

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - MORNING

See that guy right there? Walking down the street? That's JIMMY BRACKEN.

Mid-30's. Handsome. Sleeve of tattoos down his arm.

Bank robber? Hustler? Not anymore.

He slips on a nice black coat. Adds a small flourish -- a delicate flower pinned to the lapel. Keeps walking until --

-- a GREASY MAN bumps into him. Smooths out Jimmy's coat with several quick strokes.

GREASY MAN

Sorry brother.

JIMMY

No problem.

(before the man turns away)

One more thing...

Jimmy SNATCHES the greasy man's wrist. Twists it. Sends him to one knee.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Give it back.

Between whimpers, the man reluctantly holds up Jimmy's wallet.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(grabs it)

I'd consider a career change. That was the worst "bump and grab" I've ever seen. And that bar's set pretty low.

Jimmy lets him up. Kicks him in the ass for good measure.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Beat it. Go learn a vocation.

The man stumbles away. As he disappears around the corner --

-- LAUGHTER spikes the air. Jimmy turns to see his best friend in the whole world -- RED. A hulking man with hair, as you'd imagine, the color of a fire engine.

A well thought-out sign above him reads: "Red's Flowers"

INT. RED'S FLOWER SHOP - MORNING

Red pilots Jimmy through the shop.

JIMMY

I'm done with it, man. All of it.
Straight and narrow.

RED

I'm proud a' ya. I am. And hey...
(hands Jimmy a check)
...a week's advance. Ta get you settled.

This is a huge deal to Jimmy. His mouth edges into a smile.

JIMMY

My first legit check. Ever.
(points)
You're gettin' a hug.

RED

I didn't wanna get my hopes up-

Jimmy engulfs him.

RED (CONT'D)

Alright, come on. Show me what ya got.
You had 10 years ta study this shit.

Red points to a flower.

JIMMY

Gerbera Daisies
(another)
Dendrobium Orchids.
(another)
Please. Your simple rose or "rosaceae."
Named from the genus "Rosa," the standard
ending "-aceae" for family.
(snaps fingers)
Before I forget. I gotta leave early.
Got my first meet and greet with the P.O.
this afternoon.

RED

Who'd ya get?

JIMMY

(pulls out a paper)
Officer Lammens.
(off Red's horrified look)
You know him?

RED

Her! My gag reflex triggers just thinkin' about that broad. Pushin' three bills, frizzy hair, candy corns for teeth-

JIMMY

Jesus, that bad?

INT. PAROLE OFFICE, DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS

C/U on a worn name plate: PAROLE OFFICER RACHEL LAMMENS.

We pull back, dying to see this troll, but -- Red was screwing with us. She's GORGEOUS. Ridiculously so.

She is, however, an organizational nightmare. Her desk is a breathtaking catastrophe of folders, paperwork and the like.

She rummages through the pile. Barely looks up as SENIOR PAROLE OFFICER KATE DUGAN steps inside. Kate is tall, mid-40's and a complete stranger to subtlety.

RACHEL

I'm on it, boss.

KATE

On what?

RACHEL

Whatever it is you came in for.

KATE

I just want you to make decisions on some of those files.

RACHEL

I know, I know.

Rummages some more.

KATE

Also, I was going over the computer logs. You were here till midnight last night. Can you at least pretend to have a social life?

Rachel points to photos of three kids taped to her monitor.

RACHEL

I've got them to think about.

KATE

Rachel...those are my kids.

Rachel finally stops rummaging.

RACHEL

I date.
 (off Kate's look)
 I've dated.

KATE

You're way too cute to be sitting here
 all night long. It's an insult to all us
 middle-aged divorcees.

RACHEL

(squints)
 What exactly did you come in here for?

Kate tosses five more files on her desk.

KATE

You have a 3:00 in-home with the one on
 top.

Kate spins on her heel. Heads away.

KATE (CONT'D)

I nag because I care.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS over:

Rachel perusing Jimmy's file. The pic of him is poor quality
 and he has a thick beard. As she turns pages, we get a
 glance at what he's done. Burglary. Mid to high end.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - AFTERNOON

Jimmy hugs a huge bag of groceries. Walks down the sidewalk.

He observes a litany of old temptations: A man with a
 wallet sticking half out of his jeans. A car with the keys
 dangling from the visor. Even a distracted shopkeeper
 ignoring an open cash drawer.

Jimmy shakes it off. Heads up to his apartment building.
 Coming in the opposite direction is Rachel. Juggling files.
 Neither see the other until both move for the entrance and --

-- BUMP into each other. They look up and -- POW! There IT
 is. That thing. The elusive spark when chemistry and the
 cosmos align. A slack-jawed Jimmy opens the door for her.

INT. LOBBY, APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

They stand a mere three feet apart. Waiting for the elevator. DING. Both move for it. Almost bump again. Jimmy steps back, lets her go first. And...

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

...up we go. Not looking is killing Jimmy. He rubs his neck, moves his head around -- there -- got a good look. He memorizes the eyes, the cheekbones, that perfect nose.

He can't stand it anymore, so...

JIMMY
(nods)
How ya doin'?

RACHEL
I'm fine.

JIMMY
Yes you are.
(winces)
Forget I said that.

Rachel swallows a giggle.

RACHEL
You get one mulligan.

A sense of humor too? She's like a winning lotto ticket with legs. Nice ones.

JIMMY
(extends his hand)
I'm Jimmy.

RACHEL
(takes it)
Rachel.

JIMMY
Listen, I don't normally do this.

RACHEL
Do what?

She smiles. Applying pressure. But Jimmy's not going out like that...

JIMMY
You know, sweep women off their feet.

BAM! The elevator JERKS to stop. In between floors. Rachel barely maintains her footing.

RACHEL
Wow. You're good.

They both STARE at each other. A long beat, then -- RING. The elevator phone. Jimmy answers it.

JIMMY
Yeah.

LARRY (O.S.)
This is Larry, the custodian. The elevator's busted.

JIMMY
Yeah? Now I got one for you: the earth's round, not flat.

LARRY (O.S.)
(ignoring)
Meant to put a sign up. Elevator guys just got here. Shouldn't be too long.

JIMMY
Take your time.

He hangs up. They recommence staring.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
So.

RACHEL
(smiles)
So.

INT. 4TH FLOOR, APARTMENT - LATER

An elevator MECHANIC waits as the car rises. With every second, LAUGHTER grows louder. SLAP. The doors open and out spill Rachel and Jimmy. In hysterics.

JIMMY
Wait. You gettin' off here too?

She nods. The beginnings of composure settling in. Both head down the hallway.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I would really like to cook for you.
Will you have dinner with me?
(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 (off her pause)
 Lemme guess, boyfriend?

RACHEL
 No...no boyfriend.

JIMMY
 Well, I think that sometimes, the universe sends you a little help. Like trapping you in an elevator with a guy.

She giggles.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Have dinner with me tonight.

RACHEL
 I'm here visiting someone. Tomorrow?

They stop in front of apartment 401. Both point to the door.

RACHEL & JIMMY
 (at same time)
 This is me.

SCREEEEEECH. The needle comes off the record.

RACHEL
 Oh my god. Jimmy, as in "JAMES" Bracken?

JIMMY
 Rachel, as in, Officer Rachel Lammens?

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Jimmy saunters in. Rachel hovers in the doorway.

RACHEL
 I should have you reassigned.

Jimmy, scrambling, doesn't want to let go...

JIMMY
 (nods to bag of groceries)
 Look, I spent 8 years reading, memorizing exotic cook books with no food to cook.
 (quickly)
 Come on, I'll cook, you taste. We can still do the meet and greet, go over my file. It'll be a working dinner.
 (she takes a step inside)
 Just dinner. That's it.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Title: APPETIZERS - Roasted Garlic Soup with Brie Cheese

Jimmy stands over Rachel wearing lobster shaped oven mitts.
Rachel takes a sip of the soup.

JIMMY

Be honest.

RACHEL

Mmmmmmm. It's really good.

Jimmy heads to the kitchen.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(opens Jimmy's file)

You're working at a "Red's Flower Shop"?

He pivots. Sees that she's smiling.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Cooking, flowers? Tough guy like you?

JIMMY

Books in the joint are in high demand.
Only ones no one wants are about stuff
like cooking and flowers. And believe
me, I read all of 'em.

He sits down. Sips soup with her. Stops.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You are really beautiful.

RACHEL

(ignoring)

As you know, you must maintain an
approved residence and employment. No
firearms, no leaving the county without
notifying our office-

JIMMY

How'd you end up a P.O.?

Rachel looks up. Gives in.

RACHEL

Compromise. I wanted to be a cop, my
father wanted me to be a psychiatrist.

JIMMY

You always do what your father wants?

RACHEL

I don't always have the best judgement-
 (catching herself)
 My personal life is none of your
 business.

JIMMY

But mine is yours? That's not fair.
 (pause)
 Come on, you're gonna reassign me anyway.

Beat.

RACHEL

I like my job. Lots of people focus on
 prevention and incarceration. Not enough
 on rehabilitation.

Jimmy takes her plates away to the kitchen.

JIMMY (O.S.)

You close to your mother as well?

RACHEL

She died, about a year ago.

JIMMY

(comes back out)
 I'm sorry.

RACHEL

It's okay. Are you-

JIMMY

I never knew either of my parents, my dad
 took off on my mom and she repaid me the
 favor. Grew up in foster care.

RACHEL

That must have been hard.

JIMMY

Let's just say, everything I stole, I
 felt I had coming.

Jimmy sits next to her.

RACHEL

Do you feel like...you're done with all
 of that?

JIMMY

You are really beautiful.

She tucks a strand of hair behind her ear.

RACHEL
You said that already.

FADE INTO:

Title: MAIN COURSE - Pomegranate Halibut With Baby Eggplant

Rachel's pad and pen are down. It's all about the food now.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
This is soooooo good.
(pause)
Every time I eat seafood, it makes me think of summer camp. It was on a lake and we'd have these fishing contests. But I always found the idea of it so horrible, yanking the fish out, giant hook through the lip, the fish flopping around.
(pause)
I'd always put my hook in the water with no bait. The counselors were baffled. In three summers, I never caught a single fish.

JIMMY
You're a good person.

RACHEL
Because I don't fish?

JIMMY
No, I thought that the moment I saw you. You're one of those people that wear their soul on the outside.

Rachel is stunned by this. Coming out of a guy who looks like Jimmy. It's the best compliment she's ever received.

RACHEL
Thank you.

She realizes that she's just staring at him. Takes one last bite of halibut.

FADE INTO:

Title: DESSERT - Chocolate Covered Strawberries

JIMMY

Truth is this, I'm a 35 year old man who feels like he's wasted all 35.

(pause)

I will never, ever go back to jail. What I want, you can't steal.

RACHEL

What's that?

Jimmy inches closer.

JIMMY

A family. A woman to love, someone to make happy...children to play with. A house and a home.

(long pause)

You are so...ridiculously beautiful.

Despite her best efforts, she's melting. He holds the strawberry for her to taste. As she leans in, he moves it. KISSES her. It's what she wants, but -- she pushes him away.

She gets up. Quickly gathers her things.

JIMMY

Rachel-

RACHEL

I'm sorry, I can't.

And she's out the door. Like a mirage. Gone.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE - MORNING

Early morning. Parole officers milling. Sucking coffee. Rachel storms through. On a mission. She looks like hell.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kate looks up from paperwork as Rachel BURSTS in. SLAMS Jimmy's file on her desk.

RACHEL

Take me off this case.

KATE

Tell me you didn't sleep with him.

RACHEL

Kate! Of course not.

(pacing)

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
But I wanted to. My God, what's wrong
with me? With my inner compass?

KATE
No idea, honey, but it's pointin' the
wrong direction. I'll take over his case
myself.

Rachel paces. Shakes her head.

RACHEL
Everything in me wanted to be with him.
I felt it, inside.
(kicks the ground)
The man of my dreams comes along and he's
a bank robber?

KATE
Listen to me, just give it a few days.
You'll forget all about him.

RACHEL
(exhales)
You're right. Thank you.

She forces a smile. Heads away.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel FLOPS down behind her desk. Flips open a file when --
the phone RINGS. She answers it...

RACHEL
Officer Lammens.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy catapults off the bed. Phone in hand.

JIMMY
It's me.

INTERCUT

Rachel's eyes are panicked.

RACHEL
I've transferred your file.

JIMMY
So we're free to date?

RACHEL

NO! We are not free to date. We are not free to do anything. You, me, WE, can never be.

JIMMY

First time I saw you was like getting hit with a shovel. Tell me you didn't feel that.

RACHEL

That's irrelevant.

Rachel pinches the bridge of her nose.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(bursting)

I hate that you're an ex-con.

JIMMY

I know, I'm sorry.

RACHEL

I hate that you're so nice. I hate that you're so attractive.

JIMMY

You think so?

RACHEL

It doesn't matter. The mountain between us. It's insurmountable.

JIMMY

All of Greece was risked for the love of a woman.

RACHEL

And I hate that you're so well read.

JIMMY

Listen-

RACHEL

No, you listen. What happened last night will never, EVER happen again.

(pause)

Do we understand each other?!

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rachel and Jimmy FALL back into pillows. Naked. Eyes half-mast. Rachel basks in the afterglow for, oh, a second -- before leaping out of bed.

RACHEL
I can't believe this.

She struggles to gather her clothing.

JIMMY
Stay the night.

RACHEL
Ohhh, no. I-
(looks around)
Where's my underwear?

He points. Hanging from the lamp across the room.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Thank you.

She grabs them. Quickly dresses.

JIMMY
(walks to her)
Rachel, I don't wanna just sleep with you.
(off her look)
I wanna date. I want a real, normal life. And I want you in it.

She kisses him. Sprints out the door.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate and Rachel sit on the couch. Digging into lacerated tubes of cookie dough with spoons.

KATE
Girl, you need to cease and desist.

RACHEL
I know, you're right.

Kate hears the muffled screams of young boys.

KATE
Check this out.

Kate taps a TV remote. Flips the channel to "Input."

On screen: A couple of tow-headed eight-year-olds -- TOMMY and BRIAN. In the bathroom, wrestling. Apparently Tommy's already mastered the bitch-slap.

KATE (CONT'D)

I got one of those little fiber optic cameras from a buddy in narcotics. It's the greatest thing ever.

(SCREAMS)

Okay you two, get out here. Now.

On screen: both boys quickly squeeze toothpaste into their mouths -- spit it out.

Kate flips off the TV as they bound into the room.

KATE (CONT'D)

I thought I told both of you to brush your teeth and get into bed.

TOMMY

We did brush our teeth.

KATE

No, you guys squeezed some paste into your mouths and spit it out. I want both of you to BRUSH for three minutes each.

Both the kids turn around. Busted.

BRIAN

How does she always know?

TOMMY

She's psychic.

They disappear. Rachel pushes away her cookie dough.

RACHEL

I shouldn't see him again, but...and I can't describe it...I just have to. I know you don't approve, but I'm tired of doing what everyone else thinks I should.

(looks up)

I feel something for him. In my gut.

KATE

Trust me, honey, the passion will run out and you'll realize I was right. I give it a month.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)
 (mouth full of cookie dough)
 AT BEST.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S PLACE - NIGHT

TITLE - SIX MONTHS LATER

Rachel and Jimmy FALL back into bed. Again. Only this time, the panic on Rachel's face is replaced by quiet contentment.

One look around the apartment and it's clear Jimmy has a new roommate. The place has been Rachel-fied. Pastels replacing dark blues. Glass replacing plastic.

Rachel can barely muster the strength to reach over and squeeze his arm.

RACHEL
 Whatta you wanna do tonight?

JIMMY
 Are you kidding? It's movie night.

