

THE FIVE ALIVE STRIKES BACK

written by

Eric Dickson

FADE IN:

INT. HIALEAH HOSPITAL - ICU - NIGHT

A cold and sterile room.

A strong featured YOUNG MAN of Jamaican-American descent lay comatose on an elevated mattress.

Medline IV pole, bedside monitor, syringe pump, pulse ox on his right index. And, last but not least, a complicated endotracheal tube keeping him alive.

BEEP. BEEP. SHHHHH.

A heart monitor and bypass machine are the only true audible sources in this otherwise quiet space.

SUPER: HIALEAH HOSPITAL, INTENSIVE CARE UNIT, APRIL 3 2019
3:23 AM

On a dry erase white board is our patient's name spelled out in thick red marker: REGUS NAVARRO. *Special Needs:*
Acetazolomide, Dexamethasone IV 500mg daily.

ON REGUS

Getting closer...and closer. Until we see nothing but a pair of eyelids. And suddenly, *these eyelids tremble and twitch as a suffering soul clings to life...until finally bursting open to reveal a pair of jade green eyes.*

INT. HIALEAH HOSPITAL - EAST WING HALLWAY - NIGHT

An automated double door slowly swings open as A PAIR OF ICU NURSES roll an empty stretcher to a service elevator.

Bringing up the rear...

They are followed by DOCTOR LENNOX, Attending Physician, Regus Navarro's caretaker, and JASON "JJ" BAUMBACH (45), wild patterned dime store sport coat draped over a wrinkled t-shirt.

DOCTOR LENNOX

Just remember he's still in a state of shock and pumped full of medication. Not taking into account he's sustained massive head trauma. The results of which are most likely non repairable.

JJ

That's what we're hoping for.

DOCTOR LENNOX

There's been zero attempt at communication nor has he responded to our attempts. Not even a simple nod. He's looking at months of therapy just to re learn basic motor functions. How to walk, talk. If you want my opinion...

Doctor Lennox stops near a nurse's station, rests Regus's chart on a counter top.

DOCTOR LENNOX (CONT'D)

Not only will he not remember you, it's highly probable he won't comprehend the words coming from your mouth.

JJ

Well. If that's the case, I'll just have to remind him.

JJ grins, pats him on the shoulder, continues up the hallway. An annoyed Doctor Lennox quietly snickers with an overall contemptuous demeanor.

INT. HOSPITAL - PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - NIGHT

A MASSAGE THERAPIST has Regus face down, shirtless, with a white bed sheet covering his mid section. Starting with his legs, he gives him a full body rub down.

JJ pops his head in, finds and snags a medical examiner's retractable stool, rolls it over to Regus's table, pops himself a squat.

MASSAGE THERAPIST

(to JJ)

You're with the police department?

JJ

Nah. I just wanted to welcome an old friend back to the world.

Regus faces him, very much out of it. His eyes open, aware of JJ's presence, but that's where it stops.

JJ cracks a sly grin.

JJ (CONT'D)

Well, Regus. You made it. I guess, in a way, that means we're both off the hook. You're a miracle story. One in a million. There isn't a DA in Dade County who'd touch you with a ten foot pole now.

The Massage Therapist throws JJ a nasty stare, rubs down Regus's shoulders.

MASSAGE THERAPIST

It's okay. Just try to relax, brother.

JJ

This all may sound like gibberish. And you may not even remember who I am. But, if and when you walk out of here, you're gonna hear some things. About your brother. Your girl. And there may even come a time you feel compelled to do something about it. So I'm gonna tell you. One time and one time only.

JJ rolls closer, right in Regus's mug.

JJ (CONT'D)

You can think about it. You can fantasize about it. But if you so much as bust a fart in my direction and I smell it...I'm gonna take what's left of you and your crew straight to hell.

Regus doesn't flinch. No emotion. No response.

JJ (CONT'D)

That's okay. Don't get up. I'll see myself out.

JJ gives him a wink, heads for the door.

Regus holds his vacant gaze. But a nervous twitch in his right eye speaks volumes.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - DAY

Some light traffic. A pair of RED HONDA FIRE BLADES are well over the limit as they dance from lane to lane in a tight zig zag formation. Behind them, a slew of cars drift to the right and left sides as THE MIAMI PD CLOSES IN.

SUPER: MIAMI FLORIDA, 2023

THE TWO BIKERS, now side by side and with matching helmets, tap their brakes, laugh it up, grin back at the growing posse of organized patrol units.

They approach a busy...

FOUR WAY INTERSECTION

And without looking, they ignore the BLINKING RED ARROW and CUT A HARD RIGHT...tickling pavement, and barely avoiding the oncoming traffic.

HONK-HONK!

A PAIR OF PATROL CARS stop mid intersection. Blocking an onslaught of cars from coming through.

Incessant HONKING and CURSING abound. Distant POLICE SIRENS drawing nearer. The sound of TIRES LOCKING UP...SCREECHING ON THE ASPHALT...CARS COLLIDING.

SMASH!

Bumpers collapse. Glass showers the asphalt.

EXT. VENETIAN CAUSEWAY BRIDGE - DAY

THE TWO RED FIRE BLADES rip across the bridge at breakneck speeds. The beautiful glass like waters of BISCAYNE BAY beneath them.

In unison...the bikers stop on a dime, eyes full of mischief and playful glee. Over their shoulders, they throw a quick look back at...

EIGHT PATROL CARS now in pursuit. All with RED AND BLUES FLASHING BRIGHT...SIRENS BLARING.

The bikers look to...

THE SKY

It's a bizarre sight. It's like a swarm of GIANT ROBOTIC SPIDERS converge and move for the bridge in an almost lightning fast precision.

The smooth bay RIPPLES TOWARDS US with the passing winds of the AUTOMATED DRONES.

Before the police know what's happening...

TIRES EXPLODE. Roofs and hoods are ripped to shreds by the rapid fire of thirty millimeter rounds.

The remaining cars stomp their brakes. *SCREEEECCCHHH!*

RADAR GUIDED MISSILES FIRE from the underbellies of these latest and greatest, state of the art drones. It's like nothing we've seen before.

Entire cars BURST INTO FLAMES.

BURNING BODIES spill from the wreckage.

ONE COP, still ablaze, jumps the rail. Down. Down. And into the bay he plunges. *KERPLUNK!*

THE BAY

A nearby fishing boat putters over to aide the fallen officer...somewhere under the wake.

After a few moments, his burnt corpse resurfaces.

THE BRIDGE

Nothing but twisted metal on the pavement and the bodies of DEAD COPS left behind. Those still alive bolt down the opposite end of the causeway.

BLACK SMOKE billows from the fiery hoods. Nothing getting through here now.

The two bikers turn their attention to a POLICE CHOPPER now hovering above their heads.

CHOPPER COP

You there! Do not move!

The drones line up perfectly. One next to the other. In perfect intervals. They open fire.

BURSTS OF LIGHT expel from the spider like arms. Looking like a rapid succession of laser beams.

The chopper's windshield obliterated. As if turned to utter beach sand before our eyes.

Two dead cops inside.

As the chopper begins its nosedive...

THE TWO BIKERS tear ass out of there. And it's mere seconds before the chopper hits pavement.

KABBBBOOOMMM!

The drones break up. And they're gone. As if a swarm of flies has finished devouring a carcass.

INT. SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE HEARING - DAY

It's a full house. The Radio and Television Correspondents Association (RTCA) and other BROADCAST JOURNALISTS line the back walls of the packed hearing.

Lots of cameras and press badges dangle from necks.

SPORADIC BURSTS OF FLASHING LIGHT. Random still shots taken by a heavy media presence.

Members of the House and Senate in attendance. And not an empty seat in the building.

FBI DIRECTOR RYAN BEDFORD (50s), bloated, gray, conservative power suit, perfect windsor, sits before a house committee. And he's mid testimony regarding *Operation Fight or Flight*...A DOD sanctioned program.

SENATOR HENDLEY (40s), a slick newcomer, representative from California, fixes his wide eyed gaze on Director Bedford, and he's short on patience.

SENATOR HENDLEY

Director Bedford, I'm just not following. What was presented before this committee almost three years ago today...was that these funds would be locked. Not eligible for reallocation. Or de funding. But protected.

Director Bedford, clearly uneasy, shifts in his chair, clears his dry throat.

SENATOR HENDLEY (CONT'D)

A provision the Department of Defense all but insisted on.

(MORE)

SENATOR HENDLEY (CONT'D)

There was a mutual agreement on both sides of the aisle. The sole purpose of Operation Fight or Flight was to give our foreign allies abroad an even playing field. No one nation will receive preferential treatment based solely upon financial or global interests. But in the interest of protecting and maintaining democracy throughout the world.

Senator Hendley throws on his cheaters...refers to his folder of paperwork.

SENATOR HENDLEY (CONT'D)

In the words of Secretary Martin himself, and I quote..."How are we to maintain a position of trust and mutual respect abroad if we are unable and unwilling to maintain that position on US soil?"

He tosses the paper, and his readers, aside.

SENATOR HENDLEY (CONT'D)

What we've learned in these past few weeks, is that the Department of Defense, who wrote the dang playbook on this program, are directly responsible for re allocating their own funds. And to do what? To buy back their own property. Not just any property. But our latest and greatest, most lethal military devices and weapons capabilities. That have...ever so mysteriously fallen into the hands of the enemy.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Yes, sir, as I stated before, it's the FBI's understanding that many of the prototype devices from Murlock Industries, particularly the A1-50 drones, have been...somehow misappropriated and relocated against the specific instructions of the DOD.

Members of the visiting media, House and Senate, all share a collective rolling of the eyes, smirks of disapproval, distrust, disbelief.

SENATOR HENDLEY

But we still don't know how or by whom they were relocated or where they were headed. They've essentially just...fallen through the cracks.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

That's correct.

SENATOR HENDLEY

Through a black market dealing of some kind. Even though there is zero evidence to support this theory.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Yes, sir. That is the position of the FBI with regards to the DOD's findings and those of Murlock Industries.

Senator Hendley is rendered speechless. He just stares blankly at Director Bedford. Until finally finding the words.

SENATOR HENDLEY

Seventy five drones. And those are just the ones that we know of...just fell through the cracks. Is basically what you're telling this committee.

All eyes now on Director Bedford. A pin could drop.

Director Bedford once again clears his throat, adjusts his windsor, growing tighter by the second.

SENATOR HENDLEY (CONT'D)

Fell through the cracks at Murlock Industries. Who are supposedly under the direct supervision of the Department of Defense. And in the case of the A1-50 drones, funded directly by the United States government.

Director Bedford takes a generous gulp of water. His forehead beads with gobs of sweat.

SENATOR HENDLEY (CONT'D)

Seriously. How in the hell is that possible, Director? Where are the receipts, for God sakes? Invoices.
(MORE)

SENATOR HENDLEY (CONT'D)

We're talking an excess of five billion dollars here.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

As I stated in my report, these were prototype devices. There were a litany of maintenance reports. Complaints from the Defense Department with regards to bugs that had yet to be worked out. Issues with targeting systems. Accuracy of the weapons. These types of things.

SENATOR HENDLEY

Oh. I see. So they were just trash then. Expendable. Or maybe, just maybe. I could be spitballing here. But maybe the DOD was looking for a refund on their investment.

Director Bedford is left speechless. He takes another gulp of water...swallows hard.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - DAY

A mob of eager PHOTO JOURNALISTS swarm Director Bedford and his top notch SECURITY DETAIL as they swiftly move up a sidewalk near Independence Avenue.

IN THE STREET

Fired up PROTESTORS wearing BEDFORD FOR PRISON t shirts and branding painted cardboard signs that read DOD: DEPARTMENT OF DEFLECTION and DENIED OF DEMOCRACY storm the sidewalk and surrounding area.

REPORTER #1

Director Bedford, are you aware of the drone swarm attacks in Miami this afternoon?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

I've just learned of the attacks. I have no further comment at this time.

REPORTER #2

Has the FBI procured any leads in South Florida with regards to the location of these drones? Give us something.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

What did I just say?

REPORTER #3

Director Bedford, why won't you
release the name of your informant?
What are you hiding?

The security detail forms a wall on both sides of their
subject as Director Bedford dips into a solid black
Chevy Suburban. His head of security blocks the
onslaught of reporters.

SECURITY #1

That's it! Stay back!

INT. FBI SUBURBAN - MOVING - DAY

Director Bedford shares the back seat with his old partner in
crime: Special Agent LIONEL HAYES, FBI (40s), African-
American, custom tailored suit, special liaison with the
organized crime bureau.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

I just stuck my balls out for you,
Hayes. Hung em right out the car
window. Just waiting to get cut
off.

HAYES

Yeah, well, now we're even.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

The President wants names. As in
today. As in something for the
eleven o'clock news. No more
stalling.

HAYES

Is that names or body bags?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

I can't speak for the big guy but
I'd just assume the latter.
Either way, it's gonna get out that
we screwed up. It's just a matter
of how bad and how much face we can
save with the public.

HAYES

Yeah, right. Forget national
security. Just as long as we save
face.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Don't preach to me, Hayes. Can you at least pretend for a second you watch the news?

Hayes cracks a tired sigh.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD (CONT'D)

No one's gonna care about security clearances, internal audits or the civil rights of some federal informant. No matter his skin color, if you get my drift. No more sitting on these guys. We move.

INT. MIAMI FITNESS - DAY

It's a quiet day at the gym and business is slow. BEACH BODIES in workout sweats and yoga pants are far more interested in the breaking news reports playing on the wall mounted flat screens.

ON THE TVS:

Images of BLACK SMOKE polluting the air over Biscayne Bay and drifting into the city. A full scale police blockade on both sides of the causeway.

Through the front door walks CHRISTIE CAPPELI (30s), Italian-American street cop with a natural beauty and confident stride. Her low cut top peeps some cleavage but is mostly hidden under a policewoman's blazer.

Cappeli surveys the room. Observes the TV reports.

The faint sound of weights sliding up and down a nautilus machine reverts her attention.

LIVIA MORGAN (30s), African-American, ex cop, sports bra and yoga pants, works a leg extension in the farthest corner of the gym.

Cappeli starts across the room, through a bench press and free weights area where random MUSCLE HEADS spot each other and cop an eyeful.

MUSCLE HEAD #1

(whispers)

Check this out.

MUSCLE HEAD #2

Don't strain your neck.

Cappeli grins.

LEG ROOM

Livia is mid extension, working up a good sweat, when she spots her ex partner pop her head in.

CAPPELI

Thought I'd find you here.

LIVIA

Chris? What's up? Didn't think I'd see you til Friday.

Livia slowly lets the weights drop. CLANK!

LIVIA (CONT'D)

What're you doing here? Half the city's on lock down.

CAPPELI

Yeah, I know. Took me over an hour just to get down here.

(beat)

So I take it you heard?

LIVIA

Kind of hard to miss.

Livia reaches behind her head, snags her cool down towel, wipes her face and chest dry.

Cappeli observes the outer room. A NEW CROWD forms around the news reports.

CAPPELI

Slow in here.

Livia crawls off the machine, wipes her body down.

LIVIA

You kidding? Half this place cleared out as soon as the news hit. Figured I'd wait it out awhile until traffic lets up.

Cappeli watches as Livia does a cool down stretch. She is strangely calm, withdrawn from it all.

CAPPELI

Been calling you all morning.

LIVIA

Yeah?

CAPPELI

Yeah. Given the circumstances, I was worried something happened.

LIVIA

Sorry about that.

Livia snags her squirt bottle from the floor, heads for the locker room. Disappointed and confused, Cappeli shakes her head, follows behind.

CAPPELI

Guess I expected to hear from you.
That's all.
(beat)
Guess not.

Livia sips her bottled water, changes the subject.

LIVIA

They get a final report on how many we lost on the bridge?

CAPPELI

Seven. Including two in a helo.

The girls dip into the ladies restroom.

INT. MIAMI FITNESS - LADIES LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Livia and Cappeli move passed the restrooms and into a locker area with steel benches bolted to the floor. No one else left back here.

LIVIA

Seven huh? Anyone we know?

CAPPELI

Cops, Liv. Cops with families.

Livia stops at her locker, about to open...huffs. Realizing her own rudeness and short disposition, she faces Cappeli with a newfound compassion.

LIVIA

I'm sorry to hear.

Cappeli nods.

CAPPELI

Yeah, me too.

Livia tries the combination on her locker, pulls out her bag and other personals. She drops them on the bench.

LIVIA

I know you didn't come all the way down here just to tell me the obvious. What else is going on?

CAPPELI

Bedford and his team just landed in Miami. Feds are closing ranks. Half the department's been reassigned to OCB task force. Special Cases too. Me. Bobby. JJ. And you.

Livia slams her locker shut. Not amused.

LIVIA

What're you talking about?

CAPPELI

I'm talking about full reinstatement. With pension. The whole works.

Livia scoffs.

LIVIA

You're crazy.

She pops a squat, rubs her calves down. Cappeli joins her on the bench.

CAPPELI

I wish I were. Bedford's orders. Looks like Regus Navarro's crew just got named as our number one suspects in the causeway attack.

LIVIA

They know that for sure? How?

It's on her lips, but Cappeli stops herself.

CAPPELI

I can't talk about it here. Not like this. Not with a civilian.

Livia cracks up.

LIVIA

I see.

CAPPELI

All I can tell you is Bedford wants
all of us in on this one.

LIVIA

Why us?

CAPPELI

Why do you think?

Livia lets out a long and exhausted sigh.

LIVIA

Seven cops. That's a lot.

CAPPELI

There's gonna be more attacks.
According to their intel, this is
only the beginning.

Livia takes it all in. Cappeli quietly observes. Awaiting a
an answer of some kind. After a few moments...Livia breaks
her silence.

LIVIA

Okay then. Let's go.

INT. WELFARE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A sparse room with a simple bed. A table and lamp. Outdated
wallpaper and stained carpet. At the table sits DAJUAN
WALLACE (50s), Jamaican, blue collar truck driver donning
second hand clothes.

JJ stands near Dajaun, next to a draped window that overlooks
the street. He's the lookout man on this particular
operation.

