

BULLET TO THE HEAD

HEADSHOT

Alessandro Camon

Based on the graphic novel by
Matz and Colin Wilson

FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

A mixed neighborhood, half-gentrified. Fancy new buildings and old, decaying ones.

CLOSE ON: A STRAY CAT, gingerly crossing the street.

INT./EXT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Dark Ford sedan, typical rental. Two men inside.

LOUIS (passenger seat): early 30s, good looks, designer streetwear. A menace to society in a slick, cool package.

JIMMY: older, classic suit, white shirt. The attire says businessman, but the eyes tell another story.

Louis sips from a coffee cup as Jimmy sees:

THE CAT -- frozen, wide-eyed, seconds away from roadkill.

Jimmy swerves -- missing the cat, running over a pothole instead. THUMP.

Louis spills some coffee.

LOUIS

Jesus!

JIMMY

Sorry.

LOUIS

You don't even like cats!

Driving on. Bars and bodegas. HOMEBOYS, HIPSTERS, HASIDS.

Louis inspects his clothes for stains. Finds a spot on his shoe.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Great... coffee stain. On \$700 kicks.

Jimmy glances at them. High-top pale green suede sneakers, too cool for school.

JIMMY

You're kidding me, right?

Louis dabs the stain with a Kleenex.

LOUIS
No, man. Limited edition.

JIMMY
They're *sneakers*.

LOUIS
They're *collectibles*.

JIMMY
Collectible *sneakers*.

LOUIS
What's your point?

JIMMY
I don't know. Sounds like...
premium M&Ms.

LOUIS
(rolls eyes)
You don't get it... Go to Europe,
you'll see these in fashion shows.
Japan, you'll see 'em at the
museum.

JIMMY
There's a sneaker museum in Japan?

LOUIS
No -- I mean the regular museum.
Statues and shit.
(beat)
Where *is* this place, anyway?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Open floor plan: living room, kitchenette (tiny, empty) a bed
in a corner (big, draped in sheer pink netting).

LOLA: late 20s -- built for sin and accordingly enhanced --
dims the lights and TURNS the STEREO ON. Slow, sexy R&B.
Lola sways to it.

DON STERLING: 60s -- bulky, silver hair and blue suit --
flashes a broad smile. He likes what he sees.

STERLING
Keep doing that. I'll be right
back.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sterling looks in the mirror. He loosens his tie.

He opens a bottle of Viagra, dry-pops a blue pill. Starts twisting the cap back on. Thinks again. Takes one more.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Jimmy parks, KILLS THE ENGINE. He takes a little nasal spray bottle out of his pocket and squeezes a hit into each nostril.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sterling, now in his boxer shorts and undershirt, hoovers a line of coke off the coffee table. Lola waits for her turn.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LANDING

Louis and Jimmy get out of the elevator, walk down the corridor, stop at a door. MUSIC can be HEARD FROM INSIDE -- a version of I Only Have Eyes For You.

JIMMY
(whispers)
Hold it.

Louis shoots him a puzzled look.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
The song.

LOUIS
What about the song?

Jimmy hesitates. Song's not right. Maybe his instinct is telling him something?

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Jimmy. Come on. Let's do this.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The DOORBELL RINGS. The following in whispers:

STERLING
You expecting someone?

She shakes her head.

STERLING (CONT'D)
 You didn't tell anyone? 'Cause I
 don't need to be on The Inquirer...

LOLA
 Let's ignore it.

She puts her nose to the table. The DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

LOLA (CONT'D)
 Oh, for God's sake...
 (loud)
 Who is it?

LOUIS (O.S.)
 Delivery.

LOLA
 Just leave it.

LOUIS (O.S.)
 You need to sign, ma'am.

Lola sighs, grabs a robe, ambles to the door. She opens it:

Louis and Jimmy burst in. Ski masks over their faces, guns raised, silencers on.

POP, POP -- Louis shoots Sterling in the chest. You may NOTICE he's left-handed.

He turns the gun to Lola.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
 Not a sound.

Lola backs up against a cabinet. There's an old teddy bear sitting on it, next to a wicker basket.

Jimmy closes the door, goes to check the bathroom.

Louis notices the left-over coke on the coffee table. As he steps toward it --

Lola reaches inside the basket and pulls out a gun...

Jimmy comes back -- she points the gun at him.

JIMMY
 Put it down.

Louis snaps to attention and walks back to Lola, who's now between the two men and not sure what to do. Louis cold-cocks her with the butt of his gun. She slumps to the floor.

For a moment, all we HEAR is the song: "*And I only have eyes...*"

Jimmy looks at the teddy bear, its button eyes seeming to look back accusingly:

"... *for you.*"

Jimmy looks away...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He's alive.

LOUIS

He's a toy.

JIMMY

No. *He's* alive.

Louis turns to see:

Sterling -- rebooted by Viagra and cocaine, barrelling into him like a half-naked zombie.

Louis reaches for his gun -- too late: Sterling clutches him in a bear hug, teeth bared, mouth foaming...

LOUIS

Do something!

Jimmy aims, takes his time, shoots.

Sterling falls forward on top of Louis -- who rolls over and gets up, horrified to see that --

His clothes and shoes are covered with blood.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Oh, man...

He empties his gun into Sterling -- POP, POP, POP, POP -- total overkill.

JIMMY

I think you got him.

LOUIS

Look at my clothes.

JIMMY

Just take 'em to the cleaners.

LOUIS

And tell 'em what? I nicked myself shaving?

Steaks and burgers are grilling on the barbecue outside.

DANIEL PERRY, 30s, All-American, an athlete's physique and a winning smile, holds court amongst four other GUYS. Buzz cuts, bulging muscles. Testosterone central.

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, they can read thermal signatures. They get the rabbit in *15 minutes*. The NYPD guys get going. 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: 'All right, all right! I'm a rabbit!'

The guys LAUGH -- all but one. ERIC CARLISLE: same age as Perry, but the vibe is older. Serious. A thinker. Wound *tight*.

Perry makes eye contact with a HOT BRUNETTE across the room.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Carlisle munches an apple.

ANNA -- Perry's wife (30), an earthy beauty with strong Greek features -- approaches him, holding her wine glass.

ANNA

Hey. You seen Dan?

CARLISLE

I... I think he's in the bathroom.

Anna is unconvinced. She spots Perry through the window, chatting up the Brunette.

Perry gestures, *just a second*. He walks inside. Preemptive strike:

PERRY

(to Carlisle)

You got the call?

Carlisle frowns as he checks his phone.

PERRY (CONT'D)
 We gotta roll.
 (to Anna)
 See you back home.

Anna watches them leave, then sips from her glass.

EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

TWO police cars are parked by the entrance, lights flashing. A small crowd of NIGHT TYPES has gathered behind a police partition. BUMS, STUDENTS, LATE SHIFTERS.

Perry parks his bottle-green '67 Mustang GT and gets out, followed by Carlisle.

A UNIFORMED COP nods to them, then spits his gum on the sidewalk.

Carlisle notices. He fishes inside his pockets, takes out a ticket stub and picks up the gum with it. He throws it in a trash can. Looks at the Cop like he's about to say something, then he enters the building.

COP
 He's... pretty fastidious.

PERRY
 That's one word for it.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Perry and Carlisle enter the crime scene. The place has been tossed upside down.

TODD BARNES, patrol cop (in uniform), walks over to the two detectives. He's young and eager.

BARNES
 Victim is a Louisiana Congressman.
 The tenant is a hooker and drug
 dealer. She has a concussion but
 she'll be alright. Said it was two
 guys, both masked.

Carlisle raises an eyebrow.

BARNES (CONT'D)
 Looks like they were after her
 stash.

PERRY
 Alright, settle down, Sherlock.

Barnes looks hurt.

Perry and Carlisle observe the bodies, then the area around them.

CARLISLE'S POV: a bloody footprint, with the distinctive pattern of a sneaker's rubber sole.

PERRY'S POV: The old teddy bear on the dresser. He looks into its eyes, as if he could read into them...

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Chief of Detectives SAM DOUGLASS, 50s, receding hair and expanding waist, arrives. With him is COLEMAN, 40, dark suit.

DOUGLASS
 Perry, Carlisle, this is Bert
 Coleman, FBI.

Perry looks at him with ill-disguised hostility.

COLEMAN
 Don't wanna step on your toes,
 gentlemen, but this is under
 Federal jurisdiction.

DOUGLASS
 (to Perry and Carlisle)
 Fill him in, will you?

INT. BAR - LATER

A crowded Irish joint somewhere in Hell's Kitchen, fashionably old school. Bobby Sands on the wall, POGUES on the stereo, Guinness on tap.

Carlisle sits with Perry at the bar.

PERRY
 It's a pro job.

CARLISLE
 How do you know?

Perry reaches inside his coat, takes out Lola's teddy bear.

PERRY
 He told me.

He finds a hole -- pretty much where it would be. His finger slips inside it, rummages around.

PERRY (CONT'D)
(to bear)
Sorry...

He takes out a bunch of fabric, then a ZIPLOC BAG. It's filled with white powder.

CARLISLE
(looking around)
Will you put that away?

Perry pushes the bag back inside the bear.

PERRY
Classic stashing place.

CARLISLE
If you say so.

PERRY
Hey -- if you'd earned your badge on the streets instead of law school, you'd know that too.

CARLISLE
Sure. And if you had a little regard for the law, you wouldn't be mishandling evidence like this!

PERRY
Point is: no self-respecting junkie would forget to look into the bear.

Carlisle nods, impressed after all.

CARLISLE
Why didn't you tell Coleman?

Perry leans closer, lowers his voice:

PERRY
Two masked guys... Contact wounds on the right side of the victim's belly, so that's a left-handed shooter. Ring a bell?

CARLISLE
You gotta be kidding me... the Red Pit? That's not our case anymore... and this isn't either!

PERRY

It is if we solve it.

CARLISLE

Dan. We blew that case because you broke the rules. Now you wanna do it again? This is not healthy.

PERRY

I'm not a cop because it's *healthy!*
I'm a cop 'cause I wanna catch the bad guys! It's either about that, or it's about the rules and the politics and the career!

(harsh)

You let me know when you've made your choice.

He turns toward the other end of the bar. The Hot Brunette from the party sits there, waiting.

Carlisle shakes his head in disbelief.

CARLISLE

What are you doing?

PERRY

What do you mean?

CARLISLE

I mean... what about Anna?

PERRY

She's probably asleep. Probably wearing flannels. If you must know.

CARLISLE

So why don't you leave her?

PERRY

What's your problem? Anna is Anna... strange is strange.

CARLISLE

You don't think *that's* a choice?

(OFF Perry's sigh)

You wanna know what my problem is? I hate to see a friend lie. What I hate even more? Is when I have to lie for him!

PERRY

I'm sorry, Mr. Clean. Hope your application to Internal Affairs is accepted.

And just like that -- straight from the heart:

Carlisle punches him in the face.

The whole place freezes.

Perry massages his jaw, dabs blood from his lip.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Not bad.

He stands, pulls up his sleeves --

The IRISH BARTENDER -- grizzled older guy, gnarly veins, Gaelic tattoo -- jumps the bar and gets in between them:

IRISH BARTENDER

Not in my pub, mate.

