

HEADSHOT

by

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Based on the graphic novel by
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March 9, 2011

MILLAR GOUGH INK
EMJAG PRODUCTIONS

TITLE SEQUENCE --

Dynamic, slinky, predatory MAIN TITLE MUSIC as --

A BLACK CAT prowls a series of back alleys, giving rise to enormous, exaggerated shadows on the walls. Main credits appear out of the shadows... Others spelled out in graffiti...

TWO STRAY DOGS enter the alleyway, start chasing her...

We SUPER FAST RISE UP over the alley to reveal a Brooklyn neighborhood. Half gentrified. More credits on rooftops and down the sides of walls -- angled with the buildings.

Still on the high angle --

We pinpoint a CAR heading down a side street, about to intersect with the cat. ZAP DOWN right into the car --

A dark Ford sedan, typical rental. Two men inside.

INT./EXT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

LOUIS (passenger seat): 30s or 40s, upbeat New Orleans accent, big, thick and powerful. Slickly attired.

JIMMY: older, custom sport coat. Looks like a businessman, but his eyes suggest otherwise. As does the scorpion tattoo on the side of his neck.

Louis sips from a coffee cup as Jimmy reacts to --

THE CAT --

rushing out of the alley into the middle of the street...

FREEZES in the headlights...

Momentary blast to white (from headlights) --

FINAL CREDIT lands on screen...

Black text against white.

The credit suddenly rushing away from us...

... as we SNAP out of Jimmy's eyeball...

... just as he swerves...

... missing the cat by inches...

... running over a pothole instead.

THUMP. Louis spills his coffee...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS

Jesus! Damn!

JIMMY

Sorry.

Louis dabbing coffee from his jacket. Grimaces at some splatter on his high-top pale green suede sneakers.

LOUIS

Shit... you just ruined \$700 kicks.
How's that make you feel?

JIMMY

Really sorry. That you were mooked
into dropping seven bills on a pair of
sneakers.

Louis dabbing the stained sneakers with a Kleenex.

LOUIS

Allow me to educate you, bud. These
are not just *sneakers*. They're limited
edition, signature footwear, of which
only 50 pairs -- that's five-zero --
exist in the entire world. See here...

He extends his foot to Jimmy. We see the designer's signature
etched into the rubber sole. Green Machine by Morioka.
No. 32/50.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

32 out of 50 -- that's me. Ain't
nobody else got ownership of these.
That makes 'em unique. Personalized.
Collectible.

JIMMY

Okay. So they're collectible *sneakers*.

LOUIS

(rolls his eyes)
Man, you just don't get it. Go to
Europe, go to high-end fashion shows.
The people that matter are wearing
these. In Japan, sneakers are more
revered than anything from Ferragamo,
Prada, Berluti, you name it. You go
over there, you'll see these in the
goddamn *museum*, I kid you not.

JIMMY

(smiles)
Sneaker museum?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LOUIS

No -- I mean in a regular museum. With statues and shit.

JIMMY

Yeah?

LOUIS

You think we invented sneakers?

JIMMY

Sure we did.

LOUIS

Uh-uh. A Jap guy named Kihachiro Onitsuka invented 'em. I don't mean your basic Converse All Stars. I'm talking about the first real basketball shoe. Onitsuka Tigers. The granddaddy of 'em all. Like the kind we wear today. All that cool shit, ventilation ports, podiatric biomechanical stability -- it all got taken to the next level by the Japs.

JIMMY

That's typical. We don't make nothing anymore. We're a fat, lazy consumer nation strung out on credit and in hock up to our eyeballs. We don't even make reliable *hardware*. I hate it that I have to do my job with a precision tool manufactured in fucking Austria.

LOUIS

Speaking of the matter of our employment, where is this damn place?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Open floor plan: living room, kitchenette, a bed in the corner (big, primed for doing "business"). There's a man seated on the edge of the bed. Shirtless. DON STERLING: 60s -- linebacker thick; silver fox. He's into the personal floor show taking place before him --

SHANNON -- late 20s; eminently fuckable in G-string panties and Sterling's oversized dress shirt hanging open, revealing all -- sways to Dusty Springfield's "The Look of Love." She starts to touch herself. Sterling is loving life. And it's about to get a whole lot better...

STERLING

Keep going. I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANNON

Hurry, baby. I'm starting to boil over here.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sterling looks in the mirror. He loosens his tie. Opens a bottle of Viagra, dry-pops a blue pill. Starts twisting the cap back on. Thinks again. Takes one more.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jimmy parks in front. They climb out, head inside.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jimmy and Louis heading down to the basement. Their point of interest: the electrical box. Louis opens the box, runs his finger down a bunch of switches with corresponding apartment numbers...

LOUIS

You sure it's number twelve?

JIMMY

We'll find out soon enough.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sterling, now in his boxer shorts, hovers a line of coke off the coffee table. There's plenty to go around; at least half a ki spread out on the glass. Shannon eagerly awaits her turn.

SHANNON

You good, baby? Can I get a little taste?

He ignores her. Throws his head back, allowing the coke to penetrate his sinuses. When the power cuts out. The entire apartment goes BLACK, except for some ambient light filtering in from the street outside. Just enough to render them both silhouettes with a hint of edge light.

STERLING

What the hell?

SHANNON

It's okay, baby. Happens sometimes. Building's ancient. We can still have some fun in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STERLING

I ain't paying you five large to grind
it in the dark. Bad enough I gotta
rubber bag it. I'm gone.

He starts fumbling around in the dark for his pants. A LOUD
KNOCK sounds on the door. A familiar MALE VOICE (Jimmy's)
calls out:

JIMMY (O.S.)

Power company! Can you open up,
please!

STERLING

I bet those assholes were working
outside and cut the wrong cable. Don't
open it until I'm gone.

SHANNON

Fuck you. I'm not waiting here in the
dark.

She throws open the door --

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Hi. Thank God, you're--

Gets two flashlights in her face...

JIMMY

Gonna need to check your wiring, ma'am.
Whole building's gone down.

SHANNON

Well, I, uh... You sure it's this--

Louis suddenly pushing past her, waving his flashlight around
-- lands on Sterling, who has one leg in his pants, attempting
to block the coffee table now. Having just remembered the
shitload of coke on display.

LOUIS

Yeah, we sure.

Jimmy closes the door behind him -- As Louis lowers his
flashlight --

STERLING

Fellas -- this isn't what it--

THUP! THUP! A pair of suppressed muzzle flashes -- as Louis
plants two in Sterling's chest. He goes down hard, *CRASHING*
into the coffee table, kicking up a coke storm -- caught in
the dual flashlight beams. Shannon immediately starts to
freak out...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANNON

Oh Jesus, Oh God--I haven't see your
faces... I'm not part of this, whatever
it is...

Jimmy just raises a finger to his lips. Sssh... Shannon
nods, backs up against a nearby cabinet. There's an old teddy
bear sitting on it, next to a wicker basket.

Jimmy heads over to check the bathroom... Louis shining his
flashlight at the spilled coke on the floor and around
Sterling's body. Some of it splotched crimson.

LOUIS

What's this? Baking cookies or is that
the bad stuff?

Shannon reaches inside the basket -- and pulls out a Lady
Smith & Wesson .38. Shakily clutches it with both hands in
Louis' direction. Panic glancing around to see where Jimmy
is...

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Aw, c'mon, don't go there, *cher*.

SHANNON

(inching toward him)
I'll do it, you piece of shit. Get the
fuck outta my apartment, I'll--

Jimmy just "materializes" behind Shannon -- cold cocks her
with the butt of his Glock. She crumbles. Jimmy shining his
flashlight on that cabinet now.

LOUIS

What?

Jimmy's fixated on that teddy bear, it's button eyes staring
right back at him.

JIMMY

(starts to croon)
And I only have eyes for you...

He's just about to reach for it --

When suddenly STERLING, rebooted by Viagra and cocaine, BOLTS
UPRIGHT like a fucking zombie on angel dust...

He RAMS into Louis -- whose FLASHLIGHT tumbles to the floor,
starts spinning around, the light beam illuminating them from
below --

As Sterling bear hugs Louis from behind, teeth bared, mouth
foaming...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

their feet kicking the flashlight around -- stepping in the spilled coke -- as Louis fumbles for his Glock in his jacket...

LOUIS

Christ, he's still got a hard-on! Do something!

Jimmy just watching, bemused -- his own flashlight aimed at the floor. Shakes his head as...

Louis manages to free his Glock -- angles it toward Sterling's belly, FIRES FIVE TIMES. Strob ing muzzle flashes lighting up the room. Sterling drops. Louis patting himself down, clothes and shoes covered in blood and coke.

JIMMY

I think you got him.

LOUIS

Motherfucker! Look what he done to my threads? And my goddamn kicks!

Jimmy shines his flashlight on Louis' blood-splattered sneakers.

JIMMY

Now they definitely one of a kind.

LOUIS

You think this is funny? He coulda done me injury. I have a herniated disc, ya know? Now I gotta incinerate all of this. And look at you, you don't got a spot on you. How's that happen?

JIMMY

I've learned to keep my distance.

Jimmy shines his flashlight on the unconscious hooker. She's just starting to come around...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We're outta here.

LOUIS

(looking at her)
I think we should--

JIMMY

No. She didn't see nothin'.

LOUIS

You're getting sloppy, bud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JIMMY

I can live with it.

CLOSE-UP on the hooker: tears of relief flooding her eyes. Jimmy and Louis walk to the door, killing their flashlights. Silhouettes immediately swallowed by BLACK.

EXT. PERRY & ANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A middle-class residence in Long Island. A couple dozen OFF DUTY COPS enjoying a barbecue. DANIEL PERRY, 30s, All-American, holds court amongst four other GUYS from the job.

PERRY

So the FBI starts canvassing the woods. They have this *animal profiler* -- he tracks the rabbit in 20 minutes flat. Then it's the CIA's turn. They got satellites can read thermal signatures. They get the rabbit in *15 minutes*. The NYPD guys get in there. Ten minutes later they come back with a *bear*... *What the hell*, right? But the cops, they're just clobbering this bear over the head -- and the bear goes: 'Alright, alright! I'm a rabbit!'

The guys laugh -- all but one. ERIC CARLISLE: same age as Perry, but the vibe is older. More circumspect. Wound tight.

Perry makes eye contact with a HOT BRUNETTE sipping a beer on the deck. The way she swigs that bottle is a total come-on. She gives him just enough to show she's interested, then looks away. Perry takes the bait...

PERRY (CONT'D)

(to the others)

Excuse me.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Carlisle munching an apple. ANNA -- Perry's wife (30), an earthy beauty -- approaches, holding her wine glass.

ANNA

I haven't quite figured out if this vegan thing of yours is for real -- or just an act to hook the ladies.

CARLISLE

How so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNA

A woman's biological imperative -- she's looking to only breed with the finest and the fittest. Instinctively wants to make sure her mate's going to be healthy long-term, you know, to be around to provide for her and her offspring. Putting it out there like that, it's an enticing statement. On a subconscious level.

Eric finds himself staring at Perry through the window, chatting up the brunette. Knows Anna is keyed into the same visual.

CARLISLE

Must be way down in the subconscious.

ANNA

I know, right? First date, he's devouring a quarter pounder and checking out the waitress. She even slipped him her number. I guess I wasn't thinking long-term. Maybe it was that smile or just plain pheromones. I don't feel like I had a choice.

CARLISLE

(a beat)

You have one now.

Before she can respond, Perry looks up at them, palming his cell phone. Reads what is clearly a text message. Immediately walks inside...

PERRY

(to Carlisle)

You got the call?

Carlisle frowns, checks his phone.

PERRY (CONT'D)

We gotta roll, babe.

He kisses her on the cheek, almost brotherly.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Don't wait up.

Anna exchanges a pained look with Carlisle. He's simpatico with her situation.

CARLISLE

Bye, Anna.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He heads out after Perry.

EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Cordoned-off crime scene. Lots of police strobe and lookie-loos drawn to the lights like moths to a flame. Perry parks his bottle-green '67 Mustang GT and gets out, accompanied by Carlisle.

INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Perry and Carlisle enter the still fresh crime scene. PATROLMAN BARNES (20s) walks over. Eager.

PATROLMAN BARNES

Vic is a somebody. Louisiana Congressman. Tenant's an escort and a dealer.

PERRY

She get a look at the doers?

PATROLMAN BARNES

Two guys, couldn't see their faces. They cut the power to the apartment. Announced themselves as Con-Ed. Shining flashlights in her eyes. They were for sure pros.

CARLISLE

How'd you figure?

PATROLMAN BARNES

She wasn't wearing much, as in being close to being in the act -- and they didn't have eyes for her, nothin'. So I figure they musta been after her stash.

PERRY

Alright, settle down, Columbo.

Barnes looks miffed. Walks off with his tale between his legs. Perry and Carlisle taking in the scene. Sterling's perforated body still where we last saw it.

Carlisle kneels next to a bloody footprint. Too smudged to make anything out. He's about to turn away when he notices a section of another footprint -- not as obvious -- this one imprinted in the residue of the spilled coke on the floor.

He can literally read part of the sneaker's signature: --rioka. No. 32/50.

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Glancing around over his shoulder, he quickly takes a snap of it with his cell phone. Looks to Perry... who appears interested in the old teddy bear on the dresser. He looks into its eyes, as riveted as Jimmy was. Carlisle steps up next to him...

CARLISLE

Let me guess, you had the exact same one as a kid?

PERRY

I didn't have dick as a kid. What I did have, I stole.

CARLISLE

Take a look...

He flashes Carlisle the cell phone capture of the footprint.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

In case forensics disappears it. Like at the Red Pit. Not taking any chances.

PERRY

Good call.

Just then, Chief of Detectives, SAM DOUGLASS arrives. 50s, receding hairline, heavy at the waist. With him is SPECIAL AGENT COLEMAN, 40s, serpentine expression.

DOUGLASS

Perry, Carlisle, this is Special Agent Coleman.

Perry full bore hostile...

PERRY

You boys don't waste time.

SPECIAL AGENT COLEMAN

Fellas. Look, I don't want to step on anyone's toes -- but that's exactly what I'm gonna do. Congressman gets whacked, we own it.

PERRY

So, we're not necessary?

SPECIAL AGENT COLEMAN

Sorry, fellas. Federal jurisdiction and all that bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PERRY
Guess it's lunch time.
(to Carlisle)
You hungry? I am.

On the way out, Perry stops next to the body. Drops to his knees, feigns tying his shoe lace. He's right next to the coke imprint of the sneaker. With his left foot, he reaches out and smears the footprint. Carlisle watching, suffers a quite meltdown.

CARLISE (V.O.)
What did you think you were doing?

Bridging us to...

INT. BAR - LATER

A crowded Irish drinking hole in Hell's Kitchen. Cop frequented. Carlisle getting right up in Perry's face...

CARLISLE
You just fucked us ever making the case legit.

PERRY
Federal jurisdiction, my ass.

CARLISLE
Both our asses.

PERRY
We make good on the lead, it becomes an anonymous tip. Don't sweat it.

CARLISLE
I can't do this anymore. I'm out.
Seriously.

PERRY
They weren't after the stash. It was a hit on the congressman.

CARLISLE
I don't wanna know--

Perry reaches inside his coat, pulls out Shannon's teddy bear.

PERRY
Say, hi to "Mikey."

CARLISLE
Ah no, you didn't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Perry pokes the bear, looking for something... Finds a hole in the lower back. He slips his finger inside, rummages around.

PERRY

Oh yeah...

He pulls out a bunch of cotton stuffing, followed by a ZIPLOC BAG. Filled with white powder.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Uh? How about that?

Perry shoves the bag back inside the bear.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Classic stashing place.

CARLISLE

I'm not even gonna ask.

PERRY

If you spent more time on the street instead of law school, you'd be schooled in the obvious. Small time dealers are nothing if not obvious.

CARLISLE

That's the second piece of evidence you--

PERRY

Point is: no self-respecting junkie or stick-up pro would overlook the bear. Ain't gonna happen. Also, what do we have: two unidentifiable shooters. Pros. Got no interest in a great pair of tits. Contact wounds on the right side of the vic's belly, which tells me it's a left-handed shooter. Maybe. Likely. Ring a bell?

CARLISLE

The Red Pit's not ours anymore. This ain't either. I'm outta here...

Perry grabs Eric's arm as he tries to leave...

PERRY

Be straight with me, Eric. Why did you even become a cop? Because it's clearly not to put shitbags away. Myself, that's exactly what I wanna do. All I wanna do. It's either that or it's about the bullshit rules and kneecap politics -- and the career.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PERRY (CONT'D)

(harsh)

You need to make a choice. You either a cop or a politician. I know who I am.

Perry turns toward the other end of the bar. The hot brunette from the party sits there, waiting...

CARLISLE

Why don't you leave Anna if it's not working?

PERRY

Since when did that become your business?

CARLISLE

When you started having me lie for you. Makes me out to be an asshole -- and you ain't foolin' no one, least of all Anna. She deserves better.

PERRY

You know what? Go rat me out to Anna -- go do it. You'd be doing me a favor. And after you get done, do the same with I.A., that's what you should fuckin' do. You lawyer asshole types always fit in best over there. Won't be no loss. You ain't much of a cop.

And just like that -- straight from the heart: Carlisle punches him in the face. The whole joint freezes.

Perry massages his jaw, dabs blood from his lip. He doesn't move to retaliate. Just nods contemptuously at Carlisle -- as if to suggest, maybe he deserved it. Grabs up his drink and takes the long walk to the brunette. Carlisle stares after him, regretful. He throws down a twenty, walks out.

INT. POLICE STATION - DOUGLASS' OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Carlisle sits in front of the Chief, fidgeting.

DOUGLASS

You for sure about this?

Carlisle nods -- but his eyes appear less emphatic.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

Alright. I'll talk to Perry, get you reassigned. Shoulda happened after the Red Pit anyhow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carlisle already a little remorseful...

