nothing is stopping either of them.

A BLACK CAR stops dead in front of her. She leaps over the hood and continues her pursuit.

The MAN continues running for his dear life. He makes a sharp turn down the block, pushing and shoving people out the way.

Leslie leaps over the people thrown down in front of her.

THE FLEEING MAN

looks back... sees Leslie gaining on him. He quickly pulls a spare revolver out of his pocket and blind fires.

CAR WINDOWS are blown out, while bullets Whiz past Leslie.

LESLIE (catching up)
You fucking - ugh!

She collides with a Bicyclist. Knocking him off the bike. The man continues heading down the block.

Leslie gets up and looks at the Cyclist. Showing her badge.

CONTINUED: 9.

LESLIE

Kid I'm gonna need your bike.

Leslie gets on the Bike, turns it around and heads down the block, back in pursuit of her suspect.

THE SUSPECT and LESLIE are not far in proximity from each other, in fact she's greatly gaining on him.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

In the name of the muthafuckin' Law, I command you to stop!

FLEEING MAN

Fuck you!

He blind fires again, first shot whizzing right by her. Next shot. empty. Click. Click. He throws down his gun, keeps on running.

Leslie takes her bike off the sidewalk, increasing speed. She stands up, keeping her eye on him, raises her handgun and FIRES TWICE.

Both shots take out both of the man's ACHILLES TENDONS. He goes down, screaming.

Leslie makes a sharp stop. Gets off the bike, keeping her gun trained on him.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Fucking ay.

She takes out a SMALL FLASK OF WHISKY and uncaps it.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You have the right to remain silent, anything you say can and will be used the fuck against you in the Court of --

He moans in Agony.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Will you shut the fuck up, it's just a fucking flesh wound.

INT. POLICE STATION - DESK AREA

Time has Passed. Leslie sits at her desk, drinking a cup of coffee and eating a Cup of noodles. TWO PLAIN CLOTHED OFFICERS walk past her desk, looking back at her. Leslie returns an unfriendly glare.

LESLIE

Excuse me? see something you like?

They get the message. She takes a box of cigarettes from her Pocket. She's all out.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Hardwick!

CHRIS HARDWICK (30) her fellow officer. Sits across from her, typing up a report.

CHRIS

What is it, Wesson?

LESTITE

Got any smokes? I'm all out.

CHRIS

I guess you forgot I don't smoke.

Leslie tosses down the empty cigarette box and looks at the clock.

LESLIE

Fuck this day.

CHRIS

Leslie, can I talk to you?

LESLIE

About what? Sports? Politics? The wonderful living conditions of New York City?

CHRIS

No, no. Nothing like that, just you and I.

LESLIE

You and I? Ha. Listen, Chris. I don't know what episode of NYPD blue you were watching, but our friendship only goes as far you and I sharing a box of fucking donuts.

CONTINUED: 11.

CHRIS

So you don't wanna go out for a drink after work?

LESLIE

I can drink at home.

CHRIS

How about dinner? We could grab a bit to eat.

LESLIE

I've jut had a rameen noodle soup and a cup coffee, I'm pretty full.

She looks at the clock.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

It's also late and all I want to do is get in my bed.

Chris opens his mouth to talk.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(stopping him at the breath)
And no, I don't need anyone to tuck
me in. I'm a grown fuckin' Woman.

CHRIS

Can I at least walk you to your car?

A moment comes between Leslie and Chris. She knows he's not giving up any time soon and lets her guard down.

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATE NIGHT

Leslie closes her car-door and puts on her seat-belt.

LESLIE

(to Chris, outside her car)
You know Chris, you really didn't
have to walk me to my car.

CHRIS

I know, I know, but it's dangerous out here. You know?

Chris smiles at Leslie.

CONTINUED: 12.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Tomorrow?

LESLIE

Yes, Chris.

CHRIS

Good, good. Have a safe drive home.

He taps the hood of her car and waves. Leslie smiles, shakes her head and drives off. Chris stands and watches Leslie head down the block.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You can run Leslie, but true love is faster than a bullet.

He blows a kiss at the car and turns around.

TWO FELLOW OFFICERS are looking at him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(coming up with a good excuse)
Pantomiming... I teach a Drama
class in my spare time.

He embarrassingly heads back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATE NIGHT

Leslie, bummed from a long day - strolls in to the neighborhood Grocery store, while BACHATA music plays on the radio.

The CLERK, a 55 year old Dominican woman stands behind the counter, reading a magazine.

LESLIE

Hola Senorita Ramirez.

MRS. RAMIREZ

Buenos Noches Officer Wesson.

Leslie continues to the back of the store, snatching up TWO CANS of BEEF RAVIOLI and heading to the slide door fridge, where she picks up a SIX PACK OF BEER.

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)

Money in the register!

CONTINUED: 13.

Leslie turns around. Sees the one thing that only makes her night worst.

A MASKED ROBBER... not a black ski mask, but a street kid. With a BANDANA around his mouth.

Leslie takes out her .38 from her ankle holster and stealth-fully approaches the counter.

Mrs. Ramirez opens the register, calmly putting the money inside the bag and shaking her head. Saying a SPANISH PRAYER underneath her breath.

YOUNG MAN

Come on, less chat more pack. Gimme all the fucking money... All the --

A CLICK follows. His eyes shift to the side. Leslie stands behind with her gun to his head.

LESLIE

It's alright Mrs Ramirez. Put the money back in the register.

(to the kid)

And you.

She grabs the kid, takes the gun and spins him around.

LESLIE

(pulling off the ski mask)

Lets see who this --

The Mask comes off. It's the face of a shy, timid 15-year old.

LESLIE

You've gotta be fucking kidding me. What are you doing out here Charlie?

CHARLIE

I'm sorry Leslie. Please don't tell my mom.

Leslie shakes her head.

LESLIE

Fucking ay. What are you doing with a gun?

CHARLIE

It's fake.

CONTINUED: 14.

LESLIE

Huh?

She pulls the trigger... water spurts out.

CHARLIE

(remorsefully)

I'm so sorry, it's just been tough ya know with Valerie losing her job and all.

Leslie puts up her hand - calming him down.

LESLIE

Listen whatever. That's not my problem, but you don't know what kinda shit you're getting yourself into doing this. You know I coulda shot you and that coulda been the end of it?

CHARLIE

I know.

Leslie takes a deep breath. She raises her hand to slap him, but doesn't.

LESLIE

You're lucky I don't take you in. Now apologize to the lady, and here is fifty bucks. That should hold you over for a long time.

Leslie gives him the money. He gladly accepts.

CHARLIE

(with a bit of shame)

Thank you.

LESLIE

Now apologize to her.

CHARLIE

(to Mrs Ramirez)

I'm Sorry.

LESLIE

Good, now get the fuck out of here before I drag you down town.

Charlie does as told and high tails out the store.

CONTINUED: 15.

LESLIE

(to Mrs Ramirez)

Sorry about that. Neighborhood kid. Ya know? I grew up with his Mother.

MRS. RAMIREZ

It's alright.

INT. LESLIE'S KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Leslie rests down her bag, stuffing her wallet back inside her pocket. She removes a can from the six pack and puts the rest in the fridge. She uncaps the beer, takes out a glass and pours it in. She goes to the cupboard, takes out a bottle of vodka, pours it in the glass of beer and mixes it with her finger.

LESLIE

(to herself)

To another long, fucking day.

INT. LESLIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Leslie sits in-front of the Television, watching "THE FAMILY GUY". She's halfway through her bowl of ravioli and finishing her glass of beer, while covering herself with her blanket. Her CELLPHONE rings. She watches it vibrate on the table and picks up.

LESLIE

Hello?

She looks at her watch and takes a deep breath.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me, now?

INT. LACE STRIP CLUB - LATE NIGHT

It's a full Police Investigation. Nine dead bodies are strewn about. Forensics examiners are taking prints, while Photographers are snapping pictures. Leslie enters the club, tired, yawning. She walks right past Kim (In the b.g. Kneeling down besides a dead body, and collecting evidence) CAPTAIN RONALD MORROW, tall, black, mid 60's. Stands by the BIG MAN (the main target) chest full of lead and a bullet in his head.

CONTINUED: 16.

CAPTAIN MORROW

I guess we could rule out Alcohol Poisoning.

LESLIE

Is that?

Captain Morrow shakes his head.

CAPTAIN MORROW

Benny Viterelli.

LESLIE

Looks like someone got to him before the law did.

CAPTAIN MORROW

I'd say you're on the right track. You've been drinking?

LESLIE

My shift was over an hour ago, I didn't expect be called down to Hells Kitchen.

CAPTAIN MORROW

Yeah, sorry about that.

He points across the room.

CAPTAIN MORROW (CONT'D)

I taught you would of wanted to see something.

Leslie turns around and sees a YOUNG MAN lying face down in a puddle of blood.

LESLIE

That's not Yahnni Gomez, is it?

CAPTAIN MORROW

Yeah, looks like you're down one informant.

LESLIE

Fuck! Who did this?

CAPTAIN MORROW

We don't know, we're guessing it was rivals. It could be Colombian, could be Haitians, could even be another Italian family. You've seen it all before, turf wars taking a violent route.

CONTINUED: 17.

LESLIE

Whatever the fuck happened to productive reasoning?

CAPTAIN MORROW

I Figure it's just easier to shoot someone.

Leslie nods her head.

LESLIE

Any witnesses?

CAPTAIN MORROW

Two broads, they're pretty shaken up.

LESLIE

Where are they?

INT. FURTHER END OF ROOM - NIGHT

Leslie sits with the TWO WOMEN, writing down in her Notepad.

LESLIE

So you're saying that you two were giving him a blow job when all the sudden you heard panic and screaming, then he fell on top of you and you were both stuck?

The two BIMBOS, nod their heads.

BIMBO # 1

That's exactly what happened.

LESLIE

So you didn't see any of their faces?

BIMBO # 1

No, what fucking part of us being stuck between his fat ass stomach and tiny cock don't you understand? We couldn't see shit!

Leslie takes a deep breath and flips the book closed.

LESLIE

You know, I'd reach over this table and pistol whip the cum out of both of your mouths, but it's been a long night.

CONTINUED: 18.

She tosses her card on the table.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

When you two come up with some more information that's not utter bullshit, don't be a stranger to the phone.

With that, Leslie gets up and leaves. She walks past, Kim... collecting a SHELL-CASING and putting it inside a PLASTIC BAG.

Captain Morrow approaches her.

CAPTAIN MORROW

Found anything yet, Detective?

KIM

Nothing but spent nine millimeter rounds. Clean entrance and dirty exit. This is Professional indeed. Well aimed shots, no innocents hit, no collateral damage done. I'm guessing four different guns were used.

CAPTAIN MORROW

It couldn't be one man with a four gun vest, right?

KIM

Highly Unlikely, but very creative indeed.

She gets up.

CAPTAIN MORROW

Kim, I just want to thank you for coming down here on such short notice.

KIM

It's all part of the job, right?

CAPTAIN MORROW

Love the attitude. You were able to get a sitter for your kid, right?

KIM

Yeah, My Sister's watching him.

CONTINUED: 19.

CAPTAIN MORROW

Okay and thanks again.

KIM

No Problem.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kim is on her way back home. She yawns and adjusts the radio in her car.

NEXT TO HER WINDOW

Leslie's car pulls up. The two don't notice each other. They keep their eyes on the road.

THE LIGHT TURNS GREEN.

Kim continues straight down, while Leslie makes a LEFT TURN.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

In a small, cheap motel with TWO BEDS. TWO UNLOADED PISTOLS and TWO CLIPS are on the bed, with bullets spread out. Wesley sits at the edge of the bed, eating Chinese food, while James cleans the barrels of the Guns.

JAMES

Don't eat so fast, You're food's not going anywhere.

Wesley rolls his eyes and continues eating.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Yeah, you keep on rolling your eyes like that, wait till you start choking.

He loads up the bullets inside the clips.

JAMES (CONT'D)

So hardheaded, now wonder mom used to beat your ass around the clock.

James' CELLPHONE rings. He picks up.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It's done. All of them are dead.

He takes out his PDA... punches in 4-5-5-6-A-7.

CONTINUED: 20.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Got it.

He hangs up the phone and looks at Wesley.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What the fuck man? You got food all over you, look at you man!

James grabs a HANDFUL of NAPKINS, wiping off Wesley's shirt.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Come on man, You can't be like this. This is ridiculous.

He tosses the napkin in the garbage.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You need anything to drink?

Wesley reaches at the side of the bed and shows him an opened can of orange soda.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Okay, Good. We've got a job in the morning, don't stay up too late.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

It's early morning. Leslie parks her car in-front of the station and gets out. Chris stands right by the stairs, waiting for her with a CUP OF COFFEE and a small white bag (it's breakfast, we don't know which kind, it could be a muffin for all we care)

CHRIS

Morning, Leslie. Breakfast?

LESLIE

(walking past him)

I ate on the way.

CHRIS

At least have the Coffee.

Leslie smiles, but doesn't let Chris see it. She hides her smile, turns around and takes the Coffee.

LESLIE

Thank you.

She continues back upstairs.

CONTINUED: 21.

CHRIS

I heard you were called into that strip club shooting investigation yesterday.

LESLIE

Yeah, wasted scum in a pool of filth. What's new?

They enter the BUILDING.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Leslie and Chris approach a closing elevator.

CHRIS

... So I got two tickets to an opera, and I was wondering If --

Leslie cuts him off.

LESLIE

An Opera? You've gotta be kidding me.

They make the elevator. The doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Chris and Leslie are in a FULL ELEVATOR.

CHRIS

Come on, there is nothing wrong with the Opera. It's meditative.

LESLIE

It's actually pretty fucking boring if you ask me.

CHRIS

You can learn to enjoy it.

LESLIE

I can also learn to enjoy a pottery class, but you don't see any damn clay on my hands, do you?

The elevator opens. People get off. We see Kim, standing towards the back, flipping through her Cellphone.

CONTINUED: 22.

CHRIS

Ok, we don't have to go the Opera than. How about a fancy Restaurant? You could eat as much as you want, I won't criticize.

LESLIE

(shaking her head)

You know what Chris, You drive a hard bargain.