Jimmy leaps over to a row of DVD's on a shelf. All crime/cop related: "Usual Suspects." "Copland." "The Fugitive."

He reaches past. Palms a picture of Rachel with her FATHER.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 When am I gonna meet your ol' man?

RACHEL
 Soon. He's...just really busy.

JIMMY
 He looks like a dad.

He turns. Sees Rachel staring at him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 What?

RACHEL
 I envy you. How you delight in the little things, in normalcy.
 (pause)
 Don't you ever miss...

JIMMY
 No. You, this, movie night. It's more than enough for me.

He lies back down. She rubs his head.

RACHEL
How'd you get this scar?

Jimmy doesn't answer. Uncomfortable with the line of questioning.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You know, until you tell me everything, you won't be past it. It will be this 1,000 pound elephant in the room. Always.

JIMMY
There's an author named Wilma Askinas who says, "A friend is someone who sees through you and still enjoys the view."

RACHEL
Smart lady.

Jimmy glances outside. Watches rain spray the window.

JIMMY
Broke into this drug dealer's house when I was a kid. He shot at me. Grazed me.

She rubs his scar.

RACHEL
That doesn't make me love you any less.
(kisses his head)
If I didn't think people had the capacity to change, I wouldn't be a parole officer.

JIMMY
I'm just afraid all a' this is gonna go away. That you'll wake up one day and wonder if you could do better.

RACHEL
I'm not going anywhere.

He looks up. This is EXACTLY what he wants to hear. He leans over. Digs into a duffle bag. Pulls out...a RING BOX.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Jimmy?

Pulls out a diamond ring.

JIMMY

I was saving this for the right time
and...I think this is it.
(on bended knee)
Make me the happiest guy in the world.
Marry me.

RACHEL

Of course...

JIMMY

Receipt's in the bag.

RACHEL

...I will.

She dives on him. Kisses the length and breadth of his
entire face.

JIMMY

How's Oct. 16th sound?

RACHEL

Your last day of parole!

JIMMY

We're gonna be a family. A real family.
(off her nod)
Let's call your dad. Get his blessing.

Rachel pulls back. Her eyes quickly fill.

RACHEL

Jimmy, I...don't know how to tell you
this. I keep asking you to be honest.

JIMMY

It's okay, just tell me.

RACHEL

The reason you haven't met my father
isn't because of his busy schedule.
(pause)
He's refused to meet you.

Jimmy leans back. Processes this.

JIMMY

Funny, I had this cheesy dream that he
and I would really hit it off.
(forces a smile)
(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That he'd end up being the dad I never had. Guess that's pretty stupid. No dad wants his daughter with an ex-con.

RACHEL

It's not stupid.

Jimmy gets up. Paces. Stops in front of the picture again.

JIMMY

Let's call him anyway. Things are different now. He'll know I'm not going away and have no choice but to accept me.

RACHEL

You don't know him...

She sees the look in his eyes. Takes the phone. Dials. We slowly pull through the window. Out into...

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...the driving rain. We watch as Rachel pleads her case to her father. It does not go well. Her father hangs up on her. Jimmy pulls her close as...she breaks down and cries.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

TITLE: Another six months later. A week before the wedding.

INT. 1996 FORD RANGER (MOVING) - DAY

The sun is shining. The birds are belting out their favorite tune. A far cry from the mood we just left.

Jimmy drives a mint-condition, immaculately kept truck with one finger on the wheel.

RACHEL

I can't believe how many details there are left. They ran out of the azure blue place settings. Do you like midnight or cornflower blue?

JIMMY

Gotta go midnight.

RACHEL

I like cornflower.

Jimmy spots Rachel's feet on the dash.

JIMMY

Baby, come on.

She removes her feet. He brushes off a dirt mark.

RACHEL

My baby loves his truck.

JIMMY

This is the first car I haven't stolen.
It's sentimental.

RACHEL

I'm so proud of you.

Jimmy waves the sentiment away.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm serious. Since Red brought you on,
business has tripled. That isn't an
accident. You've worked hard.

(pause)

Daddy's gonna love you.

JIMMY

You swear that HE called you?

RACHEL

Out of the blue. As stubborn as he is, I
just think the thought of not walking his
little girl down the aisle was too much.

JIMMY

I'm gonna win him over, I promise. I'm
not leaving without his blessing.

INT. FOYER, LARGE HOME - DAY

Not a mansion, but a large home. Jimmy follows Rachel
inside. It's extravagantly decorated.

RACHEL

Daddy?

Nothing, then -- a booming VOICE astounds the silence.

BOB (O.S.)

Outside, honey.

EXT. OUTDOOR PATIO, LARGE HOME - DAY

Jimmy and Rachel step outside. Onto a large concrete patio
overlooking a kidney shaped pool with a small fountain.

And there he is, Rachel's father -- BOB. The very essence of patriarchy. Handsome, well groomed, glasses. A shock of white, wavy hair. She leaps into his arms.

RACHEL
Daddy...I've missed you so much.

BOB
I've missed you too.

They part so Bob can give Jimmy the once-over.

BOB (CONT'D)
Rumor has it, you're trying to steal my little girl away from me.

JIMMY
(nervous)
No stealing. I'm still on parole.

Lead balloon, anyone?

BOB
(smile fading)
Right. Shall we eat?

INT. DINING ROOM, LARGE HOME - LATER

Dirty plates and a duck carcass litter the table.

BOB
(to Jimmy)
So, tell me about yourself.

JIMMY
Not much to tell really.

BOB
Now that's not true is it? You did ten years in Joliet, didn't you?

RACHEL
Daddy, I was hoping we were past this.

BOB
This man is planning on marrying my only daughter. I think I have every right.

JIMMY
(to Rachel)
It's okay.
(to Bob)
I did 10 years of a 15 year sentence.

BOB
Minus five for good behavior?
(off his nod)
If only the good behavior had come first.

Jimmy sets his napkin down.

JIMMY
I'm not particularly proud of my past,
sir. But, the only thing I can control
is the present.

BOB
What were you convicted of?

JIMMY
Burglary. Stole \$500,000 from the
savings and loan.

BOB
You can crack safes?

JIMMY
Could. Past tense.

BOB
Right. Could. How did you get caught?

JIMMY
I got sloppy. There was a new alarm
system that I wasn't familiar with. I
should have walked. I didn't.
(pause)
Police can make a thousand mistakes.
When you live that life, you only get
one.

RACHEL
Jimmy's paid his debt, Daddy. He doesn't
owe any more explanations.

Rachel grabs Jimmy's hand. Squeezes it.

JIMMY
(to Bob)
I love your daughter very much. And I
plan on spending the rest of my life
making her happy. It would mean a great
deal to both of us to have your blessing.

BOB
 Yes, I'm sure it would...
 (Bob rises)
 ...Let's the two of us have a talk.

INT. DEN, LARGE HOME - DAY

Bob and Jimmy sit in large leather chairs before a raging fire. Puff on cigars. Carcinogens wreath their faces.

BOB
 Scotch? Hundred year old, triple malt.

JIMMY
 No, thank you.

BOB
 I'll be honest with you, I can't possibly think of a more horrifying scenario for a father than for his only daughter to bring home an ex-con.

Jimmy sets down the cigar. RUBS two sweaty palms across his pants.

BOB (CONT'D)
 Rachel's mother died 2 years ago. Rachel is all I have in the world. She's daddy's little girl, always will be.

Wipe. Wipe. Gonna need to wring those pants out soon.

JIMMY
 Which is why your blessing is so important.
 (pause)
 I give you my word, my criminal ways are behind me. Please give me a chance.

BOB
 My answer is...yes.

Jimmy LEAPS out of his seat, but Bob raises his hand.

BOB (CONT'D)
 On one condition.
 (long pause)
 I need you to do something for me.

Jimmy's face drops. Nothing good ever follows that sentence. He sits back down.

JIMMY

(squints)
Like what?

BOB

Rachel told you that I own an armor company. Retrofitting trucks, limos.

(clears his throat)

In the past year or so, I've made some bad investments. Been forced to take on investors. And while they injected some life into the company, it wasn't enough.

(pause)

So, I expanded my clientele. You can imagine the kinds of people that might need bullet proof vehicles.

JIMMY

Not sure I follow -

BOB

I recently met a man named SAMPSON who confided to me that he was looking to sell a series of stolen, pure cut, PINK diamonds. As you know, uncut diamonds are as good as cash. And pink diamonds are especially valuable.

Jimmy leans back. This conversation is heading south. Fast.

BOB (CONT'D)

Sampson claimed that he needed to dump them quickly. Was willing to sell them well BELOW market value.

Bob puts down his cigar. This is very hard for him...

BOB (CONT'D)

In a moment of weakness...the notion occurred to me that I could buy these diamonds, mark up the price and sell them for a large profit. Get myself out of debt. I had access to my COMPANY'S PAYROLL and could finance the deal.

Bob takes another moment, then...

BOB (CONT'D)

I was convinced I'd have the money back before the employees were to be paid.

JIMMY

I feel a "but" coming.

BOB

But...two days ago, before I could make this transaction. I was robbed. My safe, where I was keeping the money, was broken into.

JIMMY

How much?

BOB

\$2 million.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LARGE HOME - DAY

Rachel sits on the coach. Alone in the large room. She STARES at the door to the den. Silent.

Picking the polish off of her nails. Torturing her bottom lip with her teeth.

INT. DEN, LARGE HOME - DAY

Jimmy blinks hard. Gets up. His mind in overdrive.

JIMMY

The safe's in this room?

Bob nods. Jimmy scans the room. Takes him less than a second to spot a false portion of a book shelf. He presses the corner and POP. It swings open. Revealing the safe.

Jimmy examines it with a chin-cupped hand. Checks the contact points. The angle of the bore tunnel for the scope.

Bob is telling the truth. It's legit work.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(stepping back, thinking)

Lemme guess, Sampson delayed the buy.

BOB

(surprised)

How'd...

JIMMY

Because Sampson's the one that robbed you. There never were any Pink Diamonds. It's an old scam - Sampson knew if he delayed the buy, you'd have to sit on the money. That you'd put it in a safe place, some where close because you'd only be sitting on it a day.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(pause)

What exactly do you want me to do?

BOB

The person that stole the money also took a baseball of mine out of that safe. A collector's item. Sammy Sosa's 66th homerun. One of the balls he hit out during his race with Mark McGuire.

JIMMY

Only got to see a few of the games.

Bob hands Jimmy a piece of paper with an address.

BOB

This ball was recently sold to a local collector store. I bribed the owner. He knows the seller. Knows where he lives-

JIMMY

What exactly do you want me to do?

BOB

I have one week before my employees have to be paid.

(pause)

I want you to steal my money back.

JIMMY

What?! Absolutely not. I told you, my criminal days are done. You have any idea what would happen if I get caught again?

BOB

You won't. This is a residence, not a bank. It will be the easiest job you've ever done.

JIMMY

I don't care how easy it is -

BOB

Listen to me son...

(pause)

...If I don't return that money, lives will be ruined, not just mine, not just my employees, but Rachel's.

Bob's voice falters. A crack in the hard veneer.

BOB (CONT'D)

How's she gonna feel the week of her wedding, watching her father carted off in chains? Her name splashed across the newspapers.

Bob puts a paternal hand on Jimmy's shoulder.

BOB (CONT'D)

I know my daughter. There's nothing in the world she wants more than my approval. Without it, your odds of a successful marriage are not good.

(pause)

You want my blessing? You want to be part of this family? Well, your family's_ in trouble.

(Jimmy finally looks up)

Do this, show me your commitment...and I will get behind your relationship, 100%.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LARGE HOME - DAY

The doors to the den BURST open. Rachel, waiting nervously on the couch, stands. Bob strides over with open arms.

BOB

You have my blessing.

Rachel immediately leaps into her father's arms. Never happier. Jimmy watches from the den entrance. Worry contorting his face.

INT. CRAWL SPACE, RED'S FLOWER SHOP - MORNING

Red's upper body pokes up into a small crawlspace. He is digging through a LEATHER duffle bag.

RED

I know you, Jimmy. This is like sending a drunk on a booze cruise.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Can I just have my stuff, please.

Red pulls a Berretta 9000 series out. Lock picking kit. Several small, electronic devices. He shoves them back in. Down below...

INT. RED'S FLOWER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

...Jimmy grips the ladder Red is standing on.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
It's a half hour detour. One time deal.

From the front show room -- a little bell DINGS.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I'll get it.

Jimmy leaves the now wobbly ladder. Heads out to see...

INT. RED'S FLOWER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

...three HARD-LOOKING African-American gangsta types: JET, tall, thin. BEBE, thick, built. LERON, mouth full of gold.

JIMMY
Whatta you guys want?

BEBE uncoils a switchblade.

BEBE
Yo ass, mother fucker.

JIMMY
You fellas ever pull a train on a white boy before?

LERON
(hard wink)
Choo-choo.

Tense pause and they all start giggling. Give Jimmy a hug.

JET
Out for a year and no call or nothin'?

JIMMY
You're not exactly in the book.

JET
So, what's up, you back in da game?

JIMMY
(shakes his head)
Out for good. You guys?

LERON
Different game. Construction business.
Every bit as crooked though.

He hands Jimmy a business card as Red enters.

RED

There's a motley crew, I ever seen one.

They all greet Red. Bump fists.

RED (CONT'D)

Our boy tell you he's getting married?

A chorus of: "Oh no you didn'ts" fill the room.

JIMMY

You guys shoulda hit me up a week later.
Now you gotta come to the wedding.

They all nod. Would love to.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And we're having an engagement party.
Free booze.

Jimmy's eyes skate to the window in time to see -- KATE,
getting out of her car.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ahhh for God's sake.
(nods outside)
My P.O.'s here.

JET

Oh snap, Jimmy got Officer Dugan.

They ALL groan. Time to go.

BEBE

We gotta roll.

JIMMY

I'll call you guys about the party. And
bring gifts you lowlifes.

They file out the door. Pass Kate. Tentatively.

KATE

(cold, nodding)
Jet, Bebe, Leron.

They close the door behind them. Red also retreats.

RED

I'll be in back.

Red disappears as Kate walks up to Jimmy.

KATE

Looks like I missed the big prison reunion. Just catching up?

JIMMY

Lady Sunshine. Our little meeting isn't till this afternoon.

KATE

I thought I'd surprise you. Make sure you were where you're supposed to be.
(holds out her hand)
Paperwork?

JIMMY

Look, I'm marrying your best friend, when you gonna turn that frown upside down?

He hands her the papers. She stares at them.

KATE

Soon as you go back in a time machine and NOT rob banks.
(looks up)
You know, Bracken, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't astounded by the fact that you haven't screwed up yet.

JIMMY

Recidivism rate last year was 39.9%. That's 60% of us ex-cons that didn't commit more crimes.

KATE

Didn't commit crimes or didn't get caught?

She shoves his paperwork back and HEADS AWAY.

KATE (CONT'D)

You still have a week of parole left. Plenty of time to screw up.

She slams the door.

RED (O.S.)

Broad's a real charmer.

Red reappears. Tosses the LEATHER BAG at Jimmy's feet.

RED (CONT'D)

She's gotta good point though.

Jimmy ignores him. Grabs the bag.

JIMMY

I gotta take off. Meeting Rachel. They changed the cake, trying to slide some sort of coconut icing by us.

RED

Hey. More importantly...
(snaps fingers)
...bachelor party. Thursday!

JIMMY

No hookers.

RED

Now why would you assume that?
(off Jimmy's look)
I'll cancel them.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy watches Rachel examine a stack of papers entitled:
WEDDING TO-DO LIST.

RACHEL

One sec and we'll get going. The caterers left a message, they're waffling on the final price of the salmon.

JIMMY

I'll handle that one. Got a chipotle marinade that I wanna run by them.

RACHEL

(going through list)
You and Red are going to do the birdseed bags tonight, right?

JIMMY

Yeah, check it off.

RACHEL

But it's not done.

JIMMY

Take a chance.

Rachel reluctantly checks that off from the list.

RACHEL

That was pen.

He glances at her bulletin board. A SAVE THE DATE magnet is pinned to the board: a photo of him holding her "cross the threshold" style.

He walks back to her desk. There are a million little POST-IT notes. EVERYWHERE.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 You know I have a terrible memory. I
 write down EVERYTHING.
 (bites her nail, winces)
 I even have my ATM code in my wallet.

Jimmy blinks hard. Shakes his head.

KATE (O.S.)
 You people are sending me over the edge.

Jimmy turns to see Kate OUTSIDE, in the main office -- with an empty box of Kripsy Kremes. Her name written on top.

KATE (CONT'D)
 (addressing the whole office)
 Empty again.
 (SLAMS the box down)
 The day of reckoning is coming!

Rachel and Jimmy look at each other.

JIMMY
 (taps his head)
 Coo-koo.

INT. CAKE SHOP - DAY

Jimmy and Rachel stand in a large, commercial kitchen. A very French CHEF PAUL waits cross-armed as they taste the new frosting. Rachel looks at Jimmy. Scrunches up her nose.

RACHEL
 I don't like it.

CHEF PAUL
 Oh, but you must.

RACHEL
 We'd rather have the buttercream we
 agreed on.

CHEF PAUL
 I will tell you then, it will be an extra
 \$200 dollars, this is a better option.

JIMMY

The best option would be the buttercream at the original price.

CHEF PAUL

I'm sorry. My bakery, my prices. Feel free to go elsewhere-

JIMMY

It's ONE WEEK before the wedding.

Jimmy starts to head around the table, but STOPS HIMSELF.

RACHEL

(to Jimmy)

Would you mind waiting out front for a sec?

She lowers her gaze and he relents. Heads away.

EXT. PARKING LOT, CAKE SHOP - LATER

Rachel exits. Forces a smile at a waiting Jimmy.

JIMMY

Everything okay? Ray?

RACHEL

I just agreed to pay the extra \$200.

JIMMY

Cool. I'll be right back.

He turns. Heads directly for the cake shop.

RACHEL

Jimmy, no!

JIMMY

Ray, please. You're looking at a reformed man. Whatta ya think I'm gonna do? Shove a gun in his back?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, CAKE SHOP - DAY

Jimmy has a butter WHISK jammed into Chef Paul's back.

JIMMY

You feel that Frenchy?

Chef Paul weeps like a little schoolgirl.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I don't wanna use it, but I just got outta the pen and frankly, I'm a little homesick.

CHEF PAUL

Same frosting, s-s-same price.

EXT. CAKE SHOP - DAY

Jimmy walks out of the cake shop. Arms out wide.

JIMMY

Chef Paul apologizes for any miscommunication.

Rachel is CLEARLY not happy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Just talked. Didn't lay a finger on him.

She squints at him. Reluctantly gets in.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A crescent moon hangs in the air. It's a brisk, cool night as Rachel and Jimmy finish loading his truck with birdseed. Rachel pulls out a sample: a small net bag tied with ribbon.

RACHEL

Birdseed 3/4ths to the top. Tie a bow with the ribbon. Curl with scissors.

JIMMY

You're sexy when you talk nonsense. We could get a quicky in before Satan shows.

RACHEL

Please don't call her that.

JIMMY

Sorry. Lucifer?

She swallows a giggle. Does not want to encourage him.

RACHEL

Go on, us girls have a lot to do.

Jimmy goes to kiss her, but stops abruptly. Locks eyes.

JIMMY

I love you, baby. I just want you to know that everything I do is for you.

She squints. Her psychoanalytically trained mind triggered by the sudden change in tone.

RACHEL

I know...I love you too.

Jimmy finally gives her that kiss. Heads away to his truck.

INT. FORD RANGER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jimmy BACKS UP as Kate pulls into the driveway. His eyes widen as she exits the vehicle. She's been experimenting on her own hair -- it's HIGH and WILD. As he drives past...

JIMMY

Nice hair. It covers the horns.

Kate mimes the shooting of two six shooters. Ends the flourish with two middle fingers in Jimmy's direction.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Classy.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate has Rachel in front of a makeup mirror. Three different shades of blush streak her cheeks.

KATE

You sure you wanna go through with this wedding thing? You could still probably get most of your deposits back.

RACHEL

Kate!

KATE

I'm your best friend. My job is to look out for you when you're delusional. That's what love is, one big delusion.

Rachel doesn't answer. Kate plows forward...

KATE (CONT'D)

Went to see him at work today. Bunch of his Joliet buddies were there.
(flash of concern from Rachel)
You know how that works. Start hanging -

RACHEL

I love him, Kate.

KATE

Fine, you love him. But do you trust him? I mean, do you even know where he went off to tonight?

RACHEL

He went over to Red's. They're making the seed bags.

Long, silent beat.

KATE

I'm just saying, in less than a week you are locked in. Till death do you part.

(pause)

If you're gonna do this, don't go in with your eyes closed. A little suspicion is healthy.

EXT. STREETS, WEST SIDE OF CHICAGO - NIGHT

The worst neighborhood in Chicago. A tableau of rusted cars, dirt yards, and barred windows. Just vile.

Jimmy pulls his truck next to a dumpster. Checks his Berretta. Heads toward the side of particularly shitty house. Somewhere in the distance, a gunshot spikes the air.

EXT. SHITTY HOUSE - NIGHT

He slides to the porch. Latino GANG-BANGERS huddle at the end of the block on tricked out, chrome bikes. Drinking.

Jimmy takes out his PICK SET. Pandora's box. He hasn't technically broken parole yet. Could just walk away. He glances back at the lock, then --

-- JAMS in his tension wrench. Slides the snake. Spin, twist, and -- the door is OPEN. The whole act takes 5.3 seconds. He slips inside.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rachel's hair is now teased to the hilt. Kate lacquers it with a half bottle of hairspray.

KATE

For the bachelorette party, I wanted to do a little floral, something-something that I don't want you to know about.

(one more spray)

Do you think Jimmy could hook me up?

RACHEL

The guy you just bashed for ten minutes,
that Jimmy?

(smirks)

Let me ask.

Rachel picks up her cell phone. Dials.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SHITTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark in here. Jimmy pauses, allows himself a moment.
Feeling the familiar, exhilarating adrenaline rush. He steps
forward. Eyes ticking back and forth, until --

-- his cell phone goes off. The MIAMI VICE theme song
seeping from his pocket. He silences it. Winces at the
rookie mistake.

He looks around. No sound. No movement. He glances down at
the screen: RACHEL.

He slips it away. Continues cautiously into the hallway.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rachel hangs up. Frowns at her phone.

RACHEL

He must not get reception at Red's.

KATE

Yeah...the satellite probably doesn't fly
over that area.

RACHEL

Are you done?

KATE

Kidding.

RACHEL

I mean are you done with my hair? I'm
exhausted. I wanna hit the sack.

INT. HALLWAY, SHITTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy opens the last door. A young Latino covered in tatoos
is asleep, tangled in sheets. Jimmy scans the room. Frowns.
Doesn't see what he wants.

He curses under his breath. Pulls a chair next to the bed.
On the Latino's arm is an elaborate tatoo -- TRAVIS at the
bottom. Jimmy rests the gun on the arm rest. Aims.

JIMMY

Get up.

He KICKS the bed. Travis JERKS back against the wall. Rubs sleep from his eyes. Sees Jimmy's gun.

TRAVIS

The fuck are you doin' in my house, bro?

JIMMY

Your name Travis?

The Latino nods. Jimmy empties his lungs with a long exhale.

JIMMY

Where's Sampson?

TRAVIS

Who?

Jimmy knew that was coming.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

How old are you?

TRAVIS

22.

JIMMY

You don't have the skills to crack a safe, how'd you get the baseball?

Travis considers a lie. Jimmy doesn't give him time...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You know, the baseball next to that big pile of money? I want the pile back.

CLICK, CLICK. Jimmy cocks the hammer.

TRAVIS

Easy, easy. I was just getaway and surveillance, bro.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rachel walks Kate to the door.

KATE

Listen, I didn't mean to get you all riled up about Jimmy. I'm sure it's just a reception problem like you said. He's probably hard at work on those seed bags.

Rachel forces a smile. Gives her a hug and kiss.

RACHEL

See you in the morning.

Rachel closes the door. Pulls out her cell phone again.

INT. TRAVIS' ROOM, SHITTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy keeps his eyes on Travis. Takes out his cell phone which is buzzing. Sees it's Rachel. Puts it away.

JIMMY

Then where's Sampson?

TRAVIS

Who?

Jimmy fires one into the mattress. A mushroom cloud of stuffing blooms between Travis' legs.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

WHOA!!! Look, I've never met him.

JIMMY

Who went in the house?

TRAVIS

Guy named Andre. And before you start putting more holes in my shit, I don't know where he is either. Only met him once. He stiffed me too. All I got was that fucking ball.

Jimmy stares at Travis. Leans back in his chair.

JIMMY

What did Andre look like?

TRAVIS

Gringo. You guys all look the same.

Long beat. They both relax. A little.

JIMMY

Sorry 'bout your mattress

Jimmy looks at the drawings on the walls. Tatoo designs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That's nice work. You do ink?

TRAVIS
 Just opened a little shop. You got any?
 (Jimmy pulls up a sleeve)
 Not bad. That's prison ink, right?

JIMMY
 Most of it.

Travis looks at the snake design on Jimmy's arm.

TRAVIS
 You know...Andre had one like that only
 the snake was wrapped in chains. And it
 had the letter "D" behind it. It was
 pretty tight.

JIMMY
 D...Dwight Correctional.

INT. IZUZU RODEO (MOVING) - NIGHT

Rachel, all teased hair and pancake makeup -- floors her car
 down the road.

RACHEL
 It's just bad reception.

INT. TRAVIS' ROOM, SHITTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Travis exhibits a few sketches for Jimmy.

JIMMY
 Nice. I've been thinking about getting
 one with my ol' lady's name.

Before he can answer -- Travis' GIRLFRIEND walks in. She
 immediately sees Jimmy's GUN, seizes the edges of her
 waitress apron, and -- runs SCREAMING out the front door.

TRAVIS
 You better bounce, bro.

EXT. SHITTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy emerges to find her on the lawn. Still screaming.

JIMMY
 Shhhhh -- quiet. Please.

She won't be. So Jimmy JABS the gun in her direction.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 SHUT UP.

She zips her soup coolers. Jimmy is momentarily relieved until -- the GANG BANGERS on bikes we saw earlier descend like locust. SEE Jimmy pointing his gun at the girl.

Decision time. Talk it out or -- RUN!!! Jimmy sprints for the side of the house. The BANGERS brandish weapons and UNLOAD. Bullets chase Jimmy off the porch.

EXT. RED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Red, a hand down his pants, takes in the fourth quarter of a Bears game. He's surrounded by bird seed, but only a few completed ribboned seed bags.

Headlights FLOOD his living room. He casually walks to the window. Hand still buried in his pants. He draws the curtains to see RACHEL exit her vehicle.

RED

That ain't good.

Red grabs his cell phone. SMASHES buttons. Sends a text message as the door bell RINGS. He throws open the door.

RED (CONT'D)

Rachel, whatta surprise.

RACHEL

Hey Red, I finished early with Kate.
Figured I'd come help with the seed bags.

She sees the few completed bags.

RED

Ahhh, to be honest, Jimmy and I got a little caught up in the game.

RACHEL

That's fine. Where is he?

RED

He, uh, just went out for some beer.
Should be back any minute.

EXT. BACKYARD, WEST SIDE OF CHICAGO - NIGHT

Jimmy in a dead sprint. His cell phone goes off again and now -- the MIAMI VICE theme song now serves as our SOUNDTRACK as he --

-- cuts left. He scampers through backyards. Through every opening between houses -- a BANGER on a bike sprays bullets. Windows detonate. Wood chips. Death is narrowly avoided.

He finally stops behind a shed. Pulls out his cell. C/U on screen. A text message: "Rachel is here. Get back ASAP. Bring beer."

Jimmy sprints through another yard. Past a dog house. The name painted on top -- CARL. And whoa, there he is. A giant ROTTWEILER. Shooting out like a cannon ball with teeth.

JIMMY

Easy Carl, good boy.

But Carl won't be flattered. He charges, chain leash unspooling. Closing fast. LEAPING as his mouth full of razors SNAP onto Jimmy's right butt cheek.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Agggghh!

Jimmy tumbles into a barrel roll. Carl LEAPS again, but is HELD by the chain. Jimmy hobbles into the street. Spots his Ford Ranger. His pride and joy.

Gets within two feet when the hood EXPLODES. Bangers in formation cycle into view. Bikes gleaming. Guns blazing.

Jimmy DIVES behind a dumpster. His TRUCK takes the brunt. The bangers turn Jimmy's baby into swiss cheese.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(screaming)

I paid for that truck!!!

Jimmy aims at the BANGERS -- doesn't fire. Instead, lurches down an alley. The end drops down into a dirt embankment. He takes a last look back at his fallen truck and JUMPS over the edge. Poof. Gone.

INT. RED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Uncomfortable silence hangs in the air as Red sits in his recliner. Nods at Rachel. She fidgets in her seat.

RED

You want somethin' ta eat? I think I got some sardines.

RACHEL

No, thanks.

And cue more uncomfortable silence until, finally, thankfully -- a car pulls into the driveway.

EXT. RED'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy gets out of a cab. Twelve-pack in hand. He limps to the porch. Rings the bell. Peeks in inside to see Rachel heading to the door.

He smiles. Snaps off a can. SHAKES it as the door opens and -- SPRAYS it all over Rachel!

JIMMY
How 'bout them Bears?!

Jimmy feigns shock at Rachel's presence.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Rachel. What're you doing here?

Her hair is soaked and flipped straight back over her head. Makeup drips off her chin.

RACHEL
I, uh, just came over to help you guys with the seed bags.
(sees the cab leaving)
Where's your truck?

Now it's Jimmy's turn...

JIMMY
It was stolen! Went in to get the beer, came out, gone. The irony, huh?

And so there they stand. Both full of shit.

RACHEL
Are you okay?

JIMMY
Yeah, ran after them, tripped a little, but I'm fine.

Jimmy shoots a look at Red who is simply shaking his head.

RACHEL
I'm gonna call Danny, he's got graveyard patrol tonight. He can take the report, get things -

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Why don't you go home. Dry off.

RACHEL
What? No, I wanna help.

JIMMY

I got it, really. I don't want you
pullin' favors on this. Save 'em.

Red throws Jimmy a towel. He hands it to Rachel. Walks her
toward her car.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Besides, Red and I wanna finish up the
birdseed bags on our own. Helps Red feel
like he's contributing, you know?

RACHEL

But -

JIMMY

Go take yourself a nice bath, get into
bed and I'll be back before you know it.

Rachel reluctantly opens her car door.

RACHEL

Red, we're having a little family golf
get-together tomorrow, you should come.
Kate'll be there.

Red nods. That Kate thing ain't exactly a selling point.

RED

(forces smile)
Sounds great.

Jimmy and Red watch as Rachel drives away. As she turns the
corner, Jimmy spins around. Clutches his butt cheek.

JIMMY

Tell me you still have your med kit.

INT. CLUBHOUSE, EAGLEWOOD GOLF COURSE - AFTERNOON

Jimmy and Red, both clad in ridiculous golf wear.

RED

So you're done?

JIMMY

I'm done. Was supposed to be easy.
Simple residential grab. In and out.

Red just stares at him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What?

RED

I'm supposed ta believe part a' you didn't get your jollies last night?

JIMMY

You know, I didn't go lookin' for this.

(frowns)

And quit baiting me. I'm done with this nonsense. Done.

RED

You're done?

JIMMY

What'd I just say?

RED

Said you were done.

Suddenly, Rachel BLOWS into the room with her FATHER. Pulls a chair between Jimmy and Red. THROWS down a giant FILE.

RACHEL

Look what Daddy found in the attic. Mother's wedding file. She'd been preparing it for years, creating the wedding she'd always dreamt of for me.

(opens it, spreads it out)

I want to duplicate what's in here. It won't take much more money. Just a few different flowers...

(looks at Red, he nods)

...a slight change in the color scheme. My dress is almost identical. I've already talked to Kate about the changes.

BOB

It'll be beautiful.

Jimmy nods as she pulls out another section. Picture after picture of a FATHER walking a DAUGHTER down the aisle.

RACHEL

All she wanted was to see the man she loved walk her little girl down the aisle...give her away.

Rachel looks up. Grabs Jimmy's hand. Then her father's.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

The two most important men in my life.

Jimmy glances at Red. Both thinking the exact same thing --
Jimmy is NOT DONE.

EXT. PARKING LOT, EAGLEWOOD GOLF COURSE - DAY

Jimmy paces. KICKS the ground. Mumbling. Cursing.

Two elderly golfers take the long way around as Jimmy leans
up against a tree. Head exploding. A moment later Bob walks
out of the clubhouse. Up to Jimmy. Clearly anxious.

JIMMY

Money wasn't there.

BOB

(anxiety now tripled)
What?

JIMMY

Guy that sold the ball was just the
driver. But...and I can't believe I'm
saying this...I think I know how to find
the guy that cracked your safe.

ON RACHEL as she walks out of the clubhouse. Sees Bob and
Jimmy having a VERY animated conversation.

BACK ON JIMMY & BOB

JIMMY

There's Rachel, wave.

They both do. Rachel waves back.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'll check it out. But I'm not promising
anything. And I need a vehicle.

BOB

You can take my truck. It's loaded. One
of our prototypes. I'll get a ride back
with Rachel.

JIMMY

I wanna be clear about this...I'm not
promising anything.

(steers Bob toward clubhouse)

Come on, big smile. I don't want Rachel
getting suspicious.

Both plaster stupid smiles.

INT. EAGLEWOOD GOLF COURSE - LATER

Red SLAPS a horrible shot off the tee -- an insult to anyone who's ever picked up clubs. HE curses himself.

Below, Jimmy washes his golf ball. A few feet away, Kate sits with Rachel in a golf cart. Jimmy's face sinks as Kate dismounts. Walks over.

KATE

They found your supposedly stolen truck.

JIMMY

Kate, never interrupt a man while he's washing his balls.

KATE

Not only was it full of bullet holes, but it just happened to be in the most crime-riddled neighborhood in Chicago.

He glances at Rachel, who looks away, but is clearly listening. He continues to wash his golf ball, PUMPING away.

JIMMY

My truck was stolen last night. I filed a full report.

She grabs his hand. Stops his pumping.

KATE

They've got a witness that claims the mystery man that drove your truck broke into his home, held him at gunpoint.

JIMMY

What can I tell you? Bad people steal cars.

He YANKS his hand away. Steps up to the tee box.

INT. ARMORED NAVIGATOR - NIGHT

Jimmy drives Red home in the new ARMORED VEHICLE Bob gave him. While it looks like a normal Navigator, this number comes equipped with Armormax reinforced panels, bullet-proof glass, and puncture resistant tires.

The drive to Red's place would normally take about ten minutes. But Jimmy takes a detour. Pulls across from -- the Parole Office.

RED
I think they're closed.

Jimmy puts on his golf glove.

JIMMY
You have a ski mask?

Red mockingly pats his pockets.

RED
Fresh out.

JIMMY
Gimme your golf glove.

Red does. Jimmy slides it on his other hand.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What kinda surveillance you think they
have on this joint?

RED
Can't imagine many guys are breakin' INTO
parole offices.

Jimmy opens a compartment in the floor board. Pulls out his
black leather bag. Retrieves a few choice items.

JIMMY
Mind aiding and abetting for a few
minutes?

RED
What I mind is that look on your face.
(off Jimmy's look)
Like a diabetic with a chocolate bar.

Jimmy doesn't respond. Gets out. Heads away.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE, DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - NIGHT

An alarm box BEEPS as Jimmy attaches a small computerized
DEVICE. It runs a series of possible CODES at blinding speed
until a red light turns to GREEN.

In the adjacent room, Jimmy finds the video center. Disables
the cameras. Heads PAST THE BREAKROOM and into...

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE, PAROLE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...Rachel's office. He fires up her COMPUTER. Glances at the photo of him and Rachel on the desk. Her two dimensional eyes bore a hole into him. He flips the frame down and --

-- gets to the password screen. Starts searching her desk. Looks underneath her drawer and badda-bing -- the password: DEATHDOUSPART

He accesses the offender database. Brings up recent Dwight Correctional parolees. He scrolls through and spots...

Name: Marcus ANDRE Davenport.

Place of residence: Still seeking permanent residence.

Place of employment: LUSCIOUS DANCE CLUB

C/U on his MUG SHOT: Sallow eyes. Bad skin. Shaved head.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy and Rachel brush their teeth in adjoining sinks. Prepare for bed. Rachel stops.

RACHEL

Jimmy...what were you and Daddy talking about at the golf course? The conversation seemed pretty...intense.

JIMMY

There are just some things that your father and I have to work out.

This seems fairly reasonable. Rachel nods.

RACHEL

I think that's healthy. He needs things from you and I'm sure you want certain things from him.

JIMMY

Exactly. That's exactly it.

INT. INK SPOT TATOO PARLOR - NIGHT

A small tatoo parlor. Travis locks up for the night. Closing up ink kits. Collecting needles, artwork, etc.

Travis turns. Startled. We switch P.O.V.'s to see -- a PEARL HANDLED GLOCK with a silencer. Aimed at his chest.

TRAVIS

Whoa, bro, we ain't got no money here.

VOICE

Or proper grammar. I understand
someone's looking for me.

TRAVIS

(realizing)

Sampson. Look, bro, I didn't tell him
nothin'. Told him, I never seen you.

SAMPSON

But you told him something. Surely.
Something small, maybe.

TRAVIS

No, I-

THWACK. Travis' head blooms crimson as he drops into a pile.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Afternoon sun fills Rachel's office. Jimmy steps inside.

JIMMY

Ready to get your engagement party on?

Rachel holds up a finger, is talking on the phone.

RACHEL

You're sending it now? With the sketch?

(pause)

Thanks for your help.

(hangs up, turns to Jimmy)

They have your police report ready.

Thought you'd want a copy.

Not really.

JIMMY

Welllyeahhh!

RACHEL

They have a sketch of the perp who broke
into that guy's house. Figured you could
throw it in Kate's face.

JIMMY

That's, well, that's great. Sending it
now, huh?

(quickly)

I'll get it. Copy room?

RACHEL
 We'll grab it on our way out.
 (winks)
 Can't have parolees wandering around
 unescorted.

INT. HALLWAY, PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

Rachel and Jimmy walk into the copy room. The fax machine is already humming.

RACHEL
 Here it comes.

Jimmy is freaking out. Chewing a finger nail into pulp.

JIMMY
 We really oughta get to the party.

RACHEL
 One more page.

And here comes the sketch. Jimmy looks around. Desperate. Sees a water cooler. SLAPS it over -- SPLOOSH.

JIMMY
 Ahhh, crap.

Rachel runs over. They both get it right side up.

RACHEL
 (heads away)
 I'll get some paper towels. Don't touch
 anything else.

The MOMENT she's out the door, Jimmy LURCHES to the fax machine. Grabs the sketch -- it looks EXACTLY like him!

Jimmy quickly finds a pencil. A voice from down the hall...

KATE (O.S.)
 Rachel?

Jimmy feverishly draws on the sketch. Adds glasses, a bit of a mullet and -- JAMS it back into the top of the FAX and -- hits the COPY button as Kate comes in.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Oh, it's you.
 (hands on hips)
 More news on the stolen car saga. That
 guy whose house was broken into? He just
 turned up dead.
 (MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)
(Jimmy doesn't flinch)
I tell you a guy files a police report,
next day he shows up dead. Anything you
wanna tell me?

JIMMY
Yeah. That lipstick makes you look
cheap.

Kate looks like she just bit into a lemon.

KATE
What exactly are you doing in here?

JIMMY
Waiting for my police report...

He grabs the corrected sketch as it finishes printing.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
...complete with sketch of the perp.
That what you guys call them, right?

She SNATCHES the report out of his hand as Rachel arrives
with a roll of paper towels.

RACHEL
Oh good, you got it.

They both look at the sketch. Jimmy didn't have much time,
but at least now it doesn't look EXACTLY like him.

KATE
This is worthless. Could be anyone.

JIMMY
(big exhale, arms wide)
Who's ready to party?

Rachel forces a smile. Not exactly the guilt-clearing
evidence she was hoping for.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Jimmy and Rachel walk up to a very large house.

JIMMY
It's an wedding shower. It'll be fun.

RACHEL
Tell me everyone is going to get along.

JIMMY

Cops and criminals are the same people,
just different childhoods. Relax, these
are our friends.

Jimmy opens the front door and inside...

INT. LARGE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

...is the greatest party of all time. EVERYONE having fun.
Laughing, drinking. And there's no confusion as to whose
team the partygoers play for.

Rachel's friends: close cropped cops or society types.
Jimmy's friends: Leather, piercings, dirt under nails.

As Rachel and Jimmy walk in, the place ERUPTS.

JIMMY

Told you. Now just have a good time.

Bob walks up. Gives Rachel a kiss before she is kidnapped by
a wild pack of girlfriends. SHRIEKING congratulations.

BOB

(leans in to Jimmy)
I need to talk to you.

He guides Jimmy off to the side. Away from any stray ears.

BOB (CONT'D)

Whatever you're doing, speed it up.

JIMMY

I'm the one putting my ass on the line
here, Bob-

BOB

If I sound unappreciative, I'm not. I am
simply getting anxious.
(adjusts his glasses)
I spent all day misdirecting company
accountants, hired by my new investors.
They are beginning an internal audit and
it won't be long before they discover a
giant hole in the ledger.

JIMMY

(stares him down)
I'm on it.

Jimmy walks away. Leaving Bob alone with his concerns.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LARGE HOUSE - LATER

Rachel makes the rounds. Nervously making sure everyone is having a good time. She glances across the room and sees --

-- sees a waiter take an empty glass from JAMMER, a biker type with facial tattoos. As the waiter heads away --

-- WALTER, an older vice cop snakes the GLASS off the tray. Examines it for PRINTS. Slips it into a plastic bag.

As Walter heads away Rachel darts in and -- takes it back. Throws a disapproving look over her shoulder. Walter shrugs. Sorry. Habit.

Rachel wipes off the glass, continues into...

INT. DEN, LARGE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...the den. She watches JEB, a good-looking con man, playfully corner CINDY, a young traffic cop. He seductively slips a ribbon of her hair BEHIND HER EAR.

JEB

What's a guy gotta do to get frisked around here?

Cindy giggles. Before she can respond, Rachel leans in.

RACHEL

Mind if I borrow her for a moment?

She YANKS Cindy off to the side. Twists back to Jeb for a second. He hands her something. Rachel turns back. Leads Cindy away. Rachel offers her a stern look.

CINDY

What? I thought he was kinda cute.

Rachel extends her hand. Cindy's diamond earring in the center of her palm.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

More SHRIEKS as another group of girls spot Rachel. Extend their arms for congratulatory hugs.

EXT. PORCH, LARGE HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy wades through the crowd. Up to Red who is surrounded by Bebe, Leron, Jet and several cops.

RED

Heard Slow Eddie's back in the pokey?

None of them have.

RED (CONT'D)

You guys are gonna love this. 'Bout a month ago, Ol' Eddie walks into a CitiBank and on the back of a deposit slip writes, "This is a stick up. Put the money in a bag."

(almost laughs)

Except the line to the teller was so long, Eddie decides to go 'cross the street to the Bank of America. Gives a teller there the note. But, from all the misspellings on the note, this broad realizes Eddie ain't the brightest. So, she tells him since his note was written on the wrong deposit slip, they couldn't honor his demand.

(everyone's laughing)

So ol' Eddie goes back over to the CitiBank where he's arrested five minutes later. Still standing in line!

The guys are in hysterics. Jimmy applies an arm around Red's shoulder, joins in:

JIMMY

Keep in mind, this is the same silly son-of-a-bitch that tried to rob a drive-through with a knife!

DANNY, an older cop, holds up his hand. A white flag.

DANNY

Stop. No more.

Jimmy waits till things die down, eases into the following:

JIMMY

By the way, you guys heard of a player named Sampson? One of the fella's talking about him.

BEBE

Plenty of people heard of him, no one's ever seen the guy though.

JIMMY

Who is he? Fence?

DANNY

Bigger. Deals mostly in stones. The guy's a lunatic. Anyone he thinks might shoot their mouth off, disappears.

JET

Killin' should leave more of a trail.

DANNY

Guy's too slippery.

A flick of concern registers on Jimmy's face as -- Rachel bounds in from the other room.

RACHEL

It's time to open our presents!

INT. LIVING ROOM, LARGE HOUSE - DAY

Everyone shoehorned into the living room. Jimmy next to Rachel as she opens the next present: Great. The third pair of fuzzy sex handcuffs.

C/U on Jimmy's face: staring out into space. Mind racing.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The same C/U on Jimmy's face. Only it's dark now. He's in bed, staring at the ceiling. He turns. Checks to see that Rachel is asleep. Slips quietly out of bed.

INT. MAIN ROOM, LUSCIOUS DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Jimmy heads through a sea of gorgeous women wearing skirts the size of postage stamps. Guys with hair full of dippity doo and un-tucked black silk shirts. He grabs a WAITRESS.

JIMMY

Andre workin' tonight?

She seems bewildered by the question.

WAITRESS

Working? Try the VIP section.

Jimmy spots ANDRE in the corner. Looks just like his mug shot, only now he sports a bad, frizzy pony tail.

Jimmy watches as Andre and BELL, a beautiful Latina, squabble. It gets heated and Andre -- SMACKS her. Everyone around him freezes, but does nothing.

ANDRE
 (to Bell)
 I'm takin' a leak, then we're outta here.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - NIGHT

We follow Andre's Mercedes down a deserted street. Quiet, peaceful until, SLAM --

-- a maelstrom of twisted metal and glass as Jimmy RAMS the rear of the Mercedes with his armored Navigator. Spins it like a top.

Jimmy pulls up. Begins to taunt Andre. Laughing. Pointing. Anger spreads over Andre's face like napalm as he --

-- draws a GUN, steps from the car and UNLOADS it at Jimmy, but -- the bullets RICOCHET off! Andre is in such a furor that he fires every bullet. Click. Click. Click. Empty.

Jimmy calmly steps from his vehicle, walks his GUN over and SLAMS it against Andre's head. Drops him.

JIMMY
 I'm here about the money you stole.

ANDRE
 What the hell are you -

JIMMY
 Let's skip this part. I'm in a hurry and I have all my bullets left.
 (jabs gun)
 I know you stole the money and I know you work for Sampson. How much of a cut did he give you for pullin' the job?

ANDRE
 No idea what you're talking about.

JIMMY
 I'm really trying to be good here, but I guess I got no choice.

Jimmy is about pistol-whip Andre, but -- glances at Bell. Her eye swollen where Andre's palm once was.

JIMMY
 (to Bell)
 Get out.

As she approaches, Jimmy gives her a WINK. Hands her Andre's empty gun. She stares at it. Confused.

JIMMY
 (to Bell)
 Hit him with the gun.

It all makes sense to Bell now. She pretends to hate doing it, but -- STRIKES Andre on top of the head. He winces.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Harder.

BELL
 Sorry, papi.

Bell is now fully on-board with the gameplan as she -- SMASHES the bridge of Andre's nose. He writhes in pain.

ANDRE
 Okay! Okay. I pulled the job, but I didn't get a cut.

Jimmy gives Bell the nod. She starts RAINING haymakers down on Andre. Jimmy enjoys this so much, he forgets to aim his gun at Bell. She finally stops. Winded.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
 I owed Sampson. I was in the joint 'cause I fucked up on another job.
 (spits blood)
 Sampson was waiting for me when I got out. Was gonna kill me, man. I told him I'd do the job for free. To square us.

JIMMY
 Where's the money?

ANDRE
 Sampson's sitting on it. ALL of it.

JIMMY
 Where?

Andre doesn't answer so Bell gets the "go" signal. A right cross, followed by a humiliating kick to the crotch.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rachel rolls over. Sweeps her hand over the empty mattress. Her EYES flick open. She moves to the hallway. Jimmy is GONE. She grabs her cell phone. Starts to dial, but stops.

Confusion slipping into anger, slipping into defiance. She sets the phone back down. Gets back into bed.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy steps closer to Andre.

ANDRE

I don't know where he lives.

(quickly)

But I know where he's gonna be.

Bell kicks Andre, unprompted. Jimmy smirks. Bell shrugs.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Just outside town, on the west side,
there's a junkyard next to the river.

(gasping)

In the middle of that scrap yard is a
chop shop. Sampson's gonna be there
tomorrow at 3:00. That's all I know.

Jimmy nods at Bell who gives him one more HARD shot -- sends him into la-la land.

JIMMY

You know where I can find Sampson?

(she shakes her head)

Know what he looks like?

BELL

He came over once to visit Andre but I
didn't see him.

Jimmy pulls out Andre's wallet. Gives Bell all of the cash.

JIMMY

Call a cab and get lost for a while.

He pulls out his keys. Heads for his Navigator.

BELL

Wait. Sampson's keys...they were on the
coffee table. I just remember the key
chain. It had a little fish, with a top
hat and cane...

Bell realizes how this sounds. Fish? Top hat? Cane? Okay.

SUDDENLY, a cop car SLIDES out from a side road. Before Jimmy can move -- the COP is out of his car. AIMING his gun.

COP

Freeze, drop the weapon.

Jimmy's face falls. As does his gun. CLANK.

COP (CONT'D)
 (into walkie)
 I need another unit and an ambulance.

The cop steps past a groggy, bloody Andre.

ANDRE
 Officer, this man attacked me.

COP
 Shut up and stay down.
 (to Jimmy)
 You, up against the vehicle.

The cop SHOVES Jimmy onto the hood of his Navigator.
 HOLSTERS his weapon. YANKS Jimmy's arms back. CUFFS him.

Unfortunately no one pays attention to Andre, who leaps up --
 PULLS knife from his boot and DRIVES the blade into the cop's
 side. The cop buckles. Stunned.

Andre raises the knife over the cop -- brings it down hard,
 but -- Jimmy TRAPS the knife between the handcuffs -- the
 blade an inch from the officer's neck. He HEAD BUTTS Andre.
 Sends him backward.

Andre recovers. CHARGES. The knife ARCS. SLICES Jimmy. A
 rib shot.

Jimmy intercepts the next swing -- TRAPS Andre's arm with the
 cuffs. Twists it at an impossible angle. The knife drops.
 The bone breaks. An elbow sends Andre to the ground.

Jimmy moves to the cop. Grabs keys and UNCUFFS himself.

JIMMY
 (to Bell)
 Give me your scarf.

She does. Jimmy presses the scarf to the Cop's wound. In
 front of him: blue and red lights in the distance. Behind
 him: the sound of tires SCREECHING as --

-- Andre is back in his Mercedes. Gettin' while the gettin's
 good. Jimmy grimaces. Needs to do the same. Fast.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 (to Bell)
 Hold this.

Bell takes over. Keeps pressure on the wound.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 (to Cop)
 I've seen plenty of stab wounds. You're
 gonna be fine.

Jimmy claws up his gun. Heads toward his Navigator.

COP (O.S.)
 Hey.

Jimmy turns. The officer is pointing his GUN.

COP (CONT'D)
 I can't let you go.

JIMMY
 And I can't stay.

The cop slowly, weakly puts his gun DOWN as Jimmy gets in his Navigator. Heads toward the now rising sun.

INT. FOYER, JIMMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy walks in the door. Holding his bloody side. Is about to walk into the living room, when -- FLASH -- the lights come on. He PRESSES up against the wall. Out of sight.

RACHEL (O.S.)
 Welcome home.

Jimmy sees blood on the wall. Grimaces. Slides a large potted plant in front of it and -- JERKS into the kitchen. The counter hides Jimmy's wound as he faces Rachel for the first time. She wears the one look no man ever wants to see.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 We need to talk.

Jimmy looks down as blood DRIPS onto his foot. He casually steps out of view and GRABS a garbage bag. Shoves the plastic barrier under his shirt. Stops the dripping.

JIMMY
 (eases back into view)
 Okay, let's talk...

Rachel is up and pacing. Jimmy waits till she's turned away. DARTS toward the hallway until...

RACHEL
 Where are you going?

ON JIMMY as he freezes. Bloody side away from Rachel.

JIMMY

Lemme just take a shower first, wake up.

Before she can respond, he's into the hallway. Out of view.

INT. BATHROOM, JIMMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy JAMS his bloody shirt into the hamper. Removes his pants. Examines the dog bite on his ass as --

-- the door starts to open. He LEAPS into the shower. YANKS the curtain closed as Rachel enters.

He turns on the water. It hits his cut and BURNS! He slaps his hands over his mouth to keep from screaming.

RACHEL (O.S.)

I want to talk NOW.

JIMMY

What about?

ON RACHEL

RACHEL

Are you trying to make me more angry then I am? I want to know where the hell you were all night.

JIMMY (O.S.)

I...couldn't sleep. Went for a little drive. Okay?

BACK ON JIMMY

As he watches blood pour down his side. Kicks clots of it toward the drain as -- Rachel YANKS back the shower curtain. He JERKS his torso away.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

My husband-to-be gets up in the middle of the night without telling me and stays out till sunrise? In what sick, psycho male fantasy is that OKAY?

JIMMY

Baby -

RACHEL

Don't baby me. I spent all night trying to rationalize this. Is he getting cold feet?

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 Is this some sort of passive-aggressive
 act to maintain control? Give me
 something. Anything.

JIMMY
 It was just stupid. I'm sorry.

She spots the ink stamp on his hand.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 That a bar stamp?

JIMMY
 Oh, I grabbed a beer when I was out.

Rachel GASPS with great drama. Is even more furious now.

RACHEL
 That's even better. With who?

JIMMY
 No one, I went by myself. Look, I'm
 sorry. I should have told you, but how
 many times do you want me to apologize?

RACHEL
 Keep going. I'll let you know.

JIMMY
 You've gotta understand this is hard for
 me. I spent the last ten years in a 8 X
 10 cell. Being told when I could walk,
 when I could talk.

Rachel relents. Slightly.

RACHEL
 (thinking)
 Maybe you're subconsciously trying to
 test your boundaries.

Jimmy nods. Whatever the hell that means.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 It won't happen again. I love you. I'm
 sorry.

RACHEL
 I love you too. And I appreciate you
 opening up. But, do you understand why
 I'm so upset?

JIMMY

Yes.

(off her look)

I do. That's why I'm here, talking it out with you.

She takes a step forward. Crosses her arms.

Why do I feel like you're not telling me everything?

JIMMY

I don't know.

Jimmy looks down. The water around his feet is blood RED. He gives her a kiss in order to obscure her view.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ray?

(she raises her eyebrows)

Lettin' the cold air in.

She slowly nods. Closes the curtain.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JIMMY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Rachel stands in the living room. Sipping coffee. Staring out the window. Still VERY upset. Trying to rationalize. Is she just being paranoid?

She glances at Jimmy's parked armored Navigator. In the dirt on the hood: a perfect OUTLINE OF JIMMY where he was pushed down and cuffed by the cop.

She squints. Her suspicion spiking again.

EXT. PARKING LOT, JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rachel sneaks out toward Jimmy's Navigator. Pad and pen in hand. She stops. Turns. Turns back. Finally --

-- runs to the Navigator. At the base of the windshield is a small metal plate with the VEHICLE I.D. NUMBER.

She writes it down. Sprints back inside.

EXT. DESERTED DIRT ROAD - DAY

A battered, rattling Mercedes pulls down the dirt road. It stops and out pops Andre. Worse for the wear.

SAMPSON steps into view, but we see him from the WAIST DOWN. We notice the pearl handled GLOCK in the back of his pants.

SAMPSON
What's so important?

ANDRE
There's a guy after you.

SAMPSON
What'd you tell him?

ANDRE
Nothing, I swear. I sent him on a wild
goose chase. That chop shop out by the
river? Told him I was supposed to meet
you at 3:00.

SAMPSON
And that's all you said?

ANDRE
Well yeah.
(nervous, faster)
In movies the guy always offers up info
at gun point. But I always thought, why
not just give him phony info? You'd be
gone by the time he figures it out. So,
that's what I did.

SAMPSON
But this man found you once, he could
find you again.

Andre frowns. He hadn't considered this. Sampson already
has his gun out.

ANDRE
(really fast)
Okay, sure, but I still wouldn't-

THWACK! Another loose end. Tied.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel is meeting with SHELLY. A parolee CRACK WHORE.

RACHEL
I talked with your boss and he says
you've been on time every day this month.
(clearly distracted)
And, uh...and you haven't missed one drug
test. I'm proud of you, Shelly. I'm...

Rachel spots the turned-over framed photo of her and Jimmy.
She picks it up. Shelly studies her as she repositions it.

SHELLY
What's wrong, baby doll?

RACHEL
Nothing, I...
(Shelly smirks, knows better)
Just relationship stuff.

SHELLY
Yo man cheatin'?

RACHEL
No, Jimmy would never do that.

SHELLY
Don't never say never. Thought my ex was
in Toledo sellin' copiers till I saw 'em
come outta a hotel with a tranny in bad
pumps.

RACHEL
(slaps file closed)
I think we're finished here.

INT. ARMORED NAVIGATOR (MOVING) - DAY

Jimmy drives down the road. Three TUXES sway from the rear
window clip. A highway sign notes that Jimmy is leaving
Chicago proper. His phone RINGS. He answers it...

JIMMY
Yeah.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bob is drinking already. He chins the phone.

BOB
It's Bob.

INTERCUT

JIMMY
A little busy risking my life right now,
Bob.

BOB
Please. Tell me what's happening.

JIMMY
Well for starters, I got stabbed last
night. Oh yeah, and I almost got
arrested.

BOB
Can the officer I.D you?

JIMMY
He saw me, but it was dark. And I don't think he got my license plate or you'd have a patrol car on your lawn by now.

BOB
Did you find the money?

JIMMY
I found the guy that cracked your safe, but Sampson's the one with your dough.
(exhales hard)
Good news is, the guy gave me the time and place where Sampson's gonna be. Bad news is, I'm going there now.

BOB
But...they could set a trap for you.

JIMMY
That's where the life-risking part comes in.
(pause)
At least it'll flush Sampson out.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel is showing Shelly out.

SHELLY
Am I gettin' an invite to da weddin'?

RACHEL
Oh, well, it's a very small reception. We're trying to save money.

SHELLY
I hear dat. Savin' pennies and what not.

Rachel nods. Closes the door. Sits in front of her computer. Pulls up the LOJAK theft recovery system -- yanks out the Vehicle I.D Number from Jimmy's new Navigator.

Feels guilty, but types it in -- POP -- up comes a satellite map. A slow moving RED DOT signifies JIMMY'S Navigator. The dot is outside the city limits!

She taps a few more buttons and -- POP -- up comes the Department of Transportation System. Tap-tap -- POP --

-- up comes the web page that controls the STOPLIGHT DIGITAL CAMERAS. Run a stoplight and these automatically take a photo for posterity. Then the city charges you 300 clams.

Rachel splits the screen. LOJAK on one side. The camera system on the other.

INT. ARMORED NAVIGATOR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy is lost in thought. As his Navigator travels through a stoplight -- a FLASH.

He squints. It was barely detectable. Hopefully Jimmy saw it. He doesn't act like it. Keeps driving.

INT. ARMORED NAVIGATOR (MOVING) - LATER

Jimmy pulls into a parking lot. Down the road, in the distance: the Chicago River. Next to it, a giant junk yard. Jimmy checks his gun and exits the vehicle.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy walks across the parking lot. Stops in front of a dress shop. A gorgeous, RED SILK DRESS in the window. A BUM, propped against the wall, watches Jimmy.

BUM

What'd you do wrong?

(off Jimmy's look)

Guys only shop for dresses and flowers when they're in dutch with their gal.

JIMMY

Yeah...it's a long story.

BUM

Your gal gotta nice can?

(off Jimmy's look)

I'm a butt man.

Jimmy cocks an incredulous eyebrow. Starts to head away.

BUM (CONT'D)

Hey, um, you gotta fin you can spot me?

JIMMY

You and Mrs. Bum gotta big date tonight?

BUM

I prefer transient.

Jimmy tosses him a five.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel prints out PICTURES from the stoplight camera -- of Jimmy in the Navigator, with names of the street intersections.

EXT. AUTO JUNK YARD - DAY

Jimmy is perched atop a pyramid of rusted car skeletons. In the center of the junk yard is a garage. A few men in greasy overalls walk in too perfect a pattern.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

As Kate suddenly bursts into the office, Rachel slips the photos under the desk.

KATE

Hey, the day we played golf, did you come into the office that night?

RACHEL

No. Why?

KATE

I was reviewing some reports and saw that someone logged into your computer.

RACHEL

Why would you just assume it was Jimmy?

Kate arches both eyebrows.

KATE

Ummmm, I didn't say anything about Jimmy.

RACHEL

Sorry. I don't know why I said that.

(pause)

Did you check the video, see who was here that night?

KATE

I did, nothing. But those things go on the blink all the time.

RACHEL

Do you want to get a guy down here. Do a print check?

KATE

Thought about it, but they're swamped and nothing here was stolen. I'm gonna do a little investigation of my own.

She casts down a photo: it's of the BREAKROOM.

KATE (CONT'D)

Couple days ago, I set up my little spy camera. One I torture my kids at home with. I put it in the breakroom to find out who's been eating my Kripsy Kremes.

(pause)

Whoever used your computer had to go by the breakroom to get to your office.

RACHEL

I don't see anyone.

KATE

(taps photo)

Look closer. At the window. It caught the reflection of the guy.

RACHEL

It's all blurry.

KATE

Yeah. I know. I gotta buddy that does lab work for Vice. I'm gonna see if he can clear it up.

(heads away)

I'll let you know if I get anything.

She shuts the door behind her. Rachel rubs her face.

EXT. GARAGE, JUNK YARD - DAY

JORGE, a well-built man in overalls, walks toward the edge of the garage until -- a gun is pressed against his cheek.

JIMMY

(slides into view)

Let's go see your boss.

Before Jimmy can flash his winning smile -- a gun is pressed against HIS cheek. Doing the pressing is a large, bald man named SLASH.

SLASH

Yeah...let's.

INT. GARAGE, JUNK YARD - CONTINUOUS

A full-on CHOP SHOP. High-priced cars litter the garage. Some being repainted. Some dismantled.

Ten employees, all hard at work. Getting the cars ready to move. Slash pushes Jimmy forward.

INT. OFFICE, GARAGE - DAY

MANNY, a skinny blonde man, is bent over a desk, drawing. An ornate picture of a man having sex with a woman on the hood of a Lamborghini. It's beautiful. Sort of.

Slash shoves Jimmy into the office and -- SMASHES him on the back of the head. Drops him.

SLASH

Boss, found this guy poking around outside. Should I kill him?

MANNY

(doesn't look up)
My first inclination would be yes. Who is he?

Slash YANKS Jimmy to his feet. Manny immediately bursts into laughter. Jimmy breaths a sigh of relief.

JIMMY

Manny.

Manny rounds the table. Hugs Jimmy.

MANNY

Jimmy fuckin' Bracken. The hell you doin' here?
(to Slash)
I was in juv-y with this guy. Give him his piece back.

Slash does.

JIMMY

Looking for someone. Guy named Sampson.

MANNY

Sampson. Know the name. But, this is my show. Why'd you think he'd be here?

JIMMY

Goose chase. I'm following some money he stole. You know a guy named Andre?

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 (off Manny's nod)
 He sent me out here.

MANNY
 Andre, yeah, I took a Porsche off him few weeks ago. Shady fucker, far as criminals go.

Jimmy's cell phone suddenly RINGS.

JIMMY
 (looks at phone)
 Mind if I get this? My fiance'.

MANNY
 You getting married?

JIMMY
 Was gonna send you an invite, but I didn't know how to get ahold a' ya.

Jimmy holds up his finger. Answers the phone.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Hey, what's up?

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel chins the phone. Leans back in her chair.

RACHEL
 Are you still at work?

INTERCUT

JIMMY
 Yeah, still at work.

Rachel stares at the photos -- she's got him.

RACHEL
 Don't...don't forget we've got our last counseling session at St. Mary's at 5:00.

Jimmy checks his watch. Winces. It's 4:00 now.

JIMMY
 I'm pretty busy, can we reschedule?

RACHEL
 NO! We can't reschedule. When you say you're going to be somewhere, you be there. It's about trust. It's about keeping your word.

JIMMY

Whoa. I'll be there, okay. I'll be there. You alright?

RACHEL

Yeah. I'll see you there.

CLICK.

INT. OFFICE, GARAGE - DAY

Jimmy frowns at the phone. Puts it away.

JIMMY

We're going through a little rough patch.

MANNY

Please. I been married 5 times.

Suddenly, Jorge CRASHES into the room.

JORGE

RAID!!!

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Outside, Police cars ooze in from every angle. Lights flashing. S.W.A.T. teams pour out from between the scrap heaps. Surround the chop shop. Back inside...

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

...the place looks like an anthill someone poked a stick into. Everyone moving at light speed. Manny BARKS orders.

MANNY

(to Slash)

Start the countdown.

Slash hits a switch. On the wall a scoreboard-type, ELECTRONIC CLOCK counts down from four minutes.

JIMMY

Manny, I'm still on parole. I can't get caught here.

MANNY

Relax Bracken. Think we're amateurs? I got us a way out.

JIMMY

I'm sorry, Manny.

MANNY
 (understanding nod)
 Weddings'll make you nuts.
 Just settle down and pitch in. Go lock
 down the east corner.

INT. EAST CORNER, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy secures the outside entrance. Runs back to close the inside entrance. Is about to hit a button for the automatic, steel roll down door when, 50 yards away --

-- a COP steps into view. A black man with braids. Their eyes meet in a head-on collision.

COP
 (aims gun)
 I'll pull this trigger 'for you hit that
 button.

The man grins. One DEAD TOOTH in an otherwise perfect smile.

JIMMY
 Maybe.

Jimmy JERKS back -- metal SPARKS -- the bullet just misses. Jimmy hits the button and the door rolls down. The cop sprints for it but is too late. The door shuts.

Jimmy runs to Manny. COUNTER on the wall shows 2 minutes.

MANNY
 Lets go!

Manny pulls up a TRAP DOOR to reveal STAIRS. As they head down -- canisters of TEAR GAS smash through windows.

INT. SEWER PIPE - CONTINUOUS

Manny leads everyone through a large sewer pipe. They pad through sludge. Some of it splashes on Jimmy.

JIMMY
 Shit.

MANNY
 You got that right.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Police SMASH down the main door. Men in gas masks sprint in. Lead with their guns. Quickly realize that everyone is GONE!

They notice that wires lead to EXPLOSIVES on each and every car. SPOT the electronic counter CURRENTLY AT 30 SECONDS and -- haul ass back out the door.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Manny and Jimmy appear at the exit of the sewer. It leads directly to the river. Waiting for them is a large SPEEDBOAT. All jump in.

JIMMY

(to Manny, consumed)

One a' the cops got a look at me.

MANNY

Yeah, that sucks -- my whole shop just got raided!

Manny FIRES up the boat engines. The tie rope is released.

JIMMY

Sorry, that was insensitive.

Manny checks his watch which displays the counter time.

MANNY

Everyone please duck.

Behind them the whole garage ERUPTS! FLAMES blow out the doors, the windows, the roof. And a millisecond after everyone does indeed DUCK --

-- FLAMES shoot out of the sewer pipe! A hundred foot on a line. Like a giant blow torch above their heads. After a few seconds, it fizzles. Flame replaced with smoke.

It billows out. EVERYWHERE. Providing perfect cover as -- Manny pilots the boat away.

INT. ARMORED NAVIGATOR (MOVING) - LATER

Jimmy pulls into the St. Mary's Cathedral church parking lot. Rachel is waiting. Does not look happy.

JIMMY

Uh oh.

Jimmy parks. Rachel is there as he opens the door.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm late, traffic.

RACHEL

You hear about that big explosion out in Dupage county? Bet traffic slowed up from all the rubbernecker...

She has the traffic PHOTOS behind her back.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

...of course, that was on the west side, you wouldn't have hit any traffic from that. You were at the flower shop all day. That's what you told me. Right?

JIMMY

No...I lied to you.

Rachel didn't see that coming.

RACHEL

What?

Jimmy pulls a box out of the back seat.

JIMMY

There's a little boutique out there.

(hands her box)

I went to get you this.

She opens the box -- inside is the RED DRESS that we saw in the dress shop window earlier.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I thought you could wear it to the rehearsal dinner.

She stuffs the pictures away. Exhausted. Relieved.

RACHEL

(holds up dress)

I love it.

She hugs him tight. Beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(pulls back)

Jimmy?

JIMMY

Yeah?

RACHEL

Your shirt smells like poop.

INT. ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL CHURCH - DAY

FATHER QUINN, a portly, jolly fellow, sits in front of Jimmy and Rachel. Winds down the last counseling session.

FATHER QUINN

...there are going to be trust issues.
Jimmy, my friend, you've done some less
than saintly things, but God forgives...

(turns to Rachel)

...and so must you, Rachel. But that can
only happen if you believe in yourself.

She squints.

FATHER QUINN (CONT'D)

In our previous session, you said your
whole life you've been unable to trust
your own judgement.

(off her nod)

But by sticking by Jimmy, agreeing to
marry him despite the pressure around
you...you've taken a big step.

RACHEL

You're saying that trusting myself will
give me the confidence to trust Jimmy.

FATHER QUINN

That's right.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stars speck a black sky. Jimmy sits out on the stoop.
Cigarette between his knuckles. Cell phone against his neck.

JIMMY

(into cell phone)

The whole thing exploded, I shit you not.

INT. RED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Red dresses in front of a mirror. Styles his fire red coif.

RED

I know you don't wanna hear this, but
you're screwin' up, man.

INTERCUT

JIMMY

Another cop got a look at me. A good
look this time.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Whatever luck I had, is dry. Gone.
 (rubs face)
 I gotta tell the ol' man I'm done.

RED
 You have to.

JIMMY
 Gonna get ugly. He'll be sent to the
 clink, his business is gonna go under and
 Rachel...it's gonna kill her.

RED
 25 years. No chance of parole. That's
 what you're lookin' at.

JIMMY
 Funny thing is, that's not what concerns
 me the most.
 (pause)
 You were right. The old feelings, the
 rush...came back. Strong. I don't want
 to be THAT guy anymore.

RED
 It's okay. Lady crime had you by the
 balls for a long time. It's like any
 break-up, gets easier over time. Just
 tell the ol' man you're done.

INT. BEDROOM, JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy fixes his collar. Guilt and rationalization holding a
 heavyweight title bout in his head. Beside him, Rachel is in
 club clothes. Pinning a VEIL to her head.

JIMMY
 Gotta wear that all night?

RACHEL
 Bachelorette tradition.

He nods. She reads the concern on his face.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 What's wrong?

JIMMY
 Nothing.

RACHEL
 Come on. You're internalizing.

JIMMY
 (snaps)
 Enough with the psycho-babble every two
 seconds!

Jimmy immediately feels bad. Bad about what he's said. Bad about what he has to tell Bob. Just feels bad.

RACHEL
 Jimmy-

JIMMY
 I've gotta go. I'm already late for the
 party and I told your Dad I'd drop his
 tux off tonight.

Before she can respond, he's gone. Seconds later, the front door slams shut with a concussion that rocks the whole apartment.

INT. DEN, BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy follows Bob into the den. Gives his father-in-law-to-be the tux he picked up for him.

BOB
 Tell me what's going on.

JIMMY
 How about some of that hundred year old
 scotch?

Bob is very anxious. Quickly pours Jimmy and himself one. Drops a few ice cubes in. Jimmy takes a big sip.

BOB
 Please. Sit.

Jimmy slams the rest of the scotch.

JIMMY
 I didn't find the money.

Bobs leans onto the chair with one hand. His other hand shakes. Ice cubes clatter.

BOB
 What...do we do now?

JIMMY
 Nothing, I'm done. I'm at a dead end. I
 couldn't help you anymore if I wanted to.
 (sets glass down hard)
 (MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And I don't. My relationship is suffering, I've come close to going back to jail. More than once. I'm done.

BOB

(weakly)

But, I need that money.

Jimmy can't even look him in the eyes.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'll lose everything. Rachel will never understand. She will never recover.

(grabs him)

Please. My family, YOUR family will be destroyed!

Jimmy pulls away.

JIMMY

There's nothing more I can do.

INT. THE PANTY PANTRY - NIGHT

Strippers sway to and fro. All clad in some sort of costume: school girl, pirate, librarian, etc.

Jimmy's friends get their drink on. Hoot. Holler. In the eye of the storm sits Jimmy. Sullen. Sipping iced tea.

RED

(to Jimmy)

Are you shittin' me with this? Iced tea? Come on man, it's your bachelor party.

Jimmy doesn't respond.

RED (CONT'D)

Listen, take solace in the fact that there's nothin' you could do.

(puts a hand on his shoulder)

You followed the money, but the trail's dead. That's it. This ain't your fault.

Red nods to a stripper walking by. She's dressed as a cop.

RED (CONT'D)

Officer, my friend here needs a cavity search.

She smirks, continues on. Beat. Jimmy finally looks up.

JIMMY

You know what? You're right. Screw it.
I'm not lettin' this crap get me down.
(holds out his hand)
Dollar bills please.

INT. OLIVE THE NIGHT LIFE - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

All of Rachel's friends emit high pitch SQUEALS as they throw down shots. Rachel has five empty glasses in front of her.

Her veil gets caught in her mouth. She spits it out. Starts laughing hysterically, which deteriorates into convulsive crying. All the girls are shocked.

KATE

(to rest of girls)
I got it.

Kate guides Rachel to a quiet area.

KATE (CONT'D)

Honey what's wrong?

Rachel rubs her nose with the length of her forearm.

RACHEL

I had my first fight with Jimmy.

KATE

What'd he do?

RACHEL

It's what I did. ME. I think the stress of the wedding is triggering all of my issues. I'm insecure, controlling, suspicious all the time.

(grabs Kate's shoulders)
I'm losing it!

Kate wipes the tears away from Rachel's cheeks.

KATE

This is my fault. I'm the one constantly putting these thoughts in your head. I've been a crappy friend.

RACHEL

No, you're my best friend.

KATE

I haven't been acting like it. I've been...jealous.

RACHEL

Of what?

KATE

Of you, God, I'm a bitter, loveless old spinster. You should hate me.

RACHEL

I love you. It's myself I hate right now. Father Quinn was right. I chose Jimmy. My gut told me that he was a good person and would make me happy.

(nostrils quivering)

But all I do is sit around, waiting for him to fail.

KATE

Listen to me. You're a smart girl. If your gut tells you that Jimmy is the right one, then he is.

(winks)

And as for this fight, it too shall pass. It's about time you experienced the joys of make-up sex. It's sloppy and dirty. It'll put hair on your chest.

Rachel finally laughs.

INT. THE PANTY PANTRY - NIGHT

Jimmy has loosened up, but is clearly overcompensating. Laughing a little too hard. Fighting demons.

JIMMY

I gotta take a leak.

(jabs a finger)

There better be a glass of scotch on that table when I get back.

This is exactly what his friends wanna hear. They all go bananas as Jimmy heads off.

Jimmy wades through strippers. Some smile. Blow kisses. One even makes a "V" with her fingers and sticks her tongue through it. That's hot. Sort of.

Jimmy bumps into a MAN with a bulbous, vein-riddled nose.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

MAN

No worries.

Jimmy's about to head off, but THEN -- his world gets turned upside down. ON the table are the man's KEYS. Embossed on the key chain, a bright red symbol: A fish with a top hat and cane!

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 (snaps out of daze)
 Your key chain, the fish, what is that?

MAN
 It's where I live. Just moved into the Atlantis Apartments, down on the lower west side.
 (slides by)
 Silly, but it came with the door keys.

Jimmy turns right back around, up to Red.

JIMMY
 I gotta go.
 (off Red's look)
 I know where Sampson lives. I gotta go check it out. I-

RED
 No, you don't. You really don't. You can stay here. We'll have some drinks, play a lil' game called "guess the diameter of the areola"
 (pulls his arm)
 It'll be fun, come on, sit down.

Jimmy pulls away.

JIMMY
 Tell the guys...something for me.

INT. ARMORED NAVIGATOR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jimmy pulls up to the Atlantis Apartments. Ten stories high. Shaped like a giant concrete tube. He follows a car into the gated garage. Parks. SPOTS the elevator to the lobby.

He sets a cup of coffee on the dash. Begins to lean his seat back when a Corvette pulls into the garage. The driver doesn't see Jimmy. But Jimmy sees him --

-- the BLACK COP with the braids! The one with the bad tooth from the chop shop raid. Mother of God. Sampson WAS there at 3:00 after all. SAMPSON is a cop!

This is not cool. Jimmy grabs his leather bag. Pulls out a small BOTTLE and RAG. Pours liquid onto the rag and...

INT. GARAGE, ATLANTIS APARTMENTS - NIGHT

...heads up to the elevator. Wipes the liquid on the call button. Darts out of sight. A moment later SAMPSON presses the same button -- takes the elevator up to the lobby.

Jimmy cleans the liquid off the buttons and gets back...

INT. ARMORED NAVIGATOR - NIGHT

...inside the Navigator. Checks his watch: 10:00 P.M. C/U on the cup of coffee. We fade AHEAD IN TIME, come back and...

...the cup of coffee is empty. Jimmy checks his watch: 1:00 A.M. Should be quiet upstairs by now.

INT. LOBBY, ATLANTIS - NIGHT

Doors to the elevator open into the lobby. OUT STEPS Jimmy. There is a security guard at the entrance, but he's consumed by a young girl at the counter. Jimmy blows past, into...

INT. CENTER, ATLANTIS - CONTINUOUS

...the center of the complex. Apartments are set in a circle like a hotel. At the base is an enormous AQUARIUM -- twenty feet high, fifty feet long. Colorful fish dart to and fro.

To the right are the main set of elevators. Jimmy steps inside them. Takes out a small flashlight. Projects a BLACK LIGHT onto the floor buttons.

Level 5 has a fluorescent fingerprint. Left by the trace liquid residue. Sampson's.

INT. HALLWAY, ATLANTIS APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy walks along the fifth floor. Holds the flashlight toward each door knob. Halfway around, he finds the right door. Another fingerprint. Pulls out his pick kit.

INT. SAMPSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Moonlight struggles in through curtains. Jimmy glides inside. Quiet as a mouse. Spots Sampson's gun and badge on the kitchen counter.

He takes the gun, EJECTS the clip and sets it back down. Stands in the center of the room and does what he does best. He scans --

--- for panel bumps, wall seams, micro hinges. Finds what he's looking for. A worn pattern in the carpet in front of a bookshelf. Next to sliding glass doors leading to a balcony.

He presses the bottom base of the bookshelf which POPS open. Inside is a thin, locked, METAL BRIEFCASE.

He picks the lock, opens the case and -- REELS BACK. Inside is NOT money, but -- PINK DIAMONDS.

His stomach puckers. He can't believe there WERE diamonds after all. He closes the briefcase. Mind whirling. Then does something odd -- he pockets Sampson's BADGE.

A barely audible NOISE registers behind him! Footsteps in the hallway. He DUCKS behind a large plant. Blends into the wall as --

-- Sampson strolls into the kitchen. Pours a cup of water. Is about to drink it but, SPINS -- CLAWS his gun off the counter and -- AIMS it in Jimmy's direction.

SAMPSON

Step out. Nice and easy.

Jimmy does. Gun and briefcase dangle by his side.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

Put 'em both down.

Jimmy does no such thing. Sampson shoots, but -- CLICK, CLICK. Jimmy has his clip.

JIMMY

(raises his gun)

Back up.

Sampson does. Jimmy tries to pass. Is almost by when Sampson SWEEPS a large vase -- LAUNCHES it at Jimmy. He deflects it, but Sampson is on him. Briefcase tumbling as --

-- they wrestle with the gun. STAGGER backward. SMASH through the sliding glass doors. Tumble across the balcony. FLIPPING over the railing and only then --

-- letting go of each other in self-preservation. Both twist away. Just BARELY grasping the railing. The street looming five stories below.

They struggle to get back onto the balcony. Sampson is there first. He LUNGES at Jimmy who stops climbing to -- KICK through the railing -- taking out Sampson's feet.

Jimmy makes it over. DARTS through the glass halo, into --

INT. LIVING ROOM, SAMPSON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- the living room. Jimmy GRABS the briefcase. Heads for the door as Sampson makes it back through.

Jimmy aims, but Sampson DIVES behind the counter. Into the kitchen. REACHING for the freezer door.

Jimmy is already outside as Sampson comes out with the PEARL HANDLED GLOCK.

INT. HALLWAY, ATLANTIS APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy HAULS ASS around the circular hallway. A 50-yard lead on Sampson. He pauses in front of the elevators for only a second, because Sampson would kill him before it arrived.

He continues forward. Full-tilt. 180 degrees around is the stairwell. Sampson shoots -- BAM! Concrete explodes.

60 yards from the stairwell. BAM! Sparks jump off the railing. 50 yards when -- an armed SECURITY GUARD exits the stairwell. Jimmy skids to a stop. Trapped!

Sampson and the guard are closing FAST. Jimmy looks over the railing. Sees the giant AQUARIUM five stories down. If he thinks about it, he'll freeze. So he doesn't --

-- he JUMPS over the railing.

INT. CENTER, APARTMENT - NIGHT

We get a glimpse of the giant, serene aquarium for a millisecond before -- SPL00000000SH!!!!!!

Jimmy makes a ten foot high splash as he hits the bottom of the tank -- HARD! He looks up. The lip of the aquarium is all the way to the second story. Instead, he takes his gun, presses it against the front and SHOOTS -- DETONATING the glass and --

-- DUMPING him and 1,000 gallons of water into the lobby. He STAGGERS into the garage elevator. Leaves the girl at the counter with her mouth agape.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy limps into the living room. Soaking wet. He slides the briefcase under the couch. His entire body ACHES.

Rachel steps into the room. A sad look on her face. Jimmy almost forgot how he left things with her.

RACHEL
You're all wet.

JIMMY
Party ended up-

RACHEL
(doesn't care anymore)
I'm sorry about before.

This breaks Jimmy's heart.

JIMMY
Come here.

She rushes into his arms.

RACHEL
I want you to know that I love you so much. And I trust you completely.

She shouldn't.

JIMMY
I haven't earned it. I haven't been completely honest. I want to but...I don't want to lose you.

RACHEL
You won't.

JIMMY
But -

She kisses him. Doesn't let him finish.

RACHEL
We're gonna get through this week, get married and live happily ever after.
(nods)
It's you and me. No matter what. And that's all that matters.

JIMMY
You promise?

RACHEL
I promise.

Jimmy wants more than anything in the world to believe her.

INT. ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL CHURCH - AFTERNOON

Wedding rehearsal time. Rachel stands in her new RED DRESS as Father Quinn pontificates. The entire wedding party is in place. Except for Bob. He's missing.

RED
 (whispers to Jimmy)
 The hell's the old man?
 (winces)
 Oops. Never mind.

Behind them, Bob stumbles into view. So utterly DRUNK that bubbles should be popping around his face.

RACHEL
 (aghast)
 Daddy?

JIMMY
 I'll get him.

Jimmy jogs down the aisle. Reaches Bob.

BOB
 (slurred)
 There's my son-in-law. Got any tips for
 killing time in the slammer?

Bob stumbles, but Jimmy catches him.

BOB (CONT'D)
 I came to get a last glimpse of my
 daughter.
 (waves)
 Bye, bye!

Rachel's P.O.V. It looks like Bob is waving hello.

RACHEL
 Yeah, hi, come on. Everyone's waiting.

Back to Jimmy's P.O.V.

JIMMY
 Bob, you gotta pull yourself together.
 (shakes him)
 Listen to me -- I found Sampson.

Bob leaps into Jimmy's arms. Takes them both to the ground.

Rachel's P.O.V.

RACHEL

Good lord.

KATE

I didn't realize they were so friendly.

Back to Jimmy's P.O.V. as he pulls them both to their feet.

JIMMY

Bob, listen. I didn't find the money.

BOB

What? No!!! I need money.

JIMMY

I got a briefcase full of pink diamonds. There were diamonds after all. Sampson was using your money to roll the deal.

BOB

I can't pass out diamonds on payday!

JIMMY

I'm gonna set up a meet. Sampson gives me the money, I give him back his diamonds.

BOB

What makes you think he has that kinda money? He used mine to buy the diamonds.

JIMMY

No, guy's been at this a while. Willing to bet he already had the two mill before you ever came along. He just ripped you off 'cause you were a chump.

(off Bob's look)

Sorry, I mean, an easy mark.

BOB

And you're sure he'll meet?

JIMMY

Positive. I'm a loose end. And he hates loose ends.

Jimmy leads Bob down the aisle. Toward the altar.

INT. GIBSONS STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

MONTAGE

-- the rehearsal dinner. Everyone eating, having fun. Bob has sobered up. Sort of.

-- Red and Kate making toasts.

-- And most importantly, Jimmy watching Rachel. Seeing how happy she is.

EXT. GIBSONS STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Everyone milling about with full stomachs. Waiting for valets to bring their cars. Bob's car arrives.

JIMMY

(turns to Rachel)

I'm gonna go with your Dad, pick up the company limo for tomorrow.

(gives her a kiss)

I'll see you in a bit.

A few rounds of good-byes as Bob and Jimmy get into the car. Heads away.

EXT. DISTRICT 6, CHICAGO PD - NIGHT

Jimmy parks the limo. Walks up the police department steps. Still has a bit of a limp. He GLANCES at Sampson's badge. Then steps into the lion's den.

INT. LOBBY, CHICAGO PD - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy walks up to the main desk. OFFICER DINKINS, tall, cadaverously thin, scribbles on a clip board.

OFFICER DINKINS

Can I help you?

JIMMY

Here to see Officer Leon Briggs.

OFFICER DINKINS

He know you're coming?

JIMMY

He should be expecting me. I'm an old frat buddy.

OFFICER DINKINS

Name?

JIMMY
 Tell 'em it's ol' "Big Balls."
 (winks)
 He'll know who it is.

Officer Dinkins rolls his eyes. Gets on the phone.

OFFICER DINKINS
 (into phone)
 Briggs, gotta buddy of yours at the desk.
 Says his name is "Big Balls."
 (pause)
 No, I'm not fuckin' around, that's what
 he said. Just get down here, will ya? I
 got shit 'ta do.

Jimmy winks again at Officer Dinkins who ignores him. After
 a few seconds -- out steps SAMPSON. Sees Jimmy.

JIMMY
 (hands Sampson his badge)
 You dropped this.

Sampson's eyes are cold, pale gleams under his lashes.

SAMPSON
 Gimme a second to decide wether to arrest
 or shoot you.

JIMMY
 Do I get a third option-

SAMPSON
 Whatta you want?

JIMMY
 \$2 million and you get back your
 diamonds.

SAMPSON
 You got a lotta nerve coming here.

JIMMY
 That's why they call me "Big Balls."

SAMPSON
 When and where?

JIMMY
 West Side gullies. 11:00 a.m.

SAMPSON
 How'd you know about the diamonds?

JIMMY
Word gets around.

Sampson smiles. Jimmy winces at the worm-riddled tooth.

SAMPSON
I know you. I recognized you at the chop shop. I never forget a face.

JIMMY
And I never forget a tooth.
(pause)
11:00. Sharp. Be there. We do the swap and I'm gone forever. Doesn't have to be any drama.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy walks in holding a wedding bouquet. Rachel sits on the couch. Cementing table assignments for the reception. Surrounded by calligraphic name tags.

JIMMY
We got all the table arrangements done. Red even did a test run on your bouquet.

Rachel takes it.

RACHEL
It's...perfect.

JIMMY
I want you to throw that directly at Kate. None a' that over the shoulder stuff. In fact, just hand it to her -

She kisses him hard. Shuts him up. Notices he's got one hand behind his back.

RACHEL
What are you hiding?

He pulls out a small, wrapped gift.

JIMMY
For you.

RACHEL
Oh, I didn't get you anything.

JIMMY
I'm hoping you will. Open it.

She starts to rip off the wrapping paper. Not understanding until...the gift is revealed. A pregnancy test. She smiles.

RACHEL

Subtle.

JIMMY

I want a family. I want movie night. I want PTA meetings. Carpools, picket fences, dogs, cats. All of it.

(pause)

I want an incredibly, fascinatingly normal life. With you.

Rachel smiles. Just...happy.

RACHEL

I think that can be arranged.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM, JIMMY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The big day! Jimmy steps out in pants, but no shirt. The walking wounded: bruises cover his torso, the rib cut, the dog bite, the trick knee.

It ain't pretty and he's in a great deal of pain, BUT -- none of this matters 'cause our boy Jimmy's getting married!

He slips on a shirt, bow tie, jacket, and checks the mirror. Once you cover up all the wounds, he's quite dashing.

He soaks in the moment. Love is in the air. Flowers are blooming. Grasshoppers rub their legs together like little violins. Nothing can ruin this glorious day.

He glances at his watch: 10:30. Thirty minutes to the MEET.

INT. HALLWAY, JIMMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He grabs his keys. Walks to the bedroom door. Knocks.

JIMMY

The limo keys are on the coffee table. Driver'll be here in ten minutes.

(shouts)

You guys making any progress in there?

No answer. Jimmy frowns.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Okay then, I'm taking off. I'll see you
at the altar.

The door swings opens -- it's Rachel in her wedding gown!
Jimmy turns away.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm not allowed to see you before
the wedding. It's bad luck.

Rachel steps out. Kate right behind her.

RACHEL

There's not going to be a wedding.

JIMMY

(spins around)
What?

Rachel hands him the clarified photo that Kate had the lab
guys working on. A perfect shot of Jimmy's face. Reflected
in the window. PROOF that he broke into the parole office!

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Baby, I -

RACHEL

I don't care.

JIMMY

Listen to me very carefully.

(glances at watch)

I don't have time to explain what's going
on. I'm meeting a guy at the West Side
Gullies. It's ten minutes away. I'll go
there, come right back and I swear, all
of this will make sense.

RACHEL

Your truck didn't get stolen, did it?

JIMMY

No, but -

RACHEL

You were at the explosion, weren't you?

JIMMY

Yes, but -

RACHEL

I trusted my heart, my gut...

JIMMY

Believe me when I say that everything
I've done this week, I've done for you.
(looks at watch)
I have to go.

Kate steps forward with handcuffs.

KATE

You're not going anywhere. I'm placing
you under arrest.

She grabs his arm. Brings the cuffs toward his wrist, but
Jimmy SPINS in a deft, well-rehearsed move and --

-- instead CUFFS Kate! Takes the other end of the cuffs.
Secures it around the door knob.

RACHEL

Please. Don't make this any harder.

Jimmy is wrecked. Distraught.

JIMMY

You said it was us, no matter what. You
promised.
(pause)
Now's when I need you to believe in me,
in us. This very moment...when things
look the worst.

Rachel is crying. She finally shakes her head.

RACHEL

I'm sorry. I can't.

Jimmy backs up. A knife dangling from his heart. He turns.
Stumbles out the door.

EXT. WEST SIDE GULLIES - DAY

The west side gullies. Cement everywhere, ala the race scene
in "Grease." Sampson waits in the shadows next to his
Escalade. Tip of his cigarette glowing.

Jimmy parks his armored Navigator. Approaches. Gun stuffed
in the back of his pants. Stops ten yards away.

SAMPSON

Good morning.

JIMMY

Nothing good about it. Let's get this over with.

SAMPSON

Open it.

Jimmy opens the briefcase -- shows him the diamonds. Twinkling in the sunlight. Like magic.

JIMMY

Your turn.

Sampson sets a briefcase on the hood of his car. Opens it: That's money alright. Lots of it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Like I said before, doesn't have to be any drama. I'll take my money and go.

SAMPSON

(shakes his head)

This is my money. And that's as close as you'll ever get to it.

Sampson opens the back door of his Escalade and -- YANKS out BOB! Bound and gagged. But looking dapper in his tux.

JIMMY

And, there it is. The cherry on top of my shit sundae.

Bob is battered, bruised. And if that wasn't bad enough, he now has Sampson's gun against his head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(re: Bob)

How did you know -

SAMPSON

I woulda never connected you two, but...I knew I'd seen you before and not at the chop shop. Somewhere else.

Sampson pulls out one of Jimmy and Rachel's SAVE THE DATE magnets. The one with Rachel in his arms.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Turns out one a' the guys in my department is going to your wedding.

Jimmy JABS his gun at Sampson.

JIMMY

Let him go.

SAMPSON

Well, you said so, so I guess I gotta.

(stone faced)

Lemme tell you how this is gonna go. You do what I say or I shoot your fiance's father in the head.

(pause)

Drop the gun.

JIMMY

I drop the gun and you still shoot him.

SAMPSON

Still haven't made up my mind, to tell you the truth. He has no proof and well, even if he did go to the cops with this wild story, he'd incriminate himself.

CLICK. CLICK. Sampson brings back the hammer.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

But if you don't drop it. I kill him for sure. Would break your ol lady's heart.

Jimmy looks at Bob, the abject fear in his eyes and -- DROPS his gun. It's here, right this second, that Bob finally realizes the depth of Jimmy's love for his daughter.

Sampson throws Bob to the side. Closes the gap and SMASHES Jimmy in the face. Drops him.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

Enough small talk.

Sampson presses the gun to Jimmy's forehead. Smiles. Flaunts that repulsive tooth.

JIMMY

Wait. Wait. Before you kill me...

(spits blood)

...I need you to do me one favor.

SAMPSON

What's that?

JIMMY

Promise me you'll get that tooth fixed.

Sampson's smile fades. He holds a hand beside the gun to avoid any splatter. Is about to pull the trigger when...

...clankity, clankity, clankity...

SAMPSON

The hell?

...Clankity, Clankity, Clankity.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

What's that noise?

CLANKITY, CLANKITY, CLANKITY...

JIMMY

Sounds like...cans dragging.

And then BOOOOOOOOOM --

-- a LIMO, dragging cans, SMASHES through a wooden fence --
LAUNCHES out from the plateau above -- BOUNCES and SKIDS
SIDEWAYS right at them --

-- Jimmy and Bob barely avoid the heat seeking wedding
missile, but Sampson does not -- the front end clips him --
sends him cartwheeling in the air -- landing in a heap twenty
feet away as --

-- the limo grinds to a halt. The front window slides down
to reveal: RACHEL. She flips the veil over her head.

RACHEL

Both of you. Get in the car. Now!

Jimmy grabs his GUN. Then the briefcase full of money. Gets
in front. Bob gets in the back and they promptly HAUL ass
out of there.

Sampson makes it to his feet. Grabs the briefcase full of
diamonds and LEAPS into his Escalade. Gives chase.

INT. LIMO (MOVIN) - CONTINUOUS

Everyone talks at once. Rachel driving, Jimmy next to her,
Bob poking his head through the divider. A cacophony of
voices. Blurring together until --

RACHEL

SHUT UP!!!!!!!!!!

They know what's good for them and do.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I wanna know everything.

BOB
This is all my fault-

RACHEL
Not from you.
(points to Jimmy)
From him. And I want it all.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

Sampson is right behind them now. He floors the Escalade.
RAMS the limo and --

INT. LIMO (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

-- BAM! The limo jerks, right, left, then straightens.

BOB
(to Jimmy)
Shoot him.

JIMMY
I don't have a clear shot.
(off Rachel's look)
And that would violate my parole.

Rachel threads traffic. Takes a hard LEFT. Sends Jimmy and Bob flying against the side of the limo.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(turns to Rachel)
You have to believe me, I did this for you. My two choices were to hurt you or lie to you.

RACHEL
You picked wrong.

She takes a hard right. Sends Jimmy and Bob the other way.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS

OVERHEAD VIEW:

The limo cuts hard across three lanes. GRINDS through a red light. Rachel's eyes widen as they pass a construction site.

She speeds up to a cement divider -- PULLS a 180 around it and -- heads into the site. Weaving in and out of workers, cranes and cement trucks. Twenty yards behind --

-- Sampson fires at will. THWACK. Bullets dimple the quarter panel, but the armor holds.

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

Sampson fires again. Bullets ricochet off the back window. He glances at his gun. Then back at the limo.

Surprised.

INT. LIMO (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Rachel SLIDES out of the far side of the construction site. Donates most of her tires to the road.

RACHEL

And Daddy, how could you do this? You used me. Used me to get Jimmy to do what you wanted.

BOB

I know. And I have no excuse. If I had it to do all over again, I'd gladly go bankrupt -

Sampson SMASHES the limo from the rear. JERKING the car.

BOB (CONT'D)

I started this week under the premise that Jimmy here wasn't good enough for you. But he is, I've witnessed his love for you first hand. He has endangered himself many times to save me...

(pause)

...because he thought it best for you.

JIMMY

Rachel-

RACHEL

Shut up, I'm thinking.

JIMMY

It's just, the horses-

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS

OVER HEAD VIEW:

Rachel blows a red light. Narrowly splits two horse-drawn carriages. The horses REAR BACK as -- here comes Sampson. He's not going to make it so he --

-- SLIDES sideways. Forced down a side road.

INT. LIMO (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy looks in his side mirror. No sign of Sampson. He catches his breath. Turns toward Rachel.

JIMMY

I didn't get it before, about trusting your love for me. But I get it now.

All walls are down. The words tumble out:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That scar on my butt, I didn't have a mole removed, I got shot in the ass stealing a big screen TV out of Best Buy.

(Rachel's listening)

I once spent a weekend, clearing out Oprah's guesthouse. I took everything, even the toilet paper.

(faster)

I lied when I said I love Jimmy Buffet. Every song sounds the same to me.

(louder)

And your blue pantsuit does make your butt look big-

RACHEL

OKAY!!! I don't need everything at once.

JIMMY

I meant big in a good way. You know I love what's going on back there.

BOB

That I could do without.

Rachel HITS a button -- the divider panel SLAPS up in front of Bob's face.

JIMMY

Here is the biggest truth of all: Sometimes, I do miss the criminal life.

(off her look)

BUT, giving it up forever is a ridiculously easy decision to make, if it means I get to spend my life with you.

Rachel doesn't respond. The blood receding from her knuckles as she grips the wheel.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm begging you, if we make it out of this alive...will you still marry me?

Long, painful beat. Rachel finally turns to him. But, the moment she opens her mouth --

-- Sampson's Escalade HURLS out from a side street and -- SMASHES them. Sides of the vehicles SLAPPING together as --

-- Sampson RAMS the limo against a line of parked cars. SPARKS SHOWER until finally both vehicles grind to a HALT. The limo now pinned between Sampson's Escalade and the cars.

Jimmy hits the sunroof button on the dash.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Hold that thought.

RACHEL
Jimmy -

Jimmy gets out of the limo and --

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS

-- LEAPS onto the top of the Escalade. Sampson immediately fires up through the roof. BAM! BAM! BAM! Jimmy barely avoids each shot until the firing suddenly STOPS.

Jimmy looks through the Escalade sunroof to see Sampson reloading. So he steps ON THE GLASS and FIRES between his feet. COLLAPSING into --

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

-- the passenger seat. Grabbing Sampson's loaded gun as he aims and -- TWISTS it out of his hand. Presses HIS gun to Sampson's head. Checkmate.

Jimmy GLARES at the scumbag that jeopardized everything he loves. He fingers the trigger. Everything in him wants to pull it. But then he SEES RACHEL. Staring at him.

He pulls the gun back. Slightly.

JIMMY
Your cuffs, put 'em on.

Sampson reluctantly puts his hand cuffs on one wrist. Jimmy grabs the other end -- SNAPS it around the steering wheel. Then YANKS the keys out of the ignition. CHECKS HIS WATCH.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Damn. We're late.

With this proclamation, Jimmy -- SMASHES Sampson in the face. Sends him slumping. Dazed against the wheel as Jimmy LEAPS -- up through the sunroof and hops back into --

INT. ARMORED LIMO - CONTINUOUS

-- the limo. Barely getting the door shut as Rachel FLOORS it. Heading away. She speeds to the end of the street. Up to the next main road when --

-- AN ELDERLY ASIAN WOMAN steps into view. Causing Rachel to LOCK UP HER BRAKES as the limo -- SLIDES to a stop 6 inches in front of the woman.

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

Sampson shakes out of his daze. Pulls a small gun out of an ankle holster and -- SHOTS through the hand cuffs. Then JERKS out of the truck.

He reaches under the front wheel. Pulls out a HIDE-A-KEY. GLARING at the limo at the end of the road as he -- goes into the back of his Escalade. Slides a false panel away to reveal --

-- a small armory. Guns. Lots of ammo. He grabs a huge 50 caliber automatic Desert Eagle. Pulls out two SPECIALLY MARKED bullet cartridges.

He gets back into the Escalade. FURIOUS.

INT. ARMORED LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Rachel taps her steering wheel impatiently as the elderly woman SLOWLY walks in front of them. Jimmy leans close.

JIMMY

I love you, Rachel. And I know you love me.

(pause)

We can still make it to the church.

Rachel stares ahead. Jaw locked. Pondering the new, but not necessarily improved marriage proposal. It's at that very moment, that she looks in her side mirror smoke to see: Sampson's Escalade BEARING down on them.

RACHEL

No!!!

Jimmy looks in his mirror, sees it too. Rachel LAYS on her HORN, but the old woman is oblivious. Slowly creeping along.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 (waving at her)
 Go! Move!

Rachel checks her mirror as Sampson gets closer. Closer. CLOSER. A split second after the woman makes it to the other side, the Escalade --

-- SMASHES the limo. PROPELS it into the street. Barley missing two oncoming cars. Rachel regains control. Floors the limo down the street.

Sampson immediately pulls close. Leans out. Rachel meets his eyes. Watches him aim. And then, whatever semblance of security she had left evaporates as -- BAM --

-- a bullet RIPS through the side of the limo and DETONATES the dashboard! Rachel SCREAMS. SWERVES the limo back and forth. Barely manages to get in front of Sampson again.

JIMMY
 (in pure horror)
 He's got armor piecing rounds.

More shots -- BAM! BAM! BAM! Into the back half of the limo. Bob's panicked voice seeps through the closed divider:

BOB (O.S.)
 What's going on??

RACHEL
 Daddy, stay down!

Rachel throws a desperate look to Jimmy who is unable to offer any reassurance. Only managing to say...

JIMMY
 You gotta lose him.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS

OVERHEAD VIEW OF:

The Escalade chasing the limo. As hard as Rachel tries, she can't shake Sampson. She finally slides onto a large, congested road.

Up ahead is traffic gridlock. Cars in both directions WAITING to cross the bridge over the Chicago River because --

-- the safety arms are down. Warning lights are FLASHING. Announcing the imminent raising of the drawbridge.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

Another bullet SLICES inches past Rachel's head. SPLITS the windshield.

Rachel has had more than enough. She GUNS the limo toward the gridlock. Seemingly about to barrel into the center of it all.

JIMMY

Um, baby...

Rachel suddenly cuts across a grass field. In front of the waiting line of traffic. SMASHING through the safety arms.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

...what're you doing?

Jimmy quickly realizes that, sweet mother of God, Rachel is going to try and make the drawbridge. Jimmy flattens himself against the seat. Fastens his seatbelt as --

-- Rachel floors it UP the rising bridge. The incline growing every second. Escalade thirty yards behind. Rachel leans back as they go up, Up, UP. Reach the top and --

-- JUMP a ten foot gap -- SLAMMING down the other side. Rachel FLATTENS the brake pad as the limo SKIDS down the slope. SPARKS and SMOKE trailing like a cap.

Now it's Sampson's turn. A few seconds behind, he hits the top, but -- doesn't get the proper trajectory. The FRONT HALF of the Escalade barely makes it onto the other side as the drawbridge GRINDS the undercarriage.

SPARKS fly. Metal crunches as the Escalade --

INT. ESCALADE (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

-- comes to a stop. Half on, half off! Literally TEETERING atop the now fully raised arm of the drawbridge.

SAMPSON

No!!!

The Escalade see-saws back and forth as Sampson FLOORS the truck only -- the wheel aren't touching anything. It's too late anyway as --

-- the Escalade SLIDES backward. FALLS a hundred feet into the Chicago River --

-- STRIKING the river in an eruption of freezing water and metal. Sinking. SINKING. Until it slowly, finally comes to rest at the bottom of the river.

Sampson lies DEAD in the front seat. Face permanently etched in terror. Pink diamonds scattered everywhere around him. Twinkling in the suffused sunlight.

INT. LIMO (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

At the bottom of the bridge, the limo SKIDS to a halt. Rachel and Jimmy look at each other. Pat their chests and stomachs. Everything's there. They made it.

Jimmy slowly turns to Rachel. Their eyes lock.

JIMMY

Just say yes. Please. One more time.

After a long, excruciating beat...she nods.

RACHEL

Yes.

(big smile)

Yes, I'll marry you.

Jimmy pulls her into a hug. Then the BIG MOMENT as Jimmy grabs the back of her head. About to kiss her like he's never kissed her before until -- Bob RUINS that moment:

BOB (O.S.)

Help!!! What's happening?

Rachel pulls back. Lowers the divider to reveal Bob. The lenses of his glasses spider-webbed.

RACHEL

We're gonna have a wedding, Daddy.

(to Jimmy)

Turns out my instincts aren't so bad after all.

Jimmy smiles, turns. Faces forward. Drums the dashboard.

JIMMY

Let's roll, we got us a wedding to go to.

Rachel doesn't move. Jimmy turns back around.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

RACHEL

Need you to do something for me first.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER BANK - CONTINUOUS

OVERHEAD SHOT OF:

Jimmy getting out of the limo. He runs to the edge of the river and -- TOSSES his gun into the water.

SPLOOSH.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL CHURCH - DAY

The most dilapidated limo you've ever seen pulls up to the curb. Wheels wobbling. Smoke pouring out of the hood. One remaining can clinging to the bumper by a frayed string.

Rachel, Jimmy and Bob stumble out. Convene on the sidewalk.

Bob sheepishly steps in front of Rachel.

BOB

Would it be alright if I still walk you
down the aisle?

Rachel thinks. Glances upward...

RACHEL

Only because Mom's watching.

They scatter.

INT. ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL CHURCH - DAY

We follow Jimmy as he runs down the aisle. The attendants are PERFECTLY SPLIT in half:

On one side: pews full of reformed miscreants.

On other side: police and parole officers in dress blues.

There's Jet, LeBron, Bebe. There's Danny, the cop from the wedding shower. There's the COP that Jimmy SAVED from Andre. He squints at Jimmy, only partially recognizing him.

Jimmy gets to the altar. Nods at Father Quinn.

JIMMY

Sorry Father.

He stands next to his best man, Red.

RED

Nice a' ya to join us.

Red brushes off Jimmy's coat. Straightens his tie as somewhere outside -- a car BACKFIRES! EVERY guest in attendance REACHES for a firearm until...they realize the source of the sound.

A chorus of embarrassed chuckles from the crowd.

Jimmy turns back around, sees Kate. The only one not amused. She holds up her wrist. A HAND CUFF still on it. Jimmy offers a toothy grin as -- the music starts.

Everyone stands. All eyes turn as Rachel walks down the aisle with her father. Beautiful as a dream.

She makes it to the altar. Gives Bob a kiss on the cheek as he gives her away. Everyone then turns to Father Quinn.

FATHER QUINN

Please be seated.

Everyone does.

FATHER QUINN (CONT'D)

As we are running a little late and have another ceremony in ten minutes, let me keep this short and sweet.

(raises his arms)

We are gathered here today to join, you Rachel and you Jimmy in holy matrimony.

(smiles)

If anyone has any reason why these two beautiful people should not get married, speak now or forever hold your peace.

Everyone in the wedding party turns to Kate. She mimes the locking of her lips. Throwing the key over her shoulder.

FATHER QUINN (CONT'D)

Then let us skip to the good part. Do you, Rachel Lammens take Jimmy Bracken to be your lawful wedded husband?

RACHEL

I do.

FATHER QUINN

And do you Jimmy take her likewise?

JIMMY

You bet I do.

FATHER QUINN

Then you may kiss the bride.

Now, finally, we get that long overdue kiss. Jimmy pauses only for a moment, before KISSING Rachel. Long. Hard. To the delight of everyone.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL CHURCH - DAY

The attendants line the sidewalk. The doors to the cathedral yawn open and -- Jimmy and Rachel make a run for it as they are pelted with birdseed.

RACHEL

Since we're being completely honest, I have a confession to make. When we were running from Sampson, you know, breaking the law?

They sprint forward. It's raining seed.

JIMMY

Yeah.

RACHEL

I kinda enjoyed it.

We FREEZE for one second on their faces:

Rachel's -- big smile.

Jimmy's -- confusion.

We're BACK to real time as they run out of frame and...

FADE TO BLACK

- THE END -