

"FURLOUGH"

by  
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INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Early morning and it's already hot.

A big BOX FAN whirs in the window as MICHAEL, 20, and AMBER, 19, sleep quietly. Michael is handsome and lean, his arms are covered in tats. Amber is cute with hints of goth, a tiny silver lip-ring.

A distant KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Again, a little louder: KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Amber stirs awake...

AMBER

Babe...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

AMBER (CONT'D)

Babe, the door...

Amber attempts to shake Michael awake, but he just groans and rolls away from her.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! Amber, in t-shirt and panties, enters...

AMBER

(to door, groggy)

Dude, fuck... I'm comin'.

Amber approaches the front door and just as she puts her eye to the peep-hole...

BOOM! The door is kicked in and flings open...

The door slams into Ambers' head, opening a gash above her eye. She falls on her ass.

THREE MEN IN MASKS, carrying SAIGA-12 SHOTGUNS, stream in.

Amber screams at the top of her lungs.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Michael jolts awake.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A mixture of tears and blood flows down the side of Amber's face. The barrel of a Saiga-12 is placed firmly against her nose, pressing it flat.

Holding the gun is a MUSCULAR MASKED MAN. The visible portions of his skin are beaded with sweat. His eyes are cold and unflinching.

A TALL MASKED MAN and a shorter WIRY MASKED MAN search and clear the apartment with tactical precision: the closet, the kitchen, the living room. They find nobody and exit deeper into the apartment.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

The Tall Masked Man and the Wiry Masked Man enter, guns raised, and survey the room...

The room is vacant. And the window that once contained the box fan is now wide open and empty.

The Wiry Masked Man crosses to the window and looks out...

EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, FIRE-ESCAPE - DAY

The ground below: no sign of Michael, just the smashed fan.

The Wiry Masked Man looks back into the room and shakes his head. He reenters.

We stay outside and PAN OVER to see Michael, standing on the ledge, pressed against the wall, holding a BERETTA PX4 9MM.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

The Tall Masked Man and The Wiry Masked Man rip through the bedroom: overturning the mattress, pulling out drawers. The Tall Masked Man flings the closet door open...

Inside, on the floor, is a SMALL SAFE.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gun still in her face, Amber sniffs away a tear.

AMBER

I-- I don't know, I swear. He never told me. Dude, I swear!

The Tall Masked Man steps forward. He puts his hand on the barrel of the gun, gently lowering it away from Amber.

TALL MASKED MAN

Right now, this is a robbery. Let's don't make it a homicide, huh?

EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, FIRE-ESCAPE - DAY

On the ledge, Michael shimmies back towards his window. He wobbles, almost falls, but regains his balance. He breathes a sigh of relief, stands flush to the wall, and stays put.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

The safe door swings open to REVEAL... TWO CLEAR PLASTIC PACKAGES OF CRYSTAL METH.

The Tall Masked Man scoops up the packages and weighs them in his hand. He nods, turns to the bed, and leans down to...

Amber is zip-tied to the bed and her mouth is duct-taped.

He touches her cheek with a gloved hand -- cold comfort.

The Three Masked Men exit swiftly.

EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, FIRE-ESCAPE - LATER

Michael slowly makes his way back to the window and listens -- just Amber's muffled whimpers. He enters...

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael, gun raised and making sure the coast is clear, cautiously walks across the room. He stands over Amber.

Amber's screams intensify at the sight of him. He rips the tape off of her mouth.

AMBER

They're still here!

Michael, shocked, spins towards the bedroom door...

BLAOW! A shotgun blast. Michael's chest cavity is blown open. He goes limp and falls straight back, on top of Amber.

Amber screams hysterically...

The Masked Men stand in the doorway. The Wiry Masked Man's still smoking gun is raised.

After a moment, the Tall Masked Man gestures towards Amber.

The Muscular Masked Man enters the room, kicks Michael's body off of Amber and raises his gun to her face. BLAOW!

EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING, BACK ALLEY - DAY

The Masked Men exit the building from a basement. They each carry a large DUFFLE BAG. As they pull off their balaclavas, their faces are revealed for the first time...

CARLOS JIMENEZ, 32, the tall one, steps onto the pavement as he puts on his SUNGLASSES. He is handsome and clean shaven.

TOMMY CASSO, 35, the muscular one, cracks what little neck he has.

PAC JIMENEZ, 28, the wiry one, lights a CIGARETTE. His stringy hair blows a bit in the breeze.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Carlos, Tommy, and Pac walk down the otherwise empty street.

A distant SIREN approaches. They speed up into a light jog, clutching their duffles. They duck into an alley. Moments later, a VAN screeches out of the alley and tears off down the street. We watch until it disappears in the distance.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A BLACK MAN, 24, thin with cornrows. The room behind him -- what can be seen of it -- appears to be a nondescript classroom. He speaks to the off-screen class...

BLACK MAN

This from my daughter. She's five.

He unfolds a piece of PAPER and reads...

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)

"Dear Daddy, I miss you." Miss with one S, y'all.

There is a smattering of laughter from the class.

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)  
 "I go to school. I have three  
 friends. Bye. I love you."

More laughter. He proudly holds up the paper...

It's written in crayon and there is a crude drawing of four  
 kids at the bottom.

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)  
 Guess those are her friends here at  
 the bottom. Makes me smile... Amen.

As the rest of the class applauds, and some say "Amen", the  
 room is revealed in its entirety...

The group, all men, all CONVICTS, all wearing blue jumpsuits,  
 sit in a large circle of small stackable plastic chairs.

By the door, TWO GUARDS watch on.

The GROUP LEADER, an inmate, is a Latino man in his mid-  
 fifties with tatoos up to his chin and a long salt-and-pepper  
 ponytail. He intermittently wipes the sweat from his brow.

GROUP LEADER  
 Amen, amen. Thank you, Kevin. Made  
 us all smile too, man.  
 (a beat)  
 Sarge, it's been a while since you  
 shared, man, and I see you got one  
 in your hand there...

All eyes turn to SHAWN DIANELLOS, 39, proud Greek-American,  
 square jaw and wise eyes.

SHAWN  
 Yeah. Just got it yesterday. Must  
 of read it fifty times already.

Shawn opens the ENVELOPE and extracts the LETTER...

As he pulls it out, a PHOTOGRAPH falls to the ground. It  
 lands face down and the image is not yet revealed.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
 He sent this picture too.  
 (to the Guards)  
 Just, uh, pass it around, I guess?

The Guard nods.

Shawn picks up the photo, hands it to a Convict. Shawn reads.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

"Pops, sorry it took me so long to write back. I've been real busy with school. It's kicking my ass, but I'm doing it, just like you said I should."

(to the group)

Queens Community. Very proud...

The picture makes its way around the circle. Each Convict examines it, smiles, and passes it on.

A beat -- Shawn pauses. What he's about to read clearly has an affect on him. He clears his throat...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

(reading)

"You don't gotta apologize in every letter. I know part of what you did was for me and there's no reason to keep saying 'sorry' for it. Just keep your head up and you'll be out before you know it. Gonna try to get up there real soon and visit. And I promise I'll bring my girl with me this time. Here's a picture of me and her. Not bad, huh? Don't let anyone jerk-off to her. That would be weird. Love, Mike."

The picture makes it to the Convict directly next to Shawn.

CLOSE ON: The photo. It's revealed, for the first time, as a PICTURE OF MICHAEL AND AMBER at a party.

The Convict smiles and puts a hand on Shawn's shoulder as he hands the picture back to him.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Amen.

INT. PRISON, SHAWN'S CELL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A RANGER TAB (Army Ranger's logo) -- clean, bold, black -- against a light background. It moves away from us, contorting slightly as it goes, then coming closer again...

We realize the Ranger Tab is a tattoo across Shawn's broad muscular shoulders as he does push-ups -- crisp, fast.

A PRISON GUARD RAPS on the bars with his BATON.

PRISON GUARD  
Dianellos, phone.

SHAWN  
(grunting, not looking up)  
Had my phone time already, boss.

PRISON GUARD  
Ain't that kinda phone time.

Shawn stands, catching his breath, dripping sweat.

SHAWN  
Somethin' wrong?

The Prison Guard sighs heavy -- half burden, half sympathy.

PRISON GUARD  
Better just come with me.

Shawn exits, grabbing a SHIRT and walking past a cement wall. The wall is a shrine to Michael, plastered with MEMENTOS from childhood: report cards, drawings, PHOTOGRAPHS...

The photos are a visual time-line of Michael's brief life, infancy to adulthood. One in particular stands out: FOUR YEAR-OLD MICHAEL, on Shawn's lap, holding a little RED DIE-CAST AIRPLANE. Shawn wears a camo BDU and Michael looks elated.

INT. PRISON, PHONE ROOM - NIGHT

Shawn, shackled, and the Guard stand in the doorway.

The room is coldly sterile and uninviting, especially with no one else in it. Against the far wall, there is a long desk, divided into compartments, with several PHONES.

PRISON GUARD  
Number three. Take your time.

Shawn, not used to even the smallest polite courtesy, does a double-take before heading for the phones. As he approaches, he zeroes in on...

THE FLASHING RED LIGHT on top of phone number three.

Shawn stops -- deep breath -- and picks up the receiver...

SHAWN  
Hello.

At a distance, we watch Shawn as he listens, asks a few questions. He momentarily removes the receiver from his ear and winces as if experiencing intense pain -- bad news.

Across the room from Shawn, The Prison Guard removes his hat.

INT. PRISON, SHAWN'S CELL

Shawn lies in bed. He looks over to the wall of photos...

CLOSE ON: The photo of Shawn and Michael with the toy plane.

Shawn, visibly despondent, holds his gaze.

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)  
Lights out! Lights out!

The lights flick off and Shawn is left in darkness.

INT. PRISON, WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

WARDEN EUGENE GREENLEE, 61, a balding Black man, sits at his desk reading a FILE. The room is nice, but far from the palatial office expected for a warden: worn furniture, linoleum floor. Greenlee speaks to someone off screen...

GREENLEE  
My condolences... How'd it happen exactly?

Across the desk sits Shawn, in shackles. Shawn stares off into space, his mind elsewhere. Behind Shawn: a C.O.

GREENLEE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Dianellos, your son?

Shawn snaps out of it...

SHAWN  
Uh, they shot him. He was shot.

Greenlee shakes his head and looks back down to the file.

GREENLEE  
(reading from file)  
Shawn Dianellos. Astoria, Queens, New York. Thirty-nine years of age. Voluntary manslaughter. Served ten of a fifteen. Veteran. What branch?

SHAWN  
Army. Seventy-Fifth Regiment.

Greenlee looks up and raises an eye-brow.

GREENLEE

A Ranger?

Shawn nods.

GREENLEE (CONT'D)

See any action?

SHAWN

Afghanistan.

Greenlee nods and continues reading.

GREENLEE

Says here you regularly attend the Christian fathers group...

SHAWN

It's helped.

GREENLEE

No gang affiliations. No disciplinary actions. One altercation, written up as self-defense?

SHAWN

Uh yeah, when I first got here, some Aryans were a little, uh, aggressive when I wouldn't join up.

(a beat)

They didn't bother me again after that. Nobody did.

Greenlee cracks the slightest smile and closes the file.

GREENLEE

I'm sure you're aware your lawyer has petitioned the court for a funeral furlough.

Shawn nods.

GREENLEE (CONT'D)

Forty-eight hours seems like an awfully liberal request.

SHAWN

Uh, wake and funeral, I think we asked for.

GREENLEE  
Still, a man could get in a lot of  
trouble in that amount of time.

SHAWN  
Not lookin' for any trouble. Just  
wanna pay respect to my boy.

Greenlee nods.

GREENLEE  
I've been asked by Judge Sonnenfeld  
for my recommendation.

SHAWN  
I'd appreciate it, boss. I think  
I've been a good inmate.

GREENLEE  
(gesturing to the file)  
You've been an ideal inmate --  
ideal. But that's not the issue...

Greenlee leans back in his chair, puts his PEN in his mouth.

GREENLEE (CONT'D)  
I'm a prideful man. It's a curse,  
really. I've prayed on it, but  
still... you see where I'm headed?

SHAWN  
Not really.

A beat -- Greenlee rolls his pen around in his mouth.

GREENLEE  
If I were to recommend your  
furlough: I'd put you under the  
supervision of C.O. Sheehan. Do you  
know him?

Shawn shakes his head.

GREENLEE (CONT'D)  
(to C.O.)  
What would you say C.O. Sheehan's  
reputation is?

The C.O. Chuckles...

C.O.  
He's a real head-cracker, sir.

Greenlee nods.

GREENLEE

(to Shawn)

Now the D.O.C. would most likely send an independent supervisor, but I'd tell C.O. Sheehan that if you did anything -- anything -- to tarnish my reputation as steward of this institution, I would hold him personally responsible. And in order to keep my reputation in tact, I would advise C.O. Sheehan to take any and all necessary actions... I'm sure C.O. Sheehan would relish that advice.

The C.O. at the back of the room chuckles again. Greenlee leans forward and speaks in an almost whisper.

GREENLEE (CONT'D)

And if you were foolish enough to run: there would be no attempt to apprehend. No attempt to solicit a peaceful surrender. And certainly no opportunity for a triumphant march back in here in front of news cameras for the world to see.

(a beat)

I am, after all, a prideful man.

Shawn takes this in.

SHAWN

I just wanna pay respect to my boy.

INT. PRISON, SHAWN'S CELL - NIGHT

Shawn sits at his desk, facing Michael's shrine. In front of him, on the desk, is a SHEET OF NOTEBOOK PAPER.

Shawn looks up to the pictures and then starts writing.

SHAWN (V.O.)

Dear Mikey. I crossed out the first part. I started writin' this before I got the news.

EXT. PRISON - DAWN

Shawn's VOICE OVER reading continues as he is lead out of the prison gate. He is flanked by two GUARDS. Shawn looks to the sky, as if seeing it for the first time.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
I'm not quite sure why I'm still  
writin' it to you. Guess I don't  
like to leave things unfinished.

Shawn turns his head back and sees...

Warden Greenlee, arms folded, watching Shawn go.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
They let me out for a couple days,  
if you can believe it. All this  
time, I've been dreamin' about  
gettin' out to see you. And for it  
to finally happen like this...

The rising sun casts a faint blue light on everything. The area surrounding the prison is barren and flat; the grass, scorched to a light brown, gently blows in the breeze.

Across the parking lot, EDWIN SHEEHAN, 60, stands next to a navy blue VAN. Sheehan, bald with a white goatee and wearing a C.O. Uniform, is built like a pit-bull: stocky, strong.

MALCOLM BLYTHEWOOD, 30, steps out of the van. Malcolm is a tall, handsome, clean-shaven Black man. He wears a tie and sunglasses. He takes a long swig from a plastic SODA BOTTLE.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
I know you told me to stop  
apologizin', but I can't. I did all  
I could from in here and I'm sorry  
that it was nowhere near enough.

Shawn and the Guards approach the van. A Guard hands a CLIPBOARD to Malcolm, who signs as Shawn is ushered in.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
Well, I'm never gonna let you down  
again and it might not mean much  
now, after the fact, but I'm gonna  
find some justice for you, Mikey.  
Even if it's from the inside of  
this cell: I'll make it my life's  
work. You'll get justice.

Shawn stares out of the window as the van pulls off.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
You're never forgotten. Love  
Always. Dad.

The sun peaks out from behind the mammoth prison as the Guards watch the van go. After a moment, the Guards head in.

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Sheehan drives. Malcolm sits in the passengers seat. Utter silence. Malcolm takes a gulp from his soda bottle.

Outside, through the hazy heat, New York City's iconic skyline comes into view.

Shawn looks up to the skyline -- muted childlike wonderment. He's home.

EXT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE, PORCH - DAY

The door swings open to reveal SHAWN'S GRANDMOTHER, 82, the quintessential little old lady, standing in the foyer.

Shawn, Malcolm and Sheehan stand on the porch of the typical Queens chipped-paint two-story. Shawn smiles.

Shawn's Grandmother looks up to Shawn through thick eye-glasses and hugs him mightily -- more comfort than greeting. She steps back and regards his prison garb with disgust.

NOTE: In this script, dialogue in italics is spoken in Greek.

GRANDMOTHER

*Come, come. Your suit's in  
Michael's room.*

She ushers Shawn in and they disappear into the house. Sheehan grabs Malcolm, stopping him just short of entering...

SHEEHAN

Hey, c'mon, what are we doing here?  
None of this is protocol.

A beat -- Malcolm considers how to respond.

MALCOLM

He's an American hero. We can cut  
him a little slack.

Malcolm enters. Sheehan just shakes his head and follows.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE, MICHAEL'S OLD ROOM - DAY

Shawn, now wearing a cheap black suit, straightens his tie in the mirror. He steps back and surveys the room...

It's small and littered with all the items expected in a teen boys' room: POSTERS, STEREO EQUIPMENT, VIDEO GAMES.

Something catches Shawn's attention across the room...

On the windowsill, is a neat row of DIE-CAST AIRPLANES -- all different colors, different models.

Shawn approaches and, after a moment, he picks up the red plane (the same from the photo). He examines it and his eyes well up with the beginning of tears. He tightens his lips, willing himself not to cry.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Shawn begins to exit the room, but stops...

Malcolm, not noticing Shawn, does something with his back turned...

Malcolm slips a small BOTTLE OF VODKA into his pants pocket.

As he turns around, Malcolm screws the lid onto his soda bottle. Surprised to see Shawn, Malcolm stares at him -- "Did he see me?" -- and nervously clears his throat...

MALCOLM

All set?

Shawn nods and raises his arms -- he knows the drill. Malcolm crosses and thoroughly frisks Shawn. Malcolm stops at Shawn's suit pocket and pulls out the red die-cast plane...

SHAWN

Wasn't plannin' on takin' it back.  
Just, uh, reminds me of him is all.

Malcolm examines the plane and then studies Shawn for a beat.

MALCOLM

Y'know, I'm a vet too. Iraq. And  
one of the first things I learned  
over there: if it doesn't  
jeopardize safety or the mission...

Malcolm hands the die-cast plane back to Shawn.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Keep your mouth shut.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shawn, followed by Malcolm, comes down the stairs.

Grandmother sits on the couch. Sheehan stands by the door.

MALCOLM  
Ma'am, can we offer you a ride?

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Sheehan and Malcolm are up front. Shawn and his Grandmother sit in the back. She gazes out of the window.

GRANDMOTHER  
*"We're working the case," they say.  
"Another drug related murder.  
Extremely difficult to solve."*

She shrugs.

SHAWN  
*That's it?*

GRANDMOTHER  
*That's it.*

Shawn seems frustrated, stumbling over his words...