CHRIS

So is that a yes, or a no?

Leslie takes a while to answer, she raises Chris' anticipation.

LESLIE

I'll think about it.

CHRIS

(smilingly)

You have all the time you need, but don't keep me waiting.

The Doors open. Chris steps out.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

See you --

Leslie PUSHES the ELEVATOR CLOSE BUTTON. The DOOR CLOSE as she waves smilingly at him. They fully shut. Leslie rests her head against the wall.

LESLIE

He does not give up.

KIM (O.S.)

He seems nice.

Leslie turns around and sees Kim. Still flipping through her Phone.

LESLIE

(somewhat bothered)

Yeah, He does.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE DIVISION - DAY

Kim and Leslie exit the Elevator.

KIM

Boyfriend?

LESLIE

No, just another fellow officer. You know how it is.

Kim nods her head.

KIM

You should give him a chance. Leslie takes a sip of her Coffee.

LESLIE

(disregarding the last sentence)

He got me Coffee, but I don't like Decaf.

She drops the Coffee in a trash bin and continues forward. Kim just stays and watches her.

KIM

She's gonna die single.

Captain Morrow emerges from a GLASS ENCASED OFFICE door at the end of the room.

CAPTAIN MORROW

Smith, Wesson, in my Office.

Kim looks at Leslie, Leslie looks at Kim. Without asking any questions, they head into the Office.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain Morrow stands by the WINDOW, looking down at the City Streets.

CAPTAIN MORROW

You know in my all my years as a Captain, I've seen a lot of Good Cops. And good Cops are what makes this city strong, won't you think?

Kim and Leslie look at each other, then back at Morrow.

CONTINUED: 24.

KIM

Yeah, Captain.

Captain Morrow shakes his head.

CAPTAIN MORROW

What about you Leslie. Wouldn't you consider yourself a good cop?

Leslie shakes her head.

LESLIE

Of course, Captain.

Captain Morrow turns around.

CAPTAIN MORROW

As you know, there is a Gang war going on. Sides are dropping like flies. You two were on the scene yesterday and surveillance camera footage shows that two men entered the club around Six and started shooting. These guys were professionals at the top of their games. Nothing turned up on them, but I'm speculating they're out of town Gunners.

LESLIE

Like hired hit men?

CAPTAIN MORROW

Correct.

(beat)

So that's why, I'm gonna need you two to work together. You two are the best cops this precinct has to offer. I know you won't let me down.

LESLIE

Ah What the fuck Captain!

CAPTAIN MORROW

Leslie, be nice.

Kim turns to Leslie with her hand out.

KIM

Well nice to meet you, Kim Smith... and you must be Leslie Wesson, right?

CONTINUED: 25.

LESLIE

Oh fuck you!

CAPTAIN MORROW

Wesson!

Leslie looks at Kim. Kim is Smiling and Eager for the Handshake. She gives it to her.

LESLIE

(struggling to come to terms) How do you do?

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Leslie and Kim exit the Police Station.

LESLIE

Listen, I'm not used to this Partner shit, Okay? This isn't the fucking girl scouts. You get what I'm saying?

KIM

(calm, smiling)

Sure, I get it. So, how about some Breakfast?

LESLIE

You're not fucking with me, are you?

KIM

Not at all. I just didn't eat this Morning.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Kim and Leslie sit by the Window. We can see the POLICE STATION from across the Street. Kim has a Sandwich with a glass of orange juice, while Leslie has a coffee and a Cigarette.

KIM

Mmmmm, You gotta try this. It's American Cheese, with two slices of Salami, Pastrami and Turkey, laid (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 26.

KIM (cont'd)

with two pieces of lettuce, tomatoes, and Mayonnaise. Here, try it.

She lifts the Sandwich towards Leslie.

Leslie gives Kim a cold eye.

LESLIE

Get that out my fucking face.

KIM

Are you sure? you're loss.

She takes a bite.

KIM (CONT'D)

Mmmm, this is good.

Leslie just shakes her head and continues with her Cigarette.

LESLIE

(to herself)

This is bullshit. So, what are you? Some kinda Kit Kat girl cop with a gun? Got straight A's in the Academy and took the ass kissing route up?

KIM

If you wanna put it that way, Yeah. What's your deal?

LESLIE

What's my deal? I put in foot and ass to get where I am, to hell am I gonna share the fucking spotlight.

KIM

So being a bitch is the shield you put up block that spotlight?

LESLIE

You catch on pretty fast.

She gets up from the table.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Pay the fucking bill, I'm gonna go sit in the car.

Kim just smiles and continues her food.

CONTINUED: 27.

KIM

(to herself)

Honestly, that bitch is pissing my black ass off.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

Leslie cruises down the block, keeping her speed. Kim sits in the passenger's seat.

KIM

...I think you might be suffering from a complex that hinders you from opening yourself to others. It's alright though, those phases are usually temporary.

Leslie turns on the radio, Loud... Really Loud.

VAN HALEN - JUMP.

Kim turns the Knob and changes the station.

THE GAME - DOPE BOYZ.

Leslie looks at Kim, Kim smiles at Leslie. Leslie whimpers under her breath and continues driving.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

Leslie pulls up in-front of a VIDEO STORE and turns off the Radio.

LESLIE

I'll be right back.

KIM

Where are you going?

Leslie removes TWO DVDs from the GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

LESLIE

These are long overdue, gotta take em back.

CONTINUED: 28.

KIM

But we're on duty.

LESLIE

Thanks for the reminder.

Leslie bails out and enters the Video-Store. Kim stays inside. She takes a deep breath, reaches inside her shirt and takes out the ROSARY BEADS. She smiles at the sight of it and tucks it back inside her shirt. Her CELLPHONE rings. She picks up.

KIM

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Wesley and James sit in the Back of a TAXI CAB. It's headed down Harlem.

JAMES

(to Wesley)

So this is Harlem, eh? Beautiful place... very beautiful place.

Wesley continues looking out the window and listening to his MP-3.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(to the driver)

Sir, Housing Projects One hundred and fifteenth street, please.

The driver nods his head.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

Leslie (finished returning her DVD), drinks a Can of Soda, while cruising down the road. Kim stares out the Window. Not a word is exchanged between the two of them, until.

A CALL COMES THROUGH THE RADIO.

CONTINUED: 29.

DISPATCHER

"We have an urgent call at 1312 W.114th Street and Madison Avenue. Officer Smith and Wesson, you two are needed there ASAP".

Leslie looks down and picks up the Transmitter.

LESLIE

Over.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSING PROJECTS - HALLWAY

It's another full fledged Police Investigation. The Captain mixes himself a CUP of ALKA-SELTZER and guzzles it down.

CAPTAIN MORROW

This is just Bizarre.

Leslie and Kim arrive at the Scene.

LESLIE

(analyzing the Scene)
Another Gang-land slaughterhouse,
huh?

CAPTAIN MORROW

You hit it right on the nose. So How are you two getting along? Communicating well?

Kim looks at Leslie, Leslie looks at Kim and turns to the Captain.

KIM

Oh yeah. We're a regular Sears and Roebuck.

CAPTAIN MORROW

That's good.

He turns his attention back to the Four Guys on the floor.

KIM

(noticing a tattoo running up one of the Young Men's necks) These are Members of the South Side Devils. CONTINUED: 30.

CAPTAIN MORROW

They were Members of the South Side devils, now looks like they'll be shaking hands with the Devil.

KIM

Do you think this is connected to Yesterday's murder?

CAPTAIN MORROW

l sneaking suspicior

I have all sneaking suspicion to believe that. What about you?

KIM

With every bone in my body.

LESLIE

Wait a minute. These guys are Small fries. Just young punks with Guns and a bad attitude. Now the guys that were hit yesterday, they were fully established criminals.

KIM

In turf wars, that usually doesn't matter. It's not how strong the other group is, but how much they get in their way. Who knows? Maybe these weren't a group of Lacostra Nostra members, but they certainly were making things harder for the other side.

Leslie watches her Unimpressed.

LESLIE

That's fucking impressive. You came up with that all yourself?

KIM

I actually did. I know, I'm that Smart.

She heads off.

KIM (CONT'D)

Anymore bodies?

CAPTAIN MORROW (O.S.)

Yeah, just down here.

INT. APARTMENT - DRUG PROCESSING ROOM - DAY

Crime Scene Workers examine the area. Blood splatter analysts scrape dried blood from the walls, Kim inspects a man with a SMALL BULLET WOUND in his forehead.

KIM

This guy got it medium close range... clean shot, very well aimed. The bullet went in straight, there are no curve marks on the skull.

She picks up the head and sees a LARGE EXIT WOUND in the back of his head.

KIM (CONT'D)

Nasty exit.

She looks up at Captain Morris.

KIM (CONT'D)

This looks like a Nine Millimeter entrance wound. Tell me I'm right.

CAPTAIN MORROW

Well you're not wrong.

Kim shakes her head and lowers the man's head.

KIM

This is big.

She gets up from her Knees.

KIM (CONT'D)

Don't be surprised if more of these show up.

She heads towards him.

KIM (CONT'D)

When was the last reported gang war?

CAPTAIN MORROW

Five, Ten years ago. The Vivaldi Crime Family was at war with a small time Irish outfit, but that's all old news. We're dealing with a full on extermination here. These Pro's have killed twelve men in the past two days. CONTINUED: 32.

Leslie enters the room.

LESLIE

I don't know... Two guys wiping out gangsters... fucking sounds like a two crazed Boondock saints fans.

CAPTAIN MORROW

Sounds like a dream come true to me too, but we're the law and that's a big no in our book.

KIM

So no witnesses?

CAPTAIN MORROW

None at all. They appeared, killed and vanished. Not a trace left.

Kim looks at the FOUR BODIES. Closely inspecting them.

KIM

Those are not bullet wounds.

CAPTAIN MORROW

Nope. Knife wounds. Close Combat. Two guys with knives, two guys each.

KIM

Checked for any skin underneath nails from struggles?

CAPTAIN MORROW

None found. Looks like they didn't put up a fight either.

LESLIE

Yeah, the crusaders came in and unleashed their knife skills on these four bastards, then made their way to the room at the end of the hall and painted it with lead.

CAPTAIN MORROW

That seems to be the point.

LESLIE

We've got two highly skilled assassins running around the city and sending gang members to the morgue at an Alarming rate. You're damn right that's the point.

CONTINUED: 33.

(she catches herself)
No offense, Captain.

TWO FBI AGENTS. STERLING and RODGERS, make their way inside. Sterling is a white man in his mid 40's, while Rodgers is a female in her Mid 30's.

AGENT STERLING

Hey, Hey. What the hell is going on here.

LESLIE

Fucking ay.

She steps up to Sterling.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

It looks like an investigation, but I'm pretty sure you FBI assholes wouldn't know how to conduct one of those.

Agent Sterling doesn't even bother with Leslie. She pushes past him and approaches Captain Morrow.

AGENT STERLING

I don't know if you noticed this, but we're supposed to get first call before anyone.

CAPTAIN MORROW

You did... and look at how long it took you. Listen, we're already taking care of this investigation, why don't you go down-stairs and fetch me a coffee.

Agent Sterling looks around. He feels undermined. Almost embarrassed.

AGENT STERLING

You'd better watch it. Morrow!

He turns around and storms off. Rodgers looks at Leslie.

LESLIE

What the fuck are you looking at?

Agent Rodgers smiles and continues walking.

Sterling breaks through two investigating officers.

CONTINUED: 34.

AGENT STERLING

Out of my way!

Kim looks at Leslie.

LESLIE

I think she likes you.

KIM

(nodding her head)
Oh yeah... fuck you too. She'd
better keep her tongue in her
mouth.

She heads off. Kim looks at the Captain.

KIM (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

See? We're fucking made for each other.

INT. DINER - DAY

Wesley and James sit at a window seat in a BUSY DINER. People are chowing down on Burgers and Fries, but stay oblivious to the fact that there are two Cold blooded serial killers in their midst. Wesley has himself a BOWL OF SOUP, while James works on a BLACK JACK BURGER.

James takes a quick look at his watch and feels a Vibrating. He checks his CELLPHONE and sees a call coming through. He slides out of a booth and steps outside.

EXT. DINER - DAY

James exits the Diner... phone to ears.

JAMES

Job's done.

James presses the phone to his ears, resting it on his shoulder, reaching inside his pocket for a NOTE-PAD.

JAMES (CONT'D)

T-30-F-A-8-G.

He hangs up the phone, pockets it and heads back inside the diner.

INT. POLICE STATION - BATHROOM

Kim washes her hands and fixes her hair, while Leslie emerges from a stall, fixing her belt.

KIM

Leslie, can I talk to you?

LESLIE

About?

KIM

You and I... as partners.

Leslie laughs and commences to washing her hands.

LESLIE

Outta my face with that shit.

In the Midst of washing her hands. Kim turns off the faucet.

KIM

No, we really should talk.

Leslie knocks her hand away turns on the faucet.

LESLIE

You see me trying wash my hands here, right? Step the fuck back.

Kim steps back.

KIM

Okay, fine than. Just answer me this. Does having a Partner scare you?

LESLIE

Fuck you.

KIM

Not quiet the answer I was looking for, but I'll tell you this one thing. I'm not looking for you to like me, but dammit, you are gonna respect me, even If I have to beat every last bit of that respect out of you.

Leslie breaks down in laughter.

CONTINUED: 36.

LESLIE

Wait, lemme get this straight. If you have to beat it out of me? Is that what my sensitive ears are hearing? You can beat me?

Kim nods her head.

KIM

I don't want to, but that's exactly what I'm saying.

Leslie unhooks her gun and badge, slamming it on the table.

LESLIE

Fuck it, we can go right now.

Leslie steps up to Kim's face.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

So here I am. Kick my ass!

Leslie SHOVES Kim back a few steps. Kim Catches her footing.

KIM

Ok, that's it!

Kim LANDS a CLEAN BLOW to the side of Leslie's face. Leslie spins backwards into the sink, buckling to her knees.

KIM (CONT'D)

You had enough?

LESLIE

Fuck you!

Leslie balls up her fist and goes for a GUT PUNCH. Kim grabs her fist and KICKS her right upside her chin. Leslie falls back hard. Kim stands over her.

