

**BAD COUNTRY**

(aka WHISKEY BAY)

Written by

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**MAY 2012**

TEXT OVER BLACK: "Before all else, be armed"  
- Niccolo

Machiavelli

**FADE IN:**

**LANDSCAPES**

Louisiana A rusted Chevy El Camino drives against dissolving  
landscapes - broad, barren, pounded by the rain.

**I/E. EL CAMINO, TRAVELING - DUSK**

face: Occasional oncoming headlights illuminate the driver's  
Tense, course features, thick beard... He's BUD CARTER,  
31.

**AN INTERSTATE SIGN PASSES ON THE RIGHT: "WHISKEY BAY"**

Bud pulls onto a dirt road, into a TRAILER PARK and stops.

**INT. DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER - DUSK**

TITLE IN: Denham Springs, Louisiana. 1983.

We're staring at three sacks of sample unmounted EMERALDS,  
set on a filthy counter.

**SOUTHERN MAN'S VOICE O.S.**

Now these here are Brazilian, from Bahia.  
Deep cuts. Damn good. These is India,  
paler, but also good. And this is  
Columbia. From them limestone caves up in

Muzo.

WIDEN to reveal NADY GRACE, 35. A tattooed man with thinning hair, leading Bud through the sale...

**GRACE**

Now them first two, you gonna get your money's worth.

(re: COLUMBIA EMERALDS)

This one here's more expensive, but that's 'cause there ain't a nigger flaw in one of 'em. They hard as steel and emerald green as emerald green fuckin' comes. Lookit that.

**BUD**

That's nice.

**GRACE**

That's the real McCoy. That's what that is.

**BUD**

Tell you what... Bag 'em all. The market's got a hard-on for this shit.

**GRACE**

I hear that.

(across the room)

Jake, get on it.

ACROSS THE ROOM are two other men -- JAKE and DOUG. Ex-cons at a table, riffing through Bud's cash.

A CURTAIN YANKS BACK and RAY WHEELER, 29, enters. Dope-thin, bloodshot eyes. He looks at Bud. Bud looks at him... Ray clicks on the TV and opens a beer.

TV IN: Evening news. The storm outside alters the reception.

**NEWSCASTER**

...And today, thirty-one year old Gary Plauche pleaded innocent by reason of insanity, to charges of second-degree murder in the slaying of accused sex offender, Jeffrey Doucett.

Bud watches Ray empty a gram of coke onto the bar. Using a

continues credit card, Ray starts chopping lines. The SOUND throughout the scene...

**NEWSCASTER (TV)**

...District Court Judge Frank Salia, scheduled the trial one year to the day after Doucett was first arrested.

Grace hefts a lock box to the counter, removes a drawer of emeralds. Bud SEES packed carelessly underneath, uncut **DIAMONDS**.

**BUD**

What do you got there? Diamonds?

**GRACE**

That's thirty grand. Out the door. You interested?

**BUD**

Ain't got the scratch right now. But I am interested.

And the volume of the TV now becomes more apparent...

**NEWSCASTER O.S.**

...As a result of numerous threats made weeks ago, tight security surrounded the courthouse. However, missing from today's hearing, was the arresting officer.

last Bud has been tuning out the TV distraction... until that statement. He sneaks a look.

**NEWSCASTER**

From East Baton Rouge Sheriff's office...

A wave of static scrambles the picture. When it clears...

**NEWSCASTER O.S.**

...Police Lieutenant, Bud Carter.

younger Bud is stunned. HIS OWN FACE APPEARS ON THE SCREEN. A photo of Bud, clean shaven - DRESSED IN POLICE UNIFORM.

**EXT. TRAILER PARK - SAME**

distance. Rain pours. A beat-up PLUMBER'S VAN is parked in the

**INT. GRACE'S TRAILER - SAME**

TV IN: Signal wavers. It's archive footage of Baton Rouge Airport. A prisoner, JEFFREY DOUCETT, escorted by police.

**NEWSCASTER**

Doucett was being extradited to Baton Rouge.

Ray does a line of coke, keeps chopping. Watches the TV.

Grace is bagging emeralds.

Jake and Doug count cash.

Bud keeps the TV in sight. Quick glances. Mind racing.

one TV IN: The procession moves past a row of pay phones. At phone, a discreet figure, GARY PLAUCHE, turns...

**NEWSCASTER**

The victim's father, Gary Plauche, stood waiting at the terminal. As Doucett walked by, Plauche turned, raised a handgun...and fired.

Bud's vision is suddenly obscured when Grace steps forward with the emeralds in a satchel.

**GRACE**

Here you go. Fifteen three-karat blues. Wholesale. Twenty large.

Sudden GUNSHOTS and SCREAMS on the TV. Everyone turns...

TV IN: Jeffrey Doucett lies dead as POLICE wrestle Gary Plauche to the ground amid chaos.

**NEWSCASTER**

Lieutenant Carter was unavailable for comment.

TIGHT ON RAY'S EYES, intense, watching the footage.

As Bud stuffs the satchel in his coat, WE SEE what Ray sees...

TV IN: Bud, POLICE BADGE AROUND HIS NECK, arresting Plauche.

Bud.  
ON RAY, slow burn realization as he looks from the tv to  
And again. EYES LOCK, THEY BOTH KNOW.

**RAY**

Motherfucker, he's a cop.

Bud yanks a .45.

And everything happens at once.

A SUDDEN GUNSHOT and Jake FIRES again.

Wood splinters as Bud FIRES back.

he  
Jake is HIT in the throat. A SECOND SHOT in the forehead -  
SLAMS against the window, cracking it...

**INT. PLUMBER'S VAN - SAME**

SHEPARD,  
Among surveillance equipment, sits Bud's crew: TODD  
DAVID MARANDINO and DALE COBB.

Gunshots ECHO.

**SHEPARD**

Fuck! Go! Go!

Marandino, behind the wheel, SLAMS his foot on the gas.

**INT. GRACE'S TRAILER - SAME**

A SHOT ZIPS across Bud's back; he SPINS off the table.

On his knees, Doug is firing a .32. BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM.

Bud FIRES a burst through Doug's chest, dropping him.

as  
A HOLE EXPLODES beside Bud's head -- Grace FIRING a .45 --  
Ray SCREAMS and runs out the door.

**EXT. TRAILER PARK, VAN - SAME**

Marandino winds through gears, as Ray hits the yard  
running...

hard,  
POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: Marandino swings the wheel

the  
SLAMS INTO RAY -- launching him through trash bins, into  
mud.

Cobb jumps from the van and pounds Ray into handcuffs.  
Simultaneously, Shepard sprints for the trailer door...

**EXT. GRACE'S TRAILER PARK - SAME**

yard.  
Grace explodes from the back door, bolting across the

**I/E. GRACE'S TRAILER - SAME**

Bud scrambles on the floor of the demolished trailer. .45  
held tight, he runs out after Grace.

**ACROSS THE YARD**

the chase rages.

**MOVING WITH GRACE**

as he jumps a link fence, lands and trips into a roll of  
chicken wire. His sleeve catches, rips as he pulls free...

**MOVING WITH BUD**

at a searing pace. He slips in the mud. Staggered up. SEES  
Grace disappear in the shadows.

Eyes  
Grace throws himself against the side of a power unit.  
darting. Wheezing hard... Tries to slow his breath. Then  
turns the corner...

WHAM!!!  
GRACE'S POV: A SHOVEL swings from around the corner,

The blow sends Grace sailing back. He SLAMS on the ground,  
with a blood-covered broken face. As he tries to get up...

Bud's gun is there. And like that, it stops.

**INT. SOUTHDOWN'S BAR - AFTER HOURS**

glasses...  
At a table, the METRO SQUAD: Bud, Shepard, Marandino, Cobb  
are drinking. A bartender (SHERRY) is wiping down

**COBB**

Think I broke a knuckle on that guy's

tooth.

**SHEPARD**

He only had one tooth.

**COBB**

Well I got it, didn't I?

**MARANDINO**

(to the bartender)  
Another round, Sherry.

**SHERRY**

Comin' up.

Bud blows smoke, distant from the others.

**MARANDINO**

Bud, we all supposed to be celebratin'.  
'Been workin' this case for months. And  
you ain't said shit.

**BUD**

They had a lot of weight. Too much.

**COBB**

It's a ring. Organized burglary.

**BUD**

You saw them guys. You think that half  
ass crew was organized?

**MARANDINO**

(laughs)  
They shit their pants in unison.

**COBB**

What are you gettin' after, Bud?

**SHEPARD**

You think it was someone else's score.

Sherry arrives with shots of whiskey, moves on.

**BUD**

I think its a part of somethin' bigger.

Bud takes his shot.

**BUD**

Tomorrow morning we put our friends under  
the lamp. If they know this "someone

else", we'll know him too.

**EXT. EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH JAIL - ESTABLISH - NEXT DAY**

A dark, stone monolith off the 110 highway.

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH JAIL - DAY**

They're  
ROOM,

Bud smokes, standing with Shepard in semi-darkness.  
looking through a two-way mirror into an INTERROGATION  
where Cobb interviews Ray Wheeler.

**RAY**

I told you... I keep tellin' you... I  
don't know nothin'. That's it.

**COBB**

That's not it. We've been here all  
morning. We'll stay here all night.

Marandino

Bud paces to a neighboring INTERROGATION ROOM where  
is questioning Grace (bruised face, swollen, broken nose).

**MARANDINO**

The stones you were fencin' belonged to  
an Amsec wall safe in "Kay's Jewelers".  
The rest from a vault in Bocage. Both  
owners can verify their belongings, and  
have.

(beat)

Who you fencin' for?

**GRACE**

Man, I ain't sayin' fuckin' shit.

**MARANDINO**

Then your name's on a dozen other jobs,  
just like it.

**GRACE**

That's bullshit.

**MARANDINO**

No, that's a promise.

Bud, sipping coffee, paces back to Ray's interview...

**COBB**

We got a series of burglaries in the



area. All over the last six months. All still open. You don't talk, it's on you.

**RAY**

Well I ain't got nothin' to do with that.

**COBB**

Any idea who does?

**RAY**

No! Okay? Fuck no.

Bud sets down his coffee, calm.

**INT. GRACE'S INTERROGATION ROOM**

Marandino sits across from Grace, clearly frustrated.

**MARANDINO**

...Answer the question.

**GRACE**

(exploding)

**MAN FUCK THIS! AND FUCK YOU! Y'ALL CREW'S  
JUST FAGGOTS IN MATCHING JACKETS!**

The door blasts open. Bud charges in, throws Grace against the wall, then slams his face onto the table, pushing down.

**BUD**

Try this. I know you're too fuckin' dumb to be any more than a courier. I know you're coverin' for someone else. NOW **TELL ME WHO THAT SOMEONE IS!**

**GRACE**

I ain't a rat!

**BUD**

**YOU AIN'T A RAT?!**

Bud twists his broken nose. Grace SCREAMS.

**MARANDINO**

Easy, Bud. Go easy.

**GRACE**

(to Marandino)

**STOP THIS SHIT! STOP HIM!**

off. Marandino puts a hand on Bud's shoulder; Bud shoves him

**BUD**  
**LOCK THE DOOR!**

Marandino locks it. Bud turns Grace's nose even harder, nearly rips it off his face.

**BUD**  
I'll teach you what commitment is... I'll throw you in an eight by nine and have you fucked in the ass by every inmate in the state of Louisiana-- AND THAT'S THE **REST OF YOUR LIFE!**

cracks. Grace, spitting blood now. Choking. Bud twists. Bone

**BUD**  
**GIVE ME A NAME!**

**GRACE**  
(hacking)  
He's from Whiskey Bay--!

**BUD**  
**--GIVE ME A NAME!!**

**EXT. CLAYTON STREET - NIGHT**

Raining.

home. An unmarked chevy is staked down the block from a tract

**BUD V.O.**  
Jesse Wheeler. Thirty-one.

**INT. CHEVY - NIGHT**

at Bud's in the front seat, looking through a file. Shepard the wheel. Coffee cups and junk food litter the dash.

**BUD**  
Two tours in 'Nam. '69 and '71. He's a jump marine. Weapons trained, explosives.  
(turns the page)  
Seven and a half out of a twelve year stint for federal robbery. Two in Angola. A year in DeQuincy. Three in El Reno with

a transfer to Lewisburg. Then Marion with a brief stopover in Leavenworth. Released from Oxford, 1981.

**SHEPARD**

Jacket's the size of the bible.

Through the windshield, across the street, a tract home they're watching.

**BUD**

His stay at Marion, they kept him in "H" block.

**SHEPARD**

H block? That's home to forty top murder one inmates...

**BUD**

Yeah, life sentences. Jesse only had twelve years.

Bud likes it.

**BUD**

He ain't just woodwork.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

Night passes and the dawn arrives...

**EXT. WHEELER'S HOUSE - DAWN**

Front door opens and the shadowy figure of JESSE WHEELER, whose face we cannot see, emerges.

**SHEPARD**

(waking Bud)

Target's out.

backs

Jesse fires up his '74 battered green PICK-UP TRUCK. He from the driveway and proceeds down the street.

**BUD**

(into radio)

Alright. Give him room.

Bud's car starts and we move off with them...

**BUD**

(into radio)

We're mobile.

**EXT. STREETS - MINUTES LATER**

In the rain, Bud and Shepard tail Jesse from a distance. They pass an alley where a waiting BUICK falls in behind the Chevy; Marandino and Cobb are inside.

**INT. CHEVY - CONTINUOUS - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD:**

We see the truck slowing, angling into a TEXACO STATION.

**SHEPARD**

He's turnin' off.

**BUD**

Let's take him in the car.  
(into radio)  
Wait'll he's stopped. Watch your backgrounds.

**INT. JESSE'S PICK UP - MOMENTS LATER**

Jesse stops at a pump. Suddenly, Bud appears at the window and jams a SHOTGUN against Jesse's head.

**BUD**

Don't move. You motherfuck, I'll blow your head clean off.

Reflecting in the side-view: Bud's BADGE swings from his neck. Jesse's eyes resign to relief. Bud SEES this...

**BUD**

Shut the car off slowly.

With several law enforcement shotguns now leveled at him from all directions, Jesse turns off his engine.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**EXT. JESSE WHEELER'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Bud, Shepard, Cobb and Marandino, vests and shotguns, move in unison around the house.

Bud and Cobb stay to the shadows, down a side yard...

plays

Shepard, Marandino reach the front door. Locked. A tv quietly inside. No one in the windows.

Shepard signals to Marandino...

**INT. JESSE WHEELER'S HOUSE**

THE FRONT DOOR IS KICKED DOWN. Shepard and Marandino spill in, guns ready...

**SHEPARD**  
**POLICE! WARRANT!**

A pregnant woman in the kitchen... LYNN WHEELER, 30s. She SCREAMS, curses. Hurling dirty dishes fly like frisbees.

**LYNN**  
**GET OUT! GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE!**

**MARANDINO**  
**MA'AM, CALM DOWN! CALM DOWN!**

**SHEPARD**  
**WE GOT A WARRANT!**

**LYNN**  
(more dishes)  
**FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU!**

OF

Lynn suddenly gasps agitatedly, sinks to the floor. A GUSH FLUID soaks through her dress.

**LYNN**  
Help... My baby...my baby...

Bud

Bud and Cobb enter from a back door, hurry towards Lynn. lowers Lynn to the floor.

**BUD**  
(to Cobb)  
**CALL AN AMBULANCE! NOW!**

**BEDROOM - TIME CUT**

A door slams open to reveal...

A NAZI IRON EAGLE BATTLE FLAG. Draped across the far wall. Windows taped over. Walls painted black.

Military surplus on every shelf and surface. Helmets.  
Uniforms. Body armor. Bayonets.

Bud in the doorway. Shepard joins him.

**BUD**

Toss everything.

**SMASH CUT**

**TO:**

Several COPS (now on scene) ransack the house. Ripping open  
cabinets, drawers, tossing everything to the floor...

**GARAGE**

Cobb flips a switch. A lamp illuminates a workbench.

**COBB**

Alright, I want everything seized!

cold,  
Cabinets, lockers and tool boxes slam open. Cops stop  
blown away by what they see: GUNS. Everywhere.

**LIVING ROOM**

.25  
COP #1 feels behind a couch. He finds a .38, then a COLT  
below a chair cushion.

**BATHROOM**

COP #2 removes the toilet's basin cover. With a pen, he  
removes a dripping .357.

**KITCHEN**

Several STATE TROOPERS lead Jesse in, cuff him to a table.

**ATTIC**

BOXES.  
Floor peels back. Flashlights illuminate: AMMUNITION  
ASSAULT RIFLES. GRENADES. BONDS and COUNTERFEIT PLATES.

**MARANDINO**

Motherfucker's got a general store.

**LIVING ROOM**

Cops talk excitedly over one another. Shepard leans over a mounted A.C. He finds a string and very slowly pulls up a ziploc bag filled with DIAMONDS.

**SHEPARD**

God damn...there's some weight.

**KITCHEN**

Bud takes a seat at the table...

Cold

For the first time, we get a good look at Jesse Wheeler:

eyes. Handlebar mustache. Covered in tats. With a boilermaker's build, he looks what he is... DANGEROUS.

**BUD**

I'm Detective Lieutenant Bud Carter, of the East Baton Rouge Parish Precinct.

(smiles)

So how you like Baton Rouge?

Jesse's stare drifts to Bud. It's deadly.

Cabinets slam open and closed. Dishes hit the floor.

**JESSE**

What happened to my wife?

**BUD**

Water broke. She's en route to the hospital.

COP #3 is searching the refrigerator. Jesse watches as if he's seen something we haven't... Cop #3 moves on...

Jesse sees Bud's eyes. They connect with his own...

Bud opens the fridge. He scans condiments then stops. From inside a bag of HOT DOG BUNS, several sealed VIALS.

**BUD**

This is new.

Bud examines a vial's label: "CYANIDE."

**BUD**

What's the cyanide for, Jesse?

**JESSE**

Extracting impurities.

Bud, right with him, grins.

**BUD**

Impurities from what?

Jesse, calm. Deadpan.

**BUD**

You're in a bad situation here, pal.

**JESSE**

I'll make bond.

Bud looks in Jesse's eyes and believes it.

**BEDROOM**

Shepard, searching the room. Drawers, cabinets. Then leans down to peer under the bed...

in ...stops, stunned when he SEES: a row of live Goex charges packing, boldly marked: EXPLOSIVES

**SHEPARD**

(top of his lungs)

**OUT! EVERYONE OUT! GET THE FUCK OUT!**

**DAY** **INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT -**

MIKE BRADDOCK (40s), Captain of Detectives, enters his office. Bud tows, carrying files.

**BRADDOCK**

What more do you want? You got a two time felon on multiple counts. You got robbery, B&E, you got an all-you-can-eat felony fuckin' possession. All on top of an organized burglary ring.

**INTERCUT:**

**INT. PROCESSING ROOM, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY**

ON A CAMERA FLASH. Mug shots of Jesse's front and profile.

**BRADDOCK V.O.**

The man's in custody, Bud. Fucked for life. It's finished.



Jesse's inked fingers are rolled onto an exemplar sheet.

