

FOUR KINGS OF RUIN

by
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Based on the film
"Kansas City Confidential"

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INT. RATTY APARTMENT - MORNING

Street maps on paint peeled walls. Empty paper coffee cups by the dozen. Empty pizza boxes.

No photos. No knick knacks. No place of residence.

Looking out the window with a pair of BINOCULARS, is a MAN. Sixty in the rearview mirror. Tough as nails.

His name is JAKE RABELL. He glances at his watch. Scribbles in a notebook.

CLOSE ON NOTE BOOK: TUESDAY 9:32 AM.

A month's worth of notes. Each day of the week. Every entry, a time noted around 9:30. Give or take.

He clicks a STOP WATCH. Binoculars come back up...

EXT. STREET BELOW (BANK) - CONTINUOUS

An ARMORED CAR has just stopped in front of a bank. FOUR ARMED GUARDS exit.

GUARDS 1 and 2 stand watch, shotguns ready, as GUARDS 3 and 4 disappear into the bank.

A BREAD DELIVERY VAN pulls up behind the Armored Car. BATTISTONI'S BAKED GOODS painted on it.

A working stiff in a uniform gets out. Meet WALTER KAHN. The uniform fits him in more ways than one. But, the eyes don't. Too hard and tired for a bread delivery man.

He tosses a wave to GUARDS 1 and 2.

KAHN

Mickey, Steve, you see that game last night?

GUARD #1

Nah, man. Fuckin' kid got tonsillitis. Me and Arlene are up all night with the little guy...

GUARD #2

Catch that triple in the fourth..?

KAHN

Sixty bucks richer because of it.

GUARD #2

Buy me lunch.

KAHN

Drop a bag on the way out and I'll
take ya to Sizzler. Mickey's sick
brat, too.

Kahn grabs a few racks of bread out of the van.
Disappears into the MARKET next door to the bank.

A moment later, GUARDS 3 and 4 exit the bank. With
money bags STUFFED FULL...

Kahn comes out about the same time. Throws a wave to the
Guards. Gets into this van.

INT. RATTY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rabell stops the stop watch. Notes the time.

INT. LUCKY'S DINER - DAY

A blue-collar diner full of lunch crowd regulars.

A dead on her feet WAITRESS navigates. A platter of
plates on her shoulder. Weight of the world on her
shoulders.

Meet CAROL. She'd be pretty if she didn't look so damned
tired.

She makes it to a booth with FOUR MEN in it--ELECTRICIAN,
PLUMBER, FRAMER, and FOREMAN. Passes out plates like she
was dealing poker.

CAROL

Two burgers and fries, one medium,
one bleedin'. Steak and eggs,
medium well and sunny side up, and
a patty melt with...

ELECTRICIAN

I ordered medium well.

PLUMBER

I wanted onion rings, not fries.

Carol checks her order pad...

FOREMAN

Honey, this patty melt? It looks
delicious. But, I ordered the
club sandwich...

She gathers three of the plates back up, glares at the
FRAMER...

CAROL

I screw yours up, too?

He looks at his whatever it is, and takes pity.

FRAMER

Nah, Baby. Mine's just fine.

She turns on her heel...

And SLAMS into a PATRON. Food flies everywhere.

She gets on her hands and knees to clean it up. Wolf whistles about her ass. She doesn't even notice it anymore.

INT. LUCKY'S DINER - LATER

The lunch crowd is gone. Damned near empty.

Carol is parked on a stool at the bar. Forehead in her hand, looking at some cash sitting on the bar.

Tips. Nothing to write home about.

Kahn walks in. Has a seat next to her. For a long silent moment, they both just stare ahead.

KAHN

Who does a fella gotta sleep with
to get a cup of coffee around
here?

Carol lets her head fall onto Kahn's shoulder.

KAHN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get you outta here one
day.

CAROL

Know what's funny?

KAHN

What?

CAROL

I believe it when you say that.

KAHN

I mean it.

CAROL

Is today that day?

It ain't. It hurts him.

KAHN

Let me take you out tonight.

CAROL

You can't afford that...

KAHN

You let me worry about that. When do you get off?

CAROL

Few hours...

KAHN

Give me a call, OK? Get dolled up and we'll go somewhere.

CAROL

Really?

KAHN

Yeah, really.

Her first genuine smile of the day.

CAROL

You're a good man, Walter Kahn. I don't care what anybody else says. You remember that...for me, OK?

He kisses her on the forehead.

KAHN

You never let me forget it.

INT. BATTISTONI'S BAKED GOODS - DAY

Tiny little bakery with more loaves than customers.

Kahn chases an apron adorned Old Man through the place, at an Old Man's pace--MR. BATTISTONI.

MR. BATTISTONI

Walter, I can't do it...

KAHN

Mr. Battistoni, please. Just a hundred dollars...

MR. BATTISTONI

I've advanced you for the last four weeks.

KAHN

I know, I'm sorry. This is just a rough spot...

MR. BATTISTONI

Walter, do you know what your pay check is gonna be this week, after I deduct what you already owe me?

KAHN

OK, then fifty. Just fifty...

MR. BATTISTONI

You already owe me too much. You know I'd do it for you, you're a good worker. But, this is a small shop. A hundred here, fifty there...I feel it, you know?

Kahn turns to leave, eyes on the ground.

MR. BATTISTONI

Walter...

He turns.

MR. BATTISTONI (CONT'D)

You really love this girl, don't you?

Kahn nods.

The Old Man digs in his pocket. Pulls out twenty bucks. Slides it into Kahn's hand.

MR. BATTISTONI

It's all I can do.

KAHN

I'll pay you back, Mr. Battistoni, I swear.

MR. BATTISTONI

Just make her smile. Let an Old Man know he made a pretty woman smile again.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

This joint has been on the wrong side of run down since '46.

Kahn walks up CREAKY stairs. Still in his work uniform and beaming with pride at the BOUQUET OF FLOWERS in his hand.

One step shy of the second floor, he stops on the last step and waits.

Right on cue, an ELDERLY WOMAN calls out from behind the door of 2B--MRS. WACHOWSKI.

MRS. WACHOWSKI (O.S.)
Walter Kahn, is that you?

KAHN
Yeah, Mrs. Wachowski, it's me.

MRS. WACHOWSKI (O.S.)
You still workin' at that job?

KAHN
Yes, Mrs. Wachowski.

The door cracks open. Noah's little sister peers out. A wrinkled face, cigarette dangling.

MRS. WACHOWSKI
Cause you know I'll toss ya outta here on yer ass.

KAHN
I know. Yes, Ma'am.

MRS. WACHOWSKI
Put ya on the street in a heartbeat, Son.

She sees the flowers. Gives him an expectant stare.

Kahn pulls a flower out of the bunch, gives to her.

MRS. WACHOWSKI
Alright then.

She slams the door in his face. He smiles anyway.

INT. KAHN'S PLACE - EVENING

If you did a cartwheel in here, you'd take out three walls. Tiny. Run down. There's just a bed, a chair, and a flickering TV.

But Kahn has made lemonade out of it. Dime store rugs. Fourth hand stained drapes. Ain't much, but there's pride here.

Kahn exits the bathroom, freshly showered. Opens his closet--a journey of four paces. One pair of jeans. A few shirts. That's it.

BATHROOM:

Dressed up in his K-Mart finest, Kahn splashes on Old Spice, checks himself in the mirror. Hums a happy tune. You remember the feeling.

As good as it's going to get. Kahn calms himself. Stares at himself in the mirror.

KAHN
I...I...love you...

He frowns. This is hard. Practicing. Tries again...

KAHN
CarolIloveyou...

Ah, shit.

STUDIO:

Kahn grabs the flowers and a jacket on his way out. Stopping just long enough to plug one flower into a cracked vase on his card table dining furniture.

Adjusts it 'til it's just right.

The phone RINGS.

KAHN (ON PHONE)
Sexiest thing with legs.

CAROL (ON PHONE)
One of the girls called in sick.
They asked me if I wanted her
shift.

Crestfallen comes to mind, but Kahn plays it cool.

CAROL (CONT'D)
I'm workin' another double, Baby.
Rent's comin' due...

KAHN
We can do it tomorrow. If you
want.

CAROL
Of course I want. I'm sorry,
Walter...

KAHN
Don't be. Don't you feel bad.

CAROL
I love you.

Not used to hearing it. It stumbles him...in a good way.

KAHN
Don't worry about me, Baby. I'll
catch up with you tomorrow.

He hangs up the phone.

KAHN
Shit!

He yanks the phone back up.

KAHN
I love...

Dial tone. Too late.

He looks at the flowers like they just stabbed him in the back. A lonely man, in a dark shoe box of a world. Kahn stares at the floor.

This is it. This will be the rest of his night.

Again...

INT. STRIP JOINT - EVENING

The place is almost empty. A HANDFUL OF PATRONS. The DANCIN' GIRLS do what they do anyway.

The sleaziest man in the city walks in. Meet VICK THAGGARD.

He sizes the joint up. Slicks down his eyebrows, and bumps squarely into a BUSINESSMAN on his way out.

VICK
Sorry, man.

Three steps later, Vick counts the cash in the Businessman's wallet. Pocket picked.

The BARTENDER already has a beer and a tequila waiting on him. Regular.

Vick downs the shot. Escorts the beer to the stage, and waves a handful of twenties.

STRIPPERS won't even come near him, no matter much he begs.

As he reaches for his beer, WE SEE the FLAMING DICE TATTOO on his forearm.

His cell phone RINGS.

VICK (ON CELL)

Yeah..?

EXT. STRIP JOINT - MOMENTS LATER

Vick exits to escape the POUNDING music inside. Rattled comes to mind.

VICK (ON CELL)

Who is this..?

INT. RATTY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rabell looks out the window, a cell phone to his ear.

INTERCUT WITH VICK:

RABELL (ON CELL)

That's not important. What is important is that you're going to spend a very long time in prison, unless you do exactly what I tell you.

VICK

Hey, Jackass, nobody fuckin' threatens me.

RABELL

Bullshit, Vick. Everybody threatens you.

Vick hangs up. Before he can make it back inside, it RINGS again. He answers...

RABELL (ON CELL)

Hang up on me again, and the deal is off.

VICK

What deal?

RABELL

The jewelry store you thought nobody knew anything about? You know the one where you shot the clerk in the back. He died last night, Vick. You know what that makes you.

Vick goes white as a ghost.

RABELL (CONT'D)

221 State street. Apartment 5A. Two hours. Don't be late Mr. Thaggard.

INT. KAHN'S PLACE - NIGHT

He's still sitting in a chair like man awaiting the executioner's call. At least he's doing it in front of the tiny TV now...

"WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE" is on.

A KNOCK on his door. Kahn unlocks half a dozen locks. Peeks through the chains.

It's TIMMY, a fella you wouldn't trust with the change in your ashtray. Kahn lets him in.

TIMMY

Christ, man. I thought you were gonna class this place up...

KAHN

I got drapes.

TIMMY

Fuckin' dump.

KAHN

What do ya want, Timmy?

TIMMY

I haven't seen you in two weeks.

KAHN

Been workin'.

TIMMY

Guess somebody's gotta do that. Come on, buy me a beer.

Kahn shakes his head.

TIMMY

You're fuckin' broke again? You just took that Cat in 3C for sixty on the game...

KAHN

Savin' it.

TIMMY

For what?

KAHN

For none of your fuckin' business, that's what.

Timmy nods the nod of the all-knowing.

TIMMY

Sittin' in here all alone, like
your dog just got ran over.
Savin' your money. Man, I ain't
no doctor, but that sounds like a
terminal case of significant
other.

KAHN

Good night, Tim.

Kahn drags him towards the door.

TIMMY

Whoa, whoa, hold on. I'll buy.
Come on. Get outta this shoebox.
I'll spring for a six pack.
Forget your troubles.

KAHN

I don't have any troubles. I am
perfectly happy. Life is perfect.
And, there is no way in hell
you're talking me into going out
with you.

INT. TIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Timmy drives, Kahn at shotgun. Drinkin' and drivin'.
Sippin' beers and listening to the radio.

Kahn feels no pain.

TIMMY

You really wanna take care of this
girl, don't ya?

KAHN

That obvious?

TIMMY

You're eat up with it. It's
disgusting.

KAHN

Kiss my ass. Know how long it's
been since I had a reason to get
out of bed?

TIMMY

Well, Buddy, drivin' that bread
truck ain't gonna get ya there.

KAHN

Just takes longer.

TIMMY

I'm just playin' Devil's Advocate here, OK? So don't stab me or anything. She's a good lookin' woman. Lotta construction guys in and out of that diner.

KAHN

So..?

TIMMY

I'm just sayin', those guys are all Union. Ya know? They make good money. Benefits and shit. Pensions. Woman sees security in that.

Timmy kills his beer, tosses the empty in the backseat.

TIMMY

Want me to spring for another six pack?

KAHN

If you can stop pep talkin' me.

EXT. ZIPPY MART - NIGHT

Timmy's piece of shit car grinds to a halt in front of a Zippy Mart.

INT. TIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Timmy shoves it in park and looks at Kahn. For a little too long...

KAHN

We ain't makin' out, Tim.