SHAWN  
*Well-- well you gotta-- You gotta  
go down there every day then, to  
the station -- demand answers! We  
deserve answers!*

She shrugs again.

GRANDMOTHER  
*I'm just easy to ignore, I guess.*

SHAWN  
*You can't have that attitude.*

GRANDMOTHER  
*Why not? It's true.*

SHAWN  
*'Cause somebody has to do  
somethin'! I can't keep pressure on  
the cops from prison. So it has to  
be you. You have to do somethin'.  
Somethin' more... for Michael.*

She turns to him for the first time...

GRANDMOTHER  
(snapping)  
*"Something more for Michael"!!?*  
(MORE)

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

*Who took care of him when you got  
yourself locked away in that cage?  
Huh? Who went to the morgue and  
identified his body? You?*

(a beat)

*What have you done except abandon  
him when he needed you most?*

A beat -- this remark flattens Shawn.

Sheehan and Malcolm share a look, reacting to the Grandmother's fervor.

SHAWN

*I was tryin' to provide for him.*

Disgusted, she waves him off and looks out of the window.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

*I did all I could from the inside.  
I talked to him, used all my phone  
time talkin' to him. You know that!*

GRANDMOTHER

*All you've done is talk.*

SHAWN

*I convinced him to go to college!  
That was me! I helped him get--*

GRANDMOTHER

*My dear. That boy hadn't been to  
school since the tenth grade.*

A beat -- Shawn's expression sinks further. He's devastated.

She softens and gives him a consolatory pat on the shoulder.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

*Well there's nothing more talking  
can do now, is there?*

Shawn nods. They sit in silence.

INT. FUNERAL HOME, VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Shawn, his grandmother, Malcolm, and Sheehan enter...

The room looks like it hasn't been updated since the 1980's and it is packed full of MOURNERS. Somber piano MUSIC plays.

Shawn notices something, his eyes transfixed...

Further in, sit TWO OAK COFFINS -- one opened, one closed.  
Shawn takes a deep breath and starts towards the coffins...

NICOLE (O.S.)

Shawn?

Shawn stops and turns to see...

NICOLE, 36, a beautiful Greek American, standing behind him. If her pencil skirt was any shorter or her blouse was any tighter, she would be dressed inappropriately. As is, she looks incredibly classy.

She goes in for a hug, but stops...

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(to Sheehan and Malcolm)

Can I...

SHEEHAN

No.

MALCOLM

Sure.

Sheehan and Malcolm look at each other for a beat, before Malcolm turns back to Nicole, gives her a nod -- "Go 'head."

An awkward moment as Shawn and Nicole try to figure out whose arms go where. She stifles a laugh and they finally hug.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

He didn't deserve this. Nobody does.

She steps back and looks at him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

It's been forever...

Shawn nods.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I just wish it wasn't under these, y'know, circumstances... How long they let you out for?

SHAWN

Couple days.

NICOLE

Well, thank God for that at least.

(a beat)

Listen, I set up a little something at my shop for the family. Coffee, some sweets. Nothing major.

SHAWN

Your shop? You finally did it?

NICOLE

Yeah. Six, maybe seven years now.

SHAWN

Good for you. Seems like you're doin' real good out here.

NICOLE

I'm surviving.

She forces a war-weary smile that doesn't reach her eyes. Shawn does the same. They hold eye-contact for a beat.

Shawn gently touches her shoulder and turns towards the coffins. He only gets a few steps...

FRAGKISKOS "FAT FRANKY" RALLIS, 73, sits in a pew. Fat Franky is, in fact, quite thin. He smiles at the sight of Shawn. His voice is sage and worn coarse like gravel.

FAT FRANKY

Ah, the war hero returns.

Shawn Stops. Fat Franky struggles to stand, but does.

SHAWN

Jesus Fat Franky, turn sideways you might disappear.

FAT FRANKY

Chemotherapy has that effect, they say.

Fat Franky gestures to MARIOS, 25, a baby-face Greek guy. He looks uncomfortable in his suit, as he smacks away on gum.

FAT FRANKY (CONT'D)

*This is my great-nephew Marios, over from Greece. He's been helping with business -- what's left of it -- for the last couple of years.*

Shawn and Marios shake. He puts his hand on Shawn's shoulder.

MARIOS

*Your son had a hot girlfriend and he could always handle his liquor.*

Shawn, confused, gives a slight nod of gratitude.

SHAWN  
(to Fat Franky)  
So business? It isn't good?

FAT FRANKY  
No place at the table for us Greeks  
anymore.  
(a beat)  
But I'll always be "The Eyes and  
Ears of Queens" and I'll always  
have my suitcases. Can't take those  
from me.

Fat Franky chuckles, but it turns into a coughing fit.

Again, Shawn looks to the coffins before stepping closer to  
Fat Franky. He speaks in an almost-whisper...

SHAWN  
Franky, tell me, you still have any  
of your old police contacts?

FAT FRANKY  
I never burn a bridge.

SHAWN  
Then do me a favor...

FAT FRANKY  
Anything, my friend.

SHAWN  
Get me an update on Michael's case,  
will ya? All the details you can.

Fat Franky nods and coughs some more, harder. Marios helps  
him back to his seat.

Shawn turns towards the coffins, takes another deep breath,  
straightens his suit jacket, and walks down the aisle.

He stops in front of the open casket and looks down...

Michael -- lifeless, stiff, pale, wearing a charcoal grey  
suit -- looks like he's sleeping.

He looks to the closed casket and tentatively touches it.

Shawn reaches in his breast-pocket and produces a folded  
piece of notebook paper, THE LETTER.

He holds it in his hand as if it has real weight...

Shawn lifts Michael's lapel and slides the letter inside. He pats the jacket down smooth.

Shawn clinches his jaw -- a subtle anger growing -- as he just stands there, staring down at Michael.

From the back of the room, all eyes seem to be fixed on Shawn as he stands alone over the coffin.

INT. NICOLE'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A plate of KOURAMBIELES (a type of cookie) sits in front of a POSTER-SIZE PICTURE OF MICHAEL AND AMBER FRAMED IN FLOWERS.

The quaint coffee shop -- enough blue-collar charm to spare -- is full of Mourners.

Shawn sits alone in a booth by the door, near a bank of large windows. He stares at the picture while sipping COFFEE.

Fat Franky enters with the PHONE to his ear.

FAT FRANKY  
(into phone)  
Thanks again, my friend.

Fat Franky closes his phone and slides in across from Shawn, who looks away from the picture for the first time...

FAT FRANKY (CONT'D)  
Just as we thought: a robbery gone bad.

Shawn nods towards...

Malcolm and Sheehan sit at the counter alone, within earshot, watching Shawn...

Fat Franky nods in agreement, suppressing a cough.

SHAWN  
*The drugs. You knew about them?*

Fat Franky sighs -- he doesn't want to say.

FAT FRANKY  
*There were rumors.*

Shawn, disappointed, shakes his head.

SHAWN  
*And I thought he was in school...  
Was he usin'? Dealin'?*

FAT FRANKY  
*Homicide thinks he was acting as a  
 stash-spot for out of town cooks.*

SHAWN  
*Suspects?*

FAT FRANKY  
*Nobody... Everybody.*

SHAWN  
*Witnesses?*

FAT FRANKY  
*Maybe. A city bus driver almost got  
 hit by a speeding van near the  
 scene. Saw part of the plates.*

SHAWN  
*And?*

FAT FRANKY  
*Registered to that metal shop over  
 on Steinway -- y'know the one. They  
 reported it stolen two days prior.  
 (a beat)  
 Apparently, the owner was less than  
 cooperative. "Evasive", they said.*

SHAWN  
*Well are they leanin' on him?*

Fat Franky chuckles/coughs...

FAT FRANKY  
*What would you have them do, water-  
 board a small business owner? This  
 is America, not Afghanistan, my  
 friend.*

(a beat)  
*If he says he doesn't know -- no  
 matter how evasive he seems -- the  
 police still must follow process.*

SHAWN  
*So that's it? One guy feeds 'em  
 some bullshit and they just stop  
 the investigation?*

FAT FRANKY  
*This drug, meth, its new popularity  
 comes with a lot of homicide  
 investigations.*

(MORE)

FAT FRANKY (CONT'D)  
*And let's be honest: it's not like  
 the NYPD ever took outer-borough  
 murders that seriously to begin  
 with.*

Shawn thinks on it and then gestures to Marios, who stands across the room chatting up a YOUNG LADY.

SHAWN  
*He looks like he could, uh, help  
 inspire the shop owner's full  
 cooperation.*

FAT FRANKY  
*Yes, he's very capable... But  
 there's no guarantees this shop  
 owner, his van, was even involved  
 in Michael's death.*

(a beat)  
*Perhaps let's not risk my nephew's  
 deportation just yet.*

Shawn slams his fist on the table, rattling everything on it.  
 Sheehan stands...

SHEEHAN  
*Easy, inmate.*

Shawn raises a hand -- "I'm okay. Sorry." Sheehan sits.

Shawn composes himself and turns back to Franky.

SHAWN  
*I made a promise, Franky.*

FAT FRANKY  
*A promise? To who?*

SHAWN  
*To Michael. For justice.*

Fat Franky takes a long sip of coffee.

FAT FRANKY  
*If only it was as easy as just  
 saying it.*

A beat -- This resonates with Shawn.

Just then, outside, a caravan of THREE WHITE SUVS pulls to a stop in front of the shop. Bringing up the rear is a pure WHITE LEXUS LFA sports car, blood red wheels, windows tinted black. The entire procession is an impressive sight.

Everyone in the coffee shop turns their attention to the cars. Some people even stand.

Outside, ENVER MANUSHI, 35, big enough to be an NFL lineman, buzz cut, steps out of an SUV. Three other ALBANIAN GOONS exits the SUV and stand behind Enver.

Nicole, standing behind the counter and visibly nervous, takes a deep breath and rushes towards the door...

She stops just short and turns to the other Mourners.

They look to her, puzzled -- "What's wrong?"

NICOLE  
(to everyone)  
Please try the kourambieles.

She exits alone.

Outside, she approaches Enver -- heated discussion ensues.

While everyone else watches on, Shawn notices something...

CHRIS, 16, wearing a wife-beater, a Mets hat, and an apron emerges from the kitchen. Realizing what's going on, he produces a WOODEN BASEBALL BAT from behind the counter. He marches with purpose towards the exit...

Shawn steps in front of him and places his hands on Chris' shoulders, stopping him cold.

Chris stares back at him angrily.

SHAWN  
I'm guessin' a bat isn't gonna cut  
it against these guys, boss.

Chris' anger subsides -- Shawn is right.

Shawn approaches the window to get a better look.

Nicole has lost her cool and is now yelling. She points down the street, motioning for them to go.

The driver's side window of the Lexus LFA rolls down to reveal RAZA "LAST RITES" DRAGOTI, 31. Rites is handsome with perfectly manicured stubble and greasy long hair slicked back into a messy bun. He wears aviator-style designer shades. Rites gives Enver and the Goons the slightest of nods...

Enver, followed by his Goons, quickly returns to the SUVs.

Rites removes his shades and peers into coffee shop, as if he is taking mental inventory of who's there.

Most of the Mourners look away...

Shawn doesn't.

Rites and Shawn hold tense eye-contact for a moment.

Rites puts his shades back on, revs his engine and peels off. The SUVs follow.

Nicole collects herself and reenters the shop. She heads for Chris as the Mourners return to their conversations.

Nicole and Chris have a hushed argument. Nicole orders Chris away with the bat. Chris, even more angry, exits.

Nicole and Shawn make eye-contact across the room. Nicole, embarrassed, looks away and exits behind the counter too.

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Shawn and his Grandmother sit in the back. The van slows to a stop, in front of the Grandmother's house.

The Grandmother opens the door and climbs out. Shawn speaks without looking to her...

SHAWN

*You're right...*

The Grandmother stops and listens intently.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

*All I've done is talk. And there's no amount of talkin' -- not to you, not to the cops -- that will bring justice for Mikey.*

(a beat)

*'Cause there won't ever be any justice for Mikey.*

After a moment, Shawn looks to her for the first time....

SHAWN (CONT'D)

*But there could be revenge.*

A beat -- she takes this in, thinking it over. Then...

GRANDMOTHER

*Yes. There should be revenge.*

Intense eye-contact. Shawn gestures to Malcolm and Sheehan.

SHAWN

*I just don't know how yet.*

She smiles slightly.

GRANDMOTHER

*You're his father, my dear. You'll find a way.*

SHAWN

*Only have a couple days.*

GRANDMOTHER

*Then you better hurry up.*

She slams the door shut. CLUNK!

INT. MOTEL - DAY

The room is patently cheap; "shitty" wouldn't be a stretch. It's rather large: two beds, a couch, a table, a few chairs.

Sheehan sits on the edge of the couch, watching Fox News.

Shawn, idly playing with the die-cast plane, focuses on...

THE DOOR -- the room's only exit.

Malcolm sits at the table, playing solitaire. He talks, but it's unclear to who or if anyone is even listening...

MALCOLM

*I've never seen dark like that. That dirt road that night. Y'know, and with the humvees stopped, no headlights, you couldn't even see your hand in front of your face...*

He takes a swig from his soda bottle and flips over a CARD.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

*Personally, from what I'd heard, I expected the shooting to come right away, right after the explosion, but it took a minute... Then there was a muzzle flash in the hills. Another. Another. Another. I lost count, but more of them than us. We held our own, though -- 'til air-support came -- only lost one.*

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(a beat)

"Only." Bradley, that Iowa fuck.

Another longer swig...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(to Shawn)

What about you? Rangers, direct  
action, you got some stories.

Shawn snaps out of it. He was barely listening.

SHAWN

None worth tellin'.

Malcolm studies Shawn for a beat.

MALCOLM

Yeah, well, I guess some of us  
forget by forgetting and some of us  
forget by remembering.

Malcolm shakes his head at his own statement and then lets  
out a drunken giggle.

For the first time, Sheehan looks to Malcolm. Shawn does too.

Malcolm raises his bottle slightly.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Here's to forgetting... One way or  
another.

As Malcolm drinks some more -- longest sip yet -- Shawn and  
Sheehan share a knowing look.

Sheehan notices something as he looks at Shawn...

SHEEHAN

The fuck is that?

Sheehan gets up and marches over to Shawn. He stands over him  
and, without warning, snatches the die-cast plane from  
Shawn's hand. He brandishes it in Shawn's face.

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)

Contraband, shitbird.

He shows the plane to Malcolm.

Malcolm, playing dumb, shrugs.

Sheehan walks back to the couch and sits.

Shawn is visibly angry. Malcolm gives him a conciliatory look. Tense awkward silence. Then...

MALCOLM

Well... I'm gonna use the john.

Malcolm stands, wobbles a bit, but steadies himself on the chair. He stumbles into the bathroom and shuts the door.

Shawn sits there, lost in deep thought, the only sounds: the quiet DRONING of TV news and distant TRAFFIC.

SHAWN

Okay.

Shawn tightens his jaw and looks around the room -- He's alone with Sheehan. He focuses on the door again.

Shawn stands, walks over to Sheehan, and looms over him.

Sheehan looks up and then nonchalantly looks back to the TV.

SHEEHAN

Can I help you, inmate?

Shawn doesn't respond.

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)

Then kindly sit your ass back down.

Shawn doesn't move. Sheehan stands.

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)

That was an order. Three seconds!

Shawn looks to the die-cast plane on the arm of the couch.

Sheehan pulls out his NIGHTSTICK and holds it at his side.

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)

Refusing to comply?

Again, no response from Shawn. He just looks back to Sheehan.

Sheehan looks past Shawn to the bathroom door and sighs...

He raises his nightstick and is about to bring it down...

But Shawn grabs his wrist, stopping him cold.

Sheehan looks at his wrist, shocked by Shawn's strength.

There is a brief struggle and Shawn slams him to the ground, knocking over the TV as they fall.

Shawn overpowers Sheehan, twisting his wrist a bit...

Sheehan drops the nightstick and hollers in pain.

In one quick move, Shawn stands and strikes Sheehan with the butt of the night stick...

Sheehan is out cold.

Malcolm bursts out of the bathroom and takes in the scene...

MALCOLM

What the fuck?

Shawn turns to see Malcolm standing there. They hold eye-contact for a moment, before...

Malcolm draws his PISTOL... but he fumbles it and it flies out of his hands...

The pistol slides across the carpet...

It comes to a stop... right at Shawn's feet.

Malcolm's expression sinks and he hangs his head.

INT. STEINWAY METALWORKS - DAY

TOUGH WORKERS do all types of metal fabricating: welding, cutting, bending, hammering. It's loud, hot, dirty, sweaty.

A PAIR OF SHOES sidestep some errant sparks and keep walking. TILT UP to REVEAL: Shawn making his way through the shop.

Shawn stops, noticing someone or something. He tosses the die-cast plane in his hand a few times, before pocketing it.

A guy, wearing a nice polo shirt, slacks, and holding a CLIPBOARD, clearly the SHOP MANAGER, talks with a Worker.

Shawn heads over to the Shop Manager.

SHAWN

You run the place?

The Shop Manager looks up from the clipboard...

MANAGER

Can I help you?

SHAWN

You reported a van stolen?

The Manager sighs...

MANAGER

I told you guys to take it up with my lawyer.

SHAWN

Can't do that, boss. I need some answers from you.

MANAGER

Jesus, this is borderline harassment, you know. Matter of fact: give me your badge number.

SHAWN

Except I'm not a cop.

The Shop Manager studies Shawn for a moment...

MANAGER

Who are you then?

SHAWN

Concerned citizen.

MANAGER

Alright, wise guy. Get the fuck outta here!

A beat -- Shawn doesn't move.

The Shop Manager calls out to the shop...

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Mark!

A World's Strongest Man type, MARK, emerges from the other Workers. Cut-off sleeves expose big fat strong arms.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

(to Mark)

This asshole was just leaving.

Mark takes a menacing step towards Shawn...

SHAWN

"Mark", is it?

Mark stops, confused...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I wouldn't, if I were you.

Mark thinks on it, but charges forward anyway. Just as he puts a hand on Shawn's shoulder...

THUD! Shawn hits him with a quick head-butt to the nose.

Mark, bleeding, staggers back...

Shawn catches him with short jab to the throat...

Mark clutches his throat, gasping. He falls back and cracks his head on the broad side of a BARREL. Unconscious.

Behind Shawn, a Worker comes at him with a raised PIPE.

Shawn pivots, drawing his pistol (stolen from Malcolm) from the small of his back as he turns, he points it at the Worker with the pipe, and pulls back the hammer -- CLICK!

The Worker stops short.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
(to entire shop)  
Anyone else tryin' to get a range  
named after them?

Shawn shifts his aim to the Shop Manager.

MANAGER  
It was stolen. Just like I told--

SHAWN  
Bullshit! Who lawyers-up for a  
stolen car?!?

MANAGER  
It was stolen!

Shawn puts the gun's barrel right to the Manager's head...

A beat -- The Manager closes his eyes, expecting a shot.

Shawn grabs his collar and marches him across the shop.

SHAWN  
In Kandahar, there's a village  
where the chieftain cuts out the  
tongues of villagers who don't say  
what he wants to hear...

Shawn stops at a work bench, where a YOUNG WORKER holds a still hissing ACETYLENE TORCH. Shawn snatches the torch.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

He used iron sheep shears, but I'm guessin' this acetylene torch will do the trick too.

Shawn presses the Manager's head against the work bench. He holds the gun in one hand, against the Manager's temple, and the torch in the other.

Shawn inches the conical flame towards the Manager's mouth...

The Manager quivers in fear.

The flame hisses, burning white hot.

The torch is just about to burn the Manager's lips...

MANAGER

Okay! Okay! He made me give it to him, call it in stolen. I didn't want to!

Shawn backs the flame away from the Shop Manager.

SHAWN

Who?

MANAGER

Tommy. Tommy Casso!

SHAWN

Why?

MANAGER

I owed money. He-- he's my bookie. Fuckin' Jets, y'know? Said give him the van or he'd burn down the shop!

SHAWN

How do I find him?

MANAGER

I don't know.

Shawn puts the flame back near the Manager's face...

MANAGER (CONT'D)

I don't know! I never talked to him direct. Okay? Always through a third party!

SHAWN

Who?

The Shop Manager hesitates. Shawn puts the flame even closer.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Who's your contact?!?

MANAGER  
Mark.

Shawn pulls the flame back and looks across the shop...

Mark lies unconscious, sprawled on the floor.

EXT. FAT FRANKY'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Shawn opens a gate and enters the small backyard. A PAIR OF TINY DOGS rush to Shawn, yapping at him.

Deeper in the yard, THREE GRANDCHILDREN, various ages, chase each other with SQUIRT GUNS, laughing wildly.

As Shawn rounds the corner of the house he sees Marios, shirtless, with a backwards hat, standing and holding a PISTOL at his side.

Realizing that it's just Shawn, Marios tucks the pistol into the back of his jeans.

Relaxing under an awning near the house, sits Fat Franky. He stands, struggling a bit as usual.

FAT FRANKY  
No guards?

Shawn shakes his head. Fat Franky grins slightly...

FAT FRANKY (CONT'D)  
Let's talk inside then, shall we?

He gestures to the sliding door. Shawn enters the house.

FAT FRANKY (CONT'D)  
(to Marios)  
*Better bring up my suitcases.*

Marios nods and they enter too.

INT. FAT FRANKY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A LARGE SUITCASE is lowered onto the carpet...

Marios places it next to the others -- four total.

Shawn sits in a chair. Fat Franky is on the couch.

SHAWN  
So you know him?

FAT FRANKY  
I know of him. Everyone knows of  
Tommy Casso.

Marios perks up at the mention of "Casso."

MARIOS  
(heavy accent)  
Tommy Casso?

Marios whistles and shakes his head -- "He's a bad man."

FAT FRANKY  
He has a reputation.

SHAWN  
A reputation for what?

FAT FRANKY  
Violence, strength, ruthlessness.  
You name it, my friend.  
(a beat)  
He was muscle for George  
Karagounis' betting operation,  
before George was sent up. Struck  
out on his own a few years ago.

SHAWN  
You like him for Michael's murder?

Fat Franky coughs a bit as he nods.

FAT FRANKY  
If he was anywhere near it, he was  
involved. No question.

Shawn, angry, just shakes his head.

FAT FRANKY (CONT'D)  
So, should we alert the police  
about your discovery? We can do it  
anonymous.

SHAWN  
No hard evidence to connect Casso:  
cops would never make an arrest.  
(a beat)  
(MORE)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

And if you really thought for one second that we should go to the police... I wouldn't be lookin' at these suitcases, would I?

Fat Franky grins, conceding the point.

Shawn stands and produces his pistol. He hands it to Marios.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

*Get rid of it. It's registered.*

Marios nods. Shawn gestures to the suitcases...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

*You gonna open 'em up or should I?*

INT. FAT FRANKY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

On the floor, the suitcases are open. Inside, is a wide selection -- a dazzling display -- of GUNS...

Outside, the kids, look through the sliding glass door.

Marios, cleaning a pistol, notices the kids watching and sticks his tongue out at them...

The kids giggle and run away.

SHAWN

And you're sure he'll be there?

FAT FRANKY

I understand he's a -- how do you say -- "diehard". He'll be there.

Shawn straps on DUEL SHOULDER HOLSTERS. Fat Franky hands Shawn BULLETS, CASH, and a CELL-PHONE.

FAT FRANKY (CONT'D)

Phone's clean. Can't be traced.

Shawn nods as he pockets it all.

FAT FRANKY (CONT'D)

Should I start on finding you a passport?

SHAWN

I'm not runnin'.

FAT FRANKY

What do you mean?

SHAWN

I mean: I got time to serve. I'm gonna go back upstate and serve it.

FAT FRANKY

My friend, no guards here, you're already on the run.

Marios hands Shawn the gun. Shawn examines it...

A brand-new RUGER GP100 .357 MAGNUM REVOLVER, shiny blued metal and deep red-brown kingwood grips. It's nice, distinct.

SHAWN

Temporary leave of absence, boss. I don't wanna be on the run for the rest of my life.

(a beat)

I was given these two days for a reason: to get revenge for Mikey, not to make a run for it.

Shawn pops open the cylinder, checks it -- fully loaded -- and jams it shut again...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I'll get a couple years tacked on, but if I get back on time, I can maybe avoid a real federal manhunt.

FAT FRANKY

But what you're talking about -- confirming Casso's involvement, uncovering his accomplices, taking them all out, all without getting caught or killed -- with the time you have: it's impossible.

SHAWN

I'm a Ranger. What's "impossible"?

Fat Franky shakes his head, coughs.

Marios hands Shawn another identical Ruger. Shawn checks it.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I got thirty-six hours to take out anyone who had somethin' to do with my son's murder.

(a beat)

You might say, "impossible." But I say... "necessary."

Shawn shoves both guns into his holsters.

EXT. ASTORIA SIDEWALK - DUSK

Golden hour. Chris walks down the street alone, bopping his head to the music in his headphones.

In front of him, down the block, a White SUV pulls to a stop.

Chris' expression turns to panic. He looks behind...

Another White SUV pulls up.

He looks around frantically, weighing his options.

Before he can decide, the pure white Lexus LFA screeches to a stop next to him. The window rolls down to reveal Last Rites. He speaks with an Albanian accent.

LAST RITES

Get in.

Chris looks around again, considers making a break for it.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)

Things end worse if you make me chase, yes?

Chris gulps hard, puts on a brave face, and gets in the car.

I/E. LAST RITE'S SPORTS CAR - DUSK

Bad ALBANIAN RAP MUSIC blares. Rites focuses on the road. Chris sits nervously in the passengers seat.

CHRIS

The fuck are you taking me?

Last Rites doesn't respond immediately. After a moment...

LAST RITES

How come you never protect mother?

Chris looks to him, angry.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)

I see scary guy, he talk tough to my mother. I do not stand there, buddy, let me tell you.

(a beat)

You have no bravery? No heart?

CHRIS

I got heart.

Last Rites looks to him for the first time and smiles.

LAST RITES  
We will see.

The car slows...

EXT. TIRANA CAR SALVAGE - NIGHT

A huge junk-yard, hundreds of wrecked cars, with a giant two-story compound in the center. A Goon opens the gate. The Lexus LFA, followed by the procession of SUVs, pulls in.

OVER BLACK

A PHONE rings... Again... Again...

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Sheehan, still laying on the floor, slowly comes to. As the phone continues to ring, he sits up and surveys the room.

Across the room, Malcolm is drunk out of his mind and handcuffed to the radiator. Next to Malcolm...

His empty soda bottle.

MALCOLM  
(singing, slurred)  
I don't know, but I've been told!  
Eskimo pussy is mighty cold!

As Malcolm continues to sing, Sheehan shakes his head, but that arouses some pain and he winces. He picks up the phone.

SHEEHAN  
(into phone)  
Sheehan.

On the other line...

SHAWN (V.O.)  
Sorry I had to -- y'know. That's not usually my M.O.

SHEEHAN  
Where the fuck are you!?!?

SHAWN (V.O.)  
I'm not gonna run. I want you to know that.

SHEEHAN

Then get your ass back here and  
surrender. Right now!

SHAWN (V.O.)

Can't do that just yet, boss.

SHEEHAN

Listen shitbird, you don't get down  
here right now, I'm coming for you.  
I'm coming with everything I got.

A long silence...

SHAWN (V.O.)

See you in thirty-six hours.

CLICK. DIAL-TONE.

EXT. QUEENS STREET - SAME

Shawn stands on the residential side of a street. He flips  
his cellphone shut, pockets it, and looks across to...

A BAR. A line of METS FANS wait to get in. At the door, a  
SECURITY GUARD pats them down as they enter.

Shawn feels his revolvers through his jacket. He looks  
around, searching for something...

He snatches up an old NEWSPAPER and moves to the shadows. As  
discreetly as he can, while keeping an eye on the bar, he  
removes his holster and pistols. He wraps it in a neat  
package and hides it behind a residential GARBAGE CAN.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

On a TV, a baseball game is played: Mets versus Phillies.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

As we head into the eighth, let me  
tell ya what, folks: it's a  
scorcher. Hottest Mets night game  
on record since seventy-two...

As the game continues, Shawn enters. It's packed.

While everyone's eyes are glued to the game, Shawn searches  
the crowd, examining faces, looking for someone...

Seated at the bar amongst a group of TOUGH GUYS, is Tommy  
Casso. He takes a gulp of WHISKY.

TOMMY

(to Tough Guy)

These dicks couldn't cover a spread  
to save their lives... I'mma hit  
the head. Watch my drink.

Tommy puts down his whiskey, stands and exits.

Out of sight, Shawn opens his clenched fist to reveal the die-cast plane. He pockets it and follows Casso.

INT. BAR, MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shawn enters the bathroom. The bathroom is pretty big -- three urinals, two stalls -- and pretty dirty. There's graffiti all over and USED PAPER TOWELS on the floor.

A GUY finishes up at the sink. Tommy, back to Shawn, takes a piss at a urinal. Otherwise, it's empty. The Guy at the sink dries his hands, walks past Shawn, and exits.

Shawn picks up a nearby MOP and jams it through the door handle: ain't no one getting in... ain't no one getting out.

As he zips up, Tommy turns to see Shawn.

Shawn stands in front of the door, blocking Tommy's path. Shawn breathes heavy, like he's on the verge of exploding.

TOMMY

Excuse me, pal.

Shawn doesn't move. He keeps his intense gaze on Tommy.

Tommy notices something behind Shawn...

The mop handle is stuck in the door.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is goin' on here?

SHAWN

You're gonna answer for those kids  
you killed. That's what.

(a beat)

I need the names of your crew.

A beat -- Tommy, blind-sided, considers how to proceed.

TOMMY

Fuck you.

Tommy attempts to blow past Shawn, but Shawn takes a side-step and blocks his way again.

SHAWN

I need those names.

Tommy stops and studies Shawn -- faces inches apart...

TOMMY

All this for some faggot kid  
playin' Scarface, huh? Well it  
ain't worth it, pal.

(a beat)

Now let me past or, trust me,  
you'll be in deeper shit than he  
was.

SHAWN

You're already in deep shit.

TOMMY

How's that?

SHAWN

'Cause I'm gonna kill you whether  
you give me those names or not.

Tense eye-contact for a moment. And then, suddenly...

Shawn's on him with a lightening quick three-punch combo.

Tommy staggers, but manages to recover and block a potentially devastating fourth punch. Tommy rushes Shawn, going for a tackle, but ends up just driving Shawn, back first, hard into the wall with a loud THUD!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The Crowd, worked into a frenzy, is fixated on the game. They chant loudly, "Let's go Meh-ets!" CLAP!--CLAP!--CLAP!CLAP!CLAP! They can't hear what's going on in...

INT. BAR, MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tommy has Shawn pinned against the wall and is punishing him with thunderous body-shots.

Shawn winces in pain with each blow.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A MAN walks up the men's room and attempts to enter. The door doesn't open. He shakes the handle, but it's clearly "locked". He shrugs and turns his attention back to the game.

INT. BAR, MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shawn pushes back and drives Tommy through a urinal, knocking it clean off the wall. A GEYSER OF WATER spews into the air.

Tommy stands and squares off with Shawn. Each is a skilled pugilist, landing blows that may knock another man out cold. They continue to beat each other, fighting a fairly even brawl, as they are soaked with the spray.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Outside the bathroom, water flows from under the door and into the main bar area, inching towards the Crowd's shoes.

INT. BAR, MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The tide starts to turn in Shawn's favor -- target practice -- he's landing punches at will now.

Tommy, dazed, his face a bloody mess, stumbles back. Shawn is relentless and follows up with an amazing flurry of punches ending with Tommy falling through the flimsy wall of the stall. Tommy lands on his side, amongst the shards, splinters, and gathering water.

Shawn pounces on Tommy and locks in a rear naked choke-hold.

Tommy writhes, unable to escape.

SHAWN  
Who's your crew?

Shawn tightens the hold.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Tell me their names!

Tommy can barely squeeze out the words...

TOMMY  
Fuck... you...

Shawn locks in the choke even tighter. He holds it until...

Tommy stops writhing.

Shawn, dripping wet, stands, thinks for a beat, and then bends down again. He searches Tommy's body. From Tommy's pockets, Shawn pulls out a CELL PHONE and SUNGLASSES.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Shawn enters the main bar area. He's an odd sight in his soaking-wet suit and sunglasses. Yet almost no one notices him as he walks briskly through the fixated crowd.

One of the Tough Guys does a double-take as Shawn glides past. The Tough Guy looks down to his feet and notices...

Water floods into the bar, lapping at the soles of his shoes.

Confused, the Tough Guy watches Shawn exit.

EXT. QUEENS STREET - NIGHT

Shawn exits the bar and is shocked to see...

TWO UNIFORM COPS, standing there, drinking COFFEE. They regard Shawn with equal parts curiosity and bewilderment.

Shawn gives them a cordial nod and quickly crosses the street. He makes a beeline for...

The residential garbage can (behind which he hid his guns).

He is almost there...

COP (O.S.)

Hey!

Shawn turns to see...

The Tough Guys pointing to him and the Cops approaching.

Shawn hesitates for a split-second -- decision time -- and then takes off running.

The Cops give chase.

Shawn sprints down the relatively empty sidewalk.

Some distance behind, one of the Cops takes out his RADIO...

COP (CONT'D)

(into radio)

We got a possible homicide!

(MORE)

COP (CONT'D)  
91-09 forty-third avenue! Ten-sixty  
I: In pursuit of suspect...

Shawn rounds a corner onto a sleepy residential side-street. Shawn's hard-sole footsteps ECHO. He looks back...

The Cops round the corner too.

Shawn picks up the pace. Sweat drips from his face.

Up ahead, a POLICE RADIO CAR, lights flashing, slides around the corner.

Shawn quickly veers left into...

EXT. YARDS - NIGHT

Shawn cuts through a backyard.

Behind him, the MORE COPS jump out of the radio car and chase Shawn on foot. The original Cops bring up the rear.

Shawn comes to a short fence and easily hops it. He sprints and clears another fence -- like he's running the hurdles.

Shawn jumps yet another fence and lands in a yard with...

A BIG PIT BULL snarls and bites at Shawn's heels as he tries to run past. It's just about to chomp into Shawn's calf...

The Pit's chain snaps taught and jerks the dog back.

Shawn crosses into the next yard.

The Cops are just about to jump the fence when the Pit runs towards them and barks menacingly...

The Cops stop short, on the safe side of the fence.

One of the Cops reaches for his belt, produces a small SPRAY CAN, and PEPPER SPRAYS the Pit. The pit yelps and cowers.

All Cops jump the fence...

COP  
(into radio)  
Suspect headed east towards  
Junction Boulevard...

EXT. JUNCTION BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Shawn stumbles onto the sidewalk. He looks back, making sure he's momentarily lost the Cops, straightens his jacket, and walks away at a fast pace.

Just then, two more police cruisers, sirens blaring, stop a half-block away from Shawn...

Shawn, sandwiched between the cruisers and the Cops approaching from the backyards, runs to...

EXT. ELEVATED SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Shawn barrels up the stairs.

He busts in the and blows past an ASIAN WOMAN, jostling her.

Shawn jumps the turnstile and takes off running, when...

A fat plain-clothes TRANSIT COP, grabs him by the biceps.

TRANSIT COP

Whoa there...

The Transit Cop nonchalantly flashes his BADGE.

TRANSIT COP (CONT'D)

Just wrote yourself a hundred-dollar ticket, bud.

The Transit Cop takes out his PEN, about to write a ticket..

COP (O.S.)

Freeze!

Shawn and the Transit Cop turn to see...

COPS, pistols pointed at Shawn, slowly advance...

Shawn twists the Transit Cop into a hold. And, standing behind him, Shawn uses the Transit Cop as a human-shield

The Transit Cop winces in pain.

The Cops continue to close in on Shawn. Some slide under the turnstile, as the rest provide cover from a distance.

A silent stand-off -- Shawn backs up, taking the Transit Cop with him. Shawn glances to the side...

A TRAIN approaches on the near track...

Shawn continues to back up...

His heels approach the ledge of the platform...

The Cops, steely focus, close in on Shawn...

The train gets closer. The HORN screams.

Suddenly, Shawn pushes the Transit Cop forward into the other Cops. And, in a flash, Shawn jumps on to the tracks...

The Cops stumble back but quickly recover. They rush to the platform edge, just as...

The train barrels by, blocking their view.

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Shawn has made it safely to the other side and hauls ass down the tracks. The train zooms by in the opposite direction.

EXT. ELEVATED SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

A Cop barks into his radio...

COP  
Suspect headed East on the Seven  
Train tracks towards Corona Plaza!

The Transit Cop frantically searches the platform...

TRANSIT COP  
My badge! Where's my badge!?!?

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Shawn's alone for a while as he runs -- eerily quiet up here.

Then, in the distance a few ORBS OF LIGHT approach...

