

THE FIVE ALIVE: FALLEN HEROES

A screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAWN

An almost heavenly orange glow drapes itself over a jagged but dead gray terrain. As if it's just been injected with some otherworldly life force.

The familiar VOICE OF JJ BAUMBACH opens this third chapter in the ongoing saga of The Five Alive.

JJ (V.O.)  
Here we are. Eight years into this war and we're all still here. By some crazy miracle, we're still breathing.

At the foot of this mountain range lay an ocean of shadowy white sand and sagebrush.

DAYLIGHT slowly spills over the desert plains.

JJ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But luck can only get you so far. It has this real nasty habit of running out. Especially when you push too hard.

SUPERIMPOSE: MOJAVE DESERT, NEAR BARSTOW, CA, 6:30AM

A jumbled trail of recently formed tire tracks wind through the desert but ultimately reach an end--

Gathered in a tight circle are a trio of military grade HUMVIES and a rag-tag crew of grizzled COMBAT VETS. All donning leather jackets.

We slowly descend on our crew--

JJ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Yep. Just when things were all starting to come together. But like the man says...  
(sighs)  
That's when it all turns to shit.

The leader: RED JACKSON (60s), buzzed red hair, blotchy sun damaged skin, has some life behind his steely gaze that suggest he's faced it all.

His right hand: DUFF MOSELEY (50s), black, bald, and always rocking a head wrap. His facial scars mark some serious hours on the battlefield.

Trimming his manicured beard from behind the wheel of his Humvie is LOCO RIVERA (20s), a hot blooded but mostly inexperienced marine with a quick mouth and even quicker knife skills.

And last but not least--

CLINTON MARKS (30s), a quiet, thin framed but tough as nails war machine. For him, things like loyalty and honor come with a hefty price tag.

MARKS

(to Loco)

Never seen a face that pretty in the field.

Loco takes a break admiring his own mug, throws his counterparts a sharp stare.

DUFF

(to Loco)

What they do to you in that detention camp, anyways?

Duff cracks up. Loco blows them both a kiss.

LOCO

Y'all two just jealous cuz you ain't been laid in ten years between you. PTSD havin bastards. Rather wrestle around in a sandbox with some sweaty dude than get sweaty with a female.

DUFF

At least I ain't the one lookin like a female.

Snickers from all. Loco flips them a bird.

Red squints as he spots some faraway desert sand get kicked into a whirlwind. Something dark barrels their direction ...growing in size the closer it gets.

RED

Okay, sweethearts. Get your head in the game.

LOCO

About time.

A BLACK SEDAN kicks up clouds of white sand in its wake.

The sedan draws closer and closer...establishes itself as an older model MERCEDES. It slowly comes to a halt.

Loco crawls out of his Humvie. A pistol stuffed in the front of his pants. He joins Marks and Duff, as all three stand fast behind Red.

Out of the Mercedes steps GARRET LOCKWOOD (30s), military defense contractor and ex-employee of the ill-fated Murlock Industries.

Hipster glasses. A checkered but shabby chic sport coat and designer slacks. Lockwood is your typical, modern day computer nerd and brilliant innovator. Always on the move, pitching the latest dot com to his eager investors.

But he's dangerous. Very dangerous.

LOCO (CONT'D)

Look at this cutie pie.

With a cautious stride, Lockwood approaches. Addresses Red but respectfully acknowledges the others.

LOCKWOOD

Mister Jackson I presume?

RED

That's right.

LOCKWOOD

Well. You're here. You showed up. I take it you and your team have had ample time to review the files I've provided you?

RED

We have. Some pretty heavy-duty hardware. But a little out of our usual price range.

LOCKWOOD

I don't think you understand. I'm not a salesman, Mister Jackson. At least not currently. Just like you and your men, I no longer wish to service a corrupt system or those that wish to serve it.

Lockwood raises his voice a bit. As if to nail their undivided attention.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

(to all)

The files I've provided you are just a tip of the ice burg, gentlemen. Unfortunately, the contents of these files have fallen into the possession of some very deranged individuals. The types who wish to do our country harm.

Red checks with Duff. The patriotism practically glowing in his war-scarred eyes.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

This isn't a simple private matter. Nor is it a job for just anyone. Let there be no mistaking, this is a matter of national security.

LOCO

National security? Ain't that like a government problem? I thought you weren't about the government.

Loco boldly takes a few steps forward. Marks quietly signals him to stand fast.

RED

The man's got a point.

LOCKWOOD

Not serving a corrupt government doesn't mean I don't love my country. You of all people should understand that.

(to all)

Putting it frankly, gentlemen, we're looking at some very dangerous weapons about to fall into foreign hands. And I can't have that.

Red throws another look at Duff. Both very unsure. Loco and Marks are a bit more intrigued.

Red sucks in a deep breath, still processing the depth and size of this prospective job.

RED

Sounds like a bigger job than we're used to, Mister Lockwood.

LOCKWOOD

If we do this right...it could be  
your last. You'll never want for  
anything again. None of you.

Red checks with the gang. All with a curious look in their eyes and the glow of dollar signs.

With a grin, Red turns to Lockwood, an assured nod.

Lockwood grins back.

We SLOWLY PULL AWAY FROM THIS CREW as they become nothing more than a circle of DARK SPOTS in a vast desert landscape that seems to have no end.

EXT. CHARTER YACHT - EVERGLADES - DAY

A most impressive 150-foot Catamaran equipped with a helo pad drifts along the wide-open lake water. An ultralight two-seater DYNALI comes in for a tight landing.

Out steps DONALD RICHARDSON (40s), a slickly dressed special liaison between DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency) and the now defunct Murlock Industries. He carries a leather briefcase.

A pair of CUBAN BODYGUARDS in silk shirts and white slacks find him on the helo pad, escort him below.

Both men with large PISTOLS stuffed in their belts.

EXT. PRIVATE BOAT RAMP - DAY

A narrow dirt road cuts through a marshy jungle. And this jungle is full of swamp water and bald cypress.

The road reaches an end at a private homemade boat ramp.

Traveling the bumpy dips of this homemade path is an EXTEND CAB PICK-UP hauling a very BULKY CARGO draped in a heavy canvas tarp.

Before reaching the boat ramp, the pick-up finds a wide-open beach with full view of the lake. It parks sideways with the contents of the cab exposed to the water.

Red behind the wheel. Marks rides shotgun.

EXT. CHARTER YACHT - EVERGLADES - DAY

Floating on the surface of the lake water is a bright colored FISHING MARKER of sorts. Only this marker is BEEPING. And a digital screen records and plays back the exact geographical position of the nearby yacht.

INT. RED'S PICK UP - DAY

Marks grips a handheld device that plays back these same geographical readings in explicit detail. Latitude. Longitude. Wind velocity.

MARKS  
We're locked in.

RED  
Do it.

With an almost childlike gleam of excitement, Marks crawls out of the truck, ready for action.

EXT. PRIVATE BOAT RAMP - DAY

Marks unfastens the canvas tarp and exposes the latest and greatest military grade canon. A three barreled, mobile anti-aircraft device capable of expelling a very hot six thousand rounds per minute.

In other words, it is the most lethal weapon on planet earth.

INT. CHARTER YACHT - DAY

Richardson opens his laptop and plugs it into a large flat screen for his viewing audience:

RENALDO "EL CHANGO" DIAZ (40s), a monkey like beast of a man pouring sweat from his exposed chest.

And Chango's cocaine supplier MARTEZ DE AVILA (60s), pockmarked, humorless, well-manicured.

RICHARDSON  
First off. Thank you both for taking this meeting. And especially Mister de Avila for arranging to meet on such short notice. I understand you gentlemen have enjoyed a long business relationship. One based on common ground. Safety. Security.  
(MORE)

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

And, most importantly, respecting  
each other's limitations.

Martez and Chango share an impressed but equally shocked  
grin. The balls on this guy.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

It's why your business has been  
allowed to prosper for all these  
years. But let's face it. Despite  
your strongest efforts to maintain  
a low profile, business has taken a  
serious hit in recent years.

CHANGO

No kidding.

Martez loses his grin, turning deadly serious and all  
business.

RICHARDSON

This is no thanks to your friends  
in the Miami PD and my associates  
in Washington. But yes. Why am I  
here?

ON THE FLATSCREEN

Acronyms like D.O.D. and D.A.R.P.A appear above an encrypted  
login option. Richardson types in his pass code as a MAIN  
MENU suddenly appears.

At the top of the screen--

MURLOCK INDUSTRIES. Followed by a short paragraph describing  
their mission statement. Below the statement is a full list  
of search options:

AMMUNITION. ANTI-PERSONNEL. ANTI-TANK. ARTILLERY.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Somewhere along the line, our  
collective goal of maintaining  
order in this world has gotten lost  
in red tape. And some very  
underhanded dealings have been  
allowed to take place. Right under  
the noses of those naive enough to  
still believe in a strong  
government. One of peace. Of law  
and order. For many of us, that  
spirit has been broken. Now we see  
the world for what it is. One big  
business.



MARTEZ

Why are you here, Mister  
Richardson?

RICHARDSON

The choice is clear. We can allow  
the machine to destroy us from  
within...or we can take full  
advantage of the opportunity.  
Allow me to introduce you to the  
future.

From his laptop, Richardson selects the ANTI-PERSONNEL option  
as a list of sub options go on and on and travel the flat  
screen at a rapid speed.

Martez takes notice. Words like CLUSTER MUNITIONS and  
CLUSTER BOMBS grab his attention.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

What I'm offering is a first look  
deal. Of some of the greatest and  
most ground-breaking pieces of  
artillery our country and this  
world have ever devised. Every  
part. Every component.  
Schematics. Manufacturing costs.  
Labor costs. Transportation. All  
of it at your fingertips. We take  
care of supply. Demand is up to  
you.

MARTEZ

That's all fine and good. But what  
about security? Keeping the feds  
and the local cops out of my swamps  
and off his back?

Richardson selects RADAR from the table of contents as a  
three-tiered option appears: LAND-BASED. SHIPBORNE.  
AIRBORNE. He selects the first as a full page spread  
describes their latest creation: THE M-9 FLOATER

RICHARDSON

Our floater radar devices can  
detect an AWAC from six hundred  
kilometers out. Anyone caught in  
the vicinity of these swamps  
without a proper authorization  
code, which you specifically  
create, your men will get an  
automatic notification. It should  
give you ample time to cancel  
certain transactions.

(MORE)

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

And in some instances...eliminate  
the threat from the ground.

Chango loves this idea. He grins back at Martez, who seems a bit reluctant by all of this.

MARTEZ

Government suit turned cop killer  
overnight. What am I missing?

RICHARDSON

My associates and I aren't looking  
for a life in crime. But a way  
out. In short, we want what's due  
and the government doesn't seem too  
interested in making that happen.  
So what's it gonna be, gentlemen?  
Will we be meeting again soon?

EXT. PRIVATE BOAT RAMP - DAY

Marks refers to his hand-held radar device that plays back  
the locked in coordinates of the charter yacht, as well as  
the weapon responding to these coordinates: FINAL  
AUTHORIZATION REQUIRED.

Marks watches as the three barreled canon automatically rises  
from the belly of their truck cab, carefully positions  
itself.

MARKS

Okay, baby. Let's see what you  
got.

Red watches the lake water in eager anticipation. The yacht  
itself nowhere to be seen. Too far away for human eyes to  
detect.

Marks presses A on the hand-held keypad for AUTHORIZED as all  
hell is unleashed.

A steady stream of shells dispersed at the ultra-rapid rate  
of six thousand rounds per minute. It's something out of  
Star Wars as a long laser-like beam of ammunition stretches  
across the lake water.

EXT. CHARTER YACHT - EVERGLADES - DAY

The large yacht is literally cut in half by the power of this  
groundbreaking weapon. But before it can collapse into the  
lake water...

It's INCINERATED. Reduced to a pile of matchsticks.

No more Chango.

EXT. PRIVATE BOAT RAMP - DAY

Marks notices a TALL BALL OF FIRE reach into the sky like nothing he's ever witnessed. He's as giddy as a school kid on pizza day.

MARKS

(to Red)

I think I want one!

Red is all smiles. As if taking out these maggots is his greatest career achievement.

INT. POLICE STATION - STAIRCASE - DAY

BARCLAY (40s), a D.O.J. appointee and a pestering weasel with a small man's authority complex, follows CAPTAIN FOXX (50s), former Lieutenant and Special Cases Bureau point man, up a short flight of stairs.

Captain Foxx is rocking a loose tie, long hair and a graying beard. He's a far stretch from the tight ass, by the book opportunist we once knew. He's got no time, and even less energy, to play by the city's rules.

BARCLAY

Need I remind you the sole purpose of Special Cases was to ensure interdepartmental cooperation regarding jurisdiction.

Captain Foxx sighs. He wants away from this man.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Specifically coordinating and forwarding all case related intel to the immediate supervising agency. That would be us.

CAPTAIN FOXX

(sighs)

Yeah.

BARCLAY

We haven't received a single progress report in four weeks.

CAPTAIN FOXX  
Anything going down in the glades,  
SCB gets notified.

BARCLAY  
What?

CAPTAIN FOXX  
That was our deal. I still got a  
cop with a price on his head.

BARCLAY  
Yeah, well. Consider this your  
official notification.

CAPTAIN FOXX  
I appreciate it.

Captain Foxx and Barclay reach the top of the stairs...

...enter the busy floors of this updated, more digital aged  
version of...

INT. SPECIAL CASES BUREAU - DAY

It's an inter-divisional mishmash of undercover DETECTIVES  
and UNIFORM COPS exchanging info at their assigned work  
stations. At these stations are wall mounted flat screens  
featuring digital aerial maps of the greater  
MIAMI-DADE AREA.

JJ BAUMBACH (40s), now slim, trim and with a newfound purpose  
in life, stands before a flat screen displaying the specific  
map coordinates of a marshy swampland. As well as the body  
of water before it.

A YOUNG FEMALE COP in uniform uses a mouse and keyboard to  
lock in on the position of the boat explosion.

BARCLAY  
Have you at least touched base with  
Glades PD? What about The Coast  
Guard? Who's coordinating this  
mess?

JJ nods to Captain Foxx. While at the same time squints in  
confusion as he observes a persistent Barclay jamming his  
nose up his boss's ass.

Barclay follows Captain Foxx as he dips inside a small but  
perfectly efficient break room. And this so-called room  
could pass as a broom closet.

INT. SCB BREAK ROOM - DAY

Barclay waits impatiently as Captain Foxx pours himself a tall mug of coffee.

BARCLAY

I'm not about to throw away three months of work because your team circumvented the proper channels.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Three whole months, huh? Wow.

CHRISTIE CAPPELI (40s), aging like fine wine and rocking a police shield around her neck, pokes her head in with a clipboard of paperwork.

CAPPELI

Excuse me, Cap. Can I get your signature on those temporary transfer orders?

Captain Foxx leaves his mark on the paperwork--

CAPTAIN FOXX

How many bodies are we getting?

CAPPELI

Four. One vice. Two from robbery stakeout and Malloy from SRT. If he doesn't throw a full blown fit, that is.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Good. Do me a favor and see if you can rally the troops for me.

Cappeli nods, heads off. Playing aloof, Captain Foxx pours a ton of sugar into his coffee while an angry Barclay stays on his heels.

BARCLAY

I want a statement released. Just in case anyone in the press is still confused about what happened out there. That was a fuel line explosion and those six supposed bodies are now gator bait. Anything else is no comment.

CAPTAIN FOXX

We're not in charge of coordinating press briefings, Barclay.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN FOXX (CONT'D)  
You wanna keep your genie in the  
bottle, I suggest you start making  
the right calls.

Barclay calms himself.

BARCLAY  
Is your team all here?

BOBBY MUNZ (40s), also with his shield around his neck and  
looking bulked up in frame, ducks in with cash in hand as  
he grabs a quick soda from a pay machine.

MUNZ  
(to Barclay)  
All but you know who.  
(to Captain Foxx)  
But what else is new?

Munz snags his soda, cracks the seal.

BARCLAY  
(to both)  
Briefing room. Ten minutes.

Barclay excuses himself.

MUNZ  
(to Captain Foxx)  
What's that all about?

Captain Foxx catches his breath. That was exhausting.

INT. SPECIAL CASES BUREAU - DAY

Captain Foxx moves for his corner office but is accosted by a  
very eager JJ, clasping his shirt sleeve, causing him to  
spill coffee on the tile.

JJ  
Boss. Check this out.

JJ practically drags him over to his station to observe the  
digital boat coordinates, displayed in extremely explicit  
detail on the flat screen.

JJ (CONT'D)  
Take a look at this. This is the  
exact location where fat man's boat  
went by by. About six hundred  
yards east of this location is a  
private beach.  
(MORE)

JJ (CONT'D)

This...homemade type boat ramp with a dirt road cut straight through the middle of the jungle.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Interesting.

JJ

Now it's just barely wide enough to allow a car or a truck. But this beach here is the only spot within four miles with an open and unobstructed view of the lake. That means whatever took out Chango's boat had to have set up shop here.

CAPTAIN FOXX

I'm listening. What else do we have?

JJ

Don't you get it? This beach is over six hundred yards out. Nowhere near fat man's boat.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Yeah?

JJ

We're talking whatever they were hauling was a mobile unit, small enough to go unnoticed and make it onto that beach with no issue.

Captain Foxx still not following. As JJ grows more and more anxious and impatient.

JJ (CONT'D)

We're not supposed to have a weapon on earth...that small...capable of taking out a target at that distance. Unless...

CAPTAIN FOXX

Unless what?

JJ

Unless our guys were running radar and knew the exact location of this boat. I mean exact.

Captain Foxx groans at the thought.

JJ (CONT'D)

Don't know about you, but I don't know an arms dealer in the game moving weapons like this.

CAPTAIN FOXX

An inside job?

JJ

I don't know. Maybe we can ask our new friend Barclay. Could be why he's so nervous.

Captain Foxx nods--

CAPTAIN FOXX

Just might do that.

INT. SPECIAL CASES BUREAU - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Munz has a seat at a long conference table, taps his palm flat on the surface, and like a bored child, spins in his swivel chair as he awaits the others.

Cappeli dips in, pops a squat next to him.

CAPPELI

Any idea what this big meeting's about?

MUNZ

Whatever it is it must be important. Cap cut his vacation two weeks short.

Cappeli faces the empty seat at the far end of the table. Just to her left.

CAPPELI

Speaking of vacations. Every time I walk in here, I keep expecting her to be sitting there, waiting.

MUNZ

This is her second stress leave in two years. Just didn't expect it to be for so long.

(beat)

And she hasn't said anything to you? I thought you guys were tight.



CAPPELI  
Yeah. So did I?

And into the room struts a very worked up Barclay who moves with a purpose for the head of the table. Captain Foxx steps in after him, finds a corner to hide in.

BARCLAY  
(to Captain Foxx)  
Is this it? Where is everyone?

From the outer room comes JJ, who quickly sits.

JJ  
I'm here. We're here. I  
apologize.

BARCLAY  
Where are the others?

CAPTAIN FOXX  
You're looking at it. At least for  
now.

BARCLAY  
Alright, I know your squad is  
extremely busy so I'll try to keep  
this as brief as possible.

JJ  
(to Cappeli)  
Here we go.

BARCLAY  
Several weeks ago, the DOJ received  
some very disturbing news from a  
crew of then unnamed informants.  
According to these informants,  
someone from inside the now defunct  
Murlock Industries has gone rogue.

MUNZ  
Rogue? How's that work?

CAPPELI  
Yeah. I thought they've already  
been dismantled.

BARCLAY  
As a government supervised entity  
and manufacturer of US military  
weapons, yes. They have been.  
(MORE)

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Since the most recent terrorist attacks on South Florida, Murlock became the subject of the largest internal investigation in the history of this country. This investigation involved several federal agencies and too many names to list all in one sitting.

MUNZ

Yeah, we heard. We were all there with a front row seat. But what's that have to do with us?

BARCLAY

According to our informants, our rogue actor devised a plan to save Murlock's three hundred billion dollar enterprise. This includes selling their catalogue of state of the art weapons technology to the highest bidder. We're talking foreign agents.

MUNZ

How can they do that? Haven't those weapons already been seized by the government?

BARCLAY

Partially, yes. But as far as parts, accessories, munitions. Murlock is still sitting on billions. Off the books, of course.