KTM

Had enough?

LESLIE

You bitch!

Leslie DRIVES the front of her shoe right into Kim's crotch. She feels it.

LESLIE

Gets up and tackles her against a wall... pinning her and PUNCHING her in the abdomen.

CONTINUED: 37.

KIM hits LESLIE in the back a few times, weakening her and the punches. She grabs a HOLD of LESLIE'S SHIRT COLLAR and hits her ONCE... TWICE... FOUR... FIVE times across the face. Leslie blocks the SIXTH and HEAD BUTTS Kim, bloodying her nose. Leslie grabs Kim's head and SLAMS it against the wall.

Kim drops Leslie. Leslie drops to her knees, Kim drops to her Knees. The two are on their Knees, facing each other, bruised and bloodied. They grab each other by their SHIRT COLLARS and EXCHANGE PUNCHES.

Kim hits Leslie, Leslie hits Kim... They keep up the CYCLE till. They KNOCK EACH-OTHER on their asses. The two of them lie on the bathroom floor, bleeding from their mouths and noses. Kim leans up and sits against the wall. Leslie does the same. Their breathing is hard, labored. Leslie spits out a mouthful of blood and lights up a cigarette.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You eh... Wanna go grab a beer?

INT. BAR - EVENING

Kim and Leslie sit in a bar. Blue fluorescent lights. Loud College kids and sports fans watching their Hockey games. KIM and LESLIE Raise a toast.

KIM

What are we toasting to?

LESLIE

New Friendship.

Kim smiles, clanks Glasses.

KIM

It's about time.

LESLIE

That was pretty good. Where'd you learn to fight?

KIM

I have four brothers. What about you?

LESLIE

I'm Irish.

Kim and Leslie share a laugh. Leslie takes a drink.

CONTINUED: 38.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

So... You married?

KIM

No, my husband died.

Leslie slowly shakes her head.

LESLIE

I'm sorry to hear that.

KIM

Yeah, we're pulling through though.

LESLIE

You have a kid?

Kim takes out a PICTURE of her child and shows it to Leslie.

KIM

Yeah, his name's Trent.

LESLIE

He's cute.

KIM

Yeah, that's my sunshine on this dark cloudy planet.

LESLIE

Sunshine on a dark cloudy planet. You should be a Poet.

KIM

You think so?

LESLIE

No, that made no fucking sense, just pulling your leg.

KIM

So. What about you? Any husband? (she thinks)

Wait, never mind.

LESLIE

No, that's ok. I don't have a husband, nearly did, but it never worked out.

KIM

He died too?

CONTINUED: 39.

LESLIE

No, he liked Men actually. Walked in on him blowing three guys he played basketball with.

KIM

Ouch.

LESLIE

Yeah. Just my luck.

She takes another drink.

KIM

Looks at it like this though. There is always hope, right?

LESLIE

Yeah, Hope... and vodka.

KIM

Take it your not a church person.

LESLIE

Far from that. Religion is all flash and no soul anymore. I know I have a protector up there, but down here...

She removes her S/W Sigma 9mm and rests it on the table.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

This my god down here.

Kim nods her head.

KIM

Impressive.

LESLIE

Yeah, my father got it for me, but he was a drug dealer. So What about you? What are you carrying?

Kim takes out her Colt 1911, bad ass pistol with a powerful kick and a custom black/brown finish.

KIM

Colt 1911, had this since I joined the Academy and stuck with it since.

CONTINUED: 40.

LESLIE

Nice. Can I see?

Kim hands her the Gun.

KIM

Sure. Careful, it's loaded.

LESLIE

It's heavy.

KIM

Yeah, but I'd worry more about the firing power than the rate.

TWO YOUNG MEN stand across, watching them utterly.

YOUNG MAN # 1

Are you two like some kind of lesbian serial killers?

KIM

(showing her badge)

No, We're cops.

Leslie gives Kim back her gun, and puts her gun back in her holster.

LESLIE

Well that's enough show and tell for one night.

KIM

(looking at her watch)

I'd say... I gotta go pick up my son from my Sisters.

LESLIE

Need a lift?

KIM

I have a car.

LESLIE

So tomorrow then, huh? Partner?

KIM

Yeah, tomorrow... Partner.

Kim tosses a FIVE on the table.

CONTINUED: 41.

KIM (CONT'D)

I'm not angry about the Diner, but here is my good will.

LESLIE

The drinks are eight dollars each.

KIM

I know.

Kim smiles, turns around and heads off. Leslie pays the Difference.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

An elegant Restaurant. Beautiful music fills the area, while People sit around, enjoying their super expensive meals. Winston sits by a table.... Looking at his watch. Kim enters. Her eyes scan the area... she finds WINSTON CARR. 39. Black. Sharply dressed and handsome.

WINSTON

(waving)

Kim, over here.

Kim approaches Winston. She takes a seat across from him.

KIM

So sorry I'm late. Couldn't find parking.

WINSTON

What happened to your face?

KIM

New Partner.

Winston finds that Awkward.

WINSTON

So... You cops beat the shit out of each other on your spare time?

KIM

No... nothing like that.

WINSTON

Well explain it to me.

CONTINUED: 42.

KIM

It's just a female bonding thing, that's all.

WINSTON

Oh, I get it.

Winston does the ZIP MOUTH expression and picks up the Menu.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Well glad you could make it. Are you ready to order?

KTM

I don't know... What's good here?

WINSTON

Calamari, you ever had it?

KIM

Never even heard of it. What's in it?

WINSTON

Well Flour, Olive Oil, Eggs and Salt.

KIM

That's it?

WINSTON

Flour, Olive Oil, Eggs and Salt... In Squid.

KIM

And that taste good?

WINSTON

You'll be delighted. Try it.

KIM

Well, just this once.

WINSTON

What kind of wine do you want?

KIM

You choose.

WINSTON

Red it is.

He signals for the waiter.

CONTINUED: 43.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

(in Italian)

Sir, let me have two Calamaris and a bottle of red wine.

The WAITER nods his head, takes the menu and heads off.

KTM

I didn't know you spoke Italian.

WINSTON

There is a lot of things you don't know about me. Hell, I could be a major gun runner for all you know.

Kim laughs.

KIM

Let's hope not. I'll hate to have to arrest you.

The two wind down from the laugh.

KIM (CONT'D)

Thanks for taking me out though. I haven't been going anywhere much since...

Winston puts his hand on her hand.

WINSTON

I know... but sometimes. You gotta move on. You know?

Kim looks up at Winston. He smiles. She returns the smile.

KIM

I guess so.

EXT. MANSION - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Just like the Mansion out of SCARFACE. We're inside the Office of HANS PERELLI. 50. A ruthless, power hungry and deeply psychopathic mob boss. His handsome looks mask his violent tendencies. Hans sits at his desk, on his phone... smoking a cigar.

HANS

So you tell me this, I cut you in on forty percent of the profit, what's in it for me? I'm getting fucked, that's what's happening. No (MORE)

CONTINUED: 44.

HANS (cont'd)

Ifs and or buts about it, how about this... You stay off of my end, and I don't kill you in front of your wife and children...

(he looks at his watch)
As a matter of fact, You're the one that called and woke me up, so I think I will take pleasure killing you in front of your wife and children. You're not gonna no where and when, but don't let me catch in the same place with your fucking family.

He hangs up the phone.

HANS (CONT'D)

Fucking asshole.

WOLFE MESSENER, 47. His personal assistant/right hand man. Enters the room.

WOLFE

I take it you're not on good terms with your Brother.

HANS

You know what they say, you can't pick your relatives... but you can kill em.

Wolfe takes a seat and lights up a cigar.

WOLFE

I wouldn't know about that. I see our boys are doing a fine job taking out the competition.

HANS

They're fucking phenomenal.

WOLFE

So, what's our next move?

HANS

We go for the full fuckin' monty, the only guys standing in our way.

WOLFE

Salvatore?

Hans nods his head.

CONTINUED: 45.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

You sure they can pull that off?

HANS

They'd go up to heaven and assassinate god if I asked em to.

WOLFE

Your boy got busted.

HANS

Who?

WOLFE

Carlton.

HANS

That asshole?

WOLFE

Yeah come officers busted an operation he was running, he tried to make a run for it and some cop nailed him in both Achilles tendons. He's being held up at Saint Mary's right now.

HANS

Shit. Is he talkin'?

WOLFE

We don't know.

HANS

We can't take chances either. You know what this calls for, right?

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Leslie emerges from the Elevator and heads down the hallway, taking out her Keys.

She approaches APARTMENT 2C and makes her entry.

INT. LESLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She heads right past her living room and takes off her Jacket.

INT. LESLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Leslie sits on her bed and tosses her Jacket on the Pillow. She touches her bruised face and chuckles to herself.

LESLIE

(to herself)

Son of a bitch... What a punch.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRIAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MIRIAM SMITH. 44 (Kim's Older Sister) opens the door and lets her in.

MIRIAM

What happened to your face?

Kim steps in.

KIM

Just had a run in with my new partner.

MIRIAM

New Partner?

 ${\tt KIM}$

Yeah, Captain assigned her. She's cool though, even for a crazy white girl.

MIRIAM

That should be interesting. I think Trent's coming down with a cold. He started coughing, I gave him some lemon tea with Honey.

KIM

Where is he?

MIRIAM

Sleeping, in the bedroom. He's been talking about you all day.

CONTINUED: 47.

KIM

Of course, that's my little Mommas boy, right there.

MIRIAM

So Kim, you decided when you're gonna get back on the bandwagon?

KIM

Excuse me?

MIRIAM

It's been five years. Don't you think it's time you moved on already? I mean, Trent does need a father figure in his life.

KIM

Like I haven't been trying, Miriam? Could you find me someone? Huh, go ahead. Go outside and bring me back a good man in the next five seconds, go ahead. Time starts now.

Miriam sees her point.

KIM (CONT'D)

It'll come, ok? I know God has some strange diabolical plan in store for me... Even if it takes five, even ten years, but I've been doing a good job with Trent. If I have to raise him by myself till he's twenty one, then so be it.

A moment passes between them.

MIRIAM

You want anything to eat? I have some left over dinner.

KIM

That'd be nice.

CUT TO

INT. LESLIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Leslie sits at her table, eating TAKE-OUT CHINESE FOOD. She sits alone at the table, eating and washing it down with a BOTTLE OF RUM.

It's quiet, almost too quiet. Her PHONE rings. She picks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 48.

LESLIE

Hello? Who is this?

She stops and listens.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Chris?... I'm pretty busy right now. Doing what?...

She looks around.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I'm organizing a... I'm a... Organizing a Hanukkah Party. Shalom.

She hangs up the phone and continues eating.

Yeah, She dodged a conversation, but something hits her. She slowly rests down her fork and looks at the phone on the table.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Come on Leslie, just be true to yourself already.

She takes a deep breath, picks up the phone and HITS the REDIAL BUTTON.

The number redials, and she waits for a PICK UP.

RING, RING... Chris picks up.

CHRIS

Hello?

Leslie hangs up.

LESLIE

Shit, Fuck, Shit, Fuck!

She continues eating and takes heavier hits from the bottle.

INT. TRENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kim enters the bedroom, with Trent in her arms. She rests him down on the bed and pulls the covers over him. He's fast asleep. She gives him a kiss on the cheek, turns off the lights and heads out. INT. KIM'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

She stands underneath the shower, fully nude. Letting the water hit her body. She's all lathered up and the water rinses off the soap on her caramel complexioned skin.

INT. LESLIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Leslie sits in her bathtub... with her gun holster hung up over the sink. She continues taking drinks from her flask, and rests her head back.

INT. KIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kim gets underneath her covers and fluffs her pillow. Once she's comfortable enough, she turns off the lamp and goes to sleep.

INT. LESLIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Leslie sits in-front of the television... having herself a CAN OF BEER. She underneath her covers. THE HONEY-MOONERS are showing. Her eyes flutter. She's falling tired. Before she knows it, she leans her head forward and she falls sleep in-front of the television.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Captain sits at the table, reading the Morning Paper. His eyes display shock and disbelief.

INT. POLICE STATION - ELEVATOR - DAY

Leslie and Kim ride up on the elevator.

LESLIE

How was the night?

KIM

Quiet, just went to sleep after bringing my son home, What about you?

LESLIE

Oh, my evening was filled with self pleasuring fun.

The doors open. They step out.

CONTINUED: 50.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

By the way, Sorry about the --

She motions a Punch to the face.

KIM

It's ok, I think I got you pretty well too.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Captain is still reading the paper. Kim and Leslie enter.

KIM

Good Morning Captain.

CAPTAIN MORROW

Yeah, Yeah. Take a seat.

Kim and Leslie take a seat.

LESLIE

What's the matter Captain?

Captain Morrow turns the NEWSPAPER around and shows them.

CAPTAIN MORROW

This!

Leslie picks up the newspaper and reads through.

CAPTAIN MORROW (CONT'D)

The guy you arrested, the one you shot earlier and two of my men - two good cops with families - now dead, both with throats slashed and our would be informant is now a tongueless fuck lying in a hospital bed.

He sinks down to his seat.

CAPTAIN MORROW (CONT'D)

This job is getting to me. I need a vacation.

LESLIE

Well, he was a degenerate fuck, now he's a dead degenerate fuck. How worst can it get?

CONTINUED: 51.

CAPTAIN MORROW

You do know that he was just who we needed to bust down the Perelli crime family, right? Now, we have no one.

KIM

Perelli... Perelli. Wait, you mean Hanz Perelli, right?

Captain Morrow nods his head.

CAPTAIN MORROW

Yeah, him. We're gonna have to rework this. I'm gonna need you to find out whatever Hans knows. Whatever s going on through his head, I wanna be there to read it. He has something to do with this, how does one of his men wind up dead just a day after being clipped. This shit has suspicious written all over it.

Kim looks at Leslie.

KIM

Are you ready to make a trip down to Peek skill?

INT. KIM'S CAR - DAY

Kim sits behind the wheel, while Leslie smokes a cigarette and blows smoke out the window.

KIM

Why do you smoke that shit?

LESLIE

It gives me a piece of mind, you know?

KIM

Really? You're not just using that as an alternative to sex?