Shawn slows, squinting to get a better look...

The orbs of light, distant flashlights, close in quickly.

Then, without warning, GUNSHOTS ring out from the lights' direction. MUZZLE FLASHES illuminate the night...

Bullets ricochet. Shawn cowers. The onslaught: relentless.

With no other choice, Shawn looks below and jumps...

EXT. ROOSEVELT AVENUE - NIGHT

THUD! Shawn lands hard on the roof of a BREAD TRUCK trailer. It's tall enough that he's not injured, but it still hurts.

Shawn rolls off the truck, lands on the street and takes off.

On the busy street, a group of BLACK TEENS watch on and give each other pounds -- "Oh snap!"

Shawn continues his sprint down Roosevelt. SIRENS are getting closer. He glances behind...

FIVE POLICE VEHICLES race towards Shawn.

ARIEL SHOT - CITI FIELD - NIGHT

The game is over. FIREWORKS. The huge stadium empties out.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

That's gonna do it here at Citi Field, folks. Put another one in the book for the Amazin's.

EXT. ROOSEVELT AVENUE - NIGHT

Shawn continues to sprint.

Ahead, traffic is dead-locked -- a CACOPHONY OF HORNS.

Unable to proceed, four of the Police Vehicles stop. Cops jump out and chase. An OLDER COP draws his gun.

One Vehicle, avoiding the traffic, swerves and jumps the curb, following Shawn on the sidewalk...

The Old Cop aims at Shawn and fires -- BANG-BANG-BANG!

The Vehicle on the sidewalk, right behind Shawn, floors it.

Shawn dodges bullets as he avoids being run over.

The front bumper comes within inches of Shawn's leg...

Shawn suddenly cuts right, darting across traffic.

The Vehicle swerves, attempting to follow, but rams into a STEEL MAIL BOX and careens into a stopped TAXI on the street.

Shawn ducks between cars as he runs off...

With no clear shot, the Old Cop lowers his gun.

EXT. CITI FIELD/SEVEN TRAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

With the stadium in the background, droves of BASEBALL FANS, still cheering the win, walk up the station's stairs.

Down the street, Shawn rounds the corner, full speed.

Moments later, the Cops follow, struggling to keep up.

EXT. SEVEN TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Shawn cuts through the thick crowd -- seems like all of Citi Field has jammed into this one station. He makes his way to the booth, where an ATTENDANT helps a CUSTOMER.

SHAWN  
(to Attendant)  
Hey! Excuse me! Hey!

ATTENDANT  
(without looking up)  
There's a line, sir.

Shawn slams the Transit Cop's badge against the glass.

The Attendant looks up and her expression turns to concern.

EXT. CITI FIELD/SEVEN TRAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The Cops, at least a dozen now, begin to storm up the steps.

From the other direction, a wave of Fans, some screaming, rush down, impeding the Cops' progress; it's pandemonium.

One of the Cops stops an older Jewish GUY IN A METS JERSEY.

COP  
Hey. What's goin' on?

GUY IN A METS JERSEY  
There's a bomb in there!

The Guy in a Mets Jersey rushes off.

EXT. SEVEN TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Fans yell and push, trying to get out.

Shawn, already holding his JACKET and TIE, rips his DRESS-SHIRT off. Now, in just a wife-beater, no one notices as Shawn joins the flow and heads for the stairs.

EXT. CITI FIELD/SEVEN TRAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A few Cops charge up the stairs...

Shawn, amongst the crowd, heads down...

His shoulder brushes against a Cop's...

Not noticing, the Cops continue their ascent.

Shawn breathes a sigh of relief as he makes it to ground level. He notices something...

The Cops have a GUY IN A SUIT, vaguely resembling Shawn, pinned on the ground and surrounded, cuffing him...

GUY IN A SUIT

This is ridiculous! I was at the  
game all night!

Shawn slips by and hurries away from the station, dropping his clothes in a trash can as he disappears into the night.

INT. TIRANA CAR SALVAGE, CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

A HAND, flat on the table, trembles. After a moment, a grey blur flies across screen -- a HAMMER -- smashing the hand. WHAP! There's an off-screen scream of agony from the hand's owner. Again, the hammer smashes into the hand...

Three hot EURO-TRASH BABES sit on a couch watching TV, aloof, as the sounds of the hand-smashing continue.

A few GOONS sit at a bar, fixated on the brutality.

REVEAL: Last Rites repeatedly smashes Chris' hand with the hammer. Enver holds down Chris' wrist.

The room itself is somewhere between the ultimate bachelor pad and a night-club: GIANT FLAT-SCREEN TV, POOL TABLE, LEATHER COUCHES, NEON LIGHTS.

With Chris' hand a bloody pulp, Last Rites, out of breath and sweating, takes a step back. He notices something: a drop of blood on his white SHIRT.

LAST RITES

(to Chris)

Is two-hundred dollar shirt, buddy.

Chris just whimpers in pain.

Last Rites takes off the shirt, revealing his back...

Covering the entirety of his back is a tattoo of the Albanian flag -- a red background with a black double-headed eagle.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)  
This is negotiation, yes? I am  
prepared to hear counter-offer.

No response. Chris grips his wrist, unable to talk.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)  
Need minute to think? Take time.

Last Rites walks to the wall and peers out of a window...

The window looks out over the darkened garage, several OLD CARS are in various states of disassembly.

Last Rites turns back to Chris.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)  
When I was your age, I was soldier  
already. No other opportunity for  
me, unless I should be farmer.

Last Rites sits across from Chris.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)  
I come to this country -- whoa  
buddy -- there are so many  
opportunity. But no one take them.  
(a beat)  
These cars: junk, yes. But have  
some value. Have opportunity. No  
one want them? No one want  
opportunity? I take opportunity.

Chris, despite his pain, listens intently.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)  
Drugs. Methamphetamine. No one  
really want to sell it. I do not  
want to be criminal, but I see  
opportunity.  
(a beat)  
I take opportunity.

Rites scoots his chair closer to the table, nearer to Chris.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)  
Now, your mother. She owe money. I  
give her deal to pay. Is generous.  
I give opportunity. But she does  
not take it.  
(a beat)  
(MORE)

LAST RITES (CONT'D)  
So I bring you, man of house, to  
negotiate. We can work out deal.  
But you refuse to present  
satisfactory counter offer.

Last Rites stands...

LAST RITES (CONT'D)  
So now is time. Time for you to  
give another.  
(a beat)  
But this time, you give serious  
offer, yes? Satisfactory offer. One  
that show you respect negotiations.

Chris looks up to him and struggles to talk...

CHRIS  
We're not... giving you the shop.

Rites cracks a half-smile.

LAST RITES  
You do have some heart, some  
bravery.

Rites gives a nod to Enver.

Enver grabs Chris' good hand and pins it to the table.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)  
But still...

Last Rites snatches up the hammer.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)  
Is unsatisfactory.

Last Rites slams the hammer down on Chris' hand. WHAP!

INT. MOTEL, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Malcolm, in his boxers, sits in the tub. The shower is on and  
he is soaked with a steady stream of cold water.

Sheehan sits on the closed toilet, deliberately eating one  
POTATO CHIP at a time from a small vending machine bag.

EXT. FAT FRANKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fat Franky, wearing a robe and pajamas, stands in his open  
doorway. He writes on a small NOTE PAD.

FAT FRANKY  
Just these two then?

On the porch, stands Shawn. He holds Casso's cell phone.

SHAWN  
I scrubbed the call log. Those are  
the only two numbers Casso called  
within a day of Michael's murder.

Fat Franky nods.

FAT FRANKY  
It's worth a try, I suppose. I can  
have my fella trace these, but it  
won't be until the morning.

SHAWN  
Franky, I don't have time to wait.

FAT FRANKY  
It is what it is, my friend.

Shawn nods begrudgingly.

SHAWN  
Any news of an escaped convict?

FAT FRANKY  
If they called it in, it hasn't  
made it to the media yet.  
(a beat)  
I'll be in touch first thing. But  
destroy that phone right away. They  
could be tracing it, even now.

Shawn nods again and exits as Fat Franky enters the house.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Sheehan and Malcolm sit at the table. Malcolm, looking more  
lucid but still drunk, is huddled in a blanket. He uses both  
hands to drink coffee from a PAPER CUP.

MALCOLM  
We gotta call it in. Right now.

SHEEHAN  
And say what, the supervising  
officer was three sheets and wanted  
to cut a convicted murderer "a  
little slack"?

MALCOLM  
Hey man, none of this happens if  
you don't get beat down.

Malcolm drunk-laughes.

SHEEHAN  
How long has this been going on --  
this drinking?

A beat -- Malcolm becomes visibly solemn and sighs.

MALCOLM  
Since I got back. My second tour.

SHEEHAN  
Even at work, huh?

MALCOLM  
Not usually. I kinda thought...  
easy detail... I could let loose.

Sheehan shakes his head.

SHEEHAN  
Well you wanna keep your job right?

Malcolm nods.

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)  
Then we give it the night.

MALCOLM  
The night? For what?

SHEEHAN  
He probably just went to go get  
fucked up -- "let loose" -- maybe  
find some trim. He said he's not  
running. And I believe him.

MALCOLM  
So you think he'll just come back?  
Seems like a big risk to just wait.

SHEEHAN  
Except we're not gonna wait. We're  
gonna go get him. On our own.

Malcolm stops mid-sip and raises an eye-brow.

MALCOLM  
How? We're not investigators.

Sheehan looks at him for a moment before reaching in his pocket and pulling out his WALLET. He flips it to a PHOTO and shows it to Malcolm...

CLOSE ON: The photo. A YOUNGER SHEEHAN in a NYPD uniform...

SHEEHAN

Almost twenty years on the force  
before I started baby-sitting cons.

(a beat)

I got stories from The Bronx in the  
eighties that I'd put up there with  
anything you saw in Iraq.

Sheehan puts his wallet back in his pocket.

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)

As far as Dianellos: I've caught  
faster, beat tougher, and slapped  
bracelets on meaner.

(a beat)

Only question is: you sober enough  
to ride or you need another coffee?

EXT. NICOLE'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Nicole, closing for the night, tries to pull down the metal  
shutter. It's stuck. She tries again and again -- no luck.

SHAWN (O.S.)

Need some help?

Nicole jumps a bit, startled. She turns to see Shawn.

NICOLE

Jesus! You scared me.

She looks around, noticing he's alone.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You escape?

He goes to the shutter and -- a few yanks -- pulls it down.

SHAWN

Nah, nah... they let me come out  
for a little.

A beat -- Nicole is incredulous.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Really. The guard, the Black guy,  
he's a vet too. We, uh, connected.

NICOLE  
You sure a bunch of cops aren't  
gonna swoop down from a helicopter  
on those little rope-thingies?

Shawn shakes his head...

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
And you're not running?

Shawn shakes his head again.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Wish somebody gave me the chance.  
I'd be gone, man.

She flashes her trademark war-weary smile and bends down to lock the shutter.

SHAWN  
I just wanted to come by and say  
thanks for everything you did  
today. It was real nice.

She looks up and gives a nod of gratitude. After a moment...

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
But what was the deal with those  
guys that came by?

NICOLE  
Oh. It's nothing.

SHAWN  
Nicole, I know a shake-down...

She sighs, finishes locking the shutter, and sits on the sidewalk. She motions for him to sit next to her. He does.

NICOLE  
Remember my cousin Debbie?

SHAWN  
"Down 'Em Debbie"?

NICOLE  
Yeah, well she graduated from  
Budweiser and wine-coolers.  
(a beat)  
Meth.

Shawn listens...

NICOLE (CONT'D)

She started dating this Albanian guy. "Date" might be a strong word, but he was giving her what she needed and she was giving him... y'know. I guess they got into it one night, Debbie decides it's a good idea to slice him with a kitchen knife and take off with a couple pounds of meth.

(a beat)

Nobody's seen or heard from her since. That was six months ago.

SHAWN

And?

NICOLE

And... a few months later this guy calling himself "Last Rites" shows up and says I owe him for the drugs Debbie took; I'm her family and I have to pay. Twenty thousand. If I don't have the cash, I give him the shop, he says.

(a beat)

I barely even talked to Debbie before she disappeared. Would only see her at holidays and she only showed up to about half of them.

Nicole looks at the shuttered shop behind her.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Know how hard I worked for this?

SHAWN

You didn't go to the cops?

NICOLE

Thought about it. I poked around a bit. But the general consensus is Last Rites isn't the kinda guy you wanna call the cops on.

SHAWN

Nicole, I wish I could help.

A beat -- tempting offer -- she considers it.

NICOLE

Nah, they're all bark anyway... And you, you've been through too much to worry about me. I'll be fine.

They sit there in silence for a bit. Then...

NICOLE (CONT'D)

So let me ask you a question now...

SHAWN

Shoot.

NICOLE

What happened?

SHAWN

What do you mean?

NICOLE

I mean, you went to the Army, came back, and before I knew it: you're in prison for murder?

SHAWN

Voluntary manslaughter, technically.

Shawn sighs heavy.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

When Jacinda died -- you remember -- I got discharged so I could, uh, take care of Mikey, y'know. And I was lost; I wasn't expecting that. I thought I was gonna be a Ranger for twenty years. So, I started workin' for Fat Franky. I didn't know what else to do.

NICOLE

What were you doing?

SHAWN

Making collections, sometimes deliveries. That night I, uh, was supposed to pick up a couple grand from this guy in Jackson Heights -- routine -- he had already paid half. But he didn't think he owed the rest. One thing led to another, twenty minutes later, I'm being booked for murder.

NICOLE

What do you mean "one thing led to another"?

SHAWN  
Tensions were high. Guns were drawn.

NICOLE  
But you just... shot him? What happened?

SHAWN  
You a baker or a prosecutor?

Nicole laughs.

NICOLE  
No, it's just, I always think about you. Ten years I've been wondering exactly what happened.

A beat -- this touches Shawn. He opens up his mouth to speak, but hesitates. He takes a deep breath...

SHAWN  
I, uh -- I had a flashback.

NICOLE  
A flashback?

SHAWN  
He pulled his gun and, I dunno, I was back in Afghanistan all the sudden.

(a beat)  
I didn't shoot him. I broke his neck. With my hands, apparently. Some ribs, his wrist. Fractured the skull of the surviving witness. Put him in a coma... with my fists.

NICOLE  
Jesus. I knew you could fight, but didn't know you could do all that.

SHAWN  
Either did I. I don't remember any of it. I blacked out, y'know...

(a beat)  
When the cops got there, and I finally came to, I was standing over his body screamin', "Taslim sha! Topak departmidzaka Kixizde!"

NICOLE  
Huh?

SHAWN

Pashto for "Surrender. Drop your weapons."

(a beat)

Never happened before, never happened since. And I never told anyone about it either.

She puts her hand on his shoulder. He looks to her.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

It's kinda embarrassing.

NICOLE

Hey, you don't gotta be embarrassed. Like I said, you've been through a lot. And with Michael... Just... you don't gotta be embarrassed.

They look into each other's eyes. This is when they should kiss. Except...

Just then, a white SUV rounds the corner and stops directly in front of them. The back door opens...

Chris is shoved onto the sidewalk. He lands hard, whimpering.

Nicole rushes to him.

Shawn stands.

The passenger window rolls down, revealing Last Rites.

Shawn takes a step towards Last Rites.

From the back seat, one of the Goons levels a PP-2000 SUBMACHINE GUN at Shawn. Shawn stops.

LAST RITES

(to Nicole)

Pay up.

The SUV tears off and disappears into the night.

EXT. NICOLE'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

From a distance, we see Nicole talking with a POLICE OFFICER, as Chris is carted into an ambulance. Nicole waves the Police Officer off as she climbs into the ambulance with Chris.

Across the street, Shawn looks on from the shadows.

The ambulance, SIRENS and lights blazing, pulls off. The POLICE CAR follows.

Suddenly: it's quiet. Shawn watches them go for a beat before stepping out of the shadows. Shawn is about to take off down the street when he notices something...

HEADLIGHTS come his direction on the otherwise empty street.

Shawn quickly ducks back in the shadows.

As the headlights creep closer and slow near Nicole's Shop, the vehicle comes into view for the first time...

The D.O.C. van. As it passes under a streetlight, Sheehan and Malcolm are clearly visible. They peer out, watching.

Shawn, crouched in the shadows, watches.

Sheehan and Malcolm, finding nothing, pull away.

Shawn almost smirks as they drive off -- "Game on."

EXT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE/INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The D.O.C. van is parked across the street. A STRAY CAT sniffs the tire.

Sheehan and Malcolm peer into a large uncovered window...

Inside, Grandmother folds CLOTHES on the couch, watching TV.

Outside, Malcolm and Sheehan whisper to each other...

MALCOLM

This is a waste of time.

SHEEHAN

This is police work.

MALCOLM

Spying on an old lady? He's not dumb enough to be in there.

SHEEHAN

He could come down those stairs any minute. You'd be surprised.

MALCOLM

He's an Army Ranger: you'd be surprised.

(a beat)

Let's call it in already.

SHEEHAN

No harm, no foul, right?

MALCOLM

How does that even apply here?

SHEEHAN

He hasn't done anything; no one knows he's out yet. That gives us the luxury of investigating him. Call it in: we'll be investigated.

(a beat)

I don't wanna be under a microscope. Warden Greenlee doesn't wanna be under a microscope. And with all the ethanol you still got flowing through your veins, I'm sure you don't wanna be under a microscope either.

A beat -- Malcolm has no response.

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)

So let's try and put this con back in shackles and avoid a board review, huh?

Sheehan turns back to the window. So does Malcolm.

In the house, Shawn's Grandmother continues doing her laundry before she notices something on TV and stands...

CLOSE ON: The TV. The nightly news is just starting. It's not audible, but there is a clear view of a POLICE SKETCH RESEMBLING SHAWN in sunglasses. Below are the words "Mets Fan Murder: suspect on the run."

Shawn's Grandmother just stands there watching for a moment, before she composes herself, sits on the couch and calmly continues folding.

Sheehan and Malcolm watch on, from outside, in disbelief. Malcolm turns to Sheehan.

MALCOLM

"No harm, no foul"?

CLOSE ON: The TV. A pretty Asian REPORTER is in front of the bar where Casso died. The background is teeming with POLICE.

INT. PAC'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A different TV SCREEN, but the same newscast. The Reporter is now audible...

REPORTER

...has not yet released details,  
but witnesses are saying the bar's  
bathroom was the scene of the  
intense struggle that lead to  
Thomas Casso's untimely death...

Pac sits on the couch with the PHONE to his ear. The apartment is nice and homey, KID'S TOYS scattered around.

PAC

(into phone)

Nah, this ain't no coincidence,  
'Los. Someone's comin' for us.

INTERCUT with...

INT. CARLOS' APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Carlos stands, drinking DARK LIQUOR and watching the same newscast on a small TV. He too has a phone to his ear.

CARLOS

(into phone)

You're overreacting, hermanito.

PAC

We pull that job, four days later  
Tommy's dead. I ain't overreactin'.

CARLOS

He liked to push people around,  
your friend Tommy... Someone  
finally pushed back is all.

Carlos takes a long sip. Pac sighs...

PAC

I'm not riskin' it. Gettin' outta  
Dodge for a couple weeks. D.R. I  
suggest you do the same.

Carlos drinks again, never taking his eyes off the news.

CARLOS

I'll take my chances.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Early morning. A STREET SWEEPER whooshes by. Across from the park, Shawn wanders aimlessly. He stops, noticing...

Two familiar WHITE SUVs are parked in the parking lot.

Curious, he looks beyond the SUVs...

On the dewy soccer field, a shirtless Last Rites, along with Enver and other goons, play a casual match.

LAST RITES

(to Enver)

Come on, fat man! Is exercise!

Rites kicks a hard pass up-field. Enver struggles to keep up.

Shawn thinks it over -- "Should I stay out of it?" He takes a deep breath and he makes a bee-line to the soccer field.

As the match continues, Shawn steps onto the field unnoticed. He marches towards Last Rites.

Last Rites finally sees Shawn and stops mid-play.

The Goons follow Rites' gaze, stop playing and rush to Shawn.

Shawn doesn't resist as the Goons surround him and hold him by the arms. He just stares at Last Rites...

Last Rites, hands on knees, breathing heavy, stares back.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)

Who is this?

ENVER

(Albanian accent)

It is baker's boyfriend.

Realizing, a smile creeps across Rites' face as he stands up.

LAST RITES

I have no business with you.

SHAWN

But I got some with you, boss.

Last Rites shrugs and gestures for Shawn to be freed.

The Goons frisk Shawn -- rough, fast -- and release him.

Shawn gets directly in Last Rites' face. Rites shows no fear as he motions for his goons to stay calm.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

You stay away from that shop, that girl, and her family. Got it?

LAST RITES

Ah, but I have right to collect my debts, yes?

SHAWN

She doesn't owe you shit. Stay the hell away from her. I won't tell you again.

Last Rites looks to his crew, smiles.

LAST RITES

Maybe I should take hammer to her hands as well... for fun.

Last Rites' smile fades and he steps closer to Shawn.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)

Or maybe -- maybe -- I just cut baker's throat, burn shop and say "Fuck money"... for principle.

A beat -- Shawn holds eye-contact, lets out a resigned sigh, and turns to leave. Then, suddenly...

Shawn spins around and clocks Last Rites in the jaw -- hard.

Last Rites falls to the ground.

The Goons close in, but...

WOOP-WOOP! The sound of an NYPD CRUISER. All turn to see...

Some distance away, a police car pulls to a stop and two COPS hop out. One hollers at them...

COP

Let's break it up, fellas. I'm not writin' paperwork 'cause of soccer.

One of the goons helps Last Rites up. He spits blood. Last Rites grabs Shawn's arm, hard, and pulls him closer.

LAST RITES

(hushed)

If I find you: I kill you.

Rites lets Shawn go and heads back towards the parking lot.

As Shawn watches them leave, his phone rings. He answers...

SHAWN  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah.

On the other line...

FAT FRANKY (V.O.)  
 We traced one of the numbers.

I/E. SOUVENIR SHOP - DAY

From outside of the shop, Shawn is seen, inside, paying. The phone conversation continues in VOICE OVER...

FAT FRANKY (V.O.)  
 It goes back to a Paco "Pac"  
 Jimenez of Corona.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
 Know him?

FAT FRANKY (V.O.)  
 No, but I'm surprised I don't. He's  
 made quite a name for himself as a  
 stick-up artist in recent years.

Shawn exits the shop and puts on a new black WINDBREAKER with "I Love (heart) Queens" across the back and a black METS HAT.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

PEOPLE rush to work; the sidewalk is packed with commuters.

Amongst them, Shawn walks, determination written on his face.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
 So how will we know for sure if  
 this Pac guy was involved?

FAT FRANKY (V.O.)  
 I asked my contact at the phone  
 company to look into that.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
 And?

FAT FRANKY (V.O.)  
 He was able to recover some texts.  
 (a beat)  
 Two days after Michael's murder Pac  
 writes to Tommy, "Moved everything."  
 (MORE)

FAT FRANKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Got your cut." If that's not proof,  
 I don't know what is.

Shawn stops, noticing something...

At a NEWS STAND, all of the morning PAPERS -- The Times, Daily News, The Post, even The Wall Street Journal -- have the police sketch of Shawn on the front page.

Shawn lowers his hat, concealing his face, and walks away.

EXT. QUEENS STREET - DAY

Shawn continues walking...

FAT FRANKY (V.O.)  
 If you don't know by now, let me be  
 the first to tell you: your face is  
 all over the news. They don't know  
 your name yet -- for now you're  
 "The Mets Fan Killer" -- but it's  
 only a matter of time.

Shawn makes it to some trash cans and stops.

FAT FRANKY (V.O.)  
 What you're doing, what you hope to  
 accomplish, it just went from  
 "nearly impossible" to  
 "preposterously futile". Anyone  
 else, I'd say, "Stop. Walk away."  
 But I won't dare say that to you.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
 Good. I wouldn't dare listen.

Shawn looks around, making sure the coast is clear, and reaches behind the trash cans. He produces a PACKAGE loosely wrapped in news paper. It's only now that it's revealed Shawn is across the street from...

THE BAR. Casso's murder scene. A few UNIFORM COPS flit around outside, oblivious to Shawn.

FAT FRANKY (V.O.)  
 His last known address is in Lefrak  
 City. Building twelve, apartment  
 sixty-eight. Be safe, my friend.

Shawn peels back the newspaper and exposes both Rurgers.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
 I'll try.

Shawn tucks the package under his arm and walks away.  
As he leaves unnoticed, the D.O.C. van pulls up to the bar.

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Sheehan and Malcolm peer out at the scene. They both look like shit, but Malcolm is worse, fighting a severe hangover.

SHEEHAN

So we're on the same page then?

MALCOLM

The page that says now we have to catch him 'cause he committed a highly public murder and, if he gets caught by anybody other than us, we'll probably end up in the cell right next to him? That page?

Sheehan stares back at Malcolm for a beat, not amused.

SHEEHAN

Yeah. That page.

Malcolm just shakes his head, exits the van. So does Sheehan.

INT. PAC'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Pac transfers CLOTHES from a dresser to a suitcase.

On the bed, sits a BOY, 9, watching Pac's every move.

PAC

Then we might watch a baseball game, maybe a cock-fight. Just relax, spend time with family. Drink a few beers if it's hot.

BOY

I wanna go.

At the dresser, Pac lifts some clothes to reveal a BABY EAGLE 9MM HANDGUN hidden away in the drawer.

PAC

I know, tigre. When you get older.

With his back turned to the Boy, Pac tucks the gun into the front of his pants. He pulls his shirt over to conceal it.

PAC (CONT'D)  
 Don't tell your mom about the cock-  
 fights, huh? Our secret.

Pac turns to the Boy and smiles.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Shawn sits on the crowded speeding subway. He stares down to the die-cast plane in his hand. He looks up and sees...

A COP enters the car from another.

Shawn lowers his hat and turns around in his seat, pretending to look at the MAP behind him.

The COP, not noticing Shawn, keeps walking.

Shawn lets out a subtle sigh of relief.

EXT. QUEENS STREET - DAY

A baby-face ROOKIE COP talks to someone off screen...

ROOKIE COP  
 Who'd you say you guys were again?

Across from him, stands Sheehan and Malcolm.

SHEEHAN  
 I told you: a special commission  
 for the Department of Corrections.  
 We help investigate all violent  
 crimes committed against ex-cons.  
 Your lieutenant knows about us.

Malcolm shows the Rookie Cop his D.O.C. BADGE.

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)  
 Now what were you saying about the  
 vic's belongings?

A beat -- The Rookie Cop, skeptical, is reluctant to speak.

ROOKIE COP  
 The perp stole his phone

SHEEHAN  
 And where was it last traced to?

Again, the Rookie seems reluctant.

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)  
 C'mon, kid. I know the DT's tracked  
 it. I got a lieutenant too. Don't  
 make me go back empty-handed.

The Rookie Cop sighs...

ROOKIE COP  
 It's not an exact science, y'know,  
 but they got it down to a two-block  
 radius: thirty-first road between  
 twenty-first and Crescent.

(a beat)  
 But that was last night. The perp  
 either turned it off or destroyed  
 it then. He's long gone by now.

Sheehan gives a nod of gratitude and heads towards the van.  
 Once they're out of earshot...

SHEEHAN  
 (to Malcolm)  
 See that? Police work.

Malcolm stops, noticing something...

A BAR WORKER hauls TRASH BAGS out of the side of the building  
 into an alley.

Malcolm gestures for Sheehan to follow. They approach the Bar  
 Worker.

MALCOLM  
 (to Bar Worker)  
 You work here?

The Bar Worker looks down to the bags in his hands -- "Duh."

MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
 Ever work nights?

BAR WORKER  
 Usually. Whole fuckin' place  
 flooded -- so here I am.

MALCOLM  
 This Tommy Casso, you knew him?

The Bar Worker nods and studies them...

BAR WORKER  
 Never missed a home game. You cops?

Malcolm shakes his head.

BAR WORKER (CONT'D)  
Well I ain't no snitch... for free.

The Bar Worker extends his open palm. Sheehan stares at it.

SHEEHAN  
Now you listen here, shitbird--

Malcolm nudges Sheehan, urging him to pay. Sheehan sighs, reluctantly digs in his pocket, and starts peeling off BILLS.

MALCOLM  
Who did he roll with?

BAR WORKER  
A lot of people.

MALCOLM  
Anyone who might know the who and why of his murder?

The Bar Worker looks to Sheehan's cash. Sheehan hands over some money. The Bar Worker lowers his voice, like he's afraid someone will hear...

BAR WORKER  
I don't know for sure, but there was this one dude... real nervous. Always talked to Tommy, whispering off in some corner. I think they mighta, y'know, did some dirt together in their time, maybe.

MALCOLM  
You got a name, location for this nervous dude?

Again, The Bar Worker looks to the Sheehan's cash.

Sheehan shakes his head and counts off some more bills...

INT. PAC'S APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

Inside the apartment, the Boy peers through the door-crack, the chain-lock still connected. After a moment...

BOY  
You're that one guy from the news.

Across from him, in the hallway, stands Shawn. His hand is tucked in his jacket, ready to draw his gun at any moment. He attempts to look past the Boy into the apartment.

SHAWN

Nah, boss. You must be confused.  
Your dad home?

BOY

He don't live here.

SHAWN

I'm lookin' for Pac Jimenez.

BOY

That's my mom's boyfriend... You  
sure you ain't him? The Mets guy?

SHAWN

I'm a friend of Paco. A real good  
friend. That's probably why you  
recognize me. Is he here? Pac?

The Boy shakes his head.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Know when he'll be back?

BOY

I think like three weeks.

Shawn's expression turns to panic.

SHAWN

What?!? Where did he go?

BOY

Dominican Republic.

SHAWN

When?

BOY

I dunno. Just now.

SHAWN

How's he gettin' to the airport?

BOY

You should prob'ly talk to my mom.

Shawn calms himself and bends down to the boy's level.

SHAWN

Listen, boss. If I don't handle the business I have with him right now, before he gets on that plane, well I'll never forgive myself. It's that important.

A beat.

BOY

He prob'ly just took his car.

SHAWN

Right. His car. Remind me what it looks like again...

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

The van snakes through the narrow streets of the massive housing complex. Malcolm drives.

SHEEHAN

"Pac from Lefrak City". No last name, no specific address, and we're in one of the biggest housing complexes in the world.

Sheehan shakes his head.

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)

What exactly are you hoping to get out of this shit-show?

Malcolm, peering out of the window, perks up...

MALCOLM

Dianellos!

SHEEHAN

No shit. But we shoulda--

MALCOLM

It's Dianellos!

Running down the other side of the street, full-bore in the opposite direction, is Shawn.

As he runs past, he makes brief eye-contact with...

Malcolm and Sheehan stare back, frozen in abject shock.

Malcolm slams it in reverse, attempting to turn around but backs up hard into a parked car -- CRASH!

SHEEHAN

The hell are you doing? He's  
getting away!

Shawn cuts around a corner and disappears from their view.

EXT. CORONA STREETS - DAY

Shawn runs as hard as he can. Sweat flows from his skin.

In his hand -- finger on the trigger -- is a Ruger.

I/E. PAC'S CAR/FREEWAY ON-RAMP - DAY

Pac pulls on to the ramp and immediately hits stopped  
traffic. He starts to back up, but...

Another car pulls up right behind him, boxing Pac in.

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

They speed freely through the streets. No sign of Shawn.

SHEEHAN

We lost him! Shit!

EXT. CORONA STREETS - DAY

Shawn continues his sprint, but slows as he tires. Eventually  
he stops completely, sucking down giant gulps of air.

Still, his eyes dart from here to there, scanning the  
streets. He stands up straight and peers up at the highway.

On the ramp, stuck in traffic, is a RED BMW.

I/E. PAC'S CAR/FREEWAY ON-RAMP - DAY

Pac sits impatiently in his car and leans on the horn. HONK!  
He notices something in the rearview mirror...

Shawn is clearly visible in the mirror's reflection as he  
raises his Ruger and takes aim...

Pac's eyes widen and he ducks out of the way just as...

BANG! A shot comes through the back window and explodes  
through the drivers side headrest.

Pac bursts out of the car, draws his Baby Eagle 9mm, blind-fires at Shawn -- BANG-BANG-BANG! -- and takes off running.

Shawn returns fire...

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Malcolm and Sheehan listen to the distant GUN SHOTS.

SHEEHAN

That way!

Malcolm floors it.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

On the shoulder of the freeway, Pac runs for his life.

Shawn is some distance behind, but keeps pace.

As traffic opens up, cars whiz by.

Pac darts across traffic -- HORNS BLARE and TIRES SCREECH.

Shawn stops and takes aim at Pac. BANG!

The shot rips through Pac's back, but he manages to move forward and make it off of the highway.

Shawn starts to chase, but stops -- oncoming traffic.

EXT. MEADOW LAKE - DAY

Pac stumbles through the high reeds near the lake. He's losing energy. He looks down to his hand...

It's covered in blood. The bullet went all the way through.

Shawn, having made it across, runs. As he's sprinting, his second Ruger falls out of his holster. He doesn't notice.

With Pac in the distance, Shawn stops and raises his gun.

A staggering Pac is squarely in the gun's sight.

Shawn squeezes the trigger. BANG!

Pac collapses.

Shawn rushes to Pac and bends down. A breeze whips through the reeds. Traffic zooms by in the background.

Pac gurgles up some blood.

SHAWN  
Why did you have to kill him, huh?  
You had the drugs. I know you had  
the drugs already!

Pac pushes out a chuckle. He strains to speak.

PAC  
It was never... no robbery, man.

Shawn is visibly confused.

PAC (CONT'D)  
Don't you get it? It was a hit.

Shawn's confusion gives way to anger.

SHAWN  
He was just a kid! Why? Why him?

Pac coughs up more blood. He tries to speak, but can't...  
Shawn leans in. Pac can barely muster the energy to say...

PAC  
Ask Rites.

A beat -- Shawn, utterly shocked, takes in this statement.  
And, just at that moment, Pac dies.

Regaining situational awareness, Shawn looks up...

A SMALL CROWD has gathered at the edge of the freeway and is  
looking down at him.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Malcolm and Sheehan push their way through the crowd and  
survey the distance...

Shawn is a distant speck, running away through the reeds.

SHEEHAN  
(yelling to Shawn)  
Dianellos!

Shawn's gone.

Malcolm and Sheehan turn and march off, looking more  
determined than ever.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Shawn, walking down the sidewalk, has the phone to his ear.

SHAWN  
What would he want with Mikey?

On the other line...

FAT FRANKY (V.O.)  
Last Rites wants to control the  
entire meth market. He's willing to  
do anything to make that happen.

SHAWN  
But order a hit on a stash house?

FAT FRANKY (V.O.)  
Maybe it's time we consider Michael  
was doing more than just stashing  
product...

Shawn stops dead in his tracks.

SHAWN  
I'm addin' Last Rites to my list.

Fat Franky sighs.

FAT FRANKY (V.O.)  
Of course you are.  
(a beat)  
How much time do you have left?

A WOMAN gives Shawn a long suspicious look as she walks past.

Shawn lowers his hat and his voice...

SHAWN  
Less than a day. Twenty hours from  
now, I'll be back in that cell.

FAT FRANKY (V.O.)  
Then I'll get to work finding Last  
Rites' exact location. Until then,  
stay off the streets. We can talk  
at the funeral.

Shawn clicks off his phone.

EXT. MEADOW LAKE - DAY

Pac's lifeless face -- he lays amongst the flattened reeds.

The area surrounding the lake is now a bustling crime scene: all types of NYPD INVESTIGATORS do their various jobs.

Carlos looks down at Pac. Next to Carlos stands a HOMICIDE DETECTIVE. Carlos gives a nod -- "Yeah, that's him" -- and the MEDICAL EXAMINER covers Pac with a sheet.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
We'll still need ya to come down to  
the precinct, of course.

Carlos nods as a UNIFORM COP emerges from the reeds...

UNIFORM COP  
Detective...

The Uniform Cop holds up the Ruger (that Shawn dropped). It has a little mud on it, but otherwise looks as nice as ever.

Carlos stares at the gun.

UNIFORM COP (CONT'D)  
That's a fuckin' beautiful firearm,  
right there.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
Show some fuckin' restraint, huh?  
This is the vic's brother, for  
christ-sake.

The Uniform Cop tips his hat as an apology.

But Carlos never takes his eyes off of...

THE RUGER.

INT. NICOLE'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Nicole refills COFFEE for a table of uniformed ROAD WORKERS.

Shawn appears at the window and knocks on the glass. He motions for Nicole to come out.

EXT. NICOLE'S COFFEE SHOP, BACK ALLEY - DAY

Nicole lights a CIGARETTE...

NICOLE  
You mind?

Shawn, standing near her, shakes his head.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Only when I'm stressed, y'know?

She forces out a long stream of smoke.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Won't be able to make the funeral.  
Chris was supposed to cover the  
afternoon shift.

