

THE ASTERISK

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FADE IN:

OLD PHOTOS, GRAINY FILM, VINTAGE VIDEO and HD HIGHLIGHTS form a MONTAGE of HISTORIC SPORTS STORIES; not of heroic feats or epic victories, but a chronicle of DISGRACED ATHLETES:

* **SHOELESS JOE JACKSON** at bat in the 1919 WORLD SERIES.

The Sporting News shows the EIGHT MEN who sold out baseball.

* **The CCNY MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM** wins the 1950 NCAA Championship game by 3 points.

CCNY PLAYERS and MOBSTERS, in HANDCUFFS, crowd a COURTROOM.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...*the fix was in*; NY mobsters paid
basketball players to shave points...

* **ROSIE RUIZ** is arrested after her short-cut 1980 Boston Marathon win. *The Globe* HEADLINE reads: "ROSIE'S RUSE".

* **FLOYD LANDIS** cycles to victory at the 2006 Tour de France.

FLOYD LANDIS (V.O.)
I can't explain these test results.

* "**HAMMERIN'**" **HANK JONES**, African-American, a scary-fast and strong BOXER, knocks out "IRISH" BILLY QUINN with a DEVASTATING PUNCH.

JIM LAMPLEY reports on *HBO BOXING*.

JIM LAMPLEY
"Hammerin'" Hank Jones, the pound-for-pound best fighter in the world, has been stripped of his belts and boxing license.

The REF raises Hank's GLOVE in victory; he feels something suspicious and pulls Hank over to the RINGSIDE OFFICIAL.

JIM LAMPLEY (cont'd) (V.O.)
The referee felt something hard in Hank's glove and it was later determined to be plaster of Paris.
(beat)
I doubt we'll ever see "Hammerin'" Hank in a boxing ring again.

* **NADINE YATES**, a beautiful, confident and country as hell NASCAR driver, stands beside her #23 RACE CAR, raising the HARLEY EARL TROPHY.

NASCAR VICTORY LANE host JOHN ROBERTS reveals Nadine's fate.

JOHN ROBERTS

NASCAR has rejected "Nasty" Nadine Yates' appeal of the lifetime ban levied against her. Yates became the first woman to win a Sprint Cup Race when she took the checkered flag at Daytona. Unfortunately, the victory wasn't won by skill, but by wrecking all the cars in front of her.

AT THE DAYTONA 500, NADINE'S #23 pushes the RACE CAR ahead of her INTO THE TWO LEAD CARS, causing a SPIN.

Nadine gets through clean; she takes the CHECKERED FLAG as a MASSIVE WRECK unfolds behind her.

* **TY RAWLINGS**, a clean-cut, square-jawed slugger, drives in runs and makes plays for the MIAMI GLADES BASEBALL TEAM.

CHRIS BERMAN hosts ESPN's *BASEBALL TONIGHT*, beside him, a SUPER of an ASTERISK.

CHRIS BERMAN

The asterisk. The badge of shame. The scarlet letter A that forever reminds us of the atrocities committed against sports. A decade ago, Baseball's sacred record was branded with this monumental typographical symbol when the game's most explosive hitter sent his 78th homer soaring out of Glades Stadium. Ty Rawlings joined the Miami Glades at 20. Consistent hitting and clutch play laid the foundation for an exciting career.

CLIPS of Ty CHEERED by FANS and the Glades' PLUSH CROCODILE MASCOT "KING KROC".

CHRIS BERMAN (cont'd)

But, after three all-star seasons and two batting titles, chronic back pain sidelined Rawlings for over a year.

AT GLADES STADIUM, Ty swings, twists and crumbles to the ground; he's not getting up any time soon.

CHRIS BERMAN (cont'd)

Rawlings returned, and hit 78 home runs during the season. The record run made Miami a baseball town, with the Glades selling out every game. But, Rawlings was never a team-player.

(MORE)

CHRIS BERMAN (cont'd)

His "low-light" reel includes a bench-clearing brawl, *with his own bench*, that started when he punched teammate Garrison Sharpe, who chided Rawlings for showing-up the opposing pitcher after a three-run shot.

IN THE DUGOUT, Ty and teammate GARRISON SHARPE fight. OTHER GLADES join in, the fracas spills onto the FIELD.

CHRIS BERMAN (cont'd)

That fight lead to speculations of roid-rage. An anonymous source came forward to Miami Herald reporter Richard Cypes, and the doping concerns grew, until Rawlings tested positive for steroids just before the playoffs. Embarrassed that another record had been tainted, Major League Baseball made an example of Rawlings and banned him for life. Ten years later, Miami is still enraged by the scandal, and Rawlings' record remains, branded with that little, ugly asterisk, courtesy of a man who proved greatness could be a sham. The giants among us fall. But when they cheat, we can't help but ask... Is there any purity left in sports?

INSERT: A TITLE CARD... "PRESENT DAY MIAMI"

EXT. MORRIS HOUSING COMPLEX. DAY.

A rough-and-tumble cluster of FOUR APARTMENT BUILDINGS in the part of Miami that doesn't make the travel brochures.

Two buildings are ABANDONED; the others should be.

On a RATTY BASEBALL DIAMOND, KIDS use old equipment, the score scratched into the dirt; pure, honest baseball.

RESIDENTS, mostly Cuban, watch the game; many wear MAROON articles of clothing.

EPHRAIM ORDONEZ, 45, a retired MLB player, pitches.

EPHRAIM

Eyes on the ball, *mijo*; follow through.

Ephraim throws; the Kid hits a liner into the outfield. Ephraim smiles, watches the ball go until he sees

VANDALS, in MAROON HOODIES, SPRAY-PAINTING over a MURAL.

The Kids notice, too.

EPHRAIM (cont'd)
Escuchame. Stay here; stay here.

Ephraim hustles toward the Vandals. He can't see their faces, but they appear to be bigger, older teens.

The Vandals scatter. Ephraim chases one into

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. DAY.

where Ephraim pursues the HOODED VANDAL up crumbling stairs.

EPHRAIM
 Those are my buildings; my people. You're
 not gonna scare us off!

Ephraim chases the Vandal through a rusty metal door to

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING, ROOF. DAY.

where Ephraim corners the Hooded Vandal.

EPHRAIM
 Nowhere to run, kid.

The Vandal lowers his hood; this is no kid.

He's DRESDEN VOLKOV, 40, a muscular, menacing Russian brute; cauliflower ears, scarred eyebrows and cold eyes.

EPHRAIM (cont'd)
 (confused)
You're not a banger. What is this? Who-

Volkov charges Ephraim, grabs his head, FLIPS HIM and locks him in a vice-like SLEEPER-HOLD.

Ephraim's EYES FLUTTER, his ARMS FLAIL; he BLACKS-OUT.

Volkov SPRAY-PAINTS Ephraim with MAROON GANG INSIGNIAS. He lifts Ephraim high over his head...

EXT. MORRIS HOUSING COMPLEX. DAY.

EPHRAIM'S BODY clips the backstop and LANDS ON HOME PLATE.

Terrified Kids race back to their apartments, SCREAMING.

EXT. TY'S HOUSE. DAY.

A much nicer neighborhood, but this sprawling house is an eyesore. PAINT PEELS off the faded exterior, and

STUCK ALL OVER THE DYING LAWN are TURKEY BASTERS made to look like LARGE SYRINGES.

TAPED TO THE DOOR, is an EVICTION NOTICE.

INT. TY'S HOUSE. DAY.

The expansive rooms are nearly EMPTY, only the odd piece of HIGH-END FURNITURE.

IN THE FAMILY ROOM, a TV on the floor plays 7 NEWS MIAMI; a SUPER of EPHRAIM is beside BIANCA NANDEZ.

BIANCA NANDEZ (V.O.)

...still no arrests three weeks after former Miami Glades utility player Ephraim Ordonez was brutally murdered at the Morris Housing Complex. Police suspect members of the Morcillas Gang are responsible for the killing; insignias in the Morcillas' gang color were found on Ordonez's body.

(beat)

Ordonez was never an all-star player, but he was a star in his community. He purchased two buildings in the Morris Housing Complex from the City after he retired, with the goal of creating a safe neighborhood for low-income families. Anyone with information...

IN THE LIVING ROOM, a PITCHING MACHINE WHIRS TO LIFE; it's aimed at a PAD ON THE WALL located in the next EMPTY ROOM.

A body steps in front of the pad, revealing...

TY RAWLINGS, 36. He's built like an aging Pit Bull, barrel chest, meaty arms; as angry and antisocial as a stray. His attitude and arrogance are all part of his roguish charm.

Ty chugs a BEER and wipes his BEARD; a scruffy shadow of his former self. He eyes the barrel of his BAT.

TY

Show me the bang, Rhonda.

Ty works into a perfect stance, stares down the MACHINE.

INSERT: TY, IN UNIFORM, ten years younger; clean-shaven, a physical marvel. He's in the batter's box at GLADES STADIUM, eyes locked on the OPPOSING PITCHER.

CHEERING FANS pack the stands.

The pitch comes; Ty takes a mighty swing, CRACKS A HOMER.
 IN TY'S LIVING ROOM, a BALL screams toward Ty; he SWINGS...
 WHIFF!

TY (cont'd)
 (to the bat)
 Come on, you bitch! Hit!

Pitch after pitch is a strike or a foul ball, until
 Ty takes one swing too many, tweaks his back and winces.

CUT TO:

TY'S BATHROOM, where Ty, in pain, straps on a BACK BRACE.
 He surveys himself in the mirror, disheartened.

AND LATER:

IN THE LIVING ROOM, Ty ices his back with COLD BEERS; he
 scans OVERDUE BILLS, plays ANSWERING MACHINE MESSAGES.

ANGRY CALLER (V.O.)
 Rawlings, *you piece of shit-*

Unfazed, Ty skips to the next message.

FURIOUS CALLER (V.O.)
 Fucking juice-head, go f-

Ty scratches his ass, jumps to the next message.

WEBER (V.O.)
 Rawlings, Mike Weber from Unlimited
 Sporting Goods. We've got a memorabilia
 shop here; I'd love to acquire some Ty
 Rawlings' relics. If there's anything
 you'd like to sell...

Ty eyes his BAT, Rhonda.

EXT. TY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Ty walks out, carrying the BAT. On his front steps, he finds
 OLLIE PEARCE, 23, the greatest striker in soccer; handsome
 and fit, he speaks with a British accent.

Not happy to see Ollie, Ty heads to his 1995 CORVETTE ZR1.

TY
 Are you stalking me, now?!

OLLIE

You won't answer the door; you don't pick up your phone-

TY

-In America, that means *fuck off*!

OLLIE

It's gotten worse, Ty. I've got angry fans throwing watermelons at my house; somebody mailed me their feces and the Scorchers just sacked me.

TY

I am not your goddamn grief counselor.

Ty hops into the Corvette and starts it. Ollie stands in front of the car; desperate for advice.

OLLIE

But, you're the only person in Miami who understands what I'm going through.

TY

You're gonna be going through my windshield in a minute, Ollie.

OLLIE

Mate, all I ever wanted to be was the world's greatest footballer. Adored and celebrated. I cocked it up in England, now I've fucked it up here. I'm a man without a country.

(beat)

How do you deal with the fact that everyone hates you?

TY

I tell myself it could be worse. I could be a dumb-ass British soccer player booted from a sport no one watches because I broke my foot kicking a watermelon!

OLLIE

Ty, *please*... They're going to deport me.

TY

Cheerio, asshole.

Ty backs across his lawn and speeds off.

INT. UNLIMITED SPORTING GOODS. DAY.

TWO HUGE LEVELS of every imaginable type of SPORTS EQUIPMENT.

An ALCOVE houses a MEMORABILIA SHOP; the walls a collage of FRAMED JERSEYS, BOXING TRUNKS and AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOS.

DISPLAY CASES boast CARDS, BALLS and CHAMPIONSHIP RINGS.

Ty, wearing DARK AVIATORS, brings his BAT to the counter, where he sees

an OLD FRAIL MAN, flanked by a sleazy BROKER. They talk with a DEALER, who eyes the Old Man's ORNATE RING.

The smarmy store owner, WEBER, greets Ty.

WEBER

Christ, Rawlings, you look like Rasputin with that beard. I barely recognized you. Guess you're holding up better than that guy...

Weber points to the Old Man; talks low.

WEBER (cont'd)

...Would you believe that bag of bones used to be Archie Moss? Only thing he held onto tighter than a football was that Super Bowl ring. But, my guys finally got him to cough it up. Interested? Give you a good deal.

TY

Let's just get this over with.

Ty hands Weber the BAT; he checks the markings.

WEBER

The record-breaker.

(beat)

How many of the 78 did you hit with this?

TY

All of them.

WEBER

I'll give you ten-grand.

Weber counts out MONEY.

TY

Ten-grand is an insult. *Thirty.*

Weber points to a CASE holding an ASTERISK-BRANDED BASEBALL.

WEBER

C'mon, Rawlings; nobody's collecting your memorabilia. Number 78 has been here for a decade and nobody's made an offer. Most fans would put this bat in a wood-chipper. It's a curiosity; people might come in to take pictures, but no one's taking it home. I'd like to put the bat and ball together, but I'm not gonna pay top dollar.

TY

Fifteen-grand.

Weber pays. As Ty counts the cash, Weber fills out PAPERWORK.

WEBER

Sign this; I'll get you a receipt.

Weber carries the bat into the BACK ROOM.

EXT. UNLIMITED SPORTING GOODS, PARKING LOT. DAY.

Ty heads to his Corvette. He passes the old man, ARCHIE MOSS, who's agitated as he argues with the sleazy Broker.

ARCHIE

I *know* I had it with me-

BROKER

-No, you didn't; just get in the car-

Archie turns to Ty, confused and upset; he's not all there.

ARCHIE

-Excuse me; have you seen a-a-a ring anywhere? I-I-I lost my ring; it's very important-

The Broker interjects.

BROKER

-Ignore him; he's tired. He's just a little tired.

(to Archie)

C'mon, Mr. Moss; I'll take you home.

Ty knows a scam when he sees one.

TY

Archie, do you know this guy?

ARCHIE
He's, uhm... He's... He's helping me find
my ring... *right?*

TY
(to Broker)
Why don't you give him his ring back?

BROKER
Why don't you mind your own fucking
business, Rawlings?

The Broker gets right in Ty's face; menacing.

BROKER (cont'd)
Don't make me kick your ass; you used to
be my idol.

Ty throws a forearm into the Broker's chin; dropping him.

TY
Always nice to meet a fan.

Ty turns to Archie.

TY (cont'd)
Wait here.

INT. UNLIMITED SPORTING GOODS. DAY.

Ty hops over the MEMORABILIA COUNTER and marches toward the
door to the back room. The Dealer confronts him.

DEALER
Hey, you can't go in there-

Ty shoves the Dealer into a RACK OF CARDS and storms into

INT. UNLIMITED SPORTING GOODS, BACK ROOM. DAY.

where he finds WEBER at a table, standing over his BAT, using
a TORCH to heat an ASTERISK-SHAPED BRAND.

Beside the bat is Archie's RING.

TY
Is that how you operate? Conning a ring
off a guy who doesn't know where he is?

WEBER
Moss took what I paid him and he signed
on the dotted line. If he doesn't
remember, I'll show him the paperwork.

TY
You corrupt piece of shit!

Ty reaches for the ring. Weber stamps the HOT BRAND on TY'S HAND, searing it. Ty SCREAMS in pain.

Weber pockets the ring.

The Dealer, brandishing a BARBELL, rushes in and knocks Ty over the table. The Broker arrives, wielding a GOLF CLUB.

Outnumbered and injured, Ty grabs his BAT and swings wildly. His adversaries scatter, allowing Ty to run into the store.

Weber, upset, grabs the INTERCOM.

WEBER
Security, lock all exits! Call the
police!

INT. UNLIMITED SPORTING GOODS. DAY.

Ty bolts for the FRONT DOOR, but it's blocked by THREE SECURITY GUARDS.

Ty looks back at

Weber, the Dealer and Broker, who race after him.

Ty nails the Dealer with a HEAVY BAG; the Dealer CRASHES through a DISPLAY CASE full of KNIVES.

Ty admires his handiwork, until

the Dealer snatches the BIGGEST KNIFE he can find.

Ty takes a HOCKEY NET and scurries toward the UP ESCALATOR.

He blocks the entrance with the HOCKEY NET.

Weber grabs for Ty, but gets tangled in the net.

WEBER
He's going upstairs!

The Broker pulls a SHOTGUN from a locked case; he loads it as he heads for the ELEVATOR.

UPSTAIRS, Ty's trapped in the CAMPING SECTION, where

the Broker sprints out of the ELEVATOR, aiming his SHOTGUN; the knife-wielding Dealer and several SECURITY GUARDS hustle up the ESCALATOR.

Ty swings his bat into a DISPLAY OF KAYAKS; they topple onto the Broker, who SHOOTs as he falls.

Ty jumps clear, right into the path of the Security Guards and the Dealer, who slashes at Ty with the BIG KNIFE.

Ty scurries backwards and TUMBLES DOWN THE ESCALATOR.

He HITS THE LANDING and ROLLS into a DISPLAY OF BASEBALL BATS, where he loses his.

TY
Fuck my life.

Ty searches for his bat; the DEALER, BROKER and GUARDS APPROACH.

Ty finds his bat; he scrambles to the FRONT DOOR, where

WEBER loads an ARROW into a CROSSBOW.

Ty charges at Weber like he's making a play at home plate. Weber FIRES; Ty dives to the floor, barely dodging the arrow.

He slides THROUGH WEBER'S LEGS and right up to

10 POLICE OFFICERS, all with their GUNS DRAWN.

OFFICER
You're out, asshole.

Ty, winded, branded and bruised, drops the bat.

EXT. MIAMI HERALD. DAY.

The boxy building sits on beautiful Biscayne Bay.

INT. MIAMI HERALD, WLRN RADIO STUDIO. DAY.

