

I-95

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BOX TRUCK - NEAR THE PORT OF LONG BEACH, CA - MIDNIGHT

SUPER: JANUARY, 1971

A wiry, road worn WOMAN in her mid 30s - think a more physically imposing Natasha Lyonne - ponytail tucked into her baseball cap, her white ribbed tank top exposing an Eye Of Providence tattoo on one arm and an inverted pentagram tattoo on the other, takes a long drag off a fat joint before grabbing the CB Radio from the truck's center console.

She exhales a hefty cloud of smoke as she presses the talk button and exits right off the highway.

This is RENEE BLACK.

RENEE

Breaker breaker two nine this is Mantis. Shipment's nearing the harbor. Hammerhead, do you copy?

A momentary static fuzz fills the CB Radio, and then,

MAN (V.O.)

Copied and covered, Mantis. Channel is secure. What's your E.T.A.?

RENEE

Three minutes tops, my friend. Looking like a smooth delivery.

EXT. PORT OF LONG BEACH - BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

KARMA SKYE, 40s, a rough and tough long haired Hawaiian dude with an equally long beard replies into his CB -

KARMA

Wouldn't expect anything less from you, Mantis. The Kailua Cult will be very pleased.

I/E. BOX TRUCK - PORT OF LONG BEACH ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Renee flicks the joint out the window, lights a Marlboro Red, then proceeds to give the cabin a healthy spray of perfume.

She slowly pulls up to the port's entrance gate manned by an out of shape HARBOR PATROL OFFICER with a BORDER COLLIE at his side, his outstretched hand commanding her to stop.

RENEE
 (scoffs)
 Here we go.

The officer approaches the driver's side window as Renee rolls it down.

OFFICER
 Late arrival tonight, huh ma'am?

RENEE
 Fresh off a thirty-four hour reset.

Renee hands the officer her commercial driver's license as she takes a drag.

RENEE (CONT'D)
 Pulled a straight eighteen from Seattle. Not including my mandatory cat naps of course.

The officer shines his flashlight over the license.

OFFICER
 You got a log book for me, Ms. Black?

RENEE
 I do but I've never had to show it to harbor patrol.

The officer motions "give it."

An annoyed Renee hands her log book over to the flashlight-happy officer, who flips through a couple pages...

OFFICER
 Mmhmm.

Before handing it back to her.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
 Why don't you go ahead and open up the back for me.

Renee shakes her head as she hops out of the truck with the cigarette dangling from her lips.

RENEE
 (under her breath)
 Fuckin' wastin' my time.

She opens up the back, revealing box after box with the words "Washington Apples" stamped across the sides.

OFFICER
Apples huh?

RENEE
Washington's number seven export.

OFFICER
Is that right?

RENEE
Am I free to proceed now, Columbo?

The officer looks down to his Border Collie as he places his paws on the back of the truck, ready to jump in to inspect.

OFFICER
That's not really up to me.

But just as the dog hops up, a majestic 17 pound BENGAL CAT pops up from behind an apple box and leaps out of the truck.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Jesus!

The collie immediately chases after it, completely ignoring the boxes and its inspection duties as the officer attempts to get hold of the dog to no avail.

RENEE
Oops, sorry about that. Pussy's been cooped up in here with me for a *minute* and when Pussy gets cooped up...

As the officer, the dog, and the giant feline play a three way game of cat and mouse,

RENEE (CONT'D)
Aww, now if that's not cute, I don't know what is.

Renee leans up against the truck with a hearty pull of sweet tobacco as the harbor officer desperately tries to reign in his dog.

RENEE (CONT'D)
(realization)
How rude of me...

She offers the box of Reds to the out of breath officer.

RENEE (CONT'D)
Smoke?

The officer stumbles as he tries to grab the collie.

OFFICER
(frustrated)
Just take your damn Pussy and go
through.

RENEE
(mocking salute)
Ten four, captain.

With that Renee effortlessly snatches her tigress up, and the officer, now sweating profusely, finally collars the collie, hits a button, and raises the gate.

OFFICER
(catching his breath)
Fuckin' jungle cat.

ANGLE ON Renee with a shit-eating grin, now back behind the wheel with her kitty companion -- whose CAT TAG reads JOPLIN -- sitting on her lap, pulling into the port, not a soul in sight.

RENEE
(into the CB)
Approaching dock sixty-five. Get
that C.O.D. ready to roll.

She pulls up to Karma's boat, plops Joplin down in the passenger seat, and steps out of the truck.

ANGLE ON Karma Skye, surrounded by his men on the boat deck, AK-47s strapped around their shoulders and several barrels of fuel by their side.

A satisfied laugh escapes Karma as he steps off the boat onto the dock with a duffle bag in hand.

KARMA
There you are. I was starting to
worry the crossing guard might've
gotten you.

RENEE
Please.

Renee pops the back of the truck open for Karma.

KARMA
Well how 'bout them apples.

He beckons a couple of his men to come over with dollies as he hops up into the truck, pulls a Rambo knife from his waist, and slices open one of the boxes.

It's apples.

Until Karma shoves both arms down deep into the box and removes an enormous bag of bright green & blue marijuana.

Then it's drugs.

Drugs that make Karma smile as he takes a huge whiff.

KARMA (CONT'D)
(moment of realization)
The Big Island is finally ours.

He looks to Renee.

KARMA (CONT'D)
All because of you.

As he shakes an impressed pointer finger at his number one smuggler -

KARMA (CONT'D)
You always come through, Black.

RENEE
Always.

He tosses the duffle bag down to her, and she unzips it to reveal endless stacks of cold hard cash.

KARMA
Load 'em up, boys.

Karma hops off the truck and pats Renee on the shoulder.

KARMA (CONT'D)
Time for Karma Skye to hit the high seas.

SOLO (O.S.)
Not so fast, Karma!

From the dark of night, twenty men with pistols and shotguns drawn surround Karma Skye and his goons, who aim their AK-47s right back at them from the docked boat deck, ready for war.

At the head of the sting operation is SOLOMON "SOLO" GUERRA, a broad shouldered Mexican-American middle aged man with bushy grey hair, a matching moustache, and a take no prisoners look in his eye.

SOLO (CONT'D)
 By the order of the BNDD, I command
 you to stand down!

Solo pumps his 12 gauge shotgun as Renee pulls a Colt Python from her waist, training it right back at Solo.

SOLO (CONT'D)
 Drop the fucking weapons!

Karma leans in to whisper in Renee's ear.

KARMA
 On the count of three we light
 these rats up like the fourth of
 July, copy?

Renee nods and grits her teeth as she readies her finger on the trigger.

KARMA (CONT'D)
 One... two -

In a flash Renee grabs Karma Skye around the throat and jams her pistol into his temple.

KARMA (CONT'D)
 What the -

Turns out Renee Black ain't Renee Black at all...

Say hello to BNDD Undercover's biggest badass

VICKY HARMON.

Karma's henchmen immediately turn towards Vicky with their machine guns now on her.

VICKY
 Drop 'em or he's dead!

KARMA
 You fuckin' kidding me, Black?!

Solo and his men move in closer into what is now a full fledged Mexican Standoff.

KARMA (CONT'D)
 You shoot me you better pray to God
 you kill me.

Vicky cocks the hammer as she eyes Skye's goons.

VICKY
Last warning.

KARMA
Keep those AKs raised boys! Never
surrender! Never retreat!

The boat's engine fires up and Karma's goons speed away from the dock, abandoning their visibly disappointed leader in his most desperate of moments.

SOLO
Open fire!

The BNDD lights up the sky. Twenty men BLASTING at the boat as it speeds away, Karma's soldiers firing back toward the shore with their AKs.

A perfect opportunity for Karma to throw an elbow into Vicky's gut, causing her to drop her pistol off the dock into the water as he makes a break for it.

Vicky gives chase as several BNDD guys are hit by gunfire, dropping to the dock with blood spurting from their bodies.

Karma Skye tosses barrel after barrel into Vicky's path as he sprints away, but she effortlessly hops over them and continues to gain ground as more BNDD agents are struck by bullets at the water's edge.

Solo Guerra squints his eyes as he aims his shotgun right at the fuel barrels on the back of the boat.

SOLO (CONT'D)
Bon voyage you dirty dealers.

Pulls the trigger and BOOM!

The boat explodes in a blaze of glory just as Vicky tackles Karma Skye to the ground...

KARMA
Fuuuuck!

...and handcuffs him.

KARMA (CONT'D)
How could you fucking do this to
me? I trusted you, bitch!

VICKY
Looks like Karma's the bitch
tonight.

Vicky yanks the kingpin to his feet as the cops pull up, sirens blaring.

KARMA
 You just signed your death warrant.
 You hear me? You're dead! Your
 family's dead!

A look of concern escapes Vicky's face as she pushes the cuffed Karma towards the squad car.

VICKY
 Don't you threaten my kin.

KARMA
 Oh I'll do more than threaten them.
 I will *find* them. Your blood will
 never be safe again for as long as
 I live.

VICKY
 Shut up.

KARMA
 A thousand wolves are comin' for
 you.

VICKY
 Shut the fuck up!

Solo and the BNDD reach the scene, along with the useless Harbor Patrol Officer right behind them, looking confused as fuck as Vicky grabs Karma's head and shoves him into the back of the cop car kicking and screaming.

KARMA
 Run and hide, sweet Renee.
 RUN. AND. HIDE!

Off Vicky's rattled face as the cop car drives off --

INT. BNDD OFFICE - LOS ANGELES BRANCH - DAY

A photographer SNAPS a photo of a room full of Canadian Blueberry Marijuana, half a ton's worth, bagged and tagged with Vicky Harmon, Solo Guerra, and several wounded, bandaged & arm slinged BNDD agents standing over the haul.

SNAP - A photo of Solo shaking Vicky's hand, the sign on the wall behind them reading:

BUREAU OF NARCOTICS AND DANGEROUS DRUGS

VICKY

None of these are going in the papers, right?

SOLO

Of course not.

(re: photographer)

Guy's internal documentation, not a journalist.

VICKY

(nods)

Right.

SOLO

Everything okay with you, Harmon? You bag the West Coast's first RICO case and you're worried we're gonna broadcast your face? That sound like BNDD protocol for Vice?

PEGGY, the secretary, startles Vicky with a tap on her shoulder from behind.

PEGGY

Boss wants to see you.

INT. VICKY'S BOSS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

MATT LA'LAU, 50s, a brick shithouse squeezed into a cheap short sleeved button down shirt and tie, sips his coffee as he flips through Vicky's file.

Finally he looks up at her sitting across his desk.

MATT

Congratulations on the bust.

VICKY

Thanks, chief.

La'Lau tosses her file down on the desk.

MATT

You're being relocated.

VICKY

What?

MATT

Your cover's blown. You're no good to us out here now.

VICKY
(incredulous)
Well where am I goin'?

Matt steps over to his map of the United States hanging on the wall and taps on the east coast.

MATT
I-95. New marijuana super highway runs up and down the eastern seaboard. There's a trucking company with a vacancy you're gonna fill, headquarters in Miami and New York -

VICKY
(interrupting)
You can have more than one headquarters?

MATT
Don't ask questions 'til I'm finished.

VICKY
My mistake.

MATT
New York to Miami. Miami to New York. The dope's pouring in, talking tonnage a day, but we don't know where it's coming from, and we don't know who's pulling the strings.

Vicky furrows her brow and points her thumb back at the marijuana bust trophy room not twenty feet behind her.

VICKY
You know I was supposed to be promoted after this.

MATT
This is the promotion.

Vicky can't help but laugh.

VICKY
This is bullshit.

Matt plops back down in his desk chair with a sigh.

MATT

Look, you think I'm happy to lose you? You're the only agent I trust around here.

VICKY

(shaking her head)
More bullshit. If I'm so damn valuable why am I paid half what you pay Solo and the rest of the boy's club?

MATT

C'mon Vic, that's not fair.

VICKY

Exactly.

MATT

Vic, just... listen to me.

VICKY

No. You listen to me. I've been deep cover on the road for you three years now. Three years. Payin' my dues. Now you promised me I'd be running my own branch after this. And you know what I want Matt? I want what I was fucking promised. That's it.

MATT

We've discussed it. Me and the brass I mean. What you just did... it turned some heads. Believe me when I say that. But we look at that, and what do we see? One RICO. It's good. Makes us look good, justifies the fact our budget is fourteen times what it was five years ago. Now you duplicate that result for us on this I-95 mission, bookend RICOs, west and east, cement this bureau as a certified national hero, and I promise you, you will get your own branch.

VICKY

This is fucking insanity.

MATT

No, you staying out here is what would be insanity, Vic.

Vicky rolls her eyes.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm dead serious. Karma Skye put a bounty on your head. You do remember that, don't you? You wanna be in charge or you wanna be breathing? Cause that scumbag's back is against the wall and the only thing he's thinking about right now is you, and the words search and destroy.

Vicky crosses her arms, attempting to hide her fear.

VICKY

Yeah well he can join the club.

Matt looks at Vicky with warmth.

MATT

This assignment will advance you along your path. It'll be good for you. And the move will be good for you. Skye will have no idea where you are...

He opens her file on the desk to a page with her new identity: SAVANNAH HAZE.

MATT (CONT'D)

Or *who* you are.

He leans back.

MATT (CONT'D)

Plus you'll have protection.

VICKY

(scoffs)

Oh yeah? Courtesy of who?

EXT. KOSCIUSZKO BRIDGE - NEWTOWN CREEK, NY - DEAD OF NIGHT

A MAN in Elvis Presley sunglasses who also just so happens to look a lot like Elvis if he was on a boatload of steroids holds a bloodied and beaten GUY by the ankles off the side of the bridge.

This is BOBBY BARBADOS.

The guy shitting his pants as the blood rushes into his inverted forehead is BNDD AGENT THADDEUS MCGRUDER.

BOBBY
Tell me where he is, and you walk.
Unless you prefer to swim.

AGENT MCGRUDER
(squirming)
Read my upside down lips, asshole.
I don't know Boon's dealer, much
less his fucking location.

BOBBY
Wrong answer.

Bobby loosens his grip.

AGENT MCGRUDER
Wait! No wait! Murdering a federal
agent's a capital offense. You
don't wanna take a seat on Old
Sparky!

BOBBY
Rockefeller canned the chair six
years ago.

AGENT MCGRUDER
Not if you kill a cop!

HONK!

The car horn startles Bobby and he DROPS the SCREAMING
McGruder...

BOBBY
Shit.

...turning to find a JET BLACK FORD ECONOLINE VAN pull up
with a slender, grey, dead-eyed MAN in a bad toupee behind
the wheel.

This is RIP "THE GRIP" WATTS.

RIP
I thought I told you to let Agent
McGruder go.

SPLASH!

Bobby points his thumb back over his shoulder.

BOBBY
Task completed.

With a shake of his head, Rip pops the passenger door open.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
You take care of Shelly?

As Bobby gets in...

RIP
Leaky brake lines. Tragic.

And they drive off...

BOBBY
You can never be too careful on the
road.

EXT. I-95 - MIAMI, FL - DAWN

CLOSE ON a hundred foot long STINGER stretched out over the highway pavement, the razor sharp metal barbs promising to shred any tire that crosses their path.

INT. MACK TRUCK - I-95 - SAME

A none-the-wiser TRUCK DRIVER barrels down the interstate, destined for a nasty clash with the stop sticks.

EXT. I-95 - SAME

TIGHT ON the name TANK tattooed at the base of a bald skull as MOTORCYCLE ENGINES REV with aggression.

Tank's biker vest is emblazoned with a menacing SKULL and PISTONS patch, OUTLAWS on the top-rocker, FLORIDA at the bottom.

And Tank isn't alone. His gang is on the move, trailing the Mack Truck by a hundred yards at most.

INT. MACK TRUCK - I-95 - SAME

The ROAR of the bikes suddenly flood the truck driver's ears as he clocks The Outlaws in his rearview.

TRUCK DRIVER
Oh fuck me.

Too distracted to register the stinger, he SLAMS on the gas --

EXT. I-95 - SAME

The tires SHREDDING into oblivion, sending the massive truck SPINNING out of control.

The Outlaws pull back with a WAR CRY as the 18 Wheeler FLIPS ON ITS SIDE.

A moment later and the bikers are at the truck's trailer door, CRACKING IT OPEN with a CROWBAR to reveal an endless stockpile of BROKEN CRATES, TONS OF MARIJUANA scattered about in the wreckage.

A victorious grin escapes Tank's face as he looks to his brothers in arms --

TANK

Pack it up.

INT. VICKY'S BUNGALOW - HOLLYWOOD, CA - DAY

Pulled curtains block out the relentless southern California sunlight as shirts, pants, socks and undies fly from a closet, busy hands tossing linen after linen next to a floral patterned Samsonite Fashionaire suitcase laying open on the bed with Joplin fast asleep in the pile of clothes.

VICKY (O.C.)

I save the fuckin' day and you're payin' me half?

Vicky grabs two huge bags of blue-green weed from the top shelf in her closet and stuffs them inside large coffee bean sacks.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Then dick me over on my promotion?

She places them in the suitcase's false bottom.

VICKY (CONT'D)

No. I dick you over.

The bungalow's front door slowly opens.

Vicky quickdraws her gun from her waistband and peers out into the living room, spaghetti thin sun rays bleeding into the dark, curtain drawn space.

She aims it at the opening door, finger on the trigger when -

TITO

Whoa whoa whoa!

Vicky drops the gun with a sigh of relief.

It's just TITO VELEZ, 20s, Vicky's muscular 10th degree blackbelt boyfriend slash aspiring but failing miserably action movie star.

The Karate Gi garbed Tito smiles as he leans in for a kiss.

TITO (CONT'D)

You know gunplay gets me hot but at least let me walk through the door first.

SMOOCH.

Tito notices the clothes strewn about the bedroom alongside the open suitcase.

TITO (CONT'D)

Don't tell me you're leaving me.

VICKY

You see your threads next to mine by the luggage?

Tito nods.

VICKY (CONT'D)

That's cause you're comin' with me.

TITO

Coming with you where?

VICKY

Start spreadin' the news -

TITO

(cutting in)

Let's stop that news right there. I'm not moving to New York. It's freezing in New York.

Vicky grabs his face lovingly.

VICKY

But you can get movie roles there.

TITO

I can't get movie roles *here*. How am I supposed to get them in a secondary market?

VICKY

Oh you and your smart words.

Vicky goes for a seductive kiss but Tito stops her.

TITO

I'm serious, Renee. All the martial arts action stuff is shot here. I mean I know I haven't actually been in anything yet and I'm broke and you basically fund my entire existence -

VICKY

Basically?

TITO

Okay, no basically. You pay for everything.

VICKY

(winks)

Cause I'm your sugar momma.

TITO

Yeah but that's just for now, baby, 'til I make it. And I don't see that happening for me in New York. It's like you're asking me to go from the ocean to the kiddie pool.

VICKY

You love idioms so much.

BETTY (O.C.)

Heeyyy -

Vicky's gun is once again raised and ready, only to see BETTY JAMES, early 20s, bell-bottomed hippy chick with a fro at the door.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Hope I'm not interrupting anything.

Vicky drops the gun to her side.

BETTY (CONT'D)

You guys doing that gunplay stuff again? Not that I care, it's just the door was open and -

VICKY

What do you need, Betty?

BETTY

Q.P.

Vicky ducks back into her bedroom, flips open the suitcase's false bottom, fills her fists with weed and dumps it onto a triple beam scale. She bags up the quarter pound and reemerges to find Betty with a wad of cash in hand.

Done deal.

As Betty stuffs the pillow sized ziploc bag into her backpack,

BETTY (CONT'D)
Jesus this Canadian Blueberry
stinks.

Vicky gently pushes Betty toward the front door and out onto the porch.

VICKY
Yeah don't drive with it.

BETTY
Of course not. We can't all be
Renee Black, right?

VICKY
Bye bye Betty.

And she closes the door in her customer's face.

TITO
Well that was kind of rude.

VICKY
What you call rude I call
necessary.

Vicky sticks a joint in her mouth and fires it up.

VICKY (CONT'D)
The two of us were in the middle of
an important conversation which I
have every intention of finishing.

TITO
But -

VICKY
(steamrolling Tito)
TruckCo transferred me to New York.
And you know Sugar Momma can't live
alone. It's not safe -

TITO
 (shakes his head)
 You're paranoid.

VICKY
 I'm not paranoid. I'm cautious.
 (waves wad of cash)
 My second job is not a friendly
 field, man. There's a sordid
 history there. Very real enemies.
 Not to mention I'm a lady who
 drives thousands of miles all by my
 lonesome and coming home to an
 empty apartment in a huge crime
 infested city I'm completely
 unfamiliar with scares the fucking
 shit out of me, to be perfectly
 frank.

TITO
 Well to be perfectly frank with
 you, Renee, if I'm gonna pick up my
 life and move to the other side of
 the country, I'm gonna need certain
 assurances.

Vicky takes a monster hit as she considers that, bites her
 lip, her shaking head evolving into a nod as...

INT. LUXURY HOTEL PENTHOUSE SUITE - LOS ANGELES - DUSK

A bridal gown clad Vicky and polyester suit wearing Tito
 burst through the door with their lips locked, falling onto a
 California King Sized bed in the middle of this 70s chic,
 super high end penthouse with panoramic views of the city of
 Los Angeles.

TITO
 Now these are some assurances.

VICKY
 Shut up and go down on me. I'm
 renting this place by the hour.

Vicky POPS OPEN a bottle of Dom Perignon sitting by the bed,
 taking a swig as she pushes Tito's head down and lifts her
 dress over him.

TITO
 What time do we takeoff?

VICKY

What'd I say about talking? It's a red eye. Get to work.

Vicky lets out a MOAN of pleasure, then pulls Tito up gently by the hair.

VICKY (CONT'D)

But before you punch the clock...

She unrolls a fist, palm up, displaying TWO TABS OF BLOTTER ACID.

TITO

That what I think it is?

She plops one on each of their tongues.

VICKY

I got you somethin' else too.

She motions to a plush chair with a giftwrapped box sitting on it.

Tito is MIND BLOWN.

TITO

What are you a magician?

He pops off the bed and grabs the box.

TITO (CONT'D)

How'd you get this in here?

He begins unwrapping it,

TITO (CONT'D)

You didn't have to buy me -

Looking at the box slightly befuddled,

TITO (CONT'D)

A CB Radio?

VICKY

Not just any CB Radio. That's the E.F. Johnson Company's Messenger three-twenty-three. It's got a crystal filter, high level class B modulator, and a dual conversion receiver. How's that for assurances?

TITO

Renee, I... I don't know what to say. I didn't get you anything.

VICKY

Get me this.

She grabs his crotch, guiding him to the bed as she hikes up her bridal gown.

Suddenly, the LSD kicks in, and Vicky is thrown into a world of hallucination.

The sky darkens outside as the trip grows trippier, the newlyweds writhing in pleasure on the California King, two bodies becoming one through this winding, blurry, collage over PSYCHEDELIC MUSIC, until finally they collapse onto one another, Vicky turning to softly kiss Tito only to find the face of

KARMA SKYE!

Vicky SCREAMS -

INT. AIRPLANE - MID FLIGHT - 4:30 A.M PST, 7:30 AM EST

SNAPPING OUT of her dream, waking with a jolt to find a snoring, sleeping-masked Tito beside her with Joplin's crate at his feet.

She peers out the airplane window under a fog of confusion when -

STEWARDESS (O.C.)

Sorry, don't mean to bother you.

Vicky turns to find A STEWARDESS.

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)

But we're about thirty minutes from landing and I just wanted to see if I could get y'all anything?

VICKY

Water. Just water. Oh and maybe some aspirin?

Tito wakes up and drops the sleeping mask around his neck as the stewardess pours them water and hands them a couple of pills.

STEWARDESS
 (smiling)
 Partied a little too hard, huh?

TITO
 We just got married, we were
 celebrating, you know...

STEWARDESS
 Oh. My. Goodness. Congratulations!
 Y'all are honeymoonin' in New York?
 That is very romantic.

Vicky grabs a barf bag and pukes into it.

INT. LAGUARDIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NYC - DAY

Bobby Barbados -- wearing a jumpsuit you would swear was straight out of Elvis' closet -- holds a sign reading MS. HAZE as Tito and Vicky descend the escalator, approaching with luggage and Joplin in hand.

BOBBY
 Ms. Haze?

VICKY
 Reporting for duty.

Bobby nods as he leads the way outside --

I/E. FORD ECONOLINE VAN - LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

And to his giant van parked at the curb, snow falling all around them.

TITO
 (confused and shivering)
 Ms. Haze?

VICKY
 It's my handle. You know, for the
 CB. Breaker breaker and all that
 shit.

TITO
 (nodding)
 Ahh. Far out. Far out.

Tito goes to open the back of the van to toss the luggage in when -

BOBBY

Nuh uh. Take 'em up front with you.

Tito does as told, hopping in the back seat with Joplin and the suitcases.

Vicky drops into the passenger's seat with her rucksack on her lap as Bobby gets behind the wheel, and they're on the move.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Suddenly got a hankerin' for java.

Bobby sniffs the air -

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You want some java?

TITO

I'd love some java.

BOBBY

Bet you would. You two look like you haven't slept in months.

TITO

(rubbing his temples)
Just battling a bit of a hangover.

BOBBY

Hangover? As in alcohol and or drugs hangover?

VICKY

(laughs nervously)
Drugs. Dream on, man. That's hippy crap.

TITO

Totally.

Bobby pulls up to a breakfast cart on the sidewalk and hops out.

TITO (CONT'D)

Who the hell is this guy, Renee?

VICKY

He's from TruckCo.

Vicky turns around in her seat to face Tito.

VICKY (CONT'D)
I told you they were sending
someone to pick us up when we
landed, take us to the new place,
remember?

TITO
Yeah well I think he's onto us.

VICKY
Onto us?

TITO
The java. He wants java. He knows
what's in the suitcase, man!

VICKY
Now who's being paranoid.

TITO
Shh! Here he comes!

Bobby reenters the van with three coffees, handing one to
both Tito and Vicky before hitting the gas.

TITO (CONT'D)
Gracias, buddy.

BOBBY
It's Bobby, not buddy.

TITO
(nodding)
Right on. Right on.

VICKY
So how far are we from the
apartment?

BOBBY
(sipping coffee)
Close. I'll take your boy there and
then drop you off for your shift.

VICKY
My shift?

BOBBY
They didn't tell you? You got your
first route today. Miami.

VICKY
Jesus fuckin' Christ.

BOBBY
There a problem?

Vicky rubs her eyes.

VICKY
Nope. No problem.

BOBBY
Good.

TITO
(under his breath)
Don't step on *his* blue suede shoes.

BOBBY
What was that?

TITO
Nothing. Nothing.

Bobby stops the van in front of a brick building somewhere near Astoria.

BOBBY
This is your stop.

Tito hops out with the suitcases, his teeth chattering against the snowy cold New York winter.

ANGLE ON a set of keys dangling from Bobby's hand out the window.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Apartment 3B. That's you.

Tito takes the keys.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
See ya in the funny pages, smart
ass.

VICKY
I'll be back in a few days, doll.

TITO
(waving)
I love -

But before Tito can finish that sentiment, Bobby peels out and away, leaving Vicky's hubby in a cloud of exhaust fumes.

TITO (CONT'D)
You.

ANGLE BACK ON Vicky smacking Bobby in his shoulder as he steers the van towards the BQE.

VICKY

What the fuck was that, man? The dude was in the middle of expressing his love for me.

BOBBY

Look, I don't know what you think this is, bringing your little boyfriend along like you're goin' to some amusement park, but this mission isn't a ride. Shit is life and death.

VICKY

You trying to school me to the game?

Vicky SCOFFS.

VICKY (CONT'D)

I *invented* the game. I'm the queen, you're a pawn. I'll move however the fuck I see fit, while you keep your mouth shut, watch my six, and we're Bobby Fischer.

BOBBY

But I'm not Bobby Fischer. I'm Bobby Barbados.

VICKY

You're fucking dense is what you are.

Bobby purses his lips and shakes his head.

VICKY (CONT'D)

And your workplace etiquette blows.

BOBBY

Just doing my job.

VICKY

You wanna do your job? Brief me on this so called "life and death" mission I'm about to go on. Cause I know you're not tossing me on some big rig twenty fucking minutes after my plane lands with zero intel.

Bobby drops a folder onto Vicky's lap.

VICKY (CONT'D)
(emphatic)
Thank you.

She flips it open to find black and white photos shot from a distance, displaying a 30 year old CUBAN MAN in a Guayabera suit as he moves about a SCRAP YARD.

BOBBY
His name is Charlie Boon. Carlito,
actually, but he doesn't go by
that.

VICKY
And he's my target.

BOBBY
More like an entry point. A weak
spot we can exploit to get a foot
into the rabbit hole. Find out just
how deep it goes. If you can
infiltrate him that is.

Bobby turns left into -

I/E. TRUCKCO NY HEADQUARTERS - LONG ISLAND CITY - DAY

Pulling into the loading dock to park alongside a row of 18 wheelers.

VICKY
Now we're getting somewhere. See
what happens when we work together?

BOBBY
We've tracked these trucks going in
and out of his scrap yard down in
Miami, but we have reason to
believe they're moving more than
iron and copper.

VICKY
So if Boon's the tip, who's the
iceberg?

BOBBY
His supplier, whoever the fuck that
is. This your first day in the
field? Cause I thought I was
dealing with the queen here.

VICKY

Fuck off.

BOBBY

Open the glove box.

Vicky complies, finding a small manila envelope inside that's stuffed to the gills.

VICKY

Christmas in January. And here I thought we weren't friends.

She opens the envelope to find --

BOBBY

You got one commercial license for a Ms. Savannah Haze from Dallas, Texas -

VICKY

(cuts in dramatically)
A combat medic in Nam who just couldn't stomach it, so they reassigned her. Taught her to drive war wagons. But soldiers weren't the only cargo she was carrying...

BOBBY

(impressed nod)
You make that up on the fly?

Vicky shrugs as she counts the bills tucked beneath the commercial license.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It's five hundred, petty cash. And keys to your place on South Beach. Fully furnished. 1424 Ocean Drive. Unit 5A.

Vicky nods over to the TruckCo office not thirty yards away.

VICKY

And they're expecting me in there.

BOBBY

Affirmative.

Vicky swallows a pukey belch.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You good?

She takes one last swig of the coffee and gives her head a vigorous shake.

VICKY
Oh I'm better than good.

Vicky grabs Joplin's crate along with her rucksack and steps out of the van and into her mission.

VICKY (CONT'D)
I'm Bobby fuckin' Fischer.

ANGLE ON Rip Watts at a payphone not sixty yards off, watching Vicky step into TruckCo HQ.

RIP
The fox is in the snare and both abodes are bugged.

Matt La'Lau's voice scratches through the receiver.

MATT (V.O.)
Roger that.

INT. BNDD OFFICE - LOS ANGELES BRANCH - INTERCUT

La'Lau studies Vicky's file, the curtains in his dimly lit office drawn.

MATT
She's been skimming, and God only knows what else. But -

RIP
No hard evidence, no corruption charge. We got it. Ingersoll laid it all out.

MATT
Yeah well that fuck's giving me eight weeks before he's got me writing parking tickets in Palmdale. And I didn't bring you spooks in to hand me the Sheaffer.

RIP
Bitch can't bury a bone I won't find.

Rip hangs up.

RIP (CONT'D)
Sucker.

INT. FORD ECONOLINE VAN - CONTINUOUS

The passenger door opens, and in plops Rip Watts.

RIP
You did good. She'll lead us right
to the source.

Bobby fires up the engine.

BOBBY
And when she does?

Staring Bobby dead in the eye, Rip reaches into a hidden compartment in the van's passenger door, producing a SNIPER RIFLE.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I made the right career choice.

INT. TOBACCO ROAD - MIAMI - DAY

Tank and MAMMOTH, an enormous, thick bearded Outlaw that we recognize from the Mack Truck Heist earlier, down a couple of shots of dark brown whiskey at an empty bar.

MAMMOTH
Damn right you did. Payload's gotta
be three mil easy.

TANK
Fuckin' idiot driver never saw
those teeth comin'.

The BARTENDER pours another round, Mammoth and Tank downing the liquor in one gulp, both of them clearly hammered.

MAMMOTH
Warlocks are pissed. Grub knows
we're squeezing them out we keep
pullin' jobs like this.

TANK
Fuck Grub and the trike he rode in
on.

That gets a laugh out of Mammoth.

MAMMOTH
Foxhole brothers, Tank. You and me,
man.

The two bikers clasp hands, the power of their Outlaw bond undeniable.

TANK

I would take a fucking bullet for you. Know that.

Tank cracks the slightest of grins.

TANK (CONT'D)

But first I gotta take a leak.

Tank slaps Mammoth on the back and heads off to the can, bypassing the urinals for a stall.

He locks the door, but he doesn't unzip. Instead he looks up at the brick wall in front of him, zeroing in on a faint horizontal chalk line scraped against one of the bricks.

He reaches up, the brick is loose. Just as Tank's about to pull it down, the bathroom door opens, Tank immediately DROPPING to the toilet seat.

He peers under the stall, expecting to see Mammoth's battle scarred Red Wing boots... but it's just a pair of gnarly feet in Birkenstocks.

TANK (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Fuckin' tree huggers.

Birkenstock pisses and leaves, giving Tank the opportunity to remove the brick and retrieve the ROLLED UP NOTE behind it.

He opens it:

MEET AT THE SPOT, MIDNIGHT TOMORROW

Tank, his face heavy, pulls a piece of chalk from his pocket, and draws a small vertical line against the brick before replacing it.

He emerges from the restroom to find another Outlaw suddenly here with Mammoth.

And not just any Outlaw...it's the Club President -- ORSON "O.Z." ZAMBRANO.

A guy who can only be described as *DON'T FUCK WITH ME* personified.

O.Z.

Warlocks are out for blood now cause of you, Tank.

Tank can't hide his unease.

O.Z. (CONT'D)
Take off that fucking vest.

Tank hesitates a moment before complying.

Mammoth and the barkeep look on in fear, not sure what's coming next.

O.Z. (CONT'D)
And put this one on.

O.Z. tosses Tank a brand new vest with a large patch that reads ENFORCER.

The weight of this moment does not escape Tank, and as he dons the vest --

O.Z. (CONT'D)
Now say this bartender violated club rules.

O.Z grabs the whiskey bottle and SMASHES it against the bar, the innocent bartender damn near shitting himself as The Outlaw Chief hands Tank the bottle shard by the neck.

O.Z. (CONT'D)
How would you execute punishment?

Off of Tank locking eyes with the cowering barkeep, O.Z.'s question dancing in his mind --

INT. TRUCKCO NY HEADQUARTERS - LONG ISLAND CITY - DAY

Vicky sits in wait outside of an office with Joplin's crate at her feet when the door opens to reveal GLADYS FREEMAN, a bespectacled woman in her mid fifties, frizzy white curls tied in a bun, peeking her head out to beckon Vicky inside.

GLADYS
You can come in now, Ms. Haze.

They take their seats on opposite sides of the desk as Gladys reads through Savannah Haze's file.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
You know we normally don't bring someone new on without an interview but when Shelly got killed in that accident we were left in a real bind -

VICKY

I'm sorry, Shelly? Killed in an accident? What accident?

GLADYS

Oh you've got to be kidding me. They didn't tell you? The brake failure at South of The Border?

VICKY

(raising her eyebrows)
Does not ring a bell.

GLADYS

Well it doesn't matter anyway. You're part of the team now apparently, and we're very thankful for that.

VICKY

(nervous)
Yeah me too.

Gladys points at Joplin.

GLADYS

We don't have a kennel here, you know that right?

VICKY

Oh no she's coming with me.

GLADYS

In the truck?

VICKY

Mm hmm.

GLADYS

(shaking her head)
You Teamsters are a rare breed.

Gladys hands Vicky a set of keys.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

You're at dock twenty two. Miami Metals is your drop, two day deadline. Address will be in the center console.

VICKY

Wait a minute, we never discussed my rate.

GLADYS

You're a teamster. Rate's union.
Same as the Dallas office, no?

VICKY

Dallas didn't have me shipping
scrap metal eleven hundred miles
with a 48 hour drop-off.

GLADYS

I hear you but unfortunately
there's no overtime pay here.

VICKY

Look, woman to woman, I got a
family to feed, Mrs. Freeman. Now
Dallas didn't do overtime pay
either. I'm used to that.

Vicky leans forward in her chair.

VICKY (CONT'D)

But sometimes, on some of the
routes, there were ways to make a
little extra scratch, if you're
pickin' up what I'm puttin' down.

GLADYS

I am not picking up anything, Ms.
Haze. And I would advise *you*,
should you want to start off on the
right foot here with us, to not put
down anything you wouldn't want
picked up in the wrong way. Do we
understand each other?

Vicky leans all the way back, nodding in scolded
understanding as,

NEWSCASTER (PRE-LAP)

In Los Angeles today, marijuana
kingpin Karma Skye, leader of the
nefarious Kailua Cult, was en route
to his arraignment in criminal
court...

INT. SEMI TRUCK - I-95 - DAY

Joplin licks herself in shotgun as Vicky drives out of New
York City and into New Jersey, lighting a joint and taking a
much needed hit as she turns the radio up to hear the news.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
 When he somehow escaped his restraints only to slash the prisoner transport bus driver's throat, causing the vehicle to crash.

Vicky COUGHS up a lung in horrified shock...

VICKY
 What!

...And drops the lit joint in the process.

VICKY (CONT'D)
 Shit!

She bends down to look for it while recklessly driving the truck down I-95.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
 Police do not know how the suspect got the weapon onboard, but he has escaped custody and is on the loose, and is to be considered armed and extremely dangerous. Los Angeles residents are advised to stay inside and lock all doors and windows, and if you have any information leading to his capture -

Vicky finally finds the joint, rising back up to see a CAR right in front of her that she's about to PLOW THROUGH.

VICKY
 Shit!

She SWERVES out of the way just in time, the car HONKING furiously at her as the DRIVER flips her the bird.

DRIVER
 Watch the road ya crazy bitch!

She flips the bird right back.

VICKY
 Fuck you!

She hits the joint when the CB CRACKLES ON.

TITO (V.O.)
 Renee? Renee!

She kills the radio and grabs the CB.

VICKY

Tito?

TITO (V.O.)

(panicky)

Finally! I must've gone through thirty channels to find you.

VICKY

What's goin' on Sugarbaby?
Something wrong?

INT. VICKY AND TITO'S NYC APARTMENT - INTERCUT

A visibly furious Tito shivers in his shorts, tee shirt and slippers as he paces back and forth with the CB Microphone in hand, his teeth chattering.

TITO

You're Goddamn right something's wrong. There's no heat. No hot water in this place. The snow's leaking through the ceiling. I'm having weird flashbacks of last night. Come back.

VICKY

I'm working, Tito. Just tell the Super to fix everything.

TITO

I tried talking to the Super but he just told me to 'take a hike' in the most ridiculously stereotypical New York accent ever.

VICKY

Okay, calm down. Just breathe.

TITO

I don't even have winter clothes, Renee! You realize that, right? I'm gonna fucking freeze to death in here!

VICKY

We'll go shopping first thing when I get back, Sugarbaby, promise.

TITO

Sure, if I'm still here.

VICKY

Don't joke around like that, T.

TITO

It's not a joke. I'm being dead serious. You know I was planning on going to an audition here tomorrow -

VICKY

(interrupting)

What! That's great!

TITO

They're not gonna let me in the door if I show up dressed like this. They'll think I'm some crazy loon and call security on me.

VICKY

Every no brings you closer to a yes.

TITO

I don't even know if I want to act anymore. I should just retire. Move down to Florida with you.

VICKY

Can we talk about this when I get back?

TITO

I can't live like this anymore, Renee.

ANGLE ON the overhead light above the truck's windshield, WE SEE a tiny, hidden microphone -

VICKY (O.C.)

You've been in that spot for two hours Tito...

INT. BOBBY & RIP'S VAN - I-95 - CONTINUOUS

A few cars behind Vicky's truck, Bobby Barbados drives as Rip Watts sits in the van's secret SURVEILLANCE ROOM in the back, listening through headphones as tapes record -

VICKY (V.O.)

You'll be fine.

TITO (V.O.)

But -

VICKY (V.O.)
 Just chill out. Throw a blanket on
 and smoke a joint. I will be home
 in seventy two hours. And we'll get
 you set up real nice with all your
 lil' creature comforts. Okay?

TITO (V.O.)
 Seventy two hours. Cause in seventy
 three I am gone.

VICKY (V.O.)
 I will be there in -

But before she can finish that reassuring thought, Rip hears
 the CLICK. Tito hung up on her ass.

INT. VICKY'S SEMI TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Vicky smokes her joint, shaking her head as Joplin stares at
 her.

VICKY
 (to Joplin)
 He'll pay off in the long run.
 Trust me.

Vicky puts both hands on the wheel, the joint dangling from
 her lips as she SPEEDS UP, pumping up the volume on the
 radio, CAN'S "PINCH" throwing us into a

TIME LAPSE DRIVING DOWN I-95.

Day turns to night as Vicky blazes joint after joint,
 drinking tons of coffee out of Styrofoam cups as she passes
 over state lines, blurred head and tail lights whizzing past
 her, until night finally turns back to day -

I/E. VICKY'S TRUCK - MIAMI METALS, LITTLE HAVANA - DAY

Vicky, bags under her road-weary eyes, pulls into the scrap
 yard, slowly moving past some forklifts.

The lot is a bit of an unorganized mess and she's trying to
 figure out where to park here, when -

MAN (O.S.)
 STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM MY TRUCKS!

The booming command makes Vicky hit the brakes, peering off to the far corner of the scrap yard to find CARLITO "CHARLIE" BOON in his Guayabera suit, flanked by a couple of his GOONS, kicking a huge, bearded BIKER DUDE in his face while he's down on the ground, blood gushing from his nose.

It's Mammoth. And he's in bad fucking shape.

CHARLIE
(to his goons)
Get him up.

Charlie's crew lift Mammoth to his feet, Charlie whispering into the badly beaten man's bloody ear -

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Next time you come for my shit, I
won't be so nice.

INT. BOBBY & RIP'S SURVEILLANCE VAN - LITTLE HAVANA - SAME

Tucked away about 100 yards off Charlie Boon's scrap yard, Rip Watts spies through high powered binoculars to see -

RIP'S POV: Charlie's goons roughly push Mammoth back to his Harley.

EXT. CHARLIE BOON'S SCRAP YARD - CONTINUOUS

Mammoth PEELS OFF as Charlie and his Goons throw BEER BOTTLES at the bike, SHATTERING against it.

CHARLIE
And make sure O.Z. gets my message,
bitch!

Vicky hops out of the truck as Charlie and his Goons approach her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Who. The fuck. Are you?

Vicky reaches her hand out to shake.

VICKY
Name's -

CHARLIE
Where's Shelly?

VICKY

Shelly? Oh, Shelly. Yeah. He, he couldn't make it.

CHARLIE

Okay, well I know Shelly. I don't know you. And I don't know whether or not you saw anything when you pulled in here just now.

VICKY

Saw anything... no. No man. I was just looking for a spot to dock so we could unload.

Charlie WHISTLES loudly and a couple of workers appear with dollies, pop open the back of the truck and get down to business.

CHARLIE

You made good time. You drive through the night?

VICKY

Always.

She rubs her fingers together.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Always looking to make extra scratch too if you got anything.

CHARLIE

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

VICKY

Just got kids to feed is all.

Charlie checks his Rolex.

CHARLIE

Almost dinner time. You should probably get home.

And with that, Charlie's off, whispering into his MAIN GOON's ear as Vicky shakes her head and grits her teeth.

VICKY

Mother -

EXT. 1424 OCEAN DRIVE, ESTABLISHING - MIAMI BEACH - SUNSET

Vicky's head is still shaking -

VICKY

Fucker.

As she hops up the steps of an oceanfront, pink and teal Art Deco building with Joplin draped over her shoulders -

INT. 1424 OCEAN DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

The vintage elevator opens on the 5th floor and out pops a sneering Vicky, removing the keys from the manila envelope stuffed inside the rucksack with a SCOFF as she replays Charlie Boon's words -

VICKY

Almost dinner time, go home. You fuckin' go home.

She goes to turn the lock when she hears movement from inside the apartment.

VICKY (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Karma...

The key freezes in her hand as she leans against the door -

MAN (O.S.)

She should be here any minute.

Vicky pulls her pistol and KICKS the door open off it's hinges -

INT. VICKY'S SOUTH BEACH PAD - CONTINUOUS

BUSTING IN with her GUN RAISED only to find Solo Guerra standing beside a MAN in BIRKENSTOCKS and a GIRL with a BLACK EYE, all three of them HANDS UP IN SURRENDER.

SOLO

That door's comin' out of your paycheck, Harmon.

The MAN standing before Vicky is LUIS HARMON, African American, 40s, horn rimmed glasses that scream *bookworm*.

The GIRL is VICKY JR., 13 going on 30, and tougher than nails.

Now if you're thinking "*Luis Harmon? Vicky Jr.?!?!?*" But...
Vicky's married to Tito... Ding ding ding!

Vicky is a certified bigamist ladies and gents. And she
married her *new* husband under her freakin' BNDD alias!

And now back to our story as Vicky lowers her pistol with a
sigh of relief.

VICKY

I coulda shot you guys! You *never*
go in someone's place without their
permission.

She points at the shiner sporting Vicky Jr., overcompensating
for her regular absence in the child's life with a half-assed
lesson.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Never. You got that - wait. What's
with the eye, Junior?

VICKY JR.

(scoffs)
This is nothin'. You should see the
other bitch.

LUIS

Junior!

A grin escapes Vicky as she pats Junior on the head.

VICKY

Attagirl.

Luis grimaces in disapproval at Vicky's parenting when she
plants a kiss on him.

VICKY (CONT'D)

You taste minty.

Luis picks up a cup of hot tea off of the coffee table.

LUIS

It's this antiemetic tea I'm
drinking. Been nauseous ever since
Solomon pulled me out of my gonzo
journalism symposium due to the
whole escaped con swearing revenge
on us thing. In fact -

Luis' stomach RUMBLES.

LUIS (CONT'D)
Oh not again.

As Luis darts off to the restroom -

VICKY JR.
Can we go back to Seattle now? I
have detention tomorrow and I
really shouldn't miss that.

Solo puts his hand on Vicky Jr.'s shoulder.

SOLO
WITSECS don't do time, Junior.

VICKY
WITSEC?

SOLO
(points)
Kitchen?

VICKY JR.
Copy that.

INT. VICKY'S SOUTH BEACH PAD - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON SOLO AND VICKY speaking quietly in the kitchen with Junior twenty feet off in the background.

VICKY
So no one knows where he is.

In the distance, Junior moves over near Vicky's rucksack, unnoticed.

SOLO
(shakes his head)
We'll find Skye before he finds
you, Vic.

Solo reaches out to shake Vicky's hand as Junior stealthily unzips Vicky's rucksack in the other room.

SOLO (CONT'D)
You have my word.

Solo SLIPS SOMETHING to Vicky via the handshake as Junior removes a Ziploc bag of weed, pocketing it with no one the wiser.

The DOOR CLOSES behind the leaving Solo as Vicky turns her hand over to find a small, folded up piece of paper.

She unfolds it to find Solo's message: DON'T TRUST ELVIS

Her eyes go wide as the toilet FLUSHES from the bathroom,
Luis reemerging -

LUIS

We're gonna need a bigger plunger.

Off of Vicky pondering the layers of that sentiment...

INT. CHURCH - MIAMI, FLORIDA - MIDNIGHT

The dimly lit nave is empty except for a lone WOMAN kneeling
in a pew, her hands clasped in prayer.

This is DETECTIVE FAITH RYDELL, Miami P.D. A by-the-book
teetotaling sleuth who just so happens to be the great
granddaughter of Kate Warne, the first female detective of
The Pinkerton Detective Agency circa 1856. A fact Faith does
not take lightly.

In the distance behind our praying Detective, the church
doors slowly OPEN.

In walks a MAN in a hooded sweatshirt, fresh wounds on his
swollen hands.

He slides into the pew behind Faith, lowering to his knees.

It's Tank.

He hesitates a moment, unsure if he should interrupt Faith's
invocation.

TANK

How can you do that after what Dad
did?

Without moving a muscle --

FAITH

How can you not?

Tank shakes his head slightly.

FAITH (CONT'D)

That candle over there...

Tank follows Faith's gaze to see a single flame.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I always keep it lit for him. Don't
make do the same for you.

TANK

If that's why you summoned me here,
you're wasting both our time. I've
got everything under control.

FAITH

Including the Warlocks? Word on the
street is you heisted their heist.

TANK

I had to prove myself. I had no
choice.

FAITH

And now I have no choice. I'm
pulling you out.

At this point, it's pretty obvious, right? Tank ain't really Tank. He's undercover cop XAVIER "TANK" PINES, Faith Rydell's baby brother who's been building a case on The Outlaws over the past eighteen months.

As he peers down at his lacerated hands --

TANK

The things I've had to do to get
this close... pull me now, I'll
have sold my soul for nothing.

FAITH

You're the only family I have left,
Xavier. What am I supposed to do?

TANK

I don't know...

Tank rises to his feet --

TANK (CONT'D)

Light a fucking candle.

Before he can leave, Faith grabs him by the wrist...

FAITH

Xavier -

Only to notice his slashed up hands, concern on her face.

As he yanks his hand away --

TANK

I'm running late.

As Tank storms off, Faith peers down to see a spot of her brother's blood on her hand.

INT. VICKY'S SOUTH BEACH PAD - NIGHT

Vicky Jr.'s fast asleep on a pullout couch with a joint roach in her mouth as Luis and Vicky lie in their underwear in the bedroom, trying to catch some z's in the heat.

RING RING.

Vicky grabs the phone by the bed before Luis or Junior is woken by the sound, whispering into the transmitter.

VICKY

Hello?

DISPATCH's voice crackles through the line.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Ms. Haze?

VICKY

Speaking.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

This is dispatch. There's a long haul here at HQ waiting for you.

Vicky checks the clock.

VICKY

It's two in the morning.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

If you can't do it we can have somebody else take the job.

INT. BOBBY & RIP'S SURVEILLANCE VAN - OCEAN DR., SOUTH BEACH

Rip Watts presses his headphones over his ears as tapes record.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

But they noted on here you asked for extra work? This is a special shipment.

VICKY (V.O.)

Who is they?

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Miami Metals.

INT. VICKY'S SOUTH BEACH PAD - CONTINUOUS

A sleepy groan escapes Luis, catching Vicky's attention momentarily.

VICKY
I'll be there in twenty.

Vicky throws a tee-shirt and jeans on, and grabs her pistol and Joplin before kissing Junior goodbye.

Only to find the joint roach in Junior's mouth.

VICKY (CONT'D)
God dammit.

She grabs the roach, pockets it, throws her rucksack over her shoulder and heads out.

EXT. TRUCKCO MIAMI HEADQUARTERS - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

Vicky hands a cabbie cash and he disappears into the night as she strolls toward the main office, light bulbs flickering.

But before she reaches the front door, Charlie Boon appears from the shadows, flanked by his goons, stepping in her path and startling her.

CHARLIE
Look who it is, boys. Ms. Extra
Scratch.

Vicky plays it cool despite her surprise at Charlie's appearance.

VICKY
At your service.

CHARLIE
(subtly threatening)
Hope ya don't mind, but I thought I
might ride with you tonight. Get to
know each other a bit.

VICKY
Can't do that. It's not protocol.

Charlie steps towards Vicky, his goons in lockstep.

CHARLIE
 Fuck protocol.
 (to his goons)
 Take the bobcat.

Vicky pulls back, cradling Joplin protectively.

VICKY
 She rides with me.

CHARLIE
 Not tonight.

One of the Goons snatches the cat away to Vicky's dismay.

GOON
 (creepy)
 Don't worry. I'll take good care of
 it.

INT. BOBBY & RIP'S SURVEILLANCE VAN - JUST DOWN THE ROAD

As Rip spies Vicky and Charlie getting into the 18 wheeler, Bobby clocks a couple of HARLEYS in the rearview, about a quarter mile back...

It's Mammoth and Tank.

BOBBY
 We got company.

Rip follows Bobby's gaze to find the bikers doing recon on Charlie from a distance.

As the 18 wheeler heads onto I-95, FOUR NEW OUTLAWS join Tank and Mammoth.

RIP
 More like a corporation.

After a quick pow-wow, the Outlaws hit the highway.

RIP (CONT'D)
 Hate to be the one to dissolve it
 but...

Rip pulls the SNIPER RIFLE from the passenger door as --

INT. VICKY'S SEMI TRUCK - I-95 - NIGHT

Charlie Boon rolls a joint while calmly interrogating the driving Vicky.

CHARLIE

So where you from, Haze? And don't tell me Savannah.

VICKY

Dallas. Well Plano actually. Your buddy's not gonna do anything to my cat, right?

CHARLIE

You should worry less about your mongrel and more about your lack of a Texas accent.

Vicky grits her teeth in a slight bout of sudden anxiety.

VICKY

I was raised in Brooklyn.

Charlie lights the joint, takes a hit.

CHARLIE

How does a woman get into trucking, out of curiosity? It's not women's work.

Vicky swallows her anger at Charlie's misogyny.

VICKY

I was a combat medic in Nam, but the shit I saw over there... it was grisly. Fucked me up bad. So they reassigned me. Taught me to drive war wagons. B Company, eight hundred fifteenth Engineer Battalion.

CHARLIE

So you work for the government.

VICKY

What? No. I was a grunt. Now I'm a civilian. Same as you.

He passes her the joint.

CHARLIE

Prove it.

Vicky takes the joint, scoffs slightly, and takes a monster hit.

VICKY

There ya go, boss. Now what do we got in the back of this haul?

Charlie PULLS A GUN on her.

CHARLIE

Strip.

VICKY

What!?

CHARLIE

Do it!

Vicky peels her tee-shirt off, now driving in her bra.

VICKY

I gotta tell you, man, this is no way to seduce a lady.

CHARLIE

You may not be wired up but that don't mean you ain't vice. Or a fed!

Charlie JAMS THE GUN against Vicky's head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

YOU FUCKIN' FBI!?

VROOM! HARLEY ENGINES flood Charlie and Vicky's ears as suddenly the truck is surrounded by OUTLAWS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Motherfuckers!

Charlie FIRES his gun, striking one of the bikers, his motorcycle CRASHING to the ground.

The Outlaws RETURN FIRE, causing Vicky and Charlie to duck as she SLAMS on the gas.

The truck speeds ahead, but the Outlaws gain ground fast.

Vicky pulls a pistol from her ankle holster, FIRING it out the window at the Outlaws. It's an ALL OUT GUNFIGHT at eighty miles an hour.

I/E. BOBBY & RIP'S SURVEILLANCE VAN - I-95 - CONTINUOUS

From several hundred yards back, Rip leans out the passenger side window, toupee flapping in the wind as he trains the SNIPER RIFLE up ahead and

BOOM!

ANGLE ON an Outlaw's back tire EXPLODING, the biker CRASHING to the earth with his head splitting wide open.

BLAM!

Rip fires a second shot, this one entering an Outlaw's back and exiting his chest as his bike spirals out of control.

I/E. VICKY'S SEMI TRUCK - I-95 - CONTINUOUS

Mammoth pulls right beside the passenger window, aiming a handgun at Boon's head -

MAMMOTH

Stupid me. I forgot to stay away
from your truck!

Mammoth SHOOTS, hitting Boon right in the shoulder, blood leaking out bad.

Charlie's head wobbles, and Mammoth aims right for it, the black void of his gun barrels the last thing Charlie will ever see, when

BOOM!

Vicky FIRES past Charlie's head, hitting Mammoth right between the eyes, killing him instantly while saving Charlie's life.

TANK

MAMMOTH!

Tank goes full throttle as he and the only other Outlaw left standing pull up on either side of the truck with guns blazing, bullets covering the 18 Wheeler in holes.

But just as the last of the Outlaws reach the driver's and passenger side windows, Vicky throws her knees around the steering wheel to guide the truck as she SNATCHES the dazed Charlie's gun.

Bullets WHIZ past Vicky's face, one of them grazing her cheek as she stretches her guns out each window, simultaneously BLASTING the final two bikers into oblivion, their bodies tumbling beneath the wheels of the truck, crushing their corpses.

Vicky steadies the bullet ridden big rig as she looks over to the badly bleeding Charlie Boon, his head drooping as he fades in and out of consciousness -

VICKY

We gotta get you to a hospital.

CHARLIE

No... no hospitals.

VICKY

No hospitals means you bleed out.
That's what you want?

CHARLIE

You... you were a medic. You can
fix me.

Vicky shakes her head, her knuckles going white at the wheel.

VICKY

I pull that slug, you will die.

Charlie rolls his head to his left shoulder, looking at Vicky with heavy eyes, his bloody hand at her thigh.

CHARLIE

Please. It has to be you.

As the FAINT SOUND of POLICE SIRENS fade in from the distance,

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I trust you.

Vicky takes that in as WE CUT OUTSIDE of the truck, Rip and Bobby nowhere to be found, the big rig speeding off and away into the darkness down I-95...

EXT. I-95 - MINUTES LATER

The highway is an Outlaw graveyard as Miami P.D. pulls up on the scene, shell casings everywhere.

With sirens BLARING, and blue and red lights FLASHING, the cops assess the carnage, setting up a perimeter as yellow evidence markers begin to dot the pavement.

An unmarked sedan reaches the massacre and out steps Detective Faith Rydell, unable to hide the horror in her eyes as she approaches one of the dead bikers.

He's bald... bloody... and monstrously mangled.

She leans down, but she doesn't need to turn the lifeless body over. Because right there, on the base of the partially crushed skull, is the tattoo --

TANK.

Faith's face is stone. Her thousand yard stare down the interstate saying *THE HUNT IS ON* as we

FADE TO BLACK.