

FADE IN:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

The SOUNDS of the city... the nosey vibration off the main street... cars and bodies... the thrust of their movement... feet shuffling across the back of an abandoned shipping dock.

CLOSE on a pair of hands from various angles.

Lighting a cigarette. Fiddling with his keys. This is JESSUP.

Bald. Baseball cap pulled down real low. A bit nervous as he waits. Occasionally checking his watch and glancing down the street.

KALE turns the far corner and stolidly makes his way over to the dock.

We see him clearer now. Dark aviator sunglasses. Early thirties. A man of many vices. He's kept himself in very good shape.

They look at one another. A long beat, then -

JESSUP

Didn't think you were gonna show.

Kale chooses not to answer. Shrugs him off. Jessup constantly checking the perimeter with his eyes.

JESSUP (CONT'D)

How was the flight?

KALE

Long.

Jessup nods - flicks the cigarette away. They look into each other's eyes a bit more serious now.

JESSUP

Brenda's good. The boys...

(almost laughs)

Little Ana's six now. You believe that shit?

But Kale isn't really listening. He's been staring forward this whole time. Nothing breaks this gaze. Jessup stands up straight - a bit of an effort.

KALE

Can you help me?

No answer. Just a look between old friends. Finally, as Jessup lights another cigarette -

JESSUP

I don't go around killing people anymore.

KALE

(incredulous)

People...?

Jessup isn't sure if that was a statement or a question. He grinds down on the cigarette he just lit. Mulls it over.

JESSUP

My hands are clean.

KALE

Look plenty dirty to me.

(off his silence)

Yes or no?

Jessup wavers. There's history here, almost as if Kale knows his friend cannot refuse. And, after a stubborn beat...

JESSUP

What do you need?

Kale reaches into a pocket, hands Jessup a hand written list. Jessup reads, his eyes widening. Looks up -

JESSUP (CONT'D)

You sure about this?

They regard each other silently. Kale says nothing. It's just the two old friends and the wind and the noise off the street behind them.

INT. CAR TRUNK - DAY

A MOMENT LATER. Looking up from the POV of the trunk -

Jessup and Kale stare down. Jessup's hand reaches down for something - Kale sees it, though we never do.

A mobile **Partition**.

Kale reaches in and examines the weapons. The hand guns - the ammunition - cell phones that can't be traced - some random garden tools and chicken wire.

Jessup watches in steal silence as Kale hefts over all his different choices.

BACK TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Time stands still and the sounds of the city fade out to become nothing.

Kale, duffel in hand, walks away. There's a certain sort of calm about him. He never looks back.

Jessup stands beside his car - watches his friend walk away. There's a sudden sadness to his face. He reaches for his key, prepared for the inevitable. The outcome is a given.

EXT. BEDROOM - DAY

A little girl's room. A BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE lets Kale in. He stands there in silence. Duffel in hand.

Nothing's been touched. His pain entirely his own as he slowly reaches down for a diary. Flips through the pages.

BRUNETTE

Do you need anything else?

Kale doesn't answer, but the look between them is suddenly monumental. Finally, Kale reaches into his pocket. He's has written something down. Hands it to her.

KALE

Your husband, does he still have connections?

She nods. He does.

BRUNETTE

(reading)

How do I find you again?

KALE

I'll find you.

Kale turns to her. It's plain to see he's a man on a mission.

BRUNETTE

What are you gonna do?

He turns, but she doesn't look back at him. She already knows the answer.

KALE

I'm gonna kill them all...

Kale nods. She knows he will. As he continues to leave the room.

INT. RANDOM BATHROOM - DAY

And now, we're coming from faded black into flickering, fluorescent light...

A grubby and industrial floor. The doors been locked from the inside. CARLOS sits against the cracked wall. Hands bound there with tape or cuffed. Sweaty and worn.

Kale is seated calmly on the toilet beside him. He holds up a picture of a LITTLE GIRL for Carlos to see - taken from some middle-school year book.

KALE

Tell me about the girl.

Carlos grins with a defiant arrogance. He's not talking - yet.

Kale reaches into his duffel and takes out a 14 in 1 husky paint tool. The handle has been taped and reenforced. It's a daunting site - even for Carlos. His eyes widen.

CARLOS

What the fuck's that?!

Kale runs the sharp edge along the side of Carlos' cheek. It's deliberate and tense.

KALE

Tell me about the girl...

CARLOS

What about her?

KALE

Who took her?

CARLOS

I don't know.

A look that could burn through steel. Kale mean business. Make no mistake -

KALE

I know you do.

CARLOS

(offers little)

The boss.

KALE

The boss? Tell me about him.