An "ON AIR" sign glows. A snippet of the *Chariots of Fire* THEME. No-frills Public Radio.

AT A MICROPHONE, is Miami Herald sports reporter RICHARD CYPES, 38, who embodies the revenge of every kid picked last to play a game: bad physique, bad eyes, bad coordination, but *he knows every pro-athlete in town.*

CYPES
Welcome back to the WLRN Studios at the Miami Herald; I'm sports reporter Richard Cypes. We're talking with Mayor Figuera and Miami Glades' legend, former player and current team owner, Garrison Sharpe.
(beat)
(MORE)

CYPES (cont'd)

Mr. Mayor, forgive me for being forward, but it looks to me like the City is capitalizing on Ephraim Ordonez's murder, and using eminent domain to steal the Morris Housing Complex out from under the residents.

MAYOR FIGUERA, 50s, Miami in the flesh; tan, stylish, able to weather storms, answers.

MAYOR FIGUERA

That's simply not the case, Richard. Ephraim Ordonez hoped to turn the Morris Houses into an urban utopia for lower-income families. Unfortunately, the experiment failed. The buildings have become blighted, the Morcillas Gang that plagued the community in the 1980s has regrouped, crime is on the rise and the surrounding area has begun to suffer. We *had* to do something. Eminent domain allows the City to *legally seize* blighted property in order to put the land to better and higher use.

CYPES

I don't think the people living in the Morris Houses would call Mr. Sharpe's super-stadium "better and higher use". I doubt Ephraim Ordonez would.

GARRISON SHARPE, 43, a rugged former athlete, speaks-up. He's a no-shit guy; a beloved hometown hero.

SHARPE

I played 15 seasons with Ephraim. He was a friend. He of all people would understand that this project represents a rebirth for the area.

(beat)

This new sports complex will be the envy of the world; it will attract All-Star Games, Super Bowls and the Olympics.

CYPES

The Glades are in last-place, with record-low attendance; if I were the owner, I'd spend my money on new players.

SHARPE

Big stars demand a big stage; the best players don't want to play in a 30 year-old stadium. My partner and I believe the new stadium complex-

CYPES

-Your *silent* partner. Who has yet to make his or her identity known to the public. Why is that, Mr. Sharpe? The team is now involved in civic policy, don't you think Miamians deserve to know who all the owners are?

SHARPE

Some businesspeople are private; they have that right. Look, Richard, come to the formal announcement at Glades Stadium today. I think you, your listeners and readers will be happy with what you see.

CYPES

If not, believe me, we'll let you know.

(beat)

Okay, time for your calls. 888-555-WLRN-

INT. MIAMI HERALD, CYPES' OFFICE. DAY.

SPORTS MEMORABILIA spars for space with BOOKS and AWARDS.

TACKED ON A CORKBOARD, are OLD ARTICLES: "NASTY WRECKS FIELD", "SHAMMERIN' HANK" and "RAWLINGS ON ROIDS!"

PHOTOS of Cypes' wife, IRENE, and young son, CAL, cover everything but the headlines; he's a family man.

BEHIND A CLUTTERED DESK, Cypes opens his MAIL, while watching

ESPN's JOHN BUCCIGROSS and CHRIS MCKENDRY on TV. They flank a SUPER of OLLIE PEARCE.

JOHN BUCCIGROSS (V.O.)

...the British are *going*. Ollie Pearce has been cut by the Miami Scorchers and rumors are swirling that he'll be deported. Pearce sustained an off-field injury during the pre-season when he bet a bar patron he could kick a watermelon 100-feet. He'll keep his 5-million dollar signing bonus, even though he won't play a single game for the Scorchers.

IN AN ENVELOPE, Cypes finds an ARTICLE he wrote about EPHRAIM'S MURDER.

It's been REDACTED; the letters and words left spell out:

"EPHRAIM SIL-ENC-ED".

Cypes, curious, eyes the article. Clearly, it's important.

CHRIS MCKENDRY (V.O.)

Arguably the best striker in soccer, Pearce's attention-seeking antics have hurt him before. His ejection from the World Cup Finals cost England the championship. If bounced back across the pond, Ollie won't find his countrymen waiting open-armed, he'll probably find them *heavily armed*.

JOHN BUCCIGROSS (V.O.)

Yes, the Brit who was supposed to breathe life into US soccer is yet another sports bust. But to Miami, Ollie Pearce is a thunderstorm compared to the category 5 hurricane of shame that is Ty Rawlings, who was arrested today for trashing a sporting goods store when the owner tried to brand his bat with an asterisk.

ON TV, Cypes spots TY'S MUGSHOT.

INT. TGK JAIL. DAY.

Ty, HAND BANDAGED, rots; no one's coming to bail him out.

Cypes approaches. Ty surveys him. They have a tough history.

TY

Usually, they give you a last meal before they send in the executioner.

CYPES

Still got that winning personality.

TY

Still banging my wife?

CYPES

You never proposed, there was never a ceremony; she was never your wife.

TY

She should've been my wife.

CYPES

And you should've ended up in the Hall of Fame. So, so much for should've.

(beat)

How'd you like to have a little more fun today?

TY

The City of Miami has my day pretty much planned out.

CYPES

I post your bail, you help me with a story.

TY

You got all the stories you're gonna get out of me, Cypes.

CYPES

Story's not about you, Ty. I got a tip that there may be more behind Ephraim Ordonez's murder than just the Morcillas.

(beat)

Three weeks after Ephraim gets dropped off a building, your old buddy Garrison Sharpe is announcing a massive new stadium complex with Mayor Figuera's blessing and the backing of a silent partner.

TY

Sharpe gave confession every time he stole a base. Guy's a goddamn Boy Scout; he's not a killer.

CYPES

Agreed. And, Figuera's a political animal, but he's legit. The only unknown element is this silent partner.

(beat)

Sharpe's doing a presser at Glades Stadium. There are rumors of a protest; security will be high. I want you to cause a scene of Ty Rawlings' proportions. Stadium security will swoop in to protect Sharpe. Anyone else the guards protect is likely to be the silent partner.

TY

So, the ethical Richard Cypes needs me to shit in Sharpe's Wheaties to expose some mysterious money man?

(beat)

Bail plus five grand.

CYPES

Bail plus lunch. And, if we break a story, some good press, for a change.

Ty mulls it over.

TY

Put me in, Coach; I'm ready to play.

EXT. GLADES STADIUM. DAY.

The 1980s relic sits far outside the city. It could benefit from a coat of paint, or maybe a wrecking ball.

It's the home of a team in dire need of a turn-around.

Several SECURITY AGENTS keep PROTESTERS at a distance.

REPORTERS flank a MODEL of a MASSIVE SPORTS COMPLEX, complete with a stadium, arena, soccer field, hotel and high-rise.

SHARPE beams in front of his opus, MICROPHONE on his lapel; speech broadcasting over SPEAKERS.

SHARPE

24-acres; home to a new retractable-roof stadium for the Glades during baseball season and the Surge during football season; a new basketball arena for the Rhythm, soccer field for the Scorchers, a four-star hotel and convention center, and a 50-story luxury apartment building.
(beat)

No more games delayed by temperamental weather. No more fans baking in the heat of an open stadium. No more need to drive miles outside the city to see a game.

Cypes uses his cell phone to film FACES IN THE CROWD, as

Ty approaches the MODEL from behind, carefully steps into it, unzips his pants and PISSES inside the new stadium.

Mortified Reporters GASP, MURMUR and snap PHOTOS.

TWO STADIUM SECURITY AGENTS, one BRAWNY, one REALLY TALL, grab Ty and haul him out. Ty struggles; they're stronger.

TY

Relax, fellas; let me holster the gun.

BRAWNY AGENT

We'll see how well you can piss when I cut your dick off!

TY

You're gonna need a chainsaw!

Ty shoves the Tall Agent, who falls and FLATTENS THE MODEL.
MORE AGENTS rush to protect Sharpe, as
the Brawny Agent slams Ty against a wall, fist raised.
Sharpe hurries over; his MICROPHONE catches their dialog.

SHARPE
What's going on here?

BRAWNY AGENT
Mr. Sharpe, this man was urinating on the
sports complex model.

Ty smiles big.

TY
In my defense, it does look like a
toilet.

Sharpe recognizes Ty.

SHARPE
Ty Rawlings; my God.
(to Brawny Agent)
It's okay; I'll take it from here.

The Brawny Agent releases Ty and steps back, glaring.

AMONG THE CROWD, Cypes keeps filming, looking for anyone who
might be the silent partner. No one else is being protected.

BY THE WALL, Sharpe surveys Ty, his polar opposite.

SHARPE (cont'd)
Long time no see, Ty.

TY
Long time no give a shit, Sharpie.

SHARPE
I know you were never much one for
teammates, but we share a bond that not
too many men have in this world. The
Glades are set for a rebirth; I believe
you are, too.

Sharpe pulls out his BUSINESS CARD.

SHARPE (cont'd)
If you ever need anything, don't hesitate
to give me a call. I want to help.

TY

All I can say in the face of such genuine generosity is... *go fuck yourself.*

Reporters BUSTLE, they fire off a flurry of PHOTOS.

EXT. CYPES' HOUSE. DAY.

A Spanish Colonial. Cypes parks behind a MINIVAN.

PALM TREES SWAY; the LAWN is surrounded by a WHITE FENCE.

INT. CYPES' HOUSE. DAY.

Cypes, on his computer, scans FACES on the FOOTAGE, daunted.

CYPES

Reporters, protesters and Sharpe. Nobody
I can't account for. Security swarms
Sharpe; they don't protect anyone else.

Ty, bored, peruses Cypes' MEMORABILIA; he spots a PHOTO of
Cypes hugging "HAMMERIN'" HANK JONES beside BOXING GLOVES
signed: "THANKS FOR BEING IN MY CORNER".

TY

So, I ruined my pristine reputation for a
wild goose chase?

CYPES

Mark Cuban, Jerry Jones, Steinbrenner;
team owners love the limelight. Sharpe's
silent partner doesn't show up to
announce the biggest stadium complex in
the country? Something stinks.

TY

Yeah, your tip.

CYPES

My source is reliable.

TY

Your anonymous source.

CYPES

Hasn't let me down yet.

Cypes stares at the REDACTED ARTICLE in his KING KROC
NOTEBOOK. Ty looks over Cypes' shoulder.

TY

Is this the same source that screwed me?

CYPES

Reporters never reveal their sources.
And, the source didn't pump you full of
steroids, Ty. You did.

Ty grabs Cypes' NOTEBOOK; plays keep-away. Cypes gives chase.

CYPES (cont'd)

Don't mess with a reporter's notes. Give
it back.

TY

As soon as I find who ratted me out.

CAL (O.S.)

GIVE IT BACK!

WHAM! Ty's whacked in the back by a DUFFLE BAG. He stumbles,
revealing

CAL, 9, an adorable kid wearing a LITTLE LEAGUE UNIFORM; he
readies the DUFFLE BAG for another swat.

Cypes stops Cal, LAUGHING.

CYPES

Cal, it's okay.

CAL

He was taking your stuff.

Cypes grabs the NOTEBOOK from Ty, who grimaces in pain.

TY

Jesus, kid. Watch the back.

Cal recognizes Ty; the kid goes nuts.

CAL

Omigod! Ty Rawlings. 78 home runs, 162
RBIs, .376 batting average. *Omigod!*
Omigod! OMIGOD!

TY

(to Cypes)

Is he on any kind of levelers for that
shit?

Cal digs through his DUFFLE BAG for a BASEBALL.

CAL

Mr. Rawlings, will you sign my ball?
Please?!

TY

Kid, you don't want my autograph.

Cal's upset; he does want Ty's autograph.

IRENE, 34, walks in; she's smart, sexy and strong; right now, however, she's pissed.

IRENE

Cal, honey; go wash up.

CAL

But, moooom; Ty Rawlings is here!

Irene takes the DUFFLE BAG from Cal.

IRENE

Upstairs, kiddo.

Cal reluctantly plods upstairs.

Ty surveys Irene; he still holds a candle for her.

TY

Irene; you look absolutely amazing.

IRENE

Ty. You look... like you're *in my house*, where I'm pretty sure I never, ever wanted to see you.

Cypes knows he's in deep shit.

CYPES

Irene, sweetheart-

IRENE

-What would possibly possess you to bring him here?!

CYPES

He's helping me chase down a story.

IRENE

He's helping you chase down a *divorce*.

TY

There's that fiery personality that always made things tight in the cup.

Irene whips the duffle into Ty's nuts; he drops, in pain.

IRENE

Bet you wish you were wearing a cup right now.

TY

Christ; I should've stayed in jail.

EXT. TY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Someone's painted a GIANT ASTERISK on the GARAGE DOOR. Cypes' car parks out front.

INT. CYPES' CAR. DAY.

Ty and Cypes see the malicious mark.

CYPES

Well, at least the neighbors love you.

Ty opens his door.

CYPES (cont'd)

Hold on; before you go...

Cypes reaches into the back; from under a GLADES BLANKET, he removes TY'S BAT. It's been BRANDED WITH AN ASTERISK.

He hands the bat to Ty, who is genuinely surprised.

TY

Rhonda.

CYPES

The cops let the Owner brand it. I had a friend at the precinct pull it out of evidence; figured it meant something.

Ty rubs the ASTERISK BRAND; eyes the BANDAGE ON HIS HAND.

TY

Son of a bitch branded us both.

For the first time, Ty seems upset.

CYPES

We all have our brands, Ty.

Cypes pulls a NECKLACE out from under his collar; it's a NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEDALLION.

CYPES (cont'd)

Twelve years clean and there are still plenty of people out there who only see me as a junkie who used heroin, not a guy who *kicked heroin*. But, that doesn't mean I write everyone off. I accept who I was, but that's not who I am.

TY

No offense, but maybe half the people in Miami know you were a junkie; the whole fucking world saw my dirty laundry.

CYPES

You're not the only athlete in this position, Ty. A couple years back, I helped "Hammerin'" Hank start over. It's not easy, but it's possible.

(beat)

If we find a link between Ephraim's murder and the new stadium deal, we can level the playing field. Fans will see you're not all bad.

TY

You actually think I give a shit, Cypes? I don't care what the fans think. I don't care about this bat. I DON'T CARE!

(beat)

Ever since you broke the story on me, you've been trying to find something in me that *isn't there*. Exposing me got you everything you have in your life, *including parts of mine*. Call that enough, and find some other way to ease your guilty conscience than making me your pet-project!

CYPES

You think I'm doing this out of *guilt*? I'm doing this because *I'm a fan*. Articles and anonymous sources aside, I'm a sports fan; the out of shape guy in the stands screaming so loud I spill my soda. And, like every other true sports fan, I love a good comeback. I will root for a player who crosses the line if he works hard to redeem himself.

Ty shows his ASTERISK-BRANDED hand to Cypes.

TY

This is never coming off, Cypes. Go save somebody else.

Ty carries the bat into the house.

INT. TY'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Ty's in his underwear. Around his torso, the BACK BRACE.

He swigs JACK DANIELS between stilted swings of the BAT.

INSERT: GLADES STADIUM, the GAME we saw earlier. Ty, IN UNIFORM, at the plate; bat ready.

The CROWD, on their feet, CHEERS their star, expectant.

The OPPOSING PITCHER throws; TY HITS IT OUT OF THE PARK.

The CROWD ERUPTS.

EXT. MORRIS HOUSING COMPLEX. NIGHT.

Cypes walks the property. RESIDENTS eye him from their balconies; some wear MAROON articles of clothing.

ON THE BALCONIES, are HANDMADE SIGNS: "NO EMINENT DOMAIN", "THIS IS OUR HOME" and "KROC OF SHIT".

Cypes heads to the BASEBALL DIAMOND, where CANDLES and PHOTOS form a MEMORIAL TO EPHRAIM.

NEEDLES and EMPTY BAGGIES litter the ground. Cypes kicks them away in disgust.

IN THE OUTFIELD, Cypes sees a DRUG DEALER make a quick hand-off to an ADDICT. It all breaks Cypes' heart.

CYPES
(to himself)
What the hell went wrong, Ephraim?

Cypes opens his KING KROC NOTEBOOK, pulls out the REDACTED ARTICLE about Ephraim's murder that reads:

"EPHRAIM SIL-ENC-ED".

ATOP AN ABANDONED BUILDING, Volkov, the Russian brute, watches Cypes.

CUT TO:

THE ABANDONED BUILDINGS; Cypes investigates, finds a MURAL.

It's a PORTRAIT of music mogul and Morris Houses' legend ARMADA, marred by MAROON GRAFFITI.

PAINTED UNDER ARMADA'S PORTRAIT is:

"PROJECTS 2 PENTHOUSE".

Cypes scribbles in his NOTEBOOK. He looks up at the ROOF.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. NIGHT.

Cypes climbs the crumbling stairs. ON THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING, he spots a GAS CAN.

He walks down the DILAPIDATED HALLWAY and finds a HOODED VANDAL dousing the floor with GASOLINE.

CYPES

Hey!

The Vandal stops and stares at Cypes. MORE VANDALS come from an apartment behind Cypes. They charge.

CYPES (cont'd)

Shit.

Cypes bolts down a CORRIDOR; he dashes into an abandoned apartment without realizing

THERE IS NO FLOOR. Cypes is about to free-fall when...

a MEATY HAND grabs Cypes' shirt and pulls him to safety.

Cypes breathes a SIGH of relief, turns to thank his savior.

It's Volkov. Cypes recognizes him.

CYPES (cont'd)

"The Big Sleep"?

VOLKOV

(Russian accent, smiling)

You should watch your step, friend.

(beat)

Come; let's get you out of here.

The Hooded Vandals arrive, upset.

HOODED VANDAL

He saw us pouring the gas-

VOLKOV

(snaps)

-QUIET!

Surprise registers on Cypes' face.

CYPES

Wait a second. *You're with them?*

Volkov eyes Cypes; his smile turns to a scowl.

CUT TO:

SUNRISE, Cypes is sprawled against the abandoned building, dead; his SKIN SLIGHTLY BLUE.