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Dynamic AERIAL DESCENT over Crescent City -- cranking up the big-band JAZZ as we find --

EXT. RIVERBOAT CASINO

-- a triple decker, built in the style of a 19th-century paddle wheeler, festooned with lights, moored at the riverbank. GAMBLERS and TOURISTS onboard. A sign spells the boat's name in neon: LADY LUCK.

As we make our descent toward her, something *gold* and *bubbly* rises up, filters the screen.

A glass of champagne...

INT. LADY LUCK - CASINO FLOOR

... on the move...

... being carried by an attractive cocktail waitress... as she heads toward some GAMBLERS seated around a roulette table.

We part ways with the waitress as she delivers the bubbly to a grizzled looking man on the far side of the table...

Instead we take an interest in another GAMBLER closer to camera. Wearing a black leather jacket with a subtle scorpion imprint on the back. We creep around him, arriving at a three-quarter on Jimmy looking pensive, focused.

The CROUPIER starts the spin, launches the ball... Quickly, Jimmy places a tall stack of chips on "17". A THIN LADY tries to do the same thing --

CROUPIER

No more bets.

The ball spins, bounces, skids... finally lands on "17." Someone CLAPS from behind Jimmy. It's Louis.

LOUIS

Ohyeah! You are mojo'd up tonight,
bud. Always after a gig.

Jimmy keeps his cool. Collects, tips the Croupier.

INT. LADY LUCK - CASINO FLOOR - LATER

Jimmy cashes in his chips. Louis -- hip-hop chic, white Gucci sneakers -- looking on. Eyes picking up on a curvaceous, Jessica Rabbit REDHEAD in a lamé mini-dress on a heat seeking trajectory toward them.

LOUIS

Look alive, bud, but I think this spectacular honey just eyeballed my Gucci Mystic Whites and made us for some classy action.

JIMMY

Good. 'Cause for a moment there, I figured it might be the ten G's I just pocketed.

LOUIS

It's the premium kicks. They're pussy magnets. Don't diminish.

REDHEAD

Listen, players. Can I invite you to our private champagne room?

JIMMY

What's up there?

She winks as she hands them two invitations:

REDHEAD

You won't be disappointed.

JIMMY

You go, I'm on a roll.

REDHEAD

Suit yourself.
(to Louis...)
This way.

She starts walking in the direction of some ornate doors. They both drink in that perfect, gravity-defying ass.

LOUIS

Why you always gotta do that? Walk away from the real action. You need an outlet, bud. Outside of the job. Throwin' golden numbers all night ain't the ticket. Trust me. C'mon...

Jimmy locked onto Jessica Rabbit sashaying away from them. Relents. They take off after her...

INT. LADY LUCK - LATER

Louis and Jimmy follow the redhead down a corridor. Louis makes a camera out of his fingers. Focal point being that magnificent ass.

LOUIS

I'm gonna make that my screen saver.

A door at the end is guarded by a roided up BOUNCER in a shapeless suit. The Bouncer steps aside. They follow Jessica Rabbit inside.

INT. LADY LUCK - CHAMPAGNE ROOM

A teenager's wet dream. MUSIC, full bar, voluptuous GIRLS in skimpy outfits cosying up to HIGH ROLLERS. BALL GAME MUTED OUT on the 50" plasma. Louis in hard-on heaven. Jimmy feeling like a mark and not digging it.

REDHEAD

(to Louis)

Can I get your credit card? I'm gonna open up a tab for you at the bar.

JIMMY

I thought this was comped?

REDHEAD

Everything else is. I promise.

LOUIS

I'm gonna hold you to that.

Louis quick draws his Visa card. The redhead takes it from him seductively.

REDHEAD

Be right back. Then the fun starts.

She walks off to the bar. Steps behind the counter. Runs Louis' credit card -- at the same time we see her making a cell phone call. Glances back at Louis and Jimmy. Smiles at them. The smile slipping away the moment she turns her head.

Jimmy's POV: SCOPING OUT THE ROOM --

A HOT BOTTLE GIRL -- back to us -- slow dancing with a HIGH ROLLER. He has his hands on her ass. WHIP AROUND to see her face. She looks over his shoulder, bored, glances at her watch.

WHIP ACROSS TO ANOTHER HOT BOTTLE GIRL draped over a HIGH ROLLER. His eyes undressing her breasts.

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She leans into him, whispers something naughty in his ear. He throws his head back, laughs. For a moment she drops the facade and rolls her eyes.

ZAP ACROSS TO THE BARTENDER as he pours a couple of shots. Eyes like a hawk. Soulless. We see inside his jacket at an angle: he's wearing a shoulder rig.

FINALLY LANDING on the HOT REDHEAD behind the bar. Just finishing up her phone call. She reapplies her smile. Starts toward them... waving Louis' credit card at him.

LOUIS

Look at her. She is so primed for it.

JIMMY

You can't see it's an act? A walking transaction.

LOUIS

Just go with it, bud. Everything's a transaction in this short life. So allow me my delusions. My dick don't know the difference.

JIMMY

Mine does. I'm outta here.

He brushes past the redhead as she walks up. He heads for the opposite exit to the one he came in...

REDHEAD

(alarmed)

Where's he going?

LOUIS

Forget about him. You're clearly too much woman for him. And now I don't have to share.

REDHEAD

(turning it back on)

I ordered a bottle of Perrier-Jouet. I hope you don't mind.

LOUIS

Not as long as there's a payoff. Yeah?

REDHEAD

You won't be disappointed.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET - NIGHT

CRANING DOWN from the casino boat in the distance -- to TWO black Chevy Suburbans turning into a nearby alley. EIGHT hard-looking MEN get out. Military countenance.

We FOCUS ON one of them: 40s, square-jawed, stone-cold eyes. KAPLAN. He nods to his lieutenant, REYES -- thickset, badass. It's on. They start walking toward the boat.

INT. LADY LUCK - CORRIDOR

Jimmy heading away from the champagne room. Passes a couple of private alcoves. Sounds of sexual commerce coming from within each curtained recess. He shakes his head. Suckers. We see another BOTTLE GIRL coming toward him from the opposite end of the corridor. She's pushing a champagne cart...

INT. LADY LUCK - CORRIDOR

Kaplan and his fellow mercs reach the main champagne room. Kaplan shoots a look to the Bouncer, who quietly steps aside.

INT. LADY LUCK - CHAMPAGNE ROOM

The hit squad bursts in. Silenced H-Ks palmed, already seeking their intended target --

LOUIS, with the redhead, draped over his lap. He has one hand up her dress, while he imbibes from a flute of champagne with the other. Kaplan invades his peripheral vision. They lock eyes. Louis knows it's over. Keeps drinking. Fuck it.

Kaplan SHOOTS Louis straight through the champagne flute.

It explodes in his face. THUP-CLINK!

The redhead SCREAMS, dives to the floor.

INT. LADY LUCK - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy reacting to the scream. Whips out his Glock, starts back toward the main champagne room--

INT. LADY LUCK - CHAMPAGNE ROOM

Kaplan finalizes the transaction. Puts another one in Louis' forehead. Louis slumps back on the sofa, mouth agape. Perrier-Jouet gone bloody trickling down his jaw.

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KAPLAN
(to the redhead)
Where's the other one?

She points to the door Jimmy just exited through...

INT. LADY LUCK - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy heading back the way he came --

Sees the door to the champagne room fly open --

FOUR of Kaplan's MERCS coming right at him --

He unleashes on the merc on point --

Puts one through his throat.

He tumbles back into the other gunmen...

Jimmy already taking off the down the corridor --

The bottle girl pushing the champagne cart SCREAMS, cowers to the floor...

Just beyond her, we see the BOUNCER coming toward Jimmy, gun in hand...

Jimmy grabs the champagne cart, ducks low -- and RACES IT right at the bouncer, who BLASTS away at Jimmy --

BLAM!--BLAM!--BLAM!

The others Mercs stepping over their downed companion, *FIRING* at Jimmy from the other direction, bullets singeing Jimmy's sideburns...

Just as some startled HIGH ROLLERS exit the alcoves, accompanied by BOTTLE GIRLS in various states of undress...

Instant cluster fuck -- with the mercs pushing and shoving aside the girls and the high rollers...

As Jimmy SPEED RAMS the champagne cart slam-bang into the bouncer. The man SMASHES through the door at the end of the corridor...

TUMBLING down a flight of steps... Champagne cart along for the ride... *CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK!*

Jimmy heading in the opposite direction -- hoofing it up to the next level. He charges out through the stairwell door into...

INT. LADY LUCK - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kaplan's men right behind him. BLASTING AWAY at Jimmy as he shoulders his way through the swinging glass door, which turns to confetti in his wake...

SLAMMING into a WAITER balancing a huge tray with multiple plates. The waiter goes down, food flying in every direction.

THUP-!--THUP-!--THUP-!

Kaplan's men right on Jimmy --

Jimmy spins, FIRES back at them --

Drills a merc in the head with lethal efficiency. The others take cover behind some support pillars and occupied tables.

Jimmy throws up the table of a MAN seated alone, dining --

Turns out he's not so alone. There's a YOUNG WOMAN with her head in his lap under the table...

JIMMY

Oops...

Jimmy continues OVERTURNING tables in the mercs' path -- food and drink flying everywhere.

One of the mercs -- super fucking fit -- hurdles the tables with incredible speed --

Jimmy whips around, FIRES -- misses -- Glock slide locks. Ammo'd out.

The merc FIRES at Jimmy coming over the last upended table -- misses -- slide locks as well.

He throws himself at Jimmy --

Jimmy parries -- jujitsu bests the merc with wrist-snapping efficiency -- SLAMS him head-first into a LOBSTER TANK --

TWO MORE MERCS coming at him from the opposite direction. Bullets zing -- Jimmy zig-zags...

Makes a detour into the --

KITCHEN --

Reloading on the run. We go super low on that expelled clip coming right at us as Jimmy's feet hoof right over it. Slaps the new one in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The mercs follow him inside --

Jimmy whipping and *BLASTING* back at them.

The KITCHEN STAFF hit the floor...

The mercs scatter, take cover, keep firing. Bullets *ricocheting* off metal counters and overhead panels.

Another merc coming up on him fast -- *THUP-THUP-THUP--!*

Jimmy zig-zagging toward a --

Long metal food prep counter -- divides almost the entire length of the kitchen. Low hanging storage cabinets just above the counter.

Jimmy goes left --

The hard-charging merc goes right --

He's younger and faster than Jimmy --

Catches up, keeps pace with him --

Both of them cross-firing lead at a ridiculous rate --

THUP-BLAM-THUP-BLAM-THUP--!!!!

Slugs *exploding* through the wooden storage cabinets as they run and gun at each other...

****All of this depicted through a variety of cool camera tricks: varying shutter speeds; heightened reversal stocks; handcranked bullet and food explosions: super fast, super slow--**

GO HIGH ANGLE for a MOMENT --

Jimmy's SHELL CASINGS POPPING UP toward us -- the shootout reflected in the rotating jacket of one of the casings like a security mirror -- hyper real...

We follow the expelled casing's trajectory all the way to the ground --

As Jimmy's foot RUSHES away from it...

Following LOW ANGLE as Jimmy sprints and *FIRES* --

He's down to his last shell.

We know this because we see right inside his gun as he fires: X-RAY VISION (VFX) of the last bullet popping into the firing chamber...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Same with the hard-charging merc on the opposite side of the counter...

As Jimmy reaches the end of the counter, and the loss of all potential cover, he ducks low...

Eyeballs a BRASS POT hanging from a hook at the end of the counter on the merc's side --

He targets the center of the brass pot -- *BLAM!*

The bullet ricochets off the pot -- nails the merc right between the eyes. He drops hard.

Jimmy's Glock slide locks up. Empty. No more clips on him. He slams through the back exit...

EXT. LADY LUCK - UPPER DECK

Jimmy rushing up the staircase...

Arrives on the upper deck...

Sees another MERC coming toward him...

Nine mil drawing a bead on Jimmy...

Suddenly PEOPLE crossing in front of them. Oblivious.

Jimmy rides the wave of human cover --

Then appears to *disappear* for a moment...

"Materializing" behind the merc --

Grabs him around the neck --

But the merc is every bit the match for Jimmy --

He reverse kicks out Jimmy's knee --

Smashes the back of his head into Jimmy's face...

Jimmy gives up the headlock, staggers back...

The merc bringing up his H-K again --

But Jimmy is back on him --

The two of them grappling for the gun --

Both hard men. Matching strength. Equal skills.

The side of the boat right behind them --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They keep grappling, headbutting, knee-kicking -- like some kind of crazy assassin dance, building momentum --

Until they SLAM right into the RAILING --

Both of them tumbling over the side --

Still grappling for the Glock in mid-air --

As they PLUNGE toward the water --

Our CAMERA swirling around them as they drop --

Fighting for supremacy of the nine mil --

Neither of them willing to give up the fight --

As the black water rushes up to meet them --

FROM A SLIGHT DISTANCE ABOVE THEM --

We see a DOUBLE MUZZLE FLASH erupt --

Just as they hit the water --

Both of them going under...

For what seems like forever.

Then slowly a body rises to the surface.

JIMMY.

Floating lifelessly.

We recognize him by his black leather jacket. Unique scorpion imprint.

BACK ON THE UPPER DECK --

Kaplan arrives with Reyes and his remaining mercs. He peers overboard: sees Jimmy's body floating there. Makes the scorpion imprint as definitive. But just for extra measure, empties his clip into the bobbing figure. Then tosses his gun into the river.

KAPLAN

(into headset)

Target 2 acquired. We're moving.

We HOVER above JIMMY'S BODY for a few seconds. Riddled with lead. Then SLOWLY we descend...

Until we're right underneath him, looking up at his lifeless features.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE MERC'S lifeless features. Not Jimmy's.

CAMERA ROTATES to show Jimmy swimming away from the merc's corpse, sans jacket.

INT. RESTAURANT - WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

An elegant power spot. The Washington Monument appears through the windows. ALAN TRESCOTT -- early 50s, bespoke Zegna, handsome with predatory eyes -- dines with SENATOR ROBBINS -- 40s, a plastic politician.

TRESCOTT

So, how's the family?

ROBBINS

Good, fine. Except my wife's put on an extra twenty pounds attending all these damn charity luncheons. And afternoon teas. The congressional wives in this town do nothing but eat and shop out of boredom. You should see my credit card bill...

TRESCOTT

Don't be so hard on her. Everybody needs an outlet. Well, in her case, maybe an outlet store.

ROBBINS

Should we get down to it?

TRESCOTT

I need your vote, Senator.

ROBBINS

Listen, Alan... I said I'd make my best efforts to get you what you need.

TRESCOTT

Best efforts? Is that a euphemism for 'maybe'?

ROBBINS

You have to see it from where I'm sitting...

TRESCOTT

No, I don't. You control the key votes on the committee. Either you give me what I paid for or I'll fuckin' bury you. That's how I see it from where I'm sitting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Robbins tenses.

ROBBINS

I don't respond to threats. Good
seeing you again.

Robbins rises, when Trescott tosses an envelope on the table.
Photos spill out. A YOUNG WOMAN entering a medical building.
Robbins sits back down. A whiter shade of pale.

TRESCOTT

She's quite beautiful. Your son has
good taste. But lousy judgment. May I
suggest he wear a condom next time.
That picture was taken on the morning
of the abortion.

(beat)

Which you paid for. I don't believe
your CPAC friends would approve.

ROBBINS

You can't prove that.

TRESCOTT

I can prove anything. And what I can't
prove, I can manufacture.

Robbins crumbles under the threat. A WAITER appears.

TRESCOTT (CONT'D)

We'll each have the American Wagyu
Ribeye. Twelve ounce.

(to Robbins)

It's the best Kobe beef in D.C.
They're known for it.

The waiter takes their order and leaves.

TRESCOTT (CONT'D)

Congressmen, not unlike their wives,
enjoy a good meal, too. Only too
often, they forget to pay the bill.
You're not going to stick me with the
bill, are you, Senator?

Robbins looks like he's about to sink under the table.

INT./EXT. TRESCOTT'S LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Trescott sits in the back with ALTON HAYES, 50s, his trusted
fixer and head of security. A slab of street concrete in a
British suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRESCOTT

Did you talk to him?

HAYES

New Orleans is taken care of.

TRESCOTT

And New York?

HAYES

Dealt with.

TRESCOTT

About the escort coming to my hotel later...

HAYES

I've arranged everything.

TRESCOTT

I'm feeling a little *frisky* tonight.
Make it two. One vanilla, one
chocolate.

INT. CARLISLE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Ferociously clean. Furnished on a single trip to Ikea. Law books. Case files. Yankees memorabilia. Shelves of CDs, vintage concert posters -- blues and jazz. Miles, Dr. John, Little Charlie and the Night Cats...

Carlisle, in distressed Kermit the frog T-shirt (*playing on themes of frog and the scorpion) and sweatpants, scans the headlines as he stirs some greenish health drink. The PHONE RINGS. Carlisle lets the answering machine pick up.

PERRY (V.O.)

Hey, it's me. You there?

(beat)

Okay, I'm an asshole. I've got the dislocated jaw to prove it. Point taken. C'mon, we're a good team. I'm the looks, you're the brains -- or maybe it's the other way around...

Carlisle listens -- thinks -- sighs.

PERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You're missing out on Sterling, by the way -- the shit I'm coming up with, it's *big*. And... I broke up with Anna. Ah man... we were both crying so hard and then she thanked me for putting her out of her misery. Fuck.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I didn't think it would hurt this bad.
Tell you the truth, I'm going a little
crazy right now.

Carlisle reaches for the receiver. Stops himself...

PERRY (CONT'D)
Don't make me pay for a shrink,
alright? I'm on my way to the park...
three miles and breakfast, what do you
say? I know you're there. Put down
that green crap and come get some real
food.

(beat)
Okay. Hope I see you. Partner.

BEEP. Carlisle stands still. Then presses "delete".

INT. U.S. SENATE OFFICE BUILDING - COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

Trescott addresses a dozen SENATORS, including Robbins.