**DAY**  
**INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT -**

**BUD**

There's more, I know it.

Bud slaps a file on Braddock's desk, to a crime scene  
photo:

An Asian JUDGE sits dead in the front seat of his car.

**BUD**

Remember him? Ten months ago, a judge gets popped with a .357. Well I got a Ruger from Wheeler's toilet and rushed it through ballistics.

**BRADDOCK**

And?

**BUD**

It's a solid match! Dead on.

**BRADDOCK**

There's a dozen ways Wheeler could've got that burner. It don't prove a thing.

**BUD**

(drops another file)  
A stack of bonds taken from the home of a Baptist Minister...

The crime photo: A black MINISTER and wife shot in bed.

**BUD**

Murdered. He and his wife. Looked like a robbery gone to shit then; I want it opened back up.

**INT. ANTE ROOM, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY**

A nude Jesse steps before a DOCTOR and gets a cursory  
exam.

**BUD V.O.**

I still got tests pending. More guns. More cases. This guy ain't crazy, Mike. He's a ticket to somethin' big. Somethin' happening now.

DAY

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT -

Meanwhile...

**BRADDOCK**

So who's backin' him?

**BUD**

I don't know; I do know they'll post his bond. That's why I need a price they can't come up with overnight.

Braddock listens. Bud keeps it on track...

**BUD**

I'm right about this, Mike.

(leans close)

When a guy's lookin' at two hundred years and he ain't upset... It's like when your wife is accusing you of fuckin' the neighbor, but she don't know you're fuckin' her sister too. You're pretty calm about it, right?

Braddock smiles slightly.

**BUD**

It's 'cause we hit the wrong nerve. The guns, the other shit, the time... He can have that conversation. And he is. And he ain't upset. He's makin' eye contact, 'cause we're fallin' short.

(the bottom line)

This guy knows things. He knows where bodies are.

Braddock, thinks; Then--

**BRADDOCK**

I'll bounce it up to the D.A.

Bud grins, SLAMS his hand on the desk.

INT. HOLDING AREA, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DUSK

Two GUARDS escort Jesse. He's bound in chains, orange scrubs.

INT. HOLDING CELL

the  
End of the hall. A BLACK PRISONER waits, arms slung over  
crossbars with a cigarette. Jesse is brought forth.

A Guard unlocks the cell. The Black Prisoner steps back,  
joining TWO OTHERS: All black, looming in the darkness.

Jesse steps in. Guards unlock his shackles. Chains hit the  
floor. Behind him, the bars slam home.

**SILENCE...LONG, DRAWN SILENCE. THEN:**

**JESSE**

My name is Jesse Wheeler... I'm now in  
charge of this cell. Any y'all don't like  
it, step your black ass forward, line up.

A MOMENT. Cued by Jesse's challenge, each of the prisoners  
slowly rise, vehemently approaching...

**CUT ABRUPT**

**TO:**

**INT. BUD'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

And the phone RINGS...

**BUD**

(answers)

Yeah...

**MALE VOICE (OVER)**

Bud? Charlie Bowers.

firearms  
WIDEN. Bud's house is sparsely furnished. Books on  
and police work in stacks. As he reaches for a file...

**BUD**

(into phone)

Charlie... You had an inmate in '75,  
named Jesse Wheeler.

**INTERCUT:**

**INT. OFFICE, MARION PENITENTIARY, ILLINOIS - NIGHT**

he's  
CHARLIE BOWERS, on an official phone. At Jesse's name,

**DEAD QUIET...**

**BUD**

Charlie, you there?

**CHARLIE**

What's your interest in this guy, Bud?

**BUD**

Well, we got him on weapons and burglary.  
But I got a feelin' there's more.

**CHARLIE**

Damn straight, a lot more. Race riots.  
Smuggling. Extorting a guard. I had a few  
run-ins with him myself.

**BUD**

What else?

**INT. BEDROOM, BUD'S HOUSE - PRE DAWN**

Bud lies in bed, wide awake. The PHONE CONVERSATION  
carries over...

**CHARLIE V.O.**

You could say this is where he peaked.

**KITCHEN - DAWN**

Coffee pours into a mug. Then a shot of Irish Whiskey.

**CHARLIE V.O.**

He's a white supremacist. The worst kind,  
if there is one.

Bud, dressed now. The table is covered with various  
reports and photos from Jesse's file. BUD'S EYES guide us  
through...

**CHARLIE V.O.**

Came in on armed robbery and assault...

Bud picks up a photo: Jesse's Angola mug shot, age 23.

**CHARLIE V.O.**

But word in the system said, he's a  
contract killer for the Aryan  
Brotherhood.

Photos of Jesse's tattoos: SUN-WHEEL on the shoulder; HELL  
HOUNDS around the biceps, THOR'S ELAPID covering his back.

**CHARLIE V.O.**

In here, the guy became an organizer...

**INT. BUD'S CAR, TRAVELING - MORNING**

Bud's face goes in and out of light and shadow.

**CHARLIE V.O.**

Controlling hits and movements inside the system. Prison to prison. State to state.

**INT. LOWER FLOOR, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - MORNING**

Bud is walking with MURPHY, captain of the guards...

**CHARLIE V.O.**

Between the Aryan Brotherhood and Neo Nazis, he unified the front...

Bud and Murphy descend steps to a grim CORRIDOR.

**CHARLIE V.O.**

All them prison gangs in the world...  
Black Panthers, Mexican Mafia, forget it.  
The AB is deadly as it gets. And Jesse  
Wheeler was their ring leader.

The PHONE CONVERSATION fades out... Presently:

**BUD**

So what the fuck happened?

**MURPHY**

Processing ain't open till morning. We  
threw him in holding last night. 'Fore we  
even turn around, it's like we're back in  
the fuckin' Alamo.

**BUD**

He attack the guards?

**MURPHY**

Guards are fine. But he took on three  
niggers like they stole from him.

Murphy stops outside a solid steel door.

**MURPHY**

I'll tell you somethin', Bud. After it  
happened, our block was the quietest it'd  
ever been. Wish we had ten just like him.

**BUD**

Open the door.

**INT. ISOLATION CELL - CONTINUOUS**

Bud enters. Murphy shuts the door and a series of locks  
BOLT.  
We're in a stone closet. No bed or sink. No light.

**BUD**

Heard you refused a public defender.

Jesse's bruised face moves through shadow.

**BUD**

At the gas station...When you were  
arrested, I put a gun to your head.  
You expected someone else.

**JESSE**

You don't look like cops.

**BUD**

And your house? Guns. Mass supply tells  
me, intent to sell. Cyanide in the  
fridge, explosives...tells me you're  
scared.

Jesse's eyes emerge from the dark. Bud, looking right at  
him.

**BUD**

I know who you are.

**JESSE**

If you knew that much, you wouldn't be in  
here alone.

Bud smiles and walks to the door.

**BUD**

One more thing, pal. I saw the judge this  
morning.

(grins)

There is no bond.

HOLD on Jesse.

Bud BANGS on the door. Locks UNLATCH. The door opens and  
Bud  
steps calmly out to the hall...

in The door shuts with a BOOM, locking Jesse in. And the nail  
the coffin resonates.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

**EXT. GREYHOUND STATION - LATE NIGHT**

Dim and desolate.

**INT. LOBBY, GREYHOUND STATION - LATE NIGHT**

Grace buys a ticket, crosses the lobby to the men's room.

**INT. MEN'S ROOM**

face Grace at the sink. He pats running water on his damaged  
and straightens the bandage.

**A TOILET FLUSHES**

like the stall door opens and a man emerges. Lean and fierce,  
an electric charge... CATFISH STANTON, 30.

belt. Grace FREEZES at the sight of Catfish, tightening his  
Lets the water run...

**CATFISH**

Grace? That you?

**GRACE**

Hey there, Catfish...

Catfish steps close, reaches a hand to Grace's face.

**CATFISH**

'The hell happened?

Grace flinches. Catfish pauses, then SNIFFS his hand.

**CATFISH**

(smiles)

Oh... Excuse me.

Catfish steps to the sink. Begins washing his hands.

**CATFISH**

So where you off to?

**GRACE**

Goin' to visit my mother. She's real sick.

**CATFISH**

That's too bad. So you'll be gone a long time then.

**GRACE**

Yeah...

tattoos  
Another MAN suddenly enters. Large and imposing, neck  
...**BUZZ MCKINNON, 32.**

**GRACE**

(swallows hard)

Buzz.

WITH  
Catfish turns off the water. THE BATHROOM IS SUFFOCATED  
**SILENCE.**

**GRACE**

What can I do y'all for?

**CATFISH**

How come the Wheeler brothers, is locked up? And you ain't?

**GRACE**

Wheeler brothers is locked up? I don't know nothin' about that.

Catfish GRINS. It's harsh. Blood curdling.

**CATFISH**

I heard different.

**GRACE**

Well there ain't no "different" to hear, Catfish. 'Cause I ain't talked to neither of 'em.

**CATFISH**

But you did talk to someone.

Buzz moves. Grace turns to look...



.45  
Grace's  
blood  
shirt.

...In a blink, Catfish's gun comes up: ONE QUICK POP. A  
with a thick, barrel silencer. The mirror shatters.  
knees hit the floor. His head hits the sink, HOLDS. As  
runs from one small hole.  
Catfish straightens up in the next mirror. Tucks his  
Grace's body sags to the floor. Catfish and Buzz walk out.

**INT. EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY**

tier.

LOUD BUZZER. Two GUARDS #1 and #2 march Jesse down the  
On his left, PRISONERS in cells, TURN, STARE and WHISPER.  
Jesse arrives at a cell.

**GUARD #1**

(calls out)  
Open ninety-six!

BARS slide back. Jesse walks in. His CELL-MATE steps  
cautiously from the shadows...

IT'S RAY. Pale and nervous. Jesse stands over him. The  
brothers' eyes connect. And there's a moment...

**CUT**

**TO:**

**EXT. EXERCISE YARD, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY**

guard  
press.

High stone walls topped with concertina wire. Looming  
towers. Thick FOG blankets the yard filled with CONVICTS.  
Jesse takes hold of a metal bar, lifts it from a bench  
He does two reps. The weights BANG down and Jesse sits up.

**RAY O.S.**

This place is bad...

as

Ray adds weight to the already excessive amount. He sweats  
he talks nervously over Jesse's shoulder...

**RAY**

There's eyes everywhere. Like I got a

sign on my back, Jesse, they all think I talked.

Jesse scans numerous WHITE CONS watching the Wheeler brothers.

**RAY**

Just the other day... some spic fish got hit with a weight. Ten other cons, they beat him and stabbed him till there weren't nothin' left. And the guards let it happen.

Ray fastens the safety collars and Jesse leans back.

**RAY**

His brains were on the wall, Jesse. Like somebody painted 'em.

Jesse does another set. Weights BANG down. He slowly sits up.

**JESSE**

They come at you?

**RAY**

Not yet... But it's in the mail. I can feel it fuckin' coming.

Ray shoots a look at a group of ARYAN BROTHERS across the yard. CZAPP, their "leader," and ROACH. Jesse turns. Czapp looks at him. Eyes meet. Jesse leans back.

The press shakes as Jesse does a last set. His red strained face as the bar lands with a CRASH.

**INT. YARD CORRIDOR, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY, LATER**

A long line of prisoners are filing back through the gate. Ray, behind Jesse. Says low:

**RAY**

Hey, Jesse...

(silence)

Sorry I put you back here. I never meant--

**JESSE**

(turns)

"Sorry", Raymond...? You ain't sorry.

(pause)

I took you into my home. I tried to clean you up. And you steal from me...? You take my fuckin' diamonds?  
(dead to rights)  
'Cause of you, I missed the birth of my son.

Ray swallows hard. Nothing he can say.

**INT. METRO OFFICE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT - DAY**

CLOSE ON numerous files of ARYAN GANG MEMBERS. Arrest sheets,  
paperwork and photos.

**BUD O.S.**

Alright, let's work this...  
(beat)

In prison, Wheeler is credited for the expansion of the Brotherhood. When Federal split up members, they had to reorganize. So they tattooed their blood types and serial numbers on one another.

**COBB O.S.**

Recede and multiply.

**BUD O.S.**

Exactly...

a REVEAL NOW Bud and Shepard with Cobb and Marandino around  
table, used as a converted eating area.

**BUD**

Put 'em in prison, they get stronger. Everywhere you send one, they recruit in numbers. Within five years, their numbers were over ten thousand.

**MARANDINO**

Wheeler directed all that, huh?

Shepard is flipping through a worn, thick file.

**BUD**

What do you got there, Shep'?

**SHEPARD**

Interpol wired us files on three known Aryan leaders in the state of Louisiana: Edgar Bingham. Harold Kay. And this

man... Lucian Adams.

He opens the file, revealing mugshots of LUCIAN ADAMS, 51. Dark eyes. Sharp, gun metal features.

**SHEPARD**

High priest of the Aryan National Party. His "ministry" of Christian Identity and Paramilitary Order has stood for over a decade. Check this out...

shot) Shepard pulls an old, faded surveillance photo: (Long

Lucian talking to a young Jesse outside a compound.

**SHEPARD**

Wheeler was just seventeen when he met Lucian at the Patriotic Congress.

**MARANDINO**

No shit.

**SHEPARD**

Today, Lucian's one hell of an entrepreneur. Owns surplus stores. Demolition. A piping business. Got trucks runnin' all across the God damn country.

Bud's been quiet; says now:

**BUD**

Stay focused. Get back to Wheeler... I need an angle.

**COBB**

For what? If Wheeler ever flipped, news would spread like wildfire. The AB's gonna know about it. They'd gonna know about it nationally.

(re: his coffee)

Pass the sugar.

Marandino does.

**BUD**

That's if he was a surface informant. I don't want him to testify. I want to keep him on the street.

(to the group)

Look, this guy's been in it a long time. He's up to his elbows; wants to shake his hands free. I can feel it.

**MARANDINO**

Braddock ain't gonna go for this.

**BUD**

I'll handle that.

Everyone looks to Bud.

**BUD**

We got one chance here. 'Cause if this falls short... Jesse Wheeler's worth more dead than alive.

**INT. CAFETERIA, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - EVENING**

A sea of tables divided by race as far as the eye can see.

Jesse and Ray, trays in hand, find an island of ARYAN PRISONERS. They quickly part to make room for Jesse to sit.

abruptly Suddenly Czapp and Roach arrive with their trays and sit across from the Wheeler brothers.

**CZAPP**

How you doin', Ray?  
(off Ray's look)

We was just over there wonderin' why you ain't got the courtesy to introduce us to your kin.

**RAY**

I was gonna.

**CZAPP**

(grins)  
I'm sure you was.

Czapp locks on Jesse, who calmly eats, not looking up.

**CZAPP**

Jesse Wheeler. Heard of you...

**ROACH**

Fuckin-A, heard a lot.

**CZAPP**

Name's Czapp... You can call me,  
"Bossman."  
(beat)

I kept an eye on your brother the past few days for you. Ain't that right, Ray?

**RAY**

(low)  
Yeah...

**JESSE**

My brother ain't none of your business.

**CZAPP**

Ain't none of my business, "Bossman." And everything in this fuckin' place is my business.

Ray nervously glances down at several Aryans watching...

**CZAPP**

(to Jesse)

Listen to me, you sonofabitch. I'm gonna make one God damn thing God damn clear. Your reputation is smoke. Whatever they say you is or once was, I don't give a flyin' fuck. 'Cause it's my say-so now. And your fuckin' brother's up for grabs.

Czapp looks away from Jesse and shouts down the table:

**CZAPP**

Y'all got that?!

and Suddenly Jesse SPRINGS. A headbutt EXPLODES Czapp's nose  
throws him back.

Czapp's head hits linoleum, echoing with a CRACK!! He lies still. Bloodied and unconscious.

**ROACH**

(stumbles away, shocked)

Fuck...

**A DEAFENING SILENCE SPREADS OVER THE CAFETERIA.**

face. Jesse calmly resumes eating. Czapp's blood covers his

SUDDENLY AN ALARM BLARES. GUARDS pour in, led by Murphy.

INMATES HIT THE DECK, arms behind their heads. All except Jesse, who continues to eat.

**MURPHY**

WHEELER!!! Stand the fuck up! Hands  
behind your head!

Jesse rises.

**MURPHY**

Hands behind your head! Get on the  
fuckin' floor!

Jesse puts his hands behind his head, but does not kneel.

Restraints are slammed on Jesse's wrists. And we...

**CUT TO**

**BLACK.**

**NIGHT**

**INT. ISOLATION, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - LATE**

The door unlocks and drags open. Jesse turns, blinking  
painfully into the light ...Sees an imposing DUTY GUARD.

**DUTY GUARD**

Phone call.

**INT. GUARD STATION**

Jesse is led in. Duty Guard hits an extension button on a  
desk phone and offers the receiver...

Jesse doesn't move.

**DUTY GUARD**

It's a secure line.

Duty Guard walks out. Alone now, Jesse picks up the  
line...

**JESSE**

(into phone)  
Yeah.

A low, whiskey voice is HEARD over the line: LUCIAN ADAMS.

**LUCIAN V.O.**

Been a long time...

Jesse shuts his eyes. There's a moment before he opens  
them.

**LUCIAN V.O.**

Read about the arrest, Jesse. There's a lot of heat on this one.

**JESSE**

I don't want my brother touched.

**LUCIAN V.O.**

(laughs faintly)

I ain't callin' about your brother. I'm callin' about you...

the  
Jesse turns SLOW to find the Duty Guard watching him from  
hall. Lights a cigarette, stares.

**LUCIAN V.O.**

You should have come to me sooner, Jesse. None of this would have happened.

**JESSE**

I'm askin' you, Lucian. My brother ain't a problem.

**LUCIAN V.O.**

Your brother's a fuck up.

And Jesse's quiet... Dead quiet...

**LUCIAN V.O.**

And Jesse... We may know what you can do. But you know what we can do. Understand?

Jesse hesitates, then Lucian hangs up. DIAL TONE.

**INT. BRADDOCK'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT**

Room strewn with piles of casework. Bud, agitated, paces. Braddock, behind a desk.

**BRADDOCK**

You're reachin', Bud. The leverage ain't there.

**BUD**

It's there. It's gotta cook a little longer, that's all.

**BRADDOCK**

Jesse won't so much as blink at doin' life. The fuckin' guy didn't rise in the ranks 'cause he skirts under pressure.

(beat)



There's no deal to be had.

**BUD**

C'mon, Mike, you know what's goin' on. Ray Wheeler compromised Jesse. By that, he compromised the Brotherhood. Don't tell me there ain't no fuckin' leverage.

Bud pours himself a cup of coffee.

**BRADDOCK**

We need somethin' more.

**BUD**

Well we ain't sleepin' till we find it.

**INT. VISITOR'S GATE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY**

Lynn, dark pouches under her eyes, goes through security check. INFANT SON in her arms.

**VISITING AREA**

Wives, girlfriends and lawyers talk to prisoners.

**TABLE**

across  
Lynn, dark pouches under her eyes, holding their son,  
from Jesse...

**LYNN**

Life. You know how fuckin' long that is, Jesse?