LESLIE

I fire my gun down at the rage every Wednesday and Friday, that's my alternative to sex.

CONTINUED: 52.

KIM

There is no fucking way, you can compare firing your gun to having sex.

LESLIE

Why not? What about you? You get good loving on a daily basis?

KIM

No, but...

LESLIE

But what? Maybe you should try it sometime, just squeeze off a few rounds. That usually gets the juices flowing. Fire off three clips and cap off the night with a bottle of Brandy.

Kim looks at Leslie.

KIM

I'm just gonna say for the record... You seem Depressed. I think you should stay clear of guns, and alcohol... and probably have more sex instead.

She looks at her again.

KIM (CONT'D)

On second taught... Stay away from sex as well.

LESLIE

Whatever. Got any music?

KIM

Yeah.

She turns on the radio. Music in JEFFERSON AIRPLANE "WHITE RABBIT".

EXT. PERELLI ESTATE - DAY

Kim and Leslie come upon a Picturesque Mansion. Only two types of people live in a place like this, those who worked hard and are lucky, and those who spill innocent blood. This belongs to one who spills blood.

THREE GUARDS stands outside. They're armed with GLOCK 19s. Kim's TOYOTA CAMARY makes it's way to the front gate.

INT. KIM'S CAR - DAY

Leslie analyzes the three men.

LESLIE

Look at these mean looking motherfuckers. You could tell that big motherfucker gets a lot of protein in his diet. What the fuck they be feeding him?

The three men approach the car.

FIRST MAN

What do you broads want?

KIM

(showing her badge)

N.Y.P.D... We came to ask some questions.

FIRST MAN

N.Y.P.D... huh? Hit the fucking road, this is private property.

LESLIE

Kim, let me handle this.

Leslie steps out of the Car... she stands face to face with the Rude bodyguard.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

We're both consenting fuckin' adults, right? How about some reasonable conversation.

FIRST MAN

How about you get down on your knees and suck my cock?

Leslie balls up her left fist.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - HOME OFFICE - DAY

Hans sits at his desk, looking through BOOKS and drinking a glass of wine. Wolfe sits on the couch across from him, watching a PLASMA SCREEN TELEVISION mounted on the wall.

CONTINUED: 54.

LESLIE (V.O.)

(from a distance)

See, don't you think it would of been easier if you weren't such a fucking idiot? Look at you, you're dripping like an overflowing maxi pad.

The bodyguard enters the office, holding his bleeding nose. He's bleeding ALOT. Smith and Wesson (Leslie and Kim) appear right behind them.

HANS

(rising up from his seat)
What the hell is going on? What is
all of this?

Kim shows her badge.

KIM

Mr. Perelli, we have some questions to ask you.

Leslie bolts in front of Kim.

LESLIE

Yeah, and we're not in the mood for any shit, so unless you wanna end up like your boy right here, I'd watch whatever comes your mouth... especially any comments on me sucking your dick.

Leslie shoves the Bodyquard onto the couch next to Wolfe.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Sit the fuck down.

She points her finger at Hans.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You! We need to exchange some words.

HANS

Go ahead. Ask what you want.

LESLIE

We nabbed a guy the other day, I put a bullet in him, not in the best place to have a bullet put in ya, but at least I made sure he was still breathing and still useful.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: 55.

LESLIE (cont'd)

Now, he turns up dead with his tongue cut out his fucking mouth and two of our officers with their throats slashed. Now doesn't any of this shit seem at all suspicious to you? Cause if you ask me, it seems every last bit fucking suspicious to me.

HANS

Well shit happens.

LESLIE

No, Shit happens when you lose your car keys. Shit happens when you lose your wallet. Shit happens when you find your husband deep throating his buddies But this shit gives me all the reason to think that you had feared that son of a bitch giving you up. So to avoid that, you went to work on him. Tell me, did you have this Dolph Lundgeron looking motherfucker go to work on them?

She turns to Wolfe.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Come on Dolph. Speak, did you do it?

WOLFE

(in Italian)

Stupid bitch.

Leslie nods her head.

LESLIE

Yeah, well fuck you too.

She looks back up at Hans.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

How about I take you down town, and we could finish the conversation from there?

HANS

You have no grounds to detain me.

CONTINUED: 56.

LESLIE

I don't?

Leslie pulls out her gun and points it to Wolfe.

KIM

Leslie, what are you doing? You're not gonna shoot him.

LESLIE

You're fucking right Im'ma shoot him... And you're gonna plant some crack on him.

KTM

I don't have any crack to plant on him, and you're not gonna shoot him.

LESLIE

I'll toast this fucking gun right

Tense music fills the sound-track.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Come on Hans. It's your move. Kim, get that crack out.

KIM

I don't have any fucking crack to plant on him.

LESLIE

There is some fucking flour in the kitchen, sprinkle some of that shit on him.

KIM

This isn't right.

LESLIE

It's the only fucking way.

Kim turns away.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

So, tell me Hans. Are you ready to talk now?

HANS

I'm not talking to you without my Lawyer.

CONTINUED: 57.

Leslie lowers her qun.

LESLIE

Ok then... but I think you might need a new plasma screen television.

Leslie swings the gun around and EMPTIES her clip into the Television. She ejects the clip and inserts a new one.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You could tell your lawyer about that too.

Kim takes her leave and so does Leslie.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERELLI ESTATE - DAY

Leslie and Kim make their way to the Car. Leslie puts her gun away.

KIM

Were you really gonna shoot him?

LESLIE

Were you really gonna go look for flour?

They get inside and drive off.

Wolfe looks through the window, watching down at their Car as it drives away.

INT. MANSION - HOME OFFICE - DAY

Hans looks at his bullet ridden plasma screen television.

HANS

Those badge wearing bitches just made a fucking mistake.

WOLFE

I can send someone over to take care of them both.

HANS

They'd expect that. You see the signs. Suspicion is all around. Give it some time. Lets just hope our boys can ring in the next job.

CONTINUED: 58.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

James sits on his bed, reading through the BIBLE. While the SHOWER WATER runs from the bathroom. It's evident, Wesley's in the shower. He Circles the FOLLOWING SCRIPTURES...

PROVERBS 21: 8

"The way of a guilty person is crooked, but the behavior of those who are pure is moral."

PROVERBS 15:1

"A gentle answer turns away wrath".

He closes the bible and tucks it underneath the Pillow. The shower sounds STOP. Wesley comes out the bathroom with his towel wrapped around his waist. James looks at his watch.

JAMES

We've got till three thirty. Lets get something to eat first.

Wesley nods his head and looks through the DUFFEL bag for his clothes. James rests back on the bed and uncaps a bottle of water.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You remember when we were kids, going to church every Sunday? The pastor would always give us a life lesson that never quiet fell in, and you'll say to yourself... Damn, every seventh day of the week, I'm here wasting my time.

Wesley looks at James and nods his head.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And then you think of it... You spend your life doing dirty deeds just to get by. You know it's wrong, but you can't make it right. It's a struggle you have to live with, it's a struggle you have to deal with. You lie to yourself, you say, hey they're just street scum who harm innocent people... but who are the true scum, huh Wesley? Who are the true scum?

CONTINUED: 59.

Wesley just shrugs his shoulder.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You wouldn't know.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Kim sits at her desk, while Leslie sits on her table. She looks through several photos resting next to her Computer.

LESLIE

Who is this?

Kim looks at the Picture.

KIM

That's my sister.

LESLIE

(nodding her head)

She looks like you.

Leslie rests down the Picture.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Can I be truly honest with you?

KIM

Sure, go ahead.

LESLIE

Okay, don't take this the wrong way, but when I first met you, I taught you were a lesbian.

KIM

(nodding her head)

Understood. I used to get that a lot.

LESLIE

Not that there is anything wrong with that, but just taught you were.

KIM

It's understood. I kinda pegged you for a bitch, so we're even.

CONTINUED: 60.

LESLIE

See? We're learning more about each other every day.

KIM

Fun, isn't it?

(beat)

I really can't believe you shot up the man's place like that.

LESLIE

He was a dick.

KIM

You watch too many 80's action movies, you know that? This isn't Lethal Weapon.

LESLIE

We all have our way of getting justice. My way is a bit stronger than others, but it's been working pretty well. So far, I've killed four suspects.

KIM

That's where you differ. I've never killed anyone and I don't plan on ever having to kill anyone. This gun has only been fired once my entire career on the force, and fired in the air.

LESLIE

Why the fuck would you fire your gun in the air?

KIM

That's not the point, Leslie. The point is, an ideal bust is a clean bust.

LESLIE

An ideal bust is a clean bust? What the fuck is that? You sound like a philosophical porn star.

KIM

Leslie, quit bothering me before I end my career streak.

CONTINUED: 61.

LESLIE

You're my new partner. You're in for a life time of me bothering you. So what do you have?

KIM

(looking through the computer) I've been running a check, on anyone who's been in connection with Perelli.

LESLIE

And you found?

KIM

Not a damn thing.

LESLIE

You're not looking close enough.

KTM

And you have a better way?

LESLIE

You wanna put money down on it?

KIM

So, what's your way?

LESLIE

Computers aren't gonna tell you much. Computers don't talk, sometimes you gotta talk to the snitches that walk, and I know just the snitch that can talk the talk.

KIM

And this would be?

Leslie smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY

ALVIN (21) stands up in Union Square Park. He has a table set up, with THREE CARDS. (You've seen this all before, the games where innocent people are always taken for their money)

CONTINUED: 62.

ALVIN

Come on, come on everyone. Come over here and test your luck. Win some, lose some, win more and walk away a winner. Come on, test your luck, what's the harm in that. I've been uptown, I've been downtown, I've been east and west, I've even been to the deep south. Now I'm in the big apple and looking for that one challenge, that one challenge. So who's ready for it. Come on up, Come on up.

People start to crowd around...

ALVIN (CONT'D)

Don't all rush me at once. This can be your lucky day. Who wants to go first?

A hand slaps a TEN DOLLAR bill on the table. Alvin smiles.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

(reaching for the money)

I see we've got a...

He looks up and sees it's Leslie.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

Oh fucking shit!

Alvin KNOCKS over the table and takes off running. Leslie taps Kim.

LESLIE

I'll go after him, you go cut him off on Broadway.

Leslie runs off. Kim just stays there, shaking her head. Alvin makes a mad dash across a PLAYGROUND and bolts into the street. Leslie follows him behind, keeping up the Speed.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Freeze, you asshole.

Alvin makes a TURN and heads down FOURTEENTH STREET/BROADWAY. He's pushing people out the way and screaming. Leslie follows behind, doing the exact same.

Alvin looks back. Leslie's gaining on him.

CONTINUED: 63.

ALVIN

Get away from me you crazy bitch. I didn't do anything.

He stops, grabs a TRASH can and HURLS it at her. It doesn't even reach her. He turns around and continue running.

LESLIE

(running after him)
I'm going to shoot this
motherfucker.

Alvin continue running, heading for the intersection. He bolts into the street and KIM'S CAR smacks into him. He goes over the WINDSHIELD and hits the pavement. Leslie closes in on him..

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Alvin, Alvin. How long has it been?

Alvin makes it to his feet, unable to stand properly and bleeding from his head.

ALVIN

Why do you still have a badge?

LESLIE

I guess it's cause god hates you. I have some questions to ask.

Kim gets out and approaches them.

ALVIN

Jeez... What do you wanna know?

LESLIE

I know you used to work for Hans Pirelli. What do you know about him? Does he have it out with anyone?

ALVIN

I'm not saying anything.

LESLIE

Ok, you asked for it.

Leslie cocks her fist back.

ALVIN

CONTINUED: 64.

ALVIN (cont'd)

from in there. I didn't have breakfast this morning and I lost my wallet on the train.

Leslie takes a deep breath.

INT. MICKEY D'S - DAY

Alvin chows down a HAPPY MEAL, while washing it down with a drink. Leslie sits across from him, drinking a small soda. Kim just watches them both.

KIM

Okay, so did I miss something here?

LESLIE

Oh, Kim. I forgot to mention. This is my ex boyfriend. Alvin, this is my partner Kim.

Alvin looks up.

ALVIN

Wait you mean, like life partner.

LESLIE

No, you dumb fuck.

Leslie pulls away his food.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Okay, now I held up your part. I want you to tell me what I need to know... Who is Perelli mixed up with?

Alvin snatches up his drink, takes a gulp.

ALVIN

Well the word on the street is Perelli's is mad for power. He's talking about disintegrating and taking over all of Manhattan. Anyone who stands in his way is on his bad-side.

LESLIE

Who are these people on his bad side?

CONTINUED: 65.

ALVIN

The people who've been getting clipped the past two days.

LESLIE

Who's on his bad side now.

ATIVTN

Who hasn't been killed yet?

LESLIE

That's not helping Alvin. How about coming up with some clear fucking answers.

ALVIN

I don't know, ok? I just hear what goes on and keep my mouth shut.

LESLIE

Who do you hear it from?

ALVIN

People.

LESLIE

People?

ALVIN

Yes, fuck! People!

KIM

Alvin, can I talk to you?

ALVIN

(turning his attention to her) Sure... How can I help you, Brown Sugar?

KIM

We have two guys going around killing mass amounts of scumbags, and innocent cops... that makes them cop killers. That makes this a big fucking case. I need you to cut the shit out and tell us everything we need to know.

Alvin sees Kim is serious.

ALVIN

Okay... All I can tell you is there is a hit going down today, I don't (MORE)

CONTINUED: 66.

ALVIN (cont'd)

know when, and I don't know where but I've been hearing some shit going around.

LESLIE

Is that it?

ALVIN

Yeah. Can I have my fucking burger back?

Leslie gives the man back his burger. Kim looks at her watch.

It reads 3:26.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Morrow sits at his Desk, drinking coffee and flipping through MUG SHOTS. Hans' Picture shows up on the Screen. Morrow studies it close. His Phone rings. He picks up.

MORROW

Captain Morrow Speaking.

He briefly listens and grabs a Pen.

MORROW (CONT'D)

Where?... Now?... I'll be there in a few.

He scribbles on a paper, stuffs it in his pocket... hangs up the phone, grabs his coat and crosses the room.