TRESCOTT
-- Iraq, Afghanistan, Indonesia, Haiti
-- Phoenix Corp has been there.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Still early. Long shadows. Grass shiny with dew.

TRESCOTT (V.O.)
Rebuilding homes. Rebuilding cities.
Rebuilding lives.

Perry, wearing sweats, rounds a corner, running. There's no
one else in sight -- except...

An OLD MAN, trench coat, looking down as he walks in Perry's
direction.

TRESCOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Cleaner. Stronger. Safer.

They come closer. Perry nods as they pass each other...

The Old Man sucker-punches him in the stomach. Perry doubles
up -- his hands pressing where the Old Man hit and...

Coming up bloody. He looks up:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Not an old man. Kaplan. A knife in his hand. In a blur of motion, it slashes across Perry's throat. Arterial spray arcs in the air and falls softly on the grass. Perry collapses.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. U.S. SENATE OFFICE BUILDING - COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

TRESCOTT

We're ready to bring New Orleans into a new era. A modern city for a modern age. Inclusive of all. Never losing sight of its traditions. A "yes" vote for this contract is a "yes" vote for the future.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Kaplan removes Perry's diver's watch. Takes his wallet as well. Walks off.

INT. U.S. SENATE OFFICE BUILDING - COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

Trescott wraps it up:

TRESCOTT

No doubt you've all done your due diligence, so you know our record. And as a personal aside: it would be my proudest achievement to contribute to the remaking of this great American city -- the birthplace of jazz and my own father, Lemar Trescott.

Robbins listens, a mask of dignified composure.

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Jimmy drives his Cadillac. Buildings in various stages of disrepair line the street. A commercial boat looms over *him*: the river is above street level. Ominous. Surreal.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A YOUNG MOM pushing a stroller comes out the front door of a four-story apartment building, richly landscaped with palms and banana trees. Jimmy gets the door before it closes.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Glancing left and right to make sure he's alone, Jimmy takes out a lockpick gun, starts working on a door. After a few tries, the bolt is unlocked.

INT. LOUIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Jimmy goes through a stack on Louis' desk, looking for something. Junk mail, bills, catalogs. He finds a business card for the "Maison du Soleil". Intrigued -- he pockets it.

Jimmy investigating Louis' walk-in closet. Designer T-shirts on hangers, sneakers galore. Jordans, Dunks, classic Chuck Taylors, custom Nikes and Adidas, etc. All in a dazzling array of colors -- Imelda meets Diddy.

Jimmy takes a pair of ultra-sleek black leather high-tops and puts them in a paper bag.

INT. U.S. SENATE OFFICE BUILDING - COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

Senator Robbins presides over the 16-member group.

SENATOR ROBBINS

The Environment and Public Works
Committee now votes on the Phoenix Corp
reconstruction contract in New Orleans.
All those in favor signify by saying
'aye'.

STAY ON Robbins as he raises his hand and says, echoed by several voices:

SENATOR ROBBINS (CONT'D)

Aye.

INT. PERRY & ANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest crowd, strictly COPS and RELATIVES. Slackened ties, open collars, whiskey-reddened cheeks. Anna chats stoically with PERRY'S PARENTS.

We follow Chief of Detectives, Sam Douglass over to the glass sliding door which leads out onto the deck. He watches Carlisle standing out there alone -- in the rain -- a man at war with himself.

EXT. PERRY & ANNA'S HOUSE - DECK - DAY

Douglass steps up alongside Carlisle. Carlisle doesn't acknowledge him. Just stares off into the rain.

DOUGLASS

Takes a while to get it behind you.

Just when we think Carlisle isn't going to respond...

CARLISLE

I punched him... the last time I saw him. And then I put in for a new partner. Some friend I was.

DOUGLASS

Don't do this to yourself, son.

Carlisle looks up.

CARLISLE

He had something on Sterling. I think it got him killed.

DOUGLASS

We don't know that for sure. His watch and his wallet were taken.

CARLISLE

Coroner says it was a single attacker. Skilled. Danny never even had a chance to fight back. No way it was a mugging. Muggers woulda made him for a cop in two seconds. He was taken out.

DOUGLASS

All I'm saying is, let's not jump to any conclusions. We're going to turn over every rock until we find this vermin. We don't take the killing of one of our own lightly. Never have.

CARLISLE

(nods)

I'm gonna take some leave.

DOUGLASS

If you need it.

As Carlisle heads out, Douglass raises his hand -- *wait*.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

Just so we clear: Sterling's federal case -- not ours. Go get your head straight. Take a couple of weeks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

Sure. But stay away from Sterling.
Understand?

Carlisle nods. His eyes suggesting otherwise.

INT. KOOL KICKS - DAY

A rare sneaker store. A surprisingly small number of sneakers are exposed like artwork on wall-mounted shelves. A couple of SNEAKERHEADS admire them enthusiastically under the watchful eye of a security camera.

JAYDEN, 30s, clad in Japanese Skateboarder chic, glances at a print-out of the photograph Carlisle took with his cell phone at the Sterling crime scene.

JAYDEN

Green Machine by Morioka. Very rare.
The suede version came out last March,
only 50 pairs. Mostly Europe and Japan
-- we were the only ones who sold them
in the U.S.

CARLISLE

Then I'm sure you can tell me who
number 32 is?

JAYDEN

(beat)
I've got a couple of traffic tickets
need fixing.

CARLISLE

Done.

Jayden heading behind his computer, punching up data...

JAYDEN

Okay, this guy... He always pays cash.
Calls up every couple of weeks --
usually when Sneaker Freaker announces
something by one of the hot designers.
Name's Louis. New Orleans accent. He
picked those up two days ago.

Carlisle sees the security camera:

CARLISLE

Let's watch some TV...

We PUSH IN on the security camera, all the way into the lens --
a 747 takes off in the reflection, TRANSITIONING us to...

EXT. LOUIS ARMSTRONG INTERNATIONAL - DAY

... the actual 747 as it ascends above us. We TILT and ROTATE to find Carlisle exiting the airport.

INT./EXT. TAXI - MOVING - DAY

Carlisle in the back, looking out the window.

VARIOUS SHOTS: Shotgun shacks... gaggles of MEXICAN MEN at a day-labor corner... a street-side barbecue... men selling fresh crab from the back of a truck.

Black and gold banners: "GO SAINTS, WHO DAT NATION". Spray-painted tags: "We are not OK"... "Federal Experts, My Ass"... Parody versions of the BP logo, leaking, exploding, morphed into skull and crossbones.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Carlisle enters.

INT. NOPD STATION - LATER

CLOSE-UP on a print-out from the store's surveillance camera: Louis purchasing the shoes. PULL BACK to reveal Carlisle huddled with SERGEANT GARVEY, 40s, robust. Garvey looks at the photo. He starts flipping through an album of local rogues. Stops, turns the album over to Carlisle. A mug shot of Louis stares back at him.

GARVEY

Louis Blanchard. Local gun for hire.

CARLISE

Know where I can find him?

GARVEY

Sure. That's easy--

INT. NEW ORLEANS CITY MORGUE - DAY

Carlisle, carrying a small zippered bag, follows DR. BENTRES down a corridor.

DR. BENTRES

Blanchard arrived in the company of a bunch of dead ex-military types. They were all put down with the same weapon. Glock 22, 40 cal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BENTRES (CONT'D)
 Blanchard was the only one killed with
 a different weapon. That tells me
 Blanchard was playing for the opposite
 team. From the looks of it, his
 teammate had all the skills.

Coming their way, having just left the storage room -- Jimmy.
 Overhears the doctor, feigns disinterest.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

Jimmy and Dr. Bentres look on as an ORDERLY pulls a gurney
 from its temperature-controlled container. Louis. Wearing
the black high-tops Jimmy removed from his apartment.

ORDERLY
 His friend insisted he be cremated with
 them.

CARLISLE
 What 'friend'?

ORDERLY
 He just left.

Carlisle bolts.

EXT. CITY MORGUE

Carlisle comes out, looks around... no one there. CAMERA
 drifts back to reveal Jimmy watching him from across the
 street.

EXT. ST. CHARLES AVENUE - NIGHT

A Mardi Gras parade just starting up. GLIMPSES of: MUSICIANS,
 DANCERS, PERFORMERS in flamboyant costumes. CLOSE ON the logo
 of the "Beautiful Dreamers Social Aid and Pleasure Club" on a
 big marching bass drum. The MASTER OF CEREMONIES, sweating
 under a sparkling sequined suit, checks his watch.

INT. ST. CHARLES BAR - NIGHT

Packed with TOURISTS and REVELERS. Carlisle sits at the bar,
 sipping the last of his whiskey. Eating peanuts.

Jimmy arrives, sits next to him.

JIMMY
 How you doin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carlisle nods at him, avoids eye contact. Jimmy takes a handful of peanuts, examines them -- then returns them to the bowl. Gets a disapproving look from Carlisle.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's an old wives tale.

CARLISLE

What?

JIMMY

What they say about bar peanuts crawling with germs. People going to the john all the time, not washing their hands, they come back and start eating out of the same bowl. So you'd think there'd be all sorts of trace amounts of fecal matter in these little guys. But the salt takes care of that. Turns out germs don't do well in a high sodium environment. Go ahead...

CARLISLE

Don't worry about it. I'm good.

JIMMY

On the other hand, the high sodium content will kill you faster than I can.

CARLISLE

What did you say?

JIMMY

You must be a good cop.

Carlisle is startled.

CARLISLE

How would you know I'm a cop?

Jimmy just shrugs. Figure it out.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

Wait... that was you at...

JIMMY

(to BARTENDER)

Two more here.

CARLISLE'S sobering up fast -- hand sliding off the counter -- Jimmy's right hand already hovering inside his jacket.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Carlisle stays still. *Okay...*

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Made some calls. Heard you and your partner were at the Sterling scene, then your partner gets it. You're on the wrong end of a bleach initiative, pal. See, you and me, we're the germs in that bowl. Whoever took out your partner is the salt. We don't have much time.

The Bartender sets down two drinks. Jimmy takes a sip.

CARLISLE

What do you want from me?

JIMMY

We should pool our resources.

CARLISLE

You want to *work together*?

JIMMY

It's a bitch having to lower my standards, I know -- but I know things, I think you know things. Working together would make the job easier.

CARLISLE

You just basically incriminated yourself.

JIMMY

Not 'basically'. I did.

CARLISLE

You *are* a hitman?

Jimmy looks at him for a long beat.

JIMMY

I'm a detergent. For those hard-to-remove stains.

CARLISLE

Did you kill three men at the Red Pit in New York in 2003?

JIMMY

(smiles)
Where'd that come from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARLISLE

Where you at the Red Pit in New York on
March 2003?

JIMMY

You talking about that barbecue joint
on 132nd in the Village?

CARLISLE

It's an after hours club On East 3rd.

JIMMY

I was in prison in 2003. Rikers.

Carlisle gives him a hard stare.

CARLISLE

You got something to tell me, go ahead.
Otherwise, get outta my face. You're
right, I'm not gonna drop hammer on you
in a room full of civilians, but I see
you again and this ends bad.

JIMMY

You mean, 'badly.'

He points at the mirror behind the bar where we see a partial
reflection of the street --

CARLISLE'S POV

A man stands across the street, quietly monitoring the
entrance. Kaplan.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Goodnight. You're dead.

Carlisle turns to take a better look as Jimmy throws some cash
on the bar, exits.

Kaplan appears to be talking, though no one nearby reacts. Is
he speaking into a headset?

EXT. ST. CHARLES BAR - NIGHT

Jimmy blends with the crowd, unnoticed by Kaplan. He waits
until some revelers wipe Kaplan's POV for a split-second --
then literally disappears out of frame.

INT. ST. CHARLES BAR

Carlisle empties his glass.

EXT. ST. CHARLES AVENUE - MINUTES LATER

The street thrums with ROLLING THUNDER. The CROWD waits impatiently until: The DRUM LINE heading the parade appears from around the corner.

INT./EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Several tourists walk out to watch. Carlisle follows them.

INT. ST. CHARLES BAR

The parade is getting closer. The whole bar seems to vibrate now to the beat of the drums. Carlisle looks out into the crowd, straight through to Kaplan.

Beat. Kaplan looks away. Carlisle stares him down, and finally...

Kaplan stares back. No longer any pretense. Just ill intent. Kaplan says something into his headset just as --

The parade arrives. A line of DRUMMERS, followed by: A DOZEN DANCERS, fired up, busting moves. The CROWD goes wild. Carlisle quickly blends into the parade. Hundreds of people shaking butt and catching "throw" -- the strands of plastic beads tossed by the marchers.

MASKS, UMBRELLAS, WILD FEATHERY COSTUMES. Acres of purple and gold -- glittering sequins -- lots of skin.

Carlisle pushes upstream through the human crush --

Kaplan tracks him from the opposite side of the street --

Carlisle picks up speed, trying to put a FLOAT between him and Kaplan. He bumps into a WOMAN...

WOMAN

Watch your step, fool!

Carlisle keeps going, now hidden from Kaplan's view by the float, and suddenly changes direction, walking *alongside* the float. On the other side of the street: Kaplan walks the wrong way, getting further from Carlisle. Carlisle relaxes, then spots:

TWO HARD MEN coming in his direction -- military bearing, hands in their pockets. One of them wears mirrored glasses.

Carlisle smells trouble, slows...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two men are almost upon him, revelers crossing in front of them as they approach.

PANNING off Carlisle to the man with the mirrored glasses -- on his hand bringing a silenced H-K .45 out of his jacket. WHIP UP to his face. He's so close now that we see Carlisle reflected in his mirrored lenses -- Carlisle looking into his own panicked expression as he reaches for his gun --

When -- *POP!* -- his expression shatters -- *along with the right mirrored lens of the gunman* -- as the gunman goes down.

Without CUTTING CAMERA, we WHIP PAN back to Carlisle's stunned expression -- what the fuck just happened? --

Still without cutting camera, back to the second gunman --

About to plug Carlisle --

POP! A bloody dime-sized hole appears between his eyes. He crumbles...

WHIP BACK to a super freaked out Carlisle -- Glock panic wavering...

And then, still without cutting camera -- we ROCKET UP above Carlisle to the second floor balcony of a nearby building --

To find another GUNMAN sighting up Carlisle with a high-powered rifle. We arc around the shooter to see his POV of Carlisle down on the street -- Carlisle jitter turreting, looking for the next threat --

Still without cutting, we WHIP PAN off Carlisle down on the street, to arrive at a figure in a SPONGEBOB MASK aiming a Glock right up at us --

SNAP ZOOM in on Spongebob as he *FIRES* --

Suddenly we're PULLING AWAY from Spongebob --

ALL THE WAY THROUGH THE HIGH-POWERED RIFLE'S SCOPE AS "JIMMY'S" BULLET SHATTERS THE GLASS, TINTING RED for a split second --

As the gunman takes it in the brain. (* camera cuts for the first time since Carlisle saw the gunmen approaching -- whew!)

WIDER -- as the shooter tumbles from the second floor balcony --

As he falls, we cut to his POV: the ground and the paraders rushing up toward us --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLUNK! as he hits the pavement -- CAMERA POV upending -- revelers scattering, seen upside down from the dead/dying assassin's POV. Including Carlisle -- who takes off into the parade once again...

Carlisle pushing his way through the crowd. GLIMPSES of GUNMEN tracking him. DRUMBEAT getting faster as:

Carlisle spots a GUNMAN aiming at him, waiting for just the right "hole" in the parade --

A SPLIT-SECOND WIPE of PARADERS moving through frame --

Back to the gunman. SPONGEBOB now standing behind him. JUMP CUT (along with split-second film stock change -- grainy, surreal) -- as JIMMY shoots the merc in the back of the head -- POP! -- happens simultaneously as the film itself appears to skip -- followed by ANOTHER JUMP CUT -- back to regular film stock, only 'Spongebob' has disappeared from frame. Like a ghost. The whole effect takes maybe a second!

Carlisle blinks, stunned. Jesus...

Another GUNMAN coming up behind Carlisle -- he's completely unaware --

SPLIT-SECOND CROWD WIPE --

And 'Spongebob' is right there behind the shooter. JUMPCUT -- POP! -- JUMPCUT out of FRAME --

Carlisle whips around to see the dead gunman collapsing back into the arms of a TOURIST wearing a "I love New Orleans" sweater. Blood smears the sweater.

No sign of Jimmy. More revelers shuffle past...

And then Carlisle sees him. Just standing there, staring directly at Carlisle. As if to say: See. You need me.

In this one brief moment of hubris, Jimmy doesn't see TWO GUNMEN coming up behind him, silenced pistols locking onto him...

Carlisle shoots first: *BLAM!-BLAM!* -- no silencer!

One gunman goes down -- the other returns fire... *POP! POP! POP!* -- misses Carlisle, knocks the trumpet out of the hands of a musician in a marching band. Stunned reactions...

Jimmy drops low --

Carlisle keeps coming --

BLAM!-BLAM! -- misses --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

POP! -- Carlisle's hit! Drops his gun as he's thrown into a tail spin...

POP! -- Jimmy plugs the shooter in the throat -- and another one in the head for good measure.

EXT. ST. CHARLES AVENUE - VARIOUS ANGLES - NIGHT

UNIFORMED COPS at the front of the parade start running toward the gunfire...

Carlisle pulls out his badge, holds it up high as --

The revelers give him a wide berth -- no big law-enforcer fans, they're just straight-up scared. Carlisle walks to the dead bodies, entranced, Glock smoking in his hand. He crouches to inspect them -- inside the first one's coat he finds:

A NOPD badge. Carlisle's stunned. A cop?!

He jumps up, blood spewing from a hole in his shoulder. Barely feeling the pain -- still in shock. Can't believe he just blew away a cop.

POLICE SIRENS pierce the bubble. Spongebob/Jimmy appearing behind him...

JIMMY

We need to move.

Carlisle hesitates, confused, then follows Jimmy, whose gun parts the crowd.