A NEEDLE STICKS OUT OF HIS ARM.

POLICE OFFICERS have the area CORDONED OFF. Residents stand behind the POLICE TAPE, gawking.

DETECTIVES MARKS and KELLAR, two veterans, examine Cypes' body; they note his WATCH, WALLET and PHONE.

DET. MARKS

Watch, wallet and phone; wasn't robbed.

DET. KELLAR

No signs of a fight or struggle.

Marks finds Cypes' NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEDALLION.

DET. MARKS

NA medallion. Old habits, huh?

IN CYPES' WALLET, Kellar finds TY'S BAIL RECEIPT.

DET. KELLAR

Or maybe old grudges. Bail receipt. For a guy who's no stranger to needles.

INT. TY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Ty sits on the floor, miserable, BOTTLE OF JACK beside him; scattered around, are OLD PHOTOS of IRENE.

Ty gazes at a PHOTO: he and Irene smile, happy.

Ty sets the PITCHING MACHINE to 100 MPH, puts a BALL in and SITS IN THE STRIKE-ZONE, head positioned for a death-blow.

The baseball rolls into the chamber and FIRES.

At that moment, COPS BURST THROUGH THE DOOR, bulletproof vests on, GUNS DRAWN.

Ty turns to see the commotion. The baseball just misses him.

Ty's confused as Cops swarm, tackle and CUFF him.

TY
What the hell is this? You can't just
barge in here!

Detectives Marks and Kellar arrive, flash their BADGES.

DET. MARKS
I'm Detective Marks, this is Detective
Kellar; we're here to execute a search
warrant of your home and property.

TY
Bullshit, I know my rights!

DET. KELLAR
You're out on bail for a violent crime,
Mr. Rawlings; now you're a person of
interest in a death investigation-

TY
-Whose death?

DET. MARKS
Richard Cypes was found dead today.

TY
Dead? He can't be fucking dead-

DET. KELLAR
-We know you were one of the last people
to see Mr. Cypes alive. Can you account
for your whereabouts from last night to
this morning?

TY
I was home, alone. I didn't kill him.
(beat)
Am I under arrest?

DET. KELLAR
You're being detained while we search the
house.

TY
Search for what?

DET. KELLAR
Needles.

Ty has to LAUGH.

TY
You're fucking kidding me.

DET. KELLAR

Mr. Cypes was found at the Morris Houses
with a needle sticking out of his arm.

TY

Cypes wasn't using... He wouldn't-

An Officer finds the PHOTOS OF IRENE.

OFFICER

-Detectives, we've got photos of Cypes'
wife; lots of them.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT. DAY.

The building stands on the curve of a downtown street; LARGE
WINDOWS let COPS see the city they're sworn to protect.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT, INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Marks and Kellar grill Ty, who's belligerent.

TY

Irene used to work in marketing for the
Glades. She was always around the players
and reporters. We dated; it got serious.
But, it ended in the middle of the
steroid scandal. I guess kicking-in TVs,
the binge-drinking and getting a constant
stream of death threats didn't make me
marriage material. She wanted a stable
guy with a normal life. She left me for
Cypes, but that was *ten years ago*. I
didn't do anything to Cypes; he was... *a
friend*. He was my *only*... Hell, he bailed
me out to help him with a story.

DET. KELLAR

Woodward and Burnout.

DET. MARKS

C'mon. Why did Cypes really bail you out?
What did you have on him? Did you know he
was using?

TY

I was helping him! Cypes got an anonymous
tip that something was off with the new
stadium. It was in his notebook. Did you
idiots find his notebook?

Another DETECTIVE pops in; he hands a NOTE to Marks and
Kellar. Marks and Kellar stand; the interview abruptly over.

DET. MARKS

Get lost, Rawlings. We're done with you.

Marks and Kellar walk out. Ty, angry, follows them to

INT. POLICE PRECINCT, HOMICIDE DIVISION. DAY.

where they head to their desks.

TY

Well, I'm not done with you. What just happened?

Kellar grabs an EVIDENCE BAG from the Detective; it contains NEEDLES and HEROIN.

DET. KELLAR

Search turned up needles and heroin hidden in Cypes' master bathroom.

TY

Cypes *wasn't using*! He had 12 years clean!

DET. MARKS

Medical Examiner says the guy OD'd. History of drug abuse; we found drugs in his house. Case closed. Consider yourself lucky.

TY

If Cypes was at the Morris Houses, he was chasing a lead. His tips are in his notebook. Did you find Cypes' notebook at the Houses?

Marks finds an EVIDENCE LIST.

DET. MARKS

No notebook was recovered at the scene.

TY

That book is *important*. If it's missing, it's missing for a reason. It's a King Kroc notebook. Crawl out from behind your fucking desks and *find it*!

Kellar opens his DESK DRAWER.

DET. KELLAR

Tell you what, Rawlings; I'm gonna give you something...

Kellar pulls out a BADGE STICKER.

DET. KELLAR (cont'd)
We give these to the elementary school kids that come here on field trips. We make them little *deputies*.

Kellar affixes the STICKER to Ty's shirt.

DET. KELLAR (cont'd)
There you go; Deputy Douche-bag. You are hereby authorized to find the King Kroc notebook.

Marks and Kellar LAUGH as Ty, fuming, storms out.

EXT. CYPES' HOUSE. DAY.

Ty's Corvette is parked beside the WHITE FENCE.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Ty stares at the house, not sure if he should be here.

Irene steps outside with "HAMMERIN'" HANK JONES, 33; once a brash big-time boxer, he's now just an unassuming guy in a "UNEX CONSTRUCTION" WINDBREAKER.

Hank gives Irene a comforting hug, then walks off.

Irene goes inside; Hank rounds the corner. Ty hops out to

EXT. CYPES' HOUSE. DAY.

where he KNOCKS on the door. Irene answers; eyes puffy, face gaunt, shell-shocked.

IRENE
You can't be here, Ty. Not today.

TY
I know. It's just... I have to ask... Was he doing heroin?

Irene, through her tears, is adamant.

IRENE
No! *There's no way!* He was proud of his recovery. *It's not possible.*

TY
What about his notebook, do you know where it is?

IRENE

No. I told the police he never would have let it out of his sight, but, once they found the drugs...

(beat)

Rick wasn't using. I have no idea where those needles came from. We didn't have secrets. We told each other everything. *Everything.*

INSIDE, Ty spots a FRAMED ARTICLE entitled: "78!"

TY

Everything... *Like a source.*

IRENE

What?

TY

Did you tell Cypes about me? About the steroids?

Irene can't believe her ears; her sorrow turns to anger.

IRENE

Are you seriously asking me this? Right now?! My husband is dead! Are you that fucking detached that you would actually pick this moment to ask me that?!

Ty knows he's crossed a line.

TY

I'm sorry. It just... popped into my head-

IRENE

-You didn't deserve Rick's friendship; his faith. You are a colossal disaster of a human being; selfish and shameless. I don't want you anywhere near me... *ever again!*

TY

Irene-

CAL (O.S.)

-Mommy, are you okay?

Irene and Ty turn to see Cal at the foot of the stairs; his eyes red from crying, he clutches a GLADES BLANKET.

IRENE

Mommy's fine; I was just talking to Ty, but he's *leaving now.*

Irene shuts the door on Ty.

Ty walks to his Corvette. He doesn't notice SOMEONE WATCHING HIM from inside a BLACK DODGE... it's VOLKOV.

EXT. MORRIS HOUSING COMPLEX. DAY.

Ty walks toward the buildings, past KIDS playing BASEBALL.

An OUTFIELDER drops a FLY BALL because he's got NO GLOVE.

The TATTERED OLD BASEBALL rolls in front of Ty. He snags it.

TY
You're supposed to break-in your glove,
kid, not your hand.

KID
No shit. Someone jacked all our gear.
What do you care?

Ty doesn't. He tosses the Kid the ball and keeps moving.

BY AN ABANDONED BUILDING, Ty searches the area where the cops found Cypes. RUBBER GLOVES and POLICE TAPE remain.

Ty comes across a FOLDED PIECE OF NEWSPAPER; he opens it to find the REDACTED ARTICLE: "EPHRAIM SIL-ENC-ED".

Ty pockets the clue. He spies a BROKEN BASEMENT WINDOW.

Ty looks into the basement; too dark to see.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, BASEMENT. DAY.

A narrow SHAFT OF LIGHT faintly illuminates Ty's path; not much here besides a BOILER.

Suddenly, he's attacked by VOLKOV, whose face is obscured by a HOOD. Volkov fights with the fluid ferocity that comes from years of training. He mercilessly manhandles Ty.

Ty tries to escape; Volkov grabs Ty's head, FLIPS HIM and applies the savage SLEEPER-HOLD until TY BLACKS-OUT.

LATER:

Ty snaps awake, disoriented in the DARKNESS. He wipes his BLOODY FACE, discovers a FLASHLIGHT TAPED TO HIS HAND.

Ty turns the flashlight on; it reveals PHOTOS stuck to the BOILER: IRENE and CAL ASLEEP IN THEIR BEDS...

TY
Jesus.

TY sees a scrawled MESSAGE:

"FIND THE SOURCE, OR THEY DIE. WARN THEM, THEY DIE".

Ty hurries out of the basement.

EXT. TY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Ty, beaten and bloody, limps up; STUCK INTO THE FRONT DOOR, is a LARGE CULINARY SYRINGE.

Ty's about to toss the syringe away, when he notices something STUFFED INSIDE IT...

a REDACTED MIAMI HERALD.COM ARTICLE about CYPES' DEATH; words left read:

"PRO-JECTS-2-PENT-HOUSE".

He pulls out the "EPHRAIM SIL-ENC-ED" ARTICLE he found at the Morris Houses. It's the same source.

INT. TY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM. DAY.

Ty tends to his wounds; sees the ASTERISK BRAND on his hand.

He stares at it, then eyes himself in the mirror, hard.

TY
Now, how do you stop getting your ass
kicked?

INT. TY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Ty plays a YOUTUBE VIDEO on his LAPTOP: "HAMMERIN'" HANK JONES delivers a series of DEVASTATING KNOCKOUTS.

FRANK DEFORD does a piece on Hank for *REAL SPORTS*.

FRANK DEFORD (V.O.)
"Hammerin'" Hank Jones; a former gang-member who fought his way up through multiple weight classes, Jones won titles with spectacular knockouts of bigger and bigger opponents.
(beat)
Holding the record for most punches thrown in a fight, 1,764, the ferocious, endlessly trash-talking Jones was poised to be the next Pacquiao.

IN THE RING, Hank, ecstatic, runs past his PRONE OPPONENT, jumps onto the corner ropes and pounds the turnbuckle.

Hank's a cocky, flashy phenomenon who loves the spotlight.

FRANK DEFORD (V.O.) (cont'd)
But, when Hank's glove was raised after a third round KO of "Irish" Billy Quinn, who outweighed Jones by 25-pounds, the Ref discovered Hank used plaster of Paris to harden his hand wraps, turning his fists to stone.

IN ANOTHER RING, DOCTORS tend to the FALLEN IRISHMAN.

The REF raises Hank's GLOVE; he feels something suspicious and pulls Hank over to the RINGSIDE OFFICIAL.

FRANK DEFORD (V.O.) (cont'd)
Jones was barred for life; all his prior victories now shadowed in doubt. He's since blown millions of dollars and completely disappeared from the spotlight, leaving many unanswered questions, the foremost being: why would a man so gifted and fearless do something so cheap and cowardly?

EXT. UNEX CONSTRUCTION SITE. DAY.

A HIGH-RISE skeleton. Ty, parked across the street, watches

"Hammerin'" Hank work a JACKHAMMER. Hank's ARMS are ROPY; he's only 147-lbs., but ripped, muscles between muscles.

The WORK SIREN BLOWS; quitting time. Hank puts up his gear, waves to his co-workers and walks to

a BUS STOP, where he boards a CITY BUS.

EXT. TRAILER PARK. DAY.

The BUS departs; Hank heads down a road lined with TRAILERS.

Ty drives up. Gets out.

EXT. HANK'S TRAILER. DAY.

Nondescript, devoid of any decoration, strictly utilitarian. Ty bangs on the door. After a beat, Hank swings it open.

TY
You're "Hammerin" Hank Jones.

Hank speaks softly; he's been humbled by his mistakes.

HANK
I'm not him, man.

Hank moves to shut the door. Ty stops him.

TY
I bet if I started swinging, you'd turn
into him.

HANK
What do you want, Rawlings?

TY
You were in the Morcillas, right?

HANK
Two lives ago. So what?

TY
I need your help.

A Trailer Park RESIDENT stops, recognizing Ty.

RESIDENT
Rawlings. Ty Rawlings? *I hope you die!*

Hank pulls Ty into the trailer and slams the door.

INT. HANK'S TRAILER. DAY.

Hank locks the door.

HANK
Friend of yours?!

TY
Price of fame.

HANK
Yeah, well, I prefer obscurity.

Ty looks around. A HEAVY BAG hangs. There is almost no
furniture at all; it's monastic, an exercise in sacrifice.

TY
No kidding.

HANK
I'm not gonna help you, Rawlings.

TY

The help isn't for me, it's for Cypes. I saw you consoling Irene today; I saw the gloves you gave Cypes. He was "in your corner", right?

HANK

Cypes got me my first construction job. Helped me start a new life.

TY

I think the Morcillas killed Cypes and took a notebook full of his tips.

HANK

You don't need me; you need the police.

TY

Fuck the police. They don't believe a word I say; they're convinced Cypes OD'd.
(beat)

I poked around the Morris Houses and I got the shit kicked out of me. I need to do some more digging, but I need muscle.

HANK

I don't fight anymore. I hit someone, it's assault. I go to jail.

TY

The Morcillas will kill Irene and Cal if I don't find Cypes' anonymous source. I can't identify the source, but I know the source sent these tips.

Ty shows Hank the TWO REDACTED ARTICLES.

TY (cont'd)

Cypes was looking for a connection between Ephraim's murder and the new stadium deal.

Hank SIGHS.

HANK

I think I know what this might mean. We gotta go to the Morris Houses.

Hank opens his closet and changes into a MAROON SHIRT.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Ty drives. Hank rides shotgun.

TY

You must've made 30, 40-million dollars in the ring. How the fuck did you end up living in a trailer park?

HANK

Promoters, trainers, entourage, excess.

TY

And, now you're toiling away at some menial job and wallowing in a shithole.

HANK

Is that your assessment of my life? I choose to live an uncluttered existence, free of unnecessary possessions.

TY

That's a real fucking Zen approach to being broke.

Ty smiles.

EXT. MORRIS HOUSING COMPLEX. DAY.

Hank leads Ty to the ABANDONED BUILDINGS. They keep watch for the Morcillas.

HANK

First person I ever knocked out was right here. I was 13; Morcillas initiation.

TY

What the hell is a "Morcillas"?

HANK

Blood-sausages; it's a Cuban delicacy. The OGs were all about blood: "blood-in, blood out".

TY

How does a black guy get into a Cuban gang?

HANK

My mother couldn't afford to live anywhere else. I got my ass kicked by Cuban kids every day, until an OG took pity on me and taught me to box. Pretty soon, I was lighting-up everyone who came at me; so, they recruited me.

(beat)

When I was coming up, the Morcillas were dealers, pimps and murderers.

(MORE)

HANK (cont'd)

But, they haven't been banging for years now. Up until a few months ago, it was more like a neighborhood watch. Wearing maroon is just about projects' pride; unity.

TY

If you were such a bad-ass motherfucker, why did you load your gloves?

HANK

Why did you use steroids?

Hank and Ty round a corner to find the MURAL of ARMADA.

Painted at the bottom is: "PROJECTS 2 PENTHOUSE".

TY

(reading)

"Projects two penthouse".

(beat)

The source was pointing me to the mural?

Hank eyes the MAROON TAGS marring the MURAL.

HANK

To the mural, to the building, or to the man. Armada grew up here; he was in the Morcillas. High up. He's a local legend.

(beat)

It doesn't make sense that the Morcillas would tag over Armada's mural.

TY

None of this makes sense.

Hank is intrigued.

HANK

We should talk to Armada.

EXT. ARMADA'S MANSION. DAY.

A palace of excess. The EXQUISITE WATERFRONT PROPERTY is home to a modern glass and metal marvel of architecture.

BESIDE THE HOUSE, is a POOL packed with PARTYING PEOPLE.

OUT BACK, are a BEACH and LUXURY YACHT.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Ty and Hank stare at the MANSION as they approach the BODYGUARD at the GATE.

TY
You honestly expect me to believe you
wouldn't want to have a house like this?

HANK
I *had* a house like this.

Ty stops at the Bodyguard, a thug with a GUN tucked in his waistband, named BIG-G. He eyes Ty.

BIG-G
Fuck do you want?

Hank leans over and flashes a GANG SIGN.

HANK
Here to see the man.

Big-G dials his CELL PHONE.

EXT. ARMADA'S MANSION. DAY.

A TATTOOED bodyguard, INK, shepherds Ty and Hank past
THE POOL; nearly-naked WOMEN flirt with Armada's ENTOURAGE.

Ty and Hank notice a MIDDLE-AGED WHITE GUY with two girls on his lap. He's totally out of place.

INT. ARMADA'S OFFICE. DAY.

ON THE WALLS, are GOLD RECORDS, CONCERT POSTERS and ALBUM COVERS, some for the hit "Projects 2 Penthouse".

Staring at the OCEAN through FLOOR-TO-CEILING WINDOWS, is ARMADA, 35, Cuban rapper, mogul and entrepreneur; he's obese, the size of a battleship and just as imposing.

Ink leads Ty and Hank in. Armada smiles.

ARMADA
"Hammerin'" Hank; what's good, bro?

HANK
(slipping into slang)
Doin' me, Armada; doin' me. You know Ty Rawlings?

Armada looks at Ty; he's unimpressed.

ARMADA
Yeah; you fucked up a good team, bitch.