Timmy opens his glove box. Two .38 SPECIALS. He hands one to Kahn.

KAHN

Oh no. No...hell no.

TIMMY

You wanna take care of your woman, don't ya?

KAHN

Not like this.

TIMMY

I got a guy who makes the beer deliveries here. Says it's run by a couple of ancient Koreans.

(MORE)

TIMMY (CONT'D)

They don't do banks. Keep all
their cash in a safe. Says
there's about 15 grand in there...

KAHN

No shit?

TIMMY

I never joke about these kinds of
things.

BEAT.

KAHN

I can't...

TIMMY

What the fuck are you so afraid
of?

KAHN

It ain't much of a life, but it's
mine. I promised Carol...

TIMMY

Oh, come on! Split it three ways
with the Beer Guy? I'm tryin' to
help you out here, man. Five
grand. Two minutes...

KAHN

Take me back home.

TIMMY

You do this with me, or you
fuckin' walk.

Kahn drops the pistol on the seat. Gets out.

EXT. TIMMY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Timmy SLAMS the door in a rage as he gets out.

TIMMY

Are you fuckin' kiddin' me?

KAHN

See ya around, Tim.

TIMMY

You're a loser, Walter. You're a
fuckin' loser and she is gonna
dump your ass. Just a matter of
time.

Kahn keeps walking.

INT. RATTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rabell wears a MASK. A BLACK BALACLAVA--only his eyes are visible. Someone KNOCKS...

At the sight of the mask, Vick Thaggard jumps straight back when Rabell opens the door.

He pulls a gun and pushes his way in.

VICK

Who the *hell* are you?

Rabell ZAPS him with a Taser. Vick falls onto the ratty couch. He tosses Vick's gun on the table. Pulls one of his own for effect.

RABELL

Far as you're concerned, my name is Memphis. You, Vick, are going to be called Knoxville...

BEAT.

VICK

I, Vick, is gonna be called outta here.

Vick tries to stand. Rabell shoves him back onto the couch.

RABELL

Four man job. You're one of 'em. Tomorrow morning we're going to hit an armored car. Should be between four and five million in cash...

VICK

I don't even know who you are.

Rabell tosses him a mask.

RABELL

And no one will know who you are, except me. None of you will know each other. No names. Faces covered. Make no mistake, Vick, I'm not tryin' to sell you on this. You *will* do it, because I got enough on you to have you planted under a jail.

VICK

I'm callin' bullshit.

Rabell tosses him a folder. Video stills of a robbery.
Vick shooting a clerk.

RABELL
I know you got a lot of questions.
I don't give a shit. Four people.
Four equal shares.

VICK
A million dollars...

RABELL
At least. Or, I give that folder
to the police tonight. Even you
can't fuck this decision up, Vick.

INT. RATTY APARTMENT - LATER

CLOSE ON TABLE: TWO GUNS on it now.

Rabell, still masked and armed, speaks to BADASS THUG on
the couch. His name is HARVEY LEONARD. But, he'll be
called...

RABELL
And, you'll be called Bristol.

He tosses him a mask.

Bristol laughs. A lot..

BRISTOL
Man you must be completely outta
your Caucasian mind. Trina put
you up to this shit, didn't she?
This is some shit that Trina would
most definitely do.

Rabell throws photos on Bristol's lap. Security Cam
stills.

RABELL
Four innocent people shot in cold
blood, just to get the man you
were after. Your own brother.
Put seventeen bullets into him for
screwing you on the take of a drug
dealer you two hit.

His entire countenance transforms before Rabell's eyes.

This man is a killer.

BRISTOL
Eighteen.

RABELL

What?

BRISTOL

Eighteen bullets. I was upset.
And, you should know I have
planted motherfuckers for a lot
less than this.

RABELL

That...is why you're here.

CLOSE ON TABLE: FIVE guns. THREE knives. ONE leather
sap. ONE straight razor.

And, a nail file.

A blonde beauty gives Rabell a glare from the couch.

She opens a Zippo with a deft flourish, and sets the
surveillance stills in her hand on fire.

Tosses them on the couch next to her. Not the least bit
concerned that the couch will go up.

Her name is JANE MASON. But, we'll call her...

RABELL

What's it gonna be Nashville?

He tosses her a mask.

RABELL (CONT'D)

A million dollars? Or, a murder
charge?

Nashville flutters her fingers over the burning photos.
Toying with the flames dispassionately.

NASHVILLE

Do you consider yourself a lucky
man, Memphis?

RABELL

Not particularly.

NASHVILLE

Well, that's a shame. Because,
you are most certainly lucky...

She reaches under her shirt. Tosses a GUN MAGAZINE to
him. Rabell looks at his gun.

Yeah, it's his mag.

NASHVILLE (CONT'D)

Lucky I'm such a greedy beast.

INT. KAHN'S PLACE - NIGHT

Kahn enters.

He drops into his chair. From the way he pulls off his shoes, he walked all the way home.

KAHN

Friggin' Timmy...

He glances at the TV that's still on. Turns it up...

CLOSE ON TV: The Zippy Mart. Flashing lights. A body bag loaded into a Coroner Van...

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)

...was shot and killed as he attempted to rob a local store tonight.

A MUG SHOT of Timmy on the screen.

TV ANCHOR (CONT'D)

The suspect, Timothy Temores, was recently paroled after serving six years for armed robbery...

Kahn turns off the TV. The room descends into darkness.

Half lit by street light through his dingy window, Kahn sits. Staring at the floor...

EXT. STREET (AT BANK) - MORNING

Kahn's van pulls up in front of the market next to the bank. The Armored car ISN'T there--Kahn notices.

He pulls out shelves of bread. A lot today, he can barely see over them. He trips over the sidewalk, catches himself, and SLAMS right into a PASSING WOMAN...

PASSING WOMAN

Watch where you're goin'.

KAHN

Lady, I got my arms full, OK..?

PASSING WOMAN

Get outta the sidewalk already!

INT. MARKET - CONTINUOUS

It's a small place. Neighborhood store.

A young CLERK is almost taken out by Kahn trying not to take him out.

CLERK

Just put it in the back! Jesus...

KAHN

OK...OK...

Kahn navigates his way through the market. Knocks over less than you'd think.

The maneuver catches the attention of TWO MEN shopping. Clean cut. Sharp eyes. Cheap suits--RYAN AND DOUGLAS.

RYAN

What an idiot.

Something CRASHES to the floor from Kahn's direction.

KAHN (O.S.)

Ah, shit. I'm sorry...

Ryan and Douglas shake their heads.

EXT. MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

The Armored Car is there now. Kahn tosses a wave to his friends guarding the sidewalk, as he heads to his van.

KAHN

How's that kid, Mickey?

GUARD #1

Little fucker infected the wife.
Now I got two down.

KAHN

Keep your distance. See ya
tomorrow.

They wave as Kahn pulls away.

GUARD #2

You didn't tell me your wife got
sick, too.

GUARD #1

You didn't ask.

GUARD #2

You asshole. I'm locked up in
this van all day with you.

GUARD #1

Well, I'm not sick.

GUARD #2

Yet.

A BATTISTONI'S BAKED GOODS van pulls up. Just as Guards 3 and 4 exit the bank, cash in hand.

GUARD #2

Never seen him come back before...

Van doors open. Death comes out.

Rabell, Nashville, Vick, and Bristol. Delivery uniforms. Balaclava masks.

And, M4 ASSAULT RIFLES.

BRISTOL

On the fuckin' ground!

NASHVILLE

Now!

Vick throws a molotov cocktail against the rear of the Armored car. The doors explode into flame. The Guards can't enter.

Bristol covers any retreat back into the bank.

Nowhere for the Guards to go. Out come .357 Revolvers and Shotguns.

Who the hell knows who fires first. In an instant, the sidewalk is full of flying lead.

RABELL

Cease fire! Cease Fire...!

Can't be heard over the din. Probably wouldn't make a difference. Vick, Nashville, and Bristol are killers.

The Armored Car DRIVER panics behind the wheel. Hauls ass. Leaving Guards 1-4 on the sidewalk. Taking cover behind cars. M4 rounds punch into sheet metal.

Guard #1 is hit center mass. Thank God for Body Armor. SCREAMING, he drags himself behind cover. Fires his Revolver blindly.

PEDESTRIANS run screaming. A BANK GUARD runs out of the bank. Bristol drops him.

Guards #3 and #4 are shot dead by Vick and Nashville.

Rabell is paralyzed with horror. He never fired a shot. A bloodbath was not his plan...

MAN (O.C.)

NYPD!

Behind Rabell.

It's Douglas from the store--off duty cop. Rabell
HESITATES.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Douglas shoots Rabell in the chest. Blows him off his
feet.

Nashville stitches Douglas with a Full-Auto blast. Helps
Rabell to his feet. Body Armor saved his life. Still,
he's gasping.

Then...she spots Ryan, the other guy from the store.

He's pulling an M4 from the trunk of an unmarked Police
Car halfway down the block.

NASHVILLE

Move it!

Vick and Bristol grab the money bags from Dead Guards, as
Nashville lays down suppressing fire in Ryan's direction.

She takes a slug to the armor. She barely flinches.

But, it pisses her off.

NASHVILLE

Motherfucker...

She slaps in a fresh mag, and ADVANCES ON Ryan.

Douglas goes for cover. Winshield glass showers him.
Bullets SLAM into the car he hides behind. He fires
blindly over the trunk.

Nashville keeps coming. Fixated. A Terminator.

Rabell has to drag her into the van. She fires all the
way.

The Delivery Van peels out.

The walls and sidewalk are bathed in blood. Passersby
FREAK and scream.

Only Ryan survives. He runs to Douglas' side. Firing at
the retreating Van...

INT. DELIVERY VAN - CONTINUOUS

Rabell pulls the body armor off that saved his life.
THROWS it across the van, as Vick drives.

RABELL

You shot a cop...

NASHVILLE

Pretty fuckin' satisfyin', I can
tell you that.

RABELL

You shot a fucking cop! I said
nobody fires unless absolutely
necessary.

NASHVILLE

They shot first.

BRISTOL

Who gives a shit? This is a van
full of millionaires.

NASHVILLE

Say it again.

BRISTOL

Millionaire...

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Van skids into an alley where a MOVING TRUCK is
parked--the rear gate down.

The Van barrels into the back of the truck.

Bristol leaps out and climbs into the cab. Vick pulls
the rear gate up. Just like that...

Gone.

INT. KAHN'S DELIVERY VAN - MORNING

Sipping coffee and singin' to the Oldie's Station, Kahn
cruises along. He glances down at the speedometer...

CLOSE ON SPEEDOMETER: There's a photo of him and Carol
stuck to it.

Kahn smiles. Life is alright, man.

Until, SIX POLICE CARS SWARM HIM.

They run him straight onto the sidewalk. Kahn stomps the
brakes...

EXT. KAHN'S DELIVERY VAN (ON STREET) - CONTINUOUS

Kahn is dragged out of the truck at gun point, and SLAMMED into the pavement. COPS descend on him like sharks.

He's pinned down. A boot on his face. He YELLS in pain...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Two Detectives, CRAWFORD AND KAAS, sit on the edge of the table in front of Kahn. Leering like carrion birds circling a corpse.

Behind Kahn is Ryan. Douglas' blood still on his hands and clothes.

Next to him is a grizzled man who has seen it all-- CAPTAIN DEADMOND.

KAHN

I didn't do anything.

DETECTIVE KAAS

We a got a woman who says she bumped into you. We got a store clerk who saw you. We got Detective Ryan Manning, right there behind you, who saw you just seconds before the robbery. Same uniform. Same van.

KAHN

You think I woulda just continued my route if I robbed a bank?

DETECTIVE KAAS

If you wanted to keep up appearances. Maybe give your accomplices time to escape.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

Or, maybe you're just fuckin' stupid.

KAHN

I want a lawyer.

RYAN

Fuck you.

Ryan LUNGES for Kahn. Deadmond grabs him.

KAHN

Listen to me! I didn't have anything to do with this.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

You know that cop you guys killed?

KAHN

I don't know what you're talking about.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

(points to Ryan)

That was *his* brother. Maybe we go get a cup of coffee. Leave you alone with him for a few minutes.

KAHN

I didn't fuckin' kill anybody! You got the wrong man...

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

So, you're not a murderer?

KAHN

No!

DETECTIVE KAAS

The names Monica Simpson and Travis Lydell ring a bell?

Kahn winces.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

You *are* a killer, Walter Kahn. A convicted killer.

Kaas picks up a folder and reads.

DETECTIVE KAAS

Eleven years on twenty in Sing Sing? Two counts of Manslaughter. Paroled ten months ago...

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

That shitty job. That shitty boarding house. Couldn't cut it in the real world, could ya, Kahn?

KAHN

I'm tellin' you, I swear to God, I didn't have anything to do with this.

DETECTIVE KAAS

Know Timmy Temores?

KAHN

Ah..shit...

DETECTIVE KAAS

Guess whose prints we found in his car, and on one of the guns he was carrying?

KAHN

I didn't have anything to do with that either.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

Your ass is nailed, Jesus. Who were the other three? And, where's the money?

Kahn shakes his head.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND

Looks like we got a long night ahead of us, Walter...

