

HEROES AND VILLAINS ENTERTAINMENT



1041 NORTH FORMOSA AVENUE, FORMOSA BUILDING, SUITE 202, LOS ANGELES, CA 90046
323•850•2990 VOICE • 323•850•2991 FAX
WWW.HEROESANDVILLAINS-ENT.COM

LAMBS

by
Phinneas Kiyomura

Kaplan | Stahler
Agency

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - LAST LIGHT

Fog on the woods, blinding WHITE in the last light of the day. The SOUND, like hoof beats, of feet tearing through grass, crunching downed leaves.

PAUL (V.O.)
It is better....

PAUL appears, face drenched with sweat and condensation, eyes bleary, scanning the white expanse. We move with his footfalls, boots striking damp earth.

PAUL (V.O.)
It is better one hundred guilty men go
free...

A SOUND in the emptiness. He stops, listening again for it...

PAUL (V.O.)
...than one...

He peers into the white, just the push pull of his breath...

PAUL (V.O.)
...innocent man.

...and a BODY comes FLYING at him out of the white.

SMASH TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - MID-AFTERNOON

We scan the room, the open bookbags, bored kids nodding off -- and the THINGS: 500 dollar cell phones, high-end watches, bracelets, and fat wallets sitting unwatched in open backpacks, on the edges of desks, or just lying on the floor... the children of wealthy America lack vigilance.

At the front of the classroom we find PAUL, hairier (a full, almost mountain man beard) and duller than a few moments before. If it weren't for the still piercing eyes we might not know he was the same man.

He scribbles on the board: **It is better 100 guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent person should suffer.**

PAUL
Who said it, what's it mean?

WILLIS
Jesus.

PAUL
Come on, Willis.
(pointing to)
Kimberly.

KIM
Ben Franklin.

PAUL
Great. So, what's it --

JAMES
I thought it was better a hundred guilty
men go free than one innocent man.

KIM
Why should one hundred guilty men go free
instead of one innocent man? That's lame.

JAMES
Life's not fair, dude.

KIM
I'm not a dude, dummy.

Laughter. Paul puts up a hand -- *calm down*.

PAUL
Okay... James is quoting a bastard...

He trails off suddenly distracted by a kid in a STEELERS
JERSEY doing something secretive at his desk. Titters start --
"he said bastard". Paul notices them laughing. Jumps back in.

PAUL (CONT'D)
...a bastard-ization of this quote. Lots
of people get the words wrong. But what
matters, is what the quote's saying...
about innocence, about the primacy of
innocence. In this country, in theory,
anyway, we believe innocence must be
protected, so much so that we go so far
as to say even at the cost of letting a
hundred guilty men, persons, whatever go
free.

(beat)
How do you think that belief affects you,
your friendships, your *families*? Anyone?

A silence as they think. The BELL RINGS. Kids start to go.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Study your notes, quiz Thursday.

Paul moves for Jersey and then... passes him, tapping a wide eyed girl on the shoulder. She looks up, a little shocked.

MELANIE

Yes, Mr. Lambert?

PAUL

Stick around for a sec, Melanie.

Just then Jersey moves around them for the door.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Donnie.

Jersey looks back at him, worried.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Stop scribbling on your desk and pull up your pants. They're not regulation. Plus--
(as Donnie leaves)
-something might fall out of your pocket.

Donnie's gone, but it doesn't matter because Paul said it for Melanie's sake anyway. She immediately breaks down crying.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You wanna give it to me?

She nods, unzips her book bag, pulls out an iPhone with a STEELERS LOGO wrapped around it and hands it to Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Okay. That's it.

She looks up, barely meeting his eyes -- that's it? He nods and she heads out, still sniffing.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Melanie exits, passing a group of HACKER BOYS. They watch with interest as she goes. One with a FAUXHAWK pipes up.

FAUXHAWK

What's up with Melanie? Period?

Another kid, with a MEAN GRIN throws in.

MEAN GRIN

No...

(indicating Paul)

LAMBY-POO did "something" to her.

He mimes "fingering". The kids OH at this, turn to a sharp eyed, 14-year-old brainiac we'll call JOEY.

FAUXHAWK

That's messed up, Joey. What are you gonna do about it?

Joey snorts, stretches out his arm, pointing at Mean Grin, then swings around and mimes SHOOTING Paul with a handgun. Paul cleans his classroom, none the wiser. They laugh hard.

LISP

No, THAT is messed up.

The kids move down the hall, talking.

FAUXHAWK

You see what Danky posted on 4chan?

MEAN GRIN

Dude thinks he's a "hacktivist".

JOEY

But what he is, is a tard.

More laughing. As Joey exits, Paul watches from his room.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

The geek squad disperses through the lot. Joey waves to them and leans against a WHITE PRIUS, messing with his phone. The car HONKS TWICE. Paul arrives, opens the door...

PAUL

(a greeting)

Joey...

JOEY

(without looking up)

Dad...

Paul gets in, starts the car. Joey climbs in, still eying the phone. Paul watches him a beat, then...

PAUL

You shouldn't point like that.

JOEY

Like what?

Paul shakes his head, pulls the car out.

I/E. PAUL'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Paul drives. Joey monologues.

JOEY

-- so then the potassium permanganate mixes with the glycerin, and you get a fire that gets worse when you throw water on it -- Are you listening?

PAUL

I wish you paid as much attention to your homework as you do to youtube.

JOEY

Youtube? 4chan, dad. 4chan.

They stop at a crossroads, SPRING and WHALEY. Paul stares at SPRING before turning onto WHALEY.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Why do you always do that?

PAUL

What?

JOEY

You always slow down and get all mysterious at that corner, y'know?

PAUL

(totally unreadable)

I don't know what you mean.

Joey shakes his head -- whatever. A TOWNCAR suddenly appears behind them: odd looking, too large, painted in some kind of BLACK/GUNMETAL MATTE COLOR. An air of menace to it. It pulls up right on their ass. Paul clocks it immediately.

JOEY

So can I go or what -- to Danky's?

PAUL

(motioning the car around)

I don't know Danky.

JOEY

That's why I was just telling you about --
He posted the potassium thing on --

The matte black towncar SPEEDS around them aggressively.

JOEY (CONT'D)

(since he's not listening)

-- nevermind, I'll ask mom.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

They pull into the driveway and head to the front door.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Paul opens the door, flips the light switch. It doesn't work.

PAUL

Damn light's out again.

He grabs a MAG LIGHT from beside the door. Flips it on.
BODIES move in the dark. Paul steps back, scared, and--

VOICES

SURPRISE!

The lights COME UP, and we find a pretty woman, GRETCHEN, and an aging hipster, ROLAND CRANE, standing there with cake. A banner behind them reads: HAPPY BIRTHDAY JOEY!!!

JOEY

(confused)

My birthday's not 'til next month.

GRETCHEN

That's the surprise, darling.

She squeezes his head. Whereas Paul is reticent, Gretchen is anything but. She is warm, smiling and demonstrative.

PAUL

Roland.

ROLAND

Paul. Happy Joey's birthday.

Paul nods, "yeah", but seems tense. It's clear he doesn't like this guy or his lame chunky glasses.

GRETCHEN

I tried to invite your friends, but I couldn't get into your email.

JOEY

I encrypted it.

GRETCHEN

See? I told you, you should hire him for the magazine's security.

ROLAND

I'll keep that in mind, Gretch.

GRETCHEN
Ohh, Gretch, I hate that.
(handing Joey a BOX)
Here.

Joey takes the box and opens it. It's a MAGIC 8 BALL
KEYCHAIN. He's confused or underwhelmed, maybe both.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
When you were a baby you loved our magic
8 ball.

JOEY
Oh. Uh. Thanks.

Suddenly, Gretchen whips a larger gift out from behind a
bookcase full of DATED RED NOTEBOOKS. He opens it and finds a
LARGE OLD BOOK.

JOEY (CONT'D)
OH! NO WAY! HACKER'S DELIGHT!

GRETCHEN
Most dangerous book I could find.

Joey immediately heads for the stairs and his room.

JOEY
I'm gonna bust Danky's site open like a
toaster.

GRETCHEN
Pizza in an hour!
(off Paul's look)
It's not really about hacking.

PAUL
It just says it in the book's title?

She grins. Roland taps her, gestures toward the door.

GRETCHEN
Oh, yes, I'll walk you out.

Gretchen squeezes Paul's shoulder and heads with Roland down
the hall. Paul can just barely hear their whispering voices.
They trouble him. She comes back in. Reads his look...

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
Just work stuff.

And heads upstairs. He sets down his bag, concerned. Then...

GRETCHEN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Pssst?

Paul sees her leaning, TOPLESS, over the 2nd-floor-railing. He vaults up the stairs after her. PRELAP: SOUND OF A SHOWER.

INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Paul in a towel, in the adjoining BATHROOM, looking disapprovingly at his LARGE BEARD, going gray.

PAUL

I s'pose this party coming now means
you'll be gone all month... *again*...

Gretchen enters. Gives him a little (condescending?) grin.

GRETCHEN

You should be in a *good mood*, my friend.

She smacks his ass like he's her secretary. He scowl-smiles.

PAUL

He takes you away on purpose 'cause he's
got a thing for you... I hate him and his
chunky hipster glasses.

GRETCHEN

Roland's my boss. I let him *imagine*. And
you've nothing to worry about, *sexy bear*.

PAUL

(rolling his eyes)
Polar bear, maybe.

She passes him into the bedroom. He looks at himself...
disappointed, frustrated... worried...

He finishes drying his hair and heads into the bedroom, finds
her looking odd, sad, and holding one of those RED NOTEBOOKS.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

GRETCHEN

Nothing, darling. Nothing at all.

She gives him a strained smile. The doorbell rings.

JOEY (O.S.)

Pizzaaa!!!

Gretchen sets the notebook on the bedside table and heads out. He looks out the window and sees a black car parked across the street. The same that buzzed him the day before.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Establishing --

INT. PAUL'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Paul silently presides over a quiz. The door opens. Paul looks up and sees the PRINCIPAL standing there.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The PRINCIPAL guides Paul in, and leaves. He finds a FEMALE DETECTIVE leaning on a desk beside a shamefaced Joey.

DETECTIVE ERLING

Mr. Lambert, I'm detective Erling. The principal explain why we called you in?

PAUL

Something about Joey and a website.

ERLING

Joey and his friends hacked into a young woman's facebook page, posted inappropriate images and made lewd comments posing as her. One implying that you and she are in some way... *involved*.

(beat)

Why would he do such a thing?

PAUL

I don't know.

Paul looks at Joey. Say something.

JOEY

We were just having fun.

ERLING

These are very serious charges.

PAUL

Look, I'm terribly sorry --

ERLING

Very serious.

She's eyeballing him too intently.

PAUL

I understand. Like I said, we'd be glad to make an apology, or --

ERLING

What your son did is a felony, Mr. Lambert. It breaks Federal law --

PAUL

I hardly think we need to --

ERLING

And the things he insinuated about you and your relationships --

PAUL

Are insinuations.

JOEY

Billy said Melanie would think it was funny. It was just a joke.

PAUL

Wait... Melanie? Melanie Erling?

Paul looks at Erling, a tense moment.

ERLING

Melanie is my daughter, yes. And she is very upset by what your son did --

PAUL

Like I said. He's sorry. Let's go, Joey.

ERLING

Mr. Lambert, we're not done.

PAUL

Unless you're arresting us, we are...

(opening the door)

We didn't meet at parent teacher conferences. I would've remembered you.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Deep silence...

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Joey heads to his room, sent there. Paul heads upstairs to --

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

PAUL

Gretch...

...he says as he enters, casting a glance into the room, looking for her... but she's not there. Odd. He shrugs and turns the corner into the adjoining bathroom.

He splashes water on his face, dries it and sees... FEET, sticking out from behind the bed. He whips around and looks... definitely feet sticking out from behind the bed.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Gretchen?

No response. Paul drops the towel and moves cautiously into the room. He crosses past the bed and sees Gretchen lying in the shadow of the bed, one arm over her head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You sleeping?

(no response)

Gretch?

Again, no response. Paul kneels beside her and touches her arm to rouse her and sees... BLOOD... POOLING BENEATH HER. His breath sharpens. He stands, suddenly, shocked into silence.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Gretchen? GRETCHEN!!!

No response. He kneels again, hands trembling, and rolls her arm off her face. Her eyes stare unblinkingly at the ceiling, her face slack, and empty. Words spill out of Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)

God -- Jesus -- god --

He touches her face and she suddenly INHALES like a pair of mangled bellows... She breathes again, half-dead, three-quarters. Now words spill out of her, unbidden, rambling.

GRETCHEN

Flash, flashlight, help--

PAUL

Gretchen -- no -- Gretchen -- what happened to you? What happened?

GRETCHEN

Head, my head, save the children --

He touches her face. Then, sees the phone on the other side of the bed. He launches across it, grabbing the phone.

PAUL
(fumbling with the phone)
Hang on, baby -- hang on --

911 OPERATOR (V.O.) GRETCHEN
911, what is your emergency? Save them -- save us -- save--

PAUL (CONT'D)
My wife -- my wife -- she's -- her head,
she's bleeding --

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Do you need an ambulance?

PAUL
Yes -- yes -- now -- yes --

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
What happened to your wife, sir?

PAUL
I don't know. She fell, or she -- she
must've fallen -- but I don't know from
where, there's nowhere -- there's so much
blood, there's -- godgodGOD --

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Is she breathing, sir?

JOSEPH!

GRETCHEN

Thrown by her scream. He scrambles back across the bed.

PAUL
Baby -- hold on -- baby --

GRETCHEN
Joey Joey Joey Joey --

She suddenly grabs Paul, pulling him down to face her.

PAUL
Baby, god, what happened, baby?

GRETCHEN
Don't let him -- don't let him lose --
it's -- magic -- it's -- ohhhh....

She makes a strange noise, a weird inbreath. Paul drops the phone and pulls her up, trying to open her lungs, keep her HERE... she chokes another breath --

PAUL

Baby -- no -- baby...

GRETCHEN

I'm sorry...

She says... and goes limp... dead...

PAUL

Baby... baby... BABY!

He frantically tries to perform CPR but... nothing... no response... nothing. From the phone we hear, distantly...

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Hello... are you there... hello.

Paul grabs for the phone but, in his confusion/loss he fumbles it, tipping over the bedside table in the process. We hear something roll across the floor and THUD into the wall.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Sir...? Sir...?

Paul looks at the thing, baffled by it, stands. We see what he's looking at: THE SILVER MAGLIGHT covered in BLOOD. Paul looks around, jarred, confused, scared -- what's happened? What's HAPPENING? Something out the window catches his eye.

He crosses suddenly to the window and we see: the MATTE BLACK TOWN CAR idling in front of the house. Distant sirens. Paul stares at the car, thinking something, understanding something deep and unimaginable --

The car pulls away into the night.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS, someone approaching. Paul grabs the flashlight defensively just as --

The door bursts open and Joey barges in --

JOEY

Okay, look, it wasn't my fault --

And then he sees Paul standing by the window, his hands and clothes flecked with blood and his mother's feet coiled beneath the bed. A long pause. Joey crosses around the bed --

JOEY (CONT'D)

Dad, what's going on --

PAUL
Don't look, Joey.

Paul rushes to Joey, takes his shoulders, blocking his view.

JOEY
What's -- what's --

PAUL
Don't LOOK.

Joey twists around to look, regardless, and he sees her. His mouth gapes, mind spinning. SIRENS envelope the house.

JOEY
Mom...? Mom!? MOM!!!

We drift out the window, seeing PARAMEDICS rushing out of an AMBULANCE, followed by POLICE CARS, swirling screaming light.

FLASH TO: WHITE

VOICE (V.O.)
Mr. Lambert? Mr. Lambert?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Off-white and utilitarian. A shattered Paul stares across the table at a COP. It's clear Paul's been drifting for a bit --

COP
You were saying? After the paramedics arrived.

PAUL
I told them how I... found her... and they handed us off to you guys. Now we're here.

COP
And you have no idea who would've wanted to hurt your wife? She is a reporter.

PAUL
For a financial rag. It's not investigative --

The door opens. DET. ERLING steps in.

ERLING
I can take it from here, Danny.

The cop nods, exits. Erling's holding files. She sits slowly.

ERLING (CONT'D)
Hello again, Mr. Lambert.

PAUL
What are you doing here?

ERLING
I'm a detective, remember?

PAUL
Where's Joey?

ERLING
Talking with a counselor down the hall.

PAUL
I should take him home. Or a hotel--god--

ERLING
Says here you're from Canada. What part?

PAUL
Toronto.
(a beat, suspicious)
Why?

ERLING
Just connecting dots. Don't worry. You'll
be outta here soon... probably.

PAUL
Probably?

ERLING
Why'd you leave Canada?

PAUL
(long beat, then)
No.

He stands and heads for the door.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I want the other guy back.

He pulls on the door. It won't budge.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Why is this locked?

ERLING

Danny's a first year detective. I'm lead on this case. I chose to be.

PAUL

Bring him back or I'm leaving. Now.

(getting no response)

Maybe you've failed to understand this, but my wife was MURDERED tonight. In my home. In my bedroom--

ERLING

With your flashlight.

(rising, forcefully)

That has your fingerprints on it... and no-one else's... Sit down, Mr. Lambert.

Paul looks around, the severity of the situation sinking in.

ERLING (CONT'D)

We contacted the Canadian consulate for the information submitted in your naturalization papers. They don't have any record of you. Why is that?

PAUL

I want a lawyer.

ERLING

You're not exactly painting the picture of innocence here, Mr. Lambert --

PAUL

I said, I want a fucking lawyer --

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

The POLICE CHIEF and DANNY watch the exchange.

DANNY

Should I step in?

CHIEF

Not yet.

VOICE (O.C.)

Wrong answer.

They turn and see an IMPOSING MAN in a dark suit, glasses, moving for the door, opening it and entering.

CHIEF

Hey!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul and Erling stop arguing on the Man's entrance.

IMPOSING MAN

This interview is over.

CHIEF

Hey! Who the fuck are you, pal?

AGENT WRIGHT (AKA IMPOSING MAN)

(flashing his badge)

Special Agent Eldon Wright, FBI. This man's wife was a member of the press, therefore this case falls under the Bureau's purview --

(handing Paul a card)

You're free to go, Mr. Lambert. Do call me if you run into any trouble.

Paul sidles past him to the door. The Lieutenant momentarily blocks his way, then steps aside allowing him passage.

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Paul heads down the hallway, finds the open door of a COUNSELOR'S OFFICE and peers in at Joey and a PSYCHIATRIST.

PAUL

Let's go, Joey.

PSYCHIATRIST

Mr. Lambert? Hello, I'm Dr--

PAUL

I said, LET'S GO!!!

Joey stands. Paul takes his shoulder, moving him out. The Psychiatrist follows and is nearly plowed down by Erling hot on their trail.

ERLING

Mr. Lambert. Mr. Lambert. MR. LAMBERT!

Paul stops but doesn't really turn to face her.

ERLING (CONT'D)

Stay close.

Paul nods tensely and keeps moving.

I/E. PAUL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

As they drive, again in silence. Finally...

JOEY
Why'd she say that? Stay close. Are you
going somewhere?

PAUL
No.

JOEY
Are you in trouble?

PAUL
No.

JOEY
You're not?

PAUL
No.

JOEY
So then why'd she say --

PAUL
I don't know, Joey!

Joey turns away from Paul. A moment of silence, then --

He undoes his seat belt and opens his door --

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hey. What are you --

And suddenly Joey is climbing out of the MOVING CAR --

Paul grinds the car to a halt, but before they've stopped,
Joey has scrambled out of the car and into the --

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Where Paul gives chase.

PAUL
Joey!

Joey turns off the road into the --

EXT. WOODS

Joey runs for all he's worth past one tree after another.

Paul bursts through trees, trying to keep up, but losing him
in the.

FOG BANK

Which Joey escapes into. Paul heads in after but finds only FOG BLIND TREES all around. No sign of Joey.

PAUL

JOEY!!!

No answer. Paul starts moving again, but carefully now, eyes peeled against the white. Soon he's talking, half to himself.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Joey... I'm... I don't know
how this happened... I just... come
back... please!

A SOUND in the emptiness: FOOTFALL ON LEAVES.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Joey?

Suddenly, a figure appears in the fog. Paul moves for it.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Come on, son. It's not safe out here.

The figure circles him. Not answering.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Jo --

From behind Paul, a SNIFFLE. Paul whirls and sees Joey slumped beside a tree. Turns back to look for the figure but it's gone.

JOEY

They think you did it.

Paul turns and sees Joey staring at him. A long beat, then...

PAUL

What do you think?

JOEY

You never tell me anything. You don't
talk. You just... say stuff.

(beat)

I don't think you did it. But who
would... who would do that... who...

Joey starts crying again. Paul goes to him.

JOEY (CONT'D)
I wanna kill 'em. I wanna find 'em and...
fuckin' kill 'em!

PAUL
(staring into the fog)
Let's go home, son.

JOEY
We can't go home, remember?

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN

From Erling's desk she can see the CHIEF's office. We can just make out Wright and the Chief talking. A loud laugh comes from within. Danny looks at Erling.

DANNY
Somebody's makin' friends.

Wright and the Chief exit together, almost arm in arm.

WRIGHT
Honest mistake.

CHIEF
On both sides. Erling! Our friend from on high needs an office, I'm lending him Kilkenny's. Show it to him, would'ya.

She throws Danny a Fuck-The-World look. Stands.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
And give him your files on Lambert.

She grabs paperwork, crosses to him. He smiles politely. She walks off without looking back.

EXT. WOODS - AT THE ROADSIDE - NIGHT

As they break through the brush-line, Paul scans the highway for signs of anyone hanging around, any cars, but sees nothing. He's not sure whether that's good or bad.

I/E. PRIUS - NIGHT

Paul starts the car and pulls onto the highway. As he does, TAIL LIGHTS COME TO LIFE 300 yards ahead of them --

A sudden panic overtakes him but he grits his teeth and continues down the road, laying on speed, eventually passing--

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A BROKEN DOWN TRUCK. Two OLD HUNTERS trying to turn it over.

I/E. PRIUS - NIGHT

Paul breathes a sigh of relief as they pass. He doesn't notice the HEAD LIGHTS APPEARING BEHIND THEM...

PAUL

We'll stay in a hotel. Go swimming.

Joey nods weakly, bearing up under the pain. Paul pats his leg. And then sees the HEAD LIGHTS.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(watching the lights)

Just have to swing by the house. Grab some cash.

(out the window, waving)

Go around!

The car doesn't. Just stays there, on their ass. Paul changes lanes. It CHANGES WITH THEM. Inching closer. Paul's pace quickens. Joey pays no mind to any of this.

JOEY

You should get credit cards.

PAUL

(totally distracted)

Yeah...

Paul suddenly jerks the car down an EXIT RAMP into an --

EXT. RUN DOWN NEIGHBORHOOD

No-one on the streets this time of night as they drive.

I/E. PRIUS - MOVING

Paul looks behind him, the lights are gone now.

JOEY

Why are you pulling off here?

PAUL

We're uh... taking an alternate route.

A FLARE OF SUPER BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS in front of them. Paul pulls to a sudden stop --

The Prius faces the shadow of a car, hidden behind its bright burning headlights.

I/E. PRIUS

JOEY
 (shielding his eyes, out
 the window)
 Turn down the lights, asshole.

Paul reverses, but: HEADLIGHTS APPEAR BEHIND THEM as well.
 Joey notices it all now, too. Looks at his father, new doubts
 creeping in...

JOEY (CONT'D)
 What's happening, dad?

The headlights start closing in on them.

JOEY (CONT'D)
 (out the window)
 Hey... HEY!

Paul grabs Joey's hand, silencing him. The cars close in.

JOEY (CONT'D)
 (terrified)
 Make 'em stop. Make 'em stop!
 (headlights closing in)
 Do something, DAD!

And suddenly Paul is BARRELING at the front car, it holds its
 ground. Joey looks at Paul -- pure bald fear.

Paul swerves, CLIPPING the car, riding up and onto the --

SIDEWALK

-- around the car, which we (and Paul and Joey) now see is
 indeed a BLACK TOWNCAR, not the same matte black one as
 before, but of a similar design. The CAR behind/in front of
 it looks the same, too. They're clearly working together --
 but why? No time to wonder, though, as --

Paul takes out a GARDEN GNOME, and SWERVES back into the --

EMPTY STREET

-- leaving the other two cars in the dust --

I/E. PRIUS

JOEY
 How'd you -- how'd --
 (looking back)
 Holy-fucking-cow!

PAUL

Language.

He dodges the car down an ALLEY going crazy fast. As he drives, his demeanor changes, he seems to bulk up, to harden, sharpen. Joey notices. It is unmistakable.

And, BOOM, they're on a WIDE EMPTY CITY STREET.

They watch in the rearview as two sets of headlights appear.

JOEY

How do you know how to drive like that?

Paul just shakes his head, not the time. He slows the Prius and the towncars visibly gain on them.

JOEY (CONT'D)

They're getting closer.

PAUL

That's the point.

Paul suddenly wings the PARKING BRAKE DOWN --

THE PRIUS FISHTAILS

Throwing the towncars off balance. They SWERVE to avoid the Prius, as it SWITCHBACKS, darting the opposite direction.

The towncars slow to turn but run into one another in the process. Not a debilitating crash, but by the time they're turned around, the Prius is disappearing.

The driver of the lead car, a GRIZZLED MAN in a suit, steps out of the car and yells --

GRIZZLED MAN

Back up!

-- at the other car. It does, and he climbs back in and drives, trying to gain back precious lost ground.

Meanwhile the Prius turns a corner, into a --

PARKING GARAGE

Surprisingly full for this time of night.

I/E. PRIUS

JOEY

Why'd we pull in here, dad?

PAUL

Joey, if we get out of this, you're gonna have a lotta questions for me. I'm gonna ask that you hold those questions 'til then. If we don't make it, then just... I love you, and your mom... just know that.

EXT. CITY STREETS - SAME TIME

The black cars take the corner one after another and head into the --

PARKING GARAGE - MID LEVELS - SAME TIME

With Paul now as he SWERVES the Prius around a SLOW MOVING OLDSMOBILE before it heads up a ramp to the FOURTH LEVEL, while --

THE BLACK TOWNCARS

blast up the lower levels in hot pursuit.

I/E. PRIUS - MOVING

On the upper levels now, Paul scans the lot for a space.

JOEY

(pointing)

There's a space right there!

Paul shakes his head. It's not what he wants.

THE TOWNCARS

SWING a hard corner, nearly ramming an SUV, as --

THE PRIUS

flies up into the top level, Paul scanning like mad.

JOEY

There's a million spaces, just -- what are you looking for?

PAUL

(spotting it)

That!

He veers into an open spot beside a CRAPBOX covered in RASTAFARIAN bumper stickers, as --

THE TOWNCARS

near the top level. The LEAD CAR GRINDS to a screeching halt halfway up a ramp, trapped behind the Olds Paul avoided earlier. The lead car LAYS ON ITS HORN, and --

PAUL JUMPS

out of the car, whipping off his COAT, which he wraps around a TIRE-IRON in one clean move. He winds back and SMASHES the crapbox's DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW. Joey watches, SHOCKED.

Paul sweeps the glass into the car's legwell, pulls Joey's door open and motions for him to get in the crapbox.

JOEY

Whose car is this?

Paul just gives him a look. Joey intuit's its meaning - move yer ass - and heads for the PASSENGER'S DOOR.

PAUL

No. The back seat.

Before Joey can ask why, Paul has whipped off his shirt, grabbed a soiled Rasta Tam and put it on his (own) head. Joey slides in, eyes goggling at Paul -- who is this man?

WITH THE TOWNCARS

finally passing the Olds, racing up to the TOP LEVEL, as --

PAUL CLIMBS

into the crapbox, motioning for Joey to climb in as well.

PAUL

Lie on the floor and pull the blanket over you.

JOEY

It's all sticky...

Joey trails off, watching as Paul HOTWIRES THE CAR -- no, seriously, who the fuck is this guy? he wonders, as --

THE TOWNCARS

speed off the ramp, onto the top level proper.

PAUL FINALLY

starts the crapbox with a jolt, swerving into the lot.

As they descend, Paul finds a pair of sunglasses, completing the costume: he's a WHITE RASTAFARIAN now, beard and all.

JOEY

You should put on music --

PAUL

-- Shhh --

JOEY

-- if you wanna seem like a, you know, actual Rasta guy. I'm just saying.

Paul flips on the tape player. Bob Marley wails, "GET UP, STAND UP. STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS...", as --

THE TOWNCARS

scream towards them --

PAUL WATCHES THEM ARRIVE

with sudden horror, one hand slipping around the tire-iron, little help it'll give him. He sucks air, fear spreading as --

THE TOWNCARS

bear down on the crapbox and PASS it without a second look.

PAUL

nearly has a heart attack as he guides the crapbox down the ramp, watching as the towncars DISAPPEAR in the rearview.

BEHIND THEM

The towncars circle the lot at full clip, SCREECHING to a halt behind the PRIUS.

The grizzled man and his cohorts, a MOTLEY CREW of similarly grizzled MEN IN SUITS, pour out of their cars, descending on the Prius.

The GRIZZLED man hits first, whips his GLOCK inside, and finds it -- EMPTY. What the fuck???

He turns to the others, a baffled look on his grim face.

OVER the sound of a PHONE RINGING, we...

CUT TO:

INT. WRIGHT'S TEMP. OFFICE - NIGHT

Wright moves about the office, looking at the set up. Checks into the computer set-up, a little shoddy. Looks out his window and sees...

Erling watching him from her desk in the bullpen. He nods at her. Looks at some of the files that the chief gave him. Then, his phone rings. He looks at the number, a flicker of recognition. He answers.

WRIGHT

Hello, Mr. Lambert. Everything okay?

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

Paul on the phone. INTERCUT as needed:

PAUL

They're chasing us.

WRIGHT

I'm sorry, what?

PAUL

They're chasing us.

WRIGHT

Who's chasing you?

PAUL

I don't know, but they're the same people that hurt Gretchen. I saw the car. Been seeing it all over town. I lost them --

WRIGHT

You lost them? Paul, what are you --

PAUL

They're trying to fucking kill us, man!

WRIGHT

Okay, okay -- just -- where are you?

Paul looks around, suddenly nervous at being asked the question. Not sure why.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

(sensing his reticence)

Paul, if what you're saying is true, I can put you in protective custody --

PAUL

If it's true? IF?

WRIGHT

Look, I can help you, all right? But you
have to tell me where you are. So I--

Paul hangs up. Throws his cell into the street, where it
smashes to pieces. A noise behind him. He turns to see Joey
looking at him with concern.

INT. WRIGHT'S NEW OFFICE - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Hearing the line go quiet.

WRIGHT

Paul? Paul! -- DAMMMIT!

ERLING (O.S.)

Problem?

Wright looks up and sees Erling with a smug look. She walks
away. He throws his phone down angrily.

I/E. CRAPBOX - NIGHT

Paul and Joey in silence. Joey picks up a window shard...

JOEY

(absently)

Y'know, you wanna break into a car... the
porcelain from a sparkplug... throw it at
the window... busts it into a million
pieces... they call it a **ninja rock**...

PAUL

(almost funny)

Fuckin' internet.

JOEY

(a shift, not joking now)

Are you a criminal?

PAUL

No.

JOEY

Were you a criminal?

A 10-months pregnant pause. He nods, yes.

JOEY (CONT'D)

What kind?

PAUL

Thief... among... other things.

JOEY
 Did mom know about you?
 (Paul shakes, no)
 So you lied to her, too.

SIRENS. They both hear them.

PAUL
 I met your mother when I was eighteen. My
 life was... real different... she turned
 my head right around. I'm not what I was,
 Joey. Not anymore.

Sirens getting louder. Paul taps wires, starts the car.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 I'll drop you at your friend's house.

JOEY
 And what'll you do? Just take off?
 (fiercely)
 Dad, you're some like crazy ass criminal
 fuckin' McGyver... We're not gonna run.
 We're gonna find who did this to mom and
 fuckin' get 'em... RIGHT?
 (beat, and then...)
 I mean, unless... you really did do it.

PAUL
 You know I didn't.

JOEY
 So what's the plan?

Paul looks out into the night. And sees his decision right
 there, laid out before him. Joey follows his gaze --

EXT. THE CORNER OF SPRING ROAD AND WHALEY - NIGHT

-- the intersection at which Paul always lingers. Paul pulls
 the car into the street and turns down SPRING ROAD...

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

GRIZZLED MAN
 -- both sides, then double back.

He gestures to his cohort. A PRETTY BOY in a sharp suit. *Get
 in the car.* But then...

MACY (O.C.)
 Frank.

They turn. A woman with a tight pony tail, dark glasses, and a body made of iron climbs out of the passengers side of the original MATTE BLACK TOWNCAR. She is...

FRANK (GRIZZLED MAN)

MACY...

MACY

What happened, Frank? What the fuck?

FRANK

They slipped through. I dunno how.

PRETTY BOY

This guy could drive, Macy, like nobody's business he could drive --

FRANK

Shut-up, Michael.

MICHAEL (PRETTY BOY)

He was trained. Gotta be, driving like that.

MACY

(sees something)
Uh-huh.

FRANK

(to Pretty Boy)
I said, shut up --

She picks up a pebble of window glass, immediately knows --

MACY

Someone stole a car. Right here.

MICHAEL

Now they stole a car. Jesus. If you told us what we were dealing with --

And suddenly Macy whips a baton off her belt and CLUBS the side of Michael's head, he drops like a sack, shocked.

MACY

If I? Told you?
(looking at them both)
There's six of you, and two of them. Two!

FRANK

I'll call in a buncha the old souls,
we'll mop 'em up, Mace. Don't worry.

Her phone buzzes, she pulls it out of her pocket.

MACY

No. I've got something else for you.

She flashes him whatever's on her phone -- we don't see it.

MACY (CONT'D)

Find it. And don't fuck up, please.

She heads back to her car.

EXT. LONE ROAD - NIGHT

They turn off onto the lone road. An uninhabited rural area, sad, depressed, unused, dull, until...

BOOM, an explosion --

Joey looks up and sees a FIREWORK blazing across the sky. Then another, and another and another...

JOEY

Where are we goin', dad?

PAUL

Home.

They bear off the main road, emerging in...

EXT. A HIDDEN TOWN - NIGHT

Passing a handpainted sign: "This is Reilly Town... Now Please Go Back Home". This is where the fireworks are coming from. They coast around a curve and come upon a PARTY...

No, party doesn't describe it. It's a PAGEANT, a huge, colorful celebration, right in the middle of the street. GIRLS in garish makeup and too short dresses, MEN, young and old, in suits and caps and, in the middle of all of them, a red GYPSY CARAVAN, drawn by HORSES.

A few PUNK KIDS on bikes notice the crapbox, and wheel themselves around the car, spying into it. There's a peculiar old world feel to them. One of the kids WHISTLES LOUDLY and soon, a group of BOWLER HATTED MEN approach the car.

PAUL

Everything's okay.

Paul slows the car. A HUGE MAN leans in to the window.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Nice weddin'.

HUGE MAN

What would you know about it?

PAUL

I know the bride's likely no older than 16, and I'm guessin' you're a grandfather now, Billy.

HUGE MAN

How'd you -- Jesus, Mary & Joseph!

ANOTHER BOWLER HAT

What's wrong, Big?

HUGE MAN

It's -- It's -- You're --

PAUL

The old man still around?

A murmur goes through the men.

BOWLER HATS

Is that -- Dead Joe -- It's Dead Joe --
Can't be -- it is --

HUGE MAN

Last one on the left.

He points down a LITTLE SIDE ROAD. Paul nods, thanks, and moves along, the men and boys still murmuring with shock.

EXT. LITTLE SIDE ROAD - NIGHT

They pass a series of houses, older and older still. Oddly, behind each home is an RV, often brand new.

The last house. A Gothic number in bad disrepair. A fence closes off the backyard to view. Paul pulls into the --

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Joey watches the celebration in the distance as they park.

PAUL

(of the celebrants)

They're called Travellers, white Irish gypsies.

JOEY

(eying Paul a beat)

And you're one of 'em.

PAUL

We are.

JOEY

It's like fuckin' Harry Potter.

Paul opens the door, steps out, and -- SHUNK! -- a shotgun loads a round. Five inches from his face.

Paul's hands fly up. Surrender. A tense beat. And then, a WOMAN'S VOICE breaks the silence.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Jesus.

Paul peers into the dark, recognizing the voice. SHE steps into the orange streetlight. 30's. Pretty with an edge. Something seductive about her even with a sawed off shotgun. Maybe because of it. Her accent is deeply Irish.

PAUL

(at a loss)

Fianna?

FIANNA

Knock-me-over-with-a-feather.

The gun drops, and suddenly she's hugging him.

FIANNA (CONT'D)

How the--WHAT--THE--FUCK? You're dead.

You're -- my god, my...

Joey steps out of the car. She sees him. Trails off. Looks again at Paul who extricates himself from the hug.

PAUL

(awkward introductions)

Fi', This is my son, Joey. Joey, Fianna.

JOEY

Hi.

Long silence. Will she punch him? Kiss him?

Then, grabbing the gun, she turns, heads for the house --

FIANNA

Your da's gonna have to see this.

-- and she's gone. Joey looks at his father.

JOEY

Your da'?

Paul nods, yes. Starts for the house. Joey follows.

JOEY (CONT'D)
And she's your sister?

PAUL
She's, uh... my wife.

Off Joey, mind sufficiently blown --

INT. REILLY HOUSE - NIGHT

A ramshackle old place though still houseproud. Pictures abound, going back to the 20's. Six generations of IRISH IMMIGRANTS dancing, fighting and marrying... something uncivilized about them. Dangerous people.

Joey looks at the pictures here. An adage hanging on one wall jumps out at him: THE TRAVELLERS CODE.

Beside it is a picture of a young boy, maybe 10, sitting in an old GYPSY CARAVAN. He's the spitting image of PAUL.

JOEY
That's you.

Paul looks at it, too. Slight nod. It is. They follow Fianna through the living room, down a hallway, out into the --

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

An old RV parked here. Well past its prime. We hear a television from within. Loud.

PAUL
He's still living in the caravan?

She nods. Knocks on the door. A GRUFF VOICE from within --

GRUFF VOICE
Yeah?

FIANNA
Get decent.

Fianna heads in. Joey looks from the RV to the house -- ??

PAUL
Travellers leave a new home empty for a year... get rid of the bad spirits.

Joey looks back at the house. Damn sight more than a year old. An unintelligible YELL from inside. The door creaks open. They share a wary look.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Inside they find Joe Sr. 60's. Wearing a robe, glassy eyed, half asleep but a lion in human form. He could eat you alive. A JIMMY CAGNEY movie flickers from the TV, the only light.

FIANNA

Goddamn root cellar in here, Joe.

Fianna flips on a lamp. The old man sees PAUL. A flicker of emotion. Pain. Deepfelt. Then his face turns to stone.

PAUL

I'm sorry.

JOE SR.

For what? Not bein' dead?

PAUL

I have a lot to explain, I know --

JOE SR.

Get out.

PAUL

What?

JOE SR.

I said, get out.

He flips the volume up. Settles into his seat.

FIANNA

Jesus, Joe, he's gone twenty years, comes back with a grandson, and you --

Joey unconsciously takes Paul's arm. It prompts him.

PAUL

We need your help. Someone's after us. I don't know who. I don't know why. I thought, maybe the O'Connors --

JOE SR.

Jesus Christ, the O'Connors are dead. Fifteen years they're dead.

PAUL

Well then I don't know who. All I know is someone is. Someone dangerous... and so are the police.

Joe Sr. kills the TV. Looks back at Paul.

JOE SR.

The what?

EXT. REILLY HOUSE - NIGHT

A moment's silence. Then, the front door flies open. Paul stumbles out, thrown. Joe Sr. STORMING AFTER.

JOE SR.

Twenty years -- twenty FUCKING years -- and you come back with heat on you. I should dash your brains out.

PAUL

They're framing us -- me!

JOE SR.

For what!

PAUL

For... my wife. They... killed her... they killed her in cold blood.

JOE SR.

That's like saying they killed Mickey Mouse. Now get off my property, before I have them give you a haircut.

He gestures at the GROWING CROWD OF TRAVELLERS now gathered at the property line. Paul dusts himself off and makes for the car, as Fianna escorts Joey to same.

A last look between Paul and Fianna. *Goodbye again.* The car starts and disappears. Fianna watches Joe Sr. depart, not even glancing back. She turns to the CROWD, suddenly furious.

FIANNA

Get the fuck!!!

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

A 10,000 dollar a plate charity dinner for the CHILDREN'S RELIEF FUND -- we know because of signage. The Fund's DIRECTOR is mid-speech, standing on a DAIS...

FUND DIRECTOR

...and last, I would like to thank our benefactor, John Gateskill...

She gestures at a table of benefactors behind her, the most prominent being: JOHN GATESKILL (a handsome young politician on the rise, his suit and smile tell you so).

FUND DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Without John's support Children's Relief
 Fund simply wouldn't exist. Thank you.

APPLAUSE. John waves to the AUDIENCE as cameras FLASH.

IN THE AUDIENCE

THREE POLITICOS chat at the **BAR**, unimpressed by the pomp.

POLITICO 1
 (of Gateskill)
 Picture worth a million votes... I hear
 Cheney's vetting him for V.P.

POLITICO 2
 He's no veep. He's J.F-fucking-K.

POLITICO 3
 Of course, his father put up the money
 for this little photo-op.

A MAN'S VOICE chimes in from behind them.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
 Actually, Dexter Gateskill didn't give a
 penny, the filthy old-stoat.

They turn and look aghast at an imposing man of means, 60's,
 a face made of jagged edges, and cold eyes. It's clear he IS
 DEXTER GATESKILL. The politicians cower. An ASSISTANT appears.

ASSISTANT
 Sorry to interrupt, Senator Gateskill,
 but they said it was urgent.

The assistant points at MACY standing by the ballroom's exit
 door. Gateskill's face goes dark.

EXT. THE BALLROOM - NIGHT

Dexter follows Macy out and down the steps to a round-about,
 where the towncar waits, idling.

GATESKILL
 What the hell are you doing here? My
 entire family is in there --

MACY
 And we're well aware how much your family
 matters to you --

GATESKILL
 It is the *only* thing that matters --

MACY

Which is why you don't want to have this conversation out here.

She opens the back door, Gateskill frowns and climbs in.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Wright smoking and talking on his CELL, hushed.

WRIGHT

Well, clearly this isn't the outcome I had hoped for either. He says someone's after him. Okay. Keep you updated.

ERLING (O.S.)

Boss riding your ass?

He turns to see her behind him. Smoking as well.

WRIGHT

Oughtta put a bell on you.

ERLING

No smoking out here, y'know? Fire hazard.

(a sly grin)

And if you don't find him, I will.

WRIGHT

That a challenge?

ERLING

(heading back in)

Or an offer. You should check the house.

WRIGHT

Yeah, right. They'd have to be a couple of morons to head back there.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Paul and Joey watch from the bushes as COPS make a shift change, leaving the house unattended.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Paul and Joey push through CRIME SCENE WRAP and enter.

PAUL

(heading upstairs)

Watch the door. If you see someone, call my name, just once, up the stairs --

JOEY
Which one? Paul? Joe?

PAUL
Dad.

Casting a look, he continues up --

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul enters. Finds a few journals. Flips through them. Not what he's looking for. Stops and scans the room.

On the floor by the bed is Gretchen's outline, taped in white, the blooming rose of blood where her head lay.

JOEY
I've got the money.

Paul turns and sees Joey standing in the doorway.

PAUL
Joey, you're supposed to stay downstairs--

JOEY
The secret stash. Out of the freezer. We can... go...

Joey has seen the outline, too. He moves into the room. Paul looks stricken. They were in this position the day before.

JOEY (CONT'D)
What are you looking for in here?

PAUL
Her field journal. Red one. She was looking at it the other day, there's *something* in it...

Joey stares at the bloodstain, thinking a long beat...

JOEY
Did something bad happen...? Is that why you left home and never went back?
(Paul nods)
Did you... kill somebody?

PAUL
Policeman that killed my mother.

JOEY
Policeman?

PAUL

My mother was a con-artist... and thief.
My whole family, ten generations of con-
artists and thieves... The detective, he
was a detective, was... *less than*
honest... My father told her, he said
stay away from him, Mary... you stay
away... but she didn't hear "no"...

**A FLASH of Paul's memory: his mother, MARY, impetuous,
beautiful, DANCING with a HARDNOSED COP in a NIGHT CLUB.**

PAUL (CONT'D)

She scammed him out of a lot of money
which he got from who knows where...

**Another FLASH: the COP in a DINGY HOTEL, stuffs a wad of
money into a case, and walks out...**

PAUL (CONT'D)

...and he...

...passes Mary's DEAD BODY.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So I shot him...

**Another FLASH: the COP walking through a market. He turns and
sees YOUNG PAUL pointing a GUN at him. He starts to protest
but Paul SHOOTS him THREE, FOUR, FIVE TIMES. Runs out.**

PAUL (CONT'D)

...and ran. First to Ireland, then
Canada, then back here... Now, I'm
running again. I don't want that for you.

Suddenly, a NOISE from downstairs.

JOEY

I put a bat in front of the door so we'd
hear if anyone came in.

PAUL

How are we supposed to get out?

Joey shrugs. Out the window they see THE BLACK TOWNCAR parked
in the driveway. Paul's stomach drops. The sound of footsteps
approaching. Joey and Paul stare at one another.

INT. HALLWAY - TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

FRANK and MICHAEL, our two thugs, walk down the hallway.

FRANK

She nearly put one in you.

MICHAEL

I'll put one in her... ass.

Laughing. They open the bedroom door, enter --

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's EMPTY. They poke around. Through the drawer that Paul just went through. Frustrated, Michael sits on the bed.

FRANK

Hey. Keep looking. Macy's already pissed.
We mess this up, and *the man* goes
apeshit, we're on the chopping block.

Drifting beneath the bed, we find Paul and Joey. A spring jabs Joey in the head. Joey starts to groan, and Paul whips a finger to his lips -- shhh.

MICHAEL

Fucking Macy, man. Goddamn needle in a
haystack. What color is it again?

FRANK

Red. Bright red.

Joey spots it. By the Other Guard's foot. The RED FIELD JOURNAL. He and Paul share a look.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You won't find it *sitting*.

Michael shrugs, literally stepping on the journal. Paul puts a hand on it, a moment too late.

MICHAEL

This reporter really stepped in it, huh?
Too bad. Foxy bitch.

Joey flares with anger. Paul shoots him a look. Stay cool.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It's not here, come on.

Michael steps forward, taking Frank's shoulder.

Paul silently slips the notebook beneath the bed.

The guards move for the hallway.

Joey starts to slide out, body cramped. Paul grabs his hand, shaking his head -- don't move. Joey looks back -- why?

Just then, Frank FREEZES in his tracks.

FRANK

Did you check under the bed?
(off Michael's reaction)
Jesus. I'm havin' them split us up.

Frank moves back for the bed --

Paul tenses, readying to fight --

FRANK (CONT'D)

You really didn't look?

MICHAEL

Make a Federal case, please.

Frank sighs, takes a knee, reaches under --

Paul recoils, fists clenched, eyes fierce, afraid -- and --

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP -- a CAR ALARM...

FRANK

Is that?

Michael looks out the window --

MICHAEL

What the hell?

And rushes out the door --

Paul watches Frank, GLOCK dangling from his side -- waiting --

Frank sighs and follows Michael out.

Paul exhales, heart pounding. Joey slips out from under the bed, to the window. Outside he sees --

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

A DRUNK WOMAN stands next to a mangled bicycle yelling at the men. On close inspection we see the drunk woman is Fianna.

FIANNA

I was riding MY bike, and YOUR car, your
BLACK CAR, was right in the damn path --

MICHAEL

You hit our car.

FRANK
(whispering to him)
P.D.'s whipping back any sec. Wrap it up.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul and Joey see Frank returning to the house, and break down the hall, down the stairs, heading for the --

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Paul unlatches the sliding glass door. He and Joey fly out--

--directly INTO Frank's chest. He and Paul go for a loop.

Joey veers off, nearly slamming head first into the OPEN SIDE GATE that Frank must've come through.

FRANK
(realizing who they are)
Jesus.

He reaches for his sidearm -- Paul sees him going for it. TACKLES him. They hit the grass, a heap of fists and elbows --

Paul gets in THREE or FOUR good gut punches on him, again amazing his very scared very suburban son. But Frank's no damn slouch. He LOCK BREAKS, knocking Paul off of him --

Pulls his SIDEARM -- DRAWS DOWN on Paul --

PAUL
Wait -- no -- wait --

The hammer pulls back and --

WHAM -- Frank DROPS like a sack of rocks in the damp grass. Joe Sr. stands above him, CLUB in his clenched fist --

JOE SR.
What the hell are you thinking coming back here?

MICHAEL (O.C.)
Frank! HEY, FRANK!

Joey sees Michael heading for the yard.

FIANNA
I'm still talking to you!

He whips an UZI in her face.

MICHAEL
 Go home, lady.
 (continuing on)
 Hey, FRANK!

Joe Sr. drags Joey away, TOSSES him over the backfence.

JOE SR.
 (to Paul)
 Come on, already!

Paul grabs the red journal. Climbs over the fence beside Joe. Michael arrives the moment they're gone. Sees FRANK lying in the grass, unconscious.

MICHAEL
 What the fuck?
 (scanning the yard)
 What the FUCK?

He checks him, grabbing his CELL.

I/E. JOE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Joe Sr., Paul and Joey climb in and start driving.

JOE SR.
 (mid-haranguer on entry)
 Worst damn fool thing I've ever seen in
 my life -- I raised you smart!

Joe Sr. WINGS the car around a corner. SLOWS as Fianna leaps in. They keep moving, passing the Townhouse, as Michael rushes out of the backyard in confusion.

JOE SR. (CONT'D)
 Godforbid I spend a minute with my
 grandson before you get him chopped up
 like old shoes.

PAUL
 You kicked us out, remember.

JOE SR.
You kicked us out? You kicked us out?!
 Jesus God, like he didn't abandon his
 family for twenty years, didn't show up
 on my doorstep with a grandson I never
 heard of, chuck his name for what he
 found on some goddamn Buffer's headstone--

JOEY
 What's a buffer?

FIANNA
Normals. Regular folks.

JOE SR.
 You've gone soft -- in your *mind*. A man touches your family, dares to, you come at him *fucking prepared* -- not fishing with a hard-on -- they take him away in newspaper or not at all --
 (to Fianna, suddenly)
 -- and just what are you smiling about?

FIANNA
 (smiling at them both)
 He named his boy after you.

JOE SR.
 (after a beat)
 All right, Jesus, I'll help you.

PAUL
 No. We just need someplace safe to...
 (off Joe Sr.'s soul
 withering look)
 All right, fine.

Joey asks the pertinent question.

Joey
 So what do we do now?

FIANNA
 Make-overs.

INT. THE CARAVAN - EARLY MORNING

Joey, hair freshly cut, watches Fianna search through a box of tools: lock picks, fuses, wire-cutters, gloves, etc... She finds HAIR DYES, debates which to use, offers them to Joey.

FIANNA
 Dark/Light? Good/Evil?

He shrugs. Finds a SPARKPLUG. Taps the porcelain loose and pockets it, smiling, as she starts to process his hair.

JOEY
 Where do you live? I mean, if my grandpa lives here, do you live here, too?

FIANNA
 I used to live here. I live in the house now. That's why I'm cleaning it up.

JOEY

But if you lived here... where did you sleep? There's only one bed.

She gets a sly look on her face. He nods - ohhh. Goes back to the box. Suddenly grabs a GUN from it. She swipes it, annoyed, stows it under a seat cushion.

FIANNA

Your father sees you with that, he'll have a cardiac arrest.

JOEY

You got such cool stuff -- nice camera.

He pulls out a VIDEO CAMERA, obviously stolen, films her.

FIANNA

You should see what's in that house. The grandfather clocks chock full o' dynamite.

(off Joey's look)

Swear to god. This is remnants. But it ain't tools makes a thief. It's mind.

JOE SR.

(entering)

Tools help.

FIANNA

You'll look dead handsome as a blonde.

Paul enters with the JOURNAL and a DINGY TOWEL.

JOE SR.

Anything in there?

PAUL

Nothing. You have any clean towels?

Joe looks at him -- *really?* Paul turns back for the door.

JOE SR.

No hot water in the house.

That stops him. He heads to the crappy RV shower, grouching.

FIANNA

Tell him to shave.

JOE SR.

Don't forget to shave that beard.

PAUL

I know.

FIANNA

And I'll cut his hair when he's done.

JOE SR.

And Fianna'll cut your hair when you're--

PAUL

You're three feet away. I swear, you've got a whole house, but you live in this box.

JOE SR.

You grew up in a box just like this.

PAUL

(sardonically)

Really?

Paul starts the water. Joe Sr. gestures to the journal.

JOE SR.

Can I look?

PAUL

There's nothing in there, dad.

JOE SR.

Out of curiosity then... She was my daughter in law, after all.

Fianna clears her throat. Glances sidelong at Paul. Joe shrugs at Paul. Paul hands it over. Gets into the shower.

JOE SR. (CONT'D)

(reading for a moment)

She's well spoken.

JOEY

She's a journalist... was.

FIANNA

You'll look dead handsome.

JOE SR.

(heading into bathroom)

Hey! There's numbers at the tops of the pages.

PAUL

Can I have a moment? Please!

JOE SR.
 (ignoring his complaints)
 Look. Right here.
 (flipping pages)
 8... 5... 5... 3... huh...

PAUL
 (curiosity peaked)
 Lemme see.

Paul leans out of the shower. Joe leafs as Paul reads.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 7, 8, 5 -- 5, 5, 3 -- it's a --

JOE SR.
 Phone number.

They share a look. Joe snaps his fingers at Fianna.

JOE SR. (CONT'D)
 Fianna, get the -- oh good job.

She's already dragging a corded phone into the room.

FIANNA
 Yeah. I'd make a fine wife, even.

She hits a speaker function. Joe dials. RINGING, and then --

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 Hello?

Joe Sr. gestures to Fianna -- *talk*.

FIANNA
 (zero hesitation)
 Elaine, how are you?

WOMAN'S VOICE
 I'm sorry, you've got the wrong number.

FIANNA
 This isn't Elaine? Elaine Harris?
 Well, why do you have her number?

WOMAN'S VOICE
 My name's Jane... Tompkins. And I don't
 know anyone named Elaine. Goodbye.

Woman's Voice hangs up.

FIANNA
 Touchy. 785 area code. That's...

JOE SR.
Illinois.

FIANNA
No, no, Indiana.

JOE SR.
Indiana? Don't be daft. It's --

PAUL
Kansas. Topeka, Kansas.

Paul steps out of the shower. Shaved he is a different man.
He gestures for the phone. She hands it, already RINGING.

WOMAN'S VOICE
I told you you have the wrong --

PAUL
Hello Jane.

Silence. Fianna looks at Paul -- "*say something*". He shakes his head. The beat goes on, is she still there? Then...

WOMAN'S VOICE
Is it... Is it you...? Mr. Crane?

Paul looks surprised at hearing the name.

PAUL
You can call me Roland.

WOMAN'S VOICE
You're -- you're not supposed to -- she said you wouldn't call.

PAUL
Gretchen did?

WOMAN'S VOICE
Yes, of cour...
(beat)
This isn't Mr. Crane is it? God. Oh-

And suddenly the line goes dead. Fianna punches the number in again. It merely BEEPS. Paul looks at the others.

JOE SR.
Forgot how good you were on the phone.

PAUL
So did I.

FIANNA
What's all that mean?

PAUL
We need to visit a friend.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

The house alive with COPS. Wright finds Erling looking at footprints, scuffle marks from the night before.

ERLING
They wouldn't come back here, huh?

WRIGHT
You're sticking with the case, I guess.

ERLING
Just following up on a disturbance of the peace. Seems there was a scuffle here...

She smiles, shit eating. Off Wright's irritated look --

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

Roland finds a place in the near empty car and sits, reading.

PAUL (O.C.)
Hello, Roland.

Roland looks up and sees Paul sitting across from him. Looks around, suddenly very nervous.

ROLAND
Paul -- Jesus. What are you -- You can't be here. I can't -- I can't be seen with--

Roland stands to leave. But Joe Sr. is there barring his way.

JOE SR.
Sit.

Joe Sr. forcibly seats him. Pats his head like a dog.

JOE SR. (CONT'D)
Good boy.

I/E. CAR - PARKING LOT - DAY

Joey reads HACKERS DELIGHT, bouncing his leg, total ADD. Fianna calmly listens to the RADIO.

JOHN GATESKILL (V.O.)
 Any policy that doesn't take young people
 into account is shortsighted. This young
 century will be liberty's century.

A RADIO COMMENTATOR jumps in.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
 John Gateskill, son of senator Dexter
 Gateskill, sounding very presidential --

Fianna turns the dial to classical. Joey sighs. She gives him
 a look -- *what's your problem?*

JOEY
 I hate waiting.

FIANNA
 Wanna be a thief, get used to it. Me, I'm
 great at waiting. Waited twenty years for
 your father -- I don't mean sex, had
plenty of sex -- But I got a special
 place in my heart for your dad.

JOEY
 (opening his door)
 Wow. Thanks for that.

FIANNA
 (grabbing his arm)
 Stay in the car.

JOEY
 I gotta pee, and...
 (pulling free)
 ...I never said I wanted to be a thief.

I/E. PROWLER - DRIVING - DAY

Wright and Erling.

ERLING
 Where are they going? What's their plan?

WRIGHT
 Mexico? Back to Canada? Or he just ends
 it. Blam-Blam. Murder suicide.

ERLING
 He's smart. Believes he didn't kill his
 wife -- he goes for help. Where?
 (sudden realization)
 Jesus.

WRIGHT

What?

ERLING

When you can't trust the cops you go to the... press. She *did* work at a magazine. Was quite close with her boss, I hear.

WRIGHT

Roland Crane? No. No way. That's nuts.

She grins at the challenge. Hits the walkie.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Dispatch?

ERLING

I need to locate a Roland Crane, and I need back-up. Lotsa back-up.

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

Roland and Paul in conversation, Joe Sr. overseeing.

ROLAND

The police are looking for you, Paul. They think -- they think you...

PAUL

Killed Gretchen? Killed the love of my life? What do you think, Roland?

ROLAND

You are behaving very strangely.

PAUL

Being framed for murder kinda puts me in a mood, I guess. She found something, something that got her killed, Roland.

ROLAND

She didn't say anything to me.

PAUL

Does the name Jane Thompson mean anything to you?

ROLAND

(shakes head, no, but...)
Gretchen mentioned a Jane Montgomery, though. She was gonna tell me *something* about her, but she never got around to it. It was all in her notes, I think --

PAUL

We have her notes, there's nothing in there about a Jane --

ROLAND

You have her computer? I thought the police took it. They said they had it.

PAUL

She didn't trust her computer, Roland. She never put anything important on it.
(off Roland's reaction)
What?

ROLAND

Paul, she told you that... But she had our guys encrypt it. There were things she didn't want you or Joey to find.

PAUL

Like what?
(off Roland's reticence)
Like what?

ROLAND

Divorce papers... I hate to tell you that, especially now, but...

PAUL

No you don't.
(coldly)
Because you wanted her yourself. You even got her the lawyer, didn't you?

Roland looks down guiltily.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

Joey comes out of the lavatory, spies the FREIGHT TRAINS idling just across the passenger rail lines, pops his neck and sees Wright and Erling about fifteen feet away. His eyes go wide -- WTF?

They don't see him, fortunately. He turns to walk the other direction and sees COPS ARRIVING all around him.

He's starting to panic when Fianna grabs his hand...

FIANNA

Told you to stay in the damn car.

She drags him toward the EXIT but it's BLOCKED BY COPS checking people's IDs. Fianna pushes Joey back towards the platform, taking out her CELL, punching keys.

INT. THE TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

Joe Sr. watches Roland unravel. He gets Fianna' TEXT.

ROLAND

I really am sorry... I... I *loved* her.

Joe Sr. leans in and nervously whispers something to Paul.

PAUL

What? How?

Joe Sr. shrugs. Paul stands to leave. Roland rises urgently.

ROLAND

Give me something -- anything that proves who did it, proves your innocence, and I'll put it in the magazine. I'll clear your name. No-one will touch me. I'm a public figure.

Paul punches Roland.

PAUL

Don't be so sure, Roland.

Paul and Joe Sr. move for the back of the train.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

The train heads into the station. Cops circulate PHOTOS of PAUL and JOEY.

WITH FIANNA AND JOEY

Moving THROUGH the police along the PLATFORM.

FIANNA

Head up, boy. Confidence is Teflon.

WITH PAUL AND JOE SR.

Moving through cars towards the back. Tense silence.

PAUL

(re: Gretchen)

Don't say a word.

JOE SR.

I don't have to, do I?

The train SLOWS, entering the station.

WITH ERLING

Motioning to the cops.

ERLING

Get ready!

WITH FIANNA AND JOEY

Nearing the end of the platform. A UNIFORMED OFFICER pauses on his way to the train, eyeing Joey, suspicious --

JOEY

He's looking at me.

FIANNA

Keep smiling. No-one smiles in an arrest warrant... There you go. Every con's a birthday.

WITH PAUL AND JOE SR.

Enter the last car. See a SLEEPING MAN by the EXIT DOOR --

THE TRAIN

Grinds to a halt. The doors decompress before opening, as --

Erling eyes the LINE OF ANXIOUS COPS --

WITH FIANNA AND JOEY

Passing by the Uniformed Officer. His eyes follow Joey.

JOEY

He's still looking.

She suddenly BENDS OVER, fixes her shoe. The UNI's eyes drift down her body as she does. She glances back. The UNI turns away, caught. She takes Joey's arm and they move on --

FIANNA

It isn't always a subtle art.

WITH THE COPS

Entering the train before the passengers can disembark.

WITH PAUL

Trying to pry the door open without waking SLEEPING MAN --

WITH ERLING AND WRIGHT

Doubling down the TRAIN CARS, BADGES held high, scanning the PASSENGERS -- no sign of their quarry.

JOEY AND FIANNA

Step off the platform, cross the TRACKS.

PAUL AND JOE SR.

The door still won't budge. Paul gives up in frustration.

JOE SR.

There's a saying appropriate at times
like these --

PAUL

I don't need platitudes right now, dad --

JOE SR.

Da', not dad. That's a buffer word. As I
was saying, when god closes a door...

Paul throws Joe a look. *Really?* Then sees the SKYLIGHT above them. Joe mouths "soft" at Paul, as they make for the skylight.

WITH ERLING AND WRIGHT

Cruising through the middle cars, eyes peeled. Erling sees Roland, motions to the cops trailing them.

ERLING

(of Roland, to the COPS)

Him.

The cops pull Roland out of his seat as they move. We follow them through the penultimate car. Roland protests.

ROLAND

Hey, let go of me.

They push through the doors into the LAST CAR just as Paul's FEET slip out the skylight, The sleeping man wakes...

SLEEPING MAN

'The hell?

Erling looks around, knows something's off. Grabs her WALKIE.

ERLING

Status?

WALKIE, MULTIPLE VOICES
Clear, all clear, no sign of 'em...

Wright sighs, mutters under his breath... *Jesus...* Erling holsters the WALKIE, turns to Roland.

ERLING
Have you seen them, Mr. Crane?

ROLAND
Who're you and what're you talking about?

ERLING
I'm DETECTIVE Erling and I think you know damn well what I'm talking about... Who gave you the shiner, Mr. Crane?

ROLAND
If you want to question me, detective, I'll need my lawyers present -- *Lawyers.*

Wright STORMS OFF. Erling watches him. Turns back to Roland, pushing more questions at him as we DRIFT THROUGH the train's OPEN WINDOW, ACROSS THE TRACKS and into a --

I/E. FREIGHT CAR - CONTINUOUS

-- and find Fianna, Joey, Paul and Joe Sr. hidden among the CRATES packed into this unlocked freight car as the FREIGHT TRAIN itself pulls out of the station.

FIANNA
So what now.

JOE SR.
A nap.
(off her reaction)
What? I'm old. And what they need is in the police station, and we're not breaking in there to get it.
(to Paul)
It's time to think about leaving.

JOEY
No.

PAUL
Joey, we have to consider --

JOEY
You said we're FIXING IT!

PAUL
How, Joey?

JOEY
Why don't we...? Steal it?

FIANNA

I thought you didn't wanna be a thief.

JOEY

I never said that, either. Look --

(re: Hacker's Delight)

--I can figure out how to get into their server, I can find her computer. It's probably really easy. We just need to get inside the police station.

JOE SR.

Yes. But then we have to GET INSIDE THE STATION.

JOEY

Can't you do that? You're a thousand generations of thieves, aren't you -- and why am I planning this? I'm fourteen-years-old... and they killed my mom... they FUCKING KILLED MY MOM!

He punches the CRATES in fury. Paul puts a hand on his back.

PAUL

Okay... okay, Joey... okay.

JOEY

They killed her, dad. They...

A hopeless beat. Mournful... until... Paul sees the CRATES: CASE after CASE of POT PERM (POTASSIUM PERMANGANATE). Paul lifts a bottle, reads the label: WARNING FLAMMABLE.

PAUL

(mind churning now)

You still have that box of uniforms, dad?

JOE SR.

Yeah.

PAUL

And that Jalopy you used to drive on jobs sometimes, the one with the --

JOE SR.

In the garage.

PAUL

Still run?

JOE SR.

Why, Junior?

PAUL
'Cause we're gonna break into a goddamn
police station.

JOEY
YES!

JOE SR.
Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Paul smiles at seeing his son's joy. But it's off of Joe Sr.'s dubious look, that we cut to --

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

Wright walks into the lot, Erling hot on his heels.

ERLING
Hey! You're just giving up?

WRIGHT
No. But you should.

He turns and climbs into --

I/E. THE MATTE BLACK TOWNCAR!!!

Idling in the lot. Wright slips into the backseat, taps the DRIVER'S shoulder, and they pull away. Macy turns to him.

MACY
We gonna have to deal with her?

WRIGHT
Maybe, but she's not the problem now. He was on that train. I fuckin' know it. Have you found anything?

MACY
His name's not Lambert.

WRIGHT
We already new that.

MACY
What we have to do is get ahead of him.

WRIGHT
No... all we have to do is figure out who's hiding him.

MACY
Should we gather some of the old souls?

WRIGHT
We should gather all of them.

IN PRELAP: IRISH STRINGS, not too cheesy, oh what the hell--

INT. REILLY HOUSE - NIGHT

OVER THE MUSIC, IN BRIEF MONTAGE, PAUL SURVEYS THE FOLLOWING:

JOEY

In the LIVING ROOM, training with a "borrowed laptop" and Hacker's Delight. Paul pats his shoulder.

JOE SR.

Working on the OLD Jalopy in the GARAGE, affixing a LEVER to the side of the DRIVER'S SEAT. Paul offers him a wrench.

FIANNA

In THE ATTIC, flashing COSTUMES at Paul: white shirts, pants, ties, a uniform, a skirt, even a FAKE MOUSTACHE... When he leaves, she stows the clothes and goes to cleaning FIREARMS.

PAUL

Bagging HEIST TOOLS in the...

INT. UPSTAIRS PARLOUR - NIGHT - END MONTAGE

He looks up and sees the three of them standing before him, finished with their respective duties. The music still PLAYING but distantly now.

JOE SR.

All done? Good. Let's go.

PAUL

Where?

Joe Sr. motions to the window. Paul looks out and sees...

EXT. REILLY TOWN - MAIN ROAD/TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

TRAVELLERS OF ALL STRIPES dancing, drinking, celebrating. We find Paul, Joey, Fianna and Joe Sr. joining the party.

A CARAVAN (RV) drives through the party and away to much APPLAUSE. The CARAVAN DRIVER leans out the window.

CARAVAN DRIVER

At the next halting site w'ya!

More cheers and he goes, honking, his brood smiling through the caravan windows.

JOEY
What's happening?

JOE SR.
Touring season.

FIANNA
When we all go a'travelin' to make our
coin. Or they do, anyways.
(off Paul's look)
We haven't gone in years.

Joey notices a clutch of young GIRLS dancing near the STRING
PLAYERS JUGGING on a MAKE SHIFT STAGE. A RED HAIRED GIRL
notices him. A slight smile, and then back to dancing.

FIANNA (CONT'D)
(to Joey)
Go on. Like May flies they'll be gone by
mornin'.

He shakes his head, no way. She takes his arm, drags him
bodily to the dancing place. Paul watches it all, the people
he knew all those years ago. He is flooded with memories.

JOE SR.
You all right?

PAUL
Yeah.

JOE SR.
Let's have a drink, then. 'Less yer too
good for that now... *Buffer.*

Paul looks at Joe Sr. Sees the naughty twinkle in his eye,
pleased at the verbal jab. Paul smiles back and SWINGS at
him, a sharp right cross. Joe ducks, laughing, puts up his
dukes, and they shadow box into the darkening night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Establishing. Erling outside smoking, frustrated.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

COPS milling about. An OLD DRUNK sleeps on one of the
benches, mumbling. The DESK Sergeant, a dim-witted officious
type, approaches him.

COP
Hey, you can't sleep here... Hey!

ERLING (O.S.)

Leave him alone.

Desk Sergeant sees Erling entering, still smarting from her failure to catch Paul, and taking it out on him.

ERLING (CONT'D)

It's cold outside. Be nice.

She passes into the inner building through an ELECTRONICALLY LOCKED SAFETY DOOR. The Desk Sergeant sighs. Heads back to his SECURITY BOOTH, a glassed in desk with multiple monitors. We find Fianna waiting there, dressed in a (subtly sexy) soccer mom get-up, standing with a suddenly PIMPLED Joey.

He's wearing Paul's old church shirt, starched pure white, and a clip-on tie to boot. Looks uncomfortable as hell.

DESK SERGEANT

So you were sayin, ma'am.

FIANNA

(American accent)

My son, Linus, is very interested in law enforcement. He was wondering if we might get a tour of the building.

DESK SERGEANT

You wanna be a cop, huh, kid?

JOEY

I'll do whatever makes god happy, sir.

Desk Sergeant nods, half impressed, half creeped out.

DESK SERGEANT

'Kay. Well, uh, I can't do anything for you now, but I'll have one of our guys call you when we get a tour going -- it's better on the weekends.

JOEY

On the sabbath? I simply couldn't.

FIANNA

We'll wait, thank you.

DESK SERGEANT

No, ma'am --

She takes Joey's hand and rigidly guides him to a bench just as Paul ENTERS, dressed in GREEN DICKIES, hat and mustache, pushing mop and bucket. He heads to the safety door.

PAUL
Can I get a buzz?

DESK SERGEANT
Ma'am, I'm sorry, there's no tours today.

PAUL
Hey bro', a buzz?

Desk Sergeant buzzes the door without looking. Paul enters, head bowed, masking his face from CAMERA SURVEILLANCE.

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Paul passes UNIFORMS walking and talking. They pay him no mind. God bless the invisibility of service work.

He turns a corner and nearly runs smack into ERLING pouring a cup of coffee at the commissary.

PAUL
(Russian accent)
S'cuse me.

He pushes the mop and bucket along. She just catches the back of his head as he moves down the hall. Goes back to her coffee. But once he's fully gone, something hits her. She turns back to the now empty hall, pondering.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Paul pushes the mop and bucket past all manner of naked MANFLESH, spotting what he's after -- a JANITOR'S CLOSET. Before he gets there, a TRIO OF COPS stops him.

BIG COP
Yo, we got a clean up in aisle three.
(indicates the BATHROOM)
Hey, where's Jose?

PAUL
(slight Russian accent)
Flu.

BIG COP
Huh. Somebody had it in there, too.

The guys towel snap and joke. Paul makes for the bathroom, but then diverts to the janitor's closet, slipping a WAD OF PUTTY he's been chewing into the latch of an open locker.

As he opens the closet, he checks his WATCH.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Fianna checks her WATCH, eyeing the security cameras. Joe Sr. counts silently, fingers ticking off the seconds.

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION - DAY

Erling hunting for the Janitor, suspicion aroused.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY

Paul pulls the mop out of the bucket and we see the bottle of POTASSIUM PERMANGANATE SAND. He slips a bottle of GLYCERIN from his pocket and grabs a dirty rag from the SINK.

He dumps the POT PERM into the bucket, uncaps the glycerin. Wraps the rag around the spout of the glycerin bottle. Plugs a RUBBER HOSE in to the faucet. Starts undressing.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Joe Sr. slips a pill from his pocket. Chews it. His mouth starts to froth.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY

Paul peers through the slightly cracked door. Coast clear. He tips the glycerin bottle on its side. Glycol sweats the rag.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul enters wearing a CHEAP SUIT looking just like a detective. He peels off the mustache, opens the locker he earlier stuffed the putty into, and removes a BADGE AND GUN.

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION - DAY

Erling stops Big Cop and his pals in the hall.

ERLING

Yancey, you guys seen a janitor around?

BIG COP

New one? Yeah. He's cleanin' up a booty bomb in the mens -- but if you're lookin' for a date, Maddie? I'm available.

ERLING

I'm not so stocked up on penicillin just now. How 'bout ya just get him for me?

Big Cop chuckles to himself -- killjoy -- but heads in.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Paul, affixing his holster, hears the door open. Shit.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Joe Sr. frothing. Fianna checking her watch. Joey nervously bouncing his leg. Fianna puts a hand on him, stay cool. Desk Sergeant looks up at them calmly sitting there, and sighs.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Big Cop pops his head into "the" HEAD, saying...

BIG COP

Hey, Boris or whatever your name is...

But it's empty. He frowns. *Where'd he go?* Swings from one BANK OF LOCKERS to the NEXT. Paul is nowhere to be found.

Big Cop makes his way past the lockers, back to the door, passing the janitor's closet, door still slightly ajar.

A HISSING from the closet. Big Cop stops in his tracks.

And we FIND: Paul splayed atop the LOCKER BANK, breath held, hoping Big Cop won't notice the goings on in the closet.

Big Cop takes a beat, SNEEZES, and rounds out the door.

BIG COP (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He must be down the morgue.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Joe Sr. COUGHING, FOAM and PHLEGM flying about. Fianna RISES, concerned. Desk Sergeant looks and sees Joe Sr. aspirating.

FIANNA

(to Desk Sergeant)

Help! HELP! PLEASE!!!

Desk Sergeant descends on the situation without a second thought. Joe Sr. rolls off of the bench, SPASMING.

DESK SERGEANT

God! Dear GOD!

FIANNA

Do your duty and get help, Linus.

He runs over to the door, but it's still locked.

JOEY

I can't! The door's locked, oh that poor man! I'm failing him! I'm failing, lord!

FIANNA

Let him in so he can help, please!

DESK SERGEANT

I can't -- I'm -- unlock it yourself!

Desk Sergeant whips his card at Joey, trying to keep Joe from swallowing his tongue. Joey grabs the card and jets through the door. As the door closes behind Joey, we just hear --

DESK SERGEANT (O.C.) (CONT'D)

And bring someone, quick!

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION

Joey heads down the hallway, turns a corner and finds Paul coming at him, carrying the small duffle bag.

PAUL

Everything going okay?

JOEY

Effin' awesome.

Paul hands Joey the duffle, and they turn to the STAIRS.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Joey pulls on a hoodie as they ascend the stairs, Paul marks his face with a little black eye makeup and slaps a set of cuffs on him, slinging the duffle bag back over his shoulder.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Fianna and Desk Sergeant still working on Joe.

FIANNA

He's detacting. Oh no.

DESK SERGEANT

What's that mean?

FIANNA

It's bad. You must keep your weight on him. Your full weight to keep his circulation from retrotoxing.

DESK SERGEANT

God.

Desk Sergeant bears down. Joe Sr. shoots Fianna an irritated look. She hides a smile.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY

FIRE FLARES IN THE BUCKET. SMOKE WAFTS OUT THE DOOR.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Erling in the EMPTY morgue. Brooding.

INT. TASK ROOM - DAY

Paul perp walking Joey through the task room. 20 or 30 COPS here at computers. The stink of testosterone.

PAUL
(to Joey, playing cop)
Keep it moving, pal.

Joey looks at all the cops around them. They're goddamn surrounded. He starts to sweat. Paul leans in close.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(whispering to Joey)
Count your breaths, buddy. In, out, in,
out. Through the nose. Real easy.

Joey hesitantly does, some of the tension dissipating. Just then a DETECTIVE STOPS them... DANNY, the one that took Paul's initial interview.

DANNY
Hey, what's the sitch here?

PAUL
I'm Regan from uptown. Gotta meet with
your psych -- ours jumped off a roof.
(of Joey)
He's a juve.

DANNY
Psych's not in right now.

PAUL
We're early. We can hang at his office.

Danny gives them a once-over... then says...

DANNY
Guy's never on time. Next time bring a
paperback.

And with that, Danny passes them, none the wiser.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Erling still brooding. She shakes her head. It's a mix-up. Heads back out the door. Her cell rings, it's WRIGHT.

ERLING

Hello? Yeah. I'm hitting all dead ends here. Seeing things in shadows.

INT. HALLWAY - MOVING WITH...

Paul and Joey pass office after office.

Finally, on their left, the HIGH TECH EVIDENCE STORAGE ROOM. Inside, the RECORDS TECH thumbs through a paperback. Paul and Joey pass by, landing in front of the PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE. Paul looks up: they're right under a security camera.

PAUL

Seem like Fianna had a handle on him when you left?

JOEY

That dorky cop? Yeah. Totally. How long 'til the alarm goes off?

PAUL

A minute? Five? But we've gotta breech the office before, if you're gonna get into the system...

(beat, faltering)

There's no going back... I open this door, something goes wrong... we could lose everything...

JOEY

Or we could WIN.

They share a look. Paul starts working on the door.

JOEY (CONT'D)

She'll keep him busy. I know she will.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The Desk Sergeant looks up from dealing with Joe Sr., sweating and struggling.

DESK SERGEANT

That's it.

Desk Sergeant stands, heading for the computer bank.

FIANNA
Hey -- no -- wait --

She jumps up after him, but her HIGH HEEL snaps. She falls.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Erling still on the phone.

ERLING
I thought I saw Lambert in the hall.

WRIGHT (V.O.)
(bad connection)
I... on... ba...

ERLING
Can't hear you. On an elevator.

WRIGHT (V.O.)
On my way ba...

She hangs up. The elevator doors open, and a JANITOR steps in. The doors close. Erling looks at him. It's JOSE, the regular Janitor. The elevator starts heading up again.

ERLING
Jesus... Jose...

He looks up innocently at her -- *huh?* She stares at him a beat -- starts POUNDING BUTTONS.

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The doorknob jiggles open, and Paul and Joey slip in, quickly shutting the door behind them. Paul cracks the venetian blinds watching for oncoming cops, as Joey jumps on the psychologist's computer.

Joey rips into the network. Paul casts a glance at his son, focused, knuckle deep at the keys. He's impressed.

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION - DAY

She just blanket swipes the buttons. The Elevator jolts to a halt. Before the doors are half-open she's FLYING out --

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY

The FIRE SPREADING --

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A HALF NAKED officer notices SMOKE spilling out of the janitor's closet. He opens the door and finds the chemical fire burning in the bucket.

HALF NAKED COP

Oh god...!

He turns on the faucet in the janitor's sink, attached to the hose that Paul set up, and starts spraying the fire with the water -- this only agitates the fire.

The cop stumbles back away from the flames as alarms SOUND --

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The Desk Sergeant jiggles open the door to his security booth as the alarm sounds. He checks the computers, sees the fire, Joey and Paul breaking into the office, all the commotion.

He presses the intercom button, about to speak, when...

FIANNA (O.S.)

Just a minute, there, boyo.

He looks up. Fianna stands in the doorway, broken high-heel in her hand. She chucks the heel at his forehead. He barely dodges, confused. Starts to protest. She TACKLES him.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Erling heads for BIG COP and SEVERAL OTHERS, yelling --

ERLING

The Janitor -- we've gotta find --

But she's suddenly cut off by the alarm BLAST.

BIG COP

Is that the fire alarm?

ERLING

Bullshit -- No -- it's a ruse --

HALF NAKED COP

Fire! FIRE!!!

The half naked cop runs out of the locker room followed by smoke. Suddenly everyone's moving at once.

BIG COP

Move! Move!

ERLING

No! It's a ruse -- it's a --

But she's drowned out.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The Desk Sergeant WRESTLES Fianna, pins her against the console, mashing RANDOM BUTTONS. She KNEES him in the gut, he stumbles back, reaches for his sidearm.

But Joe Sr. is there, shotgun aimed at his balls. Desk Sergeant throws up his hands -- *I give up* -- and Fianna COLD COCKS him. Glares at Joe.

FIANNA

What took you so long?

Joe just grins, grabs the intercom.

JOE SR.

All personnel evacuate immediately. Do not, repeat DO NOT exit through the lobby as it is... um... on fire...

He punches a button on the console. The SAFETY DOOR opens. She swipes the shotgun from him and heads for the door.

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Joey pulls live feed from the HIGH TECH SERVERS. With it, they see the POLICE OFFICERS, OFFICE WORKERS, TECHS, ETC... exiting. Joey looks up at his dad. Paul smiles proudly.

Joey pulls up another window. This one an itemized list of the contents of the EVIDENCE LOCKERS.

They scan the list and find her name: LAMBERT, GRETCHEN - BIN 143.

Back to the feed. They watch as the EVIDENCE TECH departs the EVIDENCE ROOM. Paul watches through the blinds as he passes.

PAUL

I'm grabbing it. Keep an eye out.

Joey nods. Starts flushing the security cam servers.

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION - DAY

Paul exits the psychologists office and makes his way to the evidence lockers, lock picks in hand.

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION - DAY

A crowd of officers, etc... move down the hall, smoke following them, pushing Erling along.

ERLING

I'm telling you he's here. He's here!

BIG COP

Keep moving, dammit!

He shoves her along. But she breaks away, and heads back in.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Paul finds bin 143, starts working on the lock.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Joe Sr. climbs into the Jalopy and starts it up. It sputters and dies. NO! piece of shit! He starts it again... again...

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION - DAY

Erling pushing her way through the herd and finally EMERGING from it, on a mission.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Paul jiggers the lock, and it falls open. He smiles, OPENS the locker and finds... a TEMPERED GLASS inner door behind it. Locked with an electronic combo. lock.

PAUL

Joey!

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - JOEY

JOEY

I'm trying!

Joey works the security server trying to remotely open the door. Runs a different series of commands. BEEP. No go.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit.

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION - DAY

Erling moving through the smoky halls.

ERLING
(to herself)
What are you doing here? What the hell
are you doing here?

She stops a moment. Thinking. Flummoxed. And then, suddenly, she spots the set of stairs that Paul and Joey took.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Paul watches the numbers bounce around on the locker as Joey tries to access it. It seems to unlock for a moment, but then -- BEEP -- it resets. This isn't happening.

Paul steps back and KICKS the door. It doesn't even rattle.

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Joey breaks off, frustrated. Feels something in his pocket.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM

Paul KICKS the glass again and again and again and again.

INT. STAIRS

Erling CLIMBS, on a mission.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM

Paul finally stops kicking the door. Winded. Defeated.

PAUL
Dammit!

He turns to go, just as Joey's running in.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Joey, it's no use, we've gotta --

Joey whips the NINJA ROCK at the glass, and it SHATTERS into a million pieces. He turns to his father.

JOEY
Thank you, fucking internet.

Paul smiles, grabs the computer, stuffs it into his bag and --

ERLING (O.C.)
Freeze!

Erling stands in the doorway, gun aimed at Paul.

ERLING (CONT'D)
Hands on your head.

PAUL
Listen -- Someone's -- they're doing this
to us -- trying to kill us -- framing --

ERLING
I SAID GET DOWN. NOW. Before I --

CLA-CLICK! Erling turns in confusion to find a shotgun three-feet from her face, Fianna wielding it, a cold steel fury.

PAUL
(springing forward)
NO!

Erling draws on Fianna --

Fianna squeezes the trigger --

And BLAM --

Erling FALLS, knocked to the ground by Paul --

Just as shrapnel rips into drywall --

Fianna looks down and finds --

Paul rising, furious --

He grabs the shotgun from her, looks down at Erling --

Lying unconscious, her head pinioned to the wall.

PAUL (CONT'D)
That isn't how we're doing this.

He pushes Joey out. Fianna follows, scowling, as they depart.

Erling moans slightly... as BLACK SPOTLESS SHOES approach from the opposite direction, stop beside her. Wright KNEELS into FRAME, checking her pulse. She's alive. Shit.

He turns to see the plundered evidence locker, surmising what must have happened. Suddenly, Macy's beside him.

MACY
This is nuts, Eldon. What the hell are
they doing here?

WRIGHT
Pissing. me. off.

Wright pulls out his gun, heads for the stairs.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

POLICEMEN, OFFICE WORKERS, and even a few PERPS exit, milling about as FIREMEN arrive.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - FRONTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

JOE'S Jalopy sputters up. JOEY, Fianna and PAUL exit to it.

JOE SR.
(throwing open the door)
C'MON!

They slide into the vehicle, Paul slinging the computer bag in with Joey -- Freezes in his tracks -- seeing something --

JOE SR. (CONT'D)
Get in! What are you doing?

Paul's POV: the MATTE BLACK TOWN CAR is parked just a few yards away at the corner.

Paul moves for the car just as AGENT WRIGHT exits the station. They see each and freeze momentarily. HIGH NOON --

JOE SR. (CONT'D)
Paul... PAUL... JUNIOR!

And, all at once, Wright is moving for Paul, pistol aimed -- Fianna DRAGS PAUL INTO THE CAR --

Joe Sr. PEELS THE Jalopy from the curb --

BLAM - BLAM - BLAM!

Shots fired, and missed as the Jalopy flees the scene --

EXT. STREETS - DAY

-- railing down the street. Joe's driving more muscular than Paul's, pushy and half out of control. Joe CORNERS so hard they lift from their seats. Paul looks behind them. Sees the matte black towncar on their ass, coming fast --

I/E. TOWNCAR - MOVING

The SILENT DRIVER mans the wheel. MACY loads a gun. The PARTITION LOWERS. Wright leans forward on a WALKIE-TALKIE.

WRIGHT
-- now, now, I need everyone NOW!

THE JALOPY

Dodges through a BUSY INTERSECTION, nearly taking out a BUS, and whipsaws down a side street.

SCHWING, a BULLET STRIKES the trunk. Paul whirls around, sees Macy's arm outstretched, FIRING.

PAUL
(to Joey and Fianna)
Down! Get down!

They duck none-too-soon. The rear window EXPLODES as they hit-

ANOTHER CORNER

Tires squeal, the Jalopy nearly flips -- But that goddamn towncar's on them like a tick --

Another flurry of GUNFIRE from Macy --

I/E. JALOPY - MOVING

WHIZ -- WHIZ -- WHIZ -- all misses, but MY GOD!

FIANNA
That's FUCKING IT!

She sweeps the shotgun up and BLASTS BACK at the --

I/E. TOWNCAR - MOVING

The Driver swerves, thrown off course by the fire --

Macy loses her balance, dropping the pistol in the road --

MACY
Dammit, Oscar!

FIANNA

FIRES AGAIN and the Towncar nearly runs over a CYCLIST, who SLAM into a PARKED CAR and FLIPS. Paul turns to her --

PAUL
Jesus, Fi'! There's people on the street!
You can't just wild fire!

FIANNA
Wild fire? Fuck you!

Fianna FIRES AGAIN, hits a BOB'S BIG BOY, takes his hamburger right the fuck out. She throws an irritated look at Paul.

WRIGHT

Shouts at the driver through the confusion.

WRIGHT
(at the Driver)
GET BACK IN THE FUCKING GAME!

The driver, jolted to attention, re-rights the car and burns after them. Macy grabs a RIFLE from the center console, as --

ALL AROUND THEM

-- they are joined by ANOTHER TOWNCAR, and ANOTHER and ANOTHER and ANOTHER -- a flank of SHINY DEATH BEETLES --

PAUL ET AL

Take this frightening sight in --

JOE SR.
Enough pussy-footing!

Joe BANGS a HATCH in the rear legwell. GUNS fall out.

THE PASSENGERS IN EACH TOWNCAR

Lean out all at once in an almost balletic move and RAIN DOWN GUNFIRE on the --

JALOPY

Joe WEAVES the car taking as few bullets as possible --

Fianna hands Paul the shotgun, hefts an UZI herself --

And SPRAYS bullets out of the back window at the --

LEAD TOWNCAR

Bullets PERFORATE THE HOOD. The driver FLINCHES --

WRIGHT
(to the driver)
Don't! slow! down!

Macy, lines up another shot, FIRES at --

PAUL

The bullet CLIPS his seat belt, snapping it to the floor. He looks at the belt, the shotgun, and then at Joey. Joey nods -- go ahead. Paul steels himself, leans out the window and FIRES--

SHRAPNEL

TEARS THROUGH the nearest TOWN CAR's WHEEL -- IT SWERVES,
RAKING PARKED CARS --

I/E. THE JALOPY - MOVING

FIANNA

Nice fucking shot!

Paul smiles. Catches himself. This isn't a game, remember.
They take another HARD CORNER, SWERVE around a STALLED CAR --

THE TOWNCARS

Take the corner in pursuit, one PUNCHING INTO THE END OF THE
STALLED CAR. The others fan out around the WRECKAGE, while --

THE JALOPY

Makes for a STEEP HILL, running HOT now. Joe pushes it EVEN
HARDER. The engine ROARS, starts to STEAM.

WRIGHT

Screams furiously at the driver --

WRIGHT

Go! GO!

The driver switches gears, FLOORS IT.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The matte towncar gains on the Jalopy. Another FLURRY OF
BULLETS from Fianna. They PING off of the towncar's
windshield, but it keeps closing space, foot by foot.

MACY

Lines up a shot: the back of Joe Sr.'s head. But they're
rocking around like mad. Macy yells at the driver --

MACY

Can't you keep this thing still?

She undoes her seat-belt to get a better vantage point,
shimmies into position, bouncing with each road rock, as --

PAUL

FIRES the shotgun, nearly falling out the window, the shocks
are so struck. Steam wells up from the hood. Fianna whips up
the UZI and DRY FIRES --

FIANNA

Shit!

MACY

Lines up the shot as they head up the never ending hill --

MACY

Get me closer! Closer!

WRIGHT

Hit 'em on the downhill.

She's just got it, as they hit the hillcrest and find --

A BATTALION OF POLICE CARS blocking the way down.

POLICE (ON BULLHORN)

HALT! THIS IS THE POLICE!

JOE'S EYES

GO WIDE as they SCREAM DOWN THE HILL, heading right for them.
He WAILS ON THE BRAKES -- The Jalopy SKIDS --

THE DRIVER

Sees the police cars, too, as they fly over the hilltop. He
BRAKES. The car SPINS, BOUNCING Macy around the cab like a
racquetball, DUMPING her in the backseat --

THE CARS

COLLECTIVELY SKID --

POLICE OFFICERS FLEE as the cars roar AT THEM --

One towncar plows right into the rear ends of TWO PROWLERS --

The Jalopy just barely manages to SWERVE away from the
madness, swinging a hard right down a very small street --

The matte towncar stays on their heels --

POLICE CARS wheel out, cherries flashing, sidling up to the
towncar. Wright leans out the window, waving his SHIELD.

WRIGHT

FBI! FBI! FOLLOW THAT CAR!!!

He points at the Jalopy, yelling directives at the COPS.

JOE SR.

PLOWS AHEAD, as the newly multiplied force bears down on them, SIRENS WAILING. Joey turns to Paul.

JOEY
They're getting closer.

Joe SWINGS LEFT, THROUGH a FENCE down a GRASSY HILL onto a --

ONE WAY STREET

PAUL
Wrong way! Wrong way!

JOE SR.
No, it's not --

PAUL
-- JESUS!

Suddenly CARS are COMING AT THEM --

Joe FISHTAILS the Jalopy, knocking into a couple of the cars and driving straight into the town/police cars pursuing them.

Just as they're about to head on collide, he BURNS A RIGHT, moving them through a maze of --

SMALL INTERLOCKING STREETS

Joe throws CORNERS up LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, trying to lose the FORCE on their tail, but it keeps closing in on them.

PAUL
We're not gonna make it.

JOE SR.
Ye of little fucking faith.

He says and swings a hard left into an --

ALLEY

-- and STOPS -- DEAD END. The town car SCREECHES TO A HALT at the opening of the alley. The police cars pull up beside.

WRIGHT

Sees their predicament and laughs.

WRIGHT
Quit lazing. We got the sons-of-bitches.

He says to a thoroughly discombobulated Macy, not even looking at her. She hefts her aching body out of the legwell, glaring at him, as he climbs --

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

-- out of the car. Wright motions, and one of the cops hands him a bullhorn. The Jalopy idles at the end of the alley, just hanging there.

WRIGHT (ON BULLHORN)
IT'S BEEN FUN, BUT ALL GOOD THINGS COME
TO AN END, AS THEY SAY. NOW --

I/E. THE JALOPY

WRIGHT (ON BULLHORN)
-- GET OUT OF THE DAMN CAR!

Joe Sr. shares a look with Paul and the other two.

PAUL
Least they can't shoot us in front of the
cops.

That hangs there a moment, and suddenly they're LAUGHING.

JOE SR.
What you don't know about cops --

PAUL
-- could fill god's own bible.

JOE SR.
S' nice having you home, son.

PAUL
(beat, to them all)
Ready?

Joey nods. Fianna smiles tightly. And they disembark, hands in the air, car still chugging away.

ON WRIGHT

Leaning in close to Macy as she climbs out of the car.

WRIGHT
When we're up close, put 'em down.

MACY
The kid, too?

He gives her a look -- are you retarded? Macy nods -- *right, of course* -- and goes back to her normal all business self, as they move for the Jalopy --

ON PAUL

Throwing one last look at Joe, grabbing the computer bag -- Joe smiles, KICKS THE LEVER, and DODGES AWAY as the DRIVER'S SEAT SLIDES FORWARD, hitting another lever that --

KICKS the car into REVERSE --

And FLOORS the ACCELERATOR --

Suddenly, the car is heading WILD ASS OUT OF CONTROL IN REVERSE right at --

WRIGHT AND MACY

She sees the car coming and TACKLES Wright, as the car EXPLODES past them right into their waiting car --

GLASS AND METAL FLY --

THE JALOPY FLIPS END OVER END AND LANDS IN THE STREET --

MEANWHILE

Paul, Joey, Joe Sr. and Fianna SLIP into an unlocked slat window that leads to a --

BASEMENT

One after another they drop into the basement, cross to a small set of stairs, which they ascend up and into an --

EMPTY WAREHOUSE

Where a DELIVERY VAN idles, doors akimbo. They board the --

I/E. DELIVERY VAN

Closing the doors behind them. Joe Sr. knocks on the window hatch leading to the cab. It opens and BIG BILLY grins back.

BIG BILLY
All worked out then?

JOE SR.
Peachy, m'boy.

PAUL
Let's move, eh Billy?

BIG BILLY
Aye Aye, cap'.

And the van pulls out a large sliding door into the --

EXT. STREET - DAY

-- just around the corner from the wreckage, PASSING arriving POLICE, a HELICOPTER sweeping over from above --

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Wright HOISTS Macy off of him and careens into the alley finding the slat window still slightly ajar. He peers inside, sees daylight coming through the open door, and, realizing what's happened, immediately rushes back into the --

STREET

-- scanning for signs of the Lambs escaping. He just misses their van slipping into the stream of traffic. He sees an ONCOMING CAR, hefts his pistol at the unsuspecting MOTORIST.

WRIGHT
Stop! STOP!

He charges the car, glares in the back window. NO-ONE.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)
Dammit! DAMMIT!!!

He whips his RINGING PHONE from his pocket.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Frank on the phone, moving through the station, passing the commotion of cops and firemen. INTERCUT.

WRIGHT
When I say I need everyone now, I mean
FUCKING EVERYONE FUCKING NOW --

FRANK
We were pulling mug shots like you sai --

WRIGHT
I don't give a shit about that. Get Ray
on the security system.

FRANK
He's already on it. They erased the
footage. Who the hell are these guys --

WRIGHT

If I had anything but a bunch of
worthless cunts to work with, I'd KNOW!

DANNY

(approaching him)

Excuse me, agent Wright -- ?

WRIGHT

Remember the Gambinos? Remember comin' up
cokey, Mueller breathing in your face,
talkin' about Guantanamo?

FRANK

You saved my ass--you saved a lotta guys
asses, all the old souls know that.

WRIGHT

So save mine. Find. Something. NOW.

Frank looks around the lobby. Sees the Desk Sergeant coming
out of the lobby with an EMT, just as --

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wright hangs up, furious --

DANNY

Agent Wright, I need --

Wright moves for his dented car, thinking, thinking...

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm talking to you!

Wright pauses, looking at Danny coldly -- what?

DANNY (CONT'D)

You told these men to follow you?

WRIGHT

I was in pursuit of a fugitive, an armed
fugitive, detective --

DANNY

That doesn't allow you to abscond with
these officers at your whim --

WRIGHT

Abscond?

DANNY

I've got three injured men here.

WRIGHT

Oh, are they injured? I thought they were dead. My mistake.

(climbing into towncar)

We're done coordinating with your office.

Danny watches the towncar pull away...

EXT. REILLY HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

A CIGAR burns the dark. Joe Sr. smokes, watching the moon. Paul sidles up. A silence between these long distant men, so much history between them...

JOE SR.

S'gonna snow.

PAUL

How can you tell?

JOE SR.

Blue moon. Yer mother used to sing that song... worst damn singer you ever met.

(Paul chuckles, Joe shifts gears)

It shoulda been me that done it. Not you. But I thought, there's a way I do this, and I don't pay the cost of doing it. I'm smart. I'll get away with it. But things cost what they cost, bought or stolen. I shoulda done it first chance I had and taken you away... never come back... or just never goddamn done it at all...

(gestures to the house)

This... *thing* ain't a home, Joseph. It ain't a home without a family in it. And when you have your family, you don't need a fuckin' house to stick it in. That's what our people know. That's what we always known and these buffers never did: *This, only this* matters. That's why I don't go in there. That's their world and I don't need their world anymore...

PAUL

I need it. So does my son.

JOE SR.

Then woe to us, 'cuase we're up against the whole fucking thing.

JOEY (O.C.)

Dad!

They both turn.

JOEY (CONT'D)
I cracked it. You better come see.

Paul heads in.

JOEY (CONT'D)
C'mon, Grandpa. It's super cold out here.

Joey heads in. Joe watches from outside. It starts to snow.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Desk Sergeant goes through photo books, holding his concussed head with one hand, bleary eyed. Wright and Macy enter. Hand him a glass of water, which he drinks voraciously.

DESK SERGEANT
Shouldn't I be going to the hospital?

WRIGHT
Soon as you've gone through the books.

DESK SERGEANT
There's a lotta people in here, agent.

WRIGHT
Then you oughtta get a move on, officer.

Macy crosses her arms, casually revealing her sidearm. Wright REFILLS his glass of water.

INT. REILLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Joey sits at the computer. Paul watches him work. Fianna stands behind them. The door OPENS. Joe enters, looking around at Fianna's handiwork. She smiles. Pats his shoulder.

Joey pounds the keys for a few moments, and a video POPS UP:

INT. OFFICE - DAY - (ON VIDEO)

A camera getting set. When it does we see an upscale Italianate office. Legs. A skirt. We hear GRETCHEN'S VOICE talking with a man, slowly tweaked into frame by Gretchen's hand. A handsome, older man -- DEXTER GATESKILL.

GRETCHEN
Your son's a very impressive man, Dexter.

GATESKILL
He's, uh, yeah, he really is... What?

GRETCHEN

You're such a proud papa. It's... cute.

She smiles, flirty. Gateskill smiles back. Obviously taken with her. His cell rings. He looks at it, annoyed.

GATESKILL

Oh my, I should take this... but don't you... move a muscle.

(answering)

What...? You're kidding... Again...?

Gateskill nods tensely and heads out. Gretchen leans into frame, made up, glowing, an inner anxiety showing through.

GRETCHEN

Hi, Jane. I'm in Dexter Gateskill's office, it's October 2nd, and I am now inserting a thumbdrive into his computer--

She holds up a RED-THUMB-DRIVE and slips it into the back of his computer. She flips through the copy of Hackers Delight she gave to Joey and starts hacking Gateskill's computer.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

We're gonna get the lowdown on those suspicious payments he's been making. My guess is they're bribes, Gateskill's into all kinds of shady international busin...

She trails off, having found a VIDEO of some kind.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

God... Oh god...

She hits some buttons, copying onto the thumbdrive -- the end BLINKS as info pours in. Gretchen starts to shake. Hears a noise, punches buttons, grabs the thumbdrive, and drops back into her seat.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

I was wrong, Jane. I was -- Keep this -- Keep it someplace safe along with this video, just in case something...

Gateskill re-enters, smiling.

GATESKILL

Sorry about that.

GRETCHEN

No, not - not at all.

Gateskill saunters back to his seat as Gretchen kills the recording. But, as she turns it off, we for the first time see the ceiling, where a small almost invisible security camera watches us. The video ENDS...

INT. REILLY HOUSE - NIGHT

They all stare at one-another.

 FIANNA
What'd she find?

 JOEY
Something bad.

 PAUL
That woman, Jane --

 JOEY
Is dead.

Joey points to a news story he's already pulled up: CORPORATE CRIMES.COM EDITOR JANE MACKINTOSH FOUND DEAD IN MISSOURI.

 PAUL
There's nothing else on the computer?

Joey shakes his head, no.

 PAUL (CONT'D)
You're sure? Not in an email registry or
some fucking hidden something --

Joey shakes his head again, no. Paul stands angrily.

 PAUL (CONT'D)
 (furious, scary)
Find out where he lives.

 JOEY
Gateskill? Why?

 PAUL
Why do you think, Joey!

 FIANNA
Okay, hon', let's just --

 PAUL
What?

 FIANNA
You said yourself, that's not how you're--

PAUL
You trying to stop me?
(to Joey)
You said you wanted to kill the man,
Joey, that's the man -- right there.

JOE SR.
Junior --

PAUL
We need to get another car, Billy can
lend us one, or -- shit, let's just steal
one, who cares?

JOE SR.
Junior --

PAUL
(to Joey)
Have you found his address yet?

JOEY
No... I mean... I...

PAUL
(pushing him aside)
MOVE.

He knocks Joey to the floor, pounds on the keys.
Angered, Joe Sr. grabs Paul, pulls him from his chair.

JOE SR.
Enough, Junior!

And suddenly --

Paul is up and swinging.

Joey steps in, but Fianna holds him back.

FIANNA
Leave it.

Paul rolls his father into a sewing machine.
Joe charges Paul. Lands a glancing blow on his cheek.
Paul kicks his father in the gut.
Headlocks him.
Joe hoists Paul into the air.

They both come crashing into the dining room table.

Paul's feet swiping photos off the wall.

Glass piling around them. Smashed ceramic.

Paul kicks off of the wall, slamming his father to the COUCH.
Grabs a fire poker.

Joe digs into the couch, pulls out a BOWIE KNIFE.

Before it goes any further --

FIANNA (CONT'D)

Okay, CHRIST!

Fianna LEAPS between them. A heaving, sweating beat.

Paul drops the poker; Joe stows the knife.

They circle each other for a moment, and sit, breathing hard.
Paul coughs. Pulls a piece of glass out of his arm.

PAUL

Fuck, you're still tough as hell...

JOE SR.

I am? Jesus.

Paul laughs and suddenly puts his head in his hands. Joe crosses. Puts an arm around him. They sit like that...

PAUL

So close, we're so *fucking close*... but
no *proof*... If we had that thumbdrive...

JOE SR.

Yeah. That or a magic lamp.

And suddenly something strikes Paul, a distant realization, growing larger. He stands. Looks around. And sees it. There. Amid the wreckage: JOEY'S 8 BALL.

He kicks away broken glass and sweeps it up.

Paul grabs the poker, drops the 8 ball on the ground and THWACKS it --

It cracks open, and there, inside, is the THUMBDRIVE.

Paul turns and looks at their amazed faces, pops the thumbdrive into the computer. It LIGHTS UP.

A FOLDER appears on the desktop.

Paul clicks the folder and a LIST OF NAMES appears. Beside the names are dates, and numbers 50,000, 75,000, etc...

PAUL

There's the bribes she was talking about.

FIANNA

And a shedload of 'em, at that.

JOEY

But those names don't look foreign.

PAUL

No. They don't. So who are they?

JOE SR.

No. What were they paid for?

Paul shares an uneasy look with him. Then --

JOEY

What's that folder?

Paul sees it then, RED, just beneath the names. He clicks it open. Inside are a cluster of PICTURES. Something eerie about them. He looks at the others. They clearly feel the same. He finally clicks one open.

We only see their reactions: HORROR.

INT. FINANCIAL TIMES OFFICES - DAY

Roland WATCHING porn. His phone rings. He looks at it, doesn't recognize the number. Answers anyway.

PAUL (V.O.)

Hi, Roland.

ROLAND

(killing the porn)

He--llo, uh... "George", I was beginning to think I wouldn't hear from you.

PAUL (V.O.)

Is this a bad time?

ROLAND

No. I was just in a... meeting. What have you found?

PAUL (V.O.)

An *interesting* story on Dexter Gateskill.

ROLAND

Really? You're working on a story about the senator... that's, uh, hm... He's a powerful man. Very... well connected. His son'll be the next president.

PAUL (V.O.)

Or maybe not... So, can you help us?

ROLAND

No. But I can connect you with my lawyers -- they've worked with a number of interesting people: Julian Assange, Ayaan Hirsi Ali, Roman Polanski -- if anyone can profilactize you, they can -- but you'll need proof of what we spoken of.

PAUL (V.O.)

Check your email.

He does. His POV: we see a silent video of a 12 YEAR OLD GIRL in a BEDROOM, scared. JOHN GATESKILL appears, a lascivious look on his face. He adjusts the camera and turns to her...

Roland's face goes white.

PAUL

That's one of 73 we've found so far.

ROLAND

Meet me here. ASAP.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Wright at a printer, watching the output. Two FEDS help a bleary eyed, barely conscious Desk Sergeant toward an exit.

WRIGHT

You're a hero, officer. A true hero.

Desk Sergeant glares at Wright with all that's left of him.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

(to Frank, a whisper)

Drop him at psych. Tell them he's delusional.

Frank heads out. Wright sorts through the stack of pages: Joe Sr.'s rap sheet, multiple aliases, multiple pictures going back years. Same for Fianna. Wright smiles.

MACY (O.C.)

Eldon.

He turns to see her beside him.

MACY (CONT'D)
We got something.

She hands him her phone. Paul's email to Roland is on it.

WRIGHT
God bless the patriot act.

INT. REILLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Joey heads upstairs. Finds Paul, Fianna and Joe Sr. packing.

JOEY
What's going on?

PAUL
You're going with grandpa.

JOEY
Where?

PAUL
Mexico.

JOEY
I thought we were going with Roland.

PAUL
(of himself and Fianna)
We are.

JOEY
But -- no -- no -- we're -- we're
supposed to stay togeth --

Paul takes Joey's shoulders.

PAUL
I'd tell you not to worry... if I was
lying to you. But I'm not lying to you.
You're a good boy. I'm proud of you.
(Joey swallowing tears)
Keep your grandpa out of trouble.

JOE SR.
C'mon, son.

Joe Sr. leads Joey away. Fianna straps a gun to her leg,
hands one to Paul. They look at one another.

FIANNA
S'the right choice.

She offers the gun again. He takes it.

EXT. MAGAZINE BUILDING - NIGHT

Establishing of the large, ominous building --

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Fianna and Paul, anxious, worried.

PAUL

I'm sorry.

FIANNA

I know... But I'm curious... did you
think about me... when you were gone--
(before he can respond)
--nevermind. I don't wanna know.

The elevator stops. They look at one another. Disembark into--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They head through the semi-dark building toward FINANCIAL
TIMES INC., the door slightly ajar. They push in and enter --

INT. FINANCIAL TIMES OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Roland is there, in his shirtsleeves.

ROLAND

Paul, good to see you.

PAUL

You, too. Sorry 'bout the (eye)...

ROLAND

That's... fine. C'mon.

He gestures for them to follow him down an inner hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They follow Roland as they talk.

PAUL

You need something back here, Roland?

ROLAND

What? Oh, no, the lawyers are here.

Around a corner, heading for an office, end of the hall.

PAUL
They're here?

ROLAND
I told 'em about you, and they opted to
collect you themselves -- keeps me outta
the mix -- best for all involve...

Paul freezes mid-step. They look at him.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
They're inside, c'mon.

Fianna looks at Paul, Paul watches Roland, the door, then --

PAUL
(to Fianna, but watching
Roland and the door)
Go.

ROLAND
Paul, what're you --

PAUL
(to Fianna, fiercely)
I said, GO.

He grabs Fi's hand and pulls her away from the door, as the
door EXPLODES. BULLETS RIDDLE Roland, he drops, stone dead.

FOUR FEDS appear, Michael (pretty boy) leading them --

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- Paul and Fianna fly down the hall into the STAIRWELL,
followed just moments later by the FOUR FEDS.

MICHAEL
(to the latter two)
The elevator, we'll box them in.

The LATTER TWO FEDS speed around the stairs and pound on the
elevator button, as we --

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

-- follow Michael and a SECOND FED on the way down --

They hit the first floor down, the Second Fed peers over the
railing as they swing around --

SECOND FED
I don't see 'em.

They hit another floor --

MICHAEL
Anything?

SECOND FED
No.

Another floor down --

Another floor down --

MICHAEL
Nothing. Nothing.

Another floor down -- still nothing. Michael slows, wondering if they've fucked up somehow -- then --

SECOND FED
I see 'em!

They look below, bodies running on the stairs --

SECOND FED FIRES -- a MISS

Then RETURN FIRE --

Second Fed ducks and FIRES WILD --

BLAM -- BLAM -- BLAM -- BLAM --

Finally Michael's WALKIE comes to life --

OTHER FEDS
They're firing at us!

The sound of GUNSHOTS on the walkie, mirroring Second Fed's fire --

OTHER FEDS (CONT'D)
Man down! MAN DOWN!

-- Second Fed, stops, reloads -- silence on the walkie -- He starts to FIRE AGAIN, but Michael stops him --

MICHAEL
Hold your fire! Hold your FIRE!

Michael moves towards the railing to look over --

BLAM -- A shot, nearly takes off his head --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I said hold your fucking fire!

He looks over the railing, the other FEDS are looking back. Paul and Fianna nowhere to be found. Michael looks back the way they came.

EXT. MAGAZINE BUILDING - NIGHT

Paul and Fianna uneasily share a WINDOW WASHER'S BOSUN -- a single seat, attached to a single abseiling rope. They cautiously RAPPEL the very tall building.

The wind blows in, swinging them off course for a moment --

PAUL

Yeah. I thought about you.

Fianna looks at him, half-smiles. RUSTLING from above.

They glance up and see Michael and the Second Fed peering out of a BLOWN OUT HIGH STORY WINDOW some height above them --

He looks around confused, not seeing the abseiling rope, or them descending below. They're just hidden by the shadow of the building. When the rope swings back, though, they'll come perfectly into view.

Fianna realizes this and grips the inch thick edge of the lintel framing the glass --

They hang in that suspension a moment --

Smashing silence --

And then, the wind picks up in the other direction, dragging them inch by inch away from their holding place --

She can't hold on any longer, they swing out, right into plain sight --

Michael sees them, pulls out his piece and FIRES --

Just as Paul and Fianna raise their guns and FIRE --

Bullets STRAFE the building, one JOLTING the Second Fed back as it RIPS THROUGH HIS JAW.

Paul and Fianna CHECK themselves -- both fine, but --

The abseiling rope, frayed by a stray bullet, SNAPS --

SENDING PAUL AND FIANNA SKIDDING DOWN THE BUILDING --

Death seems imminent, until they HIT THE SLOPED EDGE OF THE BUILDING, ride it down to the ground and into the wet cushiony lawn as if they'd planned it --

They look back at the winged edges of the building -- GOD BLESS MODERN ARCHITECTURE! But no time to celebrate that win. The TWO REMAINING FEDS are already FIRING. They FLEE --

INT. REILLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Breaking glass. Joe Sr. tosses a picture frame on the floor, places the picture (two men boxing, one that looks like Joe Sr.) in a pile on a table. Joey arrives with more pictures.

JOEY

That's the last of them.

They pull pictures, toss frames. The GRANDFATHER CLOCK GONGS.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Is there really dynamite in that thing?

JOE SR.

Now, why would there be dynamite in it?

JOEY

In case you get ambushed or something.
You could blow it up.

JOE SR.

(chuckling)

Funny boy. Come on.

They head down the stairs into the --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOEY

Don't we need like food or clothes?

JOE SR.

My father would turn in is grave if he heard you say that. You travel light. The road's your home now, boy.

JOEY

Until we come back.

JOE SR.

Yes. Until then.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Paul and Fianna jog left, right, and around the evening crowd, heading down a flight of --

STAIRS

-- pushing through the slow moving crowd, just as --

MICHAEL

-- rushes into the station proper, followed by a HUGE MUSCULAR FED. They immediately spot Fianna and Paul descending into the --

INT. TUBEWAY

Where Fianna and Paul are just breaking through the crowd.

THE FEDS

race for the stairs, pulling their badges, SHOUTING --

MICHAEL
FBI, FBI, move, move --

The crowd parts before them as they head for --

THE TUBEWAY

Fianna and Paul careen through the lighter crowd down here. Head around a BEND just as --

THE FEDS

burst into the tubeway, picking up speed, hot on their trail.

FIANNA AND PAUL

breeze around another corner, followed only a moment later by the Feds into a --

WIDE TUNNEL

Where the Feds run a few more feet and stop. It's COMPLETELY EMPTY. They scan the tunnel in confusion.

MICHAEL
What the hell?

HUGE FED
THERE!

Michael looks where Huge Fed's pointing -- across the tracks, a passageway blocked by CAUTION BOARDS, slightly askew.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED TUNNEL - NIGHT

Pitch black. Fianna and Paul move cautiously.

INT. ABANDONED TUNNEL - ELSEWHERE - NIGHT

MICHAEL AND HUGE FED BURST IN, guns drawn, can't see a thing.

FIANNA AND PAUL

fumble blindly in the dark, trudging through rats and refuse.

FIANNA

Do you know where we're going?

PAUL

No.

FIANNA

Christ.

She pauses to look back. A SOUND in the dark. Nearby. Fianna raises her gun, scanning the blackness.

FIANNA (CONT'D)

Find something and throw it.

Paul feels around the floor, comes up with naught but grime. He looks at the gun for a beat, and... HURLS it into the darkness.

It flies for a moment before... RATTLING ACROSS THE FLOOR.

A beat. Fianna AIMS, eyes piercing the dark, and...

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM, BLINDING gunfire in the dark --

Fianna FIRES BACK three times BLAM-BLAM-BLAM --

And then they're RUNNING, stumbling through the black --

FOOTSTEPS coming fast behind them --

BLAM-BLAM more shots, wild fires --

Fianna turns and FIRES BACK, BLAM-BLAM-CLICK --

FIANNA (CONT'D)

Shit. I'm out.

PAUL

(seeing something)

There!

Fianna looks to where he points, A BIT OF LIGHT ahead, slightly above them. Paul diverts towards the light, and --

Fianna TACKLES him all of a sudden. They go down hard on the mucky floor. He looks at her -- *the hell was that about?*

She gestures up at a low hanging beam just above their heads, a wicked nailed thing jutting out of one of the walls.

They HEAR hard FOOTFALLS of the approaching FEDS.

THE FEDS

rush through the dark, scanning for Paul and Fianna --

Then slow, confused, no sign of them, then...

MICHAEL

Got 'em.

He points. In the distance, you can just make out Fianna heading for the light. They both take aim and --

WHAM!

Paul CLOBBERS the shit out of Michael with the board, now pried loose of the wall.

Huge Fed swings his gun to fire at Paul -- but Paul JUTS the board into his GUT, doubling him over --

Michael fumbles blindly, grabs his gun -- Paul GOLF TEES his face with the board, teeth go flying --

HUGE FED GRABS Paul from behind, BITES his ear --

Paul SCREAMS in pain --

Grabs Huge Fed's hair and HEAD-BUTTS his nose, knocking them both to the ground, gun and board flying into the dark --

They scramble across the grimy floor, kicking, punching each other. Animals locked in a cage --

Huge Fed rolls Paul onto his back, a pinning move, and starts choking him --

Paul kicks and squirms, losing breath, face going red, weaker, weaker --

Paul makes a last big push, but the Fed lays in, smiling now, victorious -- until --

CLICK -- He looks up, and BOOM --

His face EXPLODES as a .500 S&W Magnum bullet BLOWS through the back of his head --

His body topples in a heap. Fianna stands above Paul and the body, holding the Fed's missing gun.

Paul turns and looks at the pile of bloody death beside him. Fianna offers her hand. He eyes her a moment -- takes it.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Paul and Fianna slip out of a VENT under the bridge and climb up on top of it, moving along amid the late night bustle.

FIANNA
(wiping blood off of him)
Mexico's beautiful this time of year.

PAUL
Yeah? You read that in a brochure?

He dials his cell. It rings twice. Then picks up.

PAUL (CONT'D)
We fucked up.

WRIGHT (V.O.)
I'm sorry to hear that.

Paul freezes.

INT. REILLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Wright sits in the discombobulated living room, Joe Sr. and JOEY zip-tied and bruised on the couch, two more FEDS guarding them, while a third wanders out to run perimeter.

INTERCUT as needed:

WRIGHT
But not terribly surprised.
(beat)
You know, the truth is, I kinda wanna hire you... or shoot you. I don't know which... You know where I am. Bring it here in an hour... or you'll be digging them out of a ditch.

PAUL
How do I know they're alive?

WRIGHT
You don't. You "hope".

PAUL
Then fuck you, watch the footage on the
10 o'clock news.

WRIGHT
Talk, Grandpa.

Wright holds the phone to Joe Sr.'s ear.

JOE SR.
Junior.

PAUL
Dad... are you...

JOE SR.
Fine. Your boy's a tough little bastard --
aren't you, boy?

Joey smiles through tears.

JOE SR. (CONT'D)
Come home, son. Not much time left now.

WRIGHT
(taking the phone back)
Tarry not, motherfucker.

Wright hangs up.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Paul looks at Fianna. His face says it all.

FIANNA
What do we do?

PAUL
Jump?

She just glares. He shakes his head, then:

PAUL (CONT'D)
I hand myself over, that's what I do.

FIANNA
They'll kill you. All three of you and me
into the bargain.

PAUL
If you've got any constructive ideas...

FIANNA

Yeah -- come up with a FUCKING PLAN!

(beat)

What'd your da' say?

PAUL

To come home.

FIANNA

Come home? He said that, come "home"?

PAUL

Yeah. He... did...

(realizing)

He'd never call that place home.

She shakes her head -- no he wouldn't. He thinks a beat.

PAUL (CONT'D)

"Not much time now"... he said.

FIANNA

Meaning we haven't much time before he --

PAUL

Goes down swinging.

FLASH OF: JOE SR., digging his fingers into the COUCH, gripping the BOWIE KNIFE.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(thinking, then)

I know what to do.

He walks off. She stares after him, incredulous.

FIANNA

You gonna fuckin' tell me?

INT. REILLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Joe Sr. throws a look at Joey. His eyes drift to the staircase, then back up to Joey. A miniscule nod.

Macy enters, looks at them for a moment. She seems momentarily sad, then Wright enters.

WRIGHT

Out you go.

Macy nods, heads out. Wright smiles at them.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

Real humdinger, huh?

He sits across from them, kicks his boots up on the table and polishes his gun. SUNRISE peeks through the window.

I/E. CAR - MOVING - EARLY MORNING

Fianna drives, Paul shotgun. They pull down onto the familiar off-ramp leading to Reilly Town, draw to a stop by the roadside. They share a look.

PAUL

So you know what to...?

She nods. He starts to climb out. She grabs and KISSES him. They look at one another a moment.

FIANNA

In case you die before...

PAUL

Yeah.

He smiles. Sadly. Climbs out. Watches her drive away.

And then starts walking to --

EXT. REILLY TOWN - MORNING

FEDS and their TOWNCARS stationed at various checkpoints on the main road, leaving a sort of DMZ between them and the house.

EXT. MAIN CHECKPOINT - MORNING

Numerous black suited FEDS stand by their cars, working their thousand yard stares. Tough as hell, yeah, but not the brightest of the bright. Behind them, we see --

PAUL, sneaking through a HEDGE into town --

INT. REILLY HOUSE - PARLOUR - MORNING

Wright watches Joe Sr. Joe stares back. Joey breathes quietly. Finally, the clock GONGS. One, two, three times.

WRIGHT

Looks like time's up.

Wright stops polishing his gun. Stands. Joe Sr. stiffens, ready to react, when...

PAUL (O.S.)

Agent Wright!

Paul's voice carries in from outside. Wright heads to the window, looks out.

EXT. REILLY HOUSE - MORNING

Paul holds Frank, arm behind his back, gun at his temple.

WRIGHT
Well, hello, Mr. Lambert.

PAUL
Reilly.

WRIGHT
Wanna come in, have a chat.

PAUL
Not really.

WRIGHT
Frank, you all right?

FRANK
I been better, Eldon.

WRIGHT
(nods, to Paul)
Shoot him. I'll be inside.

Wright departs from the window.

FRANK
Don't kill me, man.

PAUL
Walk. Away.

Frank does, hands held high.

INT. REILLY HOUSE - MORNING

Paul enters the house, finding TWO FEDS with guns drawn at the door. He passes them and heads up the stairs to the --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Wright waits with two more FEDS, a FAT ONE holding his gun on Joe Sr. and a SKINNY SMARMY looking one watching Joey.

WRIGHT
Drop the weapon.
(suddenly enraged)
I said FUCKING DROP IT!

He aims his own gun at Paul. Paul acquiesces, hands the gun to one of the FEDS. Looks at Wright. Cool as a cucumber.

PAUL

My associate has the thumbdrive. She's copying it now. If I don't meet her in thirty-five minutes, she'll not only dump it on the internet, she'll send hardcopies to every law enforcement agency in the country.

WRIGHT

(amused)

You want your life back. I get it. That's what I do, y'know...? Get people's lives back. Every one of my old souls, my boys and girls, my kids, I found them on the brink, undercover waaay too fucking long - - you know what living with profound duplicity does to you?

PAUL

I do.

WRIGHT

I know you do. Here's the thing I tell all of my guys when I bring them back: We'll sort out your house, we'll sort out your kids, your wife, your husband, your job, whatever, but you...

(beat)

You can never go home again.

And Macy enters, shoving Fianna in front of her. She hands Wright the thumbdrive...

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

The funny thing... nothing on this thing has anything to do with me.

Macy dumps Fianna into an overstuffed chair, and a TALL FED clamps handcuffs on her wrists. Dust billows. He slips the thumbdrive into his pocket.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

But it'll come in handy during financial negotiations with our *friend*. Lotta mouths to feed, right boys?

(points his gun at Paul)

You, however, are a real fuckin' pain in my ass... Say something nice for your family to remember you by.

Wright smiles. He loves this shit. Paul looks at them.

PAUL

Something nice? Okay... go for it.

And the FIGHT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR ENSUES:

Joe Sr. already free of his restraints, WHIPS a knife out of the couch seat (along with a burst of dust), STABS the Fat Fed that has been guarding him --

seizes the now dying Fat Fed's arm and SHOOTS the Skinny One guarding Joey -- hissing at Joey to get --

JOE SR.

Out, down the stairs, under the red rug.

Joey looks at him, confused. Joe motions to him again and follows orders, running for the stairs --

Meanwhile: Fianna kicks the toe of her boot, revealing a knife point at the tip of her toe. She loop kicks her leg up above her head, slashing the Tall Fed's throat -- He topples to the floor, sending more dust and grime into the air --

Wright is lost in the commotion for a moment. Then sees Paul and heads after him with abject fury, FIRING like mad.

But Paul dives to the floor, narrowly missing the GUN BLAST.

Wright advances on Paul as he scrambles across the floor.

Wright FIRES -- BLAM -- BLAM -- BLAM -- BLAM, blowing holes in the shoddy flooring, a step behind Paul as he hoofs it --

Meanwhile, Fianna STABS an UZI WIELDING FED as he enters the room. He drops to the floor, the UZI FIRES --

BULLETS SPRAY THE ROOM --

Bursting lamps, killing furniture, all that unloved STUFF --

EVERYONE DUCKS -- except for the injured Skinny Fed -- he takes THREE SHOTS to the neck and CHEST --

He falls as the BULLETS KEEP SPUTTERING OUT IN BURSTS --

INT. REILLY HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Bullets PINGING behind him, Joey races down the stairs into the first floor, hairpin turns and sees the rug --

It's clear there's something under it. He moves for it --

But, suddenly, MACY appears, three feet in front of him, gun raised at his 14-year-old cranium --

Joey skids to a halt, his whole body suddenly frozen with fear -- oh god, oh god, OH GOD --

Macy GRIPS the gun two-handed, CLICKS the safety off, ready to fire -- one beat -- another -- her hands start to sweat --

MACY
(to herself)
Do it... Do IT!

But she can't bring herself to shoot him -- she pulls off her SUNGLASSES, and we see her BLOODSHOT EYES, pain, remorse even? She drops her shades on the floor and walks out the front door without looking back --

Joey watches her disappear, more than a little shocked, but quickly pulls himself together, lifts the rug and finds a TRAP DOOR --

INT. LIVING ROOM

Another UZI burst as the fed convulses, dying, Paul slips across the floor to the stairs, nudging Joe Sr. and Fianna along with him --

Wright sees them escaping and lines up a shot -- the back of Paul's head -- He's just pulling the trigger when a stray bullet strikes THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK --

PAUL
Oh shi --

Joe Sr. drags Paul and Fianna away as -- the CLOCK EXPLODES --

EXT. REILLY HOUSE - DAY

BOOM -- the second story EXPLODES, a fireball BLOWING out the windows, taking down parts of the wall --

EXT. REILLY TOWN - DAY

The FEDS at the checkpoint HEAR the explosion as well, look at each other, stunned, and move as one towards the house --

INT. REILLY HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR -- DAY

The FIREBALL rips through the second story --

The floor lists for a moment, one way, then the other --

Then gives out, spilling everyone (and everything) onto the first floor below --

It all settles in a mushroom cloud of DUST --

INT. TUNNEL -- DAY

Fianna drops into the tunnel, followed by Paul and Joe Sr., all coughing up dust and asbestos. Joey appears from the other end of the tunnel --

JOEY
The grandfather clock?

PAUL
(nodding)
You see anyone at the other end of the tunnel?

JOEY
Wide open. Where's grandpa?

They look around, see Joe slumped by the stairs. Paul's heart skips a beat -- no -- he heads back for him --

PAUL
Get outta here you two --

JOEY
But --

PAUL
GO!

He races to his father's side and finds him lying in great pain, a bullet wound in his gut --

PAUL (CONT'D)
Oh god, dad.

JOE SR.
It's nothing.

He chuckles -- it's clearly more than nothing.

PAUL
Dad, Jesus...

JOE SR.
You didn't see me for twenty years, boy --

PAUL
I'm sorry, I'm --

JOE SR.
No, I just... missed you is all...

Paul hefts his father, the old lion, now weak.

JOE SR. (CONT'D)
You're a good boy... Joseph... Reilly...

BLAM!

Joe falls to the ground. Two heaving breaths and he expires.

Paul turns and sees Wright at the top of the stairs, gun levelled at Paul.

He RUNS HEEDLESSLY at Wright, ready to take him apart with his bare hands, but before he can get hold of him, FIVE FEDS appear, pig piling Paul.

Wright sends two more FEDS past them, down the tunnel --

WRIGHT
End of the tunnel, check it, now!

Wright strides up to Paul, levels his gun at him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A MANHOLE COVER slips up and over, and the two Feds peer out at the street. Empty. In the near distance are the four or five Fed cars and beyond the now smoldering REILLY HOUSE --

FED ON WALKIE
Nothing here, Agent Wright.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Wright holds his walkie, glaring at Paul.

WRIGHT
So, look for them. Burn this whole fucking place to the ground if you have to. We're talking national security here.

Wright clicks the walkie off, stares at Paul.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)
Get him up.

EXT. REILLY HOUSE - DAY

Wright hustles Paul past the smoldering house towards his car. We just catch Macy's ponytail slipping into the passenger's seat as we arrive.

Wright shoves Paul along, snarling at him --

WRIGHT

You're mine now, pal. Might just take you home and dress you up.

I/E. TOWNCAR - CONTINUOUS

Wright shoves Paul in, crawls in after, raps on the glass.

WRIGHT

Let's go, Oscar.

Wright glares at Paul, trying to silently break him.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

Where are they?

Paul glances back coolly, then at the privacy screen.

PAUL

(re: the screen)

Is that bullet proof? It looks bullet proof.

WRIGHT

Make this easy for me and I promise not to hurt them... *otherwise...*

(shrugs, "who knows")

This offer expires in sixty-seconds.

PAUL

You gonna count or should I?

WRIGHT

We'll find them, you know? If I have to cut off every one of your fingers at the knuckle... *Fifty-seconds.*

Paul turns away, looks out the window, hiding a smile.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you smiling about?

PAUL

You. Sitting there with your gun, your badge, your... "threats"... you're a fucking errand boy.

WRIGHT

I killed your wife --

PAUL

For the Gateskills.

WRIGHT

-- because I wanted to. I coulda threatened her, muscled her, paid her off, even... but I killed her. 'Cause I didn't like her face... I don't like yours, either. Time's up.

PAUL

Yes, it is.

The car hits a bump, wumping along the road for a moment. Wright turns to look through the privacy screen.

WRIGHT

Be careful, Osc...

It's then that he sees the tiny flare of a red light, blinking behind the screen. The upper edge of the privacy screen is just barely opened, just enough for a small MIC to peek through.

We FLASH for a moment through the privacy screen and see Joey holding the camcorder, recording their conversation, Fianna driving the car, wearing MACY'S COAT --

Another FLASH: Oscar (the driver) lying dead in a DITCH --

Wright's face drops, realizing what's happened -- *happening* --

He draws on Paul, but Paul's slipped free of his restraints --

They wrestle over the GUN -- and -- it FIRES --

WARPING the privacy screen and PINGING through the vehicle --

Utter turmoil --

EXT. DIRT ROAD - THE WOODS - DAY

The car veers off the road into a ditch --

Skids along the wooded path, the grass at the road's edge --

I/E. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Paul and Wright in struggle as --

A SCREAM from the front seat -- They both turn to look as the car SLAMS into a hundred year-old OAK --

Their bodies jolted by the crash and --

HARD TO BLACK

Sounds in the black, a voice calling out --

FIANNA (V.O.)
Paul...! Paul...! JUNIOR!

A smacking sound and --

I/E. THE CAR - DAY

Paul wakes sprawled across the backseat. Fianna slaps Paul, wincing, clearly in pain. Paul finally comes to.

PAUL
Where's -- Joey?

FIANNA
He went after Wright. Found the gun, went after him. You've gotta stop him, my leg--

And we see her leg, bloodied from the crash.

FIANNA (CONT'D)
He's gonna get himself killed. You've gotta stop him! You've gotta!

But... Paul is already climbing out of the car into the--

EXT. WOODS

Where JOEY RUNS, gun in hand. Stopping a moment to scan for -

WRIGHT

on the move, eying his cell reception -- no bars.

THEN, WITH PAUL

running through his pain, scanning for Joey, the FOG enveloping him and everything.

PAUL
(a loud whisper)
Joey!

WRIGHT

trying a call anyway -- no dice. He hears Paul's voice --

PAUL (O.S.)
(faintly)
Joey.

-- and slips behind a tree, pulling a knife from his pocket --

JOEY still running, fierce eyed, gun held tight --

WRIGHT hearing FOOTFALLS. A slight smile. Glint of the knife as he waits --

JOEY running harder, frantic, furious --

WRIGHT lying in wait as the steps come closer, faster --

JOEY breathing like a prizefighter, heart bursting but still going on --

FOOTSTEPS almost on top of **Wright**. He SPRINGS and --

SLAMS into **PAUL**, knocking him to the ground in a --

EXT. MUDDY CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

They slide through the mud, taking each other in a moment before -- Wright SLASHES once with the knife --

Paul BLOCKS with his forearm, a deep gash --

Wright slashes again, but Paul rolls out of the way, KICKING Wright in the gut --

Wright slashes again, slicing Paul's thigh, but only a glancing blow --

He stabs again, misses, and the knife STICKS FAST in an oaken root --

Paul, adrenalized, PUNCHES Wright TWO, THREE, FOUR times --

Wright shoulder checks him, grabbing for the knife --

But Paul ROLLS him --

They slap into the wet muck of the forest floor, right into a THICK MUD PIT --

Wright HEAD-BUTTS Paul --

Paul grabs Wright's face, GOUGING his eyes --

And they begin to SINK IN THE MUCK, a sort of mud wetted silt quicksand effect -- dragging them down --

Wright mashes a mud clod into Paul's face blinding him --

Then scrambles forward, still half held in mud, grabbing for the knife --

Paul seizes Wright's tie, strangling him --

But Wright persists, clawing for the knife --

The tie strains as they fight against one another --

Wright REACHING for knife, about to choke out, until --

He lands a hand on it, then whips back, and STABS Paul just below the clavicle --

We hear the BLADE clip against bone as he does --

Paul SCREAMS in pain as Wright digs the knife in --

Paul grabs the knife trying to pull it out, but Wright has him, both hands on the pommel, right where he wants him --

He digs the knife in, twisting it --

Paul's eyes, already bleary, blinded with mud, start to blink--

Paul squeaks out a few breaths -- clawing at Wright's face, as he loses consciousness --

Wright pulls the knife out, ready to stab him again, but --

JOEY

Stop.

Wright looks up and sees Joey pointing his gun at them --

Wright scoops Paul up in a headlock, holding the knife to his throat --

WRIGHT

Put it down, son.

JOEY

Let my dad go.

WRIGHT

I'll kill him. You know I will. Now put it down... I SAID, PUT IT DOWN!

Joey holds his ground --

Wright tightens his grip on Paul, the knife now grazing his jugular --

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

Play the tough guy, see how it turns out.

Wright starts to cut, blood dribbling from a small wound --

JOEY

Okay!

Joey sets the gun down on the ground --

WRIGHT

Good boy, now help me out of this fucking bog, c'mon.

Wright drags himself forward, the muck half swallowing him. Changes the knife from one hand to the other, extends his free hand to Joey. Joey takes it with both hands --

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

You got a good hard grip?

JOEY

I do.

Joey smiles ever so slightly. Wright clocks it. Too late. Because suddenly he's SCREAMING IN PAIN as Paul BITES into the meat of his knife wielding hand --

Wright drops the knife in shock. Paul tears away, taking a chunk of flesh as Joey MULE STOMPS Wright's face, HURLING him back into the muck.

Joey drags his father free.

A hard won moment of triumph between them.

Joey picks up the gun, offers it almost ceremoniously to Paul. Paul looks at the gun, his son...

...takes it, turns to Wright, dizzy from pain and bloodloss, but rooted to the spot, this moment, his purpose. Wright's hands go up. This is his Waterloo.

WRIGHT

Okay, so let's make a deal, right? You got me. Dead to rights. You want your life back, your job back? I can do that.

Joey watches Paul, seeing how he'll respond. He doesn't. Getting nothing from Paul either, Wright keeps selling --

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

Money, you want money? Okay, Gateskill, I'll give you Gateskill, on a platter... I know what you're thinking, but you're wrong. You can trust me. That's what I run on -- my business, my whole life is built on trust. You can trust me, Paul.

Paul nods, slightly. Joey swallows, looks down. Unsure if he's relieved or disappointed Paul's taken the deal.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

Good, I'm glad you've responded to reas --

BLAM -- Wright stalls, looks down. He's been SHOT IN THE STOMACH. He looks up at Paul in surprise, as does Joey.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

God, you shot me, you --

PAUL

I'm gonna tell you something now.

BLAM -- another shot, this one to his side, neither a kill shot -- this is on purpose -- Paul eyes Wright evenly as he talks -- Joey watches it all, wide-eyed --

PAUL (CONT'D)

My name.

BLAM --

PAUL (CONT'D)

Isn't.

BLAM --

PAUL (CONT'D)

PAUL.

BLAM -- BLAM -- BLAM -- He keeps FIRING 'til the gun's dry. Wright sinks in the muck, dead. Joey stares at him, silent.

Then looks up at his father. Paul stares back, silent, sad... but resolute. Wind blows the fog aside, revealing a pathway out of this place. PRELAP: CRACKLING, SQUEAKING of a wheel --

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A SECRETARY pushes a MAIL CART through the station, dropping mail at desk after desk, until she reaches DETECTIVE ERLING. Erling accepts her mail without looking, the cart moves on.

It takes a moment for Erling to notice a LARGE PACKAGE. She picks it up, something unusual about it. No return address. She stares at the package a few moments before opening it.

The RED THUMBDRIVE falls out, followed by a VIDEO CASSETTE. She looks at the items quizzically.

PAUL (V.O.)

It is better...

EXT. GREEN HILLS - DAY

We fly above the emerald hills. CHYRON: IRELAND.

PAUL (V.O.)
...one-hundred guilty men go free...

EXT. TINY ROAD - DAY

A small nondescript car travelling the road --

PAUL (V.O.)
...than one innocent man...

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY

An old-fashioned GYPSY CAMP, people milling about. The nondescript car pulls up to the camp. Joey, Paul and Fianna step out. A WEATHERED MAN with a grim face approaches them.

He stares at them for a moment, sizing them up. And then, without a word, he waves for them to enter the camp, his grim face now smiling brightly.

PAUL
... 'cause who's innocent, anyway.

Paul takes Joey's shoulder, Fianna's hand. They enter...

THE END