Ty notices a MIRRORED DISPLAY filled with GLADES MEMORABILIA.

TY
(sarcastic)
Always nice to meet a fan.

ARMADA
So, what's this that you need to holler
at me after not hittin' me up for years?

HANK
Went to say peace to the Morris Houses
and saw the Morcillas tagged-up your
mural.

ARMADA
Ain't no thing; young bloods trying to
get cred. Puffin' out they chest.

HANK
It's more than just puffin'. There's at
least one body on the Morcillas.

ARMADA
I ain't up in the mix, dog; I love the
Houses, but I ain't been to that
motherfucker in a minute. Know what I'm
saying?

Ty is fed up.

TY
Actually, I don't know what you're
saying. I've heard your music, so I know
you're functionally illiterate...
(to Hank)
But, you were speaking English in the
car, so I don't know what the fuck just
happened to you-

ARMADA
-Fucking *puto sucio*-

TY
-Let me make this simple: Richard Cypes,
sports reporter for the Herald; did you
know him?

ARMADA
I know he fucked your shit up.

TY
Yeah, well someone fucked his shit up;
someone in the Morcillas, and I want to
know why. *Know what I'm saying?*

ARMADA

I know you ain't come up in my motherfucking crib and disrespect me. Bitch, the Morcillas are gonna do what they do; I don't know shit about it.

TY

Too busy *eating* to know what's going on in your own gang?

Armada pulls out his GLOCK. Ink pulls his GUN.

ARMADA

Hank, you and I got history; you want to chill, that's cool. But, Juicy-Juice over here needs to jet. *For real.*

Hank pushes Ty toward the door.

HANK

(to Ink and Armada)

Everybody chill. It's all good; we're gone. We're gone.

EXT. ARMADA'S MANSION. DAY.

Ty and Hank head to Ty's Corvette; neither man happy.

HANK

What the fuck kinda shit was that?! When you're trying to get information from someone, it helps if you don't insult them enough to pull a gun.

TY

He wasn't gonna tell us shit.

HANK

He wasn't gonna tell you shit. He would've told me something.

TY

Right, with your little ghetto-gumshoe routine.

INT. ARMADA'S GAME ROOM. DAY.

Volkov looks OUT THE WINDOW at Ty and Hank as they hop into Ty's Corvette.

THROUGH A TWO-WAY MIRROR, we see ARMADA'S OFFICE.

Armada opens the door to the game room. He knows what Volkov's thinking by his scowl.

ARMADA
I'll handle it.

VOLKOV
I will handle it.
(beat)
Cubans; always needing Russian firepower.

Volkov dials his cell.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Ty and Hank bicker as Ty drives.

HANK
All I'm saying is, we went in there
together, to work together... as a *team*-

TY
-Hold on a second; we are not a *team*.
This is *my* investigation.

HANK
I got news for you, Archie Bunker Private
Eye; your investigating skills suck!

EXT. JULIA TUTTLE CAUSEWAY. DAY.

As Ty and Hank drive, MOTORCYCLES and the BLACK DODGE weave
through the traffic behind them, catching up.

The RIDERS faces are obscured by TINTED HELMET VISORS.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

The motorcycles inch closer; Ty and Hank, in mid-argument,
are oblivious.

TY
I don't need any investigating skills to
figure out you're an asshole!

HANK
You know I could punch you 10 times
before you blink.

Ty, petulant, BLINKS over and over.

TY
Blink, blink, blink, blink, blink...

The MOTORCYCLES are right by Ty's door. Hank notices.

HANK

Watch the motorcycles!

Ty sees the motorcycles; they're forcing him to the right. Ty BEEPS and SHOUTS at the RIDERS.

TY

Share the road, jerk-offs!

The motorcycles don't move. Hank looks THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, they're ushering him toward an EXIT.

HANK

They're forcing us to exit.

At that moment, the BLACK DODGE bumps Ty's Corvette, jostling them. They both look back, concerned.

TY

The windows are tinted; I can't see who's in the car.

HANK

Speed up; take Biscayne.

EXT. BISCAYNE BLVD. DAY.

Ty's Corvette accelerates as they head into Edgewater, a RESIDENTIAL AREA; the motorcycles easily keep pace.

One RIDER pulls a GUN and aims for Ty's head.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Ty sees the gun and jerks the wheel.

TY

Gun!

EXT. EDGEWATER. DAY.

Ty's Corvette swerves onto a LAWN, plowing through PINK FLAMINGOS; he loses control and nearly stalls.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Ty struggles to find the right gear and keep straight.

Hank can't believe Ty can't drive his own car.

HANK

How hard is it to keep the front of the car pointed away from the bad guys?!

EXT. EDGEWATER. DAY.

The BLACK DODGE and MOTORCYCLES pursue Ty, who darts into a BACK YARD, where he CRASHES through a SCREEN ENCLOSURE that surrounds a SWIMMING POOL.

A motorcycle SPLASHES into the pool; the other cycles and the Dodge are still on Ty's tail.

The wet Rider hops on the back of another bike, pulls a GUN.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Ty sees an OPEN FIELD ahead. Hank holds on for dear life.

TY
Up ahead; it's wide open!

But, as they crest a small hill, Ty and Hank see a CANAL, twenty-feet wide, as long as the eye can see.

HANK
Canal! Canal! CANAL!

TY
Shit! Shit! SHIT!

EXT. CANAL. DAY.

Ty's Corvette is hemmed-in by houses. He saws on the wheel to keep the car straight on the SLICK GRASS.

IN THE CANAL, FISHERMEN, on SKIFFS, watch the chase pass.

Ty loses ground to the Dodge and motorcycles.

UP AHEAD, an APARTMENT COMPLEX butts against the canal. No more grass; LINING THE CANAL is a WOODEN DOCK.

Ty zooms ONTO THE DOCK; it CREAKS under the weight.

The DODGE and MOTORCYCLES follow.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Ty fights the wheel, panicked. Hank braces himself.

HANK
Are we going swimming, or does this motherfucker float?!

Ty spots a BOAT LAUNCH.

TY
Boat launch; we can turn.

HANK
You can't make that turn!

Ty slams the brakes and yanks the wheel.

EXT. WOODEN DOCK. DAY.

Ty's Corvette SKIDS, SPINS and SLIDES OFF THE DOCK, onto
a SKIFF that floats in the water.

The Corvette's TIRES hang over the sides of the skiff; which
barely stays afloat.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Ty grips the wheel, tense; Hank is pissed.

HANK
When I scream "you can't make that turn",
it means *YOU DON'T TURN!*

TY
You're gonna tell me how to drive? You
ride the fucking bus!

ON THE DOCK, they see the MOTORCYCLES AND DODGE STOP. The
Riders pull their GUNS.

Ty and Hank crawl out of the Corvette to

EXT. SKIFF. DAY.

where Ty frantically pulls the SKIFF'S STARTER CORD and Hank
UNTIES THE MOORINGS, as

the Riders OPEN FIRE.

Ty STARTS THE OUTBOARD MOTOR; Hank gets the skiff untied.

BULLETS pepper the CORVETTE and WATER.

Ty and Hank take cover IN THE HULL, beneath the Corvette, as
the skiff speeds up and ferries them away to safety.

TY
Think it's a little shady that we're
nearly killed right after we talk to
Armada?

HANK

I'm pretty sure everyone who meets you wants to kill you.

TY

Cypes was suspicious of the silent partner. The tips were pointing him to Armada, a Glades fan with shit-loads of money and ties to the Morcillas.

HANK

The old-school Morcillas; real-deal bangers, the guys in Armada's entourage that he pulled out of the Houses.

TY

Now they're more loyal to the penthouse than the projects.

HANK

Armada has them blight the Morris Houses, forcing the City to use eminent domain.

TY

Armada *needs* to stay silent, because he'd lose all his street-cred if people knew he sold out the hood that made him.

(beat)

Cypes investigates; Armada takes him out. Cypes' notes reveal he's got an anonymous source, a source Armada needs to find.

HANK

The only problem is, we can't prove any of this.

TY

And, now that Armada knows we're digging; his boys are probably waiting for us at our houses.

HANK

So, now I can't go back home?!

TY

Consider it one less possession.

HANK

Fuck you, Rawlings. What the hell did your defective ass get me into?!

TY

I've got a plan; we go for the pick-off. We get back out onto the road, let 'em tail us, and catch one of the bastards. Then, we get him to roll on Armada.

HANK

How are we supposed to catch anyone if you drive like a blind cripple? You wanna dupe these guys on the fly, we need help.

TY

Another person means another *personality*; I'm not dealing with any more egos. This isn't the fucking Mod Squad.

HANK

Your driving left us *under a car on top of a boat*! The only thing we're gonna catch with you behind the wheel is a bullet!

(beat)

We need someone who can drive.

EXT. GAME AND GO-KART. DAY.

An indoor ARCADE and outdoor GO-KART TRACK, where

F1 GO-KARTS race around at speeds over 100 mph.

KART #23 slices and dices, surgically lapping the field. The driver's helmet is adorned with an AIRBRUSHED HARPY.

INT. GO-KART TRACK, GARAGE. DAY.

Grease-monkey paradise; KART PARTS and TOOLS everywhere.

A WRECKED RACE CAR DOOR hangs on the wall, painted with #23.

Ty and Hank survey FRAMED PHOTOS of driver NADINE YATES; they chronicle her career from the little girl who won GO-KART RACES to the woman who ran in NASCAR RACES.

IN A DISPLAY CASE, is the Daytona 500 HARLEY EARL TROPHY.

HANK

"Nasty" Nadine Yates. Started racing go-carts at 9, dirt track at 15, NASCAR at 21. Two years ago, she won the Daytona 500. But, she wrecked the cars in front of her to win the race. NASCAR banned her; wrecking to win is a cardinal sin. No other racing league would touch her. They think she's too dangerous.

ON A FRIDGE, Hank finds ARTICLES, written by Cypes, entitled:

"LET YATES RACE" and "NASTY BELONGS IN NASCAR".

Hank shows them to Ty.

HANK (cont'd)

Cypes thought she got a raw deal; tried to help her. She's one of us.

Ty sees a PHOTO of NADINE'S RACE CAR taking the CHECKERED FLAG at DAYTONA; in her wake, is a MASSIVE WRECK.

TY

Women drivers.

A GO-KART SKIDS into the garage, brakes SQUEALING, TIRES SMOKING; on the DRIVER'S HELMET, is an AIRBRUSHED HARPY.

The driver hops out and whips off the helmet to reveal

"NASTY" NADINE YATES, 25, toned, tough and temperamental. She's every redneck's fantasy; a country cutie who can drive the wheels off anything.

NADINE

What the fuck are y'all doing in my garage?!

NADINE grabs a BIG WRENCH. Hank motions for her to relax.

HANK

Easy, Nadine; I'm "Hammerin'" Hank Jones and this is Ty Rawlings-

NADINE

-I know who you are. What I don't know, is why you ain't leaving.

TY

This is a waste of fucking time.

Ty starts out, Hank stops him.

HANK

Nadine, please, hear us out. We need your help. People are trying to kill us; people we think murdered Richard Cypes.

Nadine lowers the wrench; Cypes was a friend.

NADINE

I didn't believe for a second Cypes OD'd. I tried to tell the cops-

TY

-But, they didn't listen. To me either.

NADINE

Cypes was the only person who stood up for me after the 500. He petitioned NASCAR to repeal the black flag. Even after that failed, he was always pushing me to do whatever I could to earn some respect back.

(beat)

He was the patron saint of screwed-up athletes. Who would murder him?

TY

Armada. But, we need proof. His hoods just tried to off us. They chased us with cars and motorcycles, we barely got away.

HANK

We need a driver.

NADINE

Well, you're shit outta luck. State of Florida revoked my driver's license last year. The only thing I'm legally allowed to drive is that moped, assholes.

Ty and Hank spot an OLD VESPA.

HANK

What we need you for isn't exactly *legal*.

TY

I want you to drive my car and lure one of the hoods into a trap, so we can get him to rat out Armada.

Nadine mulls it over, wary.

NADINE

It ain't gonna help my reputation to get mixed up with you two cheating sons of bitches.

HANK

Cypes stood up for you; stand up for him. Help us solve his murder. You'll earn respect. Maybe even enough to get another shot in a race car.

Nadine surveys them; they're determined.

NADINE

Y'all ain't fucking around, are you?

HANK

No, ma'am.

NADINE

This may be your plan, but it's my ass in the driver's seat. If at any point I feel like I'm getting screwed-over or disrespected, I will go from pretty young thing to poor white trash, and you'll find out why they call me "Nasty". If you're good with that, I'm good to go.

CUT TO A MONTAGE:

INT. GO-KART TRACK, GARAGE OFFICE. DAY.

Ty unfolds a STREET MAP OF MIAMI as he explains his plan to Hank and Nadine.

TY

Armada's assholes will be waiting for me at my house. When they spot my car, they'll chase it. What they won't know, is Nadine's gonna be behind the wheel.

INT. GO-KART TRACK, GARAGE. DAY.

Ty, Hank and Nadine check out the CORVETTE.

NADINE

1995 Corvette ZR1; she's fast, but she's plastic; we need to make her stronger and safer if we're gonna do a little rubbing and racing.

Nadine dons a WELDING MASK.

INT. GO-KART TRACK, GARAGE OFFICE. DAY.

Ty HIGHLIGHTS streets on the map.

TY

Now, we know Nadine can outrun these jerk-offs, no problem. But, that's not what she's going to do.

NADINE

Why not?

TY
Because you're the bait. You're going to
lead them into the trap.

HANK
What kinda trap?

Ty grins.

EXT. UNLIMITED SPORTING GOODS. DAY.

EMPLOYEES unload sports equipment from an IDLING BOX TRUCK.
Suddenly, the BOX TRUCK SPEEDS AWAY, spilling merchandise.
Weber, whom we met earlier, runs after it, SCREAMING.

TY (V.O.)
A mobile one.

INT. BOX TRUCK. DAY.

Nadine drives. Ty eyes the SIDE MIRROR, watches Weber trip.

INT. GO-KART TRACK, GARAGE. DAY.

Hank PAINTS OVER the LOGOS on the BOX TRUCK, as
Ty fills the BOX halfway with stacked RUBBER TIRES.

LATER:

TWO GO-KARTS race toward the truck, Nadine ahead of Hank.

TY (V.O.)
We block off the intersection, they'll
have to follow Nadine into the alley.

Nadine makes a hard turn; Hank races up a RAMP, into the BOX
TRUCK. The TIRES safely soften the blow when he stops.

TY (V.O.) (cont'd)
Right into our hands.

INT. GO-KART TRACK, GARAGE OFFICE. DAY.

Ty finishes marking the map, turns to his conspirators.

TY
We take him to the Everglades and
convince him to talk.

NADINE

How are you gonna get one of Armada's
boys to snitch on his meal-ticket?

TY

My bat, his fists.

Nadine likes what she hears.

NADINE

Let's kick the tires and light the fires.

EXT. TY'S HOUSE. DAY.

The BLACK DODGE is parked across the street. The Corvette
creeps up, SIDESWIPES THE DODGE and keeps going.

The Dodge follows.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Nadine, HELMETED and BELTED into a RACING SAFETY SEAT, hits a
STEERING WHEEL MOUNTED BUTTON marked: "RADIO".

NADINE

(into radio)

I got his attention, y'all.

EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOF. DAY.

The "UNEX CONSTRUCTION" site, closed for the day.

Hank, perched in a corner, watches a DOWNTOWN INTERSECTION,
where the PAINTED BOX TRUCK parks in an ALLEY; in the SHADOWS
between buildings, it can barely be seen.

Ty hops out, wearing a HARD-HAT, COVERALLS and a HI-VIS VEST.
He carries a WALKIE-TALKIE.

HANK

(into walkie-talkie)

I've got eyes on the street.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEY. DAY.

Ty lowers the Box Truck's TAILGATE; it forms a RAMP.

TY

(into walkie-talkie)

I've got the alley.

He grabs a SLEDGEHAMMER and walks DOWN THE STREET, where
he CRACKS OPEN FIRE HYDRANTS; WATER SPEWS.

TY (cont'd)
(into walkie-talkie)
And the intersection.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, Nadine can see DOWNTOWN.

IN HER REARVIEW MIRROR, she watches the Dodge; it's joined by several MOTORCYCLES.

NADINE
(into radio)
I got motorcycles.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. DAY.

The HYDRANTS have FLOODED the INTERSECTION. A POLICE CAR arrives; TWO OFFICERS get out and DIVERT TRAFFIC.

Now, there's a straight-shot to the TRUCK in the ALLEY.

INT. BOX TRUCK. DAY.

Ty hops behind the wheel, pulls off his HARD-HAT and VEST and puts on his AVIATORS.

TY
(into walkie-talkie)
The road is blocked; we just need one of them. Don't get caught.

EXT. MIAMI STREETS. DAY.

The Corvette, Dodge and motorcycles accelerate, weaving around TRAFFIC at breakneck speed.

Motorcycles rocket ahead, forcing Nadine to turn; she cuts through a PEDESTRIAN MALL to get back on course.

Nadine slides the Corvette sideways, TIRES SMOKING, around a curve, passing the POLICE PRECINCT.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT. DAY.

COPS, including Marks and Kellar, see the pursuit; several dial their phones.

DET. MARKS
(into phone)
Dispatch; chase in progress...

EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOF. DAY.

Hank watches the Corvette, Dodge and motorcycles approach the FLOODED INTERSECTION.

HANK
(into walkie-talkie)
They're headed your way; eight blocks
out, coming fast.

EXT. BRICKELL AVENUE. DAY.

Nadine's ahead of the Dodge; she's lost some motorcycles.

POLICE CARS join the chase, closing fast from behind.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Nadine checks the rearview; doesn't like what's there.

NADINE
(into radio)
I got cops.

EXT. BRICKELL AVENUE. DAY.

The lead POLICE CAR tries to PIT the Dodge.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Nadine sees the cops trying to take out the Dodge.

NADINE
(into radio)
The cops are trying to PIT the Dodge!

Nadine PULLS THE E-BRAKE.

EXT. BRICKELL AVENUE. DAY.

The Corvette spins 360-degrees, falls back and

PITs the POLICE CAR; which skids out, downing PALM TREES that line the sidewalk; causing all the cops to CRASH.

The problem is, now Nadine is *BEHIND THE DODGE*.

Nadine PUSHES the Dodge toward the ALLEY.

The DODGE JAMS ON THE BRAKES; Nadine swerves, nearly wrecks.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Nadine gets pissed.

NADINE
You gonna brake-check me, fucker?!

Nadine drills the Dodge.

EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOF. DAY.

Hank sees Nadine's hostile driving; hears her on the walkie.

NADINE (V.O.)
I'll teach you how to treat a lady!

HANK
(into walkie-talkie)
Keep cool, Nadine; you're almost there.

NADINE (V.O.)
This asshole's looking to wreck!

INT. BOX TRUCK. DAY.

Ty listens to his WALKIE; this isn't good.

TY
(into walkie-talkie)
Do not wreck him!

EXT. BRICKELL AVENUE. DAY.

The Dodge brake-checks Nadine again; the chase becomes a high-speed demolition derby, as

they approach the FLOODED INTERSECTION.

From SIDE-STREETS, more POLICE CARS respond.

INT. TY'S CORVETTE. DAY.

Nadine, up on the wheel, jolts and jostles with every bump, anger building to rage.

NADINE
(into radio)
I'm done playing with this prick!

TY (V.O.)
Do. Not. Wreck. Him!

Nadine slams the Corvette into gear and FLOORS IT.

EXT. BRICKELL AVENUE. DAY.

The Corvette hits the Dodge and accelerates, lifting the DODGE'S REAR WHEELS OFF THE GROUND.

The Dodge loses traction on the wet pavement, spins through the FLOODED INTERSECTION and SLAMS into a STORE.

The Corvette SKIDS into the ALLEY, up the RAMP, into the back of the BOX TRUCK and PLOWS INTO THE TIRES.

EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOF. DAY.

Hank is furious.

HANK
(into walkie-talkie)
She wrecked him! She wrecked him!
Nadine's in the truck; go, go, go!

Hank watches POLICE swarm the Dodge and arrest the DRIVER.

He's in his 40s; he's also *SEVEN FEET TALL*.

INT. BOX TRUCK. DAY.

Ty drives out of the alley, pissed.

TY
What the fuck is wrong with her?!

Ty punches the dashboard; his plan has failed.

EXT. THE EVERGLADES. DUSK.

A "GAME AND GO-KART" CARGO VAN is parked in the middle of nowhere. The Box Truck pulls up; Ty and Hank hop out.

Ty, angry, drops the TRUCK'S TAILGATE; Nadine climbs from the crippled Corvette.

She's barely out of the truck before Ty gets in her face.

TY
You were supposed to lead him into the alley, not slam him into a wall!

Nadine shoves Ty back.

NADINE
I drive how I drive; I don't let anybody wreck me! I did what I had to do to win.

TY
Hey, *Days of Blunder*, does this look like winning to you?! 'Cause it looks to me like the guy we were supposed to catch is in police custody! It looks to me like we lost our best chance to nail Armada!

Hank separates Ty and Nadine.

HANK

We'll figure something out.

TY

Don't even talk to me. You're the reason
I have to deal with this fuck-up!

Hank pulls Ty away to talk some sense into him.

HANK

You realize we don't have a lot of
options, right? And the more time we
waste arguing, the more likely Irene and
Cal get killed. Yeah, Nadine messed-up,
but like it or not, we need her.

BEHIND THEM, Nadine reaches into the BOX TRUCK'S CAB and puts
it in gear; it drives INTO THE SWAMP AND SINKS.

Ty and Hank turn just in time to see the Box Truck submerge.

TY

What the fuck-

Nadine speeds past them in the "GAME AND GO-KART" VAN, middle-
finger flying as she races off.

NADINE

Enjoy the walk back to Miami, assholes!

She leaves them in the dust. Hank glares at Ty.

HANK

How the hell did you ever play a team
sport? You are a goddamn nightmare to
work with!

TY

Me? I can't help it if I'm surrounded by
idiots!

HANK

You're gonna be surrounded by
motherfucking swamp-water if you say one
more word!

Ty and Hank start the long journey back to civilization.

EXT. BODEGA. NIGHT.

A run-down store at the edge of the Everglades. GYPSY CABS
crowd the lot; DRIVERS eat and joke around.

INT. BODEGA. NIGHT.

Hank, looking none the worse for wear, sips WATER, as

Ty, SWEATY and HAGGARD, downs a TALLBOY by an ELECTRIC FAN.

Hank spins Ty around to see a WALL-MOUNTED TV; their exploits are "BREAKING NEWS"...

7 NEWS MIAMI'S CRAIG STEVENS reports; beside him, a SUPER of the SEVEN-FOOT-TALL DRIVER.

CRAIG STEVENS (V.O.)
 ...updating breaking news out of
 downtown; former Miami Rhythm center
 Devon Zeller has been arrested in a road-
 rage incident that lead to a scary crash.
 Zeller played two lackluster seasons in
 the NBA in the early nineties.
 (beat)
 Mayor Figuera just finished a briefing,
 we have part of that for you now...

CUT TO:

MAYOR FIGUERA, at the CRASH SITE, fielding questions.

MAYOR FIGUERA (V.O.)
 The City of Miami will not stand for car
 chases endangering the lives of our
 citizens. And, I assure you, Mr. Zeller
 will receive no special treatment...

CUT TO:

Zeller's LAWYER, who milks the cameras. We recognize him from Armada's mansion; he's the MIDDLE-AGED WHITE GUY.

LAWYER (V.O.)
 Anyone who witnessed this incident will
 tell you there was another vehicle
 involved; *that* driver was the aggressor!
 That driver wrecked police cars, then
 sent my client into a building.
 (beat)
 I will vigorously defend my client and,
 once he is vindicated, I will sue the
 city for false arrest.

The Anchor wraps up the story.

CRAIG STEVENS (V.O.)
 That was high-profile attorney Bernie
 Levin, who's representing Zeller-

Hank recognizes Levin.

HANK

-Bernie Levin; that's the white dude that was neck-deep in titties by Armada's pool.

TY

Motherfucker.

HANK

How does a guy who played two seasons of basketball 20 years ago hire a lawyer like Levin?

TY

Somebody hires Levin for him.

TY & HANK

Armada.

Ty spots a PAYPHONE, chained to it, the YELLOW PAGES; he flips through until he finds an AD for LEVIN'S LAW FIRM.

TY

I say we put on some masks, bring some bats and go yard on Levin until he tells us what he knows.

Hank doesn't like that plan.

HANK

Catching a thug errand-boy in a car is one thing, but you're talking about attacking one of the most powerful lawyers in town. Not to mention the fact that we have *no proof*, just a thin connection between Zeller and Armada.

(beat)

We did things like dumb jocks today; I'm not making the same mistake twice.

(gets an idea)

Look, we know Levin likes to defend athletes, right? We can-

TY

-We already showed our faces to Armada; we can't just walk into his lawyer's office. Levin will tip Armada off. If we go in, we gotta go in undetected.

HANK

How are we gonna go in undetected; unless someone else goes in?

Ty sees a BOX of WATERMELONS, something clicks.

TY
Shit. Shit. I know a guy.

EXT. OLLIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Large and luxurious. On the lawn, are SPLATTERED WATERMELONS.

In the driveway, are a ROLLS-ROYCE and a RELIANT ROBIN, an odd little British 3-WHEELED CAR.

A CAB pulls up. Ty and Hank hop out; they approach the house.

TY
This kid craves attention; he wants to be adored and celebrated. That's our angle.

HANK
Why not just ask for help? Why do we need an angle?

Ty rings the DOORBELL. Ollie opens the door. Ty smiles big.

TY
Hey, neighbor!

OLLIE
Piss off, Ty!

Ollie SLAMS the door in Ty's face.

TY
(to Hank)
I may have already poisoned the well.

Hank shakes his head.

HANK
Okay, angle it is.
(shouting)
Ollie! I'm "Hammerin'" Hank Jones; I've been in your shoes, man. I hate Ty as much as you do, but he's got a way to keep you in the states.

INT. OLLIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

THE KITCHEN is a BRITISH PUB; the carpet a SOCCER PITCH. It's clear Ollie has way too much money.

Ty and Hank flank Ollie on a sofa; Ollie's confused.

OLLIE

I'm not sure I follow. You want me to redeem myself by doing something that's *illegal*? Mate, they're trying to deport me. If I'm seen guilty of anything-

Ty and Hank tag-team a line of bullshit.

TY

-You're guilty already. You got people throwing watermelons on your lawn; mailing you their shit. They think you cheated the Scorchers out of millions of dollars.

HANK

And folks in England think you screwed them out of a World Cup championship.

TY

You want to get back into the fan's good graces, you gotta go big. Well buddy, this is big. You're not just helping us, you're helping *America*.

HANK

You'll be an American hero.

TY

And, they don't deport American heroes; *even if they're British*.

Ty smiles at Ollie. Hank, too. Ollie smiles back; he's in.

EXT. LEVIN LAW OFFICE. DAY.

Ollie enters, wearing WARM-UPS and carrying a GYM BAG.

INT. LEVIN LAW OFFICE. DAY.

Ollie sits across from Levin, in mid-spiel.

OLLIE

...It's a clear breach of contract. The Scorchers cut me because of the foot injury, but the injury's healed. I lost fifteen million dollars, I can't go back to the UK; my life is ruined.

Levin examines a CONTRACT.

LEVIN

Mr. Pearce, there's clearly an opportunity to present a suit to the courts, but it's all predicated on the fact that you can still play at the level you could before the injury.

(beat)

Now, I'll need some proof that you're capable of playing.

From his GYM BAG, Ollie pulls a SOCCER BALL. He smiles.

OLLIE

If I can kick; the lawsuit will stick.

(beat)

Could I bother your staff to volunteer for a few moments?

EXT. LEVIN LAW OFFICE. DAY.

IN A SIDE PARKING LOT, Levin and FIVE STAFFERS join Ollie, who pulls SOCCER BALLS and FRISBEES from his RELIANT ROBIN.

Ollie's a born showman; he loves an audience. He juggles a ball with his feet.

OLLIE

Ladies and gentlemen, today you are in the presence of greatness...

He motions to his 3-WHEELED CAR.

OLLIE (cont'd)

...The Reliant Robin: British, charming, slightly unstable; much like its owner.

Ollie kicks the ball clean through the car's OPEN WINDOWS.

Levin and his Staff CLAP, impressed.

OLLIE (cont'd)

But, seriously, accuracy is essential for a striker.

Ollie hands the Staffers FRISBEES.

OLLIE (cont'd)

So, we're going to do a bit of target practice.

ON THE SIDEWALK, is Hank; he signals to

Ty, who slips into

INT. LEVIN LAW OFFICE. DAY.

where he peeks into OFFICES. Finally, Ty finds a ROOM full of LARGE FILE CABINETS; unfortunately, THREE are for "ARMADA".

TY
Son of a bitch.

EXT. LEVIN LAW OFFICE. DAY.

The Staffers hold FRISBEES at different heights and distances.

OLLIE
All set? Perhaps a quick prayer?

The Staffers smile. Ollie NAILS the TARGETS with TRICK KICKS.

A CROWD gathers; people CHEER.

Levin approaches Ollie.

LEVIN
Very impressive, Mr. Pearce. Let's go
inside and set a time to talk some more-

Ollie has to keep Levin on the hook. He offers him a FRISBEE.

OLLIE
-Throw this as hard and high as you can.

Levin LAUGHS and waves Ollie off.

LEVIN
No thanks; not me.

Ollie turns to the Crowd.

OLLIE
You fancy another?!

The Crowd APPLAUDS, particularly the WOMEN.

AMONG THE CROWD, Hank catches Levin checking his watch. Hank puts a CELL PHONE to his ear.

INT. LEVIN LAW OFFICE. DAY.

Ty frantically searches the file cabinets, finding nothing. His cell phone VIBRATES; he answers.

HANK (V.O.)
You need to hurry the fuck up.

TY
 (into phone)
 There's a million files. Keep stalling.

Ty hangs up, digs faster.

EXT. LEVIN LAW OFFICE. DAY.

Levin flings the FRISBEE.

Ollie juggles a ball into the air and does a BICYCLE KICK.

The ball knocks the FRISBEE out of the sky.

The Crowd goes wild. Ollie soaks it in.

LEVIN
 Very good. Very good. The foot works. I
 want to talk more, but I have another-

Ollie sees Hank signaling him to keep stalling.

Levin notices their interaction.

LEVIN (cont'd)
 -What is it? Who is that?

Ollie points to Hank, thinks fast.

OLLIE
 He... is... *our next volunteer!*

Hank's eyes widen. This wasn't part of the plan.

OLLIE (cont'd)
 Yes. For the grand finale!

Ollie pulls THREE FEMALE STAFFERS from the crowd and lines them up single-file, two feet behind each other.

OLLIE (cont'd)
 I will bend the ball around these three
 beautiful birds and strike a target on
 this chap's head.

Ollie pushes Hank in line behind the three Women.

HANK
 (angry whisper)
 What are you doing?

OLLIE
 My best to buy time, mate.

He hands Hank a FRISBEE; raises Hank's arms above his head.

OLLIE (cont'd)
I'll need two things for this trick:
absolutely no movement in the crowd...
(to a Woman)
...and your telephone number, love.

The Woman smiles, smitten.

Levin's not so in love.

LEVIN
Ollie, we've got work to do; let's wrap
this up.

INT. LEVIN LAW OFFICE. DAY.

Ty closes one FILE CABINET and moves to the next.

EXT. LEVIN LAW OFFICE. DAY.

Ollie places the ball in front of the Women. He steps back.

The smitten Woman swoons for Ollie.

WOMAN
Bend it like Beckham, baby.

OLLIE
Beckham's a wanker.

Ollie kicks the ball; it BENDS AROUND THE WOMEN and SLAMS
INTO HANK'S FACE.

Hank drops to the ground; BLOOD SPEWS FROM HIS NOSE.

The Crowd GASPS.

Ollie pretends to be shocked.

OLLIE (cont'd)
Bollocks! I missed.

Ollie kneels beside Hank, who writhes in pain.

HANK
What the fuck?!

OLLIE
(whisper to Hank)
Nothing keeps people watching like an
injury. *Milk it.*

Levin comes over; he's not happy.

LEVIN
Ollie, this is absurd-

Ollie tries to keep stalling.

OLLIE
-That *was* a bit of cock-up. But, the
man's nose testifies to the power of the
leg. Another essential attribute for a
striker. *Let me try again.*

Hank glares up at Ollie. Levin's had enough.

LEVIN
(to his Staff)
I want everyone back inside. Now.
Goodbye, Mr. Pearce.

OLLIE
This won't affect our lawsuit, will it?

Levin and his Staff walk away.

INT. LEVIN LAW OFFICE. DAY.

Ty finds a THICK FILE labelled:

"ARMADA/GLADES".

He stuffs it under his shirt, closes the drawer and bolts.

EXT. LEVIN LAW OFFICE. DAY.

Levin and his Staff head into the office, just missing Ty,
who makes his way down the street.

INT. RELIANT ROBIN. DAY.

Ollie drives. Hank rides shotgun, tending to his nosebleed;
pissed. Ty, in back, goes through Armada's FILE.

OLLIE
Apologies, Hank. Don't know why it is,
but I get the slightest bit of an
audience and I lose all sense of reason.

HANK
Keep talking, you're gonna lose your
teeth.

OLLIE

That's the spirit, mate. You're a fighter. Getting chinned should be a piece of piss for a bloke like you.

Hank's scowl tells Ollie to shut up.

TY

I found it.

Ty shows them a PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENT.

TY (cont'd)

Armada owns 45% of the Glades and 20% of the stadium. He *is* the silent partner.

(beat)

Armada killed Cypes. We've gotta get this to the cops.

HANK

This doesn't prove Armada killed Cypes; it doesn't even prove he blighted the Morris Houses. All it proves is that we broke into his lawyer's office and stole a file. We're the only criminals here. The cops will never go after Armada with what we've got.

Ty stares at GARRISON SHARPE'S SIGNATURE on the document.

TY

Garrison Sharpe will.

HANK

The stadium deal is Sharpe's baby. He's probably just as dirty as Armada.

TY

When I joined the Glades, they moved Sharpe from shortstop to third base and gave me his spot in the batting order. He never complained once. He passed up bigger offers from better teams to play for his hometown. He never swung for the fences when a sacrifice fly would do. That stupid, selfless son of a bitch used to step in front of pitches to get us on base. He'd never do anything to hurt the Glades. If he thinks Armada's a threat to the team, he'll help us.

EXT. GLADES STADIUM. DAY.

The GLADES are down by seven runs; only a few DIEHARD FANS watch the shellacking.

INT. GLADES STADIUM, HALLWAY. DAY.

TWO SECURITY AGENTS stand outside the "OWNER'S BOX" DOOR.

INT. OWNER'S BOX. DAY.

A luxurious lounge overlooking the field.

Sharpe surveys the "EPHRAIM SILENCED" and "PROJECTS 2 PENTHOUSE" ARTICLES; he turns to Ty, confused.

SHARPE

I'm glad you felt you could come to me with this... but, I'm not sure what you want me to do.

TY

Your silent partner killed Ephraim; he killed Cypes-

SHARPE

-You don't know that. You've got two blacked-out articles that could mean anything, and you want me to tank a billion-dollar deal?

TY

A shady deal.

SHARPE

Armada was vetted by my people and the League. He's clean.

TY

Then why is he silent?

SHARPE

Because I wanted his money, not his *image*. He sings about guns, drugs and sex; he's not exactly the poster-child for America's pastime. But, if I thought he was corrupt, I wouldn't be in business with him.

TY

Why are you in business with him?

Sharpe gazes out at the STADIUM; this is hard to admit.