EXT. RIVERFRONT - DAY

The Moving Truck is parked in a deserted section of old industrial river frontage.

FOUR CARS under a nearby bridge. The Four Masked Crooks pull the MONEY BAGS out of the van.

VICK

We all just take a bag?

BRISTOL

Works for me.

RABELL

I take 'em.

The others wait for the punch line. Ain't one.

NASHVILLE

Come again?

RABELL

The bags. I have to take them.

Nashville and Bristol raise their M4's at Rabell. He doesn't flinch.

NASHVILLE

Wanna bet?

BRISTOL

Do not fuck with my euphoria, man.

RABELL

This money is accounted for.
Serial numbered. It can be
tracked. You spend it, you're in
prison this time next week.
Lookin' to cut a deal. Take us
all down with you.

NASHVILLE

Then what fuckin' good is it?

RABELL

It just has to be laundered.

NASHVILLE

And, you're the Merry Maid to do
it, huh?

BRISTOL

Forgot to mention that little
detail, didn't ya?

NASHVILLE

Fuck 'em. Let's take it. His,
too.

Rabell doesn't flinch in the face of the guns.

RABELL

Don't fuck with me, Girl. You
forget what I have? You think I
didn't make arrangements for all
that to end up in police hands if
anything happens to me? Pay
attention to who you're dealing
with.

Looks behind masks are shared.

RABELL (CONT'D)

If I told you we were going to
take the money, and you had to
give it all to me, you'd have
never done it.

Nashville gets in his face.

NASHVILLE

I will search the ends of the
earth for you. I will kill every
thing you love.

RABELL

Fair enough.

She drops her weapon, as does Bristol. Vick deflates with a sigh.

RABELL

The guy is already on his way.
We'll get it back in a few days.
Clean. Go your separate ways,
I'll contact you and tell you
where to meet.

Rabell pulls four playing cards out of a pocket--FOUR KINGS.

He rips them in half. Hands a half to each in turn.

RABELL

Bring the matching half, get your
share.

BRISTOL

What keeps you from leavin' us
high and dry?

A BLACK SEDAN pulls up to them.

RABELL

Patience...

TWO THUGS in suits get out. AK-47's in hand.

Then, out comes TATTS. A tattooed bastard you might think was The Devil's twin brother. The gold on his fingers could buy you a house. The look in his eyes could burn it down.

The Thugs grab the money bags. The others watch nervously. Fingers on triggers.

The uniforms. The masks. Tatts eyes the Four Crooks for a long BEAT.

TATTS

Had a dream like this once.
(nods to Vick)
But, you were a cow. How you
wanna do this?

Rabell hands the four torn in half cards to Tatts.

RABELL

It takes the other half of these
cards to collect. All four of
them.

(to others)
Agreed?

Vick, Nashville, and Bristol look at their half cards.
Reluctant nods.

TATTS

So be it.

Tatts walks away with this Thugs and the money.

RABELL

We all show up, or nobody gets
paid.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Kahn is exhausted. Deadmond waves Kaas, Crawford, and
Ryan outside.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Deadmond closes the interrogation room door.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

Ten hours. Hasn't changed his
story...

DETECTIVE KAAS

Read his file? Marine when he was
a kid. Eleven years in Sing Sing.
He's tough.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND

Let 'em stew for a few hours.
(to Kass and Crawford)
We'll take another swing tomorrow.
See if we can get him talk. Have
to let him see a lawyer
eventually. He doesn't sleep
tonight, I'll see to that. Soften
him up. See you in the mornin'.

Kaas and Crawford depart, leaving Ryan alone with Captain
Deadmond.

RYAN

Ain't gonna talk.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND

I know.

RYAN

Give me some time alone with him.

Ryan glares into The Captain's eyes.

RYAN (CONT'D)

He will confess.

INT. LOCK UP - NIGHT

Kahn lays in a small isolated jail cell.

Lights are off. The only illumination ambient. A bulb somewhere far down the hall.

FOOTSTEPS coming closer.

Kahn backs up to the wall, as the cell door opens. He knows what's coming.

Ryan and TWO UNIFORMS standing in his cell door.

They rush Kahn. Beat him to the floor. Hold him down. Ryan lights a Zippo lighter.

RYAN
Pull up his shirt.

The Zippo's fire illuminates Kahn's eyes. The flame comes closer to his exposed chest...

KAHN
No, I didn't do it! Please! I
didn't do it! No...!

INT. LOCK UP HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kahn's SCREAMS reverberate down the hall...

FADE TO:

INT. CAPTAIN DEADMOND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Deadmond sips coffee behind his desk, staring at two severe people in severe suits looking down on him from the other side of his desk.

FBI AGENTS ELAINE TANNER and ERIC MOORE.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
A dead NYPD cop makes it my
case...

AGENT TANNER
The money hadn't made it onto the
truck. Technically, it's a bank
robbery, Captain Deadmond. FBI
jurisdiction...

AGENT MOORE
There's no reason for us to butt
heads on this, Captain. We all
want the same thing.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND

Some of us want it more. I can promise you that.

AGENT TANNER

I'm sorry for the loss of your Officer. But we can work together on this. Share resources. We already have a suspect...

CAPTAIN DEADMOND

Yeah? We'll we've had one in custody for the last twelve hours. What the fuck have you guys been doin'?

AGENT MOORE

Walter Kahn? He didn't do it.

AGENT TANNER

Two hours ago a burned out Ryder truck was found by the river. In the trailer was a van. Identical to the one Kahn drives.

AGENT MOORE

Probably watched the location for a while. Knew the van wouldn't raise any suspicions with the guards.

Deadmond's hard-assed exterior fractures a bit.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND

Who's your suspect?

AGENT TANNER

One of the witnesses remembered something. A tattoo on a forearm. Pair of flaming dice.

AGENT MOORE

Prison records search turned up a low life named Vick Thaggard that matches the description. Not enough to arrest him. Can't get a warrant. But, it's enough to bring him in for questioning. If we can find the slippery bastard.

AGENT TANNER

Kahn's a victim of circumstance.

Deadmond nods. A painful, wincing nod.

INT. LOCK UP - NIGHT

Deadmond speaks with Ryan and Uniforms outside Kahn's open cell.

Hushed tones.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
Found a burned out van by the
river...

IN CELL:

Kahn lays on the floor in the fetal position.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND (O.C.)
...a witness remembered a tattoo.
Flaming dice, or somethin'.

HALL:

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
We can't hold him.

The Captain walks away with the Uniforms. Ryan doesn't even look at Kahn. Just...

RYAN
You're free to go, Kahn.

It's a long moment before Kahn even tries to move.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

Kahn limps down the sidewalk. Beaten. Damned near broken. Still in his uniform from the day before. His "effects" still in the police envelope in his hand.

As he passes a news stand, he's stopped in his tracks by what he sees--HIS MUG SHOT ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE NEWSPAPER.

The headline screams: "EX-CON BUSTED IN BLOODY HEIST".

He picks up a paper. Stares in horror. Disbelief. The VENDOR gives him the skunk eye.

VENDOR
Hey, Buddy. Buy it or move on...

Kahn looks at the Vendor like he just got shot by him.

Takes a second before the Vendor makes the connection between this face and that paper.

And, backs right the fuck up.

VENDOR

I don't want any trouble, man.
Take the paper. Take any fuckin'
thing you want. I got a family...

INT. LUCKY'S DINER - MORNING

Carol serves the morning crowd. She's been crying.
Hell, she's barely holding it together.

Kahn walks in. Limpes a beeline to her. Her glare levels
him.

CAROL

I believed you...

Not what he was expecting.

KAHN

They made a mistake...

CAROL

I fuckin' believed in you!

The Diner goes silent. A few PATRONS recognize Kahn.
Stares. Points. Hey, isn't that's..?

Carol cries angry tears.

CAROL

I saw the paper, Walter.

KAHN

I wasn't charged. They have to
print a retraction.

CAROL

They said you were with Timmy
Temores. Your fingerprints were
on the gun!

KAHN

No...I...

No defense on that one.

CAROL

Do you know what I did last night
when I got home? I prayed. For
the first time since I was twelve.
I got on my knees. And, I said
thank you. Thank you, God. Thank
you for this man...

Her voice breaks.

KAHN
Carol, I'm innocent!

CAROL
How can I ever *know* that? How can
I ever trust you?

KAHN
Because I'm tellin' you.

CAROL
You're just like my father. Oh,
God. You're just like all of
them. Every loser I've been
stupid enough to love...

KAHN
Carol, Baby, please! I swear to
God, I didn't do anything.

She SLAPS the shit out of him.

CAROL
I thought you were different.
But, you all go back eventually.

A booth of BURLY CONSTRUCTION WORKERS stands.

BURLY CONSTRUCTION WORKER
I'd leave about now if I were you.

KAHN
Fuck off!
(to Carol)
Baby, please. I can't lose you.
Not you. You're the only thing on
this earth that...

A Construction Worker shoves Kahn. Desperation. Kahn
slugs him.

The others rush him. Drag him towards the door. Kahn
struggles like he was fighting for his life.

KAHN
No...! Please...

She cries as Kahn is dragged.

KAHN
Carol, I love you...!

He finally got it right.

The Construction Workers throw him out the door.

INT. BATTISTONI'S BAKED GOODS - MORNING

Kahn stares at the floor. Shirt ripped. Jaw set. The Old Man is pained.

MR. BATTISTONI
We're a neighborhood store,
Walter...

Kahn closes his eyes.

MR. BATTISTONI (CONT'D)
It was on the news...that makes it
true to them. A dozen phone
calls, just this morning'.
They're scared a you. Walter, all
they have to do is point the
finger. It's all anybody will
ever remember.

KAHN
Tell me you believe me. Please.
You know me...

BEAT.

MR. BATTISTONI
You lied to me, Walter. On your
application. You didn't tell me
you was an Ex-Con.

KAHN
I didn't think you'd hire me.

MR. BATTISTONI
You're right.

BEAT.

KAHN
Could I get my last check now?

MR. BATTISTONI
Walter, with your hours this
week...you owe me thirty dollars.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

Kahn CREAKS up the steps. Slowly.

He stops at the second floor. Silence. No Mrs.
Wachowski. He exhales a thank you to Heaven above and
takes a step...

Then, her apartment door FLIES open.

Mrs. Wachowski glares at him from her door. A cigarette in one hand, a half empty GARBAGE BAG in the other.

She tosses the bag at Kahn's feet. A moment later, the FLOWER he gave her yesterday lands on the bag.

MRS. WACHOWSKI

Thought you were different, Kahn.

She slams the door.

KAHN

I don't have anywhere to go!

Silence.

Kahn leaves the bag on the floor, and walks away.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Officers in Dress Blues. A Color Guard. A flag draped coffin.

Sitting in the front, comforting a CRYING MOTHER, is Ryan. Deadmond at their side.

This is Douglas' funeral.

The Color Guard FIRES the gun salute. WE MOVE over the attendees. In the back, wincing with each salvo of the gun salute, stands Rabell in a black suit.

EXT. CEMETARY - LATER

Cops offer condolences to Ryan and Crying Mother. Deadmond like a sentinel, still by their side.

Rabell's turn in line comes.

RYAN

Captain Rabell..?

RABELL

I can't tell you how sorry I am.
He was a good man. Didn't deserve
this...

Nods and thank you's. Rabell wants to say more. Needs to say more. But, there's nothing there.

As he moves on, Deadmond pulls Rabell aside. Hushed tones.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
Appreciate you comin' down. Means
a lot. We've haven't forgotten
you either.

Rabell nods.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND (CONT'D)
Look, I never told you. I'm sorry
for how things went down.

RABELL
Two years. I'm over it.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
I went to bat for ya. I did.
There was nothin' concrete on you,
how it didn't get thrown out...

Rabell nods towards Ryan.

RABELL
How's he holdin' up?

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
They murdered his brother, Jake.

Guilt eats Rabell alive. Deadmond grabs his shoulders
with a warm smile.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
He's not one of your men anymore,
Rabell. I'll take care of him.
You know that. Are you OK?

RABELL
Can't say I remember what that
feels like.

Rabell walks away through the field of gravestones.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

Files and papers are stacked a mile high. Paper cut
territory. The dwelling of the overworked.

Behind the stacks of folders and papers, sits RACHEL.
The name on her desk plaque reads--STEVE JOHNSON. She's
cute and irritated to high Heaven.

She barely even looks up at KAHN. Filthy and unshaven.
He resembles five miles of bad road.

RACHEL

Your Parole Officer is on leave,
which means I get stuck with half
his load, on top of the hundred
and twenty five cases I already
got. I start vacation tomorrow,
I'm trying to get everything
squared away. What do you want me
to do here...

(searches for name)

...Mr. Kahn?

KAHN

Something? Anything?

RACHEL

Specificity would be appreciated.

KAHN

Lady, I slept in an alley last
night between two bums. I got no
where to live. I got no job.

RACHEL

Not an employment service.

KAHN

I know, I tried them, too. Just
vouch for me. Can't you do that?

RACHEL

You're innocent. Let it blow
over. Come back next month, we'll
see what can be done.

KAHN

Next month?