Carlisle throws down a 20, shoots a last look at Perry before walking away.

PERRY

(to Irish Bartender)

It's okay. We're cool.

He grabs his drink and takes the long walk to the Brunette.

INT. POLICE STATION - DOUGLASS' OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Carlisle sits in front of the Chief, fidgeting.

DOUGLASS

You sure about this?

CARLISLE

It's better for everyone.

DOUGLASS

So be it. I'm gonna talk to Perry and get you a new assignment.

Carlisle nods, grim-faced, already a little remorseful.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

An AERIAL VIEW of the Crescent City. Big-band JAZZ faint in the background, SWELLING AND SOARING as we FIND --

EXT. RIVERBOAT CASINO

A triple decker, built in the style of a 19th-century paddle wheeler, festooned with lights, is moored at the riverbank. GAMBLERS and TOURISTS onboard.

A sign spells the boat's name in neon: LADY LUCK.

More people mill about on the dock. Dreamers going in, losers coming out.

INT. LADY LUCK - CASINO FLOOR

Jimmy, wearing a black leather coat, sits at the roulette table with half-a-dozen GAMBLERS. Small-stakes bets -- red and black, odd and even.

The CROUPIER starts the spin, launches the ball...

And Jimmy places a tall stack of chips on "17".

A THIN LADY tries to put a couple of chips on the same number, but --

CROUPIER

No more bets.

The ball spins, bounces and skids... finally drops into the "17" slot.

Someone CLAPS. Jimmy keeps his cool. He collects, tips the Croupier.

CROUPIER (CONT'D)

Thank you, sir.

INT. LADY LUCK - CASINO FLOOR - LATER

Jimmy cashes in his chips. Louis -- Versace suit, white Gucci sneakers -- is next in line.

A curvaceous, Jessica Rabbit REDHEAD in a lamé mini-dress slinks toward them and smiles.

REDHEAD

Hello, boys. I'd like to invite you to our private champagne room.

LOUIS

Champagne room, huh? What's there, exactly?

She winks as she hands them two invitations:

REDHEAD

Everything your heart desires.

She walks away. They take a long, admiring look at her backside.

LOUIS

Untraceable transaction, my ass.
They just want to pay us here so we
can give it right back.

JIMMY

We don't have to.

LOUIS

Come on, man. Live a little.

INT. LADY LUCK - LATER

Louis and Jimmy walk down a corridor.

A door at the end is guarded by a large BOUNCER in a shapeless suit.

BOUNCER

Can I help you?

Jimmy gives him the invitation. Louis adds a C-note.

LOUIS

Here you go.

The Bouncer nods and opens the door.

INT. LADY LUCK - CHAMPAGNE ROOM

A teenager's fantasy. MUSIC, full bar, voluptuous GIRLS in skimpy outfits. BALL GAME ON MUTE on the plasma screen.

Louis and Jimmy step inside.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET - NIGHT

Two black Chevy Suburban SUVs pull into an alley. A bunch of rough-looking MEN get out. We SEE the casino boat in the distance.

We FOCUS ON one of the men: 40s, military bearing, a stone-cold look in his eyes. KAPLAN. He answers his PHONE:

INT. LADY LUCK - SAME

The Redhead stands on a deck, smoking nervously.

REDHEAD

They're in.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET - NIGHT

Kaplan nods to his lieutenant, REYES -- thickset, handlebar moustache. It's on. They start walking toward the boat.

INT. LADY LUCK - CHAMPAGNE ROOM - SAME

Jimmy sneezes violently.

JIMMY

There's a cat in here.

LOUIS

Please... don't start.

Jimmy sneezes again.

GIRL (O.S.)

He's right.

Louis turns to the GIRL. She points at a well-fed feline on a pillow.

GIRL (CONT'D)

He lives here.

JIMMY

I gotta go.

LOUIS

(to Girl)

My friend's allergic to pus--

JIMMY

You don't have to say that every time.

LOUIS

He also just won a hundred grand.
Maybe you can find a cat-free zone...

She smiles and takes Jimmy's hand.

GIRL

I'm Destiny.

INT. LADY LUCK - CORRIDOR

Kaplan and his Goons reach the Champagne Room. Kaplan exchanges glances with the Bouncer, who quietly steps aside.

INT. LADY LUCK - CHAMPAGNE ROOM

The hit squad bursts in. They level their GUNS. Kaplan locks eyes with --

Louis, who puts down his champagne flute.

LOUIS

Shit.

Kaplan SHOOTS. Louis goes down.

KAPLAN

Where's the other one?

A BLONDE GIRL nods toward a door in the back...

Kaplan puts a finger to his lips, gestures to his men.

They silently approach the door... Kaplan kicks it open:

A small alcove -- Destiny with her arms up, terrified --

Another door, open, leading back to:

INT. LADY LUCK - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy on the run --

The Bouncer coming toward him, pulling out a gun --

Jimmy plants a BULLET between his eyes.

Kaplan's men appear behind him. They SHOOT and miss.

Jimmy turns a corner, runs up a staircase...

INT. LADY LUCK - RESTAURANT

Jimmy runs through the dining room, dodging a WAITER, bumping into a table, knocking down ANOTHER WAITER.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kaplan's death squad enters the room. Panic spreads.

KAPLAN

That way!

EXT. LADY LUCK - UPPER DECK

Jimmy comes up a staircase, runs through another door.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Kaplan's men in pursuit. They split in different directions.

Chaos -- people bolting for the exits, trampling over each other. One man JUMPS into the water.

Jimmy comes out, mixes into the crowd --

A Goon spots him and FIRES, injuring ANOTHER MAN.

Jimmy RETURNS FIRE -- the Goon goes down.

Two more appear and start SHOOTING. Bullets ZING. Jimmy takes cover, FIRES back, nails them. One thing's for sure: he's good at this.

Jimmy looks at the exit -- too crowded. He looks down to the water, then glances at a dead goon.

INT. LADY LUCK - STAIRS

Kaplan and the rest of the men rush toward the gunfight. A LARGE MAN is coming down, blocking the way.

KAPLAN

Move!

LARGE MAN

You move!

Kaplan SHOOTS him in the leg. The man goes down on one knee as Kaplan steps around him.

EXT. LADY LUCK - UPPER DECK

Kaplan arrives -- sees his dead guys -- no Jimmy.

KAPLAN

Where is he?

He peers overboard: a dozen people in the water, swimming and screaming. He looks at the street: POLICE CARS pulling up.

And then he sees it: Jimmy's body bobbing to the surface in his black leather jacket.

Kaplan SHOOTS him a few times for good measure, then throws the gun into the river.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
(into headset)
Let's go.

EXT. WATER - NIGHT

Jimmy's dead body floats on the water. We GO UNDER AND LOOK UP FROM BELOW TO SEE that:

"Jimmy" is not Jimmy but the Goon, wearing Jimmy's jacket. Meantime...

EXT. WATER - ANOTHER ANGLE

Jimmy quietly swims to shore.

INT. RESTAURANT - WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

An elegant power spot. The Washington Monument appears through the windows.

ALAN TRECOTT -- early 40s, bespoke Zegna, a handsome face with a cruel edge -- dines with SENATOR ROBBINS -- 40s, a plastic politician.

TRECOTT
How's Sandy?

ROBBINS
Good, good. She... spends a lot of time gardening. You know how it gets.

TRECOTT
Not really.

ROBBINS
That's right... You don't date any woman born before MTV. But I'm in politics.

TRECOTT
Have her give me a call. I thought about her wildlife project... I might be interested in making a donation.

ROBBINS
Listen, Alan... I can't promise --

TRECOTT
Please. I mean it.

ROBBINS
I appreciate it.

TRESCOTT
That said... I *do* want this deal.
And you do control the key votes.

ROBBINS
I'm going to look at the reports
and --

TRESCOTT
Let me save you the time.

He tosses an envelope on the table. Photos spill out. A
YOUNG WOMAN entering a medical building.

Robbins blanches.

TRESCOTT (CONT'D)
Yes, this is your son's girlfriend.
The morning of the abortion.
(beat)
Which you paid for.

ROBBINS
You can't prove that.

TRESCOTT
You underestimate me. I have
recordings and bank statements.

Trescott's PHONE VIBRATES. He checks the number.

TRESCOTT (CONT'D)
(to Robbins)
Vote wisely.

He picks up (notice the 200K watch on his wrist) while
signaling for the check. Meeting's over.

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.

TRESCOTT
Did you talk to him?

HAYES
He's done in New Orleans. Dealing
with the guy in New York.

INT. CARLISLE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Ferociously clean. Modern furniture, sparse and spare. Law books. Murder books (three-ring binders with case files).

Baseball memorabilia: pennants, signed balls, Yankee Stadium relics.

Shelves of CDs, vintage concert posters -- blues and jazz. Miles Davis. Dr. John. Little Charlie and the Night Cats.

Carlisle, in T-shirt and pajama bottoms, 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)

Look -- what can I say? I'm an asshole. And you're the only one who could ever set me straight. That's why we made a good team.

Carlisle listens -- thinks -- sighs.

PERRY (V.O.)

You're missing out on Sterling, by the way -- it's *big*. Anyway... we can still be friends, right? 'Cause I did it. I broke up with Anna. And I'm going a little crazy right now.

Carlisle fights himself. Pick up. Don't.

PERRY

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.

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

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

Trescott speaks to a dozen SENATORS, including Robbins.

TRESCOTT

Bombs in the Middle East, flood in
Indonesia, earthquake in Haiti --
Blue Corp has been there.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Still early. Long shadows. Grass shining with dew.

TRESCOTT (V.O.)

Different places, one mission:
rebuild homes. Rebuild cities.

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.)

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:

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 falls hard.

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

Trescott wraps it up:

TRESCOTT

We're ready to bring New Orleans
into a new era. Vote yes for this
contract, and we will.

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 and starts working on a door. After a few tries, the bolt is unlocked.

A curious LADY steps out from her apartment.

LADY
What in heaven --

JIMMY
It's all right. I'm a friend.

LADY
I'm gonna call the police.

Jimmy rolls his eyes.

INT. LOUIS' APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Jimmy flips through the channels, settles on vintage Hong Kong Chop Socky.

JIMMY
Here... this is good.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The Lady sitting in front of the TV, tied and gagged.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

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". Bingo -- he pockets it.

Jimmy looks at Louis' walk-in closet. Designer T-shirts on hangers, sneakers galore. Jordans, Dunks, classic Chuck Taylors, custom Nikes and Adidas, Supras, etc., 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. KUNG FU YELLS FROM THE TV.

Jimmy walks back to the living room. The Lady pleads with her eyes.

JIMMY

Someone will be with you shortly.

He TURNS THE VOLUME ALL THE WAY UP and gets out, leaving the door open.

INT. CORRIDOR

As Jimmy walks away, we hear:

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Yo, Bruce Lee! Turn that shit
down!

EXT. NEW YORK CHURCH - DAY

A long line of MEN IN BLUE stretches along the street.

On the opposite side, the NYPD band's bagpipes start playing Amazing Grace as --

Perry's coffin comes out of the church, Carlisle amongst the pallbearers. They wear black bands across their shields.

They pass Anna. Carlisle sees her out of the corner of his eye. Sees Perry's girlfriend on the other side. He walks on, staring straight ahead. Gripping the handle tight.

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

Robbins presides over the 16-member group.

ROBBINS

The Public Works Committee now
votes over the new Blue Corp
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:

ROBBINS (CONT'D)

Aye.

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A smaller crowd, strictly COPS and RELATIVES. Slackened ties, open collars, whiskey-reddened cheeks.

Anna chats stoically with PERRY'S PARENTS.

Carlisle stands alone. CHIEF WALSH spots him. He's 60, old-school tough, his dress uniform crisp as winter sunshine. He leaves his huddle midconversation...

WALSH

Excuse me.

... and walks up to Carlisle, hand outstretched.

WALSH (CONT'D)

My condolences.

CARLISLE

(as they shake)

Thank you, Chief.

Walsh looks him in the eye. Before he leaves:

WALSH

Heard he called you before he died.
But you didn't get to talk to him.

CARLISLE

No. I didn't.

WALSH

Well. Maybe it's better that way.

CLOSE ON Carlisle standing there, clutching a glass. Flooded with regret. Suddenly --

The GLASS BREAKS in Carlisle's hand. He walks into:

INT. KITCHEN

Half-eaten food, open bottles.

Carlisle shakes glass into the trash can and closes his hand around a few napkins.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Douglass finds Carlisle standing in the rain.

He notices Carlisle's hand. The paper napkins are soaked with blood.

CARLISLE

(staring at hand)

I punched him... the last time I saw him, I punched him in the face. And then I asked for reassignment.

DOUGLASS

Don't.

Carlisle looks up.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

Don't do this to yourself.

Something else's eating at Carlisle.

CARLISLE

He had *something* on the Sterling case. *Something big*. What if...

DOUGLASS

What are you talking about? What did he have?

CARLISLE

I... didn't ask.

DOUGLASS

You need some time off.

CARLISLE

Sir --

Douglass raises his hand -- *wait*.

DOUGLASS

Sterling's federal. Can't let you meddle with this. 'Course what you wanna do in your time off... that's another matter. You understand what I'm saying here?

Carlisle nods.

EXT. NYPD STATION - NIGHT

Carlisle, wearing a Yankees hat, gets out of his Prius. He waits a moment. Sighs. Rules are about to be broken.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Carlisle walks by the reception desk.

CARLISLE

Busy night?

DESK COP

(shrugs)

Two robberies, one shooting, six drug arrests... Couple of hookers with a priest and a python.

(off Carlisle's look)

Long story.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Carlisle sits at a desk in a small room, going through a police log. Codes, times, locations -- the daily chronicle of big-city mayhem. We FOCUS ON key words as he reads:

9:28 PM, 1134 CALYPER. Homicide, multiple gunshots... Caucasian male, 60s; Officer McAlpine... Detective Perry... Detective Carlisle.

9:45 PM, CALYPER AND NEWTON. Assault. Homeless Caucasian man. Officer Suazo.

Carlisle frowns. Same street, two crimes, minutes apart.

EXT. GREENPOINT STREET - NIGHT

Carlisle cruises by. He stops by a bum, BURTON, in a long dark coat, who's setting up camp on the front steps of a church.

Carlisle rolls down his window:

CARLISLE

You Ned Burton?

BURTON

Who wants to know?

Carlisle flashes his badge and gets out of the car.

CARLISLE
Tell me what happened last week.

BURTON
Again? I was a block over that
way, minding my own business...

FLASHBACK - EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT

Burton sees a car stop by the other side of the alley.

Louis comes out, walks to a trash container. He takes off his shoes, throws them in the trash, then goes back to the car.

After he leaves, Burton steps out of the shadows, heading toward the container.

BURTON (V.O.)
Freddie tried to steal 'em.

FLASHBACK - EXT. GREENPOINT STREET - NIGHT

Another bum (FREDDIE) stands in Burton's way:

FREDDIE
Let me see those.

BURTON
Hell, no.

They start tussling.

BURTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And then the cops came.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. GREENPOINT STREET - NIGHT (PRESENT TIME)

Carlisle looks at Burton's filthy work boots.

CARLISLE
So what happened to the shoes?

BURTON
I kept them. But they're too damn tight.

CARLISLE
Where are they?

Burton considers this, then:

BURTON
 Grande cappuccino, whipped cream.
 Scrambled eggs, bacon, white toast.
 (a beat)
 And the hat.

CARLISLE
 You've got to be kidding me.

Burton just stares.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Carlisle deposits the food in Burton's shopping cart and reluctantly hands him the hat.

Burton removes a loose brick from a wall and fishes the shoes out of the hole.

INT. NYPD LAB - DAY

A forensic TECHNICIAN returns the shoes to Carlisle.

TECHNICIAN
 Perfect match -- it's Sterling's
 blood. You have the guy in
 custody?

CARLISLE
 I don't even have a name.

TECHNICIAN
 Shoes are brand new... Look like
 some of those rare models, too.
 You might get lucky.

INT. FOOT LOCKER - DAY

Carlisle shows the shoes, now in a clear plastic bag, to a store CLERK.

CLERK
 Try Kool Kicks on 52nd.

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.

SNEAKERHEAD #1
Check out the foxing.

SNEAKERHEAD #2
Love it.

JAYDEN, 30s, clad in Japanese Skateboarder chic, glances at the dirty shoes on the counter.

JAYDEN
Green Machine 900 Series. Very cool. The suede version came out last March, only 200 pairs. Mostly Europe and Japan -- we were the only ones who sold them in the U.S.

CARLISLE
And you sold out?

JAYDEN
Actually I'm saving most of them. I think I sold half-a-dozen pairs.

CARLISLE
I'm gonna need the names of those customers.

JAYDEN
Oh, I'm not sure I have...
(beat)
May I?

Carlisle nods. Jayden turns the bag over.

JAYDEN (CONT'D)
Size 12...
(thinking)
Could be this guy... 30s, 5'10" or so. Good customer.

CARLISLE
You have the credit card number?

JAYDEN
He pays cash.

Carlisle sighs.

JAYDEN (CONT'D)
But he calls now and then, to see if we have something...
(MORE)

JAYDEN (CONT'D)
(searches his memory)
Louis. New Orleans accent.

Carlisle sees the security camera:

CARLISLE
Let's watch some TV.

EXT. LOUIS ARMSTRONG INTERNATIONAL - DAY

Carlisle strides out of the airport.

INT./EXT. TAXI - MOVING - DAY

Carlisle sits 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

Carlisle sits with SERGEANT GARVEY, 40s, robust, ketchup stain on his light-blue shirt. Carlisle slides a picture across the desk. It's a printout from the store's surveillance video. Louis perusing a shoe.

Garvey looks at the photo. He starts flipping through an album -- a gallery of local rogues. He stops, turns the album over to Carlisle.

CARLISLE'S POV

A mug shot of Louis stares back at him.

BACK TO SCENE

CARLISLE
What's his deal?

GARVEY

Did time on weapons' charges. We couldn't prove what the weapons were for, but I'm pretty sure it wasn't hunting.

CARLISLE

Where do I find him?

GARVEY

Try the morgue.
 (off Carlisle's look)
 He was shot last week. Body's still unclaimed as far as we know.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS CITY MORGUE - DAY

Carlisle gets out of a taxi and walks to the entrance. He stops at the door, takes a bottle of cheap aftershave out of a paper bag, dabs a little under his nose. Trick of the trade.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

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

DR. BENTRES

I did the autopsy myself. Massive internal damage from bullet fragmentation. Copper and tin hollow rounds, gun-freak stuff.

Coming their way, having just left the storage room:

Jimmy. He hears the doctor, pretends he's not interested.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

An ORDERLY toe-tags two recently arrived bodies.

DR. BENTRES

Rob, let him take a look at that Blanchard guy.

The Orderly makes a puzzled face, then shrugs:

ORDERLY

Sure thing.

The Orderly pulls a gurney from its temperature-controlled container. He lifts a sheet, revealing:

Louis. He wears the black high-tops.

Dr. Bentres shoots a questioning look at the Orderly.

The Orderly looks at the shoe in Carlisle's hand.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

His friend was real serious about cremating him with the shoes on.

CARLISLE

What 'friend'?

ORDERLY

He just left.

Carlisle bolts.

EXT. CITY MORGUE

Carlisle comes out, looks around... no one there.

EXT. ST. CHARLES AVENUE - NIGHT

A parade is about to start -- one of the many that take place in N.O. during Mardi Gras season. We SEE 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. Mostly drunk. LOUD MUSIC, a sex-charged vibe.

Carlisle sits at the bar, sipping the last of his whiskey.

Jimmy arrives and sits next to him. Points at Carlisle's drink:

JIMMY

(to BARTENDER)

Two more.

Carlisle looks at him, surprised.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You must be a good cop.

CARLISLE
How would you know I'm a cop?

JIMMY
I have a gift.

Carlisle takes a beat, recognition forming...

CARLISLE
Wait... you were at...

Sobering up fast -- hand sliding off the counter --
Jimmy pats his belt, where his own weapon sticks out.

JIMMY
I wouldn't.

Carlisle stays still. *Okay...*

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Made some calls. Heard your
partner was killed, too. I think
the same people did it.

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

CARLISLE
What do you want from me?

JIMMY
I know something... I figure you
know something. Maybe if we work
together, we can --

CARLISLE
Hold it: *work together?*

JIMMY
Would make the job easier.

CARLISLE
You just basically incriminated
yourself.

JIMMY
Good luck with that.

CARLISLE
But... you *are* a hitman?

Jimmy looks at him for a long beat.

JIMMY

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

Carlisle tries to come up with a clever retort. Best he can do:

CARLISLE

And I'm cop. *My job* is to arrest
you.

JIMMY

Yeah, well -- I'm not that into
you, either...

CARLISLE

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

JIMMY

I was in prison in 2003.
(a beat)
Do we have a deal -- yes or no?

Carlisle gives him a hard stare.

CARLISLE

You got something to tell me, go
ahead. Otherwise, you can get the
hell out. I'm not gonna start a
gunfight in a room full of
civilians. I see you again? One
of us goes down.

JIMMY

(shrugs)
Just one more thing...

He points at the mirror behind the bar where there is a
partial reflection of the street.

CARLISLE'S POV

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

BACK TO SCENE

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Looks like I wasn't the only one
who followed you.

Carlisle turns to take a better look.

CARLISLE'S POV

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

JIMMY (V.O.)
Parade's coming by. Might be a
good time to lose him.

JIMMY

turns his back and leaves.

EXT. ST. CHARLES BAR - NIGHT

Jimmy mixes into the crowd, unnoticed by Kaplan.

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. The jig is up.

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 mixes in. 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 BURLY MEN coming in his direction -- military bearing, hands in their pockets.

Carlisle smells trouble, slows, lets the parade flow by... Suddenly: POP --

People part -- Carlisle turns --

MAN DOWN, just steps away from him. Carlisle looks closer: there's a gun in the man's hand.

Carlisle goes slack-jawed. Was the man going to shoot *him*? He whips his head around:

GLIMPSES of GUNMEN moving through the crowd. DRUMBEAT getting faster as:

Carlisle crouches, spots --

A Gunman aiming at him, ready to fire --

Carlisle's eyes go wide --

POP -- the Gunman's chest explodes.

Carlisle tracks the shot to...

WINNIE THE POOH -- i.e., A MAN in a Winnie the Pooh mask, weaving in and out of the crowd, chasing another GUNMAN.

The Gunman sees Winnie coming but Winnie's faster -- POP: he puts a hole in the Man's throat.

Blood squirts on a TOURIST's "I Love New Orleans" sweater.

Winnie steps away. We can TAKE A BETTER LOOK -- his clothes look familiar... Winnie's Jimmy, come to Carlisle's rescue.

Carlisle recognizes him, then sees:

The two Burly Men coming up behind him. They draw guns, ready to shoot Jimmy...

Carlisle pulls the trigger first: BOOM, BOOM -- no silencer on his gun...

One Burly Man goes down -- the other returns fire... POP POP POP -- all misses...

Jimmy stays low --

Carlisle keeps coming --

BOOM, BOOM -- misses --

POP -- Carlisle's hit! He drops his gun...

POP, POP, POP -- Jimmy drills three shots into the Burly Man's chest.

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 and 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, gun smoking in his hand.

He crouches to inspect them -- inside the first one's coat he finds:

A NOPD badge. Time freezes. SOUND DRAINS OUT OF THE SCENE, replaced by:

The THUMPING OF CARLISLE'S HEART as he stands, stunned. A cop?!

POLICE SIRENS pierce the bubble.

JIMMY

We gotta get out of here.

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 takes off after Jimmy and Carlisle.

Jimmy removes his mask and pushes through the crowd flanking the parade, Carlisle right behind him.

Carlisle sees COPS approaching.

He stops. Jimmy sees them, too. He turns around, sees:

Kaplan and Reyes, making their way toward them...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Follow me!

He leads Carlisle through a gap in the barricades into the parade and --

UNDER A GIANT FLOAT

They crouch and walk between the tall earthmover wheels, protected from view by the float's skirt frame.

CARLISLE'S POV

GLIMPSES of LEGS -- clothed, naked, stationary, moving, and finally: POLICE UNIFORM TROUSERS...

BACK TO SCENE

Jimmy drops and rolls to the other side of the street. Carlisle hesitates, then follows Jimmy.

They get up, mix in the crowd.

Kaplan spots them. He recognizes Jimmy. He could kill him right now, but the cops are too close.

EXT. NEARBY STREET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy and Carlisle hurry along...

JIMMY

Come on -- my car's close.

CARLISLE

I'm not getting in your car.

He winces in pain, holding his wounded shoulder.

JIMMY

You need a doctor.

CARLISLE

Doctor's gonna have to file a
police report...

JIMMY

Not this one.

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

Jimmy drives. Carlisle sits at his side, holding his gun.

JIMMY

You can put that away.

CARLISLE

I don't think so.

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. It's 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 GUITAR GUY to take over and retreats backstage.

The band starts another song, Lead Guitar Guy on vocals.

Sheyla joins Jimmy at the bar.

SHEYLA

Hi!

JIMMY

Hi.

SHEYLA

(realizing)

You didn't come for the show.

JIMMY

I need a favor.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jimmy parks the Cadillac in the back of a nondescript building. Gets out, followed by Sheyla and Carlisle.

He takes two hits from his nose spray.

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?

SHEYLA

What did he tell you?

CARLISLE

He said 'doctor'... Left out the 'animal' part.

JIMMY

It's all the same procedures.

Sheyla gathers scalpels, gauze, antiseptic.

CARLISLE

Sure... if you've got a tail.

JIMMY

Hey. You're the one bleeding.
Don't shoot a gift horse in the
mouth.

Carlisle starts to correct him. Thinks again.

Jimmy sneezes. He looks at a cat in a cage. The CAT GROWLS.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'll be outside.

He leaves. Sheyla cleans Carlisle's shoulder.

SHEYLA
So, you're working with him now?

CARLISLE
No, no. This is... temporary.

SHEYLA
I was gonna say. You don't look
like the type.

CARLISLE
I'll take that as a compliment.

Sheyla spreads the wound a bit.

Carlisle groans through clenched teeth.

SHEYLA
I'll give you a treat when I'm
done.

CARLISLE
Very funny.

She reaches for surgical tweezers.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
So you do this by day, work the bar
at night?

SHEYLA
I'm not a bartender.
(off Carlisle's look)
I sing.

CARLISLE
(intrigued)
Oh.

She reaches into the wound. He grimaces.

SHEYLA
(joking)
It's okay to cry.

He shoots her a look.

She slowly extracts the bullet. A strangely intimate moment.
Close enough they might be about to kiss.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR

Jimmy sits in the dark, listening to WWOZ.

INT. BUNGALOW - LATER

Sheyla finishes bandaging Carlisle's shoulder.

SHEYLA

Nothing against New York. But I
don't know how you do it -- always
stuck in traffic...

CARLISLE

You don't get stuck in New Orleans?

SHEYLA

You get *drunk*. Maybe you get *lost*.
You don't get *stuck*.

(beat)

All done.

CARLISLE

Thanks.

SHEYLA

I'm afraid there will be a scar.

CARLISLE

That's okay. It'll remind it me
of... an interesting night.

They look at each other. Awkward. A sense that she got
under his skin, not just with tweezers.

SHEYLA

Well... good luck, then.

CARLISLE

Good luck with the singing.

He gets up. Slightly reluctant to leave it at that -- but
it is what it is.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT - LATER

Jimmy hands Sheyla a wad of cash.

SHEYLA

You don't need --

JIMMY

Just take it. Please.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - LATER

Jimmy sneezes, dabs his nose with a tissue. Carlisle, bandaged, looks at him.

JIMMY
Allergies.

CARLISLE
To cats?

JIMMY
Cats, pollen... gunpowder.
(dead serious)
Do not repeat that.

CARLISLE
And she's your girlfriend?

Jimmy frowns -- disturbed.

JIMMY
That's my *daughter*.

Carlisle reacts in surprise.

CARLISLE
She's... very nice.

JIMMY
Don't even think about it.

EXT. BAYOU - NIGHT

Jimmy pulls up to a ramshackle wooden house at the edge of the water. Silver moonlight, animal sounds -- birds, frogs, etc. No sign of other human life.

CARLISLE
This is where you live?

JIMMY
When I don't want to be found.

EXT./INT. JIMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy fumbles with the lock. Four turns of the key slide back the supersized deadbolt. They walk in.

Jimmy turns on the light. The main room has a table, couch, TV -- and oddly, a piano. There's a kitchen area in the back. Carlisle looks around, double-takes --

The BIG KNIFE on the table. He keeps looking, sees --
Boxes of ammo on the shelves, a sports bag full of guns on
the floor. A high-powered rifle stands in a corner.

Carlisle lifts an eyebrow.

JIMMY

What?

CARLISLE

Nothing.

Jimmy TURNS ON the TV, GOES THROUGH THE CHANNELS. Soap,
reality, preacher, quiz show... there:

A NEWS segment on the gunfight. A stylishly coiffed 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 four
unidentified men. One of the two
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.

JIMMY

Music?

CARLISLE

It's your place.

Jimmy presses "play". A FUNKY BLUES GUITAR starts playing.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

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

JIMMY

Welcome to New Orleans.

CARLISLE

(to himself)

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

Sheyla starts singing.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

Is this...

JIMMY

Yeah.

CARLISLE

She's good.

JIMMY

Like I said. Don't even --

CARLISLE

I hear you. Don't worry about it.

Jimmy grabs a coffee can, takes out a bag of pot. Starts rolling a spliff.

Jimmy lights up, takes a drag, then passes the spliff.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

No, thanks. I mean... just no.

JIMMY

Drink?

CARLISLE

No.

JIMMY

Wanna eat some --

CARLISLE

I'm fine. Thanks.

A beat. Jimmy gets it.

JIMMY

Was that your first?

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. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Beer posters, neon signs, dark and dank. A tiny crowd, mostly BARFLIES drinking by themselves.

Kaplan sits at the counter in front of the TV.

His PHONE RINGS. He checks the number, puts a napkin on top of his glass, steps outside to take the call.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HAYES' OFFICE - NIGHT

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

HAYES

I thought you were a *professional*.

Kaplan swallows his pride.

KAPLAN

The operation is ongoing.

HAYES

Yeah, well, you better complete *the operation* quickly, or the next *operation* you get is gonna be back in Baghdad.

He hangs up.

INT. JIMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Carlisle lies on the couch, still clutching his gun. The sound of Jimmy's SNORING comes from next door.

CARLISLE

Jesus Christ.

INT. JIMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - DAY

Carlisle stirs, about to wake up. We NOTICE he's fashioned makeshift earplugs from paper tissues, now dangling from his ears.

He opens his eyes, sees --

His gun in Jimmy's hand.

Carlisle pulls paper out of his ears.

Jimmy points the gun at Carlisle, fully outstretched, lining up the sight.

Carlisle raises his hands.

CARLISLE
Hey... Be cool.

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

JIMMY
You got a crack on the breech face.

He walks into the kitchen area.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Hungry?

He grabs two plates and sets them on the table. Deep-fried hamburgers. He starts eating.

CARLISLE
Sorry... I don't eat animals.

JIMMY
Why not?

CARLISLE
It's bad for you. Bad for them.
Bad for the planet... Are those
enough reasons?

Jimmy looks at him, perplexed. He looks at the hamburger, takes a bite, then walks to the fridge and takes out a bag of carrots. He 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
I told you. We got set up.

CARLISLE
Who was the client?

JIMMY
We worked through a handler.
Friend of Louis.

CARLISLE
Did you ask him?

JIMMY
Not yet. What have you got?

Carlisle holds up the carrots.

CARLISLE
That's about it.

JIMMY
(frowns)
Could have told me that in the bar.

CARLISLE
Hey -- I don't remember barging my
way here.

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 looks at him like it's a trick question.

JIMMY
Take 'em out?

CARLISLE
You mean... take them *in*.

JIMMY
No, I mean --
(holds it, then:)
Sure. What you said.

Carlisle shakes his head.

CARLISLE
I don't know... Why would I trust
you?

JIMMY
I saved your life. You slept on my
couch. I gave you breakfast...
What do you want, a ring?

CARLISLE
(relenting)
And you were in prison 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.

JIMMY
 My last day.
 (beat)
 Ever.

Carlisle nods. Still not quite sure if this is his best chance or the worst mistake of his life. Or both.

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 watches, disturbed.

CARLISLE
 Were you here?

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

Carlisle lifts an eyebrow.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Drug dealer in Miami. Trust me,
 it's a better world 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 semiabandoned 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?

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.

JIMMY

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

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.

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 doesn't answer.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

Carlisle?

CARLISLE

I'm out of town. New Orleans.

Douglass winces. Swallows Tylenol from the bottle, washes it down with coffee.

DOUGLASS

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

Silence.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)
You need to get your ass back here,
right now.

CARLISLE
Sorry... I have to finish this.

He hangs up.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

Jimmy looks for a parking spot. It's a long shot.

JIMMY
Son of a bitch.

Carlisle checks a map on his phone.

CARLISLE
Go left -- there's a spot around
the corner.

JIMMY
How do you know?

CARLISLE
There's an app for it.

Jimmy frowns, mystified.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - MAISON DU SOLEIL - NIGHT

Jimmy and Carlisle walk toward the posh spa.

CARLISLE
How do you know he'll be there?

JIMMY
He's a regular.

INT. MAISON DU SOLEIL - NIGHT

A RECEPTIONIST sits in the lobby behind a desk, flipping through US magazine. Mellow NEW-AGE MUSIC PLAYS in the background.

The door opens.

RECEPTIONIST
Sorry... we're about to close.

Jimmy walks to the desk. He pulls his gun.

JIMMY
This will be quick.
(to Carlisle)
Watch her.

CARLISLE
Wait a minute --

But Jimmy's already marching down the corridor.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM

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

The Masseuse looks nervously at Carlisle. He tries to smile.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Slade stirs and grunts.

SLADE
We gonna do this or what?

JIMMY
Anytime.

Slade's eyes fly open to the sight of:

Jimmy sitting in front of him.

SLADE
Jimmy... thank God you're okay.

JIMMY
Who was the client?

SLADE
I swear, I don't know. I never ask
for that. My guy hears from a guy
who hears from a guy...

JIMMY
How much did you get to set us up?

SLADE
No way, man... I swear!

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 -- out comes a gun. He points it
at Jimmy's back and --

CLICK. Slade looks at the gun, confused.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Like they say: guns don't kill
people.

He turns: gun in one hand, Slade's bullet clip in the other.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Bullets do.

Slade puts down the gun and raises his hands.

SLADE
Marcus Flaherty. That's all I
know.

Jimmy points his gun --

SLADE (CONT'D)
Just... just name your price.

Jimmy lowers his gun.

JIMMY
You serious?

SLADE
Fair's fair.

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

SLADE
I can swing that.

JIMMY
Gonna have to relocate. New ID...
New car... New place...

SLADE
Another 100 then.

JIMMY
May need a new nose.

SLADE
120?

JIMMY
And I like my nose.

SLADE
Call it 700, all in.

JIMMY
That's the price.

SLADE
So it is.

JIMMY
... But this?

He brings the gun up. The blood drains from Slade's face as he stares into the barrel.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
This is priceless.

He shoots...

CLICK. *What?*

Slade sees his last chance and 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. SCREAMS. GRUNTS. CRASHES. Finally:

CARLISLE
Christ...

INT. MAISON DU SOLEIL - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Carlisle pushes the Receptionist and Masseuse into a closet-sized utility room and locks it.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM

Jimmy and Slade fight savagely, slamming each other against the walls.

Carlisle bursts in, gun sweeping the room and locking on Slade. BOOM!

Slade takes a bullet in the knee and crumples.

Jimmy grabs Slade's gun, slams in the bullet clip and plants a bullet in his head. Without a pause...

He turns to Carlisle and decks him.

JIMMY
That's for emptying my gun.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

Jimmy walks away.

CARLISLE
Wait...

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

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 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. Like you saved
mine. So... maybe we should stick
together after all. What do you
say? I mean... I need you.

Jimmy looks into his pleading eyes. He shrugs.

JIMMY

You had me at fuck you.

INT. CREOLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jimmy sits with Carlisle as the WAITRESS takes their orders.

CARLISLE

Turkducken?

WAITRESS

Turkey, stuffed with duck, stuffed
with chicken.

JIMMY

Can't be beat.

CARLISLE

(to Waitress)

I'll have a salad. Arugula,
radicchio, tomatoes. A little
fennel. Oh, and some green beans.

She frowns.

JIMMY

He's from New York.

WAITRESS

Afraid we don't have that, sir.

CARLISLE

What vegetables *do* you have?

WAITRESS

French fries... onion rings.

CARLISLE

(beat)

Just bring me a bowl of soup.

WAITRESS

Turkducken for one, bowl of soup.

She splits. After a moment:

JIMMY

The man we want is a lawyer named
Flaherty.

Carlisle reaches into his pocket a little too quickly.

Jimmy instinctively goes for his gun --

CARLISLE

Easy.

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.

Jimmy looks at him skeptically.

JIMMY

There's an app for it?

CARLISLE

I could hit you with it -- that's
easy. Put it in a sock and swing
it. I could remove the glass
screen and cut you. I could soak
the battery in your drink. Bet you
didn't know that. You strike me as
a one-note hitman.

Jimmy takes the slight without flinching.

JIMMY

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

Carlisle turns to look at the little plastic salt shaker 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
I'd use it to distract you.

INT. CREOLE RESTAURANT - LATER

Carlisle slices an egg. Jimmy digs into his triple bird.

CARLISLE
No way you're gonna finish that.

JIMMY
(licks his finger)
Don't worry about it.

CARLISLE
So, tell me -- where are you from?

JIMMY
All over.

CARLISLE
How did you end up in... your line
of work?

JIMMY
Cash business. You keep your own
hours. Don't have to wear a tie.

CARLISLE
Ha ha.

Jimmy sips his beer, considering. *All right... longer
version.*

JIMMY
My father was a drinker. My mother
died. I was in juvie at 15. There
was this guard... Donnie Wilson.
Beat me every day.

Carlisle listens. Studiously casual. Secretly riveted.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
He was my first.

Carlisle puts down the glass.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I don't take just any job. But people don't usually have a contract taken out on them because they're nice guys.

Carlisle waits, silently urging Jimmy on.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Eventually, I was caught. Witness tampering. *Seven years.*

(beat)

I got out, the world had changed. I was a dinosaur. All my contacts were retired -- except this guy I met inside...

CARLISLE

Louis.

JIMMY

(nods)

I watched his back in the joint...

CARLISLE

So he put you to work. He had the hookup, you had the skills...

JIMMY

He could have left me on the sidewalk. But he was a stand-up guy.

(drinks, then)

What's *your* story?

Carlisle hesitates. He doesn't like to talk about it any more than Jimmy does.

CARLISLE

I was gonna be a lawyer. Just like my father. Summer before graduating, I interned at his firm. Got to sit in at a lot of meetings... I guess I learned too much. All the lying, the cheating... When 9/11 came, I knew I wanted to do something else.

Jimmy listens, as attentive as Carlisle was.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

The law degree got me fast-tracked to detective. 75th precinct, gangland central.

(MORE)

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

Brooklyn's body dump. They figured they'd give me a cowboy for a partner. First case we got was a triple hit at an after-hours club called the Red Pit... Big deal. Danny wanted it so bad he roughed up a few suspects. He nearly lost his job over it, and we never solved the case. He kept trying though. He was that kind of guy.

Jimmy nods. They stay quiet for a while. Just two guys in a bar, hanging.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question?
(off Jimmy's look)
What's the deal with the suit?

JIMMY

(shrugs)
Seven years in orange overalls, you feel like wearing a suit.

A JAZZ ENSEMBLE steps onto the stage. The DRUMMER gives Jimmy a nod of recognition. They start playing a hot, funky number. The whole place swings.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER STREET - NIGHT

Jimmy and Carlisle walk out. They pass old buildings. GLIMPSES of statues and courtyard gardens behind wrought-iron gates. Lush, mysterious. Jimmy turns into an alley...

CARLISLE

Where the hell are we going?

Suddenly we're on Skid Row. A group of HOMELESS GUYS stands around a fire, one of them plays the harmonica.

Jimmy hands them the box with the rest of the turkducken.

Carlisle takes that in, surprised. Who *is* this guy?

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 and 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."

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
Someone's having a party...

JIMMY
Let's check it out.

CARLISLE
That'd take some planning.

JIMMY
We don't have a lot of time.

CARLISLE
Five-P rule: Proper Planning
Prevents Poor Performance.

Jimmy takes that in.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

Old, poor and overcrowded, but also vibrant and colorful -- a slice of authentic New Orleans. MUSIC blares from a thousand SPEAKERS. BABY MAMAS yell at their children.

Jimmy's truck drives by a line of parked bulldozers.

Jimmy pulls by a GANG SENTINEL in front of an entrance. The guy approaches. He CLANKS with jewelry and weapons.

Jimmy nods at him -- the guy nods back -- they know each other.

JIMMY

I'm here to see Monty.

The Sentinel looks at Carlisle.

SENTINEL

(to Jimmy)

He looks like a cop.

JIMMY

Would I bring the heat in here?

SENTINEL

Go ahead.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

Jimmy and Carlisle walk past a block party in the courtyard. Bounce RAP BLASTS from the speakers as GIRLS pop it and shake it.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They pass a gaggle of ELDERLY LADIES sitting and chatting. One of them smiles broadly at Jimmy, who gives her a hug.

JIMMY

Good to see you, Bes.

BES

Yeah... won't be seeing me much longer.

JIMMY

Where you going?

BES
 I'm not going nowhere. Those
 bulldozers out there? They'll have
 to demolish my home *with me in it!*

The Ladies nod and mutter approval. *That's right!*

JIMMY
 You need help, you give me a call.

Jimmy and Carlisle walk on.

INT. MONTY'S LAIR - DAY

A forger lab. Shelves of colored ink, printing presses,
 copying and engraving machines.

MONTY, 30s -- decked out in full-on Liberace -- secret-
 handshakes Jimmy.

MONTY
 Jimmy, my man. Where y'at?

JIMMY
 Alright... good. You?

MONTY
 Great, great...

Carlisle looks at Monty, slightly bewildered.

MONTY (CONT'D)
 What, this old thing? I just threw
 it on.

JIMMY
 He needs ID. And a new look.

Carlisle: *I do?*

MONTY
 Couldn't agree more.

Monty escorts him to a barber chair.

CARLISLE
 Wait... you're a printer *and* a
 barber?

MONTY
 (serious)
 I also do teeth.

ONE of his guys smiles, exposing a gold grill.

INT. MONTY'S LAIR - LATER

Monty keeps talking (feels like he hasn't stopped) as he puts the finishing touches on Carlisle's new do.

MONTY
(explaining)
That's right. I'm Italian-Cajun-
Black-Tchoupitoulas-American.

He stops to admire his work. Hands Carlisle a mirror. Carlisle double-takes his reflection.

His hair is lighter and sectioned in corn rows.

JIMMY
(approvingly)
Your mother wouldn't recognize you.

CARLISLE
I hope not.

Monty hands Carlisle a Louisiana driver's license.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
(reading)
Chance Deveraux?

JIMMY
I like it.
(to Monty)
What do you know about Marcus
Flaherty?

MONTY
Big cheese. Gets a cut of every
deal in town. Owns a lot of real
estate and a stake in the Lady Luck
casino.

Jimmy and Carlisle trade looks.

JIMMY
He's having a party tonight... We
gotta get in.

MONTY
Follow the booze.

Carlisle frowns, confused.

MONTY (CONT'D)
It will be comped. Find the
sponsor.

Jimmy slaps money on a table.

JIMMY

Let's go.

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.

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING - DAY

The Van's Driver lays semiconscious on a mat in the bare, dilapidated building.

A couple of TEENAGE GANGSTERS stand over him with guns.

Jimmy pays them.

JIMMY

2:00 A.M., let him go.

EXT. FLAHERTY MANSION, BACK ENTRANCE - LATER

Carlisle parks the van.

CARLISLE

We should leave the guns...

JIMMY

You can leave *your* gun.

CARLISLE

We're not here to get into trouble.

JIMMY

Five-P Rule. Packing a Piece
Prevents Pissing your Pants.

Carlisle sighs.

CARLISLE

We only talk to him if we get the
chance. No shooting, no violence,
unless it's in self-defense. Are
we clear?

JIMMY

Sure.

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 stand in a ballroom-sized living room
opening to the garden on the other side. Serious wealth on
display everywhere -- art, furniture, food...

*"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.

Jimmy and Carlisle keep their eyes on him.

JIMMY

I've gotta go to the john.

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.

LANDIS (CONT'D)

Milton Landis. We were in law school together...

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

LANDIS (CONT'D)

I'm at Flaherty, Pinkett and Friedman. Taxes. What about you? Entertainment, right? The hair gives you away. What firm?

CARLISLE

Name's Chance. Chance Deveraux.

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

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
Hi. I mean... where y'at?

He gets a puzzled look.

LANDIS
I always thought you were funny.
Most people didn't get it.

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.
You're just in time.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy washes his hands. Flaherty enters. Jimmy watches him, then blurts:

JIMMY
Let's talk about Sterling.

FLAHERTY
(blanches)
Who are you?

JIMMY
The one you hired.

Flaherty steps toward the door, but Jimmy gets in his way.

CARLISLE AND LANDIS

Carlisle shifts position to stay out of sight from security.

CARLISLE
Look, man -- I don't mean to 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 and pulls Carlisle in.

Flaherty is slumped on the floor. The stun gun sits on the countertop.

CARLISLE
Didn't we say *no violence*?

JIMMY
We gotta get him out of here.

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 did he go?

PARTY COORDINATOR
We're looking for him...

TRESCOTT
(to Kaplan)
Find him.

EXT. FLAHERTY MANSION, BACK ENTRANCE

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

CARLISLE'S POV FROM INSIDE THE BATHROOM

Two SECURITY GUYS rush by in the distance.

BACK TO SCENE

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 stun and ZAPS him.

He peeks out the window to make sure Jimmy didn't see.

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 one of Flaherty's security men (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 in his watch. 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...

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

Would you mind opening the back?

Jimmy nods at Carlisle.

Carlisle walks out and opens the back door.

Jimmy's hand slides toward the bottom of the seat where we can GLIMPSE...

A GUN.

The Gate Guard looks inside the van. Nothing. He nods, seemingly satisfied.

Carlisle moves to the van. The Gate Guard takes another look at Jimmy. Something about him.

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)
May I see your driver's license?

CARLISLE
You have no authority to ask for that.

GATE GUARD
You're welcome to wait for the police.

Jimmy sighs, hands over his license. Gestures at Carlisle to do the same.

The Gate Guard inspects both documents.

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)
Mr. Deveraux... you're not related to Pam Deveraux, by chance?

CARLISLE
I... no.

GATE GUARD
That's too bad. She's a fox.
Thank you, gentlemen.

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 Blue Corp logo.

TRESCOTT
Because we at Blue Corp believe this city...
(MORE)

TRESCOTT (CONT'D)
 home of the jazz, the blues, the
 bayou, the voodoo, the Saints, the
 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.

TRESCOTT (CONT'D)
 This city that could rise and
 flourish against the odds will rise
 yet again -- and we're here to make
 it happen!

The slide changes to a digital rendering of a shiny new city,
 with modern condos and commercial centers, parks and
 entertainment arenas.

The Guests applaud.

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 and Carlisle stand outside a small wooden cabin at the
 edge of the water.

CARLISLE
 You can listen, but leave the
 questioning to me.
 (off Jimmy's look)
 There's a method to it. Trust me.

JIMMY
 I know the method.

CARLISLE
 I'm talking psychology. Getting
 him to lower his guard.
 (beat)
 You start a sentence, let *him*
 finish it. Build a rhythm...
 You'll see.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A basic shack with fishing equipment and random tools.

Flaherty sits on a chair, Jimmy and Carlisle sit in front of
 him.

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

Silence.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
 How long?

Silence.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
 The '80s, I bet... Right? Good
 old Reagan days. And you must have
 known Don Sterling a long time...

Silence.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
 The Congressman. Your neighbor,
 actually. Van something Drive?

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... what was
 it, Blade? Glade?

FLAHERTY
 I don't know what you're 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
 What are you, a cop? You sound
 like a cop. Either that or a
 lawyer.

CARLISLE
 I'm asking the questions here.

FLAHERTY
 Which sounds like a 'yes'. Boy,
 are you out of your depth. Where
 you from?

Carlisle is stumped. Flaherty smiles smugly.

CARLISLE
 I said, I --

FLAHERTY
 Not from here, that's for sure.
 Well, let me tell you something:
this is my city. You wanna get out
 alive? Start driving NOW. Any
 more questions, I got one answer:
bite me.

A beat. Jimmy looks at Carlisle...

CARLISLE
 (to Jimmy)
 Be my guest.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Moonlight sparkles over the water. Crickets, frogs, birds in
 SURROUND SOUND.

Jimmy sits with Carlisle in a fan boat. He cracks open a bag
 of marshmallows. Eats one, then starts tossing them in the
 water.

Carlisle's puzzled.

Jimmy nods toward the bank. An ALLIGATOR starts moving
 lazily toward them.

JIMMY
They like white things.

WE PULL BACK AND REVEAL Flaherty hanging upside down off the frame protecting the big propeller in the back. His head is inches from the water.

FLAHERTY'S POV

The surreal vision of water suspended above him, with TWO alligators now getting closer. Snapping up marshmallows along the way like pigeons gobbling birdseed.

BACK TO SCENE

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What was that about biting?

FLAHERTY
(panicky)
Pull me up!

JIMMY
Because you don't want to...?

Flaherty's eyes get wider as the alligators approach...

FLAHERTY
Die!

JIMMY
And if I let you live, you're gonna...?

FLAHERTY
Talk!

JIMMY
(to Carlisle)
It's working.

EXT. BOAT - MINUTES LATER

Flaherty sits onboard facing Jimmy and Carlisle.

FLAHERTY
(to Jimmy)
You're crazy!

Carlisle makes a face -- *yes, he is.*

JIMMY
Who's the guy coming after us?

FLAHERTY
Name's Kaplan... Used to work with
Blackwater, now runs his own crew.

CARLISLE
Did he kill Perry?

Flaherty nods, eyes downcast.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
Why?

FLAHERTY
He figured out the Sterling hit.

CARLISLE
How did you know?

FLAHERTY
You think this is me? I'm just
another middleman...

CARLISLE
For whom?

Flaherty hesitates.

JIMMY
I got more marshmallows.

FLAHERTY
Alan Trescott. He owns Blue Corp.

Carlisle makes a mental note of the name.

FLAHERTY (CONT'D)
He had Sterling killed, then got
nervous. Wanted to cover the
tracks.

CARLISLE
Why Sterling?

FLAHERTY
Sterling was a scumbag... He was
indicted for tax fraud, told the
Feds he was gonna give them a
bigger case in exchange for
immunity.

CARLISLE
What case?

The LOUD RATTLE of a HELICOPTER interrupts him. They look
up. A spotlight blinds them from above.

The CHOPPER HOVERS...

BANG! A SHOT -- Flaherty's chest springs a red flower.

BANG, BANG! Bullets zip inches away from Jimmy and Carlisle...

Jimmy starts driving the boat away, only to see that --

A bigger boat is coming at them, Kaplan and two of his Men onboard, wielding automatic rifles.

Flaherty lays on the boat, losing blood...

Carlisle looks at Jimmy. They're trapped, outnumbered, and seriously outgunned...

JIMMY

Just shoot.

Carlisle FIRES A COUPLE OF SHOTS in the dark.

The RIFLES START VOMITING BULLETS. Some bounce on the water like skipped stones.

Jimmy advances toward the larger boat, on a suicide collision course...

CARLISLE

What are you doing?!

... and then veers sharply to the right, into a hidden channel.

JIMMY

Get down!

They lower their heads to dodge branches...

The chopper stays on them. BULLETS rain down.

Jimmy takes a few SHOTS skyward: miss, miss...

Hit -- but they bounce. He FIRES more. They ping harmlessly off the armored belly of the copter.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Shit.

They keep going, deeper into the water maze.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

How the hell did they find us?

CARLISLE

Must have some tracking device on
him.

(to Flaherty)

Do you?

He nods feebly, raising his wrist.

BEHIND THEM

Kaplan's boat stops in front of the low branches, looking for
a way through.

KAPLAN

There.

They edge closer to the bank, where there's enough space to
squeeze by...

JIMMY'S BOAT

Jimmy steers the boat left and right into the channels,
playing hide and seek under the tree canopy, until --

ANOTHER BOAT appears ahead, Reyes and two more Men onboard.

Jimmy stops. The chopper can be SEEN through the foliage,
hanging in the air above them.

The two boats get closer on each side.

Totally surrounded -- from the sides and from above.

Carlisle aims at Kaplan's boat, bracing for the end...

JIMMY

Wait.

He grabs a spare gas canister and hands it to Carlisle.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

At three, pull up in the clear and
throw this as high as you can.

He climbs on the frame over the propeller, holding onto the
ropes Flaherty was hanging from...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

One... two... three!

Carlisle powers forward...

He throws the canister up...

Jimmy takes aim...

The canister reaches the top of its arc and --

Jimmy SHOTS --

The CANISTER EXPLODES, spitting flames toward the chopper, which --

Banks sharply to avoid them, exposing the cockpit.

Jimmy aims... BOOM! Single killshot: the PILOT gets it.

The CHOPPER SPINS wildly out of control. It capsizes and descends toward --

The second chasing boat. Carlisle skirts around it as --

ROTATING BLADES carve boat and passengers to pieces just before --

A FIERY BLAST obliterates them.

Kaplan's boat stops.

A wall of BURNING WRECKAGE and spilled oil separates it from Jimmy and Carlisle.

Kaplan stares at it, entranced, like he's admiring a thing of beauty.

Jimmy takes the rudder and steers the boat into a channel.

Carlisle checks Flaherty. He's not too long for this world. Carlisle takes Flaherty's watch and tosses it into the water.

FLAHERTY

You must cut it out.

CARLISLE

What?

FLAHERTY

Here.

Carlisle sees that Flaherty's touching his right side.

FLAHERTY (CONT'D)

Tell my kids I did the right thing.

CARLISLE

I don't understand...

Too late -- Flaherty's gone.

Carlisle pulls up Flaherty's shirt, feeling the flesh underneath.

JIMMY

The hell was he talking about?

CARLISLE

Looks like... some kind of implant
under the skin.

EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

Using a small knife, Jimmy cuts into Flaherty's love handle.
He extracts a tiny black object implanted under the skin.

CARLISLE

A flash drive...

JIMMY

What does it do?

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Jimmy parks across the street. They get out of the car.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Carlisle sits at a computer, Jimmy beside him. He inserts
the flash drive.

CARLISLE

Copy-protected... And I bet
they're already cleaning his
office.

Multiple folders appear marked: "Bank Info", "Sterling",
"Trescott", etc.

They look at each other. Bingo.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Jimmy comes back with coffee.

JIMMY

Well?

CARLISLE

(fast)

You're not gonna believe this. The
landfill you showed me? The
managing company, Louisiana Waste
Management, was really a shell for
Blue Corp.

(MORE)

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
That's how they got a clean-up
contract reserved for local
businesses...

JIMMY
Slow down.

CARLISLE
(slower)
Blue Corp was at risk from the
lawsuit. They paid off judges,
experts, politicians. The whole
ledger is in the drive. Now they
have a big contract to raze housing
projects and replace them with
condos. Those were their
bulldozers we saw.

JIMMY
Those people can't afford condos.

CARLISLE
That's the point... They're not
just replacing the buildings.
They're replacing the people.

Carlisle clicks on a link -- a legal memo, Sterling's name at
the top.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
Sterling was facing a grand jury.
He was ready to give up Blue Corp.
Word got out -- Sterling got
killed. Then Louis. Then Perry.
Flaherty was in on it, but he saved
all this just in case. They would
have found it in an autopsy.

He pulls up the Blue Corp website...

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
And this is where the buck stops.

A picture of Trescott over his corporate bio: MBA... CEO...
Harvard, New York, Washington. Awards, board seats, pet
charities. The golden boy.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Carlisle rinses dye off his forehead. His hair is back to
its natural color and pre-cornrows do.

INT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - DAY

A rough trucker's pit stop along the highway.

Jimmy and Carlisle sit at a table as a DINER WAITRESS takes their order:

JIMMY
The gator meatballs. Spicy.

DINER WAITRESS
(to Carlisle)
Sir?

CARLISLE
You got any vegetables?

DINER WAITRESS
We got French fries.

CARLISLE
What about fruit?

She tilts her head. *Sorry...*

Jimmy lifts the ketchup bottle:

JIMMY
Tomato's a fruit.

CARLISLE
(gives up)
I'll have the crawfish.

The Diner Waitress leaves.

JIMMY
What do we do now?

CARLISLE
I'm gonna go back to New York.
Gotta figure out how to get the
evidence admitted in court.

Jimmy's not impressed with that plan.

JIMMY
So Trescott gets four years in a
country-club jail, comes out in two
with a book deal?

Carlisle says nothing. He knows Jimmy might be right.

CARLISLE
 Look, this way the story comes out.
 Things can change.

JIMMY
 Get real. Nothing changes except
 the weather.

CARLISLE
 (beat)
 I took an oath. I'm not turning my
 back on it.

Jimmy can tell he's not gonna win the argument.

JIMMY
 I wanna see him arrested.

Carlisle thinks it over for a moment, then:

CARLISLE
 My town. My rules.

EXT. LONG ISLAND STREET - DAY

A Desperate Housewives neighborhood of two-story homes and manicured lawns. We FIND Perry's car in a driveway.

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

Look -- I'm after Dan's killers.
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. Not even
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. MUSIC PLAYS.
Dialogue drifts in and out:

CARLISLE

You know, when you say nothing ever
changes... that's just not true.
Things change. People change. Way
I look at it, life *is* change.
Which is why you need rules.

JIMMY

Way *I* look at it? Life's a game
you play in the dark, with no ref.

CARLISLE

(mulls it over)
That's pretty grim.

INT. BLUE CORP - TRESCOTT'S OFFICE

Breathtaking Manhattan view. Expensive furniture. Pictures
of Trescott with world celebrities.

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 takes a swig of whiskey, takes the mic, starts singing. The crowd loves her. She's no record company confection, but a natural, scorching performer, tapping the blues at the raw emotional source.

Standing in the back of room, unmoved: Kaplan.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Traffic getting thicker on the New Jersey Turnpike. George Washington Bridge in the distance.

Carlisle drives, A TRAFFIC REPORT on the radio:

REPORTER (V.O.)

-- Heading to Long Island, take the Major Deegan Expressway...

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?

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... what a game.

Carlisle rolls his eyes.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - MOVING - LATER

They move through a residential street.

Carlisle suddenly BRAKES hard.

JIMMY
What the hell...?

Carlisle draws his gun and 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 prison.

CARLISLE
Bullshit!

Jimmy pulls up his sleeve to expose the tattoo.

JIMMY
I thought we went through this.

CARLISLE
You got that when you were
sentenced, then got an early
release. Happens all the time.

Jimmy sighs. His silence is confirmation enough.

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

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

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
Don't 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

Get out.

JIMMY

It's my car.

CARLISLE

Fine...

He puts down the gun...

Jimmy does the same and --

Carlisle punches him in the face.

Jimmy fumbles the gun, then punches back.

Carlisle opens the door and grabs him, pulling him out. He assumes a martial-arts stance.

JIMMY

You serious?

Yup... Carlisle unleashes a stylish combination and knocks Jimmy down.

Cars go by, DRIVERS slowing to look.

Jimmy gets up. Carlisle has another go -- this time Jimmy dodges it and slugs Carlisle.

They trade blows. Jimmy falls back on the car, Carlisle stumbles to the ground. They look at each other:

CARLISLE

I swear, I ever see you again --

JIMMY

Just hope I don't see you first.

Carlisle walks away.

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 behind a corner.

EXT. ANNA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Carlisle walks up the driveway.

He's about to ring the doorbell when --

DOUGLASS (O.S.)
We need to talk.

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

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)
I'm parked around the block.

They start walking.

CARLISLE
I know I'm in for a lashing. But I
just wanted to find the truth.

DOUGLASS
Did you?

CARLISLE
Alan Trescott. Ring a bell?

DOUGLASS
Some rich guy, gives a lot of money
to charities...

CARLISLE
He also gives a lot of money to
politicians in exchange for
government contracts. Sterling was
gonna testify about it, and Danny
figured it out.

DOUGLASS
And you can prove that.

CARLISLE
Most of it, anyway. I've got
names, dates, money trail -- it's
all in a flash drive.

DOUGLASS
Who knows about this?

CARLISLE
Just the two of us. And... Jimmy.

DOUGLASS
Jimmy?

CARLISLE
The other hitman.

Douglass looks at him, frowning.

Right at that moment, the white van stops next to them. The rear doors open and two MEN burst out -- NYPD officers in civilian clothes. They grab Carlisle, mace and disarm him. Douglass handcuffs him -- then they force him into the van.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Douglass searches Carlisle's pockets and finds the flash drive. Carlisle is stunned.

CARLISLE
What is this?

DOUGLASS
What do you think?

CARLISLE
Jesus... *you're in on it?* How big is this thing?

DOUGLASS
Too big to fail.

The van peels off.

INT. VAN - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Douglass calmly unholsters his gun.

DOUGLASS
Where is he?

CARLISLE
You know what gets me? Dan always had your number.

Douglass pistol-whips him.

The van stops at a red light.

DOUGLASS

One more time. Where is he?

Suddenly:

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 and throws him 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, and then --

BACK TO SCENE

The door of the van opening --

Framing Jimmy against the light like the angel of vengeance.

The Driver shifts his aim --

BOOM! Jimmy shoots him first.

Douglass grabs his gun from the floor --

BOOM! Jimmy shoots him.

He sees Carlisle's handcuffs:

JIMMY

Who's got the key?

Stunned, Carlisle takes a second to process before he nods toward Douglass.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

In his pocket...

Jimmy searches Douglass' pockets. Finds the flash drive -- takes it. Finds Douglass' phone -- takes that, too. Finds the key and opens Carlisle's handcuffs.

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. Betrayed by Douglass, rescued by Jimmy -- again. It's a lot to cope with. Jimmy tosses the flash drive in his lap.

JIMMY

You're welcome.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - MINUTES LATER

Two PATROL COPS listen to the police dispatch on the RADIO:

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

Had a bad feeling.

CARLISLE

Those were cops you just shot.

JIMMY

They were scumbags with a badge.

Carlisle says nothing. Hard to disagree.

INT. POLICE CAR - SAME

The Patrol Cops spot Jimmy's car.

PATROL COP #1

That's it!

They give chase.

INT. JIMMY'S TRUCK

Jimmy sees the cops coming, hears the SIREN a second later.

He makes a hard turn.

Carlisle's head bangs against the side of the car.

JIMMY

Sorry.

Jimmy grabs his gun, hands it to Carlisle:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Stop 'em.

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 and 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 on the BRAKES -- Jimmy slams against the front seats.

CARLISLE

Sorry.

He 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 driving.

CARLISLE

Thanks.

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TRECOTT'S COUNTRY ESTATE - WINE CELLAR - DAY

A vast, cavernous space, lined on either side with rows of wooden barrels. Vaulted ceilings, dim light from recessed lamps. Almost spooky, like medieval catacombs.

Hayes answers the phone. Kaplan stands next to him.

HAYES

Sam?

JIMMY

He's indisposed.

HAYES

(beat)

Who are you?

JIMMY

We're gonna meet soon.

HAYES

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

He turns, extending the phone to --

Sheyla. Tied to a chair in a corner.

SHEYLA

Dad?

JIMMY

Sheyla?

SHEYLA

Dad -- just shoot these assholes for me.

Kaplan slaps her.

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 dull spoon.

HAYES

Listen to me... We're both *businessmen*. We both have something the other one wants.

(MORE)

HAYES (CONT'D)

Let's make a trade and call it a day.

JIMMY

I don't have what you want. Carlisle does.

HAYES

Then I guess you'll just have to convince him, or... do your thing. In fact, you do that, we'll throw in some cash.

(beat)

Midnight. The parking lot at East Hampton Airport. Keep this phone on.

He hangs up. STAY WITH Carlisle and Jimmy.

CARLISLE

Well?

JIMMY

Can you trace a call?

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATER

Carlisle writes down an address as he talks on the phone.

CARLISLE

Thanks, Jeffie. I owe you one.

JIMMY

You got it?

CARLISLE

Yeah.

(beat)

What are we gonna do with it?

JIMMY

Parking lot's a trap. They'll have snipers everywhere.

CARLISLE

Probably. So...?

JIMMY

(nods toward address)

So we're going *there*.

CARLISLE
(incredulous)
Me and you. Two guys, storming a
fortress.

JIMMY
That's why they won't expect it.

CARLISLE
Sure. It's also why we're gonna
get killed!

JIMMY
Maybe.
(beat)
Look. I get killed for her, that's
fine by me. You keep the evidence
and finish this your way.

Carlisle processes this. It makes sense. Just as it made
sense to part ways with Perry. He decides:

CARLISLE
I don't think so.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATER

Jimmy lights his Cadillac on fire.

They step away from the burning car, Jimmy carrying his bag
of weapons.

INT./EXT. CAR - RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER

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

The steering wheel is locked with a solid steel lock. Jimmy
takes industrial-strength cutting bolts out of a bag.

CARLISLE
No way you're gonna cut through
that.

Jimmy cuts through the wheel.

JIMMY
I know.

He removes the lock and hot-wires the car.