Kaplan arrives -- a few seconds too late. He sees the bodies on the ground, then catches sight of Jimmy and Carlisle pushing through the crowd, heading for the opposite side of the street. He takes aim at Carlisle --

Just as a large ALLIGATOR FLOAT blocks his line of fire. And coming at him from both directions are COPS. His reaction: To be continued. He gestures Reyes and they lose themselves amongst the revelers.

EXT. NEARBY STREET - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Jimmy and Carlisle hurry along. Jimmy tosses his mask.

JIMMY

My car's close.

CARLISLE

I am not getting in your car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Fine, bleed out.

He winces in pain, holding his wounded shoulder.

CARLISLE

I need a doctor!

JIMMY

Doctor's gonna have to file a police report.

CARLISLE

So what am I supposed to do?

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT (MINUTES LATER)

Jimmy drives. Carlisle in the passenger seat, aiming his gun at Jimmy. Jimmy appears at a disadvantage. Until our CAMERA travels down between the seat and the driver's side door -- to see Jimmy's left hand clutching an unfolded Ka-Bar knife.

EXT. NELLY'S BAR - NIGHT

Jimmy parks in the crowded lot.

JIMMY

Wait here.

INT. NELLY'S

A loud, tacky, neon-lit, sawdust-on-the-floor joint. Southern swamp-rock BAND on stage. Fronted by a pretty woman, late 20s, jeans and boots, with a smoky voice that hints at a higher life mileage. This is SHEYLA. She spots Jimmy in the crowd. Finishes the song, signals to the LEAD GUITARIST to take over, retreats backstage.

The band starts another song, Lead Guitarist on vocals. Sheyla joins Jimmy at the bar.

SHEYLA

I know you like to hear me sing, but you make the guys nervous.

JIMMY

(looks to the stage)
Good. 'Cause I don't like the way that drummer, he's staring at your...

He gestures with his hands, uncomfortable...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEYLA
What do you need?

JIMMY
I got a situation.

SHEYLA
(alarmed)
You?

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY
Listen, go sing, it'll keep.

SHEYLA
You sure? I just got one more number
anyway. Your favorite.

JIMMY
Then I'm sure.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The CADILLAC door opens and out staggers Carlisle, annoyed and fighting the pain from his shoulder wound. As he approaches, SHEYLA'S VOICE drifts outdoors.

EXT./INT. NELLY'S - NIGHT

The CROWD is in thrall to Sheyla's bluesy rendition. No one more so than Jimmy watching at the front entrance. The girl has soul -- plus. Carlisle slips up behind him. Jimmy barely acknowledges him...

CARLISLE
Why are we here? I need a doctor!!

JIMMY
Couple minutes more.

CARLISLE
Are you crazy?

JIMMY
(tightly)
It's superficial.

CARLISLE
Are you crazy? We're being hunted.
Drop me at a hospital, I'll take my
chances.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jimmy walks away from Carlisle, takes a seat at a vacant table. Carlisle follows him over, sits alongside him, jabs his Glock in Jimmy's ribs...

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
Outside -- seriously -- move.

JIMMY
(fixated on Leyla)
Wait, wait -- this is the best part.

He starts singing along with Leyla -- low. Carlisle approaching meltdown. Suddenly he slumps forward, on the verge of losing consciousness. Jimmy catches him, helps him to his feet, walks him outside...

EXT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Jimmy starts the engine, Carlisle slumped in the back.

JIMMY
Just keep applying pressure. It's a mosquito bite. Relax.

CARLISLE
Relax?

JIMMY
Relax.

CARLISLE
Relax?! I'm shot!

JIMMY
First time, huh?

Carlisle tries to ignore him...

JIMMY (CONT'D)
It changes you.

CARLISLE
Start the engine!

JIMMY
You appreciate things.

CARLISLE
(pissed-off)
I didn't need to get shot to figure that out! I'm not kidding -- start the fucking engine!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly Sheyla appears at the car, still perspiring from being on stage. She climbs in.

SHEYLA
(exhausted)
Oh, man, my throat --

JIMMY
Sounded good.

SHEYLA
Good as Dusty Springfield?

JIMMY AND SHEYLA
(long-standing gag)
... Nobody's that good.

Jimmy starts driving.

CARLISLE
Hey --

Sheyla nearly jumps out of her skin.

SHEYLA
Ahhhh! Who's that!? You didn't tell me he was bleeding out in the car!

JIMMY
You didn't ask.

SHEYLA
New partner?

JIMMY
No. He's a cop.

SHEYLA
Right.
(off his look)
No way. Are you serious?

Carlisle's hand flops over the seat, extending his police badge...

SHEYLA (CONT'D)
Oh no. Uh-uh. Let me out, okay, I mean it. Pull over -- NOW.

JIMMY
I need you. And I need him alive.

CARLISLE
You said it was *superficial*!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

Well, if it don't get attended to, it
ain't gonna remain superficial.
Infection sets in, it's all downhill
from there.

CARLISLE

Okay, I didn't need to hear that. Just
take me to a fucking hospital!

SHEYLA

He's right. That's exactly what you
should do. After you let me out.

JIMMY

Sheyla, I need you to do this.

SHEYLA

Why? -- is he what? A hostage?
(to Carlisle)
Are you a hostage?

Carlisle writhes on the seat, moans...

CARLISLE

I'm not a damn hostage, just get me
seen to, alright?

SHEYLA

(to Jimmy)
Please don't be into something that's
going to somehow fuck up my life
forever--

JIMMY

That's not gonna happen.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jimmy parks the Cadillac in the back of a nondescript
building. Helps Carlisle out. Sheyla rushing ahead.

INT. BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Sheyla turns on a light as they step inside. Animal cages
line the room, some with dogs and cats.

CARLISLE

(gobsmacked)
You're a vet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEYLA

Assistant -- nurse -- it's pretty much
the same procedures.

CARLISLE

If you've got a tail.

Sheyla gathers scalpels, gauze, antiseptic...

SHEYLA

Look, you got a problem --

Jimmy sneezes. Glares at a cat in a cage.

JIMMY

Allergies. I'll be outside.

He leaves. Sheyla cleans Carlisle's shoulder.

CARLISLE

Done this a few times? Help out Jimmy.

She just gives him a look.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

You could end up doing serious time.

Her look tells him she's well aware of that. She reaches for
surgical tweezers.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

So you do this by day, work at the bar
at night?

SHEYLA

I sing at the bar. Can't make a real
livin' at it, so... yeah.

She reaches into the wound. He grimaces.

SHEYLA (CONT'D)

So what happened?

CARLISLE

I got shot.

SHEYLA

Jimmy?

CARLISLE

Ask him.

SHEYLA

I'm asking you. Because you don't look
like one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLISLE

Like what?

SHEYLA

Dirty cop. Lots of 'em around here.
Most of 'em have this look of
entitlement in the eyes.

CARLISLE

You got the wrong idea.

SHEYLA

So set me straight.

She slowly extracts the bullet. A strangely intimate moment.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR

Jimmy sits in the dark, listening to WWOZ. He seems slightly
agitated as he glances towards the bungalow.

INT. BUNGALOW - LATER

Sheyla finishes bandaging Carlisle's shoulder.

SHEYLA

I'm sorry about your partner.

CARLISLE

Yeah.

SHEYLA

Sounds like you were close.

CARLISLE

(a beat)

He was my partner.

SHEYLA

And after you... settle things. Then
what?

CARLISLE

What do you mean?

SHEYLA

I mean, what happens to Jimmy?

CARLISLE

I'm not sure. It's complicated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEYLA

So, there's the possibility you'd turn on him?

CARLISLE

He's a hitman, Sheyla.

SHEYLA

Did he save your life?

CARLISLE

That has nothing to do with it.

SHEYLA

You sure about that?

CARLISLE

Who is this guy to you? I mean, what is the attraction?

SHEYLA

(a beat)
It's complicated.

EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Carlisle seated in Jimmy's car, watching Jimmy slip Sheyla some cash. They share an embrace, which Carlisle finds distasteful. Jimmy returns to the car.

JIMMY

How you feeling?

CARLISLE

Like you care.

JIMMY

I don't.
(holds out some pills)
Here -- she said you should take these.
For the pain.

CARLISLE

Thanks.

Then he proceeds to toss them out the window.

JIMMY

What you do that for?

CARLISLE

I need to stay alert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Okay. You stay alert. Tough guy.

Through the window, Sheyla waves at them as she heads inside.

CARLISLE

You're not giving her a ride home?

JIMMY

I gave her money for a cab.

CARLISLE

That's all you give her money for?

JIMMY

Sometimes on her birthday.
Occasionally when she can't make the
rent.

CARLISLE

Must be nice to have a sugar daddy.

JIMMY

I don't mind. I'm pretty attached to
her.

CARLISLE

I think she can do better.

JIMMY

You got something to say?

CARLISLE

Yeah, I do. You look ridiculous
together.

JIMMY

Meaning?

CARLISLE

You know what I mean.

JIMMY

Maybe you should elaborate.

CARLISLE

You look like you could be her father.

JIMMY

(a beat)
I am.

Jimmy fires up the engine. Hold on Carlisle's stunned
reaction...

EXT. BAYOU - NIGHT

Jimmy pulls up to a ramshackle wooden house at the edge of the water. Silver moonlight, intense swamp sounds. No sign of other human life.

CARLISLE
This is where you live?

EXT./INT. JIMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy fumbles with the lock. Four turns of the key slide back the supersized deadbolt. They enter. Jimmy turns on the light. The main room has a table, couch, TV -- and oddly, a piano. Kitchen area in the back. Carlisle double-takes at--

A metal rack of hunting and combat knives on the table. Boxes of ammo on the shelves, a sports bag full of guns on the floor. A high-powered rifle on a stand in the corner. Carlisle listening...

JIMMY
What?

CARLISLE
Nothing --
(referencing the
INSECT AND SWAMP
NOISE)
Always sound like this?

JIMMY
It's a swamp.

Jimmy heads over to the refrigerator, opens it, takes out a bucket of raw chicken breasts. Carlisle watches him as he approaches...

CARLISLE
No offense, but I don't eat meat.

JIMMY
That's okay. *They* do.

Jimmy kneels in front of a TRAP DOOR in the floor. He flips it open. Starts tossing in the chicken breasts... We hear them hit the water instantly. The floor is literally two or three feet above the water. And then the sound of something thrashing below. A couple of 'somethings.'

Carlisle steps over to Jimmy, peers over his shoulder...

CARLISLE
Is that what I think it is--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Yup.

We catch split-second glimpses of reptilian snouts death-rolling in the black water.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Studies show owning pets is good for your health, both physically and mentally.

CARLISLE

I'm pretty sure they weren't thinking about your little friends down there.

Jimmy slams the trap door shut.

JIMMY

I'm allergic to dander. And wise-ass cops.

Jimmy TURNS ON the TV, FLIPS THROUGH THE CHANNELS. Soap, reality, preacher, quiz show... there: A NEWS SEGMENT on the Mardi Gras shootout. A FEMALE REPORTER stands by the crime scene, cordoned off with yellow police tape. Drunken REVELERS try to squeeze into the frame.

REPORTER (V.O.)

-- Victims included off-duty police officer Marc Boyden and five unidentified men. One of the two male suspects is described as a Caucasian man between 25 and 35, short dark hair, medium build. For KWNO, I'm Drew Martell.

Jimmy TURNS OFF the TV. Punches play on an iPod docked into a boom box. A FUNKY BLUES GUITAR starts playing.

CARLISLE

Off-duty... so he was moonlighting as a hired gun.

JIMMY

Welcome to the Big Easy.

CARLISLE

(to himself)

But they didn't say *I* was a cop...

SHEYLA STARTS SINGING.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

Is this...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

Yeah.

CARLISLE

She's *good*.

JIMMY

You should tell her next time.

CARLISLE

Why would there be a next time?

JIMMY

(shrugs)
Drink?

CARLISLE

No.

JIMMY

People need a boost now an' then.

CARLISLE

Yeah. That how you handle it?

A beat. Jimmy gets it.

JIMMY

You never shoot anyone before?

Carlisle sighs. Half nods.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I wouldn't have known.

CARLISLE

What's that supposed to mean?

JIMMY

Your hand never shook.

INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Kaplan sits near the front, drinking a shot of bourbon, mesmerized by the jazz band playing "You Tell Me Your Dreams." He appears genuinely hooked into the music. So much so, he barely registers his cell phone RINGING. With deep regret, he grabs it up and walks to the back of the club, respectfully out of earshot of the last table.

KAPLAN

You just ruined a sublime rendition of
"You Tell Me Your Dreams." I had
shivers down my spine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HAYES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Hayes at his desk. IBM computer, New York Post, a cigar guillotine, and a bottle of whiskey next to a "world's greatest uncle" coffee mug.

HAYES

I thought you were a *professional*.

KAPLAN

The button man knows a thing or two. I may have to break a sweat on this one.

HAYES

Get it done. Or find a hole and bury yourself.

He hangs up.

INT. JIMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Carlisle lies on the couch, still clutching his gun. Eyes wide open, desperately trying to stay awake. He glances over at Jimmy's closed bedroom door. He can't hold out much longer. Even with those unsettling sounds coming from beneath the trap door. His eyelids start to flutter...

CUT TO... Carlisle asleep.

CAMERA RISES UP to reveal Jimmy materializing out of the shadows behind the sofa. He's holding his silenced Glock. Reaches down, places the tip of the silencer against Jimmy's temple...

MUZZLE FLASH JUMP CUTS US to --

INT. JIMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - DAY

Carlisle jolts awake in a cold sweat. Eyes focusing on:

His gun in Jimmy's hand.

Jimmy points the gun at Carlisle, fully outstretched, lining up the sight. Carlisle just waits for it with a "I'm the dumbest cop in the world" expression on his face...

Jimmy twirls the gun around and gives it back to Carlisle, handle first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

You got a crack on the breech face.

He walks into the kitchen area.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hungry?

He grabs two plates, sets them on the table. Deep-fried hamburgers. Starts eating. Looks up at Carlisle...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What's a matter?

CARLISLE

I told you, I don't eat meat.

JIMMY

Humanitarian, huh?

CARLISLE

There's that. It's bad for you. Bad for them.

Jimmy then walks to the fridge, takes out a bag of carrots. Throws it at Carlisle.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Thanks.

Jimmy mumbles something back.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

So... let's talk about what you know.

JIMMY

We got set up.

CARLISLE

Who was the client?

JIMMY

We worked through a handler. Friend of Louis.

CARLISLE

You talk to him?

JIMMY

Not yet. What have you got?

Carlisle holds up the carrots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLISLE

That's about it.

JIMMY

Could have told me that in the bar.

CARLISLE

I wouldn't be much of a cop if I had shown you my hand.

Jimmy considers. He has a lead. Carlisle doesn't. But Carlisle is a cop, which could come in handy...

JIMMY

Okay. Let's go get 'em.

CARLISLE

Get 'em... and what?

JIMMY

Give 'em a spanking?

His eyes: what the fuck do you think?

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Take 'em out.

CARLISLE

You mean... take them *in*.

JIMMY

Right.

Carlisle shakes his head.

CARLISLE

Why would I trust you?

JIMMY

I saved your life. My kid fixed you up. You slept on my couch. I woulda given you the bed, but I got a bad back. I even made you breakfast which you didn't eat... What do you want, a ring?

CARLISLE

(relenting)

And you were in Rikers in 2003?

Jimmy sighs. He takes off his shirt, exposing faded India blue prison tats. He points at one on his upper arm: 1/7/05.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIMMY

My last day.
(beat)
Ever.

Carlisle nods. Jimmy grabs a suit from the hanger.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get dressed.

He goes into the bedroom.

CARLISLE'S POV - JIMMY'S GUN resting on the table.

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Driving by a large Femaville -- acres of prefab "temporary housing" units for those who lost their homes to Katrina. An asphalt basketball court is strewn with garbage.

CARLISLE

Were you here?

JIMMY

K-Day? I was out of town on a job.

Carlisle lifts an eyebrow.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Coke dealer in Miami. Trust me,
world's better place without him. I
came back three days later.
(remembering)
Saw dead dogs up in the trees.

Carlisle absorbs that, getting it -- all the sadness and the horror in that one weird image.

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - MOVING - MINUTES LATER

A semi-abandoned neighborhood, like a mini ghost town.

CARLISLE

Flood didn't come this far, did it?

JIMMY

Water didn't. Garbage did.

CARLISLE

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Half the city was turned to trash. They
needed a place to dump it.

EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

They drive along a road overlooking a ravine. Fleeting
GLIMPSES of the vast spread of trash laying beneath.

The road edges closer. We SEE it in its full glory -- a toxic
ocean of scrap metal, plastic, rotten furniture. Seagulls
circle overhead like vultures.

JIMMY

Trash poisoned the ground... then the
water...

CARLISLE

Now who's the humanitarian?

JIMMY

(throwaway)
Fuck you.

Carlisle's PHONE RINGS. He checks the display: Douglass.

CARLISLE

I gotta take this.

INT. POLICE STATION - DOUGLASS' OFFICE - DAY

Douglass sits at his desk, door closed. INTERCUT Carlisle and
Douglass.

DOUGLASS

Where are you?

CARLISLE

I'm out of town.

DOUGLASS

You in New Orleans?

Carlisle doesn't answer. Douglass winces. Swallows Tylenol
from the bottle, washes it down with coffee.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

Tell me you had nothing to do with that
mishegoss last night.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

You need to get your ass back here,
right now.

CARLISLE

I think I'm gonna stick around and do a
little volunteer work, Chief. There's
a whole lot of garbage got piled up
after the flood. I feel compelled to
help 'em remove it.

He hangs up. Glances over at Jimmy. Glimmer of a smile.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - MAISON DU SOLEIL - NIGHT

Jimmy parks across the street. They head for the posh spa.

CARLISLE

How do you know he'll be there?

JIMMY

He's a regular.

INT. MAISON DU SOLEIL - MASSAGE ROOM - NIGHT

SOFT MUSIC, dim light. RONNIE SLADE, 50s, big, orange tan,
lies on his stomach. A MASSEUSE in khakis and white Polo
applies oil to his shoulders. A KNOCK on the DOOR.