JJ

So, who is this rogue actor inside of Murlock?

BARCLAY

If it were any other name, I wouldn't be here. But according to our sources, it's none other than the man himself...Garret Lockwood.

JJ

You're kiddin me.

CAPPELI

Wait a minute. His father. His grandfather were war heroes.

BARCLAY

Yes they were. And perhaps Mister Lockwood now feels abandoned by his own government. And in an ultimate act of defiance, he goes rogue and creates a whole new playbook by which the government will be forced to recognize. And systematically rewrites the rules of engagement as we now know it.

JJ

(under his breath)  
And make a few bucks in the process.

CAPPELI

Who were these informants? Has any of this been verified?

BARCLAY

Lockwood himself approached each of them as co-conspirators. Business partners. Before giving him a yes or no, they came forward. It was the collective decision of the DOJ that these informants follow through and accept Lockwood's offer.

CAPPELI

And put all of their lives in danger in the process.

JJ

(to Cappeli)  
Including our man in the boat who just got barbecued.  
(to Barclay)  
No wonder you wanna keep a lid on things. Sounds like you got yourself a leak, Agent Barclay.

Captain Foxx steps forward...throws JJ a nonverbal warning to tone it down a notch.

BARCLAY

We felt this was the most efficient way of identifying Lockwood's foreign buyers. They can't afford to do business with every crime syndicate in Dade County. Lockwood needed his people to take the necessary meetings.

(MORE)

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Once they find the right crew, only then can we get a make on whoever's behind this new pipeline out of South Florida.

MUNZ

Wait a minute. You've got Lockwood by the ass. Including depositions by his own business associates. Why go through all of this?

JJ

(to Munz)

Because they're after a bigger fish.

(to Barclay)

Isn't that right, Barclay?

BARCLAY

With that, I'll hand things over to the federal liaison assigned to Special Cases. I believe you're familiar with his record.

Barclay steps aside. In walks a somewhat nervous LIONEL HAYES (40s), a bit grayer, more tired and not near as confident in his stride.

JJ, Cappeli and Munz all shocked and a bit offended by this unexpected surprise.

MUNZ

(whispers)

Look who just washed up on shore.

CAPPELI

No kidding.

JJ just scoffs. Loud enough for Hayes to hear.

Hayes stands at the helm as Barclay finds a corner to oversee the remainder of this meeting. He keeps a close eye on the troops.

HAYES

As you just learned from Agent Barclay, we're trying to get a lock on this new pipeline of arms sales through South Florida. With Chango Diaz and Martez de Avila dead, we'll be focusing our efforts on Diaz's chief competition.

(MORE)

HAYES (CONT'D)

After what happened in the glades today, we now believe Lockwood will be cutting a direct deal with them to smuggle parts and munitions out of the state and into the Caribbean.

MUNZ

Where in the Caribbean?

HAYES

That's where we come in. If Lockwood's looking for a safe space to move product, we have to make him an attractive offer.

MUNZ

We?

HAYES

We send in one of ours. An informant or undercover. They put the bug in his ear about a halfway point to safely move his weapons into South and Central America. In exchange for the usual shipments back into the US.

JJ

In other words, coke from South and Central America.

HAYES

Exactly.

CAPPELI

The US government wants to flood our streets with even more coke and fentanyl? Am I hearing this correctly?

MUNZ

(to Cappeli)

And guns. Don't forget guns.

HAYES

The deal we're gonna make with the syndicate includes seizing all shipments that re-enter the US.

Munz huffs out loud.

MUNZ

That's not gonna get people killed.

HAYES

Not if we do this right.

MUNZ

It's gonna be World War Three in the streets as soon as the money stops pouring in.

JJ shakes his head in disgust.

JJ

And where has the DOJ decided to set up this safe space for Mister Lockwood?

HAYES

Navarro is gonna be our official contact in Jamaica. As far as Lockwood's concerned, he got away scott free and is still looking to re start the revolution in South Florida.

CAPPELI

Including buying a full arsenal of weapons.

BARCLAY

That's just part of the deal. Navarro will be setting up demonstrations of Lockwood's arsenal for prospective buyers visiting in Jamaica. And I don't mean tourists. We're talking some of the largest crime lords and arms merchants in the globe.

MUNZ

So, we're trusting Navarro to not completely fuck us? Even though he literally just got through fucking us?

Hayes nods.

HAYES

It's do this or he gets a very lengthy prison sentence. I'd say his decision is simple.

JJ can't stop shaking his head. Barclay notices.

BARCLAY

What's the problem, Baumbach?

JJ  
I got a problem alright.

CAPTAIN FOXX  
Take it easy, J.

JJ  
(to Hayes)  
We should've been in on this from  
the beginning, Hayes.

HAYES  
SCB's been involved for the last  
ninety days. I saw to it  
personally.

On JJ, Munz and Cappeli. All lost.

JJ  
What're you talking about?

Cappeli sighs, shakes her head with bewilderment as she  
suddenly arrives at the truth.

JJ and Munz notice.

CAPPELI  
Ninety days. It's Liv, isn't it?

Hayes hangs his head in shame. As JJ pieces it together, he  
turns to Captain Foxx with a disgusted look. The kind of  
unspoken exchange that suggests he's been secretly securing  
Livia's cover.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)  
(to Captain Foxx)  
She's with him.

On JJ, Cappeli, Munz. All three collectively stare at what  
used to be Livia's seat. Now an empty vessel.

EXT. PRIVATE ISLAND - DUSK

The ice blue waters of the Caribbean wash ashore as the local  
tropical birds sing and chirp. A secluded and thrifty  
looking poor man's mansion made of bamboo sits hidden behind  
a forest of native trees.

SUPERIMPOSE: JAMAICA

LIVIA MORGAN (30s), braided hair, clothed in a flowery  
Jamaican gown, exits the front steps of this hut and  
takes an impromptu evening stroll.

She stares out into the open blue waters and there isn't so much as a boat, airplane or another human being anywhere within eye's sight.

Livia seems particularly bored, frustrated. No life behind her eyes and without purpose.

INT. BAMBOO HUT - DUSK

Surrounded by a white mosquito net, A JAMAICAN MAN lays hidden under a medusa of silk sheets on a king-sized mattress.

REGUS NAVARRO (30s), braided hair, shirtless, white beach slacks, slowly awakens. He reaches next to him, finds no one. Livia has gone.

He slips out of bed as we study his impressive body tattoos that cover most of his upper torso. He steps over a hard bamboo floor draped in a large area rug...proceeds to dip through a beaded doorway as he moves through the hut in search of Livia.

REGUS

Hello?

EXT. PRIVATE ISLAND - DUSK

Regus steps up behind Livia...squatted on a sand dune, watching the sun set.

REGUS

It seems whenever I wake, I find  
you gone. Somewhere other than in  
my arms. I cannot help but ponder  
the cause of your sudden  
restlessness.

Regus walks around her, stares out into the water.

REGUS (CONT'D)

You no longer feel safe here.

Beat.

LIVIA

No. I don't. I never did.

Regus faces her.



REGUS

You're conflicted about leaving  
your friends. And because of this,  
you feel guilty for being here with  
me. For the things that we've  
done.

And Livia doesn't deny this. Her silence speaks volumes.

REGUS (CONT'D)

What's killing you most...you're  
choosing not to believe what your  
heart is telling you to be true.

LIVIA

What's my heart telling me?

REGUS

You no longer believe in what they  
believe. This never-ending  
conflict that resolves nothing.  
That leaves you feeling...nothing.

This strikes a nerve with Livia.

REGUS (CONT'D)

By coming here, simply getting away  
from the lie, your eyes have been  
opened to the truth. Yet you  
choose not to accept.

LIVIA

What truth haven't I accepted?

REGUS

That the world does not play by  
your rules. It's why you and your  
friends fail. You're tired of  
playing by these rules that do not  
make sense.

Livia smiles.

LIVIA

I could've told you that a long  
time ago. Tell me something I  
don't know.

Regus comes closer, kneels down before her...grabbing her  
full attention. He takes her hand, gently rubs her ring  
fitted fingers.

REGUS

To defeat true evil, you must first embrace it. You must understand it. In understanding it, only then will truth come to light. It is in this truth where everything that was once broken is made whole again.

LIVIA

I hate it when you do that.

Regus doesn't follow.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Talk in this cryptic language. Like you're trying to talk over me.

REGUS

You came here for a reason, Olivia. To write your own history. To fight this battle and win this war on your terms. Not your friends. Or your government.

Livia looks away. She's unable, or unwilling to face the hard truth that's overwhelming her mind.

Regus lays a gentle hand under her chin, faces her forward.

REGUS (CONT'D)

You understand, as I do, that there is no good versus evil. Right versus wrong. It's simply those of us that wish to prevail in a world that no longer plays by the rules. Us, Olivia. You know the truth. Now you must accept it.

Livia loses herself in his eyes. There's a real connection here that's grown in recent months.

EXT. RED'S AIRCRAFT REPAIR - NIGHT

This modest shop is a boneyard of airplane parts and steel shade hangars loaded up with Cessnas and other privately owned aircraft. It's located in a private airfield surrounded by a flat landscape of manicured green grass as far as the human eye can see.

A small main office sits with the lights on. And just behind this building sits Duff and Marks...gathered at a picnic table with plates of barbecue.

Loco snags a beer from a cooler rested near their propane grill, still billowing smoke. He joins the others at the picnic bench as--

Red returns from the office with some printed documents.

RED

Have a look.

Red hands the papers off to Marks, Duff and Loco, all reviewing with confused looks.

MARKS

What's all this?

RED

Shipping invoices. From three of Lockwood's shell companies.

LOCO

Invoices for what?

RED

Everything we need, right down to the exact dollar amount, to take down our friends from Murlock Industries. Mister Lockwood insisted on taking care of these expenses personally.

Loco flips through the pages, shakes his head.

LOCO

Yo. All I see are spare parts and motors for these busted ass airplanes.

RED

Right. As far as the IRS and the FAA are concerned, that's exactly where the money's coming and going. I have open business accounts for each of you under a number of secured aliases. The rest will come through payroll. Shipping and transportation. The usual. That's how we're playing this until further notice.

MARKS

Sounds more and more like you and Lockwood are planning on making this a regular thing.

DUFF

Hey.

Marks throws a glance at Duff, who kicks up his knee and plants a firm foot on the table.

DUFF (CONT'D)

We stay in until the job is done.  
That was our deal. You don't like  
that deal, you can forfeit your  
share anytime.

Like a smartass, Marks salutes him.

MARKS

Yes, sir, Sarge.

Loco tosses the papers aside. Red collects them.

LOCO

Yo, hold up on that. This was  
supposed to be a quick few jobs.  
How long we talkin about here?

RED

You heard the man. It's a matter  
of national security. Or don't you  
care about those things no more,  
Loco?

Loco sighs, looks gained up on as the table all throw him  
looks of disapproval.

LOCO

All I'm saying is...How much you  
know about this cat Lockwood?  
Seems to me we got these stuff  
shirt lab rats by the ass. Enough  
to take them all down. Maybe even  
make us something a little more  
regular on the side. I mean, what  
do we even need this dude for?

Duff grows irritated.

DUFF

Secure that shit, Corporal.

LOCO

Just talkin shop, Duff man. No  
need for all that. I mean, between  
Lockwood and these other assholes,  
we got us an open cash register.

(MORE)

LOCO (CONT'D)

We play things right, nobody get hurt.

MARKS

Interesting point. We could clean these guys out. Every dime and walk away clean. Hypothetically speaking.

LOCO

Exactly. I don't see that as a bad thing. Or maybe y'all so hooked on all this patriot bullshit, you're lookin for another bloodbath.

Red about to boil over. Duff too.

LOCO (CONT'D)

I'm not about that life, ya hear? I'm about getting mine. I say we stop bullshittin and take this to a vote right now...

Red's finally had enough...and within a blink of an eye...has Loco's left elbow flat on the table and his wrist bent backwards.

Loco winces in excruciating anguish.

Marks still chewing his food. Unaffected.

RED

Rule number two. We stay until the job is done. No questions. Rule number one. Do what I say. When I say it. Or you're done.

Red jerks and twists Loco's hand as Loco is almost tumbled over in pain.

RED (CONT'D)

Are we all clear on the rules?

Marks is a bit hesitant as he and Red lock eyes. He finally cracks a grin and nods.

MARKS

Whatever you say. Boss.

Red releases Loco, who quickly lays his arm flat and watches his fingers tremble from the shock.

Red heads back to the office. Duff looks down at the pitiful sight before him. A humbled soldier reduced to a child choking back tears.

DUFF  
(to both)  
Any more questions?

Loco and Marks are dead quiet.

DUFF (CONT'D)  
Good. Clean this shit up.

Duff heads out. Marks with a very calm, and very evil gleam in his eye. He's up to something.

INT. HYATT REGENCY - ROOFTOP SUITE - NIGHT

This luxurious and scenic room offers a wide-open view of South Beach Miami in all of its spectacular neon wonder. Hayes sips a scotch and anxiously paces the carpet with little interest in what's happening outside. His mind clearly preoccupied.

A KNOCK at the door startles him.

Hayes takes a moment, gathers his wits and bearings. Sighs. And with as little muster as possible, shuffles over to answer.

JJ on the other side. A stupid grin.

Hayes not surprised, as if he's anxiously been expecting a surprise visit. A moment of awkward silence.

JJ  
Hey, JJ. Yeah, sure you can come in. Thanks. Good to see you too.

JJ invites himself in. Hayes still by the door.

HAYES  
Yeah. Come on in.

Hayes closes and locks.

JJ soaks up the room. Impressed.

JJ  
So, this is where they put you up when you're in town. No wonder you stay so long.

HAYES

Call it a happy accident. It's all they had for me last minute.

JJ

Poor you.

JJ nearly bumps into a glass end table and finds an open bottle of scotch, picks it up, reads the fancy label.

JJ (CONT'D)

Look at you busting out the Macallan. And the good kind too.

Sets the bottle down.

JJ (CONT'D)

What's the special occasion?  
Celebrating getting the band back together?

Hayes pours himself another.

JJ (CONT'D)

Or is this more of a pity party, trying not to leap myself off the balcony type of deal?

HAYES

Since you're making yourself comfortable, can I get you a glass and some ice?

JJ

Quit drinking. About six months ago. About the last we heard from you.

HAYES

Great. Here's to your sobriety.

Hayes takes a generous belt. And grabs a quick refill. JJ looks a bit concerned. Not the Hayes he knows.

JJ

Look, I didn't come here to bust your balls. Well. Not just to bust balls. But to talk to you about this set up you got worked out with Navarro.

HAYES

What about it?

JJ

I just can't help but get the sense you're feeling a little conflicted about something. Maybe not a something but a someone. You wanna talk about it?

HAYES

Here's your first clue.

Hayes takes another belt of scotch and moves closer to the window to take in the scenery.

JJ joins him.

JJ

We all see it, Hayes. As soon as we mentioned her name. And nothing drives a man to drink quicker than a female.

HAYES

Okay. Talk. You first.

JJ

You two must've spent weeks, maybe months working out this deal in Jamaica. That's a long time. Feelings get involved. Certain body parts come out.

HAYES

It's a done deal. I'm here. She's there. With him. And I was the one that made it all happen. So, I'm dealing with that.

Hayes returns to ignoring JJ--

--who anxiously paces the carpet. Frustrated, feeling the weight of it all.

JJ

Why her? They could've sent anyone down there to keep tabs on this operation. So why Morgan?

HAYES

Why do you think? Because he's crazy about her. Because if anyone even thought of laying a hand on her, he'd have them killed. If I sent your pasty ass down there, you'd already be shark bait.



JJ

This thing with Morgan. It was your idea?

HAYES

I brought it to her. She's Jamaican. She knows the culture. Gets along with the chief down there. You guys wanted someone on the inside. It only made sense.

JJ nods understandably. But can't let it go. He stands before Hayes, locks eyes with him, dead serious.

JJ

Okay. So, you brought her in. So, now you can bring her out.

HAYES

You don't think I tried that?

JJ

Well, try harder. She's unstable, Lionel. Has been for years. You put her with that nutjob revolutionary, God knows what kinda shit he's filling her head with.

HAYES

She comes out now, Navarro might do something really dumb.

JJ

Like what?

HAYES

Like stop cooperating. Maybe even disappear. This job here. This one is too big, JJ. Bigger than us.

JJ

What does that mean?

HAYES

She tries to pull out now, it could be her badge. Maybe her pension.

And the reality sets in for JJ as he joins Hayes gawking out the window and down at South Beach.

HAYES (CONT'D)

I can't ask her to do that. Not for me.

JJ observes a true sadness in Hayes eyes.

JJ  
She could lose a lot more than her  
badge, Hayes. But I think you  
already know that.

Hayes lets this sink in.

EXT. INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART - NIGHT

A large and impressive structure marked ICA OF MIAMI across  
its mid-section.

HIGH SOCIETY TYPES, HIPSTERS, ARTISTS, POETS and MUSICIANS  
pour into this ultra hip, post-modern piece of local  
architecture by the dozens.

Effortlessly blending in with this flashy crowd and wearing  
an elegant but sexy gown is--

CAPPELI

Her knock-off diamond necklace fitted with a transmitter.

CAPPELI  
How about a howdy howdy. Let me  
know this thing is still working.  
Are you guys awake or what?

INT. MUSEUM GARAGE - NIGHT (SAME)

An older model ECONOLINE VAN is parked on the very crowded  
first level of this multi-level garage. It is a bit out of  
place among a string of mostly luxurious sports cars, Land  
Rovers and Mercedes.

INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT (SAME)

Munz has a split screen surveillance monitor in full effect.  
Every floor of this garage, cars coming, going, as well as  
the high society types and local artists pouring into the  
exhibit.

UNDERCOVER OFFICERS fitted with eyeglass cameras are moving  
in and out of the crowd. Some of the most beautiful and  
powerful WOMEN in Miami are showing up and showing out for  
this one. All dressed to kill.

Tops are low cut and skirts are short.

And Munz hasn't missed a single one.

MUNZ

Oh, we're good. Just enjoying the scenery is all.

CAPPELI (V.O.)

Workplace, Bobby. Workplace. Are we gonna have to have another talk?

TUDESCO (O.S.)

Knock it off.

Wearing a headset, the restless mug of SERGEANT NICK TUDESCO (50s), head of the TRU (Tactical Robbery Unit) spins around from the front passenger seat, eyeballs Munz. And he's all business, not at all amused.

TUDESCO (CONT'D)

Need I remind you two you're here as a courtesy. That means keep your eyes open and your mouth closed.

MUNZ

(to Cappeli)

You got that, Cappeli. Quit flirting.

CAPPELI (V.O.)

I'll do my best.

Tudesco throws Munz one last warning before speaking into his mic fitted headset.

TUDESCO

(to his team)

I don't care if Brown's taking a leak. You follow him into the head and give me a play by play. I repeat...this asshole goes down tonight. Can I get a hoo-rah?

T.R.U. #1 (V.O.)

Copy that, Sarge.

T.R.U. #2 (V.O.)

Hoo-rah.

EXT. INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART - NIGHT (SAME)

Cappeli listens in as Tudesco's team chime in.

T.R.U. #3 (V.O.)  
 Let's take this bitch down.

Cappeli rolls her eyes in disgust.

CAPPELI  
 (whispers)  
 So much for staying off the line.

Cappeli moves with the congested but all of the sudden quickly moving line. And it's a long one.

INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

BILLINGS (30s), Tudesco's driver, another brutish tactical cop with a shaved head, keeps his eyes peeled on the ridiculous exotic cars coming and going. As well as some very well to do looking AFRICAN AMERICAN MALES and their half-naked DATES.

BILLINGS  
 Look at all that probable cause  
 going to waste.

TUDESCO  
 We're not after clowns and coke  
 whores. Not unless they're hauling  
 a trunk full of Robinson's  
 hardware.

BILLINGS  
 Copy that.

MUNZ  
 (to Tudesco)  
 Pardon me, Sarge.

Billings and Tudesco both face Munz--

MUNZ (CONT'D)  
 But wasn't this asshole, as you  
 like to refer him, beaten within an  
 inch of his life by Lauderdale PD a  
 few months back?

TUDESCO  
 You got your version and I got  
 mine.

MUNZ  
 Right.

Munz simply nods, pops a stick of gum.

EXT. INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART - NIGHT

The crowd of exhibitors split and break up as a pair of HEADLIGHTS grab their attention.