She still hasn't looked up.

RACHEL

Give it some time.

KAHN

Time? I need you to help me.

RACHEL

You and the next thirty-seven guys
I gotta see before five. I feel
for you, I really do. But, I'm
not a fuckin' wizard.

EXT. LOU'S BAR - DAY

Kahn walks up to the battered double doors of a dive bar. Eyes the door handles like they were snakes. Doesn't even want to touch them.

Fuck it. Kahn turns around. Walks out of the frame.

A BEAT later...

We walks back into it. Stares at the doors again. Reaches for a handle. Hesitates. Changes his mind about sixteen times in four seconds.

Grits his teeth...

INT. LOU'S BAR - DAY

Kahn walks in. The dump looks even worse inside than it does outside. It's as empty as Kahn's prospects.

LOU, the bartender/owner and all around dude of questionable means, drops his jaw at the sight of Kahn.

LOU
I'll be a son of a bitch.

He'd be only slightly less surprised to see Jesus walk in.

INT. LOU'S BAR (BOOTH) - LATER

Lou and Kahn in a booth. The latter inhales a sandwich and a glass of beer. The man is starving.

LOU
You been out for ten months and didn't come by? I didn't even get a fuckin' letter in eleven years. Jesus Christ, I'm that bad of an influence?

Kahn spots a GAUDY USMC EMBLEM RING on Lou's finger.

KAHN
You kept it?

LOU
Yeah. Reminds me of when black and white was black and white. Besides, helps knock out the occasional tooth, when the need arises to knock out the occasional tooth. Want a chance to win it back?

Kahn smiles.

KAHN

Looks better on you anyway.

LOU

Got a feelin' you didn't drop by
to discuss jewelry and amateur
dentistry.

KAHN

I need help, Lou.

Lou leans back. You just know those are words he has
never heard come out of the man across from him.

LOU

I got a package that needs
deliverin'.

KAHN

Somethin' legit.

LOU

Oh...

KAHN

I been doin' things the way they
say they're supposed to be done.
Ya know?

LOU

I saw the paper, Kahn.

A cloud passes over Kahn's face. He puts the sandwich
down. His appetite takes a hike...

...along with what little resolve he had left.

KAHN

This is fuckin' worse than
startin' all over.

LOU

Ain't a person I know that
wouldn't have come outta that
prison a monster.

The light doesn't change. But, something like a shadow
covers Kahn's face. Something dark inside...

KAHN

Eleven fuckin' years in that cell.
Hating everything and everyone.
Begging God to get me through.
One day it hits me.

(MORE)

KAHN (CONT'D)

Got jumped by six guys. Got that kind of epiphany that only comes from stitches and broken bones, you know?

LOU

Familiar with 'em.

KAHN

I was in there for something I didn't do. But, God was sure as shit nailing me for all the stuff I *had* done. All the shit I never got caught for. All the stuff I had comin'. I promised him I'd never come back, Lou. But, they pushed me right back down the hole. I didn't have much, but they took it all.

LOU

So, take it back.

Kahn gets up. A battle rages within him. He doesn't know which side to root for.

LOU (CONT'D)

Fork in the road, Compadre. Be the victim. Start all over. *Again.* Suck it up. *Or...*

Lou pulls a REVOLVER. Slides it across the table with something like a smile.

Kahn stares at the gun for long, long moment.

KAHN

I overheard the Cops say one of 'em had a tattoo. Flaming dice...

Kahn picks up the gun.

KAHN (CONT'D)

I want his name.

LOU

You believe everything happens for a reason?

KAHN

I don't particularly give a shit anymore, Lou.

LOU

Month ago this guy asks me to finance a job. Jewel store.

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)

Ended up havin' to beat my money
outta the slippery, weasel little
cocksucker. His name is Vick
Thaggard. Thinks he's a real high
roller. And...he shows that very
tattoo off to prove it.

Kahn puts the gun in his belt.

LOU (CONT'D)

Chinatown. Follow the sound of
dice. If there's a craps game
runnin, he'll be there losin'.
Looks like a fuckin' rat. Can't
miss him.

Kahn makes for the door. Stops.

KAHN

You're a better friend than I am.

LOU

Hey, you promised The Almighty.

Lou tosses a wad of cash to Kahn. A WAD of cash.

LOU (CONT'D)

Now buy some threads. You're
embarrassin' me.

INT. BASEMENT CLUB - AFTERNOON

Cigarette smoke. Shadows. Booze. And DIRTBAGS a
plenty. Dice bounce over tables. You come here to win
big, or get your throat slit.

Equal odds.

WE MOVE THROUGH: Past a minor drug deal. Through the
haze of cigarette smoke.

We find a massive bouncer with BLOODSHOT EYES manning the
door. A KNOCK on the other side...

Bloodshot eyes opens a peep hole door. Kahn's face is in
it.

BLOODSHOT EYES

Password, Motherfucker.

Kahn waves a hundred dollar bill.

KAHN

Benjamin.

BLOODSHOT EYES

Close enough.

Kahn comes in. Pulls the big bastard aside. Whispers.
Points to his forearm.

Bloodshot eyes nods. Thumbs towards...

BACK OF THE ROOM:

VICK

High times. I'm burnin' up. The
heat. My God, the fuckin' heat...

WE FIND Vick presiding alone over a craps table. He
throws the dice. Loses it all.

Lays down another hundred dollar bill.

CLOSE ON TABLE: Another C-note is put down on top of
Vick's hand. The hand that lays it down holds Vick's
hand down.

Vick locks eyes with Kahn. Twists Vick's arm over.
Exposing the dice tattoo. Kahn let's his arm go.

VICK

You got a problem?

KAHN

Not anymore.

Vick throws the dice. Loser...

VICK

Fuck, man...

He tosses down another hundred. Kahn lays down the same
on Vick's bet. Burning him to death with his eyes across
the table.

Vick rolls. Loser. Fidgets. Mojo shot to shit.

VICK

You're a bad luck magnet, man.

Kahn doesn't say a word. He just stares clean through
Vick's soul.

Vick leaves the table. Makes for the door. Tossing
glances over his shoulder at Kahn...

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Kahn runs up the below-the-street stairs that led to the basement club. He scans up and down the street, looking for Vick.

Spots him spotting him as he ducks into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Kahn slow steps it in. Looking. Listening. A thousand places to hide between the dumpsters and garbage cans.

Kahn notices A GATE at the end of the alley. Vick is in here somewhere. Suddenly...

FOOT STEPS behind him! Kahn turns and gets a GUN shoved under his chin.

Vick pushes him against a wall.

VICK

You're new.

KAHN

We got business, Vick.

VICK

What we got is a motherfucker about to get shot in an alley. Try again.

KAHN

You took somethin' of mine.

VICK

You're gonna need to be a little more specific.

KAHN

Small thing. Wasn't much...

Kahn shoves Lou's revolver into Vick's crotch. COCKS the hammer.

VICK

You wouldn't...

Kahn bats Vick's gun away, and slams his forehead into Vick's face.

VICK

I don't know who you are. I didn't do anything to you...

Kahn slugs him. Vick sails across the alley onto his ass.

KAHN

Try again.

Vick crawls for his gun. Not gonna happen.

Kahn WANGS him in the back of the head with a trash can lid six or seven times. Kicks him. Puts an asskicking on him Ajax won't scrub off.

VICK

What do you want? Please...what do you want...

KAHN

I want my life back. I want my name cleared. I wanna know why you motherfuckers picked me.

VICK

Who are you?

Kahn grabs Vick by the shirt. Pulls his face close.

KAHN

Read the papers?

BEAT.

VICK

Oh, shit. The driver...

Kahn picks up Vick's gun out of a water puddle. Vick gravels on his knees.

VICK

I swear to God. I didn't plan it. I was just doin' what I was told.

KAHN

Do you have any idea how fucking hard I tried?

VICK

What..?

KAHN

Do you know what you took from me?

Kahn opens the revolver wheel. Dumps the bullets. Makes sure Vick sees him put ONE back in.

VICK

Oh God...please, man. I didn't
have a choice. He had shit on
me...

Kahn SPINS the wheel. Sticks it to Vick's forehead.

KAHN

Where's the money, Vick?

VICK

I don't have it...

CLICK.

VICK

Jesus fuckin' Christ...!

Kahn SPINS it again.

VICK

Look, I don't know. This guy
called me. Had some shit on me.
Made me and two others pull this
job with him. We never saw each
other's faces!

Barrel back to his forehead.

VICK

That's the truth!

KAHN

The money.

VICK

The guy took it.

CLICK!

VICK

Jesus! OK, OK...OK...he took it,
but it had to be laundered...

Kahn spins it again, to the head once more.

VICK (CONT'D)

Wait! He called me today! I'm
supposed to fly to New Orleans
tonight to pick up my share.
Just...Jesus...please don't pull
that fuckin' trigger again.

INT. LOU'S BAR - AFTERNOON

Lou sails ass first into a wall. Crumbles to the floor, holding his jaw.

Ryan walks into the frame.

RYAN
I kept askin' questions, your name
kept poppin' up, Lou.

LOU
Never heard of 'em.

Lou gets a boot in the face. Spits blood.

LOU
I told ya, I never heard a no Vick
Thaggard.

RYAN
He killed a cop, Lou.

LOU
Heaven fuckin' forbid.

Ryan SHATTERS a bar stool against the bar. Picks up one of the legs for a club.

RYAN
That cop was my brother. What do
you think I would do to get my
hands on one of the fuckers that
killed him?

Lou eyes that club, as Ryan kneels next to him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Better question, what do ya think
I'd do to the man who keeps me
from getting him...cause he won't
fuckin' tell me what he knows?

Ryan lifts Lou's chin with the club.

LOU
Let's find out together.

INT. VICK'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Kahn shoves Vick through the door.

VICK
I don't know what you think this
is gonna accomplish.
(MORE)

VICK (CONT'D)

You think they're just gonna give you a share?

KAHN

Ain't givin' me shit. I earned it. When's the flight leave?

Vick checks himself in a mirror.

VICK

You broke a tooth...asshole.

Kahn spots a note jotted on a table. "7:35. FLIGHT 1229..."

KAHN

When?

VICK

Midnight. Plane leaves at midnight.

Kahn punches Vick in the back of the head, sending his forehead into the mirror.

VICK

God...damnit. What is wrong with you?

Kahn holds up the note.

VICK

Look, I lie sometimes. OK? I don't know why, I just do.

Vick pushes him out of the way and tosses clothes into a bag. The MASK and HALF A CARD lay on top of the clothes. Kahn picks up the card.

VICK

Give that back! I mean...it's just my good luck charm.

KAHN

You went to the tables tonight without it?

VICK

I forget stuff, too. OK? I got a condition.

Nervous rat bastard is an awful liar. Fidgeting mess that can't take his eyes off the card.

KAHN

That a fact?

Kahn spots a lighter. Flick. Holds the card to the flame.

VICK

I need that to get the money!

KAHN

Half a card?

VICK

Yes, Corky. We all got half a card, the money guys have the other halves. Get it..?

KAHN

Let's go.

VICK

I need to pack.

KAHN

Funny.

VICK

What's funny?

KAHN

You look like a man who enjoys breathing.

BEAT.

VICK

You have some serious unresolved issues.

Kahn glances out the window.

KAHN

Vick, hurry the fuck up.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Ryan and a SHADY COP exit an unmarked car in front of Vick's building.

They head inside.

INT. VICK APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Vick grabs his suitcase in a panic.

KAHN

There a fire escape?

VICK
What?

KAHN
A back door. A fire escape.
Something..?

VICK
Front door...only way in or out.

KAHN
Shit...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ryan and the Cop ascend the stairs onto Vick's floor.

They QUIETLY make for a door. Pull their guns. Ryan kicks it in.

INT. VICK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Vick in the center of the room, shaking like a leaf.
Kahn is nowhere in sight.

Ryan and the Cop enter. Guns on Vick, who reaches for Heaven. Trembling like a wet kitten.

VICK
You know...there was a doorbell.

Ryan aims the gun at Vick's face. Cocks the hammer.

The air is sucked out of Vick's lungs. He is about to be killed...

VICK
Oh, fuck. Wait...wait!

The kicked in door was hiding Kahn. He shoves it out of the way, and pistol butts Ryan across the skull. Drops him.

The Shady Cop turns. Kahn bum rushes him him into the nearest wall, face first.

The Cop squeezes off rounds--BAM BAM BAM. Blows out windows. Helluva racket.

Kahn grabs a fistful of the bastard's hair. Pounds the Cop's forehead into the sheetrock till he goes out.

EXT. VICK'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Kahn peeks out the door. Vick comes apart at the seems.

VICK

Who the hell was that, man?

KAHN

Brother of the Cop you guys
killed.

VICK

Aw...shit...I'm dead. I am so
dead.

KAHN

You got a car?

Vick fidgets in a pocket for keys.

VICK

What if there are more of 'em?
They're Cops, man. They travel in
packs.

KAHN

They're lookin' for you, not me.
I'll bring the car up to the door,
you dive in. Which one is it?

Vick points to a car half a block up, hands Kahn a key.