MASSEUSE

Excuse me.

She opens the door. Jimmy, gun in his right hand, left index
finger on his lip. She swallows a scream. Jimmy ushers her
out of the door.

JIMMY

Police business. Wait in the lobby.

Jimmy turns to Slade. Still on his stomach, blissed out.
JIMMY'S POV: Slade's COAT and TROUSERS hanging on a hook.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Carlisle -- NYPD shield on display at his waist -- is
controlling the lobby. The masseuse and the receptionist
shoot him nervous looks. He tries to smile.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Slade stirs and grunts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLADE

We gonna do this or what?

JIMMY

Anytime.

Slade's eyes fly open to the sight of Jimmy standing there.

SLADE

Jimmy... Jesus God you're okay.

JIMMY

Who was the client?

SLADE

I don't know. When do I ever ask that?
My guy hears from a guy who hears from
a guy, you know how it works--

JIMMY

How much ya get? To set us up?

SLADE

Bullshit. Never, no way.

Jimmy ponders this. He decides:

JIMMY

Get dressed.

Slade walks to his clothes. He glances at Jimmy, who's now facing away. Slade reaches in his pocket -- palms a .38 snub nose. Points it at Jimmy's back and --

CLICK. Slade looks at the gun, confused.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Two big miscalculations on your part.
You shoulda noticed the difference in
weight...

He turns: Glock in one hand, Slade's bullets in the other. He lets them fall to the floor...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And you shoulda never tried to burn me
in the first place.

Slade puts down the gun, raises his hands.

SLADE

Marcus Flaherty. That's all I know.

JIMMY

Marcus Flaherty?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jimmy points his gun --

SLADE

How much for this to go away? Gimme a number.

JIMMY

We had jobs lined up. Half a mil, easy.

SLADE

(off-guard)
Half mil?

JIMMY

Gotta relocate. New ID... new set of wheels.

SLADE

Another 100 then.

JIMMY

Probably gonna need a new nose.

SLADE

120?

JIMMY

And I like my nose.

SLADE

Call it 700, all in.

JIMMY

A mil sounds better.

SLADE

I can live with that.

JIMMY

I can't.

Jimmy squeezes the trigger--CLICK. *What?*

Slade immediately body-slams Jimmy to the floor, pins him down, grinds an elbow into his face. Jimmy punches him, but he has no leverage --

Slade grabs Jimmy's throat, two-handed, thumbs squeezing the windpipe --

Jimmy grabs Slade's crotch -- Slade *howls* --

INT. MAISON DU SOLEIL - RECEPTION AREA

Carlisle and the two women hear the mayhem over the soothing, NEW-AGE MUSIC.

CARLISLE

Christ...

INT. MASSAGE ROOM

Jimmy and Slade fight savagely, slamming each other against the walls. They smash a lamp, upend the massage table. Oils and lotions tumble to the floor... spill out...

Jimmy knees Slade in the groin. Headbutts him. He's just about to slug him again --

When he SLIPS on a puddle of massage oil...
Banana flips. Lands hard. Smashes his head. Dazed.

Slade already snatching up his snub-nose. Starts fumbling around on the floor for his fallen shells. Fuck it. He has only time to reload three of them.

Aims at Jimmy's head -- squeezes the trigger.

Click-! Shit.

We hear Carlisle trying to open the door from the other side. Can't. Jimmy locked it.

CARLISLE (O.S.)

Jimmy -- you okay? Open the door--!

Slade FIRES again at Jimmy -- *click!*

Jimmy looking up at him. Knows the next one is it.

SLADE

Say 'Hi' to Louis for me.

As Carlisle SMASHES through the door, locking onto Slade. BLAM-! Shoots Slade in the head. He crumbles. Jimmy rises to his feet. We think he's going to thank Carlisle. Instead... He decks him.

JIMMY

Don't ever touch my tools!

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

Jimmy walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLISLE

Wait...

Carlisle hurries after him, grabs him by the shoulder...

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

What did he say?

Jimmy pushes him off.

JIMMY

I don't remember.

Carlisle grabs him again:

CARLISLE

Hey -- fuck you! I just saved your
life in there!

Jimmy glares. Mexican standoff. Carlisle calms down,
releases him, goes to "blue" voice:

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about the gun. But I did
save your life -- so that makes us
even.

(off Jimmy's look:
really?)

Sorta. Okay, so your life wouldn't
have needed saving if I hadn't messed
with your firing pin, so maybe we're
not so even and I still kinda owe you.
But I'm starting to think, two of us
pooling our resources isn't such a bad
idea. Double the bacteria, right? I
got your back, you got mine. What do
you say?

(Jimmy still mad-
dogging him)

Okay, I need your help, I'm asking--
Alright?

Jimmy looks into his pleading eyes. He shrugs.

JIMMY

You had me at 'fuck you'.

INT. CREOLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jimmy sits with Carlisle as a WAITRESS takes their orders.

CARLISLE

Turkducken?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITRESS

Turkey, stuffed with duck, stuffed with chicken.

JIMMY

Can't be beat.

CARLISLE

(to Waitress)

I'll have a salad. Arugula, if you have it, with tomatoes and a little fennel.

WAITRESS

Sorry. We don't have that, sir.

CARLISLE

What vegetables *do* you have?

WAITRESS

Fries... onion rings.

CARLISLE

(beat)

Soup's good.

WAITRESS

Turkducken for one, bowl of soup.

She splits. After a moment:

JIMMY

The man we want is a lawyer named Marcus Flaherty. Filthy in real estate and gaming around here. Owns a major stake in the Lady Luck casino. Which explains the access those hired guns had the other night.

Carlisle reaches into his pocket a little too quickly. Jimmy instinctively goes for his gun --

CARLISLE

What? Jesus...

He slowly takes out his phone, types the name.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

I texted it to myself. In case something happens.

(beat)

Not that I *couldn't* kill you with this phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

There's an app for it?

CARLISLE

I could hit you with it -- that's easy.
Put it in a sock, swing it against your
temple.

JIMMY

And I just stand there?

CARLISLE

Wouldn't see it coming. Then I could
remove the glass screen, sever your
artery--

JIMMY

And I just stand there?

CARLISLE

I could soak the battery in your drink,
and you're outta there.

JIMMY

Hmmm...

CARLISLE

You strike me as a one note hitman.

Jimmy takes the slight without flinching.

JIMMY

I could kill you with that napkin if
you don't shut up.

Carlisle turns to look at the paper napkin at the edge of the
table, frowning...

CARLISLE

How would you --

In the split second his eyes are moving, Jimmy has a knife to
his throat.

JIMMY

Distraction.

INT. CREOLE RESTAURANT - LATER

Carlisle slurps his soup. Jimmy into his triple bird...

CARLISLE

So, where are you from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY
Don't worry about it.

CARLISLE
(nods; okay)
So how did you end up... being... doing
what you do?

Jimmy ignores him. Keeps eating.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
'Cause I don't get too many
opportunities to have a meaningful
conversation with a sociopath.

Jimmy stops eating...

JIMMY
Sociopath?

CARLISLE
Seriously--realistically--man to man,
what would you call yourself?

Jimmy takes a long, long beat...

JIMMY
Misunderstood.

CARLISLE
Ah c'mon...

Jimmy looks at him with profound patience and intensity. Very
matter of fact...

JIMMY
Let me educate you. I don't do just
any job. I will not do women. Never
kids. Never handicapped. I don't do
the helpless. No pets. Only the
deserving ones. Yeah. See nice
people, they don't usually have a
contract taken out on them. End of
story.

Carlisle regards him for a beat...

CARLISLE
So you're one of the good sociopaths?

Jimmy looks up, smiles menacingly.

JIMMY
Now you got it.

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S TRUCK - DAY

Jimmy and Carlisle (in fresh clothes Carlisle's borrowed from Jimmy) watch a tall MAN, 60, dressed in a smart power suit, get into the back seat of a Lincoln Town Car. A BODYGUARD closes the door behind him.

CARLISLE

That's him. Stay two cars down. Mind the red lights.

Jimmy shoots him a look.

JIMMY

I've done this before.

EXT. FANCY STREET - DAY

Beautiful, large Colonial mansions, untouched by hurricanes or crime.

INT. JIMMY'S TRUCK - MOVING

CARLISLE

Guess *these* houses stayed safe.

Jimmy watches the Town Car enter Flaherty's gated property, surrounded by tall hedges and a security wall. They drive by. Through the bars of the gate, they SEE several cars in the driveway. A couple of SECURITY GUYS pacing. Security cameras overlook the street.

Jimmy circles the block. He points at the back entrance into the property. A few vans are parked inside the gate. WORKERS unload boxes and trays, bring them into the house under the watchful eyes of another SECURITY GUY.

Jimmy drives closer: A sign at the gate reads "Event deliveries. No guest parking". Something sparks in his eyes.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

How do we get into the party?

JIMMY

Follow the booze.

Carlisle frowns, confused.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It'll be comped. Find the sponsor.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A van emblazoned with the "Black Ice Vodka" logo leaves the docking area and gets on the road.

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Jimmy follows the van. It stops at an intersection... Jimmy rear ends it, denting the bumper.

The VAN'S DRIVER, a big hulking guy, turns to see:

Jimmy putting his hands up, apologetically.

The Driver signals to make a right onto a side street.

They turn, stop, get out.

VAN'S DRIVER

What are you, blind or stupid? That
was a red light!

Jimmy zaps him with a stun gun. Carlisle flinches.

EXT. FLAHERTY MANSION, BACK ENTRANCE - LATER

Carlisle pulls in, parks the van.

CARLISLE

No shooting, no violence, unless it's
in self-defense. Are we clear?

JIMMY

You the Man.

They get out, open the back, pull down a trolley and start unloading crates.

INT. FLAHERTY MANSION

They follow a busy STAFFER into the kitchen.

STAFFER

You can leave them by the fridge.

INT. KITCHEN

Frantic with WAITERS shuffling in and out. Jimmy and Carlisle drop their loads on the floor.

INT. FLAHERTY MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hundreds of GUESTS mingling in a ballroom-sized living room opening to the garden on the other side. Serious wealth on display everywhere -- art, furniture, food... A BAND plays...

"You know that every Southern Belle is a Mississippi Queen..."

The crowd erupts in applause at the end of the song. MARCUS FLAHERTY takes the mic. High-wattage smile.

FLAHERTY

Are they amazing, or what? I just heard our guest of honor, Alan Trescott, will be here shortly. Meantime, please enter the silent auction -- remember, everything goes to the Children of New Orleans Foundation!

Another round of applause. Jimmy and Carlisle stand in a corner, watching.

INT. FLAHERTY MANSION - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Flaherty holds court, shaking hands, dispensing jokes. An ASSISTANT follows him around, keeps replacing his glass of bourbon with a fresh one.

We go JIMMY VISION on this --

Flaherty glad-handing. Slugging back his bourbon. More glad-handing. Getting a refill. Chugs it back. Kisses a grande dame on the cheek. Throws his arm around another power player's shoulder. Another refill coming his way. The man is starting to sweat booze.

JIMMY

I've gotta go to the john. Wait here.

After he walks away, a 30-something man, LANDIS, approaches Carlisle, overdressed DATE in tow.

LANDIS

Eric? Eric Carlisle?

Carlisle tenses but keeps himself from turning.

LANDIS (CONT'D)

Eric. It's me...

Carlisle turns, feigning confusion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANDIS (CONT'D)

Trevor Landis. Columbia? You were in my first year Legal Methods class...

Carlisle spots a SECURITY GUY standing by the wall. He maneuvers himself out of the muscle job's eyeline.

LANDIS (CONT'D)

I'm at Flaherty, Pinkett and Friedman. Real Estate law. What about yourself?

CARLISLE

(mad accent!)

Don know you, bud. Name's *Will*. *Will* Deveraux.

Landis laughs. Carlisle pretends to recognize a MAN IN A DARK SUIT.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

(drops the accent)

Hi.

(catches it...)

I mean... where y'at?

He gets a puzzled look.

LANDIS

I always thought you were funny. Most people just thought you were a dick.

EXT. FLAHERTY MANSION - NIGHT

A black limo arrives. Hayes gets out, followed by Trescott. Flaherty's PARTY COORDINATOR greets them with relief:

PARTY COORDINATOR

Right this way, Mr. Trescott.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Flaherty enters. Steps over to the urinal, about to unzip when... Jimmy steps out from a cubicle, blurts:

JIMMY

Let's talk about Sterling.

FLAHERTY

(blanches)

Who are you?

Flaherty steps toward the door, but Jimmy's already there.

INT. FLAHERTY MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carlisle shifts position to stay out of sight from security.
Still with Landis in his face...

CARLISLE
(still with the
phoney accent)
Look, bud -- I don mean be rude, but...

His PHONE RINGS. Carlisle picks up.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
Yeah?
(frowns)
Okay... I'm coming.
(hangs up, to Landis)
Excuse me.

He leaves Landis scratching his head.

INT. BATHROOM

Jimmy opens the door, pulls Carlisle in. Flaherty is slumped
on the floor. The stun gun sits on the countertop.

CARLISLE
We said, *no violence*.

JIMMY
You said.

He looks out the window. No one outside.

INT. FLAHERTY MANSION

Trescott, flanked by Hayes and Kaplan, talks to the
Coordinator.

TRESCOTT
Where the hell is he?

PARTY COORDINATOR
We're looking for him...

TRESCOTT
(to Kaplan)
Find him.

EXT. FLAHERTY MANSION, BACK ENTRANCE

Jimmy backs the van next to the bathroom window, which is slightly open.

CARLISLE'S POV FROM INSIDE THE BATHROOM --

Two SECURITY GUYS rush by in the distance. A KNOCK on the DOOR.

CARLISLE

Busy.

LANDIS (O.S.)

Eric? I know it's you... Eric!

A beat. Carlisle opens the door, yanks Landis in.

LANDIS (CONT'D)

Hey! I just--

He sees Flaherty on the floor.

LANDIS (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

Carlisle rolls his eyes, tries to think of an answer... then grabs the taser and ZAPS him.

INT. FLAHERTY MANSION - CONTROL ROOM

A small underground office, with a bank of monitors displaying various security-cam views of the house. Hayes, Kaplan and a member of Flaherty's security detail (call him FLYNN) look at a map on a computer screen. A red dot appears on it.

FLYNN

See this? It's the GPS chip Chartis Consultants insisted he wear in his watch. They own the kidnap and ransom insurance on him. He's still on the premises.

And right at that moment, the red dot starts pulsing... Hayes scans the monitors: people mingling on the main party floor... Trescott taking the stage... a few smokers on a terrace...

And the Black Ice Vodka van pulling away.

HAYES

Stop that van and check inside.

EXT. FLAHERTY MANSION

Jimmy drives to the gate. The GATE GUARD stops him.

GATE GUARD

Could you open the back, please?

Jimmy nods at Carlisle. Carlisle walks out and opens the back door. Jimmy's hand slides toward the bottom of the seat, fingers within reach of his Glock... The Gate Guard looks inside the van. Nothing. He waves them through.

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)

You're good.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A BLURRY VIEW of the asphalt rushing by, frighteningly close...

We FLIP THE SHOT AND FIND:

Flaherty, strapped face down to the undercarriage of the vehicle, mouth gagged, eyes wide open.

INT. FLAHERTY MANSION - NIGHT

A projected slide in the b.g. shows a big, busy construction site. Bulldozers, trucks, cranes, all marked with the Phoenix Corp logo.

TRESCOTT

Because we at Phoenix Corp believe this city... home of the jazz, the blues, the bayou, the voodoo, the Saints, the bottomless cocktail, Mardi Gras, ghosts, and gumbo...

(mock afterthought)

Not to mention 20% of our domestic oil...

A ripple of LAUGHTER.

TRESCOTT (CONT'D)

This city, built in hurricane country, below sea level -- *by the French* --

More LAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRESCOTT (CONT'D)

This resilient city that I will see
rise from the ashes of previous
indifference to assume its place as one
of the shining jewels in the crown of
this great nation. This city is the
City of Now. Her time has come. And
we're here to put her back on the map
in a big way!

The slide changes to a digital rendering of a shiny new
reconstruction project -- an architectural do-over of the
Lower Ninth Ward, complete with modern condos, commercial
centers, parks and entertainment arenas.

HUGE APPLAUSE.

INT. FLAHERTY MANSION - CONTROL ROOM

Landis holds an icepack against the side of his face as he
talks to Hayes and Kaplan.

LANDIS

His name is Carlisle. Eric Carlisle.

EXT. BAYOU - JIMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy's cabin under the moonlight...

CARLISLE (V.O.)

You can watch, but leave the
questioning to me.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Okay.

INT. JIMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Flaherty sits bound to a chair in the middle of the room.
Jimmy and Carlisle converse in the corner.

CARLISLE

I was number one in my course on
Interrogative Susceptibility. It's all
about leading the suspect on. Making
him believe the answers coming into his
head are not being influenced by any
kinda interrogative agenda.

JIMMY

You're on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They head over to Flaherty. Carlisle seats himself across from the lawyer. Jimmy stands off to the side.

CARLISLE
So you've been a lawyer for...

Silence.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
How long?

Silence.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
The '80s, I bet... right? Good ol' Reagan days? You must have known Don Sterling a long time...

Silence.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
The dead Congressman. He was your neighbor, actually.

Flaherty draws a blank.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
Weren't you two friends?

FLAHERTY
Why don't you ask him?

Jimmy looks at Carlisle, amused.

CARLISLE
(getting impatient)
Okay. How about Ronnie -- last name Slade.

FLAHERTY
What are you talking about?

CARLISLE
(frustrated)
I'm talking about your middleman in the conspiracy to murder Sterling.

Flaherty's expression changes. He picked up on something...

FLAHERTY
You sound like a cop. You police?

CARLISLE
I'm asking the questions here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLAHERTY

Sounds like a 'yes'. You're out of
your depth. Not local.

Carlisle is stumped. Flaherty smiles smugly.

