

GRAND THEFT AUTO

by
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"The descent into the underworld is easy."
~Virgil

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EXT. LONG BEACH/COMPTON (LBC) - NIGHT

Gang territory. Sidewalks tagged. Bars on windows. Shadows lurking on porches. Menacing laughter and wafting smoke.

A METRO BUS stops in the intersection a block down. A YOUNG MAN gets out, face obscured by hood. He walks toward us with prison-practiced stride.

This is EMILE. Thirty. Defiant. Fucked. A solitary figure moving between streetlights.

His presence doesn't go unnoticed. Laughter stops as he passes. Music turns down. *Who the fucks that?*

END TITLES.

Emile ignores them. Behind a chain-link fence he spots a new CAMARO SS. He pulls tools, picks the Master lock on the gate, opens it...

A motion-light SNAPS ON. Emile stands still, waits. No house lights follow. Motion light SNAPS OFF. He moves to the car...

FIVE CRIPS step off a porch two houses down.

CRIP
-- the fuck you doin' boy?

Motion light SNAPS ON as the CAR OWNER charges from the house. Emile looks up as a bat cracks him across the back.

CAR OWNER
-- steal my car motherfucker.

Emile staggers. CAR OWNER is stacked with tats. He swings again, cracking Emile in the ribs.

Crips rattle the fence, calling for blood.

EMILE
I'm repo--

Car Owner swings. Emile ducks, then slaps him with the Master Lock. A sickening crunch. The bat drops.

EMILE (CONT'D)
It ain't your car no more --

But Car Owner is back on him. A slug-fest. Emile defends with his elbows, then connects.

Car Owner grabs a tie-down chain and WHIPS EMILE, splitting open his head. Emile falls into the fence, blood blinding him. Crips kicking fence behind him. Car Owner pummeling him.

MORE NEIGHBORS pour from their houses. Ugly getting uglier.

Emile is about to drop when motion lights SNAP OFF. He tackles Car Owner. They roll through the dirt like fighting dogs. Emile head-butts him. Head-butts again. And again.

EMILE (CONT'D)

You pay. To keep. The fucking. Car.

Car Owner's nose is split, and flattened, Emile stands, turns. Outside the fence -- TWO DOZEN CRIPS.

GUNS come out. BULLETS CHAMBERED all around.

EMILE (CONT'D)

(sucking wind)

This is a repo... You wanna do a stretch... cause this motherfucker didn't make his car payment?

That rings clear.

BABY MAMMA

Fuck you, whiteboy! Show us id --

EMILE

(holds up key)

I got the fucking key. How's that?

Not waiting for an answer, he steps in the Camaro. After a moment, it ROARS to life. He eases out the driveway into a MASS OF BODIES. They press against the glass flashing guns and signs. A brick SHATTERS the back window. He hits the gas.

As the CAMARO SS SCREAMS down the street, WARNING SHOTS ring out. And fog rolls over Compton like a bad dream.

INT. CAMARO SS

Glow of dash lights. Growl of a Supercharged V-8. Emile's eyes narrow. His foot gets heavy. The needle hits 105mph.

No key in the ignition. That was fast-talking bullshit.

EXT. EMILE'S TOW YARD - EL SEGUNDO - NIGHT

On a hill, at the end of the LAX runway, an old filling station surrounded by twisted car pieces.

Camaro's headlights hit a chain-link with a "**Foreclosure Notice**" on it. Emile steps out, rips the notice off.

INT. EMILE'S BATHROOM - TOW YARD

A gas station bathroom. Razor on sink, Penthouse on toilet. Emile mixes Borax with peroxide, pours it on his split scalp.

EMILE

Fuck --

A runtish RED DOBERMAN with floppy-ears looks up at him. She cocks her head, oddly sympathetic.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Got my ass kicked, Iz. For four fucking bones.

He dries his head, sees he's got patches of blonde hair.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Aw, shit --

Welcome to the Murphy's Law life of EMILE RADAVIDICH.

INT. MINI REFRIGERATOR

Bucket of moldy chicken. Jar of mayo. Empty carton of Mountain Dew. Emile pulls out a Hungry Man TV dinner.

INT. EMILE'S GARAGE / HOME

Ratty sofa. Ripped rug. A few scrapped panels of a black 1987 BUICK GRAND NATIONAL with no engine block. His tools have been sold off. "Final Notices" scattered about.

Izzy tracks a rat around the perimeter.

EMILE

Catch it girl, I'll fry it up for you...

A PLANE FLIES OVER, rattling the place. Emile pulls his TV dinner from under a stream of hot water. Sits to eat.

Izzy sits too, cocks her head, hungry.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Shit, Iz, really?

She WHIMPERS. Emile eats the frozen corn, then sets it on the floor for Izzy. A rat scurries toward it. He throws his boot.

TIME CUT - LATER

Izzy cuddled next to him, Emile uses the hydraulic-lift to raise the sofa off the floor. He lays awake. Pain surging through his head. Rats scurrying below. This ain't living.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Emile stands in front of DELROY, a big southern brick. Probably ex-military. Certainly a motherfucker.

DELROY

I didn't ask you to get your ass kicked and I ain't paying extra for it.

Camaro SS parked outside. Three hundred dollars on the desk between them. Emile is unraveling.

EMILE

You said four.

DELROY

If I paid you sticky little cracker-jacks four hundred bucks for every skip trace I needed, I'd be broke as you.

(looks him over)

Why you chasing metal, kid? Don't you got no better options?

EMILE

Nothing legal.

He takes the cash.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - N.A. MEETING - DAY

Ex-junkies sit in pews in a musky room. A black STREET URCHIN at a podium with "NA" insignia. Emile stands in back, mowing down cookies and chugging bad coffee.

Later, Emile sits in one of the pews, clutching a red plastic chip that says "9 months, One Day At A Time".

STREET URCHIN

If I could stay clean and keep running game I would. But I know it leads me right back to the pipe --

Emile's had enough. He stands, heads for the door.

EXT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Emile sits on steps watching a BUM dig into trash. He pulls his beat-up NEXTEL. Dials. It rings, then a tri-tone chime: "*service has been disconnected because of past due balance.*"

He shakes his head, moves to PAYPHONE, feeds it, and dials...

EMILE
 (into phone)
 Goya, it's Emile...Long time, I
 know. Yo, I got a favor to ask...I
 was hoping I could roll by?

EXT. SUNSET PLAZA DRIVE - DAY

A little beat-up '86 Datsun pick-up truck winds up into the hills past multi-million dollar homes.

INT. MID-CENTURY HOME

Emile stands outside a hillside home balanced on stilts. Door opens to a tall, skinny Russian in Jockies. Wild hair and Cyrillic letters tattooed on his knuckles; Russian Mafiya.

This is GOYA IGAT(32). He embraces Emile, kisses both cheeks.

GOYA
 (Russian accent)
 Emile. Look at you, *patrani*. Still
 beautiful. Come in...

They enter a large living space with full-length windows looking out over the city.

EMILE
 Wow. Nice place. The view...

GOYA
 This could have been yours bro',
 but I won't remind you.
 (wasn't funny)
 Hey, is not that great. Cell
 reception is shit.

Outside, on a chaise, is a topless ASIAN GIRL. Baby-oiled and tanning. She's junky skinny with raven hair and a colorful KIMONO DRAGON TATTOO covering one thigh.

This is MEILING KIOSHI(24).

GOYA (CONT'D)
 (slaps his back)
 But that? That is great. That could
 never been yours, huh?

MEILING glances back at him over her Dior shades. A knockout.

GOYA (CONT'D)
 Sit my friend...

Goya enters the kitchen, popping tops. Emile admires a classic TRIUMPH MOTORCYCLE displayed as art, in the corner.

Goya offers him a beer. Emile shakes his head: *no thanks*.

GOYA (CONT'D)
Is beer, not heroine. You can have one.

EMILE
One is all it takes.

GOYA
Right. I will drink for us both.

There's a PILE OF BLOW on the coffee table between them.

GOYA (CONT'D)
Sorry for this. My girl likes to party.

EMILE
(waves it off)
How's my Uncle doing? We haven't talked since the trial.

GOYA
I'm sorry to say but Rada is not well. He's paranoid and thinks FBI digs in his trash. He don't trust nobody and never leaves his house.

This twists Emile's guts. He cares for the man.

GOYA (CONT'D)
Nevermind old men. How are you? Tell me what you do for work.

EMIL
I been repo'ing cars.

GOYA
You love to steal cars. This is perfect job for you!

EMILE
Yeah, but it don't pay much and work don't come around often.
(lays it out)
I'm fucking broke.

GOYA
Say no more. Let me give you a couple hundred bucks, huh?

EMILE
Thanks but I'm broke-broke. They're foreclosing on my place and --

GOYA
 (less excited)
 So how much?

EMILE
 I didn't come looking for a hand-
 out. I was hoping you could throw
 me some work. Let me roll wheel-
 man, or I can do mule work...

GOYA
 Emile, I work for your Uncle. You
 know he would not allow this. Not
 after mess you made last time.

EMILE
 I fucked up. I know. But I got a
 grip on that shit now.

Emile tosses his '9 months' chip on the table.

GOYA
 Maybe you stay clean now. But is
 harder when you're moving kilos.

Goya dips a finger in the coke, numbs his gums.

GOYA (CONT'D)
 I'm not the preacher, bro'. We all
 like to taste. But you go too far.

EMILE
 I'm not gonna get loaded. And I
 don't want back in. This is just a
 one time thing.

There are three Russian words for 'friend'. Emile uses the
 most intimate of the three:

EMILE (CONT'D)
Droog. Help me out. I'm asking you.

GOYA
 If fucking Rada found out --

EMILE
 He won't.

Goya runs a hand through his hair, like it's some moral
 fucking quandary. Reality is, he loves wielding power.

GOYA
 We have a shipment coming in. Guns
 for powder. We are the middleman.

EMILE
 Whose guns? Whose powder?

Goya takes out a C-note, starts rolling it.

GOYA
The Colombians have the powder. The
guns come from Russia...
(beat)
From the General.

Emile darkens. This just got real.

EMILE
I thought Rada was moving his own
shit? Why'd he go back to working
for that crazy fuck?

GOYA
The General runs all Mafiya now.
This is his deal, we just broker.

EMILE
I thought he got popped?

GOYA
Yes, they send him to prison but
there he is surrounded by his men.
Not even Putin can touch him now.

Goya puts the rolled bill to his nostril, inhales a fat line.

EMILE
(reacts; beat)
So when do we roll?

GOYA
We wait for Rada's call. This is
how it works now. He calls the
fucking shots in his bathrobe...

SWEEPING AERIAL, across L.A. basin, and into twilight...

INT. UNCLE RADAVICH'S HOUSE - SAN PEDRO - NIGHT

FIND UNCLE RADAVICH (67) in the window of a modern manor in a bathrobe and slippers, with tube socks pulled up over sinister Gulag tattoos. A semi-auto .45 in one pocket and remote control in the other. Rada's bald, with deep-set eyes, looking down at his RUSSIAN GUARDS patrolling his property.

A CELL PHONE VIBRATES in his fleshy palm. He walks away from the window revealing his girth. A surly old criminal.

He reads a text message on a NOKIA CELL PHONE phone, dials a call on a second RHINESTONE ENCRUSTED CELL PHONE.

With a Russian accent, thick as mud:

UNCLE RADA VICH
 (into rhinestone phone)
 We go tonight. I send car for you
 then I call to give next order...

Rada HANGS UP, losing himself in thought. A woman clears her throat. Reveal, a leggy BLONDE HOOKER on the sofa.

WOMAN
 So are we gonna fuck? Or did you
 have me come all the way out here
 just to use my cell phone?

UNCLE RADA VICH
 I have you come to use your cell
 phone.

EXT. PORT OF LA - NIGHT

Fog lingers over a brutalist landscape of concrete and steel. Shipping containers create a maze across hundreds of acres. Freighters big as skyscrapers line the berths. America's Port is half as big as Manhattan, spanning 43 miles of coast-line.

Headlights cut through the mist. A black Lincoln Navigator moves toward us at an ominous crawl.

INT. LINCOLN NAVIGATOR - NIGHT

A smooth, silent ride. Emile sits alert, ready. Goya's beside him, playing big-shot. A DRIVER up front, and THREE RUSSIAN THUGS sitting on opposing bench seats.

GOYA
 Just like old days, huh.

EMILE
 Yeah...

But Emile studies the RUSSIAN THUGS sitting across from them and something feels wrong. He looks back to Goya.

TRANSITION TO:

A SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of Goya. Next to it, a PHOTO OF RADA, and various RUSSIAN THUGS. We are...

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER, SURVEILLANCE HUB - NIGHT

The photos hang over SIX MONITORS with POV's around the docks. THREE ATF AGENTS sit at computers, lorded over by...

AGENT WINSLOW(55), a leathery Texan with a Gatling gun mouth. Good with a pistol but bad with personal politics.

AGENT WINSLOW
 Goya's saying he worked with him
 before. Who's the new guy?
 (then)
 Get me closer. I need a face.

AGENT ITO, a hip Japanese kid, ZOOMS IN on the Navigator. ON
 MONITOR #1: through the windshield, the back of Emile's head.

AGENT ITO
 We won't get a clear shot until he
 steps out.

AGENT WINSLOW
 I need to know who he is before he
 steps out.

DOOR OF CONTAINER opens. Young field AGENT NELSON enters with
 a GERMAN SHEPARD sniffer.

AGENT NELSON
 We checked a thousand containers
 but there's 50,000 more. If those
 guns are here it could take months--

AGENT WINSLOW
 They're here. Keep looking.

Winslow turns back, staring at a silhouette of Emile's
 profile on MONITOR #3. He's calculating the risk.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
 (into mic)
 Alpha, hold on making the call.

EXT. SAN LUCIA FREIGHTER (ABOARD)

FOUR UNDERCOVER ATF OFFICERS, Latino, dressed in plain
 clothes. They're tucking ATF badges and checking weapons.

ATF/PAULO
 (into earpiece)
 Copy that. Holding on the call.

The 'Colombians' are undercover ATF Agents.

INT. NAVIGATOR - NIGHT

Outside the windows, wisps of fog drift past like ghosts.

EMILE
 What's the hold up?

GOYA
 We wait for Uncle's call. I told
 you, Emile, he's paranoid.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - SURVEILLANCE HUB - NIGHT

Suddenly, fingers are flying across keyboards.

AGENT WINSLOW
His name is Emile. Cross check it
against our *Syndicate* files.

By the door, AGENT JAMES(31). An Ivy Leaguer with diffident
demeanor. White and electable. Trying not to get in the way.

Agent James leans over the shoulder of female AGENT TELLIS,
prim and spectacled. They talk in HUSHED TONES:

AGENT JAMES
What do we got?

AGENT TELLIS
This list is a mile long.

AGENT JAMES
Eliminate sex offenders and
murderers --

AGENT TELLIS
Smaller.

AGENT JAMES
Highlight all narco-related --

AGENT TELLIS
Okay, it's still --

AGENT JAMES
Try Emile as an alias.

AGENT TELLIS
(types; then)
You got it.

They're staring at Emile's rap sheet and mug-shot.

AGENT JAMES
Emilija Radavich aka "Emile".

Off his black & white mug, CUT TO Emile's face. We are...

INT. NAVIGATOR

ON EMILE, adrenaline coursing through him like speed.

AGENT WINSLOW (V.O.)
He's Rada's nephew. Parents killed
in a car accident in '86. A year
later he steals a Pontiac. Did two
in CYA, gets out, and he's arrested
on hot-wheels three weeks later.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER

Agent Winslow pours over EMILE'S RECORDS: current address, DOB, criminal history and psych profiles.

AGENT WINSLOW (V.O.)
 He bounces around the gladiator academies, walks in '97. *Believed* to have ran Rada's crew until '06 when he was popped with a lil' recreational heroin -- 20 keys.
 (arcs a brow)
 Emile gets two in Nogales and one in rehab. Walked nine months ago... and walked straight until now.

Agent Winslow considers Emile to be of little threat.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
 This lil' acorn just picked the wrong night to fall from the tree.
 (in mic)
 Alpha this team leader. How your 'nads?

ATF/CABALLERO
 Cool and soft, sir.

AGENT WINSLOW
 (into mic)
 Good to hear. We flash as soon as they turn the key. Go ahead and make the call.

INT. UNCLE RADA VICH'S HOUSE - SAME

Radavich sits watching FANTASIA, transfixed by the *Chernobog*, and his dance of the dead. Hooker sits beside him.

UNCLE RADA VICH
 -- this is Chernobog, god of death for Slavic people.

HOOKER
 You're a strange one, aren't you.

Rada's Nokia cell phone vibrates. He checks a text message, then dials on the Hooker's rhinestone-encrusted cellular...

UNCLE RADA VICH
 (into rhinestone phone)
 My driver has key to container. Take men on ship and check product before showing Colombians the guns.

INT. NAVIGATOR

Goya, phone to ear, turns away from Emile, listening:

UNCLE RADA VICH (O.S.)
(through phone)
Call me when done, for location to
deliver the General's cut.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - SURVEILLANCE HUB

Agent Winslow is climbing the walls.

AGENT WINSLOW
We got Rada's lines tapped. Why
can't I hear the call?

AGENT TELLIS
He must be on another phone.

AGENT WINSLOW
Goddammit, why don't we have a wire-
tap on Goya's phone?

AGENT TELLIS
It still hasn't cleared, sir.

INT. NAVIGATOR

Click. Goya claps the phone shut. Leans forward to DRIVER.

GOYA
Give me the key *zivoglotka*.

DRIVER pulls a necklace off, on it hangs a BULLET-SIZED KEY.
Goya squeezes the key, an infra-red light shines on the seat:

Lot. 39 Co. #298

A hint of a smile on Goya's lips:

GOYA (CONT'D)
I told you he is crazy. All these
fucking shell-games.

Emile nods, wondering if his Uncle is on to something.

GOYA (CONT'D)
You and Petrov board, the goods are
stuffed in frozen fish. Check it,
then send Colombians down. I will
lead them to guns container.

EMILE
You're not coming up?

GOYA
I trust you, bro'. This is why
you're here.

Goya holds out a 9mm for Emile, who hesitates taking it.

GOYA (CONT'D)
You have my back...?

Beat. Emile takes the gun, crossing the invisible line. The familiar weight in his hand, he darkens. Chambers a round.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER, SURVEILLANCE HUB

MONITOR #3: the door to the Navigator opens.

AGENT ITO
(into mic)
They're on the move --

Emile and PETROV, a no-neck Russian Thug, exit the car. Russian Thug #2 stands guard outside the Navigator.

INT. ANOTHER CONTAINER

SIX AGENTS in tac-gear clutch M-4's.

AGENT WINSLOW (O.S.)
(through earpiece)
Goya's still in the Nav' with the
driver and one gunner --

EXT. CONTAINER-LOADING BRIDGE

On top, TWO MEN sprawled on their bellies. One is the SPOTTER, the other a SHARPSHOOTER.

AGENT WINSLOW (O.S.)
Team 2 you are on Russian walkers --

SPOTTER/ATF
Copy.

POV SPOTTER / BINOCS

Emile and Petrov are waved aboard by COLOMBIANS(ATF).

EXT. SAN LUCIA FREIGHTER

Emile and Petrov board the ship. PAULO(ATF) waves them aft, an M-16 hanging from his shoulder.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER / SURVEILLANCE HUB

Agent Winslow inspects the monitors.

AGENT WINSLOW
Go satellite with 5. Get us on the
ship --

Agent Ito's fingers fly across the keyboard. MONITOR #5 goes static, then ZOOMS IN. North America, west coast, lights of LA HARBOR, deck of San Lucia.

Night-vision fuzzy: Emile and Petrov surrounded by COLOMBIANS, weapons ready.

INT. SAN LUCIA - AFT DECK - SAME

Steam billows from a smoke shaft. Wood shipping crates all around. CABALLERO(ATF) plays the cocky druglord. RICO(ATF), his man in charge, is ready to cut open a FROZEN FISH.

EMILE
Not that one. We pick the fish.

RICO/ATF
(confident)
You pick then--

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER / SURVEILLANCE HUB

Agent Winslow turns to Agent James, glaring:

AGENT WINSLOW
That's why we use real blow. You
tell Director Halden his cocaine
saved an agents life tonight --

AGENT JAMES
The Director is aware --

AGENT WINSLOW
Then why'd he send a baby-sitter?

EXT. SAN LUCIA - AFT DECK

EMILE GLANCES out at the docks, thinking he heard something. He nods to Petrov who throws the tarp off another crate.

Colombians rip it open -- it's full of FROZEN FISH. PETROV picks one. RICO starts sawing it open with a hacksaw.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - SURVEILLANCE HUB

Agent Winslow is watching the monitor, breathless. Agent Tellis points to three heat-blips ON MONITOR #5.

AGENT TELLIS
I got movement in the harbor. Heat flares here, here and here.

AGENT WINSLOW
Fuck. Are they Port Police?

EXT. OCEAN HARBOR

Three GO-FAST BOATS speed across the dark water, operating lights turned off. On each boat: FOUR MEN in balaclava masks, armed with UZI's. Definitely not Port Police.

Just past the jetty they cut the engines and coast into the harbor. On lead boat, the CO-PILOT is without a mask. A severe looking JAPANESE MAN with a punch perm.

This is ASUKA(28). He sends a text, then pulls on a mask.

INT. NAVIGATOR

GOYA receives a text, then nods to the RUSSIAN THUG #3 who pulls out a commando knife and cuts the Driver's throat.

GOYA
(rolls down window)
Let's go...

Russian Thug #2, outside, moves around to the Driver's door, moves his body, takes the wheel.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - SURVEILLANCE HUB

AGENT TELLIS covers her mic.

AGENT TELLIS
Port Police say it's not them.
They're waiting for our call.

WINSLOW is worried. JAMES points.

AGENT JAMES
You're losing Goya.

ON MONITOR #2 the Navigator starts easing out of the yard.

INT. SAN LUCIA - AFT DECK

RICO sawed into the fish and, from inside, removes a sealed kilo of cocaine. The coke is being smuggled in frozen fish. EMILE is staring at the powder like it's talking to him.

RICO offers him a taste. EMILE steps forward, then back.

EMILE
Petrov. Try it --

PETROV inhales a blast. His eyes water. He nods.

PETROV
Is good.

CABALLERO nervously pulls hair over his ear, like he's mic'd up. Emile sees it, stiffens.

RICO/ATF
You show us guns now, my friend.

EMILE
(nods to Caballero)
What's with your boy? He a cop?

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER

Agent James is breathing down Winslow's neck.

AGENT TELLIS
This is going south. You better call it--

AGENT TELLIS (CONT'D)
Heat blips, closing. Twenty yards, fifteen --

AGENT WINSLOW
Hold for my call.

INT. SAN LUCIA - AFT DECK

RICO steps forward trying to defuse the situation.

ATF/RICO
Fuck no, man. He's no cop --

PETROV moves too suddenly. Weapons clatter up. A stand-off.

EXT. SAN LUCIA - HULL

MEN FROM BOATS climb rope trellis, up the sides of the ship.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - SURVEILLANCE HUB

Tension at a fever pitch. Winslow's growling at the MONITORS.

AGENT WINSLOW
Call it. Take them down. Fuck.

INT. SAN LUCIA

ATF/RICO pulls his badge. ATF/PAULO and ATF/CABALLERO follow suit.

ATF/RICO
(pulls his badge)
Freeze. Federal Agents! You're --

FOUR MEN in balaclava masks run up the deck, toward them, with uzi's. *TAKA TAKA TAKA!!* Bullets rip through RICO(ATF) and spark around the deck. EMILE dives for cover.

EMILE
Fuck --

MEN IN MASKS engage ATF/COLOMBIANS in a fire-fight, as they advance on the crates filled with "frozen fish".

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - SURVEILLANCE HUB

WINSLOW is watching the shitstorm, losing it.

AGENT WINSLOW
Who are they? Team 2, fire at will.
Anyone without a badge --

EXT. CONTAINER-LOADING BRIDGE

The SNIPER and SPOTTER go to work.

SPOTTER
Right. One click. He's behind the --

POV SNIPER / NIGHT SCOPE:

Petrov pops up to return fire. POP. A shot in the arm. POP. A shot in the head. Petrov falls, dead.

INT. SAN LUCIA - AFT DECK

Bullets ZING past Emile, sandwich between crates. He shoots at the feet of TWO MASKED MEN heaving crates over the side. He misses twice, it's been awhile. THIRD SHOT connects.

MASKED MAN'S foot splatters. He falls to the deck, ripping his mask off -- he's Japanese.

EMILE SENSES someone behind him, rolls -- ATF/CABALLERO is standing over him, gun leveled at Emile's head.

ATF/CABALLERO
Drop the weapon! Now!

Emile has no move. He drops the gun.

ATF/CABALLERO (CONT'D)
Face down. Hands behind your back --

ATF/CABALLERO lands a knee on Emile's back, cuffs him with a ZIP-TIE, then moves to stand...

Down the deck, MAN IN MASK #2 sees ATF/CABALLERO rise up, over the top of a shipping crate. He sprays his uzi...

Bullets rip through ATF/CABALLEROS torso. He falls on Emile.

Emile rolls out from under him, covered in blood, cuffed behind his back. He sits up, scooting to retrieve his 9mm.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - SURVEILLANCE HUB

AGENT ITO has a grainy satellite image of the Go-Fast boats.

AGENT ITO (O.S.)
-- delta to Port Police. We have
assailants loading crates onto
boats, aft-side of the ship.

EXT. HARBOR - ON THE WATER

PORT POLICE bounce across the water on TWO SKIFFS, heading for the Go-Fast boats.

EXT. SAN LUCIA - STERN DECK

EMILE, hands cuffed behind him, dodges between crates and containers, headed for the gangway. He gets there, sees...

THE NAVIGATOR is gone. AGENT WINSLOW and AGENT JAMES are running up the gangway, towards him.

Bullets ricochet around Emile. He runs toward the stern and, without breaking stride, dives OVER THE RAIL.

He flips wildly, free-falling 50 feet into darkness. The water is indistinguishable from night, until SPLASH!

UNDERWATER

Emile kicks deeper, hands zip-tied, still clutching the 9mm. He brings his knees to his chest, steps over his hands.

Emile pops to the surface, GASPING, gunfire still erupts on the ship behind him. He swims toward the quay ramp.

In the distance, GO-FAST BOATS, strapped with the entire shipment of crates, speed out of the harbor. PORT POLICE give chase but the boats hit 110mph and disappear into darkness...

FROM DARKNESS:

SIX MEN in balaclava masks, with uzi's, emerge. We are...

EXT. UNCLE RADA'S ESTATE

MEN IN MASKS are advancing on Rada's front gate. DOUBLE-TAP SILENT SHOTS thump into the GUARD at the gate. The gate engages, and the men pour through.

A BODYGUARD runs down the drive and gets SHOT in the neck.

PUSH UP the street to a parked SURVEILLANCE VAN. Inside...

INT. ATF SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

TWO ATF AGENTS are staked out with wire-tap surveillance. AGENT HARTIGAN points binoculars out the windshield.

AGENT HARTIGAN
 (into mic)
 -- unknown assailants approaching
 Radavich residence, engaged in fire-
 fight. Please advise.

BACK TO:

EXT. DOCKS

THREE JAPANESE MEN (hijacking team) sit on their asses, cuffed. AGENT JAMES inspects the torso of JAPANESE MAN #1; he's got a KIMONO DRAGON TATTOO, similar to Meiling's.

AGENT GLENN snaps photos of it.

AGENT JAMES
 Japanese Mafia, right? Yakuza.

He inspects the hand of JAPANESE MAN #1, his pinkie and ring finger have been chopped off at the knuckle.

AGENT JAMES (CONT'D)
 And you botched a job or two. Tell
 me where those boats are going.

AGENT WINSLOW is SCREAMING into his earpiece:

AGENT WINSLOW
 (into mic; face pinched)
What? Gunmen at Rada's? How many?
 No. Radio for Police back-up. Fuck.

WINSLOW hangs up, looks up, PORT POLICE comb the harbor.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
 Where's my goddamn bird? Our boy
 couldn't have gone far.

AGENT JAMES hears this. Miffed, he approaches...

AGENT JAMES
 That helicopter needs to be going
 after those boats. I'm directly
 responsible for the 60 kilos of
 cocaine you just lost.

AGENT WINSLOW gets in his grill...

AGENT WINSLOW
 Was that a question, ASAC? Cause I
 know it wasn't an order.

PULL BACK to...

EXT. TRANSIT WAREHOUSE, DOCKS

Emile watches from behind the PETERSON AUTOMOTIVE WAREHOUSE,
 75 yards off. He ducks back, pulls a LOCK PICK KIT from his
 ankle-holster, removes a KNIFE, cuts the zip-ties.

Sopping wet, Emile goes to work on the warehouse dead-bolt.

BACK TO:

INT. UNCLE RADA VICH'S HOUSE - STUDY

Bullets rip through walls. Radavich hides beneath his oak
 desk, staring at the eyes of the DEAD HOOKER, sprawled across
 the floor. He clutches his .45 and inspects the blood running
 down his sleeve -- a bullet grazed his arm.

In the hall, the LEAD GUNMAN pulls off his mask, a SKELETOR-
 FACED YAKUZA. He motions to cease fire. SIRENS split the
 gunfire. SKELETOR YAKUZA shouts ORDERS IN JAPANESE and his
 THREE GUNMEN retreat down the hall after him.

INT. PETERSON AUTOMOTIVE WAREHOUSE

Slowly coming into focus: A warehouse full of muscle cars.

Emile stands by the door, eyeing a 68 SHELBY MUSTANG. A 428 Cobra Jet with 475 horses and 3-speed auto. Legendary.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

As Yakuza are loaded into Squad Cars, Winslow stands on the back of an ATF RESPONSE VEHICLE addressing Agents and Cops.

AGENT WINSLOW
-- we fan out along the docks and
push through north to south until --

Winslow sees a FLASH OF RED LIGHT in the skylights on a nearby warehouse.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
Brake lights. Someone's in there...
(marching forward)
Six men. Fall in. Let's go...

WINSLOW and TEN AGENTS advance on the warehouse, guns drawn. He's giving directional signals when -- KRAAASHH!!

THE SHELBY rips through the aluminum-siding and shoots between them. ATF AGENTS can't fire without hitting each other. Emile zags between two structures.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
Get wheels on him. Go --
(to Agent Glenn)
He lives two miles from here. Get a
car to his address.

AGENT GLENN runs off. A CRUISER ramps past in pursuit.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
(into mic)
I want a warrant for Emile, and an
unmarked car outside Goya's and I
want my fucking vehicle, now!

INT. SHELBY EXP 500 - NIGHT

Emile drives, cool and reactive. The hungry engine growls beneath his foot. Reds & blues appear in the rear-view.

He stamps the pedal, turns down an alley. Speedometer hits 75 as he rockets down a passage just wide enough for the car.

Sparks fly off the oil pan as they bottom-out crossing the street and launch down another alley.

Emile checks the mirror then, mid-alley -- he slams on the brakes and kills the headlights.

He hops out, wheels a GIANT DUMPSTER into the middle of the alley, behind the car. He hops back in the car, SCREECHES out of the alley and turns...

INT. COP CAR

WHITE COP drives, the BLACK COP rides. They cross the street, speeding into the next alley when...

BLACK COP
Watch it!

WHITE COP
(slams on brakes)
Fuck --

BLACK COP jumps out to move the dumpster.

EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE

City lights glitter across black water as the Shelby roars across this landmark bridge lit by blue LEDs. It seems Emile has made a clean getaway when...

A jittery SPOTLIGHT hits the car from above.

INT. SHELBY

Emile looks up, a POLICE HELICOPTER is tracking him.

EMILE
Shit.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER (IN PURSUIT)

LOOKING BELOW: the Shelby crosses the bridge and gets lost in neural mess of on-ramps and off-ramps for the Harbor Freeway.

POLICE PILOT (O.C.)
-- we are pursuing a green Shelby
Mustang near Harbor interchange --

The fog is thick but they pick up the Shelby heading north on Gaffey Avenue.

INT. SHELBY

Sirens ahead, Emile has seconds before Squad Cars converge. An idea hits. Still speeding, he takes his hands off the wheel, checking the alignment, *straight as an arrow*.

Emile cuts left, into oncoming traffic, and down a RESIDENTIAL STREET partially hidden by a canopy of trees.

He eases off the gas, opens the door, and rolls out...

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER (IN PURSUIT)

Banks back around. Between foliage, the searchlight catches glimpses of the Shelby moving down the residential street.

POLICE PILOT (O.C.)
Suspect driving east down Statler.
Car appears to be slowing...

EXT. STATLER STREET

TWO SQUAD CARS ramp up the street past a parked MONTE CARLO. Emile rolls out from under it. He elbows out the window and hops inside.

150 yards down the street (behind him) the SHELBY CRASHES through the front of a two-story house. POLICE jump from their cars, guns trained. Helicopter hovers over the crash.

At the end of the block, the Monte Carlo quietly pulls away.

INT. MONTE CARLO

Emile pulls to a stoplight. Perspiration dots his brow. He checks his gauges -- GAS IS EMPTY.

EMILE
Fuck me.

An AUDI QUATTRO pulls up beside him. AUDI DRIVER is talking on his Bluetooth, looking like a jackass.

In one swift move, Emile slides out the passenger-side door and is at the door of the AUDI DRIVER'S door with his 9mm.

EMILE (CONT'D)
Get out.

He yanks Audi Driver out of the car, and hops in. Light turns green, wheels SCREECH, the Audi is gone.

AUDI DRIVER
(into Bluetooth; patting
his pockets)
I just got car-jacked. Hello? Are
you there? Fuck --

Audi Driver rips off his Bluetooth; the phone was in his car.

EXT. UNCLE RADA VICH'S HOUSE

Rada is wheeled past body-bags, to an AMBULANCE. No cuffs. He clutches his NOKIA in one hand, RHINESTONE CELL in the other.

PUSH TO Agent Hartigan, dialing his cell.

INT. AUDI QUATTRO, PASSING EMILE'S TOWYARD

Emile does a drive-by. The locks on his gate are cut. TWO SEDANS are parked in the driveway. He keeps driving...

EMILE
How the fuck --

EXT. EMILE'S TOWYARD, BEHIND

Emile coasts to a stop on the hill behind/above his towyard. He leaves the car facing downhill, door ajar.

He tucks the 9mm in his belt, throws Audi Driver's suit-coat over the barb-wire fencing. As he crawls over it, he hears...

IZZY BARKING.

INT. EMILE'S TOWYARD, BACK HILL

Emile slides down a weed-slickened hill and bear-crawls past rusted out cars. We hear VOICES. And IZZY STILL BARKING...

EMILE
Quiet Iz. I'm coming for you.

Through eerie blue deck-light he sees...

INT. EMILE'S GARAGE

Agents Winslow(on cell), James, Nelson and Glenn poke through Emile's things. Izzy is locked in the bathroom, BARKING.

AGENT WINSLOW
(into phone)
Take Rada to Harbor hospital, put badges on his door and let him know he's being held for questioning.
(hangs up)
Shut that fucking dog up!

Agent Glenn knocks on the door, unsure how to quiet the dog.

AGENT JAMES
If the warrant hasn't cleared, this is an unlawful search --

AGENT WINSLOW
Pretty sharp Agent James. They
teach you that back in D.C.?

AGENT NELSON
(looking at paperwork)
There's not much money in repos.

Izzy still BARKING. Winslow grips his temples.

AGENT WINSLOW
I can't think with the fucking dog--

OUTSIDE

Emile sneaks behind the station, starts stacking tires to reach the small BATHROOM WINDOW above. Izzy is still barking.

EMILE
Quiet, Iz...

INSIDE

Winslow's eyes bounce across workstation and land on the out-dated NEXTEL RECHARGING BOARD. One phone is missing.

Izzy still BARKING. Agent Glenn can't quiet her.

AGENT WINSLOW
Oh, for fuck's sake --

Agent Winslow draws his gun and FIRES FOUR SHOTS through the bathroom door. We hear a WHIMPER. Barking stops.

OUTSIDE

Emile is standing on the tires, looking in the window when his dog gets shot. He pulls back, stunned. His eyes well up.

EMILE
-- oh, fuck.

He jumps down off the tires -- reaches for his gun.

His NEXTEL is hooked to his belt but his gun has fallen out.

INSIDE

The other ATF AGENTS are stunned.

AGENT JAMES
That was wrong.

Winslow grabs the NEXTEL, puts it on "two-way", presses talk:

AGENT WINSLOW
 Emile this is Special Agent
 Winslow. I'm afraid I just shot --

OUTSIDE

Emile is lurking in the shadows outside the window, when his NEXTEL BEEPS and TRANSMITS WINSLOW'S VOICE, water-logged but loud. Emile reaches to silence it. Looks up...

Winslow stops short, looking out the window. He can't see past the lights but he knows Emile's out there.

INSIDE

Winslow turns his back to the window, signaling his men:

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
 He's here.

A BRICK SHATTERS the window, cracking Winslow in the head. He falls to his knees.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
 Go, go, go --

EXT. EMILE'S TOWYARD, BACK HILL

EMILE scrambles up the hillside. THREE AGENTS barrel out, taking shots at him.

EXT. EMILE'S TOWYARD, BACK FENCE

EMILE hurls himself over the barb-wire, taking the suit-coat with him as he dives into the AUDI.

AGENT JAMES gets to the barb-wire in time to see the AUDI speeding into darkness:

AGENT JAMES
 (winded; into mic)
 We need an APB on a silver Audi
 Quattro, license plate --

INT. AUDI QUATTRO - NIGHT

Emile punches the dash. Emotion floods his face.

EMILE
 Fuck, Iz...

Grief turns to anger and hardens in his eyes. Emile grabs the AUDI DRIVER'S PHONE, dials. Straight to GOYA'S VOICE-MAIL.

Emile tosses the phone on the floorboards...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, HARBOR HOSPITAL

UNCLE RADA VICH is alone, wound bandaged, nerves undone. He pulls a number off his NOKIA, dials on RHINESTONE CELLULAR:

UNCLE RADA VICH
 (into phone)
 Strashella, it is Radavich. We have
 problem. Shipment is gone. I will
 return your weapons but need time.

EXT. PARKING LOT, INDUSTRIAL CENTER

Two black CHRYSLER 300's parked in the dark end of a parking lot, next to a FREEZER VAN. Standing by, EIGHT RUSSIAN MAFIYA with blunt faces and high-tight cut.

Inside the car, sits the General's enforcer. A sallow-faced killer dubbed STRASHEELA (*The Scarecrow*). Such is his reputation that just the sight of him is enough to terrify.

STRASHEELA
 (into phone)
 The General does not need these
 weapons Rada. We want the coke.

UNCLE RADA VICH (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 I need time to --

STRASHEELA
 You have one hour.

Strash slaps the phone shut, lowers the tinted window.

STRASHEELA (CONT'D)
 Rada has failed. We go first for
 hamburgers, then we kill him.

The MAFIYA MEN pile into the cars, hungry.

EXT. ATF OFFICES

Establish the Federal building looming over Westwood. The nineteenth floor is lit up.

INT. AGENT WINSLOW'S OFFICE

Agent Winslow looks out over the military cemetery. On the wall is a framed flag from the Marine Corp.

DIRECTOR HALDEN (O.S.)
 (on speakerphone)
 It's your fuck-up, Winslow. Your
 pension smokes first. Find the coke
 and get it back in the locker. Now.

CLICK. The line goes dead. Winslow stares at the phone.

AGENT WINSLOW
 My pension? My cushy 32k? Asshole
 spends more on his security detail.

AGENT JAMES sits opposite Winslow's desk confronted by a
 PHOTO of Winslow and his earnest, overweight WIFE.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
 (to Agent James)
 What did the Techies say about
 triangulation on that phone?

Agent James is holding the Nextel.

AGENT JAMES (O.C.)
 His service is off. And they can't
 track it if it's just a two-way.

AGENT WINSLOW
 (beat)
 I want all our resources down on
 the harbor looking for that guns
 container. No one gets out of there
 without us looking up their ass --

AGENT JAMES
 But the Director said --

AGENT WINSLOW
 Our job is keeping illegal arms off
 the street. If we don't do that,
 innocent people die. You want that?
 (points to Nextel)
 Try to get him to talk. Listen for
 anything that'll reveal his 10-20.

Winslow exits. James steps to windows, clears his throat.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Push past AUDI QUATTRO to a BMW M6. An ALARM LIGHT blinks on
 the dash, then goes black. Emile rolls from under the car.

INT. BMW M-6

Emile is driving up La Brea. He hears something, turns up the
 volume ON THE NEXTEL:

AGENT JAMES (O.S.)
 (through Nextel)
 -- you got two dozen agents here,
 intent on apprehending you.

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB - ATF OFFICES - SAME

A wall of monitors and two rows of computers. Winslow is talking to EIGHT AGENTS; compu-crimefighters.

AGENT WINSLOW
 We are tracking a tow-truck driver
 with an eighth grade education and
 zero resources.

He holds a SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of Goya and MUG-SHOT of Emile.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
 Three of our men died on those
 docks. If Radavich walks, we hang
 the case here...

INT. AGENT WINSLOW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Agent James, in the window, trying to entice a response.

AGENT JAMES
 -- if you cooperate, I'm sure we
 can offer you clemency, but you've
 got to talk to me...

He quiets, looks down at the phone, waiting for reaction.
 Below, in the waste basket, he sees the cap to a syringe.

James fishes the SYRINGE CAP onto the tip of a pen. Stares at it, then looks to Winslow's desk: all the drawers have locks.

Suspicion registers on the young agent's face.

INT. BMW M6, SUNSET PLAZA DRIVE

Emile takes winding turns, ascending into the hills. He pulls past Goya's house. All lights are off. Emile checks his surroundings. Nothing suspicious. He parks four houses down.

On an intersecting street, looking down on Goya's house, we see a SHADOW MOVE inside an unmarked sedan.

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB

Winslow delegates to: AGENT ITO(27), the hip Japanese kid.

AGENT WINSLOW
Ito, if someone honks on a freeway
tonight, I wanna know about it.

AGENT ITO
Yes, sir.

To AGENT ZITA(32), a Latina with a mean stare.

AGENT WINSLOW
Zita, you're on satellite. If we
need Level 4 clearance patch me in.

To AGENT REYNOLDS(43), ruddy alcoholic-type.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
Compare the tattoos from the Yakuza
at the docks to any on the LAPD
database. Let's pin-down which gang
these cunt-eyed fucks belong to.

AGENT ITO, also Japanese, tries to ignore the racial slur.

AGENT TELLIS
Sir! We have an 'unidentified'
approaching Goya's residence.

AGENT WINSLOW
We're on our way. 10 minutes.

Winslow races out, grabbing his jacket. Agent James falls in
behind Agents Nelson and Glenn, running to the elevator.

INT. GOYA'S HOUSE

Emile enters, pocketing his pick tools, closing the door.
City lights twinkle out floor to ceiling windows.

Emile checks rooms -- the house is empty.

EMILE
Where the fuck...

His eyes land on the pile of COCAINE on the coffee table. He
stares at it a beat, then glances to the chaise, outside.

EMILE (CONT'D)
-- bitch was Japanese.

Emile scours Goya's desk looking for something. He checks the
mantle, then finds what he seeks on the refrigerator...

A SNAPSHOT of Meiling and Goya on the beach. In a bikini, her
KIMONO DRAGON TATTOO covers her thigh. He pockets it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HI-RISE

An ominous glass building near K-Town. FIVE YAKUZA MEN, in black suits and skinny black ties, follow ASUKA up the steep driveway from the garage. They gleam with perspiration.

The FIVE MEN follow Asuka around the building to the entrance of THE KIOSHI CLUB where ultra-hip ASIAN KIDS wait in line.

The rope is lifted for ASUKA and his MEN. We FOLLOW THEM in, and past a METAL DETECTOR that BEEPS on each of them.

INT. KIOSHI CLUB

Lights loop across a dance-floor filled with bubble-gum Yankis in shiny Nikes. WHITE TIGERS pace Plexiglas cages on both sides of an ACROBATIC ROPE DANCER in a body-suit.

THE FIVE MEN make their way past ANOTHER BOUNCER, through a curtain and down a mirrored hallway, toward an ELEVATOR.

ASUKA

Goya waits in the VIP. You will bring him up to my father's office.

INT. KIOSHI CLUB - VIP ROOM

A lushly decorated room with deep sofas and club chairs. OLDER YAKUZA men sit on sofas entertained by COURTESAN GIRLS.

There's a thick sumo-large bodyguard standing against the wall. This is KATZU. He is looking toward the corner where...

GOYA and MEILING talk in hushed tones. Goya keeps anxiously glancing at the elevator. Meiling is anxious too, jonesing.

GOYA

I will give to you, but wait one hour, then we go celebrate.

He slips her a GOLD CIGAR-CASE, making her very happy.

MEILING

What do we celebrate tonight, baby?

Meiling has traces of an accent, she's tried to lose. Goya leans in, proudly breaking good news:

GOYA

(leans in)

My troubles are finish. Rada's out. I made partners with your father.

MEILING

You did what? In English.

GOYA

I am partner with your father now.
After tonight, we control all
distribution.

She's stunned, suddenly worried.

MEILING

Why? Was that your idea? Or did my
father ask you for this?

GOYA

Is best for everyone. No more Rada.
No more fighting --

MEILING

Was it your idea, or his?

Her urgency calls attention to them. Katsu edges closer.

GOYA

Relax *buschka*. Your father had this
idea but --

MEILING

Goya. You can't trust him. Why --

GOYA

Hey. I know what I'm doing. I am
not some punk, huh? I am connected.
(reasoning)
And I am with you. He knows this.

MEILING

Do you think he's proud of that?

Hurt in her eyes, and truth in her words.

MEILING (CONT'D)

They do not like you Goya. And they
do not like to share.

Her reaction shaves a layer off his bravado.

GOYA

Maybe is true but he is businessman
and I have something he wants...

MEILING

I doesn't matter. It is never so
simple with him with --

Just then, the FIVE YAKUZA step off the elevator.

MEILING (CONT'D)

They're coming. Goya.

GOYA
 (fearful now)
 Okay. Is okay. I know...

Goya unlaces the CONTAINER KEY from around his neck. He puts the CONTAINER KEY in his mouth and swallows it.

MEILING
 What is that?

GOYA
 Insurance.

Goya stands and faces the Yakuza Men, trying to match their severity. They nod to the elevator. He looks back at Meiling.

GOYA (CONT'D)
 Don't go nowhere.

INT. GOYA'S HOUSE

Emile checks the clock, thinks a moment, then picks up the phone. He dials a number he knows by heart...

EXT./INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, HARBOR HOSPITAL

TWO POLICE OFFICERS sit in the hall. PUSH THROUGH the door, into shadowy darkness. Radavich lays in a bed, arm wrapped, watching his NOKIA RING. CALLER ID reads: "Goya".

He silences it, pulls the Hooker's RHINESTONE CELL, dials:

UNCLE RADAVIDICH
 (into phone)
 Where the fuck you been? I call you
 all --

Inter-cut with:

INT. GOYA'S HOUSE

Emile, on the land-line:

EMILE
 No, Uncle. It's Emile.

UNCLE RADAVIDICH
 Emilija? What is this? You are with
 Goya? Put him on the phone.

EMILE
 He's not here. I'm at his house.
 I went with him tonight. It went
 bad. The ATF --

UNCLE RADA VICH
Where is shipment?

EMILE
 It was stolen. Yakuza came in on
 boats --

UNCLE RADA VICH
 (cursing)
 And the key?

EMILE
 Goya has it.

UNCLE RADA VICH
 Then he is traitor. These Yakuza
 come to my house. They kill my men
 and my whore and almost kill me.

EMILE
 (worried)
 You alright? Where are you?

UNCLE RADA VICH
 Am in hospital. But General's men
 did not receive shipment. Now they
 will come for my blood.

EMILE
 We need to get you outta there.

UNCLE RADA VICH
 No, Emile --

HEADLIGHTS track across the room. Two sets. And ENGINE NOISE
 doesn't fade, it dies.

EMILE
 I got company. Tell me what
 hospital?

UNCLE RADA VICH
 I have police guarding door. You
 can not help me now.

Through marbled windows, FIGURES move toward the house.

EMILE
What hospital?

UNCLE RADA VICH
 Harbor Hospital. Room 612-E.

Emile hangs up, darts into the kitchen and TURNS ON STOVETOPS
 without lighting them -- gas HISSES into the room.

EXT. GOYA'S HOUSE

Winslow, James, Nelson and Glenn approach. The house is on a hillside, only one way in or out -- the front door.

Winslow signals: 3, 2, 1... ATF AGENTS break down the door.

AN ENGINE STARTS: *WHUMBABAA!!* The TRIUMPH RIDES from the rear corner, straight at glass windows overlooking the city.

AGENT WINSLOW
(steps forward)
Hold your fire!

OUTSIDE

Emile shoots through the glass like a bullet. A breathtaking drop. He lands on the dirt hillside, almost lays it down, but manages to control the back-end.

INSIDE

AGENT JAMES
Why'd you call it? We had him --

Winslow races to the kitchen, TURNS OFF GAS.

AGENT WINSLOW
Don't fucking question me. Move!

EXT. SUNSET PLAZA DRIVE - NIGHT

Sunset Plaza loops back and forth across the mountain. Every stretch of it has an uphill side, and a cliff side.

FIND EMILE, as he rounds the corner, no headlights, laying the bike low. He ROARS AT US at break-neck speed.

INT. AGENT WINLOW'S CAR

Winslow drives, pushing the needle. Agent Glenn, young and jittery, rides shotgun.

AGENT WINSLOW
(into mic)
Where are my black and whites --

AGENT ZITA (O.S.)
They're turning up Sunset Plaza --

EXT. SUNSET PLAZA & SUNSET INTERSECTION

TWO SQUAD CARS pull off the strip, screaming up Sunset Plaza.

INT. AGENT WINSLOW'S CAR

Winslow sees green on Agent Glenn.

AGENT WINSLOW
Ever discharge your firearm?

AGENT GLENN
Not on duty, sir. No.

AGENT WINSLOW
Aim high and try not piss yourself.

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB, ATF OFFICES

AGENT ZITA is following the pursuit via satellite. Her fingers never stop typing.

AGENT ZITA
You're a 150 meters behind --

AGENT WINSLOW (O.S.)
Meters?

AGENT ZITA
Sorry. Under five hundred feet.

MONITOR #2(SAT): Headlights closing on a dark shape.

EXT. SUNSET PLAZA DRIVE

EMILE ROARS down Sunset Plaza, just a shadow, until...

HEADLIGHTS find him. SQUAD CARS, coming up, speeding at Emile. He rides up on a berm (hill side), climbs twenty feet and then zags back down and shoots across the street, between cop cars -- launching off the cliff.

The drop-off is vertical, like he stepped into space. He bails off the bike, mid-air, and lands in a heap. WHUUUMPH.

EMILE AND BIKE tumble down the jade-covered hillside to another section of the same street. A shortcut. Sort of. He lifts the bike. Kick-starts it. It sputters...

EMILE
Come on --

WINSLOW SCREECHES around the corner, coming fast. Emile kicks starts it again. The ENGINE COUGHS to life.

He POPS IT into first and rips off as Winslow skids around the corner, gunning right up his ass.

AGENT WINSLOW
Lean out and get a shot --

AGENT GLENN
Lean out?

AGENT WINSLOW
Lean out or I throw you out.

AGENT GLENN leans out, taking wild shots.

EXT. SUNSET PLAZA DRIVE

EMILE ZAGS sideways, launches off another street. A dark silhouette against city lights. He lands on the decline, rumbling down the hill to another section of Sunset Plaza.

SQUAD CAR #1 tries to follow him and launches off the hill above. *Bad idea.* It topples and tumbles down the hill.

INT. AGENT WINLOW'S CAR

AGENT GLENN is back in his seat, buckling up.

AGENT WINSLOW
I hope you're better with a
computer than you are with a gun.

EXT. SUNSET PLAZA DRIVE

EMILE RUMBLES down a slope, alongside a house. He reaches the back yard but doesn't see the fence until it's too late. KRASSH! The gate shatters. Shreds his clothes.

He skids into the street, and accelerates. SUNSET BOULEVARD straight ahead. But lights swing around the corner behind him. WINSLOW BANGS off parked cars, flying at us...

EMILE ROCKETS toward the traffic light. Intersecting traffic is at a crawl. A BIG RIG approaching the intersection. Emile speeds at it - lays down his bike and slides under the truck.

WINSLOW IS FOLLOWING, not letting up. He thinks the rig will keep moving but the RIG BRAKES in the intersection.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
Get down --

The sedan drives straight into the rig. Metal RIPS, glass SHATTERS. The sedan rolls out the other side, decapitated. It TOPPLES A HYDRANT, water shoots 100 feet in the air.

In the sedan, Winslow tries to sit up. Twisted metal all around. Water raining down. And blood.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
Aw, shit --

Agent Glenn's body has been severed -- his head and torso hang over the seat. Winslow climbs out...

Emile is running through the Sunset Plaza parking lot, below. He hurls himself over a fence.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
 (into earpiece)
 He's heading toward Holloway drive,
 get LAPD on him with everything.

AGENT JAMES pulls up. AGENT WINSLOW is walking toward his car when his knees buckle. James jumps out to help him, water splashing down on them. James glimpses Agent Glenn's body.

AGENT JAMES
 Oh god. We need an ambulance --
 (to Winslow)
 You alright?

AGENT WINSLOW
 I'm fine.

He doesn't look fine, all the color has left his face.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Emile hops a wrought-iron fence. The spike CUTS HIS SHOULDER and he lands fifteen feet below, tweaking an ankle.

EMILE
 Augh --

He hobbles toward the 'EXIT'. Beyond it, Holloway Drive.

EXT. HALLOWAY DRIVE - MOMENT LATER

Emile surveys the street, empty of cars. A STREET-SIGN READS: "NO PARKING Midnight -- 6am"

EMILE
 Shit --

SIRENS closing in. Emile hobbles through the shadows toward a GAS STATION further down the street.

EXT. GAS STATION

Emile surveys the scene. TWO GAYS in a jeep. A WOMAN in a Mazda. A SLICK EURO in a DODGE VIPER.

A PANHANDLER asks SLICK EURO for a quarter.

SLICK EURO
Fuck off --

Emile can't help himself. He approaches, fronting bum:

EMILE
Yo, help me out man --

SLICK EURO
Get a fucking job you --

EURO stops short, see Emile's maniacal gaze.

EMILE
That how you got this car? You got
a job?

EMILE CLOBBERS HIM with the hand not begging. EURO falls.

EMILE (CONT'D)
Didn't think so.

Emile grabs his keys, jumps in. Tires SQUEAL.

INT. DODGE VIPER (HENNESSEY VENOM 800)

Red with a white racing stripe. A nasty big block V-10 twin-turbo. Zero-to-sixty in 2.8 seconds. Emile heads south. Fast.

INT. KIOSHI BUILDING, KENDO KIOSHI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A DOZEN MONITORS show different angles of the club, under them sits a man in a dark suit. The lines in his forehead are deep. KENDO KIOSHI was blessed with grace, but little mercy.

ASUKA stands behind his father, slick and cocky. They stare at GOYA, opposite them, on a low sofa.

KENDO
Radavich was more complicated than
expected. I am sending men to
finish the job.

GOYA
How will you protect me from The
General when you can't even kill an
old man?

KENDO
Many things did not go as planned.
Your 'Colombians' for instance.

GOYA
How could I know this? Besides, it
worked. When do we sell --

KENDO
Do you believe in the afterlife,
Mister Igar?

GOYA
The afterlife?

KENDO
I believe that when we die our
souls retrace our steps and we
watch all the good and bad we've
done. This is karma. But for this
journey to take place our body must
be intact -- the soul maintains a
physical shape as it travels.

FIVE YAKUZA ENTER and stand against the wall.

KENDO (CONT'D)
Those left incomplete are forced to
hover here until they can take over
the shell of a weaker creature,
like an ant, or a moth.

Goya puffs his chest like a blow-fish, scared.

KENDO (CONT'D)
For this reason, I scatter the
pieces of my enemies so they cannot
follow me into the next life.

GOYA
The Russian way is easier. We shoot
them, rob them, and then we drink.

KENDO
(smiles)
Where is the container Mister Igar?

GOYA
You won't see container until I see
my cut. When do we make this sale?

ASUKA MUTTERS in Japanese. KENDO quiets his son with a look.

KENDO
I will ask again --

GOYA
You will get same answer. I want my
cut. When do we leave for Vegas.

Kendo considers him...

KENDO
You will not be going to Vegas. But
you will get *your cut*.

He barks something IN JAPANESE and the YAK THUGS grab Goya.

GOYA

Get off me. Fuck you. Mei--

Asuka ducts tapes his mouth.

KENDO

You come to my house, feed my daughter poison and think I don't notice? If I had not foreseen your value to me, I would've done this a long time ago.

INT. ELEVATOR, PENTHOUSE - SAME

Meiling steps off the elevator, and keys into the penthouse.

INT. KENDO'S OFFICE, PENTHOUSE

ASUKA and the FIVE YAKUZA drag GOYA into the WALK-IN CLOSET just off the study. Plastic tarp covers floor and walls.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET

YAK THUG #1 enters with a Samurai sword. Goya knows tradition and makes fists so they can't chop off his fingers.

KENDO

(takes the sword)

It is best to exhale deeply...

Two men hold his arms. One grabs his hair. Kendo raises the sword. It glints. CRUNCH. Goya's head comes off.

KENDO (CONT'D)

You will be the moth.

Goya's head looks up at them, blinking.

KENDO (CONT'D)

(to Asuka)

On the way to meet the Mongols,
bury his body in the desert but
leave his head on the road.

Kendo turns. His daughter Meiling stands in the doorway. She's staring at the severed head of her lover.

MEILING

No! No --

Meiling runs to Goya. Her brother grabs her by the hair. She's hitting him, then hugs him, pulls away with his gun.

She waves the gun, backing Asuka off.

MEILING (CONT'D)
I hate you. I hate you --

She puts the gun to her head.

ASUKA
Do it. Do us the favor --

She SCREAMS -- PULLS THE TRIGGER. Safety is on. Her father reaches for her. She drops the gun, runs out.

Kendo turns and SMACKS HIS SON across the face. A door slams.

INT. MEILING'S ROOM

Meiling bolts the door and pulls out the golden cigar-case. Inside, a kit: needle, dope and spoon.

KENDO (O.S.)
(KNOCKING)
Meiling! Open the door --

Meiling burns the spoon, draws murky white into the syringe and slams it. She exhales. Her eyes close. Her head dips.

KENDO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Meiling. Meiling --

YAK THUG kicks down the door. Kendo enters, disgusted:

KENDO (CONT'D)
Clean her up.

EXT. DRY CLEANER - NIGHT

Emile drives PAST THE HOSPITAL. A block down, the POLICE STATION. In between, the HARBOR MUNICIPAL DRY CLEANER.

The Viper pulls around back of the dry cleaner.

INT. HARBOR MUNICIPAL DRY CLEANER

In the half-light of the avenue, Emile runs the motorized peristyle watching white LAFD shirts fly by, then...

EMILE
Here we go.

An entire section of LAPD pressed blue shirts.

EXT. HARBOR HOSPITAL - REAR ENTRANCE

Emile approaches the emergency loading dock dressed like a cop -- minus badge, gun-belt and boots (he wears Converse).

A SECURITY GUARD, smokes there. Emile eyes his BADGE, his GUN, and his BOOTS.

EMILE
Spare a smoke?

SECURITY GUARD
I'm out.

Emile smirks at the FULL PACK on the rail. He heads inside.

INT. HARBOR HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sick and injured lay on gurney's lining the hall. Emile's walking down the hall when he spots TWO YAKUZA at the Nurse's station. One holds flowers and we saw him at Rada's house...

SKELETOR YAK
We are family.

The NURSE is dubious.

FEMALE DOCTOR (O.C.)
A little help here, please.

Emile looks up. A FEMALE DOCTOR can't get a gurney through a door. He helps her. She's cute. He has a moment of longing: *Something normal like that. But it'll never happen. Not now.*

He turns down the hall to a door marked FLAMMABLE. SECURITY GUARD is walking towards him. Emile calls back:

EMILE
A little help here --

The Security Guard steps close. Emile yanks him inside.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emile elbows Security Guard, knocking him out. He steals his UTILITY BELT (w/ Beretta) and dinky BADGE. He swaps-out his CELL PHONE and checks the GUARD'S BOOT.

EMILE
Size 7? You kiddin' me...

Emile picks the lock on the "gas cage", lays a TANK OF N2O beside the Security Guard, and CRANKS ON the gas...

INT. AGENT JAMES' CAR (CROWN VIC)

James drives, 110 south. Winslow, still pale, ON THE PHONE:

AGENT WINSLOW
 -- remind me to call Agent Glenn's
 parents in the morning...Yeah,
 we're heading to question Rada.

Winslow hangs up, bites into LICORICE.

AGENT JAMES
 You know, when they recruited me
 they told the story of your
 undercover work with the Mongols.
 (no reaction)
 Two years in an outlaw motorcycle
 gang is a long time...

AGENT WINSLOW
 No wonder Halden selected you,
 you're *green* as fuckin' spring.

AGENT JAMES
 (shrugs it off)
 I just always wondered, how do you
 navigate the drugs? They must force
 stuff on you, right?
 (too eager)
 They ever make you shoot up?

Winslow looks up, eyes gleaming like knives.

INT. ELEVATOR, SIXTH FLOOR, HARBOR HOSPITAL

Emile walks down the hall. Outside a room, sit TWO COPS. ONE SLEEPS, ONE TALKS on his cell.

EMILE
 I'm here to relieve you guys.

COP ON PHONE walks off, still talking. The sleeping cop, OFFICER PATRINO stands and stretches.

OFFICER PATRINO
 Thank God. Careful, this guy's the
 real deal.

Patrino follows his partner down the hall to the elevator. Emile sits, hears MUTTERING, sees them looking back at him. He hides his Converse. Finally, elevator DINGS. They step on.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

The bed is empty. Rada is gone. *Fuck*. Then SOMEONE steps from the shadows and seizes Emile by the throat.

UNCLE RADA VICH
 You *musor* fuck. You are police --

Rada's grip is tight. Emile can't utter a word. He's turning beat red.

EMILE
 (choked)
 Stop --

Emile pulls the Guard's Beretta. Finally, Radavich lets go.

EMILE (CONT'D)
 I'm not a cop. Look at the badge. I stole it. How you think I got in?
 (holsters his gun)
 'Come to break your ass out and this is the welcome I get...

A coltish smile breaks across Emile's face. He embraces his Uncle. Kisses both cheeks. A deep connection here.

EMILE (CONT'D)
 Let's get you outta here. I clocked two Yakuza downstairs.

UNCLE RADA VICH
 Those men finish me tonight. My whole crew is dead.

Outside, flashing lights, the Crown Vic pulls in.

EMILE
 Shit. These Feds are up my ass. Let's roll.

INT. STAIRWELL, HOSPITAL

Emile is leading Rada down the stairs when he hears the DOOR OPEN below. Then FOOTSTEPS. Emile stops Rada, *shh*.

He looks down the divide, between handrails...

SKELETOR YAK is looking up from below. Emile jumps back, pulls Rada out the door onto...

INT. HALLWAY, FOURTH FLOOR, HOSPITAL

Emile hurries Rada down the long hall TO AN ELEVATOR. He presses the 'call button'.

EMILE
 Come on...

WHAM! The door opens at the end of the hall. TWO YAKUZA emerge, running at them.

DING! Elevator doors open. Emile pulls Rada ON THE ELEVATOR.

A MALE NURSE pushes an OLD LADY in a wheelchair. Emile jabs 'Close Doors' as FOOTSTEPS POUND down the hall.

Elevator announces: "CLOSING DOORS". But Old Lady hears footsteps, reaches to press 'Open Doors'.

UNCLE RADA VICH
Net pizda staraya!

Old Lady halts. The doors close. Elevator descends.

EMILE
(deep breath)
Do you have a phone?

Rada pulls out the RHINESTONE CELLULAR. Emile cocks an eye.

UNCLE RADA VICH
My phone been tapped. This is clean
line. Belongs to dead hooker.

Old Lady reacts.

EMILE
I want your phone. The one that's
tapped.

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB, ATF OFFICES - SAME

Agent Tellis gets a hit on her wire-tap/GPS. "Radavich" flashes as in RED BLIP on a grid map.

AGENT TELLIS
(calls out)
I need blueprints for Harbor
hospital --

TECH AGENT #1
Pulling them up now.

Tellis types Winslow's name in her "call box".

AGENT TELLIS
(into mic; to Winslow)
Rada's phone is back on. I've got
an outgoing call. I hear rustling
and he's on the move.

EXT. HOSPITAL

Agents Winslow and James walking in.

AGENT WINSLOW
 (into phone)
 What do you mean, on the move? I
 thought we had guards on his door?

EXT. STAIRWELL - HOSPITAL

The YAKS are barrelling down the stairs.

INT. ELEVATOR, HOSPITAL

Emile wipes sweat from his brow. Old Lady watches him. The elevator DINGS, audibly announces "SECOND FLOOR".

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB, ATF OFFICES

Tellis listens to Rada's call, hears "SECOND FLOOR" and sees his red blip moving laterally across the BLUEPRINT over-lay.

AGENT TELLIS
 -- he's getting off on the second
 floor and moving down the hall.

INT. ELEVATOR, EAST WING, HARBOR HOSPITAL

James holds an elevator. Winslow stands in the lobby, looking across at west wing elevators.

AGENT WINSLOW
 (calls to James)
 Second floor. I'll come from the
 west, we'll pinch him.

Agent Winslow races across the bridge to the west wing.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, HOSPITAL

Emile guides Radavich down the hall. But, at the end of the hall, the stairwell DOOR OPENS and YAKUZA rush out.

SKELETOR YAK spots Emile...but Skeletor Yak has to walk because OFFICER PATRINO stands nearby hitting on a NURSE.

Emile sits Rada in a WHEELCHAIR and pushes him back the other way, right past a NURSE aiding the SECURITY GUARD he rolled.

SECURITY GUARD (O.C.)
 That's him. That's the guy --

Emile breaks into a run, pushing Rada. He TURNS DOWN a hall.

INT. WEST WING, HOSPITAL

Winslow TURNS UP a crowded hallway -- it feels like they're about to run into each other.

AGENT WINSLOW
(into phone)
Where? Right here?

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB, ATF OFFICES

Tellis is staring at her MONITOR: the red "Radavich" blip and green "Winslow" blip are almost on top of each other.

AGENT TELLIS
There! You're ten feet away --

INT. HALLWAY, HOSPITAL

Agent Winslow PULLS HIS GUN. There's a door in front of him. He barrels in. Lights are dim. A curtain surrounds a bed.

AGENT WINSLOW
Freeze --

Winslow whips back the curtain. OLD LADY, from the elevator, lays there. She's frightened.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
Sorry, ma'am

Hanging off her chair, in a plastic belongs bag, is RADA'S CELL PHONE. Emile dropped it in her bag.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, HOSPITAL

Emile pushes the chair through the ICU. The Yakuza are thirty feet behind, running with hands on their guns. Closing...

Emile elbows the 'Open' mechanism for VACUUM-LOCK DOORS. They swoosh open, he pushes Rada through, waits for them to close.

The Yaks are racing up, guns coming out. Doors closing, closing, CLOSED. Emile flips the SECURITY LOCK on the doors.

The YAKS race up, press the mechanism, nothing happens. They try to pry open the doors. YAK #1 aims his gun, YAK #2 stops him from firing. Emile disappears around a corner...

INT. EAST WING, HOSPITAL

Agent James is going door to door, striking out.

INT. LOADING DOCKS, HOSPITAL

An AMBULANCE backed-up to the loading dock. EMT wheel in a gurney with a CAR ACCIDENT VICTIM.

EMT
 (to Doctors)
 -- ruptured spleen. Blood pressure
 105 over 45 --

Emile pushes Rada past them into the back of the AMBULANCE and closes the doors behind them.

INT. BRIDGE, HOSPITAL

Agent James is striding across the windowed bridge that connects the two wings. An AMBULANCE pulls out of the loading docks. TWO YAKUZA MEN chase it into the street.

Agent James looks down, sees Emile at the wheel.

Their eyes meet. Then the ambulance crosses under the bridge. James turns to the other side, watching it speed off.

INT. AMBULANCE

Emile heads north on surface streets. He digs in his pocket, hands Rada the SNAPSHOT he stole from Goya's fridge.

EMILE
 That's Goya's girl. You know her?

UNCLE RADA VICH
 No. But she has Yakuza tattoo.

EMILE
 I figured. The Feds arrested three of them at the docks, one of 'em had the same tatoo.
 (then)
 How many Yakuza gangs in LA?

UNCLE RADA VICH
 Only few who could pull this off. There is Yakuza named Kioshi with nightclub downtown. He has daughter this age.

EMILE
 Then that's where we start.

This gives Rada pause.

UNCLE RADA VICH

No, Emile. I love you like son but last time I trust you -- you was strung out like kite. This drug sickness is fever that never cures.
(closer)

This is not right work for you.

EMILE

I got a grip now Uncle. I been clean the last nine months.

UNCLE RADA VICH

Then I am proud of you. But this is not your fight.

(cutting him off)

I have friend who makes passport. You will drive into Canada and fly to Europe from there.

Emile checks his mirrors, stung.

EMILE

What about you?

UNCLE RADA VICH

It does not matter where I run, they find me. I am old Vor. This is how end comes for men like me.

Rada points him down a dark street near Plummer Park.

EMILE

What if we got the guns back?

UNCLE RADA VICH

With Feds at docks we cannot. And General wants his coke.

EMILE

What if we recovered the drugs?

UNCLE RADA VICH

The drugs would keep me alive. But you do not owe me this, Emile.

EMILE

You're wrong. I do.

INT. OLEF'S BUNGALOW

Dark with wood floors and stacks of Russian newspapers everywhere. SEVERAL GIANT CATS roam the place. Rada BARKS IN RUSSIAN at a spindly man with grey skin. This is OLEF.

Chastised, Olef opens a door, descends into the basement.

UNCLE RADA VICH
 For Kioshi to risk this he must
 have buyer. That means time is
 short.

EMILE
 You sure you're safe here? How do
 you know this guy?

UNCLE RADA VICH
 Olef and me was in Gulag together.
 I trust him like brother.

PUSH INTO basement...

INT. BASEMENT, OLEF'S HOUSE

Olef is ON THE PHONE. He WHISPERS IN RUSSIAN then eases the
 phone back in its cradle. He grabs a toolbox...

INT. UPSTAIRS, OLEF'S HOUSE

Olef hands Emile a black windbreaker then opens the toolbox
 to reveal a silver Colt HXE (.38) semi-auto pistol.

UNCLE RADA VICH
 And Olef offers you his car.

Olef looks sour. Emile dons the windbreaker.

UNCLE RADA VICH (CONT'D)
 Call this phone to give updates.

Rada hands him the number and looks over his nephew, proud.

UNCLE RADA VICH (CONT'D)
 You go to war for me tonight. For
 this I make you rich. For this I
 share with you my American dream.

Before Emile can argue, Rada is kissing cheeks.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, OLEF'S BUNGALOW

An engine REVS. But it's a Datsun. A dinky hatch-back. Emile
 at the wheel, pulling out the driveway, bummed.

EMILE
 Nice fucking car, Olef.

INT. BELOW-GROUND GARAGE

The YAKUZA THUGS hang Goya's body in the back of a fifteen foot TYSON FOODS FREEZER truck packed with the STOLEN CRATES. The truck is flanked by two BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADES.

KENDO rides shotgun in the first Escalade, motions: *let's go*. WE FOLLOW ESCALADES and TYSON TRUCK out of the garage. They turn down Alameda. PAN UP the side of building to...

INT. KENDO'S OFFICE, PENTHOUSE, KIOSHI BUILDING

The neon of Little Tokyo glows across the watery eyes of SKELETOR YAKUZA. He stands before Kendo, a bloody towel around one hand, offering Kendo a small paper-wrapped parcel.

KENDO
You failed twice. You are lucky I
don't take more. Get out.

SKELETOR YAKUZA hurries out. PUSH DOWN the hall...

INT. LIVING ROOM, PENTHOUSE

On a long white sofa, Meiling sits up. Her nightmare slowly cements itself as reality, she wobbles to her feet.

INT. HALLWAY, PENTHOUSE

In heels and short skirt, Meiling weaves down the hall and out the front door...

INT. MEZZANINE, PENTHOUSE

Meiling presses the elevator 'call button'. She clutches her PINK RAZOR CELL PHONE, looks up at a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA.

INT. KENDO'S OFFICE

Kendo stares at the MEZZANINE MONITOR, watching his daughter glare hatefully AT THE CAMERA. She knows he's watching.

KENDO
(into house phone)
Katzu, my daughter is coming down.
Be sure she stays in the VIP room.

Kendo absently opens the parcel. Inside, a bloody-digit of Skeletor Yakuza's pinky.

INT. VIP ROOM, KIOSHI BUILDING

KATZU presses the 'call button'. A second later, the doors open. Meiling is inside, she jabs the down button.

KATZU
(foot in door)
No, Miss Meiling. You stay here or
go back up, but not down.

She looks ready to crumble. Instead, she slinks to the bar.

EXT. KIOSHI ENTERPRISES BUILDING - ALLEY - NIGHT

Emile ducks into a CROWD OF CLUB-GOERS. He slips past velvet rope with THREE GIRLS, sees the METAL DETECTOR ahead...

EMILE
Shit.

He lets his .38 drop down his pant-leg, kicks it past the outside of the metal detector. Then walks through metal detector, clean, and out onto dance floor.

He bends like he's tying his shoe, and grabs the .38.

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB - ATF OFFICES

Agent Reynolds, on his computer, compares PHOTOS of the YAKUZA HIJACKER to an LAPD database JPEG. The same tattoo.

AGENT REYNOLDS
(into phone)
-- same tattoo on a suspect
arrested two years ago, purportedly
a member of the Kioshi-gumi Yakuza.

INT. AGENT JAMES CAR - NIGHT

James drives. Winslow rides. ON INTERCOM:

AGENT REYNOLDS
(through phone)
-- boss is Kendo Kioshi. He owns a
construction company and a night-
club on Alameda Ave.

AGENT WINSLOW
I know the one. We're on our way.
(clicks off)
Flip a bitch, Harvard. Let's go...

James makes a sharp U-turn, hoping to rattle Winslow. No such luck.

INT. KIOSHI CLUB

Emile takes it in. Several BOUNCERS, WHITE TIGERS on stage, LOUD TECHNO. He turns to bar, eyeing the colorful bottles. He hasn't had a drink in nine months; he's thirsty.

FEMALE BARTENDER nods, deals a napkin.

EMILE
Give me a tonic. Just tonic.

She delivers his drink. He shows her the PHOTO OF MEILING.

EMILE (CONT'D)
You know where I could find her?

Female Bartender glances at the picture, looks up at him.

FEMALE BARTENDER
Please wait.

She uses the PHONE at the end of the bar. Speaks briefly, and signals, one moment. Emile looks up. Across the room...

BOUNCER #1 starts toward him.

EMILE
Bitch --

Emile starts to slip into the crowd but sees BOUNCER #2 heading at him from the other direction. Emile grabs a beer bottle from the bar and SMASHES muscle-bound CROTCH-ROCKET GUY, and shoves him into the Bouncers.

The CROTCH-ROCKET GUY is disoriented and CLOCKS THE BOUNCER. And suddenly, all CROTCH-ROCKETS' FRIENDS jump in...

INT. VIP ROOM, KIOSHI BUILDING

Katzu covers his EARPIECE, hearing CALLS FOR BACK-UP. He glances at Meiling, head in hands, three drinks in.

Katzu jumps in the elevator. Doors close. Meiling looks up.

INT. DANCE FLOOR, KIOSHI CLUB

TWENTY PEOPLE brawling. Emile is wrestling out of the fray when BOUNCER #2 grabs him from behind, spins him around and starts PULVERIZING HIM with a mallet-sized fist.

Emile's taking a seismic beating. Finally, he reaches to his belt, FIRES A SHOT. He blows Bouncer #2's knee-cap off.

CLUB-GOERS panic at gunfire, and stampede toward the exit. Emile dives behind a pillar. A SHOT sparks off the floor beside him -- YAKUZA BOUNCERS are shooting at him.

EXT. KIOSHI CLUB, 300 SOUTH ALAMEDA

Winslow and James pull to the curb. HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE are rushing out. They can hear MUTED GUNFIRE inside...

AGENT WINSLOW
(into mic)
Call for back-up...

INT./EXT. ELEVATORS, KIOSHI CLUB, GROUND FLOOR

Meiling steps off the elevator, hears GUNFIRE and hesitates. But hatred and grief consume her. She pushes down the hall.

INT. KIOSHI CLUB

Smoke dances through swirling lights as Emile trades shots with YAKUZA BOUNCERS near stage. To his left, posted near the main entrance, BOUNCER #4 is taking shots at him.

EMILE GLANCES to the WHITE TIGER pacing in his cage. Emile aims, FIRES A SHOT, cracking the Plexiglas. He fires ANOTHER SHOT, the cage breaks open like a cracked-egg.

THE TIGER LEAPS off the stage, tearing into Yakuza Man. But nobody shoots the tiger.

BOUNCER #4 runs over, swinging a chair, leaving the exit free.

EMILE IS READY to dash out when he sees a shadow slinking along the wall. Disco lights hit her... it's Meiling.

WINSLOW AND JAMES burst through the front door, dive into a booth, overturning the table for cover.

EMILE SCRAMBLES closer to the exit, dives behind the bar. He pops his head up to see MEILING slipping out.

BULLETS chunk into the bar, WINSLOW unloading on him.

EMILE RUNS at Winslow, FIRING, then diving behind a stanchion. Then he turns and FIRES AT YAKUZA behind him...

EMILE
Shoot me, motherfucker. Come on.

He sprints toward the exit. Winslow pops up to shoot, has a clean shot, until YAKUZA RETURN FIRE. The bullets whizz over Emile's head, forcing WINSLOW to duck for cover.

Under cover of cross-fire... Emile dashes out the EXIT.

EXT. KIOSHI ENTERPRISES BUILDING

INCOMING SQUAD CARS are mobbed by frightened CLUB-GOERS. Meiling is standing in the manswarm, disoriented, not sure what to do next. Emile appears, grabs her arm.

EMILE
I'm Goya's friend, you remember me?
I met you at his house.

People rush past, bumping them, the chaos overwhelms her.

EMILE (CONT'D)
Where is he? I gotta talk to him --

MEILING SPOTS KATZU emerging from the club. She panics.

MEILING
Let go of me. I have to go --

EMILE
I'll give you a ride. Come on.

A black HAMMAN FERRARI pulls out the valet garage. Emile starts toward it, taking Meiling's hand.

SCREAMS ERUPT. People scatter. The WHITE TIGER slinks around the Ferrari with blood on its mouth.

OWNER OF FERRARI, a fashion designer, backs away.

Emile steps toward the beast, toward the car, pulling Mei.

MEILING
What are you doing --

White Tiger considers Emile, then lopes down the street. Emile pushes Meiling into the car as FERRARI OWNER runs up.

FERRARI OWNER
That's my --

Emile hops in, REVS the engine and pulls away...

INT. HAMMAN FERRARI

A Hamman Ferrari 599 GTB. It lurks low to the ground with a growling V12 and 673hp. Emile weaves through PEDESTRIANS and works his way through gears, like a knife through butter.

MEILING
Did we just steal this car?

EMILE
We borrowed it. Where's Goya?

Her chest rises and falls. She looks away.

EMILE (CONT'D)
Did you see him tonight? Did he
come by the club?

MEILING
Just drive, OK.

He turns down First Street, letting the scenery change.

EMILE
Look, I'll take you wherever you
wanna go but --

MEILING
Take me to score.

EMILE
A'right, we can do that. But you
gotta talk to me.

MEILING
You're going the wrong way.

EMILE
(snaps)
Where the fuck is Goya.

She stares at him, blankly.

MEILING
He's dead.

EXT. KIOSHI BUILDING

EMT's hold a swab to BOUNCERS heavily tattooed torso and
wheel him past WINSLOW, who's listening to FERRARI OWNER.

FERRARI OWNER
-- he was white and had a Japanese
girl with him.

AGENT WINSLOW
I need the make, model and plates
of your car.

FERRARI OWNER
It's a black Hamman Ferrari 599
GTB. License plate is "ZIPPERS".

FERRARI OWNER is wearing a leather jacket with no less than
two dozen zippers on it. Winslow arcs an eyebrow:

AGENT WINSLOW

Cute.

INT. BLACK FERRARI, BONNIE BRAE

Emile pulls away from STREET DEALER and Meiling empties a small baggie of cocaine on a CD case.

MEILING

-- he wanted to get away from Rada.
My father knew about it and waited
for the right time to use him.

She blasts a line. The blow separates her from her grief.

EMILE

So where are the fish?

MEILING

What fish?

EMILE

The 60 kilos they stole was being
smuggled inside frozen fish.

MEILING

(in disbelief)
Sixty kilos?

EXT. 1ST STREET - NIGHT

COPS have pulled over a Lincoln Continental. OFFICER WHITE is black and running the plates. OFFICER DIMIC, white and bored.

DISPATCH

(radio squaks)
-- stolen black Ferrari. A federal
warrant has been issued on the
driver --

The BLACK FERRARI roars past.

OFFICER DIMIC

Black Ferrari.

EXT. STREET, KIOSHI CLUB

FIND AGENT JAMES working with LAPD FEMALE INTERPRETER.

AGENT JAMES

Ask them if they were in Long Beach
tonight.

INTERPRETER asks in Japanese. The response is short.

INTERPRETER

He says they're here on vacation.

AGENT JAMES

They bring uzi's on vacation, huh?
Tell them we're running the numbers
on those guns and this vacation --

AGENT GOMEZ, strangely Caucasian, comes rushing in:

AGENT GOMEZ

Sir, we got a black and white on
the Ferrari.

INT. BLACK FERRARI

Emile has FLASHING LIGHTS in his rear-view.

EMILE

Buckle-up.

He hits the gas. Torque forces her head back.

MEILING

Maybe you should let me out.

EXT. 3RD & WESTERN

EMILE snaps a turn down Western. The pursuing CRUISER SCREECHES around the corner, gets tangled in oncoming traffic, then swerves out, still in pursuit...

INT. AGENT JAMES CAR

Agent James drives. Winslow on his cell:

AGENT WINSLOW

(into phone)

-- key into ATSAC and work flashing
reds through LA metro. Let's jam
him up --

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB - ATF OFFICES

AGENT ITO types furiously. ON THE MONITOR: we see the traffic grids for downtown LA.

AGENT ITO

-- going to flashing reds now.

Flashing red lights appear at every intersection.

INT. BLACK FERRARI

Emile is weaving through traffic. Suddenly, the CARS in front of him jam on their brakes. He swerves onto the sidewalk, RIPPING off his front spoiler.

MEILING
-- you drive like an asshole.

INT. CHANNEL 9 - NEWS HELICOPTER

NEWIE, the pilot, is salt and pepper. BARNES, his cameraman, is young and cocky. ON THEIR HEADSETS:

BARNES
-- I finally get her bra off and she's got giant nipples. Like you see in those old pornos...

NEWIE
Hippy nip's.

They are interrupted by RADIO CHATTER:

OFFICER DIMIC (O.S.)
-- chase heading south on
Normandie.

Newie banks hard, heading downtown.

INT. BLACK FERRARI

Emile rips into an intersection as METRO BUS is crossing. He jags around it, incredibly responsive.

EMILE
You had to hear something. What about a key? Did he say anything--

MEILING
You're making me sick.

Up ahead, TWO SQUAD CARS ramping toward him. In rear-view, the ORIGINAL CAR and THREE MORE.

EMILE
Fuck --

Emile downshifts, cranks the wheel, turns down an alley.

INT. SQUAD CAR

OFFICER WHITE drives. OFFICER DIMIC points:

OFFICER DIMIC
Go around. Cut him off.

WHITE speeds past the alley. THREE CARS follow Emile in.

INT. BLACK FERRARI

A parade of flashing lights follow Emile through the alley. SHLAPT! His side-mirror is ripped off.

MEILING
He said something about the desert--

EMILE
Which desert?

MEILING
I don't know!

EMILE SPEEDS out of the alley and... WHAM!! He's SLAMMED by the oncoming SQUAD CAR of White/Dimic. The Ferrari spins twice and comes to a stop, facing the Squad Car.

OFFICER WHITE is unconscious. DIMIC raises his gun.

EMILE
Duck!

Emile shoves her head in her lap and PUNCHES THE GAS. He drives past them. And ducks. BLAM BLAM BLAAAM!!

Glass rains down on them. Meiling rips free.

MEILING
Let go of me --

As Emile speeds off, a SPOTLIGHT finds them...

INT. CHANNEL 9 NEWS COPTER - SAME

NEWIE flies a safe distance up, BARNES works the CAMERA, signaling Newie to get them closer, as...

NEWIE
(into headset)
-- driver being shot at by LAPD --

INT. BLACK FERRARI

Emile is speeding past converted artists lofts. Up ahead, SQUAD CARS block the street. OFFICERS out, guns drawn.

In rearview, TEN SQUAD CARS in flank formation. Gumballs create a brilliant tornado of light. Emile is surrounded.

MEILING
We are so fucked.

He spots the glass-front lobby of an ARTIST LOFT BUILDING.

INT. ARTIST LOFT BUILDING

Emile speeds straight AT US. The FERRARI CRASHES through the glass windows of the lobby and SLAMS into the wall.

AIRBAGS SLAM them in the face. Blood explodes from Meiling's nose. Emile releases her belt, pulls her out of the Ferrari.

MEILING
You broke my nose.

EMILE
Shut up.

He leans her against the tire, salamanders over and presses the call button, then scrambles back behind the car.

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER
-- we will be forced to open fire --

Outside: A HIT-SQUAD of cops, guns ready. DING. Elevator doors open. He grabs Meiling and dives in the elevator.

Hugging her to the wall, he presses the button. The DOORS CLOSE. The elevator jerks. Meiling shoves him off.

MEILING
Get off me.

EXT. ARTIST LOFT BUILDING

Twenty Squad Cars surround the building, more block off the streets. Agent James pulls up. Winslow jumps out:

AGENT WINSLOW
(calling out)
Winslow, ATF. This is my manhunt.
Who's the commanding officer?

James steps out, looking up at the lofts.

INT. HALLWAY - ARTISTS LOFT

Emile moves down the hall, dragging Meiling with him.

INT. CHANNEL 9 NEWS COPTER

Newie is piloting the chopper over Olympic.

BARNES
You gotta get us lower, dude.

NEWIE
You gonna pay the fines when I
break our ceiling?

BARNES
Y'know, this is why you're stuck at
Channel 5. Cause you're a pussy.

Newie CURSES HIM, banks-in hard. It takes Barnes breath away.

NEWIE
Get your shot and lets get out.

INT. TOP OF STAIRCASE - ARTISTS LOFTS - NIGHT

Emile peeks out. COPTER is 150 feet over the rooftop. He
closes the door. Meiling sits on the top step, sobered.

EMILE
Take your clothes off.

MEILING
Fuck you.

He grabs her arm, inspecting her tracts.

EMILE
You wanna kick in jail? Or you
wanna get out of here?

EXT. ARTIST LOFT BUILDING

Agent Winslow is briefing A DOZEN SWAT.

AGENT WINSLOW
-- I want sharp-shooters there,
there and there.
(points to roof-tops)
We go in bangin' and try to flush
him to the roof.

INT. STAIRCASE

Meiling is naked, covering herself. She sniffles.

EMILE
Quite crying. You look great.

MEILING
I'm not crying asshole. My nose
broke.

EMILE
 Alright, you know what to do. On
 three. One. Two. Three.

He pushes her out the door. Meiling stumbles, naked, onto the
 roof waving for help. Emile watches through cracked door.

INT. CHANNEL 9 NEWS COPTER

Barnes sees the naked girl, with blood-caked hands, run onto
 the roof. She looks like she escaped the hands of a killer.

BARNES
 Oh my god. We gotta help her.

Newie hesitates...

BARNES (CONT'D)
She's a hostage.

Against his better judgment, Newie banks in.

EXT. ROOFTOP

POV SHARPSHOOTER / CROSS-HAIRS

Emile peeking out the cracked door.

SHARP-SHOOTER (O.C.)
 He's exposed. I'm gonna take it --

The helicopter drops into view, blocking his shot.

SHARP-SHOOTER (CONT'D)
 Shit.

INT. CHANNEL 9 NEWS COPTER - ROOFTOP

Copter touches down. BARNES dives in back to pull Meiling in.
 EMILE JUMPS OUT, sprints at them, gun leveled.

BARNES
 Pull up! Pull up --

Too late. Emile jumps in. He pulls Meiling with him.

EMILE
 (gun on Newie)
 Let's go. Hit it --

Newie pulls up just as SWAT MEMBERS burst onto the roof.

EMILE (CONT'D)
 Head toward the desert.

Newie banks east, quickly distancing them from the downtown. Emile leans forward, RIPS THE COMPUTER off it's mount.

EMILE (CONT'D)
What about GPS?

NEWIE
You're holding it.

Emile nods, DROPS THE COMPUTER out of the helicopter. It plummets 200 feet and CRASHES in the street below.

EXT. LOFT BUILDING

Winslow is ripping off his bullet-proof vest, striding to the car, ON HIS CELL:

AGENT WINSLOW
(into phone)
-- see if we can get a blip on him.
He's heading east --

Agent James waits by the car, searching the sky.

INT. ATF OFFICES - RESPONSE HUB

TELLIS studies an AVIATION GRID. 'Blips' fill the screen.

AGENT TELLIS
(into headset)
I have no less than twenty aircraft
in a five mile radius of there --

AGENT WINSLOW (O.S.)
(through headset)
Get the FAA on it and I want a bird
lifting us from City College in ten
minutes.

AGENT TELLIS
Yes, sir.

INT. CHANNEL 9 NEWS COPTER

Lights of LA in the distance. Meiling is wearing Barnes' flannel shirt. Emile taps Barnes with the muzzle.

EMILE
Pants too guy. Let's go...

Emile turns, sees Meiling's PINK RAZOR CELL PHONE, light up in her hands -- RINGING. He snatches it from her.

MEILING

Hey --

CALLER ID, reads: "Home".

EMILE

(into phone)

Who's this?

KENDO (O.S.)

(through phone)

You are answering my daughter's cell phone. Who is this?

EMILE

I'm the guy that's got your daughter's cell phone. And your daughter.

Intercut with:

INT. KENDO'S OFFICE, KIOSHI ENTERPRISES BUILDING

Emergency lights, from below, bounce across the windows.

KENDO

(into phone)

Is she alright?

EMILE (O.S.)

(through phone)

You won't see her alive again unless you swap her for the fish.

A pause.

KENDO

Then I will do as you ask. My son Asuka will make the exchange. Proceed to Palmdale. I will contact you with an address.

EMILE (O.S.)

No funny shit or she takes a bullet.

The line disconnects. Kendo falls into his hands.

INT. CHANNEL 9 NEWS COPTER

Lights of LA far behind them. Emile pockets the phone.

MEILING

Is that how it works? You shoot me if you don't get what you want?

EMILE

Relax.

MEILING

Fuck you. You drag me around and break my nose and make me strip and act like we're escaping together. Now I am a hostage?

(beat)

I'll jump out of this helicopter, I don't give a shit.

She makes a half-hearted move, Emile sternly re-seats her.

EMILE

If I don't get those drugs my uncle dies. He's the last family I got and I'm not gonna let that happen.

MEILING

(beat)

Well, If you wanted to trade with my father you should have taken something of more value to him. You should have taken his tigers.

Emile look at her, realizing she may be as derelict as he. Up front, Barnes eases off his lap-belt. Newie shoots a look.

EXT. OLEF'S BUNGALOW

Two black Chrysler 300's pull to the curb.

INT. OLEF'S BUNGALOW

A spare kitchen. Olef puts a kettle on the stove. A small rabbit-ear TV plays news clips from the chase. Rada watches intently, hardly noticing when Olef steps out.

The rhinestone CELLULAR vibrates in Rada's hand. A text:

<<< Heading to Palmdale. Trading daughter for fish. >>>

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS creak across the floor. Rada pockets the phone and looks up in time to see a glint of steel as STRASH drives a butcher knife into Rada's skull.

A sickening crunch. The knife is two inches deep, just above his ear. A gum-chewing MAFIYA MAN holds Rada still.

STRASHEELA

If you pull it out, you die. I know a man with claw of hammer in his head. He live like this for many years.

MAFIYA MAN releases Radavich. Blood trickles down his neck.

UNCLE RADA VICH

(low)
I told you...I need more time...

STRASHEELA

If General allows one man to be late, all men want to be late in future.

Rada remains absolutely still.

STRASHEELA (CONT'D)

Where is shipment? Olef tells me your nephew goes after our coke?

UNCLE RADA VICH

(the betrayal lands)
Fucking *musor*, Olef. I will kill --

STRASH TWANGS the knife. *VIBRATIONS* rip through Rada's head. He starts panting, sweating.

STRASHEELA

Does he have our coke?

UNCLE RADA VICH

...no...

STRASHEELA

Where is he!

UNCLE RADA VICH

...I don't know...

The kettle is near-boiling. Steam building to a low HISS.

STRASHEELA

Before this water whistles, you will tell me where he is.

Strash pulls out a ZIPPO LIGHTER.

STRASHEELA (CONT'D)

If you do not, I will heat the blade. This will hurt.

Rada looks to the kettle, a LOW WHISTLE, getting louder.

STRASHEELA (CONT'D)

Tell me and I walk out of here --

THE WHISTLE GROWS shrill.

UNCLE RADA VICH

I don't...I can't...

STRASH LIGHTS the flame and starts playing it across the the blade. HEAT SPREADS across the steel, heating Rada's brain.

Rada's mouth opens in a scream but nothing comes out. It's frying his nervous system. He pisses himself.

STRASHEELA

You are going to die like this!

OLEF'S TABBY CAT jumps up on the table. It stares at Rada with BRIGHT YELLOW EYES as the KETTLE SHRIEKS LOUDER STILL.

STRASHEELA (CONT'D)

Tell me where he is!

STRASH SHOUTING. The blade glowing red. THE KETTLE SCREAMING IMPOSSIBLY LOUD. Rada's eyes staring into cat's eyes.

Suddenly, the cat arches its back, bears it's teeth, HISSING.

Rada yanks the knife from his own head, and slumps, dead.

Strash turns off the kettle, takes a sip of water from the faucet then steps to Rada and pats his pockets...

He pulls out the RHINESTONE CELL PHONE, checks the texts.

STRASHEELA (CONT'D)

Stubborn fool. We go to Palmdale.

EXT. KIOSHI CLUB, STREET

The club is taped-off. EMERGENCY vehicles all around. AGENT GOMEZ steps off the ARV (mobile lab) and DIALS HIS CELL:

AGENT GOMEZ

(into phone)

I ran the Yakuza guns through NIBIN
and those guns belong to the ATF.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE

A Police Transport helicopter touches down on the athletic field. WINSLOW runs toward it. JAMES struggles to hear:

AGENT GOMEZ (O.S.)

(through phone)

They were confiscated two years ago
and there's no record of them being
checked out or stolen...

AGENT JAMES

(long beat)

Right. Okay. Thank you.

James claps his phone shut, stunned. He runs for the helicopter, backwash whipping his suit coat as he boards.

AGENT WINSLOW
Last sighting had them going east.
They were set to re-fuel before the
hijack so they won't get far.

Opposing benches. They lift off. Agent James buckles in, staring holes in Winslow as he bites into a Snickers bar.

INT. CHANNEL 9 NEWS COPTER

WHOOPING rotors. Meiling doesn't like being a pawn and is letting him hear about it.

MEILING
If you are *so close* to your Uncle
why didn't go you ask him for work?

Emile ignores her, looking at distant mountains. Neither of them notices Barnes undoing his lap-belt.

MEILING (CONT'D)
What, are you afraid to talk to me?
Are you afraid you might start
seeing your hostage as human?

EMILE
You're not a hostage.

MEILING
Then what am I?

EMILE
Annoying. Loud and annoying.

For such a brash girl she's easily wounded. Emile watches her pout. BARNES is at the edge of his seat, ready to pounce.

Emile suddenly shifts. Barnes jerk back into his seat. Emile lays suspicious eyes on him. Newie tries to cover:

NEWIE
We're low on gas. Got less than ten
miles left.

Emile leans forward, gun hanging loosely from his right hand.

He doesn't notice Barnes, coiled and ready to spring.

NEWIE (CONT'D)
I need a flat pad to put her down.

Emile points to an OUTDOOR DRIVING RANGE. Barnes is edging closer to the gun, looking sideways at him.

EMILE
Is that a golf course?

NEWIE
It looks like a driving range --

Meiling sees the look on Barnes face, the body language.

MEILING
Watch out!

Barnes dives on Emile. Fighting for the gun. They roll over a seat. Emile punches him, but Barnes gets a hand on the gun and focuses everything -- SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER.

PA-PLING! The bullet pierces the back of Newie's seat, and blows out the front, ripping open his chest. He GASPS.

BARNES
No --

The copter starts spinning out of control. Blood runs down the cockpit windshield. Emile throws open the door -- 300 feet over an OUTDOOR DRIVING RANGE.

EMILE
(to Meiling)
Gimme your hand --

Just as Meiling grabs his hand, Barnes kicks him -- sending Emile and Meiling flying out of the helicopter backwards.

Falling, falling, falling...WHOOOSH! They land in the net over the range. A second later, an EXPLOSION rocks the neighborhood. Smoke rises, 200 yards away.

They lay there, jouncing in the net, 100 feet off the ground.

EMILE (CONT'D)
You alright?

MEILING
Get me off of this --

Emile pulls out a blade, starts slicing. SHRRRIPT! The net tears. He swings down one way, she swings the other. He's hanging 25 feet over grass. Drops. Lands hard. That ankle.

MEILING (CONT'D)
Hurry--

Emile grabs the bottom of the side-net and pulls it underneath her, holding it taut. She drops. The net breaks the fall but she hits the grass, gets the wind knocked out.

EMILE
You're alright. Come on --

A LONE GOLFER stares down from the upper-deck. They stumble into a parking lot where a misty halo of light surrounds...

A silver PORSCHE CARRERA GT.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Nice.

EXT. HI-DESERT

Headlights shine on Asuka and FIVE YAKUZA, standing in the dusty foothills. TWO MEN are knee-deep, digging a grave.

ASUKA

Get his body.

TWO YAK THUGS move toward the Tyson Truck. Asuka's PHONE RINGS LOUD. He answers it. Listens, then HANGS UP.

ASUKA (CONT'D)

Change of plans! We must go now.

They abandon digging and rush to the Escalades.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Lights of Covina, below. James is bursting with animosity.

AGENT JAMES

(yelling over rotors)

Those guns the Yakuza were using were registered to the ATF. Someone stole them from our armory.

AGENT WINSLOW

Why you looking at me like I had something to do with it?

AGENT JAMES

Cause I think you're a bad guy with a badge. I think you picked up a habit in your undercover days and it snowballed on you, so you started selling the furniture.

AGENT WINSLOW

Well, you're just chock full of assumptions aren't you, ASAC.

Winslow circles it, knows it's bait, but still bites:

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)

When I infiltrated the Mongols, I did it with another agent. Four months into it, he got exposed.

(MORE)

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
They dragged him behind their bikes
till he was dead... then called me.

He's still haunted by that night...

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
By the time I got up there they'd
decided I was a cop too, and I had
30 seconds to prove I was pissed as
they were we'd been infiltrated.
So, I dug out one of his eyeballs
and I skull-fucked the dead guy.

James shifts, a shiver crawling up his spine.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
Six months later I put ten Mongols
away for 215 years. But that little
story made the rounds. I was a hero
in the paper but hated at work. I'm
the poster-boy for recruiting but
haven't seen a promotion in 13
years. I get no money and no
respect but I'm still here.

(leans in)

I'm not here to be a good guy. I'm
here to do my fucking job.

Winslow looks out at the lights washing by. Agent James pulls
his Blackberry, locates 'Director Halden' and STARTS TYPING.

INT. PORSCHE CARRERA GT

A raspy V-10 eats up the road. They are speeding along Indian
Hill Boulevard, a dusty two-lane, heading toward the freeway.

MEILING

Isn't it smarter to steal a shitty
car no one cares about?

A MONTCLAIR PD SQUAD CAR speeds around a corner and ROARS
past them, headed for the driving range.

EMILE

(watching in mirrors)
Maybe...

The Squad Car does a smoking 180, turns to pursue them.

EMILE (CONT'D)

But aren't you glad we didn't steal
a Pinto?

Emile punches the gas, shoots under the freeway and SCREECHES
onto the on-ramp, heading west.

EXT. ON-RAMP, FREEWAY

Emile kills his headlights and rockets past at 125mph. Five seconds later, the SQUAD CAR races up the ramp doing 90mph.

INT. SQUAD CAR, MONTCLAIR PD

From the backseat, we see COP HEADS and freeway ahead.

CLAREMONT COP
He's gotta be up there. Maybe he
turned off his lights --

CLAREMONT COP #2
(into radio)
Pursuing the stolen Porsche Carrera
GT headed west on the I-10...

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB, ATF OFFICES

AGENT ITO has Winslow on the box, and MAPS on his monitor.

AGENT ITO
(into mic)
-- stolen 200 yards from the crash
site. Montclair PD are in pursuit.

INT. HELICOPTER

Winslow turns, SCREAMING to the pilot:

AGENT WINSLOW
-- how far are we from Montclair?

PILOT
Less than five minutes.

INT. PORSCHE CARRERA GT

Emile is weaving past sparse traffic at 140mph with his lights off. Speeding past CAR DEALERSHIPS, he sees something, zags right and shoots down the off-ramp.

INT. SQUAD CAR, MONTCLAIR PD

Speeding west on the I-10 in pursuit of the Porsche. As they speed past an overpass, we DROP DOWN to...

EXT. UNDERPASS, OFF THE I-10, NEAR MERCEDES DEALSHIP

A CAR TRAILER carrying TEN NEW CARS pulls away from a four-way stop revealing the PORSCHE GT parked there, doors open.

The CAR TRAILER gets on the on-ramp heading east.

EXT. FREEWAY, WEST ON I-10 - MOMENTS LATER

The Car Trailer gains speed. PUSH CLOSER we find Meiling in a gun-metal grey MERCEDES SLR ROADSTER on the top deck.

INT. MERCEDES SLR ROADSTER

Emile is ducked under the steering column. He pumps the gas pedal, in sequence; a built in code on the Mercedes.

EMILE
(pumps in code)
Three. Six. Four...

The engine PURRS to life. He climbs out from under.

MEILING
Impressive.

EMILE
I still gotta get us off this trailer...

He's ready to open the door when a HELICOPTER FLIES low, over the freeway, heading the opposite direction.

EMILE (CONT'D)
That's for us. We got them heading the wrong way.

MEILING
You keep saying we. Does that mean I'm not your hostage anymore?

EMILE
You're not a hostage, you're collateral.

MEILING
Fuck you.

EMILE
If you come up with a better idea than swapping your ass for coke, I'll listen. But until then --

MEILING

Any idea is better than that idea.
That idea will get you buried next
to Goya.

She's got him worried. He opens the door, climbing out.

EXT. CAR TRAILER RIG - CONTINUOUS

Freeway speeds by below as Emile monkeys along the rig,
toward the front. He can see the TRAILER DRIVER in the
mirrors, rocking out. As Emile inches closer...

A COCA-COLA RIG pulls up behind them.

INT. COCA-COLA TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The COLA DRIVER reaches for his CB RADIO:

COLA DRIVER

This is COLA-9 broadcasting to the
Mercedes trailer heading east on
the I-10. Do you read?

COLA DRIVER watches Emile's progress, waits for a response.

EXT. CAR TRAILER RIG

EMILE FINDS the trailer controls. Three levers. Which one?

EMILE

Fuck --

INT. MERCEDES SLR ROADSTER

The trailer locks release, the car jerks. MEILING SCREAMS. A
moment later, Emile appears, climbs back in the car.

MEILING

Why didn't you tell me that was
gonna happen?

EMILE

Cause I didn't know. Buckle up --

Emile glances back, can see the COLA DRIVER on his radio:

EMILE (CONT'D)

You little snitch.

Emile shifts into reverse, SLAMS the S500 behind him into
C230 behind it. C230 bangs off the rig, then S500, then...

SLR DROPS three feet off the trailer. It does a full 360, tires skidding as Emile punches into drive, weaving between TWO MORE MERCEDES tumbling off the trailer.

COLA TRUCKER is not so McQueen. C230 skidding at him, he hits brakes and jack-knives. COKE TRAILER TUMBLES, the bed rips open and 10,000 COKE CANS explode across the interstate.

Emile cranks the wheel, rumbles up a dirt berm and launches onto the I-15 on-ramp...

INT. ATF OFFICES, RESPONSE HUB - NIGHT

AGENT ITO, manning freeways, reads a 911 RESPONSE CALL then brings up MAPS and tracks it.

AGENT ITO
(into headset)
-- an accident related to a
carjacking off a transport vehicle.
Near the I-15 interchange.

INT. HELICOPTER

Agent Winslow reaches up and grips the PILOT's shoulder.

AGENT WINSLOW
Turn us around. These cops got
their heads up their asses.

Pilot banks them back around. Winslow gives the shit-eye to James, his BLACKBERRY VIBRATING with messages from Halden.

INT. PENTHOUSE, KIOSHI ENTERPRISES BUILDING

KENDO gazes out at a dormant construction site across the street. A faded banner reads: "Kioshi Development".

KENDO
(into phone)
No, Kendo. You will exchange the
shipment for her safe return.

INT. AVIATION BONEYARD - NIGHT

Clouds play across the moon over an airplane graveyard. ESCALADES and TYSON TRUCK parked amidst five miles of rusted fuselages, airplane wings, staircases and seats. ASUKA paces.

ASUKA
(into phone)
But we will have a clear shot when
he gets out of the car.

He's gesturing to an elevated cockpit, amid the debris.

KENDO (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 You will do as I say. Leave the
 guns in the car. It is over.

Asuka HANGS UP, quivering with rage.

ASUKA
It is not over.

INT. MERCEDES SLR

Speeding up the I-15 north. Meiling's working on him, but Emile remains skeptical.

MEILING
 I disgraced them by being a drug
 addict. It's part of why left
 Japan. Asuka hates me for it.

EMILE
 But they're drug dealers?

MEILING
 They don't think like that. Yakuza
 think they are these noble Samurai.

The PINK RAZOR VIBRATES. Emile flips it open, READS A TEXT.

EMILE
 He wants to meet at an airplane
 boneyard just outside Palmdale.

MEILING
 It's a trap.

EMILE
 Alright. So what's your plan?

OFF MEILING:

INT. BIG-RIG

A four-star rig. Meiling writhes on a BONE-SKINNY TRUCKER who has a BAGGIE OF METH clutched in his grimy hand.

MEILING
 And you have a pipe, baby?

SKINNY TRUCKER
 I gotta pipe and eight inches of
 yummy. You gonna take care of me?

Meiling spits in her palm, reaching down to jerk him off. Grinning like a country fool, Trucker pulls out a GLASS PIPE.

The driver's DOOR OPENS. Emile stands there with the .38.

EMILE

Move over.

Emile edges him over with the gun. Meiling hits the pipe.

MEILING

(exhales)

I like my plan.

Emile binds Skinny Trucker with duct tape, shoves him in back. Meiling bounces in her seat, inspecting the truck.

MEILING (CONT'D)

Is it big enough?

EMILE

We'll find out.

MEILING

Is he small enough?

They both look back at Trucker.

INT. HELICOPTER, OVER CRASH SIGHT

HELICOPTER has landed on the closed freeway. Shredded steel and Coke cans litter the road creating a log-jam of traffic.

WINSLOW strides up. JAMES turns away, ON THE PHONE:

AGENT JAMES

(into phone)

Yes, sir. We're on our way now.

He CLAPS the phone shut, turns to Winslow.

AGENT WINSLOW

They got onto the 15 north --

AGENT JAMES

Director Halden is flying in. He wants us at George Air Force base in twenty minutes.

AGENT WINSLOW

Halden is coming here?

AGENT JAMES

He's not happy with how this has been handled. He landed in LA to question our suspect.

Agent James turns for the helicopter.

AGENT WINSLOW

Wait! So now I got a Yakuza who looks like he walked out of Guantanamo and a civil liberties suit to go with it, is that what you're telling me?

AGENT JAMES

What are you talking about? Director Halden has an impeccable reputation. He's one of the most decent human beings that I --

AGENT WINSLOW

He didn't get where he is by being decent. Sometimes you have to get your hands dirty but Halden likes it. He...enjoys...beating...
(powering down)
...I gotta...

Winslow's knees buckle and he crumbles to the ground.

AGENT JAMES

Agent Winslow? Are you alright...

Winslow's MUMBLING and losing consciousness. James looks up for help but EMT are speeding off with the COLA DRIVER.

PILOT

(hops out)
What happened?

AGENT JAMES

I don't know. He just...
(at a loss)
Help me lean him up.

They lean Winslow against the guard rail. Winslow KEEPS REACHING toward the helicopter, pointing at something.

AGENT JAMES (CONT'D)

(to Pilot)
He wants something. See if he left something in the helicopter...

Pilot runs for the copter. Agent James takes his pulse.

AGENT JAMES (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ...

PILOT

There's nothing. Just his jacket.
And these sunglasses...

PILOT holds a sunglass case. Winslow reaches for it.

AGENT JAMES
Let me see that.

James opens the case: A prepped hypodermic.

AGENT JAMES (CONT'D)
He's a diabetic.
(kicking himself)
The candy...

He rolls-up Winslow's sleeve and injects him. James is reeling, re-thinking everything. A beat, then a LOW VOICE:

AGENT WINSLOW
I gave everything to this job...
and now I'm one physical away...
from forced retirement...

Winslow's head falls back against the guard-rail. He gazes up at the stars like a broken old cowboy.

INT. ATF OFFICES - RESPONSE HUB

TECH AGENTS busy at work. AGENT ITO slips out and wades into the maze of cubicles. He pulls his cellular, and dials:

AGENT ITO
(into phone)
Kendo-san, the Agents lost them.
The exchange will be unencumbered.

Agent Ito claps his phone shut -- the Yakuza's inside man.

EXT. AVIATION BONEYARD - NIGHT

BIG RIG rumbles down a dirt road between open fuselages and airplane wings. HEADLIGHTS FIND: ASUKA and TWO YAKUZA standing by the TYSON TRUCK and two BLACK ESCALADES.

ENGINE IDLING Emile steps from the rig and pulls HIS HOSTAGE out; skinny in white t-shirt with burlap sack over the head.

EMILE
How convenient. You each drove your
own car?
(using hostage as shield)
Tell your boys to come out of
hiding.

ASUKA shields his eyes from head-lamps, CALLS OUT ORDERS. YAK THUG steps from behind a luggage conveyor, shotgun at side.

AZUKA
We are concerned for her safety.

EMILE
I bet you are.

CAMERA FINDS other thugs hidden in the wreckage: YAK THUG #1 aims down from a rusted out cockpit. YAK THUG #2 pokes a rifle between a row of first-class seats.

ASUKA
Send her over.

EMILE
Let me see the stash.

ASUKA NODS and they open the back of TYSON TRUCK. Inside: TEN CRATES and the BODY OF GOYA, hanging from a meat-hook...

EMILE (CONT'D)
Alright. Toss the keys.

ASUKA
Let her go first.

IN THE RIG, there's heavy breathing. Meiling's in the driver's seat, staring out at Goya's body in the Tyson Truck.

EMILE
Toss the fucking keys!

ASUKA TOSSES the keys in the dirt, half-way between them.

ASUKA
Now release her.

EMILE RELEASES the HOSTAGE then puts a hand at his side for only Meiling to see. He counts on his fingers: "one".

THE HOSTAGE stumble forward, frantic.

ASUKA (CONT'D)
Over here. This way...

ON EMILE, counts on his fingers: "two".

ASUKA SMILES strangely as his sister staggers toward him. He pulls his 9mm, *BLAM BLAM BLAM* -- Asuka shoots the hostage.

IN THE RIG, Meiling gasps, like she watched her own murder.

ON EMILE, stunned, nowhere to run. YAKUZA GUNS focus on him.

EMILE
Oh shit --

MEILING ACTS FAST, hits the gas and RUMBLES FORWARD.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS. Emile's exposed, anticipating the hot-sting of bullets, when MEILING ROARS IN shielding him from gunfire. EMILE HOPS on the running board, *she just saved my ass.*

EMILE (CONT'D)

The truck. Aim for the truck!

But she's not aiming for the Tyson Truck. Tears are streaming down her face and she's glaring at her brother.

EMILE (CONT'D)

(pounding on window)

Meiling! The truck --

ON MEILING'S EYES, full of pain, staring at her brother.

ON ASUKA'S EYES, staring back at Meiling. He opens fire.

Shots pepper glass. She floors it. Aiming to run him down.

MEILING

Omae o korosu --

YAKUZA GUNFIRE, rips into the big rig, EMILE JUMPS OFF to divert the gunfire.

EMILE SHOOTS YAK THUG #2 in cockpit, between the eyes. He rolls to his stomach, shoots at YAK THUG #3, behind seats.

THE SPEEDING RIG SCARES YAKUZA into retreat. The Tyson Truck keys are still laying in the dirt. ASUKA CALLS ORDERS:

ASUKA

(to Yak Thug #4)

The keys! Get the keys!

YAK THUG #4 races into the path of the rig, grabs the keys, and is dodging out when the grill crushes him.

ASUKA RUNS across the dirt alley. Meiling cranks the wheel to follow and blind-sides the TYSON TRUCK. The truck does a 180, the back doors blow open, and a CRATE OF FISH tumbles out.

INSIDE THE RIG, MEILING SCREAMS. She's lost control. The rig barrels forward, missing Asuka and CRASHING THROUGH the side of an old DC-10. A brief silence, then...

GUNFIRE SPLITS the violet night. FOUR YAKUZA THUGS, hidden in the architecture, race out to retrieve the spilt fish.

EMILE ADVANCES on them. YAK #5 opens fire from behind a massive plane wheel. Emile crouches, aims, *click click click.*

Out of ammo.

EMILE

Shit --

He dodges into the wreckage weaving back around. He pulls the KNIFE from lock-pick kit, slides across the wing of a plane and drops on THUG #5, slitting his throat, stealing his uzi.

MEILING CLIMBS OUT of the big rig, embedded in the belly of the DC-10. She stumbles down the dusty isle between rows of seats, finally finding her way out.

As she emerges from the DC-10, BULLETS ZING overhead. Meiling SCREAMS and runs into the wreckage. FOOTSTEPS follow her, gaining. CLIPPED JAPANESE THREATS. YAK CHASER is upon her...

MEILING

Help --

EMILE SCRAMBLES up on top of a plane. He sees Meiling being tackled. The YAK CHASER is over her, ripping at her clothes. It's impossibly far for an uzi but EMILE FIRES A BURST...

MEILING IS FIGHTING off the man atop her when bullets rips his jaw off. YAK CHASER falls off her, emitting a WET SCREAM.

MEILING scrambles to her feet. Runs. She dives under the belly of a plane and is looking at tires of the TYSON TRUCK as they kicks up dirt and follows ONE ESCALADE out of the yard. Twenty feet from where she hides...

A FROZEN FISH lays in the dirt, forgotten. It's out in the open. Exposed to gunfire. She scrambles for it. GRABS THE FISH, turns to crawl back when she sees...

A DIRTY FACE looking at her. Lit by ghostly moonlight. GOYA. BULLETS SCORCH over Meiling's head like deadly fireflies. She doesn't move, or utter a sound, just stares at her lover.

EMILE SEES MEILING under-fire and still. He runs from the darkness blasting his way across the alley, grabbing her shirt and dragging her behind the abandoned ESCALADE.

EMILE

Let's go --
(opens car door)
Drive.

MEI CLIMBS IN, starting the engine but THREE MORE YAKUZA run from the shadows. Chaotic bursts light from TWO UZI'S...

THIRD YAK'S GUN JAMS.

Emile leaps on top of the car. FIRES DOWN on them. Precise HEAD-SHOTS on TWO YAKUZA FIRING.

But he doesn't shoot the THIRD YAK whose gun jammed.

THIRD YAK is agile and dives for the fallen men's guns. But Emile sprays the dead, forcing THIRD YAK to run.

Emile leaps off the car, chasing him on foot.

INT. BONEYARD

Emile is racing through the scrap heap, dodging in and out, following frantic footsteps just ahead...

Suddenly, THIRD YAK is gone. Silence. Emile turns -- WHACK! A metal pipe CRACKS him in the shins, sweeping his feet out.

THIRD YAK ROLLS from under a wing and jumps on Emile struggling for the uzi. SHOTS FIRE, lighting their faces, missing them both. They're wrestling...Yak gets gun leveled at Emile's temple, tenses on trigger...

Emile releases the ammo clip and catches it with his free hand. He makes a fist around the clip, punches the Yak, then slams the clip in gun and jams the uzi in Third Yak's mouth.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Where are they going?

INT. ESCALADE

DRIVER pushes 100mph. WONDED YAKUZA, in back, is groaning loudly. Asuka rides shotgun, furious, ON THE PHONE:

ASUKA

(into phone)

She tried to help him steal the drugs. We barely escaped!

INT. KENDO'S OFFICE

Kendo sits at his desk, watching VIDEO REPLAY of Emile and Meiling outside the club. He rewinds, watches it again. ON VIDEO: It's clear she was not kidnapped, but running away.

KENDO

(into phone)

Then proceed to Vegas and make the deal with the Mongols.

EXT. 29 PALMS MILITARY AIRPORT - NIGHT

WINSLOW and JAMES cross the runway to a G-5. It's stairs fold out casting a swatch of golden light across the tarmac.

INT. NAVIGATOR

Emile drives, exhausted. Meiling hugs her knees to her chest.

MEILING

He wanted to shoot me himself.

EMILE
He's a sick fuck.

She squirms, wishing she could crawl out of her skin.

MEILING
What are we going to do?

EMILE
Deal goes down at noon. We'll check-
in and see if we can find your
brother before then.

MEILING
What happens to your uncle if we
don't get the fish back?

Emile swallows something heavy, pulls out PINK RAZOR CELL.

EMILE
Text him for me? Tell him the trade
went bad. We're going to Vegas Hard
Rock. Their deal is at noon.
(weary)
Ask if he can hold out 'til then.

She punches the message, sends it. SILENCE follows.

EMILE (CONT'D)
You kinda saved my ass back there.

MEILING
Kinda? You were toast.

He smiles, a bond forged. Silence. The HUM of tires on road.

MEILING (CONT'D)
Promise me something...

EMILE
What's that?

The Navigator comes up over a hill and the lights of Vegas
are laid out before them like a heavenly blanket.

MEILING
Promise you will kill my brother.

INT. CHRYSLER 300

Strash looks down at the VIBRATING RHINESTONE CELL in his
hand. He flips it open, reads the text.

STRASHEELA
We go to Vegas. Hard Rock hotel.

INT. G5 (IN FLIGHT) - NIGHT

WINSLOW sits across from DIRECTOR HALDEN. A bald southerner with fierce eyes and fancy taste in scotch.

DIRECTOR HALDEN
Well, you just shit and fell back
in it, didn't you Winslow?

Winslow doesn't respond. Halden sips an aged single-malt.

DIRECTOR HALDEN (CONT'D)
I guess you're probably wondering
why I haven't pulled you off the
case already?

WIDEN TO INCLUDE James sitting across the isle.

DIRECTOR HALDEN (CONT'D)
I spoke with one of the Yakuza in
custody and as we got to know each
other better he got real
comfortable disclosing information.

Halden cleans dried blood from his West Point ring -- he's bragging about beating the suspect.

Winslow makes sure it lands on James. It does; like he just learned Santa doesn't come down the chimney.

DIRECTOR HALDEN (CONT'D)
The Yakuza are selling the coke to
your old Mongol buddies in Vegas.
(beat)

Unfortunately he didn't have more
details. But that's where you come
in. I know you been contacted by
one of those Mongol boys fishing
for immunity. What was his name?

AGENT WINSLOW
(snarls)
Goat.

DIRECTOR HALDEN
Right. You're gonna contact Goat
and arrange a meet. If he still
wants to slip into Witness
Protection, here's his chance.
(leans in)
You'll get us the how-when-where of
the deal. And then you can go home
to that lovely wife of yours and
start planning your retirement.

Winslow is pissed.

AGENT WINSLOW
Great idea. The Mongols have a price on my head so send me in there to ask where party is.

DIRECTOR HALDEN
We'll be right outside --

AGENT WINSLOW
(cuts him off)
And then, in exchange for putting my ass on the line, force me into retirement!

DIRECTOR HALDEN
Nobody is forcing you --

AGENT WINSLOW
I've got six more months before I get full pension.

DIRECTOR HALDEN
I'm sorry. It's just time.

They're robbing him of everything but his boots.

INT. HARD ROCK HOTEL - LOBBY

Emile and Meiling walk to the elevators, heads down.

INT. ROOM # 713

Emile lays on the bed, foot propped up, ankle swollen and blue. He's got the YELLOW PAGES out, ON THE PHONE:

EMILE
No, Kioshi? You sure?...Okay.

He hangs up and crosses off another 'hotel' in the Yellow Pages. Sheer curtains ride the breeze, off the balcony.

EMILE (CONT'D)
Yo, what you doing? What if your fucking brother sees you out there?

Meiling steps through the curtain wearing a towel. She's showered and beautiful, GLASS PIPE in her hand. She fills it with a pinch from the KILO OF COKE on the coffee table.

MEILING
If I didn't know better I might think you cared.

He's ignores it, consumed with the Yellow Pages.

MEILING (CONT'D)
They won't check in with their real
name. They're not stupid.

EMILE
Well, what the fuck else am I
supposed to do? Just sit here--

He flings the Yellow Pages across the room.

MEILING
You need to relax.

EMILE
Don't tell me to fucking relax. My
uncle is waiting to die.

MEILING
We are all waiting to die.

EMILE
And it smells like that fucking
fish in here. It's disgusting.

She laughs, crawls on the bed.

EMILE (CONT'D)
Careful of my ankle.

MEILING
I will be careful. I know how
fragile you are.

Her hair tickles his lap. She runs a hand over it...

EMILE
Mei, come on --

MEILING
Don't you want to taste?

Her nipples peek out. She blows coke smoke at him.

EMILE
(a deep breath)
Don't do that.

He's tempted by her, and by the coke.

MEILING
Why not? Fly with me.

EMILE
I can't --

She blows smoke at his open mouth. He tastes it this time.
His reaction is delayed, but he pushes her off.

EMILE (CONT'D)
 (stands)
Stop. Alright? I can't!

MEILING
 Why not?

EMILE
 Cause once I start, I can't stop. I
 fucking lose it. I lose the one
 thing I got going for me...
 (his head)
 I hit that pipe my brain don't
 belong to me anymore. It belongs to
 that. And you don't wanna be around
 for it. The shit ain't pretty.

MEILING
 I don't care. I just want to feel
 you.

Meiling opens her towel for him. Naked. He's thrown...

MEILING (CONT'D)
 I want to feel you wanting me.

EMILE
 What the fuck? Goya's not even in
 the ground. What are you doin'?

She flares up...

MEILING
 Fuck you! He was all I had and they
 took him. My brother wants me dead.
 You just needed something to trade.
 And I'm going to be all alone...

She starts sobbing.

EMILE
 Hey, it's okay. You're not alone.
 (touches her)
 I'm here and I'm not trading you.
 We're in this together now, okay...

Emile wraps his arms around her. They lay like spoons.

EMILE (CONT'D)
 We're gonna be okay. We just hide
 out here and...we'll be okay...

He quiets. His eyes close. He's drifting off.

PUSH ON MEILING. Blistered mouth. Tear streaked cheeks.
 Quiet. Staring in wonder at the bedside lamp...

A MOTH flutters around the light-bulb. It tries to touch the light, gets burned, but keeps trying. PUSH CLOSER. Mindless, mad, fluttering. Drawn to the thing that'll kill it.

Draw to the light...

STAY ON MOTH. We hear SQUEAKING. Soap on glass. Then footsteps. CAMERA PANS back to the bed. Meiling is gone.

Emile's hand moves, doesn't find her. He opens his eyes.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Mei?

On the mirror, he sees a MESSAGE IN SOAP: *In his stomach.*

What the fuck? The curtain flutters. He glances out and can make out her silhouette, back-lit against heavenly lights...

Standing on the railing.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Meiling!

She jumps.

EMILE (CONT'D)

No --

Emile hobbles to the rail, looks over. SCREAMS come from below. He stares. Pulls himself away. Stumbles back in.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Oh, god. No. No...

Crouched in the corner. Making fists in his hair. Beating himself. His eyes land on the pipe and KILO OF COKE.

EXT. HARD ROCK LOBBY

Emile steps from the elevator, bug-eyed, sweating, coked out of his mind. Darkened. PARAMEDICS rush past with a gurney. Emile starts for the exit...

At nearby slots, VLADIMIR keeps watch over the floor. He spots Emile, checks his phone: SMS MUGSHOT of Emile.

VLADIMIR

(into two-way)

I see him. Crossing lobby to exit.

THE CASINO FLOOR is circular with a bar at center. A maze of tables and slots, surrounded by a track-like parquet packed with restaurants and shops. 4am and crowded. One exit.

STRASH and THREE RUSSIANS bowl out the coffee shop blocking the exit. Emile spots them: blunt faces and Cyrillic tattoos.

EMILE

What the fuck are Mafiya --

EMILE SLIPS BEHIND a row of slot machines, trying to think: *They found me, does that mean they found Rada?*

MAFIYA #1 is walking fast, toward him. Nearby DRUNK GIRL hits jackpot. Quarters SPILL. Under cover of noise, Emile jumps on the handle of a slot machine, breaks it off.

MAFIYA #1 rounds the corner and Emile swings the handle, CRACKING his head open, then dipping back into the maze.

He seems possessed; a vicious bent that wasn't there before.

EMILE passes a Blackjack table and steals a ballcap off COLLEGE KID'S head. When College looks up, Emile's gone.

FIND MAFIYA #2 looking over the tables. A PRETTY HOSTESS passes and Emile appears from behind her, punches him the neck. MAFIYA #2 pulls a butterfly knife, jabs.

EMILE ROLLS BACK on his arm, slams him into a slot near a LEATHERY MILF. She jumps back leaving her cig in an ashtray. Emile buries the cigarette in the eye of MAFIYA'S #2.

INT. HARD ROCK - SECURITY OFFICES

HEAD OF SECURITY is a retired cop. He enters, greets TWO PLAINCLOTHES COPS. DETECTIVE WENTS is hard-boiled. DETECTIVE SALIZAR is stoic and in charge.

DETECTIVE SALIZAR

Detective Salizar with Vegas Vice Squad. This is Detective Wents.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Sorry to keep you. We had a jumper. So what's your situation?

DETECTIVE SALIZAR

We have major players are coming in, tomorrow. The culmination of a lot of undercover work.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Great. Let me show you around...

HEAD OF SECURITY shows them into an alcove. Two caffeinated SECURITY OFFICERS study a WALL OF MONITORS.

HEAD OF SECURITY (CONT'D)

These monitors are for the lobby and pool. You have full use of --

SECURITY OFFICER (O.C.)
Sir, we have a situation.

They all turn to the WALL OF MONITORS: Security Officer points to MAFIYA #2 on the ground.

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)
 There on the ground --
 (points to other monitor)
 Put there by this guy. In the hat.

HEAD OF SECURITY
 Put two on the guy in the hat, have
 one scoop the guy on the ground.

SECURITY OFFICER #2
 And I've got two coming in hot,
 over here...

ANOTHER MONITOR: STRASH and SOLDIER #3 rushing in.

HEAD OF SECURITY
 (picks up direct-line)
 This is the Hard Rock. Requesting
 immediate uniform police response--

INT. CASINO FLOOR, HARD ROCK

COLLEGE KID with hat-head is looking for Security when someone slaps the hat on his head and ducks behind slots.

KID
 What the hell?

Suddenly, COLLEGE KID is grabbed by TWO SECURITY GUARDS and thrown to the ground.

STRASH WAS APPROACHING but walks right past. Across the divide, Emile enters the service kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, HARD ROCK

Emile skirts past SERVERS, moving to the back-door, when a Sub-Zero is opened and in SILVERY REFLECTION he sees...

STRASH ENTER WITH GUN PULLED -- COOKS and SERVERS scramble out. As he pushes forward Emile steps out...

Kicks, trips, slams his wrist -- the GUN CLATTERS OUT.
 They're up, fighting across the floor. A violent ballet.

Emile blocks with a pan, spills 101 Rum across it, SHATTERS 101 BOTTLE at Strash's feet, shows pan to flame and flings the burning pan across the floor...

It ignites Strash's alcohol-soaked pants. He's struggling to put it out when -- Emile drives a knife in his chest.

EMILE
(holding him up)
Did you see Rada tonight?

STRASHEELA
More will come...

EMILE
Did you find him?

Strash slumps. Emile drops him, grabs his GLOCK off the floor, runs to the rear-exit. COP CARS pull up. *Shit.*

He turns back to the casino...

INT. CASINO FLOOR, HARD ROCK

EMILE DIPS into the maze of tables and machines. SIX COPS stand near the exit, HEAD OF SECURITY explaining the threat.

To his right, VLADIMIR has made him, and is stalking closer.

VLADIMIR SEES EMILE slip around the slots, behind the bar. He tracks him, pulls his gun, corners the bar...

But Emile's gone.

VLADIMIR STANDS TALL, looking in every direction. Behind him, an AUDI CONCEPT CAR rotates on a three foot carousel.

TWO COPS SPOT VLADIMIR tucking his gun. They're moving toward him when an ENGINE RUMBLES like lava.

THE AUDI bangs off the carousel. A futuristic V-10 with cantilever rear window and F1 racing tires, it's...

SPEEDING AT VLADIMIR -- the Russian pulls his gun, FIRING as the CAR ROARS past. He's still shooting when BULLETS RIP into him. COPS BLASTING him from both sides...

SCREAMS ERUPT through the casino. Instant chaos. THE AUDI ROARS around the outside of the pit, HORN BLARING, weaving through people before it EXPLODES OUT the windows...

EXT. HARD ROCK HOTEL

...glass shatters and the AUDI SMASHES between TWO PARKED COP CARS, and hits The Strip squealing...

EXT. SEEDY BAR, OFF THE STRIP - NIGHT

Agent Winslow exits a CROWN VIC parked in shadows. He slips on a windbreaker and walks into...

INT. SEEDY BAR - MOMENTS LATER

In a shadowy booth, Winslow sits with a beastly-biker named GOAT. He has a "**Mongols**" rider-patch on his leather jacket and sometimes talks too much when he's nervous.

GOAT
-- only Fed to ever make patch in the Mongols. They still talk about your sick ass. Y'know, Red just got paroled.

AGENT WINSLOW
So I heard.

GOAT
Now that's one motherfucker that'd love to get his hands on you.

AGENT WINSLOW
Funny thing was, I miss that asshole. I liked drinking with him.

A forlorn beat.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
Talk to me, Goat. What's the word? Somethin' popping with the Yakuza.

GOAT
Naw, man. That ain't us. I wish it was. I wish I had something for you. I want out.

AGENT WINSLOW
I know you do. But, trust me, it ain't no better where I'm sitting. They're forcing me into retirement.

GOAT
No shit?

Winslow nods. Bourbon, anger and opportunity, working on him. Events that played out earlier, start to look like a blueprint.

AGENT WINSLOW
What if I handed you a score? A third party hi-jack. How fast could you pull five or six boys together?

GOAT
You know those dudes is always
ready to roll, but will it work?

AGENT WINSLOW
Sure. Saw it work just last night.

GOAT
What's the score?

AGENT WINSLOW
60 keys uncut, U.S. gov' cocaine.

GOAT
Holy shit.

AGENT WINSLOW
I got leg-work to do but pull five
boys together and wait for my text.
I'll feed you a location. You boys
will have to come in hot.

GOAT
(hesitates)
Maybe this is a bad idea. If they
found out you was behind it...

Goat looks scared to think it...

AGENT WINSLOW
Don't open your mouth and they
won't find out.

GOAT
Still, I --

AGENT WINSLOW
(cuts him off)
Goat. Fuck Witness Protection, your
ass is moving to the Bahamas.

INT. CROWN VIC (PARKED) - LATER

Winslow gets into the Crown Vic. Deputy Director Halden in
front. James in back. LOCAL AGENT drives.

AGENT WINSLOW
He's heard nothing. Not a whisper.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR HALDEN
Could it be another chapter?

AGENT WINSLOW
It could be Hells Angels, but it
ain't the Mongols.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR HALDEN
Something's going down. I feel it.

Winslow gets a TEXT MESSAGE from Ito.

AGENT JAMES
(less eager)
Why don't we just put an APB out on
the Yakuza men and see if --

AGENT WINSLOW
Great idea. Put a bulletin on a
couple Japanese men. You'll shut
down 80% of the tables in town.

Halden realizes Winslow is still an asset...

DEPUTY DIRECTOR HALDEN
What's your suggestion, Winslow?

AGENT WINSLOW
(up from TEXT)
Coroner just got four stiff ones
from the Hard Rock. We start there.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR HALDEN
I have breakfast in LA and am back
at eleven. Why don't you try and
earn your salary while I'm gone.

SLOW FADE:

INT. AUDI CONCEPT CAR, OUTSKIRTS OF VEGAS - MORNING

Emile looks fucked-up. Hands and mouth blistered and covered
in soot. He picks up PINK RAZOR CELL, then looks himself in
the mirror, summoning the nerve to make a call. He dials...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(through phone)
Hello...

EMILE
(into phone)
Uncle Rada? It's Emile...

Inter-cut with:

INT. CLARK COUNTY CORONER

AGENT WINSLOW talks on the RHINESTONE CELL, standing over the
tattoo'd body of STRASH and broken corpse of MEILING.

AGENT WINSLOW
 (into phone)
 I'm guessing your Uncle Rada is
 dead.

Winslow is signaling James to get a trace.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
 (looks down at Strash)
 I know the guy who had this phone
 is.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
 With Rada gone I guess you're
 pretty much on your own.

In the car, the air sucked from Emile's lungs. Uncle Rada,
 his only father-figure is dead.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
 It's too bad about the girl. Did
 she jump or did you push her?

EMILE
 (stings)
 She was pushed. But not by me.

AGENT WINSLOW
 By who then?

EMILE
 Her whole family.

Agent Winslow, hears the weariness in his voice.

AGENT WINSLOW
 How far you gonna take this, kid?

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB, ATF OFFICES

AGENT ZITA working on jumping the call.

AGENT ZITA
 The phone is registered to Meiling
 Kioshi. Waiting on GPS coordinates.

INT. AUDI CONCEPT CAR, OUTSKIRTS OF VEGAS

Emile is seized by this forced closeness to his hunter.

AGENT WINSLOW
 At this point, you're on a suicide
 mission. You are gonna lose
 everything.

EMILE
My everything ain't much.

Winslow's heard this chilly resolve before, but only in war.

AGENT WINSLOW
 I can't make you any deals but I
 will promise not to chase your ass
 all over the globe, if you tell me
 one thing...
 (closer)
Where are those guns?

His words trigger Emile. He suddenly presses 'end' and holds it. PINK RAZOR CHIMES, TURNS OFF. His eyes dart. He mutters:

EMILE
In his stomach.

Emile grabs the pipe, hits it hard. Suicide mission, indeed.

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB, ATF OFFICES

AGENT ZITA has a 'blip' on her screen, then...

AGENT ZITA
 It's gone. He's out on East Owens
 Avenue but must've powered off the
 phone.

INT. CLARK COUNTY CORONER

Agent James turns to Winslow, relaying Zita's message.

AGENT JAMES
 She got a 'hit' out by the airport
 but he turned the phone off.

Winslow looks at Meiling, then back to Strasheela.

AGENT WINSLOW
 They checked into the Hard Rock but
 how did the Russians --

Bingo. Winslow flips open the phone, scrolls through TEXTS:

<<< Deal at noon at Hard Rock. Are you OK? >>>

WINSLOW FORWARDS THE MESSAGE to a (702) number and then flips the phone closed...

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
 Send all resources out to East
 Owens on Emile. I want to take a
 look at the Hard Rock crime scenes.

Winslow knows that the deal is at the Hard Rock, and he is sending the ATF on a wild-goose chase.

AGENT JAMES
What are you talking about? We're
not going after him?

He gets no answer, Winslow has walked out.

INT. LOBBY, HARD ROCK

High noon. ASUKA enters, carrying a briefcase, followed by FIVE YAK THUGS in black suits, sunglasses, two of them also carrying briefcases. IMAGE GROWS grainy, we are...

INT. SECURITY OFFICES, HARD ROCK

ON THE MONITOR: Yakuza storm across the lobby. PULL BACK to DETECTIVE SALIZAR and THREE VICE SQUAD watching the monitors.

DETECTIVE SALIZAR
Target is walking in.