VICK

Blue Caddy.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE VICK'S - CONTINUOUS

Kahn slides across the street. Amped. Wired for sound.
Gun in hand under his jacket.

Makes it to the Blue Caddy. Pushes the key into the
lock. Problem.

It's a HOUSE KEY. An ENGINE starts behind him...

Vick, in a beat up IMPALA, peels out down the street.
Leaving Kahn high and dry and giving him the finger.

KAHN

Weasel son of a bitch...

INT. VICK'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Kahn pokes his head around the corner of the wide open
door. There's the Shady Cop out cold, but Ryan is
moaning--coming to.

Kahn BASHES him again with the pistol. Rolls the bastard
over and fishes for car keys in his pockets.

Finds them. And, something else...

...LOU'S USMC RING. Still wet with Lou's blood. And, pocket lint. Kahn stares in disbelief at it.

It hits Kahn like cold acid. He puts the ring on.

Furious, Kahn stands. Aims his gun at Ryan's head. Finger tight on the trigger.

He WANTS to kill this man. He cocks the hammer.

Turns his face to avoid the blood splatter.

But...

KAHN

No.

It's as if there's another person in the room. And, we can only hear Kahn's half of the conversation.

He stands.

KAHN

No...no...

EXT. VICK'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Kahn climbs into the UNMARKED POLICE CAR and hauls ass.

INT. VICK'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Ryan comes to. Swooning from the ass kicking Kahn gave him.

He staggers to the window. The Unmarked Car gone.

Ryan pulls his cell phone. Dials. Spots a note on a table as he does...

"7:35. FLIGHT 1229".

INT. BLACK SEDAN - AFTERNOON

Agents Tanner and Moore drive down city streets.

AGENT TANNER

You'll be fine. Stop crying.

AGENT MOORE

I'm not crying. I just like to avoid sleeping in cars and staring at buildings. Why not get local PD to stake out Thaggard?

AGENT TANNER
 "Some of us want it more..."
 Remember that? I don't even want
 to tell them we found him.

Four POLICE CRUISERS ROAR past the sedan at 90MPH.

AGENT MOORE
 I don't think we have to.

EXT. VICK'S STREET - AFTERNOON

The four cruisers are parked in the street. No lights.

Ryan and another UNIFORM carry the stumbling Shady Cop to
 a cruiser.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Moore and Tanner watch from down the block.

AGENT TANNER
 Shots fired. Look at those
 windows.

AGENT MOORE
 Responding Units responding
 without their lights on?

The Police Cruisers peel out, en masse.

AGENT MOORE
 What do you wanna bet Vick
 Thaggard is runnin' for his life
 at this very moment?

Tanner punches the gas.

INT. AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Vick in line at a ticket counter. Fidgety. Licking his
 lips. Tapping a nervous foot.

INT. MARKED POLICE CAR - AFTERNOON

Ryan rides shotgun, a UNIFORM drives. Lights now
 blazing. Sirens now blaring.

Ryan on his cell...

RYAN (ON CELL)
 Nobody breathes a fuckin' word. I
 don't want anybody gettin' to this
 guy but me. Understood?

INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Tanner drives it like she stole it trying to keep up with the Four Police Cruisers ahead.

AGENT MOORE
You're Vick Thaggard. Cops are on
your tail. What are you doin'
right now?

AGENT TANNER
Gettin' the hell outta town.

She lays down on the horn at a Civic.

AGENT TANNER
(to Civic)
Outta the way..! Come on!

Moore dials his cell...

AGENT MOORE (ON CELL)
This is Special Agent Eric Moore,
I need DHS and LaGuardia Airport
Security on...

AGENT TANNER
Son of a bitch!

Cut off by a City Bus. They're losing the Police Cars.

AGENT MOORE (ON PHONE)
What? Yes...yes! Fine, I'll
hold...

INT. AIRPORT TICKET COUNTER - AFTERNOON

Vick oozes up to the ticket counter. Whips out his ID for the TICKET GIRL.

VICK
Boarding pass, Honey Pot. Vick
Thaggard. And, let's move it,
OK..?

TICKET GIRL
Baggage?

VICK
Leavin' it all behind, Angel Cake.

Kahn slides up next to Vick. Tosses an arm around him.

KAHN
Thought I was gonna miss ya,
Little Brother...

Kahn SQUEEZES the hell out of the back of Vick's neck.

KAHN (CONT'D)
Wouldn't wanna disappoint mom.

VICK
Wouldn't want that.

KAHN
(to Ticket Girl)
One way. Same flight...

Kahn slaps down the money. Glances over his shoulder.

Ryan WALKS IN, half a dozen SHADY UNIFORMS on his heels.

KAHN
(whispers)
Trouble.

Vick looks and promptly panics, as The Ticket Girl sighs in frustration.

TICKET GIRL
System is really slow. Be just a minute...

WITH RYAN:

He checks a flight screen. Zeroes in on 1229...

WITH KAHN:

Finally, the Ticket Girl hands Kahn his boarding pass. He and Vick slide through the crowd.

A few steps away, Kahn chances a glance over his shoulder--sees the Uniforms approach the Ticket Girl.

KAHN
At the ticket counter.

VICK
I'm fucked. Be lookin' for me at security. I'm screwed, man. I am so fucking screwed...

KAHN
Calm down. Be cool.

VICK
Easy for you to say. He's gonna...

A hole in the crowd.

Ryan, twenty feet away. Eyes locked with Vick's. Kahn turns away as not to be spotted.

Vick BOLTS.

EXT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The Black Sedan skids to a halt, Agents Moore and Tanner exit. They're met by four AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICERS...

SECURITY OFFICER #1
DHS is looking out for him at the
security check points. Delta
confirms he's checked in.

They head for the doors.

AGENT TANNER
Tell your men there are NYPD
officers on site, too. I want
them detained.

SECURITY OFFICER #1
Detained..?

AGENT TANNER
I think they may intend to murder
the suspect.

The Security Officer's radio SCREAMS to life...

RADIO OFFICER (O.C.)
All Officers respond to Delta
ticketing terminal. Suspect
sighted, approach with caution...

INT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING WITH VICK:

Slamming into everyone. Running for his life.

He's BLIND-SIDED by a Uniform. The bag goes flying.

WITH KAHN:

Running after the circus, but trying to remain unseen by
the cops.

He snags Vick's bag off the ground. Keeps following.
Watches Vick wiggle free from the Uniform and continue
running...

WITH AGENTS:

Tanner, Moore, and the Security Officers pound ground. They actually shove Kahn out of the way. So fixated on Thaggard, they don't notice him...

WITH VICK:

More Cops ahead. Security Officers behind. He breaks right and heads for the exit door.

It slides open. Vick skids to a stop.

Ryan framed in the door--gun leveled at Vick's head. RAGE seething in his eyes.

Vick takes a slow step back. Raises his hands.

VICK
OK...alright...

The gun doesn't move.

The Agents arrive, guns out. People SCREAM. Freak. Run.

Ryan doesn't flinch...

AGENT TANNER
Detective! Lower your weapon!

AGENT MOORE
You don't want to do this...

SECURITY OFFICER #1
(into radio)
We're gonna need an ambulance...

Ryan doesn't even blink. His grip TIGHTENS on his pistol. Finger squeezing...

VICK
God, no...

BAM!

The GUNSHOT echoes like a cannon. Security Officers wrestle Ryan to the ground. As, Vick staggers...

Hit in the chest. The Agents grab him. Tanner cradles his head.

AGENT TANNER
An ambulance is on the way.
You're going to be OK...

AGENT MOORE

Stay with us, Vick. Who else was involved...

(to Security Officer)

Where's that fuckin' ambulance?

Vick coughs blood.

AGENT TANNER

Vick, we're getting you help. But you gotta help us. Give us names. Who else is involved? Where's the money?

Vick LIFTS HIS HAND to point. Eyes aimed right at Kahn twenty feet away...

CLOSE ON KAHN:

KAHN

Oh shit...

He turns around.

Heart racing. Did Vick point him out? Are the Cops running at him this instant? He swallows hard and waits for it.

WITH VICK:

But, Vick never finishes raising his hand. With a last GASP, his life ebbs away.

WITH KAHN:

He looks at Vick's bag in his hand for a long BEAT.

Walks into the concourse. Gone.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Kahn stares at the HALF PLAYING CARD in his hand. The King of Clubs stares back at him.

He slides the card into his jacket. Stows Vick's back under the seat in front of him. As he does, a pair of heels stops in the aisle next to him.

Kahn follows the legs northward...

RACHEL

Do I know you?

Looking down at him is RACHEL, the Parole Officer.

KAHN
Got that kinda face.

Kahn grabs an Inflight Magazine. Stares at it.

RACHEL
I could swear I've met you before.

KAHN
Don't think so. Sorry.

Rachel smiles an apology. Eases down the aisle towards her seat. Kahn deflates...

KAHN
Jesus...

She fucking comes back.

RACHEL
OK, this is going to drive me nuts. I know I'm being a pain.
(extends her hand)
Hi, I'm Rachel...

BEAT.

KAHN
Vick. Vick Thaggard.

She frowns.

RACHEL
You were right. No bells are ringin'. I'm sorry.

Rachel steps down the aisle once more. Kahn tries to not have a heart attack.

He wants to turn around. Is she watching him? But, he can't. It's gonna be a long flight.

EXT. THE PALMETTO HOTEL - NIGHT

Nice place. Swank.

GRAPHIC: NEW ORLEANS.

INT. THE PALMETTO HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

High end shops. Beauty parlors. Clothiers. Sharply dressed BELLMEN carry bags for well-to-do GUESTS.

The lobby and bar in the center of it all are busy, but low key.

And, sticking out like a red fire truck, is BRISTOL. A hardened criminal who just can't blend with tipsy well off tourists.

He SEARCHES THE FACES of everyone he sees. Trying to smell his own kind.

LOBBY BAR:

Wedge between JOE from Boise, and BOB from Cincinnati, is NASHVILLE. Ice cold eyes swimming in a pretty face.

She watches Bristol across the way.

A crowd of people move through her view. When they've passed, Bristol is GONE.

She doesn't search wildly, not her style. She doesn't have to.

Bristol taps Joe on the shoulder.

BRISTOL
Someplace else. Be there.

Joe hauls ass. Bristol pulls up a seat next to Nashville. Waves over the BARTENDER.

BRISTOL
(to Bartender)
You make a good whiskey sour?

BARTENDER
The best.

BRISTOL
The best? That's a bold statement...

Slaps down a twenty. The Bartender reaches for it. Bristol grabs his hand. Smile gone.

BRISTOL (CONT'D)
I'm gonna hold you to that.

Bristol lets him go. HALF OF A CARD under the bill. Right in front of Nashville.

She sees it. Sips. Nods.

NASHVILLE
Nice to see me again.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - NIGHT

A kaleidoscope wall of pre-made designs to choose from. Black light. Neon. The BIKER ARTIST stitches a forearm with a buzzing needle...

It's Kahn. Getting a tatt. FLAMING DICE.

BIKER ARTIST
You must be a pretty lucky fella.

KAHN
Yeah...that's me.

Kahn's eyes wander across the shop. There's a HASH PIPE on a back counter. A dingy mirror reveals a SAWED OFF SHOTGUN under another counter.

There's a "1%" badge sewn into the Biker Artist's motorcycle vest. The hallmark of an Outlaw Biker.

KAHN
Say a fella found himself in New Orleans, in need of a few...uh...

BIKER ARTIST
Items?

KAHN
Items.

EXT. TATTOO SHOP - NIGHT

Kahn walks out of the tattoo parlor. A Taxi is waiting on him...

INT. TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

The Dirtbag Driver, RINGO, aims a glance into the rearview.

RINGO
You the fella Francis called me about?

KAHN
Who?

RINGO
The Biker.

BEAT.

KAHN
Yeah.

RINGO

My card. You call me up. I can get anything. *Anything*. Legal. Illegal. Everything in between, and shit they ain't even thought about bannin' yet. I can't be gettin' it, you don't be needin' it.

Hands the card back to Kahn.

RINGO

Where ya headed?

KAHN

The Palmetto.

RINGO

Ain't no workin' girls there. You want girls?

KAHN

No.

RINGO

Yeah. You travelin' too light. Ain't even unpacked, and you be gettin' inked up. You here to do a thing or two.

Kahn is silent.

RINGO (CONT'D)

Your no good is your no good, makes no never mind to me. Unless of course the promise of compensation rears its head. In which case, I am your man. So, anything you need?

Kahn watches the city pass the windows.

KAHN

Sleep next to the phone, Ringo.

EXT. THE PALMETTO HOTEL - NIGHT

Kahn steps out of the cab. A familiar voice calls out to him from behind.

RACHEL (O.C.)

Wish I'd have known you were stayin' here, too. We coulda shared a cab.

Kahn freezes. Rachel smiles at him.

RACHEL
I'm sorry. That's too forward,
isn't it? I've been trying
something new...

She holds up a book--"DOING WHAT YOU WOULDN'T USUALLY
DO."

RACHEL (CONT'D)
It's supposed to...I don't know
what it's supposed to do. I'm an
idiot.

KAHN
You're in good company.

Someone comes out of the Hotel that grabs Rachel's
attention--RABELL.