FLAHERTY (CONT'D)

Can I tell you something: this is where
I live, this is my city. You wanna get
out all intact, just fuck off, leave
now or you may not be leavin' ever.

CARLISLE

That a threat?

A beat. Jimmy looks at Carlisle...

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

(to Jimmy)

You're on.

INT. JIMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOTS:

-- A rope pulling against a winch attached to the ceiling...

-- SOMEONE'S DESCENDING POV toward the open trap door...

-- A hand throws chicken breasts into the water...

-- The water *thrashes*...

-- An out of focus shape attached to the winch descending
toward CAMERA -- takes focus as FLAHERTY. Hanging upside down
from a rope attached to the winch. Hands bound. Eyeballs
bugging out of his head. Gaggling with fear...

As Jimmy lowers him until he's just above the mouth of the
open trap door. Then ties off the rope. Leaves Flaherty
dangling there. Carlisle is the one throwing the chicken
breasts.

JIMMY

Keep going. I want 'em worked into a
frenzy.

Jimmy approaches the open trap door. He has a steel pole with
a metal collar on the end. He plunges the pole down into the
water and thrusts around... Moments later, pulling a large
ALLIGATOR up by the neck. The creature's hissing jaw snapping
open and closed -- just inches from Flaherty's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Take a good look, douchebag. My pal here's tired of being your shoes or your belt or your lady's handbag. He's got nowhere to go because you and your greedy real estate buddies keep encroaching on his natural habitat. Tonight it goes the other way. You're the Happy Meal.

Jimmy lowers the gator back into the water, releases it from the collar pole.

FLAHERTY

Jesus Christ, just pull me up! I'll tell you whatever you want to know.

CARLISLE

(to Jimmy)

Alright, you see... Team work.

JIMMY

It wasn't easy rigging him up. Maybe I should give them a small taste. What do you say?

Jimmy lowers Flaherty a few more inches until his head is literally inside the trap door...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Did I mention that these guys can leap about 13 feet out of the water?

VIEW from just under the water of Flaherty dangling... A dark shape refracts across frame...

FLAHERTY

I told you, I'll talk! *Please!*

CARLISLE

Who's the guy coming after us?

FLAHERTY

Name's Kaplan... Used to merc with Blackwater. Now runs his own crew.

CARLISLE

Did he kill Perry?

FLAHERTY

Yes. Those were his orders.

CARLISLE

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLAHERTY

Your partner figured out the Sterling hit.

CARLISLE

How did you know?

FLAHERTY

I'm just a front-- I don't know the specifics. I swear on my--

Jimmy starts lowering Flaherty through the trap door...

FLAHERTY (CONT'D)

Alan Trescott. CEO of Phoenix Corp. He outsourced the Sterling job, then got nervous. Decided to cover his tracks.

CARLISLE

Why take out Sterling?

FLAHERTY

Sterling was bought and paid for more times than a Storyville whore. The Feds got a tip last week, nailed him with seven hundred grand in his office freezer. One of our sources in the Bureau tipped us off that he was offering up Trescott in exchange for immunity.

CARLISLE

What did he have on Trescott?

Flaherty's POV: a gator snout breaks surface a foot beneath him.

JIMMY

That's 3000 pounds of pressure per square inch taking an interest in you. But don't worry -- before he bites your head off, he's going to drown you first.

FLAHERTY

I can give you everything. I got files, video, audio, documents...

JIMMY

Where?

FLAHERTY

Got a hotmail account. Nobody knows about it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FLAHERTY (CONT'D)

I've been uploading files for months as an insurance policy. I always thought it would be the Feds--

CARLISLE

What's the account email and password?

FLAHERTY

Pull me up first! That's all I'm giving you until you pull me--

Jimmy releases a section of the rope, allowing Flaherty to torpedo into the water below the trap door. *SPLASH!* Carlisle looks to Jimmy, stunned...

CARLISLE

What the fuck are you doing?

Jimmy just shrugs -- waits a few beats -- ignores Carlisle's anxious gaze -- then yanks the rope back up... Flaherty emerges from the water, screaming, with a gator snapping inches from his head...

FLAHERTY

(sputtering)

Ladyluck58@hotmail! Password's 'greedisgood.'

Jimmy ties off the rope, leaving Flaherty hovering just above the open trapdoor. He starts walking toward his computer on a nearby desk.

JIMMY

Let's see if he's being straight with us. Otherwise, it's Happy Meal time.

FLAHERTY

It's all there, I swear on--

Suddenly he's shredded by bullets. Tearing through the walls at almost every angle. Suppressed automatic weapon's fire.

Jimmy and Carlisle hitting the floor, rolling for cover...

The bullets keep coming, Swiss Cheesing the walls...

WE INTERCUT--

EXT. JIMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

As Kaplan, Reyes and EIGHT OTHER MERCS surround the cabin from all sides, pounding lead through the wooden walls with laser sighted assault weapons. They've arrived in a pair of airboats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kaplan's H-K MP5 sub-machine gun sports a thermal scope. He tracks Jimmy and Carlisle's heat signatures as they scamper across the floor...

INT. JIMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Jimmy rolls, leaps up for a split-second, hits the light switch. The cabin goes black, except for a thousand shards of moonlight invading the interior through the multitude of bullet holes. Along with red laser beams...

Jimmy belly crawls -- *thup-thup!* at his heels -- for his bag of weapons. Throws it over his shoulder. Then slithers over to Carlisle -- *thup-thup!* -- who is cowering behind Jimmy's metal stove, a few feet from the still open trap door...

JIMMY

We're surrounded. Soon as they come in here, we're dead. Only one way out. And you're not gonna like it.

Jimmy gestures to the open trap door...

CARLISLE

No fucking way! I'd rather take a bullet. At least it'll be quick.

JIMMY

You'll be fine. They're gonna be distracted.

Jimmy belly crawls over to the trap door, whips out his Ka-Bar knife, leaps up, severs the rope holding Flaherty's perforated body. Flaherty splashes down into the black water below. Immediate feeding frenzy...

Bullets exploding around Jimmy as he gestures to Carlisle...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Life or death, you choose. I'm gone.

Jimmy dives through the trap door...

Carlisle, freaked out, glancing at the silhouettes in the shattered windows... The door to the cabin being kicked open... Laser sights dancing over his head...

Makes up his mind. Fuck it. Rolls, scampers, slithers... plunges through the open trap door...

UNDERWATER -- LOOKING UP --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jimmy swimming toward us -- with Carlisle behind him. Above them, backlit by moonlight seeping through the trap door, we see a half dozen ALLIGATORS tearing into Flaherty's body. *VFX composite of actors and CGI gators (or plates of live ones).

Even though most of the gators appear to be feasting above, we get the eerie feeling that they could be anywhere around us as Jimmy and Carlisle swim under the cabin to get to the riverbank...

And for a single shocking moment, one of them does take an interest in Jimmy -- Carlisle's eyes bulging out of his skull -- until Jimmy punches the gator in the snout and it swims off in the opposite direction.

INT. JIMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Kaplan and Reyes enter on the heels of their men. The mercs still spraying lead. Kaplan confused as to why Jimmy and Carlisle have dropped off his thermal scope...

Until one of his mercs plunges through the open trap door with a guttural screech... immediately thrashing against the gators...

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Jimmy and Carlisle drag themselves to shore on the east side of the cabin. All of the mercs are inside now, their cross-hatching laser sights visible through the shattered window boards and thousands of bullet holes. Jimmy reaches into his bag of weapons, pulls out a small, remote control device...

JIMMY

Welcome to my abode, motherfuckers...

UNDER JIMMY'S CABIN --

FAST CUTS of FIVE strategically placed EXPLOSIVE CHARGES. The last one right under the floor in the center of the cabin. All of them blinking red...

INT. JIMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Kaplan backing away from the trap door, signaling to Reyes and the others...

KAPLAN

Move now!

Kaplan rushing for the front door, makes it out onto the porch, with Reyes right on his tail as --

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Jimmy flips the switch on the remote detonator --

The cabin *KABOOMS!* --

Incinerating all the mercs, except for Kaplan and Reyes --

Who are blasted off their feet into the bayou waters --

Even the mercs' airboats are blown to hell.

Jimmy and Carlisle already rushing for Jimmy's Cadillac which is parked behind some trees. Tearing off into the night --

As Kaplan and Reyes surface with singed features and seriously hurt feelings.

INT. VETERINARY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Carlisle sits at the receptionist's computer, Jimmy beside him. Sheyla stands behind them, arms folded, looking seriously put out.

Carlisle is scrolling through Flaherty's hotmail account. Multiple folders: "Bank Info", "Sterling", "Trescott", etc. They look at each other. Bingo. Jimmy turns to Sheyla...

JIMMY

How we doin' on that coffee?

She glares daggers at him, storms off...

CARLISLE

This is huge. The landfill you showed me? The managing company, Louisiana Waste Management, was really a shell for Phoenix Corp. That's how they got a clean-up contract reserved for local businesses...

JIMMY

Slow down.

CARLISLE

(slower)

One of their local competitors found out and filed a lawsuit. Phoenix Corp paid off judges, environmental experts and a congressman: Sterling. He made it go away. So they decided to get in bed with him again. For a much bigger payday.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

Using Flaherty as a front, they started buying up most of the Lower Ninth Ward for pennies on the dollar. If the residents weren't incentivized by their lowball offers, they had 'em red-tagged. And if that didn't work, they sent Kaplan and his team in to take out the garbage. Check this out...

Carlisle clicks on a QuickTime file -- we see noisy, nightshot video of Kaplan and his thugs herding several Lower Ninth Ward residents out of their homes and toward a waiting passenger van. One of them mouths off at Kaplan. Kaplan puts him down with a shot to the head, then mugs for the camera:

KAPLAN

(on video)

Respect, yo!

Kaplan's mercs turn their weapons on the others. They all go down in a blaze of suppressed gunfire. We see quick jerky footage of the mercs loading the bodies into the van...

CARLISLE

Sterling was going to give the Feds everything. Word leaked out -- and that's where you came in.

Carlisle staring accusingly at Jimmy.

JIMMY

Like I said, most people I get the ticket on, they're scumbags. He won't be missed.

CARLISLE

You don't get it, do you? You derailed a massive Federal investigation, which would have lead them right here...

He pulls up the Phoenix Corp website... Trescott's bio: MBA... CEO... Harvard, New York, Washington. Awards, board seats, pet charities. The golden boy.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

And even worse, you got Perry killed.

JIMMY

How was I supposed to know any of that? It was just a job. No questions asked.

Carlisle gets right in Jimmy's face...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLISLE

And after this is over, I'm gonna do
the same. I'm gonna bring you in or
bring you down. No questions asked.

Carlisle turns to see Sheyla standing in the doorway with two
cups of steaming coffee. Not digging the vibe.

EXT. VETERINARY HOSPITAL - DAWN

Jimmy stands with Sheyla as Carlisle gives them space. DOGS
CAN BE HEARD YAPPING inside.

SHEYLA

Just remember something: I expect you
to give me away some day. So if you're
thinking of doing anything crazy in New
York--

JIMMY

(heartfelt)
I ain't ready to give you away. How
many times I gotta tell you: You can't
trust men, no matter who they are.
Burn it in your brain.

Jimmy hugs her.

SHEYLA

Got it.

He heads over to his Cadillac. Carlisle steps up...

SHEYLA (CONT'D)

Every guy I meet, he kills it.
Figuratively.

CARLISLE

As far as you know.

JIMMY

I heard that.

CARLISLE

Listen, thanks again. I know you took
a risk...

SHEYLA

Some risks are worth taking. More than
others. Get that shoulder seen to. By
a professional.

CARLISLE

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They share a charged look.

CARLISE
I gotta be going.

SHEYLA
Look after my old man.

Carlisle doesn't know how to respond to that.

CARLISLE
I think he can take care of himself.

SHEYLA
You know what I'm saying.

CARLISLE
I... we... We just gotta finish this thing.

SHEYLA
Yeah, you finish it. Maybe I'll see you around. Facebook me.

CARLISLE
Yeah? Okay. Sure.

SHEYLA
(smiles)
You don't even Facebook, do you?

CARLISLE
I can learn.

Carlisle looks over, sees Jimmy glaring at him.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
What?

JIMMY
You know what.

EXT. PERRY AND ANNA'S HOUSE - DAY

Perry's Mustang still in the driveway alongside Anna's Prius.

INT. PERRY'S HOME OFFICE

Computer, shelves of paperback novels and police murder books. Academy graduation photo. Dirty Harry action figure. Anna's tidying up the desk, trying not to look at anything too long. The PHONE RINGS.

EXT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - LATER

Carlisle uses the pay phone.

CARLISLE

Anna?

INTERCUT Anna and Carlisle.

ANNA

Eric? Where are you? Douglass called... said you were in trouble.

CARLISLE

I know who killed Danny. I'll explain everything when I see you.

ANNA

Is there anything I can do?

CARLISLE

I need a place to stay for a night or two... Me and another guy.

ANNA

You can come here.

CARLISLE

Don't talk to anyone. Especially not Douglass. I'll call you later.

EXT. HIGHWAY - VARIOUS SHOTS (DAY/NIGHT)

Road -- car -- signs: Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia... Jimmy and Carlisle alternate at the wheel. Neither of them speaking. Both stealing unsettled glances at each other. Jimmy finally decides to break the ice...

JIMMY

You still owe me your story.

CARLISLE

Why would I confide anything in you?

JIMMY

Because I saved your life.

CARLISLE

And I saved yours.

JIMMY

Eh... I'm not sure that one holds up on the merits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carlisle stews for a moment.

CARLISLE

Fine. Only 'cause I need to stay awake. It isn't that interesting. Law degree got me fast-tracked to Detective Third Grade. I was working out of the seven-five, Brooklyn's body dump. They partnered me up with Perry. Musta figured a by-the-book lawyer turned cop would keep his spurs in check. They didn't know Perry. First major case we catch is a triple hit at the Red Pit -- after hours club I was asking you about. Danny got a little too eager. Put his hands on some suspects in an unnecessary way. The wrong suspects. One of them was a somebody. Hired a heavyweight mouthpiece. We both got suspended. Reassigned. But Danny would never let it go. He felt for sure there was a connection between the Pit killings and Sterling.

JIMMY

Sounds like he was a real cowboy. Maybe you better off.

CARLISLE

He was my partner. And what I said before stands. I owe him that much.

JIMMY

You wanna throwdown. Your choice. First things first.

INT. PHOENIX CORP - TRESCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Breathtaking Manhattan view. Expensive furniture. Pictures of Trescott with world celebrities. A huge scale model of the 'New Lower Ninth Ward' reconstruction project on a nearby table. Trescott sits with Hayes.

TRESCOTT

We said, *no loose ends.*

HAYES

We'll find them.

TRESCOTT

No. We're out of time. Find the ones they care about.

INT. NELLY'S - NIGHT

Sheyla's in top form tonight. The crowd loves her. She's no record company confection, but a natural, scorching performer, tapping the blues at the raw emotional source.

We PULL BACK from Sheyla on stage, traveling over to the bar, where the BARTENDER is engaged in conversation with an unseen CUSTOMER...

CUSTOMER (O.C.)

... the problem with the greats -- the Billie's, the Janice's, the Dusty's -- is that their talent is dependent on their constant state of misery. Which explains the text book self medication, the meaningless sex, the hurt-the-one-you-love psycho bullshit that prevents them from ever maintaining a successful relationship. Why? Because each one of them is harboring a secret pain on the inside. You don't get to sing like that --

(gestures to Sheyla)

-- without being one sad little girl.

COMING AROUND on the 'customer' now, to reveal KAPLAN. Eyes fixated on Sheyla as she performs.

CUSTOMER/KAPLAN

And nine times out of ten, the reason they're so sad and fucked up is because they've lost their Daddy. Just like her.

BARTENDER

Nah, man, her old man comes in here all the time.

Kaplan looks the bartender in the eye. Cold. Chilling.

KAPLAN

If I was you, I'd close out his tab.

Kaplan drains his shot of bourbon, throws down a healthy tip, walks out.

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

They're finally in New York. As they pass Yankee Stadium, Carlisle tips his imaginary hat.

JIMMY

Yankees?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLISLE
Since I could walk...

JIMMY
Made some money when they lost to the
Marlins.

CARLISLE
Don't remind me. I was there.

JIMMY
Me too. Josh Beckett... Now that was a
game.

Carlisle rolls his eyes.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - MOVING - LATER

They move through a residential street. Carlisle suddenly
BRAKES hard. Jimmy almost bounces off the windshield...

JIMMY
Whoa!

Carlisle draws his gun, points it at Jimmy's head.

CARLISLE
The Marlins... That was 2003. You
were there!?

JIMMY
What?

CARLISLE
You said you were there.

JIMMY
I said *I watched it*. In the joint.

CARLISLE
Bullshit!

Jimmy pulls up his sleeve to expose the tattoo.

JIMMY
I thought we covered this.

CARLISLE
You got that inside, sure -- then you
scored an early release. Against
expectation. Happens all the time.

Jimmy sighs. His silence is confirmation enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
You were the Red Pit shooters!

Carlisle's free hand grabs a pair of handcuffs. Jimmy reaches for his Glock...

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
Don't fuckin' move!

Jimmy ignores him -- gets the gun -- puts it to Carlisle's head.

JIMMY
I'm not going back inside.

Carlisle pushes the muzzle into Jimmy's forehead...

CARLISLE
You're a sociopath.

Jimmy pushes his muzzle into Carlisle's.

JIMMY
You say it like it's a bad thing.

CARLISLE
We're done. Get out.

JIMMY
It's my car.

Carlisle glares at him -- lowers his gun...
Jimmy does the same and --
Carlisle punches him in the face.
Jimmy fumbles the gun, then punches back.

Carlisle opens the door, grabs him, yanks him out. Jimmy goes with it. Carlisle assumes a martial-arts stance.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You serious?

Yup... Carlisle unleashes a stylish combination -- but Jimmy evades with ease.

Cars go by, DRIVERS slowing to look.