INT. CAFE' - DAY

James and Wesley sit inside a STAR BUCKS like Cafe. James enjoys a coffee... while Wesley looks out the Window.

JAMES P.O.V.

He sees a LIMOUSINE PARKED OUTSIDE... with TWO ACCOMPANYING BLACK CARS.

He checks his watch.

CONTINUED: 67.

JAMES

They should be getting out soon. (to Wesley)
Get yourself ready.

Wesley nods his head, and continues drinking. SEVERAL SUITED MEN emerge from a bar. One of the men is a NOTICEABLE MOB BOSS. He gets inside the limousine. James and Wesley take their leave.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

James walks across the street, while Wesley stays at the end of the block.

JAMES

Raises TWO fingers at his side. Wesley nods. The LIMOUSINE pulls out from the parking space and wheels down the block... coming up on a TRAFFIC LIGHT. The TWO BLACK cars follow behind.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

The MOB BOSS keeps his eyes forward, while pouring himself a BOTTLE of WINE.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

Captain Morrow Sits behind the wheel, coming up on the SAME TRAFFIC LIGHT. (on the opposite side of the Limo.)

EXT. STREET - DAY

James and Wesley get into position. Keeping the limousine in their visibility.

James looks at Wesley, nods his head. Wesley gives a responding nod. His hands come from his pocket and he's holding a REMOTE CONTROL. Wesley PUSHES the button. The LIMOUSINE goes up in SUPER SONIC FLAMES.

The IMPACT WAVE pushes back the TWO CARS behind it.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

The WINDSHIELD is blown out. Captain Morrow shields his face.

CAPTAIN MORROW

Ah Fuck!

Some of the glass caught his face. It's bleeding. He looks through his Shattered windshield and sees...

WESLEY and JAMES approaching the TWO DAMAGED BLACK CARS - taking out ISRAELI SUB-MACHINE guns from underneath their Jackets.

They UNLOAD on the BLACK CARS. thunderous gunshots ring out, shards of glass blow out. Bodies slump through the opened doors.

THE LIMOUSINE

The MOB BOSS - pushes the door open. He falls out the vehicle, engulfed in flames. Bruised and bloodied.

He screams for mercy, crawling on his KNEES. The TWO BOTHERS follow up behind, reload and fire down on him.

He's obliterated. Not much suffering there. He's reduced to a badly burned blood splattered corpse lying on the pavement.

CAPTAIN MORROW

Can't believe his eyes. He kicks his door open and bails out with his Gun drawn.

CAPTAIN MORROW (CONT'D)

Police Freeze!

The TWO BROTHERS turn their attention on Captain Morrow.

BANG.

A shot rings out. Morrow takes a shot THROUGH his head. The TWO brothers look around. It didn't come from them.

JAMES

Looks up and sees a Man disassembling a SNIPER RIFLE.

JAMES

Shit!

CONTINUED: 69.

He grabs Wesley and they take off down the block. THE SOUNDS OF POLICE SIRENS become louder. Morrow lies next to his car. Dead. Blood makes a THICK POOL by his head. A bruised bullet hole sits in the middle of his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

A POLICE INVESTIGATION is in progress. Kim and Leslie arrive on the scene - pulling up in front of the CAFE. Leslie jumps out the car, grabbing an EMT.

LESLIE

What happened here?

EMT

Broad day light shooting.

He leaves her with that and continues to the Ambulance. Leslie looks around and sees Captain Morrow being zipped up inside a body bag.

LESLIE

(hysterically, confused)

No!... No!... Fuck, no, Fuck! This can't be.

She heads over to him as they're about to load him in.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Wait, wait.

They do as told. She slowly unzips the bag and her fear is confirmed.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Dammit, God Dammit!

Leslie breaks down falling to her knees and resting back against a Parked Car.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Who coulda... How coulda... What...

She's at loss for words.

Kim approaches her.

KIM

Leslie...

Leslie looks up.

CONTINUED: 70.

KIM (CONT'D)

We could stay here, and we could cry over this, or we could go out there and get some answers.

AGENT STERLING appears behind Kim.

AGENT STERLING

I won't jump to it that fast.

Kim turns around.

KIM

What do you want?

AGENT STERLING

Just to tell you that this is now an FBI investigation and no longer in the hands of the NYPD.

Leslie raises up.

LESLIE

You son of a bitch. I'm gonna tear you a fucking new asshole.

She charges at him. Kim holds her back.

AGENT STERLING

Oh... and I heard about your little stunt you pulled at Perelli's today. Just a word from your commissioner... He says you're suspended.

Leslie retreats.

LESLIE

Ok, Ok. I'm calm.

Kim lets qo.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

So I'm suspended, huh?

AGENT STERLING

Yes!

Leslie nods her head... reaches into her pocket and takes out a can of Pepper spray.

CONTINUED: 71.

LESLIE

Well fuck you!

She goes to spray him.

Kim aims it away.

AGENT STERLING

Get her out of here!

Kim takes her away.

INT. KIM'S CAR - DAY

Kim is at the wheel, Leslie is riding shotgun. She's pissed.

LESLIE

Suspended, could you believe that shit? After all the fucking shit I did for this precinct and I'm fucking suspended. Some thing's not right here.

KIM

What can we do Leslie. We're off the case. It doesn't belong to us anymore. We're done.

LESLIE

Fuck that. You're done. I'm still on it.

KIM

Come on Leslie.

LESLIE

Fuck you Kim, okay. Fuck You. If you're not part of the solution then you're part of the fucking problem.

Kim pulls over the car.

KIM

Excuse me?

Leslie looks out the Window.

LESLIE

I haven't taken the bus in a while.

Leslie bails out the car.

CONTINUED: 72.

KIM

Where are you going?

Leslie turns around.

LESLIE

Kim. You're cool. I like you. It was great being your partner, but hey. Just like you said... the case is done. What good are we to each other?

KIM

I taught we were friends.

Leslie nods her head.

LESLIE

That's right. You taught we were friends. Bye, Kim.

Leslie continues walking down the block, taking out a cigarette and lighting it. Kim watches her disappear around the corner. She straightens up the wheel and continues off.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

Leslie sits at the Bar Counter... having herself a Beer. She takes her badge out her pocket and rests it on the table. A tear rolls down the side of her face. She takes another drink.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE OFFICE BUILDING - PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Winston sits at his desk, dialing his Phone.

CUT TO:

INT. KIM'S CAR - DAY

Kim stops at a red-light. Her phone rings. She picks up.

KIM

Hello?...

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

Leslie sits at the bar... on her THIRD GLASS of BEER. Chris (out of uniform)... enters the Bar. Looking around. He spots her.

CHRIS

Leslie!

Leslie turns to Chris.

LESLIE

Chris? What are you doing here?

CHRIS

Looking for you.

Chris takes a seat next to her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I heard what happened to you. It's going on all over the police radio and in the station.

LESLIE

News travels fast.

She takes another drink.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

How did you find me here?

CHRIS

You're always here. We met here.

Leslie nods her head.

LESLIE

I probably don't remember, but you could be right.

CHRIS

So, you're just gonna give up. Is that it?

LESLIE

Chris, what can I do?

CHRIS

You can...

CONTINUED: 74.

LESLIE

I can what? Run around with the mentality that I'll make everything better when I fucking can't? Chris, just please leave me the fuck alone.

CHRIS

No. I'm not gonna leave you alone. You need someone right now.

LESLIE

I need another fucking drink, that's what I need.

CHRIS

No you don't. Seeing that you're suspended, I don't think it's ideal that you're drunk and carrying a loaded gun.

Chris takes away her glass.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Bartender... toss this... get us two cranberry juices.

LESLIE

I'm not on my fucking period.

CHRIS

Just drink it... Oh and Barkeep, let us get some pretzels.

The Bartender nods his head.

LESLIE

Why do you care so much, huh? What do you see in me?

CHRIS

I care about you because it's a natural fucking feeling that confuses the hell out of me... but What do I see in you? I see a beautiful woman... with a bit of an anger problem, alcoholism and possible tourettes... But I see a beautiful woman who just makes me weak in the knees every time I lay eyes on her.

CONTINUED: 75.

LESLIE

All that suave and no girlfriend, huh?

CHRIS

I'm just saving up for the perfect one.

LESLIE

Is that so?

Chris nods his head.

Thier CRANBERRY JUICE arrives. They make a toast.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

So what are we toasting to?

CHRIS

Anything you want.

LESLIE

(sullen, soft)

To Captain Morrow. A noble man.

Chris toasts.

CHRIS

To Captain Morrow.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

James and Wesley sit inside the Motel Room. James holds his phone in his hand, anticipating a call. The Phone rings. James answers with FORCEFUL ANGER.

JAMES

What the fuck did you set us up to do? He wasn't part of the job.

HANS

(over phone)

The Job is done. You did well.

JAMES

We did well? The job was fucked. Someone who wasn't part of the job, someone who wasn't even obstructing the job is now dead. CONTINUED: 76.

HANS

Don't bitch. It's not good for business. You'll get your money before you leave town today. You did great.

JAMES

This is bullshit. Who was the shooter? I didn't shoot him, and my brother didn't do it either.

HANS

Don't worry about it... I have eyes everywhere. I have two more targets for you... Extra money.

JAMES

Fuck you. We're done. We went against our code killing those two cops... we ain't fucking doing it again.

HANS

You're gonna pay for that.

JAMES

No, you're gonna pay us and leave us the fuck alone! Bye!

He slams down his phone.

Wesley taps James on his shoulder.

James looks at Wesley.

JAMES

What is it Wesley?

He gives James a piece of paper, which reads "I don't wanna do this anymore".

James gets up, heading to the Mini-bar.

JAMES

Neither do I... Neither do I.

He takes out TWO BEERS.

JAMES (CONT'D)

We just have to live with it now, that's all.

He passes him a beer and takes a seat on the edge of the bed.

CONTINUED: 77.

JAMES (CONT'D)

We'll leave here in the morning. Fuck New York City.

He uncaps the can and takes a drink.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Already killed two cops back in that hospital. Not ready to make that a career move.

CUT TO:

INT. HANS' OFFICE - DAY

Hans and Wolfe sit at the table.

HANS

They did the job, but we don't need them anymore... moreover. We don't need any tight ends.

WOLFE

So, we kill them?

HANS

No, we send them a fruit basket. Of course we fucking kill them!

Wolfe nods his head.

WOLFE

I'll get some guys together.

HANS

You do that.

WOLFE

Carr called for you earlier.

HANS

What did he want?

WOLFE

Just to wish you well on your new venture.

Hans nods his head.

HANS

I never knew he cared. I'll get back to him tomorrow.

CONTINUED: 78.

WOLFE

So what about those two cops?

HANS

They won't be of any trouble. Thanks to our friends on the inside.

WOLFE

(nodding his head)
If there were no such things as
crooked cops...

HANS

Crime would be impossible.

CUT TO:

INT. KIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kim and Winston sit on her Bed. She rests her head on his lap, while he runs his fingers across her hair.

KTM

I don't know... this entire day just went to hell. My partner didn't mean what she said. I know it.

She looks up at Winston.

KIM (CONT'D)

She just lost her mentor you know. It's hard on her.

WINSTON

I'd admit.

KIM

Winston, can I ask you a question?

WINSTON

Go ahead.

KIM

You and Rick were friends for how long?

WINSTON

For a while... We've been friends since grade school.

CONTINUED: 79.

KIM

When he died... how did it affect you?

WINSTON

It hurt. You know? We were like brothers. When he died... A part of me died as well.

KTM

That's how I felt at first too... but I don't wanna beat myself up for the rest of my life over it.

WINSTON

And you shouldn't.

Winston takes Kim's hand.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

You don't know how much you have to live for. You have a loving son and a wonderful life going for you.
Move on... I know that's what Rick would want you to do.

Kim smiles. Winston smiles. A moment comes between them. Winston dips his head down... and goes in for a kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Leslie and Chris lie down on her Couch... both embracing in a passionate make out session. Chris kisses her on the neck... She wraps her arms around him and closes her eyes. His hands lift up her shirt, pulling it over her head. He lays her down on her back and undoes his pants.

CUT TO:

INT. KIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kim and Winston are underneath the Covers. It's no mystery to what's going on. Only the bottom part of their bodies are covered. Kim lies down on her back, with her legs wrapped around Winston. He pushes down with the hip, thrusting into her.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Leslie is on-top of Chris. She's riding him. Chris holds her by her ass, while she moves her hips back and forth... up and down. She's topless while doing so.

We CUT back and forth...

Leslie and Chris... Kim and Winston... Both moving closer to Orgasm... and finally achieving it. Leslie falls on-top of Chris as they continue to kiss. Winston lowers himself down on Kim, as they also Kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Chris is fast asleep, while Leslie rests her head on his chest. She slowly gets up... careful not to wake him. She walks to her window... staring outside at the City streets.

LESLIE

(coming to terms with herself)
Fuck it.

She swoops her phone from the table.

CUT TO:

INT. KIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kim is fast asleep, with Winston by her side. Her Phone rings. She blindly picks it up from the table and answers.

KIM

Hello?

EXT. CONEY ISLAND DOCKS - NIGHT

Leslie stands up by the end of the pier... smoking a cigarette. Kim gets out of her car, and approaches Leslie.

KIM

That was one hell of a performance you gave earlier today.

LESLIE

I know. I should win a fuckin' oscar award, huh?

Kim stops short of her.

CONTINUED: 81.

KIM

It's good to see you again.

LESLIE

We've never really spent any time together, ya know?

KIM

Counting the time we spent beating the shit out of each other in the bathroom?

LESLIE

(tapping out her cigarette
ash)

Yeah, that does count when you think about it.

She takes another puff from her cigarette.

KIM

So, what's next for you?

LESLIE

I don't know. Now that I'm suspended, I think I'll go turn in my gun and badge tomorrow.

KIM

I wish things turned out better.

LESLIE

So do I, but when it all comes down my realization come clear.

KIM

What does that mean?

LESLIE

I don't wanna be a cop. I taught I did, but I guess I was wrong. I wanna do other things, you know?

KIM

Like?

LESLIE

Painting... music... I always had a knack for that.

KIM

I didn't know you painted and played music.

CONTINUED: 82.

LESLIE

I don't... But I have a knack for it.