Lynn's hands are shaking.

**LYNN**

So what am I supposed to do? Wait? Run?  
(upset)  
Your friends are comin' by the house.  
Askin' questions, hangin' around. Waitin'  
for the God damn phone to ring.

Jesse is silent.

**LYNN**

You said we were done with this. That they were out of our lives.

The baby begins to CRY.

**LYNN**

We have no money, Jesse. Which means we have no fucking food. ...Say something, would you?

**JESSE**

It's gonna be okay.

**LYNN**

I'm afraid. I'm afraid for my life...

The baby WAILING now.

**LYNN**

(quietly crying)

...For our baby.

TIGHT ON JESSE, for the first time, appearing powerless.

As Lynn wipes tears, trembling in her seat, Jesse looks away from his son, and glances up...

Behind a glass partition outlying the room, a MAN is watching them...

BUD. Stark still. Fixing Jesse with a hard stare.

**INT. PROPERTY ROOM, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - LATER**

A CLERK passes Lynn her belongings through chain link. She wipes her eyes, holding the baby.

The back bay doors open. Bud enters. Sleepless, wrinkled clothes.

**BUD**

Lynn Wheeler. We haven't been properly introduced. I'm Detective Bud Carter.

**LYNN**

I know who you are.

**BUD**

You have a ride home?

**LYNN**

We took the bus.

Bud peels a few bills from a fold, puts it on the counter.

**BUD**

Take a cab.

Bud lays his card atop the bills, looks at Lynn.

**BUD**

'You need anything...anything at all. Be sure to call me.

an They look at each other. She pulls her baby close. There's unspoken moment. And Bud walks away...

And Lynn waits till Bud is out of view. Then takes the money. the card.

**INT. CELLBLOCK, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY**

A Guard buzzes Jesse through.

PRISONERS line the tier. Smoking cigarettes. Looking out. Jesse walks past, enters...

**HIS CELL**

...where Ray sleeps in shadow on the bottom bunk.

Jesse pulls a Polaroid from his pocket: His infant son. He gazes at the photo for a beat, then brings it to Ray...

**JESSE**

Ray...

No response. Jesse nudges his brother's shoulder.

**JESSE**

Raymond, take a look.

imbedded Jesse rolls him over. Ray is limp. A filthy SYRINGE his arm. Jaw slack. Eyes wide and vacant.

**THE PHOTO FLUTTERS FROM JESSE'S HAND TO THE FLOOR...**

massive Jesse lowers, pulling Ray to his arms. He shuts his eyes. Teeth clench. And as Jesse feels the bile rising, his frame begins to shake... Then we realize, he's crying...

**TIME**

**CUT:**

**EXT. LOADING DOCK, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DUSK**

Pouring rain. Ray's corpse is loaded onto an ambulance.

**INT. JESSE'S CELL - DUSK**

Jesse sits in shadow. Alone. And it's still...

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

**AFTER HOURS**

Jesse sleeps. Hand under the pillow. When there's a sound...

His eyes SNAP OPEN to discover the silhouettes of SIX MEN, rushing into his cell...

A LOADED SOCK swings out from Jesse's pillow, slams MAN #1 in the jaw with a CRACK!!

On his feet, Jesse whips the sock around and whacks MAN #2's head against the concrete wall. He slumps down unconscious.

A BLUNT OBJECT is rammed into Jesse's sternum. Another shot bangs his neck. The sock drops and a PADLOCK clatters out.

With a final burst of energy, Jesse turns, SCREAMS and rushes out. MAN #3. Man #3 slams into the cell bars. CLANG!! Lights

down The remaining three Men attack. A series of blows rain and Jesse sinks into their grip.

**HALL LIGHTS BUMP ON: NOW WE SEE, THESE "MEN" ARE GUARDS.**

More GUARDS pour in, led by Murphy. They yank Jesse from his cell and take him down the tier.

Guards toss the cell in a thorough search. Mattress overturns. Shelves crash.

**INT. TIER**

Jesse PRISONERS move to their bars, SHOUTING and JEERING as  
is wrestled down the STAIRS to...

**THE LOWER TIER**

Jesse thrashes violently as the Guards slam him through a door into...

**A TUNNEL**

Jesse's between cell blocks. The ROAR of prisoners recedes as  
dragged into darkness getting darker.

**A DOOR SLAMS OPEN...**

**INT. READY ROOM, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON**

...THERE'S A FLASH OF LIGHT. We're in a windowless room.  
And Bud pouring coffee for two...

**BUD**

Want a cup of coffee?

Jesse is handcuffed to the table. Guards are breathing  
hard.

**JESSE**

MOTHERFUCKER! This how you do things?

**BUD**

Yeah... When I want to talk to someone,  
without giving the impression he's  
cooperatin'.

Jesse pauses, caught by Bud's tactics. The Guards file out  
and shut the door.

Jesse's eyes are fierce and watching Bud's every movement  
as he hands him a coffee, then takes a seat...

**BUD**

You got a problem.

**JESSE**

Yeah, what's that?

**BUD**

To start with, you're lookin' at two hundred years.

**JESSE**

I've done the time. I'll do it again.

**BUD**

I know you can do it. But can your family?

Jesse's face is tense. Unyielding.

**BUD**

Your brother's dead, Jesse. As we're sittin' here now, he's on a slab at St. Gabriel's Morgue. The coroner's callin' it, "suicide". You and I both know that's a load of shit.

(beat)

You do the time-- sure. And you never see your kid. 'Cept in here. You can recruit him. Your wife...plans...everything... Gone.

(beat)

'Less you talk...to me.

Jesse silent, a dark internal pause. He meets Bud's eyes across the table; then...

**JESSE**

Do you hate?

**BUD**

What?

Jesse's sudden directness has caught Bud off-guard.

**JESSE**

Who do you hate the most? Blacks you throw in prison?

**BUD**

...I dislike what they represent in the system. Not as a whole.

And Jesse begins to consciously or unconsciously "preach."

**JESSE**

And you believe that by overthrowin' Aryan nationalism and integratin' races...polluted creeds, with us...You believe you're solvin' somethin'?

**BUD**

I believe we survive by integrating safety. Understanding hate, and how to stop it.

**JESSE**

It ain't evil to fight it. It's evil to tolerate it.

(leans in)

Maybe you forget that, to justify what you do for a living...

**BUD**

Are we still in prison, or we back at the compound, havin' mass?

**JESSE**

You don't get it.

**BUD**

No, don't dictate to me what put you in here, or question my intentions with your overcooked revolution!

(beat)

'Fact, I think you wanted out 'fore I even got to you! That's why you distanced yourself. That's why you're out there crackin' safes. Lookin' to live a life that ain't AB.

**JESSE**

In who I am, there's pressure! I work for you, I won't need a lawyer, I'll need a priest! My outside finance is gone... My wife and son, their heads wind up somewhere their bodies ain't! So tell me, why the fuck should I get involved with you?!

**BUD**

How about personal warranty?

**JESSE**

Warranty?!

**BUD**

Yeah, that's right! You've been a part of the problem so long, you've forgotten what the fuck that is!

(boaring in)

"Finance..." Your wife came here on a bus

to see you. I sent her home in a cab. Is that your outside fuckin' finance?!

Beat. Jesse, taken back.

**BUD**

Let me give you a little insight, pal. As to what I know... And what you think you know.

Bud flips open a file and shoves a series of grainy B&W SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS in front of Jesse.

**BUD**

This is today...

Photo #1: Outside Jesse's House. A distressed Lynn and the baby being led into a car by Catfish.

**BUD**

Is that your house? That's your wife, right? Who's this guy?

Photo #2: Tight-shot of Catfish.

**BUD**

(off Jesse's look)

Know where he's takin' them? Takin' your family? I got a pretty good fuckin' idea.

Photo #3: An anonymous duplex. Catfish escorting Lynn and the baby inside, past several surly Aryans looking on. Jesse finally averts his eyes...

**BUD**

Look at your wife, Jesse. Look at her face. And your son. They look safe to you?

(a moment)

I'm all you've got! I'm all your family's got! And the longer you're in here, they're up for grabs.

ON JESSE. The wheels turning. Burning. THE CAMERA MOVES IN...

**BUD**

So either you let that happen... Or I get the judge to allow bond. This never sees trial. And you work for me.



And that's where it hangs...

**BLACK.**

**JUDGE V.O.**

Jesse Wheeler. Please rise...

**FADE IN:**

**INT. COURTROOM, BATON ROUGE - DAY**

Jesse rises, wearing a suit. JUDGE PONDER, at the bench, presides over this arraignment hearing:

**JUDGE PONDER**

You stand accused of forty counts of burglary, twenty nine counts of felony theft, possession of illegal firearms, possession or dealing in unregistered weapons, possession of a controlled substance, manufacture and possession of incendiary devices, and seventeen counts of receiving stolen goods... How do you plead?

CUT TO DANIEL KIERSEY, 40s, sharp, confident, expensively dressed. Jesse's attorney, rising:

**KIERSEY**

Not guilty, Your Honor.

**JUDGE PONDER**

Let's hear the arguments for bail.

The DISTRICT ATTORNEY rises from his seat:

**DISTRICT ATTORNEY**

Your honor, this man is an habitual felon as well as a flight risk. Our office has overwhelming evidence that Mr. Wheeler is not only guilty, but also a serious threat to the community. The State recommends that bail be denied.

**KIERSEY**

Your honor, my client deserves a reasonable bail. He has every intention of appearing and answering to all these false charges. In addition, he is the sole provider for his wife and newborn

child, who would suffer undo hardship if  
this man were incarcerated.

CUT TO Judge Ponder:

**JUDGE PONDER**

Bond is set at one million.

THE GAVEL BANGS DOWN. Kiersey shakes Jesse's hand. Smiles:

**KIERSEY**

Congratulations.

REVEAL BUD -- seated in back, watching the proceedings.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM, JESSE'S HOUSE - PRE DAWN**

Lynn, asleep in bed...

**INT. HALLWAY**

Jesse stands, holding his son, quietly comforting him.

When

Jesse turns, WE SEE a .45 tucked in his back.

**AND THE PHONE RINGS...**

**JESSE**

(answers)

Yeah...

STATIC; he listens, then:

**JESSE**

(into phone)

Okay.

**EXT. BACKYARD, JESSE'S HOUSE - PRE DAWN**

Jesse steps through his fence into deep WOODS, to find a  
waiting idyll on a dirt road.

CAR

**INT. CAR - PRE DAWN**

A HEAVY-SET MAN at the wheel. Jesse gets in as the  
headlights  
spin on and the car pulls away...

**EXT. SHIPYARD - PRE DAWN**

Dark. Eerie and desolate. The car arrives. Jesse steps out and disappears into the shadows of a towering crane.

calm

On the jetty, a nondescript MAN stands alone against the Mississippi. His back is to us.

Jesse approaches, stands quietly beside him.

**MAN'S VOICE**

How's your family?

We realize now...It's Bud.

**JESSE**

Let's get somethin' straight. I ain't here 'cause I'm scared. I done what I did, 'cause certain people crossed the line. They didn't keep their word.

**BUD**

Well my word counts.

They stand together, facing the liquid horizon...

**BUD**

I want a body, Jesse.

**JESSE**

How many you want?

Bud finally looks at Jesse.

**EXT. BORROW PITS - DAWN**

A swamp area used as a mud retrieval source for the levy. Amite River. FOG OBSCURES NEARLY EVERYTHING.

MAG-

Jesse slowly emerges... Then Bud and Metro, on all sides,

SHOVELS.

LIGHTS, FLAK JACKETS and SHOTGUNS. A DUFFEL BAG of

bobcats.

The sounds of the swamp are terrifying. Herons and

Boots hitting water. The buzz of a million mosquitos.

mire.

SUDDENLY A RUSHING SOUND -- An ALLIGATOR shoves off the

**COBB**

'The fuck is that?

Cobb's light catches the tail whipping into the swamp.

**BUD**

Yard dog. Relax.

**SHEPARD**

Where's this motherfucker taking us?

Jesse suddenly STOPS. LISTENS. BREATHES. Bud and Metro stare.

**JESSE**

(directly to Bud)

Dig here.

Metro exchanges looks, ANXIOUS. Bud nods "okay".

**TIMECUT:**

**EXT. JESSE'S BORROW PIT**

Metro engulfed in fog. Picks and shovels rise and fall.

**MARANDINO**

Bud! We hit something!

Bud excitedly descends the pit to scrape gravel from metal.

**BUD**

Clear it off! Come on, find the edges!

Jesse watches as a pair of STEEL DRUMS emerge.

**INT. STATE POLICE AUTOPSY ROOM - MID MORNING**

PATHOLOGISTS The "cold room". Bud and Braddock watch as two hose down the drums. The stench is horrible.

**BRADDOCK**

How long they been down there?

**BUD**

Jesse tells me six months.

**BRADDOCK**

Six months? Bud, they're biodegraded by

now. Fuckin' worm food.

**BUD**

We'll get an ID. Remember, we got the guy  
who put 'em there.

BLOW TORCHES ROAR as Pathologists burn through the drums.

Sparks fly. The lids CRASH. Swamp water floods out... And  
immersed within: two sore-covered, DECOMPOSING BODIES.

The room recoils from the fumes.

**INT. KITCHEN, JESSE'S HOUSE - DAY**

quietly  
Lynn is putting dishes away. The baby nearby, sleeps  
in a swing. Lynn gazes out the window...

**EXT. DRIVEWAY, JESSE'S HOUSE**

Jesse is under the hood of his truck, fixing the engine...  
When a '71 Mustang, white-on-white, roars up the street.

driveway.  
Jesse glances over as the car pulls alongside the  
It's CATFISH, at the wheel. A wolfish grin.

**CATFISH**

'Bout time to get a new truck there,  
Jesse.

Jesse tightens a nut with a torque wrench, says nothing.

**CATFISH**

Good to see you out. A free man now.

**JESSE**

What's goin' on, 'Fish?

**CATFISH**

On a Sunday drive, that's all. The good  
Lord ridin' shotgun, through another  
glorious Louisiana mornin'.

Jesse EYES his .45 atop the engine block, within reach.

**CATFISH**

Say, Jesse... Lucian's askin' about you.  
Fact, a lot of people are.

Jesse stays on the engine, never turns around.

**JESSE**

You tell him I'll come by.

**CATFISH**

(no longer smiling)

That's good. I'll see you real soon then.

As Catfish drives away... We HEAR a series of photos being taken at high-speed. FREEZE FRAME to BLACK & WHITE.

long  
PULL BACK to a distant CONSTRUCTION TRAILER. Bud with a lens camera, triggers snapshots.

**INT. DINER - DAY**

Greasy spoon, soul food joint. Trucker and labor patrons.

Bud walks in, perplexed to find Braddock sitting with MARTIN FITCH (30), Deputy Chief of Staff for US Attorney General. Pressed suit. Young face. Out of his element.

**BUD**

Hey, Mike.

**BRADDOCK**

Bud, this is Special Agent, Martin Fitch. He's down from Washington. With the Attorney General.

**FITCH**

Martin. Just call me Martin.

Fitch offers his hand, smiles. Bud shakes.

**BRADDOCK**

Martin's gonna be soliciting Jesse's case for a Federal sponsor.

**BUD**

How long you been with the Attorney General, Fitch?

**FITCH**

Just over a year.

Bud looks at Braddock.

**FITCH**

I want to assure you my education and experience is more than adequate to

handle a case of this potential.

**BUD**

Is that right...

Fitch's smile drops as Bud stares him down.

**BRADDOCK**

Why don't we get to the particulars?

**FITCH**

Right. Alright.

(clears throat)

To get Jesse a federal sponsor, we need something substantial. A bait. In the Justice Department, we have this mission statement... We decide who the target is, what's the threat assessment, the cost value, over what time table it's gonna take place... Which target do we go after first. We don't want to miss a big target hitting a smaller target, you understand?

**BUD**

No.

**FITCH**

Well, exposing bodies has limitations. Those people are dead. We can't retrieve their lives.

Bud blinks.

**BRADDOCK**

He means there might not be enough to back Jesse.

**BUD**

Keep him on the street without protection, he winds up dead.

**FITCH**

What I'm saying is, we need fresh leads. He'll need to present something that separates him from those we're going to arrest. If Jesse can't offer something continuous... I'm afraid we can't be of much help.

Bud stares at Fitch.

A WAITRESS in her 50s approaches.

**WAITRESS**

Ready to order?

**FITCH**

(cuts in)

Yes. I'll take a garden salad. Roquefort on the side.

**WAITRESS**

You'll take what?

**FITCH**

(curt)

It's a dressing.

**WAITRESS**

Well...we got ranch, thousand island and oil. Which one you want?

Fitch: Bud's chair SCRAPES back as he stands, stares hard at

**BUD**

Lost my appetite.

And walks out.

**EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE DINER - DAY**

They Bud stalks out to his car. Braddock follows, agitated.  
say nothing till they reach the car.

**BUD**

I set this up. Me and Jesse. If the Feds want to help, that's fine. But not him.

**BRADDOCK**

What do you mean, "me and Jesse?" He's not your partner, Bud. This case is beyond our capacity. It requires resources we don't have.

Bud unlocks the car. They stand, talking across the roof.

**BUD**

They ain't takin' us serious, Mike. They send us some kid with a year under his belt?! He don't even know what state he's in... You want him in charge?!



**BRADDOCK**

You're God damn right I do! You're out on a limb on this already, Bud! It's my job to make sure you get back!

**BUD**

This is bullshit.

**BRADDOCK**

That may be. What it ain't, is open for discussion.

Braddock walks away. Bud simmers a moment, gets in his car.

**INT. A ROOM - FOLLOWING MORNING**

A bare room; nothing to tell us where we are. Jesse's on a stool. He runs his fingers down his mustache, grits his teeth.

**JESSE**

Y'all wanna talk about crime? Well I could tell y'all things. Names. Locations. What boat is movin' what drugs, which one is guns. Who's gonna get cut up and why. ...But what I got to know is, if 'n when I do this... If I wear your dog collar... Y'all gonna do what's right by me and keep my head from gettin' shot the fuck off? 'Cause the truth is, you need me. You ain't got enough cops with enough sense or enough time, to clear them crimes that already been committed and will be.

(pause)

Y'all need me... I got the devil's address.

REVERSE: We're in a HOTEL SUITE.

Shades down. Full of AGENTS: FBI, ATF, DEA, SECRET SERVICE.

Law enforcement everywhere. On the furniture, against the wall, sitting on the floor. Staring at Jesse in silence.

Bud stands by the door with Braddock. And Fitch steps forward, laughs nervously...

**FITCH**

Okay, great... Thanks. Thank you, Jesse, for that. And thank you, everyone for

attending...

(tight)

Uh, we all know why we're here. To solve a matter of custody--

**FBI #1**

We'll protect you and your family, Jesse.  
(to the room)

It's a federal matter, gentlemen. Those bodies were transported over state lines.

An ATF AGENT #1 imposes:

**ATF #1**

Not so fast. Ammunition, grenades? This man's house was a factory, for Christ's sake. ATF is taking this.

**DEA**

Those murders were drug related. DEA's got to do follow ups.

**SECRET SERVICE**

He was printing counterfeit money.  
That's Secret Service.

ARGUING ENSUES, Agents' voices step over one another.

Fitch

tries to take control. Jesse's been silent, until...

**JESSE**

There's a hit list.

Fitch hears this. He turns, loudly to the room...

**FITCH**

Wait! Wait a minute, quiet! Everyone quiet!

And EVERYTHING stops. Fitch moves to Jesse:

**FITCH**

A what?

**JESSE**

A hit list. There's much as twelve. Might be one or two less now, I ain't sure. Some could've already been gotten.

**BUD**

(to Braddock)  
Now we're talkin'.

FBI #2 approaches Jesse...

**FBI #2**

Why these twelve, Jesse?

**JESSE**

Different reasons. It ain't so much why or what they done that matters. Pick any one of 'em off that list, AB puts you on salary.

Everyone is suddenly interested. Bud sees this.

**JESSE**

And you, sir, if I ain't mistaken...  
You're Mr. Nokes, right?

Agents part, revealing JOHN NOKES(50s), black, an eminent figurehead in a plush suit. Surprised to be pointed out...

**JESSE**

First U.S. Attorney, John Nokes?

**NOKES**

That's right.

**JESSE**

Well, last time I seen it...you was  
number two on that list.

It's quiet. Nokes thinks. Then LAUGHS and approaches  
Jesse.

**NOKES**

Can you fill us in on the rest of those  
names, Jesse?

**JESSE**

Yes, I can. But there's something I gotta  
make clear 'fore that happens.

**NOKES**

What's that?

**JESSE**

I've listened to you, Mr. Nokes. And I've  
listened to these suits here, on who's  
gonna take me in...

(beat)

I will die, go to hell and take all y'all  
cocksuckers with me, if he--

(motions to Bud)  
--tells me to.  
(beat)  
I want y'all to know that.

Jesse is explosive under the low projection delivery and a CHILL falls over the room.

**NOKES**

(to Bud)  
How's that fly by you, Lieutenant?

Bud simply nods.

**NOKES**

I'll sponsor him. Jesse's welfare will come out of our budget. Anyone has pending cases or leads for Jesse, see me. I'll loan him out.

Jesse stares at Nokes. As the meeting settles back to a comfortable level...

**NOKES**

And, Jesse... I'm a little pissed I'm number two on that list. Who the fuck is number one?

The room erupts with LAUGHTER. Everyone except Bud and Jesse.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

**EXT. GRAND COUTEAU - DAY**

Jesse's truck moves over an old wooden bridge through sweeping fields that stretch to a vast, wooded area.

**EXT. FRONT GATES, PRIVATE PROPERTY - DAY**

Jesse stops at a long drive protected by locked iron gates.

A surveillance camera zooms in. Jesse looks up. A second camera pans on Jesse, staring...

MOVE IN as crackling, electronic pixels FILL THE FRAME and...

**CUT**

**TO:**

**INT. GUARD STATION - SAME**

sits  
open.  
A BANK OF MONITORS showing Jesse at the gates. A GUARD  
in shadow, hits a button: We see the gates unlock and

**INT. JESSE'S TRUCK**

pulls down the private road.

Shafts of light mottle then burst, REVEALING an elegant  
**VICTORIAN HOME.**

relaxing,  
Jesse parks -- walks up the porch, where Catfish is  
shoulder holster, revolver. And Buzz, cleaning a pistol.

**BUZZ**

Jesse.

Jesse nods, eyes Catfish.

**JESSE**

I'm here to see Lucian.

Catfish grinds out his cigarette, gets to his feet.

**CATFISH**

He's busy right now; You can come in and  
wait.

**INT. LUCIAN ADAMS' OFFICE - DAY**

**CLOSE ON: A SNIFTER**

room:  
as Louis XIII pours to the rim. From elsewhere in the

**MALE VOICE**

This operation of your's has become big  
business. You need relationships now more  
than ever...

see.  
THE VOICE belongs to RICHARD MORRIS, 40s. He sits in a  
leather chair, facing Lucian Adams, who's face we cannot

Seated next to Morris, is Daniel Kiersey.

**MORRIS**

...We've done business successfully before, Mr. Adams. But it's a larger scope now. I'm here today because I want to represent you exclusively. You need someone lobbying at a state level, as well as in Washington. My organization can provide both. We've got contacts that you don't have and other people can't get. Now, I'm aware that you have multiple businesses... However you need one go-to guy, so that all your ventures stay coordinated and all transactions and contracts are realized. I am that person, Mr. Adams. That's what I do.

LUCIAN'S HAND lifts the cognac out of frame, drinks.

**KIERSEY**

What's this going to cost us?

**MORRIS**

As a retainer, I want an advance of three hundred-fifty thousand, along with ten percent of whatever economic benefit I bring to this organization.

**KIERSEY**

Three-fifty? C'mon, Dick. That's out of line.

**MORRIS**

If you want a quality global economic plan, that's what you pay for--

**LUCIAN O.S.**

We'll give you two, Mr. Morris...That's what it's worth.

Morris goes suddenly silent, looks across at Lucian.

**LUCIAN O.S.**

The advance is a drop in the bucket. The real money is the percentage. It's in your interest to see it my way.

Morris stares across the desk, several tense moments.

Then:

**MORRIS**

You've got a deal.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, LUCIAN ADAMS' HOUSE - DAY**

Morris emerges from the office. He glances at Jesse, then shrugs on his coat and leaves...

Jesse looks back at the office doorway. FOLLOW Jesse in...

**INT. LUCIAN ADAM'S OFFICE**

...past Kiersey, behind a massive desk in this impeccable room, we finally SEE LUCIAN ADAMS.

Jesse is not invited to sit.

**LUCIAN**

(to Kiersey)

Give us a minute.

Kiersey walks out and shuts the door...

**ON LUCIAN**

he crosses slowly to a credenza, selects a clean shirt.

**LUCIAN**

You have a son now, right?

**JESSE**

Yeah...

As he removes the shirt he's wearing, REVEAL tattoos:

BLACK

SUN on his back. GERMAN RUNES, SS BOLTS, HRUNGNIR'S HEART. And around his stomach, a belt of NORSE GODS with the

words,

"INVISIBLE EMPIRE." Prison tats, dark and aged.

**LUCIAN**

What'd you name him?

**JESSE**

I named him Ray.

Lucian, no emotion, puts on a pressed dress shirt, fastens cuff-links.

**LUCIAN**

(over his shoulder)

Heard the cops smacked you around inside.

**JESSE**

'Wasn't too bad.

Lucian checks his hair.

**LUCIAN**

You've been a busy man, Jesse. More ways than one.

**JESSE**

Looks like you done just fine without me. Business rollin' through the door.

And Lucian finally turns; looks at Jesse, eyes measuring...

**LUCIAN**

Last I saw you, you asked for time. Time to raise a family. Time to straighten things out.

(pause)

I gave you that time... Then safe jobs start poppin' up. Lafayette. New Orleans. Clinton. Baton Rouge. All over. The boys, they think it's niggers, gone widespread on a hunt for pig's feet. But they all professional. Burn jobs. Hot-weld oxygen. Laid out, burned, laid back, perfect.

(locked on Jesse)

I knew right then and there, only a white respectable burglar could've done this.

Jesse smiles slightly. They know each other well...

...When Lucian's smile suddenly drops. There's a flash of controlled anger across his face; and WE FEEL a curtain of tension fall heavily on the room.

**LUCIAN**

Jesse... With all the work you been doin': Diamonds. Emeralds. A dozen safe jobs, behind my back...

(predatory)

Where's the tribute to the greater cause?

the  
Jesse he pulls from his pocket, a tiny pouch. Sets it on desk...

He pours the contents into Lucian's palm: **DIAMONDS** and **EMERALDS**.

**JESSE**

Like I said, I just needed time.



Lucian approaches the desk, opens the pouch: DIAMONDS and EMERALDS... A slow smile spreads across his face.

**LUCIAN**

Well, even prophets stumble once in a while.

Lucian embraces Jesse. Tight. Then, softly in his ear:

**LUCIAN**

It's a shame about your brother.

As they part, their eyes meet. Something passes between them...

**I/E. JESSE'S TRUCK, TRAVELING - BACK ROAD - NIGHT**

Lynn  
under

Jesse at the wheel, glances nervously in the rearview.  
in the passenger seat, baby in her lap. They're driving  
the cover of darkness...

**LYNN**

I don't understand. Why do we have to leave the state? You're not tellin' me something. You're not tellin' me a lot.

**JESSE**

It ain't safe here no more. You wanted out? This is out.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - NIGHT**

Marandino looks through BINOCULARS: As an electric fence slides back. Jesse's truck approaches, drives through.

**EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT**

like

A twin-engine PLANE idylls. Lines of blue lights, strobe  
rivers, air traffic above... And Bud, leaning against a  
nearby car with Shepard and Cobb.

they

Jesse helps Lynn and the baby from his truck. Together,  
walk toward the plane...

Bud, watching from a distance, nods to Lynn.

**OUTSIDE THE PLANE**

pulls  
them

Jesse and Lynn stare at each other. She's crying as he  
her close, one arm around the baby. He says something to  
we cannot hear...

the

Then with the baby, Lynn boards her plane. An AGENT shuts  
door. The engine SCREAMS to life, taking off...

Jesse turns to shield his face. Lights STROBE and BLAST...  
Then, ABRUPT DARKNESS AND SILENCE...

**ON JESSE**

now alone on the tarmac. Bud approaches; then...

**JESSE**

Lucian took the stones. Talked about  
jobs. High-end, boxcar.

**BUD**

Your family's safe now.  
(beat)  
Let's go to work.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**INT. JEWELRY STORE BASEMENT - NIGHT**

10"  
tumbler

Several AB SOLDIERS stand watch as Jesse pushes a heavy,  
drill through a jeweler's vault door... Jesse throws  
and relock mechanisms aside, reaches in... jewels, gems.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - BETWEEN CARS - NIGHT**

Bud and Jesse parked next to each other, trading info.

**E/I. VARIOUS HIDEOUTS - NIGHT**

plates...  
of

AB counterfeiting bills... Printing press and metal  
Hands stain bills with coffee grounds and cigarettes, then  
industrial dryers... Jesse at a table behind tall stacks  
cash, inspecting, approving...

**INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT**

Bud with Jesse. Info, names and written amounts.

building  
bottoms...

INSERTS: HANDS file serial numbers off guns... HANDS  
silencers... loading guns in suitcases below false

**EXT. PAY PHONES - NIGHT**

Jesse on the line... Bud on the other end, taking notes...

**INT. GARAGE - NIGHT**

AB Soldiers unload crates from trucks, "Chrysler Corp."...  
"Remington Firearms"... Antique furniture... Machinery...

cash.

INSERT: A MONEY MACHINE counts large denominations of

**EXT. BELOW AN OVERPASS - NIGHT**

Parked under the interstate. Bud looks over Jesse's info.

**EXT. NEW ORLEANS PORT - NIGHT**

marlin  
start  
bag

A large fishing boat arrives. Numerous Fisherman load  
onto refrigerated trucks... Catfish, Buzz, numerous AB  
up the trucks... Jesse hands the Head Fisherman a canvas  
of cash...

roof

PULL BACK to reveal Shepard, Cobb and Marandino on the  
of a neighboring port, snapping photos. Taking notes.

**E/I. ISOLATED BARN - NIGHT**

More

Trucks arrive. AB bring the marlin inside... Atop a crate,  
Jesse slices a marlin open, revealing kilos of cocaine.

marlins are cut. More cocaine.

**INT. METRO OFFICE - DAY**

Bud on the typewriter, hammering out Jesse's contacts and  
movements. Files piling on his desk.

**INT. METRO OFFICE - NIGHT**

An organizational chart, as Bud pins AB mug shots, arrest sheets and surveillance photos wall to wall.

Bud steps back, observes. His case building. Getting huge.

**MONTAGE**

**OUT/TO:**

**EXT. BACK PATIO, LUCIAN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Wood secluded. Lucian, Jesse and Kiersey sit around a table.

**KIERSEY**

There's a variety of matters to discuss today, gentlemen. Eddie Moran's trial starts next week. One of the jurors reached out. He's asking six thousand up front plus a job at four hundred a week. That guarantees a hung jury with a push for an acquittal.

**LUCIAN**

Three hundred. Give him a no-show at the trucking firm.

**KIERSEY**

(as he writes)

Construction on the building Morris brought us, in south-east Florida, is complete. Every unit sold. We should see revenues of one point four million over our original projections.

Lucian lights a cigar, smoke curls from his lips.

**KIERSEY**

Lastly, our "friends" from the Middle East. They put a final offer on the table. They'll fund our operation in Louisiana if we agree to act on their behalf. Political targets mostly, on the basis of our approval...

(beat)

I advise we do a test case. Perhaps a sample of their resources.

**LUCIAN**

"Final offer?" Demands...

(beat)

Close the deal. We'll cook the cash for it. By the time they realize, we'll have our return.

(laughs to Jesse)

You believe they're travelin' all the way to Louisiana just to get fuckin' robbed?

**CUT**

**TO:**

**EXT. LUCIAN'S BACK YARD - LATER**

Jesse and Lucian walk together through green, expansive countryside. A pair of Arabian mares graze nearby.

**LUCIAN**

I want you runnin' point on this one...

**JESSE**

I'll be honest, I was hopin' for somethin' bigger.

**LUCIAN**

What do you got in mind?

**JESSE**

How 'bout a few of them heads off the list?

**LUCIAN**

We got guys for that now. Catfish, Buzz. What do you want to go back to that for?

**JESSE**

The money's worth twice this. Bring back a head it's fifteen grand; Bring a heart, it's thirty, right?

Lucian looks at Jesse, who feels Lucian's scrutiny.

**LUCIAN**

Tell you what. Do this other thing we got lined up...

(beat)

Then I'll give you that taste.

**EXT. HENDERSON INDUSTRIAL ZONE - ESTABLISH - NIGHT**

Dark, factory skyline. Burnt out cars sit before a WAREHOUSE.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

HEADQUARTERS for the Baton Rouge operation. A beehive of government activity. TECHNICIANS listen to tapes... PHONES ring off the hook... Bud and Fitch going over the case:

**FITCH**

There's pressure from Washington. They send compliments for Jesse's work. But our primary concern is that list. I need names we can protect.

**BUD**

We know that, Fitch. He's workin' on it.

**FITCH**

If Jesse can just get a direct order... from Lucian to him, on a wire--

**BUD**

--A wire?! He just went back to work, you want him to wear a fuckin' wire?

(beat)

Put a tap on that God damn lawyer's phone, that's what you should do.

**FITCH**

He's an attorney, Carter. Anything we get would be inadmissible.

**BUD**

It's information, Fitch.

Fitch, annoyed, but staying on track.

**FITCH**

Bud. We need Jesse to engage Lucian on the record. Otherwise it's just hearsay. He's disconnected from everything, like a ghost.

Bud, cooling his heels. As the phones RING and RING...

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

A violent rainfall.

AERIAL SHOT swooping along the HIGHWAY, then rising above the deep woods to reveal a TRUCK STOP ahead.

**EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT**

barricade Closed for construction. A VAN arrives. A blinking  
is pulled back, allowing entrance...

by Generators light the scene: A group of SHIITE MUSLIMS wait  
a pair of idle FREIGHT TRUCKS. A crew of five AB SOLDIERS  
exit the van: Jesse, Catfish and Buzz among them.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**EXT. LUMBER STORAGE, TRUCK STOP - NIGHT**

a The door to one Freight truck rolls to the top, revealing  
converted ASSAULT WEAPONRY SHOWCASE.

Below covered scaffolding, both crews stand. Guns bulge  
through their coats. No talking. No sudden movement.

SEMI Shiites watch Jesse and Catfish examine the merchandise:

**AUTOMATICS, SHOTGUNS, CARBINES, SUB-MACHINE GUNS...**

Everyone looks at each other. Jesse acknowledges worth.

(OMAR) Catfish pulls a large CANVAS BAG from the van, filled with  
cash. As he carries it toward a bench, a large Shiite  
reaches for the bag before Catfish can set it down...

...Both men hold tight. Neither letting go. And there's a  
moment.

**JESSE**

(low)  
Catfish.

with a Catfish and Omar are eye-to-eye. Then, Catfish lets go  
smile:

**CATFISH**

Go 'head. Count it.

The Shiite leader, NASEEM, sees the strife.

**NASEEM**

There a problem?

**JESSE**

No problem. Money's all there.

Omar hands the bag to Naseem. The count starts. Both crews watch closely...

...All except Catfish, fixated on Omar, who stares back.

**CATFISH**

'The fuck you lookin' at...?

The count stops. Naseem looks to Omar. Questions in Arabic back and forth. The pressure getting to the group...

go

**JESSE**

(low)

Catfish, would you shut the fuck up? This ain't the time.

**NASEEM**

(to Catfish)

Yes, listen to your boss.

**CATFISH**

What?! What fuckin' "boss?" You best watch your ass, sand nigger.

**NASEEM**

Piece of shit--!

Everyone reaches for their guns. Threats SHOUTED in Arabic and English.

**JESSE**

Take it easy! Take it easy!

SUDDENLY ARC LIGHTS BEHIND A DISTANT BARRIER IGNITE, the scene. Everyone turns.

flooding

**A VOICE**

(over a loud speaker)

**ATF! THE PERIMETER'S SURROUNDED!**

Omar reaches for the bag of cash...

BLAM! Catfish FIRES, point blank, shooting Omar in the

face.

And World War III erupts.



AB's FIRE. Shiites RETURN FIRE. From several stakeout locations, ATF AGENTS deploy and OPEN FIRE.

Jesse is grazed in the shoulder, slips, staggers-runs.

SHIITE #1 FIRES THREE SHOT BURSTS at AB #1, who's blown apart. A generator and ATF #1 collapse.

ATF #2 and #3 with pump shotguns OPEN UP on the AB's van.

Naseem, over a Mercedes roof, FIRES A BURST at ATF, then swings onto AB #2 and FIRES, killing him. Naseem jumps

into

the Mercedes, yells at the DRIVER to go.

Buzz RAPID FIRES, hits Shiite #1 in the back. Shiite #1 is spun around and Buzz shoots him in the head.

Catfish FIRES into the lot... Hitting SHIITE #2.

IN THE MERCEDES, Driver floors it. ATF re-emerges, kneels

and

PUMPS SHOTS into the Mercedes.

Jesse has taken off, past the lumber storage. Catfish and Buzz follow, breaking for the Freight truck.

IN THE MERCEDES, Driver is blown apart by ATF. The car CRASHES into a dumpster, knocking Naseem out.

Jesse, Catfish and Buzz jump into the Freight. ATF FIRES. WINDOWS EXPLODE. SHIITE #3, trying to climb in is shot

down.

Jesse, behind the wheel... BURNS rubber pulling out of the stop, over and through a scaffold, collapsing it.

The Freight truck draws everyone's FIRE. Jesse pilots it through the CHAOS. Scaffold DRAGGING behind. Sparks fly.

JESSE'S POV: Where he's going. An opening in the construction, leads back to the HIGHWAY and ONCOMING

TRAFFIC.

ATF CARS speeds in, the opposite way...

**AS THE VEHICLES PASS: JESSE AND ATF**

lock eyes. And the Freight makes the highway, scattering traffic, to the sound of ongoing GUNFIRE...

CUT

TO:

**EXT. DESOLATE FIELD - LATE NIGHT**

The moon hangs low as Jesse parks the Freight truck among tall grass, where a vacant BREAD TRUCK is waiting.

**TIMECUT:**

As Catfish exits the truck...

SLAMS  
...Jesse takes Catfish's gun, grabs him by the neck and him against the cab. FACE TO FACE.

**JESSE**

You're a piece of work, Catfish.

Buzz grabs at Jesse; Jesse HURLS him to the ground.

**CATFISH**

Them niggers crossed the line...I had to burn 'em--

**JESSE**

--You had to keep your mouth shut! On a job, you don't do fuckin' shit 'less I say!

**CATFISH**

'The fuck off me--!

Jesse slams him back again. HOLDS his throat.

**JESSE**

(low, deadly)  
Fuck me up again, you hear me? I'll leave you where I find you. Got that?

PAUSE. Catfish glares, then concedes.

**JESSE**

Unload the fuckin' truck.

Jesse starts moving crates from the Freight onto the bread truck. Catfish and Buzz watch for a moment, then join.

**INT. FBI WAREHOUSE - LATE NIGHT**

AGENTS

Televisions broadcast news coverage of the shoot-out.  
work, uncomfortable, as Bud and Fitch argue. Explosive...

**FITCH**

Keep your voice down! This was out of my control!

**BUD**

I'm telling you, your agents best pull their shit together! Who the hell y'all trying to protect?!

**FITCH**

Look, Carter. This is a joint task force with multiple agendas, that run up the chain of command through me. Intel came forth at the eleventh hour that Naseem Kazuri - an international arms dealer - would be present at this meet. ATF was tasked to observe and report.

**BUD**

That ain't what they did--!

**FITCH**

--No! Because your informant--

**BUD**

My informant, that's right!--

**FITCH**

--Your informant and his psychopath crew greased half our political interests -- over a bag of fake cash! You weren't informed, so what?

**BUD**

Well I better be informed! 'Cause this ain't fallin' short! Now, any of y'all got a collaborative agenda in the works? I want to see it. These other agencies, what time-lines they lookin' at? What deadlines and why?

**FITCH**

Above your pay-grade--

**BUD**

(overlapping)  
And is there a purposeful lack of communication between competing agencies,

who are right now charting future mistakes, as we fuckin' speak?!

**FITCH**

That's not your concern, Carter!

Braddock suddenly arrives, steps into the room...

**BUD**

We're not talkin' about me!!

**BRADDOCK**

Bud!

**BUD**

(spins)  
What?!

**BRADDOCK**

You're over-involved here.

the  
And Bud's taken off stride. Braddock looks Bud right in eyes, so there's no doubt...

**BRADDOCK**

I'll handle this.

Bud, red with anger, walks out.

Braddock watches him go. Fitch comes over, relieved...

**FITCH**

Thanks for coming down, Mike. He's been berating my agents for the last hour.

Braddock pours a cup of coffee.

**FITCH**

We're trying to band-aid a situation here, and frankly, Carter's preference for thug tactics isn't helping. It'll all be in my report...

**BRADDOCK**

(interrupts)  
"Isn't helping?"

A big mistake. Now Braddock turns on Fitch, zeroing in...

**BRADDOCK**

"Isn't helping?" Let's not miss what

happened here, Fitch. We work for the same cause doesn't mean we work for you. What are you gonna do now? Send Jesse back out? Earn his trust? Bud Carter delivered the biggest informant in the history of this state to your lap, and you and the people you work for are gonna let it go to shit.

(beat)

You can expect that will be in my report.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**INT. STEEL MILL - PRE DAWN**

troughs. STEELWORKERS warped in heat waves swing ingots into

The seven story furnace is deafening.

**ENTRY AREA**

glasses Lucian is met by Kiersey. They walk together through in hallways to a closed office door.

Lucian keys in, REVEALING a disheveled Morris seated in a chair with two large AB Soldiers on either side.

**INT. STEEL MILL OFFICE - PRE DAWN**

Morris. Lucian shuts the door and sits before an ill at ease

**MORRIS**

Look. I had no previous knowledge of any business with Muslims. So if stealing me here in the middle of the night, is some kind of accusation--

**LUCIAN**

I'm not accusing you, Mr. Morris. But I do find it interesting that right about the time I employ you, my operation starts having problems.

**MORRIS**

Yes, but--

**LUCIAN**

That is interesting...isn't it?

Morris swallows hard as Lucian stares intensely.

**LUCIAN**

I want to know if this was an isolated incident. If the ATF impeding on my work is the result of a deeper threat.

**MORRIS**

What are you suggesting?

**LUCIAN**

I'm suggesting you contact your friends in Washington.

**MORRIS**

With all due respect, Mr. Adams, that's not what I was retained for.

**LUCIAN**

Well now it is.

**MORRIS**

That sort of information requires clearance I don't have. If I start sniffing around, people are going to ask questions.

**LUCIAN**

I'm asking questions, Mr. Morris. And I'm getting impatient.

Morris gets stone quiet. Lucian hands him a phone.

**LUCIAN**

You don't leave here till I get answers.

And like that, this conversation is over.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**EXT. LIQUOR STORE + PHONE BOOTH - DAWN**

Off a deserted street. A DENSE FOG resides, far as the eye can see. And Jesse, in a PHONE BOOTH, drops a dime and dials...

**LYNN V.O.**

(clearly asleep)  
Hello...

**JESSE**

It's me.

**LYNN V.O.**

You okay?  
(off Jesse's silence)  
Honey, you alright?

**JESSE**

I'm okay. Just need to hear your voice.  
How's little Ray...?

**LYNN V.O.**

I'll put him on.

SILENCE for a moment...then a quiet baby's voice.

**LYNN V.O.**

It's daddy on the phone, say hello.

Emotion rises to Jesse's face. He holds it in, barely.

**ANGLE: DOWN THE STREET**

a lone CAR is parked in the shadows, fog rolling past...

...Jesse sees it, can't see who's inside it.

**LYNN V.O.**

Jesse?

He hangs up.

He  
his  
A LONG MOMENT... Jesse stands there, watching the car...  
slowly makes his way toward the back of the store, where  
truck is parked. Pulse pounding, he tries the door...it's  
locked. Eyeing the car, he unlocks his truck.

darkness  
THERE'S SUDDEN MOVEMENT. Jesse spins. And out of the  
-- steps Bud -- ready to pounce...

**BUD**

Where the hell you been?  
(Jesse's look)  
Two days missin', you broke protocol.  
Three, and you're a flight risk.  
Agents'll hunt your ass down.

**JESSE**

(anger spiking, pacing)

I can't keep doin' this. I can't fuckin' breathe. Even the shadows got eyes.

**BUD**

This is the job. If I don't hear from you, I can't protect you.

**JESSE**

(in his face)

Protect me?! I about got my head fuckin' shot off, 'cause your guys was "protecting" me!

**BUD**

Those ain't my guys!

**JESSE**

I don't give a fuck-- I don't want your protection! I want out!

**BUD**

There is no "out." Not for either of us. Not till it's done...  
(low, definitive)  
Get me that list.

to  
Jesse STARES -- a malevolence in his eyes that freezes Bud  
the spot. Then, Jesse climbs in his truck and drives off.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**INT. BRADDOCK'S OFFICE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT -  
DAWN**

Bud pacing; Braddock sits at his desk.

**BUD**

I'm losin' him, Mike...

**BRADDOCK**

Just relax. We gotta let things settle, that's all.

**BUD**

It ain't gonna settle, it's gonna blow. I can feel it.

**BRADDOCK**

What do you want me to do?



**BUD**

Push 'em back.

**BRADDOCK**

Who?

**BUD**

The Feds. All these suits, fuckin' outsiders. Everyone. Get me some room. Some time to reel this thing in.

**BRADDOCK**

I'll talk to Nokes. 'See what I can do.

**BLACK.**

**INT. OFFICE, STEEL MILL - DAY**

Lucian. Morris (a nervous wreck, unshaven) sits across from Kiersey at an adjacent table.

**MORRIS**

There's an investigation underway, funded by the U.S. Attorney. And you're the target.

dossiers. Morris opens his briefcase and hands over a pair of

**MORRIS**

They're receiving assistance from both the ATF and FBI, who are stationed right here in Henderson.

**LUCIAN**

(pause)  
How long they been active?

**MORRIS**

My sources tell me three months.

Lucian puts on his reading glasses, opens a dossier.

**LUCIAN**

Three months...

Lucian peruses surveillance photos: Images of AB activity goes by in a blur. Lucian's eyes absorbing, rigid, unerring.

**KIERSEY**

(reading)

This is U.S. Attorney John Nokes, at the helm. He's been after us for years.

**LUCIAN**

Who they got for a mouthpiece?

**MORRIS**

A "mouthpiece"?

**LUCIAN**

Who's the rat in the woodpile? Who the fuck's giving 'em information?

**MORRIS**

I couldn't dig that deep. But it's someone close.

(pause)

I suggest you gentlemen disband. Immediately.

Kiersey, foraging through reports. Page after page. Each minutely detailed.

**KIERSEY**

Lucian...

**LUCIAN**

Yeah.

**KIERSEY**

The investigation's local point is a detective out of East Baton Rouge.

(beat)

His name's Bud Carter.

ON LUCIAN. Thinking...Thinking...

**INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT**

Jesse, alone in the dark, seated on the couch... There's a SOUND outside...

**CUT**

**TO:**

toward

Jesse moves soundlessly through the house, gun ready,  
the back door.

PORCH: JESSE'S POV: as the door opens slow, HE/WE SEE ON THE

**LUCIAN**

seated comfortably in a chair...

**LUCIAN**

Couldn't sleep.

Jesse looks to the darkness. Dogwood trees. Thick growth.  
**EERIE SILENCE...**

**JESSE**

Got somethin' on your mind?

**LUCIAN**

(without looking at him)  
There's been an adjustment to the list,  
Jesse...

Jesse's silent. YOU CAN CUT THE TENSION WITH A KNIFE...

**LUCIAN**

We got this...heathen. A whore of an  
Irishman...down in Baton Rouge.  
He's protected. Got a lot of guys around  
him. That's why it pays. That's why  
nobody wants the job... That's why we're  
here talkin'.

**JESSE**

Who is it?

address Lucian sets a photo on the table, face down with an  
written on back.

Jesse flips over the photo: It's Bud, in uniform.

**LUCIAN**

This cop... he's got a mouthpiece...  
somewhere. Ain't yet figured out who.  
In the meantime, shut him down.

ON JESSE, a frozen moment. He forces out the words:

**JESSE**

It's done.

With that, Lucian gets up and leaves, disappearing into  
darkness.

CUT

TO:

**EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT**

Jesse climbs into his truck and pulls out to the street...

CUT

TO:

JESSE'S TRUCK heading up the INTERSTATE, crossing into  
EAST  
BATON ROUGE, then driving through dark RESIDENTIAL STREETS  
of  
Bud's neighborhood...

**I/E. JESSE'S TRUCK - LATE NIGHT**

He pulls to the curb, parks. Jesse racks a MOSSBERG SG,  
loads  
it with solid shot, then lays the gun on his lap.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: Bud's house in the distance.

And Jesse sits there, several  
moments...WAITS...BREATHES...

Then he exits the truck...

**EXT. BUD'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT**

Jesse moves -- fast, soundless -- toward the house. With  
his  
shotgun, scales the fence, as we--

CUT

TO:

**EXT. DOWN THE STREET, BY JESSE'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER**

A VAN arrives, stops. No headlights, two hundred yards  
from  
the house. INSIDE THE VAN: Catfish and Buzz. Several AB  
SOLDIERS in back, armed to the teeth.

**BUZZ**

That's his truck.

**CATFISH**

(nods)

Let's see what he does.

The motor ticks and ticks and...

**EXT. SIDE YARD, BUD'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT**

It's dark, quiet; but the muted glow of a tv in the living room. JESSE MOVES IN SHADOW, shotgun leading... He stops. **LISTENS...**

**WE HEAR THE SOUND OF HARD WATER FROM A SINK OFF-SCREEN**

...Jesse moves toward it...

**INT. CATFISH'S VAN - LATE NIGHT**

Catfish, Buzz, the soldiers watching Bud's house intently.

**CATFISH**

The fuck's takin' so long?

(beat)

I would've shot that pig dead already...

'made a pulled-pork sandwich.

**BUZZ**

Give him a minute. That's a cop, lives there.

**CATFISH**

(checks his watch)

I'll give him two.

Catfish, loading his gun, as--

**EXT. YARD, BUD'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT**

slipping  
Through a window, WE SEE Bud washing dishes. Then,

**INTO FRAME...**

**JESSE**

trying  
watching him. Pulse pounding, his mind on overdrive,  
to untangle identity and consequence... Then...

He taps the window, and Bud looks up...

**CUT**

**TO:**

**THE BACK DOOR**

Bud opens it:

**BUD**

Jesse. 'The hell you doin' here?

**JESSE**

You been made, Bud. We gotta skin out.

**BACK**

**TO:**

**INT. CATFISH'S VAN - LATE NIGHT**

Catfish, anxious now, racking his gun again and again.

**CATFISH**

Somethin's wrong...

**BUZZ**

Relax, Catfish. You said two minutes.

**CATFISH**

Fuck you, man! This don't feel right.

**BUZZ**

Just give it a second.

(to soldiers in back)

A few more seconds, right guys?

Catfish, breathing hard, bent on bloodshed...

**CATFISH**

Let's kill 'em both. Let's do it now,  
right now, let's go--

**BUZZ**

Catfish--

**CATFISH**

(erupts)

**LET'S GO!!!**

**INT. BUD'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT**

Bud quickly dials the phone --

**SHEPARD V.O.**

(over phone, answers)

Yeah.

**BUD**

(into phone)

Hey. Meet me at the office in ten

minutes. Cobb and Marandino too.

**SHEPARD V.O.**

(over phone)  
Why, what's up?

**BUD**

(into phone)  
I'll explain later. Just get there. Now.

QUICK CUTS as Bud hangs up, shoves a .38 in his waistband. Slams a clip and holsters a 9MM.

**BUD**

(to Jesse)  
Let's hit it.

Bud and Jesse start for the door...

**INT. CATFISH'S VAN - LATE NIGHT**

AB Soldiers loading their guns.

**CATFISH**

starts the engine; POV THRU THE WINDSHIELD: Jesse and Bud, leaving the house.

**CATFISH**

That's them! Together, you see?!

**BUZZ**

I see 'em--

**CATFISH**

You see?! They're fuckin' dead!

**EXT. BUD'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT**

Jesse hurries down the lawn. Bud to his Chevy.

**SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF TIRES BURN... CATFISH'S VAN SEARS**

**DOWN**

**THE STREET...**

**...THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN AS AB SOLDIERS OPEN FIRE FROM SUB MACHINE GUNS.**

Jesse drops behind a neighbor's sedan.

Bud dives behind the Chevy. ROUNDS SLAM through sheet metal,

interior, and out the other end.

AB Soldiers exit the van, spread and keep FIRING. Jesse's sedan takes hits. WINDOWS AND TIRES EXPLODE.

Bud and Jesse aim over their roofs. Take and RETURN FIRE.

Catfish emerges, kneels and pumps SHOTS into Bud's Chevy.

The WINDSHIELD is BLOWN APART -- Shattered glass covers

Bud.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**INT. SHEPARD'S CAR, TRAVELING - LATE NIGHT**

Shepard at the wheel. We hear dispatch on the police scanner:

**DISPATCHER V.O.**

(filter)

All units: 10-17 in progress. 1825  
Hyacinth. Multiple shots fired--

**SHEPARD**

What the fuck?

**DISPATCHER V.O.**

--Units please respond...

Shepard hits the BRAKES, peels a hard U-turn and SLAMS the gas toward Bud's house...

**BACK**

**TO:**

**EXT. BUD'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT**

Buzz rounds the van and OPENS FIRE.

Jesse and Bud cover. Their eyes connect. Bud signals towards the house. Jesse nods...

...then lays cover fire with the Mossberg. AB #3 is spun and thrown.

Bud, under fire and firing back, races back into the house.



Jesse keeps FIRING.

**I/E. BUD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Bud YANKS an M-16 from the closet and slams the door.

**OUTSIDE**

waistband  
Jesse, on his knees, pulls a secondary .45 from his  
and fires over the hood of the sedan.

**CATFISH FIRES HIS SHOTGUN AND JESSE'S HAND EXPLODES IN  
HALF.**

**JESSE**

(crumbles hard)

Fuck!

Jesse hits the dirt, WRIST PUMPING BLOOD.

SHEPARD  
AB #4 and #5 move in for the kill, when out of nowhere --  
SHEPARD'S CAR SPEEDS ON SCENE -- His door kicks out;

**PUMPS SHOTS, EXCHANGING.**

Buzz comes up from behind, aims -- BULLETS FLASH AND PUNCH  
**THROUGH SHEPARD.**

**INSIDE THE HOUSE**

Bud swings the M-16 through the glass and **BLASTS AWAY**,  
killing AB #4, as Jesse staggers toward the house, holding  
his wrist...

...and DIVES inside, then kicks the door shut.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**EXT. BUD'S HOUSE - SAME**

Catfish, Buzz and AB Soldiers flank the house.

**INT. BUD'S HOUSE - SAME**

On the floor, Jesse rips out his belt, a tourniquet around  
the armpit. He holds it with his teeth and ties his arm.

up  
Bud reloads and slides Jesse a .357 Python. Jesse takes it  
with his good hand.

Suddenly in the darkness beyond, MUZZLE FLASHES DISCHARGE.  
THREE TRIPLE-AUGHT ROUNDS EXPLODE. Bud ducks, scrambles,

as

rounds splinter the wall.

A BACK KITCHEN DOOR is bashed open and AB #5 steps in,  
**BLAZING SHOTS.**

#5.

Bud lets fly -- FIRING. Big bore rounds punch through AB  
His insides hit the wall.

**WE NOW HEAR DISTANT POLICE SIRENS APPROACHING...**

**EXT. BUD'S HOUSE + STREET - SAME**

A LONG-HAIRED AB on the lawn fires dozens of shots from an  
**M-1.**

Catfish and Bud exchange CROSSFIRE as...

by

...Buzz starts up the van and Catfish jumps in, followed  
Long-Hair...

**I/E. BUD'S HOUSE + STREET**

van.

Bud runs out to the street, M-16 FIRING at the fleeing

the

Bullets shatter the back window as the van speeds around  
corner through garbage cans and a residential fence...

**ON BUD**

standing there. He turns, and STOPS when he SEES...

**SHEPARD**

inert, bullet-ridden.

**BUD**

Shepard!

(runs over)

No...

the

Bud holds his partner, horrified. Around them, bodies on  
lawn. Disabled vehicles. Doom overlays the property.

**TIMECUT:**

**EXT. BUD'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER**

and Pandemonium as the street is clogged with POLICE VEHICLES  
MEDIC UNITS. Braddock arrives with Cobb and Marandino.

Bud moves alongside a PARAMEDIC wheeling a gurneyed Jesse,  
with a pressure bandage and splint, onto an ambulance.

**BUD**

(turns to Braddock)

We run 'em now, Mike. Right fuckin' now!

**BRADDOCK**

(nods)

What do you need?

**SMASH**

**TO:**

**E/I. LUCIAN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - PRE DAWN**

A huge BATTERING RAM knocks it right off the hinges. SWAT,  
Bud rush in with rifles...

...Room by room. Everyone clears. The house is empty.

**SWAT #1**

Nothing.

**E/I. STEEL MILL - PRE DAWN**

sweep SWAT TEAMS have secured the premises. Two HELICOPTERS  
the grounds via SPOTLIGHT. A manhunt for Lucian Adams.

INSIDE, Cobb on his radio:

**COBB**

No one here, Bud...

**INT. LUCIAN'S HOUSE - PRE DAWN**

Bud listens on his radios as SWAT OFFICERS file out of the  
vacant house.

**COBB V.O.**

(radio filter)

Empty.

Bud stands there, infuriated...

**CUT**

**TO:**

**INT. TRAUMA CENTER, OUR LADY OF THE LAKE HOSPITAL - DAWN**

Jesse, unconscious in bed, with IV lines re-infusing  
plasma.

Bud is with a DOCTOR, who washes his hands in a sink...

**DOCTOR**

His bleeding's under control. There's  
tissue damage. Projectile fragmentation  
in the right forearm. We have most of it  
removed. Two fingers are gone. A portion  
of the palm. There's no chance of  
reconstruction.

(Bud's silence)

I'll be monitoring his vitals.

Doctor walks away. Bud turns as a NURSE dims the lights  
and  
pulls the curtains, obscuring Jesse...

**I/E. OUR LADY OF THE LAKE HOSPITAL - DAWN**

Bud, absorbed, walks past crowded emergency room  
activity...

**OUTSIDE**

Braddock is waiting.

**BRADDOCK**

(stares for a moment)

You have to let go now.

Bud says nothing.

**BRADDOCK**

It's over.

**BUD**

It's not.

**BRADDOCK**

(in his eyes)

The cover's blown. Lucian's gone. There  
ain't nothin' left on this one.

Bud, hearing it. Feeling every bit of it.

**BRADDOCK**

Get to a safe-house, Bud.

(hands Bud a set of keys)

'Squad car over there is your's.

Braddock walks off. Bud watches him go.

**INT. SQUAD CAR, TRAVELING - DAWN**

Bud drives in dark silence. As the hospital recedes, Bud pulls a flask from his coat, takes a drink...

**BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

Sunlight rises through a gap in the dark sky.

**EXT. CEMETARY - MORNING - DAYS LATER**

PRIEST  
SHEPARD'S FUNERAL. UNIFORMED POLICEMEN saluting as a  
gives the eulogy.

**BUD**

salute  
at the gravesite, with Braddock, Cobb and Marandino. A  
is FIRED with rifles.

**LATER**

Bud stands alone. Dry-eyed, vacant stare.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**EXT. EAST BATON ROUGE STREETS - DAY**

wheel  
Flashbulbs burst rapid-fire as coroner crews and police  
secure a crime scene: Richard Morris sits dead at the  
of his car, a plastic bag over his head filled with blood.  
IN THE FOREGROUND, lit by police lights, is Bud and Cobb.

**COBB**

...His cranium was smashed with a lead  
pipe. Then the plastic bag. He choked to

death while it filled up with blood.

**BUD**

Got I.D.?

**COBB**

'Name's Richard Morris. He's a top dog lawyer-lobbyist out of Washington.

Cobb proffers Morris' wallet. Bud sifts through cards -- Several businesses, out of state -- Then stops cold at

one:

"Daniel J. Kiersey, Attorney at Law"

**BUD**

Put a tap on that line.

**COBB**

Braddock ain't gonna like it.

**BUD**

Do it.

Braddock arrives on scene. Disturbed expression:

**BRADDOCK**

Bud. I just got off with Nokes.

**BUD**

And?

**BRADDOCK**

We got a problem.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**INT. SUBACUTE CARE, REHABILITATION WARD - AFTERNOON**

A PARTITIONER bandages Jesse's swollen and stitched hand.

Two

fingers and thumb remain.

There's a KNOCK O.S.

Jesse looks up to see Bud enter from the hallway.

**BUD**

Give us a minute, Doc.

Partitioner exits. Jesse, raw nerves raked. Looks to Bud.

**JESSE**

Where you been?

**CROSS**

**WITH:**

**EXT. GROCERY STORE - AUSTIN, TEXAS - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Lynn emerges from the grocery, looking sad and prematurely aged. Her baby in the cart, tucked between bags of food.

FBI #3 (TOM) helps Lynn and the baby into an Unmarked Car.

**INT. FBI UNMARKED CAR, TRAVELING**

Lynn sits in back with the baby. Tom, at the wheel.

**TOM**

Anything else while we're out, Mrs. Wheeler?

**LYNN**

No thank you.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: FLASHING CONSTRUCTION LIGHTS come into view. A DETOUR. And a team of LABORERS at work.

**BACK**

**TO:**

**INT. SUBACUTE CARE, REHABILITATION WARD - AFTERNOON**

**JESSE**

There's a dozen cops comin' in and outta this place. No one's sayin' shit. 'The hell's goin' on?

Bud stares intently, waits for his cue, can't find it...

**INT. FBI UNMARKED CAR - FLASHBACK**

LABORER #1 steps INTO FRAME with a STOP SIGN.

**LABORER #1**

(approaches Tom's window)  
Wait here a moment, sir.

A crane moves past, hoisting steel. Tom IDLES the engine.  
Then:

**LABORER #1**

(gestures)  
Thanks for waiting. Go ahead.

Tom drives onward, glancing in the REARVIEW: at Laborer #1 watching them pull away, receding in the distance...

**INT. SUBACUTE CARE, REHABILITATION WARD - AFTERNOON**

**JESSE**

Get me out of here, Bud. I want to see my family.

Bud, the pit in his stomach widening, struggles to say:

**BUD**

There is no family.

**INT. FBI UNMARKED CAR - FLASHBACK**

Tom - calm and alert - looks to his right - SEES a child's BICYCLE parked on the sidewalk. A BACKPACK affixed to the handlebars...

**EXPLODES**

**REAR**  
A MASSIVE GOEX BLAST IN TWO DIRECTIONS. HITS THE CAR'S DOOR, CUTTING STEEL.

**THE**  
WINDSHIELDS OF PARKED CARS SHATTER. NEIGHBORHOOD HOMES.

**CHARRED.**  
CAR IS BLOWN SIDEWAYS AND WRAPS AROUND A LIGHT POST.  
THE CAR'S FRONT DOOR DROPS OPEN AND TOM CRAWLS OUT.

**BURNING. LAST GASP OF LIFE.**

**EXT. ANOTHER RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

it,  
A CARGO VAN pulls up and parks. The Labor Team abandons  
dumping gloves and outer clothing into plastic bags,  
**REVEALING: A CREW OF AB SOLDIERS LEAD BY CATFISH.**

takes  
The bags go in the back of a waiting SUBURBAN. Catfish  
takes  
the wheel. The crew climbs in, drives away.

**BACK**

**TO:**

**INT. SUBACUTE CARE, REHABILITATION WARD - AFTERNOON**



ON JESSE. Absorbing this. His face begins to tremble. Eyes press shut. They fill with moisture as he looks away.

HOLD ON BUD. Quiet. Struggling to hide his own emotion.

**BUD**

I'm sorry...

And he walks out.

**INT. HALLWAY, REHABILITATION WARD**

MOVING WITH BUD, as he heads for the exit. Under harsh fluorescents...

**CUT**

**TO:**

**EXT. SOUTHDOWN'S BAR - NIGHT**

Pouring rain.

It's a madhouse outside. A crowd is gathered around a police action in progress. MEDICS are tending to the broken nose of a bartender (PETE) in his 30s. METRO COP #1 stands by. A car pulls up and Cobb gets out with Marandino. They approach the bartender.

**BARTENDER**

(to Metro #1)

He's out of his mind. 'Asked him to slow down; and he punched me in the face.

Cobb and Marandino approach.

**COBB**

(to bartender)

Hey, Pete. You alright?

**BARTENDER**

I'm alright. The bar ain't.

**MARANDINO**

(to Metro #1)

We'll smooth it out. Clear the street.

Cobb and Marandino start toward the bar.

**INT. SOUTHDOWN'S BAR - NIGHT**

Music  
sheets  
hand...  
The place is A MESS. Chairs broken, tables overturned.  
BLARES on the jukebox. And empty except Bud... three  
to the wind, drunk. Pacing the ruins with his 9MM in

**BUD**

Y'all fuck with me? Huh? You want to fuck  
with me?

shouting  
Cobb and Marandino peer in the doorway to see Bud,  
and threatening a vacant chair.

**COBB**

Jesus Christ.

if  
Bud flips another table. Continues talking to the chair as  
someone were in it.

**BUD**

'Look at me when I talk to you.  
(aims his 9MM)  
You try and kill me? You like killin'  
women and kids?

Bud holsters his gun and beats the shit out of the chair.

**COBB O.S.**

Bud...

can  
Bud spins, glass-eyed and red-faced. His wavering vision  
barely make out Cobb and Marandino approaching...

**MARANDINO**

Easy, Bud... Easy...

**COBB**

We got you here, Bud... It's just us.  
Hear me?

Bud stands his ground, tries to keep his balance...

**COBB**

Let's go home...

There's a long moment. Bud stares at his crew, gone. Then

he's suddenly overwhelmed with emotion...

**INT. REHABILITATION WARD - MORNING**

Two FBI AGENTS #4 and #5 walk together down this sterile  
corridor. They stop outside Jesse's closed door. A  
uniformed  
POLICE OFFICER is posted there, reading a newspaper.

**FBI #4**

We're here to escort Mr. Wheeler.

**POLICE OFFICER**

(holds up a chart)

Sign this.

FBI #4 signs the chart. The two agents enter...

**INT. JESSE'S ROOM**

Jesse's bed is empty. The window open. Curtains billowing.

**FBI #4**

Check the bathroom.

FBI #5 opens the bathroom door. Empty. Both Agents hurry  
to  
the window, SEE OUTSIDE: A large TREE six feet out from  
the  
ledge and a broken branch at street level. A seemingly  
impossible escape route.

**FBI #4 (CONT'D)**

Sonofabitch. This guy's crazy.

**INT. FBI WAREHOUSE - MORNING**

A badly hung-over Bud sits with Braddock, Fitch and  
numerous  
agents around a conference table.

**NOKES**

walks the room, says to all:

**NOKES**

This is an atrocity, gentlemen.  
Incompetence at it's highest level. I  
gave you my name. My resources. My  
trust...Carte blanche. And now this  
handsome face of mine...can't step foot  
in Washington, for fear of being laughed

off the Hill.

Nokes circles behind Bud...

**NOKES**

Now, I'd love to point to Local on this.  
But truth is, they've carried their  
weight. We are federally fucked...

(looks right at Fitch)

Because Federal fucked up.

Fitch wipes sweat, swallows hard.

**NOKES**

So. Best idea wins, gentlemen. Chain of  
command? Point of procedure? I don't give  
a fuck. That's out the window, just like  
our informant...

(beat)

I want Jesse Wheeler found.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**INT. HALLWAY, FEDERAL BUILDING**

As everyone files out. Braddock says low to Bud:

**BRADDOCK**

You smell like a fuckin' distillery, Bud.  
Clean up... 'find your boy.

ON BUD. Tired eyes. Everything else, and now this...

**INT. STORAGE GARAGE - DAY**

A metal door rises up. Jesse, in silhouette, steps in.

A BARE BULB comes to light. Mottled with fly excrement.

Jesse unlocks and opens several SAMSONITE SUITCASES.

Stacked

in grey packing foam are rows and rows of GUNS.

Gauge

Jesse hefts his choices. Checking line and breach: A 12

Buck

Shotgun. A Colt .357 Magnum. A Remington sawed-off with  
pistol grip. Les Baer Tactical .45. Glock Semi-auto 9MM.

bag.

Knife. Duct tape. 5-Gallon gas cans. He loads up a gym

a  
Jesse pulls scissors from a grooming kit and stands before  
grimy mirror. He cuts off his hair. Then using clippers,  
shaves his scalp and mustache.

Jesse yanks a tarp off a '75 beat-up Chrysler. Pops the  
trunk. Throws in the gym bag. Then drives away.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**EXT. BAYOU GHOULA - NIGHT**

A lone, dilapidated HOUSE BOAT sits heavily in the bayou.  
Lights on inside. Dense FOG overlays.

**INT. HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT**

SPEED  
Long-Hair on the couch, watching tv, drinking liquor.  
METAL MUSIC blasts from a stereo somewhere.  
There's a METALLIC BANG O.S.  
Long-Hair looks up.

The screen door rattles. Long-Hair grabs an aluminum bat,  
slowly approaching...

**LONG-HAIR**

Who's there?

Sudden surprise as the screen SNAPS OFF and a SILHOUETTE  
breaks the glass, opens it.

**LONG-HAIR**

What the fuck?!

SLAMS  
Long-Hair RUSHES for the door as THE BUTT OF A 12-GAUGE  
**DOWN LIKE A TOMAHAWK.**

scream.  
Long-Hair collapses with a shattered knee and muted

on  
Jesse steps in, racking the gauge with one hand, takes aim  
the helpless Long-Hair writhing on the floor.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**EXT. HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT**

The front lights go out. A terrible darkness.

**INT. HALLWAY, HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT**

A door flies open. Jesse, eyes darting, pushes Long-Hair  
in.  
Bandaged hand clamped to the collar. Shotgun at the neck.

They move down a dark hallway. SPEED METAL throbs, growing  
LOUDER... Long-Hair, gash gushing, leg crunches with each  
step... They turn another hallway... Light spills from  
under  
a door, shadows behind it... Jesse edges Long-Hair  
forward,  
reaches the doorway, creeps through...

**INT. BEDROOM**

The door swings wide on the room, REVEALING: Buzz, on the  
bureau.  
bed, furiously fucking a dark-haired HOOKER, over a

As Long-Hair rounds the corner... Buzz looks up, SEES  
Jesse.  
Dives for a gun. CHROME FLASHES. Everything EXPLODES at  
once.

The WALL DETONATES and Buzz goes down. Shocked. Choking.  
Blood juts from his side. He tries to get up. Can't.

The HOOKER SCREAMS and cowers terrified in the corner.

Jesse pumps, aims through the haze and fires again. Stereo  
explodes. MUSIC CUTS OUT, plunging us into silence.

Jesse tosses clothes to the Hooker.

**JESSE**

Get out.

The Hooker does.

**INT. BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Two chairs. Buzz and Long-Hair back to back. Hands and  
feet  
tied. Blood spigoting. Jesse circles them with the  
shotgun.

The boat rocks gently.

**JESSE**

We got some shit to discuss.

Buzz, to Jesse, unintimidated:

**BUZZ**

Ain't got nothin' to say to you, Wheeler.

**LONG-HAIR**

(top of his lungs)

I need a doctor! I need a fuckin' doctor!

In one motion, Jesse racks the shotgun, thrusts the barrel  
to Long-Hair's chin AND BLOWS HIS HEAD OFF.

DRAGGING Buzz screams, REARS UP, chair collapses beneath him,  
a dead Long-Hair along the floor, still tied together.

**BUZZ**

**FUCK! FUCK! OH, FUCK!**

**JESSE**

House call.

Jesse YANKS Buzz up. His chair rocks upright, into place.

**JESSE**

Where's Lucian?!

**BUZZ**

I don't know!

Jesse punctuates, shotgun butt against Buzz's head. Neck  
snaps. Teeth rattle.

**BUZZ**

**NO ONE KNOWS WHERE LUCIAN IS! NO ONE  
KNOWS-**

eyes Jesse strikes again, connects. Buzz goes down in a heap,  
swollen purple slits. His skull gushing red.

**BUZZ**

...fuck...

Jesse steps over Buzz, pins the shotgun to his jaw.

**JESSE**

Who killed my family?

**BUZZ**

Ah shit, man!

REVERBS

Jesse shifts his aim an inch, pulls the trigger. SHOT  
HARD. Buzz SCREAMS, hysteria.

**JESSE**

(racks another shell)

**WHO KILLED 'EM?! CATFISH?!**

**BUZZ**

**CATFISH, YES, YEAH! FUCKIN' CATFISH!**

CANS

Jesse puts down the shotgun. Pulls from his gym bag, two  
OF GASOLINE, one of which, he splashes over Buzz's face.

**BUZZ**

(flinches)

The fuck is that?

(sniffs, realizes)

**WAIT, WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?!**

Jesse pours the rest over Buzz and the lifeless Long-Hair.

**BUZZ**

(thrashing)

**NO! NO, NO, NO, DON'T!! DON'T!!**

dead

As Buzz pleads for his life, Jesse unloads the shotgun,  
aim...FIRES.

**FLAMES.**

**THE MUZZLE FLASH. GASOLINE IGNITES. BUZZ GOES UP IN**

BURN.

Instantly, a FIRE ERUPTS. Buzz and Long-Hair's corpses

THE

Jesse empties the other can of gas, FEEDING THE FLAMES.

**FIRE SPREADS. BURNING THE WALLS. THE FLOOR AND CEILING.**

Jesse stands there, the heat reflects the intensity in his  
face. For a moment, it's a vision in hell.

TO:

**CUT**



**EXT. HOUSE BOAT, BAYOU GHOULA - PRE DAWN**

FIRE  
Engulfed in flames. SIRENS and LIGHTS as FIRE TRUCKS and  
BOATS douse the burning boat with hard water.

Among a crowd of SPECTATORS, the shaken Hooker is being  
questioned by Marandino.

Bud and Cobb stand apart.

**COBB**

We've had a tap on Kiersey's line forty  
eight hours now. It's clean. Whatever's  
he's up to, Bud, it ain't comin' through  
the front door.

AGENTS  
Bud starts leaving the scene. Suddenly FITCH and two  
barge forward.

**FITCH**

Carter! We need to talk.

**BUD**

Get out of my way, Fitch.

**FITCH**

(following Bud)  
This is my investigation. Jesse's cowboy  
bullshit is not how it's done!

**BUD**

While your agents build their cases and  
set for court, he'll erase the debt owed  
to all of you. Overnight.

**FITCH**

So you're implying I should thank him?

Bud shakes his head in disgust, keeps walking...

**FITCH**

Look, Carter, whether we like it or not,  
you and I have to work together on this.  
We entice Jesse back. I'll get him full  
protection, if he agrees to testify.

**BUD**

That'll never happen.

**FITCH**

Why the hell not?!

**BUD**

(turns)

'Cause it's over, Fitch. It's done. He has nothing. Why do you think he lit that fire? To plant a flag. To let us know he doesn't need our protection. Doesn't want it. He would've just left 'em for dead.

**FITCH**

For God sakes, listen to me! I'm not taking the fall for this! The plan is--

**BUD**

No, the truth is, Fitch, you ain't got balls big enough to relate to this guy. If you had listened to me, we wouldn't be in this situation. Jesse wouldn't be in this situation. And you wouldn't be askin' stupid fuckin' questions!

(walking away)

I'll bring him in myself. Just keep your agents off my ass.

Bud storms off.

**BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. WHISKEY BAY (BLEACH BYPASS) - DAWN - IMAGINATION**

Lynn stumbles through the woods, holding her baby. Scared. Lost. Their skin bleached-out. Eyes hollow. Like apparitions.

We're in a dream. A sadistic enhancement.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

**JESSE'S EYES**

His family's image dissolves inside them.

WIDEN to reveal Jesse before a cracked mirror in a SERVICE STATION BATHROOM. Perspiring, he re-bandages his hand as blood swirls down the drain.

**INT. CORRIDOR, COURTHOUSE - MORNING**

An expensively dressed Kiersey emerges from a courtroom, flanked by a pair of well dressed AIDES.

**KIERSEY**

Get back to the office. Follow up on the Arthur Bierce case. I need names and numbers on my desk by three pm.

The Aides scurry down another corridor, as Kiersey exits the building through the glass front doors...

**INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - MORNING**

Kiersey moves to a parked Cadillac pops the trunk and sets his briefcase inside, when...

A RUSHING POV FROM BEHIND: Slams the trunk on Kiersey's hands.

Kiersey SCREAMS, drops to his knees. His wrists wedged in the trunk. And standing over him...is Bud.

**KIERSEY**

**OH, CHRIST! JESUS CHRIST! MY HANDS!**

**BUD**

You know who I am?

**KIERSEY**

**OPEN THE TRUNK! PLEASE! OPEN THE TRUNK!**

Bud kicks him in the stomach, doubles him over.

**BUD**

You know who the fuck I am?!

**KIERSEY**

**YES!**

**BUD**

Who's Richard Morris?! Why was he killed?

No answer. Bud pounds on the trunk. Kiersey CRIES OUT.

**BUD**

I'll break every fuckin' bone you got. Start talkin'.

**KIERSEY**

(hyperventilating)  
I can't-- I can't--

Bud slams both fists on the trunk. All his weight.

**BUD**

(off Kiersey's SCREAM)  
Can't what?! What can't you do?!

Bud, enraged, kicks Kiersey's ribs in. Again.

**BUD**

You piece of shit, talk!

**KIERSEY**

(hysterical)  
He made Jesse...The investigation...  
Everything...

**BUD**

His family?

**KIERSEY**

Everything! After that, he was just a  
loose end!

Bud opens the trunk. Kiersey crumbles to the ground,  
shaking.

**BUD**

Where's Lucian Adams?

**KIERSEY**

I don't know!

Bud jams a foot in Kiersey's neck. Grabs his hands and  
bends.

We HEAR bones snap.

**BUD**

Lucian's goin' down. You either go down  
together, or you give him to me.

**KIERSEY**

(a mile a minute)  
I never talk to him directly! I swear,  
they page me--

Bud roughly searches Kiersey.

**KIERSEY**

--Every night at five, for a six o'clock

call! They page from different numbers!

Bud finds a PAGER on Kiersey's slacks, yanks it off. Then leans down with a smile, venomous:

**BUD**

You're a dead man, Kiersey.

Bud storms off. Kiersey on the ground, a trembling mess.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**INT. CATFISH'S HIDEOUT - DAY**

Catfish does a rail of meth off the counter.

He lights a cigarette and sits down in a re-upholstered  
lazy boy where a TATTOO ARTIST is setting up...

Catfish proffers his forearm, displaying a row of notches (kills). And Tattoo Artist begins to outline two more...

**TATTOO ARTIST**

'Bout out of room, Catfish. You best start collectin' scalps.

Catfish smugs. Drags on his cigarette...

WHEN A SUDDEN GUNSHOT SPRAYS CATFISH WITH BLOOD. Tattoo Artist drops dead on the floor.

**CATFISH**

(looks up)  
What the fuck?!

Jesse, standing over Catfish. A .45 comes down twice fast with a CRACK! Catfish is knocked cold.

**INT. BUD'S CAR - DAY**

Bud, on police radio, driving high-speed.

**BUD**

What do you got?

**INTERCUT:**

**INT. METRO OFFICE - SAME**

a

Bud's VOICE over speaker phone. Marandino on the line with sheaf of paperwork. Cobb enters.

**MARANDINO**

He's in the French Quarter. All numbers paging Kiersey between five and six p.m., the last seventy-two hours, are pay phones within a three mile radius.

**BUD**

Alright.

**COBB**

Bud, you gotta talk to Braddock. He's lookin' for you, he's fuckin' pissed.

**BUD**

Hold him off. I'll square it with him when I get to the Quarter.

Bud punches the gas, traveling 90 mph.

**INT. CATFISH'S HIDEOUT - DAY**

CATFISH'S EYES blink awake - pinpoint dilated. WIDEN TO REVEAL he's stripped to his boxers, tied to the lazy-boy.

And Jesse is seated beside him.

**JESSE**

I'm gonna ask questions...

Jesse rolls a tattoo tray of various HARDWARE towards him: Needles. Rusted pliers. An electric tattoo drill.

**JESSE**

When I'm satisfied with your answers, I'm gonna kill you. How long it takes and how much blood you want to spill...that's up to you.

Catfish grins. A wide, Amphetamine smile.

**CATFISH**

What do you want to know? Want to hear about your brother? How we had him shot up with strychnine? How he died slow death?

Without warning, Jesse grabs the PLIERS. A flash of movement,

and there's a TERRIBLE SCREAM AS CATFISH'S FRONT TOOTH IS RIPPED OUT. He bucks violently in his chair.

BLOOD

Jesse jams the DRILL into Catfish's gums, high speed.

TERROR.

SPRAYS. Loud, electric pain and Catfish CRIES OUT IN

Jesse sets down the drill, deadpan.

**CATFISH**

**OH, YOU SONOFABITCH!!!**

**JESSE**

Four days ago, my wife and son were killed.

(pause)

I hear you took the contract?

Catfish smiles. Lips quivering with hate.

**CATFISH**

Forty-four pounds, Miznay-Schardin. Like you taught me. Fuck yeah, I took it. Blew your bitch and kid sky high.

HOWLS.

Jesse grabs the pliers, YANKS another tooth. Catfish

**CATFISH**

**MOTHERFUCKER!!!**

BLOOD SPEWS as the drill digs in. Catfish SCREAMS. Jesse tosses teeth on the tray.

**CATFISH**

(thrashing wildly)

**OH, YOU'RE GONNA DIE! YOU'RE GONNA  
FUCKIN' DIE!**

Jesse grabs Catfish's rapidly swelling jaw and yanks hard.

**JESSE**

Where's Lucian?

Jesse TIGHTENS his grip. Vice-like. Blood fills Catfish's mouth. He gurgles, then SPITS in Jesse's face...

root.

...FLASHES OF STEEL and two more teeth rip out at the

Catfish SCREAMS then passes out. Jesse slaps him awake.

**JESSE**

Where's he hidin' out?

Catfish, last ounce of spite, cracks a blackened grin:

**CATFISH**

Get fucked.

THE DRILL STRIKES. Bone deep. Gum line splays open. Teeth crack and split. Catfish SCREAMS UNCONTROLLABLY. Blacks out.

Jesse stops. A brief reprieve. He gets up and looks around the apartment. SEES: Magazines. A few revolvers. Empty liquor

bottles. Meth on the counter. And on the stove:

A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE. Beside a pie tin, speed base boiling. Jesse stares. He lowers the syringe into the tin, plunger up, drawing fluid...

...then very deliberately sticks Catfish's arm with the tip of the needle, pops a cc.

Catfish bolts awake, EYES WIDE. A long, wet WHEEZE.

**JESSE**

Where's Lucian?

Catfish's head lulls. Jesse grabs him by the hair. Leans in.

**JESSE**

Where's Lucian?

**CATFISH**

(barely audible)  
New Orleans...

**JESSE**

New Orleans. Where in New Orleans?

**CATFISH**

New Orleans...

Jesse looks Catfish dead in the eyes. And death is there...

Begging.



**JESSE**

(softly)

I believe you.

With that, Jesse pushes the plunger  
down...ever...so...slowly.

Blood burps and bubbles from Catfish's throat. Lungs  
convulse  
and spasm. Eye go wide then roll back. A suicide dose.

**CUT**

**TO:**

JESSE'S CAR racing up I-10, along the roaring Mississippi,  
toward a blood red horizon of a Louisiana sundown.

**EXT. FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS - ESTABLISH - DUSK**

Cars line crowded streets in the heart of New Orleans.

**I/E. BUD'S CAR - LOWER FRENCH QUARTER - DUSK**

TIGHT ON A DASHBOARD CLOCK: 5:04 p.m.

Lower  
Then:  
Bud, waiting, parked outside a POLICE PRECINCT in the  
French Quarter. Kiersey's pager on the dash. Waiting.

**THE PAGER BUZZES.**

Bud grabs it, hurries out to a nearby pay-phone. Dials...

**BUD**

(into phone)

It's Bud. I got a number.

**INTERCUT:**

**INT. COMPUTER LAB, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT - DUSK**

Cobb on a database, phone cradled...

**BUD V.O.**

504-767-8092

**COBB**

(types, searches)

Governor Nicholls Wharf. Between St. Ann  
and Toulouse. You're a half mile south.

**BUD**

Get your ass down here.

Bud slams down the phone. Jumps in his car. Hits the gas.

**EXT. GOVERNOR NICHOLLS WHARF - DUSK**

A busy promenade near the down river end of the Mississippi.

Bud waits low in his car, parked in a distant lot. Through the windshield, WE SEE the subject of his surveillance...

**A PAY-PHONE**

arrives on a crowded sidewalk. Faces pass. A Man in a JACKET

at the phone. He waits. Checks his watch...

...Bud checks his clock: 6:10

The "Jacket" picks up the phone and dials...

**KIERSEY'S PAGER GOES OFF.**

**BUD**

Here we go.

Jacket waits. No call. Walks away. Bud FOLLOWS on foot...

**EXT. FRENCH MARKET - DUSK**

Jacket A sprawling swirl of humanity, live jazz and bars. The passes through. Twenty feet back, Bud keeps pace...

**ANOTHER PHONE BOOTH**

Jacket enters. Pumps coins into the PAY-PHONE. Dials...

**RECEPTIONIST V.O.**

(recording)

You've reached the law offices of Daniel J. Kiersey--

Jacket hangs up. More coins. Another number...

**KIERSEY'S VOICE V.O.**

(recording)

Hello, you've reached the Kiersey residence. No one's home right now--

Jacket hangs up. Exits east onto BARRACKS STREET. Glances over his shoulder, then ahead, as Bud rounds the corner...

**EXT. DECATUR AVENUE**

Jacket crosses into a LIQUOR STORE.

everything  
Bud stalls at the corner, casing the street. Takes in. He reaches for his cigarettes, finds a crumpled pack. Then crosses the street to...

**A NEWSSTAND**

newspaper.  
outside the liquor store. Bud buys cigarettes and a

He opens the paper, glances at the headlines. At the same time, peers into the LIQUOR STORE WINDOW...

...The Jacket walks toward the back of the store and out a door to an ALLEY.

passes  
Bud heads south on Decatur. Lights a cigarette, as he various stores on the block. A private two-story building with blacked out windows at the far end: "TIBEDAUX'S TAVERN".

Bud turns into...

**EXT. A COBBLESTONE ALLEY**

the  
a  
Lined with boutiques on one side. Back of Tibedaux's on other. A cargo gate is up and MEN are hoisting crates into truck...

The Jacket is there, talking to them:

**JACKET**

Should've been on the road twenty minutes ago. Hurry it up.

glass,  
Bud pauses at a DRESS SHOP. Stares into the storefront reflecting the Jacket and Men...

Jacket walks off. Bud flicks his cigarette, enters...

**INT. THE DRESS SHOP**

...and peers out the window, watching the Jacket leave the alley and enter a FRENCH COLONIAL.

**INT. FRENCH COLONIAL, LOBBY - DUSK**

A SECURITY GUARD behind a desk. As Jacket walks in...

**SECURITY GUARD**

What's goin' on, Jack?

Jacket moves through a warren of CORRIDORS. Hardened MEN shuttle in and out of private offices. Plates on the

doors:

"Material Management." "Plating & Metal". "Demolition"...

Jacket knocks on a door. Opens it to...

**INT. PRIVATE OFFICE**

A bulked-out man at his desk... MILLS. Looks up as Jacket enters:

**MILLS**

Talk to me.

**JACKET**

Got nothin' to tell. Kiersey didn't call.

**MILLS**

Try his office?

**JACKET**

'Ain't there. His home neither.

Mills picks up the desk-phone. Dials...

**MILLS**

(into phone)

It's Mills. I need sweepers through Baton Rouge. Find Daniel Kiersey.

(then to Jacket)

Keep pagin' him.

**EXT. DECATUR AVE + ESPLANADE - DUSK**

Jacket exits the Colonial and enters a corner CAFE.

INSIDE,

WE SEE Jacket move to a pay-phone and dial...

**INT. LOW-RENT HOTEL ROOM - DUSK**

ON KIERSEY'S PAGER, as it BUZZES again.

**REVEAL: BUD**

now seated at the window of this second-story room, using BINOCULARS to case the surrounding perimeter.

**BUD**

C'mon. Show me somethin'.

pull  
POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: as the night comes alive. Trucks  
to and from the alley. Patrons valet and enter Tibedaux's.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**INT. EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT - DUSK**

unlocks a  
Braddock, walking down the hall with two POLICEMEN,  
heavy door and enters...

**A HOLDING ROOM**

...where Kiersey waits. Pale skin, beaded in sweat. Both hands in casts.

**BRADDOCK**

Mr. Kiersey. I'm Captain Mike Braddock.  
How can I help you?

**KIERSEY**

Detective Bud Carter is out of control!

**BRADDOCK**

(corrects him)  
Detective "Lieutenant." Now how can I  
help you?

Kiersey, a shaky breath.

**KIERSEY**

How long till you make an arrest in your  
investigation of Lucian Adams?

Braddock, just stares.

**KIERSEY**

I'm willing to provide you with documents  
and information to secure his conviction.

**BRADDOCK**

Why?

**KIERSEY**

Why do you think? I'm afraid for my life.  
(and the hammer)  
I'll confirm whatever Jesse Wheeler's  
given you.

**EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT**

AERIAL SHOT: LOOKING DOWN as a TOWN CAR circles the block.

**COBB V.O.**

(radio filter)  
Got a possible here.

**EXT. CAFE, DECATUR AVE - NIGHT**

The TOWN CAR passes slow... REVEAL NOW: MARANDINO, staked,  
having dinner outside the cafe. Crowded tables around him.

**COBB V.O.**

(radio filter)  
Town Car. Black. Second time around.

MOVING WITH THE TOWN CAR, as it turns onto ESPLANADE  
AVENUE  
and parks before the Colonial.

REVEAL NOW: COBB, in a nondescript VAN. Parked a quarter  
block off Esplanade. He triggers photos through tinted  
glass.

STILL PHOTOS CLICK -- the Town Car doors open. Two AB  
SOLDIERS step out. Bulges where their holsters are. Then a  
third man from in back: A boss, HAROLD KAY, 50s.

**COBB**

(into radio)  
Bud, you see this?

**INT. HOTEL - NIGHT**

BUD'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: Kay escorted into the  
Colonial.

**I/E. COBB'S VAN - NIGHT**

Parked on Chartres Avenue. Covering the alley. With  
binoculars, he can SEE the high point of the Colonial.

And we see now, Bud has this place surrounded.

**COBB**

(as a light goes on, into  
radio)

They're on the second floor.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Bud grabs the phone. Dials...

**INTERCUT:**

**INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT**

Braddock on the line:

**BUD V.O.**

(over phone)

It's Bud...

**BRADDOCK**

You better have something fuckin' good.

**BUD**

I'm in the French Quarter. Sittin' on AB  
activity.

**BRADDOCK**

Lucian?

**BUD**

Don't know yet. I got Harold Kay so far.

Braddock looks to the AB ORGANIZATIONAL CHART on the wall.  
MUG SHOT of HAROLD KAY atop one branch of AB SOLDIERS.

**BUD**

Looks like they own the God damn block.

**BRADDOCK**

Well I got Kiersey just walked in. Two  
fractured wrists and scared as all hell.

**BUD**

I can explain--

**BRADDOCK**

He wants to make a deal, Bud. I can keep  
Nokes in the dark twenty-four hours, but

that's it.

Cobb's VOICE comes over the radio:

**COBB V.O.**

(radio filter)

Bud, we got movement.

**BUD**

(into phone)

Hold on, Mike.

Bud cradles the phone, picks up the radio:

**BUD**

(into radio)

Go ahead...

**I/E. COBB'S VAN - NIGHT**

OUT THE BACK WINDSHIELD: A LINCOLN arrives at the cafe.

Car

doors open...

COBB CLICKS PHOTOS -- another boss emerges, EDGAR BINGHAM, flanked by two more AB SOLDIERS.

**COBB**

(into radio)

Holy shit.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

BUD'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: Kay and Mills exit the Colonial. Bingham and Kay shake hands.

**COBB V.O.**

(radio filter)

It's cookin', Bud. It's cookin' fast.

**BUD**

(into phone)

Mike, I've got Edgar Bingham now. Just showed with two of his crew, for a sit down with Kay.

**INTERCUT: BRADDOCK**

atop

he scans the AB CHART again. MUG SHOT of HAROLD BINGHAM

another branch of AB SOLDIERS.



**EXT. DECATUR AVENUE - NIGHT**

Bingham, Kay, Mills and two Soldiers start toward the  
CAFE.

**COBB V.O.**

(radio filter)

Marandino, they comin' your way.

Marandino looks up from his table, to find this crew of  
men  
walking right for him. Marandino stares. A frozen  
moment...

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Bud throws down his binoculars and takes up a .50 CALIBER  
BURROWS RIFLE, lays an eye on the SCOPE.

BUD'S POV THROUGH THE SCOPE (MAGNIFIED): the cross-hairs  
find  
Kay and Bingham moving toward Marandino...

**BUD**

(into radio)

Got 'em.

**EXT. CAFE - NIGHT**

The crew of men getting closer now, a few yards away...

Marandino - heart racing - slides his Browning 9MM out and  
slips it onto the table, below his napkin, aims...

...When the crew abruptly turns and enters the cafe.  
Marandino exhales relief...

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

**MARANDINO V.O.**

(radio filter)

They're inside.

Bud sits back. Then:

KIERSEY'S PAGER BUZZES AGAIN. (The cafe number)

**BUD**

(grabs phone, to Braddock)

Mike, I need Kiersey to place a call.

Five minutes, or this opportunity's gone.

**BRADDOCK**

(into phone)

Give me the number...

**INT. CAFE - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER**

Bingham, Kay and Mills at a booth, sipping coffee. Two Soldiers guard the front and back doors.

Mills looks at Jacket, who waits by the pay-phone. Both noticeably on edge. Finally --

The PAY-PHONE RINGS.

**MILLS**

(to Kay + Bingham)

Excuse me.

He gets up, walks toward the phone. When Jacket answers, Mills takes the receiver from him.

**MILLS**

(into phone)

Yeah...

**INT. HALLWAY PHONE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT**

A nervous Kiersey on the line. Braddock, Policemen nearby.

**MILLS V.O.**

(over phone)

We've been pagin' you over two hours.  
Where the fuck you been?

**KIERSEY**

I apologize. I've been tooth and nail  
with the D.A., in court, all day.

**MILLS V.O.**

Everything good?

**KIERSEY**

Everything's fine. Just lay low. Regular  
time tomorrow.

Mills hangs up.

Kiersey turns. Pale. To Braddock:

**KIERSEY**

Now get me protection.

**INT. CAFE - NIGHT**

Mills returns to the booth. Kay and Bingham look at him.

**BINGHAM**

So?

**MILLS**

All good. Let's eat.

**EXT. CAFE - NIGHT**

Marandino watches as Bingham, Kay and Mills pull their coats on and exit the cafe...

**MARANDINO**

(into transmitter)

Call went down.

**INT. HOTEL - NIGHT**

BUD'S POV THROUGH THE SCOPE: watching as Bingham, Kay and Mills enter Tibedaux's Tavern.

**MARANDINO V.O.**

(filter)

Entering Tibedaux's Tavern...

**INT. TIBEDAUX'S TAVERN - NIGHT**

A busy nightclub crowded wall-to-wall with PATRONS.

FOLLOW Kay, Bingham and Mills, passing tables, greeting "connected" types... and through a far door into a back room.

**EXT. CHARTRES + ESPLANADE - NIGHT**

FOLLOW Marandino as he walks down the street, knocks on the back of the Van.

**INT. COBB'S VAN - NIGHT**

Cobb, now dressed in evening attire, throws open the door and

Marandino climbs in. They exchange transmitter for headset and Cobb leaves the van for the street...

**EXT. TIBEDAUX'S - NIGHT**

DOORMEN

Cobb approaches the front door, where a pair of large stand.

**DOORMAN #1**

Can we help you?

**COBB**

Just lookin' for a drink and a bite to eat.

**DOORMAN #1**

Think you'll find what you're lookin' for across the street.  
(gestures)  
Try the cafe.

Cobb stares at both Doormen #1 and #2, immovable forces.

**COBB**

Alright. Thanks.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

BUD'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: Cobb leaves Tibedaux's and positions himself at an outdoor table in the cafe.

**COBB V.O.**

(radio filter)  
Negative at Tibedaux's. Can't walk in.  
What's our move?

**BUD**

(into radio)  
We wait.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

**EXT. STREETS - NIGHT TO LATE NIGHT - TIME LAPSE**

**SHOTS OF COBB AND MARANDINO**

waiting. Patrons empty out. Cars drive away.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

**INT. HOTEL + CAFE - LATE NIGHT**

**SHOTS OF BUD**

He waits. And waits. And nothing happens. Finally:

**MARANDINO V.O.**

(radio filter)

I've got movement. Back alley...

**INT. VAN - LATE NIGHT**

POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: Back of Tibedaux's. A BALCONY GUARD emerges with a rifle, posts.

**BUD V.O.**

(radio filter)

Talk to me.

**MARANDINO**

(into radio)

I've got a man on the south balcony.  
Armed.

The door below opens and a second GUARD steps out, posts.

**MARANDINO**

(into radio)

Second man at the door now. Street level.  
Possibly armed.

**SUDDENLY HEADLIGHTS FLOOD MARANDINO'S REAR WINDSHIELD.**

Marandino ducks, a reflex action.

**EXT. DECATUR**

Lights from a CADILLAC and a GRAND MARQUIS appear and come down the street - past Cobb - SLOWLY. Blacked out windows...

**INT. COBB'S CAR**

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD: as the cars turn into the alley...

**MARANDINO**

(into radio)

A Cadillac and a Grand Marquis, just  
pulled in the alley.

...and stop behind Tibedaux's.

Passenger doors of both cars open, two AB SOLDIERS emerge. They open the rear door of the Cadillac and shadow the man they're escorting: LUCIAN.

Balcony Guard looks on as Door Guard allows Lucian and his

Soldiers to enter the building.

**MARANDINO**

(tense, into radio)

Bud... we got Lucian Adams...

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT**

Bud, pulse building to a boil.

**BUD**

(into radio)

Hold position. Give me a head count.

**MARANDINO V.O.**

(filter)

Two men flanking. Drivers have not left  
the cars. Initial perps still on post.  
Lucian's entering the building...

Bud pulls on a KEVLAR VEST, holsters a .45. Extra clips on  
the waistband. Checks a loaded PUMP SG.

Ready.

**INT. VAN - LATE NIGHT**

Marandino, fastens on a vest, loads a 12-Gauge, locks.

Suddenly, through the side window... A LONE FIGURE, IN A  
QUARTER TRENCH, MOVES PAST. It happens in a flash.

cuts  
Marandino LOOKS, SEES only a quick profile as the Figure  
between parked cars and walks across the street...

**MARANDINO**

(into radio)

I need eyes on a single, white male  
crossing Esplanade. Possible intent...

**EXT. CAFE - LATE NIGHT**

away,  
Cobb looks over his shoulder, SEES the Figure 75 yards  
moving briskly across Esplanade...

We still can't see his face.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT**

wind.

Bud grabs the rifle, eye on the scope, aims out the window.

POV THROUGH THE SCOPE: as the CROSS-HAIRS find the Figure walking. SEE the BODY. Then the FACE... IT'S JESSE.

ON BUD, spinning now.

**BUD**

(beat, into radio)

It's Jesse...

**COBB V.O.**

(quickly, radio filter)

He's heading toward the alley, Bud. We take him down?

**JESSE'S** **BUD'S POV THROUGH THE SCOPE: THE CROSS-HAIRS FIXED ON**

HEAD - TRACKING - RACK FOCUS... This decision... He HAS to decide... And he does:

**BUD**

Let him go.

**COBB V.O.**

What?!

**BUD**

(firm)

Let him go.

**COBB V.O.**

Bud, that's crazy! Jesse goes in first, he's gonna blow this whole thing. We can't let that happen.

**BUD**

(intense, into radio)

That's exactly what we're gonna do! We got no way inside. Let Jesse go in hard and draw fire. He pushes Lucian out to us. Stand the fuck down. I'm on my way.

Bud throws down the rifle, grabs the pump SG, runs out the door...

**INT. VAN - LATE NIGHT**

Marandino, sweeps the alley with his binoculars. No Jesse.

**MARANDINO**

(into radio)  
I don't see him. I got nothin'...

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: (PAN UP) to the balcony. MUZZLE  
FLASHES SUDDENLY IGNITE. Balcony Guard is shot dead.

**MARANDINO**

Fuck!

JESSE STRIDES INTO VIEW. Draws a silenced Tactical .45 and  
FIRES, putting TWO HARD ROUNDS into Door Guard. Both

DRIVERS

get out. Jesse pivots, HAMMERS two rounds to their heads.  
They drop cold. It happens in seconds.

**MARANDINO**

(into radio)  
Shots fired! Shots fired!

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT**

Bud, charging through a FIRE EXIT, bounding down steps...

**MARANDINO V.O.**

(over radio)  
Jesse hit four men! What do you want me  
to do?!

**BUD**

(into radio)  
Call it in! Local and SWAT! Get the place  
surrounded!

**EXT. ALLEY + TIBEDAUX'S - LATE NIGHT**

Jesse slaps a clay plastique with a DETONATOR onto  
Tibedaux's back door, then covers.

There's a loud EXPLOSION as the DOOR BLOWS OPEN.

**INT. TIBEDAUX'S**

FOLLOW JESSE through billowing smoke, into...

**A LONG HALLWAY**

as he pulls a REMINGTON SAWED-OFF, slung on a strap, to  
his left hand, .45 to his right.

Mid-hall, AB #6 looks over, freezes.



TWO

JESSE'S SHOTGUN ROARS, REVERBERATING DOWN THE HALL, AND HOLES ARE BLOWN INTO AB #6.

**INT. BACK ROOM**

Lucian with Kay and Bingham. They HEAR the explosion. Exchange looks.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Jesse steps over the dead AB #6 without breaking stride. Comes to a door. Kicks it in...

**INT. PAYROLL OFFICE**

pours

...And Mills FIRES a gun, burning Jesse's ear -- Blood down his neck -- and Jesse's Tactical FIRES.

Jesse,

Mills is HIT IN THE THROAT. He falls into a chair. And his eyes - at the fierce face of death - are filled with who FIRES TWO ROUNDS. One to the head. That fast.

**INT. BACK ROOM**

Bingham

Two AB SOLDIERS #7 and #8 hurry in. Lucian, Kay and stand up.

**AB #7**

Let's go. We're gettin' you out of here.

All three bosses draw GUNS. Lock and load.

**INT. CAFE - LATE NIGHT**

the

Outside, the sound of gunfire is heard. Jacket turns to BARKEEP. Alarmed:

**JACKET**

Give me that fuckin' shotgun!

Barkeep lays a shotgun on the bar. Jacket reaches. When...

**COBB**

(boaring in, 9MM aimed)

**POLICE! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THE GUN! STEP FUCKIN' BACK!!**

Jacket looks at Cobb. Steps back. Hands in the air.

**EXT. MOTEL + STREET - SAME**

Bud bursts outside, full throttle. Shouts into the radio:

**BUD**

Jam the alley! No one goes in or out!

**EXT. STREET + ALLEYS AROUND TIBEDAUX'S - SAME**

sideways  
gauge  
Marandino hits the gas. TIRES SCREECH as he slides  
and secures the mouth of the alley. Door kicks out. 12-  
levels.

**EXT. FRONT OF TIBEDAUX'S + DECATUR AVE**

Doorman #1, HEARING the commotion turns...

...SEES INSIDE THE CAFE, Cobb cuffing Jacket and Barkeep.

Doorman #1 draws a Para-Ordnance .45, FIRES. A VOLLEY OF  
**SHOTS SLAM INTO THE CAFE.**

Cobb can't make it through INCOMING FIRE and covers.  
Remaining PATRONS SCREAM, drop under tables.

-  
--  
Doorman #1 KEEPS FIRING, advancing towards the Cafe, when-  
BOOM! A SHOTGUN BLAST takes his head off -- REVEALING BUD  
behind him, running toward Tibedaux's.

**I/E. TIBEDAUX'S, DOWNSTAIRS**

with  
PATRONS stampede for the door. Lucian, Bingham and Kay  
AB #7 and #8 follow...

**OUTSIDE TO THE STREET**

...and Bud is coming right for them.

CLOSE ON LUCIAN. The shock of seeing Bud.

Lucian FIRES.

them.  
Bud kneels and PUMPS SHOTS - hits AB #7 and #8 - killing

Lucian, Kay, Bingham flee back inside.

**INT. TIBEDAUX'S, MAINTENANCE ROOM**

rips

Jesse yanks off the cover of the main electric panel. He  
out incoming lines and FIRES into the lighting circuit.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**VARIOUS ROOMS INSIDE TIBEDAUX'S**

Fluorescent units explode, plunging us into DARKNESS. Arcs  
SPUTTER and FLARE, the corridors now strobe-lit.

**EXT. TIBEDAUX'S - SAME**

Cobb runs out of the cafe, pushing through civilians.

**COBB**

Down! Get down!

Bud pursues Lucian...

**BUD**

Stay on the door! I'm goin' in!

**INT. TIBEDAUX'S**

Bud enters-

Split-second and DOORMAN #2 OPENS FIRE from the waiter's  
entrance.

Bud drops and FIRES BACK. Doorman #2 goes down. Bud runs  
across overturned tables and up a STAIRWELL...

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS, TIBEDAUX'S**

Jesse emerges. AB #9 steps out, FIRES. The bullet hits  
Jesse's vest, knocking him backwards.

Jesse levels the sawed-off. FIRES. AB #9 falls in a heap.  
Jesse rises, keeps moving...

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAYS, ROOMS - TIBEDAUX'S**

rooms

MOVING WITH BUD entering, KICKING down doors, sweeping  
with his shotgun... No sign of Lucian.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS, BACK ROOMS**

Jesse is coming...

...and the SLAUGHTER BUILDS.

He throws open a door to a BAR AREA.

AB #10 and #11 FIRE SMGs WILDLY, running from the room.

Jesse  
crumbles.

UNLOADS the sawed-off. MISSING. Plaster throws and

drops  
SERVICE

A GUNSHOT rips through Jesse's left arm. The sawed-off

to his side. Jesse turns - EDGAR BINGHAM is FIRING a

REVOLVER - SHOTS MISS as Jesse dives behind the bar.

Automatic

HAROLD KAY is moving down the stairwell. FIRING an

wildly. Bottles and glasses explode.

Bingham keeps firing. Mirrors SHATTER.

**BEHIND THE BAR**

the  
EXPLODE.  
bullets splinter wood, Jesse slams another magazine into  
.45. Above him, strays catch lights, glass filaments

**INT. UPSTAIRS, HALLWAYS + ROOMS**

Bud...  
knee  
Bud KICKS down a door. AB #12 charges out. Grabs for  
who breaks the grab, pulls AB #12's neck down, slams his  
into his forehead twice, knocked cold. Grabs his gun.

**A HALLWAY DOOR SWINGS OPEN**

AB #13 emerges, HAMMERING GUNSHOTS. Bud covers. SHOTS BLOW  
HOLES in the wall.

**A SECOND DOOR OPENS**

of  
...and AB #14 steps out, draws. Bud throws him in the way  
CROSS-FIRE. AB #13 takes AB #14's SHOTS.

Bud aims past. FIRES ONCE.

AB #14 is hit dead center and drops like an oak.

Both men dead. That fast, and Bud is on the move...

**EXT. ALLEY, TIBEDAUX'S - CONTINUOUS**

the  
-  
AB #10 and #11 run out and swing their SMGs, FIRING onto  
alley and KILLING MARANDINO... Then charging to the front-

COBB FIRES. AB #10 is BLOWN APART, as AB #11 FIRES back,  
hitting Cobb in the vest. His ribs broken, he sits down  
stunned.

**COBB**

(into radio)

I'm hit. I'm fuckin' hit.

arrive.  
AB #11 running past as several BLACK AND WHITES now

TAKE AND RETURN FIRE -- AB #11 is shot dead.

Police shouting. Civilians running, as...

**INT. BACK BAR AREA, DOWNSTAIRS**

**GUNFIGHT ENSUES.**

tumbles  
Jesse rises over the bar, FIRING BURSTS into Kay, who  
down the stairwell like a rag doll.

and  
Bingham shoots Jesse in the hip. He staggers, then falls  
rolls to his back...

.45  
Bingham rounds the bar just as Jesse, somehow, lifts the  
and FIRES two slugs into Bingham's chest.

Bingham collapses on top of Jesse. The .45 hits the floor.  
Both men, bleeding profusely, thrash along the floor...

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

turns,  
Bud, racing toward a stairwell, LEAPS down a flight,  
and RUNS down another.

**INT. BACK BAR AREA**

knife  
TWISTS.  
Jesse, trapped under the heavy Bingham, pulls the buck  
from his holster and sinks it into Bingham's kidney.

Blood POOLS. Bingham MOANS...

...Jesse rolls the big man over, hoists himself high and  
impales Bingham through the throat. Dead.

Jesse exhales, struggles up...rising to his feet...

**BLAM! - A SUDDEN GUNSHOT**

out of nowhere. JESSE COLLAPSES, A BUNDLE OF TWITCHING  
**NERVES, BLOOD POOLING FAST OUT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD...**

**...AND LUCIAN STANDS OVER HIM, HIS .357 SMOKING.**

Lucian turns slow. Toward a cracked MIRROR. Suddenly...

**IN THE REFLECTION: BUD EXPLODES DOWN THE STAIRS, AND SLAMS  
INTO LUCIAN WITH THE IMPACT OF A TRUCK. BOTH HIT THE  
FLOOR.**

Lucian points his gun at Bud's head, who reaches for the  
trigger guard, shifts the barrel an inch -- A ROUND GOES  
OFF,

**BLOWING THROUGH BUD'S SHOULDER -- HE YELLS OUT, HOOKS HIS  
FINGER IN THE TRIGGER, STOPPING THE NEXT SHOT.**

Bud flips Lucian over, rips the gun away. Lucian tries to  
break free. Bud grabs him - smashes the gun over and over  
against Lucian's face.

Lucian's head BOUNCES. Eyes roll, then right.

Lucian quarter rolls, then CRACKS a forearm into Bud's  
head.  
Again, and Bud is knocked back with a gash over his eye.

Lucian REARS BACK and KICKS HARD into Bud's sternum.

Lucian scrambles. Bud tackles him into a table, which goes  
down. A chair breaks. Bud lands a thunderous hook and  
Lucian's nose shatters. Another and his cheekbone caves.

Lucian drops like a rock. Tries to crawl under another  
table.

IN A MANIACAL RAGE, Bud flips the table and stomps down on  
Lucian with furious blows that come one after another.

Lucian tries to cover up. BUD IS ALL OVER HIM. Grabs  
Lucian  
by the throat and presses down.  
Lucian, fighting to breathe, digs his nails into Bud's  
face,  
tearing skin.  
Bud's face twists with hate as he chokes the life out of  
him.  
Lucian's eyes BULGE...His mouth stretches WIDE...clutching  
at  
Bud's fingers, trying to pull away...  
Bud SNORTS, tightens his grip... bearing down... And at  
the  
last moment, the cop in him reemerges...  
Bud lets go.  
Lucian rolls to his side and coughs up a thick ribbon of  
blood and vomit. Bud slams on restraints.  
Bud staggers to his feet...breathing hard...Spots Jesse on  
the floor...And he slows...  
Jesse lies in shadow. Perfectly still. We cannot see his  
face.  
Only the dark pool of blood around him.  
Lucian passes out.

**BUD**

(into radio)

I got him... I got Lucian.

**SLOWLY PULL AWAY AND TRACK OVER THE MASSACRE...**

...as POLICE come in...over bodies and blood and guns, and  
up  
the stairs and out a broken window, to the CROWDS in the  
street held back by POLICE, past flashing lights and  
emergency vehicles...  
...to where life goes on in New Orleans.

**DIP TO**

**BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT - DAYS LATER**

The sun is out. The sky above is clear.

**INT. EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT - DAY**

lock-up.  
ON BUD, as he leads Lucian through the bowels of city

as  
Lucian - in prison garbs, haggard, dark bruises - looks up  
they pass a two-way mirror of an INTERROGATION ROOM,  
SEES...

**KIERSEY**

notes.  
...seated, making statements to Shepard, who is taking  
Stacks of Jesse's reports surround them.

Bud walks Lucian past, into...

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2**

Silence  
...and Lucian sits at a table. Bud across from him.  
hangs, several moments.

**ON BUD**

slow  
starting again, knowing... There's something bigger. A  
smile spreads...

**BUD**

Want a cup of coffee?

**THE END**