She runs to him. Wraps her arms around him.

RABELL
You're supposed to be in Atlanta
at your sister's...

RACHEL
Can't a girl spend a few days with
her Dad? I've hardly seen you
since you retired. I miss you.

RABELL
You look more like your mom
everyday.

Means the world to both of them. She turns to say
goodbye to Kahn...

But, he's gone. Didn't even say goodbye to her. Her
frown isn't happy with that.

RACHEL
How 'bout a drink, Dad?

INT. FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Kahn with the DESK CLERK.

KAHN
Reservation for Thaggard?

Kahn sizes up the lobby. Where are they?

A few SHADY CHARACTERS get a second glance, but no one
leaps out at him.

Until, he spots Bristol at the bar.

DESK CLERK

Will that be cash or charge?

KAHN

Cash.

Kahn whips out his wallet, INTENTIONALLY lets Vick's HALF CARD fall out, as he pulls out cash.

He picks up the card SLOWLY, letting anyone watching see what he has...

EXT. HOTEL GARDEN - NIGHT

Exterior villa-style rooms around an inner courtyard. Crickets chirp. You can feel the humidity.

Bristol follows Kahn past palms and palmettos that cast long shadows across the walkway. Watching. Sticking to the shadows.

Kahn is visibly nervous.

He stops. Listens. Bristol ducks into a shadow to stay undetected.

Kahn moves on. Disappearing into his hotel room...

Bristol watches the lights come on. Waits. Intense eyes. A predator stalking his prey. Patient.

Nashville joins him. Together they watch Kahn exit his hotel room, and disappear around a corner walkway.

They share a quick look...

EXT. KAHN'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bristol slides up to Kahn's door. Picks the lock...

INT. KAHN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bristol enters.

He takes in the room. Lets his eyes roam. A dresser drawer is partially opened. Bristol pulls it...

A few clothes and VICK'S MASK.

Bristol smiles to himself.

He spots Vick's bag next to the dresser. There's an airline ID tag--VICK THAGGARD.

BRISTOL

Thaggard...

No sooner is the word out of his mouth...

The door BURSTS OPEN.

Kahn flies in, TREE LIMB in hand, and BASHES Bristol across the ribs.

Bristol goes for his gun. Kahn cracks him across the wrist, sends the gun flying, and brings the treelimb back up under Bristol's jaw. CRACK...

Bristol spits blood. Smiles.

Then, he slugs Kahn hard enough to rattle his mom's teeth.

Kahn grabs the telephone receiver. Makes a person to person call upside Bristol's head. It would knock anyone else on earth out cold.

Bristol just smiles again, pulls out a nasty looking knife.

KAHN

For fuck's sake...

He swings the knife. Kahn slides inside, elbows the bastard in the face. Rolls between Bristol's legs.

When Bristol turns around, Kahn has his own gun leveled between his eyes.

BRISTOL

Chill, man.

KAHN

Yer robbin' my room, asshole. Not my first instinct.

Bristol flashes his half a card.

BRISTOL

Just makin' sure you was who I thought you was. Then you had to go and get frisky...

Kahn lowers the gun, but not his guard.

KAHN

We're all here?

BRISTOL

You, me, and the girl. Don't know if Memphis is. How about you hand that piece back?

KAHN

Maybe I'll hang on to it.

A gun is pressed to the back of Kahn's head.

NASHVILLE (O.C.)

Maybe you won't.

Kahn raises his gun to Bristol's forehead, as Nashville's barrel is pressed into the back of his own.

Daisy chain stand off.

KAHN

(to Bristol)

Guess what I'm thinking?

Bristol sweats bullets.

BRISTOL

This no way for three soon to be
wealthy motherfuckers to be
acting.

Nashville lowers her gun.

KAHN

Let's not make a gun to the back
of my head thing a habit. OK,
Honey?

She air kisses him with a wink.

Kahn feels Bristol's eyes. Staring...

KAHN

(to Bristol)

You got a problem?

BRISTOL

I was just thinkin'...

KAHN

Don't stare me down while you're
doin' it.

BRISTOL

Didn't you have brown eyes?

BEAT.

KAHN

I look like I got brown eyes?

NASHVILLE

(to Bristol)
Wasn't he smaller?

KAHN

Lettin' your imaginations run away
with ya, aren't ya?

NASHVILLE

Lift your shirt sleeve.

KAHN

Why would I wanna do that?

NASHVILLE

Why wouldn't you?

Kahn does. There's the tattoo on his forearm. He tosses
the gun back to Bristol.

KAHN

Satisfied?

NASHVILLE

Not in this life.

They head towards the door. Bristol points to two doors
on either side of the room.

BRISTOL

These rooms are connected. You're
in the middle, Knoxville.

NASHVILLE

Isn't that just the roughest place
to be?

Kahn closes the door behind them, slumps against it.

INT. LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

Rachel and Rabell sit at a small table.

RACHEL

Dad, I'm talkin' about getting you
back on the force here. I thought
you'd be excited.

RABELL

Honey, it's taken ten years for us
to get you into law school. Now's
the time for you to start makin'
connections. Friends. People
who'll help you on the way up.
Don't waste your effort on an Old
Man on his way down.

RACHEL

No matter what, you always told us
to do what's right, didn't you?

Rabell winces.

RABELL

You're gonna make a fine Public
Defender one day.

RACHEL

Prosecutor. Decided you were
right about that.

Rabell looks everywhere but in her eyes.

WE PAN OVER to find Kahn at the bar ordering three
fingers of anything.

He turns around. Finds himself staring dead at Rachel,
not eight feet away.

RACHEL

(to Kahn)
There you are.

KAHN

I...

RACHEL

Have a drink with us.

She drags Kahn over by the elbow.

Kahn tries to keep his eyes everywhere but this table.
Anywhere away from Rachel. The floor. The left. The
right.

RABELL

Son, you look familiar. Do I know
you?

Rachel preempts...

RACHEL

Allow me to introduce New York
City's finest, if former, Police
Captain, and world's greatest Dad,
Jake Rabell...

Kahn's eyes go to ice at the mention of the name.
RECOGNITION. He extends his hand. Glares squarely into
Rabell's soul.

RACHEL

Dad, this is Vick Thaggard.

The air between them is instantly polar.

RABELL
What do you do for a living...
Vick?

KAHN
Baked goods distribution.
Deceptively dangerous profession.

RABELL
I've heard that.

BEAT.

RACHEL
Really?

Kahn and Rabell DEADPAN her.

RABELL
Somethin' bring you to New
Orleans?

KAHN
Outstanding account.

RABELL
Good luck collecting.

Kahn leans a close to Rachel. Rabell's jaw clenches.

KAHN
Rachel, would you like to have
lunch with me tomorrow?

RABELL
We have plans.

RACHEL
No we don't.

RABELL
Yes. We do.

RACHEL
(to Kahn)
How's noon?

KAHN
Call me when you're ready? Room
111.

Kahn stands. Shakes Rabell's reluctant hand.

KAHN
Don't worry, Sir. I'll take *real*
good care of her.

He leaves Rabell smouldering, and Rachel smiling.

EXT. THE PALMETTO HOTEL - NIGHT

Kahn exits the hotel. Grabs the Valet phone.

Rabell is out the door and in his face before the
receiver makes it to his ear.

RABELL
Go near my daughter again, I'll
put you down. Are we clear? I
will end your fucking life.

KAHN
You already did that.

RABELL
Did you kill Thaggard?

KAHN
You did. That Cop's brother you
guys killed? Blew Thaggard away
in cold blood. Right in front of
the Feds. One more life you
fucked up.

Rabell takes it like a stake through the heart.

RABELL
What do you want?

KAHN
What the fuck do you think I want?

Rabell gets squarely into Kahn's face.

RABELL
There are two others involved in
this that will rip you apart for
Vick's cut. You need to know
that. And, you need to know if
you even *think* my daughter's name
again, I'll make sure you are
found in pieces. We got an
understanding?

KAHN
That's depends on you, don't it?

RABELL
Southshore Harbor Marina.
Sunrise.

Rabell goes back inside. Kahn pulls out Ringo's card...

INT. LOBBY BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Rabell back at Rachel's table.

RACHEL
I was beginning to think you fell
in...

RABELL
You're not going to see that guy.
I want you on a flight to your
sister's tonight.

RACHEL
Whoa, wait a minute...

RABELL
You're around enough criminals
every day, I can't believe you
don't see what this guy is.

RACHEL
I grew out of you telling me who I
could see a long time ago, Dad.

RABELL
He is not Vick Thaggard.

RACHEL
Oh, really? Then who is he?

RABELL
I...I don't know his name. But, I
still got the instincts, Rachel.
He's a dirtbag. I can smell it.
He's a fuckin' crook. You work in
parole. You can't see it? I
dunno what he told you. But, he's
not just a delivery driver.

You can almost see the light bulb go off over her head.

RACHEL
Son of a bitch...

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Ringo pulls to a stop. Turns to Kahn in the back seat,
and points to a RUN DOWN STORE. Bad part of town. Where
you come to get shot and raped. In that order.

RINGO

Ask for JoJo, you tell 'em Ringo sent you, dig? But you watch your ass. Even I don't trust those MoFo's.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Kahn follows TWO MASSIVE THUGS into the dark back room of a store.

THUG ONE pulls a CASE from under a shelf. It's full of GUNS.

THUG ONE

9? 40? 380? You wanna kill an ex wife or take over Cuba, I can accommodate.

KAHN

The Pythons.

A gleaming pair of...

THUG ONE

Four-inch, .357 Magnum Colt Pythons in stereo. You got taste. You know they don't make these no more.

KAHN

I know.

THUG ONE

Then you know these have gotta cost...

He shoots his compatriot a look.

THUG ONE (CONT'D)

But, you didn't hesitate. That means you either very brave or very stupid to come around here with that kinda cash.

Thug Two takes a step closer to Kahn.

THUG ONE (CONT'D)

Either way.

Kahn doesn't wait for it--he slams his elbow into the nose of Thug Two behind him. The nose snaps.

The Thug drops.

Thug One is already reaching for a gun--won't do him any good. Kahn takes it from him and beats him into a whimpering puddle.

Serenaded by the moans and curses of two bleeding men, Kahn hefts the Pythons.

KAHN

And, a box a shells. If you got 'em.

INT. CAPTAIN DEADMOND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

On his desk phone...

CAPTAIN DEADMOND (ON PHONE)

Hell no he's not alright...

INTERCUT WITH: Rabell on his cell, standing in the shadowy Courtyard of The Palmetto.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND (CONT'D)

...kid blew away an unarmed suspect in front of the FBI. They wanna hang him with premeditated murder. And, it happened in an airport. They've done everything but label him a terrorist...

RABELL

Who's the Agent In Charge?

CAPTAIN DEADMOND

You got no clout, Rabell. What do you think you're gonna do?

RABELL

Just give me the name.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND

They're not gonna listen to a crooked ex-cop, no matter how much you beg.

RABELL

Just give me the fuckin' name, Deadmond. They'll listen.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND

Jake, listen to me. We all feel for the kid. But, I don't want you doin' anything stupid. You hear me?

RABELL

You're not gonna stop me from
trying, Deadmond. Give me a name.

It's the last thing Deadmond wants to do.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Kahn walks through the courtyard towards his room.

It's coming to a head. He's found the bastards. All of
them.

WHAM! He's blind sided by someone from behind the
shadows. Knocked off the path, and into the shrubs of
the courtyard...

WITH KAHN IN BUSHES:

Someone kicks him in the side. He takes a hell of a
brief beating before he can fend off the attackers.

He rolls clear and gets up. Face to face with Bristol
and Nashville.

Wipes blood off a split lip...

KAHN

What the fuck..?

NASHVILLE

My Ex pulled two in Rikers with
Vick Thaggard. I met the slimy
fuck three times. Guess what,
Pretty Boy? You ain't him.

Bristol puts his hand on a pistol in his belt.

BRISTOL

I'm gonna ask you some questions.
I'd be honest about the shit. Who
are you playin' for?

NASHVILLE

He's a fuckin' cop.

Kahn bitch slaps her.

There's a STRAIGHT RAZOR in her hand in an instant.

She slashes at Kahn. Who jumps back just in time to
avoid getting gutted.

KAHN

Pretty convenient, ain't it? She was fuckin' a guy that did time with me? I got news for ya, I never been to Rikers, I was in Sing Sing. This bitch is makin' it up. And, if anybody is a fuckin' cop...

Kahn sticks a Python into her face before either of them can react.

KAHN (CONT'D)

She is.

Nashville glares at him. Kisses the end of the barrel.

BRISTOL

I did a nickel in Sing Sing, myself. D block.

KAHN

Ain't no D block in Sing Sing.

NASHVILLE

I'm tellin' ya, this motherfucker is not Vick Thaggard. You don't kill his ass, I will.

She pipes down at the sound of Tourists walking down the pathway, not twenty feet away.

No one is shooting anyone here.

Kahn stows his guns. But, his hand stays on the handle.

KAHN

She's makin' this shit up. How do we even know she's who she says she is? She contact you?

Bristol shakes his head. Pulls the gun from his belt. Holds it low.

BRISTOL

No she didn't. I went to her. Bitch could be anybody...