Kim nods her head.

KIM

That doesn't make much sense... but I guess you're on the right path.

LESLIE

But you... You were born to be a cop.

Kim thinks for a moment, has a sudden lapse of realization.

KIM

I can't say that for sure. I have a son and I don't enjoy going around everyday wondering if today is the day that he'll wind up living in an orphanage, because I got killed on the job. I've been shot once, and I don't wanna repeat that again.

LESLIE

Really? You never told me that.

KIM

I never even told my son that. It was about four years ago, some of the officers forgot to secure the area... a man with a gun popped out from a closet, took down two of my fellow officers. Killed them. I was lucky the bullet was only an inch from my heart.

LESLIE

Shit.

KIM

Yeah, that describes it.

Leslie puts her hand on Kim's shoulder.

LESLIE

You are one lucky bitch. You know that?

They Leslie share a laugh.

CONTINUED: 83.

KIM

I'm lucky... and you're crazy. We're a pair, arent we?

LESLIE

Yes we fucking are.

Leslie tosses out her cigarette.

KIM

I'm sorry about Morrow.

Leslie doesn't answer. She just nods her head.

KIM (CONT'D)

Justice is right around the corner, you know that right?

LESLIE

With the FBI on it? I highly doubt it. Fuckers couldn't find their assholes with both hands and a map.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERELLI ESTATE - DAY

Hans and Wolfe head outside, while his Bodyguards follow behind him.

HANS

What I asked for, is that being taken care of?

WOLFE

I dispatched a few guys. They should take care of everything.

HANS

Good. Do I have anything in my teeth?

Hans shows Wolfe his teeth.

WOLFE

No sir.

HANS

Good, Good.

Their black car pulls up.

Wolfe opens the door for Hans. Hans goes inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 84.

Wolfe enters behind him and closes the door. The Car drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN DOCKS - DAY

The BLACK car pulls up-on the Docks. Ships are coming in with Cargo. BOXES are being loaded from a SHIP and packed into the back of a van. WINSTON turns around... sees the black car coming up his way. He fixes his tie and walks up.

THE BLACK CAR Stops.

Wolfe gets out... Hans gets out. Winston walks up to Hans and SHAKES his hand.

WINSTON

Good to see you again, Hans.

Hans shakes his head.

HANS

Same to you, Winston. How is my shipment looking.

WINSTON

Very good Sir.

They walk to the Van it's being loaded in. One of the loaders, grab a CROW-BAR and pry open the box. Hans' eyes widen at what he sees.

HANS

Now this is sweet.

He reaches down and picks up an AA-12 SHOTGUN.

WINSTON

That is sweet.

HANS

AA 12 shotgun. Deadliest shotgun in the world.

He rests it back down inside the crate.

HANS (CONT'D)

How many of these do I have coming in?

CONTINUED: 85.

WINSTON

This was the second boat, I think you have two more coming in.

HANS

Excellent.

(beat)

Winston, do you know what's going on here?

He rests his hands on Winston's shoulders.

HANS (CONT'D)

It's integration. You see? A businessman like yourself and an entrepreneur like me. We're banding together and we're taking the world. I only wish Rick was more forthcoming as you are.

WINSTON

Some people have different intentions... not always better, not always worst.

HANS

And what were yours?

WINSTON

Valid.

Hans laughs.

HANS

I like you, Winston. I like you a lot.

Hans takes out a WAD OF CASH.

HANS (CONT'D)

Think of this as an incentive.

Winston takes the money.

WINSTON

Thanks. It's always a pleasure doing business with you.

(beat)

I just have a question.

HANS

What is it?

CONTINUED: 86.

WINSTON

The Cop, Morrow... did you have to kill him?

HANS

How did you know that?

WINSTON

I hear things. Ya know.

Hans shakes his head.

HANS

Wrong place, wrong time. That's all it was. Nothing personal. I'll just say this though. No one, I repeat no one stands in my way. Even if it's a fucking cop.

Hans gives an evil smile.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

Five men sit in the back of a VAN... loading up MACHINE GUNS and HANDGUNS. Different calibers. They're all masked, and dressed in black.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - FRONT DESK - DAY

Wesley stands by the desk... while the CLERK prints out the bill. James is on the Phone.

JAMES

Yeah, we need a cab. We're at the Ranch Inn Motel. Thank you.

James hangs up.

Wesley pays the bill and takes the receipt.

CLERK

Thank you.

WESLEY

You're welcome.

Wesley walks up to James.

CONTINUED: 87.

JAMES

Let me see that bill.

James takes the bill and looks at it.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Fifteen dollars worth of porno films?

Wesley shrugs his shoulders.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Whatever man.

They step outside. Duffel bags in hand.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

James and Wesley stand outside, waiting for their cab.

JAMES

I'm never coming here again... and people complain about LA.

The YELLOW CAB pulls up. They get inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

Leslie is at the wheel. Kim is riding shotgun.

KIM

I was late taking my son to school... I hope my sister remembers to pick him up today.

LESLIE

Have anywhere to go?

KIM

No, but he just likes going by her house a lot. I think it's because she has that X Box whatever they call it.

LESLIE

I have one of those.

CONTINUED: 88.

KIM

Jeez.

LESLIE

You know what puzzles me?

KIM

What is it?

LESLIE

Manhattan driving. What the fuck is up with it? Is it designed to piss you off?

They come up on a red-light. Leslie turns on the Radio. "HOT TOWN" plays on the radio. Leslie sings along. Kim just look at her. Smiles. Looks out the Window. They're in a TRAFFIC JAM.

EXT. STREET - DISTANT FROM THEM - DAY

The Cab is also bogged down in traffic. James is on his Cell-phone, while Wesley listens to his I-POD.

JAMES

Where are we? We're just coming down Forty Second and Madison.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

The Masked men sit in the back... coincidentally. They're listening to the same song. The DRIVER knocks on the wall.

DRIVER

(in a different language)
Boss said they're coming down on
Forty Second and Madison.

The DRIVER looks out the window. He sees the TAXI CAB. He sees them. He knocks on the Wall again.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Get ready.

EXT. CROWDED STREET - DAY

This must be one of the biggest traffic Jams in Traffic History. Now imagine this. You're waiting for traffic to clear up, and you see FIVE MEN leap out the back of a Van. Brandishing machine guns.

This is all going on right now. The TAXI CAB moves up a bit... The FIVE MEN aim their guns.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Wesley turns his head and looks past James' Shoulder. Everything slows down.

He PUSHES his brother's head down, clearing him out the line of Gunfire.

The ASSASSINS outside RIDDLE the TAXI CAB with GUNFIRE.

A thunderous CRESCENDO of gunfire erupts in the CROWDED STREETS.

Wesley and The Driver are both OBLITERATED by the Glass piercing bullets. James rolls out his seat, landing on the backseat floor.

He's clear out the way. The rampant gunfire continues till the Assassins run out of ammo.

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

Kim and Leslie see everything. All of that happened only a distance from them.

KIM

(on her radio)

This is badge number five eight seven seven. I'm requesting back up, I'm on Lexington and Forty Second. There are five gunmen, heavily armed. I need back up, I --

A bullet FLIES right through her Window. Nearly catching her head.

She drops low and takes a quick look around the end of her

She sees Leslie exchanging gun-fire with the Masked men.

CONTINUED: 90.

KIM (CONT'D)

Aww, Shit Leslie.

Just like out of an old Cop show. Leslie uses her door as Cover. Firing around it.

The GUNMEN fire back.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

James takes his hands from over his head and looks up. His eyes widen as his worst fears come true.

Wesley is leaned up against a blown out window, shot multiple times and holding his bleeding throat, while blood gushes from between his fingers.

JAMES (sobbing)

WESLEY! GOD, NO!

Wesley briefly gurgles blood and tilts his head to the side. He's dead.

James is in tears. He looks at the TAXI CAB DRIVER. He's demolished. Blown to bits by gun-fire.

Sounds of Kim and Leslie exchanging gunfire with the Assassins are still heard.

James -- full of rage and vengeance... pulls down his duffel bag, reaches inside and takes out his Israeli-Sub machine gun... shoves a CLIP inside... bolts it and kicks into action.

He raises up on his KNEES, muzzled aimed at the ASSASSINS backs and CUTS THEM DOWN in a line.

The FIFTH gunman turns around and fires back at James. James gets low.

FIRES through the BOTTOM of the CAR door.

The Assassin is hit in the leg. He stumbles back, holding his weapon with one hand. Leslie commences forward and FIRES twice. He's hit in the back and propelled onto the SHOT-OUT WINDOW. James fires at him again, blowing him away from the window.

The STREETS are QUIET. All shooting has commenced. Sirens are heard approaching. Leslie and Kim look around. The FIVE GUNMEN are lying dead in the street.

CONTINUED: 91.

The Taxi cab is riddled with gunfire. Glass is spread out on the pavement.

KIM

(to Leslie)

You alright?

Leslie lowers her gun and shakes her head.

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

The DRIVER watches everything going on.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

James SMASHES the Separating Window leading to the front of the Vehicle. He gets through and PUSHES the DRIVER outside into the street. He looks back at his dead brother.

JAMES

I'm sorry man.

He pushes down on the GAS and STEERS the car on-to the Sidewalk.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kim and Leslie see the car trying to make it's escape.

LESLIE

What the hell?...

The BLACK van bursts through PARKED CARS. In pursuit of the Taxi Cab. Leslie gets inside.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Ready for a good ole' Car chase?

KIM

Fuck no!

Kim gets inside with Leslie. They pursue the Vehicle.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE SIDEWALK - DAY

The Taxi bursts through the SIDEWALKS as people move out of the way, yelling and shaking their fists... The BLACK VAN follows behind... and Leslie's car follows behind. INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

Leslie presses down harder on the Gas.

LESLIE

Driving on the fucking sidewalk, could you believe that? On the fucking sidewalk.

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

The Driver takes out an AK-47 and aims out the Window. He fires a BLAST that BLOWS OFF the TAXI SIGN on the Cab.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

James sees the VAN in his rear-view mirror. He positions his Israeli sub-machine gun, aimed at the Van behind him and FIRES a BLAST.

A line of bullets cut across the Windshield.

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

Kim loads up her Colt 1911 handgun.

KIM

What the fuck is going on with these guys?

LESLIE

I don't know... Pented up Stress?

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE INTERSECTION - DAY

Traffic is moderate. The Taxi cab heads down the block at full speed. The two other vehicles keep up the speed.

THE TAXI CAB

Makes a sharp turn and heads down THIRD AVENUE.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A Starbucks like coffee place. It's all quiet and calm inside. Except for BRUCE WILLIS, standing at the front of the line - arguing with the college aged CLERK.

CONTINUED: 93.

BRUCE WILLIS

Listen here you little prick. I have a fucking coupon which says I'm entitled to a free fucking coffee. So you're gonna go back there and get me fucking coffee, right fucking now!

CLERK

Sir, I understand your request, but your coupon is expired.

BRUCE WILLIS

You'll be fucking expired if you don't get me my fucking coffee. Do you know who I am?

CLERK

No, but will you please lower your voice?

BRUCE WILLIS

(at the top of his lungs)

Fuck you!

And with that. A YELLOW CAB plows through the front Window, luckily no one is harmed.

BRUCE and THE CLERK

BOLT clear out the way as the TAXI continues demolishing it's way through the Coffee Shop.

The VAN follows behind - Leslie's car follows behind as well.

Bruce and the Clerk finally rise up, looking around.

BRUCE WILLIS

What the hell are you waiting for? Where's my fucking coffee?

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

Leslie and Kim are still in pursuit.

KIM

Where is my back up?

LESLIE

Fuck em, it's us and them now.

EXT. FIRST AVENUE - DAY

The TAXI CAB shoots past a RED LIGHT. The VAN increases speed.

70mph... 80mph... just reaching 100mph.

It's gaining right on the Taxi cab, just when it's SIDESWIPED by an EIGHTEEN WHEELER coming across the next intersection.

THE BLACK VAN

Swerves wildly... suddenly thrown into a SIDE-WAY FLIP and SLAMMING into a HOT DOG CART.

THE VENDOR

Drops his bun. Freaking out. Screaming in Bengali. Throwing down his hat and jumping up.

It's raining hot dogs, believe it or not.

Leslie hits the brakes hard, coming to a Skid. Clouds of dust fill the streets. Kim and Leslie get out their car.

The TAXI heads off down the block. Leslie holds her gun in front and walks over to the Body. The VAN is CRUSHED and TURNED OVER.

The Doors fly open. A bloody hand sticks out. The INJURED driver climbs out the Vehicle and falls to the pavement. Leslie holds her gun on him and pulls off his Mask.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Well I'll be dammed.

Look who it is. It's the Same Bodyguard who she had a run in with earlier.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Guess you want me to suck your dick now, huh.

The Bengali is still heard screaming in the b.g.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

FRED (the masked man) now bruised and battered. Sits at a table, under surveillance.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - OTHER SIDE OF GLASS - DAY

Kim and Leslie watch him from the other side.

LESLIE

I wanna go in there and smash his face into the ground for fucking up my car. You know fucking long I had it?

Agent Sterling furiously enters the room.

AGENT STERLING

What are you doing here, huh? You're not even a fucking cop anymore. You should be in a holding cell after that fucking stunt you just pulled.

Leslie puts her finger in his face.

LESLIE

Shhh... Not another word. Shut the fuck up.

Agent Sterling does as told.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I just apprehended a suspect through a crowded Manhattan street and not only did apprehend one, but I shot and killed one. I killed a man Today... It's not like I haven't before, but If another word escapes from that suck hole you call a mouth, I'll make it two fucking people I killed today.

She pushes right past him.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Now get the fuck out my way!

Sterling leers her.

CONTINUED: 96.

AGENT STERLING

You don't deserve to still be wearing a badge.

A badge flies across the frame and hits him in the face.

LESLIE

Here, shove it up your ass.

Agent Sterling goes down to pick up the badge. Kim grabs it before he does.

KIM

You don't have the power to make any decisions.

AGENT STERLING

Listen, unless you wanna end up like your friend. You might want to show a little respect. I've been in your shoes miss, I know more than you.

KIM

You know more than me, huh?

She points to the Suspect.