Carlisle comes at Jimmy again -- Jimmy deflects and swings Carlisle into some trash cans. Carlisle lands hard. He takes a moment, then staggers to his feet, out of breath...

CARLISLE
Had enough?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

Oh yeah.

CARLISLE

I ever see you again --

JIMMY

Just hope I don't see you first.

Carlisle storms off...

EXT. LONG ISLAND - STREET - LATER

Carlisle is now in Anna's neighborhood.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Someone, unseen, is staking out Anna's street.

THROUGH THE WINDOW:

Carlisle appears from around the corner. He's still venting, mumbling, cursing to himself. Even kicks the bushes on the way up the driveway...

CARLISLE

(sotto)

Such... fucking... idiot... He's a hitman. He kills people. For money. He likes it. And this is who I trust? Asshole.

EXT. ANNA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Carlisle arrives at the front door. About to ring the bell, when --

DOUGLASS (O.S.)

We need to talk.

Carlisle turns to face his boss. He sighs, resigned.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM ANNA'S HOUSE - LATER

Douglass throws open the door to that white van. Gestures Carlisle inside. Douglass joins him, slides the door shut. Just the two of them in the back...

DOUGLASS

I been where you been, son. Lost my partner in '83.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

Back when I was with narcotics. We raided this apartment on Avenue A. Crack whore had a blade hidden under her brat. Next thing I know, it's poking out of Tommy's sternum. She took the express elevator to the sidewalk on her own accord. At least that's the way it read in the report.

CARLISLE

I know who killed Perry, Chief. And Sterling.

DOUGLASS

So who we looking at?

CARLISLE

Alan Trescott. Mean anything to you?

DOUGLASS

I heard of him. Phoenix Corp big wig. What's the angle?

CARLISLE

He's behind a land grab in the Lower Ninth Ward. Bought himself a senator, a couple of judges and a congressman. Sterling got in some hot water, was gonna testify about it, and Danny figured it out. That's why they had him killed.

DOUGLASS

And you can prove this, how?

CARLISLE

Flaherty left a hotmail account with names, dates, payoffs. Even incriminating video. It's all there.

DOUGLASS

Who else knows about this?

Carlisle hesitates...

CARLISLE

Nobody. Just you and me now.

A look of disappointment filters Douglass' eyes.

DOUGLASS

For a moment there, Eric. I thought I was going to be able to bring you onside. Damn shame...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Douglass suddenly with a TASER in his hand. ZAPS Carlisle. Carlisle tumbles to the floor. Convulses. Douglass is already cuffing Carlisle's hands. Moments later, the sliding door RIPS OPEN -- TWO NYPD OFFICERS in civilian clothes looking in...

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

Let's take a ride to Jersey. Never
shit where you eat.

INT. VAN - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Carlisle coming round, dazed... Blinks disbelief at Douglass.

DOUGLASS

You neglected to mention, Trescott also
bought himself a police chief.

CARLISLE

I thought you stood for something.

DOUGLASS

I do. My own self preservation. Take
a look around you, boyo. The fat cats
are getting away with murder. It's a
free for all out there -- and I'm just
taking my end of it.

Douglass calmly unholsters his gun...

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

Where is he?

CARLISLE

Don't worry, he'll find you.

DOUGLASS

Where is he?!

CARLISLE

You won't even see him coming.

As if on cue --

CRASH! Something slams into the van from behind, pushing it
into oncoming traffic.

Another CAR SLAMS into it from the side, spinning it around.
CHAIN-REACTION CRASHES around the intersection -- SCREAMING
HORNS, CRUMPLING METAL.

INT. VAN

One of the cops is slumped between his seat and the floor, dead. The Driver struggles to extricate himself from the airbag.

Carlisle charges Douglass head on.
Douglass falls, drops his gun --
Carlisle's on top of him, fighting with his hands tied, which means he's headbutting Douglass, one, two, three times...

Douglass punches back, throws Carlisle off as --
The Driver shoots the airbag, deflates it, brings the gun around toward Carlisle.

CARLISLE'S POV

Into the barrel of the gun, a tunnel ride to oblivion -- all the way to the tip of the slug waiting to become famous -- and then --

The door of the van TEARING OPEN --

Framing Jimmy against the light like the angel of vengeance.

The Driver shifts his aim --
BLAM-! Jimmy puts one between his eyes.

Douglass grabs his gun from the floor --

BLAM-! Jimmy drills him in the forehead.
He sees Carlisle's handcuffs:

JIMMY

The key?

Stunned, Carlisle takes a second to process before he nods toward Douglass. Jimmy searches Douglass' jacket. Finds the key, along with Douglass' cell phone -- which he pockets. Unlocks Carlisle's cuffs.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Shocked BYSTANDERS watch as Jimmy and Carlisle get in the Cadillac and drive off.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR

Jimmy drives. Carlisle broods. Glances over at Jimmy --

CARLISLE

Still doesn't change anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY
You're welcome.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - MINUTES LATER

Two PATROL COPS listen to the police dispatch:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Gunshots fired on Strutton and 26th.
Three men down. Two suspects fleeing
in a black Cadillac, Louisiana plates.
Northbound on 26th.

PATROL COP #2
That's four blocks down.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - DAY

Jimmy speeds down the street in the beat-up car.

CARLISLE
Why did you come back?

JIMMY
Because I'm a classic enabler.

CARLISLE
Those were cops you just shot.

JIMMY
Somebody shoulda told them that.

Carlisle says nothing. Hard to disagree.

INT. POLICE CAR - SAME

The Patrol Cops spot Jimmy's car.

PATROL COP #1
That's it!

They fire up the lights and sirens, give chase.

INT. JIMMY'S CADILLAC

Jimmy reacts -- makes a hard turn. Carlisle's head bangs
against the side of the car.

Jimmy grabs his gun, hands it to Carlisle:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY
Discourage them.

CARLISLE
Those are *good* cops!

Jimmy shakes his head, exasperated. He takes his hands off the wheel.

JIMMY
You drive.

The car swerves wildly... Carlisle takes the wheel as Jimmy slides into the back seat and takes aim...

Carlisle steers -- Jimmy loses his shot.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

CARLISLE
You're not shooting at them.

Carlisle drops into the driver's seat, floors the pedal.

EXT. LONG ISLAND STREETS - VARIOUS SHOTS

Jimmy's car zigzagging around traffic, the cruiser in pursuit... Jimmy tries to line up a shot...
ANOTHER CAR on a collision course...
Carlisle SLAMS BRAKES -- Jimmy SLAMS against the front seats.

Carlisle floors the pedal again to beat a light. Turns into a one-way street, the wrong way...

Jimmy's eyes go wide. *Oh, shit.*
The cops stay on them.
Carlisle plows down meters along the side of the street.
An oncoming CAR SWERVES, SKIDS, and --

-- CRASHES into the police car, stopping it.
More cars join the pileup as Carlisle gets away.

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - LATER

Parked in the shadow of an abandoned industrial building.
Nothing and no one around.

JIMMY
(begrudging)
Good wheel work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLISLE

I was number one in my class in Evasive Driving.

JIMMY

Like you were top of your class in Interrogative (coughs) bullshit.

CARLISLE

Interrogative Susceptibility. Bite me.

Jimmy takes Douglass' phone, pulls up the call log. He hits redial on the last number.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PHOENIX CORP. OFFICE TOWER - 57TH FLOOR - DAY

Somewhere high up in an office tower. Still under construction. Dark, vacant, expansive.

Somewhere amidst all this...

Hayes answers the phone. Kaplan stands next to him.

HAYES

Sam?

JIMMY

He took early retirement.

HAYES

(beat)
You must be Jimmy. Well... I'm glad you called. Someone wants to say *hi*.

He turns, extending the phone to --

Sheyla. Hands cuffed against the back of a chair. An uneaten plate of food sits on a glass coffee table in front of her.

SHEYLA

Dad?

JIMMY

Sheyla?

SHEYLA

Dad -- just shoot these assholes for me.

Kaplan slaps her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAYES

(into phone)

It's too bad. Without the potty mouth,
she could pass for a lady.

JIMMY

Touch her again, I'm gonna kill you
with a fuckin' rock.

HAYES

Listen to me... We're both
businessmen. We can work this out.
Stop by and let's... talk. We're at 8
Beekman Street. Corporate
headquarters. You can't miss us.

JIMMY

I don't intend to.

HAYES

Oh... and please excuse the mess.
We're doing some work on the place.

He hangs up. STAY WITH Carlisle and Jimmy. Carlisle's heard
enough to intuit the rest of it.

CARLISLE

Jimmy, I'm sorry. Messing with
someone's family is completely out of
bounds. Even the mob doesn't do that.

JIMMY

These guys ain't the mob. They got no
code. I'm gonna educate them.

CARLISLE

Let's... handle this through official
channels. Let me make some calls.

JIMMY

No time. And you tried that already.
How'd that work out for you?

Just staring at each other now. Reality check.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Look. I get killed for her, that's
fine by me. You keep the evidence,
finish this your way.

Carlisle processes this. Decides:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLISLE

I was number two in my class in
Advanced Tactical Assault Maneuvers.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATER

Jimmy torches his Cadillac. They walk away from the burning car, Jimmy carrying his bag of weapons.

INT./EXT. CAR - RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER

Jimmy jimmies a Dodge Charger's lock, gets in, opens the passenger door for Carlisle.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - MOVING - NIGHT

Jimmy and Carlisle driving in silence. Neon washes over them as they head into lower Manhattan.

Their POV: Phoenix Corp. headquarters looming above the skyline. The 55 story tower is undergoing renovations. In the process of adding an additional ten floors. Steel and glass merges into concrete bones fleshed with scaffolding and construction plastic.

CARLISLE

I got a bad feeling about this.

(beat)

I don't think they're going to validate parking.

Jimmy *almost* cracks a smile.

EXT. PHOENIX CORP. OFFICE TOWER - ONE BLOCK AWAY - NIGHT

BLACK SCREEN. CLANK!

Jimmy and Carlisle staring down at us -- moody, edge-lit. Jimmy's just popped the trunk on the charger. Over his shoulder now: Guns. Lots of 'em. Jimmy's entire arsenal. He grabs up a Remington 12-gauge and a pair of Glock 22s. They disappear inside his coat. He scoops up a pair of Sig P226s. Offers them to Carlisle...

JIMMY

Reinforcements. Untraceable.

(off Carlisle's look)

Trust me, you gonna need them.

Carlisle hesitates for a moment. Then takes the Sig twins. Stashes them behind his back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLISLE
What's the strategy?

Jimmy cocks his gun...

JIMMY
Kill anything that moves -- that isn't
my daughter.

CARLISLE
Hey, I'm a cop. I can't--

JIMMY
(overriding)
Then stay in the fucking car.

Jimmy crosses the street, heads for the building. Carlisle
curses under his breath, catches up with him...

EXT. PHOENIX CORP. OFFICE TOWER - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jimmy and Carlisle enter through the front entrance...

INT. PHOENIX CORP. OFFICE TOWER - LOBBY - NIGHT

The lobby is deserted. No security waiting on them. Zip. A
single elevator sits open, welcoming...

Jimmy gestures Carlisle inside. Follows.

INT. PHOENIX CORP. TOWER - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jimmy checking out the control panel. The button to the 55th
floor is lit up. He jabs some of the other buttons.
Deactivated. They're riding express all the way up. Jimmy
looks to Carlisle: fuck it. He punches '55.' The doors
close...

EXT. PHOENIX CORP. OFFICE TOWER - NIGHT

CAMERA ROCKETS from the ground to the 55th floor -- PUSHING in
through the glass to arrive in the...

INT. PHOENIX CORP. OFFICE TOWER - 55TH FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT

Where we see FIVE MERCS locked and loaded, waiting on the
arrival of the elevator. Serious tension.

After what seems like an interminable amount of time, the
elevator *pings* its arrival. Trigger fingers greased as...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The elevator doors open.

The mercs unleash hell...

Into an empty elevator car.

Huh?

One of them leans in... looks up...

Sees the open service hatch...

And Jimmy and Carlisle climbing up the shaft to the floor under construction above...

INT. PHOENIX CORP. TOWER - ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Several of the mercs step into the elevator car, start FIRING at Jimmy and Carlisle spideying it up the scaffolding to the next level...

Bullets *snap* at their heels. *Explode* around them. Jimmy swings around, returning fire -- *BLAM-!-BLAM-!*

Takes out two of the exposed mercs in the elevator car. The others retreat into the lobby, head for the makeshift stairs to the floor above...

As Jimmy hoists himself up onto the '56th' floor, pulling an out-of-breath Carlisle up after him.

INT. PHOENIX CORP. OFFICE TOWER - 56TH FLOOR - NIGHT

They find themselves in a darkened, partially prefabbed office floor. Low wattage bulbs strung intermittently along the ceiling, giving off small pools of light. No outer walls in place yet -- just waist level flaps of orange construction plastic blowing in the wind.

And coming at them like an army of roaches is a dozen MERCS, joined by the surviving mercs from the floor below.

Using sections of prefab wall as cover -- and the darkness -- Jimmy and Carlisle adopt guerilla tactics...

-- A PAIR OF MERCS BLASTING AWAY at Carlisle's silhouette racing ahead of them. They chase after him into the shadows --

-- Suddenly *BLAM-BLAM!* Jimmy's MUZZLE FLASHES illuminating him JUMP CUT STYLE as he pops them both in the head. Disappearing from frame before they even hit the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- Some MERCS rushing up -- seen as SILHOUETTES -- they lock onto Jimmy darting ahead of them, take up pursuit. We see THREE of them charging after Jimmy. As they pass under some pools of light, we now notice there's FOUR of them running.

-- Carlisle has joined them -- he's running in the middle of them. Twin Sigs in his hands, CROSS BLASTING, taking all three of them out, before losing himself to the shadows again.

-- THREE MORE MERCS hunting Jimmy and Carlisle down a shadowy corridor of prefab. *BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!* Jimmy's muzzle flashes igniting him swinging down from some ceiling scaffolding -- INVERTED -- as he triple-taps them, before swinging back into darkness.

-- FOUR MORE MERCS creeping through the shadows. They see TWO MORE of their fellow mercs standing there, guns outstretched.

APPROACHING MERC

You see them?

STANDING MERC #1

Right here.

APPROACHING MERC

Where?

-- Suddenly both 'standing mercs' flop over -- to reveal Jimmy and Carlisle using them as cover -- the mercs are already dead -- *BLAM-BOOM-BLAM-BOOM!* The mercs crumble.

Jimmy points to the floor above. Carlisle nods with an endorphin jacked-up look in his eyes. Let me at 'em...

Jimmy and Carlisle hoofing it up to the next floor...

INT. PHOENIX CORP. OFFICE TOWER - 57TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Somewhere above -- Sheyla still cuffed to the chair. Grinning from ear-to-ear -- having heard the sounds of carnage below. A merc with a BUZZ CUT panic paces in front of her. Armed with an H-K MP5 sub-machine gun.

SHEYLA

You know what's going to happen when he shows up.

BUZZ CUT

Shut up, bitch!

SHEYLA

You should've called in sick today.

WHAM! SOMEONE slugs Sheyla into submission. KAPLAN.

INT. PHOENIX CORP. OFFICE TOWER - 57TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Jimmy and Carlisle entering another partially prefabbed corridor. Once again lit by dim hanging bulbs. Jimmy with Glock in one hand, 12-gauge shotgun in the other. Carlisle still rockin' the Sig twins...

From the other end of the corridor: A MERC appears.
BLAZING AWAY --

Both Jimmy and Carlisle *FIRE* at the same time. Neither of them breaking stride. Perfectly synced double tap. As the merc flops out of frame, RACK FOCUS to --

FOUR MORE MERCS appearing behind him...

Jimmy and Carlisle moving as one...
Stepping through shadows and hot pools, spewing lead...

Creates a strobe-like effect: We only see their MUZZLE FLASHES in the dark -- then catching sight of them as they reappear under the hot pools, blazing away. ALTERNATING FILM STOCKS as they fire. Sometimes grainy 16 or 8mm, sometimes reversal; throw in a bit of handcranked camera as well.

For a few seconds, the corridor becomes a two-way firing range. Lead zinging back and forth, exploding chunks of wall and scaffolding as they advance...

Jimmy's face is grazed -- seen in VFX MACRO-CLOSE-UP --

Carlisle loses a chunk of shoulder --

But both men keep on coming, FIRING on the move, spent shells landing in their wake, bouncing right into CAMERA.

The four mercs go down after a messy, prolonged shoot-out.

Jimmy tosses the empty 12-gauge, slaps a fresh clip into his Glock. Carlisle renourishing the Sig twins...

They turn the corner...

Find themselves in a larger area --

Possibly a future BOARD ROOM --

A dangling low wattage bulb at the end of the room exposes

SHEYLA

Cuffed to her chair. Dazed. We can't see too deep into the shadows around her. But we know she's not alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jimmy and Carlisle seeking cover behind metal support pillars. Trying to figure out their next move.

Carlisle's about to signal to Jimmy --

When a MERC bodyslams him. They tumble to the dusty floor, the merc slashing at Carlisle with a razor sharp Tanto blade. Carlisle fights him off, both of them rolling as one...

Toward the edge of the building...

Jimmy can't take the shot -- they're too entwined.

BRRRRRTTTTTTTTTT--! Slugs coming at him out of the dark...

Buzz Cut announcing himself with a run and gun in Jimmy's direction.

As Carlisle and the Tanto blade wielding merc keep struggling... The merc slashes Carlisle across the neck... misses his jugular... Carlisle headbutts the man... they keep rolling...

As Buzz Cut keeps BLASTING Jimmy's position. Arrives at the metal support pillar... Where the fuck is he? He steps around, gingerly... sees nothing. Until Jimmy pops him in the head from above -- he's dangling upside down from support pillar. Flips to the ground below, rolling into the shadows as a barrage of lead ignites the floor around him.

Carlisle and the merc are right up against the edge of the building, Carlisle's back pressing against the orange construction plastic barrier now.