SHAWN  
Don't worry about it. Take care of  
your family... your business.

Nicole scoffs.

NICOLE  
"My business."

SHAWN  
What?

NICOLE  
Signing it over as soon as  
possible.

SHAWN  
What? Why?

NICOLE  
'Cause my son won't be able to grip  
a pencil, hold a glass of water, or  
turn a doorknob for four to six  
months... That's why.

A beat -- this lands.

SHAWN  
So you know how to get in touch  
with him then? Rites?

She shakes her head...

NICOLE  
He usually just sends somebody.

SHAWN  
What about a place he operates out  
of?

Nicole shrugs.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I mean, no clue where he took  
Chris? To... y'know.

NICOLE

We asked Chris that. He just  
rambled on about "opportunities" or  
something. Think the pain meds made  
him a little high.

SHAWN

Well, don't you think we should,  
uh, end this thing ASAP? In person.

NICOLE

We?

She flicks away her cigarette.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Look, no offense, but you should  
really drop this. Don't spend what  
little time you have out here  
playing hero for me. 'Cause I'll be  
dealing with this long after you go  
back. Guaranteed. Just...

(a beat)

Be glad you don't have a reason to  
beef with a guy like Last Rites.

Shawn opens his mouth to speak, but just nods instead.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You go back tomorrow, right?

Shawn nods again.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

How about you lemme cook you a  
goodbye dinner?

SHAWN

You've done more than enough.

NICOLE

No, you don't understand. Chris  
still in the hospital...

She touches his hand.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I don't wanna be alone.

Shawn stares into her eyes for a moment and then nods.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Let's say nine. My apartment's  
right upstairs...

Shawn looks up, past the fire escape, to the second floor.

INT. POOL HALL - DAY

Carlos enters...

The pool hall is dim, dingy, and dangerous. A couple of  
overweight Black BIKERS shoot nine-ball and swill BEER.

Carlos makes his way to the back of the room where a BOUNCER  
sits by a door. They give each other a cordial nod. The  
Bouncer presses a button and speaks into an INTERCOM.

BOUNCER  
I got Carlos.

After a moment, the door BUZZES and Carlos goes through...

INT. POOL HALL, BACK ROOM - DAY

The room is a full-fledged gun shop. GUNS of all shapes and  
sizes line the walls. By the door: another SECURITY GUY.

In the center of the room, organizing some guns on a table,  
is FLOYD, 33, a skinny Black guy with thick glasses.

FLOYD  
'Los! My Dominican brother from  
another mother. Got a special on  
Vietnam-era hand-grenades: shrapnel  
like a mu'fucka.

Carlos just stands there for a beat, then...

CARLOS  
Pac's dead.

Floyd raises his glasses.

FLOYD  
Whoa. That's heavy shit.

CARLOS  
Same guy who did Casso.

FLOYD

Well if I know you, 'Los, that guy just saw his last sunrise in New York City, jack. Any leads on 'im?

CARLOS

The cops found a Ruger there: Kingwood grip, blued metal, custom shit. Sell anything like that?

FLOYD

Nah, you know me, baby: strictly function over form.

CARLOS

Who moves that kinda merch then?

Floyd thinks on it.

FLOYD

Only guy sellin' somethin' like that, this day-n-age... Fat Franky.

ON CARLOS -- dismayed but resolute.

EXT. THIRTY-FIRST ROAD - DAY

A SLIT OF BLOWN-OUT LIGHT on an otherwise BLACK SCREEN. Sheehan's face enters the light. He squints, searching, as he shines a FLASHLIGHT directly at us...

Sheehan is bent down, looking in a storm-drain. Malcolm stands behind him, watching on.

MALCOLM

We should be at the funeral.

SHEEHAN

Thought you said he wasn't stupid.

MALCOLM

He's not. He's sentimental. Guy like that would never miss his own son's funeral.

Sheehan stands and turns to Malcolm.

SHEEHAN

Listen, we find the phone, we find out why he was in this neighborhood, and then we find him. It's not pretty, it's...

MALCOLM  
Police work.

SHEEHAN  
Police work.

INT. SAINT DEMETRIOS CATHEDRAL - DAY

Two COFFINS, surrounded by FLOWERS and PICTURES OF MICHAEL AND AMBER, sit at the front of the ornate cathedral.

MOURNERS, in their somber Sunday-best, find seats. Some cry. Others carry on hushed conversations.

On the balcony, Shawn sits with his back against the wall, out of sight. He looks at the die-cast plane in his palm.

ORGAN MUSIC plays, signifying the start of the service. Shawn stands, looking down to the pews, making sure he's unnoticed.

The sea of mourners uniformly looks straight ahead, except...

His Grandmother. She stares up at Shawn and gives him a nod.

Shawn nods too.

She turns back towards the front of the church.

EXT. THIRTY-FIRST ROAD - DAY

Sheehan searches the grass near the sidewalk. Malcolm does the same, albeit less enthusiastically. Malcolm notices...

Down the street, a full block away, Fat Franky and Marios emerge from their house...

FAT FRANKY  
*Pull it around. And hurry, we're  
already late.*

Fat Franky tosses Marios the KEYS as he walks down the block.

Franky coughs, looks up, and makes eye-contact with...

Malcolm, never taking his eyes off of Fat Franky, taps Sheehan on the shoulder. Sheehan looks and locks eyes with...

Fat Franky is frozen in shock.

Malcolm and Sheehan's shared disbelief quickly turns to determination as they wordlessly proceed towards Fat Franky. They only make it a few steps, before...

Out of nowhere, Carlos, PISTOL in hand, runs up on Fat Franky. They engage in a heated, frantic conversation...

SCREECH! Marios pulls up and hops out of the car. He draws his gun, but it's too late...

POP-POP! Carlos shoots Marios twice in the leg. Marios falls to the ground.

Carlos ushers Fat Franky into the car at gunpoint. Carlos gets in the driver's side and they tear off.

Sheehan already runs in the other direction, towards the van.

SHEEHAN  
(to Malcolm)  
Hurry up!

Sheehan, followed by Malcolm, gets in. The van speeds off.

Marios lays on the sidewalk, barely conscious, bleeding.

I/E. CARLOS' CAR - DAY

Carlos speeds through the streets.

CARLOS  
Tell me, viejo!

FAT FRANKY  
I've never sold anything like that,  
my friend.

Carlos puts his pistol to Fat Franky's head.

CARLOS  
Willing to die for a customer?

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Sheehan's at the wheel. Malcolm rides shotgun.

SHEEHAN  
Gonna take us straight to  
Dianellos. I can feel it.

Malcolm nods and gestures to Carlos' car ahead...

MALCOLM  
Ease up, now. Not too close.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Michael's funeral procession -- a LIMO, a HEARSE, other CARS -  
- pull up to the fresh grave.

Far away, Shawn watches. Behind him, a few GRAVE DIGGERS work  
on another grave from their PICK-UP TRUCK. Tinny MARIACHI  
MUSIC comes from the truck's stereo. Shawn dials his phone...

I/E. CARLOS' CAR - DAY

Fat Franky's phone RINGS...

CARLOS  
Answer. Speaker.

Fat Franky picks up his phone, on speaker-phone.

FAT FRANKY  
Hello?

INTERCUT with...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Shawn has his phone to his ear...

SHAWN  
Franky, where are you?

FAT FRANKY  
On my way.

SHAWN  
We're already at the graveyard.

FAT FRANKY  
I'll be there shortly. Goodbye.

SHAWN  
Whoa. Whoa. Hold on. Any word on  
Last Rites' whereabouts?

Carlos perks up at the mention of Rites. He presses the gun  
even harder against the side of Fat Franky's head.

FAT FRANKY  
No, not yet. I'm working on it.

SHAWN  
 He ordered a hit on my son, Franky.  
 I gotta get to him. Now. I'm  
 runnin' outta time here.

Carlos' eyes widen.

CARLOS  
 (whispering)  
 Where is he?

FAT FRANKY  
 (into phone)  
 Where are you?

SHAWN  
 I told you, we're already at the  
 cemetery.

FAT FRANKY  
 Yes, but which one, my friend?

A beat -- Shawn comes to the slow realization...

SHAWN  
 Who's with you?

No response.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
 Can they hear me right now?

Again, no response. Carlos is fixated on the phone.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
 Who's listenin'? Huh? Speak for  
 yourself, goddamnit!

Carlos snatches the phone from Fat Franky. After a moment...

CARLOS  
 You killed my brother, maricon.

Shawn takes a few steps away from the Grave Diggers and  
 lowers his voice.

SHAWN  
 He killed my son.

CARLOS  
 He didn't do it alone, papi.  
 (a beat)  
 Your son, he died fast. I'm gonna  
 make sure you go out real slow.

SHAWN

I'm at Mount Olivet. Right out in  
the open. Come and get me, boss  
(a beat)  
But you let Franky go.

Carlos scoffs.

CARLOS

And lose my collateral?  
(a beat)  
Be where you say you are.

CLICK.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Carlos' car does a wild u-turn, and zooms off in the other  
direction.

Moments later, the D.O.C. van busts a u-turn too.

I/E. CARLOS' CAR - DAY

Carlos is too focused to realize he's being tailed, but Fat  
Franky looks in the mirror and notices...

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Sheehan grips the wheel tight. Malcolm's gaze is steely.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The PALLBEARERS slide Michael's casket out of the hearse. The  
distant burial service begins, a BEARDED PRIEST presiding.

Shawn watches on, as he pulls out his Ruger. He opens the  
cylinder and methodically reloads it -- BULLET after BULLET.

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Sheehan and Malcolm watch on as Carlos' car speeds under a  
sign reading "Mount Olivet Cemetery".

MALCOLM

Told you!

Sheehan stares ahead, undeterred.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

There are the far-off sounds of TIRES SQUEALING and ENGINES REVVING... getting closer.

Shawn steps towards the noise and looks out...

After a moment, in the distance, Carlos' car rounds the corner of an access roads and slams to a stop.

Well behind Carlos, out of sight, the D.O.C van stops too.

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Sheehan and Malcolm scan their surroundings.

MALCOLM

There he is -- Dianellos -- up on that hill.

Sheehan follows Malcolm's gaze...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Carlos emerges from his car and ushers Fat Franky out at gunpoint. They stand there, both looking up at Shawn.

Shawn calls out...

SHAWN

Let him go!

Shawn and Fat Franky lock eyes. Fat Franky forces a resigned smile -- "It's alright. I'll be okay."

Just then, CARLOS RAISES HIS GUN AND SHOOTS FAT FRANKY IN THE HEAD. Fat Franky, instantly dead, falls to the ground.

Everyone in the area -- Michael's Mourners, the Grave Diggers, Sheehan, Malcolm -- are stunned and confused.

Shawn springs into action -- BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG! -- and unloads his entire cylinder in Carlos' direction.

Carlos is quick though. He makes it to the opposite side of the car and springs up, returning fire -- POP-POP-POP!

Shawn ducks behind a tree and reloads.

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Sheehan cocks his GUN and is about to exit the van...

MALCOLM

What are you doing?

SHEEHAN

A lot of good it does us if we  
bring him back in a body bag.

And just like that, Sheehan's out the door.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Shawn and Carlos engage in a somewhat tactical fire-fight.  
Each emerging from their cover only to let off a shot or two.

Sheehan barrels towards Carlos -- BANG-BANG-BANG! --  
squeezing the trigger.

Carlos, taking fire from two directions and overwhelmed,  
dives into his car, taking shelter.

Sheehan and Shawn share brief eye-contact...

Shawn turns away, running to the pick-up truck. The Grave  
Diggers cower in fear. Shawn hops in and cranks the engine.

Sheehan turns back to car and fires into the rear-window...

I/E. CARLOS' CAR - DAY

Carlos ducks down in the front seat of the car. BULLETS WHIZ  
over his head. He reaches up and jams the still running car  
into reverse. With his hand, he mashes the gas...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

As Carlos' car come flying backwards towards him, Sheehan  
hits the deck, barely making it out of the way.

Meanwhile, Shawn, in the pick-up truck, floors it and --  
CRASH! -- smashes into the side of Carlos' car.

I/E. CARLOS' CAR - DAY

Despite the impact of the crash, Carlos manages to climb into  
the driver's seat, shift into drive, and speed away.

I/E. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Shawn spins the wheel hard and floors it, giving chase.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Sheehan raises himself off the ground and runs back to the D.O.C. van. Sheehan gets in and, before he can even close the door, Malcolm slams the accelerator...

The Mourners at the funeral service watch as all three vehicles -- Carlos' car, Shawn's pick-up, and Malcolm and Sheehan's van -- disappear around a corner.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - DAY

CAR CHASE! All three vehicles engage in a high-speed pursuit through the bleak, gritty, industrial streets of Queens -- Shawn chasing Carlos, Malcolm and Sheehan chasing Shawn. They take corners at high speeds, crash into things, and narrowly avoid pedestrians -- SCREECHING TIRES and burnt rubber, SQUEALING BRAKES and bruised metal. This is how men at the end of their ropes go: nothing slick or subdued about it. Then, as the chase continues...

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Sheehan reloads his gun.

MALCOLM

What now?

SHEEHAN

See if I can't slow down our wayward inmate. Keep her steady.

Sheehan rolls down his window and hoists half his body out. He levels his gun -- BANG!

I/E. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

The shot ricochets near the pick-up's tire.

Shawn glances in the rear-view as he continues to drive.

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Sheehan, still hanging out of the van, squints, focusing on keeping his gun steady -- BANG! -- He lets off another round.

I/E. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

The rear-tire of the truck explodes...

Shawn tries to keep steady, but he's losing control...

The pick-up truck spins-out wildly...

It crashes, ass-first, into a pole.

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Sheehan ducks back into the van, looks out of the windshield.

SHEEHAN

Slow down!

Malcolm slams the brakes, cuts the wheel too hard and...

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The van barrel-rolls a few times -- a truly spectacular sight -- and lands, right-side-up, hard against the pick-up truck.

I/E. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Shawn is jolted by the impact. He peers out of the window.

Carlos' car speeds away, going out of sight around a corner.

Shawn looks straight ahead...

The pick-up's engine starts to smoke profusely. Then, flames.

Shawn opens the door and exits the mangled truck...

EXT. ROAD - DAY

He stumbles onto the smoky road and assess the situation...

The flames grow and not only threaten to consume the pick-up, but also the D.O.C. van.

Shawn inspects the van...

Sheehan is unconscious and Malcolm is hurt badly. Malcolm, groggy, looks to Shawn.

After a moment, Shawn turns his back and runs away, disappearing through the smoke.

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Malcolm looks ahead and panics. The flames grow taller. He looks to Sheehan -- still out cold.

Malcolm attempts to raise his arm to the ignition, but he yelps in severe pain; his arm is broken. He tries to wiggle out of his seat-belt but, with only one arm: he's stuck.

Smoke flows into the van now. Malcolm begins to cough.

He looks around frantically. There's no help in sight.

MALCOLM  
(yelling out, coughing)  
Help! Help... Help me!

Just then, through the smoke, Shawn reemerges -- silhouetted, he's the picture of strength, toughness.

He rushes to the van and tugs the door open...

SHAWN  
Shut up.

Malcolm is visibly terrified...

MALCOLM  
What-- what are you doing?

SHAWN  
Savin' your life. You mind?

Shawn enters, unbuckles Malcolm, and shoves him to the side.

Shawn cranks the ignition -- it takes a couple of tries, but it finally turns over and the van roars to life.

Shawn puts it in reverse and pulls away from the pick-up which is now totally engulfed. Once the van is a safe distance away from the truck, Shawn hops out...

He runs to the front of the van and uses his jacket to dampen the errant flames on the hood. The van is now safe.

Shawn and Malcolm make eye-contact again...

MALCOLM  
Give it up! Turn yourself in!

Shawn just shakes his head and walks off again.

SILENCE. Then...

BOOM! The pick-up explodes. DEBRIS showers the area.

Malcolm cowers. Realizing he's safe: he sits up, puts the van into drive, and uses his good arm to steer as he pulls away.

INT. PRISON, WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Warden Greenlee sits at his desk, reading. The PHONE rings. He clicks on the SPEAKER PHONE.

GREENLEE  
Warden Greenlee.

On the other line...

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (V.O.)  
Yeah, warden. Detective Chris  
Wisniewski, NYPD homicide.

GREENLEE  
How can I help you detective?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (V.O.)  
You got an inmate up there...

GREENLEE  
About four-thousand of them.

The Homicide Detective chuckles.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (V.O.)  
Well, I'm just lookin' for one.  
(a beat)  
Shit, I know I wrote it down...

PAPERS SHUFFLE...

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (V.O.)  
Here it is... Di-a-nell-os. You got  
a Shawn Dianellos up there?

Greenlee's eyes widen. He's rendered silent for a beat.

GREENLEE  
You might not believe this: but,  
try as I might, I still can't  
remember all their names.

The Homicide Detective chuckles again.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (V.O.)  
Well, computer says you've been  
baby-sittin' him for the last ten.  
(MORE)

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Listen, I'm sure it's nothin',  
being that he's probably sittin' in  
his cell as we speak. And I feel  
real silly even callin' you 'bout  
this, but, y'know: due-diligence.

GREENLEE

What is it, detective?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (V.O.)

It's the damndest thing and, like  
I said, prob'ly our mistake: but we  
pulled a couple partials from a gun  
used in the commission of a murder.

GREENLEE

(with bated breath)

And?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE

And both prints came back to your  
Dianellos.

ON GREENLEE -- shocked, furious.

EXT. PARK - DUSK

Shawn sits on a bench, staring off, lost in his thoughts.  
He's dusted in soot, banged-up and bruised, from the crash.

Next to him, placed carefully on a slat, is the die-cast  
plane. In his hand: a Ruger.

We see what he stares at: the empty soccer field (where he  
confronted Last Rites) turned golden by the setting sun.

Then, the sound of a beefy engine approaching -- Shawn looks.

A WHITE SUV pulls into the parking lot.

Shawn, visibly surprised, anxious, stands. He slips the die-  
cast plane into his pocket and -- CLICK! -- cocks his gun.

The SUV parks...

Poised to attack, Shawn takes a step towards the SUV.

The SUV's doors open...

Shawn raises his gun, taking aim...

Out of the SUV emerges... an AFRICAN MAN and his two SONS, one carrying a SOCCER BALL. They stop cold as they notice...

Shawn stands there for a beat, gun leveled at them. He lowers it and walks away swiftly.

The African Family, scared and confused, watches him go.

INT. TIRANA CAR SALVAGE, CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

At the pool table, Last Rites carefully lines up a shot and shoots. He looks up and speaks to someone off camera.