Cappeli, and TWO OF TUDESCO'S MEN, both wearing camera fitted eye wear, pay close attention to a very flashy and freshly waxed LAND ROVER arriving at a valet station.

Out steps DARYL "SKOOTAH" BROWN (20s), black, leather clad, multi-colored dreds representing the multi-cultural colors of his city and the world. And Skootah is the man of the hour.

He's accosted by several of his LOCAL FANS while he smiles and exchanges pleasantries.

CAPPELI

Brown just made his big entrance.

Cappeli steps up behind the Land Rover and gets a clear shot of the license tag: SKUTAH

A YOUNG VALET, black, slickly dressed in a vest and tie, accepts the keys from Skootah, crawls in...

Heads off.

INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

Munz watches footage of Skootah and a small crew of his fans pour inside the building.

TUDESCO

Alright. From here out, I want all eyes on Brown and Robinson. I wanna know whose hands they're shaking. Who they got working security. Whose palms they're greasing. Who's refilling their glass.

INT. INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART - NIGHT

WASHINGTON (30s), a member of Tudesco's team, and TRU's biggest, baddest officer, sports a wild sport coat as he works undercover security.

Washington stands, very professional looking and focused, hands crossed, near the entrance to the--

MAIN GALLERY

The walls and floor occupied with the city's latest and most controversial works of expressionism.

Paintings, murals, hand crafted pieces of work displaying the racial and class divide of our country. All the personal works of one Skootah Brown.

Skootah's girlfriend KARAH (20s), Cuban-American, ethnically dressed, God's perfect work of beauty and elegance, is all over the room. Hugs, kisses, shaking hands and playing the role of Skootah's sole inspiration.

Washington observes Skootah's reaction to all the young and well to do black men getting a bit too close and personal with Karah.

WASHINGTON

I got eyes on our guy. He's still working the room but keeping a close one on his girl. I don't think he likes all the competition putting they paw prints on his property.

AN OPEN BAR

Cappeli helps herself to a flute of champagne as she watches TAYE ROBINSON (50s), black, two-thousand dollar pin striped suit, music producer and part time arms dealer, greet a lounging room full of young RAPPERS, DJ'S, and other up and coming MUSICIANS. All dressed the part and hanging with their flashy FEMALE COMPANIONS.

Robinson walks the room, smooches some wrists, rubs the back of some shoulders rested against a swank leather couch, shakes others' hands.

All seemingly for the first time.

CAPPELI

Looks like Robinson's recruiting some new talent.

TUDESCO (V.O.)

Anyone we know?

Cappeli keeps a close eye on INSTAGATOR, a white blonde with long dreadlocks and face tats working the local club circuit. And he's trying real hard to get Robinson's undivided attention.

CAPPELI

Kid with the crazy blonde hair.  
Used to DJ at the Elleven.

(MORE)

CAPPELI (CONT'D)  
He looks a little different but  
that's him alright.

INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

Munz gets live video feed of Cappeli's eyewear POV. An unobstructed view of Instagator.

MUNZ  
News flash. I'm old. I have no  
idea who you're talking about.

CAPPELI (V.O.)  
You should. You busted him once  
when you were still working South  
Beach. Turns out he was spinning  
more than records. Caught slinging  
X in the bathroom stall and got  
banned from every club on the  
strip.

TUDESCO  
I kind of doubt he's there shopping  
for art. Robinson invited him.  
Stay on him. And anyone he came  
with.

CAPPELI (V.O.)  
Copy that.

Munz reviews his split screen surveillance feed and discovers a SMALL CREW loading several LARGE BLACK CASES into the rear of Skootah's Land Rover. They are on the roof and the only two vehicles in sight. The crew are quick and concise as they finish and return to their vehicle: a jet-black SUBURBAN with all tinted windows.

The Suburban very calmly exits the roof and re-enters the parking structure.

MUNZ  
What the hell is this?

TUDESCO  
What is it?

MUNZ  
We got company on the roof. And  
they just loaded some goodies into  
Skootah Brown's ride.

TUDESCO  
What's the make and model?

MUNZ  
Suburban. A black one.

Tudesco, into his walkie:

TUDESCO  
All units be advised. We got a  
positive on a black Suburban and  
she's on her way out.

MUNZ  
(to Tudesco)  
We stop these guys and there goes  
our only chance with Robinson.

Tudesco sighs.

GARAGE COP (V.O.)  
I got eyes on the Suburban.  
Standing by. What are we doing,  
Sarge?

TUDESCO  
Run the tag and let em go.

GARAGE COP (V.O.)  
Copy that.

Munz watches his live feed monitor as the Suburban exits the  
garage...

...jets down the street.

EXT. INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART - NIGHT (LATER)

A VALET parks Skootah's Land Rover and steps out. Skootah  
and his girl Karah wave goodbye and give hugs to their  
remaining fans and exhibitors.

Cappeli watches them leave.

And Robinson watches her. She's the most impressive piece  
he's seen all night.

Washington, still posing as security, spots Robinson and some  
of his slickly dressed entourage gawking at Cappeli.

CAPPELI  
They're on their way out.

TUDESCO (V.O.)  
Copy that. We're on him.



WASHINGTON (V.O.)

Watch your ass, Cappeli. You got some new fans.

Cappeli looks over her shoulder and back at Washington. Pretending to watch the crowd.

CAPPELI

Yeah. I got it.

Cappeli smiles and turns, comes face to face with a practically drooling Robinson.

ROBINSON

Excuse me. But I couldn't help but notice you...well...noticing me back there. I just wanted to apologize for my rudeness. You see, I happen to be a very busy man. Sometimes too busy. I'd be very much appreciative of a second chance. Maybe start this over. With a drink.

CAPPELI

I've had a few. More than my share, really.

ROBINSON

Yeah, I feel you on that. But hey. If you need to lay down, I can help you with that too.

Cappeli fights the urge to punch him in the balls and simply cracks a polite smile.

CAPPELI

I'm very flattered. And intrigued. Really. But I don't think my boyfriend would be too keen on the idea.

ROBINSON

Boyfriend?

CAPPELI

Yeah. Fiance actually.

Washington, massive in frame, playing up the angry boyfriend, pushes his way through Robinson's crew and confronts this little meet-cute head on.

WASHINGTON

(to Robinson)

What's happening, my brother? We cool?

ROBINSON

Of course, my brother. Always cool. Just saying hello is all. You two have a wonderful rest of your evening.

Robinson smiles and lets it go, joins his crew as they dip back inside the exhibit.

CAPPELI

Thanks.

WASHINGTON

I got you.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Skootah's Land Rover is riding smoothly along the highway with RAP MUSIC barely audible through the cracked open windows. And he's obeying the speed limit...almost too careful and restricted.

And the Land Rover is completely covered by undercover officers in both lanes.

Tudesco, Munz and Billings also follow behind in their surveillance van.

INT. POLICE VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Billings behind the wheel. Tudesco is shotgun. Munz keeps his head low as he watches through the windshield.

TUDESCO

Gees. We're too tight. We're gonna scare him off.

MUNZ

Agreed. So call off your dogs.

TUDESCO

I told you this is my set-up, Bobby. Now back off.

MUNZ

Not anymore. Tell your team to back off or I'll do it for you.

Tudesco swallows his rage. He holds up his walkie:

TUDESCO

Alright, dammit. We're getting too close. Everybody stand down. Unit three will take it from here. Do I get a copy, Sarge?

T.R.U. #4 (V.O.)

Copy that, Sarge.

T.R.U. #5 (V.O.)

Copy that.

Vehicles in both lanes: in front, behind, and alongside the Land Rover either speed off, turn into parking lots, pop a u-turn or exit the highway.

Leaving only the Econoline van.

And suddenly, out of nowhere...

A PATROL UNIT passes the van and rides uncomfortably close to Skootah's bumper. As if reading his plates.

TUDESCO

What the hell is this? Back off.

MUNZ

He can't hear you.

BILLINGS

(to Tudesco)

Should I hit him with the high beams?

And then...

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS spin. And a deafening POLICE SIREN fills the night air.

TUDESCO

Shit.

MUNZ

Slow down a little.

Billings taps the brakes.

The Patrol Unit rides the Land Rover's bumper as the two cars dip into the center median and slow to a halt.

The van stays a safe distance behind as the three cops approach a fast-food joint.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

Turn in here and park. Quick.

Billings merges into the turning lane and into the burger joint's lot, finds a spot facing the highway.

The three cops quietly watch the two idle cars.

TUDESCO

Let's go.

Tudesco pops open his door--

MUNZ

Not yet.

BILLINGS

What the hell are we waiting for?

MUNZ

Just sit tight.

INT. PATROL UNIT - NIGHT

Partners WILSON and GRIMES side by side as they keep a careful eye on the Land Rover.

WILSON

Okay, Mister Brown. Time to have some fun.

GRIMES

You sure this is a good idea?

WILSON

Just get the shit out of the glove box and be ready.

Grimes sighs but does what he's told: opens the box and yanks out a dime bag of coke.

GRIMES

Like I said. Your idea. You take the hit if it goes south.

Grimes chucks the bag on his shirt. Wilson grins.

WILSON

Relax. I didn't say I was gonna use it. Let's go.

INT. LAND ROVER - MOVING - NIGHT

Skootah checks his mirrors. His eyes squint at the sight of the blinding police lights. As Skootah shifts his pants, Karah sits confused. She's clearly not in the loop and has zero idea what boyfriend is hauling.

KARAH

Are you kidding? They don't know when to stop, do they? You've been out of the hospital less than two months and here they go. They won't keep getting away with this shit.

SKOOTAH

Just do me a favor, sit there and don't-say-anything. It's probably a taillight or something. So don't start nuthin', won't be nuthin'.

Karah looks as if Skootah's lost his mind.

KARAH

What? You sound like you're starting to defend these cops.

SKOOTAH

Just do like I ask for once!

KARAH

What the hell, Daryl. You never talk to me like that. What's going on?

Skootah is a wreck as Wilson steps out of the car. His breathing heavy. His forehead beaded with sweat.

KARAH (CONT'D)

Daryl, talk to me.

SKOOTAH

What did I just say?!

Karah is startled at the sound of a flashlight TAPPING her passenger window. Grimes pops his head in.

GRIMES

You mind placing your hands on your head and stepping out of the car, please?

Karah checks with Skootah. He's got his own problems as Wilson pops open his door.

WILSON

He said get the hell out. Now.  
Only do it slowly.

SKOOTAH

It's okay, baby. Everything is  
gonna be okay. Just do what the  
man says.

Karah puts one hand on her head, pops open the door with the  
other and steps out.

EXT. LAND ROVER - PARKED - NIGHT

Karah keeps her hands pressed on her head.

GRIMES

Face the car, please.

Grimes does a slow pat down on his beautiful subject. Wilson  
also has Skootah's palms pressed flat on the hood.

WILSON

How about it, partner? You find  
anything interesting?

GRIMES

She's clean.

WILSON

You sure about that? Awful lot of  
hiding spots on that frame. Maybe  
you didn't do a thorough enough  
search.

KARAH

Maybe you'd like to do it yourself.

WILSON

Yes, ma'am.

SKOOTAH

Be cool, baby. They just playing  
around.

(to Wilson)

Ain't that right, Officer?

WILSON

You're being a good sport, Daryl.  
But I don't trust you. I think  
your girl here is still hiding your  
shit for you.

(MORE)

WILSON (CONT'D)

So, I'm gonna give you the chance  
you didn't get last time. And tell  
me where on that pretty little body  
of hers she's holding that pipe.  
And we won't have to go dumpster  
diving.

Grimes looks sick by his partner's behavior.

KARAH

Fuck you. Just try it.

SKOOTAH

It's cool, baby. It's cool. He's  
just trying to get a rise out of  
me. It ain't gonna work. Because  
we clean.

WILSON

I'm gonna give you one last chance  
to come clean or we strip her down  
to her undies right here on the  
street. Now what's it gonna be?

And out of nowhere...

A PAIR OF FLASHY NEW CORVETTES with NEON undercarriages burst  
onto the scene...zig zagging all over the road and causing  
mass confusion.

Cars HONK and the late-night traffic grows congested as the  
Vettes take full control of the highway.

One Corvette stops just short of the Land Rover while the  
other CROSSES THE MEDIAN and barely avoids a head on  
collision.

SCREEEEECCHH!

The Corvette stops on a dime.

Traffic now blocked off from both directions.

Skootah, Karah, Wilson and Grimes are all sitting ducks. All  
with shocked looks painted on their faces.

INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

Billings, Tudesco and Munz all watch in horror.

TUDESCO

Not good.

Munz slings open the rear door as all three cops jump from the van...chase out of the lot and...

ONTO THE HIGHWAY

Guns drawn and ready for action.

MUNZ

Hold it! Step out of the car!

Out of both Vettes jump a SHOOTER branding a high-capacity machine gun. Both Wilson and Grimes stopped in their tracks like a deer in the headlights.

SKOOTAH

Get down!

Skootah tackles Wilson to the ground, then desperately rolls himself under the Land Rover. Before Wilson knows what's happening or finds his bearings...RAPID AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE makes short work of him and Grimes.

Both cops dead.

Skootah is shocked to discover that Karah has too been killed in the crossfire. Lying dead on the asphalt, her lifeless eyes gawk back at his.

SKOOTAH (CONT'D)

Baby!

Munz, Tudesco and Billings are too far away and simply cannot catch up to the action. Their two shooters and the TWO CORVETTES are long gone.

Munz, gun still drawn, races over to find Skootah coming up from under the Land Rover, frantically chasing around the car to check on --

KARAH

Full of holes and a bloody mess. Skootah falls to his knees ...holds her in his arms.

Munz sick to his gut. Billings strangely quiet. And Tudesco in full panic mode.

TUDESCO

Fuck! Fuck fuck! Shit!



INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

DA HALSEY (50s), shirt and tie, suspenders, pours one last mug of coffee from a carafe, hands it off to--

Captain Foxx, worn out, necktie completely undone, who goes hard and fast on that first taste. He's been up two days running with no sleep, and it shows.

Rested in a comfy lounging chair is the overly slick and polished COMMISSIONER GRAY (40s). A real game show host type with smiling eyes and a thousand dollar suit. He's angling for Mayor.

DA HALSEY

Two cops dead on the pavement. One holding over five ounces of cocaine. And enough hardware in Brown's trunk to arm a third world country. And you want me to just...let him walk?

And somewhere on the other side of the room stands Hayes. One hand rested in his pants pocket. The other grips a coffee mug.

HAYES

More like...temporarily postponing the charges until we get a fix on what happened.

DA HALSEY

We need to figure it out fast. We got less than a couple hours before the press cries another interdepartmental conspiracy and they're knocking the doors down.

Commissioner Gray nods in agreement, casually and passively sips his morning coffee.

CAPTAIN FOXX

IAD officially pulled the dash cam video from Wilson's car. It clearly shows Wilson and his partner harassing Brown's girlfriend. And in no instance did Wilson visibly retrieve any cocaine off of Brown's person.

DA HALSEY

What are you telling me?

COMMISSIONER GRAY

He's saying if this video finds its way public...the department's looking at another lawsuit from Daryl Brown.

DA HALSEY

Lawsuit? You forget those two rogue cops are chalk outlines?

COMMISSIONER GRAY

That may be so, but it all looks bad, Jack. Real bad. This video paints a very negative picture regarding the department's relationship with Daryl Brown. I wouldn't put it past Brown's lawyer to claim this little shoot em up was a premeditated hit by Miami PD. He may also be so bold as to claim those weapons in Brown's trunk were planted.

DA HALSEY

Okay, okay. You're giving me a headache already.

(to Hayes)

So, what exactly are we doing with Brown if we're not charging him?

HAYES

We believe that Brown, along with the two shooters, were working with an arms trader named Taye Robinson. We think Robinson's crew were tailing Brown, making sure his product made it from point A to point B. When that was clearly no longer an option, Robinson tried to take them all out.

Captain Foxx rests his coffee mug on DA Halsey's desk, up close and a bit more personal.

CAPTAIN FOXX

It's imperative to our investigation that we get close to Robinson. Right now, Brown is our best bet at making that happen.

DA HALSEY

I take it you two have a plan?

Commissioner Gray, equally curious, turns his attention on Hayes.

HAYES

We don't charge him. We simply...encourage him to do the right thing.

DA HALSEY

I'm not following.

HAYES

They killed his girl. Whether it's Robinson or a rival crew looking to jack Brown's car and make off with a hundred k worth of product, Brown's gonna want payback. He'll talk.

DA HALSEY

Skootah Brown working side by side with the police. Why am I not convinced?

INT. DADE COUNTY LOCK UP - DAY

Skootah anxiously paces a temporary holding cell. His entire body filled with stress, anger, resentment. A whole laundry list of unanswered questions occupy his mind.

And most importantly, a burning desire for revenge seeps from his eyes and his very soul.

An iron gate slides open...

And in walks JJ.

JJ

You broke your promise, Daryl.

Skootah spots him. A smirk of disgust.

SKOOTAH

Should have seen this coming. Look, man. I don't wanna hear it right now.

JJ tries to follow Skootah's incessant stepping back and forth, and all around the cell.

JJ

You told me you were gonna stay out of trouble.

(MORE)

JJ (CONT'D)

You were turning over a new leaf  
and that was it. Now look at you.

SKOOTAH

Told you. I don't wanna hear it,  
man. Not now.

JJ

Let me see if I got this straight.

(beat)

After your rumble with Miami PD,  
Robinson decides to make use of  
your newfound celebrity. You get  
approached to recruit him some new  
talent. Meantime, you and your  
Jay-Z wannabe buddies run guns all  
over Miami in exchange for studio  
time.

Skootah looks at JJ. As if he's onto his game. But  
continues to pace the floor.

JJ (CONT'D)

And as an added bonus for being  
good little soldiers, Robinson  
promises to promote all of you with  
his so-called half-assed label.

(beat)

Tell me you ain't that stupid.

SKOOTAH

Studio time don't pay for itself,  
cop.

JJ

You got all that money from the  
city. And you're still a dumbass  
criminal. What happened?

SKOOTAH

You wouldn't understand if I told  
you. Not some pasty, white ass cop  
like you. Why bother?

JJ

I knew you were stupid. But I  
didn't take you for an arms dealer,  
Daryl.

Skootah stops, wilts in defeat.

JJ (CONT'D)

Is this about revenge? You wanna  
blow up the city all over again?

JJ pops a squat in a metal chair. Skootah gives up, sits in a chair across the table.

JJ (CONT'D)

You're letting people take advantage of you, son. You think you owe these guys something because you got beat up by the cops. You don't owe anybody. You owe yourself.

SKOOTAH

Watchu talkin about, I owe myself? Talkin like this an after school special or somethin. Get the hell out my face, dog. I ain't trying to hear that bullshit.

JJ

I know what you're doing. Pacing back and forth in here, acting like you got one foot out the door. You think the DA's gonna cut you loose.

SKOOTAH

That's right.

JJ

And the second he does, you're going after Robinson. Tell me I'm wrong.

Skootah grins. A simple nod.

SKOOTAH

Real smart, cop.

JJ

Look. I know you want him. For what he did to your girl. We want him too. If we play this right, we can nail him together. But if we get you out of here...and you don't play right...it's right back in the slam. I promise you that.

Skootah sits up straight. His interest piqued.

SKOOTAH

Okay, cop. You got a plan or somethin?

JJ grins.

BARCLAY (V.O.)  
That's the dumbest thing I've ever  
heard.

INT. CAPTAIN FOXX'S OFFICE - S.C.B. - NIGHT

Captain Foxx casually rests his butt on his desk, in between  
a bickering Barclay and JJ. He sips his bottled water,  
watches like a focused penguin watches Wimbledon.

BARCLAY  
What did you, make this one up on  
the ride over here, Baumbach?

JJ  
It's a city wide event and we do it  
every year. What's the problem?

BARCLAY  
If Daryl Brown headlines this  
thing, you'll bring every criminal  
in the city out in droves? All  
armed to the teeth. That's my  
problem.

JJ  
Yeah. That's kinda the idea. We  
are trying to get guns off the  
street, right?

BARCLAY  
And we're looking at another  
bloodbath in the process.

JJ  
Look. Those weren't Saturday night  
specials in Brown's trunk. He owes  
Robinson some guns and some serious  
coin. It's the kind of money he  
won't let slide. Believe me.