Behind him, DETECTIVE WENTS is securing wires to the chest of DETECTIVE RHODES; a vice cop in Mongols biker gear.

DETECTIVE RHODES/MONGOL
Couple sharp-dressed fellas...

DETECTIVE SALIZAR
(turns to Rhodes)
We are three minutes out.

The Mongols motorcycle gang didn't know about it because these "Mongols" are undercover VICE COPS.

INT. LOBBY, HARD ROCK

CROWDS OF PEOPLE pour through the lobby. We're not sure what we're watching until GUY IN CAP peels off, into...

INT. CLOTHING STORE, HARD ROCK

Under the cap, Emile is pinned and sweating. He's sifting through board-shorts when he sees his hand trembling. It worries him, he's losing control.

In the window behind him, AGENT WINSLOW and AGENT JAMES pass with TWO YOUNG ATF AGENTS, heading for the elevator...

INT. ELEVATOR, HARD ROCK

Winslow James and the TWO ATF AGENTS and a HOTEL CONCIERGE step in. Winslow hits the button for the TOP FLOOR.

HOTEL CONCIERGE
Wrong floor. They were --

AGENT WINSLOW
I wanna check the roof. She might
have jumped from there.

James is dubious. Winslow sees his reflection on the doors.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
Halden's late. I wonder which
suspect he's torturing now?

A sucker-punch intended to distract James. It works. His idealism has been shattered in the course of a night.

INT. CHANGING ROOM, CLOTHING STORE, HARD ROCK

Emile's wearing new board shorts and MOWING LINES off the changing bench. His eyes are bugged and watering. He wipes coke from his face. A fucking animal.

Heart racing: *THUMP-THUMP THUMP-THUMP THUMP-THUMP.*

EXT. ENTRANCE TO POOL, HARD ROCK

SLICK DOORMAN and BLACK BOUNCER stand just inside the lobby, admitting people to a weekly party called 'REHAB'.

Hot Girls and Rowdy Guys crowd the velvet rope. EMILE pushes forward, head down, pissing people off. He flashes the BOUNCER a bag of powder. BOUNCER lifts the rope...

Emile slaps him the trix and gimps down the hall. His pockets swing heavy...

EXT. ROOF, HARD ROCK HOTEL

A bird's-eye view of all four parking lots. Winslow walks the perimeter, stops, looking at A DISTANT PARKING LOT.

He spots a TYSON FROZEN FOODS truck parked away from the rest of the cars. TWO ASIAN MEN stand behind it, TWO MEN in front.

Winslow heads back to the fire door, TEXTING as he walks.

AGENT JAMES
What the hell was that about?

AGENT WINSLOW
 (ignores him)
 Let's check the room.

EXT. POOL DECK

The pool spans half an acre. It's packed with so many BODIES you can barely see water. SCREAMS, LAUGHTER, PUMPING MUSIC. Chaos and distraction make it an ideal place for a drug deal.

SIX CABANAS, large canvas tents, are spread out across an elevated slope with flaps for privacy, and foliage all around. Outside the first tent, stand FOUR YAKUZA THUGS.

EMILE ducks the eyes of a passing SECURITY GUARD. There's ANOTHER GUARD to his left. It's roped off (VIP) to the right. But it's a straight line, through the pool, to the cabana.

INT. ROOM #713, EMILE & MEILING'S ROOM, HARD ROCK

Crime scene. WINSLOW and JAMES duck yellow tape. Young Agents wait in the hall. Everything is as Emile left it. There are black base-pipe smudge prints on the wall.

AGENT WINSLOW
 This kid is gonna take himself out.

They see the MESSAGE ON MIRROR: *In his stomach.*

AGENT JAMES
 In his stomach?

EXT. POOL DECK - SAME

EMILE peels off his shirt and slips in the pool. He's white as milk and sticks out among all the tanned bodies.

ACROSS THE POOL

DETECTIVE RHODES and DETECTIVE STEVENS, dressed as grubby Mongols, turn heads crossing the deck to the cabana. YAKUZA greet them and show them into the tent.

Curtain closes and THREE YAK THUGS stand guard outside.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE, HARD ROCK

DETECTIVE SALIZAR reacts to the closing of the curtain.

DETECTIVE SALIZAR
 I thought we got rid of that
 curtain? Remar, you got site?

EXT. POOL DECK

DETECTIVE REMAR is buffed-out but pale. He lays on a lounge chair, surveying the scene like a guest. He touches his ear:

DETECTIVE REMAR/GUEST
I can't see shit. It's a mad-house
out here.

INT. POOL DECK

EMILE FIGHTS his way across the pool, a jungle of bodies.

PUSH UNDERWATER to see him clutching the Glock.

EXT. BALCONY, ROOM #713

AGENT JAMES steps onto the balcony to look at Meiling's flight path. A crimson stain on the concrete below.

INT. POOL

Emile is nearing the edge, closest the cabana, when he nudges a TATTOOED VATO GUY causing his drink to spill.

VATO GUY
What up, Casper? You spilt my shit.

VATO GUY is tattooed with a big "23" across his chest. Emile tries to move past him. VATO GUY whips him around.

VATO GUY (CONT'D)
I'm talking to you holmes.

EMILE
Yo, chill.

VATO GUY
'Tell me to chill? Fuck you.

Vato Guy breaks his bottle on the ledge, slices it across Emile's chest and moves to jab him. Emile drops UNDERWATER -- SHOOTING VATO in the thigh. Blood plumes out like smoke.

EXT./INT. BALCONY, ROOM #713

AGENT JAMES hears VATO SCREAMING, see's blood in the water and people scrambling away from a Caucasian with a handgun.

AGENT JAMES
(runs inside)
He's here. Emile's at the pool --

He runs for the door. Winslow follows, haltingly.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE, HARD ROCK

ON MONITOR: GUESTS SCRAMBLE to get out of the pool.

PULL BACK TO SALIZAR, watching:

DETECTIVE SALIZAR
Is it a fight? What's in the water?

VICE SQUAD #1
I think it's blood --

EXT. POOL, HARD ROCK

EMILE IS FIGHTING toward the edge when WINSLOW AND JAMES race across the deck, guns leveled at him. Emile turns...

YOUNG ATF AGENTS racing in from the other direction, guns and badges out. Bad idea.

YAKUZA THUGS #1 & #2 (outside cabana) see the badges. They pull UZI'S from briefcases and mow down YOUNG ATF AGENTS.

WINSLOW AND JAMES dive for cover, returning Yakuza gunfire. In the chaos, Emile submerges himself.

INT. HARD ROCK LOBBY

DETECTIVE SALIZAR is racing onto the pool deck...

DETECTIVE SALIZAR
(into mic)
Go go. All teams are go --

INT. CABANA - SAME

YAKUZA THUG #3 throws open the flap to aid Asuka and gets blasted in the back of the head by ATF gunfire.

Before blood splatters across SAMPLE KILO in the briefcase, DETECTIVE RHODES and DETECTIVE STEVENS have their guns out.

DETECTIVE RHODES
Freeze! You are under arrest.

ASUKA puts his hands up and leans back. His chair tips over backwards and he does an acrobatic roll out of the tent.

FAT YAKUZA next to him, pulls a concealed pistol, FIRES. The shot takes DETECTIVE RHODES index finger off.

DETECTIVE RHODES (CONT'D)

Augh--

DETECTIVE STEVENS fires two shots into FAT YAKUZAS chest, then ducks out the back...

BEHIND CABANA

ASUKA IS RETREATING when DETECTIVE STEVENS emerges...he fires THREE SHOTS, hitting Asuka in the leg.

ASUKA FALLS. He rolls over and RETURNS FIRE. His FIRST SHOT hits Detective Stevens right below the Adam's apple.

EXT. POOL, FAR SIDE

EMILE POPS up in the pool. He's now behind Agent James position, having circled around underwater.

Emile starts to crawl out of the pool, spots Asuka stumbling along the wall behind the cabanas, wounded...

EXT. CABANA

DETECTIVE RHODES darts out of the tent -- he's faced by AGENT JAMES who thinks Detective Rhodes is a Mongol buying drugs.

AGENT JAMES
Freeze! Hands up --

DETECTIVE RHODES/MONGOL
I'm a cop. Behind you --

EMILE creeps up behind Agent James...

RHODES is aiming at Emile...

JAMES thinks Rhodes is aiming at him...

WINSLOW sees it all from another angle...

AGENT WINSLOW
No! Blue on blue. Blue --

JAMES FIRES and DETECTIVE RHODES takes the bullet in the forehead, falls dead. EMILE DARTS behind the cabanas.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)
You just shot a cop.

AGENT JAMES kneels to DETECTIVE RHODES, his badge caught inside his vest, hand too maimed to pull it out.

BEHIND THE CABANAS

Grass and tropical plants slope to a barrier wall. ASUKA is limping past the last cabana. Emile spots him, and fires...

ASUKA DIVES behind the tent. EMILE advances, turns the corner. Asuka is gone but blood smears the tent...

EMILE follows the bloody trail.

INT. CABANA

Winslow checks the briefcase. The flap opens. James enters, shaken to his core.

AGENT JAMES
Where's the rest?

AGENT WINSLOW
Your guess is as good as mine.

AGENT JAMES
Is it? Why didn't we go after Emile! Who'd you text from the roof? What was that about?

AGENT WINSLOW
None of your fucking business.

AGENT JAMES
Like hell it's not. Let me see your cell phone.

AGENT WINSLOW
Excuse me?

AGENT JAMES
I want to know who you texted! You can show me now, or I'll have Internal Affairs pull it up.

Beat. Winslow reaches for his phone...PULLS HIS GUN.

AGENT WINSLOW
I was planning my retirement.

WINSLOW SHOTS JAMES in the head. Blood sprays the wall of the tent and James falls. Winslow recovers the shell and ducks out the back of the tent.

EXT. HARD ROCK, DISTANT PARKING LOT

A massive parking lot. TYSON FREEZER TRUCK is parked in the corner of the lot. TWO NERVOUS YAKS stand guard behind it. TWO YOUNGER YAKS guard the front, casually rolling dice.

MUSIC BUMPS in a nearby bar. We hear HARLEY'S then SHOTGUN BLASTS. TWO YOUNGER YAKS turn to find TWO DEAD YAKUZA and TWO DIRTY MONGOLS, pointing shotguns at them. BLAMMM!

A FREEZER VAN pulls up, escorted by SIX MONGOL BIKERS. They stand guard as GOAT opens the back of the truck.

GOAT

Look at this poor bastard --

Among crates of frozen fish, hangs Goya's headless body.

EXT. BOTANICAL GARDEN

EMILE TRACKS ASUKA back past the lavish bungalows to an indoor botanical garden. A massive bio-dome. A GROUNDS KEEPER at the entrance sees the gun and steps back.

There's blood in the dirt, Emile follows it inside...

INT. BOTANICAL GARDEN

An acre of rainforest with waterfalls. Imported trees, plants and birds. Indigenous NOISES piped in. Very real.

BLOOD DROPS veer into the overgrowth. Emile follows them, gimping past spatters of crimson on leaves and flowers.

He wades down into a stream, sees movement ahead...a flash of clothing...HE FIRES. PARROTS flutter out of a tree and fly over his head, SHRIEKING it was.

Emile pushes forward finds a piece of Asuka's shirt clinging to a tree. He hears movement in the brush above...

FIND ASUKA

Aiming down on Emile. The shirt was a trap. Asuka squeezes TWO SHOTS off as Emile dives for cover. Asuka hobbles off, his breathing is short and labored...

BACK TO EMILE

His eyes dart across the terrain, above. Branches seem to be moving. Pulsing. BIRDS SHRIEK in his ear. He jumps. But it's just speakers in the rocks. He clenches, forces himself to stand, trying to separate paranoia from instinct. *Fuck.*

Emile limps forward. Finds the trail again, it veers around a waterfall, into dense forest. He hears rustling ahead. Quickens his steps, gritting against the pain.

Just then, SPRINKLERS in the roof turn on, simulating rain. The drops fall...spattering plants... washing blood away.

EMILE

Shit --

He's gonna lose the trail. He runs. It's killing him. Branches slapping at his face as he dodges in and out. He stops, listens, hears something behind him.

A SHOT IS FIRED. It chunks into the tree overhead. Emile dives to the wet earth, stunned. Rain is pouring down. Behind him, a flash between branches. Then it's gone.

He salamanders forward, then pulls himself up. Drenched and hurting, hobbling off. HE CLEARS FRAME and someone else enters, stepping out of the tangled overgrowth is...

AGENT WINSLOW

He's 30 yards back, pushing through the grips of a strangler fig. He's advancing on Emile, in tactical stance.

AGENT WINSLOW

(yelling over rain)

Where do you think you're gonna run to, Emile? You got nowhere to go --

Winslow tramples across the small creek. Feels he's gaining. There's a rustling in the distance. WINSLOW FIRES.

FIND EMILE

A shot rips through the wet foliage and GRAZES EMILE'S ass. He falls, choking back a scream. He can hear Winslow's FOOTSTEPS, closing. Emile pulls himself across the ground. He struggles to stand. Drags his bleeding ass to the next tree.

Winslow is coming at him from the right. And there's movement to his left, Asuka. Twenty yards off.

There's no way Emile can get to him, unless...

Emile pulls out Meiling's PINK RAZOR CELL. He buries it under a pile of moss (to muffle the chime) as he POWERS IT ON.

AGENT WINSLOW (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Even if you made it out, you'd be on everybody's top-ten list. This is the end of the road, son.

Winslow getting closer. The three of them form a triangle. Emile scrolls Meiling's contacts, FINDS ASUKA, presses send.

FIND WINSLOW

He tramps forward, soaked. The rain stops, as suddenly as it started. It's quiet. Dripping water everywhere and...

A RINGING CELL PHONE. Winslow turns right, FIRING into the bush as he advances on the sound. Shot after shot.

BLAM BLAM BLAM!!

Through trees, he sees his target. BULLETS THUMPING into his back. He's clinging to a bamboo shoot, and finally falls.

It's Asuka.

Winslow stands over his dead body, kicks a gun from his hand, phone still ringing in his pocket.

Winslow stomps in the direction he was headed before the call and finds Meiling's PINK RAZOR CELL at the foot of a tree.

EXT. EDGE OF PROPERTY, HARD ROCK

Emile is hobbling along the perimeter when he hears the GROWL OF HARLEYS receding on the other side of the wall. He jams his gun in his waistline and heaves himself over the wall.

EXT. PARKING LOT, ALADDIN CASINO

Emile stands behind the TYSON FREEZER TRUCK. It's empty but for the frozen body of Goya. SIRENS HOWL closer...

Emile's leg is covered in blood. His eyes scan the lot, land on a 1987 BUICK GRAND NATIONAL. The car he was re-building.

EXT. POOL DECK

Winslow kneels over the pool, washing blood off his hands. He hears footsteps, stands to face DEPUTY DIRECTOR HALDEN.

AGENT WINSLOW
I'm sorry they got the kid.

DIRECTOR HALDEN
(doesn't bite)
What do we got?

Winslow turns to the briefcase, a kilo of coke.

DIRECTOR HALDEN (CONT'D)
What is that? A kilo? That's it?

AGENT WINSLOW
Afraid so.

DIRECTOR HALDEN
Oh, fuck you. I don't need this.

Halden paces, running his hand over his shiny bald head.

DIRECTOR HALDEN (CONT'D)
 Vegas Vice is gonna shit down my
 throat. We got six casualties, no
 guns and a measly key of coke.
 (decides)
 I'm not taking the bullet on this.
 This has to go away.
 (steps closer)
 The 60 kilos never existed, you
 understand me? And you're fucking
 retired. Effective now.

Director Halden walks off as EMT wheel out the body of Agent James. It renders a pale shade of remorse on Winslow.

EXT. DESERT FLATLANDS

Emile sits on the bumper of the Grand National. Gauze and peroxide on the trunk of the car, he swigs a bottle of cheap Russian Vodka...watching Goya's body defrost in the sun.

Emile pulls his KNIFE, steps to the body, and cuts into Goya's guts. CROWS CIRCLE in the sky, as he reaches...

In his stomach.

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB, ATF OFFICES

AGENT ITO steps out of the hub, pulling his cell phone...

INT. SERVICE KITCHEN, KIOSHI CLUB

SIX YAKUZA stand by, heads bowed. The WHITE TIGER is laid across a steel counter-top, dead. Its BRIGHT YELLOW EYES still open. Kendo looks upon the animal, struck with grief...

KENDO
 (into phone)
 I understand. I will make
 arrangements for their bodies.

Kendo moves his hand over the tiger's face, closing her eyes.

EXT. PACIFIC CREST - "ONE MONTH LATER"

Winslow wears jeans and new cowboy boots, driving an open CJ6. He's relaxed, retired, soon to be rich.

He pulls around a Ranger Station. Across a clearing, near the dense treeline, sun glimmers off a Harley.

GOAT stands near his bike, leaning back against a tree, one foot kicked back on the trunk.

Winslow gives a lazy wave, steers across the field. But as he gets closer Goat doesn't move. Not an inch.

And inside 20 meters, Winslow realizes why...

CLOSE ON GOAT. There's a blood-line across his neck where piano-wire holds him to the tree. A nail has been driven through his foot, securing it to the pine. And he's alive.

Before Winslow can reach for his gun, SIX MONGOLS step from the tree-line and open fire with AK-103 ASSAULT RIFLES. Winslow never makes it out of his seat-belt.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

Wispy fog creeps over thousands of shipping crates. A crane is lowering an orange container onto a LARGE SHIP.

ON THE DECK, stands Emile. Rough but recovered, with a limp that'll follow him to the grave. In his hand, a BULLET-SIZED KEY. He squeezes it and infra-red light shines on the deck:

Lot. 39 Co. #298

Moments later, metal doors SCREECH OPEN and Emile shines a light into the container. Thousands of stuffed animals.

Pink teddy bears. He digs through, unable to believe it.

EMILE

-- gotta be fucking kidding me.

Emile sits on the edge of the container. Hope drains from his face. He shakes his head, grabs a bear. It feels heavy.

His fingers dig between seams, ripping the bear open. He pulls out cotton stuffing and a...

RUSSIAN "GSH-18" PISTOL

Emile shines a light into the container, 1000's of bears. His breath quickens. His eyes come alive. The rush is back.

CUE MUSIC:

EXT. MOSCOW, RUSSIA

Establishing shot. The muddy Moskova runs south...

INT. PENAL COLONY #2, MORDOVA, SOUTH OF MOSCOW

The violent sounds of a Russian prison. An OLDER MAN with trim beard is led down the catwalk. His face is carved from stone. His arms covered in Gulag tattoos.

As he passes each cell, INMATES QUIET. Soon, the entire cell-block is silent as THE GENERAL is led out.

INT. VISITATION ROOM, PENAL COLONY #2

A MAN sits hunched at a table in a cold cement room. The GENERAL enters, makes his way over, and sits...

EMILE
General?

THE GENERAL
Da.

Emile pulls out a pink Teddy Bear, it's neck crudely re-sewn with black stitching. He sets it on the table. Emile has new Nikes and a gold Rolex -- he's back in the game.

THE GENERAL (CONT'D)
Then you are Emilija. You are long way from home. How did you make this trip?

EMILE
I got a good passport and went through Canada.

The sting of Rada's loss, still evident.

THE GENERAL
You come to return my property?

EMILE
Not exactly.
(closer)
I come to sell it.

The General leans back and emits a HUSKY LAUGH.

THE GENERAL
Patsani, you are maybe very brave, or just very stupid.

EMILE
Or maybe, I just got nothing to lose.

The General studies Emile's cold eyes, and the discolored bruises upside his arms.

THE GENERAL
A man at war with himself does not always make good soldier.

EMILE
(darkly)
I got it under control.

THE GENERAL

Then maybe we do business. I know a
German in the market for...bears.

The General takes the bear and makes it dance.

CUT TO BLACK.