Nashville backs up, hand in her jacket, no doubt closing around a gun.

NASHVILLE

(to Kahn)
The armored car, how many guards?

KAHN
Four and one driver. And you're
not talkin' your way out of this.

NASHVILLE
Who shot the cop?

KAHN
I said you're not talkin' your way
outta this.

NASHVILLE
(to Bristol)
There! See that?

KAHN
See what?

NASHVILLE
Motherfucker hesitated. He
doesn't know. He doesn't wanna
answer, cause he don't wanna get
it wrong.

KAHN
Oh, for fuck's sake...

BRISTOL
Answer her.

KAHN
What?

BRISTOL
Who pulled the trigger?

BEAT.

KAHN
Shit...

Kahn hauls ass.

EXT. COURTYARD PATHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kahn explodes out of the bushes back onto the pathway,
scaring the hell out of some tourists--Bristol and
Nashville hot on his heels.

INT. DEADMOND'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving, Deadmond wrestles with himself behind the wheel.
He can't take it anymore. Pulls out his cell. Dials.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND (ON CELL)
Agent Tanner? This is Captain
Deadmond...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT TARMAC - NIGHT

Agent Tanner and Agent Moore head for a private jet,
engines whining.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND (CONT'D)
I wanted to give you a heads up.
A guy might be giving you a call,
he *does not* speak for the
department...

AGENT TANNER (ON CELL)
What? Deadmond? I can barely
hear you...

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
I said...

AGENT TANNER
Listen, an anonymous tip called
with information about the crew of
the armored car job. He wants to
trade information for a reduced
sentence for your Detective. You
know anything about this?

Deadmond winces.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
What did he know..?

AGENT TANNER
Says he knows where we can find
the other three. Some hotel in
New Orleans.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
Which one?

AGENT TANNER
Speak up...

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
Which Hotel?

AGENT TANNER

Won't say till we're down there.
Get this, he says your guy Walter
Kahn is the ringleader, and he's
there, too. You may have been
right.

She rings off.

Deadmond dials another number on the quick.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND (ON CELL)

Simmons? Deadmond. You still got
that friend at Homeland? I need
to know if Jake Rabell flew to New
Orleans today.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Kahn quick walks in from the Courtyard. Glancing over
his shoulder. Eyes out for Bristol and Nashville.

The last thing in the world he's prepared for is...

RACHEL (O.C.)

I should have you put under a
jail.

Kahn stops in his tracks. Rachel aims a finger into his
face.

KAHN

This really isn't a good time.

RACHEL

Cut the fuckin' act, Mr. Kahn.

Kahn looks over his shoulders nervously...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You're on parole, and you left the
state without permission.
Furthermore, I'm pretty damned
certain that's a gun under your
coat.

KAHN

Why didn't you call the cops?

RACHEL

What makes you think I didn't?

Kahn checks over his shoulder again. Fuck. Bristol and
Nashville just walked in.

He pulls Rachel through an EMPLOYEE ONLY door.

INT. EMPLOYEE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rachel jerks herself free.

RACHEL

Get your hands off me!

KAHN

Somethin' about all this just
ain't sittin' right with you, is
it?

RACHEL

No, things are pretty damned
clear.

KAHN

Then why ain't I in cuffs right
now?

RACHEL

I just wanted to look you in the
eye. Make sure you're Kahn.

KAHN

But, you couldn't fuckin' look me
in the eye when I was begging you
to help me?

RACHEL

You're going to prison.

KAHN

Rachel, your dad is a crook and a
murderer. Do you even know why
he's in New Orleans?

RACHEL

Yeah, I do.

KAHN

No, you don't.

She gets in his face.

RACHEL

Since my Mom died, he has come
here every year on their
anniversary. This is where he
proposed to her.

Fuck.

She pulls out her cell phone.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You're goin' back to where you
belong. I'm gonna see to that.

Rachel heads off.

KAHN
He got caught planting evidence,
didn't he?

She stops cold.

KAHN (CONT'D)
That's why they kicked him off the
force a couple of years ago.
Right?

RACHEL
How do you know that?

KAHN
Because, eleven years ago he
planted a murder weapon on me.

She scoffs.

KAHN (CONT'D)
Rachel, I was a crook, I admit it.
I was a bad man. But, somebody
killed two people and it wasn't
me. All I know is I wake up one
day, and your dad is arresting me.
They find a gun under my mattress
I've never seen before. The gun
that shot Monica Simpson and
Travis Lydell. And, I spent
eleven years in prison for it.

RACHEL
You're lying.

Kahn pulls his half of the card.

KAHN
Everyone who has one of these
ruined my life. That heist they
tried to nail me for? The money
had to be laundered. These are
the keys. Your dad has one...

RACHEL
You'll say *anything* to save your
ass, won't you? You're pathetic.

KAHN

If I can take your love away from your father, I'll do it. Trust me. You gotta call the police? Go ahead. I ain't runnin'. But, he'll have a card on him. He won't put it down. Find it. Find the truth. Then you do what you gotta.

Kahn walks away. Grabbing an Ice Bucket off a parked Housekeeping Cart...

INT. RABELL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The shower's running. Steam ebbs out of the bathroom.

WE FIND Rabell, in a robe and gun in hand, looking out the peep hole of his door. Someone is knocking.

He quickly tosses the gun in a drawer. Opens the door. It's Rachel.

RABELL

What are you still doing up?

RACHEL

You OK? I mean, being here...Mom...and, you know...

RABELL

Honey, what's wrong? I can tell when you're off, you know.

RACHEL

I worry about you.

RABELL

That's my job.

BEAT.

RACHEL

Dad? If something...I can trust you, right? You'd always tell me if something was wrong, wouldn't you? Promise me that.

RABELL

I promise.

RACHEL

I love you, Daddy.

She hugs him. Behind her back, we see the agony Rabell has hidden. His guts are shattered glass.

RABELL

I love you, too.

Rachel heads for the door.

But, doesn't leave. She waits for Rabell to disappear into the bathroom.

And, closes the door.

INT. HOTEL SHOPS - NIGHT

The door of a BEAUTY SHOP is ever so slightly ajar. Lock broken...

INT. BEAUTY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Closed. After hours.

WE FIND Kahn at a sink used for hair washing. The ice bucket he took from the housekeeping cart on the floor at his feet.

So are flowers. As if dumped out of a vase. A BOTTLE OF BLEACH sits on them. And, a bottle of ACETONE NAIL POLISH REMOVER...

Kahn lifts a glass flower vase out of the sink. A milky solution of bleach, acetone, and ice.

Trihalomethane. It has another name. You'll know it soon enough.

Kahn grabs a nearby PINK HOTEL HAND TOWEL. Rips it in half. Plunges it into the solution...

INT. RABELL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel quietly looks in drawers. In Rabell's clothes. His luggage. She sighs. Nothing.

She looks towards the bathroom. The shower is still running...

INT. RABELL'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

IN THE SHOWER:

Behind the opaque shower curtain, Rabell lets the water pour over his head. Trying to wash off something that won't wash off.

He steadies himself against the shower wall.

OTHER SIDE OF CURTAIN:

Rachel stares at the curtain. Horror on her face.

Rabell's bathrobe in one hand. A torn in half KING OF HEARTS in the other.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Bristol and Nashville scan everywhere for Kahn.

BRISTOL

I don't know who he is, but he
must be part leprechaun.

A OLDER COUPLE walks by them. Bristol pulls Nashville off the path. Into the shadows. Hushed tones.

BRISTOL

You get in his room. See if he
made it past us. Wait for him if
he ain't.

MORE GUESTS walk by. Nashville reaches into Bristol's belt, whips out his knife. Hands it to him.

NASHVILLE

You see him, you bleed him.
Quiet. Don't you shoot a gun out
here.

BRISTOL

What kinda short bus in the head
motherfucker do you think I am?

NASHVILLE

I'm just sayin'.

BRISTOL

Do I come across as that dumb?
That shit ain't rhetorical, I'm
serious. I wanna know...

Nashville pats him on the head. Heads away, leaving Bristol offended.

She's not ten feet when away, when...

ARMS COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS. Like a wraith. Hands clasp a RIPPED PINK TOWEL over Bristol's mouth and nose...

IN SHADOWS:

Kahn holds the towel over Bristol's face. The latter kicking and clawing. Trihalomethane's more common name is...

Chloroform.

It takes a while. Bristol thrashes. Slashes with his knife. Muffled yells. Panicked, gasping breaths. He knows this is about his life.

Or, his death.

KAHN

Shhh...

INT. RABELL'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rabell comes out of the bathroom, tying his robe. He stops cold at the sight of something laying in the middle of the floor.

...HALF OF THE KING OF HEARTS.

He plunges his hands into his pockets desperately.

He knew it wasn't in there before he even tried. The weight of what it must mean drives him to his knees.

RABELL

Rachel...

EXT. COURTYARD PATHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rachel trots down the pathway. Tears pour from her eyes.

INT. KAHN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

No lights. Kahn sits quietly in a chair, facing the door. The Colt Pythons in his hands, across his lap.

INT. RABELL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hand trembling, Rabell grabs his cell. Dials.

RABELL (ON CELL)

Agent Tanner...

EXT. KAHN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachel knocks on Kahn's door. Sobbing.

RABELL (V.O.)

My name is Jake Rabell. I'm the
one that called you with the tip.
Have you landed?

The door is ajar. It opens as she bangs on it...

INT. KAHN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachel framed in the door. A silhouette of tears and heartbreak.

RABELL (V.O.)
I'm at The Palmetto Hotel...

Kahn hasn't moved. Shadows drench his face.

KAHN
Wish I could say I was sorry,
Rachel.

BEAT.

RACHEL
Did he really do those things?
Did he send you to prison?

Kahn nods.

RACHEL
Please don't kill him...

Kahn doesn't reply.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Please! He's all I have left...

KAHN
Can you give me a reason not to?
My life is over, Rachel. Even if
I get outta this, you'll have the
Cops waitin' on me when I get back
to New York.

The words are bitter on her tongue.

RACHEL
I'll...I'll make your parole good.
I never saw you here. I'll sign
off on everything. I got friends
on the board. I can get you
released...

Kahn approaches her at the door. As he steps into the light oozing in from outside, WE SEE...

He has been CUT THE FUCK UP.

Cuts still bleed across his face. Slashes through his clothes. Looks like he tangled with a wolverine. Or...

...with Nashville and her straight razor.

Revulsion creeps over Rachel's face. Mixes with her own shame and anger.

RACHEL

I want you to disappear. If I pass you on the sidewalk, I will have you arrested. I better never hear your fucking name again after tonight.

Kahn nods.

KAHN

I don't blame you. But, it ain't over yet. You should go. Tonight. Right now.

Disgusted with herself, Rachel walks away.

EXT. KAHN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Quiet as wraiths, SWAT TEAM MEN line up outside of Kahn's door. "FBI" sewn into the back of tactical vests...

They pause for a BEAT--the signal is given...

INT. BRISTOL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

More SWAT TEAM MEN shout "all clears". The lights come on in the darkened hotel room.

Bristol lays in bed, a pillow over his face--a BULLET HOLE IN THE PILLOW. BLOOD all over the sheets...

INT. NASHVILLE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Agent Moore looks at the body of Nashville in bed. A pillow and a bullet hole. Blood.

INT. KAHN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Pitch black, save for the light from a draped window. Then...

WHAM. The door is KICKED open. MP5 mounted flashlights dance across the room...

VOICES

Get down! FBI! Don't move!

The lights come on. "All Clears" are shouted. Agent Tanner enters.

It's empty. The lonely chair in the middle of the room is the only thing remotely out of place.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Rabell runs to Agents Tanner and Moore as they enter the lobby.

RABELL

Did you get 'em? When I overheard
the things they were saying...

AGENT TANNER

They're dead, Mr. Rabell.

RABELL

What..?

AGENT MOORE

Jane Mason and Harvey Leonard were
murdered.

Rabell nods. Knowingly.

RABELL

Kahn. He must want the money for
himself.

AGENT MOORE

Did you overhear anything else?

RABELL

They were sitting in a booth
behind me at the bar. It was
loud...

(BEAT)

What about Ryan? These bastards
killed his brother. You'd have
done the same thing. I gave you
everything you need to solve the
case. You know who your man is.

AGENT MOORE

Once a cop, always a cop. Right?

RABELL

We look out for our own.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY (FRONT DOOR) - MOMENTS LATER

Tanner and Moore are almost out of the lobby.

AGENT TANNER

Four people hit the armored car.
Detective Ryan kills Thaggard...

AGENT MOORE

Harvey Leonard, Jane Mason, Walter
Kahn all want Thaggard's cut...

AGENT TANNER
Kahn kills the other two. Keeps everything.

AGENT MOORE
Simple.

AGENT TANNER
Simple pisses me off.

Tanner stops at the Lobby Bar. Stares...

AGENT TANNER
Rabell overhead them. They were sitting behind him in a *booth*?

Moore follows her eyes to the bar. Chairs. Tourists. Bar stools. Tables. NO BOOTHS.

AGENT MOORE
Maybe he meant table.

AGENT TANNER
Maybe...