LAST RITES  
I don't know, buddy. Is customer service issue, yes?

Across from Rites is Carlos. Behind Carlos are the prerequisite hot girls and goons. Enver stands close.

CARLOS  
Customer service?

LAST RITES  
I hire you to do job. Makes you employee, yes? You do job, but you piss off some people. And, they complain. But you cannot call owner for every complaint -- is not my fault. Is customer service issue. Best handled by employee.

CARLOS  
My brother is dead. This guy-- He-- he knows you're involved.

LAST RITES  
(to Enver)  
You sure he is not wearing wire? He talk like man who wears wire.

Enver nods.

CARLOS  
He has a crew, papi. I need to even the odds. A few bodies is all.

Rites meticulously chalks his CUE.

LAST RITES  
How do you find him?

Carlos reaches in his pocket...

The Goons instinctively clutch their guns.

Carlos slows his movement and produces a torn-off FRONT PAGE OF A NEWSPAPER. He shows it to Rites.

Rites glances at the police sketch and waves it off.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)  
That's it? A drawing?

Last Rites hunches over the table, lining up another shot.

Enver snatches the paper from Carlos and examines the sketch.

ENVER  
(to Last Rites)  
You know who this looks like?

Last Rites looks up and raises an inquisitive eye-brow.

ENVER (CONT'D)  
Yes. It is... baker's boyfriend.

ON LAST RITES -- surprised, intrigued.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door swings open to REVEAL: Shawn stands in the hallway.

Nicole is in the apartment. She's dressed down, but looking effortlessly sexy in a fitted tank-top with her hair up.

NICOLE  
A little early, bud. I'm not even  
dressed yet.

No response. He just charges past her, into the apartment...

In the light, she notices his state: dirty, bruised.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Holy shit! You okay? What happened?

SHAWN  
I need to find Last Rites.

NICOLE  
What?

SHAWN  
How do I get to him?

NICOLE  
I already told you. I don't--

SHAWN  
Think!

NICOLE  
Jesus, Shawn. Just drop--

SHAWN  
Is there anything you remember?  
Anything he said that might lead--

<p>NICOLE I told you I don't know! Slow down. Where the hell is all this coming from, Shawn? (yelling) Stay out of it! I don't need your help with this!</p>	<p>SHAWN I need you to think! You have to have some idea where he is. I need you to think! (yelling louder) It's not about you, god damnit!</p>
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This renders Nicole silent for a beat. Then, calm...

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Fat Franky's dead.

She's visibly shocked -- hand goes over open mouth.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
You get it?  
(a beat)  
It all goes back to Last Rites.  
Everything: Franky, your son... my  
son...

Nicole slowly lowers her hand, suddenly curious...

NICOLE  
Wait. What does Last Rites have to  
do with Michael?

A beat.

SHAWN  
He ordered his murder.

NICOLE  
Oh my god. How do you know?

SHAWN  
Long story.

She takes this in and, after a moment...

NICOLE

But Rites, he-- he's untouchable.  
What do you think you're gonna do  
if you do catch him?

SHAWN

Same thing I did to the other guys  
who had a part in killin' Mikey....  
Watch him take his last breath.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sheehan and Malcolm exit the hospital. Malcolm's arm is in a sling. Sheehan has a large bandage over his swollen eye. Sheehan's phone RINGS. He answers...

SHEEHAN

(into phone)  
Sheehan.

INTERCUT with...

INT. PRISON, WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Greenlee paces his office.

GREENLEE

I got a call from a Christopher  
Wisniewski today. Any idea what Mr.  
Wisniewski does for a living?

SHEEHAN

No sir.

GREENLEE

Mr. Wisniewski is a detective in  
the NYPD's homicide division.

(a beat)

Officer Sheehan, can you explain to  
me why the hell the NYPD has Shawn  
Dianellos' prints all over a fresh  
murder scene?

Sheehan opens his mouth to speak but...

GREENLEE (CONT'D)

You know what? Don't answer. Less I  
know the better.

Greenlee sighs.

GREENLEE (CONT'D)

What's lucky for us, and by "us" I mean "you", they think they got a false positive: a one-in-a-million fluke coming back to an inmate sitting in a max-security cell.

Sheehan listens intently.

GREENLEE (CONT'D)

So let me lay it plain, officer: you get him back here now, I don't know anything at all. I'll expunge any record of his furlough, make it so he never even left these walls. That's the easy part. And we don't talk about Dianellos ever again.

Greenlee stops pacing, becomes even more stern.

GREENLEE (CONT'D)

But if he's not back in his cell, by the time I get in tomorrow: I'm initiating escaped inmate procedure. Everything by the book; my black butt will be covered. But you -- you'll hang for this. And believe you me: it'll be extremely lonely on that gallows. Got it?

SHEEHAN

Warden--

GREENLEE

I don't wanna hear anything from you but, "Yes sir."

A beat.

SHEEHAN

Yes sir.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sheehan hangs up. He rips his HOSPITAL BRACELET from his wrist and discards it on the ground.

MALCOLM

The warden?

Sheehan nods. Malcolm presents his wrist to Sheehan. Sheehan rips his bracelet off too, tosses it.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
 What did he say?

SHEEHAN  
 He said we're fucked.

After a moment...

MALCOLM  
 Shall we?

SHEEHAN  
 Yeah. We shall.

They cross the street, right in the middle of the block...  
 ...and enter a brightly colored, brightly lit LIQUOR STORE.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A CIGARETTE is crushed into an ASHTRAY and left there.

Shawn and Nicole sit on her couch. She exhales smoke.

NICOLE  
 So you're the Mets Fan Killer?

SHAWN  
 If that's what they're callin' me.

NICOLE  
 And tomorrow you're just gonna go  
 back to prison like none of this  
 ever happened?

SHAWN  
 Better than the alternative: livin'  
 life on the run, lookin' over my  
 shoulder. I don't want that.  
 (a beat)  
 Why I gotta find Rites. Tonight.

NICOLE  
 Well, you're not gonna find him  
 here... This is too crazy.

She sighs. He nods in agreement.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
 You gotta go.

SHAWN  
 What?

NICOLE

I don't wanna be involved with this, Shawn. I'm now an accessory to murder, aiding and abetting a fugitive. I love you, but...

Shawn raises an eyebrow -- "You love me?"

NICOLE (CONT'D)

No. I-- I didn't mean it like that. I meant like-- Like, y'know, I--

Shawn leans in and steals a kiss -- tender, loving.

She is shocked at first, but gives in. It becomes passionate.

After a long kiss, he pulls away, leaving her wanting more...

SHAWN

Alrigt. I'm goin'.

He stands, crosses to the door and opens it. But he stops just short of leaving...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Thanks again. For everything.

NICOLE

I'll come visit.

They share a smile. Shawn has one foot out the door, when...

From outside: sound of ENGINES approaching and HORNS honking.

Nicole, concerned, jumps up and looks out of the window.

On the street below, in front of the coffee shop, Last Rites' procession of SUVs pulls to a stop. They HONK unceasingly.

Nicole turns back to Shawn...

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Shit-shit-shit! It's Rites.

Shawn immediately reaches in his jacket and draws his Ruger.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Fuck! You had a gun in here?!

Shawn turns to leave. Nicole grabs his arm, stopping him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
 Hey! No way! I don't have a cell to  
 run back to, Shawn. I gotta keep on  
 living in Astoria, Queens.

A beat -- this lands. Outside, the honking continues.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
 Lemme go talk to them. Anything you  
 do after that is your business.  
 Just don't do it at my home.

Shawn gives a reluctant nod and Nicole is out the door.  
 He moves to the window and peers out through the blinds.

EXT. NICOLE'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Rites climbs out of a SUV. He's followed by Enver and Carlos.  
 Behind them, five Goons exit the other SUV.  
 Nicole comes running out. She heads towards Last Rites.

NICOLE  
 Listen, you can have the shop,  
 okay? It's yours. I'll sign it over  
 whenever you want.

Last Rites studies her for a moment...

LAST RITES  
 Is too late for that, lady. I  
 rescind offer.

NICOLE  
 What? What do you mean?

He takes a step closer to her.

LAST RITES  
 Where is boyfriend?

NICOLE  
 I-- I don't have a boyfriend. It's  
 just me and my son. You know that.

Last Rites, incredulous, looks up to her apartment...  
 There is the slightest movement of the blinds...

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shawn backs away from the window and crouches out of sight.

EXT. NICOLE'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Last Rites looks back to Nicole, smiles even wider.

LAST RITES  
Son is still in hospital, yes?

Nicole -- realizing she's been caught -- remains silent.

Last Rites turns to his Goons and gestures towards the shop.

The Goons spring into action: they produce GAS CANS from the SUV and march towards the shop, dousing it.

Nicole steps towards the Goons, but Enver holds her back.

NICOLE  
Stop! What are you doing? Stop it!

A MATCH is struck and -- THWOOSH! -- the building ignites.

Nicole wails as she watches the fire devour her shop.

LAST RITES  
(to Carlos)  
Here is revenge for brother. If  
baker's boyfriend is smart, he  
comes out back.  
(a beat)  
Take men with you.

Carlos nods and heads to the back of shop. The Goons follow.

Enver holds back a hysterical Nicole.

ENVER  
(to Last Rites)  
And her?

LAST RITES  
Son could be witness. We take...  
alive, for now.

Enver drags Nicole towards the SUV. She screams...

NICOLE  
Shawn! Get outta there! Shawn! Run!

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Off Nicole's screams, Shawn runs over and yanks up the blinds...

Below, a SUV pulls away, cutting through the thick smoke.

Shawn panics, rushes to the front door, and opens it...

Smoke flows in and the warm glow of flames light the walls.

He slams it shut and darts through the apartment. He stops at a back-window and looks down past the fire-escape...

EXT. NICOLE'S COFFEE SHOP, BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

In the alley, Carlos and the Goons prepare for a fight.

Carlos cocks his HECKLER & KOCH USP .45 HANDGUN...

The Goons ready their various WEAPONS -- knives, guns, bats.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shawn turns away from the window and slumps against the wall, breathing heavy. He holds the die-cast plane in his hand...

Across from Shawn, flames have breached the room. Wood CRACKLES and HISSES; fire starts to consume everything around him. Smoke swirls in the air like an ethereal fog.

He lowers his head, stops breathing heavily -- suddenly calm.

Shawn looks up, his eyes steely and unemotional -- almost in a daze. He turns to the window and opens it wide.

EXT. NICOLE'S COFFEE SHOP, BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The smoke is thick now, encompassing Carlos and all of the Goons; visibility is low. Some Goons cough.

Above, there is a snatch of movement and the sound of FOOTSTEPS running across the fire-escape.

Carlos steps forward, raises his gun, and fires upwards -- BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!

Long silence. Carlos and the Goons search the smoky dark for a sign of Shawn. Then, down the alley, concealed by smoke...

SHAWN (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
Taslim sha!

Two Goons share a confused look...

SHAWN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Topak deparmidzaka Kixizde!

The Goons raise their guns, aiming towards the voice...

Suddenly, Shawn bursts through the smoke, firing the Ruger -- BANG! Headshot -- A Goon drops.

They return fire -- a storm of BULLETS.

Shawn is the image of fear subdued by poise. Tactically crisp movements, a well-trained soldier relying on muscle memory.

Shawn is hit in shoulder, but he keeps moving forward. He fires -- another headshot -- before the Goon can fall, Shawn is on him, holding him up as a human-shield...

Carlos ducks behind some TRASH CANS...

Shawn fires over the shoulder of his human-shield -- BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!

The last shot connects. The Goon's skull explodes.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Taslim sha!

Shawn, out of bullets, discards his Ruger on the ground.

Carlos jumps up, unloading his clip -- POP-POP-POP...

The bullets riddle the human-shield, but Shawn isn't hit.

Two Goons, one with a bat, one with a knife, rush Shawn.

WHACK! The bat hits Shawn's back. He falls to his knees.

The Goon with the knife comes at Shawn, blade raised, and is about to bring it down when...

Shawn grabs his wrist. In a quick highly skilled maneuver -- CRACK! -- he snaps the Goon's wrist. Then, in one fluid motion, he drives his elbow into the Goon's forearm -- SNAP! -- he breaks that too. The Goon falls to the ground in pain.

The knife falls to the ground too.

WHACK! Shawn is hit again with the bat.

Carlos, some distance away, attempts to aim...

The Goon blocks his view of Shawn -- no clear shot.

Shawn grabs the Goon with the bat by the legs, pulling them out from under him. The Goon lands on the ground with a thud. They wrestle for the bat...

The Goon with the broken wrist scrambles for the knife...

Shawn gains the upper-hand and elbows the Goon with the bat in the face, repeatedly...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Taslim sha! Topak deparmidzaka!

He pries the bat away from the Goon...

Just then, the Goon with the broken wrist lunges towards Shawn and drives the knife into his thigh...

Shawn spins around and -- THWACK! -- brains the Goon with the broken wrist. The bat, landing squarely, caves his skull.

Shawn turns back to the Goon who had the bat, struggles to stand, but finally does, and, with one giant swing, kills the last surviving Goon...

POP! Shawn is shot in the side, a through-and-through. He staggers, but remains standing.

CLICK! Carlos pulls the trigger, but he's out of bullets. He tosses the gun and, fueled by fury, marches towards Shawn...

Shawn, beaten, stabbed, and shot twice, is barely standing. Behind him, the fire rages out of control. FIRE SIRENS near.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Taslim sha!

Carlos gets closer...

CARLOS

Shut the fuck up!

Carlos takes a swing at Shawn. Shawn easily dodges it and twists Carlos into a standing hold...

Shawn cranks Carlos' neck and chin -- it's not swift and clean like the movies. Shawn grits his teeth, culling all the strength he has left. After a moment of brute force -- Carlos struggling the entire time -- SNAP! -- Shawn breaks Carlos' neck. Shawn lets him fall to the ground in a heap.

The sirens are right there now. Shawn staggers a few steps, blacks-out, and collapses...

As he hits the ground, his fist unclenches and the die-cast plane tumbles out -- he was holding it the entire time...

Shawn, bleeding to death, lies in the center of the carnage, six bodies surrounding him.

Barely regaining consciousness, Shawn opens his eyes and stares at the die-cast plane, just a couple of feet away...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The flashback is somewhere between a first-person POV and a hazy silent home-movie...

A FOUR YEAR-OLD MICHAEL brandishes the little red die-cast plane. His gleeful smile is pure childish joy.

BACK TO PRESENT

Shawn musters a smile, as the world...

FADES TO BLACK.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Sheehan and Malcolm sit in chairs. They both laugh. Malcolm takes a long sip of VODKA and passes the bottle to Sheehan.

SHEEHAN

The hooker's still yelling, "He owe me money! He owe me money!" Cuffed, in the cruiser, "He owe me money!"

Malcolm laughs even harder. Sheehan drinks.

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, the john's running like hell. We can't catch him. This guy must be a track star, right? He gets a half-block ahead of us and just stops... 'cause he realizes... his dick is still out of his pants.

They bust up laughing. Sheehan passes the bottle to Malcolm.

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)

He was running the whole time with  
his flute flapping in the wind!

Malcolm, laughing hard, can barely take down his liquor.

INT. TIRANA CAR SALVAGE, CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Nicole, eyes red from crying, sits in a chair and looks to...

A Goon, PISTOL in hand, on a stool just a few feet away.

Down the bar, Last Rites sips some LIQUOR. He's flanked by  
two hot Euro-trash babes who don't drink or talk.

Enver rushes in and, even though he gets very close to Rites,  
Nicole can still hear...

ENVER

The Dominican, Bamir, Sali. Dead.  
All of them.

Rites' usually stoic face flashes sorrow, grief.

LAST RITES

And baker's boyfriend?

ENVER

Taken to hospital... alive.

Last Rites looks to Nicole. They briefly lock eyes.

Nicole quickly looks away, as if she was never listening.

Rites turns back to the bar and continues drinking.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - DAWN

A NYPD COP sits on a chair by a door. He reads a NEWSPAPER.

A Black CRIME TECH, carrying a small CASE, approaches.

CRIME TECH

Let's see if I can't turn this John  
Doe into somebody special.

The NYPD Cop looks up, closes his paper...

NYPD COP

'Bout time.

CRIME TECH

Give me a break huh? We're stretched a little thin, all the bodies piling up.

NYPD COP

How's that scene lookin' anyway?

CRIME TECH

Like shit. Fire hoses washed away most everything 'cept the corpses, man. No surface prints, no DNA.

(a beat)

Capt'n had us there all night looking for fibers and shit. Fuckin' idiot watches too much CSI.

The Crime Tech looks at his watch.

CRIME TECH (CONT'D)

I got time to grab a coffee?

NYPD COP

He's not goin' nowhere.

The Crime Tech exits. The NYPD Cop opens his paper...

INT. HOSPITAL, SHAWN'S ROOM - DAWN

From deep unconsciousness, Shawn stirs awake. He's immediately in pain, winces, and takes in his surroundings...

The hospital room is nondescript. MACHINES BEEP rhythmically near by. Early morning light peeks through the open window.

He attempts to sit up but -- CLANK! -- he's stopped short; his wrist is HANDCUFFED to the bed rail.

INT. HOSPITAL, LOBBY - DAWN

A PAIR OF SNEAKERS step through the lobby. They move with a noticeable limp. TILT UP to REVEAL: Marios (Fat Franky's right-hand man) making his way towards the front desk...

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

He struggles mightily with English...

MARIOS

Uh... my friend... Shawn Dianellos... is here?

The Receptionist looks it up on the computer...

INT. HOSPITAL, SHAWN'S ROOM - DAWN

The Crime Tech, COFFEE in one hand and the case in the other, and the NYPD Cop enter. Shawn lies unconscious on the bed.

CRIME TECH  
They think he'll make it?

The NYPD Cop shrugs and steps closer to Shawn...

NYPD COP  
(yelling, to Shawn)  
Who are you, huh? You hear me?

Shawn just lies there.

The Crime Tech opens his case and pulls out a MOBILE FINGERPRINT SCANNER. He brandishes it to the Cop...

CRIME TECH  
He won't tell you, but his prints  
sure will.

As he sits by the bed, the Tech takes a closer look at Shawn.

CRIME TECH (CONT'D)  
Y'know who he kinda looks like?  
(a beat)  
That Mets Fan Killer.

The NYPD Cop, realization overtaking his face, studies Shawn.

NYPD COP  
Holy shit! You're right! That's  
him. That's the Mets Fan Killer!

A beat -- the NYPD Cop is in utter disbelief...

NYPD COP (CONT'D)  
(to Shawn)  
You pissed off a lot of good cops,  
pal. The stunts you pulled...  
(to Crime Tech)  
Hole-ly shit. I'm gonna go call the  
detectives. You okay in here?

CRIME TECH  
Yeah. Go. I'll have an I.D. in  
thirty seconds.

The NYPD Cop exits.

The Crime Tech readies his machine -- BEEP.

He grabs Shawn's thumb, holding it steady...

He moves the machine closer...

Shawn's thumb is just about to touch the scanner, when...

Shawn bursts to life and -- in a flash -- has his free hand around the Tech's throat.

The Crime Tech is scared shitless. Shawn strains to speak...

SHAWN

*Can't let you do that, boss.*

The door swings open. Shawn and the Crime Tech look up...

The NYPD cop walks in with his hands raised.

Shawn and the Crime Tech are both visibly confused.

Then, behind the Cop, Marios limps in, holding a PISTOL.

Shawn and Marios share a nod, each relieved to see the other.

INT. HOSPITAL, LOBBY - DAY

DING! Shawn and Marios, both limping as fast as possible, exit the elevator and make their way through the lobby.

MARIOS

*How do you feel?*

Shawn, weakened by excruciating pain, speaks slowly...

SHAWN

*Like I've been shot and stabbed.*

MARIOS

*So what's the plan?*

SHAWN

*What else? I'm gonna kill Last Rites.*

MARIOS

*We're gonna kill Last Rites.*

Shawn stops.

MARIOS (CONT'D)

*It's what my uncle would want.*

SHAWN

*Listen, I can't let you. You could get arrested, deported... worse.*

MARIOS

*Franky was my only family. He died helping you. I'm ready to the same.*

Shawn studies him for a beat, nods, and resumes moving across the lobby. They burst through the doors and exit...

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

They limp onto the sidewalk.

SHAWN

*There's a bigger problem though: no one knows how to get to Rites.*

MARIOS

*I do.*

Shawn stops again.

SHAWN

*What?!?*

A beat -- Marios considers how to tell it, coming up with...

MARIOS

*I used to bang this Albanian chick. Real slut. I had forgotten all about her -- I bang a lot of chicks, y'know...*

Shawn nods -- "Yeah, yeah. Sure you do."

MARIOS (CONT'D)

*But then I remembered: she always used to brag about hanging out with "real gangsters", "Albanian gangsters". Said, "They have money, have guns, have drugs. Have a club built in a place where no cops can shut down the party."*

*(a beat)*

*So I call her and I ask her, "Who were these real gangsters? The ones with the club. Do you remember their names?" After she finishes yelling at me for dumping her, she says, "Sure, the main guy: he called himself 'Last Rites'."*

INT. HOSPITAL, SHAWN'S ROOM - DAY

An ORDERLY, bopping his head to music in his HEADPHONES and pushing a cart full of LINENS, enters. He stops cold...

Across from the Orderly, handcuffed to each other and secured to the hospital bed railing, are the NYPD Cop and the Crime Tech. They wear a similarly embarrassed expression.

INT. MOTEL - DAY

A familiar scene: Sheehan wakes to the RINGING PHONE. He winces from the pain of a hangover and looks across the room.

Malcolm is passed out, slumped in a chair.

Sheehan picks up the phone...

SHEEHAN  
(into phone)  
Sheehan.

On the other line...

SHAWN (V.O.)  
I'm ready to turn myself in.  
Tiriana Junk Yard.

SHEEHAN  
Now you wait one--

CLICK. DIAL-TONE.

I/E. MARIOS' CAR - DAY

Shawn hangs up and hands the CELL PHONE back to Marios.

Marios, unlit cigarette between his lips, drives fast.

SHAWN  
*We'll need guns.*

MARIOS  
*Why do you think I brought the  
large luggage?*

Marios gestures to the back. Shawn turns to see...

Two huge SUITCASES on the backseat.

EXT. TIRANA CAR SALVAGE - DAY

From above, the rows of wrecked cars glisten in the sun.

An ARMED GUARD stands at the gate. He peers out, listening...

There is the growing sound of a FAST APPROACHING CAR...

The Armed Guard draws his gun, looking towards the street...

Through the heat-haze, Marios' car appears. It doesn't slow down. In fact, it speeds up, charging straight towards the gate and the guard...

CRASH! The car easily goes through the chain link fence gate.

The Armed Guard dives out of the way and narrowly avoids being hit. The car speeds past him...

The Guard stands and lets off a couple shots -- POW-POW! -- but Marios' car is already far down the row of totaled cars. At the end of the row, it turns out of sight.

The Armed Guard stands there for a beat, in shock. He pulls out his RADIO and is just about to call it in, when...

Marios' engine is heard again. The Armed Guard sees...

Marios' car speeding towards him. This time Shawn hangs out of the passengers-side window. He holds a HK-417 ASSAULT RIFLE, by far the most impressive gun seen so far.

The Guard raises his gun, but it's too late...

CAK-CAK-CAK! -- The HK-417 barks out shots.

The bullets tear the Armed Guard to shreds.

INT. TIRANA CAR SALVAGE, OFFICE - DAY

Enver, in the cluttered office, looks at a bank of MONITORS.

ON A SECURITY MONITOR -- The Guard lies dead by the gate.

Enver turns to the two Goons standing behind him...

ENVER

You get guns. I will tell Rites.

INT. TIRANA CAR SALVAGE, CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Nicole, still in the same chair, studies something...

Near her, leaned against the bar, is a BRIDGE (a pool stick with a chunky metal attachment, used to steady a shot).

The Goon guarding her dozes off.

Last Rites sits on the couch, watching TV with the Babes.

Nicole tentatively reaches for the billiards bridge...

Just then, Enver runs in, out of breath...

LAST RITES

What is wrong, fat man?

ENVER

(catching breath)

Barker's boyfriend... is here. He has already... killed Sidni.

Rites stands, barely masking his shock and anger. Then...

LAST RITES

Girls, you go home. I call you tonight so we can party again.

He forces a smile. The Babes stand and exit.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)

(to Goon)

You go with Enver. I watch baker.

The Goon stands, hands his gun to Rites and exits with Enver.

Alone with her, Last Rites looks to Nicole...

NICOLE

You're scared... You should be.

(a beat)

My boyfriend's gonna kill you too.

A beat -- Last Rites forces another smile, feigning that her comments don't bother him, when they clearly do.

Near Nicole, the bridge is missing its metal attachment.

EXT. TIRANA CAR SALVAGE - DAY

Outside of the compound, Shawn and Marios exit the car. They each carry a HK-417. The sun beats down on them...

Marios smoking, takes off his shirt and tosses it.

The building has several garage doors, each with a row of glass windows. A standard door, marked "Customers", opens...

Shawn and Marios, standing behind the car, raise their guns.

After a moment, the two Euro-trash Babes exit...

Shawn motions for Marios to stay cool.

The Babes are surprisingly calm as they wordlessly walk past Shawn and Marios. Marios turns, checks out their asses...

Just then, suddenly, three Goons burst out of the building -- BANG-BANG-BANG! -- guns blazing.

Shawn and Marios crouch behind the car, avoiding the storm of gunfire. The onslaught continues...

The Goons fill the side of Marios' car with holes.

SHELL CASINGS bounce off the hot cement.

INT. TIRANA CAR SALVAGE, CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Last Rites, alone with Nicole, listens to the GUNFIRE, fury growing with each shot. Finally...

Rites stands, pointing his gun at Nicole.

LAST RITES

Come.

Nicole, scared, doesn't move. He pulls back the gun's hammer.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)

Next time I ask it will be  
accompanied with bullet in head.

Nicole reluctantly stands. He directs her to exit the room.

EXT. TIRANA CAR SALVAGE - DAY

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! Almost in unison, the three Goons' guns are finally empty. They scramble to reload...

A Beat. SILENCE. Shawn gives Marios a nod and they spring up.

CAK-CAK-CAK! Automatic rifle fire. Shawn is incredibly determined, Marios looks calm, lit cigarette hanging from his mouth, as they both hold down their triggers...

One Goon falls -- ripped to ribbons by multiple shots...

The Second Goon falls with a gaping hole in his throat.

Headshot -- The third and final Goon crashes to the ground.

Shawn and Marios eject their CLIPS. Marios tosses Shawn a new one. Before they can reload...

BOOM! A thunderous shotgun blast bursts through one of the garage door windows. The spray riddles the car.

Shawn and Marios duck down again. BOOM! Another shot rocks the car. Shawn gestures for them to make a run for it...

Shawn and Marios stumble through the open area in front of the compound and head for a row of totaled cars...

Just then, Enver steps out holding a black pump-action MOSSBERG 500. BOOM! He fires at them, but misses...

They duck behind the row of cars and go out of sight.

Enver, sweating, nervous, and shotgun raised, takes a tentative step towards the row of cars. He frantically searches for any sign of movement, life...

Nothing. The entire junk-yard is eerily quiet.

BOOM! Enver fires towards the row, hitting nothing but the sides of wrecked cars. After a moment...

Marios emerges from behind the row and, in a flash, staggers on his bum leg back towards his own car.

Enver pivots and lets off another shot...

Marios dives behind his car, barely avoiding the shot.

CAK-CAK-CAK! Enver is filled with lead. He falls, face-forward, on to the cement. Dead.

Shawn stands behind Enver, holding his smoking rifle.

Safe, Marios rises. He and Shawn survey their handy-work...

Four bodies are sprawled out near the front of the building.

INT. TIRANA CAR SALVAGE, MAIN GARAGE - DAY

Last Rites stands in the middle of the room, listening. He holds his gun to Nicole's head.

The room is large and feels somewhat cavernous, despite a few CARS taking up space. It's dim with the work-lights off.

After a moment, satisfied the shooting outside has ended, Rites forcefully guides Nicole towards the back door.

He flings it open. Daylight floods in. Outside, Marios, gun in hand, limps towards them...

Rites slams the door and rushes back, just in time to see...

Shawn entering through the front door, aiming his HK-417...

Marios emerges from the back of the garage, rifle raised.

Trapped, Rites backs up, positioning Nicole in front of him -- a partial shield. Last Rites looks totally desperate, manic. Nicole puts on a brave face and locks eyes with Shawn...

Shawn, resolute, turns his attention to Rites.

SHAWN

Let her go.

LAST RITES

Maybe we use her as part of negotiation, yes? We make deal.

Never breaking his intense gaze, Shawn shakes his head, "No".

LAST RITES (CONT'D)

I give you girl. You put down guns. Walk away. Is fair trade.

Again, Shawn just shakes his head.

Last Rites, at the end of his rope, laughs indignantly.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)

Buddy, if you are not willing to negotiate, what's the point, huh?

(a beat)

Maybe I shoot her and we start from there. I do not like chances, but I am running out of choice, yes?

No response. Shawn and Marios keep their guns trained on him.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)

Okay then. I take chances.

Rites jams the gun harder against her head...

Shawn levels his gun -- no clear shot.

Rites' finger begins to squeeze the trigger...

Just then, Nicole pushes Rites' hand up and away from her...

BANG! -- Rites lets off a wild shot into the ceiling...

Nicole turns and clocks him in the eye with the metal attachment from the billiards bridge.

Rites stumbles back, bleeding.

With just enough distance between Nicole and Rites, Shawn sees his chance and fires -- CAK!

Rites is hit in the gut.

Shawn takes a step closer and fires again -- CAK!

Rites is hit in the chest. He staggers back further and falls to the ground. His gun tumbles from his grip.

SILENCE descends on the room for a beat. Then, the sounds of Rites' short sharp breaths start up, cutting through the quiet like a knife, echoing.

Shawn, Nicole, and Marios stand wordless, relieved. Marios lowers his rifle for the first time. Nicole exhales.

Shawn slowly limps over to Rites, stopping over him. Nicole and Marios file in behind Shawn, looking down at Rites too.

Rites, looking up to Shawn, strains to take even shallow breaths.

LAST RITES (CONT'D)

We could have... made deal. All of this... for what?

SHAWN

All of this for my son.

Last Rites struggles to gather enough air to speak...

LAST RITES

He... was cutting into profits.

(a beat)

Was only business.

Shawn clinches his jaw.

SHAWN

You ready?

Last Rites musters the strength to nod.

Shawn raises his gun to Rites' face -- CAK!

I/E. D.O.C. VAN/TIRANA CAR SALVAGE - DAY

The D.O.C. van -- so beat up it's a wonder it even runs -- approaches the downed gate...

As it enters, Sheehan and Malcolm notice the Armed Guard's body by the side of the access-road.

EXT. TIRANA CAR SALVAGE - DAY

Shawn, Nicole, and Marios sit in front of the compound.

The D.O.C. van clanks-and-clunks towards them and stops.

Shawn stands and puts his hands high above his head.

Malcolm and Sheehan hop out of the van. Sheehan draws his baton and rushes towards Shawn...

Marios is poised for a fight...

Shawn looks to Marios and motions for him to refrain from intervening. And, just then...

Sheehan, within range, cocks back and -- WHACK! -- hits Shawn in the abdomen with his baton. Shawn falls to the ground.

Nicole and Marios wince -- It's hard to watch.

Malcolm, standing by the van, looks on too.

Sheehan hits Shawn in the back a few times and slaps the CUFFS on him. Lifting Shawn to his feet, Sheehan notices...

Enver and the Goons' bodies baking in the sun.

Sheehan regards Shawn, then Nicole and Marios.

SHEEHAN

The fuck is wrong with you people?

Sheehan gives Nicole and Marios a look that could cut stone.

SHEEHAN (CONT'D)

You two didn't see shit.

He turns and forcefully guides Shawn back to the van. Shawn manages to give Nicole one last glance before he's shoved in.

I/E. D.O.C. VAN - DAY

Malcolm drives. Sheehan has the phone to his ear...

SHEEHAN

(into phone)

Yes. We're on our way, sir.

(listening)

Yeah, in our custody. No one's headed to the gallows just yet.

Sheehan hangs up. In the back seat, Shawn stares out of the window, crying silently. Tears stream down his face -- this is as close to catharsis as a man like Shawn gets.

Malcolm watches Shawn in the rear-view mirror.

INT. PRISON, CELL BLOCK D - DAY

Malcolm and Sheehan flank a shackled Shawn, marching him towards his cell. They're all a sight for sore eyes -- battered, bruised. Shawn wears his prison jump-suit again.

INT. PRISON, SHAWN'S CELL - DAY

THUNK! The cell door is slammed shut. Shawn sits on the bed.

Sheehan and Malcolm stand outside, looking at him. Then...

GREENLEE (O.S.)

Officer Sheehan...

Sheehan and Malcolm turn to see Greenlee approaching...

GREENLEE (CONT'D)

I'll see you in my office. Now.

Sheehan breathes deep, adjusts his uniform shirt, and exits.

Greenlee turns to Malcolm. After a moment...

GREENLEE (CONT'D)

I trust that you can keep your mouth shut, son?

Malcolm nods.

GREENLEE (CONT'D)

Then kindly get the hell out of my prison.

Malcolm is briefly taken aback, but complies and exits.

Greenlee looks to Shawn...

Shawn meets his gaze, waiting for Greenlee to speak...

Greenlee just grits his teeth and swiftly walks out of sight. Shawn watches him go as long as he can and, once the coast is totally clear, exhales a huge sigh of relief.

EXT. NICOLE'S NEW HOUSE - DAY

It's a sunny day. A gentle breeze rustles the leaves.

In front of the house, Nicole opens the mailbox and pulls out a LETTER. She excitedly opens it and starts reading...

SHAWN (V.O.)

Dear Nicole, thanks for writin'. Probably doesn't mean much to you out there, but in here: gettin' a letter is about all we have to look forward to.

INT. NICOLE'S NEW HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Nicole sits at the table with Chris. They each squeeze a SMALL BLUE BALL, doing grip-strength exercise. He winces, but works through the pain. She smiles and rubs his back.

SHAWN (V.O.)

I'm glad to hear things are gettin' back to normal for you.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

An ELDERLY CONVICT reads a LETTER to the group. Tears roll down his face.

Shawn listens attentively, but notices something...

By the door, standing guard, is Sheehan. He eye-fucks Shawn.

SHAWN (V.O.)

Things are gettin' back to normal for me too.

Shawn, unfazed, just looks back to the Elderly Convict.

EXT. PRISON, YARD - DAY

Inmates work-out, shoot hoops, talk with one another.

Shawn sits on a bench alone, people-watching.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
Whatever "normal" means in a place  
like this.

A SIREN sounds. All of the inmates, including Shawn, hit the deck and lay prostrate on the ground.

EXT. NICOLE'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Nicole stands in front of the charred remains of her shop.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
As soon as you hear, you gotta let  
me know what the insurance company  
decides. I really hope it's enough  
for you to open a new shop. You  
deserve another go at it.

EXT. NICOLE'S COFFEE SHOP, BACK ALLEY - DAY

Nicole wanders, aimlessly kicking a piece of black debris.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
I guess the real reason I'm writin'  
is to thank you for the last  
package you sent me.

Nicole notices something on the ground -- "Unbelievable".

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Nicole crosses the lot, a SMALL PACKAGE in her hand.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
How the hell did you get it to me?

She comes to a car. Its window rolls down to REVEAL: Malcolm.

Nicole hands Malcolm the package. They exchange a polite nod and Nicole goes back the way she came...

SHAWN (V.O.)  
Well, however you did it, don't  
write about it in a letter. They  
read the mail sometimes before they  
give it to us.

INT. PRISON, SHAWN'S CELL - DAY

Shawn enters his cell and stops cold...

On his bed, is the small package Nicole gave to Malcolm.

SHAWN (V.O.)

I would say, "You have no idea how much this means to me." But obviously you do since you took the effort to get it here; that's no easy feat. I know.

INT. PRISON, SHAWN'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn rips the package open. He extracts a NOTE..

CLOSE ON: a handwritten note -- "To: Shawn, From: The Baker"

Shawn looks into the package. A range of emotions flash across his face -- surprise, sadness, fondness.

SHAWN (V.O.)

I miss him so much sometimes it hurts to even think about him.

INT. PRISON, SHAWN'S CELL - DAY

Shawn does push-ups in the middle of the floor...

SHAWN (V.O.)

But as much as it hurts: I won't ever stop.

BOOM UP to Shawn's desk...

On the desk is the red die-cast airplane. It's more beat up than we remember it -- paint's chipped and it's flecked with black scorch marks. It's been through some things.

SHAWN (V.O.)

'Cause he'll never be forgotten.

The camera continues to BOOM UP, past the plane, to the wall of photographs, finally landing on the photo of Shawn and four year-old Michael, smiling, holding the toy airplane.

SHAWN (V.O.)

He'll never be forgotten.

FADE TO BLACK.