SHARPE

We've been in last-place three years straight, Ty. We haven't made the playoffs in nine seasons and attendance is 14%. The team was hemorrhaging money. If I didn't bring in a partner, I would've lost the Glades to a stronger market.

TY

If I'm right about Armada, you gotta get out in front of this.

SHARPE

How do I know this isn't some giant Ty Rawlings' middle-finger? If I reveal Armada is my silent partner, I'm in breach of contract; the deal is dead. If I accuse my business partner of murder *without proof*, the deal is dead. You have no evidence...

(beat)

I'm sorry, Ty... I can't-

Ty snatches the REDACTED ARTICLES away from Sharpe.

TY

-When Armada goes down, you will go down with him. You'll be *despised*. That kind of hatred will follow you everywhere you go, *every day*, for the rest of your life. Trust me on this. You'll lose your friends, your family, the fans... And, *you'll lose the Glades*.

Ty heads for the door. Sharpe stops him.

SHARPE

If you find something on Armada, *something criminal and concrete*, bring it to me; I give you my word I will take him down.

Sharpe offers Ty his hand. Ty's reluctant, but shakes it.

EXT. GLADES STADIUM. DAY.

Ty finds Hank and Ollie, anxiously waiting.

TY

We have to get Armada to confess.

INT. OLLIE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Ty and Hank sit on the couch. Ollie plays an ON DEMAND episode of MTV CRIBS: Armada shows off his PROPERTY..

He strolls past the POOL, as the ELECTRIC POOL COVER recedes and BIKINI-CLAD VIDEO VIXENS take a dip.

ARMADA (V.O.)
Got lovely ladies lounging poolside.

He motions to the OCEAN.

ARMADA (V.O.) (cont'd)
The manic Atlantic out back.

He points to the YACHT moored at the DOCK.

ARMADA (V.O.) (cont'd)
And, of course, the 100-footer.

Armada heads INTO THE MANSION, past his BODYGUARDS.

Ty, Hank and Ollie plan as they watch.

HANK
You can bet every one of those guys has a gun. But, it won't matter, because we'll never make it past the guard at the gate.

TY
Unless we show up with something Armada wants. *Me.*

Hank looks at Ty, who's completely serious.

TY (cont'd)
Armada doesn't know about you, Ollie, only me and Hank.
(beat)
If Hank and I go in, can you back us up?

OLLIE
Mate, I'm all good for a tussle, but I can't take on all those blokes at once.

Ty looks at the MTV CRIBS CLIP: Armada, in his OFFICE, shows off the VIEW OF THE OCEAN from the LARGE WINDOWS.

TY
We need a distraction.

HANK
And, someone to drive a getaway vehicle.

Ty knows the driver Hank's thinking of.

TY
Fuck my life.

INT. GO-KART TRACK, GARAGE. DAY.

Hank and Ollie watch as Ty forces out a half-hearted apology to Nadine, who stands arms crossed, lips pursed, waiting.

TY
I may have... *somewhat overreacted* to the fact that you... *completely fucked us-*

HANK
-Ty! If you don't apologize, she doesn't help.

Nadine smiles; it's true. She loves watching Ty squirm.

NADINE
C'mon, Slugger; make me believe.

Ty swallows his anger.

TY
I'm sorry for disrespecting you. My behavior was out of line. Please, find it in your heart to *fu-forgive* me.

NADINE
(laughing)
That wasn't so hard, was it? Shithead.

Ollie's smitten by Nadine.

OLLIE
(to Hank)
Absolutely lovely, isn't she?

NADINE
What do you want from me?

TY
Can you ride a jet-ski like you drive a car?

EXT. ARMADA'S MANSION. DAY.

Big house. Big windows. Big boat out back.

BY THE POOL, BIKINI GIRLS party with the ENTOURAGE.

ON THE OCEAN, Nadine sits on a JET-SKI, walkie-talkie in hand; around her neck, BINOCULARS.

OUT FRONT, TWO ARMED BODYGUARDS man the GATE.

DOWN THE STREET, is Ollie's ROLLS-ROYCE.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE. DAY.

Hank, behind the wheel, eyes the Bodyguards; Ollie grabs his WALKIE and gets out.

HANK
Ollie, if you turn this into a circus
act, we're all dead.

OLLIE
Cheers.

Hank keys his WALKIE.

HANK
(into walkie-talkie)
Nadine, you go on my signal; *watch the
windows*. Make sure that jet-ski is ready
when we need to bail.

EXT. ARMADA'S MANSION. DAY.

ON THE OCEAN, Nadine opens the jet-ski's STORAGE BIN; inside is a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL.

NADINE
(into walkie-talkie)
Copy that.

EXT. ARMADA'S MANSION. DAY.

Hank drives to the GATE. Bodyguards, Big-G and WADE, approach.

Hank gives a GANG-SIGN. Big-G puts a GUN to Hank's head.

BIG-G
Son, you must've taken too many hits to
the dome to be rolling up in this bitch.

HANK
Check the trunk; see what I'm rolling up
with.

Hank pops the TRUNK, Big-G and Wade find

TY, GAGGED; his WRISTS BOUND by a THICK WAD OF DUCT TAPE.

Big-G dials his cell.

BIG-G
(into phone)
Armada, it's Big-G; "Hammerin'" Hank's
here with something you need to see.

Big-G listens for instructions, then hangs up.

BIG-G (cont'd)
(to Hank)
Pull up to the garage. Kill the engine
and put your hands out the window.

Wade opens the GATE.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE. DAY.

Hank drives onto the property.

HANK
(into walkie-talkie)
Ollie, the guard's name is Big-G.

As the Rolls heads for the garage, Hank sees the CROWD at the POOL; there are TWO MORE ARMED BODYGUARDS.

HANK (cont'd)
(into walkie-talkie)
Ten people by the pool; two more guards
out back. Nadine, *watch the windows*.

Hank hides the walkie; he pulls up to the closed GARAGE DOOR.

Hank kills the car and holds his hands out the window.

The GARAGE DOOR OPENS, revealing EXOTIC CARS and INK, who walks outside, GUN in hand.

INK
Step out the whip.

Hank does. They drag Ty out of the trunk.

INT. ARMADA'S OFFICE. DAY.

Armada gazes out the BIG WINDOWS at the OCEAN, where NADINE is a distant dot on the water.

Ink leads Hank and Ty in and steps back, GUN ready.

INT. ARMADA'S GAME ROOM. DAY.

Volkov watches the action through the TWO-WAY MIRROR.

INT. ARMADA'S OFFICE. DAY.

Armada, stone-faced, stares at Ty and Hank. He turns to Ink.

ARMADA
TSA these motherfuckers.

Ink frisks Ty and Hank; finds nothing.

INK
They're clean.

Armada eyes Hank.

ARMADA
Speak.

HANK
I know you own a piece of the Glades. I know your boys blighted the Morris Houses so the stadium deal could go through. You killed Ephraim Ordonez and Richard Cypes.

Armada's not about to confess to anything.

ARMADA
Nobody knows who killed Ephraim Ordonez. And, from what I heard, Richard Cypes died of an overdose.

Ty, through his gag, CURSES Armada.

Hank punches Ty in the gut. Ty drops to one knee.

HANK
SHUT UP!

ARMADA
What the fuck is this, Hank? You can't be bringing tied-up has-beens to my crib. I'm a *businessman*.

HANK
Okay, let's do some business. I know you want me and Rawlings dead; I give you Rawlings, I get my life. I walk away.

ARMADA
You walk away knowing I own a piece of the Glades and that I smoked Rawlings. Information that can hurt me. I'm about to have Miami on lock, homey. And, it ain't because I let motherfuckers walk away with leverage.

HANK

Armada, we got history.

ARMADA

I got history with the Morris Houses;
didn't stop me from tearing that
motherfucker up. History ain't loyalty.

HANK

Let me prove my loyalty. Bring me in. A
man in your position can use someone with
my skills.

ARMADA

You gonna prove something, prove it now.
You know how we roll; blood in, blood
out.

(beat)

You want in; you take this bitch's head
off, right here.

HANK

You want me to kill Rawlings?

ARMADA

Kill him. Right here. Right now.

Ty bolts up, pissed; he'll brawl with his hands bound.

Hank slips into fight mode; lands a combo; Ty stumbles back.

Hank hurls a CHAIR out of his way; it CRACKS A WINDOW.

EXT. ARMADA'S MANSION. DAY.

ON THE OCEAN, Nadine, through BINOCULARS, sees the WINDOW
CRACK.

NADINE

(into walkie-talkie)

Ollie, it's time.

Nadine starts the jet-ski and speeds toward the MANSION.

ON THE STREET, Ollie shuffles to the GATE. He sees the Guards
and pretends to be drunk and excited.

OLLIE

Big-G! Man, I've been looking for you,
mate. How've you been?

Ollie tries to give Big-G a hug; Big-G pushes him back.

BIG-G
Fuck off me, fool; I don't know you.

OLLIE
(drunken, offended)
Oh, you gonna act like you don't know me,
because I owe you money? Fucking hell,
that's messed-up, Big-G!
(beat)
But, *I got your money*; that's why I'm
here.

BIG-G
Dude, I don't know you; you don't owe me
no money.

But, Ollie counts out CASH; *in hundreds*.

OLLIE
One-hundred, two-hundred, three-hundred,
four, five, six, seven...

Big-G and Wade eye the MONEY. Big-G suddenly remembers.

BIG-G
Oh, that's right; the *money*. My money.

OLLIE
...eight-hundred, nine-hundred, one-
thousand.

WADE
Big-G, why is Prince William paying you a
thousand dollars?

Big-G struggles for an answer; Ollie saves him.

OLLIE
He doesn't want to say because he's
modest; a quiet hero. But, this man did a
wonderful thing for me; this king among
men... biggest of all G's.

Big-G goes along.

BIG-G
Yeah, I did a wonderful thing. The thing
I did... for a thousand dollars.

OLLIE
He won't tell you, but, I'll tell you.
The other night, we were sharing a pint;
two total strangers. I was in my darkest
hour;

(MORE)

OLLIE (cont'd)

I was frustrated and near the end of my rope.

(beat)

And, I turned to this man; this *kind, generous* man, and I said... I will pay you a thousand dollars *for a blow-job*.

Big-G's EYES GO WIDE. Wade collapses LAUGHING. Big-G grabs Ollie by the shirt.

BIG-G

Fuck did you just say?!

In a flurry, Ollie HEAD-BUTTS Big-G, knocking him clean out. As Wade moves in, Ollie drops him with a CARTWHEEL KICK.

OLLIE

Tossers.

Ollie GRABS THEIR GUNS and OPENS THE GATE.

INT. ARMADA'S OFFICE. DAY.

Hank stalks and punches Ty; Armada and Ink watch.

It turns into a wrestling match; Ink is about to shoot Ty, but Armada waves him off; he's loving this.

ARMADA

Boy's got some roid-rage left in him.

EXT. ARMADA'S MANSION. DAY.

ON THE OCEAN, Nadine does sick JET-SKI TRICKS in the choppy wake of a DUCK TOUR BOAT, just off the shoreline.

BY THE POOL, the BIKINI GIRLS, ENTOURAGE and ARMED BODYGUARDS watch Nadine and CHEER.

ON THE JET-SKI, Nadine lights the MOLOTOV COCKTAIL and tosses it at ARMADA'S YACHT.

The YACHT BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

BY THE POOL, the People go from fascinated to furious; the Bodyguards FIRE ROUNDS at NADINE, who speeds away.

INT. ARMADA'S OFFICE. DAY.

Armada and Ink hear the SHOOTING and race to the WINDOWS.

Ty and Hank turn on them. Hank decks Ink. Armada pulls his GLOCK; Ty bats it away with a LAMP.

Armada, gripping his hand in pain, makes a break for it.

INT. ARMADA'S GAME ROOM. DAY.

Through the TWO-WAY MIRROR, Volkov surveys the scuffle in the OFFICE. He looks OUTSIDE, sees the BODYGUARDS SHOOTING.

Volkov dials "911" and leaves the PHONE OFF THE HOOK.

INT. 911 CALL CENTER. DAY.

An OPERATOR listens in on the line.

911 OPERATOR
(into headset)
911, what is your emergency? Hello?
Hello?

She hears GUNFIRE and clicks over to a RADIO CHANNEL.

911 OPERATOR (cont'd)
(into headset)
Units in the vicinity of 1876 Collins
Avenue, shots fired...

EXT. ARMADA'S MANSION. DAY.

BY THE POOL, people watch the Bodyguards SHOOT at Nadine.

Ollie comes up behind the Bodyguards; puts the TWO GUNS in their backs.

OLLIE
Afternoon, gents. Any of you lot fancy a
meeting with your creator?

The Bodyguards drop their guns.

OLLIE (cont'd)
Right then; how about a jolly in the
pool?

Ollie ushers everyone into the pool, then CLOSES THE ELECTRIC COVER; they won't drown, but they're trapped.

ON THE BEACH, Nadine rides the jet-ski ashore. Ollie hands her a GUN. They head into the mansion.

INT. ARMADA'S OFFICE. DAY.

Hank tears the DUCT TAPE off of Ty's wrists. Inside the WAD of TAPE, is a DIGITAL RECORDER.

Ty plays a bit of the recording.

ARMADA (V.O.)
...Kill him. Right here. Right now.

TY
We got him. Let's *jet*.

HANK
Look at you, learning the lingo.

Ty and Hank hurry into

THE HALLWAY, where Armada waits, wielding a SHOTGUN.

Armada FIRES, Ty and Hank take cover and run.

Armada searches ROOM-TO-ROOM, until he rounds a corner and is wrapped-up in HEADLOCK by VOLKOV.

He FLIPS ARMADA'S massive BODY over the RAILING of a BALCONY.

Armada falls onto Ollie's ROLLS-ROYCE, crushing the roof; his neck twisted impossibly.

Volkov kicks the RAILING, splintering it; now, it looks like Armada fell and broke his neck.

Volkov sneaks off as Ty and Hank come to the BALCONY.

Nadine and Ollie rush in; they all stare down at ARMADA'S DEAD BODY.

OLLIE
Oh, for fuck's sake!

NADINE
What the hell happened?!

TY
He was chasing us; he must've fallen.

HANK
We need to get out of here, right now!

SIRENS APPROACH. Nadine and Ollie wipe their prints off the guns, toss them away and they all hurry toward the stairs.

EXT. ARMADA'S MANSION. DAY.

ON THE BEACH, Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie run onto the sand; *the JET-SKI'S GONE*.

HANK
Where's the goddamn jet-ski?!

NADINE
It was right here!

Before they can react, they're surrounded by a DOZEN POLICE OFFICERS, all with GUNS DRAWN.

OFFICER
Hands in the air, assholes!

Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie throw their hands in the air.

TY
Always nice to meet fans.

FAR OUT ON THE OCEAN, Volkov rides away on the jet-ski.

WE SEE CLIPS OF:

Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie, individually INTERROGATED by DETECTIVES...

Ty ICES HIS FACE.

TY (cont'd)
This guy I *thought* was one of the Morcillas knocked me out and left me a note that said if I don't find Cypes' anonymous source, Cypes' wife and son would be killed.
(beat)
I couldn't find the source, so I had to find out what the gang really wanted; that lead to Armada...

Hank plays cool.

HANK
We ask Armada questions; he doesn't know anything about anything... Next thing you know, people are trying to kill us.

Nadine's not happy.

NADINE
We knew it was Armada, and we knew what the fucker wanted.

Ollie's orating.

OLLIE
It was simple, really. Get in, get a confession, get out. *Heroic*, yes, but bloody simple.
(MORE)

OLLIE (cont'd)

Unfortunately, Armada went mental and started running around with a shotgun. Sadly, the bloke had too much girth to change direction quickly.

(beat)

Arse over tit; *full-stop*. Through the roof of my Rolls, mind you.

INT. LEVIN LAW OFFICE. DAY.

Levin watches CSIs pack ARMADA'S FILES into EVIDENCE BOXES.

LEVIN

Ever hear of attorney-client privilege?

OFFICER

Privilege died with your client.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. NIGHT.

The Detectives question Ollie's account.

1ST DETECTIVE

Armada's lawyer said you showed up at his office. Why?

OLLIE

Completely unrelated, really; pertaining to a personal lawsuit I'm considering.

2ND DETECTIVE

(smelling bullshit)

Completely unrelated. A file was missing from the lawyer's office. Armada's business contracts for the Glades...

Hank plays dumb.

HANK

Stealing a file would be *illegal*. We're the *victims* here, not the *criminals*. We didn't steal any file.

Nadine loses her cool.

NADINE

I don't know SHIT about a file!

(beat)

But, I know this... that basketball player y'all pulled out of the black Dodge; he was working for Armada.

INT. DEVON ZELLER'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

OFFICERS BURST THROUGH THE DOOR, they find ZELLER, all seven-feet of him, HANGING BY HIS NECK.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. NIGHT.

The Detectives bear down on Ty; it's been a long day.

1ST DETECTIVE

Why didn't you go to the police?

TY

I tried! I told Detectives Marks and Kellar something wasn't right about Cypes' death. They blew me off. Gave me a fucking badge sticker.

(beat)

We had to get Armada on tape.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. NIGHT.

Watching Ty's interrogation, Marks and Kellar, the ADA and Mayor Figuera listen to the DIGITAL RECORDER.

ARMADA (V.O.)

...Kill him. Right here. Right now.

The ADA stops the recording; he eyes Marks and Kellar.

ADA

Did you ignore Rawlings?

Marks and Kellar share a look.

MAYOR FIGUERA

The ADA is asking you a direct question, Detectives.

DET. MARKS

Yes; but, he was concerned about Richard Cypes' King Kroc notebook not turning up. Nothing about Armada.

DET. KELLAR

And, honestly, it was *Ty Rawlings*; the guy's not exactly a pillar of truth.

ADA

Armada admits to blighting the Morris Houses; he clearly tells Jones to murder Rawlings.