EXT. RABELL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel is waiting on Rabell when he returns. Suitcase in her hand.

RACHEL
I know what you did.

RABELL
I did what I had to do, Rachel.

RACHEL
I don't want to hear it.

RABELL
I got kicked off the force! I lost my pension. I lost my benefits. How do you think I was going to get you through Law School?

RACHEL
You've been a crook all these years. Haven't you?

RABELL
I...

RACHEL
Say it! Tell me! Tell me you're a liar!

RABELL

How do you think I was able to pay
for the chemotherapy and hospice
for your mother? She burned
through the benefits in six
months.

RACHEL

Don't...

RABELL

How do you look the woman you love
in the eye...the center of your
world. How do you do that,
Rachel? How do you look her in
eyes and say "Sorry baby. There's
nothing I can do." I took care of
her for six fucking years. I did
what I had to do.

She picks up her bag.

RACHEL

Walk away, Dad. It's not too
late. Let Kahn have everything.
Just come home with me. Please...

Never has a man been so torn in half. He wrestles.
Suffers. Does everything but say, "OK".

RACHEL

I never...want to see you...again.

She leaves Rabell in his anguish.

INT. RABELL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rabell enters to a ringing room phone. He answers...

RABELL

(on phone)
What?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MARINA - MORNING

Kahn at a pay phone. Boats silhouetted behind him,
against the bleeding morning sky.

KAHN

Hurts, don't it? Losing what
little you have.

RABELL

I'm gonna find you and rip your
fucking heart out.

KAHN

You know where I am. You know
what I want.

Kahn hangs up the pay phone. No smile on his face. He's
not enjoying this.

RINGO leans against his Taxi nearby.

Kahn pulls a wad of cash--leaving empty turned out
pockets. Places it in Ringo's hand. Hands him ONE OF
THE PYTHONS.

KAHN

Be fast.

RINGO

You the real thing? This on the
level?

Kahn stares at him. Ringo climbs into his Taxi and
drives away.

EXT. MARINA PARKING - MORNING

Rabell exits his car.

Tucks a gun under his jacket. Eyes scanning. Hunting
for Kahn.

He passes a SECURITY GUARD passed out in a chair.
Newspaper across his lap. Rabell gingerly moves on. Not
waking him.

EXT. MARINA - MORNING

Slick with dew. The sun hasn't yet completely risen over
the bay.

But, there's enough light to glint in Rabell's cold eyes.
Eyes that search up and down the docks for Kahn.

The SECURITY GUARD approaches silently behind him.
Rabell's head blocks his face...

Too late, Rabell senses him. He turns, and gets a Colt
Python shoved in his face.

...it's Kahn.

KAHN

Know what fucks with me the most?
That you must have done it so many
times, I don't even stand out.
For a while, I thought you did all
this because you knew I was out...

RABELL

What are you talking about?

KAHN

Monica Simpson and Travis Lydell.

Rabell's jaw hits the ground.

KAHN (CONT'D)

You fucked me, Rabell. Eleven
years ago. And when I got out,
you fucked me again, and didn't
even know it. I don't know which
one of us God hates more.

RABELL

Pull the trigger, Kahn.

KAHN

I only want my life back.

RABELL

I don't care what you want. Pull
that trigger!

KAHN

It's blood money, Rabell. You can
keep your cut.

Rabell steps back. Confusion and suspicion wrestle on
his face.

KAHN (CONT'D)

You're gonna hold it in your
hands. And, you're gonna remember
what it cost you every time you
spend a fuckin' dime. It's all
you got left. And, I want you to
know I gave it to ya.

INT. SEDAN - MORNING

Agents Tanner and Moore race through New Orleans.
Tanner's phone rings.

AGENT TANNER (ON CELL)

Tanner.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS AIRPORT - MORNING

Captain Deadmond walks out of the building. On his cell...

CAPTAIN DEADMOND (ON CELL)
It's Jack Rabell, isn't it?

AGENT TANNER
Deadmond I really don't have time to...

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
Goddamnit! I've known the man for twenty-five years! If he's in trouble, I deserve to know.

AGENT TANNER
He's pretty fuckin' suspicious, alright? I'll tell you that.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
Where is he?

AGENT TANNER
We tracked the GPS of the car he rented to Southshore Marina.

Deadmond flags a taxi.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
I'm askin' ya. Let me be the one to bring him in. Please. I'll meet you there.

EXT. DOCK TEN - MORNING

Mist hovers over the chop of the bay.

Kahn and Rabell come to the end of the dock.

A throaty RUMBLE comes. A CIGARETTE BOAT oozes out of the mist. Glides up to the end of the dock.

Half a dozen AK-47-toting GOONS aboard. Our old pal TATTS stands on the bow. Two big duffle bags by his boots.

They step onto the dock. The DRIVING GOON stays aboard. Engine running.

Tatts pulls four half playing cards from his jacket. Kahn and Rabell hand him theirs.

They match. Tatts tosses them over his shoulder.

TATTS

Didn't tell me how hot this was.
Extra precautions. Twenty
percent, is now forty.

The Goons shuffle AK's. Just enough to make a point.

TATTS (CONT'D)

Anybody got a problem with this?

KAHN

No problems.

TATTS

That's what I like.

Goons #1 & #2 drop the duffles at Kahn and Rabell's feet.

TATTS

Wasn't there four a ya?

RABELL

Was.

TATTS

That can happen.

Something ebbs into audio focus...ENGINES across the
water. Coming fast. And, the WHUP WHUP of approaching
helicopter blades...

Tatts glares at Kahn and Rabell.

TATTS

Cute...

AGENT MOORE

FBI! Drop your weapons and...

All ever loving hell breaks loose in that instant.

Tatts and his Boys OPEN FIRE on the everything that ain't
them.

END OF DOCK:

Moore and Tanner storm the pier with a DOZEN SWAT AGENTS.
Taking any cover they can find.

WITH KAHN AND RABELL:

They each dive for a duffle of money, and haul ass in any
direction that ain't here. Trapped squarely in the
middle of a Full-Auto gun battle.

Tatts and his Goons watch the boat haul ass without them.
The Driver panicked. Zooms away into the mist...

Tatts unloads a mag at the turncoat.

TATTS
Motherfucker...!

He goes down in a hail of SWAT bullets. The Goons scatter.

EXT. PIER TWENTY-NINE (ABOVE) - CONTINUOUS

WITH KAHN:

He jumps onto a smallish sailboat, bullets ZIPPING through the air. Casts off the line. Shoves off.

It floats backwards towards the next dock over...

EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A Taxi screeches to a halt.

Captain Deadmond comes out. Runs towards the gunfire.
Gun drawn. Badge around his neck...

EXT. DOCK NINE (AT MARINA) - CONTINUOUS

The small sailboat BANGS into a Cabin Cruiser. Kahn scampers from one to the other to the dock, and runs for all he's worth.

Bullets ZIIP by. One hits the duffle. Knocks Kahn down.
He scampers up...

EXT. DOCK TEN - CONTINUOUS

A NAMELESS AGENT keeps firing at Kahn on the next Dock over. Has him dead in his sights as Kahn crawls up.

No way he'll miss...

Agent Moore sees. He runs from cover to slap the Nameless Agent's rifle down.

AGENT MOORE
No! Not him...!

Moore races off the dock. Eyes on Kahn...

EXT. MARINA AT DOCKS - MORNING

Kahn finds himself in a storage area of boxes. Crates.
Boats dry docked for repair.

Tries to make his way out. Just a chain link fence between him and the parking lot. But, as he turns a corner, comes face to face with Agent Moore. Gun leveled.

AGENT MOORE
Drop the gun, Kahn.

Kahn runs.

TRACKING WITH HIM:

Moore behind him. Boats. Crates. A maze. Disorienting. Roughly back the way he came.

Kahn finds his way out of the storage area. Only to run squarely into...

EXT. SEA WALL - CONTINUOUS

Water. Nowhere else to go. Moore behind him. Gun aimed at his back.

AGENT MOORE
Kahn! Drop that gun.

Kahn looks across the water. Freedom so fucking close.

He looks at the gun in his hand. Hugs the duffle of money close to his him.

AGENT MOORE
Don't do it.

KAHN
I didn't.

AGENT MOORE
That gun and that money don't scream innocent, Kahn.

KAHN
No...

He drops the gun, and his head. Turns to Moore.

KAHN (CONT'D)
That was me.

BAM BAM!

Bullets riddle Agent Moore! He drops to his knees, revealing CAPTAIN DEADMOND behind him.

An arm around Rabell's neck.

Moore looks at Kahn. Blood oozes from his mouth...

AGENT MOORE
I...believed you...

Deadmond puts a bullet in Moore's head. SHOVES Rabell over to Kahn.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
You fucked up, Rabell. Called the
Feds. You knew they were on to
you...

RABELL
No. No...

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
You're gonna be lookin' to make a
deal. Don't fuckin' tell me
you're not!

RABELL
No, the past stays there.

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
You're goddamned right it does.
You two are not takin' me down
with you.

Comprehension oozes over Kahn's face.

KAHN
You...you murdered Simpson and
Lydell...

RABELL
They were going to testify against
this asshole in a corruption
case...

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
You're the one that planted the
gun on him! Now you're gonna make
a deal with this low life? Roll
over on me?

RABELL
Deadmond, nobody was gonna make a
deal over you...

CAPTAIN DEADMOND
It'll be stayin' that way.

He raises his gun.

AGENT TANNER (O.C.)
Drop that fucking weapon!

Deadmond turns. BAM! Tanner fires.

Deadmond's gun goes off as he's hit...

...NAILING KAHN.

He's blown off the seawall, the heavy bag of money still around his neck. Splashes into the mist.

Agents swarm the scene, as Tanner runs to the edge of the sea wall. Looks over. Faint ripples beneath the layer of morning mist.

She pulls her radio.

AGENT TANNER (ON RADIO)
Man in the water. I want search
and recovery over here now!

She checks Agent Moore's pulse. Dead.

RABELL
Thank God you showed up. Kahn and
Deadmond were...

AGENT TANNER
Arrest this son of bitch.

RABELL
I didn't do anything. Kahn! Kahn
and Deadmond were behind it all...

AN AGENT slaps cuffs on Rabell.

AGENT TANNER
Jake Rabell, you are under arrest
for the murders of Jane Mason, aka
Nashville. And Harvey Leonard,
aka Bristol...

RABELL
What? I didn't...

AGENT TANNER
Yes, you fucking did. We found
the murder weapon under your
mattress in the hotel room. .357
Colt Python. Ballistics match.

RABELL
Kahn planted it! I didn't do
it...

AGENT TANNER
I'm gonna see you rot in prison.

EXT. MARINA - LATER

Police. Agents. Flashing lights.

Tanner stands on the sea wall, looking over the bay.
Police boats do a sweep.

One floats to the seawall. A COP ABOARD waves at Tanner.

COP ABOARD
No sign of him, Agent. Or, the
money.

Tanner sighs.

AGENT TANNER
Call the divers. We're lookin'
for a dead man. Nobody's got that
much of a will to live.

EXT. ACROSS THE BAY - MORNING

CLOSE ON WATER: WE MOVE over the mist that clings to the
water. Wispy. Dissipating...

To find a boat in the water...

INT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON BULKHEAD: A bloody hand penetrates the surface
of the water. Grabs the edge of the boat.

A moment later, a soaked duffle bag full of money is
tossed over the side.

Our old pal Ringo pulls a wounded Kahn aboard.

KAHN
Really..?

RINGO
What?

KAHN
I thought you said you could get
anything.

RINGO
You said, "Ringo get a boat". I
got a boat...

KAHN
I said a *nice* boat.

RINGO
It floats. That's nice.

KAHN
You got me there.

RINGO
That my money?

KAHN
Million bucks for ya, Ringo.

RINGO
That just don't make no sense.
Why wouldn't you keep it all?

KAHN
What I want don't cost that much.

Ringo hits the throttle.

FADE TO:

INT. LUCKY'S DINER - DAY

Carol works her ass off.

A huge tray of food on her shoulder. She slings the plates on the table she targets, and heads to the next booth. Full house.

Whoever is in this booth has the menu over his face. Can only see hands. A ring on one finger.

A familiar USMC RING.

CAROL
What dya want?

The menu comes down. Damned if it isn't LOU.

LOU
A little peace and happiness.

Black and blue. Stitched up. And, looking like hell from his encounter with Ryan.

CAROL
And?

LOU
A water.

CAROL
Water...

LOU

I love it.

CAROL

You came here to order water.

LOU

I'm a big tipper.

She storms away. Lou stands.

He pulls a duffle bag out of the booth. Sits it on the table, and limps on out the door.

Stealing the burger off a RANDOM DINER'S plate along the way.

A BEAT later, Carol returns with the water. Her customer gone. Throws up her hands.

CAROL

Asshole...

Then, she notices the duffle.

It's already open. So, she peeks inside...

It's stuffed FULL OF MONEY. Her jaw hits the floor, as she pulls out a hand written note...

Four simple words--"TODAY IS THAT DAY".

Slowly, almost afraid, she turns towards the door.

To find Kahn standing in it. Arm in a sling.

A smile on his scarred face...

FADE TO BLACK.