CAPTAIN FOXX  
Agreed.

JJ  
(to Captain Foxx)  
To me, it's perfect. Brown squares  
things up with Robinson and  
Lockwood will be begging for a sit  
down. We're talking a million plus  
street value, easy.

(MORE)

JJ (CONT'D)

It won't be long before Robinson gets named the number one arms mover in South Florida. It's perfect.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Yeah, you said that already. Perfect.

Barclay throws his hands in the air, not convinced. He turns to Captain Foxx for support.

JJ

What do you think, boss?

Captain Foxx scratches his chin, ponders it all--

BARCLAY

Don't tell me you're giving this some thought.

CAPTAIN FOXX

(to JJ)

Where would we do it?

JJ

There's an abandoned processing plant off of Key Biscayne. It's a perfect set up.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Show me.

JJ flips open his personal laptop already rested atop Captain Foxx's desk. An aerial shot of the once booming but now out-of-business fishery and warehouse. It's basically a large refrigeration unit, now gutted on the inside, with multiple boat piers and inoperable weigh stations.

JJ

Robinson's men come in from the water. All the loads will be sitting there, waiting.

JJ aims at the sloping ramps of an eighteen-wheeler docking bay with a row of locked shutter doors.

JJ (CONT'D)

They can be in and out before security even knows what's happening.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Security?

JJ

Yeah. Our security. Handpicked.

JJ stares blankly at Captain Foxx, all but demanding his immediate response.

CAPTAIN FOXX

We follow through with the event as scheduled. Brown can make a surprise appearance. But no one, and I mean no one other than Robinson needs to know he's performing. That should keep the rioters at bay.

BARCLAY

Captain Foxx. I think you're making a mistake.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Get with Malloy. He'll be in charge of security.

Barclay sulks like a baby, turns away. And JJ loves every second of it.

CAPTAIN FOXX (CONT'D)

And don't mention anything about Brown or Robinson. As far as anyone knows, this is a simple decoy op. If he has any further questions, he can get with me directly.

JJ smiles, shuts his laptop and dips out. Barclay waits until he's long gone, out of sight.

BARCLAY

How do you still trust his judgement? He shouldn't be on the streets, let alone heading up your unit.

Captain Foxx is fairly disinterested as he locks up his desk drawers, throws on his sport coat, heads for the door. But Barclay stands firm. In his way.

CAPTAIN FOXX

He's impulsive. Irritating even. And he never shuts up. But he's got more felony collars than any two cops in Miami. It's because he takes risks where most cops wouldn't bother.



BARCLAY

Yeah, I noticed. Half the country  
is well aware of your Detective  
Baumbach's record.

CAPTAIN FOXX

We can either get behind him now or  
turn him loose where no one's  
watching. Your choice, Barclay.

Captain Foxx heads out. Barclay wilts in defeat.

INT. SPECIAL CASES BUREAU - STAIRS - NIGHT

JJ heads down the steps just as Captain Foxx appears at the  
top of the staircase.

CAPTAIN FOXX

You sure about this one, Baumbach?

With a tired way about him, JJ slowly heads back up, meets  
Captain Foxx somewhere in the middle.

JJ

These two idiots are gonna gun each  
other down in the streets. Brown's  
gonna learn real quick who his  
friends are.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Meaning Robinson will most likely  
have him killed by his own people.

JJ

We can't let it happen, boss.

CAPTAIN FOXX

You care about him. About Brown.

JJ thinks this over.

JJ

Yeah, I guess I do.

CAPTAIN FOXX

He's right, ya know. This could  
take an ugly turn. And I know  
you've had your share of those. So  
I'll leave the final decision up to  
you.

JJ takes a moment. And finally comes around.

JJ

What can I say? I'm a glutton for punishment.

Captain Foxx grins, nods. He's halfway to his office while JJ rests on the top steps, actually still unsure about all of it, and it shows.

CAPTAIN FOXX

I'll rally the troops!

JJ snaps out of it. He continues down.

JJ

And we're off!

EXT. PORT ESQUIVEL - JAMAICA - DAY

Regus and CHIEF CLARKE (50s), a proper Jamaican constabulary uniform and fitted hat, glide along the port docks as JAMAICAN CUSTOMS AGENTS in YELLOW SAFETY VESTS inspect row after row of shipping containers.

Mobile fork lift units pour in and out of the containers. Retrieving wooden crates of stateside goods.

A fleet of WHITE TOYOTA COROLLAS with POLICE LIGHTS align the dock's edge. Chief Clarke's official off-the-books escorts and personal handlers.

A large shipping dock crane continues to unload shipments from the immobile vessel.

It's all very official. Or so it seems.

Chief Clarke, in a thick Jamaican accent, goes over the game plan with Regus.

CHIEF CLARKE

Your materials will arrive here on schedule, of course. And they will be quickly seized and reappropriated by the proper authorities. My authority. I will personally oversee the handling and transportation of these materials.

REGUS

So many responsible for maintaining your security. So many hands involved. Forgive me if I seem a bit...overly cautious.

CHIEF CLARKE

As far as my people are concerned, we will be following the proper channels with regard to evidentiary procedure. Following these channels without question. There is no need to worry.

REGUS

And to whom do you answer, if I may ask, Chief Clarke?

CHIEF CLARKE

Ah, Mister Navarro. You are what they call in America...a straight shooter. And you do not trust me.

REGUS

I am understandably curious. As I said. There are many hands involved.

CHIEF CLARKE

You musn't worry about such tings, my friend. Your friends in the United States have made the proper arrangements. If tings go as planned, we will all be taken care of for many years to come. We musn't complicate such arrangements. Don't you agree?

Regus stops, asks him very directly--

REGUS

Why do you trust them? The Americans?

CHIEF CLARKE

Trust. And what tis dis trust you speak of? You are here, Mister Navarro, for one simple reason. It tis because they do not trust you. And I am here because they do not trust me.

(beat)

Do you understand dis?

Regus takes a moment. A simple nod.

REGUS

Yes. I understand.

CHIEF CLARKE

For everyting in life is a mere transaction. A mutual understanding waiting to be reached. The how's and the why's are not as important as we would believe them to be.

REGUS

You are a man without purpose. Or vision, Chief Clarke. I cannot allow myself to tink dis way. And I will not.

CHIEF CLARKE

Ah, but you must. The sooner you understand dis, the sooner you will find this peace you seek, Mister Navarro. Or you will continue down this path of blind hatred. Distrust in your government. And dis path is one of utter destruction.

Regus walks to the dock's edge, glares out at the open sea. He throws a glance over his shoulder, and back at--

LIVIA, awaiting him in the backseat of a vintage early eighties ROLLS ROYCE SILVER SPUR.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - BACKSEAT - MOVING - DAY

In the back seat, Regus sits with Livia, who is mid phone call with SCB. Her weekly routine progress report and exchange of information.

WILLIAM (20s), one of Chief Clarke's constables, behind the wheel as he personally escorts his cargo back to their private but temporary fortress.

LIVIA

Yeah, I will. I'll let him know.

(listens)

Yeah, you take care too. Watch yourself out there.

(listens)

Okay. We will.

Livia hangs up.

REGUS

What is it?

LIVIA

City Hall's got Special Cases doing damage control. Just waiting for this Daryl Brown thing to explode.

REGUS

I see. And anything else?

LIVIA

Our friend Agent Barclay's been butting heads with JJ. Over this prospective sit down between Lockwood's people and a low level arms trader named Taye Robinson. But they're working it out.

REGUS

So it appears to be coming together.

Livia nods.

LIVIA

Hayes says from the looks of things, Robinson's gonna be our guy in South Florida. But, like I said, they're still working out the details.

Regus halfheartedly nods, with little interest. But he's definitely honed in on Livia.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

What's on your mind? Something happen between you and Chief Clarke?

REGUS

How much has Hayes told you? About why we are here.

LIVIA

Hayes?

Livia shifts uncomfortably in her seat at the mere mention of Hayes' name. An almost flustered way about her. Regus quietly observes.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Hayes told me...that this would be as inside and deep as anyone's ever gone before. Getting results on a grand scale. The kind of results that save lives.

REGUS

And do you trust him?

LIVIA

Hayes? Yes. As a cop. A colleague. He's had mine and my unit's back for over seven years now. If he says this is the right play, then I have no choice but to believe him.

REGUS

And now you are having doubts.

Once again, Livia shifts in her seat, not all the way comfortable with this topic.

LIVIA

I believed in him. In his cause. To the point I got swept away by it. Right up until the point he put his pants back on and went out of his way to get me reassigned. Because I was quote...the only one he could trust.

REGUS

You loved him. And you feel he has somehow betrayed you.

LIVIA

It was never about love. He just made me feel like...things were coming together the way it was meant to. My life. Like it finally had purpose. A direction worth following. But that wasn't the truth.

REGUS

What was the truth?

LIVIA

He needed me to keep an eye on you. Because he knew I was the only one who could do it. Up close and personal.

(beat)

Getting the picture now?

REGUS

You think I used you. Like your friend Hayes.

LIVIA

Hey. Like Chief Clarke said, it's all one big transaction. No use in overcomplicating things by letting something stupid like feelings get involved.

Livia grows tired, irritated, stares out the window.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

But enough about all that. It's in the past.

Regus loses himself in thought. He's visibly bothered by this new development. Livia pretends not to notice or care... but can't keep her eyes off him.

REGUS

I am deeply sorry you feel this way, Olivia. Moving forward, I will try not to allow my feelings to get involved. If that is what you wish.

Beat.

LIVIA

Yeah. It is.

With reluctance, Regus nods in agreement.

REGUS

Then it's settled.

EXT. RED'S AIRCRAFT REPAIR - DUSK

Red and Duff watch on as an ENCLOSED CAR TRAILER lowers a gun metal gray CROWN VIC parked on a hydraulic lift. It reaches ground level as the DRIVER throws it in reverse...pulls away from the trailer.

And this is no ordinary Ford. It's fitted with an all RED LED LIGHT BAR and marked FIRST IN FLORIDA SECURITY. A recently financed dummy company.

Marks and Loco come out of an open airplane hangar. Loco with a cold beer and Marks picking what's left of dinner from his teeth.

Out of the Crown Vic steps Lockwood.

LOCKWOOD

Two more in the trailer. As promised. You should have little issue getting inside.

DUFF

Watchu mean should?

LOCKWOOD

All the proper arrangements have already been made with the city. First in Florida security will officially be handling crowd control. In conjunction with the Miami PD, of course.

Red squints, confused.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

Our friends in Special Cases just haven't gotten the memo. But they will. And will cooperate, as usual.

RED

How the hell did you manage that? If you don't mind me asking.

LOCKWOOD

The same as you gentlemen. I have like-minded friends on the inside who understand the importance of our mission. They have just as much invested as we do.

Marks laughs, twirls a toothpick as he circles the tricked out Crown Vic.

MARKS

In other words, he greased all the right palms.

LOCO

Yeah, no doubt.

LOCKWOOD

(to Marks)

It's the way of the world, I'm afraid.

(to all)

It doesn't really matter, does it? I did my part and got you in. The next steps are up to you.



EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - NIGHT

Large stadium style lights tower above a congested parking lot and a line of other cars parked up and down the surrounding streets.

FIRST IN FLORIDA SECURITY CARS, as well as MIAMI PD, align one full half of the road. Keeping all outside traffic from blowing through the crowd of concert ATTENDEES patiently waiting in line.

A BEAT COP patrols the line of people...eyes on the multiple carrying bags holding potential weapons.

At the head of this line...

A BANNER hangs between two street lights: TENTH ANNUAL KICKS FOR GUNS CHARITY EVENT.

The line of attendees pour into the warehouse lot and into the fishery itself. Another crew of UNIFORM COPS position themselves on each side of the line. Watching carefully as hundreds of legal and illegal firearms are carried into the makeshift arena.

JJ

...fitted in a ballcap, keeps a safe distance from the crowd but keeps a close eye on the attendees.

So far, no sign of Robinson.

JJ  
(into mic)  
How are we looking inside, guys?  
Talk to me.

CAPPELI (V.O.)  
Same as two minutes ago, JJ.

INT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - NIGHT

The several dozen concert attendees who have made their way inside are awaiting in one of four more lines. And these lines are also congested.

Each of these lines standing before a simple fold out table. Each of these tables occupied by members of the Dade County Sheriff's Department. All of them inspecting and securing the firearms presented before them.

Meantime--

A simple but effective SOUND STAGE is occupied by the first of several guest musical acts. A PAIR OF RAPPERS spit lyrics before a mostly young, thugged out crowd gathered near the center floor.

A METAL STAIRCASE leads us onto a railed second story full of now empty business offices. The offices of people who used to operate this now defunct warehouse.

But behind the glass of one of these offices, peeking through the slats of some cheap blinds stands CAPPELI. And she watches the crowd carefully.

INT. MCCALL'S FISHERY - UPSTAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT

Cappeli stands, arms folded, eyes focused. A few feet behind her is a complicated surveillance station with multiple windows opened. Basically, every possible corner of this warehouse covered. And most notably, the guests handing over their weapons to Miami PD.

JJ (V.O.)

I hear this is the biggest turnout they've ever seen. Almost twice the crowd from last year.

CAPPELI

(to JJ)

That's great, but it's getting crowded in here, JJ. A lot of guns. Last I checked, the cops weren't too popular with the Skootah Brown crowd.

JJ (V.O.)

You guys are killing me. Can you at least feign some enthusiasm? It's gonna work.

Cappeli sighs.

CAPPELI

Copy that. Over.

The sound of a TOILET FLUSHING.

Munz steps out of a private restroom, zips his fly. A half eaten donut shoved in his throat.

He rips it in half, chews and talks with a mouthful.

MUNZ

What kind of fish packing plant  
doesn't have running water?

CAPPELI

The kind that's no longer in  
operation.

Cappeli turns--

--finds Munz shoving what's left of his donut down his sugar  
glazed snack hole.

Cappeli grimaces.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

(to Munz)

Hey, shit fingers. Tell me you  
weren't eating donuts on the  
toilet.

MUNZ

Technically, it's a chocolate  
cruller, thank you.

(beat)

What did I miss?

Munz finds his chair behind the computer console, takes his  
seat and eyes the monitors.

CAPPELI

No sign of big fish. No pun  
intended.

He double clicks and ZOOMS IN on one of the downstairs  
tables. An array of impressive firearms laid out as  
the assigned OFFICER checks for shells.

MUNZ

Look at all that evidence going to  
waste. The irony.

Munz licks the chocolate icing from his fingertips.

Cappeli visibly nauseous. Munz notices.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

It was a number one, okay? Relax.

CAPPELI

Yeah, cuz that's way better.

From the second story walkway, Captain Foxx dips in and  
quickly shuts the door behind him.

CAPTAIN FOXX  
Brown's on his way. Any signs of  
Robinson's crew?

MUNZ  
Not yet, boss.

CAPTAIN FOXX  
(to Cappeli)  
Just to be on the safe side, take  
the mugbook and do one last sweep  
downstairs. Just in case they  
slipped passed the cameras.

Cappeli nods.

Captain Foxx's phone rings. He answers--

CAPTAIN FOXX (CONT'D)  
Yeah?  
(listens)  
Got it. We'll be ready.

From off of a deserted desktop, Cappeli snags up a thin black  
and white mugbook of Taye Robinson's most notable associates  
and partners in crime.

She heads for the door.

CAPTAIN FOXX (CONT'D)  
Cappeli...

Cappeli stops, looks back--

CAPTAIN FOXX (CONT'D)  
Brown just gave us a heads up.  
They're about ten minutes out.  
Keep those receiving doors clear  
and wait for JJ's signal. Just  
like we planned.

CAPPELI  
Got it.

Cappeli dips out. Captain Foxx locks the door behind her.

MUNZ  
I thought Robinson was a lock. Why  
would they risk exposure coming  
through the front if Brown's  
already got things set up  
backstage?

CAPTAIN FOXX

Because there's still a good chance  
Robinson smells this set-up a mile  
away.

MUNZ

Meaning he could already be here  
looking for us.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Looking for us. Or maybe looking  
for another way into those loading  
docks. And that's trouble we don't  
need.

From the computer console, Captain Foxx snags up a headset  
fitted with a mic, throws it on.

CAPTAIN FOXX (CONT'D)

(into his mic)

Attention, boys and girls.  
Remember what I said. If anyone  
other than PD makes a play for  
those doors, you take em down. And  
I mean fast. Do I get a copy?

(beat)

Malloy, do you read me?

CAPPELI (V.O.)

Copy that.

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - LOADING DOCKS -  
NIGHT

A pair of EIGHTEEN WHEELER SIZED TRAILERS are backed into the  
open loading docks. At the helm of these trailers, a pair of  
semi cabs sit unoccupied.

A FIRST IN FLORIDA SECURITY CAR circles the fishery with RED  
LED LIGHTS burning bright.

JJ appears around the side of the large warehouse, notices  
the car quietly making the rounds. Without thinking twice  
about it, he throws the driver a freindly salute.

THE BLACK DRIVER, whom we cannot identify under the disguise  
of a blue fitted cap, salutes him back.

INT. SECURITY CAR - NIGHT

The driver is actually Duff. And riding shotgun is Red. Both in First in Florida Security polos and matching ballcaps.

DUFF  
I thought this place was out of business.

RED  
Yeah, I see that. Just be cool.

Briefly, and without being too obvious, JJ glances back, throws a second look at the car. Red notices.

RED (CONT'D)  
Wait a second.

DUFF  
What?

RED  
Nothing. Never mind.

Red picks up a walkie--

RED (CONT'D)  
(into walkie)  
Marks. How's everything looking up there?

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Marks kneels behind the edge of the roof with the most wicked and powerful SNIPER'S RIFLE ever produced. Another superior piece of weaponry from Murlock Industries. Marks uses a swivel base to move the rifle side to side as he observes Biscayne Bay through an infrared scope.

The water is calm, empty, smooth.

MARKS (O.S.)  
Alls quiet on the waterfront.

Marks continues to search the open waters...

Somewhere in the near distance comes Taye Robinson's very own high-performance speed boat. A super lean, mean, and wildly decorated wave breaking machine full of his armed to the teeth SOLDIERS.

MARKS (CONT'D)

Hold that thought, fellas.  
Company's on its way. About three  
minutes out.

RED (V.O.)

We're on our way.

EXT. ROBINSON'S BOAT - MOVING - NIGHT

Robinson and three of his SOLDIERS, all taking the safeties off of their easily concealable but high capacity automatic weapons, stand with Skootah...looking a bit uneasy but mostly cool and composed.

All three hide their weapons under some matching trenchcoats.

ROBINSON

(to Skootah)

Remember what I said. After tonight, we're good. But I see those docks light up, I'm gonna light you up. You understand me?

SKOOTAH

Yeah. Just be cool, man. It's all taken care of.

ROBINSON

Yeah. It better be. Damn sure better be.

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - BAYSIDE DOCKS - NIGHT

It's the only side of the warehouse actually facing Biscayne Bay. And there are no cars, people or any other signs of life in the vicinity.

Robinson's boat barely visible on the horizon.

The First in Florida Security Car shuts down it's Red LED roof lights and comes to a halt.

Out jumps Red...hauling a backpack and some sort of handheld detonator. He humps it up a long boat pier, crouches beside one of the wooden posts.

Red refers to his handheld. A digital readout clocks Robinson's boat at 1.5 KILOMETERS.

RED  
(into walkie)  
Less than a mile out. Position two  
secured. Duff. Where are you?

DUFF (V.O.)  
Copy that. Position three secured.

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Using his infrared scope, Marks follows Robinson's boat as it draws closer and closer...exposing the identity of tonight's surprise guest: Skootah Brown.

Marks eyes light up.

MARKS  
Fuck is this shit?

RED (V.O.)  
Marks. On my signal.

A long silence.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Marks, do you copy?

MARKS  
Copy that. Over.

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - LOADING DOCKS - NIGHT

Duff carefully hides his First in Florida Security Car on the down slope of a third, unused loading dock. The two trailers loaded down with weapons occupy the other two.

But he's officially out of eye's sight.

Duff crawls out, armed with not one but two high-capacity machine pistols. A backpack slung over his shoulder.

He stays low to the ground as he ducks under the dark belly of the long semi-trailer. He reaches in his bag, retrieves a large plastic explosive of sorts. One fitted with an old style clock and timer.



INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

JJ sits in the back of the undercover police van with MALLOY (30s), steroidal and humorless head of the S.R.T. (Special Respons Team). Malloy is dressed like a bare-chested, neo-nazi biker in a sleeveless vest.

JJ  
You just bring some clothes from home, did you?

MALLOY  
You're a funny guy, Baumbach. So funny I can barely stand it.

On a simple laptop, the two cops watch LIVE VIDEO FEED of Robinson's boat dancing across the water and drawing dangerously close to the rear boat docks.

JJ  
Alright, Slim. We're less than a minute out. You better get going.

MALLOY  
(into a walkie)  
Alright, Washington. One minute out. Meet you stage right. And be gentle. No cheap shots neither.

Malloy swings open the sliding door, leaps out.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
Never dream of it, Sarge. Over.

MALLOY  
(to JJ)  
Baumbach. Don't fuck this up. We're all counting on you.

JJ  
A little late for pep talks, ain't it, Malloy?

Malloy throws him a hard stare. He's not a fan.

JJ blows him a kiss, slides the door closed.

Meantime--

Duff fits the second explosive charge onto the second rig's undercarriage.

INT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - NIGHT

The lively crowd mostly gather near the sound stage as the next hip-hop act gets the crowd jumping.

WASHINGTON is a real standout as he towers over most of the average sized attendees. He is undercover in an oversized basketball jersey and all ten of his fat fingers blinged out with flash jewelry.

A petite but scantily clad WHITE GIRL with braided hair and short shorts grinds her ass into his junk as Washington rests a simple hand on her hip. This is BRANDI, aka OFFICER BIANCHI, robbery stakeout.

Malloy's eyes bulge as he plays up the part of the angry white biker about to cause the first big scene of the evening. He rudely pushes his way through the crowd but no one here's crazy enough to stop him.

Some cursing here and there. But that's where it stops.

Brandi spots him coming.

BRANDI

(to Malloy)

Take it easy, Mickey! Don't be starting shit!

MALLOY

Fuck is this?!

WASHINGTON

What the fuck is you?! Better step back with that shit!

Much of the crowd's attention has suddenly shifted from the bumping beats of the stage to a most awkward stand-off between these two incredibly large men.

As more and more take notice...the crowd begins to shift and split...giving the two men their space in case shit goes sideways. And it's looking that way.

MIAMI PD, in Uniform, cover every end of this crowd as some actually attempt to intervene.

Most of the room now huddled together, curious, all eyes on Washington and Malloy, ready for shit to go down.

Some pushing and shoving ensues. And then...

It's a full out, bare knuckle brawl as the two cops exchange some brutal swats.

And then quickly ending up on the floor, rolling around, taking turns putting each other in head and leg locks.

Miami PD attempts to keep the crowds back. But the louder they growl, the bigger the crowd gets. All eyes are on Washington and Malloy.

Chanting. Rooting. Even taking sides.

Meantime--

Munz and Cappeli block a pair of swinging doors that lead into the receiving area.

CAPPELI  
Area secured.

INT. MCCALL'S FISHERY - UPSTAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT

Captain Foxx watches the monitor as Munz and Cappeli stand firm at the double doors.

CAPTAIN FOXX  
Okay, Daryl. We're all clear on this end. You got about five minutes. Make it fast.

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - BAYSIDE DOCKS - NIGHT

Red still crouched behind the wooden post. A detonator still in hand...ready to press the trigger.

Robinson's boat maybe sixty yards out.

Red presses the trigger.

An M-9 floater EXPLODES within feet of the boat, throwing them off course. And now attempting to retreat.

ROBINSON  
Get us outta here!

SKOOTAH  
(to Captain Foxx)  
Shit, man! Hey! Yo, Foxx! Get me outta this!

CAPTAIN FOXX (V.O.)  
Daryl?

ROBINSON  
(to Skootah)  
Fuck are you talking to?

Skootah scared to death. One of Robinson's crew reaches for their weapon---

But the boat gets caught in its own wake as Robinson spots something strange drifting their direction:

A second M-9 floater device. But it's too late to change course as they bounce on top of it.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)  
Hey! Watch out!

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - BAYSIDE DOCKS - NIGHT

Once again, Red presses the trigger...

KABOOM!

Robinson and his men, along with Skootah, are blown to utter smithareens. There's simply nothing left.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

On a LIVE VIDEO FEED:

JJ spots Robinson, and most importantly, his trusted informant, get blown up by an unknown force.

JJ  
Daryl! Shit, man!

He quickly slides open the door, leaps out.

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - LOADING DOCKS - NIGHT

JJ checks the immediate area. Still quiet. He's all alone. Or so he thinks.

Before JJ can pull his gun, Duff presses his machine pistol into the small of his back. The other pressed against the back of JJ's skull.

DUFF

Not so fast. Get your ass on the ground. Only got time to say that once.

JJ

Okay okay. I'm doing it.

With his hands in the air, JJ kneels down. Duff swiftly kicks him in the back...tosses his own cuffs on the pavement before JJ's eyes.

DUFF

Cuff your wrist. Then put em behind your back.

Duff leaves a few RAPID FIRE SHOTS on the pavement as SPARKS FLY and otherwise blind JJ.

DUFF (CONT'D)

Do it now!

JJ

Okay. You got it.

JJ clasps his left wrist. Then places both wrists behind his back as Duff wastes little time. And he clasps them tighter than tight. JJ winces in pain.

And Duff tears ass up the flight of stairs and into the rear employee entrance.

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - BAYSIDE DOCKS - NIGHT

A whole army of SKI DOOS, piloted by Robinson's men, come out of nowhere, from every and all possible directions, headed for the boat pier. All of the men with automatic weapons strapped to their backs.

Red retreats up the pier, back toward the warehouse.

RED

Take em out!

From behind the protection of an inoperable fish weighing station pops up LOCO. Branding a military grade GRENADE LAUNCHER. He quickly lights up the waters surrounding the onslaught of ski doos.

GIANT BURSTS OF WATER cause a major shift in current.

Robinson's army duck for cover. Some retreat. Others stay on course.

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

With a quick and cool precision, Marks takes aim...damn near blows apart the bodies of Robinson's crew. One victim at a time. Arms and heads removed from torsos.

Corpses fall limp in the ocean.

Unmanned ski doos drift off course.

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - BAYSIDE DOCKS - NIGHT

Loco spots one headed his direction. A whole slew of grenades takes it apart.

A final ski doo is close to reaching the pier. As it bounces roughly on the water in regular intervals...

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Marks takes aim at the ski's exposed underbelly. Squeezes the kill shot.

BOOM! It's blown into a hundred pieces.

So much for Robinson and crew.

MARKS

All clear.

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - LOADING DOCKS - NIGHT

JJ squirms on the pavement...helpless...mad as hell...humiliated.

JJ

Oh, come on! Help me!

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Marks collects his weapon, throws it over his shoulder and quickly but calmly heads for a fire escape.

Down the ladder he goes.

INT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - RECEIVING AREA - NIGHT

Our two eighteen wheeler trailers are parked at the receiving docks with their rear doors exposed as Miami PD loads them full of locally seized weapons.

In rushes Duff with his TWO MACHINE PISTOLS blasting away at the ceiling and causing our THREE VOLUNTEER COPS to immediately kiss the floor.

DUFF

Everybody be cool and no one get hurt! This ain't about you! Don't be a hero!

One cop at a time, Duff collects their sidearms, tosses them aside while keeping a close eye on the swinging doors that lead into the main warehouse.

He turns his attention to a large stainless steel door that leads into an inoperable freezer.

DUFF (CONT'D)

Now! I'm gonna need everybody to get up slowly and move their ass into that freezer! The first one to look me in the eye gets their head blown off!

All three cops comply. All keeping their hands pressed against the back of their heads.

DUFF (CONT'D)

Move it!

The three cops reluctantly step inside the now gutted-out warehouse freezer. All three turn and watch as Duff shuts the door in their faces.

Duff races to the back of the first loading dock. The trailer absolutely loaded down with trunks and crates full of seized firearms.

DUFF (CONT'D)

Beautiful.

Munz cracks open the double doors, pokes his head in. He and Duff make eye contact.

MUNZ

What the hell?

(to Duff)

Hey!

Duff reduces the rubber doors to swiss cheese as Munz quickly ducks down...kisses the floor.

Duff bolts out the rear door.

Cappeli carefully pops her head in, spots Munz on the floor.

CAPPELI

What happened? Where's Brown?

MUNZ

Someone got a surprise invite!  
Call for backup!

Munz draws his pistol, hurries for the back door. Now chasing after Duff.

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - LOADING DOCKS - NIGHT

Duff chases down the short flight of steps...back onto the rear loading docks. He fixes his attention on the two loaded down eighteen wheelers.

He reaches into his backpack, pulls out a detonator. A gleeful grin just before flicking the switch.

KABOOM!

The first trailer is INCINERATED.

Coming off the rear entrance steps, Munz stumbles, collapses on the pavement. Hands over his ears.

And then the second trailer...

KABOOM!

No more Robinson. No more Skootah Brown. No more guns.

The First in Florida Security Car comes to a swift stop before Duff. Now it's Red behind the wheel.

Duff jumps in the passenger seat.

Marks finishes climbing off the fire escape, darts across the empty lot...crawls in the backseat.

Red pops the trunk.

And last but not least...Loco throws his grenade launcher in the opened trunk, shuts it, jumps in the back with Marks.



And off they go.

Munz gets upright, watches as the Security Car cuts a hard corner, makes for the front of the warehouse.

INT. SECURITY CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

As Red and company burn through the now inoperable front business gate at high speed...

JJ pops up from inside the security cubicle...just in time to identify our players in the car.

Red and JJ lock eyes. And both with an utterly shocked and sickened look on their faces.

RED

Baumbach.

JJ

Red.

JJ leaps into the cubicle...barely avoids being run down.

Red and company snap the flimsy wooden security gate and are back on the road. Out of there.

The sound of MIAMI PD SIRENS CLOSING IN. But not close enough.

With his hands still cuffed behind his back, JJ barely manages to get upright.

He's out of breath. And mad. And his big play just turned out to be a giant pile of shit.

EXT. MCCALL'S FISHERY AND PACKAGING PLANT - BAYSIDE DOCKS - NIGHT

JJ stands at the end of the pier...pitiful...full of shame and regret. He stares off, into the surrounding bay, now blanketed with plexi glass, boat parts and a whole slew of POLICE PATROL BOATS searching for survivors.

A NEWS HELO searches the bay with a spotlight as the KICKS FOR GUNS EVENT makes the 11 o'clock news. But for all the wrong reasons.

JJ looks to the docks to find a SWARM OF POLICE CARS with LIGHTS SPINNING RED AND BLUE. He also finds Captain Foxx coordinating with Malloy, Brandi and a whole crew of UNDERCOVER OFFICERS.

Malloy staring straight at him, shaking his head with a burning hot disgust.

JJ looks away.

Munz squatted on the dock. He's also looking deflated. Pissed off. Hovering over him, Cappeli paces the dock. Anxiously cracks her knuckles.

MUNZ

Could you stop that?

CAPPELI

It's either this or slap the shit out of JJ.

MUNZ

Hey. I won't stop you.

JJ faces them--

JJ

I heard that.

MUNZ

Good!

JJ

I appreciate the support, guys. Thanks. After all we've been through and all.

All of their attention drawn to--

A hopping mad Barclay charging their direction. A long-faced Hayes trailing shortly behind him.

MUNZ

Here we go with this shit.

BARCLAY

Baumbach!

With his hands stuffed in his pockets, JJ halfheartedly moves up the pier. Meets them halfway.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Who were they? How did this happen?

JJ

How the hell should I know?

BARCLAY

That's real cute. But it doesn't change the fact that you were left in charge of security, Detective. So I'll ask again. Why weren't these docks secured?

JJ

First in Florida Security.

BARCLAY

What?

JJ

Maybe you should ask them. I never okayed a private security detail. So who did?

Captain Foxx comes up the pier. Barclay turns, throws him an equally disgusted look. Then, back to JJ.

BARCLAY

It's a city wide event. Sponsored and coordinated by the city. It was your job to coordinate who comes and goes, Baumbach. Not mine.

Barclay spins around--

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

(to Captain Foxx)

And you. You were supposed to watch him like a hawk. Maybe you can explain what went down here.

Captain Foxx grows annoyed with his posturing, takes a few steps forward. JJ intervenes.

JJ

It was pretty obvious what went down. Some outside players got invited to the party by mistake.

(to Hayes)

Wonder how that happened.

Hayes watches Barclay closely. A look of suspicion. Captain Foxx notices.

BARCLAY

If there's a poison pill in this operation, it's you, Detective. And what you...talked your Captain into here.

CAPTAIN FOXX  
Meaning what, Barclay?

BARCLAY  
You need me to break it down for you? You and your...unit here...are not only responsible for killing the biggest arms dealer in South Florida but torching over two million dollars worth of weapons.

Munz and Cappeli getting madder by the second.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)  
Can't help but find the timing of all this interesting.

JJ  
The timing?

CAPTAIN FOXX  
What're you talking about?

BARCLAY  
The murder of Daryl Brown's girlfriend for one. Your unit being directly involved in orchestrating that little spec op.

CAPPELI  
That's pretty shitty if you don't mind me saying.

MUNZ  
Yeah, no kidding.

BARCLAY  
The facts are, someone still has to swing for Brown's girl. And for what almost happened with Brown. Special Cases is looking at a whole slew of internal investigations. Ask anyone.

JJ  
I'm not sure I get your point.

BARCLAY  
My point? Maybe your Captain Foxx here decided it was a whole helluva lot cheaper and less costly to the department, and the city, to cut and run.

(MORE)

BARCLAY (CONT'D)  
 Maybe cut himself a little side  
 deal with his new friend Mister  
 Brown, the martyr himself.

MUNZ  
 Piece of shit. Watch who you're  
 talking to.

Munz charges after him. JJ has to physically restrain him.

JJ  
 Whoa whoa. He ain't worth it.

BARCLAY  
 (to Captain Foxx)  
 Secure your Detective, Captain.

CAPTAIN FOXX  
 Just give him some space, Barclay.  
 Back off.

CAPPELI  
 Bobby. You too. Just back off.

JJ  
 Listen to her, Bobby. It ain't  
 worth it.

MUNZ  
 Yeah? Why not?

JJ  
 Because I'm gonna hit him.

JJ lets him go, turns and absolutely DECKS Barclay across the  
 mouth...dropping him like a bag of cement.

Bleeding from the mouth and nose, Barclay struggles to get  
 upright. Hayes helps him to his feet.

BARCLAY  
 You're history, kiddo. You and  
 your unit. All of you. You're  
 out.

CAPTAIN FOXX  
 JJ, get the fuck out of here.

JJ happily tears ass out of there. No looking back.

CAPTAIN FOXX (CONT'D)  
 (to Munz and Cappeli)  
 Get him out of here. Both of you.

Munz and Cappeli also leave. Hayes watches what were once his three closest allies leave without a word. A true look of sadness and regret.

BARCLAY

(to Hayes)

I don't want Special Cases near this thing. You understand me, Hayes? Keep him on a leash.

But Hayes is barely listening. His heart is still with Special Cases.

HAYES

Yeah.

BARCLAY

(to Captain Foxx)

I want his badge and gun. For good this time. Or I'm officially charging him with assault on a Federal Agent.

CAPTAIN FOXX

I'll pass along the message.

BARCLAY

You do that.

Barclay heads out.

EXT. THE ALL NITE CAFE - NIGHT

Hayes's car arrives at the seemingly closed establishment. Most of the slatted blinds have been shut and all the lights inside are off.

With confusion, Hayes moves for the front door. He gives a good, loud knock.

After a few moments...

Munz opens the door, steps aside.

MUNZ

We're all here.

Hayes steps inside.

INT. THE ALL NITE CAFE - NIGHT

Hayes follows Munz toward an old-fashioned lunch counter. Cappeli squatted on one of the stools. THE NIGHT MANAGER refills their half-empty coffees.

JJ, with a cigarette, pacing the tile floor.

HAYES  
Where's Foxx?

MUNZ  
This isn't for him.

HAYES  
Why?

JJ  
Why do you think? City Hall's gonna put the pressure on to shut us down. After that, forget it.

HAYES  
And I'm here why? You guys know something we didn't know an hour ago?

JJ  
I know who did this.

Hayes checks Munz, and then Cappeli. Behind Cappeli, the Night Manager leans on the counter, listens in on their convo.

HAYES  
(to Night Manager)  
Do you mind maybe going outside?  
Giving us a minute?

NIGHT MANAGER  
Umm. Yeah, sure. Help yourself to whatever.

The Night Manager swings open the countertop, heads for the front door. Hayes locks it behind him.

HAYES  
Alright. Hell are you talking about?

JJ  
The guys who pulled that job. The guy driving that car. I know him.

HAYES

And you're just now saying something? What am I missing?

MUNZ

He's dirty, Hayes.

HAYES

Who?

JJ

Who do you think? Your buddy Agent Barclay. I didn't say anything because he's involved. I know he is.

HAYES

Yeah, because I should trust your judgement at this point.

CAPPELI

Lionel, would you just shut up and listen to him for once! You owe us at least that!

Hayes sighs, gives up.

HAYES

Okay, I'm listening.

JJ

His name's Terry Jackson. Uncle Red. He knew my old man. Janx used to talk about him all the time. He was like his hero or something.

HAYES

Janx?

JJ

Jancowicz. Our old Lieutenant. Him and my old man. And Uncle Red. They all enlisted together. Or so the story goes. Dad and Janx joined the force while Red went another direction.

HAYES

Okay. Uncle Red. And what was he doing there?



JJ

I don't know. But what I do know is he's no killer. If him and his team were there, he got fed some bad intel. This guy bleeds red, white and blue.

HAYES

His team? What team? Are we talking mercenaries here?

JJ

For like fifteen years or something, Red and his crew did recon for the government. Like crazy, suicide missions. Rescuing missionaries. The kind no one outside a few suits in Washington even know about. Off the books type shit.

HAYES

Okay, okay. I get it. So what?

JJ

Two years ago in El Salvador, Red and his team saved a whole school yard full of kids taking fire from a sniper. They were unarmed. Saved every one of them but Red's team were all killed. This guy's like G.I. Joe, for real. No way he's working for the other side.

HAYES

Munz says this guy almost blew his head off. Maybe this new crew of his talked him into a new line of work. Something a little less hazardous and a lot more lucrative.

MUNZ

He's got a point, JJ.

JJ

But he didn't shoot Bobby. Besides Robinson and company, they didn't kill anyone.

MUNZ

(to Hayes)

Another good point.

CAPPELI

What about Daryl Brown? They sure  
as hell killed him. Didn't they?  
You forget about him?

MUNZ

And yet another good point.  
(to JJ)  
Back to you, JJ.

CAPPELI

(to Munz)  
Bobby, would you shut up a sec!

MUNZ

Sorry. I'm gonna take a piss.  
Maybe fuck myself while I'm in  
there.

Munz gives up, heads for the men's room.

CAPPELI

Yeah, do that. Remember to wash  
after.

MUNZ

Yeah yeah yeah.

JJ

(to Cappeli)  
Hell are you two talking about? Is  
this a lover's quarrel I'm  
witnessing?

From across the diner--

MUNZ

(to JJ)  
Don't be jealous!

CAPPELI

It's nothing. So what about Brown?

JJ

I'm telling you, as far as Uncle  
Red knew, Brown was dirty. Just  
like Robinson.

CAPPELI

(to Hayes)  
So what do you think?

HAYES

I don't. I'm still processing it all. Gimme a minute.

JJ

(to Hayes)

Something stinks here, Hayes. And it all comes back to your Agent Barclay. He's not telling us everything.

HAYES

So you saw this Red Jackson. But did he see you?

JJ nods.

JJ

If I know anything about Uncle Red, he'll be in touch. Believe me, he was just as surprised tonight as we were.

HAYES

Alright. So we wait for the call. And I'm gonna be there when he does. Until then, Special Cases is officially out. And you stay as far away from the station as possible.

Munz returns from the men's room, wiping his hands dry on the front of his slacks.

MUNZ

No argument there. If I even see Barclay, I'll lose it. Right then and there.

HAYES

Even more reason to let Barclay do his thing. Meantime, I'll try to keep him distracted.

(beat)

Go home. All of you. You look like hell.

Hayes heads for the door. Cappeli chases after him.

MUNZ

Yeah. We love you too.

EXT. THE ALL NITE CAFE - NIGHT

Hayes is almost to his car before Cappeli finally catches up.

CAPPELI

Hayes.

HAYES

Yeah, what is it?

CAPPELI

You've got to pull her out of there. If there's a leak, it's only a matter of time before they reach Livia.

HAYES

I'm on the first plane. Even if I have to bind and gag her, she's coming home. Meantime, keep an eye on these guys. Bobby too. They're making me nervous.

CAPPELI

I'm serious. She got back into this because of me.

HAYES

It wasn't all just you. Believe me.

CAPPELI

Yeah, I heard.

Hayes chuckles.

HAYES

You heard, huh?

CAPPELI

Girls talk.

HAYES

Yeah, right.

CAPPELI

Promise me, Hayes. Promise you'll get her home.

Hayes gives it some thought.

HAYES

Yeah. I promise. Get on home now. Get some rest.

He dips in his car. A dead serious Cappeli watches him leave, never breaking eye contact.

EXT. NAVARRO'S FORTRESS - DAY

An impressive multi-million dollar estate popping with bright colors and the wild, cultural flare of a true artist's personal respect for local history.

The faces of prominent Jamaican figures and powerful local influencers are painted on the stucco walls that line the estate's long, winding driveway.

On the roof stands Livia. In a colorfully designed, two-piece lounging suit and her hair still in braids. Looking like she's a part of this place.

Behind her is a rooftop pool deck, full tiki bar and a most impressive set of lounging furniture. The Caribbean itself in full view. Just beyond a small section of jungle that surrounds the property.

As Livia sips a tall, cold drink, she notices a beat-up, old Jamaican taxi climbing the ultra-winding driveway. Its whipped engine is a dead giveaway.

Livia watches as the taxi stops near the door. Out steps Hayes looking incognito in a beach shirt and some white slacks.

LIVIA

I don't believe this.

Livia backs away from the roof.

INT. NAVARRO'S FORTRESS - REAR PORCH AREA - DAY

Hayes takes in the tropical scenery of the enclosing jungles towering above the home. As well as the private dirt road starting at the porch and stopping at the ocean.

Meanwhile, Livia stands behind a wet bar, fixes them both a tall, stiff drink with ice.

LIVIA

You must be crazy just showing up here.

HAYES

Well, you got nothing to worry about there because you're coming back with me. Today.

LIVIA

Just like that, huh? Three months in. Another two putting this thing together. I'm supposed to be okay with that?

Livia hands him his drink. And she's wasting little time slamming hers down.

HAYES

I'm not asking you to be okay with it. With any of it. But that's our orders. Special Cases is out. That means you. So listen to me a second.

LIVIA

Oh, I'm listening.

Livia heads back to the bar for a refill. Hayes watches with concern as she frantically chucks ice into her glass and pours another triple shot. A splash of juice for a bit of color. But just a splash.

HAYES

How long have you been doing that?

LIVIA

Never mind that. You were saying?

Hayes joins her at the bar.

HAYES

We know there's a leak. A big one. And I'm not taking anymore unneeded risks as far as you're concerned. Or with any of you, for that matter.

LIVIA

There it is again. You're the one taking all the risks. Forgetting about what I got invested here.

HAYES

I got just as much invested.

LIVIA

Cruz is personally sending in one of his top men tomorrow. Guess you heard about it.

HAYES

Yeah, I heard.

LIVIA

He's been in talks with Regus for over a month now. Talking about making some serious purchases. Alvarro Cruz. The man himself. Remember him?

Hayes sighs.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

We've been after this guy for over a year now. We're right there and now you wanna walk away.

HAYES

They can take it from here, Liv. They don't need you. They don't need me. Never did. So let's cut our losses now while we still got a chance to be free from this thing. It's too dangerous here.

Livia puts the glass to her lips. But before she can take her first sip, she grows disgusted with herself, pours it straight down the sink.

LIVIA

You know, they say Cruz is ranked number three in the world for human traffickers. Third. And he's still out there. Operating. Why? Because he's just way too useful to be rotting away in prison where he belongs.

HAYES

It's more complicated than that.

LIVIA

Is it? The way I see it, we got one last play at nailing this bastard. One last shot at me actually doing some fucking good. For once in my life. Yeah. Am I taking a lot of risks being here with Navarro? Dealing with these people? Yeah. But I'd rather die here than go home and deal with the fact that I quit. Again. I can't quit anymore, Lionel. Not now. Not after going this far.

Hayes pops a squat at the bar.

HAYES  
How about a shot.

LIVIA  
Of what?

HAYES  
How about some of that local rum.

Livia pours him a good double shot, hands him the glass.  
Hayes slams it down.

HAYES (CONT'D)  
What am I supposed to tell Cappeli  
when I show up empty handed? That  
you were just doing the right  
thing?

LIVIA  
Tell them...I'm doing what I have  
to. Just like her and Bobby and JJ  
are doing what they gotta do. No  
different.

Hayes shakes his head, nervously spins his shot glass in his  
fingers, strangely silent. All out of speeches. Livia snags  
up the glass, rests it in the sink.

LIVIA (CONT'D)  
You better get going. He'll be  
back soon.

Hayes nods. He's on his way out but stops--

HAYES  
Oh by the way...

Hayes digs out a folded paper, offers it to Livia. She  
accepts.

HAYES (CONT'D)  
Remember Yvette Peron? Regus's ex  
squeeze?

Livia waits, confused--

HAYES (CONT'D)  
Twelve years ago, Cruz sent her  
through the pipeline. Strung out.  
Beat up and used up before her  
sixteenth birthday. Regus helped  
get her cleaned up. She ID'd a  
whole crew of dirty cops for IAD.  
All taking kickbacks.



LIVIA  
Peron was an informant?

HAYES  
For Navarro, this thing with Cruz  
is even more personal than we first  
thought. So just be careful.

LIVIA  
How did you find this?

HAYES  
JJ's been doing some digging.  
Obsessing really. For about eight  
years now. He's a good cop. And  
he's worried about you. We all  
are.

LIVIA  
I'll talk to him. If it feels  
wrong, I'll leave. But it's gonna  
have to be my choice, Lionel.

HAYES  
Deal.

Hayes heads for the door, stops--

HAYES (CONT'D)  
Look. Just for the record, I never  
meant to...

LIVIA  
Yeah, you did. But it doesn't  
matter now. Be safe out there,  
okay, Hayes?

HAYES  
Yeah. You too.

Hayes offers her a lukewarm smile, dips back inside. Livia  
almost breaks down but composes herself. She wipes away  
her tears, sucks in a deep breath.

EXT. NAVARRO'S FORTRESS - AIRFIELD - DAY

A small aircraft hangar sits on the outskirts of this  
sprawling property.

A narrow landing strip cuts straight through the jungle.

Livia crosses the grassy lawn, notices the hangar door has been cracked open. She stops a moment, sucks in one last breath before continuing on.

A lone FIGURE roams about inside.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

Regus finishes covering an A1-50 DRONE with a canvas tarp. It's just one of THREE. Behind these giant drones are wooden crates full of military grade weapons. All marked MURLOCK INDUSTRIES. It's more than enough to take over a small, third world country.

Livia stands firm, arms folded. Quiet. Regus turns to find her waiting.

REGUS

I take it your Agent Hayes has found his way back to the airport safely?

LIVIA

You're gonna kill him, aren't you? That's what this whole thing was about. Revenge for your girlfriend. It's time to come clean.

REGUS

I suppose there is no more use in hiding my true intentions, Olivia. Not now. You belong with him. And with your friends back home. It is exactly what you think it is. Now you have it.

Livia moves further inside. Right in Regus's personal space, demanding his attention.

LIVIA

So how were you planning on doing it? Just waiting for his plane to land and you walk up and put one between his eyes?

REGUS

Maybe not quite that simple. But something like this. Yes.

Regus moves further into the hangar, away from Livia. But she's not letting him off that easy.

LIVIA

JJ was right. I should have never trusted you.

REGUS

I never lied to you.

LIVIA

Yeah, you kind of did. Not telling me why you came here is the same as lying.

REGUS

I was wrong, Olivia. About our purpose here. About these things we were meant to accomplish. These things are beyond us. I see that now. I've been searching for reason when there is none. Convincing myself that I have some higher purpose.

LIVIA

And yet you told me whatever you had to to keep me here. Right by your side like some kind of cheap trophy you won from Hayes.

Regus rubs his hand across the belly of the A1-50. As if he's obsessed with his newfound power. Unable to let go of it for good.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Maybe you were hoping I'd tell you it was okay to blow Cruz's brains out. Just like the good, submissive girlfriend. Or maybe you thought I'd want it just as bad as you.

REGUS

You do not?

LIVIA

Yes. But not like this. I'm not like you. I'm not ready to throw away the rest of my life.

REGUS

I understand. Hayes is leaving. If you are fast, you can still make your flight.

LIVIA

I'm not gonna let you kill  
yourself, Regus. That's exactly  
what's gonna happen if you go  
through with this.

REGUS

So what now?

LIVIA

I'm blowing the whistle to Hayes.  
After your little meeting tomorrow,  
we're out of this. I don't care  
how. But we're out. Both of us.

Livia heads out. Regus left to his own devices. He turns,  
observes the couple billion in state of the art military  
defense, all at his fingertips.

EXT. JJ'S HOUSEBOAT - BISCAYNE INLET - DUSK

Cappeli stands on the outside deck, watches the sun slowly  
fade on the peaceful horizon. Hayes rolls open a sliding  
glass door, joins her.

HAYES

I'm giving it another hour and  
heading out.

CAPPELI

I get it. Barclay must be blowing  
up your phone.

HAYES

No. Not if he's smart, he won't.  
If he really is dirty like JJ says  
he is, he's still regrouping.  
Coming up with a whole new game  
plan.

CAPPELI

I'm surprised this guy still hasn't  
called.

HAYES

I don't know. I think JJ might be  
overestimating this guy's loyalty.

CAPPELI

When did Liv say she'd be home? I  
mean, she is coming home, right,  
Lionel?

HAYES

Yeah. About that. Apparently, the Chief down there got the memo about her coming back. He was given instructions not to let her leave the island. By any and all means necessary.

CAPPELI

What does that mean?

HAYES

It means she's under orders. It's not gonna be as easy as just picking up and leaving.

CAPPELI

Did you say something? Did you talk to Barclay?

HAYES

Of course not.

CAPPELI

Then what happened?

HAYES

As of last night, Special Cases involvement was officially suspended. Barclay must've known I went down there. To try to bring her back.

CAPPELI

She could be in danger, Lionel. Especially if Barclay's pulling the strings.

HAYES

I know. We're working on it. I promise you.

But Cappeli isn't convinced and scoffs with disgust.

INT. JJ'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

The inside of this place could pass as a tiki bar rife with Jimmy Buffet concert tour posters, Parrot Bay bar mirrors and other personal touches of a true beach bum's nautically themed bachelor pad.

JJ stands practically frozen, arms folded, staring down at an old-style conference phone and receiver. Munz sprawled out on the couch, watching JJ with great amusement.

MUNZ

How long have you been standing there like that?

JJ

Since I got back. Why?

MUNZ

What if you gotta use the bathroom?

JJ

Yeah, Bobby. I've been pissing and shitting my pants this whole time. You found me out.

Cappeli and Hayes dip back in.

CAPPELI

Sorry to interrupt this battle of the wits. But I think I'm gonna head out.

JJ

It's okay. I know you're tired. Hungry. Sick of the sight of me. I get it.

Cappeli nods. Munz left with a dumb grin.

JJ (CONT'D)

Don't everyone disagree all at once.

And finally...

The PHONE RINGS. JJ almost falls over his own feet, checks the CALLER ID: UNKNOWN NUMBER

JJ (CONT'D)

Unknown number.

It continues to RING.

HAYES

He's blocking the trace. Go on. Answer it.

JJ sucks in a breath, answers:

JJ

Hello?

A long silence. Some faint breathing on the other line.  
Hayes presses record on a secondary device.

RED (V.O.)

Took you long enough, kid. Was  
about to give up.

JJ

Uncle Red. Long time. How long's  
it been? About twenty something  
years now?

RED (V.O.)

Something like that.

JJ

Missed you at Janx's funeral.

RED (V.O.)

Yeah, about that. I was working.  
Just couldn't make it back in time.  
But I appreciate you reaching out  
just the same.

JJ

Yeah, I get it. Uncle Red was out  
saving the world as usual.

JJ grins back at Cappeli, now practically hanging over his  
shoulder, and Munz, now on the edge of the couch and super  
anxious.

RED (V.O.)

I take it you're not alone, kid.

JJ

That's correct. I'm here with  
Detectives Munz and Cappeli. And  
Special Agent Hayes. I know you  
remember him.

RED (V.O.)

Oh, yes. Of course. Janx told me  
some stories. I heard you guys  
have been through some doors these  
last few years.

HAYES

Yes, sir, we have. That we  
definitely have.

JJ

Okay. So now that's out of the way. Now's the point where you tell me what you and your team were doing at that concert. Besides your little impromptu fireworks display.

RED (V.O.)

Come on, kid. You gonna interrogate me like some kind of perp tied to a chair? You know better than that.

JJ

I don't know, Red. Gonna be kind of hard yanking out your fingernails over the phone.

JJ giggles. But no one else laughs. He clears his throat and regroups.

JJ (CONT'D)

But anyways. You're right. That was super rude of me. So, I'll give you the cliffs notes version. That dealer you took out on the boat. Taye Robinson. We've been hoping to schedule us a sit down between him and a military weapons contractor by the name of Garret Lockwood.

JJ waits. A long silence. Hayes grins, nods at JJ.

JJ (CONT'D)

Name ring any bells, Uncle Red? I'm thinking it does.

RED (V.O.)

Let's say it does. What's your interest in Lockwood?

JJ

Well. Lockwood's been a bad boy. Been making a lot of moves here lately.

RED (V.O.)

What kind of moves?



JJ

The desperate kind. He's trying to unload his full arsenal of weapons before the government finishes wiping him out for good.

Red sighs. JJ turns to Hayes for guidance. Hayes simply points at the phone. As if to say "keep going".

JJ (CONT'D)

That's where our friend Robinson comes in. He was gonna help move his product into Central and South America. That was the idea anyway. Until you and your crew came in blazing.

Beat.

JJ (CONT'D)

You still there, Uncle Red?

RED (V.O.)

I'm listening.

JJ

So it's like this. Agent Hayes and I have good reason to believe our Mister Lockwood has someone on the inside. Someone who's been feeding him inside information.

RED (V.O.)

Is that right?

JJ

That's right. Including anyone and everyone the Feds have under surveillance.

More quiet.

JJ (CONT'D)

Awfully quiet, Red. Now's the point where you tell me you haven't been taking out targets for Lockwood.

RED (V.O.)

That would be pretty foolish. Admitting to such a thing on an open line. And you can forget the trace. I've already blocked it.

Cappeli grows tired of Red's deflection, paces the carpet, running a nervous hand through her hair. Munz is just as nervous, biting his lip.

JJ

Come on, Uncle Red. You gotta meet us halfway on this one. I've held up my end by backing you with the Feds. I told him there's no way Red Jackson would be taking out targets without good reason. So tell me why.

RED (V.O.)

You know I can't lie to you, kid. I owe your old man that much. So I guess I'm stuck.

JJ

Not necessarily stuck. I can help you. But you have to help us first. That's our deal. And it's not mine to make, if you know what I mean.

RED (V.O.)

I get it.

Red sighs, still unsure. After a few moments, he breaks his silence and spills.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Lockwood supplied us with a list of names.

This catches Cappeli's attention. She joins JJ at the phone. Listening closely.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All the inside players selling munitions on the black market. Their biggest potential client being Taye Robinson.

JJ

When you say inside players, you mean Lockwood's people inside of Murlock?

RED (V.O.)

You catch on fast, kid.

HAYES

So I understand this correctly.  
Your team's been taking out anyone  
involved in moving Lockwood's  
weapons.

Beat.

HAYES (CONT'D)

You hearing me okay, Jackson?

RED (V.O.)

I hear you just fine.

JJ

That boat out in The Glades. There  
was an informant on board by the  
name of Donald Richardson. A  
military weapons contractor from  
inside of Murlock. He was gonna  
help the Feds nail Lockwood.

(beat)

Tell me Richardson was one of the  
name's on your list. Tell me that  
much.

RED (V.O.)

Let's say he was. What kind of  
deal are you prepared to make us,  
Hayes?

HAYES

You know what we want and who we  
want. It's just a matter now of  
making that happen.

RED (V.O.)

You want Lockwood's head on a  
platter.

JJ

You catch on quick, Uncle Red.

RED (V.O.)

That's real funny, kid.

HAYES

Alright, this is how this is gonna  
go, Jackson. You organize an  
impromptu meeting with Lockwood.  
Tell him the Feds are onto him.

JJ slaps Hayes' arm. Hayes holds up a single finger. A dead  
serious look. JJ backs off.

HAYES (CONT'D)

And for the right price, you and your team can get him relocated. Out of the country. But your price just doubled.

JJ rubs his weary eyes. His head about to explode. He's far from thrilled by this plan.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Can you do that for us? You do that, and we can start talking about making deals.

RED (V.O.)

Tell you what, Hayes. We'll see what we can do and keep you posted. Fair enough?

HAYES

You got twenty four hours, Jackson. Start making the calls.

Hayes presses the receiver, hangs up.

JJ

Are you nuts? You know he's gonna disappear now, right?

HAYES

I don't know that. You know him better than all of us. Can we trust him or not?

JJ

It wasn't your deal to make, Hayes. He trusts me. Not you.

HAYES

Okay. So now we wait.

CAPPELI

Wait for what? That's all we've been doing. Waiting.

HAYES

We wait until Jackson has things set up with Lockwood.

MUNZ

And then?

JJ  
(to Munz)  
And then we're out.  
(to Hayes)  
Again. Isn't that right?

Munz and Cappeli await Hayes' answer.

HAYES  
You're already out. You've been out since last night. So do me a solid and stay out. You wanted Lockwood, this is the safest bet. No more bodies on the pavement. We can all go back to our boring lives.

MUNZ  
I don't know, Hayes. I'm feeling a little bit used again.

CAPPELI  
How do you think Olivia feels?

Munz nods, hangs his head in shame.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)  
Once again, The Feds get the keys to the city and we're left fighting for our badges.

HAYES  
Look. I know this isn't what we planned. It never is.

JJ leans on his counter, all crapped out. He shares disgusted looks with both Cappeli and Munz.

HAYES (CONT'D)  
You've got my word I'll never put you in this position again. Any of you. Even if it means my badge.

MUNZ  
We put our boring lives, as you call them, on hold because we were told we'd make a difference. You even convinced Morgan to leave everything she knows behind because she ate up your bullshit.

JJ  
That's enough, Bobby. You're just tired.

MUNZ  
Yeah, I'm tired. Real tired.

With a crapped out way about him, Munz collects his gun, badge and car keys from an end table.

MUNZ (CONT'D)  
Guess I'll go home and wait for the phone to ring. Huh, Hayes?

Munz heads for the door.

JJ  
We're doing the right thing, Bobby. Just wait.

But he's long gone. Cappeli grows sadder and angrier by the second. She finally caves, bolts for the door.

Now it's just Hayes and JJ.

JJ (CONT'D)  
Just promise me whatever happens, you get Liv back here and safe.

Hayes ponders the weight of JJ's request. He takes way too long answering.

JJ (CONT'D)  
Is that a yes?

HAYES  
You worry about you, Baumbach. Just stay by the phone and lay low. Think you can handle that?

A super worked up, ultimately stressed out Hayes bolts out the door.

INT. RED'S AIRCRAFT REPAIR - HANGAR - NIGHT

About to shut the rear hatch of a long bed moving and storage truck, Red takes a long and thoughtful look at the precious cargo. It's absolutely loaded down with steel chests fitted with padlocks. A full arsenal of Murlock's latest and greatest weaponry.

A super angry Loco is so worked up, he can barely stand still as he flexes, postures behind Red.

LOCO

Your cop friend's gonna get us all  
hung for treason or land us in a  
federal prison. You can't just  
trust him at his word.

RED

Yeah. I sorta can.

Red shuts and locks the rear hatch. He all but ignores Loco  
as he casually strolls across the hangar.

RED (CONT'D)

I saved his old man's life once or  
twice. He trusts me and I trust  
him. That's how that works.

LOCO

Yeah, well, it ain't just him on  
the other line. What about that  
Agent? And what about us?

Red and Loco stops near a Cessna Skyhawk in mid repair. A  
pair of folding tables absolutely covered with spare parts,  
old and new. Annoyed with Loco's persistence, Red pretends  
to clean up his immediate workspace, collects and boxes up  
tools. Business as usual.

Duff steps out of a corner office, joins the convo. And last  
but not least, Marks appears at the hangar doors. An  
intimidating figure hidden in darkness.

Red spots him watching. Still, quiet. As if waiting to  
strike at any moment.

LOCO (CONT'D)

You just gonna turn your back on  
me?! I'm talking to you!

DUFF

Hey!

Loco spots Duff behind them.

DUFF (CONT'D)

Watch your mouth.

But Red can't keep his eyes off of Marks, who finally enters  
the hangar and joins the others.

LOCO

Wanna know what I say? I say the  
answer is obvious.

(MORE)

LOCO (CONT'D)

We sell off what's left of  
Lockwood's toys and we disappear  
for good.

RED

Sell em to who? And where? After  
last night, no one's gonna touch  
these weapons with a hundred foot  
pole.

LOCO

Why not?

RED

Because when word gets out where  
they came from, they won't be able  
to move them. Get it now?

DUFF

I don't know, man. You heard what  
that Agent said. Way I see it,  
Lockwood's gonna need protection.  
For the right price, we got the  
connections and the pull to get him  
set up anywhere in the world. We  
can still get out of this thing,  
scott free.

RED

So Lockwood can set up shop  
somewhere else? Don't know about  
you, Duff, but I don't wanna be  
responsible the next time one of  
his cannons takes down a building.  
And maybe kills a few thousand  
people in the process. Think about  
it.

This hits a chord with Duff. But he's over it real quick.

DUFF

Look. He's a bad guy. The worst.  
And we got dealt a bad hand. But  
let them deal with this Lockwood.  
It's not our problem, Red.

Red grows fed up, angrily tosses a monkey wrench into a  
rusted tool box.

RED

What's that mean?



MARKS

What he's saying is...it's not  
really your decision no more,  
boss man.

DUFF

(to Marks)

You stand fast.

MARKS

Like the man said. We're just  
talking shop. No need to get  
nervous.

RED

(to Marks)

You do what you want. But do it  
somewhere else.

(to Loco)

You did the job. And you got your  
money, now get out.

With lightning fast precision, Loco pulls his pistol. Keeps  
both Duff and Red in his sights.

Marks spots Duff tickling a nine mil tucked in the rear of  
his trousers.

MARKS

Uh uh.

Marks also draws down. A laser fitted forty five. A red dot  
painted on Red's skull.

MARKS (CONT'D)

Nah. Way too messy.

Marks lowers the red dot, stops at his chest.

MARKS (CONT'D)

Now. What Jackson meant to say  
was...he was gonna hand over the  
keys to that rig first.

DUFF

Have you lost your mind?

MARKS

Yeah. A long time ago. Keep  
tickling that nine and I'll drop  
you right here.

Duff slowly pulls his hand away.

RED  
Take it easy, Duff.

MARKS  
Tell you what I want you to do,  
boss man. I want you to move back  
about two steps?

Red squints, confused.

Loco's attention momentarily diverted to Marks.

Red backs up.

Marks unloads a good half clip into Loco. He's practically  
flung across the smooth hangar floor. Dead.

Red stares at his body.

Duff exhales a sigh of relief. But it's not over yet.

Marks turns his gun on Duff, pops one in his head...

Red spins around, gun in hand...

But Marks is too fast. He empties the remainder of his clip  
into Red's chest. He falls about two feet short of Loco's  
bullet ridden corpse.

All three done.

With his heart rate barely elevated, Marks grins, and very  
calmly holsters his gun.

EXT. RED'S AIRCRAFT REPAIR - DAWN

As the sun slowly rises over the sprawling, grassy fields  
surrounding Red's repair shop...

THE MOVING TRUCK hauling Lockwood's arsenal burns up a thin  
clay road at high speed. Suddenly, the tires lock up and  
the truck slides across the smooth clay, eventually losing  
steam and coming to a complete halt.

Marks pokes his head out the driver's window. Gawks back at  
the airline hangar and the multiple rows of plane's in mid  
repair, dotting the outside property.

He holds up a detonator, and with an evil but playful grin,  
flicks the switch and observes...

Each of the immobile plane's EXPLODE, one at a time.

FIRE and SMOKE pour out from under the individual cargo hangars.

And then, finally, the hangar and repair shop erupt in an explosive mixture of military grade Semtex, a broken gas line and airplane fuel.

KABOOOOOOOOM!

Within seconds, the hangar is completely gone. As if it was never there in the first place.

BLACK SMOKE billows into the sky like a runaway freight train gaining speed.

Marks takes a moment to enjoy his handywork. After a good few seconds, he stomps the gas. He's out of there.

EXT. EVERGLADES - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Marks arrives at a real secluded piece of swamp and brush. The kind where bodies are discarded. He shuts off his engine, steps out.

From out of the tall wetland sawgrass steps THE SANDSTORMERS. A camo clad crew of gun toting mercenaries. All of them wearing various face masks and goggles. The kind of crew you can only find on the dark web.

Their leader, STORM 1, meets Marks halfway.

MARKS

Well well. You guys really do exist. Was beginning to wonder.

In a simulated, robotic voice, Storm 1 replies--

STORM 1

The merchandise. Where is it?

MARKS

Not a fan of the small talk. Okay. It's right here. Just like I promised. I take it you boys wanna do a test run first?

Storm 1 refers to his team. They all nod in agreement.

MARKS (CONT'D)

Then it's settled. I'm gonna need a few extra hands.

Marks heads for the rear end of the storage truck. Storm 1 and his Sandstormers won't budge. This is a real scary crew not to be fucked with. And not real used to taking orders from outsiders.

Marks notices.

MARKS (CONT'D)  
 Seriously. A little help here,  
 fellas.

Storm 1 nods to the others. They join Marks at the rear of the truck as he crawls inside.

INT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - DAY

It's a fairly bustling crowd of swank, upscale type shoppers browsing this mult-level, post-modern piece of twenty first century architecture.

The structure itself is like something born from an old Jetsons cartoon. Lots of glass. High ceilings with an open skylight roof, filling the large space full of mostly natural lighting.

Floating casually up an escalator is Marks. He takes a good look around, watching the shoppers enter and exit different shops and boutiques.

We notice he's wearing BLACK GLOVES. And he's using these gloves to wipe a jelly-like material onto the right and left side belts of the escalator.

He steps off...

And very casually attaches a disc-like apparatus (with timer) onto a side wall near the escalator.

He immediately moves for a nearby ELEVATOR. The doors shut. And once again, uses his jelly like glove to MASH the UP button. He patiently waits.

DING!

Marks smiles as the door slides open. As he enters, he rubs his gloved hand across the halfway closed door. A wet, slick residue is clearly visible.

EXT. RED'S AIRCRAFT REPAIR - DAY

What's left of Red's lay in a smoked fueled rubble.

The skeletal remains of burned up airplane bodies are barely left intact. But somehow still upright.

A crew of yellow-coated FIREMEN diligently search for bodies while Hayes searches for Lockwood's arsenal of weapons.

But he's not trying all that hard, as if he knows he's wasting his time.

A tired, ragged looking JJ, in a simple t shirt, yesterday's slacks, stands just out of the way. Not adding much to the recovery effort.

JJ

Just can't get rid of me, can you,  
Hayes?

HAYES

Yeah. Kind of like a bad rash.

Hayes and JJ both notice a government issue SEDAN tearing ass up the private road. It screeches across the dirt as it finally comes to a stop.

Out jumps a hot mad Barclay.

JJ

Speaking of bad rashes.

BARCLAY

Well now. I guess Uncle Red cut  
himself a new deal.

Hayes and JJ both confused.

JJ

You been bugging my house, Barclay?

BARCLAY

No, Detective. I've had you and  
your entire unit under twenty four  
hour surveillance. In short? You  
couldn't break wind without my  
permission. In addition to burning  
up my evidence and your Mister  
Brown still MIA, now your friend  
Jackson's disappeared.

JJ

Are we still doing this dance?

BARCLAY

Oh, yes. Did I forget to mention over ten million dollars in government property that's also missing? But I suppose you have an explanation for that too, right, Baumbach?

With a defeated slump, JJ throws his hands in the air. As if he's had all he can take.

JJ

What can I say? You caught me, Barclay. I confess.

HAYES

(to JJ)

Back off.

BARCLAY

(to Hayes)

And you. You should be just as worried, Agent Hayes.

HAYES

How's that?

BARCLAY

For obstruction of justice for one. Not only withholding evidence but purposely concealing the identity of a murder suspect.

Hayes moves closer to Barclay. Just close enough to make an unspoken statement. Back off. Barclay complies.

HAYES

It seems to me I'm not the only one keeping secrets here, Barclay.

BARCLAY

Is that so?

Barclay chokes back his rage. Standing firm, he points his boney finger back at JJ.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Get him out of here. If I see him again, I'm bringing you both up on charges.

Barclay heads for his car. JJ more interested in the pile of smoking rubble before him.

JJ  
Barclay was right about one thing.

HAYES  
What's that?

JJ  
He's still alive.

Hayes follows JJ's look, watches the search and rescue team dig through the debris.

HAYES  
I guess you'd know better than me.

JJ  
Red Jackson's not the kind of guy  
you just shoot in the back.  
Whoever did this...he most likely  
saw it coming.

INT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - DAY

As shoppers roam the halls, ride escalators, park themselves on a bench for a quick rest...

From a second floor food court and dining area, Marks rests his elbows on a glass wall, quietly observes them.

He pops a squat at a table overlooking the crowd. A large laptop computer already opened. A state of the art multi-windowed live surveillance feed of this entire mall's complicated layout. Every entrance and possible exit...in and out.

A full list of digital timers counting down from FIFTEEN occupy the entire right hand screen.

Marks watches as the timers count down: FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO...

The colored digits on this digital readout go from RED to GREEN as the numbers reach a BLINKING 00:00:00.

The word DETONATED replaces the zeros.

Marks looks up from his laptop...watches closely.

INT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

BING! BANG! BOOM!

An entire series of SALES CUBICLES, FOOD AND BEVERAGE CARTS and VENDING MACHINES EXPLODE...blowing shattered remnants of GLASS across the tile...injuring several people crossing the center floor.

SCREAMS. Outright PANIC as shoppers flee the scene.

But it's not over yet.

INT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - FOOD COURT - DAY

Marks uses a touch screen to ZOOM IN on a SECOND TARGET. A line of panicked shoppers file up an ESCALATOR.

In the upper left corner of the video feed...a BEEPING RED BLURB marks the position of the fitted detonator Marks attached to the wall.

Marks strokes the ENTER KEY.

INT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - ESCALATOR - DAY

In a blinding FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT...the escalator collapses...killing its occupants.

Enter THE SANDSTORMERS. Dressed in protective kevlar and dark masks. All toting large automatic rifles. They lay down some warning fire...

Bullets strike tile. Storefront windows are shattered.

Scaring the shit out of the remaining shoppers coughing from the clouds of black smoke...running for cover.

STORM 1

On-the-floor! NOW! Get down!

The dozen or so shoppers comply...kneeling down...hands raised.

STORM 2

Hands on the back of your heads!

Do it now!

In unison...the shoppers press hands behind their heads. Several of them bloodied and injured.



INT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

On the side railing of a staircase, STORM 3 fastens a small but super deadly TURRET MOUNTED MOBILE MACHINE CANNON on a side to side swivel base.

STORM 3  
(to Marks)  
Cannon one is a go. East wing  
secured.

On the other side of the mall...

STORM 4 mounts his cannon on a side railing...aimed at the shoppers being held hostage below.

STORM 4  
Cannon two is a go. West wing  
secured.

MARKS (V.O.)  
Copy that, soldier.

INT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

More SANDSTORMERS hold shoppers at gunpoint. All of them either kneeling down or all the way face down...noses on the tile.

Whimpering. Crying. Husband console their wives. Mothers stroke the hair of their children.

STORM 5  
Everyone shut up! And listen!

Hanging above the food court is a four-way JUMBOTRON. The usual mall adverts go BLACK. And then appears the giant face of Marks. All smiles.

MARKS  
Good afternoon, shoppers. As you can clearly see, there is no escaping. But there is a choice. You can be blown up. Crushed. Burned alive. Or you can be shot on site. So I ask that you be patient while my associates and I conduct our business. Thank you for your time. And have a blessed afternoon.

INT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - FOOD COURT - DAY

Marks ends his LIVE. The screen returns to normal. The same multi-window surveillance feed from earlier.

Marks snags up a cell from the table, dials 9-1-1.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
911. Can I have your location,  
please?

MARKS  
Special Agent Hayes, please.  
You'll wanna make this quick.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - BASKETBALL COURTS - DAY

JJ and Munz in the middle of a tense game of HORSE. Munz barely breaking a sweat. JJ about to keel over.

Munz grins.

MUNZ  
So what's that now? S?

JJ  
That's R.

MUNZ  
That's E. I was just being nice.

JJ  
I'm taking a break.

JJ heads to a beachfront bar with a canopy providing some much needed shade. He's already set up with a cup of beer and a shot of rum.

MUNZ  
Come on, man. Get some exercise.  
It's why you're so tense. Get it  
out of your system.

Munz spots Hayes and Captain Foxx coming up the sidewalk. He quickly loses his chipper smile.

JJ has the shot to his lips...finds Captain Foxx to his left side...rests the cup on the bar.

JJ  
I don't believe this.

CAPTAIN FOXX

I wouldn't be here if I didn't have to be, JJ. It's important.

JJ

Yeah, it always is.

HAYES

He's serious this time, JJ.

Munz joins them.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Lockwood's goods. The ones that disappeared from your friend Jackson's place...

JJ

Yeah?

CAPTAIN FOXX

One of Jackson's crew. Clinton Marks. Him and another crew of whack jobs just took the Brickell Centre hostage. Threatening to take down the whole building. Damn near already has.

JJ

How'd they manage to do that?

HAYES

Marks has the place wired. Supposedly using this...experimental gel shit called Zentrax Twenty. Liquid explosive. Makes Semtex look like play-do.

JJ

How do you know that?

HAYES

Because he told me. On the phone. It's straight from Lockwood's little bag of goods he shipped to your friend Jackson.

JJ

Any word yet on Jackson?

CAPTAIN FOXX

No, not yet.

This hits home for JJ.

JJ

This Marks character. He killed Red and the others.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Looks that way.

MUNZ

So what's this have to do with us?

CAPTAIN FOXX

It doesn't. It has to do with Baumbach. Specifically. This Marks seems to think he has access to Red's accounts.

Munz watches JJ. Tries to get a read on him. JJ notices, plays ignorant.

JJ

What accounts are those?

CAPTAIN FOXX

Off the books kind. Including some impressive retainer fees for over half a dozen recon missions across the globe. Word is, Jackson had a full year's worth of jobs lined up for him and his crew.

HAYES

Supposedly...after your Lieutenant Jancowicz died...Uncle Red left you in charge of his cash.

JJ

Maybe. And what about it?

HAYES

How much money are we talking here, JJ? Five? Ten mil? What?

JJ checks with Munz. All three of them now patiently awaiting his answer.

JJ

Eight million. Give or take a couple hundred grand.

MUNZ

You're shittin me. You have access to these accounts?

JJ

Not me, personally. It doesn't work like that, Bobby.

HAYES

It does now. Or he's very serious about leveling this place. That puts you back in this.

JJ rubs his temples. Here we go again.

CAPTAIN FOXX

He wants a face to face. With you. Basically, until those funds hit his account, you'll be his hostage.

JJ

Wow. What a deal.

MUNZ

What the hell kind of deal is that?

CAPTAIN FOXX

A raw one. Okay, Bobby? It is what it is.

HAYES

Whadd'ya say, JJ?

JJ takes a moment.

EXT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - DAY

Just outside the East Wing doors...

Kevlar fitted SWAT TEAM COPS, Hayes, Captain Foxx, JJ, Munz and Cappeli all gather at the main operations center. A makeshift base consisting of a flat table top covered in a blue print map of the mall...opened laptop computers featuring live video feed...and a direct-link, crisis response throw phone set-up.

JJ gets fitted for a vest.

MARKS (V.O.)

So glad you could make it, cop. You've got about five minutes before I blow another target. The clock's ticking.

JJ

Not so fast. I hear you got some wicked hardware waiting inside.

(MORE)

JJ (CONT'D)

Set to tear up anyone coming up  
these hallways.

MARKS (V.O.)

You heard right.

JJ

Well that's gonna make me coming  
through these doors out of the  
question. So this is how we gotta  
do this, Marks.

(beat)

Are you listening?

MARKS (V.O.)

I'm listening.

JJ

I have a small favor to ask you. I  
need you to turn off those guns.  
The ones on the East Wing. Then I  
need you to release those hostages.  
Just on our end. Still gives you a  
whole mall full of people to play  
with.

MARKS (V.O.)

What for?

JJ

Because I don't wanna get shot,  
that's why!

MARKS (V.O.)

Temper temper.

JJ

When our business is done, my guys  
are gonna escort me back out. Same  
way I came in. If I see any of  
your goons, we're gonna have a  
serious problem. My guys come in  
shooting. Hostages or no hostages.  
Get my drift?

Marks sighs.

MARKS (V.O.)

Okay, cop. You got yourself a  
deal. You now have two minutes.  
Better get moving.

JJ sighs. Hayes presses a button, ends the call.

HAYES

I know I've asked you this a billion times now. And I already regret asking again. But are you sure you know what you're doing?

JJ

No. I'm not. But what other choice do we have?

CAPTAIN FOXX

Okay, Baumbach. See you on the flip side.

JJ

Let's hope not.

Captain Foxx grins.

MUNZ

We got this, partner.

Cappeli smiles, nods.

MALLOY

Let's move it out!

Cappeli follows Malloy and his tight-knit SPECIAL RESPONSE TEAM as they chase around the building.

INT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - EAST WING HALLWAY - DAY

Sandstormers escort an obedient single-file line of hostages down the East Wing exit. Outside, the home base of cops watch through the opened double doors.

As the hostages draw closer...they step aside...making way for their clear exit.

In a slow and careful manner, they file outside.

INT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - EAST WING - DAY

JJ keeps his hands held high as he slowly moves across the now empty floors of the mall. He spots the turret fitted mobile cannons attached to a variety of second floor railings. All aimed down at him. And they're everywhere. Virtually covering every possible angle.

Marks stands, makes his presence known on the center floor food court dining area.

He and JJ lock eyes.

MARKS

Don't be afraid, Detective. It's  
just you and me now.

JJ continues toward a staircase. And then up. All the while observing the crumbled disaster next to him that was once an operating escalator. Still smoking. A flame still crackling under the rubble.

He reaches the top. And then into the food court area that stands dead center of this impressive mall.

Marks has a chair pulled out for him. The laptop computer facing the empty chair.

MARKS (CONT'D)

It will all be over soon,  
Detective. Won't you have a seat.

JJ checks his immediate surroundings. On the west wing below the food court...several shoppers are still being held at gunpoint. Sandstormers roam about.

Briefly, JJ looks to the skylight.

A series of white iron bars connecting...holding together a mostly glass ceiling.

JJ moves for his chair.

MARKS (CONT'D)

Hold it.

JJ stops--

Marks meets him halfway, does a quick pat down. And from the rear of his pants, yanks out an easily concealable nine mil pistol.

MARKS (CONT'D)

What other goodies we got in here?

Marks reaches into his other pocket...pulls out what appears to be a simple black THUMB DRIVE.

MARKS (CONT'D)

This what I think it is?

JJ

That's right. The keys to heaven.  
Are we doing this or what?



MARKS

Yeah. We're doing this. Sit down.

JJ takes his seat across from Marks. Meantime, Marks inserts the thumbdrive and opens the file:

An encrypted LOG IN SCREEN appears.

MARKS (CONT'D)

Hey. What's the number?

JJ

What number?

Marks draws his pistol, aims at JJ's head.

MARKS

I'm gonna ask you one more time.  
Then I'm gonna get rude.

JJ

What can I say? If it's encrypted,  
I can't help you.

Marks fires off a warning shot...right near JJ's ear. And this gets his attention alright.

MARKS

Open the file. Or I open you.

Marks flips the laptop JJ's direction.

JJ

Alright alright.

JJ types in an encrypted code as the file opens...

A full list of off shore bank accounts, routing numbers and account balances. It's sum total is somewhere in the eight million range.

JJ flips the laptop back around, facing Marks, who glances at the numbers on screen and belly laughs like he's actually found the keys to heaven.

JJ (CONT'D)

Sergeant Marks. I'd like to  
introduce to you one of Murlock's  
latest and greatest fail-safe  
devices. The Black Widow. A one  
time desposable thumbdrive that  
wipes out whatever network it finds  
itself attached.

(MORE)

JJ (CONT'D)  
 Rendering the files themselves  
 useless. Unsavable and  
 untraceable.

Marks closes the file. The multi-window live feed still in operation. There's only one problem. The right side screen's digital timers now read DEACTIVATED.

JJ (CONT'D)  
 Gotcha.

MARKS  
 Lousy sonofa...

Without a moment's notice, JJ throws the flimsy table in Marks' face...ducks for cover on the floor...

JJ  
 Bobby!

Before Marks can draw down on JJ, he looks up--

MUNZ stands on the third floor...aiming a high-performance sniper's rifle. With Marks in his sights.

POW!

A single shot removes Marks head from his shoulders. His bloody lump of a corpse collapses like one of those storefront mannequins he's just destroyed.

THE SKYLIGHT

Shape charges EXPLODE at various entry points. Shards of glass punish the floors below. SWAT COPS fall from the ceiling and slide down on tactical bungee cords.

Landing on different levels of the structure.

With a quick precision, they unhook themselves...begin a sweep of the mall.

SWAT COP #1  
 Move it, move it! Get out of here!

Hostages run and flee. Sandstormers open fire. A full blown gun battle ensues...leaving both sides critically wounded.

Bodies drop...left and right. Sandstormers retreat into storefronts...down side hallways.

SWAT gives chase.

Malloy spots a Sandstormer make for the stairs.

Meanwhile--

Cappeli and Malloy's team file out of a storefront, all armed with MP5s and ready to rock.

MALLOY  
(to Cappeli)  
Left side, left side!

Cappeli and crew cover the left end while hostages practically run them down.

CAPPELI  
Keep going! Don't stop!

As Cappeli makes her way around an elevator wall, she spots the Sandstormer coming off the stairs, then aiming his weapon at Malloy...kneeling near the top.

A full half magazine unloaded in Malloy's direction as he lays flat on the tile.

Cappeli takes aim. The rapid succession of bullets throws the Sandstormer into a water fountain.

Cappeli catches her breath.

And after a moment...The Sandstormer jumps up...out of the water, aims up at Cappeli.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)  
Shit!

She dives for cover as bullet strikes pummel and pepper the glass before her.

MUNZ  
Cappeli!

Munz, still with his sniper's rifle, leans over a rail and takes aim. POW!

The Sandstormer's arm BLOWN CLEAR OFF his body. He falls limp...collapses onto an ice cream shop's two person table and chairs.

MUNZ (CONT'D)  
You good?!

Cappeli looks up. Running out of a side restroom hallway...A Sandstormer creeps up on Munz.

CAPPELI  
Watch out!

Munz ducks down. Still on the floor, Cappeli reaches for her Mp5...empties the remainder of her clip.

The Sandstormer riddled with gunfire. He collapses. But not all the way dead. As he checks his kevlar...Munz collects him from the floor...

And with the might of someone who's been pushed too far, grunts like an animal, tosses him over the railing.

Down he goes. Splat!

FEMALE HOSTAGE

Help me!

Munz and Cappeli look across the way...find Malloy and a few of his crew closing in on a Sandstormer and his young FEMALE HOSTAGE.

MUNZ

Malloy!

MALLOY

Just stay back! We got this!

INT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - FOOD COURT - DAY

While all Hell is breaking loose, JJ finds himself crouched under the flimsy dining room's tables...avoiding being shot or even killed by the crossfire.

He dares to sit up, peeks through the glass wall and follows the sound of the panicked woman's SCREAMS.

The Sandstormer and his hostage hidden behind the protective walls of an ELEVATOR. Out of sight.

JJ

Shit.

JJ finds Marks' laptop...just out of reach. He strains his arm but finally snags it up.

ACROSS THE MALL

Malloy and team have their Sandstormer all but surrounded. Or so they think.

The Elevator DOOR OPENS.

The Sandstormer quickly backs his way toward it.

MALLOY  
Don't you fucking move another  
inch!

JJ (V.O.)  
Malloy. Let him go. I repeat.  
Let him go.

Malloy clasps his earpiece. He looks across the way...finds  
JJ crouched under the food court table...clearly visible  
through the glass partition wall.

JJ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Be ready to clear out of there.

Malloy lowers his weapon.

MALLOY  
(to his team)  
Stand down. Let him go.

The SWAT TEAM lowers their weapons. The Sandstormer shoves  
his hostage to the floor...bolts into the elevator.

The doors close behind him.

MALLOY (CONT'D)  
Everybody back! Get back!

FOOD COURT

JJ unhooks the thumbdrive. Marks defense network is back in  
full operation. All of the digital meters and timers read  
ACTIVATED

In unison...

Every automated cannon and explosive detonator in the  
building quickly clings to life.

INT. ELEVATOR

The Sandstormer MASHES the UP BUTTON. An electrical charge  
explodes the control panel. Sparks fly. The interior  
lights pop. And then...

FOOD COURT

JJ eagerly watches as...

KABOOOOOOOMMMM!

The Elevator itself EXPLODES...blowing the shaft's outer windows out...

JJ ducks for cover as he's completely showered with powdered remnants of glass and twisted metal.

He looks up. Malloy and team crouched on the floor. They slowly rise to their feet. Catching his breath, Malloy throws JJ an appreciative nod.

JJ grins, nods back.

JJ  
Boom boom, bitch.

JJ wipes himself clean.

EXT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - FRONT ENTRANCE - DUSK

Swat Cops, S.R.T., Malloy, the rest of the on-scene officers shake hands, exchange hugs, celebrate the successful release of the hostages. Equal parts laughter and deafening sadness as some never made it out. The young female held at the elevator cries tears of joy...hugs each and every one of Malloy's response team.

JJ squats on a bench, a giant smile as he quietly observes the riotous celebration. Munz chugs a bottled water as he looms around before him.

MUNZ  
So you just unplugged it?

JJ  
Yeah. Seemed like the right thing to do at the time.

MUNZ  
Well it was. Good job.

Munz pats him on the shoulder, walks off--

JJ  
Yeah. You too.

Munz, on his way to join the others in celebration, shakes hands with Captain Foxx, who, with a dour way about him, meets JJ at the bench.

CAPTAIN FOXX  
We still have a lot of explaining to do. This thing aint over yet. You do know that, right?

JJ  
Can it wait until tomorrow? I'm a  
little exhausted.

CAPTAIN FOXX  
I'll see what I can do. Just don't  
get too comfortable.

And he's off. No room for chit chat. JJ shakes his head.

JJ  
I wouldn't dream of it.

Washington, still fitted with black kevlar, desperately  
searches the crowd for Hayes.

WASHINGTON  
Yo, Hayes!

JJ  
Hey, Washington. What is it?

WASHINGTON  
Phone call for Hayes.

Hayes tall figure nudges his way through a circle of Swat  
Cops laughing, posturing.

HAYES  
(to Washington)  
Yeah?

WASHINGTON  
You got a call. They been trying  
your cell for ten minutes.

Hayes reluctantly takes the call.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Give it back to Cappeli when you're  
done.

HAYES  
Yeah yeah yeah. Thanks.

Hayes answers--

HAYES (CONT'D)  
Yeah, it's Hayes.

EXT. PRIVATE ISLAND - DUSK

Livia stands near the middle of a rickety boat pier, taking in her last Jamaican sunset. A phone to her ear. Hayes on the other end...

LIVIA

So it's happening. In an hour.  
We're getting out of here.  
Both of us.

HAYES (V.O.)

Navarro too?

LIVIA

Barclay's shutting us down.  
Officially. Just thought you  
should know in case you didn't get  
word yet.

EXT. BRICKELL CITY CENTRE - FRONT ENTRANCE - DUSK

Hayes moves away from the crowd, under the canopied awning that covers the entrance.

HAYES

No, actually I didn't. Good to  
know. There's gonna be some happy  
faces here that'll be damn glad to  
see you. I know that.

EXT. PRIVATE ISLAND - DUSK

LIVIA

And what about you?

HAYES (V.O.)

What do you think?

Livia spots Regus coming up the beach...keeping a close eye on the prize. But he's slow, not too fast, allowing her that space she obviously needs.

LIVIA

I think we got a lot to talk about.  
It won't get fixed overnight.  
(sighs)  
So why not give ourselves some  
time. Maybe some space to figure  
it all out.



HAYES (V.O.)  
Is that what you want?

LIVIA  
I'm not sure what I want. Not yet.  
Not sure you do either. That's kind  
of the problem.

Regus grows tired of waiting...begins up the pier.

LIVIA (CONT'D)  
Lionel. I...I gotta go.

HAYES (V.O.)  
What's happening? Hello?

Livia hangs up. Just in time to greet Regus.

LIVIA  
Hey.

REGUS  
I guess I officially have my  
answer.

LIVIA  
I don't want this. Not now. Not  
anymore. Like you said. It's not  
our war to win. It never was.  
My place is back home.

Regus can't accept this. He stares off, into the sunset,  
unable to face Livia.

REGUS  
So he gets away with it? With  
these things he's done? What he  
hasn't done yet?

LIVIA  
What happens to Cruz is out of my  
hands. What happens to you...that  
I have a say in. After we're  
gone...away from here...it's gonna  
get hard. You'll have to make the  
decision to walk away...or keep  
chasing this thing until you get  
yourself killed.

REGUS  
What happens to me now? Now that I  
am no longer of use to your  
government.

Livia moves closer, more personal.

LIVIA  
All I can promise is that I'll  
fight for you.

She rests a hand on his shoulder. But he's still unable to face her. Stubborn...disappointed.

LIVIA (CONT'D)  
I'll do what I can. And if you get  
the opportunity, you disappear. As  
far away from here as you can get.  
And you rebuild.

REGUS  
With what?

Regus finally faces her.

REGUS (CONT'D)  
You will come with me? This is the  
only deal I will accept.

Livia ponders this. She snaps out of it.

LIVIA  
I can't just...

REGUS  
Yes you can. If it is what you  
wish. Unless your heart belongs  
with him.

Before Livia can answer...she spots a well manicured, well dressed crew of DOMINICAN MEN moving up the beach. And eventually up the pier.

LIVIA  
Regus...

Regus faces them. One of the men is a true standout. It's the one and only ALVARRO CRUZ. Arms dealer. Drug dealer. Human trafficker. And most importantly, the most evil, most untouchable adversary Special Cases has ever faced.

CRUZ  
Well well...

Cruz's men appropriately position themselves on both ends of the pier...hands on pistols stuffed in their belts. A careful eye on Regus.

CRUZ (CONT'D)  
Detective Olivia Morgan, I presume.  
In the flesh. An overdue pleasure  
indeed.

Regus jumps for Cruz...but he's quickly SHOT IN THE CHEST.

Livia gasps in horror.

Regus throws Cruz one last deadly stare...then into the  
peaceful ocean he falls.

SPLASH!

Livia is devastated. Her lips and eyes quiver. As if she  
knows this is all reaching a tragic end.

CRUZ (CONT'D)  
Now...

Livia faces him.

CRUZ (CONT'D)  
I hear we have much to discuss.  
Detective.

Livia shuts her eyes, steps right off the pier...splashing  
into the ocean, joining Regus.

UNDER WATER

Livia blows the air from her lungs...sinks further and  
further down.

THE PIER

Cruz and his men stare into the water. Pistols aimed. But  
Cruz stops them from firing.

Livia never comes up for air. She's gone.

INT. LUCRETTA MORGAN'S HOME - LIVIA'S FUNERAL RECEPTION -  
DAY

A beautiful, haunting portrait of Livia rests on a golden  
easel surrounded by bouquets of flowers. The beachfront  
home of Livia's widowed, Jamaican mother Lucretta.  
It's wall to wall decor reflect personal touches from the  
homeland.

It's noticeably quiet and dour amongst the reception's  
impressive turnout.

Cappeli in a dark corner, near a state of catatonia. On a nearby couch, Munz picks at a plat of finger food.

Livia's Jamaican relatives bawl their eyes out, exchange hugs in the dining parlor while their goblets of tears soak each other's shoulders and collars.

Munz drops his plate, massages his temples as he's also fighting the urge to collapse.

EXT. LUCRETTA MORGAIN'S HOME - FRONT PORCH DECK - DAY

JJ nurses a scotch while he keeps a close eye on...

Hayes, leaning on a faraway fence, overlooking the flowing ocean waters of a private inlet.

Stepping up behind JJ is Ex-FBI Director RYAN BEDFORD (50s), a proper black suit and power tie. He's also enjoying a scotch on the rocks.

BEDFORD

How about a refill, cowboy?

JJ

You know I haven't had a drink in eight months? I've had ten this week alone.

BEDFORD

I won't tell if you don't. How long's he been out here?

JJ

About as long as I've been standing here. Watching him.

Bedford squeezes JJ's shoulder on his way down the steps.

Taking his time across the sprawling back lawn, finishing his drink, Bedford joins Hayes at the fence.

BEDFORD

Cappeli's been asking for you.

HAYES

What for?

BEDFORD

My guess? A shoulder to cry on. Someone to tell her it's all gonna be okay. The usual funeral type stuff, I suppose.

HAYES

The usual. I'm not too interested in the usual right now. Thinking maybe I'll stick with the truth from now on.

BEDFORD

And what's the truth?

HAYES

That she never had a chance. And that I sent her anyway.

BEDFORD

If you didn't, they would've sent Cappeli. Or someone else. And they'd be dead. It was never your call. But that's the job. It's the risks they take. One she was more than willing to take.

HAYES

Yeah. All she needed was a little encouraging, right? Push all the right buttons. Get her at her most vulnerable point. Convince her she was doing the right thing. It was nowhere close to being right.

BEDFORD

And if she didn't try, she would've been just as lost. Wondering what if. And still trying to justify shooting that kid.

Hayes grows tired of his ramblings, quickly faces him.

HAYES

Yeah. But she'd still be here. Wouldn't she?

Bedford sighs.

BEDFORD

What is this, Lionel? You want me to tell you this was all your doing? That it's your fault? Will that make you feel better?

Hayes reaches into his inside suit pocket, pulls out his FBI badge and credentials. He gives them one last look, then into the ocean they go.

Bedford watches them sink.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)  
Did that make you feel better,  
Lionel? Giving up? Giving up on  
Liv? Your friends? That's not  
gonna solve anything.

Hayes nods, quietly walks off.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)  
What will I tell the others?

Without turning back, Hayes keeps on.

HAYES  
I don't care.

Bedford so shocked, he scoffs with disgust. He moves for the fence and takes Hayes place, watching the peaceful waters of the quiet inlet.

INT. CAPTAIN FOXX'S OFFICE - S.C.B. - NIGHT

Captain Foxx stands behind his desk. Still. Withdrawn. And very much upset over Livia's demise. He rests his fingertips on his desktop. A blank, aimless stare.

JJ gives a quick KNOCK. Captain Foxx snaps out of it.

JJ  
Wanted to see me?

CAPTAIN FOXX  
Yeah. Come in.

With a tired shuffle, JJ moves inside.

JJ  
Whatever this is, can we make it  
quick? It's been a long day and  
I've got some drinking to finish.

CAPTAIN FOXX  
You lied to me about Jackson.

JJ caught off guard. After a moment, he nods.

JJ  
Yeah. I did. And I'm sorry about  
that. But you and Barclay didn't  
give us much choice.

CAPTAIN FOXX

You know, after your Lieutenant was killed, I tried to accomodate you and the unit the best I could. Gave you that space. Time to adjust. And I thought over the years I've established some level of trust between us.

JJ

You have. It wasn't about that.

CAPTAIN FOXX

But it was. You don't trust me. My judgement. And you don't respect my authority. A lot of it's not your fault. The unit's been dealt a bad hand. A real raw deal. But facts are, nothing goes down in this house without my consent.

JJ

I understand. It won't happen again.

CAPTAIN FOXX

No it won't. You've been discharged.

Captain Foxx takes his seat, escapes in some paperwork while JJ processes what's happened.

JJ

What?

CAPTAIN FOXX

Downtown's been pressing the department for a fall guy since this whole Daryl Brown debacle. With him still MIA, it's only gonna get worse. Your name was at the top of that list.

JJ

Did you have something to do with this?

CAPTAIN FOXX

I won't lie and say that I didn't.

JJ scoffs.

CAPTAIN FOXX (CONT'D)

But this was inevitable. Everyone could see it coming. I've been pushed to my wit's end trying to keep you in good graces with downtown. I'm fresh out of plays.

JJ

So that's it? I'm not a cop anymore?

CAPTAIN FOXX

You'll be given a full pension. Early. As per special request from City Hall. We're all appreciative of your work, Baumbach. Everything you've done. Keeping this unit going as long as it has. You're a major reason for its success. No doubt.

JJ

Thank you but take a hike.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Your gun...and badge please.

JJ gives up, reaches for his badge, tosses it on the desk. And then his famous Coonan Magnum.

JJ

Ya know, I'm gonna miss doing this. I guess this time, you get to keep them for real.

Captain Foxx is strangely distant. And past ready for JJ to leave for good. JJ takes the hint, heads out.

INT. SPECIAL CASES BUREAU - BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

Munz and Cappeli sit on opposite sides of the table today. Livia's and JJ's seats empty. Neither saying a word. And neither wanting to be there.

In struts Captain Foxx. He is also quiet, moving for the head of the conference table. Without skipping a beat, he addresses the troops.

CAPTAIN FOXX

We're on leave. Effective today. Ninety days. Pending a full investigation into The Robinson case. Among other things.



MUNZ

Where's JJ?

CAPTAIN FOXX

He's out.

CAPPELI

Out? What does that mean?

CAPTAIN FOXX

It means as of yesterday evening, Detective Baumbach is no longer employed by the Miami-Dade Police Department.

MUNZ

What did he, quit like Hayes?

CAPTAIN FOXX

Discharged.

CAPPELI

I don't believe it.

CAPTAIN FOXX

Well pinch yourself. Because he's out. And if you two are in any way still interested in maintaining some level of trust between you and this department, you won't ask anymore questions.

MUNZ

The guy just saved a hundred hostages.

CAPTAIN FOXX

I don't see it that way. Neither does the department.

MUNZ

Any word on Daryl Brown?

CAPTAIN FOXX

Still missing.

MUNZ

And how about our Agent Barclay? A simple slap on the wrist? Who answers for Livia?

CAPTAIN FOXX

He's on suspension. Pending termination.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN FOXX (CONT'D)  
At least that's what I'm hearing  
from downtown. As of now,  
Lockwood's new war on terror is  
someone else's concern.

CAPPELI  
So that's it?

CAPTAIN FOXX  
Yeah. That's it. Go home.

And Captain Foxx is out. One foot out the door. Leaving Cappeli and Munz dumbstruck. Staring at one another in a deafening silence.

INT. SPECIAL CASES BUREAU - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Munz and Cappeli burst through a pair of fogged out double doors marked CAPTAIN'S OFFICE and BRIEFING ROOM...headed for the stairs...now on leave.

They are distracted by the sight of EVERY OFFICER IN THE ROOM with their GUNS DRAWN...aiming at a particular target near the top of the staircase.

Munz and Cappeli draw their guns, split apart, covering both sides of their suspect.

And this suspect is none other than the long presumed deceased...

SHAWN "AKEEM" NAVARRO (40s), trademark green eyes, now with short hair, shaved thin, very incognito. And dressed down to the point of looking homeless.

Akeem has his hands pressed above his head. As OMINOUS MUSIC drowns out the sound of COPS shouting intructions...

Akeem slowly kneels to the floor. His eyes staring straight ahead, unflinching, focused.

Munz and Cappeli left in utter shock. They simply join the other officers in aiming their weapons.

AS WE STARE DEEP INTO AKEEM'S JADE GREEN EYES...we quickly and without warning...

FADE OUT.

THE END