KIM (CONT'D)

This guy and his crew opened up fire in a broad day light crowded street. Did you know that?

AGENT STERLING

That's enough. I feel your pain, but you did your part. Now let us take over it. This is our case, but thanks for helping out.

Kim says nothing. She just storms out.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Fred patiently sits and waits. Agent Sterling enters the room. He takes a seat right across from him.

AGENT STERLING

Fred...

Fred looks directly at Agent Sterling.

CONTINUED: 97.

AGENT STERLING (CONT'D)

Did you finish the job?

FRED

The other Brother got away.

AGENT STERLING

Shit. This isn't good. He's gonna come after us.

FRED

Fuck him... what about those two?

AGENT STERLING

They'll be taken care of.

Agent Sterling removes a small needle from his back-pocket and sticks it into the back of Fred's neck. He doesn't feel a thing. He drops his head on the table. No doubt about it. He's dead.

AGENT STERLING (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Will someone get a paramedic in here?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Kim sits outside of an OFFICE marked. COMMISSIONER GREENE.

INT. POLICE STATION - COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

POLICE COMMISSIONER GREENE. (58) sits at his table. Face to face with Leslie.

COMMISSIONER GREENE

I understand that under some circumstance you've been relieved of your privileges as a cop.

LESLIE

I was only doing my job.

Commissioner Greene nods his head.

COMMISSIONER GREENE

That is true. Lets take today's events into consideration.

CONTINUED: 98.

LESLIE

Come on Commissioner. People were opening gunfire in the middle of Midtown. I had to act on that.

COMMISSIONER GREENE

Leslie, however admirable your intentions. You were on suspension. You were supposed to handle it like a civilian and wait for officers to arrive on the scene.

LESLIE

So is this it Commissioner... after all these years, just gonna let me go?

The Commissioner takes a while to think of it.

COMMISSIONER GREENE

No... I'm not gonna let you go... You already let yourself go.

Leslie nods her head.

LESLIE

I see then...

She's feeling crushed at the moment. It's true. It's actually happening. She gets up... walking out the office.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Just to let you know, I'm gonna nail the son of a bitch that killed my Captain.

She continues heading out and closes the door behind her.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY

Leslie emerges from the Office and wipes a line of tears from underneath her Eyes. Kim gets up from the Bench.

KIM

How'd it go?

LESLIE

Not good. I'll give you a ride home. Guess it's time to update the Resume.

Kim and Leslie head down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

Leslie is at the wheel, Kim again, rides Shotgun.

KIM

I really wish things didn't end out like this.

LESLIE

Why apologize? What's done is done? So many crooked motherfuckers in that cesspool of Precinct. I wouldn't be surprised if he was on the take.

KIM

You think the Commissioner's dirty?

LESLIE

He could be... but the one that really gets to me is that fucking fed. He stinks to high heavens. I know he's dirty.

KIM

I have my suspicions too, but what's your proof.

LESLIE

Why did he show up? Huh? It could of been any other fuck that decided to spark a shootout in the middle of the street, but why did he show up as soon as we bought in the suspect. How did he know it was related to the same case. We don't even know if it's related to the same case. Something just doesn't seem right. It doesn't.

KIM

Well like the Commissioner said. We're off the case. There is nothing we can do.

LESLIE

One less problem for you, right?

CONTINUED: 100.

KIM

Well, I'm retiring.

LESLIE

You're retiring?

KIM

I told you... My son... that's my priority.

LESLIE

Understood.

KIM

I just hope Miriam fixed him lunch. He didn't have school today. She's home with him. How about you come by. Just take the rest of the day off... have a drink of too.

LESLIE

How am I gonna take the rest of the day off when I just got fired. If anything it's you taking the rest of the day off.

KIM

You get what I'm saying.

CUT TO:

INT. KIM'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Trent sits in the living room, watching Cartoons and laughing.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Miriam stands in the kitchen, making a Sandwich.

MIRIAM

(yelling across)

Trent, you want the Crust on or off..

TRENT (O.S.)

Off.

Miriam nods her head and continue making the Sandwich.

EXT. KIM'S HOME - DAY

A BLACK CAR is parked right outside. Wolfe sits inside, along with two men and Agent Rodgers.

WOLFE

Looks like the time of reckoning is upon two cops.

One of the men behind him, pump up a shotgun. He turns around to them.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

You pump that fucking thing in my ear one more time and I'll kill you.

SHOTGUN ARMED MAN

Sorry sir.

CUT TO:

INT. KIM'S HOME - DAY

Trent continues watching his Toons, while Miriam brings him a SANDWICH and a CUP of ORANGE JUICE. She rests it down on the table in-front of him.

MIRIAM

Here you go. Eat.

The Door Bell Rings.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

How can Kim forget her damn Keys, now imagine If I weren't home.

Miriam heads to the door.

She opens it and sees Agent Rodgers standing in the way

AGENT RODGER

I'm so sorry to bother you. I was just wondering if Kim was home.

MIRIAM

She should be in soon. Are you from her precinct?

AGENT RODGER

As a matter of fact I am, I'm just here to let her know that.

CONTINUED: 102.

She quickly grabs Miriam by her shirt collar, presses a SILENCED HANDGUN against her stomach and FIRES. Miriam gasps.

Agent Rodgers lets go, and Miriam falls over. Not moving. Agent Rodgers makes her way inside and catches Trent off-Guard.

She slowly returns her gun to her holster and sneaks up behind him.

She grabs him around his mouth, lifts him up and carries him from the living room.

EXT. KIM'S HOME - DAY

Agent Rodgers emerges from the house and Stuffs Trent in the Car. She closes the door and it takes off down the street. Miriam stays on the ground, bleeding from her Stomach. She coughs up and opens her eyes.

too weak to get up, so she crawls her way inside the house and makes her way to the Phone and uses her energy to lift it from the cradle.

INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - DAY

Kim and Leslie burst through the Front doors. A Registered nurse walks up to them.

KIM

(frantically)

My sister, Miriam Smith. Where is she?

REGISTERED NURSE

Down the hall, to your left.

They go the same direction they were given.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Miriam lies in bed... pulling through. She's doing fine, but still under heavy watch. Kim enters. Tears fill her eyes the moment she steps in the room.

KIM

Oh God... I'm so sorry.

She puts her arms over Miriam. Crying.

CONTINUED: 103.

MIRIAM

Don't be... They took Trent.

KIM

Who took Trent?

MIRIAM

Some Woman. She had an FBI badge. Spanish Lady.

Kim looks at Leslie. Leslie gives her an "I told you so" look.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

(crying)

I'm Sorry...

KIM

It's Okay. We'll get him back, It's not your fault.

The two share a sisterly hug. Miriam looks at Leslie.

MIRIAM

Who's that white girl?

Leslie steps forward.

LESLIE

That white girl is her Partner.

KIM

Miriam, Leslie... Leslie, Miriam.

The two exchange an obscure handshake. A NURSE comes in the room.

NURSE

Kim Smith?

Kim turns around.

KIM

Yes?

INT. RECEPTIONIST AREA - DAY

The Nurse leads Kim to the Receptionist area.

NURSE

CONTINUED: 104.

NURSE (cont'd)

Urgent. It's about your Son.

Whatever that means.

The Nurse gives her the phone.

KIM

(into phone)

Hello?

HANS

(over phone)

You have a beautiful Son, Detective Smith.

KIM

You motherfucker, if you hurt one hair on his head. I'll --

HANS

You'll shut the fuck up and listen, that's what you'll do! I want you to listen to these directions. Take the BQE south to the docks. You'll see a boat with letters 57B43. Come with your partner, and come only with your partner. Wait, my mistake... Ex Partner. I have my connections too, just remember.

Hans hangs up. Kim hangs up and rushes back to the Room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Kim heads inside and grabs Leslie.

KIM

They've got Trent down at the Docks. That fuck Hans has him. The Feds are working with Hans.

LESLIE

I knew it, I fucking Knew it.

KIM

Miriam, I'm sorry I have to go, but--

MIRIAM

Kim, go get my fucking nephew back.

Kim gives Miriam a hug and heads out with Leslie.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

Chris sits at his desk, reading through a Newspaper and eating a donut. His phone rings. He picks up.

CHRIS

Seventy ninth Precinct, Officer Hardwick speaking...

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - EVENING

Kim is at the wheel. Leslie is riding Shotgun. She's on her Cellphone.

LESLIE

Honey, it's Me.

CHRIS

Leslie... I've been thinking about you all day.

LESLIE

Good, So have I. Listen, I need you to pull up whatever information you have on a Hans Perelli. Are you by a computer?

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah.

Chris hits off the Screen saver and opens up the DATA-BASE. He hits a few Keys.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I've got some shit coming up here. Wow, this guy has a lot of dirt on him. Murder conspiracy, racketeering, gambling, prostitution rings and weapons smuggling.

LESLIE

Do you have anything on Bribery?

CHRIS

A whole fucking list on Bribery.

LESLIE

Good, we've got some Dirty FBI agents working for him. I'll call you back in a while.

CONTINUED: 106.

CHRIS

Wait, Wait. Where are you going?

LESLIE

To collect a friend's child. I love you, Chris.

Leslie hangs up. Kim takes out her SIGMA 9mm and checks the clip.

KIM

They shoot my sister, and kill our captain.

LESLIE

So what are we gonna do? Go in there and shoot back?

KIM

Shoot back, kill em all, and walk out alive.

Leslie smiles at Kim and nods her head.

LESLIE

Now you're starting to sound like me.

Kim hits the gas. They shoot down the block.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE RIVERSIDE - EVENING

James sits on a bench... his clothing is splattered with blood and a DUFFEL BAG rests on his lap. His eyes are filled with anger and vengeance. He stares across the River and sees the DOCK.

He looks at his Watch.

The Sun is starting to go down and dusk is starting to fall upon the Sky.

EXT. MANHATTAN DOCKS - EVENING

The DOCKS are full of BOATS... including one Particular boat. A 250 FOOT FREIGHT SHIP with the letters 57B43.

LESLIE (O.S.)

Is that it?

CONTINUED: 107.

KIM

Yeah.

Their car pulls up into the frame. Kim and Leslie get out and close the door behind them. A SNIPER SCOPE watches them.

SNIPER (O.S.)

I have Smith and Wesson in Position.

HANS (FROM RADIO)

Let them know they're being watched.

The Sniper FIRES a SHOT at the ground in-front of them. Kim and Leslie look up and see HANS standing at the BOAT DECK.

HANS (CONT'D)

Welcome, to My Domain. Come on, don't be shy.

Four Bodyguards come from all corners, they grab Kim and Leslie - frisking them - taking their weapons.

HANS (CONT'D)

And you came packing guns, that's not nice of you.

Kim and Leslie don't answer.

KIM

Where is my Son.

HANS

He's safe.

He gives another Smile.

HANS (CONT'D)

(to his Men)

Bring em up!

INT. CARGO SHIP - EVENING - STORAGE AREA

Four Machine Gun armed men escort Kim and Leslie into a large Storage Area. Trent sits in a chair, with his hands tied behind his back and a black sack over his head. Hans sits across from him, with a HANDGUN in his lap and a drink in his hand.

CONTINUED: 108.

HANS

Glad you two came, and glad you two came along. We've been tracking you both, for a long time actually. I'm sure you heard about our friends on the inside.

Kim and Leslie turn around to Agent Rodgers and Sterling. They're sitting at the side on a COUCH.

LESLIE

(to Sterling)

You crooked fuck.

AGENT RODGER

Somebody looks mad.

LESLIE

(to Rodgers)

Eat me you fucking dyke!

Rodgers whispers to Sterling.

RODGER

How did she know I was a Dyke?

Sterling shrugs his shoulders.

KIM

Do what you want with me, just let me and my partner go.

Hans points his gun at them.

HANS

I'll do what I want alright, you don't need to tell me that, but your little boy's faith is as just fucked as yours. You see, when you cross me, you cross death, and you've just crossed the grim fucking reaper!

KIM

What's this all about? Success? Huh? Hiring these people to kill off your competition?

HANS

It's about all of that, It's about Business and Integrity. It's about staying the fuck on top! Nothing you'll know about.

CONTINUED: 109.

Hans is shaking with Rage. Nothing would soothe him more than to blow them both away.

HANS (CONT'D)

Now before I kill you all...I think there is someone you wanna meet.

Turn around. Kim turns around and sees... Winston.

KIM

Winston?

Winston steps forward.

WINSTON

Kim.

KIM

(confused)

What are you doing here?

WINSTON

You wouldn't understand. This is business. I'm part of something. I'm part of a new Generation. There are many so called entrepreneurs who don't know what is a good opportunity when it comes to them, but I'm not one of them. I take what I can and give what I take. My Partner, Hans, is the right side of me. He's been my source of Revenue for the past several years... almost as long as Ricky and I went in the business together.

He walks up to Kim and touches the side of her face.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

I really wish things would of worked out better between us, but our friendship came to an end the minute I took that gun and put a bullet right between his eyes.

Kim's eyes are filled with Rage.

Her heart races. She can't believe what she's hearing.

KIM

Why?

CONTINUED: 110.

WINSTON

He was too straight laced. I couldn't have that. To get successful, you must get dirty. That's the first rule in the book. Hans had a good deal going. I smuggle in his goods through my shipping line, and I get a cut of whatever he makes it. It's like reverse outsourcing.

KIM

So that's what it's all about. You Killed Ricky because he wouldn't take part in your weapon smuggling scheme?

WINSTON

Exactly!

KIM

You motherfucker. I trusted you. I trusted you.

Kim turns around and BACK HANDS Winston. Winston PUNCHES her in the mouth.

WINSTON

Don't overstep your bounds bitch. Know your place. A talking Vagina with a badge, that's just what I need.

Winston walks up to Hans, standing right next to him.

HANS

(to Winston)

Untie the kid.

Winston does as told.

He unties the kid and removes the Sack. Trent runs to his Mother. Hans keeps his gun at them.

HANS (CONT'D)

(to his cohorts)

This is sweet.

EXT. DOCKS - EVENING

A guard walks up and down, smoking a cigarette. He passes a CRATE.