DET. MARKS

Bernie Levin confirms Armada was the silent partner in the Glades. He's repping the people we collared at Armada's mansion, so they're not talking.

DET. KELLAR

Devon Zeller hung himself; it's evidence of a guilty mind.

MAYOR FIGUERA

This is a cluster-fuck.

(beat)

I need to find out what Garrison Sharpe knows.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Garrison Sharpe sits across from Mayor Figuera. Sharpe is cooperative and conciliatory.

SHARPE

I didn't know about the Morcillas or any of this blighting stuff. Armada was a member of my *country-club*; I thought all that gangster shit was just an act.

MAYOR FIGUERA

I got eminent domain pushed through based on what Armada did; people are going to fight this. Lawsuits could kill the project. The new stadium complex keeps teams in Miami; it gets us consideration for Super Bowls, Olympics... it's too big to fail. Miami *needs* this stadium deal to go through.

SHARPE

No one is more upset about this than me; I'll do everything in my power to make this right.

EXT. CITY HALL. DAY.

REPORTERS, an ESPN CREW, ONLOOKERS and FANS have gathered.

Mayor Figuera stands at a PODIUM, behind him, Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie.

MAYOR FIGUERA

For their selfless sacrifice in uncovering this despicable crime, I am honored to present Ty Rawlings, Hank Jones, Nadine Yates and Oliver Pearce the keys to the city of Miami and reward checks in the amount of \$25,000!

Figuera, the Reporters and Fans APPLAUD. An AIDE presents KEYS and CHECKS to Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie, who beam.

MAYOR FIGUERA (cont'd)

We thank you all for your service to the people of Miami.

Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie soak in the adulation; it's been a long time since they've heard cheers.

MAYOR FIGUERA (cont'd)

I know many of you have concerns about the future of the Glades and the stadium complex. Garrison Sharpe is here to address those concerns. Mr. Sharpe...

Sharpe takes the podium and APPLAUDS the honorees.

SHARPE

I'm not here to steal the spotlight from the heroes we're praising today, so I'll be brief. I was shocked and saddened to learn of Armada's involvement in the blighting of the Morris Houses. I have cooperated with the police; their investigation has shown I had no knowledge of, or participation in, any illegal activities.

(beat)

I intend to purchase Armada's stake in the Glades and the stadium. As the sole owner, I will make it my mission to build the new stadium complex.

(beat)

I am currently revising the development plans to include low-income housing for the residents of the Morris Houses. This will truly be a community where people from all walks of life come together.

Reporters take notes; the Crowd CHEERS. Even Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie CLAP for Sharpe.

INT. TY'S BATHROOM. DAY.

Ty washes his face. He eyes himself in the mirror; for the first time in a while, likes what he sees.

TY
You're back, fuck-face.

The DOORBELL rings.

INT. TY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Ty opens the front door to find Detectives Marks and Kellar.

DET. KELLAR
Rawlings, we wanted to let you know, we didn't find the King Kroc notebook in Armada's mansion or safety-deposit boxes.

DET. MARKS
There's no evidence to show Armada killed Cypes. No way to prove he was involved. We just told Irene.

DET. KELLAR
And... we're sorry we didn't listen to you. And, for the badge sticker-thing.

Ty surveys the Detectives; that was hard for them.

TY
All I can say in the face of such heartfelt humility is... *feast on my ass.*

Ty slams the door shut.

EXT. CYPES' HOUSE. DAY.

Ty, holding a BASEBALL GLOVE, walks past the WHITE FENCE and KNOCKS on the door.

A NEIGHBOR'S KID sees Ty and starts TEXTING.

INT. CYPES' HOUSE. DAY.

Irene opens the door. Ty's suddenly very uncomfortable.

TY
I know you said you never wanted to see me again, but the cops came to tell me we didn't prove Armada was responsible for what happened to Cypes and I just... I'm sorry. I'm really sorry...

He offers her the BASEBALL GLOVE.

TY (cont'd)
And, if it's alright with you, I thought
Cal might like this, so...

Irene takes the glove. Ty turns to go.

IRENE
(grateful, but guarded)
They brought Rick's things over from the
Herald today; there's something he wanted
you to have...

On the DINING ROOM TABLE, are BOXES of Cypes' stuff. Irene
hands Ty a sealed ENVELOPE. Inside he finds

a REDACTED ARTICLE, from a decade ago, about TY'S HOME RUN
STREAK; the remaining words read:

"RAW-LINGS-ON-ROIDS".

Ty can only CHUCKLE.

TY
I'll be damned.

IRENE
What is it?

TY
Old news.

INT. CYPES' HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. DAY.

Ty brings the BASEBALL GLOVE to CAL'S ROOM, where Cal sits on
his bed, sad, a lost little boy.

TY
Brought you this glove; it's from my
rookie season. I signed it for you.

CAL
No thank you.

Ty wasn't expecting that response.

TY
How about you grab a ball and glove and
we go have a catch?

CAL
No thank you.

TY

You know, I forget how many RBIs I had my
rookie year? Do you remember?

Cal crawls under the covers; he doesn't want to play or talk.
Ty gets the message and leaves.

EXT. CYPES' HOUSE. DAY.

Ty, holding the GLOVE, walks out to find NEIGHBORS and KIDS
with BASEBALLS, JERSEYS and PHOTOS.

NEIGHBORS & KIDS

Ty, can you sign this ball?

Sign my jersey.

Think they'll let you play again?

Ty, caught up in the crush of adoration; signs autographs. He
looks up at CAL'S WINDOW, where

the KING KROC CURTAINS are closed.

INT. BUS. DAY.

Ty, deep in thought, stares at his ASTERISK-BRANDED HAND.

EXT. CORAL GABLES COUNTRY CLUB. NIGHT.

Old-world Venetian arches outside; opulent ballrooms within.

Sharpe's SECURITY AGENTS man the entrance, among them,

RODNEY WILKES, the brawny agent who nearly kicked Ty's ass
for pissing on the stadium model.

They let MAYOR FIGUERA and his ARMED SECURITY DETAIL in.

INT. ATRIUM BALLROOM. NIGHT.

GLASS WALLS, SCULPTURES and CHANDELIERS; a BLACK-TIE party in
full swing.

POWER-PLAYERS mingle and offer thanks to Hank, Nadine and
Ollie, who are dolled up in their finest.

Garrison Sharpe introduces Hank to COLTON ANDERSON.

SHARPE

Hank, this is Colton Anderson, the new
man on the Florida State Boxing
Commission. Colton, I'm sure you're
familiar with "Hammerin'" Hank Jones.

Colton shakes Hank's hand.

COLTON

Looks like you're still in fighting shape. That's good; heroics like this have a way of swaying the Commission. You might be back in the ring in a few months, Champ.

Hank smiles.

FROM A DISTANCE, VOLKOV, wearing a tux, eyes Sharpe.

BY THE BAR, Nadine and Ollie get pitched by an AD EXEC.

AD EXEC

There are ad campaigns we can plug you into. We've got Wilson Razors; picture you, Hank and Ty shaving your faces, Nadine's shaving her legs... "Wilson Razors, for people who like close shaves."

(beat)

Where's Ty? I'd love to pitch him this.

Nadine and Ollie peruse the party; no sign of Ty.

A WAITER loads CHAMPAGNE onto a TRAY; TATTOOS poke out from under his shirt... *it's INK.*

UNDER THE TRAY, Ink has a GUN.

EXT. CORAL GABLES COUNTRY CLUB. NIGHT.

Ty sits on the edge of a FOUNTAIN, alone, an untouched drink in his hand; he's somber, looking at the party inside.

Hank, Nadine and Ollie come outside.

OLLIE

Alright, mate? There's a do going on, if you didn't notice?

TY

This is all bullshit. All this pomp and circumstance... We didn't prove who killed Cypes.

NADINE

Armada killed him; we know that.

TY

But, we didn't *prove it*. For the rest of their lives, Irene and Cal will have to defend Cypes' character to people who think he died of an overdose.

HANK

We did everything we could. We're lucky they threw us a party instead of throwing us in jail.

NADINE

There's a guy here who thinks we can get endorsements. People are talking about letting Hank fight, getting me back in a race car and Ollie back on the field.

OLLIE

No more syringes and watermelons littering our lawns.

HANK

I know you have your differences with Sharpe, but he can open doors for us. The man loves athletes; half his security team are guys who used to play sports.

Ty looks into the BALLROOM; SHARPE schmoozes MAYOR FIGUERA.

VOLKOV approaches Sharpe from the front, as

INK carries the tray toward Sharpe from behind, pulls his GUN and AIMS FOR SHARPE'S HEAD.

GUESTS SCREAM and run. Figuera's Guards shield him.

Before Ink can fire, Volkov knocks the gun away, wraps Ink in a HEADLOCK, FLIPS HIM and applies the SLEEPER-HOLD.

Ink reaches into an ANKLE HOLSTER, grabs a PISTOL and is about to blast Volkov, when

Figuera's Guards SHOOT Ink in the chest, killing him.

BY THE FOUNTAIN, Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie are awestruck.

NADINE

Holy shit!

OLLIE

He tried to off Sharpe.

HANK

I think that was Armada's boy.

TY

Did you see that other guy's move? The same fucking thing happened to me at the Morris Houses. Some asshole flipped me over and choked me out.

(MORE)

TY (cont'd)

I didn't see his face, but *that was the move.*

(beat)

What the fuck is going on?

IN THE BALLROOM, Figuera's Guards aim at Volkov. Sharpe races over, concerned.

SHARPE

Don't shoot! He's on my team! He's my security! He's my security!

Sharpe's Security Agents form a perimeter. Figuera's Guards call in back-up. Volkov stands; Sharpe shakes his hand.

BY THE FOUNTAIN, Ty's shocked. Hank gets a good look at Volkov.

HANK

That's Dresden Volkov; former Russian UFC fighter. They called him "The Big Sleep". Guy's a motherfucking monster.

Ty starts to connect the dots.

TY

When I came to at the Morris Houses, there were photos of Irene and Cal taken *inside* Cypes' house. *Volkov was in the house*; he could've planted the drugs.

(beat)

Volkov works for Sharpe. Armada wasn't the mastermind; it was Sharpe.

Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie scan the ROOM; Sharpe's Security Agents corral stunned Guests. Sharpe, Volkov, Mayor Figuera and his Guards are joined by the ADA and POLICE OFFICERS.

TY (cont'd)

And, Sharpe's tied in with the Mayor and the Mayor's tied in with the ADA and the cops...

(beat)

Fuck my life.

HANK

Ty, if there was some bigger conspiracy here, why would they make us heroes?

TY

Because, they think we want redemption more than we want justice.

(beat)

Keys to the city;
(MORE)

TY (cont'd)

reward money, a fancy party full of smiling glad hands. We sign a few autographs and we forget all about what happened to Cypes.

(beat)

We need to take these assholes down.

Hank, Nadine and Ollie aren't as enthusiastic.

NADINE

Ty, you said it yourself, you didn't see the guy's face.

TY

How many people in Miami do you think are using sleeper-holds?!

HANK

It's just... it's a really thin shred of evidence.

TY

Then we find more.

OLLIE

And do what? Take down the Mayor, the coppers and Sharpe?

TY

Sharpe first.

NADINE

Ty, people are offering us better lives.

TY

They're not offering us better lives; they're offering us our *old lives*.

(beat)

If we call this a win, we're still cheaters; we're still dirty and cheap-

Nadine kicks a potted plant across the patio.

NADINE

-I can't listen to this shit anymore! I'm not you. I didn't need redemption, I needed *respect*. Ever since I got behind the wheel, I've been fighting for every last scrap of respect from the boys. If any one of the 42 *men* on that track had done what I did in the 500, they'd be the new "Intimidator". But, because I have tits, I'm out of control!

(beat)

(MORE)

NADINE (cont'd)

I didn't cheat; I didn't win dirty and I ain't never been cheap a day in my life. Now, I've finally earned some respect and I don't plan on throwing it away any time soon!

Nadine storms off. Ty shouts after her.

TY

What's more important? Their respect, or *self-respect*?!

Nadine's not coming back. Ty turns to Ollie.

OLLIE

Sorry, mate; I've done my part. Time to get back to my real life.

Ollie leaves. Hank lingers.

TY

I used steroids because I got hurt at 23. I *needed* to come back; people expected me to be great. I knew it was wrong; I deserved everything that happened to me. I deserved an asterisk. But, through it all, Cypes was the one person who thought I could redeem myself. Cypes thought that about both of us. He doesn't deserve to be remembered as a junkie.

(beat)

We owe him this.

HANK

It's a fight we can't win, Ty. It's a fight we can't win.

Hank walks out.

Ty, hurt and angry, glares at SHARPE; the bastard's gotten away with murder.

INT. TY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Ty has ARMADA'S FILE spread out; HUNDREDS OF DOCUMENTS.

He searches for anything that can help. It's daunting.

INT. BANK. DAY.

Hank cashes his REWARD CHECK; puts the MONEY in an ENVELOPE.

EXT. HOMESTEAD-MIAMI SPEEDWAY. DAY.

Nadine, in the "DUNN BROTHERS' CARPET" RACE CAR, runs test laps.

IN THE PITS, RUNE and PRYOR DUNN, 50s, two good-old-boy businessmen, check their STOPWATCHES and smile.

INT. SCORCHERS' LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

Ollie walks in; his SCORCHERS TEAMMATES give him the cold shoulder as he heads for his LOCKER.

Ollie opens his locker, WATERMELONS FALL OUT.

INT. BUS. DAY.

Grateful PEOPLE shake Hank's hand and pose for pictures.

EXT. HOMESTEAD-MIAMI SPEEDWAY. DAY.

IN THE PITS, Nadine leans against the RACE CAR, excited; she talks with the Dunn Brothers.

RUNE

This is a nationally-televised race. Our tiny company will get a lot of exposure.

PRYOR

Especially if you get *nasty*.

NADINE

I don't follow.

RUNE

A big wreck on TV gets our car, *and our logo*, into every highlight reel in the country. Dunn Brothers' Carpet gets national advertising *for free*.

Nadine realizes these good-old-boys aren't so good.

NADINE

You want me to wreck. Ya'll can *kiss my ass!*

Nadine storms away.

PRYOR

Ain't nobody else gonna put you in a race car, little girl; this is the best offer you gonna get!

EXT. SOCCER FIELD. DAY.

Ollie kicks a ball between TWO DEFENDERS; he bends a perfect blast past the opposing team's GOALIE.

Ollie surveys the FEW FANS in the STANDS; it's disheartening.

EXT. MODEST HOUSE. DAY.

Hank walks past TOYS and a KIDDIE POOL to the front door; he slides the ENVELOPE through the MAIL SLOT.

INT. MODEST HOUSE. DAY.

SHAMROCK-GREEN BOXING TRUNKS are framed on the wall.

"IRISH" BILLY QUINN plays with his WIFE and YOUNG KIDS.

Billy hears the MAIL SLOT SNAP SHUT. He heads to the door, picks up the ENVELOPE.

ON THE BACK OF BILLY'S HEAD, is a JAGGED SURGERY SCAR.

Billy opens the door; Hank's nowhere to be seen.

EXT. OLLIE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Ollie drives up to find NADINE sitting on his front steps; she's got a SIX-PACK OF BEER.

He can tell her day was as bad as his.

Ollie grabs a beer and sits beside her.

OLLIE
Redemption is *fucking rubbish*.

INT. HANK'S TRAILER. DAY.

Hank hammers the HEAVY BAG, bare-knuckled; fighting demons with furious flurries of powerful punches.

INT. TY'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Ty, an island in a sea of paper, pours over DOCUMENTS. Overwhelmed, he swings the ASTERISK-BRANDED BAT.

Hank enters. Ty keeps swinging.

HANK
The more fighters I knocked out, the bigger my opponents got. In my last bout, "Irish" Billy Quinn outweighed me by 25-pounds on fight night.
(MORE)

HANK (cont'd)

(beat)

Billy had tremendous power. I knew if I got caught by a guy with 25-pounds on me, it could've ended my career. The fans, the money, the promoters; they'd all go away. *I was afraid.* I loaded my gloves because I was afraid of fighting a much bigger man.

(beat)

I hurt Billy... He can never fight again. I give Billy and his family every extra dime I earn, but it'll never be enough.

(beat)

I cheated because I was afraid, Ty. Why did you keep using steroids?

TY

I told you; I hurt my back-

HANK

-You returned from the injury; you played the whole season before you tested positive.

(beat)

Steroids don't stay in your system for an entire season; you were taking them the entire season.

(beat)

Why did you keep using?

Ty's been fighting this revelation for a decade.

TY

I tried to rehab my back for a year. Nothing worked. I did a cycle of steroids just to see if I could still swing. But, when I came back, I hit a home run my first time up.

Ty surveys Rhonda, the ASTERISK-BRANDED BAT.

TY (cont'd)

With this bat.

INSERT: the GAME. Ty, IN UNIFORM, hits one out; watches the ball fly.

TY (cont'd) (V.O.)

Never saw a ball come off the bat like that; the crack was crisper, the ball flew higher, the fans cheered louder.

Ty rounds the bases, looking out at the CRAZED FANS; he smiles, but it fades.

TY (cont'd) (V.O.)

I rounded first; I was ecstatic. I rounded second and saw the fans and my teammates standing and clapping. But, by the time I rounded third, I realized it was fake. It was the roids. When I crossed the plate, and witnessed how much everybody wanted my comeback to be real, I knew I was fucked. There was no going back.

(beat)

77 home runs later, I was a superstar. The fans, the team, they got what they wanted.

Ty trots to the DUGOUT, HAPPY TEAMMATES congratulate him. Ty heads into the TUNNEL, where he TRASHES EQUIPMENT.

The FANS, none the wiser, CHEER.

IN TY'S LIVING ROOM, Hank looks Ty dead in the eyes; not convinced.

HANK

(pressing)

Why did you keep using steroids?

TY

I just told you!

HANK

You didn't give a shit about the fans; you didn't give a shit about the team. If you want me to throw away any chance of redemption, you need to be honest with me; honest with yourself!