EXT. TRECOTT'S COUNTRY ESTATE - WESTCHESTER - DAY

Jimmy and Carlisle lay on the ground in a thicket, watching Trescott's Colonial manor house through binoculars.

A pickup truck pulling a HORSE TRAILER exits the compound.

Jimmy and Carlisle put down the binoculars and look at each other.

INT./EXT. DODGE CHARGER - WESTCHESTER ROAD - LATER

Carlisle drives past the truck and trailer...

... and HITS the BRAKES. The truck rear ends the Charger. Both vehicles stop.

The truck driver -- IZZIE, 40s, London Cockney -- comes out and walks menacingly toward the Charger.

IZZIE
Get out of there, you bloody idiot!

CARLISLE
(getting out)
I'm sorry...

IZZIE
What were you thinking? I've got
my best horse in there!

Carlisle zaps him.

INT./EXT - TRUCK - MOVING - LATER

Jimmy nestles on the floor behind the driver's seat, gun pressing against its back. Izzie is behind the wheel.

INT. HORSE TRAILER - MOVING

Carlisle stands next to a black racehorse. Hard to tell who's more nervous -- him or the horse.

EXT. TRECOTT'S COUNTRY ESTATE - SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Izzie stops by the guard station.

TRECOTT'S GATE GUARD
Forgot something?

JIMMY

Yes, you do. And you're gonna tell me.

BOMBER JACKET

Or what?

Jimmy pushes the barrel of the gun in his mouth.

JIMMY

She's my daughter. I kill assholes for a living. You do the math.

Bomber Jacket's eyes tell us he's suddenly ready to talk.

Jimmy pulls the gun out of his mouth. The sight dislodges a tooth along the way. Bomber Jacket yelps.

BOMBER JACKET

She's in the wine cellar.

JIMMY

How many men?

BOMBER JACKET

Eight more.

Jimmy takes a pen and notebook out of his coat.

JIMMY

Draw me a map.

INT. WINE CELLAR - SAME

Sheyla is still tied to the chair. A security man with a BUZZ CUT hair paces slowly in front of her.

SHEYLA

How does it feel?

BUZZ CUT

What?

SHEYLA

To know you're a coward. Holding a woman because you don't have the stones to get her father.

BUZZ CUT

A lot better than you're gonna feel tomorrow, angel.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Jimmy crouches behind a parked Mercedes outside the main building. He types a text message -- NOW.

INT. HORSE STABLES

Carlisle gets the message, pockets his phone and puts his gun to Bomber Jacket's head.

Bomber Jacket TOGGLES ON the RADIO.

BOMBER JACKET

Suspect intruder in the stables --
I repeat: suspect intruder in the
stables. Possibly armed.
Requesting support.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE

Three SECURITY GUYS come out and get in a car, then take off toward the stables.

EXT./INT. MAIN HOUSE - ANOTHER ANGLE

Jimmy BREAKS a WINDOW and jumps inside. The ALARM GOES OFF.

INT. HORSE STABLES - VARIOUS SHOTS

The Security Guys walk in. Surprised to see that --

The stalls are open and the horses are out.

IN THE BACK,

Carlisle FIRES his gun, spooking the horses. The animals run toward the open gate, knocking the Security Guys down, then trampling them. HOOVES shatter bones.

INT. MAIN HOUSE

Jimmy advances down a long corridor, gun in one hand, a 12-gauge shotgun in the other.

A Security Guy (one of Kaplan's crew) appears at the other end. His gun comes out --

Jimmy drills a shot into his head without breaking stride.

Two MORE ARMED MEN appear behind him, one of them Reyes (Kaplan's top man).

For a few seconds, the corridor becomes a two-way firing range. BULLETS zing and smash into walls, PLASTER EXPLODES.

Jimmy's face is grazed but he keeps on coming, firing as he walks, spent shells landing in his wake. The two henchmen go down.

Jimmy finds the stairs to the basement.

INT. WINE CELLAR - VARIOUS SHOTS

Jimmy huddles behind a wall, adjusting to lower light.

Two men left. Buzz Cut advances gingerly toward Jimmy, coasting along the barrels.

Kaplan stays in the back corner with Sheyla. There's a rag stuffed inside her mouth.

INT. TRECOTT'S OFFICE

Trecott and Hayes look at each other, worried. This isn't the way things were supposed to go down.

TRECOTT
Can we call the cops?

HAYES
The girl's been reported missing...
Might be tough to explain.

TRECOTT
So what the hell do we do now?

Hayes thinks -- but he's out of time:

Carlisle's coming through the door.

CARLISLE
Hands where I can see 'em.

INT. WINE CELLAR

Jimmy takes a breath, then comes out into the main floor...

Buzz Cut SHOTS from behind some barrels. Jimmy SHOTS back and nails him. Wine spills from the bullet holes in the barrels. Jimmy advances, stepping in red puddles, sees --

Kaplan crouching behind Sheyla with a gun to her head.

KAPLAN

(to Jimmy)

I know what you're thinking. Maybe you could make the shot. Maybe not.

Sheyla nods. *Do it.*

Jimmy hesitates.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)

Maybe the last thing she sees is her father pulling the trigger.

Jimmy slowly lays his weapons on top of a wine barrel.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)

Step away from it.

Jimmy does. Kaplan smiles, his gun pivoting toward Jimmy when --

Sheyla throws herself backwards, pushing Kaplan against the wall, knocking the gun out of his hand.

He pushes her off -- she lands with a THUD -- manages to kick the gun a little bit further.

The two men face each other, roughly equidistant from their respective weapons.

Sheyla lies on the floor between them, still tied to the chair.

A Sergio Leone beat. The men deciding whether to go for their guns or to charge. Kaplan grins and --

Pulls a large Ka-Bar knife.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)

Sometimes it pays to bring a knife to a gunfight.

Jimmy retreats -- Kaplan lunges -- Jimmy sidesteps and kicks him.

Kaplan groans but stays on his feet. He thrusts the knife again, feigning an angle, choosing another --

This time he cuts Jimmy's side.

Blood spurts. Jimmy staggers back.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)

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 and --

Kaplan slams on racks of wine bottles, SMASHING them. Glass shards and red liquid fly.

Kaplan is stunned -- can't tell if it's wine or blood covering his face...

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. The blade sinks to the hilt.

INT. TRECOTT'S OFFICE

Trecott hasn't moved. He addresses Carlisle with a calm, almost seductive tone.

TRECOTT

And then? What do you think would happen? You hurt my company, people lose their jobs... More people lose their savings. A bunch of lawyers make a fortune to keep me out of jail. Is that what you want?

JIMMY (O.S.)

He's right.

Carlisle turns to the door, sees Jimmy.

Trecott doesn't skip a beat:

TRECOTT

I've got five million dollars in the safe under that painting.

JIMMY

Deal.

CARLISLE

What?

Jimmy points the gun at him.

JIMMY

It's not just about you, pal.

Carlisle's stumped.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(to Trescott)

Open it.

Trescott smiles. He walks to the painting, pulls it off the hook. Enters the safe combination.

The door swings open...

Suddenly, Hayes reaches under his coat, pulls out a snub-nosed gun.

Trescott grabs another from inside the safe.

Almost simultaneously:

Jimmy SHOTS Hayes between the eyes --

Trescott SHOTS at Carlisle -- and misses --

Carlisle SHOTS Trescott dead.

Silence. Tendrils of gunsmoke wafting.

Jimmy sneezes.

CARLISLE

You knew he'd try that.

JIMMY

Live and learn.

Carlisle puts down his gun, dazed, his back to Jimmy.

CARLISLE

It's over. *I'm* the one going down.

JIMMY

Nah...

He pistol-whips Carlisle, who falls to the floor unconscious... Then he grabs Carlisle's gun (which is really one of his own) and shoots Carlisle in the back.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Now it's over.

EXT. TRECOTT'S COUNTRY ESTATE - MAIN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER
Sheyla waits at the wheel of Izzie's truck. Jimmy climbs in.

INT. IZZIE'S TRUCK
Sheyla hesitates.

SHEYLA
What happened?

JIMMY
We're done. Let's go.

EXT. TRECOTT'S COUNTRY ESTATE - LATER
Four COP CARS enter the property.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - TRECOTT'S OFFICE

COPS surround Carlisle, GUNS drawn. One rolls him over.
Carlisle opens his eyes, then his mouth:

CARLISLE
Detective Eric Carlisle... shield's
inside the coat...

A Cop finds it. Guns are lowered.

The Cop examines Carlisle's wound: the bullet just pierced his shoulder (again).

COP
You're gonna be okay.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A KNOCK on the DOOR. Carlisle wakes up. He's in a sunny, single-bed room, wearing a hospital gown.

CARLISLE
Come in.

The door opens. It's Chief Walsh. He takes a seat.

WALSH
How are you feeling, son?

CARLISLE
I'm fine... thanks.

WALSH
It's about to get better... 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
Sir. That's... not exactly what
happened. I --

WALSH
Son. That *is.* Exactly. What
happened. He shot Douglass... He
shot a bunch of goons... He shot
Trescott. You tried to stop him --
so he shot you. Same guns... Same
shooter... Case closed.

Carlisle looks at him, realizing he's being thrown a
lifeline. Realizing it comes from Jimmy.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Now get your rest.

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.

Carlisle stands as...

A SHADOW falls beside him.

Carlisle turns. It's Jimmy, wearing shades.

CARLISLE
What the hell are you doing?

JIMMY
Just wanted to say hi.

CARLISLE
We can't be standing here.

They start walking. After a moment:

CARLISLE (CONT'D)
Thank you for shooting me.
(beat)
Words I never thought I'd say.

JIMMY
It's okay. It's... what I do.
(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
I can do that.

CARLISLE
Well then...

JIMMY
Don't worry. I'm leaving in a
second. Going home.

CARLISLE
Yeah -- actually, you shouldn't be
telling me about your plans...
See, I'm still a cop...

JIMMY
I get it. But before I go...

Suddenly, Jimmy reaches into his jacket.

Carlisle tenses, ready to be shot again -- he goes for his
holster.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Here. I'm supposed to give you
this.

He gives him a CD. Sheyla and her band on the cover.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
There's a number inside.

CLOSE ON Carlisle. Relieved. Touched. Happy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I don't exactly *approve*, but... she
can be pretty hardheaded.

CARLISLE
Yeah. Wonder where she gets it
from.

Jimmy nods, walks off. Carlisle pockets the CD and walks the
other way.

EXT./INT. CARLISLE'S CAR - DAY

Carlisle sits in traffic. He's stuck. Bumper-to-bumper
gridlock. HORNS BLARING, tempers flaring.

Carlisle opens the CD case. We NOTICE the phone number
handwritten on the back of the cover. He pops the disc into
the stereo: Sheyla starts singing... SONG CONTINUES OVER:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Jimmy buys a hot dog from a sidewalk stand. A HIPSTER type's
next in line.

HIPSTER
Soy dog. Whole wheat bun.

Jimmy can't help glancing. The Hipster nods toward Jimmy's
hot dog.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)
That will kill you one day.

Jimmy considers.

JIMMY
Hope so, bro.

He turns and leaves. The Hipster looks on, puzzled, as Jimmy
melts into the crowd...

FADE OUT.

THE END