James peers from behind that same Crate - he's holding a BIG HUNTING KNIFE. The Guard doesn't see it coming. James sneaks up behind him, covers his mouth and SLASHES his throat.

The GUARD gurgles, bleeds, dies.

James drops his body and REMOVES a SILENCED 9mm. He approaches the boat.

TWO GUARDS stand by the boat. One lights the other one's Cigarette.

The Guard with the CIGARETTE in his mouth catches a BULLET in the chest. He goes down. The other Guard looks around and sees James walking up his direction, Gun in hand.

PCHWEEK!

That Guard is taken down.

THE SNIPER spots James coming down.

He looks through the CROSS HAIR and takes aim. Pulls the trigger - Misses.

James looks up, sees him - strafes clear out the way.

THE SNIPER

Bolts his weapon, positions for another shot.

JAMES

Keeps the sniper in his sight - takes aim as he shifts across. He FIRES.

The Sniper is hit square in the chest, he grunts and tilts forward, and falls over hitting the ground with LIQUEFYING FORCE.

The LAST MAN standing guard at the boat entrance sees James and readies his automatic rifle.

JAMES

With his back turned, dives into the back of his pants and pulls a SPARE TWENTY TWO. Without taking aim not another second, he FIRES twice on that last man. The two shots rattle him back.

James turns around, now with both guns on that man - he marches forward and pumps both those clips into him. Walking past him, grabbing him by his shirt and dragging him into the boat with him.

INT. BOAT - STORAGE AREA - EVENING

Hans takes a good look at Leslie.

HANS

So what about you... Where is your tough gal Persona? Aint so tough without your gun and a badge.

LESLIE

Fuck you and die.

Hans Signals Rodgers.

HANS

Do you mind?

Rodgers gets up and walks over to Leslie. They stand face to face.

LESLIE

I told you. You can't have my pussy.

Rodgers punches her in the Stomach. She falls to her Knees.

HANS

Well this is the end of the line. You're all going to die. Who wants it first?

Hans raises his gun, just when -- James kicks open the DOOR and tosses a dead bodyguard inside. He's holding his gun on Hans.

JAMES

Hans, you fuck! You betrayed us!

Hans turns his gun on James. Leslie - On her Knees after taking the Gut punch - runs her hand up her leg and lifts her pants bottom revealing a HOLSTER around her ankle. She's packing a .22 S/W.

HANS

(fed up)

Jesus Mary and Joseph, will someone please do me the dubious favor of shooting this motherfucker?

CONTINUED: 113.

Agent Sterling slowly goes for the .45 In his holster. James keeps his gun trained on Hans.

Hans has his trained on James. Leslie keeps her hand on her Ankle piece.

HANS

You know what this world is? Full of people like you, who think they'll overcome anything. That's not how life is, it's a dog eat, dog world. That's all there is to it.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM.

Wolfe makes his way up... AA-12 SHOTGUN in hand.

BACK INSIDE THE ROOM

The entire situation is growing even more tense.

HANS

(manically)

You are nothing... totally nothing... I am the Alpha, I'm the Omega, I'm the Beginning and the End! You are only as good as the time you fucking expire!

STERLING

Raises his gun and FIRES. James is hit in the shoulder. He fires and hits Hans in the shoulder. Hans - in REFLEX ACTION - He spins and FIRES... he sends a bullet right through RODGER'S neck.

RODGERS

Falls back, gurgling. Winston makes a DIVE for Hans' fallen gun. Kim launches herself into him and they crash down through a TABLE.

The two struggle. Winston hits Kim across the face with SEVERAL PUNCHES.

RODGERS

Shot in the neck, gurgling blood, makes it to her knees... going for her gun. Leslie raises her gun and Shoots Rodgers in the forehead.

CONTINUED: 114.

James makes it to his feet, raising his 9mm. Sterling holds his bleeding stomach... making it to his feet, struggling to aim his qun.

WOLFE storms the room with the SHOTGUN. James sees a REFLECTION in a mirror behind Winston. He HITS the ground. Sterling's eyes WIDEN as he sees the big ass shotgun aimed in his direction.

KABOOM!

Sterling's chest is SHREDDED with one blast. He's propelled back on-to the couch. Hans gets to his feet and makes his way to Wolfe.

HANS (CONT'D)

Lets get out of here.

Leslie sees, stances to get in pursuit, but She sees Kim struggling with Winston, but Hans getting away by the second.

KIM

Go ahead Leslie, I got him.

Kim gives him a mean head butt to his face, breaking his nose.

Leslie smiles, nods and heads off.

Winston goes for a fallen gun.

WINSTON

Die Bitch -

Kim leaps on top of him, tears off her rosary bead and stuffs it inside his his opened mouth. She punches him twice in the mouth, making him swallow the damn thing.

KIM

Die you fucking asshole!

He turns full Purple. His throat BULGES OUT - he's Gasping like hell for air... and finally Dies.

Kim looks around. James is facing her... She's facing James.

Trent is in the middle.

KIM

I've been looking for you.

CONTINUED: 115.

JAMES

Here I am.

Kim nods her head. She grabs Trent and HIDES him in a CLOSET.

KIM

Baby, Stay here. (to James) You come with me.

EXT. BOAT - HALLWAY - EVENING

Crates line the end of the hallway, leaving one side empty. Wolfe helps Hans make his way out the Boat. While Leslie follows behind... out of ammo.

Wolfe holds her off with GUN-FIRE, but she takes cover behind the CRATES. Hopefully he'll run out of ammo before he loses speed. She POPS out.

LESLIE

Freeze!

He raises the Shotgun. She takes COVER again.

BOOM! BOOM!

He finishes his last two ROUNDS and THROWS down the Weapon. They make a full run. Leslie looks in the SHOT-UP CRATE and sees BOXES of AA-12 AMMO. She grabs herself a CASE and runs over. Picking up the SHOTGUN.

James and Kim gain on Leslie.

KIM

Where'd he go?

LESLIE

Down the hall. So did you kill him?

KIM

Yeah, I shoved a rosary bead down his throat.

LESLIE

Damn, you're one bad bitch.

They continue after them.

CONTINUED: 116.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(referring to James)

Who's he?

KIM

This... is James.

James and Leslie quickly shake hands.

LESLIE + JAMES

How do you do.

EXT. DOCKS - EVENING

Hans goes goes for a set of keys in his Pocket.

HANS

Here, start us up. We're getting out of here!

He hands Wolfe the Keys. Wolfe hurries up and jumps on the BOAT.

ON KIM - LESLIE and JAMES.

KIM

He's gonna get away.

JAMES

He aint gettin' far.

Wolfe starts up the boat. Hans gets on.

HANS

Let get the fuck out of here!

WOLFE revs up the boat... VROOM! VROOM! STALL!... He TRIES it again. VROOM! VROOM!

The BOAT SHOOTS off as a CABLE tied from the MOTOR to a POLE. Hans is seated on the boat, while Wolfe looks at the Motor. He notices the MOTOR shaking.

WOLFE

What the fuck?

The BOAT moves FAR enough and the MOTOR SNAPS off.

The SPINNING BLADES fly through the air -- past HANS' HEAD and GRINDS WOLFE'S face COMPLETELY off. He falls back into the water, tinting it with blood.

THE BOAT breaks in half. It sinks with Hans on it.

CONTINUED: 117.

HANS

You fuckers arent taking me alive!

Hans jumps off and tries to swim away. He's not getting far. They all aim their guns at him.

LESLIE

Get the fuck out of the water.

Hans has no choice, he swims back to the END OF THE DOCK and pulls himself up on a ROPE. Water drips off of him as he's on his knees in-front of them.

KIM

Hans Perelli. You're under arrest for the murder of Captain Morrow. You have the right to remain silent, anything you say can and will be used against you in the court of law.

Kim takes out a pair of Cuffs... going for Hans.

HANS

You think you won, huh?

KIM

I know I one.

Hans nods his head and grabs a SHAVING RAZOR from his back pocket.

HANS

(screaming)

Only I Win! No one else!

He charges with the RAZOR.

At that moment. A CRESCENDO of GUNFIRE explodes in the ATMOSPHERE.

Kim, James, and Leslie empty their guns into Hans. Sending his body off the end of dock and landing on top of the BROKEN PIECE OF BOAT. His chest is COMPLETELY DECIMATED, torn open, exposed organs. He's dead. No doubt about it.

The three of them drop their guns.

KIM

Shoot em all and leave alive, what did I tell you?

CONTINUED: 118.

LESLIE

(nodding her head)

You were right. Now where is that

--

Leslie feels a gun pressed to the back of her head, It's James - Kim goes to react, but James is too fast, he pulls his back up gun and aims it her.

JAMES

(peacefully)

Listen, I'm not a bad guy.

LESLIE

(sarcasticaly)

I bet your not. You just go around holding guns on cops as gesture of goodness don't ya?

James looks at Kim.

JAMES

Is she always such an ass?

KIM

Oh Yeah.

James shakes his head. He backs up.

JAMES

Drop both your guns.

Kim and Leslie watch each other, then do as told.

James nods his head.

JAMES

Good. Now close your eyes and count to five.

They sigh, exchange another look and do as told. James lowers his gun, seeing their eyes are shut.

JAMES

Thanks a lot detectives. Be safe.

With that. He does a VANISHING ACT. Did he go overboard, did he hightail out of the dock. We don't know, but all we do know is HE'S OUT OF SIGHT.

Kim and Leslie reopen their eyes and look around. They reach down and pick up their guns.

CONTINUED: 119.

LESLIE

Listen, you don't say anything and I won't.

KIM

Agreed.

EXT. DOCKS - LATER

Police activity has arrived. It's also a MEDIA FRENZY. Kim, Leslie and Trent stand outside, being cared for by MEDICS, while bodies are being wheeled out of the boat and loaded up into ambulances. THE COMMISSIONER approaches them.

KIM

Oh shit, I wonder what he wants now.

COMMISSIONER GREENE

Smith... Wesson.

They prepare for the worst.

COMMISSIONER GREENE (CONT'D)

I was wrong about you.

He holds out his hand for a shake. They accept.

COMMISSIONER GREENE (CONT'D)

Very good work.

They both say 'Thanks"...

COMMISSIONER GREENE (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Wesson. Welcome back.

Thank you sir... but no thank you.

COMMISSIONER GREENE

What?

LESLIE

LESLIE

You motherfucker. You kick me off the force and then think you could just reel me back in... Why don't you take that badge home and go fuck your wife with it? CONTINUED: 120.

KIM

Leslie!

LESLIE

(calms down)

What I mean is, I think I'm ready to do something else with my life. So...

Leslie hands over her gun. Greene takes it.

COMMISSIONER GREENE

Understood. Good work again. Smith and Wesson. Have a good night.

The Commissioner heads off.

COMMISSIONER GREENE (CONT'D)

Ok, someone get these fucking media dickheads off my fucking scene!

Kim looks at Leslie.

KIM

I'm gonna admit. Being your partner was the most fun I've had in my life.

LESLIE

I can say the same.

Kim and Leslie smile at each other as Kim holds Trent's hand as they walk off the scene.

A CAR pulls up. It's Chris.

CHRIS

Hey, It's a long walk from here, why don't you all get inside?

Kim and Leslie look at each other.

LESLIE

Why not? What do you say a quick dinner as well?

KIM

Not opposed to it.

LESLIE

That's my girl.

Kim gets in the back with Trent, while Leslie gets in the front with Chris. She kisses him tenderly on his lip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 121.

CHRIS

So does this mean we're boyfriend and girlfriend?

LESLIE

(chuckles)

Just drive.

Chris nods his head and continues off.

OVERHEAD AERIAL VIEW

The car heads the opposite of all police activity, to a more peaceful and serene location.

FADE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

SUPER - ONE YEAR LATER.

A barren field of THOUSANDS of dead and resting people.

Kim, holds Trent's hand as they walk past the many tombstones. Trent holds the bouquet of flowers, while Leslie and Chris are also walking hand in hand, with Leslie holding the flowers.

They arrive at a headstone, well decorated. It reads "PHILLIP MORROW" Jan 1949 to March 2009.

Trent looks up at Kim, who gives him a nod. He rests down the flowers in front of the hedge, as well Leslie. Who stops forward and rests down her flowers.

Kim turns to Chris.

KIM

Can you give us a minute?

CHRIS

Sure. Sure. Hey Trent. Lets take a little walk.

He takes Trent by the hand and they step away from Kim and Leslie.

Kim glares down at the stone as tears form at the side of her eyes, before long she bursts into tears. Leslie steps in, comforts her. Crying as well. CONTINUED: 122.

LESLIE

It's Okay... It's Okay.

They spend the next few moments consoling each other. Kim finally gets it out. Wiping her eyes.

KIM

You think he'd be proud of us?

LESLIE

You fucking kidding me? He is proud of us.

They turn their attention back to his stone. Watching it. Leslie rests a hand on Kim's shoulder.

LESLIE

You're a good friend. Just wanted to let you know.

Kim looks at her. Smiles.

KIM

You too.

They just continue to stand there, paying their respects to their fallen captain.

EXT. PARIS FRANCE CAFE - DAY

SUPER - PARIS, FRANCE.

A man sits at a table... drinking a latte and reading a Book... While a woman sits around a crowd of people singing an opera tune. The man turns around and listens. He loves the music. He loves the medley. She finishes her song and people applaud. The CROWD CLEARS.

She's just a waitress, singing on her break time. Breaks over though, she goes back to her Job.

She passes by the man's table. He touches her arm.

MAN

Excuse me miss.

WOMAN

Oui.

MAN

(in french)

The magnitude of beauty has never been so gripping. I can't help (MORE)

CONTINUED: 123.

MAN (cont'd)

myself but say you have the most wonderful voice I've ever heard. Please, have a cup of tea with me.

WOMAN

(in french)

I'd love to, but --

MAN

-- If it's not too much trouble. Miser.

She smiles and takes a seat. He pours her a cup of tea.

WOMAN

(in french)

What's you're name?

JAMES

James... and yours?

We see it's James. Clean shaven. A fresh new person with a new identity.

WOMAN

I'm Anabelle.

JAMES

Nice to meet you Anaballe.

James gives her a light smile, which she returns. They continue in their conversation, while the sun shines down and birds fly high.

This is the beginning of a New life.

THE END.