The merc slashing frantically at Carlisle -- Carlisle evading each swipe -- parrying the merc's blade into the plastic just behind his head --

Which comes apart --

Carlisle tumbling back --

Taking the merc with him --

Carlisle grabbing onto a length of dangling electrical cable as he goes over --

The merc dropping his knife, clinging to Carlisle's legs --

Carlisle attempting to kick him off --

As the electrical cable *RIPS* out of a section of the wall above, dropping Carlisle and the merc TWO FLOORS DOWN --

Carlisle manages to hold on --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

While kicking the merc loose --

The merc PLUMMETS into darkness -- SCREEEEAM muted upon impact.

Carlisle just hanging there. Staring at his own exhausted, panic-induced features reflected in the two-way glass windows of the 55th floor...

While...

Jimmy shadow-advances toward Sheyla. Using the support pillars as cover. Slugs sparking off them as he darts closer and closer...

As he approaches, a FIGURE steps out of the shadows behind Sheyla.

KAPLAN. Puts his H-K .45 to her head. Using her as cover. ANOTHER SILHOUETTE emerging, revealing himself -- REYES. Weapon also trained on Sheyla.

Jimmy steps out from the cover of a support pillar. Glock wavering between Kaplan and Reyes.

KAPLAN

(to Jimmy)

I know what you're thinking. Maybe you could make the shot. Maybe not.

Sheyla alert now. Nods. *Do it.* Jimmy hesitates.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)

Maybe the last thing she sees is her father pulling the trigger.

JIMMY

You give her to me, this ends now. No one else gets dead.

KAPLAN

Counter proposal. Put down your gun and I give you my word the girl walks. I also promise you I'll make it quick. One in the back of the head. Professional courtesy.

SHEYLA

Don't do it. They'll kill me anyway.

Jimmy thinking about it...

As we CUT BACK TO...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Carlisle dangling two floors down. Glancing up at the length of cable above him. The glass window in front of him. He reaches around for his service Glock stashed against his back. Whips it out... Hey, if it worked in "Die Hard"...

He pushes away from the glass with his feet -- in an attempt to build momentum -- *BLASTING* the glass with his Glock at the same time --

The next few seconds is a lesson in what happens when you try to imitate the cool shit you see in the movies --

Carlisle's rounds bounce off the armored plated glass --

As he *SWINGS* into the window with a *LOUD WHAM-!-OOF!* Garfielding up against the glass instead of smashing through. We see his squished features from the opposite side of the window for a quick beat.

Carlisle pushes away from the glass, features bloodied, nose for sure broken. *FUCK!!!!* He glances up to where he needs to be -- two floors above -- and starts pulling himself up the electrical cable...

BACK TO JIMMY --

facing down Kaplan and Reyes. Looks deep into his daughter's eyes and makes his decision...

JIMMY

Sorry, sweetheart. I'm gonna take the man at his word.

He lowers his Glock. Steps forward. Sets it down on the glass coffee table in front of Sheyla. Takes a step back. Sinks to his knees. Kaplan comes around from behind Sheyla, heads over to Jimmy. Reyes lowers his gun...

KAPLAN

For an old timer, you play a good game. I coulda used someone like you on my team.

Jimmy looking straight ahead at the coffee table. His Glock. And the untouched meal. He glances up at Sheyla. Tears in her eyes.

JIMMY

Don't waste that beautiful voice.

SHEYLA

Fuck you! I told you to shoot.

JIMMY

My aim isn't what it used to be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Kaplan places his gun against the back of Jimmy's head.

KAPLAN

Sorry, Jimbo, I lied. She's seen too much.

JIMMY

I also lied. When I said no one else gets dead.

He motions something to Sheyla with his eyes --

Kaplan cocks his weapon --

Suddenly Sheyla KICKS the glass coffee table UP INTO THE AIR --

Kaplan and Reyes' gaze follow the table as it floats up in front of them, Jimmy's Glock and the plate of food launched along with it --

We go SLOW MO -- as everything happens at once...

Jimmy ELBOWS Kaplan in the groin...

Kaplan stumbles back, winded, gun slipping from his fingers...

As the table, Jimmy's Glock and the plate start their downward descent...

Reyes already moving toward Jimmy, bringing up his weapon...

Jimmy launching himself to his feet...

Looking up at his Glock as it descends toward him...

FROM A HIGH ANGLE --

We see Jimmy's Glock spinning in the air --

Jimmy reaching up for it from below --

Reyes' hand coming up with his H-K nine --

Stepping in front of Sheyla --

Kaplan regaining his balance, bouncing back up --

As Jimmy catches his Glock --

Just as Reyes locks onto him --

The glass coffee table coming down directly in front of Reyes --

A glass divider between the two of them --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Both Jimmy and Reyes split-second targeting each other --

END SLOW MO SEQUENCE -- as Jimmy FIRES first --

Shoots Reyes right through the glass coffee table --

Shards EXPLODING in Reyes' face --

As Jimmy's slug tears through Reyes' throat --

Jimmy already spinning to confront Kaplan --

Who LEAPS at him, fighting him for the Glock --

They struggle for supremacy of the weapon --

Kaplan forcing Jimmy's trigger finger back --

Aiming the Glock at Sheyla still cuffed to the chair --

Jimmy counter shifting --

BLAM--BLAM--BLAM--! -- slugs tearing into prefab on either side of Sheyla -- missing her by inches...

She squeezes her eyes shut...

Until the Glock's slide locks into place -- EMPTY!

Both men release their grasp on the weapon.

It CLUNKS to the floor.

INTERCUT WITH --

CARLISLE --

Hoisting himself up the electrical cable. It's slow going. Agonizing. He's out of strength. Only adrenalin keeping him holding on. He's just arrived at the 56th floor -- and just when you think it can't get any worse --

The CABLE starts to come apart at the wall.

The thick insulation around it SPLITS -- stretching the copper fibres inside -- as they SLOWLY start to unravel...

JOLTING Carlisle down several feet. Panic reshaping his features. Starts climbing at a hastened speed. Fuck it. He's not going out this way...

AS JIMMY AND KAPLAN face off against each other...

We expect a serious one-on-one brawl...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Until Kaplan grins and pulls out a large Ka-Bar knife --

KAPLAN

Always bring a knife to a gunfight.

JIMMY

You use that on the cop in the park?

KAPLAN

Why don't you run a DNA test?

JIMMY

Someone will. After I get done shoving
it up your ass.

Jimmy retreats -- Kaplan lunges -- Jimmy sidesteps -- kicks
him in the solar plexus.

Kaplan grunts -- but stays on his feet. He thrusts again,
feigning an angle, choosing another --

This time he cuts Jimmy's side.

Blood spurts. Jimmy staggers back.

KAPLAN

Seals training, you piece of shit.

Sheyla watches in mute terror as --

Kaplan comes at Jimmy again. Jimmy narrowly avoids the knife
and grabs Kaplan's other arm.

He swings him in circles, arm fully extended to keep the knife
away, then he lets go --

Launching Kaplan face first into a support pillar.

CRUNCH! Kaplan loses a mouthful of teeth...

Jimmy leaps -- Kaplan recovers and stabs -- Jimmy cross-blocks
Kaplan's arm and twists it, bending him forward so that --

The knife is right over Kaplan's back.

JIMMY

Prison kung fu, *bitch*.

Jimmy pushes Kaplan's hand down. We hear his arm SNAPPING
seconds before the blade sinks to the hilt. Kaplan's death
scream reverberates.

Heard by Carlisle as he hoists himself up the frayed cable...

The cable is literally attached by threads...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Unraveling fast...

As Carlisle pulls himself up faster...

The edge of the 57th floor almost within arm's reach now...

Definitely not going to make it...

As the cable separates completely...

Carlisle almost within grasp of the ledge...

Falls back, arm outstretched...

Eyes closed...

As A HAND closes around his in mid-air...

Carlisle's eyes opening to see...

Jimmy holding onto him. Sheyla over his shoulder.

Jimmy hauls Carlisle over. He collapses to the floor, gasping with relief. Looks up at Jimmy with a dopey grin...

CARLISLE

What'd I miss?

SMASH CUT TO...

INT. PHOENIX CORP. OFFICE TOWER - 55TH FLOOR - LOBBY

Sheyla stepping into the elevator at Jimmy's insistence. He leans in, punches the Lobby button.

JIMMY

Dodge Charger around the corner. Wait for us.

She nods, throws an exhausted smile at Carlisle as the doors close.

SMASH CUT TO...

INT. PHOENIX CORP. OFFICE TOWER - 55TH FLOOR CORRIDOR

Jimmy and Carlisle creeping their way toward the executive offices. Carlisle has retrieved one of his Sigs; Jimmy leading the way with his Glock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they approach, a THICK LOOKING MERC steps in front of them. Jimmy and Carlisle plug him simultaneously -- we can tell Carlisle is getting good at this. Even starting to enjoy himself.

THREE MORE MERCS up ahead. Guarding TRESCOTT'S OFFICE.

It's as if Jimmy and Carlisle are impervious to bullets at this point. They run and gun the mercs, taking them out with precision head shots. Arriving at --

INT. TRESCOTT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Trescott seated behind his desk, trying his best to maintain his composure. Hayes standing next to him on serious sphincter lockdown. Trescott addresses them with a calm, almost seductive tone.

TRESCOTT

Very well played, gentlemen. You should know, I've just called 911. I'm ready to turn myself in. I expect I'll be a free man in about...

(looks at his watch)

Oh, say, about two hours from now. Isn't that right, Detective?

HAYES

You might want to think about the bigger picture here. You arrest us and it all goes public. Our stock takes a hit -- sure it'll recover -- but not in time to prevent thousands of employees from losing their jobs, their healthcare, their savings... In the process, a bunch of lawyers make a fortune to keep us out of jail. And in the end, nothing has been gained.

TRESCOTT

On the other hand, I've got five million dollars in the safe under that painting.

JIMMY

Deal.

CARLISLE

What?

JIMMY

(to Trescott)

Open it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trescott smiles. He walks to the painting, pulls it off the hook. Punches in the combination.

The door swings open...

Suddenly, Hayes reaches under his coat, pulls out a snub-nosed revolver...

Trescott grabs another from inside the safe.

Almost simultaneously:

Jimmy SHOOTs Hayes between the eyes --
Trescott SHOOTs at Carlisle -- and misses --
Carlisle SHOOTs Trescott in the chest. Multiple times.
Serious overkill. Payback for Perry and more.
Silence. Tendrils of gunsmoke wafting.

CARLISLE

You knew he'd try that.

JIMMY

Nah. I just wanted the money.

We hear POLICE SIRENS in the distance. Jimmy and Carlisle exchanging a tense beat. So, this it. Carlisle raises his gun. Aims it at Jimmy's head.

CARLISLE

I can't just let you walk away. Your choice. I take you in. Or...

JIMMY

(without hesitating)
I'll take "Or..."

CARLISLE

Fuck. Knew you were gonna say that.
Don't make me do this.

JIMMY

It's on you, pal. I ain't making you do anything.

Carlisle trying to find it within him to squeeze the trigger.

CARLISLE

Tell me about the vics at the Red Pit?
How you and your partner shot them in cold blood. Witnesses said you just walked up to them and popped them each in the head.

JIMMY

Yeah. We did 'em like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLISLE

And you can live with yourself?

JIMMY

Knowing who they were. I can live with it.

CARLISLE

They were just a couple of IT guys celebrating their new start-up. What did they do to deserve a bullet in the head?

JIMMY

Their start-up company was a shell for a kiddie porn subscription site. Super encrypted. Servers located in Kazakhstan. The hit was subcontracted by a wet works division of the CIA. Or at least we suspected as much.

Carlisle's jaw just hangs open.

CARLISLE

How do I know you're telling the truth?

JIMMY

You don't.

A beat... then Carlisle sets down his gun.

CARLISLE

I ever see you again--

BLAM-! Jimmy shoots Carlisle in the chest.

Carlisle drops, stunned. Jimmy regards Carlisle's body on the floor with a subtle pang of remorse -- then walks out.

EXT. PHOENIX CORP. OFFICE TOWER - ONE BLOCK AWAY - NIGHT

Sheyla waits nervously in the passenger seat of the Dodge Charger. A COP ARMY strobes by in the distance. Next thing she knows, Jimmy's climbing behind the wheel.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

SHEYLA

Jesus, thank god. You're okay, right?

He nods, doesn't look her in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEYLA (CONT'D)

Where's Eric?

JIMMY

It was time to part ways.

Off her anxious look --

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He's fine. Never forget what all these guys are about, never trust any of them. Cops most of all.

SHEYLA

(sighs)

We'll talk about it.

JIMMY

Burn that into your brain.

SHEYLA

We'll talk about it.

... as they drive off.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A KNOCK on the DOOR. Carlisle stirs awake. Drowsy. The door opens. It's DEPUTY CHIEF WALSH -- granite-jawed, 50s. He takes a seat.

WALSH

How you feeling?

CARLISLE

I'm ready to get back.

WALSH

(clears his throat)

I'm happy to say, all the evidence checks out.

Carlisle nods. Relieved.

WALSH (CONT'D)

This Jimmy guy... *the one who did all the shooting.* We'll deal with that -- I'm in no rush.

CARLISLE

That's... not exactly what happened.
I --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALSH

Son. That *is*. Exactly. What happened. Ballistics don't lie. He shot Douglass... He shot a shitload of security guards... He shot Trescott. You tried to stop him -- so he shot you. Bullet came within an inch of your heart. He's even a match for a bunch of shootings in New Orleans. Hopefully, we'll find this creep one day. Not much else we can do until we do.

Carlisle looks at him, realizing he's being thrown a lifeline. Realizing it comes from Jimmy.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Now get some rest.

Carlisle nods. Gets that dopey smile again. Might just be the Vicodin.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

A beautiful day. JOGGERS, MOMMIES and NANNIES pushing strollers, ordinary PEOPLE enjoying the sunshine. Carlisle deposits fresh flowers where Perry died. Older bunches of flowers mark the spot.

A PAIR OF BLUE SUEDE NIKE AIR FORCE LOWS with gold foxing steps into frame behind Carlisle. We travel up from the shoes to...

JIMMY -- standing behind Carlisle. Wearing shades and a high-end sports coat.

CARLISLE

Jesus! What are you doing here?

JIMMY

Why -- you own the place? I was in town -- on *business*. Just wanted to see 'How ya doin'.'

CARLISLE

We can't be standing here.

They start walking. After a moment:

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

I wanna thank you. For shooting me. The way you did. Intentionally missing my vitals...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

(shrugs)
Aim isn't what it used to be.
(off Carlisle's look)
Anyway. There was money in the safe.
You earned your share.

CARLISLE

What? Nonono. I... Just keep it. Or
give it to someone who needs it.

Jimmy thinks for a moment.

JIMMY

Maybe you wanna invest in the local
music scene?

Jimmy reaches into his jacket...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Here. I'm supposed to give you this.

He brings out a CD. Sheyla and her band on the cover. Hands
it to Jimmy...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

There's a number inside.

CLOSE ON Carlisle. Relieved. Touched. Happy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I don't exactly *approve*, but... I guess
I don't have a say in the matter.

CARLISLE

Thanks.

Carlisle distracted by a couple of rowdy KIDS on skateboards.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

This *business* you're in town for--

Turns back to Jimmy -- but he's gone.

Carlisle: how the hell does he do that? Shrugs. Looks down
at Sheyla on the CD cover. Smiles. Smile turning to a wide
grin as he pockets the CD -- and heads off the other way.

INT. MACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Jimmy is shopping for a new pair of gloves in the men's
section. He tries on a pair of brown leather Ralph Lauren's.
Checks himself out in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A SALESWOMAN approaches. Late 20s. Striking. As she steps up to Jimmy, we're shocked to recognize her as SHANNON -- the prostitute from the Sterling hit.

SHANNON

Can I help you with something, sir?

Jimmy doesn't make her at first. There's something different about her now. A renewed spark in the eyes. She appears light years removed from the coke snorting hooker we remember in those early scenes.

JIMMY

I was wondering if you had these in...

And now he recognizes her. He's taken aback. Fights to regain his composure.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Excuse me. In... black. I don't see...

She's looking at him strangely now. Not any kind of facial recognition. Just the subtle timber of his voice. Wondering where she knows it from.

SHANNON

I'm sorry, sir. We're out of the black. If you'd like, I can order them for you.

JIMMY

It's okay. I'm not from around here. I'll take these.

SHANNON

Certainly. I'll ring you up.

Jimmy follows her to her station. Pays for the gloves in cash. Studying her intently the whole time. Almost admiring of her. She looks into his eyes as she hands him his change.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

This is so weird. But I feel like I know you from somewhere. I swear, I'm not trying to...

JIMMY

Don't worry about it. Happens to me all the time. How long you worked here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANNON

Not that long. Just a few months.
It's the first real job I've ever held
down. A personal do-over. Do you need
a bag for that?

JIMMY

Nah. I'm gonna wear them.

He starts squeezing his hands into them.

SHANNON

I apologize that we didn't have your
preferred color in stock. The brown
looks nice on you, though.

JIMMY

(shrugs)
Yeah, I can live with it.

He holds her gaze for an extended beat. She catches her
breath. Rocked by the realization of who he is. That voice.
The turn of phrase. She literally has to reach out to the
counter to steady herself.

Without saying another word, he turns and walks off. Shannon
just stares after him, tears flooding her eyes. She starts to
tremble. Hugs herself. Within seconds she's convulsing
behind her station.

EXT. BROADWAY - DAY

Jimmy exiting the store into a sea of foot traffic. Moving
against the tide.

As we JUMP CUT to a WIDER SHOT (from above). Jimmy, just
another guy on the street. Going about his business.

JUMP CUT to an EVEN WIDER SHOT -- Jimmy almost lost in the
crowd. Where's Waldo?

JUMP CUT to a WIDE HIGH ANGLE -- can no longer make out Jimmy
in the throng of pedestrians. But he's down there somewhere.

WOOSH OUT to NEW YORK from a thousand feet above.

The THUP-THUP-! of a silencer CUTS US TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS