

**THE DRIVER**

by

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FADE IN:

INT. PRISON BUS - MORNING (MOVING)

Rows and rows of the world's finest. Rapists. Pedophiles. Gangsters. Supremacists. They're all here and accounted for. So many tattoos in this bus, it looks like some vandals laced it with graffiti before departure.

The GUARD moves down the aisle. Past the Latino gang-banger with a mouth full of gold... past the shaved heads of two vicious inmates locked in a stare-down... past the pockmarked face of a tweaker craving the fix he'll never have...

TANNER, late-thirties, soft-spoken, saturnine, laconic, gruff visage. His face is bruised, recovering from a fresh accident. He wears street clothes and a weathered brown leather jacket.

Discomforted by the manacles constricting his ankles and wrists, Tanner shifts in his seat. His sullen eyes stare out the window, the city of Los Angeles blurs by him. He ponders his future.

EXT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - MORNING

The LA County Sheriff's Department jail is an impressive structure for sinful angels surrounded by a chain-link fence with razor wire.

INT. PRISON BUS - MORNING (MOVING)

The bus lurches forward, RUMBLES through the gates. Tanner gazes around, swallowed by prison walls. GUARDS approach the bus with Mossberg pumps.

The door jerks open. The new fish disembark, chained together single-file, blinking sourly at their surroundings.

EXT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - COURTYARD - MORNING

Tanner and the others are paraded along, forced by their chains to take tiny baby steps.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - ADMISSION AREA - MORNING

The new fish are marched in. Guards unlock the shackles. The chains drop away, rattling to the stone floor.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - INFIRMARY - MORNING

A NAKED INMATE steps before a DOCTOR and gets a cursory exam. A penlight is shined in his eyes, ears, nose, and throat.

GUARD

Bend over.

The inmate does. A GUARD with a penlight in his teeth spreads his cheeks, peers up his ass, and nods.

GUARD

Next.

Tanner is next up. He gets the same treatment.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - SHOWERS - MORNING

Tanner closes his eyes and rests his head against the tiled wall as the warm water hits him. He sighs.

A beat.

The water is cut off.

GUARD (V.O.)

You're two minutes are up. Let's go.

Tanner opens his eyes.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Tanner and the new arrivals wear blue slacks and blue shirts and carry their bedding and towels.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - B-WING - MORNING

A life on the inside. A hundred different stories unfolding within the cells, dramas to our voyeur eye in the fashion that Jimmy Stewart's neighbor's lives where in "Rear Window".

A GUARD escorts Tanner to his cell on the second floor.

GUARD

(into mic)

Open six-B.

The cell door CLICKS open.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CELL SIX-B - MORNING

Inside is an inmate: FRANCIS DARBY, early-thirties, Black Irish, gawky, a hip Shaggy from "Scooby Doo." He's a man of loyalty and his loyalty has cost him his freedom and the woman he loves.

Francis is stretched out on his top bunk reading "Stag's Leap" by Sharon Olds. The cell is bare except for a shelf full of books.

Francis peels his eyes away to see his new roommate.

GUARD  
(to Francis)  
Meet you're new roommate.

The guard leaves, closing the door behind him. It locks. Francis doesn't say anything. He goes back to his book. He has no interests.

Tanner breathes in his new surroundings then walks over to his bunk and sets his things down then sits on his bed.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Lunch. INMATES slink down the buffet-line, scouring inedible delicacies. Tanner among them.

Tanner slides his tray along the cafeteria line as a dollop of "mashed potatoes" with his "Salisbury steak" is slapped on his tray.

Tanner makes his way through a sea of tables divided by race and gangs. He eventually finds Francis eating alone. Tanner sits at the same table, across from Francis four sits down.

Francis sees Tanner sitting down, barely pays him any mind. Both men eat their lunch.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CELL SIX-B - DAY

Francis is back to reading his book. Tanner stares up at Francis' bunk, lost in thought. It's quiet save for the sounds of the other inmates CHATTERING or YELLING at each other.

Tanner eyes the stack of books on the shelf. Then looks back at the mattress above him.

A beat.

Tanner slides out of bed and looks at Francis.

TANNER

Mind if I read one of those books?

FRANCIS

(without looking)

Fine.

Tanner turns to the books and tries picking one out. He picks out "Good Omens" by Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett.

TANNER

Thanks.

Tanner goes back to his bunk and starts reading.

A beat.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CELL SIX-B - MORNING

**SUPERIMPOSE: Five Months Later**

The cell is dark. TWO LOUD CLICKS wake up Tanner and Francis. They GROAN as they get out of bed like robots. It's routine. Tanner pushes the door open.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - B-WING - MORNING

The inmates file out of their cell and stand shoulder to shoulder as the guards do their head-count.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CAFETERIA - MORNING

Tanner and Francis eat breakfast. Tanner sits across from Francis; two seats away from being face-to-face. They don't look at each other.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - DAY ROOM - DAY

A DOZEN INMATES either watch TV or huddle around tables playing cards or board games. TWO GUARDS stand by watching the room.

Francis sits at a table, reading S. Craig Zahler's "A Congregation of Jackals".

FOUR BLACK INMATES walk into the day room. They spot FIVE LATINO INMATES sitting at a table in the corner.

Francis watches the black inmates saunter over to the Latinos who are locking at eyes with the black inmates. The Latinos stand up, speaking in Spanish.

Francis watches them. He knows what's going to happen. So do the guards.

GUARD

Hey! Y'all in the corner, separate now!

The blacks and Latinos ignore the guards. Their chatter escalates to fists. The guards spring into action, but the brawl is getting violently by the second.

Francis closes his book and walks away, some of the inmates follow suit.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Francis walks along the wall as GUARDS race down the corridor to the day room. He begins to speed walk.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - B-WING - DAY

ALARMS ring out, and security doors are activated throughout the jail. An announcement over the PA system plays:

P.A.

This is a code red. This is not a test. All guards and staff are ordered to go immediate code 14 lock-down. No movement until further notice. We repeat this is not a drill.

Francis makes it to his cell before the doors slide shut and lock.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CELL SIX-B - DAY

Tanner relaxes in his bunk, tossing some dices. He looks up at Francis.

TANNER

You play liar's dice?

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CELL SIX-B - DAY (LATER)

Tanner and Francis sit on the floor Indian-style. Instead of cups they use their hands to shake up the dices. They slam their hands on the floor and discreetly look at their dices.

Tanner: 2 ones, 1 four, 1 three, 1 six.

Francis: 2 fives, 1 three, 1 one, 1 six.

TANNER

Two ones.

A beat. Francis thinks for a moment.

FRANCIS

Three ones.

Tanner studies Francis' face. Searching for a lie. A beat.

TANNER

Call.

Both men show their dices. The bid was true. Francis wins. Tanner tosses a dice in the center. They gather their dices.

FRANCIS

Thought I was lying?

TANNER

I guess that makes you an honest criminal.

FRANCIS

Trusting others is what got me in here in the first place.

TANNER

A woman?

They shake their dices.

FRANCIS

A guy.

They slam their hands down. They check their dices.

Francis: 2 threes, 2 ones, 1 six.

Tanner: 2 fours, 1 five, 1 two.

FRANCIS

One one.

A beat.

TANNER

Four threes.

A beat.

FRANCIS

Five twos.

TANNER

One five.

Francis takes a moment, thinking about his next move. A beat.

FRANCIS

Call.

They reveal their dices. Tanner wins. Francis tosses a dice in the center.

TANNER

So this guy, you killed him 'cause he fucked your woman?

FRANCIS

No. But he tried to kill me.

Francis lifts his shirt up to reveal a gut-shot wound.

TANNER

So you fucked his woman.

Francis scoffs and smirks. They gather their dices.

FRANCIS

I was doing a job.

**SUPERIMPOSE: Nine Months Ago**

EXT. DILAPIDATED BUILDING - MORNING (LATER)

Four stories of a dying relic in the warehouse district. The street is empty of cars and pedestrians.

A 2009 Dodge Challenger pulls up to the curb. FOUR MEN in boiler suits get out: Francis, TOMMY, thirties, WALTON, mid-thirties, and SEAN DOLARHYDE, late-thirties. Francis carries a heavy duffle bag of cash.

They enter the building.

INT. DILAPIDATED BUILDING - MORNING

A fire must have licked its way across the polyester carpeting, destroying several rooms as it spooled soot up the walls and ceiling, leaving patterns of permanent shadow.

The men make their way up the staircase.



WALTON

Are you squatting here, Sean?

SEAN

It's free and it's quiet.

TOMMY

And it's creepy. Much like you Sean.

Tommy and Walton share a laugh. Francis makes a smirk. Sean doesn't do shit.

INT. DILAPIDATED BUILDING - 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

The four walk down the hall until they reach one of the rooms.

INT. DILAPIDATED BUILDING - ROOM - MORNING

Old furniture is left around. A mattress is laid out, some canned foods, and an ice chest. Sean has been squatting here.

The guys settle in.

INT. DILAPIDATED BUILDING - ROOM - MORNING (LATER)

Tommy is counting the money, making stacks on a wooden crate. The guys wait with anticipation.

As Tommy finishes counting...

WALTON

Well?

TOMMY

Thirty apiece.

WALTON

Can't argue with that.

Each man collects his money.

FRANCIS

I'll take Vincent's cut. Wash the rest in Vegas.

Sean stares at his share, contemplating something.

SEAN

Y'all want a beer?

TOMMY

Sure.

WALTON

Yeah, I'll take one.

Sean moves to the ice chest for the beers.

FRANCIS

I'm gonna spoil the shit out of Ashley  
and my little girl.

Sean pulls out a Colt .45 from the ice chest and SHOOTS  
the three men.

One bullet catches Walton squarely between his eye and  
his ear and it exits on the other side blasting out a  
huge spray of blood and skull fragments.

Sean pivots and shoots Tommy in his throat and starts to  
choke. He hits the floor, squirming as Francis attacks  
Sean only to get SHOT in the stomach. He hits the floor  
within a second.

Sean walks over to Tommy and SHOOTs him in the head, a  
spray of blood hits the floor.

Sean surveys the scene. Three dead bodies.

He collects the stacks of cash and stuffs them in the  
duffle bag before walking out of the room.

INT. DILAPIDATED BUILDING - 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - EVENING

Day turns to evening.

Quiet...

Until... GRUNTING... sounds of PAIN...

Francis stumbles out of the room, hits the floor. He  
tries to get to his feet, stumbles, and collapses to the  
floor.

Pain surges through his body every time he moves. He  
tries to bury the pain and stand up.

He uses the wall as leverage as he gets to his feet. He  
opens his shirt. He inspects the wound in his midriff,  
entrance and exit. Pulsing blood laps weakly out.

He adds pressure to his wound with his free hand. He  
staggers towards the stairwell. It's only ten feet away,  
but to Francis, it's like ten miles.

INT. DILAPIDATED BUILDING - STAIRWELL - EVENING

Francis finally makes it, out of breath. Now comes the hard part.

Francis takes baby-steps, using the old brass railing for leverage as he makes his way down the steps at a slow and effortless pace.

INT. DILAPIDATED BUILDING - EVENING (FIVE MINUTES LATER)

Francis finally makes to the first floor. He stumbles towards the door.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Francis exits the building, walks unsteadily down the sidewalk.

Something stops him. He pauses. He vomits into the street. He keeps going.

Francis can't make it any further. He stops and sits down, next to a set of trash cans. His look is glazed.

Francis listens. He hears kids coming.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CELL SIX-B - DAY (PRESENT)

Tanner and Francis sit on the floor, just tossing dice. Silence fills the room. Francis is quietly fuming.

FRANCIS

That piece of shit ruined everything.

A beat.

TANNER

How long are you in?

FRANCIS

Ten years. My ex-girlfriend won't come see me. She won't even bring my daughter. She says it's punishment for lying to her.

Francis holds back the tears.

FRANCIS

So what's your story?

Tanner looks at Francis.

TANNER

Like you, I was on the job.

INT. 2016 CHEVY IMPALA - DAY

**SUPERIMPOSE: Six Months Earlier**

Tanner sits behind the wheel, parked at a curb on South Main Street. He wears street clothes and leather gloves. The engine is running. Traffic cruises on by. He watches PEDESTRIANS go about their day.

A small handheld police scanner CRACKLES.

POLICE SCANNER

...9 Adam 81, what is your current location? Repeat, what is your current location?...

Tanner looks at his watch. Then at the bank.

A long beat goes by.

Suddenly, the alarm SHRILLS from inside. Tanner whips his head to the bank. Still nothing. The police scanner BARKS.

POLICE SCANNER

...Attention all units... 211... Union Bank on 900 South Main Street. All units respond.

Tanner looks at his watch again. He puts it in drive. He's calm but itching to burn rubber. He looks through the rearview mirror. He grips the wheel tighter and tighter.

Finally THREE BANK ROBBERS explode from the bank's entrance. Two of them carry heavy bags. The robbers pile into the car.

Tanner thunders up the street at top speed. He then eases his foot off the gas, slowing to avoid crashing into the rear end of Ford F150. He drives around the truck and floors.

In the back seat the two armed robbers rip off their masks, looking pumped up with adrenalin. Tanner studies them disapprovingly in his rear view mirror, then swerves left through an intersection, now heading up South Los Angeles Street.

The armed robbers watch in tense silence as Tanner weaves in and out of traffic, swiftly changing lanes and dodging oncoming vehicles.

Tanner makes right turn. There's a steady flow of traffic. Tanner falls in behind the other cars. The armed robbers look relieved.

There's not a trace of emotion in Tanner's eyes, even when he spots a police cruiser approaching in the opposite direction.

The two cars pass each other slowly. Tanner sees the cops in the Black-and-White peering at the Impala as they head past. He focuses on the scanner.

POLICE SCANNER

...This is 1 David 16... silver Chevy Impala headed South on Broadway and Pico...

A beat.

POLICE SCANNER

Investigate. Proceed with cation.

As soon as Tanner hears this he swerves sharply into the next street. He guns around the block now, building up speed.

POLICE SCANNER

...This is 1 David 16... We lost the suspect somewhere between Broadway and Grand... Possible evasive action... Request airship and additional units...

Tanner has a straight path allowing him to floor it. He looks in his rearview, seeing the Black-and-White still on him. His eyes go back to the road only to see a WOMAN pushing a stroller. He knows he's going to hit them.

The car is too far to the right to wrench it to the left which is loaded with cars. The impact is ten-seconds away giving him two choices: the woman or the stroller.

Tanner's hands float to the right and his foot taps the brakes to ease the impact.

The Chevy Impala smacks into the woman cleanly, powerfully, directly below her left hip. The impact folds her in half, then sends her tumbling up the windshield and over the hood.

Tanner looks in his side-view mirror and sees, miraculously, the baby stroller, trembling slightly, but still upright. The Black-and-White comes to a stop to provide assistance.

Tanner looks back at the road in time to see the ass end of a Ford SUV. He is right on top of it going too fast to stop or swerve.

Tanner throws both hands on the wheel, stands on the brakes. Bracing, wide-eyed, for what's coming.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The Impala collides with the Suburban with a horrific BANG-CRUNCH of metal and fiberglass. The Impala's front grill and hood accordion toward the windshield.

The Impala sends the Suburban careering off the road onto the shoulder/sidewalk. The crumpled Impala fishtails around to the left and stops dead. Fluids spill like blood from beneath the smoking engine.

Police SIRENS are approaching.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CELL SIX-B - DAY (PRESENT)

The cell is silent.

TANNER

My PD thinks I could get thirty-years.

Francis lets that sink in.

The comment hits Francis hard.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CELL SIX-B - DAY

**SUPERIMPOSE: Two Years Later**

The cell is a little homey now. More books. A box of junk food. Francis naps in his bunk.

Tanner, who now has a beard, stands at the bars, gazing at the jungle out there, the INMATES milling about. A PIERCING CRY of pain catches Tanner's attention.

One of the INMATES is down, gripping his stomach as everyone scatters. There's blood coursing between his fingers. WHISTLES echo up the wing. GUARDS rush toward the scene a moment later.

FRANCIS  
(eyes still closed)  
Who's dying?

TANNER  
Sounds like Fischer.

FRANCIS  
Who did it?

TANNER  
Don't know.

The ALARMS sound off. Tanner knows what this means.  
Like most of the inmates, Tanner goes back into his cell.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CELL SIX-B - DAY

Francis sits up and rests his back against the wall.

FRANCIS  
Just as well, I had a depressing dream.

Tanner leans against the wall.

TANNER  
(re: to their surroundings)  
More depressing than this?

Francis looks around. Tanner has a point.

P.A.  
This is a code red. This is not a test.  
All guards and staff are ordered to go  
immediate code 14 lock-down. No movement  
until further notice. We repeat this is  
not a drill.

A beat.

FRANCIS  
So what do you wanna play?

The cell doors slide shut and lock.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CELL SIX-B - MORNING

Tanner and Francis are fast asleep.

The cell door CLICKS open. TWO GUARDS enter. One of  
them has boxes.

GUARD

Darby. Tanner. Wake up. You're being processed. Gather your things now.

Tanner and Francis stir and swing out of bed.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - CORRIDOR - MORNING

The guards escort Tanner and Francis. They both carry their belongings in boxes. Both men are still tired.

FRANCIS

Looks like it's denim jeans and blue chambray shirts for us.

TANNER

Like Sisyphus, we're bound to hell.

EXT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - MORNING

The sky has a dark shade of blue.

Tanner and Francis and TWELVE INMATES board the prison transport bus.

EXT. INTERSTATE 580 - MORNING

The sun is up and so is the morning rush hour traffic.

The prison transport bus travels on the MacArthur freeway, just past the I-80 junction north of San Quentin. A single police cruiser follows.

INT. PRISON TRANSPORT BUS - MORNING (MOVING)

The inmates ride in silence. Hands and legs shackled. Up front, Tanner sits next to an ASIAN PRISONER with striking good looks. Francis sits in the back with an OLD ARMENIAN GANGSTER.

All is calm.

Tanner hears RADIO CHATTER. He can't make out what is being said. But he feels the bus slowing down.

So does Francis. He looks up ahead. Then back. He sees two police cruisers and a van coming up and passing the other police cruiser.

The inmates begin to stir, curiosity in their eyes. Some MUTTER.

The bus changes lanes and moves onto the shoulder. Finally it comes to a stop.



Francis looks back and sees TWO OFFICERS exiting both police cruisers and a SUITED MAN getting out of the van. All five men greet the TWO OFFICERS from the first cruiser.

Tanner also looks back.

Francis watches the men move alongside the bus to the door. The DRIVER opens the door for he suited man who quickly draws his Glock and puts two in the driver's chest.

The prisoners react with "OH SHIT" or "WHAT THE FUCK". The two police officers are quickly gun-downed.

The suited man takes the keys from the driver and unlocks the cage-door that separates the inmates.

The inmates HOLLER to be release. The suited man goes over to the Asian prisoner and unlocks his chains. The suited man drops the keys next to Tanner. The suited man and the Asian prisoner leave.

Tanner quickly unshackles his legs and wrists restraints.

Francis watches Tanner run toward him. The inmates reach out to grab Tanner shouting "Do me, man" or "let me loose".

Tanner fumbles with getting the key into Francis' ankle shackles. But finally hears the satisfying CLICK. Then goes to work on the wrists. CLICK.

Francis and Tanner run up the aisle.

EXT. INTERSTATE 580 - MORNING

Their eyes squint at the morning sun. Tanner grabs Francis by the collar and hauls him toward the police cruiser.

TANNER  
C'MON, MAN! LET'S GO, LET'S GO!

Tanner gets behind the wheel while Francis rides shotgun. Tanner puts it in drive and burns rubber.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MORNING (MOVING)

Tanner doesn't let up, creating distance between them and the bus. Their adrenaline is spiking. Their eyes are wide as the Grand Canyon. Francis is flipping out.

FRANCIS

(stammers)

Holy fuck! I can't believe I just did that, fuck! I'm so fucked!

TANNER

We gotta ditch this car and find some place to lay low.

A beat.

FRANCIS

(stammers)

I know a place. And a guy that can help us, I used to work for him and his boss. We'll be alright.

Tanner changes lanes and gets off the interstate.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A mist-like rain blows between the tall buildings at intervals, wetting the streets, turning them into black, fun-house mirrors that reflect in grotesque distortions from the street lights and neon signs.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

In Loft district, VAGRANTS scatter about like rats trying to stay dry.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

A decrepyted structure from the fifties on Mateo.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

The walls leak like sieves. Sheet rock crumbles away in clumps. Brown-ringed water damage stretches ceiling to floor. Tanner and Francis rifle through garbage and boxes, using streetlights as a means of light.

Francis pulls out a pair of ratty sweatpants and an oil-stained tee-shirt that's one size too small.

FRANCIS

Found these.

Tanner looks at the clothes.

TANNER

Jesus.

FRANCIS  
Did you find anything?

A beat.

TANNER  
Just this.

Tanner pulls out an atrocious tarp.

FRANCIS  
You don't think that's gonna draw  
attention?

TANNER  
I look like a homeless person. Nobody  
likes to look at homeless people.

Tanner drapes the tarp over him like a blanket.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

The rain doesn't seem to be slowing down. Tanner and Francis are exhausted and drenched as if they've been walking through the ocean. They travel on Elwood Street coming out from under the Santa Monica Freeway.

To the left of them is nondescript strip-club with a large parking lot that is currently full. The neon sign is brightly lit, displaying "Neon Luv" in hot pink.

FRANCIS  
This is it.

TANNER  
Wonderful.

FRANCIS  
Listen, you wait in the back by the  
fence. I'm gonna go in and see my guy  
real quick.

TANNER  
Don't make me wait all night.

Francis and Tanner go their way.

EXT. NEON LUV - BACK LOT - NIGHT (LATER)

Tanner leans against the fence that surrounds the back door.

He watches as cars travel back fourth. He's lost in his thoughts until he sees a police cruiser driving by at a crawl. Tanner's body stiffens, but he tries to keep his cool as the police cruiser disappears.

The street is quiet now.

Tanner is waiting. Either for Francis or for the police cruiser to return.

And it does. It does a U-turn and is now parked at the curb.

Tanner stares at the cruiser.

Finally, Tanner hears someone coming through the back door. It's Francis. He unlocks and opens the gate just as the search-light on the police cruiser turns on and is pointed at the Tanner who is already inside.

INT. NEON LUV - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Tanner throws the tarp outside before entering. Loud MUSIC can be heard.

Francis leads Tanner down a long corridor with red neon lights guiding them. A couple of STRIPPERS emerge from their changing room, surprised to see them.

They pass a curtain the leads to the main stage. Then turn to a door marked "Office".

INT. NEON LUV - OFFICE - NIGHT

Sitting on the desk is TONY MORETTI, early-forties, crisp suit, and a stern jaw. He's an East Coast gangster getting his tan in Cali.

FRANCIS

This is him, Tony.

Tony reaches out to shake Tanner's hand.

TONY

Tony Moretti. Nice to meet you. Francis told me a lot about you.

TANNER

In the ten-minutes that he's been here?

FRANCIS

I told him about you a while back.

TANNER

Is that so?

TONY

Only good things.

TANNER

Believe me, there's nothing good about me.

(to Francis and Tony)

So what's the plan here?

FRANCIS

Well, we can definitely use some dry close.

TONY

Sol can remedy that. I'll text him. If you guys want a drink help yourself to the cabinet.

Tanner goes over to the cellaret. He opens it to take out two glasses and a bottle of Johnnie Walker Blue Label.

TANNER

(pours)

Never met anyone this generous.

TONY

(texting)

Francis did a lot for us by staying quiet. Loyalty is hard to find these days. You know, your guys' faces was all over the news this morning.

Tanner and Francis the glass of scotch.

FRANCIS

(downs his drink)

Whitey Bulger spent seventeen years in Santa Monica while on the FBI's wanted list.

TONY

Good point. Well, you guys hangout here, I gotta place to run.

Tony exits the office.

A beat.

TANNER

So what is the plan?

FRANCIS  
 (refills his drink)  
 Go back to work. Try to patch things up  
 with Laura. You?

TANNER  
 Wait until things cool down and split.

FRANCIS  
 You know Tony and Vincent could use a guy  
 like you.

TANNER  
 I don't know, man.

FRANCIS  
 If your plan is to skip town you're gonna  
 need money.

Tanner pauses to think about it.

INT. NEON LUV - NIGHT (LATER)

It's one of those rare strip clubs that balances between  
 erotic entertainment and class. Neon lights wash over  
 the CUSTOMERS and DANCERS.

A BLONDE WOMAN of thirty is on stage swaying around  
 softly to a hip-hop SONG, swinging her hips, playing with  
 her breasts. Not like she owns the stage, but like she  
 owns the world.

And if the patrons of the Neon Luv are her world, then  
 the world is proud to be her possession. Her name is  
 ASHLEY.

Moving through the crowd with two heavy bags of clothes  
 is GERRY "SOL" SOLOMON, mid-thirties, Black, vulpine. He  
 makes eye contact with Ashley. Her eyes say "hey" and  
 "I'm busy".

Sol keeps walking.

INT. NEON LUV - OFFICE - NIGHT

Sol enters and instantly a smile emerges on his face. He  
 drops the bags and hugs Francis.

FRANCIS  
 How's it going, man?

SOL  
 It's been good. Vincent's been spending  
 so much time in Vegas.

FRANCIS

Yeah, I heard. Hey, this is my friend  
Tanner.

Sol and Tanner shake hands.

TANNER

Nice to meet you.

SOL

Likewise.

FRANCIS

So what do you got going on tonight?

SOL

I was doing pick-ups until Tony put me on  
this shit.

Tanner pours another glass of whisky.

FRANCIS

You need any help? I need to shake off  
this rust.

SOL

What about you, new guy?

Tanner downs his drink.

TANNER

I'm driving.

EXT. NEON LUV - NIGHT

The rain has slowed to a mist. Sol leads Tanner and  
Francis, who are newly dressed, to his 2018 Dodge  
Charger. Tanner walks around to the driver's side.

INT. SOL'S DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Tanner's behind the wheel of the Impala now, cruising  
down South La Cienega Boulevard. The men are calm and  
content.

Tanner feels right at home, settling into his old ways.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A rundown, quasi-deserted area on South Union Street.  
Alienation in the twilight. A lonely tenant watches the  
city from an open window.

Sol's Charger pulls to the curb of an apartment building.

INT. SOL'S DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Sol reaches into the glove box and retrieves a Ruger P89. He turns and holds it out for Francis.

Francis hesitates.

SOL

No?

FRANCIS

Don't feel like carrying tonight.

SOL

What makes this night any different?

FRANCIS

I shouldn't make too much noise, man.

Sol is disappointed. He looks at Tanner.

SOL

I suppose you don't want it.

TANNER

I just drive.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sol and Francis get out of the car and walk toward the apartment building. They go through the steel gate.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Francis and Sol walk past an in-ground pool filled with dirt and weeds. They climb up the stairs to the second floor.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

They round the corner and walk up towards their destination. Francis knocks on the door.

A beat.

The door opens. The RESIDENT, black, tall. And deathly hungover.

RESIDENT

Hey, man.

The resident steps aside then closes the door.



INT. SOL'S DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Tanner sits quietly. He casts his eyes around the street, observing the smallest details: shadows, the number, cruising vehicles, parked vehicles, the windows of buildings, etc.

Tanner relaxes for a moment when suddenly he notices something.

Coming down the street he sees another vehicle glinting in the street lights. To the ordinary eye it's no different from the other cars, but to Tanner it stands out. For one, it's a silver 2018 Infiniti Q50 with 19" rims. The vehicle itself looks more valuable than the properties on the street. Second, it's driving at a slower than usual pace.

Tanner watches the Infiniti drive past him. The windows are eerily tinted. Then does a U-Turn after fifty-feet. It drives past Tanner again and then parks in front of him. The Infiniti's engine dies. Then TWO MEN climb out and walk toward the apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The resident empties a cigar of its tobacco while Francis and Sol count several stacks of cash wrapped in rubber-bands. So far they seem pleased.

SOL

So far so good.

RESIDENT

I told you everyone paid.

SOL

I'm surprised about that. But, everything looks here.

Sol and Francis throw the cash in a brown paper-bag.

SOL

Later.

RESIDENT

Later.

Francis and Sol head to the door. Sol opens it and is instantly bum-rushed by the two thugs from the Infiniti, pistols drawn.

THUG #1

On the fucking ground, nigga!

THUG #2  
Fucking do it, nigga!

Francis and Sol obliged. Thug #2 points his gun at the resident is like a frozen drunk.

Thug #1 grabs the bag of money and both men sprint out the door. Sol and Francis look at each and jump to their feet.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The two thugs flee like cheetahs. Sol and Francis give chase.

The two thugs clear the stairs and race to the entrance. Sol draws his gun and SHOTS while running, blasting wildly. Rounds ricochet.

INT. SOL'S DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Tanner twists his head to the gunshots. He sees the two thugs jump into their car and peel out into traffic.

Tanner fires up the engine. He sees Francis and Sol running to the car.

Tanner steps on the gas pedal the second get into the car, no time to close the doors.

SOL  
Don't lose that fucking car!

Tanner is laser focused.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Dodge Charger swerves around an idling truck.

The Infiniti almost hits a car backing out into the street.

INT. SOL'S DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

The Infiniti makes a hard right, disappearing from view, the Dodge Charger turns and Tanner see the Infiniti again. He speeds up.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The ENGINE HOWLS and the Dodge Charger catches up.

INT. SOL'S DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

The Dodge Charger swings into oncoming traffic. Sol tenses up. A near miss!

Tanner is totally wired. Concentrated. The adrenalin is kicking in, flashing through his system. His brain is on turbo boost, reacting a thousand times a second as they hit sixty through the traffic, which seems to be standing still.

High-speed slalom through cars and trucks. The world passes by in a hysterical blur.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Infiniti passes an unyielding driver. The Infiniti is more distant.

INT. SOL'S DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Tanner quickly closes the gap.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

And so the chase goes. Turn after turn the Infiniti fighting like a sport-fish at the end of a line, unable to shake the Dodge Charger.

INT. SOL'S DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Tanner is now very close to the Infiniti.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Dodge Charger pulls alongside the Infiniti's bumper and does a "Pit Maneuver". The Infiniti spins out.

The Infiniti CRASHES into a phone-pole. SCREECH. As the Dodge Charger car slides to a stop right behind it.

The two thugs instantly spring out of the Infiniti and OPEN FIRE with their handguns.

INT. SOL'S DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

TICK-TICK-TICK. The windshield is hit but bullet proof.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sol springs out and opens FIRE. The Infiniti and two thugs are hit multiple times. The two thugs drop dead.

Francis and Tanner watch as Sol leans into the car and retrieves the bag of money. He heads back to the car.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

It is just beyond the middle of the night; that time when it seems there are no rules and everything feels unsafe.

EXT. RIVERSIDE-ZOO DRIVE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Dodge Charger comes stops at a curb. Sol gets out and throws his handgun into the Los Angeles River. He gets back in. The Dodge drives off.

INT. SOL'S DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

All three men ride in silence. A beat goes by.

SOL

So where are you two staying tonight?

FRANCIS

I think that's the one thing we didn't think about.

SOL

I know this place on Fifth Street. If you pay cash they don't card you. I'm sure Vincent can hook you guys up with apartments later on. I can hook you guys up with fake IDs and shit.

FRANCIS

We appreciate, man.

SOL

(to Tanner)

Take this right up here.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

The Dodge Charger travels down East Fifth Street, passing tents on sidewalks, DRUGGIES in alleyways, and every downtrodden thing in-between.

The Dodge Charger parks at the curb. Across the street is a nondescript hotel that has lost its charm decades ago.

INT. SOL'S DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Sol digs into the brown paper bag and takes out a stack of cash.

SOL

(hands it to Francis)

I don't think Tony would mind. Thanks  
for the help tonight.

(to Tanner)

Nice meeting you, Tanner. Thanks for not  
destroying my car.

All three men get out.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

A post-Victorian dump. Dilapidated. A few DRUNKS and  
HOMELESS cluster around a flickering TV set from the  
nineties. Francis pulls out some cash.

A curmudgeon DESK CLERK is nodding off. He comes to as  
Tanner and Francis approaches.

FRANCIS

(puts \$200 on the counter)

I need a room.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

An old ratty room. Stained walls. A full bed. A window  
looking out on the rumbling street below. Francis goes  
to the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Francis flips the switch. Fluorescent ballasts buzz  
overhead. Acrylic casings burned yellowed with neglect.  
The silhouettes of dead moths scattered across inside.  
Entombed. Francis leaves.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Tanner and Francis stand in the middle of the room.

FRANCIS

One bed.

TANNER

I'm not getting into bed with you. We'll  
take turns.

Tanner grabs a pillow and throws it on the floor.

TANNER

Good night.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - MORNING

The whole dysfunctional megalopolis, beige and blurry in the summer smog.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - MORNING

The window shades are half up, allowing harsh sunlight to creep across the floor, the furniture, casting long shadows.

Tanner sleeps on his back peacefully. Suddenly, he's awoken by the door being SHUT.

It's Francis with a full bag. He wears a ball-cap and sunglasses.

TANNER

Jesus Christ, man!

FRANCIS

Morning.

Francis digs into the bag and pulls out a prepaid cellphone still in its package. He tosses it to Tanner who catches it.

TANNER

(half grateful)

Thanks.

Tanner tosses it to the side as he gets up and climbs onto the bed.

TANNER

You look like you're heading off to somewhere.

FRANCIS

(hesitates)

Yeah, I'm gonna... go run some errands.

Tanner freezes.

TANNER

Errands?

FRANCIS

Yeah. I'll be back later.

Francis exits the room.

EXT. STREET - MORNING (LATER)

Francis walks down a commercial street in Canoga Park. He keeps his head down. He stops at a chintzy two-story apartment building stuck between an auto shop and smog test station.

Francis takes a few deep breathes and proceeds through the iron gate.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - COURTYARD - MORNING

Francis walks alongside the murky pool. Discarded lawn furniture are scattered about. He approaches a door near the stairs. He knocks on it and waits.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hello?

FRANCIS

Laura, it's me. It's Francis.

A beat.

The door is cracked open. LAURA, early-thirties, natural looks. Dressed in unflattering clothes, face a bit greasy, blonde hair let down. Her spirit has not been crushed and that makes her the most beautiful creature in this world.

Her eyes are widen as saucers. Words are stuck in her throat. Francis is a little overwhelmed at the sight of here; choked up. But he tries to put on a friendly face.

FRANCIS

Hey.

LAURA

You shouldn't be here, Francis.

FRANCIS

I know, I'm an idiot. I just had to see you both.

LAURA

Well Jasmine isn't here she's at school. And I don't want you here she gets home.

A beat. Francis is shocked by her words.

FRANCIS

Why would you say that?

LAURA

You're a wanted man, Francis. Do you really want your daughter seeing cops dragging you away?

FRANCIS

At least I'd be able to see her. Why didn't you bring her to see me?

LAURA

You lied to me! You lied to both of us! So why should we let you back into our lives?

Francis knows she has a point. He tries to keep calm.

FRANCIS

I want a second chance, Laura.

LAURA

You can't have a second chance while you're still wanted. And I can't wait that long.

Her words hit him like wrecking ball.

LAURA

Please don't come back, Francis.

Laura closes the door.

Francis is frozen for a moment. He then turns and walks away.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

Tanner is still asleep. He's awoken by the KNOCKING at the door. He stirs and MOANS and finally gets out of bed. The KNOCKING continues. He goes over to the door and opens it.

Tony stands in the doorway.

TONY

Hey, sunshine. You got time to talk?

Tanner doesn't say anything, he just leaves the door open as he walks back into the room. Tony follows after closing the door.

TANNER

How'd you find us?



TONY

Sol told me after he delivered the collections. He also said you're a pretty good driver.

TANNER

I was just shaking off the rust.

TONY

You wanna tryout for a job?

TANNER

Excuse me?

TONY

I talked to Vincent about bringing you in. Bur first I gotta see how you do. So what do you say?

Tanner thinks for a moment.

TANNER

What kind of car do you drive?

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY (LATER)

A seven level structure on South Flower Street in Downtown. A 2018 Audi RS5 enters the parking structure.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - FIRST LEVEL - DAY

The Audi finds a spot and parks.

INT. TONY'S AUDI - DAY

Tony is behind the wheel. Tanner rides shotgun. Tony kills the engine and takes out an old school, stainless steel stopwatch.

TONY

Alright. Let's see how fast you can make it to the top.

Tony and Tanner get out and switch seats. Tanner checks the brake pedals. He scans everything about the car.

Then snaps the safety belt into place. He starts the engine and socks it into reverse and then aims the Audi in the right direction.

Tanner looks at Tony who holds up the stopwatch. Tony clicks it to start. Tanner accelerates down the lane between the parked cars.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - FIRST LEVEL - DAY

The Audi comes down to the next aisle in a broadside drift. Tires howling. The Audi roars up the aisle.

INT. TONY'S AUDI - DAY (MOVING)

Tanner quickly swerves to avoid an oncoming car that honks at him. Tanner flicks the wheel over, skids the car off the aisle and speeds up the ramp.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - SECOND LEVEL - DAY

He hits the second level. He pushes sixty while on the straight path. Then brakes hard when coming to the turn and easily feinting the Audi into a beautiful turn that carries them. Tanner floors it again, but brakes and dodges a car that's backing out, then quickly regains some speed.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - THIRD LEVEL - DAY

The Audi drifts around the corner. The Audi's engine echoes throughout the structure.

INT. TONY'S AUDI - DAY (MOVING)

Tony is calm but has worry eyes. A bit tense. He looks over at Tanner is who is like heart surgeon behind the wheel. His eyes are wide open, barely blinking. He jerks the wheel as he makes another turn to reach the fourth level.

Tony looks at the stopwatch.

Tanner drives hard toward the end and makes a hard right onto the fifth level.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - FIFTH LEVEL - DAY

Another burst of speed sends the Audi like a bat out of hell.

INT. TONY'S AUDI - DAY (MOVING)

Tanner arrives at the turn just as a car comes down from the sixth level. It HONKS at him. Tony stands on his feet as Tanner brakes and spins the wheel to make the turn without hitting the other car then speeds up.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - SIXTH LEVEL - DAY

The Audi ROARS down the final stretch.

INT. TONY'S AUDI - DAY (MOVING)

Tanner doesn't let up. Determination runs through his blood.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - SEVENTH FLOOR - DAY

The Audi races to the top and skids to a stop.

INT. TONY'S AUDI - DAY

Tony looks at his stopwatch: a minute and fifty-seven seconds.

TONY

Not bad.

TANNER

You should get a new car, one with a handbrake.

Tanner gets out.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - EVENING

Tanner walks in and sees a drunk Francis sitting on the floor with his back against the bed, a capped bottle of Jack in his hand, half empty. His eyes are welled-up with tears.

TANNER

So how was your day?

FRANCIS

(quick smile)

Not as good as yours I bet.

(a beat)

I went to see Laura.

Tanner is stone-cold still.

FRANCIS

I thought I could... at least mend some fences with her.

Francis hands the bottle to Tanner. Tanner unscrews the cap and takes a pull.

FRANCIS

But I think I just made it worse.

And without hesitation, Tanner flings the bottle against the wall. It shatters into a thousand tiny pieces, wetting the wall.

Francis snaps out of his drunken state, breathing heavily. He's about to see a side of Tanner he had hope to never see.

TANNER  
HAVE YOU LOST YOUR FUCKING MIND?!

Francis stammers his words.

TANNER  
You don't think she called the cops when you left?!

FRANCIS  
No, no, she wouldn't do that...

TANNER  
How do you fucking know that?!

Francis doesn't have an answer. Tanner tries to calm himself down. He sits on the bed next to Francis. A beat.

FRANCIS  
I just miss them both. I need to take care of them.

A beat.

TANNER  
I guess I can help you.

Both men sit in silence.

EXT. NEON LUV - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: **Three Months Later**

Moving through the packed lot of cars like a steel shark is a 1966 Ford Mustang Fastback that could use a new paint job. It parks. Tanner climbs out of the driver side. Francis gets out too. They both wear dark clothes. They head to the back of the building.

INT. NEON LUV - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Tanner and Francis move through a trio of DANCERS. They head to the office.

INT. NEON LUV - OFFICE - NIGHT

Tanner and Francis walk in. Sol and Tony are there. Sol is also in dark clothes. At his feet is a canvas duffle bag full of tools.

They all look at each other.

TONY  
You guys ready?

They all nod in agreement. Sol grabs the bag and three men walk out.

TONY  
Good luck.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT (MOVING)

All three men are focused in thought. Their faces are seen in the passing neon lights. Feline good looks. Tanner drives carefully, letting other cars overtake.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Mustang Fastback stalks the industrial streets of Pico Gardens. The sky has an orange hazy glow.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT (MOVING)

Tanner is now traveling on South Mission Road. He pulls up a long building's dual shutter doors. One of them opens. He drives inside, the headlights wash a small portion of the building before Tanner kills the engine.

INT. BUILDING ON MISSION ROAD - NIGHT

Francis brings up the flashlight on his phone. They walk over to a silver 2006 Subaru Impreza WRX. They all climb in.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT (LATER) (MOVING)

Again, all three men ride in silence, still focused.

Tanner drives on Naomi Ave, going under the Santa Monica/Chris Columbus Hwy. On either side are tents taking up the sidewalks, VAGRANTS wandering about under the pale yellow glow of the street lamps.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A vast auto-body shop dominates the deserted street in Downtown. A steel fence is wrapped around the property.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT (MOVING)

Tanner pulls over, making sure he has a good view of the entrance. He keeps the engine running. Francis and Sol put on black gloves and then get out.

Tanner reaches under the seat and pulls out a small handheld scanner. He switches it on, tuning it to the right frequency. Crackling police dispatches. He takes out a stopwatch and holds it in one hand.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Francis and Sol walk up to the gate. Francis takes out a bolt cutter from the bag and cuts the padlock off.

EXT. AUTO-BODY SHOP - NIGHT

Sol pulls the gate open and both of them hustle to the side entrance. Sol digs into the duffle bag for his lock-pick gun and inserts it. After several jiggles and CLICKS the door unlocks. Instantly the alarm SHRILLS.

Sol and Francis quickly swarm in.

INT. AUTO-BODY SHOP - NIGHT

Francis and Sol sprint past rows of vintage cars. They head to the office.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT

Tanner keeps his eyes on the building. The storefront is hidden in shadow, impossible to tell what's going on inside.

POLICE SCANNER

All units be advised, possible 731 in progress. 1710 Naomi Avenue.

A beat.

POLICE SCANNER

Car fifty-two what's you twenty?

POLICE SCANNER

Car fifty-two to dispatch, currently at ten pager on 7th, ETA approximately five minutes.

Tanner CLICK on the stopwatch. It ticks away.

INT. AUTO-BODY SHOP - OFFICE - NIGHT

The door is flung open. Sol bags his lock-pick gun. They hustle across the room to a safe on the floor.

Francis drops the duffle bag, takes out a pair of thick gloves for him and Sol. Then takes out a 500ml liquid nitrogen sprayer.

He focuses the nozzle on the turn dial and holds down the trigger, freezing the turn dial. Sol gets his sprayer ready.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT

Tanner checks his mirrors, searching for headlights or flashing lights. So far, just dark streets.

INT. AUTO-BODY SHOP - OFFICE - NIGHT

Francis' liquid nitrogen sprayer begins to run dry. Sol sees this and starts spraying the turn dial. Francis empty sprayer in the bag and brings out a mini-sledgehammer, ready to swing.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT

The police scanner continues to crackle. Four minutes. Still no sign of them. Tanner doesn't betray a hint of nerves.

INT. AUTO-BODY SHOP - OFFICE - NIGHT

Sol's canister is now empty. Francis brings the hammer down three times on the dial, turning it into tiny chunks that scatter about. Sol opens the safe, revealing \$400,000 in cash. Francis and Sol load the money into a thick trash bag.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT

Four and half minutes on his stop watch. Tanner rolls down the window. He can hear the faint sound of police SIRENS in the distance.

INT. AUTO-BODY SHOP - OFFICE - NIGHT

The safe is cleaned out. They pack up their tools and quickly exit the office.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT

Tanner looks at his stopwatch: the five minutes are up. He looks and sees Francis and Sol racing toward him. He puts the car in drive with his foot on the brake.

Francis and Sol jump into the back seat a few seconds after a Black and White shows up in front of them, lights flashing.

Tanner puts the car in reverse, cuts the headlights off, and peels out of there.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Subaru reverses at top speed all the way to Washington Blvd, spins, and guns it. All the while the Black and White keeps up with the Subaru.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT (MOVING)

Francis and Sol watch in tense silence as Tanner weaves in and out of traffic. The Black and White mimics every move Tanner makes.

Tanner uses the industrial alleyways to shake the Black and White off his tail. Driving though at 60 mph is harrowing.

EXT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT (MOVING)

Tanner does a lot of braking, turning, and speeding up. He has a few close calls, scrapping the sides but never losing too much speed.

EXT. ALLEYWAYS - NIGHT

The Black and White keeps up however, but begins to lose at the turns, doing more damage to the car as well as losing speed.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT (MOVING)

Tanner keeps shifting his eyes from the road in front of him to the rearview, seeing the Black and White falling behind.

EXT. ALLEYWAYS - NIGHT

The Subaru makes a turn down into an alley but the Black and White collides with a corner.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Subaru rockets out of the alley nearly crashing into a semi-truck. It SCREAMS down the street.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT (MOVING)

Tanner takes a right down a busy street. He begins to slow down, blending in with the other vehicles. Francis and Sol look around for any Black and Whites.

INT. BUILDING ON MISSION ROAD - NIGHT

The shutter door opens and the Subaru pulls in. The trunk pops open. Everyone piles out.



Tanner goes to the trunk to take out a one gallon lawn & garden and a one gallon bottle of bleach. He pours the bleach into the sprayer while Francis and Sol load everything into the Mustang.

SOL

(to Francis)

After this, I wanna talk to you two about something. Something big.

FRANCIS

Alright.

Tanner starts spraying the inside of the Subaru, every inch of the interior is drenched: seats, doors, floor, ceiling, etc.

INT. BUILDING ON MISSION ROAD - NIGHT (LATER)

Tanner loads the sprayer and bleach bottle in the trunk of the Mustang. He closes it then climbs in.

EXT. NEON LUV - NIGHT (LATER)

The Mustang Fastback pulls into the parking. Most of the cars are gone.

INT. NEON LUV - OFFICE - NIGHT

Sol tosses the trash bag of money on the desk. Tony looks inside. A smirk grows on his face.

TONY

Good job, guys.

Tony gives them two stacks each.

FRANCIS

You still don't think the Chicanos will retaliate?

TONY

Let 'em fucking try. You skim from Vincent you lose it all. Any problems?

TANNER

None.

Tony looks at the guys.

TONY

Alright. You guys have a good night.

INT. NEON LUV - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Tanner, Sol, and Francis exit the office.

SOL

Follow me back to my place.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

A peaceful neighborhood in Montecito Heights. The Mustang Fastback follows Sol's Dodge, traveling down Altura Street.

Sol pulls up to a green one-story house. Tanner parks in the alley adjacent to the one-story house with a chain-linked fence.

Everyone gets out and heads inside.

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A mix of old Sears furniture and Ikea. No books. No art.

SOL

(whispers)

Let's see if she's up.

Sol leads them down a hall to the master bedroom. The door is ajar. Sol motions proudly, opens the door a little more.

Tanner sees a set of legs that won't quit and a body to match, shrink wrapped in a jersey nightgown. It's Ashley. She sleeps on her side, her delicate hands fisted up like a bare knuckle fighter. Angry even in sleep.

SOL

Not bad, huh?

Tanner silently agrees.

SOL

My dad always said you can judge a man by the women he keeps.

FRANCIS

Is this what you wanted to talk to us about?

SOL

Let's go to the kitchen.

The three men head back down the hallway to the kitchen.

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A little messy. Dishes in the sink or on the rack. Sol takes three beers out of the fridge and passes them around. They start drinking.

TANNER

So what is this?

SOL

I got a job lined up.

FRANCIS

What kind?

SOL

Santa Anita Park.

FRANCIS

The racetrack?

SOL

One and only.

TANNER

This isn't from Tony, is it?

SOL

No. I've been planning this thing for two years. I recruited a guy who does security there. I brought in two more guys I trust. I just need two more.

FRANCIS

Us, huh?

SOL

Francis, you and I go way back. Tanner, you're an amazing fucking driver.

FRANCIS

You know Tony doesn't like us doing side jobs.

SOL

(shows his cut from the  
previous job)

Yeah, and Tony doesn't exactly pay enough.

TANNER

What's the take?

SOL  
 It's a racetrack, man. A million, maybe  
 more. Equal shares.

Francis isn't so sure.

SOL  
 (to Francis)  
 This could definitely help out with you  
 and Laura.

A beat.

FRANCIS  
 I'm in.

They look at Tanner. He nods. They CLING their glasses.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT (LATER) (MOVING)

Tanner and Francis travel up South Broadway in Downtown.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

An apartment building with a T-Mobile underneath. The  
 Fastback pulls up to the curb.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT

Francis hands Tanner a stack from his cut. Francis is  
 about to get out when Tanner stops him.

TANNER  
 No note this time?

FRANCIS  
 If my last four notes didn't change her  
 mind then nothing will. But I still need  
 to take care of them.

Francis gets out. Tanner watches him go inside. He  
 drives off.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - COURTYARD - MORNING

Tanner comes around the corner. He looks around, making  
 sure he's alone. He walks to Laura's door and squats  
 down. He takes the stack of cash and slides it under the  
 door.

Tanner gets up and starts walking until Laura comes from  
 his right carrying a basket of clothes. Tanner feels  
 like a deer caught in the headlights.

LAURA  
So you're the one.

TANNER  
Yeah.

LAURA  
Are you one of Francis' friends?

TANNER  
I suppose so.

LAURA  
Well, "suppose" friend, tell Francis to stop. I've been doing just fine without him.

TANNER  
Yeah, I tried telling him that in the beginning. If he didn't listen then he's not gonna listen now.

Laura shakes her while walking to her door.

TANNER  
What pissed you off the most: the lie or what he did for a living?

Laura stops at her door. She turns around.

LAURA  
What would you have done?

TANNER  
I would've told you the truth, and wouldn't give a fuck what you thought. You see, I'm a survivor so I do what I have to. But for Francis, he had you and a child to take care of so I can understand why he did what he did.

Laura is a surprised by the answer.

TANNER  
Look, you think a prostitute likes spreading her legs for a stranger because she likes sex? Or a corner dealer who knows he could get arrested or shot? It's not an ideal living but it's better than minimal wage. Some people do things they don't wanna do to survive; especially if they have a family.

Laura lets Tanner's words sink in.

TANNER

Look, give him a chance or tell him to fuck off.

Tanner starts to walk away.

LAURA (O.S.)

Wait!

Tanner turns back.

INT. FRANCIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Francis and Tanner sit around. Francis is stunned.

FRANCIS

Really? When?

TANNER

Tomorrow at one at the Denny's on Ramirez Street.

FRANCIS

What'd you say to her?

TANNER

Nothing special.

Without warning, Francis embraces Tanner. Tanner pats Francis on the back.

FRANCIS

I owe you, man.

TANNER

Yeah.

INT. NEON LUV - DAY

Tanner and Francis walk in. They see Tony talking to an OLDER GENTLEMAN by the main stage. They proceed on.

FRANCIS

Alright, Tony. We're here. What's up?

TONY

Fellas. Guess who came home?

The older gentleman turns around: VINCENT CARUSO, late-fifties. Vincent is never the threatener. His demeanor is gentle, philosophical. Almost a shrink's probing bedside manner. He has great interest in the world as he moves through it.

As if he originally came from a different world and his survival in this one depends on close continual observation and analysis.

VINCENT

Gentleman.

FRANCIS

Vincent!

Francis and Vincent embrace each other.

VINCENT

Been a long time.

FRANCIS

Yeah and time hasn't been good to you, huh?

VINCENT

You fucker.

Both have a laugh.

FRANCIS

This is Tanner.

VINCENT

The driver.

Vincent shakes Tanner's hand.

VINCENT

Nice to meet you.

FRANCIS

Likewise.

VINCENT

I've heard a lot about you from Tony and some cops on the payroll.

Tanner is frozen for a second.

TANNER

Nothing good I'm assuming.

VINCENT

They said you ran over a woman during a bank robbery.

TANNER

That's right. It was either her or the stroller.

VINCENT

How do you feel about that?

A beat. This is something that Tanner doesn't like talking about. But he doesn't betray who he is.

TANNER

Shit happens.

VINCENT

That it does. Sometimes it happens to the wrong people. Like you, Francis.

Vincent goes back to Francis.

VINCENT

I haven't forgotten what you did. They must have dangle something in front of you.

FRANCIS

Actually they didn't. Not once did they come to me with a deal.

VINCENT

But still, you didn't say anything. Which means you're more loyal than I thought you were. And for that, you should be rewarded.

FRANCIS

I figured allowing me to come back was my reward. If not, then what is it?

VINCENT

Let's just say I'm close to getting it for you.

It takes Francis a moment to figure out what Vincent means.

FRANCIS

I appreciate it.

Tanner catches it.

VINCENT

Now, I got a job lined up. It's too early to give out details. Soon as I know you will too. So stay the fuck out of trouble.

Both Tanner and Francis nod.



INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - DAY (MOVING)

The Mustang barrels down a homeless-ridden street in Hollywood.

TANNER

You think we should tell Sol to call off the job?

FRANCIS

We can try but he's not gonna listen. Sol's always been like. He's always challenged authority, lawful or criminal.

TANNER

Well then maybe we should back out of it then.

FRANCIS

I don't know, man. Million dollars. Maybe more, I mean you heard what Sol said.

TANNER

And you heard what Vincent said.

Francis doesn't bother responding.

A long beat.

TANNER

Sean Dolarhyde. That's what Vincent's planning on giving you, huh?

FRANCIS

That motherfucker ruined my life. You know how many times I talked about killing him?

TANNER

Yeah. But I do know you talked about Laura and Jasmine a lot more.

Tanner makes another point.

TANNER

You can't afford revenge.

A beat.

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - DAY

Sol opens the door. Tanner and Francis enter. In the living room are EDDIE and PAUL, both in late-thirties and hard-knock lifers.

SOL  
Paul and Eddie.

Everyone gathers in the living room. There's a crude map of the Santa Anita Park Racetrack's interior and a street map Arcadia on the coffee table.

A beat.

SOL  
Alright. What do ya'll wanna start with first?

EXT. MONTECITO HEIGHTS - EVENING

Long reefs of dull red clouds rack over the darkening western horizon. The palm trees are like twisted silhouettes.

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Empty beer bottles rest on the edge of the coffee table, holding the maps. Eddie is lighting up a blunt, he takes a huge hit and holds it in. They speak softly about the job, almost hard to make out.

Coming around the corner is Ashley wearing low-rider jeans, a Juicy Couture track-top, and Santoni heels.

ASHLEY  
Hey, baby, I need your car for work.

SOL  
What's wrong with yours?

ASHLEY  
I'm low on gas.

SOL  
So you're gonna waste mine?

ASHLEY  
(sarcastic)  
Oh yeah going to work is a waste of gas.

SOL  
Call a fucking Uber. Jesus Christ.

Ashley stares daggers at Sol.

TANNER (O.S.)  
You need a ride?

The room is quiet. Some look at each other.

ASHLEY  
Sol?

SOL  
Be my guest, man. Enjoy her rhetoric.

Tanner gets up. Ashley leads him out the door.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT (MOVING)

Tanner drives past a row of brightly lit Mexican food shacks on Silver Lake Boulevard. The HOOKERS and HIPSTERS have taken over the streets while up above airbrushed movie stars stare down from their lofty billboards.

The reflection of passing neon rolls down the Mustang's windscreen. Passing traffic blurs past. Ashley looks at Tanner with a grin, waiting for him to say something, but he keeps his eyes fixed on the road.

ASHLEY  
You and I never got to know each other, did we?

TANNER  
Nope. Didn't think you'd be interested.

ASHLEY  
I'm always interested in meeting new people.

TANNER  
Alright. How long have you been with Sol?

ASHLEY  
(like reading off prison  
time)  
Three years, three months, and twenty one days.

TANNER  
Long enough so his money's your money, right?

ASHLEY

Yup.

TANNER

Anyway he earns it?

ASHLEY

I wouldn't say "earned", but yeah.

TANNER

What drew you to him?

ASHLEY

His pizzazz, his way with words. But he's ending up being a like another chewing gum.

TANNER

Started off good but now it's leaving a bad taste in your mouth?

ASHLEY

(impressed)

You're quick.

Up ahead the traffic lights turn red and the car slows to a stop. Inside, the silence is unbearable. Ashley pauses, then looks at Tanner. He's even more handsome in the shadowy half-light, something achingly lonely and melancholy about his stillness.

Ashley hesitates, then moves her hand towards his, brushing the back of his hand, then slipping her fingers between his.

The gesture is tiny but charged with emotion. They both stare out in silence, fingers clasped, then Ashley gently withdraws her hand, as if nothing's happened.

Outside the lights change to green.

EXT. NEON LUV - NIGHT (LATER)

The Mustang pulls into the parking lot. It stops at the entrance.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT

Ashley opens the door, but doesn't get out.

ASHLEY

Could you undo my seat belt? I don't wanna break a nail.

A lie and they both know it. Tanner wraps his fingers under the buckle, brushing his knuckles against her thigh.

He slowly pulls the belt slack across her breasts. Their eyes lock. He unsnaps the buckle. His knuckles graze her breasts as he returns the belt to its reel. Her hand slides onto his thigh. They're very close. Her hand contracts on the inside of his thigh, digging into him.

She's about to kiss him when Tanner sees a GUY approaching in the mirror. He pulls away. She doesn't know why until the guy walks in front of the car and into the Neon Luv.

She draws a deep breath, not wanting to look at Tanner, unable to speak. She gets out quickly.

Tanner watches as her long legs walk her into the Neon Luv, then leaves.

EXT. DENNY'S - DAY

Francis is leans against the chain-linked fence. The cars on the 101 ROAR above his head like a raging river. He sees cars come and go.

Francis tries not to show his excitement. The then sees a 2010 Honda Civic pulling into the parking lot. Laura exits through the passenger side and walks toward Francis.

FRANCIS

Hey.

LAURA

Hey.

(a beat)

I brought my friend with.

FRANCIS

That's fine.

The silence is awkward for the two. Neither knows what to say.

LAURA

Thank you, for giving us money.

FRANCIS

I just wanna help. How you been?

LAURA

Good. Our company just got bought so, new management is cutting back our hours.

FRANCIS

Shit I'm sorry.

LAURA

It is what it is. How are you?

FRANCIS

Good. I'm working again.

LAURA

With the same people?

FRANCIS

(a beat)

Yeah.

The answer is disconcerting to Laura.

FRANCIS

I'm sorry, Laura. But I can't support all three of us washing dishes or working at McDonald's. I'm good at what I do and I can't start over.

LAURA

I know you're trying. But I don't like you going back to your old roots. I'm just... I guess I'm more concerned that you're gonna lie again.

A beat.

FRANCIS

I tell you what. If you wanna know something, anything, no matter what, I'll tell you. But you have to ask, I won't tell you freely. Because I'm sure there's things you don't wanna know.

Laura thinks it over. But she knows it's a good deal.

LAURA

Okay.

FRANCIS

I know I sound like I'm rushing it, but when can I see Jasmine?

LAURA

I don't know, I need to talk to her first.

FRANCIS

(digs into pocket)

Well, if you do decide, this is my number.

Francis hands Laura a slip of paper.

FRANCIS

It was good seeing you, Laura.

Francis walks away.

INT. NEON LUV - DAY

Tanner walks inside. It's closed at the moment. Tony sits at the bar. Vincent sits in a booth. He waves Tanner toward him.

Tanner navigates across the floor to the booth. There's a bottle of whiskey and two glasses.

TANNER

You wanted to see me?

VINCENT

Yeah. Have a seat.

Tanner slides in.

TANNER

So why'd you wanna see me?

VINCENT

How long have you been driving?

TANNER

Since I got a driver's license.

Vincent gives Tanner a look.

Tanner grabs the whiskey bottle and pours himself a shot then downs it.

TANNER

I started driving for small time hoods in my twenties. Did stints here and there. The rest is history.

VINCENT

You did five years in Huntsville, right?

Tanner stares at Vincent.

TANNER

Don't fuck with me, Vincent. If you  
wanna ask me something then just ask.

Vincent pours himself a shot of whiskey.

VINCENT

Why didn't you flip on the guy hired you?  
Carl Grass, right?

He downs it.

TANNER

How do you know Carl?

VINCENT

Mutual friends. Once I looked at your  
rap-sheet and noticed some of the jobs  
you were pulling, some of them had Carl's  
name all over it. So again I ask, why  
didn't you cut a deal?

TANNER

Didn't see the need to. It was only five  
years.

(a beat)

What are you getting at, Vincent?

VINCENT

The last time I let someone new into my  
crew he killed two of my guys and put one  
of them in jail. For me, loyalty is more  
important than money. So believe when I  
say this, if I get one whiff of seditious  
behavior from you, I won't hesitate to  
kill you.

Tanner lets it sink in. He pours a shot.

TANNER

Fair enough. Just don't be surprise if I  
try to kill you first.

Vincent grins at the idea.

TANNER

Mind answering a question?

Vincent gives Tanner a nod.



TANNER

Were you ever worried that Francis was gonna flip on you?

VINCENT

Never. He's been with me since he was twenty. His loyalty comes without charge or questioning.

Tanner shakes his head. He sets up another shot.

VINCENT

Something wrong with loyalty?

Tanner downs it.

TANNER

Sometimes it's best to be loyal to yourself.

Tanner gets up and walks toward the door.

VINCENT

Loyalty is what keeps a group together.

TANNER

And it can also give you a prison sentence.

Tanner exits the building.

INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A low-rent apartment. Only the bare necessities. Tanner and Francis sit on a rent-to-own sofa having a beer. Mid-speech.

FRANCIS

Wow. He really said that?

TANNER

Word for word.

FRANCIS

Well, can you blame him? Look, he just wants to make sure you're cool. That's all.

TANNER

I am cool.

Tanner drinks. A beat.

TANNER

So you really think she's gonna call you?

FRANCIS

Man, I hope so. You think I should give Jasmine a gift?

TANNER

Shit, I don't even know what to get for a woman.

FRANCIS

You should meet her.

TANNER

Who?

FRANCIS

My daughter.

Tanner gives him a deadpan look.

TANNER

Do I look like I should be around kids?

FRANCIS

I think you can handle a six-year-old.

Tanner rolls his eyes. He finishes his beer then looks at it. He hands it to Francis.

TANNER

Give her that. She could turn it into a vase.

Tanner gets up to get another beer.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Car lights glitter down below, flickering across the endless network of streets and freeways that span the LA basin. The city looks like an electronic grid. Or a sparkling maze. The tiny pinpricks of red and white light move in different directions, but never seem to find a way out.

INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tanner watches TV. His phone RINGS. It's Sol. He answers it.

TANNER

Yeah?

ASHLEY (V.O.)  
 (she speaks softly)  
 Hey, baby.

TANNER  
 Ashley?

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sol is passed out drunk on the sofa. Sitting in the recliner across from him is Ashley, wearing short-shorts and a football jersey.

ASHLEY  
 What're you doing?

TANNER (V.O.)  
 Nothing.

ASHLEY  
 Good. Then I have your undivided attention.

INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tanner turns off the TV. The only light comes from outside. Part of his body is washed in an amber glow.

TANNER  
 What's up?

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ashley gets into position, spreading her legs open. At all times her eyes stay on Sol.

ASHLEY  
 I'm sitting in the living room, across from Sol who's fucking passed out. Thinking about you.

TANNER (V.O.)  
 And what am I doing?

ASHLEY  
 Touching me.

With her free hand she starts caressing her breasts, gently writhing in the recliner. Her breathing slowly, but steadily climbs.

ASHLEY  
 I wish you could've taken me in the car that night.

(MORE)

I kept thinking about you the whole time at work and it got me wet. I'm imagining you touching me right now.

INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tanner's breathing is steady and will remain steady.

ASHLEY (V.O.)  
Touching my whole body while you shove your tongue down my throat. Then bite my lip.

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

There's a flash of breasts. Ashley's hands cover her breasts. Her head moves slowly from side to side.

ASHLEY  
I wanna feel your hand around my throat while you kiss me.

Ashley's hand caresses the inside of her leg. Her head rolls from side to side slowly. Her breathing picks up. Everything is becoming intense and sensual.

TANNER (V.O.)  
What are you doing now?

She opens her mouth and lets out a moan. Her hand travels down to the inside of her pants.

INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ashley's heavy breathing can be heard over the phone. It's getting really intense now.

ASHLEY (V.O.)  
I'm feeling how wet I am. Just thinking about you is making me wet. I'm fingering pussy; my rubbing my clit.

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

There's movement inside Ashley's shorts, creating wetting sounds. Her fingering gets more intense. Her breathing is getting louder and faster.

ASHLEY  
Fuck, baby, fuck me.

She grunts from the sheer force of her orgasm.

Suddenly, Sol stirs in his sleep. Ashley hangs up.

INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tanner listens to silence. Then hangs up.

INT. NEON LUV - MORNING

Tanner walks in. Francis meets him halfway. They walk together toward the main stage.

FRANCIS

Sleep well last night?

TANNER

Not really.

INT. NEON LUV - MORNING (LATER)

Vincent stands before Tanner, Francis, Sol, and THREE NEW GUYS in their mid to late-thirties (DONNIE, JOE, and CHARLIE). Vincent holds a folder filled with photographs.

VINCENT

In two weeks an armored truck is delivering a shipment of diamonds to Bold Jewelry in West Hollywood. That's when you hit it.

Vincent passes the folder to Sol who goes through the photos then passes it to the man next to him.

SOL

How many guards?

VINCENT

Two in the armored truck three at the store.

DONNIE

Cameras?

VINCENT

Six in the interior seven on the exterior.

JOE

Are we taking the diamonds from inside the store?

VINCENT

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Why not take the truck in route to the store?

VINCENT

Because you're also going after the display cases.

Everyone pauses and looks at Tanner.

TANNER

Insurance fraud.

VINCENT

What's that?

TANNER

Taking the truck is the more logical sense. We can learn its route. Then use a spike strip to disable it, then knock it on its side with a dump truck. So the only reason to go into the store is because it needs to look like a robbery.

A beat. Vincent studies Tanner. Vincent grins.

VINCENT

The owner is hemorrhaging money. He came to me through some friends and is looking to cash in on the insurance. So make it look good.

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - DINNING ROOM - EVENING

Francis, Sol, Tanner, Eddie, and Paul stand around the kitchen table with the Santa Anita racetrack plans laid out.

SOL

Let's go over it again. I make the bomb threat at five o'clock while in route to the track.

TANNER

We arrive just before the eleventh race. I wait in the car while you guys do your thing.

PAUL

Except for Eddie and I who will be in the car dressed as cops.

FRANCIS

Sol and I will be inside doing janitor duties.

EDDIE

At the start of the eleventh race Paul and I go to the security room, subdue the guards and disable the alarms and cameras.

SOL

Send us a text when you are done then head to the counting room. Francis and I will meet you there.

PAUL

We handle the employees and guards.

FRANCIS

We take care of the money.

Sol smiles with satisfaction.

SOL

We're set.

TANNER

Be right back.

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Tanner heads down the hall. Ashley exits the bathroom with a towel around her. She lets him look at her.

She comes in close even though Sol is just down the hall in the kitchen. Tanner's eyes follow a rivulet of shower water running down her neck and between her breasts.

She moves closer, pulling herself up to him with her hands on his shoulders, all the while looking at him.

Slowly, dancer-like, she raises one leg straight out, resting it on a side table. The towel has spread open.

Tanner makes no move one way or the other. She unzips him and takes him inside, not moving until her eyes flutter closed in silent climax.

The talking stops in the kitchen.

Ashley pulls away and glides toward the bedroom.

INT. FRANCIS' APARTMENT - MORNING

The first light of day slices around the duct tape holding a noisy window air conditioner.

Francis lies face first in bed. His cellphone RINGS. He grabs it off the bedside table and answers it.

FRANCIS  
Hello?

LAURA (V.O.)  
Francis?

FRANCIS  
Laura? Hey. Good morning. What's up?

LAURA (V.O.)  
Are you free today?

EXT. GRAND PARK - DAY

Francis sits on a bench watching PEOPLE go by. He's dressed a lot nicer than usual. He looks to the right and sees Laura coming down the path her daughter JASMINE, six. Jasmine runs to her daddy.

JASMINE  
Daddy!

Francis is overwhelmed as he gets low and stretches his arms out to embrace his little girl. His eyes begin to wet.

FRANCIS  
Hey, sweetie.

He gives her kisses. He stands up and looks at Laura.

FRANCIS  
Thank you.

EXT. GRAND PARK - DAY

MONTAGE

Francis, Laura, and Jasmine spend the whole the day at the park.

Jasmine plays in the Grand Fountain with the other KIDS. Laura records it all on her phone.

The three walk the pathway. Francis and Laura hold her hands.



Francis, Laura, and Jasmine sit on a bench. Francis takes out his phone and does a selfie.

INT. FRANCIS' APARTMENT - EVENING

Francis sits next to Tanner showing him pictures of him, Laura, and Jasmine.

TANNER

Are you trying to smother me with family moments?

FRANCIS

Fuck you, man. This was the greatest day of my life.

TANNER

Have you two set up another date?

FRANCIS

Yeah. This time we wanna do something special for Jasmine. Disneyland or something.

TANNER

You could always take her to Juarez. She could witness her first shooting, or find a head in the gutter. Maybe even a churro.

After a beat, Tanner realizes Francis has a calm look on his.

FRANCIS

(softly)

You shouldn't have kids.

Francis' cellphone RINGS. He answers it.

FRANCIS

Yeah?

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT (MOVING)

Tanner travels up North Orange Drive. Cars parked on either side of a road made up of small warehouses.

Tanner parks at a curb and kills the engine. Both look at the brick building to their right. It looks abandon. They then turn to the alley adjacent to the brick building.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Tanner and Francis stroll down a semi-dark alley, more shadows than light though. It's eerily quiet save for the few cars that drive by and the loose gravel beneath their feet.

They walk halfway up the alley and turn to face a graffiti-ridden door with a single orange bulb above. Tanner gives it two heavy knocks.

A long beat goes by.

Finally the door opens with a nail-to-chalk-board SQUEAK. There's an UNSEEN MAN in the darkness holding the door open. A beat.

UNSEEN MAN

It was supposed to be you.

FRANCIS

I know. But he needs to see this anyway.

A beat.

UNSEEN MAN

Let's go.

Francis and Tanner enter into darkness.

INT. BRICK BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Unseen Man leads them through a dark corridor using his cellphone as a flashlight.

INT. BRICK BUILDING - OPEN SPACE - NIGHT

The room used to be a large studio, it's hard to determine how big due to the lack of work lights.

In the center is a large piece of clear plastic sheet. Also in the center is TONY, VINCENT, and a HOODED MAN bound to a chair.

The Unseen Man stops mid-way while Francis and Tanner continue forward.

Tanner and Francis walk onto the plastic sheet. The bound man breathes through the hood, the rest of the room is quiet.

Vincent walks over to the bound man and rips the hood off.

VINCENT

Surprise.

Francis' eyes widen.

Sean Dolarhyde sits with a busted nose and swollen right eye. Duct-tape is over his mouth. His eyes finally adjusts and sees Francis standing before him.

Without any more hesitation, Francis throws a right hook that he follows through. Sean's head snaps back. Francis reels back in pain, shaking his hand.

FRANCIS

Fuck!

Tony walks up to Francis and gives him a pair of gloves.

TONY

Here. They'll do more damage to him instead of your hands.

Francis puts the gloves on quickly. Soon as he straps the last glove on he pounces on Sean, unleashing an endless whirlwind of fists.

Francis' padded knuckles connects with Sean's eyes, nose, cheeks, jaw; never once letting up. Blind with rage.

Tanner is to the side, watching Francis unleashing his fury on Sean.

Two minutes go by, Francis is winded, eyes watery. Sean's face is beyond battered and bleeding from freshly made cuts.

FRANCIS

You fucking ruined everything for me.

VINCENT

So make him pay for it.

Vincent hands Francis a SIG .45 with a suppressor. Francis takes it, holds it in his hand, feeling the weight.

Instantly, Francis holds the gun to Sean's head, undecided, furious.

Francis' urge to pull the trigger is clouded by wave after wave of emotions. His eyes begin to well up.

All Tanner can do is stand by and let Francis make the decision.

Francis lowers the gun. Then closes his eyes, seeing blackness. Then Laura and Jasmine flash before eyes. Beautiful smiles.

A beat.

Francis opens his eyes, turns to Sean, and FIRES. And keeps firing until the gun is empty.

Tanner hangs his head.

Tony and Vincent walk over to a stunned Francis.

VINCENT  
It's done, Francis.

Tony grabs the gun from Francis.

TONY  
We'll take care of this.

Francis walks back toward Tanner. The two then head toward the door.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT (MOVING)

The car is filled darkness and city lights visible through windows as Tanner and Francis drive through the city.

Francis catches his reflection in the window, contemplates himself. Beyond that, poverty. Hard times and pain.

FRANCIS  
I've never killed anyone before.

A beat.

TANNER  
Well now you have.

Francis shuts his eyes.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (LATER)

The Mustang pulls up to Francis' apartment building.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT

TANNER  
You gonna be okay?

FRANCIS

Yeah.

(a beat)

Thanks.

Francis gets out and goes inside.

INT. FRANCIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Francis walks in. He stands for a moment. He takes out his cellphone and dials a number.

LAURA (V.O.)

(waking up)

Hello?

FRANCIS

Laura.

LAURA (V.O.)

Francis. What's wrong?

A beat.

FRANCIS

I just wanted to say I love you. You don't have to say it back. I know you're not ready to say and that's fine. I just wanted you to know.

(a beat)

Good night.

Francis hangs up.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Tanner walks down The Grove Drive, passing The Grove Shopping Mall. He wears sunglasses and a ball cap. He heads for the parking structure.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - FIRST LEVEL - MORNING

Tanner is on the hunt, looking for a getaway car for the Santa Anita Park job. He stops and looks around, so many cars, not one of them is what he's looking for.

Tanner goes to the next level.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - SECOND LEVEL - MORNING

Tanner walks past a row of cars. He stops at a 2011 Ford Fusion. Gives it a look over, then keeps on looking.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - THIRD LEVEL - MORNING

Tanner walks and looks.

A beat.

Tanner stops at a 2019 KIA Stinger SUV. He looks at her. He gets up close. He looks around. A slim-Jim slides into his hands from the inside of his jacket. He inserts into the car.

INT. 2019 KIA STINGER - MORNING

Tanner travels on Alhambra Ave in Arcadia. He turns right into a shoddy parking lot surrounded by decrepit buildings. He drives all the way to the end and parks behind a graffiti marked building next to multiple train tracks.

EXT. BEHIND BUILDING - MORNING

Tanner gets out and heads back to the street.

INT. BUS - MORNING (MOVING)

Tanner is slumped in the seat. He watches passing racked and ruined homes that reflect that sad state of the city.

INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tanner enters. He tosses the keys on the coffee table and curls on the sofa. He slowly shuts his eyes.

FADE TO:

INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tanner is still asleep on the sofa. Shadows and outside lights wash over him and the apartment.

Tanner's cellphone vibrates in his pocket. He stirs and finally comes around. He looks at the caller ID: Sol. He answers it.

TANNER

Hello?

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Meet me at 700 West Florence Ave room five.

Ashley hangs up. Tanner stares at his phone.

EXT. ONE TEN MOTEL - NIGHT (LATER)

The motel is run-down, depressing, cheap.

Tanner's Mustang drives under the breezeway and parks in the back. He gets out and heads to room five.

Tanner knocks on the door. Moments later, it opens revealing a naked Ashley in the doorway. Tanner looks at her body, checking every curve she has. She holds up a condom and glossy grin.

INT. ONE TEN MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

The rented bed SQUEAKS. Tanner lies on top of Ashley, thrusting inside her. The light from the bathroom is the only source.

Sweat drips down their bodies as Tanner presses deeper into his Ashley. She MOANS and WHISPERS into his ear while nibbling on the lobe.

The speed of the sexual rhythm increases, and extended eye-lashes flutter. A loud GROAN rises from Ashley's fuchsia lips, and Tanner hastens the tempo, which soon becomes urgent.

Tanner's hands run along limbs and breasts and buttocks and ball up into fists.

An electric spasm shoots through Tanner, and he arches his back, straining pleurably.

The orgasm passes, and sense returns to the spent, Tanner, who then reaches down, withdraws himself, and rolls onto his back. His right hand flings a filled condom into the waste basket.

Tanner and Ashley find pillows, lie side by side, and look at the ceiling fan, which spins overhead in a slow circuit.

ASHLEY

Are you ready for tomorrow?

TANNER

As long as everyone does their job, it should be okay.

ASHLEY

Will I be seeing you again after the job?

TANNER

So I can be your side chewing gum? I don't think so.

ASHLEY

You can be my main chewing gum. The kind that doesn't lose its flavor.

TANNER

Sol doesn't look like the kind of person who'll give you up. Besides you don't want me.

ASHLEY

Why?

A beat.

TANNER

My time in LA is nigh on done. And I'm just bad news.

Tanner gets out of bed and gets dressed.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Noon. The lunchtime crowd stacks up into a wall of humanity.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Francis stands at the curb wearing a janitor's uniform. Moments later, the KIA Stinger pulls up. Francis sees Tanner behind the wheel wearing gloves. He climbs in. The Audi drives off.

INT. 2019 KIA STINGER - DAY (MOVING)

TANNER

You alright?

FRANCIS

I'm good.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Paul and Eddie in policemen's uniforms stand on the sidewalk outside a strip mall on North Vignes Street. The KIA Stinger pulls up and the two get in.

INT. 2019 KIA STINGER - DAY

Francis turns back to Eddie and Paul.



FRANCIS

Where's Sol?

PAUL

He said to pick him up at his place.

Tanner rolls his eyes as he drives off.

EXT. SOL'S HOUSE - DAY

The KIA waits at the curb.

INT. 2019 KIA STINGER - DAY

And so do the men. A beat.

TANNER

He knows we're out here, right?

EDDIE

Yeah.

A beat.

Moments later, they see Sol exiting the house and heading to the car. He climbs in.

SOL

Let's go make some money, boys.

Sol takes out a prepaid cellphone and starts dialing a number.

EXT. ARCADIA - DAY

The city is bustling. Vehicles move in herds among the glittering rows of cars jammed bumper to bumper.

INT. 2019 KIA STINGER - DAY (MOVING)

Sol is still on the phone.

SOL

(masking his voice)

I planted a bomb in the high school. See if you can find it.

Sol hangs up. He wipes the cellphone with a rag then chucks it out the window.

PAUL

You really think all those schools will fall for it?

SOL

Doesn't matter they have to check them anyway.

TANNER

What about your guy? You sure he won't fuck us over?

SOL

I can count on his loyalty.

EXT. SANTA ANITA PARK - DAY

The stands are packed. The eighth race's about to start. Noisy crowd watches JOCKEYS and GROOMS struggle to control their mounts behind the starting gate.

EXT. SANTA ANITA PARK - PARKING LOT - DAY

The KIA Stinger is camouflaged amongst the other cars. Francis and Sol exit the KIA and head for the entrance.

EXT. SANTA ANITA PARK - DAY

Sol bangs hard on a bank of exit only doors.

The door opens revealing the INSIDE MAN, fifties. He is the park head of security. His Izod shirt is tucked in over his belly. He eyes them with deep regret, not a bad man, just a guy who needs help.

INSIDE MAN

Fellas.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - CORRIDOR - DAY

The Inside Man leads through a winding corridor. WORKERS mill around, no one gives them a second look.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

The Inside Man opens the door. The three step inside.

Francis grabs a janitor's cart with supplies.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - DAY

Sol and Francis snake through the crowd, blending as they make their way toward the rest rooms.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Francis and Sol enter the rest room and begin to clean the toilets and sinks.

FRANCIS

This brings back memories.

Sol sends a text.

INT. 2019 KIA STINGER - DAY

Eddie gets the text from Sol. They put on their shades and get out of the car.

Tanner turns on the police scanner.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - DAY

Paul and Eddie walk past everyone; no one seems to be paying them any mind.

The Inside Man stands next to a trash can. He sees Paul and Eddie. Paul and Eddie connect eyes with the security guard. They exchange nods.

Paul and Eddie head toward one of the corridors that leads to the security room.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK

As they near the security room, Paul and Eddie slip on black gloves.

They approach the security room. Eddie knocks on the door. Moments later, a SECURITY GUARD opens the door.

SECURITY GUARD

Can I help you?

EDDIE

Yeah, we got a call about a vagrant you're holding for us. We're here to pick him up.

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry, we're not holding any detainees.

PAUL

Are you sure, because we got a call-

Eddie goes into action. He punches the security guard and pushes him into the room.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

The other TWO SECURITY GUARDS react as Eddie and Paul draw their guns. Paul locks the door.

PAUL

All of you on the floor face down, now!

The guards obey. They don't want to die for minimum wage. Paul pulls out zip-ties and cuffs the guards.

Eddie searches through the cabinets. He finds the security system components, the red "recording" light flashing. He yanks the recorder out of the wall, smashing it to the floor.

He rips out the digital hard drives. Throwing them in the trash can and taking the bag. Paul applies duct-tape to the guards.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - CORRIDOR - DAY

Eddie and Paul exit the security room. Paul takes out a tube of J.B. Weld hardener and squirts its contents into the lock.

Paul pockets it and the two head up the hall. Eddie takes out his phone and starts texting.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Sol gets the text.

SOL

It's on.

Sol and Francis put on gloves. They exit the men's room with the cart.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - DAY

Francis and Sol exit a corridor. The Inside Man sees Sol and Francis heading his way; he knows the drill. He starts walking toward the corridor that will lead to the counting room.

Eddie and Paul are not far behind.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - CORRIDOR - DAY

The Inside Man passes a few employees, looks a little nervous. Francis and Sol speed up. The Inside Man approaches the door to the counting room.

Francis and Sol stand right behind the Inside Man. They put on sunglasses and surgical masks. Moments later, Eddie and Paul come up from behind. They draw their pistols.

Sol pulls the Glock from the vinyl bag on the cart. Francis removes a .45 Colt from his coverall and stands right behind the Inside Man.

FRANCIS

Just breathe.

The Inside Man nods as he slides his card and opens the door.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - COUNTING ROOM - DAY

Francis hits the Inside Man on the back of the head, knocking him unconscious. The four men move in swiftly.

Paul and Eddie sweep the room, sticking their firearms in the faces of the employees, forcing them to the ground.

EDDIE

On the fucking ground.

PAUL

Do it now.

Everyone listens to Paul and Eddie.

Sol brings in the cart and closes the door. Eddie and Paul start zip-tying and duct-taping the employees.

Sol takes out a heavy duty trash bag and starts bagging the money. Francis grabs a trash bag from the cart and helps.

INT. 2019 KIA STINGER - DAY

Tanner looks at the police scanner, nothing too serious.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - COUNTING ROOM - DAY

Sol is almost done loading bricks of cash in the bag.

Within in forty-seconds all the money is bagged. Sol loads the first trash bag into the vinyl bag.

Francis conceals his pistol and carries the trash bag over his shoulder. The four men exit the counting room.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - CORRIDOR - DAY

Francis and Sol remove their masks and sunglasses and go up the corridor. Paul takes on the J.B. Welder and squirts the remaining content into the lock. He pockets it and both men head up the corridor.

INT. SANTA ANITA PARK - DAY

Francis and Sol move through the crowd, acting cool. Eddie and Paul keep their distance.

EXT. SANTA ANITA - PARKING LOT - DAY

The four men make their way to the KIA Stinger.

INT. 2019 KIA STINGER - DAY

Tanner sees them and pops the trunk.

EXT. 2019 KIA STINGER - DAY

The four men load the bags into the trunk. They climb into the car and drive off.

INT. 2019 KIA STINGER - DAY (MOVING)

Tanner drives out of the parking lot and heads up South Baldwin Ave.

EDDIE

Holy fucking shit that was intense!

SOL

Don't celebrate yet, we still got a drive.

EXT. BEHIND BUILDING - DAY (LATER)

The KIA Stinger pulls up behind Tanner's Mustang. Everyone climbs out with their gear.

TANNER

I got the bleach sprayer in the trunk.  
I'll wash down the car.

Tanner goes to the back of the Mustang. As he unlocks the trunk, Sol comes up from behind Tanner and bops him on the head. Tanner blacks out and tumbles.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - TRUNK - NIGHT

Tanner wakes up in the claustrophobic space of the trunk. He squirms wildly. He stops after hearing muffled VOICES over his heavy breathing. Even movements.

<p>FRANCIS (O.S.) Sol, man, I am begging you, just let it fucking go, man. Okay? Just let it go.</p>	<p>SOL (O.S.) It's fucking done, man! Fucking this fucking, guy!</p>
--	--

<p>PAUL (O.S.) Francis, this isn't our business, man.</p>	<p>EDDIE (O.S.) I think we should talk about thus, guys.</p>
---	--

Tanner hears someone approaching the trunk.

SOL (O.S.)  
I'm done talking.

The trunk flings open. Even though it's dark and Tanner see Sol, that doesn't mean he's not over him with furious anger in his eyes.

Sol grabs Tanner by his shirt and hauls him out of the trunk.

EXT. WOODED CLEARING - NIGHT

Sol drags Tanner to the front of the Mustang with its headlights on. Everyone crowds around Tanner, including Francis. Tanner gathers himself and sits on the ground, elbows resting on his knees.

TANNER  
Let me guess: this isn't about the money,  
is it?

SOL  
Is that supposed to be funny?

TANNER  
I'm sure somebody thinks it's funny.

Sol stomps on Tanner. Then kicks him.

SOL  
Did she think you were funny?! Huh?!  
(keeps kicking)  
Huh, motherfucker?!

Sol finally stops, pacing now. Francis is having trouble watching his friend going through this.

Tanner climbs to his feet. His body aches. He spits out some blood.

TANNER

Did Ashley get this kind of treatment?

SOL

Her's was quick.

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - DAY (THIS AFTERNOON)

Sol sits in the living room wearing custodial uniform, looking out the window facing the street. Blank face. In his own world. Moments later, he sees the KIA Stinger pull up. He gets up. There's an eight-inch chef knife in his hand.

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Sol enters the bedroom. Ashley is asleep on one side of the bed. He goes around to the side and stabs her in the throat, pushing it to the hilt. Her eyes snap open the second the knife plunged through her flesh.

Ashley bugs out, a face full of shock and confusion. She tries grabbing at the knife, wrestling Sol's hands away from the handle. But to no avail.

Sol pulls the knife out, unleashing spurts of blood then a stream. Her wet eyes begin to bulge out of her sockets as she tries to gasps for air. She watches as Sol walks away. The blood flow doesn't stop. She twists and writhes and hacks up blood bubbles.

EXT. WOODED CLEARING - NIGHT (PRESENT)

TANNER

I didn't think you loved her.

SOL

This ain't about love. It's about trust.

TANNER

Yeah, trust is hard to come by.

Sol puts the gun to Tanner's head. He doesn't show any sign of fear.

There's a LOUD BANG. Sol's forehead blossoms outward, spilling a spray of blood on Tanner. Eddie and Paul reel back. Sol's body lies in the dirt.



Tanner looks at Francis who still holds the gun up. He spins and points it at Paul and Eddie. Their hands go up.

The woods holds a drowning depth of stillness as a dam holding water.

Francis looks at Eddie. Then at Paul.

Tanner looks at Sol's dead body and the stream of blood coursing its way toward him. He pushes dirt with his foot to divert the blood.

FRANCIS

Four shares.

Eddie and Paul look at each other.

PAUL

Four shares.

Francis looks at Eddie.

EDDIE

Four shares.

Francis lowers the gun.

INT. FRANCIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

All four men have their own little spot in the apartment to count the money.

FADE TO:

INT. FRANCIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

On the coffee table are four equal stacks of cash. A beat.

FRANCIS

Three-hundred thousand each.

(a beat)

Don't put it in banks. Wash it at the casinos. No large purchases.

Eddie and Paul each grab their own trash bag and fill it up with their share.

Eddie and Paul leave the apartment.

Francis and Tanner sit in silence.

Francis gets up and heads to the kitchen. Moments later, he comes back with a half-filled bottle of Wild Turkey and three shot glasses. He sits back down next to Tanner.

Francis pours a shot for all three glasses. It is a wake, the ancient rite of marking a death: a final requiem from the living for the dead.

Francis and Tanner take their shots and down them.

TANNER

I guess you don't owe me anymore.

A beat.

FRANCIS

I knew Sol for six years.

TANNER

So why'd you do it?

A beat.

FRANCIS

I guess you're more of a friend than him.

Francis pours another shot for the two of them. They gulp their shots.

INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Tanner is fast asleep in bed. His cellphone on the bedside table RINGS. He wakes up and answers it.

TANNER

Yeah?

FRANCIS (V.O.)

Vincent wants to see us.

Francis hangs up.

INT. NEON LUV - MORNING

Tanner and Francis walk in. Vincent, Tony, Donnie, Joe, and Charlie are by the stage.

VINCENT

Sol's dead.

Tanner and Francis act surprise.

FRANCIS

How?

VINCENT

Shot to the head. His body was found in Griffith Park this morning. Any reason why someone would kill him?

TANNER

I'm not a detective. So I wouldn't know.

TONY

Did you know the Santa Anita Park got robbed yesterday?

TANNER

Through the news, yeah.

VINCENT

Well, I may not be a detective but I do have a nose for robberies and murders. And I have a feeling that you two are not telling me the whole fucking truth.

A beat. The tension is starting build.

FRANCIS

Sol came to us. He wanted to hire us to rob the Santa Anita track. He wanted people he could trust. We said no. I guess he picked the wrong people.

A beat.

VINCENT

Cops went to his residence and found Ashley with a knife wound in the throat. Do you know anything about that?

Francis shakes his head.

TANNER

No.

A beat.

FRANCIS

Does this mean the job is off?

Vincent takes a beat to think it over. He looks over at Tony who gives him a slight nod.

VINCENT

We stay on course.  
(to Tanner)  
But you're taking Sol's spot.

TANNER

That's not how I work.

VINCENT

You say that like you have a choice.

Tanner glares at Vincent.

EXT. BOLD JEWELRY - DAY

Located on a busy street on Beverly Blvd in West Hollywood. CUSTOMERS coming and going. STORE CLERKS waiting on customers through the windows.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - DAY

Tanner and Francis are parked across the street from the jewelry store. They study the ebb and flow of traffic. Tanner looks up at the traffic lights, checks his watch, then times how long they take to change.

TANNER

Fuck Vincent.

A beat.

FRANCIS

You'll be fine. You help Charlie with the crowd then head back to the car until he signals you to pull up to the store. Let's go over it. The truck arrives at eleven. Donnie, Joe, and Charlie are inside blending in. You and I are in the car. When the truck arrives we follow the guards inside. You, Charlie, and Donnie gather the customers and employees into a corner. The manager and I well get the display cases open. Joe starts bagging everything. Then Donnie and I help him. When I give you the go ahead you head out to the car and wait for Charlie's signal. We're in and out in five-minutes.

(a beat)

Do you know what car you're gonna use?

TANNER

There's five of us so I'm gonna need a van or an SUV, something fast with horsepower.

A beat.

TANNER

Have you talked to Laura recently?

FRANCIS

She wants to have a family dinner tonight.

Tanner grunts.

FRANCIS

How long were you and Ashley fucking?

TANNER

We fucked once.

FRANCIS

I didn't think you would do that to a friend.

Tanner turns to Francis with a look on his face.

TANNER

Sol wasn't my fucking friend.

FRANCIS

Jesus. I thought you believed in loyalty?

TANNER

I believe in my own self-interest.

Francis glances at Tanner. Then smirks.

FRANCIS

I guess that's what I like about you, man. You're always honest.

INT. FRANCIS' APARTMENT - EVENING

Francis is in the kitchen stirring a pot of boiling spaghetti pasta. He then checks the pot of bubbling marinara. He puts a spoonful to his mouth. He reels back from the hot taste.

There's a KNOCK at the door. He hurries to answer it. He opens it to find Laura and Jasmine.

FRANCIS

Hey. Come on in.

EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tanner climbs out of his Mustang. He heads across the parking lot towards a garishly lit diner. Up ahead a small group of YOUNG GANGBANGERS are hanging out with intent.

They see him coming and look over intimidatingly. Tanner gives them a slight glare. The unflinching look in his eyes unnerves them and they look away, letting him pass.

Tanner enters the diner.

INT. FRANCIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Francis, Laura, and Jasmine sit at the table, half-eaten plates in front of them.

LAURA

At least your cooking hasn't changed.

FRANCIS

I hope that's a compliment. I always made good food.

LAURA

Except for the spaghetti with cheese-stuffed meatballs.

FRANCIS

Two under-cook meatballs. Big whoop.

JASMINE

I like your spaghetti, dad.

FRANCIS

Thanks, sweetie. When you get older I'll show you how to cook.

LAURA

I've been thinking maybe we three should take a trip.

FRANCIS

Anywhere special?

LAURA

Somewhere out of California and nowhere near Vegas.

JASMINE  
I wanna go to Disneyworld!

FRANCIS  
Disneyworld, huh? Why not?

LAURA  
Seriously?

FRANCIS  
Yeah. I'll take care of it.

LAURA  
Alright then. We're going to  
Disneyworld.

JASMINE  
Yes!

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Tanner sits at the counter, eyes forward, lost in  
thought.

EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Through the open window, a MAN walks up to the counter  
and sits one seat away from Tanner.

A beat.

The man looks at Tanner.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

Tanner walks down the hallway and stops at door. He  
KNOCKS. Moments later, Laura opens the door wearing a  
men's shirt and shorts. She pauses at the sight of  
Tanner.

LAURA  
Hey.

TANNER  
Nice to see you, too. Is he here?

LAURA  
He's in the shower.

A beat. Tanner seems to be waiting for something. Laura  
finally steps aside. Tanner enters.

INT. FRANCIS' APARTMENT - MORNING

Tanner spots little Jasmine sitting on the sofa, wrapped up in a blanket watching morning cartoons.

Laura walks toward the kitchen.

LAURA

I'm in the process of making waffles.  
Would you like some?

TANNER

No thanks.

LAURA

I'm sure Francis would want you to eat  
with us.

Tanner gives in without giving a response. He stands near the sofa while Laura goes to work on the waffles. Jasmine looks at Tanner.

JASMINE

Hi.

TANNER

Hey.

JASMINE

Are you friends with my dad?

TANNER

Yeah.

A beat.

TANNER

What're you watching?

JASMINE

Sponge Bob.

TANNER

That's that little freak who lives in the  
ocean, right?

JASMINE

He's funny.

TANNER

Not as funny as Bugs Bunny.

JASMINE

Who's that?



TANNER

He's a wascally wabbit.

Jasmine giggles. Francis enters. He catches Tanner chatting with Jasmine.

TANNER

He's always outsmarting this dim-witted hunter.

JASMINE

How?

TANNER

Clever deception. You wanna know how to do it?

FRANCIS

Don't. Don't even think about filling my child's head with that stuff.

TANNER

Better to learn it now than later.

FRANCIS

Right now she's a kid and she's gonna stay a kid.

LAURA

I asked if he wanted to have breakfast with us.

TANNER

More like demanded.

FRANCIS

Well, he could use some home cooking. Maybe it'll brighten his mood.

Tanner scoffs at the idea.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - MORNING (MOVING)

Tanner and Francis travel on the CA-110.

FRANCIS

Did you find a getaway car?

TANNER

Yeah we're heading to it right now.

FRANCIS

Alright.

(a beat)

(MORE)

Once this job is done I'm gonna take some time off. Jasmine wants to go to Disneyworld.

TANNER

Spend as much time as you can with them.

FRANCIS

I plan to.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - MORNING (LATER)

Tanner and Francis are parked across the street from a parking lot. They both stare at a 2008 Chevy Suburban.

Tanner turns to Francis.

TANNER

Don't scratch my car.

Tanner and Francis get out. Francis climbs into the driver's seat while Tanner walks across the street and enters the parking lot.

INT. 2008 CHEVY SUBURBAN - MORNING (MOVING) (LATER)

Tanner is calm behind the wheel. He looks in the rearview and sees Francis driving the Mustang in the background.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Somewhere in Vernon. The Chevy Suburban turns down East 56th Street. Tanner pulls up to a gated property with assorted junk sprawled about. He drives in and parks.

EXT. GATED PROPERTY - MORNING

A HISPANIC MAN approaches Tanner. Tanner gives him a wad of cash. The Hispanic man looks at it then nods at Tanner. They part ways. The Hispanic man pulls a tarp out and covers the Chevy Suburban.

Tanner goes to the Mustang.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - MORNING (MOVING) (LATER)

Tanner is back behind the wheel.

FRANCIS

Can you run me by my place real quick? I just need to get a few things.

TANNER

Going somewhere?

FRANCIS

I'm gonna stay the night at Laura's.

TANNER

That's good.

INT. FRANCIS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Francis brings a chair into his room. He places it under a wall air vent. He stands on it and removes the four loose screws. He vent grill and reaches in to retrieve a black trash bag.

Francis goes to the bed and looks into the bag, revealing his share from the racetrack. He puts the bag of money into a duffle bag with his clothes inside.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - MORNING

Tanner waits patiently. Moments later, Francis comes out and gets into the car.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The Mustang travels down Laura's street in Canoga Park. He parks at the curb.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - MORNING

Francis grabs his things.

TANNER

I'll be here at nine. Be ready.

FRANCIS

Get your rest.

Francis gets out and heads to the iron gate. Tanner drives off.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - EVENING (MOVING)

Anonymous streets roll by, Tanner's eyes fixed on the road. Passing traffic blurs past.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Mustang cruises through Downtown.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT (MOVING)

Brooding movie stars look down from the billboards. Tanner is lost in thought. Conflicting emotions are raging inside.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - MORNING

Another sunny day.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Laura lies in bed. Francis watches her sleep. A beat.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING (LATER)

Francis stands before the mirror, wearing a suit and tie. He studies himself.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Francis walks to Laura's side of the bed and gives her a kiss on the cheek.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - JASMINE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Francis walks to Jasmine who is fast asleep in bed and kisses her on the forehead.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Francis leans against a building. Moments later, the 2008 Chevy Suburban pulls up. Francis gets in the back. The Suburban drives off.

INT. 2008 CHEVY SUBURBAN - MORNING (MOVING)

Tanner is behind the wheel. Charlie rides shotgun. Francis sits in the back with Donnie and Joe.

Everyone is quiet. Focused. Tanner glances at the CRACKLING police scanner. Then at the rearview mirror.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The Chevy Suburban parks at a curb, one block away from Bold Jewelry. Charlie, Donnie, and Joe get out and head up the street to the jewelry store.

The Chevy Suburban goes up the street.

INT. 2008 CHEVY SUBURBAN - MORNING (MOVING)

Tanner drives past the jewelry store, does a quick U-turn, and parks across the street from the jewelry store. He keeps the engine running. Now they wait.

Tanner and Francis pick Donnie, Charlie, and Joe through the flowing crowd. They see them approaching the jewelry store and enter.

INT. BOLD JEWELRY - MORNING

A cool, chrome and glass tomb. THREE GUARDS wander around the store. A HANDFUL of EMPLOYEES help CUSTOMERS.

Donnie, Charlie, and Joe split up, checking out each of the display cases: earrings, bracelets, watches, rings, necklaces. They each avoid the cameras.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - MORNING

Tanner casts his eyes around the street, observing the smallest details -- the number plates of other parked vehicles; passersby on the sidewalks; the windows of overlooking buildings.

INT. BOLD JEWELRY - MORNING

The three robbers continue to move about, trying not to look suspicious.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - MORNING

Francis looks at the clock: 11:06 a.m.

Tanner looks in his rearview mirror and sees the armored truck turning the corner and heading down their street.

TANNER

It's here.

The armored truck approaches a parking space at the curb. A GUARD comes out from the passenger side and heads to the rear of the truck, climbing inside to retrieve the dolly.

Tanner and Francis watch as the guard places the dolly on the ground. Then slides three large cases to the edge.

TANNER

Let's go.

Tanner and Francis get out.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Tanner and Francis nonchalantly make their way across the street, dodging a few oncoming cars.

The guard places the last case on the dolly. The guard wheels it toward the entrance.

Tanner and Francis pick up the pace.

The guard is now opening the door. Tanner and Francis pass the armored truck and slip on balaclava and gloves. They bum-rush the guard inside.

INT. BOLD JEWELRY - MORNING

Tanner draws his gun and smacks it across the guard's head. Some women SCREAM. Francis waves his gun at the crowd.

FRANCIS  
EVERYBODY TO THE FUCKING WALL!

Donnie, Charlie, and Joe already have their masks and gloves on. They draw their pistols. Tanner zip-ties the guard. Francis locates the MANAGER. He grabs him by the collar and forces him toward the display cases.

FRANCIS  
LET'S GO. OPEN THE CASES, NOW!

The robbers usher everyone to the furthest wall. Joe, Charlie, and Donnie zip-tie the three guards.

DONNIE  
KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE FUCKING FLOOR!

Joe and Donnie pull out black trash bags from the pockets and head to the display cases. If it shines, they're stealing it. They pack everything in the trash bags.

Francis brings the manager to the dolly.

FRANCIS  
OPEN THE FUCKING BOXES!

The manager fumbles with the keys but eventually finds the right one to unlock the boxes.

Tanner and Charlie are steadfast, watching each employee. Everything is smooth so far.

The manager unlocks the last box. Francis grabs him by the collar and shoves toward the group. Tanner grabs the manager and forces him on the floor.

Francis pulls a trash bag from his pocket and starts pouring uncut stones into the trash bag then discards the boxes.

Donnie and Joe are moving with cheetah speed. Their hearts are pumping.

Francis is done with the second box. He goes to work on the third box.

Tanner looks back Francis. He heads to the door. Charlie turns his head to watch Tanner walk away. This gives a MAN on the ground the quick second to reach for a concealed pistol from his hip and hides it. Charlie looks back at the crowd.

Tanner stops at Francis. Francis stops and gives Tanner a nod. Tanner removes his mask and heads outside.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Tanner speed walks to the Chevy Suburban. He gets inside.

INT. BOLD JEWELRY - MORNING

Donnie and Joe are working on the last display case. Francis finishes the last box.

FRANCIS  
(stands by the door)  
We got enough let's go.

Donnie and Joe abandon the rest. They haul their take, Santa Clause style. Charlie backs away then turns toward the door.

The man stands and fires at Charlie, hitting him in the neck and back. Instant kill. People SCREAM.

Joe and Donnie turn and fire. They aren't thirty feet from each other, but the twisting and ducking is sending bullets into the wall, the ceiling, everywhere but their intended target.

A bullet hits the side of the man's head, dropping him to a heap on the floor, like a jacket falling from a coat rack.

Francis, Joe, and Donnie race out of the jewelry store.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The three men sprint across the street nearly hit by cars.

Suddenly, a police cruiser comes from around the corner two blocks away, sirens WAILING. Then another from the opposite directions.

JOE

Fucking cops, man!

They make it to the Chevy.

INT. 2008 CHEVY SUBURBAN - MORNING

Soon as the last man climbs in Tanner jams the car into gear and the pedal is put down. Rubber burns. And at zero to sixty in six seconds, the car ROARS into the intersection. It cuts between two crossing vehicles, causing them to swerve and crash into each other.

Tanner goes right. The men look behind, the Black and Whites are in tow.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The Black and Whites mimic Tanner's moves. Shaking them won't be easy. Tanner maneuvers the Suburban with a dazzling aplomb.

INT. 2008 CHEVY SUBURBAN - MORNING (MOVING)

Tanner slaloms past vehicles. He jerks the wheel and barrels down an alley. He continues to glance in his rearview mirror. The Black and Whites keep up.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The Suburban barrels out of the alley, making a hard right. A quarter mile straight with the cars weaving bumper to bumper.

INT. 2008 CHEVY SUBURBAN - MORNING (MOVING)

Tanner pops the curb, hoking the HORN excessively. PEDESTRIANS clear out as fast as they can. Tanner sees another alley opening.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The Suburban gets back on the street, surpasses slow vehicles.



INT. 2008 CHEVY SUBURBAN - MORNING (MOVING)

Tanner brakes hard, crosses into the opening as if to make a left. Then he gives the wheel a hard pull, brakes and accelerates the Suburban through a 180 degree skid.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The first Black and White swerves to avoid the spinning car and crashes into the alley.

The Suburban, now pointed in the opposite direction, accelerates away. The second Black and White continues the pursuit.

INT. 2008 CHEVY SUBURBAN - MORNING (MOVING)

Tanner runs red lights after red lights, nearly avoiding vehicles, sending death-shivers through Joe and Donnie.

Francis sees two trucks in the approaching intersection. Six, maybe seven feet between them. Francis looks at Tanner who stands on the gas.

EXT. 2008 CHEVY SUBURBAN - MORNING (MOVING)

The Suburban is approaching the intersection at eighty.

INT. 2008 CHEVY SUBURBAN - MORNING (MOVING)

Donnie and Joe brace themselves, waiting for the inevitable impact-

EXT. INTERSECTION - MORNING

The Chevy Suburban shoots between the bumpers of the trucks, scraping metal and cracking glass.

The second Black and White trailing doesn't attempt it. The cruiser brakes, skidding, then crashes into the truck.

INT. 2008 CHEVY SUBURBAN - MORNING

Joe and Donnie are ecstatic, HOLLERING.

JOE

That was fucking crazy shit, man!  
Fucking cra-

EXT. INTERSECTION - MORNING

The Chevy Suburban gets T-boned by a sedan. Both vehicles slide to a halt amid broken glass in the middle of the intersection. Cars have stopped instantly.

Some people are either coming to their aide or bringing out their phones, recording everything.

After a beat, two of the Chevy Suburban doors are pushed open, some with force, metal against metal. Francis crawls out of the passenger side door and staggers to his feet, holding onto the car for balance.

Tanner wrenches his door open. He spits up a mouthful of blood. He checks his head, feels the cut and blood running down. He ambles out of the Chevy.

Joe and Donnie get out together, stumbling. Joe lands on Donnie.

People help the robbers. Joe's left arm is also bloody and hangs limp. Blood runs down his face from a scalp wound.

SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

Blood keeps running into Tanner's eyes and tries to think. His head is ringing. Searing pain.

Francis pulls his gun out waving it to scare off the pedestrians who SCREAM and flee instantly.

FRANCIS  
(to the robbers)  
Get the stuff!

The robbers gather what strength they have left. Donnie, Joe, and Francis go back to the Suburban and grab the bags of loot.

Tanner forces himself to walk toward an abandoned Honda CRV.

TANNER  
COME ON! LET'S GO!

Francis, Donnie, and Joe hustle over to the CRV and get in.

INT. HONDA CRV - MORNING (MOVING)

Tanner drives through the left-behind vehicles, pushing them a few inches at a time.

EXT. INTERSECTION - MORNING

After thirty-seconds of effort, the Honda scrapes past the last vehicle, and speeds the fuck out of there.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - DAY

The Honda CRV blends in with the other vehicles, heading north.

INT. HONDA CRV - DAY (MOVING)

Tanner keeps the speed at sixty-five. Everyone rides in silence. The blood from their wounds have caked. Joe holds his arm.

FRANCIS

Where are we going, man?

A beat.

TANNER

Somewhere far from the city.

FRANCIS

Vincent's gonna be pissed.

TANNER

Let him.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - DAY

Lebec. A small desert town. The landscape changes from the concrete jungle to rolling hills. The CRV gets off the interstate, taking Quail Lake Road.

INT. HONDA CRV - DAY (MOVING)

Tanner takes a right then left on Zenobia Road. He drives all the way down.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

A weathered beaten, boarded up house sits alone. The Honda CRV drives onto the dirt road and finally comes to a stop.

The men get out of the CRV. They wander about.

JOE

How long are we gonna be here?

FRANCIS

We'll go back when it's dark.

DONNIE

Fucking Charlie, man.

TANNER

Does anyone know if Charlie had anything on him that could connect Vincent to the robbery?

DONNIE

Are you fucking serious?

TANNER

What?

DONNIE

The man had a wife and two kids.

TANNER

That's what you're more concerned about? A dead man's family? You think they're gonna give two-shits if we go down?

DONNIE

Fuck you.

Donnie walks away to cool off. Joe follows.

Francis approaches Tanner.

FRANCIS

I need you to keep your cool, man.

A beat.

TANNER

I am cool.

Tanner walks back to the car.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY (LATER) (MONTAGE)

Joe searches through the Honda CRV, looking for anything useful.

Tanner urinates on the side of the house.

Donnie wanders around inside the house. A place of despair.

Francis sits against a tree, lost in his thoughts.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - EVENING

The sun begins to slowly sink behind the rolling hills.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The city comes out of the gloom, appearing in all its splendor like a wondrous beast rising from the depths of hell; its many skyscrapers writhing tentacles, its illuminated windows millions of leering eyes, appraising us, considering us.

EXT. SKID ROW - NIGHT (LATER)

DRUG ADDICTS smoke crystal-meth on the curb. Others lean against abandoned buildings, injecting heroin. The gleaming skyscrapers twinkle and tower over the lost souls.

The Honda CRV turns the corner and travels on Standford Ave. It then parks at the curb. Some of the local derelicts look on.

The crew get out with the bags of jewelry.

JOE  
(calls out to the homeless)  
FREE CAR!

The crew walk away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

The crew walks along Gladys Ave. Tanner's Mustang is at the curb. Everyone gets in.

The Mustang drives away.

INT. NEON LUV - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (LATER)

The back door opens. Francis leads the men down the corridor to Vincent's office.

Francis stops at the door. He knocks three-times.

VINCENT (O.S.)  
Come in!

Francis opens the door.

INT. NEON LUV - OFFICE - NIGHT

Vincent springs up from his seat. So does Tony. The guys pile into the office.

TONY  
Jesus Christ.

VINCENT

Where the fuck have you guys been?

TANNER

It was my idea to get out of town.

The guys place the bags on Vincent's desk. They open the bags. Vincent's eyes are locked on the goods. But his awestruck face fades. He leans on the desk.

VINCENT

What happened?

FRANCIS

Someone wanted to be a hero.

Vincent sighs.

VINCENT

It was either him or you guys.

TANNER

Where do we go from here?

Vincent takes a moment to think.

VINCENT

I called the buyer an hour ago and told him to hold off on the meet.

FRANCIS

You already have a buyer?

VINCENT

I had one from the very beginning. A Frenchman. He's looking to buy the whole lot.

TANNER

So when is the meet?

VINCENT

Tomorrow evening. I'll text you guys the details later.

A beat.

VINCENT

Go home and get some rest.

EXT. NEON LUV - BACK LOT - NIGHT

The crew exit through the back door. They head to Tanner's Mustang that's parked at the curb.

DONNIE  
I live over at-

TANNER  
You two can take the bus.

Tanner and Francis keep walking. Donnie and Joe stop in their tracks with looks of confusion and indignation.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT (MOVING)

They ride in silence for a beat.

FRANCIS  
Can you take me to Laura's?

TANNER  
What're you gonna say about your wounds?

FRANCIS  
The truth. I've been honest with here about everything so far and everything's been great. No reason to stop now.

TANNER  
Still taking that long trip?

FRANCIS  
You bet your ass I am.

A beat.

TANNER  
You really do love her, huh?

FRANCIS  
I do.

A beat.

TANNER  
You're a good man, Francis.

Francis looks at Tanner. Surprised but thankful for the testament.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Francis sits on the floor in the kitchen as Laura dabs Betadyne antiseptic over his wounds. Francis cringes.

FRANCIS  
(softly)  
Fuck.

LAURA

Baby.

FRANCIS

Whatever.

LAURA

(re: the wounds)

These are sign from God.

FRANCIS

That's why we're going on vacation.

LAURA

I'm not talking about that. I just don't  
wanna see you go to prison or take  
Jasmine to your funeral.

(a beat)

I want us to be a family, Francis. And  
we can't be one if you're gone.

Francis knows Laura is right.

FRANCIS

You're right. While we're gone, let's  
think about leaving this place. A new  
start.

He presses his lips to the smooth curve of her forehead.  
A kiss to each downcast eye. Searching out her mouth  
with his own as his hands glide down the small of her  
back.

Their reflection in the mirror as Francis slowly lowers  
Laura to the bathroom floor. She clings tightly in a  
breathless kiss.

INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tanner sits in front of the window with a bottle of beer.  
His wounds have been bandaged. He stares out at the city-  
scape.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY/EVENING

Long reefs of dull red clouds rack over the darkening  
city. Palm trees in silhouette against a cherry sky.  
City lights twinkle. Street lights begin to kick on.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

TWO BLACK 2018 Ford Explorers cruise down the I710,  
passing Long Beach.



INT. SECOND 2018 FORD EXPLORER - EVENING (MOVING)

Tanner is behind the wheel. Francis rides shotgun. Vincent and Tony sit in the back. A full drawstring bag sits at Vincent's legs.

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A landscape of concrete and steel. Shipping containers create a maze across hundreds of acres. Freighters big as sky-scrapers line the berths. America's Port is half as big as Manhattan, spanning 43 miles of coast-line.

INT. SECOND 2018 FORD EXPLORER - NIGHT (MOVING)

A smooth, silent ride. Francis sits alert, ready. The Explorer moves through the port at an ominous crawl.

Eventually, the Ford stops at the edge of a container, not 100 yards from a freighter.

A beat.

TONY

So where the fuck are they?

Suddenly, from a dark container alley, SOMEONE flashes a flashlight three times.

VINCENT

(to Tanner)

Go ahead.

Tanner flashes his headlights.

Moments later, TWO MEN emerge from the dark. One of them waves to them.

VINCENT

Let's go.

Everyone gets out.

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Donnie, Joe, and THREE MEN climb out of the first Ford Explorer. Vincent takes the lead while carrying the drawstring bag.

Vincent and the others approach the two thugs.

VINCENT

Messieurs. Où est Leon?

FRENCH THUG #1

Il n'est pas loin. Êtes-vous tous armés?

VINCENT

Nous sommes Américains. Bien sur nous sommes.

A beat.

FRENCH THUG #2

Par ici.

Vincent and his men follows the French thugs through the maze of containers.

The French thugs round containers, head straight, then round a few more. Vincent and the others keeps up, while at the same time checking the corners, keeping their guards up.

Moments later, the French thugs, Vincent, and his men emerge from the maze to find EIGHT FRENCHMEN, idling around their three Cadillac Escalade, some are smoking, chatting in French with one another. The top Frenchmen is a MAN in a white suit and tie. His name is LEON, forties.

Vincent and his men are lead to him.

VINCENT

Leon.

LEON

Vincent.

They shake hands. Leon looks at the drawstring bag.

LEON

Is that for me?

VINCENT

Do you have the money?

A beat.

LEON

Sample first?

Another beat. Vincent nods. He opens the drawstring bag. Leon sticks his hand inside and fishes for a stone. A pulls one out. Leon signals one of his goons. Leon takes out a loupe. The goon takes out his cellphone and uses the flashlight.

Leon puts the stone in front of the light and looks through the loupe.

Tanner looks around. He then looks at Francis and leans into his ear.

TANNER

(whispers)

If something goes down drop to the ground.

Francis makes a look and turns to Tanner. What is he talking about?

Leon pulls away. The goon turns off his flashlight.

LEON

Very nice.

VINCENT

And the money?

Leon signals another goon who brings over a large briefcase. Tony steps up with an ultraviolet pen-light.

The French goon opens the briefcase revealing millions in cash. Tony reaches for wrapped stacks of hundreds. Flips through a couple with the ultraviolet pen-light. Clean. Tony grabs a stack at the bottom. Scans it with the pen-light. Clean.

Tony nods at Vincent. Vincent ties up the bag and hands it to Leon while the goon hands over the money.

Suddenly, floodlights bathe the pier in blinding light. Emanating from the surrounding warehouses:

VOICE (O.S.)

(on megaphone)

THIS IS THE FBI! DROP YOUR WEAPONS AND  
PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

Everyone turns in shock. Leon and Vincent's men draw their weapons. FBI and LAPD vehicles come from everywhere, a full court press with no way out. They're surrounded by fifteen FBI AGENTS in body armor, and behind them, a perimeter of LAPD OFFICERS. Orders are shouted from anyone with a badge.

Francis is trembling, surrounded by guns with no-way out. Tanner stands close to him. Everyone is skittish, one step away from being trigger happy. No one wants to stand down.

Two French goons eye each other, giving each other nods. And like that, they swing their arms up and open fire. Sitting off a chain reaction where both sides open fire. The whole thing ends in ten-seconds with Leon and Vincent's men as well as themselves are brutally gunned.

FBI AGENT (O.S.)  
HOLD FIRE! HOLD FIRE!

The FBI agents carefully move through pile of bodies. None of the bodies move...

Except a pair of hands that slowly rise up.

FBI AGENT  
Hands up! Hands up!

Those hands belong to Tanner.

FBI AGENT  
Get to your knees! Now!

Tanner complies. He gets off of Francis, still alive.

FBI AGENT  
(to Francis)  
Put your hands in the air and get to your knees. Now!

Francis does the same.

The FBI agents' weapons are trained on Francis and Tanner. Francis looks over at Vincent's body, riddled with bullets.

Moving through the crowd of law enforcement officers is the LEAD FBI AGENT. He approaches Tanner and Francis. He stares at them. They stare at him back.

A beat.

LEAD FBI AGENT  
He's alright.

Francis makes a look. Doesn't know what he means. He then looks at Tanner who gets up from the ground. Francis' eyes are wide as saucers. His jaw drops. Tanner stands next to the lead FBI agent. Francis' whole world shatters.

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (LATER)

The number of police vehicles has grown. Officers and  
Feds mill about. Bodies are being bagged. Evidence is  
being collected.

The lead FBI agent leads Tanner to an FBI sedan.

INT. FBI SEADN - NIGHT

Chip sits with his arms cuffed behind his back. Looks  
exhausted. Coming down, maybe. Maybe just tired from  
crying.

The lead FBI agent opens the door. He turns to Tanner.

LEAD FBI AGENT

You got five-minutes.

The lead FBI agent walks away. Francis can't bring  
himself to look at Tanner.

A beat.

FRANCIS

So was everything you told me a lie?

TANNER

No. I just never told you I worked for  
the FBI.

FRANCIS

What about the bus attack?

TANNER

Staged. Not even the LAPD knew about it.  
The Feds didn't trust them.

FRANCIS

(scoffs)

Huh. Trust.

A beat.

TANNER

The FBI wanted Vincent for years. When  
they heard you were arrested for the  
diamond job they thought they could turn  
you. But they knew you wouldn't go for  
it. Too loyal to Vincent.

FRANCIS

So they turned to you.

TANNER

They came to me in the hospital and offered me a deal: go undercover or go to prison. I didn't know you, I didn't know Vincent. It was an easy choice.

A beat.

FRANCIS

You're a fucking bastard.

TANNER

I told you before, Francis, I believe in my own self-interest.

FRANCIS

(turns to Tanner)

I saved your fucking life.

TANNER

And I'm thanking you by not telling them you killed Sean Dolarhyde.

A beat.

FRANCIS

And what's to stop me from telling them about the Santa Anita robbery?

TANNER

Because I know what you did with your share. You really wanna drag Laura into this?

Francis looks away. Quiet. Tears run down Francis' face.

FRANCIS

I'm never gonna see Laura and Jasmine again.

(a beat)

I thought you were my friend, Tanner.

Francis can't hold it back, his eyes well up. Tanner looks at Francis.

TANNER

What do you want from me, Francis? Huh? You want me to bust you out? So you and Laura and Jasmine can live on the run while I spend twenty-years in prison for your crime?

Tanner knows he's hurt Francis and feels something for him, but that feeling gets murdered by self-preservation.

TANNER  
I'm sorry, Francis.

Tanner closes the door and walks away.

Francis begins to cry. So much for loyalty.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - VISITING ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: **Two Months Later**

A full house. KIDS with their MOMS.

Laura and Jasmine are already seated in one of the cubicles, separated by a glass partition from the prisoner's side.

A GUARD leads Francis into the room. He sits across from Laura and Jasmine. He's happy to see them. His eyes are a little wet. They pick up the phones and speak into them.

FRANCIS  
Hey guys! I miss you both.

JASMINE  
I miss you too, daddy.

FRANCIS  
How's school?

JASMINE  
Good. I got a B+ on my spelling test.

FRANCIS  
That's awesome, baby. I'm proud of you.

JASMINE  
I love you, daddy.

FRANCIS  
I love you more, sweetie. I'm gonna talk to your mom real quick, okay?

JASMINE  
Okay.

Laura puts the phone to her ear.

LAURA  
So, what's the news?

FRANCIS  
(a beat)  
Eight years they're saying.

The life gets sucked out of Laura. A beat.

FRANCIS  
Listen. Sometime ago, I placed something  
in your bedroom's vent. Take it and  
start over. Forget about me. You need  
to.

(Laura begins to cry, so does  
Francis)  
I don't want you to wait around for me.  
I'll learn to live without seeing you and  
Jasmine. And I'll find comfort in  
knowing you'll find someone who'll raise  
Jasmine-

LAURA  
I'm not leaving.

Francis stops talking. Stares at Laura, her eyes begin  
to well up.

LAURA  
I'm not leaving.

Francis' face fades from sadness to relief to hear those  
words. He's found someone who's truly loyal to him.

FRANCIS  
I love you so much.

LAURA  
I love you too.

INT. TANNER'S MUSTANG FASTBACK - DAY (MOVING)

Tanner drives through the Mojave Desert. All alone on  
the road. Much like in life. A SONG plays on the radio:  
Townes Van Zandt's "Waiting 'Round To Die".

A long beat.



EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Mustang Fastback gradually disappears on the long stretch of road, becoming a darkly retreating grain of sand against the sun.

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**