Leaning on a wall, dragging a cigarette is DEA AGENT TOMMY
DEMARCO (30s), hot shot undercover operative with slick
clothes and polished shoes.

A toilet flushes.

AGENT KURT BECKETT (40s), Demarco's older, less flashier,
more world weary partner on this case, steps out of the
bathroom. He's in a simple t shirt and jeans. A Glock
nine strapped to his belt.

DAJUAN

Something you must take into
account. These are not men. But
boys.

(MORE)

DAJUAN (CONT'D)

Brainwashed by their communities.
They simply do not know or
understand the ramifications of
their actions.

DEMARCO

So they didn't know killing cops
was wrong.

BECKETT

I bet that hundred grand a pop had
nothing to do with it either.

JJ rolls his eyes, peeks through the drapes and keeps a close
eye on THE CORTEZ, a once flashy and very posh fifties era
hotel turned welfare tenement. A jittery NEON SIGN hangs
vertically along the first three floors.

DAJUAN

Make fun if you must. They feel
they are called to a higher
purpose. Revenge for Akeem. They
are calling it The New Revolution.

BECKETT

And you're not down with The New
Revolution. Huh, Dajuan?

DAJUAN

You're not hearing me, mon. As far
as many of us are concerned, The
Revolution died along with Akeem.
What we are witnessing is a
rebirth. Our brother Regus is
alive and well. Arisen just as
Jesus himself rose from the grave.
It's a sign from God.

JJ

What kind of sign?

DAJUAN

Regus has a second chance to finish
what he started. And Akeem's
people are starting a war that they
cannot finish. More blood will be
shed. Innocents will die. And for
what?

JJ

Yet you took the call, didn't you,
Dajaun? Or maybe that was someone
else's rig we found hauling those
two Fire Blades.

Dajuan is strangely quiet, keeps his head down.

DEMARCO

The man's talking to you.

Dajuan snaps out of it.

DAJUAN

Yes. I helped them. They are my brothers. As are you. And I am now helping you. To bring them in alive.

BECKETT

Speaking of. Why are we still sitting here? Let's just take them already.

JJ

I didn't see any bags of money move into that hotel. Did you?

Beckett grows restless, impatiently paces the carpet.

DEMARCO

Baumbach's right. We got nothing on these guys without the cash. We wait.

INT. CORTEZ HOTEL - ROOM 303 - NIGHT

DREZ and BADRICK, our two Jamaican bikers, enjoy some Cuban takeout and guzzle beers at a cheap card table.

DREZ

How much longer?

BADRICK

When he get here. That's when. You making me nervous with your chatterin'. Just shut up won't you?

Drez loses his temper, tosses his plastic fork, flips his plate of pork and rice everywhere. Badrick holds his composure, not amused. Drez jumps up quickly, jerks his chair to the floor.

BADRICK (CONT'D)

Real smart. Now clean it up.

INT. CORTEZ HOTEL - ROOM 201 - NIGHT

A sawed off double barrel lay on a bed. Along with a police issue twelve gauge pump. And last...a large book bag with carrying straps.

A man we cannot see snags up the sawed off, checks it for shells, closes it. He unzips the book bag...removes two thick vacuum sealed bricks of cash. He gives them a good inspection, loads them both into a lawn sized black trash bag filled with random garbage.

He wraps a twist tie around the trash, ready for disposal. And lastly...snags the sawed off from the bed and places into the book bag.

One by one, he loads shells into the twelve gauge.

INT. CORTEZ HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The mystery man now walks the tight halls with his black lawn bag full of trash. He reaches a garbage disposal at the very end of this wing.

He swings open the door, chucks the bag down a garbage chute.

INT. GARBAGE CHUTE

The lumpy bag slides down the tube.

INT. CORTEZ HOTEL - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The large black bag falls from the chute and into a city street issue green dumpster.

A Jamaican street hustler, similar in appearance to Drez, crawls into the dumpster. He immediately finds the black lawn bag and throws it back out.

A second man, similar in appearance to Badrick, uses a switchblade to open the bag, quickly discovers the two bricks of vacuum sealed cash.

The REAL Badrick gives the nod to Drez.

INT. WELFARE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Beckett sits across the table from Dajuan. His smart phone before him. It lights up with a text. He gives it a quick glance.

DEMARCO

What's up?

Silence. Beckett shrugs.

BECKETT

Nothing.

Beckett stuffs his phone in his pocket. He can't take his eyes off of JJ's three fifty seven auto.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Okay. As long as we're waiting. I have to ask. What the hell kind of hardware are you hauling there, Baumbach? Never seen anyone on the street with a cannon that big.

DEMARCO

No shit, right? This guy means business.

JJ grins.

BECKETT

Mind if I take a look?

JJ is hesitant at first. He checks with Demarco. And then finally comes around.

JJ

Help yourself.

JJ unlocks his shoulder holster and draws his weapon. Beckett stands, meets him halfway, snags the gun by the handle.

Demarco whistles.

DEMARCO

My my.

BECKETT

Coonan Mag. Three fifty seven? And what kind of load does this thing take?

JJ

A hundred eighty grain hollow point jackets. What can I say? It'll get the job done.

Beckett walks to the center of the room.

BECKETT

Yes. I bet that it will.

He takes aim at Dajuan. BOOM! One squeeze off of this hog leg paints the wall behind their informant.

Dajaun thrown to the floor like a wet rag.

JJ, now unarmed, freezes, in a state of shock.

Demarco tackles Beckett from behind. The two FALL ONTO THE BED and wrestle for control of the magnum. Seconds later...
...aimed at JJ himself.

JJ

Shit!

He kisses the floor. POW! The second shot BLOWS OUT THE WINDOW behind him.

Demarco now on top of Beckett. POW! A third shot blows through Demarco's back. His corpse shoved aside, falling to the carpet next to Dajuan.

JJ is long gone.

INT. CORTEZ HOTEL - ROOM 303 - NIGHT

The mystery man kicks open the flimsy door and weak chain. He's branding the twelve gauge pump. A book bag over his shoulder.

The fake Drez sprawled out on a couch. Unarmed. He is taken out first...

BOOM!

Badrick, still at the table, jumps to his feet...

BAM!

And he's thrown to the floor. Deceased.

The mystery man removes his book bag, unzips and takes out the sawed off double barrel. He places the weapon on the dining room table, facing the door.

He pulls a backup THREE EIGHTY from inside the bag, takes aim at the front door frame. POPS A FEW OFF, splintering bits of wood onto the hard wood foyer.

INT. CORTEZ HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The mystery man walks calmly toward an elevator. He presses the down arrow and waits.

INT. CORTEZ HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

A front desk CLERK ducks safely behind a counter. Cigar crammed in his mouth and a protective glass plate in front of him.

CLERK

What the hell's going on up there?

JJ

Is that thing bulletproof?

CLERK

I'm not looking to find out.

JJ checks the door. The coast is clear. No sign of Beckett.

JJ

Just stay put. Whatever you do,
stay off the street.

In the center of the lobby, JJ kicks up a leg on the arm of an old, beaten down couch. Snags his back up piece from an ankle holster and rushes a staircase.

JJ (CONT'D)

And call for back up!

CLERK

Way ahead of you!

INT. CORTEZ HOTEL - ROOM 303 - NIGHT

JJ rushes in, gun aimed. He finds Drez, our what appears to be Drez, sprawled out on a blood soaked couch.

He presses himself against the wall, turns the corner with gun gripped in both hands. And finds his second dead biker, Badrick, on the floor near the table.

JJ

Sonofabitch.

A double barrel shotgun on the table...facing the door.

JJ turns back to Drez, discovers a THREE EIGHTY within reach of the couch, rested on a coffee table.

COP #1(O.S.)

Drop it!

JJ lowers his gun. TWO ARMED COPS enter the room.

COP #2

Hands-on your head! Do it!

JJ complies.

JJ

I'm a cop.

COP #1

Yeah, sure! Just keep em up!

JJ

My hands are up!

INT. WELFARE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

LT. RAY FOXX (50s), a wired up, gum snapping stress machine, head of the Special Cases Bureau, observes what's left of Agent Demarco and Dajuan. Blood painted on the wall and sprayed over the bed spread and sheets.

INT. WELFARE HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lt. Foxx moves through a crowd of CRIME SCENE TECHS and UNIFORM COPS exchanging information. He finds a tired JJ rested against a wall, arms folded, defeated.

A pair of CORONERS pass with an empty stretcher.

LT. FOXX

I don't have to tell you how bad this looks. So I won't.

JJ

Good.

LT. FOXX

This may seem out of pocket, but how in the hell did Beckett get his hands on your piece?

JJ

Because I gave it to him.

LT. FOXX

Oh. You gave it to him. That explains it all. Perfect.

Lt. Foxx rolls his eyes.

LT. FOXX (CONT'D)

Bedford's team are on their way to the station. Wants to know why he wasn't informed of our little secret operation.

JJ cracks up.

JJ

Gee wiz, L-T. Guess these guys didn't get the memo about Bedford's plane being late. Otherwise they would have waited to get killed.

LT. FOXX

Okay. That takes care of Bedford. But it doesn't explain the two three fifty seven rounds in Agent Demarco and your informant's chest. Or the two dead Jamaicans blown all to hell with a twelve gauge pump.

JJ

Come on. It's a set up. Beckett made off with the cash. If he didn't, where the hell is he?

LT. FOXX

I don't know, JJ. Two hundred K makes for a nice even split.

About to explode with rage, JJ bites his tongue, quickly calms himself.

JJ

If we're done here, I got work to do.

JJ moves for a nearby staircase, heads down the first few steps. Lt. Foxx follows, gawks down at JJ...nearing the bottom now.

LT. FOXX

Not so fast.

JJ stops, looks up.

LT. FOXX (CONT'D)

Internal Affairs just pulled a hundred grand from your car trunk. Along with a recently fired twelve gauge pump. Coincidence?

JJ looks sick to his stomach.

LT. FOXX (CONT'D)

You can sell your story to Bedford and IAD or you can go outside and talk to the press. You choose which. But if I were you, I'd choose carefully.

JJ slowly comes around. A simple nod.

INT. SPECIAL CASES BUREAU - NIGHT

BOBBY MUNZ (30s), wiry street cop, tropical shirt and lounging beach pants, squats on the edge of his simple work desk. Cappeli and Livia before him. All quiet. All worried sick for JJ.

Through the door struts Hayes.

The three cops spot him come in. All smiles. Munz leaps from his desk, greets Hayes.

MUNZ

No way. What's up, brother?

He throws his arms around him. A long overdue hug.

HAYES

Good, man. Real good.

Livia and Cappeli follow. Lots of love and respect in this inner circle of friends. They've been through hell and back and lived to tell the tale.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Where they take JJ?

MUNZ

Upstairs. He's with IAD for dickhead McGarver. Trying to pin those two dead bikers on JJ and get in good graces with the Feds.

CAPPELI

Don't listen to it, Lionel.

HAYES

Come on now. You know me better than that.

(beat)

Where's your Lieutenant?

MUNZ

In his office having dinner. So broken up about JJ he can barely finish his dessert.

CAPPELI

Shh. He can hear you.

MUNZ

Let him hear me.

HAYES

I'll catch up with you guys later.

MUNZ

Yeah. Glad you're here, man. Glad you're here.

Munz pats Hayes on the shoulder before popping a smoke and dipping out of the office.

Cappeli and Livia follow.

Hayes takes a moment, observes the new boss through the glass walls of his office, tries to get a read on him.

INT. LT. FOXX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lt. Foxx eagerly devours a roast beef on rye while watching the evening news: *A swarm of reporters and uniform cops stakeout The Cortez. Also roaming about are some federal types with slick hair and dark suits.*

FIELD REPORTER

The police are being unusually tight-lipped about the circumstances that led to these murders. Or, for that matter, if these two victims were in any way connected to the causeway attacks...

Hayes quietly watches by the door.

FIELD REPORTER (CONT'D)

But what we do have is solid confirmation that Detective Jason Baumbach was somehow involved in this stakeout here at The Cortez which resulted in the deaths of one federal agent and three Jamaican males who have yet to be identified.

Lt. Foxx spots Hayes at the door, hits the MUTE BUTTON, wipes his mouth with a napkin.

LT. FOXX
May I help you with something?

HAYES
Special Agent Hayes. We spoke on the phone. I need to see JJ Baumbach. Right away.

LT. FOXX
Just like that, huh?

Hayes moves inside. All swagger.

HAYES
Yeah. Just like that.

LT. FOXX
This department has its procedures, Agent Hayes. My cop just so happened to be involved in a quadruple homicide. And we got a lot of unanswered questions that need addressed.

HAYES
The FBI has full jurisdiction here, Lieutenant. As far as unanswered questions go, I've got a whole laundry list. Starting from the top down. Including who okayed your little last minute spec op at The Cortez.

Lt. Foxx isn't impressed or scared, takes another chomp off his roast beef on rye.

HAYES (CONT'D)
I can already see the wheels turning. PD wants to flush Baumbach like some cancerous turd because he's bad press.

LT. FOXX
It's crossed my mind.

HAYES
That may be. But if Navarro really is involved in this caper, you'd have to be a blind idiot or on the take to believe JJ Baumbach set these guys up.
(MORE)

HAYES (CONT'D)

(beat)

Which are you?

Lt. Foxx stops chewing, insulted, livid. He barely swallows his last bite.

LT. FOXX

Top floor. Interview room B. Be sure to knock first.

HAYES

Thank you, Lieutenant.

Hayes sees himself out.

LT. FOXX

A lot of folks around here still blame him for what happened, ya know.

Hayes stops.

LT. FOXX (CONT'D)

And they don't mind saying so. It's taken a toll on him. We all see that.

HAYES

I'm sure it has.

LT. FOXX

In Baumbach's mind, those Jamaicans still owe him one. Or maybe it was just coincidence half of a two hundred k split is still unaccounted for.

Hayes swallows his words, heads for the outer door.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS DEPOSITION ROOM - NIGHT

A cold, purposely sterile room where cops go to sweat and eventually spill their guts. JJ sits on the other side of a plain white deposition table fitted with a recording microphone.

IAD LT. MCGARVER (30s), pencil neck weasel with the quaffed hair of a runway model, slithers like a snake before the elongated table.

JJ

These two punks that used to run with Navarro's crew.

(MORE)

JJ (CONT'D)

Drez and Badrick. They were paid a hundred k each to rob a drug store on Collins. Then lead the cops out onto the causeway. We were made aware of this information through a fruit and vegetable retailer by the name of Dajuan Wallace. Wallace was paid off by an unnamed middleman to deliver Drez and Badrick to The Cortez, then use his truck to ditch the two bikes at an abandoned warehouse. About twenty minutes north of here.

LT. MCGARVER

And you became aware of this arrangement after Wallace was stopped on a simple traffic violation? Is this correct?

JJ

Correct.

LT. MCGARVER

At which point the two Honda bikes were discovered in his trailer by an Officer Clive Darnell of the Fifteenth Precinct.

JJ

That's correct.

LT. MCGARVER

And these drug enforcement agents. How did you come into contact with them?

Hayes steps in, still in his flashy suit. JJ is truly taken aback by this shocking turn of events.

Hayes shuts the door behind him, folds his arms, remains strangely silent.

Lt. McGarver looks practically offended by the intrusion. He gives Hayes a piercing glare.

LT. MCGARVER (CONT'D)

We're in the middle of Detective Baumbach's statement. I'm afraid I'm gonna have to ask you to step out.

HAYES

I'm afraid that's not gonna happen.
Agent Lionel Hayes from DC.

Hayes flashes his federal credentials. Lt. McGarver throws them a quick glance.

HAYES (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need to hear this.

Lt. McGarver sighs, gives up, faces JJ.

LT. MCGARVER

Detective. Please continue.

JJ

Wallace was Beckett and Demarco's informant. They were Wallace's first phone call from county lock up. Apparently he used to haul a whole fleet of eighteen wheelers and other rigs to run dope for the Jamaican posses. I don't know the whole story.

HAYES

FBI took point in the causeway attacks. Not the DEA. Explain yourself.

JJ

We were running out of time. We had to move fast and not sit around and wait for your plane to touch down. No offense.

Hayes grins.

HAYES

So the DEA had the first promising lead on the causeway attacks. I'm all for interdepartmental cooperation. Still, a phone call would've been nice.

JJ

We wanted to handle this quietly. Not be a part of your nightly news conference. Did it ever occur to you, Agent Hayes, it may be a bad idea telling the world we're onto these guys?

Hayes simply nudges Lt. McGarver aside and takes point.
Fists flat on the table.

HAYES

Did it ever occur to you to,
Detective...that it may have been a
good idea to check Agents Beckett
and Demarco's credentials? If you
did, you'd discover they went MIA
over six months ago.

JJ loses his cocky grin.

HAYES (CONT'D)

That's right. That means they're
no longer active agents.

Lt. McGarver watches the wheels spin in JJ's eyes. He cracks
a knowing smile.

LT. MCGARVER

(to JJ)

Interesting. Anything else you've
left out of your statement,
Detective?

Hayes stands upright, steps away from the table. He gets in
Lt. McGarver's space. Who is clearly uncomfortable and
intimidated.

HAYES

Lieutenant. Based on all of our
intel, it's the FBI's understanding
that Detective Baumbach was set up
today by a pair of rogue agents.
And was later framed for these
murders.

Lt. McGarver almost bursts out laughing.

LT. MCGARVER

You're kidding.

HAYES

No, I'm afraid not.

LT. MCGARVER

As much as I appreciate your
opinion, Agent Hayes. I
respectfully disagree.

HAYES

Fair enough. But I'm still cutting
him loose.

Lt. McGarver's jaw drops. The color gone from his face. JJ looks like the cat that ate the canary.

HAYES (CONT'D)
We'll be handling things from here.
Lieutenant.

Hayes nods to JJ.

HAYES (CONT'D)
Let's go.

A rejuvenated JJ heads for the door.

LT. MCGARVER
This isn't over, Detective.

HAYES
Yeah, it kinda is. For now. But
we'll try to keep you posted.

Hayes shuts the door behind them. Lt. McGarver curses and pouts like a petulant child.