Carlos is freaking out now. He's dead either way at this point. He SLAMS his head back against the wall - it shakes from the bodily impact.

KALE (CONT'D)

(the tool's various holes)

You think a finger might fit? Maybe your toes? Your tongue...

CARLOS

Shit, man!

Relentless -

KALE

Tell me about the boss.

CARLOS

I've never seen him. There's a lady  
that sends me a text.

Kale reaches into Carlos' pocket and takes out his cell phone. He scrolls through the various incoming messages and missed calls.

KALE

Who is she?

CARLOS

She works for him - for the boss.  
Like his accountant or something.

KALE

Where do I find her?

CARLOS

I don't know, man. All I know is  
her phone number.

Kale hits redial. Listens. It's a blocked line. Back to square one with this guy.

KALE

Don't lie to me.

CARLOS

I swear, it's in the phone. She  
calls twice a day. Six in the  
morning and around five in the  
afternoon.

KALE

Thought you said it was a text  
message?

CARLOS

(pleads)

It's both. It's both, you gotta believe me.

Kale nods his head - understood. He stands. Never taking his eyes off Carlos, and reaching for a roll of industrial duct tape at the same time.

Carlos becomes a panicked, whirling dervish at the sight. A moment later Kale is tearing a piece of tape and placing it over Carlos' mouth. Muffled SCREAMS.

And Kale stands there a moment. Realizes Carlos is too scared to not be telling the truth. Lost.

And Kale is suddenly kneeling down...

KALE

I believe you...

And with that -

EXT. RANDOM BATHROOM - DAY

The exterior of the metal door. Quiet and calm for a beat, that is, until -

Carlos' muffled SCREAMS grow louder and entirely more fierce. It's hard to listen to. Intrusive and brutal.

God knows what Kale is doing to him behind that door. For us, we will never know.

And after a harrowing moment of silence... Kale emerges from the bathroom. He shuts the door behind him.

His sleeves are rolled up and there's blood spilled half-way up his wrists. The duffel is strewn across his shoulder.

Kale leaves. Blood hawkishly seeps out from underneath the bathroom door. Carlos is gone.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Efficiently furnished. Not an inch of wasted space. Could be Kale's place, but most likely it's not. Could be Jessup's hideaway flat - it could also be Carlos' apartment.

There's a bible on the night stand - open, and lying face down as if someone's just been reading it.

The bed is covered in what appears to be months of homemade police investigation work: newspaper articles, loose paper files, handwritten notes, diagrams, maps...

We hear the sound of RUSHING water coming from the -

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Kale washing the blood of his hands in the sink. Steam rises. He scrubs, over -

UNKNOWN VOICE (V.O.)

Tell me about your friend.

JESSUP (V.O.)

He's a friend. Nothing else.

UNKNOWN VOICE (V.O.)

Panama? Lebanon? You both spent some time in Cuba. What kind of friends are those?

JESSUP (V.O.)

The kind that don't speak for six months, and still stay friends.

Kale squints off some bitter memory as he cleans his hands.

UNKNOWN VOICE (V.O.)

What happened to him?

JESSUP (V.O.)

He lost the one thing that showed him it was okay to live again.

Kale shuts off the faucet and dries off his hands with a nearby towel. He examines his face in the mirror. The words we've just heard sink in. It's now, that we understand their magnitude.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

LANA sits at the head of the table silently. She stares into space. Attractive. She's been crying - her eyes are swollen and red. She nurses a tumbler of vodka.

The door opens. Kale enters and slowly makes his way over to her. He sits at the table like a dinner guest.

Lana and Kale exchange frozen glances. He takes a GUN out of his waistband and lays it on the table in preparation for something. He looks back up to her -

LANA

Carlos didn't answer my call.

KALE

Carlos is dead.

Lana's eyes never leave Kale's... trying to discern whether this is true or not.

LANA

I knew it would be one of the fathers and not the police.

(off his silence)

I always knew it would be someone looking for answers.

KALE

I'm only looking for one answer.

She drains her drink. Swallows hard -

LANA

Why?

KALE

(nods - wrong)

I wanna know about the man you work  
for.

But, Lana is lost in some memory and she's giving her  
explanation whether or not Kale wants to hear it...

LANA

My husband was killed a year ago. I  
found the body. I walked into his  
office and saw him. He was slumped  
over his desk in a large pool of  
blood.

(fights a tear)

Immediately, I knew I would be  
given a choice. Finish my husband's  
work, or find myself on the side of  
the road somewhere. That was my  
inheritance - his debt...

Kale looks to her. There's no pity in his eyes. No brakes.

KALE

You made your choice.

LANA

He'll kill me next.

KALE

He doesn't have to. Tell me where I  
can find him.

Lana breaks down into a violent, emotional outburst of tears,  
screaming, and rage. She clearly never wanted this.

LANA

There's a house off the farm to  
market... there's a white mailbox  
out front.

KALE

He lives there?

LANA

It's a safe house. His family lives  
in the city.

KALE

He has a family?

LANA

Yes.

KALE

You ever see them?

LANA

No.

KALE

I never see mine either.

Kale watches her just absolutely lose it and somehow, it doesn't bring any other emotion than the one he's been able to wield this entire time.

Kale places the gun back into his waistline. He then reaches down into his lap and presents Lana with a line of metallic razor wire.

Lana's eyes water. She knows. But something tells us she'd rather it be this way.

LANA

I don't suppose it does me any good  
to say that I'm sorry?

KALE

Couldn't hurt...

LANA

Then, I am. I'm so sorry.

Kale stands, takes a hollow step forward...

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

MOMENTS LATER. The front door opens and Kale comes casually walking out. Almost as if nothing's happened. He's that cool. That collected. He begins to walk down the empty street.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

Shots of the forest. The way the sun hits the leaves and bounces off the dirt road. The wind RUSTLES past.

A FARM HOUSE planted there like a statue. A WHITE MAILBOX near the side of the road... this is the place.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark. And the BOSS, a salaryman, is barely through the door when - LIGHTS - and...

KALE is standing there - gun in hand - motioning for him to be quiet. The Boss nods. Taken by surprise. Kale walks over and pushes the door the last few inches so it's fully closed.

KALE

Make a sound and your dead.

The Boss' eyes are more hollow than Kale's. He gestures towards him - the chair at the table, take it.

And so he does. Here we are.

KALE (CONT'D)

Do you know who I am?

THE BOSS

No.

KALE

I've come a thousand miles to see your face across this table.

THE BOSS

(he's terrified)

Okay...

Kale's got something beside him. Something he's carried with him. IT'S THE PHOTOGRAPH. The little girl from earlier. She's happy. Smiling. Perfect.

KALE

Does this picture mean anything to you?

THE BOSS

No.

KALE

No? That's because you haven't died yet.

THE BOSS

I'm sorry?

KALE

You murdered my daughter.

A change in the Boss' face as his moment of truth is here.

THE BOSS

It's just business...

KALE

Tell me how it works? Your "business." You steal young girls and you hold them for ransom... that right?

The Boss really looks at him now. Fear. The uttermost kind that comes from the barrel of a gun pointed at your skull.

THE BOSS

I have money -

KALE

You have a family, right?

THE BOSS

Yes. Three boys.

KALE

Girls?

Kale making sure his eyes never leave this moment. They do not.

THE BOSS

No. Please, listen to me...

KALE

(nods - not a chance)

It changes things. Doesn't it?  
Having me here?

He nods - that's right.

THE BOSS

Yes...

Kale stands suddenly. Stands because if he stays seated he might burst into tears, or a thousand little pieces.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Please! I'm a business man - I can  
get you whatever you want.

KALE

You're life is enough.

THE BOSS

... try to understand?

KALE

No.

(the gun right on him now)

Because you don't deserve to know  
how that feels.

The Boss hesitates. Stunned. He's about to be blown away if he doesn't come up with something quick...

THE BOSS

I passed you car about a half-mile  
up the road...

Something in the way he just said it. Plus, The Boss glances down at his watch.

KALE

How long?

THE BOSS

A couple of minutes -

But before he can get the words out clearly -

CUT TO:

BLACK. TWO GUNSHOTS. BUT NOT BOTH FROM THE SAME GUN. SLIGHT DIFFERING SOUNDS IN THE POP.

BACK TO:

THE TABLE

The aftermath. The Boss lies on his back. He's been blown clean off his chair. He's motionless. Eyes open - but the life's been drained from them.

Across the table -

Kale lies face down. Blood seeps from an unseen self-inflicted wound near his temple. The blood runs down the face of the table until it finds a groove against the frayed edge of his daughter's photograph. Both men are dead.

EXT. GRAVE SITE - DAY

Jessup stands over an unmarked head stone. Sad. A REPORTER stands beside him. It's her voice we've heard earlier. She's holding a side interview with the man who knew Kale the best.

REPORTER

Did you try to stop him?

Turns to her. Are you serious?

JESSUP

Stop him? There was never any stopping him. It always led right here.

REPORTER

Do think this was justice?

JESSUP

That's none of your business. Or  
mine for that matter.

(beat)

I got nothing more to say.

Jessup's not lingering. He puts his baseball cap back on and walks to his car. The ENGINE comes to life. The Reporter watches, looks down at the grave.

By the time she looks back up, Jessup is gone.

THE END