INT. WAREHOUSE - ROOFTOP LOFT - NIGHT

A completely empty room with hardwood floors and accented by retractable glass roof skylight windows that dwarf half the entire room. A criminal hideout and meeting place for the Jamaican Syndicate.

In the center of the room is an almost nude man. Dressed only in his boxers. He is bruised, bloody, badly beaten and clinging to life.

His police officer's uniform, holster and belt, police radio, tossed on the floor.

This is OFFICER CLIVE DARNELL (20s), African-American, rookie cop, youthful and strong. And Officer Darnell is taking a good beating from...

TWO MAD BIKERS circling him like a couple of sharks ready to devour their dinner. The two bikers being, of course, Badrick and Drez. Both branding aluminum baseball bats and taking turns swatting their target.

WHAP!

The wooden gate opens on a freight elevator. Out walks Beckett with JJ's .357 Coonan Mag in hand.

BECKETT

What's happening here, fellas?

BADRICK

He give his cut away! Some junky
bitch not worth the floor I spit
on!

DREZ

I take care of her myself.

BECKETT

No, you won't. You just stay put.

OFFICER DARNELL

You guys got a problem with me
helping a girl in trouble?

BECKETT

Sounds like true love.

Officer Darnell spits at Beckett with disgust.

OFFICER DARNELL

Fuck you.

Grossed out, Beckett wipes off his wet hand.

BECKETT

All you had to do was lay low and
answer the cops questions. You
were home free. Now look at you.
You had to get your girlfriend
involved.

OFFICER DARNELL

She doesn't know shit.

BECKETT

I'll tell you what she knows. She
knows your ass got paid. That's
all she needs to know. And next
time she gets pinched, she'll have
your name in her mouth. Now I
gotta do this.

DREZ

Do it, mon! He get us all killed!
He betray all of us!

BECKETT

(to Drez)
Shut up!

OFFICER DARNELL
Don't...do it.

BECKETT
Do what? I didn't do anything.
You did this to yourself.

Beckett takes aim. *POW!*

INT. HAYES CONVERTIBLE - MOVING - NIGHT

Hayes behind the wheel. A whipped JJ rides shotgun, his seat leaned back, has a smoke. He's strangely distant from Hayes...keeps an arms length.

JJ
I half expected Bedford and his entourage to burst through that door with a handful of federal subpoenas.

HAYES
Yeah, well, he's gonna be keeping a low profile until the hearings reconvene. Don't know if you noticed lately, but you're not the only one with his ass in a sling.

JJ
Yeah I noticed. Director Bedford. I guess we all should've seen that coming. After all, he's the one responsible for taking out Akeem Navarro. Single handed. Saving all us little people.

Hayes grins.

JJ (CONT'D)
It's the least our country could do for the man.

Hayes cracks up.

HAYES
It's all politics, man. You know how that goes.

With an overtly jealous way about him, JJ observes Hayes fancy threads and car.

JJ

I don't know, Hayes. You look like you did okay for yourself.

HAYES

I know you're still sore how things went down. You and your team got the shit end. But nobody blames you for what happened here.

JJ

No. Just ninety percent of the city.

Hayes smiles.

HAYES

So how you been, man?

JJ

Besides dodging bullets from kill crazy Jamaicans and getting framed for murder, I'm tops, Hayes.

JJ tosses his smoke.

JJ (CONT'D)

Where the hell are we going?

EXT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - NIGHT

Since being attacked, shot at, blown up and almost burnt to the ground, this two story fitness center and semi-pro training facility has been completely refurbished.

Hayes and JJ approach the front door. A sign on the glass reads CLOSED FOR REPAIRS - TWO WEEKS. Hayes uses a spare key to open.

JJ

Can't believe this place is still standing.

HAYES

You'd be surprised what a new coat of paint will do.

JJ

Yeah, right.

The two dip inside.

EXT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

CLIPPER JAMES (60s), African-American, retired Golden Gloves champ turned business proprietor and personal trainer, opens a screen door and hobbles down the top few steps, meets Hayes and JJ at the halfway mark.

HAYES

Hey, old timer. Whadd'ya say?
How's life?

Clipper drops a heavy set of keys in Hayes palm.

CLIPPER

You gonna blow up my place of
business again, Hayes? I'm still
picking pieces of glass out of my
hair from your last visit.

HAYES

Yeah, well. We'll try not to.

CLIPPER

Mmm hmm. Heard that before.

Hayes pats Clipper's shoulder as the old timer hobbles down the remaining steps.

HAYES

Yeah. Good to see you too.

Hayes and JJ climb the remaining steps.

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Nautilus machines, treadmills and ellipticals align the walls and corners of the new and improved second floor gym. Fluorescent tube light fixtures dangle from low hanging chains dropped from the ceiling.

Near the front of the room...just before a member's check in desk and cubicle area...

JJ, Munz, Livia and Cappeli sit on bent metal chairs at a flimsy old fold out work table with a digital projector rested near the center. Director Bedford stands before them all. Behind him...an eighty inch portable white projector screen.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

It's no secret now that the trafficking of fentanyl across our southern borders has grown out of control. What was once considered a political talking point is now, in fact, one of our greatest threats to national security. Under the direct supervision of the NSA, The Department of Defense has since linked up with the DEA in a joint effort to accomplish one task and one task alone. Locate the cartels responsible and cut the head off the snake. Before they reach US soil.

MUNZ

Yeah, right. If it were only that easy we'd be doing it already.

CAPPELI

So what does the DOD know what we don't?

JJ kicks up his feet, already tired.

JJ

This should be good.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

These prototype drones you've been hearing so much about. They were never missing. Or auctioned off for parts on the black market. But stationed in a private airfield and hanger just outside of Juarez. This particular hanger was housing a fleet of Cessna Skyhawks...owned and operated by the Drug Enforcement Agency and a very select crew of deep cover operatives.

LIVIA

You've been hiding the drones?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Depends on your point of view I suppose.

MUNZ

So you weren't hiding them? What were you doing with them?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

What I'm about to tell you makes
Fast and Furious look like a bad
day at the office.

JJ

Here we go.

Director Bedford circles the table, capturing all of their
undivided attention.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

This particular crew were bringing
in loads from the cartels
manufacturing warehouses in Mexico.
Bought and paid for with money
seized from the DEA's own evidence
locker.

JJ cracks a halfhearted smirk of disdain.

MUNZ

In other words they put the cartels
money back on the street.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Yes. In part.

JJ rubs his tired face.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD (CONT'D)

The operation was simple. Locate
the cartels. Locate the warehouses
where the shipments were being
prepared. And with all of our
military capabilities...take them
all out.

LIVIA

Take them out with what?

JJ

The A1-50 drones. Our latest and
greatest. Isn't that right,
Bedford?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Correct.

CAPPELI

(to Director Bedford)
You lied.

LIVIA

Under oath.

MUNZ

Not once.

JJ

But many many times.

MUNZ

There goes what little faith I had
in the government.

HAYES

(impatient)

Come on, guys. Let him finish. We
don't have a lot of time.

JJ, Munz, Livia and Cappeli share a collective groan.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

You hear about that plane crash
near Mexico City?

CAPPELI

No.

LIVIA

The schoolhouse. A couple months
ago. All those kids got killed.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Well it wasn't a plane. It was our
screw up. One of our drones went
off course and took out what we
believed to be a warehouse holding
nine hundred pounds of fentanyl.

LIVIA

Oh my God.

MUNZ

Otherwise known as an international
incident.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

I'll tell you what it is. Nothing
compared to the lives these cartels
have snuffed out over the last
couple of decades.

LIVIA

And that makes it all okay.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

We're at war, Detective Morgan. In war, people die.

CAPPELI

Wait a second. Hold on. You're telling us that these drones that took out that school house. That they've somehow made it to Miami?

Director Bedford nods.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

How did this happen?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Prior to the school house incident...the DEA's operation was considered a roaring success. We were making a real difference. Saving lives. Getting drugs off our streets. But after it became apparent our A1-50s were a liability, we had no choice but to pull out. The airfield. The drug shipments. All of it.

JJ

And the US government has full deniability regarding the bombing of an elementary school.

Director Bedford avoids the question. He simply adjusts his knot and clears a dry throat.

A disapproving Cappeli and Livia sit in judgement. Their cold look speaks volumes.

MUNZ

You were about to tell us how these drones ended up on the causeway this morning.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

It appears some of our friends in the DEA went rogue. After years of wasting precious time gathering intel on the cartels and trafficking their movements, bringing in shipments across the border and otherwise risking their butts, they're basically forced out by their own government.

JJ

(to all)

See? We're not the only ones who get the shit end.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

No, you certainly are not. Instead of coming in peacefully to answer for the school house attack, these agents go MIA. Along with a couple billion in automated drones.

JJ

That's just beautiful.

MUNZ

What the hell are the DEA gonna do with a bunch of stolen drones? Go back into Mexico? Take out the rest of the cartels? What?

CAPPELI

(to Munz)

Those drones weren't in Mexico this morning, Bobby. They were right here. Right under our nose.

(to Director Bedford)

I don't get it.

HAYES

Our rogue agents have been compiling lists. Lists of crime figures, with a particularly large financial backing, who are most likely to make an offer on our drones. It just so happens one Regus Navarro is back amongst the living. There's even talk of another major attack on Miami making the rounds. Our agents knew this.

CAPPELI

(to Hayes)

He pulled out of his coma over four years ago. If he was gonna do something, it would have happened by now.

HAYES

That's the thing. Word around the campfire is the Jamaican crime syndicate is looking to avenge Akeem's death. With or without Regus.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

After what happened five years ago, they cooled down. Went into hiding for a bit. But the syndicate's been making a lot of noise lately. I think they're gearing up for round two.

JJ

Let me stop you there.

All eyes on JJ.

JJ (CONT'D)

I had myself a nice long talk with Regus when he first woke up from his nap. He knows we're watching him. I'm not buying it.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Our guy inside says otherwise.

JJ

Your guy? What guy?

Director Bedford gives the nod to Hayes, who excuses himself to a closed office door in the corner.

The four cops all watch with bated breath.

Hayes opens the office door and out walks none other than REGUS NAVARRO, looking healthy and strong. His muscles toned and defined. Back in top form.

JJ's jaw almost brushes the table. He slowly sets his feet to the floor, a state of shock.

Livia, Cappeli and Munz also stunned. They all quietly observe JJ's reaction.

EXT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

JJ bursts through a rooftop door. He tramples a mound of stabilized rocks and kicks a few straight off the side of the building.

Keeping a safe distance, Director Bedford and Regus follow through the door. They watch the irate detective pace the rubble beneath him.

Director Bedford moves closer.

JJ

Don't! Just stay back!

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

We don't have time for this, Baumbach. What do you say we go back inside?

JJ

Have you lost your mind? I mean, you must really be running out of options, Bedford.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

That's right. He's our best shot at ending this thing. Before it goes any further.

JJ

Yeah? How's that work?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Think about it. If anyone here has half a chance at locating these drones it's Navarro. He's got the inside track of what's left of his brother's old crew. Who just happen to know all the names of the latest players. Intel that would take us months to compile. In case you haven't checked, we don't have months.

JJ sparks up a smoke, walks to the edge of the roof, stares out into the city lights.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD (CONT'D)

You want the pricks who set you up, he's our ticket.

JJ

Has it occurred to you, even for a second, that Navarro's the one who set me up in the first place? That he's behind all of it? We killed his brother!

JJ points back at Regus, arms folded, waiting patiently by the metal door.

JJ (CONT'D)

Why don't you ask him how he feels about all that?! Go on!

REGUS

Why don't you?

An irritated JJ turns to Regus.

JJ

Excuse me? You got something to say?

REGUS

My brother made his choices. As did his followers. Somewhere along the way, he lost sight of his mission. Our mission. To end the systematic enslavement of our people.

JJ

Here we go with this shit again.

REGUS

From the sex trafficking. To the poisoning of their minds and bodies with drugs. Killing each other in the street one night. Or laying dead in an alley with a needle stuck in their arm the next. If we simply continued to play by your rules, my people would be on their way to extinction.

JJ

We all have choices, pal.

REGUS

To your police, we are just a violent people. But to us, violence was simply a necessary means to an end.

JJ

I've heard all of this before.

REGUS

I know. But I am not my brother. My people are a peaceful one. They are tired of the murdering.

(MORE)

REGUS (CONT'D)

The blood in the streets. They are coming to me as their voice. And now I am here. Telling you I will help you end this.

JJ checks with Director Bedford. He gives him the nod.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

It's up to you, JJ. Are you in or out?

JJ still ain't buying it. He shakes his head, kicks a few more rocks around.

Regus approaches. Slowly, respectfully, with caution.

REGUS

Like you said, Detective. We are both lucky to be alive. The way I see it, we both have a second chance to make things right. I am asking you. If you help me, I will help you.

JJ sighs. Director Bedford on one side. Regus on the other.

JJ

I suppose, between the two of you, you've devised some sort of plan?

Regus grins.

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

The digital projector displays a full screen color image of Jamaican crime lord KHENAN RADCLIFFE (40s), jaundiced eyes, nappy dreads and beard. In this candid shot taken by federal agents, Radcliffe is roaming about a Jamaican street bazaar.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Familiarize yourselves with this face. Burn it into your brains. His name's Khenan Radcliffe. Akeem's old Lieutenant and loyal foot soldier with The Righteous Apostles. That is until he was excommunicated for holding some...shall we say...controversial views that didn't bold well with Navarro.

MUNZ

You don't say. And he's such a pleasant looking lad.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Mister Radcliffe has since come up in the world of crime. And become the syndicate's number one enforcer. Even though he and Akeem had long since cut ties, Radcliffe still had some pull with the Apostles. In fact he's been very vocal about rallying the troops for one last charge against the Miami PD.

JJ

When you say he has pull, you mean he's been dangling bags of cash under the eyes of Akeem's old crew.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

While systematically undoing all of Akeem's efforts in rebuilding and rehabilitating the Jamaican community.

JJ

(to Regus)

Ouch. Sounds like your movement is dead, Mister Navarro.

Regus isn't shaken by JJ's blatant insults. He is unusually calm and collected.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

It's no secret that Radcliffe could care less about the Navarro brothers quest for peace and prosperity. Peace is the last thing this man wants. What he wants is control. Control over Akeem's old rackets. Over his businesses. His people. And over this city.

MUNZ

Not to mention the help of a couple billion in rocket firing drones.

The room goes silent. Everyone scared. Sick. Frightened for what's to come.

LIVIA
(to Regus)
You have to stop him.

REGUS
He'll be expecting to hear from me.
Very soon. In fact, it is very
likely I will be sent for.

MUNZ
How's that?

REGUS
He will need my support. And the
support of my people. His army is
strong but small.

MUNZ
Unlike yours?

REGUS
There is still a large faction of
Akeem's followers that will be
looking to me for instruction.

JJ
What do they need you for?

REGUS
They fear Khenan. They fear what
he may become. What will become of
us if we follow.

CAPPELI
A repeat of five years ago.

Regus nods politely.

REGUS
Precisely.

JJ stands, moves with a cocky swagger for Regus, gets up
close and personal. In his face.

JJ
Well then. When this big meeting
happens. You'll be sure to give us
a ring first. Won't you, Regus?

Regus checks with the others. Munz, Cappeli, Livia, and to
an extent, Hayes...all unsure of his sincerity.

EXT. CAYO LEGUNDO RESORT - BOAT MARINA - DAY

A fleet of multi-million dollar yachts and sleek cigarette boats dot the private marina. On a stone hill behind the docks stands the CAYO LEGUNDO. An exclusive but secluded resort in the middle of nowhere.

TWO WELL DRESSED MEN, one Dominican and one black, stroll a grass hut covered pier that extends a good quarter mile into The Caribbean.

The Dominican is the sole proprietor of Cayo Legundo and owner of the island it sits on. His name is ALVARRO CRUZ (60s), a vibrant sort with a warm smile and overall welcoming presence.

Walking with him is DEA Agent TERRELL TYSON (50s), a well fed African-American with a cocky stride and the gleam of capitalist greed.

CRUZ

This is a most unexpected visit, Terrell. You and your DEA friends have made life most difficult. The eyes in the sky watching my every move. Helicopters. Secret recording devices. You made it so I could no longer comfortably conduct business.

TYSON

Yeah, well. That was my job.

CRUZ

With the counsel of my dearest wife, I finally get smart and retire. And now here you are again. Stirring up trouble.

TYSON

Trouble didn't stop when you retired. Suppliers are still supplying. And buyers are still buying. Nothing's changed. But there's too many other new names and faces to worry about. No offense, but you're old news, Alvarro.

Cruz laughs.

CRUZ

That's good to know. It's my understanding that you and your agent friends are looking to stash your drones on my island. A place no one would dare suspect. Let alone investigate. Especially now that I'm...as you say...old news with your DEA.

TYSON

Something like this.

Tyson is distracted by a TOPLESS WOMAN jet skiing around the outskirts of the pier.

TYSON (CONT'D)

I could think of a lot worse places to lay low.

CRUZ

Agreeing to this would be like painting a target on my back for your friends in the FBI. Why on earth would I do that?

TYSON

Come on, Alvarro. You and I both know you're not all the way retired. Not yet. But me and my men can still help keep all the right people off your back.

CRUZ

You and your men are a bigger threat to national security than my entire organization. And yet you threaten me.

Cruz and Tyson reach the end of the pier. A giant fruit plate and charcuterie board rest on a table. Along with an ice bucket of champagne and two flutes.

Tyson pops a few grapes. Cruz watches him closely, a slowly cracking grin of growing suspicion.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

What am I missing?

Tyson rubs his hands dry.

TYSON

It's not a threat, Alvarro.
It's a promise.

(MORE)

TYSON (CONT'D)

A personal guarantee from me to you. We'll keep the right people in the know and those who don't need to know looking the other direction.

Cruz walks to the edge of the pier, stares out at his lady friend riding the wakes.

CRUZ

Those people. The ones responsible for the attacks in Miami. Who are they and what is your purpose with them?

TYSON

They're no one. Just a certain party looking to make things righteous with the Miami PD.

CRUZ

There's something you're not telling me.

TYSON

My men and I wanna unload these drones. And we need to do it soon. That can be you. Or it can be them.

Cruz grins, pinches himself a few grapes, pops one in his mouth, playfully chucks another at his lady friend making a pass near the pier.

CRUZ

Sounds to me like you're trying very hard to start up some kind of...turf war, Agent Tyson. Otherwise known as a scare tactic.

TYSON

I'll leave that between you and them, Alvarro. I'm just a businessman. But I'm sure if y'all put your minds to it, something could be arranged.

CRUZ

I take it your men have devised some method of delivering these drones to the island?

TYSON

Came in this morning on a
freighter. Delivered to a private
island two miles out from Cayo
Arena. I've already arranged for a
small demonstration.

INT. CAYO LEGUNDO - BANQUET HALL - DAY

Dozens of posh banquet hall dining tables accented with only the finest gold king throne chairs occupy the center space of the room. In the corner sits a media operation center equipped with an audio mixing board and a state of the art stereo surround system.

Cruz watches as Tyson powers up his laptop. The contents of which appear on a giant, theater sized power point screen hanging just above a center stage podium.

A SPLIT SCREEN. On the left side, a pitch black screen with the word COORDINATES, followed by a FLASHING CURSOR. On the right is LIVE beach front video feed. The Caribbean in all its beautiful vastness.

Which is actually the POV of a stationary A1-50 drone.

TYSON

Pay close attention to the right
side of the screen.

Cruz watches as Tyson dials a number on his smart phone, puts it on speaker, waits for the other end to pick up.

BECKETT (V.O.)

What do you say, Tyson? How's
things on your end?

TYSON

Mister Cruz is ready for his
demonstration.

BECKETT (V.O.)

Okay then. Let's get started.

Cruz looks perplexed.

EXT. BECKETT'S BOAT - OPEN SEA - DAY

A mid sized offshore fishing vessel with an impressive lookout tower bobs on the calm waters.

The engine cut off. Seemingly without power.

ON BOARD

DEA Agent Kurt Beckett, our rogue under cover op that framed JJ for murder, now in a diver's wet suit. He speaks into a MARINE VHF RADIO transponder.

BECKETT

Mayday, mayday, mayday. Private fishing vessel seeking emergency assistance. Does anyone out there copy?

TYSON (V.O.)

This is the US Coast Guard. We read you loud and clear. Go ahead with your position.

BECKETT

Position is as follows. One-Nine, point Two-Six-Six-Four degrees north. Longitude...Six-Nine, point Two-Five-Five-Six degrees west. Do you copy?

INT. CAYO LEGUNDO - BANQUET HALL - DAY

Tyson types in Beckett's coordinates on his laptop.

Cruz watches as the exact latitude and longitude coordinates are spelled out in proper nautical detail on the power point screen.

TYSON

Coordinates are locked. Awaiting your instruction, sir.

EXT. BECKETT'S BOAT - OPEN SEA - DAY

A second, smaller racing vessel with a DRIVER IN A BLACK DIVER'S SUIT slows to a stop near Beckett's floater.

Beckett re hooks his marine vhf radio transponder, abandons ship, joining his contact in the second boat as they waste little time bolting out of there.

EXT. SECOND BOAT - OPEN SEA - DAY

Beckett un hooks this new boat's radio transponder, gives notice to Tyson on the other end.

BECKETT

We're a go here. Do you copy?

INT. CAYO LEGUNDO - BANQUET HALL - DAY

Tyson taps ENTER on his laptop. He and Cruz watch the right side of the screen as the idle drone takes flight, rises from the private beach and into the sky.

TYSON

Here we go.

And like a flash of lightning, *the drone darts across the wide open sea...* on route to Beckett's empty vessel.

EXT. SECOND BOAT - OPEN SEA - DAY

Beckett, and his driver, now with snorkel masks and scuba tanks on their backs, flip overboard...sinking into the depths of the sea.

INT. CAYO LEGUNDO - BANQUET HALL - DAY

Cruz and Tyson watch the screen as the entire right side splits into a multi-level live feed.

A grand total of FOUR AIRBORNE DRONES en route to their target. All seem to be coming at different angles and coordinates.

CRUZ

Fantastic.

Tyson smiles.

EXT. BECKETT'S BOAT - OPEN SEA - DAY

TWO DRONES unleash a barrage of exaggerated firepower that reduces the boat to matchsticks. Within seconds, the vessel EXPLODES.

TWO MORE DRONES bypass Beckett's vessel and travel a good mile or two into the sea...hovering above the second boat...now abandoned.

It is quickly showered with thirty millimeter rounds.

KAABBOOOMMM!

Both vessels toast.

INT. CAYO LEGUNDO - BANQUET HALL - DAY

On the power point screen, Cruz and Tyson watch LIVE VIDEO FEED of the two fiery explosions at sea. All different angles and perspectives. From the eyes of four different drones.

Cruz is all smiles. Tyson shuts his laptop.

TYSON

How about it, Alvarro? You ready
to talk some business?

INT. CORTEZ HOTEL - FRONT DESK - DAY

Cappeli stands behind the protective glass wall with a trashy chic tatted up DESK GIRL (20s) who reviews the hotel's digital registry on a widescreen desktop computer.

A list of ROOM NUMBERS and NAMES OF GUESTS.

Livia paces the lobby's dated carpet.

DESK GIRL

These are the names of everyone
who's checked into The Cortez over
the last few weeks. Room numbers,
cash accounts. If your guy rented,
his name would definitely be in the
registry.

Livia rolls her eyes. Cappeli notices.

CAPPELI

We're not interested in who did or
didn't register. Just which rooms
were vacant the night of the
shooting.

Livia losing patience fast.

DESK GIRL

We're pretty much all booked up.
Most of the tenants here are
regulars and pay by the month.

LIVIA

Every last room at this hotel is
booked. And you don't have any
vacancies? That what you're
telling us?

DESK GIRL

We've got the cheapest rates in town. Can't tell you the last time we had a vacancy. This place is like crazy glue for transients and addicts.

Cappeli reviews the tenant list. One of the room numbers is highlighted. ROOM UNAVAILABLE. CLOSED FOR MAINTENANCE.

CAPPELI

What is this?

DESK GIRL

What?

CAPPELI

This room here. Unavailable. What's that about?

Desk Girl takes a peek.

DESK GIRL

Room 201. Strange. It's closed for maintenance.

Livia at full attention. She comes to the desk.

CAPPELI

Did you not know about this?

DESK GIRL

I've been here all week and I never called for any kind of repair work and there's nothing in the log books.

LIVIA

We're gonna need your boss's phone number and address right away.

DESK GIRL

What for?

CAPPELI

Just do it, okay?

INT. DADE COUNTY CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

A meticulous medical examiner's room with stainless steel cabinets, waste disposal sinks, flat exam tables and cadaver drawers.

A CORONER squats on a stool, before an empty examiner's table, reviews a chart of some sort while Munz quietly dips through a pair of swinging doors.

CORONER

Detective Bobby Munz. You finally come to take me away from all this?

MUNZ

Just in the neighborhood.

CORONER

Yeah, right. So what's up?

MUNZ

Nothing really. Just wondered if there were any new developments on our biker friends that didn't make the final cut.

The Coroner grins.

CORONER

Hate to break it to you, Munz. But cause of death hasn't changed and these guys are still dead.

Munz nods. He scratches his chin.

MUNZ

Yeah, I figured as much. It's not the how they died part I'm worried about. It's the who.

CORONER

I don't follow.

MUNZ

PD was handed these guys in a gift basket. Complete with a nice big bow. Too perfect. Meantime, our second shooter came from inside The Cortez.

CORONER

What's that mean?

MUNZ

I think our friends here were set up by this other shooter. I'd ask the hotel's manager but he's mysteriously split town.

CORONER

I see. That's interesting. So you're thinking like an inside job type of thing.

MUNZ

I think these two were meant to die and we were meant to find them. And that, my friend, doesn't sit right with me.

(beat)

You think I could take another look at our guys?

The Coroner nods.

CORONER

Yeah. Don't see why not.

The Coroner walks Munz to a pair of cadaver drawers. He opens the first of two heavy doors, pulls out the remains of Drez Mitchell.

And onto the second...

He swings open the door, slides out a table holding the remains of Badrick Kingston.

Munz gives Drez a good inspection, almost instantly spots something of interest. He picks up his left forearm, squints as he spots something on his hand.

MUNZ

Take a look at this.

The Coroner joins Munz by the table. On Drez's index finger is a TATTOO CROWN, and under the crown...A LARGE Q, followed by a RED HEART.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

This tattoo. Queen of Hearts. Let me guess. You got the same tats on guy number two.

CORONER

Yeah. On his right index. How'd you know?

Munz takes a moment.

MUNZ

Thanks, Doc. I got what I came for.

Munz rushes to the door. The Coroner simply shakes his head and closes the drawer.

CORONER

Yeah, let's do it again sometime.

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

THE FIVE reconvene at their table. Munz stands before the other four, two thick rap sheets in hand. He drops one, slides it over to JJ, in his usual spot at the end of the conference table. He hands the second one to Livia, directly to his left.

MUNZ

(to Livia)

This sweetheart look familiar?

LIVIA

Charles Braxton. Street name
Tango.

Livia doesn't follow, stares up at Munz.

MUNZ

As in Tango and Drak. Queen of
Hearts escort service. The
matching tattoos on their hands.
It was a dead giveaway.

JJ

No pun intended.

Munz grins. Hayes enters with a tray of iced coffees and a thick bag of donuts.

All five distracted.

Hayes sets them on the table. A famished Cappeli eagerly takes a look but JJ quickly snatches them up like a kid fighting for his favorite toy.

JJ (CONT'D)

These aren't good for you. Not
good for the figure.

JJ comes up with a glazed, takes a generous chomp.

CAPPELI

You're all class, you know that?

MUNZ

Hey. I know you're tired but lets stay on point here, guys.

HAYES

(to Munz)

You talking about those two pimps you and Morgan busted?

MUNZ

Those are the guys.

Livia reads Tango's laundry list of charges. Without asking, Hayes snatches the record from her hands.

LIVIA

Yeah. Go ahead.

While JJ isn't looking, Cappeli snatches the donut bag from his grasp.

JJ

Don't be rude.

Cappeli rolls up the bag, places it out JJ's reach.

CAPPELI

So let me see if I follow here. You're saying those two guys on the causeway weren't our two guys?

MUNZ

But are really these guys. Yes.

JJ

And our real guys are really still out there.

MUNZ

Yes.

Even Munz isn't so sure.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

I think that's what I'm saying.

HAYES

Meantime your only possible corroborating witness to this, our friend Mister Wallace, is dead.

MUNZ

It also means JJ's good buddy Agent Beckett helped the real Drez and Badrick split with a cool hundred k.

CAPPELI

The other hundred sitting in JJ's trunk.

JJ

The Queen of Hearts. That girl that runs the joint. What's her face...?

Livia sighs.

LIVIA

Derrika Hendricks.

JJ

Yes. Ex squeeze of one Jimarcus Allen.

(to Livia)

How about it, Liv? You still have some pull with this girl?

LIVIA

I guess we're about to find out.

EXT. NEW HORIZONS NAIL SALON - DAY

DERRIKA HENDRICKS (20s), Jamaican, ex madam of the Queen of Hearts escort service, long locks of hair tied in multi-colored beads, paints her nails under a spotlight. A half eaten plate of street tacos before her.

A very young looking crew of FEMALE JAMAICAN NAIL TECHS, thirteen through sixteen at the oldest, perform manis and pedis on a modest room of customers.

Jamaican RAP spills from the speakers.

Through the front door storms Livia and Hayes, dead serious and short on time.

LIVIA

Derrika Hendricks. Look at you. Fancy new clothes. All blinged out.

Derrika rolls her eyes, sets down her brush. Her personal dope pusher, a street thug named REDDICK, sits on a vinyl couch in the corner. Wife beater t, open shirt with a pistol stuffed down his pants.

Livia spots Reddick. The two exchange glances, as if she's roused this one a time or two.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
Still with a two hundred dollar a
day habit.
(to Hayes)
What do they call that, Lionel?
Moving down in the world?

HAYES
What a waste.

Hayes meets eyes with one of the young techs.

HAYES (CONT'D)
Turn that crap down.

The young tech jumps from her chair, rushes through a beaded doorway and into the back room. The music drops from an eleven to a much quieter four.

DERRIKA
(to Livia)
You got a lot of nerve showing your
face here. The cop that killed
Akeem.
(to Reddick)
She killed Akeem! Murderer!

Reddick very casually sits up straight. His hand moving closer to his pistol.

Hayes stops him.

HAYES
(to Reddick)
Save it. You keep your ass planted
on that couch or I'll blow your
foot off.

Reddick grins, throws up his hands.

Livia hovers over Derrika's work desk.

LIVIA
Ungrateful ass junky. I got you
set up in that clinic.
(MORE)

LIVIA (CONT'D)

A steady job, a new start. You could have helped those girls, D.

DERRIKA

So sorry to disappoint.

LIVIA

Look at yourself. Loaded and it ain't even noon.

HAYES

Ain't that a shame.

DERRIKA

Yeah, you cops really care about me. I can tell.

LIVIA

You know, I never expected no hugs and kisses. Or even a thank you. But you let them down, and you let yourself down.

DERRIKA

Watchu talkin about, let them down? I did my dance for the good doctors. Okay Miss hot shot cop? I am running a respectable business here. Get out of my place!

Hayes observes the mostly underage staff, still working on their customers. They are tired and sickly looking, malnourished, doped up.

LIVIA

Respectable, huh? That's not what I'm hearing.

HAYES

Me either.

DERRIKA

(to Livia)

Watchu hear? Who be talking? Shakir?

(to Hayes)

Should have left that thieving junky slut in the clinic where I find her.

Outraged, Livia SLAPS the taste from her mouth. Derrika left with a split lip and bloody teeth.

DERRIKA (CONT'D)
(to Reddick)
Do something!

Reddick checks with Hayes, who warns him with a sharp and unflinching stare. He quickly leans back on the couch, hands flat on the cushions.

DERRIKA (CONT'D)
(to Hayes)
You let her get away with this?!
What kind of man are you let a
woman get hit?!

HAYES
An ass whoopin. That's a state
charge. I'm federal.

LIVIA
New Horizons, LLC. It's a dummy
company under Wycliff
International. As in Khenan
Wynston Radcliffe. He holds the
note on this place.

DERRIKA
So what?

LIVIA
You see that man over there? He's
a federal agent. All it takes is a
a phone call and he'll have a dozen
agents down here crawling up your
business!
(beat)
Appointment books. Client lists.
Employee tax forms. So on and so
forth if you get my drift.

Derrika avoids eye contact. Hayes moves in.

HAYES
(to Derrika)
You got underage in the building.
We check those books and find out
your ones and zeros ain't adding
up, or these girls are clocking
hours doing anything other than
nails, you're looking at serious
tall time.

DERRIKA
What do you want?

HAYES

Radcliffe set you up here. Loans you some of his girls from time to time. Keeps you happy and your mouth shut. But I know you're strictly small time.

LIVIA

And Radcliffe ain't about small time. Where else he setting up shop?

Derrika contemplates answering. She's on the verge.

HAYES

One more time. Where is Radcliffe tricking these girls or am I making a call?

INT. JAMAICAN CONSIGNMENT STORE - SALES FLOOR - DAY

A converted warehouse with industrial sized wall mounted fans now services a community dime store, equipped with endless roller racks of used clothing, electronics, furniture, footwear, local art work.

YOUNG FEMALES OF JAMAICAN AND DOMINICAN HERITAGE haul mobile carts of disposed clothing back to the sales floor. They are tired looking, not happy. Out of it. And this particular location is suspiciously overstaffed.

Crowd control stanchions form a super twisting line at the front end checkout area. And these FEMALE EMPLOYEES are a bit older and healthier than the bottom of the barrel backroom associates.

Oddly enough, there are several mop headed, hard looking criminal types, members of the Jamaican syndicate, sifting through clothing racks. But mostly keeping a close eye on things.

Through the door walks Hayes, dressing the part in a street thug's ensemble, dark shades included. He quietly eyes the room, gets a feel for things.

Mop Heads check him out.

HAYES

Oh yeah. This place is wrong.

INT. JAMAICAN CONSIGNMENT STORE - BACK ROOM - DAY

A PAIR OF MALE JAMAICAN WORKERS, part time soldiers for the syndicate, roll a dump cart full of garbage bags and other large duffels of clothing into the sorting area.

This heavily staffed work space consists of multiple plastic tubs, wire basket dump bins and plastic fold up sorting tables.

The YOUNG FEMALES are busy sorting the last few loads received from the back door.

Clothing is tossed in various tubs...other household items laid out on the tables.

On one of the tables lay a BRIGHT ORANGE PACKAGE. About the size of a short stack of vacuum sealed bills.

The orange package is loaded into a wire basket roller cart ...loaded down with similar vacuum sealed and bright colored packages. Orange, green, yellow.

THE MONEY MAN, a Jamaican soldier, loads the packages into a back pack, heads for a nearby staircase.

Up he goes.

At the top is a private office with one way mirror windows. Hanging from the ceiling, a security camera watches the work floor below.

DUMP CART

From out of the deep belly of this second hand clothing drop bin crawls MUNZ, black SWAT jacket, kevlar vest, branding a pistol gripped sawed off shotgun.

MUNZ

(to work staff)

Miami PD! Hands in the air and
step away from the tables!

The frail young ladies comply...move away from their busy work stations.

SWAT rushes the receiving area in full force. Kevlar, face masks, laser scopes.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

Anything left in your hands! Drop
it where you stand!

INT. JAMAICAN CONSIGNMENT STORE - SALES FLOOR - DAY

Hayes has his shoes off...on the floor, pretends to slip on a pair of loafers. He spots THREE MOP HEADS rush through a somewhat crowded sales floor, hand cannons drawn, headed for receiving to put down some cops.

HAYES

Munz, heads up! You got company
headed your way!

With a seasoned quickness, Hayes reaches under his wild shirt, draws down.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Freeze!

One of the Mop Heads stops, eyes on Hayes. He raises his hands high.

From across the store, a FOURTH MOP HEAD hides safely behind a used book shelf filled with random media. He tickles a pistol, concealed under his shirt.

Before he can pull it...a nine mil is pressed against the back of his skull.

CAPPELI

Very slowly...pull your hand away
from that gun!

FRONT ENTRANCE

A swarm of SWAT COPS and other POLICE UNITS charge the front double doors with an arsenal of automatic weapons. Last but not least, JJ brings up the back end...no face shield...no kevlar, no brains, half cocked.

A FIFTH MOP HEAD step up behind Hayes...machine pistol aimed at the back of his head.

JJ draws down.

JJ

Hold it!

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

JJ empties most of his clip, sending this one sliding across the slippery cement slab. A streak of CRIMSON RED leaves a gruesome trail of death.

Out of nowhere...

A generous spray of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE strikes the sales racks before and all around JJ.

JJ (CONT'D)

Shit!

He dives and tumbles for cover. Clothes ripped to shreds.

UNDER THE RACKS

Shirts, slacks, jeans drop on JJ's head as he feels the heat of incoming gunfire. The sporadic yet steady stream of RAPID FIRE BULLETS STRIKE THE CONCRETE.

Ping! Pow! Pew! Sparks fly. Bright...flashing...nearly blinding him.

Two pair of feet rush his direction. JJ rolls himself under two more sales racks, avoiding another full round of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE.

MOP HEAD #6

Little piggy, come out!

MOP HEAD #7

Come play with us!

Hayes pops up behind the back of a used leather couch...nine mil drawn and ready to play.

HAYES

Heads up!

POW-POW!

Two in the back puts down MOP HEAD #6

MOP HEAD #7 spins around, decimates the couch, reduces it to chicken feathers.

MOP HEAD #7

I wanna see your face, cop!

Hayes lays low.

Still on the floor, JJ desperately crawls to the end of the sales rack, pops his head out, ten mil aimed.

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

Mop Head #7 hit with every shot. He's all done.

JJ

Hayes, talk to me!

HAYES

Behind the couch.

HAYES

Shoot now, talk later!

JJ

still on the floor.

JJ

Okay! Good! All I needed!

INT. JAMAICAN CONSIGNMENT STORE - BACK ROOM - DAY

As the Mop Heads rush the back room branding machine pistols and other various weapons...

MUNZ

still in a dump cart, ducks for cover, as do several members of THE SWAT TEAM, still questioning the female staff, patting down, cuffing the males.

Meantime...

Bullets strike housewares.

Dishes explode.

Mugs shatter.

Furniture and clothes torn to shreds.

A SWAT SERGEANT kisses the floor. He gets his weight behind the dump cart holding Munz...rolls it at great speed across the cement floor.

Still inside the cart...Munz pops his head up, unloads rack after rack of twelve gauge slugs.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

Mop Heads drop. Blood sprays.

Another MOP HEAD SOLDIER comes down the steps...jumps in front of the rolling dump cart.

POW!

Munz takes one in the kevlar. But he bounces back...blasts him with two full racks from his pump action.

BOOM-BOOM!

Down he goes. Blood stains the wall.

On the other side of the room...

Bullets continue to fly. Gunfire is exchanged. Decorative hallway and armoire sized mirrors, rested safely against the back walls, are shattered, destroyed.

Glass showers the floor.

Using their laser scopes, SWAT targets and takes out the remaining Mop Heads.

INT. JAMAICAN CONSIGNMENT STORE - SALES FLOOR - DAY

Seconds after Munz takes out his last mop head...JJ and Hayes take aim at a DOMINICAN MALE, pistol in hand, bag full of cash, coming down a steep set of steps above the housewares department.

They unload an insane amount of ammunition, blowing this one's organs against the wall. Cash goes flying, bills ripped to shreds. His lifeless corpse tumbles over the wooden rail, drops to the floor.

Thud!

Remnants of bullet-riddled money trickle down from the top of the steps...polluting the air like a flurry of snowflakes slowly falling from the sky.

Hayes, into a shoulder mic.

HAYES

(to Munz)

Bobby, secure the stairs! Nobody gets in or out!

JJ and Hayes rush the steps.

INT. JAMAICAN CONSIGNMENT STORE - UPSTAIRS OFFICE - DAY

Standing next to an open safe...

THE MONEY MAN collects his back pack full of colored cash bricks, zips up, heads for the stairs.

On his way, he passes a waiting room full of incoming Dominican and Jamaican females, slave labor, fresh from the pipeline, ready to be trafficked.

Munz comes up the steps, out of the darkness, gives our mop head a mouthful of shotgun.

MUNZ

On the ground, flash! Right now!

JJ and Hayes block the other end.

MONEY MAN

I'm cool, mon.

Money Man kisses the floor.

Munz, JJ and Hayes observe the quiet and compliant teen and pre teen females seated at the table. All with papers before them.

MUNZ

Oh my God.

Hayes turns around to discover a wall mounted set of flat screens featuring SECURITY CAMS on every possible corner of the store. Inside and out.

The front lot is a busy mess of FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS. COPS coming and going. PRISONERS in handcuffs being escorted to paddy wagons and transfer buses.

A RED HONDA FIRE BLADE moves slowly and with caution through the crowd of uniformed cops. THE DRIVER, in helmet, fixes his gaze on the store's front end.

HAYES

JJ. That bike look familiar?

JJ turns, faces the flat screens. He spots the Fire Blade move through the crowd, headed for the exit...and... eventually back onto the highway.

HAYES (CONT'D)

He's running.

JJ

We're gonna lose him.

MUNZ

Hey. What's up?

JJ goes all out track star. Passed Munz. Down the steps he goes. He's a distant memory.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

Hey! Where you going?!

EXT. JAMAICAN CONSIGNMENT STORE - DAY

JJ has gone straight mad as he pushes and shoves his way through a crowd of COPS AND PERPS. It's a jumbled noise of police DISPATCH RADIOS, CURSING SUSPECTS and the SIRENS of approaching police units.

As bits of the crowd slowly disperses...

JJ almost collides with a parked cop car. Without asking permission, he jumps behind the wheel.

UNIFORM COP

Hey!

Hayes runs out.

JJ pops his head out the window.

JJ

(to Hayes)

You coming or going?! Let's move!

Hayes brushes shoulders with a bored SWAT GUY, chewing gum, MP5 slung over his shoulder.

HAYES

Gimme that.

Before he knows what hit him, Hayes jacks his weapon.

JJ

(to Hayes)

Move your ass!

Hayes jumps in. JJ leaves some serious tire behind as he pulls a hot u turn...heads for the nearest exit.

HONK-HONK!

JJ (CONT'D)

Kidding me?! Get the hell out of the way!

ARMED COPS and CUFFED PERPS leap out of the way, barely avoid a head on collision.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY

The Honda Fire Blade hits a bit of traffic. Cars slow almost to a stand still as they come face to face with a construction site and road crew paving a new lane.

Wood saw horses block the unfinished lane, black as night, beautiful fresh pavement. While a string of orange cones divert two busy lanes of traffic into one.

BADRICK, the biker under the helmet, flips up his visor, peeks over his shoulder...

JJ and Hayes a good hundred yards out. HONKING. SWERVING from lane to lane.

INT. JJ'S PATROL CAR - DAY

JJ behind the wheel. Hayes on the police radio.

HAYES

I repeat. In pursuit of causeway suspects, Badrick Kingston and Andres Mitchell, headed north on Highway Twenty on a red Honda Fire Blade motorcycle. Be advised. Suspects are armed and dangerous.

JJ

Suspects? They're gonna be looking for two guys. There's only one of them.

HAYES

Yeah, well, it could be either one of them.

JJ

Good point.

JJ looks ahead, spots the red bike.

JJ (CONT'D)

I see him.

HAYES

Where?

JJ

He's right there. I see him. Let's go.

JJ swings open his door, jumps out, gun drawn. He bolts up the middle of the highway. Hayes follows. The SWAT MP5 gripped in both hands.

Cars HONK.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY

Badrick spots the two cops, now on foot. They quickly rush through the idle traffic. Badrick looks to the opposite side of the road as a string of PATROL UNITS...responding to an APB...come to a swift stop.

Out jump A SWARM OF COPS.

KAABBOOOMMMM!

Our A1-50s hover above the stand still traffic and pummel every cop car in the general vicinity with ROCKET POWERED GRENADES AND RAPID FIRE THIRTY MILLIMETER ROUNDS.

One after the next are incinerated.

JJ

Watch out!

JJ and Hayes run across the center median...through the idle traffic...bolt like hell toward a nearby indoor mall parking lot...out of the line of fire.

Cops dive for cover. Make a run for it. It's pandemonium.

JJ and Hayes feel one particular explosion on their backs.

KAAABOOOOOMMMM!

MINI MALL PARKING LOT

Now in the farthest end of the mini mall lot, they turn, spot what's left of their borrowed cop car. Now up in flames. Targeted and taken out by the drones.

JJ (CONT'D)

How the hell...?

Hayes is distracted by the sound of Badrick's Fire Blade darting across the middle of the lot.

HAYES

Let's go.

Hayes and JJ run across the lot, make a feeble attempt at aiming their weapons at the lightning fast bike.

From his wild looking machine pistol, Badrick SPRAYS SOME BULLETS their direction.

Hayes and JJ kiss the asphalt.

Attempting to leave the lot, Badrick is boxed in on both sides by another TWO PATROL CARS.

KAABBBBOOOOMMM!

Beat.

KAABBBBOOOOMMM!

Both cars taken out.

JJ looks to the sky. A drone hovers above them.

JJ
Holy shit!

HAYES
Stay down!

JJ
Yeah, okay! No problem!

Badrick laughs it up, zips through the fiery wreckage unscathed...

...and finally through the automatic doors of a multi-level department store.

Hays notices.

HAYES
Let's move!

Hays is up and running. JJ still on the asphalt.

JJ
Make up your mind!

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Badrick is a man gone wild as he rips across the hard tile floor while RANDOM CUSTOMERS are forced into fixtures and floor displays.

He takes a moment to spray and annihilate the valuable contents of the store with some hot and wicked nine millimeter rounds.

JEWELRY CASES reduced to giant shards and minute pieces of glass that fall inward.

The JEWELRY MANAGER behind the counter, heavy makeup, short skirt and heels, crawls to safety. Her hair peppered with busted glass.

JEWELRY MANAGER

Help!

Mannequin heads are blown off. Torsos taken apart or knocked completely off their feet.

NEON SIGNS sparkle and burst...and eventually fall from the walls they're hanging on.

CUSTOMERS on the carpet. Hands on their heads. SCREAMING. Full panic mode.

CUSTOMER

What's happening?!

Badrick laughs it up. Under a circular skylight, he does a few donuts, burning rubber, sliding around the tile and making as much noise as possible.

A SECURITY GUARD, gun aimed, attempts to stop him.

SECURITY GUARD

Halt!

Badrick sprays some more nines in his general direction.

Security Guard ducks down, crawls toward a men's dressing room like a coward.

INT. ESCALATOR

Up an escalator goes Badrick. People in front of him bolt up the remaining steps...just barely avoiding being run over by the oncoming bike.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Badrick zips out of the store and onto the second floor courts of the indoor mall.

It's fairly dead. As most malls are these days.

But...

There stands JJ, leaning tired on a glass guard rail and wall overlooking the first floor...ten mil aimed. He is soaked through with sweat...out of breath.

Badrick stops on a dime. His back wheel spins in a ninety degree angle. *SCRRRREEEEEECHH!*

JJ and him lock eyes. It's a standoff.

Badrick hears footsteps behind him, gawks back at --

Hayes with his MP5 locked in.

HAYES
(to Badrick)
Turn it off!

Badrick takes aim at Hayes.

JJ
Hayes!

JJ empties his clip.

Badrick falls. The bike follows.

Distant SCREAMS.

Hayes lowers his weapon, moves in on the bloody lump.

JJ too tired to care. He leans on the glass.

JJ (CONT'D)
Which one is it?

HAYES
Do you care?

JJ
Not really.

POW!

A bullet strikes Hayes shoulder. He's knocked backward.
Flat on his ass.

Badrick rises from the floor. Smacks his chest.

BADRICK
Bullet proof, baby!

JJ fires off a few more rounds...*BAM BAM BAM BAM!*

Badrick falls again. Face first to the floor. He squirms in terrible pain as...

Hayes, still on the floor, aims his nine mil. *BAM!*

One clean shot to the head.

INT. JAMAICAN CONSIGNMENT STORE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The receiving area looks like something taken from a special episode of Hoarders. Absolute destruction as gunsmoke still lingers in the air. The floor covered in a peppered sheath of shattered glass and pottery fragments.

Munz and JJ sift through the random contents of the receiving area sorting tables. A couple of ORANGE and NEON YELLOW bricks of cash are a standout.

MUNZ

Our buyers are dropping the cash in garbage bags, pillow cases. Whatever. Mixing it in with the donations. Our girls turn over the cash and into the deposit box it goes.

JJ

We got the inside track on our buyers? All I see is cash.

MUNZ

Cappeli's working on it.

Hayes pops his head in.

HAYES

JJ. Come take a look.

Hayes summons JJ toward the outer sales floor. JJ follows. They dip through a swinging double door.

INT. JAMAICAN CONSIGNMENT STORE - SALES FLOOR - NIGHT

Hayes and JJ hover over the remains of their deceased Dominican courier. Remnants of torn bills strewn about the floor around him.

HAYES

His name's Arturro Mulvendes. Grade A low life. Graduated juvie hall at eighteen. Did modest courier type work for some local dope pushers. Muling, moving cash.

Hayes motions to a ripped open duffel of cash.

HAYES (CONT'D)

And that, my friend, was a big fat bag of cash.

JJ

Yeah I noticed. So who's he work for?

HAYES

Our girls upstairs are fresh from the pipeline. Just got in today. Turns out one of the biggest exporters of young Dominican girls into the isle of Jamaica is one Alvarro Cruz.

JJ

So much for Akeem's quest for freedom.

HAYES

Used to be, once Cruz moved his girls safely into Jamaica, he was out. Turns out he's got a whole new deal with the syndicate. We supply the junk and the girls...you and your people keep a chunk of the action.

JJ nods to the body.

JJ

Cruz here was picking up his monthly cut.

Hayes nods.

Cappeli comes down the stairs above them.

CAPPELI

They're using the furniture moving vans to taxi our girls around town. Livia's upstairs sweating one of the drivers right now.

(sighs)

She's about ready to break, ya know? This is the last thing she needed.

JJ

Yeah, we're all almost ready to break, Cappeli.

All three cops distracted by the sight of our slave labor workers being escorted down the old and crickity steps by an INS ENFORCEMENT AGENT.

CAPPELI

What's gonna happen to them?

HAYES

I've arranged they be placed in temporary housing. It seems The Cortez holds no objections.

JJ

They better not.

From the top of the stairs, Livia steps out of the second floor office, stares down at the others. A nauseous look about her.

HAYES

With Bedford's help, we should buy them a few weeks with INS.

JJ

(to Cappeli)

What about the filth who are buying these kids?

CAPPELI

They get a cash payment through the back door. No witnesses. Our money guy makes the call to the front desk and okays the buy. Meantime our buyers walk through the door like any other paying customer, leaves a phone number with the cashier. How many girls. Addresses. All of it done off the books.

JJ

A lot of kiddy raping perverts are gonna be spending the next few nights in lock up.

All three distracted by the ROWDY CROWD of CITIZENS gathered at the locked back doors...yelling...demanding some kind of answer from the police.

They are held at bay by a crew of UNIFORM COPS.

CAPPELI

How long is Bedford gonna keep up the silent treatment? That's two attacks in the last week.

JJ

(to both)

Check this out. We got over a dozen of Radcliffe's posse...in custody. These guys are already chirping. I'm thinking Mister Radcliffe's side hustles are about to take a serious hit.

INT. CORTEZ HOTEL - NIGHT

Our underage teen and preteen Jamaican and Dominican refugees from the consignment store are moving up and down the steps of The Cortez with handfuls of baskets. Toiletries and clothing provided by social services and taken from the consignment racks.

Walking around them are Livia and AGENT GOODY, a by the book pencil pusher, no room for error type, Immigration and Naturalization Services Agent.

AGENT GOODY

You've put me in a highly unusual position here, Morgan.

LIVIA

Well this is a highly unusual circumstance.

AGENT GOODY

I'm sure it is but you can't hold twenty two unaccompanied minors in an unrecognized facility. Even with proper supervision, you'd be in violation.

Livia huffs.

AGENT GOODY (CONT'D)

This is a hotel. A private business. Not a shelter. And these girls aren't a package deal. They're individual cases. To be dealt with on an individual basis.

LIVIA

I know. And they will be. Social services is on top of it.

(MORE)

LIVIA (CONT'D)

They'll supply INS with everything you could possibly need. All we're asking for is a little time.

The two stop on the second floor. A string of busy SOCIAL SERVICES WORKERS roam the halls, escorting girls to their rooms, exchanging information, going over paperwork.

AGENT GOODY

I appreciate your situation. But you're in direct violation of The Department of Health and Human Services. You and your friend Cappeli have been through this before. You know the drill.

LIVIA

You're right. This is a business. A business currently under criminal investigation by the federal government. That means The Cortez, as well as its inhabitants, will fall under the temporary management and direct supervision of The FBI.

Cappeli peeks her head over the third floor wall, surprises Livia and Agent Goody, one flight down.

CAPPELI

(to Agent Goody)

That also makes this hotel federally sponsored!

Agent Goody rolls his eyes.

And Cappeli disappears, behind the wall.

AGENT GOODY

That's a crock. No matter what your Agent Hayes has to say about it.

LIVIA

You see a bunch of migrant kids. I see potential witnesses. Witnesses in an ongoing investigation surrounding the biggest terrorist attack on US soil since Nine Eleven. We're talking national security here.

AGENT GOODY

Come on. Some of these girls don't even know their own name.

LIVIA

What's a matter, Goody? Afraid these girls might get a good night's rest?

Offended, pissed, done. Agent Goody gives up. Gets right up in Livia's safe space.

AGENT GOODY

You tell Hayes and all your friends in social services. You got two weeks to get what you need from these kids. Or we'll take them by force if needed.

Agent Goody bolts down the steps. Livia watches.

LIVIA

You're all heart.

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

JJ paces the carpet. All worked up. Munz does a few butterflies on a nautilus.

Cappeli and Livia on a bench rested against the wall. All very quiet and very tired.

Coming from the front desk area, Director Bedford and Hayes join the others in the back corner.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Just got off a conference call with a David Chandler inside of Murlock Industries. Part of the research and design team that put together the original A1-50 prototypes.

Munz lets the weights drop, sits at full attention.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD (CONT'D)

It appears our drones are locking in on radio frequencies. Specifically police dispatch. Anyone communicating on that open channel becomes a potential target.

JJ

That's just great. What do we do now? Tell every cop in Miami to call in sick tomorrow?

HAYES

That's the whole idea. At least what they're hoping for.

LIVIA

I know I'm thinking about it.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Now here's some more bad news. Badrick Kingston is dead.

JJ

Yeah, I know. I was there. How is that bad news?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

It's bad because you were there. Just like the last time. Brace yourself for the media trying to spin this.

CAPPELI

You gotta be kidding me.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

As far as they're concerned, you just had your business partner silenced.

JJ scoffs.

JJ

We got Independence Day level space ships coming out of the clouds all over the city and you're telling me I gotta worry about an IAD investigation?

JJ has had about enough. He steps away for a moment alone. Munz, Livia, Cappeli concerned.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

(to all)

On a good note. You did great work here today. All of you. Between SCB, vice and SRT, we raided five of Radcliffe's operations. His private army is dwindling.

(MORE)

DIRECTOR BEDFORD (CONT'D)

It won't be long now. He'll be coming to Navarro for help.

MUNZ

So what's the play?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

We watch Navarro. Around the clock. I'll let you decide who takes what shift. God willing, Radcliffe will leak the whereabouts of our A1-50s and end this thing without further loss of life.

MUNZ

Can't speak for all of us, but I'm personally okay with loss of life. As long as it's Radcliffe and his crew.

JJ rubs his sore neck, stares out a window and into the colorful vastness of Miami Beach.

JJ

Well, Regus. You better be everything you say you are.

LADIES RESTROOM

Livia washes cold water in her face, uses a paper towel to wipe herself dry. Her eyes still red and swollen from non stop sobbing.

Enter Director Bedford.

LIVIA

Do you mind? I don't think you're gonna find any drones in here.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

I'm sorry about today. About all of it. I shouldn't have brought you into this.

LIVIA

So why did you?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

You pulled away from those who were closest to you. Cut all ties. That strikes me as someone who's scared. Scared that she may find a reason to come back.

Livia squints, confused.

LIVIA

That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Is it? No one's forcing you to be here. Yet you came back. There must be a reason.

LIVIA

I shot a kid. Today, I helped put two dozen girls into a temporary living quarters. Knowing they'll be right back on a bus by the same time next month. And eventually they'll be right back where they started.

Livia tears up again.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

I can't be responsible for what happens after that. But I am. We all are. We're just another part of the problem.

Director Bedford steps closer, catches his reflection in the mirror and adjust his tie. Force of habit.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Maybe we should all just quit. Let someone else worry about it.

Livia scoffs. Shakes her head.

LIVIA

Great speech.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Thank you.

LIVIA

Now can I use the toilet in private?

Director Bedford nods, heads to the door.

EXT. CAYO LEGUNDO RESORT - AVIARY - DAY

On the outskirts of this resort, Cruz and Tyson enjoy a nice morning stroll through a private aviary.

Tropical birds, large, small, exotic...chirp, sing, dance along the brick walkway, spring from branch to branch. A netted screen above them.

TYSON

We're receiving word that the bulk of your last shipment got seized.

Cruz loses his chipper smile. All business now.

TYSON (CONT'D)

Bedford's special police unit is moving in on Radcliffe's territory. Making a huge dent. Got a lot of your girls off the streets. And your dope locked behind cages.

CRUZ

Last I heard, you were supposed to protect my assets.

TYSON

My promise was to keep you in the know. That's why I'm here. Letting you know you got a serious problem. It only gets worse.

CRUZ

How's that?

TYSON

There's been another attack.

Cruz stops.

CRUZ

I see.

Suspicion in his eyes.

TYSON

You see, this is where you and Radcliffe differ. You're main concern is getting paid. His main concern is taking full control over South Florida and rubbing the cops nose in it. No matter what the cost. Specifically, your product and you getting what's yours.

CRUZ

Of course. Now that he has control over your government's new toys, he feels he's indestructible.

Tyson takes a chomp off a piece of fruit. He is cocky and strangely calm about all of it.

TYSON

If you ask me, I think it's time you cut ties. Shut down all your operations with Radcliffe. I don't think that whole deal is gonna work out well for you in the end.

CRUZ

You know, I cannot help but wonder. If it weren't for your weapons, I would not be in this position.

TYSON

This is true.

Tyson chucks what's left of his fruit into the trees as the birds take ownership. Squawking, fighting.

CRUZ

I see what you're doing, Tyson, and I don't like it. I could kill you right here. Right now. And dump you in the sea to be eaten by sharks. What's to stop me?

TYSON

You could do that. But it won't stop my people in Miami from unloading the rest of these drones to the Jamaicans. Would it?

CRUZ

I can no longer afford to continue with these parasites. I want the syndicate taken out. Removed from the face of the earth. I need to know if you can help me do this.

TYSON

Oh, you know we can. If we want to. That's a whole other matter.

Cruz gets up in his face.

CRUZ

What do you want?

TYSON

I think it's time we re evaluate your financial foothold in South Florida.

(MORE)

TYSON (CONT'D)

That's gonna require we take a real
thoughtful look at your bank books.
You know. See where we stand.

Tyson licks his sticky fingers dry.

INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - DAY

It's Akeem's old stomping grounds. A Rastafarian temple of
bizarre artwork and religious expressionism.

Tall, multi-colored stained glass windows line the sides of
the cathedral. The image of Ethiopian Emperor and Jamaican
icon Haile Selassie featured strong and proud.

Roaming about the altar, Regus wears a strange ceremonial
robe of sorts as he lights the last of several dozen
candelabras.

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

He kneels down, closes his eyes. Whispers a prayer to
himself.

KHENAN (O.S.)

For all who are righteous come
forward!

Regus pops open his eyes. He rises, turns, faces...

KHENAN RADCLIFFE and two of his posse. One of them being the
real DREZ MITCHELL. The other is BLADE CHANCE (30s),
Khenan's craziest, most lethal soldier.

KHENAN (CONT'D)

The day is upon us. Our time is
now. Will you accept the challenge
I lay before you?

BLADE

From the man himself.

DREZ

Akeem!

REGUS

My brother is gone. It's what you
wanted. You wait until he has
passed to desecrate his church.
His legacy.

Furious, Khenan points his boney finger at Regus.

KHENAN

It is you that is the desecration!
Turning your back on your people.
Our people. For what?

Khenan relaxes his finger, moves closer to the altar.

KHENAN (CONT'D)

A simple...disagreement of
principle.

Regus grows nervous as Drez and Blade split up, move through the pews, cover both sides of the church.

KHENAN (CONT'D)

Maybe you're forgetting so soon.
Your brother started this war. The
war is far from over.

Khenan walks up the steps to the altar.

Regus remains calm.

KHENAN (CONT'D)

These girls you spend all your time
to rescue. For what? What happen
to them? Deported. Only to be
sent back through the system. To
be used over and over again.
Raped. Tortured.

This hits home with Regus. He grows lost in thought.

KHENAN (CONT'D)

What you are not seeing is the
bigger picture, my brother. We can
have control. Over them. All of
them. We decide who lives. Who
dies. Only then will we control
our destiny.

REGUS

Why are you here?

On Regus left, Drez rests his foot on the first altar step.
Blocking Regus from escaping.

Regus finds Blade stepping up behind him.

KHENAN

Your precious government will be
coming for you next, brother Regus.
And what's left of your followers.
To them, we are one in the same.

(MORE)

KHENAN (CONT'D)

Disciples of Akeem. No different.
What will be left of us?

BLADE

Nothing.

KHENAN

Do you think this will suddenly
stop with me? It will not stop
until we are all exterminated. Now
we have the power. You and me. It
will be like before.

BLADE

You will join us. Like Akeem.
Like before.

REGUS

If I refuse, I assume you will be
telling the police I am your
accomplice.

Khenan laughs. Blade and Drez join in.

KHENAN

By then, we will all be dead.

Regus lets it all sink in. He slowly comes around. Nods in
agreement. He raises an arm to Khenan.

REGUS

For Akeem.

Khenan's smile is ear to ear. A giant belly laugh. He wraps
his arm around Regus's.

KHENAN

For Akeem!

Drez and Blade join in the celebration.

EXT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - DAY

Khenan glides down the steps of the church with a delusional
sense of power about him. Regus trails behind with Drez and
Blade on each side of him.

EXT. STREET CURB - DAY

From down the street, in Hayes convertible, rag top back up,
JJ and Hayes watch all four men crawl in Khenan's RANGE
ROVER, parked curbside near the steps.

INT. HAYES CONVERTIBLE - DAY

JJ

Alright, we're moving. Wake everybody up.

HAYES

Oh they're awake.

Hayes pulls away from the curb, keeps a safe distance from the Range Rover as they travel the same road.

EXT. RADCLIFFE'S COMPOUND - DAY

A large man made canvas walled campground tent covers a good fifty yards of territory on this secluded peninsula, somewhere south of downtown.

Palm trees. Jungle. A dirt trail cut through the trees marks a pathway in and out.

Surrounding the tent are dozens of parked cars. Mostly urban, tricked out four bangers with straight pipes and flash paint jobs.

Khenan's RANGE ROVER arrives.

Out steps Khenan, Regus, Drez and Blade.

INT. HAYES CONVERTIBLE - MOVING - DAY

Hayes behind the wheel. JJ rides shotgun. He holds a very high tech tracking device. Beeping at steady intervals as a red dot travels a digital road map.

JJ

They're going off road. We're getting closer.

INT. RADCLIFFE'S COMPOUND - DAY

Enter Khenan, Regus, Drez and Blade.

Regus takes in the room.

Table after table...covered with every pistol, rifle, machine or submachine gun imaginable. The syndicate's entire arsenal of weapons laid out.

On the other side of the room. Table upon table...stacked with bricks of cocaine, heroin, meth, pills, baggies, anything and everything.

Their whole world on display.

KHENAN

What was once our future is now dead. Because it is this we choose.

Regus walks the first few tables. Hundreds of guns, magazines and ammunition.

KHENAN (CONT'D)

Our eyes have been opened, brother Regus. The days of killing and poisoning our own have ended. A new day of retribution is upon us.

REGUS

I do not understand.

Beckett appears from the other end of the tent.

BECKETT

He's talking about your future, Mister Navarro. The one that was stolen from you. And from all of us.

Khenan's soldiers make a path for Beckett, who strolls comfortably toward Regus.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

I tried for a long long time doing things the right way. Just like you and your people. Like you, it's gotten me nowhere. We have more common ground than you think.

REGUS

I am supposed to trust you?

Beckett strolls along the tables, picks up random pistols and other weapons.

BECKETT

What you see here before you will be gone by tonight. Left in the past. After that, my business here is finished.

KHENAN

And ours is just beginning.

BECKETT

As a token of good faith, I expect you and your organization will practice some discretion. For everyone's sake.

Beckett holds a walkie to his mouth.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Move in the drones.

Khenan grins like a giddy school boy.

EXT. RADCLIFFE'S COMPOUND - JUNGLE - DUSK

JJ, Hayes, Munz, Livia, Cappeli and SRT (The Special Response Team) move quietly through the jungle in all brown and green camo colors. All of them carrying some serious hardware and suited up with proper kevlar.

They duck behind trees. Squat down.

The sound of ROLLING THUNDER grabs their attention. All of them curious. Focused. In search of the source.

The sound is coming from THREE EIGHTEEN WHEELERS moving at a snail's pace through the brush. Palm tree fronds slapping the rigs as they pass.

JJ

Gee. Wonder what that could be.

HAYES

All I see are trucks.

INT. RADCLIFFE'S COMPOUND - DUSK

Regus watches as Khenan's soldiers open up the front canvas flaps of the tent...making room for the first EIGHTEEN WHEELER as it dips inside.

The other two stop outside. Awaiting their turn.

Khenan bursts into hysterics.

KHENAN

Behold the future! For Akeem!

KHENAN'S SOLDIERS

For Akeem!

Regus nods. Beckett smiles, walks to the back of the rig, unhooks the locking mechanism, opens the hatch.

Khenan and a circle of his men gather around.

Out pour A DOZEN OR SO DEA AGENTS branding military grade assault weapons.

Khenan and his soldiers caught off guard.

THE AGENTS fill the room, draw down on the mostly unarmed and defenseless soldiers.

The ones who are armed are few and far between, and are quickly taken out by AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE.

A helpless Khenan watches as they're killed. The rest of the room with hands held high.

DEA #1

On the ground! Get your asses
down!

And they fall like dominoes. Faces in the dirt.

Khenan is beyond furious. He turns his rage on Regus...who is strangely calm by this turn of events.

KHENAN

(to Regus)

You. You have done this?

Beckett knocks Khenan over the head with the butt of an assault rifle. He falls to the dirt.

Meantime...

The Agents load the lethal contents of the tables into large shipping containers. They are fast. Precise. On a time table here.

EXT. RADCLIFFE'S COMPOUND - DUSK

From the open rear hatches of the other two rigs run another COUPLE OF DOZEN AGENTS. More shipping containers are unloaded from the trailers. And with little time to waste, they rush the tent.

RIG LEADER

Move it, move it! Let's get this done!

EXT. RADCLIFFE'S COMPOUND - JUNGLE - DUSK

JJ and Hayes can barely see what's happening beyond the palm fronds and brush of the jungle. Just a cacophony of JUMBLED VOICES coming from the parked eighteen wheelers.

JJ

We need to move now.

HAYES

No. There's something going on.
We don't know how many are in there.

A few trees down, Munz rests against a stump. He listens to instructions through an earpiece.

MUNZ

Yeah. Got it.

Munz tosses a rock in JJ's direction.

JJ

What is it?

MUNZ

Choppers are on the way.
Whatever's going on, they won't get far.

(beat)

So don't get any ideas, okay?

JJ plays confused.

JJ

Who? Me?

Cappeli scoffs.

CAPPELI

Yeah, you.

EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER PAD - DUSK

An ALL BLACK POLICE CHOPPER rises from the rooftop. It moves with a sure-fire expedience, speeding over the city lights, en route to the compound.

It appears to be just one of several choppers traveling the same direction. This is it.

INT. RADCLIFFE'S COMPOUND - DUSK

Beckett watches as his men load the HUNDREDS OF KILOS into the shipping containers. Just millions alone in narcotics. Not counting the weapons.

BECKETT

Let's do this! Faster!

The last of the drugs and guns are loaded up. The agents lock the shipping containers and rush back to their respective rigs.

Khenan's soldiers are now on their knees, hands behind their heads and being held at gunpoint.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Well, Radcliffe. I promised you a demonstration. Here it comes.

EXT. RADCLIFFE'S COMPOUND - DUSK

A pair of A1-50 DRONES hover above the canvas tent. They are idle, floating, awaiting orders to attack.

EXT. RADCLIFFE'S COMPOUND - JUNGLE - DUSK

JJ stays low as he rushes to a clearing in the trees. He has eyes on the compound, watches the DRONES float above the tent like alien spacecrafts.

JJ

We may be in trouble.

Hayes runs up behind him. Spots the drones.

HAYES

Shit.

JJ

Yes. Shit.

INT. RADCLIFFE'S COMPOUND - DUSK

Beckett moves out. As do his men. They keep their weapons aimed at Khenan's army, still on their knees, hands behind their heads.

The eighteen wheeler pulls out.

BECKETT

Here's to the future, Radcliffe!

Khenan rises to his feet. His eyes are wide, tense, full of rage as he makes one last desperate charge for Beckett.

Beckett pulls JJ's gun, puts the KILL SHOT straight through Khenan's neck.

POW!

Blood shoots out the back. Down he goes.

Regus has somehow disappeared. Nowhere to be found amongst the remaining soldiers.

EXT. RADCLIFFE'S COMPOUND - DUSK

All three eighteen wheelers begin their arduous journey back through the thickness of the jungle.

The A1-50 DRONES line up...one next to the other as they lay down an ARSENAL FULL OF ROCKETS into the compound. It is almost immediately incinerated.

The remaining canvas burns like a paper napkin.

EXT. RADCLIFFE'S COMPOUND - JUNGLE - DUSK

JJ, Hayes, Livia, Cappeli, Munz and the other camo geared cops take cover as this intense explosion rocks their foundation.

And popping up from behind a field of fallen trees and a sea of palm fronds...

A TEAM OF ROGUE DEA AGENTS with hand held 40MM grenade launchers loaded and ready take aim.

The SRT and The Five all stand in shock.

CAPPELI

Incoming!

And they scatter like roaches as the grenades literally TAKE DOWN ENTIRE TREES that collapse around them.

Lots of our guys killed.

Cappeli and Livia manage to take cover as LARGE SPLINTERS OF TREE BARK turn to GIANT WOOD DAGGERS...flying in no specific direction.

Cappeli brushes herself off.

TWO ACTUAL TREES come crashing to earth.

LIVIA
Christie!

Cappeli rolls away...just as a tree almost crushes her.

What's left of The SRT and The DEA exchange GUNFIRE. Both sides ducking safely behind trees.

Munz scrunches in tight as BULLETS WHIZZ BY on both sides of the stump he's hidden behind.

A TRIO OF SPECIAL RESPONSE AGENTS rise up from under a camo blanket of palm fronds. They lay down serious firepower to the left, right and straight ahead, taking out agents like simple paper targets.

One of our guys is hit. He falls.

Munz spots him, runs out, drags him to safety. On their way back...Munz uses his free hand to lay down fire from his police issue tactical machine gun. Despite being dragged, his wounded agent also empties a full magazine into the jungle before them.

Behind a tree they go. Heads down.

Hayes stays super low...crawling slowly across the leaves and jungle terrain. He looks up, spots a ROGUE AGENT stop near the back of a thick tree. Opens his cylindrical grenade launcher...attempts to reload a new round.

With skill and precision...Hays leaps from the ground, grabs the rogue by the head and IMPALES HIS THROAT on a protruding and extremely sharp branch.

SQUISH!

Pools of blood pour onto the earth.

Hayes snags his weapon. UNLOADS ALL SIX GRENADES at the rogue agents advancing the jungle.

As they EXPLODE and BLOW APART TREES AND BODIES...

Hayes dives for cover.

They're all toast.

Hayes takes a moment to recover. He's under a whole pile of blown up shit. The SRT Captain digs him out.

SRT CAPTAIN

You good?

HAYES

No.

Munz looks up. Stares through the trees. The three rigs are back on the dirt road. About to get away.

Munz chases after the last rig.

LIVIA

(to Munz)

What the hell are you doing?!
Bobby!

As Livia's back is turned...a ROGUE AGENT appears from under the blanket of fallen palm fronds. But before he can get fully upright...

Livia turns and lights him up. *BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!*

The kevlar fitted agent falls, attempts to stand. As he's finding his bearings...

Livia drops a magazine and reloads. *BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!*

The last one striking his brain. Toast.

Cappeli watches as the last of the rigs disappear on a bend in the road.

CAPPELI

(to SRT Captain)

Where the hell are those choppers?!

SRT gather around, await instruction.

SRT CAPTAIN

(to police choppers)

We got three eighteen wheelers
headed southbound on Robinson.
Headed for the interstate.

Hayes returns.

HAYES

Stay off the radio! Tell them to cut all communication on an open frequency!

SRT CAPTAIN

Hell are you talking about?

HAYES

Just do it!

Back from the road, JJ joins the others.

CAPPELI

(to JJ)

Nice of you to join us.

JJ rolls his eyes. And behind Cappeli, he spots ONE LAST ROGUE, behind a tree, red laser from his MP5 aimed straight for Cappeli's back.

JJ

Heads up!

Cappeli ducks down. JJ lights up this last rogue with his machine gun. And he's relentless as he depresses an entire magazine's worth.

ZIP-ZIP-ZIP-ZIP!

And the rogue is hard to kill. His kevlar is next level and high tech indeed. He attempts to stand.

JJ drops his weapon...pulls his hand gun...

POP-POP-POP-POP!

The last one in his head. Toast.

JJ nods to Cappeli. She smiles.

They all take a moment. A sudden realization hits Livia.

LIVIA

Hayes!

HAYES

What is it?

LIVIA

Bobby just went after the merchandise.

JJ
Wonderful.

JJ darts through the jungle, headed after Munz.

EXT. RADCLIFFE'S COMPOUND - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Munz bolts out of the jungle and charges after the third and last eighteen wheeler. With gun in hand, he jumps onto the passenger side running board, swings open the door.

INT. EIGHTEEN WHEELER - NIGHT

Munz greets THE DRIVER with a gun to his head.

MUNZ
It's okay. Just pretend I'm not
here.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The three eighteen wheelers pull out of the jungle and back onto a lone two lane highway. Somewhere off the beaten path and light on traffic.

INT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

JJ dodges tree branches, leaps over fallen logs, fights nature's terrain as he rushes after Munz. He sees the LIGHTS OF PASSING CARS in the near distance.

INT. EIGHTEEN WHEELER - NIGHT

Munz holds his driver at gunpoint.

MUNZ
You proud of yourself? Killing all
those cops?

The Driver unhooks his CB.

MUNZ (CONT'D)
Hell are you doing?

THE DRIVER
Mayday mayday. Number three has
been taken hostage. Officer seeks
assistance.

MUNZ
Stay off the radio!

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

One of the two A1-50 drones chases after the eighteen wheeler on a mission to kill. It lays down a barrage of thirty millimeter fire onto the rig's trailer...tearing it all to hell as pieces go flying.

The Driver SLAMS ON HIS BRAKES as the wheels LOCK UP and the rig and trailer JACKKNIFES.

Both The Driver and Munz *leap from the truck's cab* and bolt for cover on the roadside.

KABBOOOMMM!

The rig decimated by a single rocket.

JJ makes it to the outskirts of the jungle, runs out into the open and onto the highway. Somewhere behind some far away trees, he spots the THICK BLACK SMOKE of the truck's fiery cab spit into the air.

JJ
Bobby!

He bolts up the highway in pursuit. He spots a very dirty looking Munz on the side of the road, face caked in black smoke, limping his way back to camp.

JJ and Munz meet halfway.

JJ (CONT'D)
You got all your fingers and toes?

MUNZ
I don't know. I haven't checked.
I'm kind of seeing double. You
better do it.

JJ
You look alright.

JJ eyes the wreckage. And then the surrounding jungle.

JJ (CONT'D)
Where's the driver?

Munz rests his hands on his knees.

MUNZ

I don't know. Somewhere. Help yourself.

JJ holds a walkie to his mouth.

JJ

Hayes, call off those damn choppers! Over!

HAYES (V.O.)

Already done. Over.

Munz and JJ are whipped.

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - NIGHT

TWO EIGHTEEN WHEELERS are barreling down I-95 en route to an undisclosed location. All the usual police helos patrolling downtown have returned to their launching pads.

All but one.

A YELLOW AIRBUS HELO with the name TOUR HELICOPTERS painted across the belly hovers above the interstate.

INT. AIRBUS HELO - NIGHT

Hayes sits up front with the chopper's owner, business proprietor and PILOT. JJ and Munz in the back seat. All wearing proper headsets.

PILOT

What happens if they spot us?

JJ

They won't.

Pilot ain't so sure.

PILOT

You sure about that?

HAYES

Just stay off the radio and we'll be fine.

Munz, on the back right, stares down at the TWO EIGHTEEN WHEELERS merging into an upcoming EXIT LANE.

MUNZ

Hey! They're getting off!

JJ winces, throws off his headset.

JJ

You don't have to scream!

But Munz can't hear a word.

MUNZ

What?!

Hayes and Pilot spot the trucks getting off the interstate, headed for a STOP LIGHT. Just across the median sits a SERVICE STATION AND STORE.

PILOT

So what's the play here gang?

HAYES

Can you get us down there?

PILOT

Down where? In the middle of the street? Not so much.

Hayes takes in the area surrounding the gas station. Just over the trees, a large green soccer field and community park awaits them.

Hayes grins.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT

It's the middle of a game. The YOUNG PLAYERS stop, gawk up at the sky as the HELO makes its descent.

Off the grass they run.

PARENTS, COACHES and A ROUSING CROWD in the bleachers all stand in awe of this strange helo parking dead center of the soccer field.

Out jump Hayes, JJ and Munz, all armed. They run like hell across the field...toward a chain link fence that encloses the property.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

THE TWO RIGS are parked at a fueling station for trucks. The TWO DRIVERS return from the store with a bag full of garbage food and beers.

From out of the darkness run Hayes, JJ and Munz, guns drawn, ready for action.

DRIVER #1

Oh shit.

JJ

On the ground! Now!

The drivers drop their groceries, hands in the air. They share a look of sheer confusion.

JJ (CONT'D)

I said on the ground!

JJ and Hayes, now within point blank range.

HAYES

You heard him! On your knees,
hands behind your head!

The two drivers comply.

Munz runs around the back of the first rig. He looks across the lot and spots the remaining members of SRT arriving in armor plated Hummers.

JJ tosses Munz the driver's keys.

SRT, along with Livia and Cappeli, jump out, hurry toward Munz and the two parked rigs.

MUNZ

Let's get this thing open.

SRT #1

Back up.

Munz steps aside. Members of the SRT unlock and unhook the complicated levers...swing open the rear door.

The LASER SCOPES from their MP5s help to light up a completely EMPTY TRAILER.

MUNZ

What is this, a joke?

Munz hops inside, goes further in.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

Unbelievable.

Hayes, JJ, Livia and Cappeli watch.

HAYES

It's a diversion. Probably paid these humps to haul two identical rigs up 95.

JJ

Ladies and gents. We've been had.

SRT looks defeated, angry, wanting answers.

SRT CAPTAIN

What the hell is this, Agent Hayes?
I lose five of my guys for this?
How could you lose them?

HAYES

When I find out, I'll let you know,
alright?

SRT CAPTAIN

That supposed to be some kind of
answer?!

Munz comes out of the trailer, leaps off the back, hands on his hips, frustrated to the point of breaking.

MUNZ

Fuck!

JJ's cell rings. He answers.

JJ

Yeah, what the hell is it?

INT. SPECIAL CASES BUREAU - NIGHT

A defeated JJ walks through the door with not much gas left in the tank. Waiting for him are Lt. Foxx, Lt. McGarver, and Director Bedford.

JJ

Any word on Navarro?

LT. FOXX

He's gone. Wiped out. With the
rest of the syndicate.

JJ nods. Indifferent. Too tired to care.

JJ

(to Director Bedford)
So what's this about, Bedford?.
It's been a long day.

LT. FOXX

SRT just pulled Clive Darnell's body out of the bay. About three blocks from the Hotel Cortez. Shot between the eyes with a three fifty seven.

Beat.

LT. FOXX (CONT'D)

Your three fifty seven. Same as Wallace.

JJ

You still think I'm behind all of this, Lieutenant? That I'd be dumb enough to kill a cop, without a clean gun, then dump him in the ocean?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

(sincere)

You know where I stand, JJ.

JJ

Yeah. You're standing right next to them.

Director Bedford hangs his head low.

Lt. Mcgarver nudges Lt. Foxx aside, takes point. He is smug and conceded.

LT. MCGARVER

Agent Beckett and his men have someone on the inside. Someone pulling all the strings. It was your team that raided Radcliffe's operations. Your team that had him running scared.

JJ

What do you mean running scared?

LT. FOXX

I'm gonna give you once chance to give up the location of Beckett and his crew or all deals will be off the table.

JJ laughs.

JJ

You can't be serious.

LT. FOXX

We can take you into custody right now, if that's how you wanna play this, JJ.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

What's the time of death on Officer Darnell? I'm sure JJ has an airtight alibi.

JJ

Tell you what. You do what you gotta do. In the meantime...

JJ unholsters his gun, pulls out his badge, tosses them on a nearby work desk.

JJ (CONT'D)

I won't be needing these anymore.

JJ heads for the door.

Lt. Foxx doesn't stop him.

LT. MCGARVER

The hell do you think you're going?

LT. FOXX

Let him go. For now.

Director Bedford heads after JJ.

INT. POLICE STATION - STAIRS - NIGHT

JJ is halfway down the steps when a persistent Director Bedford catches up with him.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

Okay. So now you're on notice. We'll just have to catch them a little faster.

JJ

Maybe you didn't notice me quitting back there.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

How many dead, JJ? Or don't you care anymore?

JJ

As you can see, I'm running out of options here.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD
Quitting is an option?

JJ
Did they find him in that mess or
didn't they?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD
Find who?

JJ
Navarro.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD
Are you kidding? No one's
identified shit. It'll take them
weeks just to identify anything
resembling a body part.

Something is occupying JJ. Eating at his gut. Director
Bedford watches as his wheels spin.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD (CONT'D)
What is it?

JJ
Beckett said I promised you a
demonstration. Here it comes.
Like Radcliffe hadn't yet seen
these things up close and personal.
It doesn't make sense.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD
No. It doesn't. Hayes said the
same thing.

JJ
If Radcliffe wasn't behind the
causeway attacks, then who was?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD
Mitchell and Kingston. They were
members of Akeem's church. The DEA
didn't just go to them on a whim.
It had to be someone higher up.

JJ figures it all out. He throws Director Bedford a hard
stare that speaks volumes. He bolts down the remainder
of the steps.

Director Bedford simply watches.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD (CONT'D)
Don't do anything stupid, Baumbach!

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

JJ reaches his car, a new fire inside of him. He's ready to rock and roll. Before he crawls in, he pulls his smart phone, dials and waits.

JJ

Hayes. Get everybody to Clippers right away. I found that leak we've been looking for.

Listens.

JJ (CONT'D)

Yeah. An hour.

He hangs up, crawls in.

EXT. LOT ELEVEN SKATE PARK - NIGHT

Cappeli surveys the unique curves, bends and ramps of this specially designed city skate park located on a highway underpass.

Lots of SKATERS and lots of HOMELESS TEENS gather near canvas tents and smoke joints at picnic tables.

Cappeli bypasses the skaters and moves right for the tents. All lined up, one after the next.

Most of the teens are FEMALE. Unwashed, oily hair, faces caked in dirt. A few strung out addicts.

Cappeli greets a couple of HOMELESS GIRLS at a picnic table, smoking, splitting a sub sandwich pulled from the nearest dumpster.

CAPPELI

I'm looking for Charity.

One of them giggles.

HOMELESS GIRL #1

Aren't we all.

HOMELESS GIRL #2

Dude, she's talking about Cheryl. This chick's a cop.

CHERYL (O.S.)

Your here about Darnell, aren't you?

Cappeli turns...spots CHERYL GATES, aka "Charity" (19), standing next to her tent.

CAPPELI

You heard?

CHERYL

Yeah. I heard.

CAPPELI

So. Everyone here knew I was coming. Must be a reason.

Cheryl nods to her tent.

CHERYL

Mi casa es su casa.

Cappeli and Cheryl pop a squat near the tent. Away from the other girls for a private moment.

CAPPELI

Clive's partner said he spent a lot of time down here. Off the clock. Lunch breaks. Said he brought you and the girls food from time to time. Clothes. Medicine.

Cheryl nods.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

Also heard he was pretty decent on a skateboard. Could keep up with anyone out here.

Cheryl nods.

CHERYL

So you're here to ask me about him getting whacked?

CAPPELI

Why? You know something about that?

Cheryl stalls, plays stupid.

CHERYL

What do you mean?

CAPPELI

I mean we have reason to believe
Officer Darnell recently came into
some quick money. We also think
that maybe it got him killed.

Cheryl huffs.

CHERYL

Kept saying he was gonna get us all
out. A place we could all share.
Been singing that song for months.
At least that was the plan. But
the plan got fucked up, ya know?

CAPPELI

How's that?

Cheryl makes sure the others aren't listening.

CHERYL

You see, what the others don't know
is...I'm carrying his baby. I
decided that sharing a place with a
bunch of addicts wasn't such an
inviting idea after all.

Cappeli nods. She processes it all.

CAPPELI

He did this job for you.

Cheryl tears up.

CHERYL

Not for me. For us. All of us.

Cheryl rubs her stomach.

CAPPELI

Did he tell you who got him the
money? Where it came from?

CHERYL

Said these dudes were gonna frame a
cop. That fucker JJ whatever.
Promised him it would be the
beginning of peace between the cops
and The Apostles.

CAPPELI

The Righteous Apostles?

CHERYL

Yeah.

CAPPELI

Cheryl, I'm gonna need you to come with me for now. Give your statement, get it on record.

Cheryl shakes her head hard. A major pass.

CHERYL

No. They're all gonna know what I did. How I cut them out. You can't.

CAPPELI

You're gonna have to trust me.

BECKETT (O.S.)

Now why would she go and do something stupid like trust a cop?

Cappeli and Cheryl look over their shoulders. Beckett stands just to the side of Cheryl's tent.

Cappeli checks behind her. Tyson on the other side.

EXT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - NIGHT

JJ parks curbside, shuts off his lights. Five total vehicles parked on this side of the street. Perhaps one too many for this meeting.

JJ heads for the door.

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

JJ half hurries up the steps, anxious to get started.

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

JJ enters.

He immediately spots TWO ARMED DEA AGENTS on each side of the conference table...pistols aimed...

Livia, Cappeli and Munz. All in their respective seats.

Tyson also seated at the table. He nods to JJ, rises from his seat, steps into the open.

As JJ steps further into the room...

Beckett blocks his path. A shit eating grin.

BECKETT

Right on time, Baumbach. Come join the party. We got some celebrating to do.

JJ

(to Munz, Livia, Cappeli)
Sorry guys.

MUNZ

Yeah. I'm starting to think you're bad luck, JJ.

TYSON

I heard you're looking for your friend Navarro. Well that's gonna be a problem for us.

JJ

Why's that?

TYSON

We can't have the cover of our biggest and most important informant blown. You see, thanks to Regus, we're starting to get some things done. For instance, he got us close with you guys. On the inside. Kept you pointed in the right direction.

JJ

Let's not forget having me framed.

TYSON

Don't be too hard on him. He just did what he was told. We sort of didn't give him a choice. Not that it mattered if we did.

Tyson smiles.

TYSON (CONT'D)

He was all too happy to pull that little frame job on you, Baumbach. Killing those two cockroach low lives at The Cortez.

JJ's jaw drops.

INT. CORTEZ HOTEL - ROOM 303 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Regus enters with his twelve gauge pump, leather gloves, no prints left on the weapon. Drez sprawled out on the couch. Badrick seated at the card table, still eating.

Drez taken out by the first blast.

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT
(PRESENT)

JJ snaps out of his stupor.

CAPPELI

You heroes have killed over two
dozen police officers this month.
Can't wait to see what comes next.

TYSON

Everyone dies, sweetheart. How
they die and for what cause is what
matters in the end. Those cops
didn't die in vain. Not like those
three dozen agents we lost across
the border last year alone.

LIVIA

You're breaking our hearts.

Beckett and Tyson giggle.

TYSON

Oh come on now. We're not so bad.
We're about to sell a billion in
defective drones to a finger
blasting piece of shit dope pusher
named Alvarro Cruz. Justice in its
purest form.

BECKETT

Doesn't get any purer.

MUNZ

Defective?

TYSON

That's right. Our friends at
Murlock installed a little fail
safe into the drone's mainframe.

(MORE)

TYSON (CONT'D)

In the event of attack and a drone falls on foreign soil, a self destruct is initiated. Just so happens this little feature can be initiated remotely. By anyone. By us to be exact.

MUNZ

Boom boom. No more Alvarro.

TYSON

That's right. Radcliffe. The Syndicate. Cruz. All history. Not bad for a month's work.

Out of the corner of his eye, JJ notices Hayes pop his head out of the restroom door.

JJ

What about next month?

Tyson doesn't follow.

MUNZ

Or the drones you suddenly decide not to destroy. What're you gonna do with them?

TYSON

The word retire comes to mind.

JJ

Or find new buyers. Start a whole new war with some new players.

TYSON

That's where your friend Navarro comes in. He's supplying us with the names of all kinds of new players. With his help, we gonna take over. Do things our way. Maybe you didn't notice, but these jail cells are getting kind of full.

BECKETT

(to Tyson)

Enough bullshit. Let's just get this over with.

Tyson huffs in frustration.

TYSON

Okay okay. So boring.

Tyson turns, aims his pistol at Munz.

Hayes pops out of the restroom, UNLOADS A FULL CLIP into Tyson's chest as he drops on the table.

Dead as a door nail.

As the Armed Agent behind Munz stands in shock...

Munz kicks his chair back, throws an elbow under his chin.

WHAP!

Blood spills.

On the other side of the table, Armed Agent #2 draws down on him with a laser guided pistol.

Before he can fire...

JJ takes him out.

POW-POW-POW!

Beckett rises from the floor, quietly, smoothly steps up behind JJ, gun aimed at his back.

Livia spots him, SNAGS TYSON'S GUN from his dead hand, FIRES A ROUND OF SHOTS over JJ's shoulder...

POW-POW-POW!

Frightened by the incoming fire, Beckett bolts for the stairs behind him. JJ follows.

Taking cover under the table, Cappeli spots him leave.

CAPPELI

JJ!

Munz still preoccupied, grappling for control of a nine mil. It's a fight for survival.

Hayes reloads a new magazine.

Munz slams the agent's gun hand against the corner of a wall, knocks it to the floor. He throws a brutal series of elbows and punches to his stomach and face.

HAYES

Bobby!

Munz dives for cover.

Hayes unloads on the agent.

POW-POW-POW-POW!

The Agent's limp body slides to the carpet.

EXT. MINI MALL - REAR LOT - NIGHT

Beckett, gun stuffed down his pants, cuts through the empty back lot of a run down mini mall. The ground strewn with random garbage and old newspapers.

Gathered near a green dumpster, a crew of GROCERY STOCKMEN take turns hitting a joint, swill beers, on an unofficial break from their overnight gig.

STOCKMAN #1

Yo. What's this dude doin?

STOCKMAN #2

Tryin to run up on us with some
shit?

All five of them block Beckett's path.

STOCKMAN #3

What's the hurry, brotha?

Beckett pulls his piece, blows out a kneecap. *POW!*

Stockman #3 drops like wet cement.

STOCKMAN #4

Fuck, man! It's cool!

BECKETT

Get back inside!

The remaining four tear ass into the store, locking the metal door behind them.

Beckett hears FOOTSTEPS stomping the cement and closing in. He turns around, spots JJ in pursuit.

POW-POW!

Bullets whizz past his ear. Beckett takes off.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - NIGHT

Beckett fights through a crowded sidewalk, rudely pushes and shoves pedestrians aside.

He steps in between two parked cars at the curb, waits for a lull in traffic, jets across, draws down on AN OLDER WOMAN standing by her Mercedes, fishing in a purse for keys.

BECKETT

Gimme the keys!

THE CROWD gathered at a posh cafe spot his gun and quickly disperse, making a run for it in both directions.

OLDER WOMAN

Help me!

Beckett loses patience, snags her purse, desperately digs for the keys in every compartment.

POLICE OFFICER

Hold it!

Without blinking, Beckett cracks off another shot from JJ's Coonan Mag...*POW!*...*STRIKES THE COP IN THE LEG.*

He collapses on the sidewalk. People scurry and flee.

Beckett comes up with the keys, darts around to the driver's side door, jumps behind the wheel.

JJ

keeps low as he rushes across the traffic, manages to sneak up on the driver's side of the Mercedes, and with gun gripped tightly, surprises Beckett.

JJ

Before you leave, I'm gonna need my gun back.

Beckett cracks an evil grin.

BECKETT

You gonna kill a fellow cop, JJ?
In front of all your people?

JJ eyes the crowd of people forming on both sides of the street, gathered on the sidewalks. All with phones out and aimed at HIM...recording for social media.

POLICE UNITS block both ends of the street. Out of one of the parked cop cars comes an excited and very concerned Cappeli...rushing to JJ's aid.

CAPPELI

Don't do it, JJ. Don't let him off that easy. Let's do this the right way and go home.

JJ undecided. Cappeli waits.

JJ

(to Beckett)

Step out of the car.

Beckett takes in his options. POLICE are swarming the scene from both ends of the street. He finally complies.

Opens the door.

JJ throws him against the car...retrieves his Coonan Mag.

JJ (CONT'D)

You been enjoying killing people with my gun?

BECKETT

What do you give a shit?

JJ backs up a bit. Empties the clip from his Coonan, tosses the unloaded gun onto the asphalt.

Beckett, palms flat on the Mercedes.

JJ

You're right, Beckett. Everyone's watching. And now they can watch me kick the shit out of you.

Beckett smiles, faces JJ.

CAPPELI

Have you lost your mind?

Beckett throws a very sneaky and very quick side kick to the side of JJ's head...

...but is quickly blocked.

JJ

Come on, killer. Make me work for it.

With his knee, Beckett throws a nasty groin kick, but fails miserably as JJ shoves him aside, sends him tumbling over, rolling onto the street.

Beckett recovers, stands up. JJ moves this fight further down the street...walks in circles...throws off his opponent.

BECKETT

Come on!

JJ

You confused? Come on. Do something.

Beckett charges him like a wild animal. Both men tumbling into an open CONVERTIBLE.

CAPPELI

JJ! Let us take him, come on!

Beckett has JJ's body curled over the door, face down in the driver's seat as he PUMMELS HIS BACK.

BECKETT

How's that feel, Baumbach!

JJ winces in pain.

Cappeli watches, nervous, hand tickling her sidearm.

JJ jerks his HEAD BACK...busts Beckett in the nose...uses all his strength to PUSH AWAY from the car as the TWO TUMBLE BACKWARDS.

Beckett's arms around JJ's neck in a full nelson grip.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Come on, cop!

CAPPELI

What're you doing?! Arrest him or shoot him!

JJ throws a few elbows into his gut, takes a step back, flips Beckett over his shoulder, slams him onto the asphalt.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

Come on, JJ!

JJ twists one of Beckett's arms behind his back, throws a fast and most fierce punch...

SPLAT!

Blood sprays. A broken nose.

And lastly, a swift kick in the back.

Beckett's face driven into the asphalt.

The crowd goes nuts. All with their smart phones held high...recording every glorious moment.

GUY IN CROWD

That's it, fam! Finish him off!

GIRL IN CROWD

We love you, JJ! You got this!

Beckett stands. His bell still rung. But before he can recover, JJ surprises him with a deadly combination of punches to his face and gut.

BING! BANG! BOOM!

One brutal swat after the next. Beckett doesn't know his name or date of birth at this point.

JJ finishes him with a nasty kick to the groin.

Beckett drops to his knees. As he looks up...he's met with ONE LAST PUNCH from JJ.

Down he goes.

JJ's had enough, cuffs him.

Beckett still squirming.

And JJ still fuming. He circles Beckett. And just for good measure...one last kick to the nuts.

WHAP!

Beckett out cold.

A PAIR OF COPS haul his unconscious, busted up and cuffed ass into the back of a squad car.

An exhausted JJ grins for a most appreciative and welcoming crowd as he hobbles down the street with Cappeli.

She gives him a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

CAPPELI

You hear that? They love you, JJ.
Welcome back.

Hayes, Livia and Munz push and nudge their way through the citizens, meet JJ and Cappeli.

Hayes eyes the rambunctious crowd chanting JJ's name and going absolutely berserk.

HAYES

(to JJ)

Always trying to show off.

JJ smiles.

EXT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - NIGHT

Riding in Hayes' convertible, Hayes and JJ pull to the curb in front of the temple's steps.

INT. HAYES CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

JJ stares up at the intimidating structure. The steps seem to go on forever. And he's more than a bit reluctant to leave the safety of his comfy leather seat.

HAYES

You sure you know what you're doing?

JJ

Not really. But that's never stopped me before.

HAYES

We got lucky. Again. We're all still breathing. Still healthy. You're name's in the clear. Maybe we should just leave well enough alone and call it a day.

JJ scoffs.

JJ

You're afraid I'm gonna kill him, aren't you?

HAYES

You're not gonna kill him? Then hell are we doing here?

JJ sighs.

JJ

I'm not real sure. I guess I'll find out when I get in there.

JJ steps out. He moves up the steps. Hayes pops his head out the car window.

HAYES

Sounds like you've really thought this one out, Baumbach.

JJ

Yeah. Just do me a favor and don't go anywhere.

HAYES

I promise.

JJ continues up the steps.

INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - NIGHT

Regus is alive and well. He stands at the altar, igniting all of his candles. Time for his evening prayer.

JJ comes through the sanctuary doors. Regus feels his presence...turns around.

JJ

I guess I should've seen this all coming.

Regus comes down the altar steps.

JJ draws down on him.

JJ (CONT'D)

Easy does it there. Don't even blink wrong or you're done.

Regus meets him in the aisle, keeps a safe distance.

REGUS

You were not wrong to have faith in me, Detective. My work here is only beginning. Nothing has changed.

JJ

Oh no. You just killed a few cops. Tried to frame me for murder. Besides that, you're aces, kid.

REGUS

Just as you tried to kill me. Every plan has its little added bonuses.

(MORE)

REGUS (CONT'D)

I cannot lie to you and say that
this was not a tempting incentive.

JJ

You just couldn't resist, could
you? That's what this was really
about. Revenge.

(scoffs)

You're no different than your
brother.

REGUS

Not sure why you are upset,
Baumbach. Radcliffe is gone. So
are his followers. Your DEA
friends have been caught. As I
knew they would be.

JJ

You knew that, did you?

REGUS

I know you, Baumbach. You always
get your man. Face it. Everything
is once again right in the world.
Just as I had planned. Yet you are
so blinded by your hatred for me,
you cannot see what it is that I
have done for you.

JJ

And I'm just supposed to let you
walk away scott free?

REGUS

Yes. Because that is what you owe.
For killing me. For killing my
brother. My love. Yes. This is
more than fair.

JJ thinks it all over. An interesting perspective. He
lowers his Coonan.

JJ

Yeah, okay. I'm good with that if
you are.

REGUS

If letting me live as opposed to
dying is what you are asking. Yes,
I am good with this.

JJ pops a squat in the nearest pew. All crapped out.

Regus grins. He joins him in the pew.

REGUS (CONT'D)

I am sorry for the loss of your men. This was not part of the plan. Not mine anyways.

JJ not buying it.

JJ

Yeah, well. Guess I'm gonna have to take you at your word, Navarro.

REGUS

It is the truth.

JJ studies the truth in his eyes. His words are real. His eyes deadly serious.

JJ pulls a set of keys from his pocket, hands them to Regus.

REGUS (CONT'D)

What is this?

JJ

Keys to the garage. A very big one. Just off of Key Biscayne. Beckett and Tyson's secret lair of A1-50s.

Regus stares at the keys, confused.

JJ (CONT'D)

I wasn't the world's biggest fan of Mister Tyson and Beckett. A little too warped for my taste. But can't help but shake this idea of taking out Cruz with one stroke.

REGUS

Yes. They were warped in many ways. But not all wrong. This is what scares me most.

JJ

Problem is...

(beat)

We're gonna need someone we can trust to broker the deal.

REGUS

I'm listening.

JJ wraps his tired arm over the back of the pew, lets out a most exhausted sigh.

JJ
What I'm saying is...me and you...
(beat)
...still got a lot of work to do.

Regus cracks a grin. As does JJ.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPLANE HANGER - KEY BISCAYNE - DAY

JJ, Hayes and a slew of FEDERAL AGENTS slide open the hanger doors and enter the premise. TWO EIGHTEEN WHEELERS and trailers chock full of the syndicate's arsenal of weapons and entire supply of narcotics.

And the real prize...

A room full of air crafts covered with special tarps.

JJ and Hayes help each other remove one of the tarps.

An A1-50 in all its glory. The spider like arms folded inward and hidden away.

The other feds unhook the rear hatches of the two eighteen wheelers and gather around.

LATER

A forklift unloads a full pallet of carefully packaged and sealed cash bills, stacked high and tight. Easily in the hundreds of thousands.

JJ and Hayes are happy as pigs in slop.

INT. SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE HEARING - DAY

And we're back where we started. The house hearing has reconvened with Director Bedford at the center.

FLASH BULBS are a plenty.

SENATOR HENDLEY
Well then. We sure have had quite
the last few weeks, haven't we,
Director Bedford?

Director Bedford takes a sip of water.

SENATOR HENDLEY (CONT'D)

It is the understanding of this committee that, in our extended recess, you have not only failed to lock down the whereabouts of the Al-50 drones, you have zero idea as to who may be responsible for the terrorist attacks in South Florida.

A collective groan from the committee.

SENATOR HENDLEY (CONT'D)

Just to be straight. Is that what you're offering this committee today, sir?

Director Bedford, clears his throat, adjust his tie, leans in close to the microphone.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

No, that is not accurate, sir. We have locked down a substantial lead as to who was most likely responsible for the attacks over Miami.

SENATOR HENDLEY

Yes, but a substantial lead is not an answer. Is it, Director Bedford?

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

No, sir. It is not.

Director Bedford plays dumb, leans back in his chair. Fully aware of the truth but unwilling to spill.

INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN - MOVING - DAY

Director Bedford sits across from Hayes. They fight through the usual crowd of protestors.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD

They think they're mad now. Wait until they hear the truth.

HAYES

We can't keep Navarro's name in the clear for too long. If we're moving on Cruz, we need to do it soon.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD
Thanks for the update, Hayes.
Never thought of that.

Hayes grins.

HAYES
Yes, sir. Just saying is all.

Beat.

DIRECTOR BEDFORD
Set it up.

Hayes nods, yanks out his cell.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Regus, in a tailored suit, eyes full of tears, stands before his brother's most impressive and most spectacular mausoleum...surrounded by a garden of tropical flowers and peaceful palm trees.

SHAWN "AKEEM" NAVARRO. The Righteous Will Be Remembered.

Regus touches his chest, lays the same hand on the marble wall...tears streaming down his face.

He turns to leave. His CELL RINGS.

Regus answers.

REGUS
Yes?

HAYES (V.O.)
Hope you're not getting too comfortable out there, Navarro. We got unfinished business.

INT. LT. FOXX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A well inebriated Lt. Foxx sits at his desk, has a series of stiff drinks. A bottle and glass before him. The evening news plays on a wall mounted flat screen.

ON THE TV: Split screen footage of a clearly uneasy Director Bedford, before members of the House and Senate, and a roundtable of political commentators.

POLITICAL COMMENTATOR #1

Well, it looks like we're nowhere near getting a straight answer from these people. Or at least a truthful one.

POLITICAL COMMENTATOR #2

What do you expect? This is the FBI we're talking about. Bought and paid for by this radical administration. Let's face it. Their plan to save the world has blown up, figuratively, and literally, in their faces. They're clearly playing clean up at this point...

JJ knocks on the open door. Lt. Foxx hits the mute button.

JJ enters.

JJ

That's okay. Don't get up. Just swung by to pick up my badge.

Lt. Foxx is quiet. No emotion.

JJ (CONT'D)

You can keep the gun. I got mine back.

JJ chuckles nervously.

LT. FOXX

Does that mean you still wanna be a cop, Baumbach?

JJ offers a halfhearted nod.

JJ

Yeah I guess it does.

LT. FOXX

Good. Looks like you still have some fight left after all.

(beat)

Welcome back.

Lt. Foxx opens a drawer, snags up and tosses JJ his badge. JJ gives it a look. As if he missed it. He gawks back at Lt. Foxx with sincere puzzlement.

LT. FOXX (CONT'D)
What do you want? A hug? Get out
of my office.

JJ grins. He lets himself out.

Lt. Foxx smiles.

EXT. SPECIAL CASES BUREAU - NIGHT

JJ happens to pass Munz on his way to the door.

MUNZ
What's up, JJ? You gonna be at
work in the morning or what?

JJ
Yeah. For now.

Munz nods.

MUNZ
Cool.

JJ grins.

JJ
Yeah.

JJ pats Munz on the shoulder, heads out. Munz is all grins
as he heads for his desk.

EXT. CORTEZ HOTEL - DAY

A delighted Livia and Cappeli watch from the sidewalk as a
busload of DOMINICAN and JAMAICAN TEENS are escorted into
the hotel by their INS LIAISON and his handpicked crew of
SOCIAL WORKERS.

CAPPELI
I hear The Hotel Cortez is under
new management.

LIVIA
Hmm. No kidding.

CAPPELI
It seems a very large sum of cash
has mysteriously pulled our
struggling owners out of
bankruptcy.

LIVIA
Is that right?

CAPPELI
Yup. Cut some kind of deal with
the city. Something about setting
the tenants up with a steady job.
A little seed money. Keeping the
place up in exchange for a place to
lay their head.
(beat)
Just what I heard.

Livia nods.

LIVIA
Sounds fair.

CAPPELI
I sure thought so.

Cappeli observes Livia's chipper demeanor.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)
You look pleased with yourself.

LIVIA
Yeah. I guess I am.

CAPPELI
Does that mean you still wanna be a
cop for a little while longer?

LIVIA
Yeah. For now.

Cappeli nods.

CAPPELI
Cool.

Livia grins.

ONE OF THE GIRLS IN LINE, waiting to enter The Cortez, turns
and stares back at Livia. A very warm and appreciative
smile of gratitude.

Livia smiles, winks back.

FADE OUT.

THE END