(beat)

Why did you keep using steroids?!

Ty erupts.

TY

BECAUSE I NEEDED THEM!

(beat)

I would never have been as good without them. I knew it from that first home run. As much as I hated the fact that the cheers were for something fake, I *needed to hear them*. I needed to be a superstar.

(beat)

But now, all I need is help. I can't do this on my own. I need help.

Hank surveys Ty; he's totally exposed.

HANK
 I've been telling you that all week...
 (beat)
 Let's bring it to these motherfuckers.

Hank offers Ty his hand. Ty shakes it.

Nadine and Ollie arrive. Ty smiles.

NADINE
 There room in this damnation for two
 more?

WE SEE CLIPS OF:

Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie perusing parts of ARMADA'S FILE,
 piling up pages that don't provide proof.

Eventually, Hank finds something.

HANK
 Check this out.

Hank shows them a CONTRACT.

HANK (cont'd)
 This is a surety bond; they use these in
 construction to guarantee someone will
 complete a given task. This is a bond
 agreement between Armada and Sharpe's
 company. It pays Sharpe 500-million
 dollars if Armada doesn't hold up his end
 of the new stadium complex deal. There's
 also a clause that activates the payout
 if Armada is "found to be involved in any
 illegal activity that interrupts or
 cancels construction."

TY
 Sharpe uses Armada to blight the Morris
 Houses, then uses us to take out Armada.

NADINE
 Sharpe gets 500-million, buys Armada's
 share of the team and gets 100% of the
 profits from the new stadium complex.

OLLIE
 And, comes off the hero. Clever bugger.

TY
 Not clever enough. The bond is a smoking
 gun.

HANK

No, it *isn't*. Anyone building anything in this city has surety bonds in place with contractors, vendors, business partners... It's standard practice. It's not like a husband's secret insurance policy on a wife who goes missing. This bond was taken out *by* Armada. It won't make Sharpe look guilty at all if his company is the beneficiary of a surety bond Armada initiated.

(beat)

Sharpe has sewn this thing up, tight.

OLLIE

And, if he's got the Mayor and the coppers behind him...

NADINE

We're screwed six ways to Sunday.

Ty scans the contract, gets an idea.

TY

The bond payout is tied to this contract, which is "deemed in effect when three signed original copies have been notarized."

(to Hank)

You ever have any bond issues on a construction job?

HANK

A couple.

TY

How long did it take for the payout?

HANK

Weeks; and those weren't 500-million dollar payouts.

TY

There's no way Sharpe has gotten this money. And, he sure as hell won't push, because that'll throw up a red flag.

(beat)

We steal the two remaining contracts. If all three signed originals of the bond are gone, it'll be impossible to pay out. And, with Armada dead, the deal can't be redone. Sharpe can't get his money; we hit him where it hurts the most.

OLLIE
He'll come after us.

NADINE
That's how we get him to reveal himself.

TY
Sharpe's copy can be anywhere; he'll only
bring it out in the open if it's the last
one left.

Ty searches the CONTRACT, finds a section of interest.

TY (cont'd)
(reading)
"...Miami Bond Incorporated shall retain
one signed original contract. This
document, file number 517-390-268 will be
kept at Coastal Document Storage, 243
Oceanic Drive, Miami, Florida..."
(beat)
First thing in the morning, we go after
the Bond Company's copy.

EXT. COASTAL DOCUMENT STORAGE (CDS). DAY.

A MASSIVE WINDOWLESS WAREHOUSE with LOADING DOCKS marked
"PICK-UP" and "DROP-OFF".

TWO SECURITY GUARDS, armed only with WALKIE-TALKIES and
NIGHTSTICKS, patrol.

One Guard has a mean looking DOBERMAN.

FROM A DISTANCE, Ty snaps CELL PHONE PHOTOS of a CDS DELIVERY
VAN and the DELIVERY MAN'S UNIFORM.

Nadine checks the CDS WEBSITE on TY'S LAPTOP.

NADINE
300,000 square-foot warehouse with two
sections; bulk storage and document
storage.

Hank looks THROUGH BINOCULARS; on every corner of the
building, are SECURITY CAMERAS.

HANK
And every inch, inside and out, covered
by cameras.

INT. CDS OFFICE. DAY.

Ollie seals a FILE FOLDER in a NUMBERED PLASTIC ENVELOPE. He fills out PAPERWORK as he talks with a CLERK.

Behind the Clerk, are SECURITY MONITORS.

CLERK

...I monitor the cameras; if there's any trouble, I alert our security guards and call the police.

Ollie notices an ALARM BUTTON.

OLLIE

How many people have access to the documents?

CLERK

Not many. We have a couple guys in the bulk area to load and unload large boxes. In the file warehouse, all of the interaction is done by robot.

OLLIE

(feigning fascination)
Robot?

CLERK

It's a robotic file retrieval system; you seal your document in that numbered folder and from that point on it's only handled by robot until you need it. We can retrieve and deliver documents 24/7. But, the bulk warehouse closes at 6 PM.

Ollie pretends to like what he hears.

OLLIE

Sounds like you've got a pretty secure place here.

CLERK

We've never lost a document.

OLLIE

(daunted)
That is good to know.

EXT. COASTAL DOCUMENT STORAGE (CDS). DAY.

Ollie heads back to Ty, Hank and Nadine.

OLLIE

They've never lost a document. They got cameras, guards, dogs and alarms.

TY

Cops are a guarantee.

NADINE

So, we've gotta be faster than the cops.

HANK

Then we need to know how fast they are.

CUT TO:

a PAY PHONE, where Nadine dials 911.

NADINE

(into phone, upset)

HELP! Men with shotguns just ran into the Kwik Stop on Oceanic!

CUT TO:

Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie, watching from afar as

POLICE CARS speed into a KWIK STOP MINI-MARKET LOT, a block from the WAREHOUSE. OFFICERS take tactical positions.

Ty checks a STOPWATCH.

TY

Four minutes and eight seconds.

(beat)

We've gotta do some shopping.

INT. UNIFORM STORE. DAY.

Ty looks at a CELL PHONE PHOTO of the CDS Delivery Men; he grabs a SHIRT and PANTS that match their UNIFORMS.

EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP. DAY.

Ollie, BRIEFCASE in hand, scans VEHICLES. A DEALER approaches.

DEALER

Can I help you?

Ollie points to a PLAIN WHITE VAN and a LIFTED PICK-UP.

OLLIE

I'll take the kiddie-fiddler and the redneck special.

INT. HOME DEPOT. DAY.

Hank's DOLLY holds CUTTING TOOLS and LUMBER. He grabs a KRYPTONITE LOCK.

INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY.

Nadine tosses RIBEYE STEAKS into her CART, which contains SARAN WRAP and THREE DIGITAL EGG TIMERS.

EXT. COASTAL DOCUMENT STORAGE (CDS). DAY.

Hank drives the PICK-UP into the lot. In the bed are TWO LARGE WOODEN BOXES labelled:

"DO NOT STACK".

He backs up to the "DROP-OFF" LOADING DOCK. TWO WAREHOUSE GUYS open the METAL DOOR.

WAREHOUSE GUY

Just made it; we're about to close.

HANK

Lucky me.

INT. CDS WAREHOUSE. DAY.

The Warehouse Guys store Hank's TWO BOXES. We see ENDLESS ROWS OF SHELVES; this place is cavernous.

EXT. COASTAL DOCUMENT STORAGE (CDS). DAY.

DOWN THE STREET, Hank parks behind the WHITE VAN, which now sports the CDS LOGO. Hank gets in the van.

Ty, DISGUISED as a CDS Delivery Man, is behind the wheel. He checks his watch; moments pass. He sees

the WAREHOUSE GUYS drive off, past the Guard and DOBERMAN.

Ty pulls INTO THE LOT, hops out, approaches the OFFICE and uses the KRYPTONITE LOCK on the GLASS DOORS.

Confused, the Clerk pulls the handles; he's trapped.

Ty walks away.

CLERK

Dude, WTF?!

The Clerk dials 911.

CLERK (cont'd)
(shouting after Ty)
Calling the cops, dickhead!

The Clerk SLAMS THE ALARM BUTTON.

INT. CDS WAREHOUSE. DAY.

The ALARM BLARES.

Hank's TWO BOXES start to RUMBLE and SHAKE; suddenly

TWO F1 GO-KARTS burst from the boxes.

Nadine and Ollie, in RACE SUITS and HELMETS with TINTED VISORS, tear toward the DOCUMENT SHELVES.

ON THEIR ARMS, LABELS read: "517-390-268".

ON THE SHELVES, are NUMBERS: "101, 102, 103..."

EXT. COASTAL DOCUMENT STORAGE (CDS). DAY.

The Guards hear the ALARM, race inside and release the DOG.

Ty and Hank back the WHITE VAN to the "PICK-UP" DOCK.

INT. WHITE VAN. DAY.

Ty and Hank ready TOOLS to cut the metal door.

ON THE VAN'S WALL, an EGG TIMER counts down from "4:08".

CUT TO:

another EGG TIMER, taped to the STEERING WHEEL of NADINE'S KART; she races through

INT. CDS WAREHOUSE. DAY.

where she blazes past SHELVES: "398, 399, 400..."

IN ANOTHER AISLE, Ollie zips along; he checks the FILE NUMBER on his arm and makes a hard turn.

INT. CDS OFFICE. DAY.

ON SECURITY MONITORS, the Clerk sees Nadine and Ollie flying around the warehouse.

He updates the Guards via WALKIE.

CLERK
(into walkie-talkie)
Breach in the file area! Two people.

The Clerk checks a COMPUTER to locate the FILE RETRIEVAL ROBOT; he plots a course and TYPES IN A FILE NUMBER.

CLERK (cont'd)
Prepare to get YouTubed, assbags!

INT. CDS WAREHOUSE. DAY.

The FILE RETRIEVAL ROBOT, a remote-controlled vehicle the size of a forklift, comes alive.

It moves quickly down the aisles, blocking Ollie's path.

Ollie checks the EGG TIMER on his STEERING WHEEL: "3:23".

INT. WHITE VAN. DAY.

SPARKS FLY as Ty and Hank cut the LOADING DOCK DOOR.

INT. CDS WAREHOUSE. DAY.

Nadine finds ROW "517"; somewhere down it is the file.

Nadine slows to read SHELF NUMBERS; doesn't see a GUARD APPROACHING.

The Guard's about to nail Nadine with a NIGHTSTICK, when Ollie roars past, drags the Guard off and slides him into a PILE OF SHREDDED PAPER, he's buried, but unhurt.

OLLIE
Cracking.

Out of nowhere, the DOBERMAN LEAPS ONTO OLLIE'S LAP and tries to EAT HIS HELMET. Ollie SCREAMS.

INT. WHITE VAN. DAY.

Ty and Hank work furiously; the door falls clear. But, the escape route is BLOCKED by a SHIPPING CONTAINER.

HANK
Shit!

They check the EGG TIMER: "2:13".

TY
Cut the next door! Go. GO!

Ty and Hank stretch to cut the "DROP-OFF" DOCK DOOR.

INT. CDS WAREHOUSE. DAY.

Nadine sees the FILE NUMBER, HIGH UP on a TOP SHELF.

IN ANOTHER AISLE, Ollie swerves, fending off the vicious DOBERMAN. He tries to pull a RIBEYE from his RACE SUIT, but the dog's too aggressive.

UP AHEAD, Ollie sees THE SECOND GUARD.

Ollie SLAMS THE BRAKES; the DOBERMAN SAILS INTO THE SECOND GUARD; they both go down, dazed, but uninjured.

OLLIE
Get stuffed.

Ollie checks his TIMER: "1:36". He tears toward the FILES.

INT. CDS OFFICE. DAY.

The Clerk spies Nadine on the MONITOR, climbing SHELVES.

He types another FILE NUMBER.

CLERK
Rock 'em, sock 'em.

INT. CDS WAREHOUSE. DAY.

The RETRIEVAL ROBOT rockets toward Nadine; she narrowly climbs clear, but it FLATTENS HER KART.

NADINE
Jesus.

Nadine finds the FILE, checks the NUMBER and climbs down.

INT. CDS OFFICE. DAY.

The Clerk enters a new FILE NUMBER, loving this.

CLERK
Employee of the motherfucking Month!

INT. CDS WAREHOUSE. DAY.

Nadine hits the floor; the ROBOT bears down on her; if it crushed the kart it will kill her easily.

Nadine sprints; the robot right on her heels.

INT. WHITE VAN. DAY.

Ty and Hank, still cutting, check the EGG TIMER: ":47".

TY
C'mon, goddamnit!

INT. CDS WAREHOUSE. DAY.

Nadine's about to get squashed, when

Ollie zooms past and sweeps her onto his lap.

NADINE
Find the open door!

Together, they race toward the LOADING DOCK DOORS; one's
BLOCKED, the other's still being cut open, and

the DOBERMAN'S back in the hunt, full of fanged fury.

Nadine pulls the RIBEYE from Ollie's race suit and throws it
at the Doberman.

The dog digs in, giving up the chase.

OLLIE
What now, love?

NADINE
Keep it pegged; checkers or wreckers!

Nadine and Ollie barrel toward the LOADING DOCK DOOR; just as
they're about to slam into it...

Ty and Hank PRY THE DOOR OPEN. Ty twists his back, badly; he
SCREAMS in pain, as

Nadine and Ollie shoot out to

EXT. COASTAL DOCUMENT STORAGE (CDS). DAY.

where they bounce on the pavement, swerve and speed off.

The WHITE VAN flees seconds before POLICE ARRIVE.

EXT. THE EVERGLADES. DAY.

Hank, Nadine and Ollie SINK the VAN, PICK-UP and GO-KART.

Ty, hunched over, holds his back, clearly hurting.

HANK
You okay, Ty?

TY
 (covering)
 I'm fine; it's nothing.

From inside her race suit, Nadine pulls out the FILE.

NADINE
 One down, one to go.

They pile into Ollie's 3-wheeled Reliant.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAR ISLAND. DAY.

A PAPERCLIP-SHAPED ISLAND, home to GATED HOUSES where Miami's wealthiest people reside.

The only way in is a CAUSEWAY that leads to a GUARD STATION.

ONE LOOPING ROAD sits in the center of the island. It looks like a floating race track.

DUCK BOATS drift in Biscayne Bay; TOURISTS try to spot celebrities in their WATERFRONT YARDS.

INT. SHARPE'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Sharpe, on edge, watches Craig Stevens on MIAMI 7 NEWS.

CRAIG STEVENS (V.O.)
 ...authorities hope the nature of the
 stolen documents will point them toward
 the thieves...

EXT. MIAMI BEACH MARINA. DAY.

ON A DOCK, Ty looks THROUGH BINOCULARS; he can see Sharpe in his mansion.

TY
 Make the call.

Nadine dials a CELL PHONE.

THROUGH BINOCULARS, Ty watches Sharpe answer his phone.

SHARPE (V.O.)
 Garrison Sharpe.

NADINE
 (into phone, no accent)
 Mr. Sharpe, I'm calling from Miami Bond
 Incorporated regarding a security issue.
 (MORE)

NADINE (cont'd)

As you may have heard, the warehouse responsible for securing our documents was robbed earlier today.

SHARPE (V.O.)

I'm watching the news now. Christ, what happened?

NADINE

(into phone)

The stolen document was a surety bond pertaining to the new stadium complex project, which names you as the beneficiary. Do you have a signed original of this document?

SHARPE (V.O.)

Yes I do.

Sharpe leaves the room. Ty scans the house until he spots Sharpe THROUGH A BEDROOM WINDOW.

NADINE

(into phone)

Are you certain that you have a signed original in your possession?

SHARPE (V.O.)

Yes; I have it in my safe.

NADINE

(into phone)

This is an atypical situation, Mr. Sharpe, but MBI would like you to bring us your signed original so we can make a copy of it for our records and speed up the process of getting you the payout.

Ty watches SHARPE remove the CONTRACT from his SAFE and put it in a BRIEFCASE.

NADINE (cont'd)

(into phone)

We can send security guards-

SHARPE (V.O.)

-That won't be necessary; I have my own security. I'll bring the signed original over, right away.

NADINE

(into phone)

Thank you, Mr. Sharpe; I look forward to meeting you. Big fan.

Nadine hangs up.

Ty watches Sharpe gather his BRIEFCASE and SECURITY AGENTS, including Volkov.

TY

Get your popcorn ready, Sharpie.

EXT. GARRISON SHARPE'S MANSION. DAY.

A "GS" GATE opens; the Security Agents' SUV drives out.

Sharpe follows in his MAYBACH; beside him, the BRIEFCASE.

CUT TO:

a DUCK BOAT; a 39' long, 8' wide diesel-powered behemoth, that motors toward STAR ISLAND.

Nadine drives; Ty, Hank and Ollie are in back; they flank something hidden under a TARP.

AT THE GUARD STATION, Nadine waves to the ISLAND GUARDS when she drives by; nothing odd about a tour bus here.

EXT. STAR ISLAND LOOP. DAY.

Sharpe follows his Security Agents' SUV.

The Duck Boat, oncoming, SWERVES and SLAMS into Sharpe's MAYBACH, which spins and skids to a halt.

Nadine stops. Hank hustles to Sharpe's MANGLED MAYBACH.

The SUV whips around.

BY THE MAYBACH, Sharpe, uninjured, crawls from the wreckage. Hank decks him and snatches the BRIEFCASE.

AT THE GUARD STATION, the Island Guards watch the heist unfolding. One Guard is on the phone with 911.

ISLAND GUARD

(into phone)

I don't know what's happening; that's why
I need the real cops out here, NOW!

The other Guard FLIPS A SWITCH; ANTI-VEHICLE POSTS rise out of the roadway. No one's getting past.

ON THE LOOP, Hank jumps into the Duck Boat as it lurches by Sharpe, who's shaking off the punch.

Volkov shepherds Sharpe into the SUV; they give chase.

IN THE DUCK BOAT, Nadine sees the ANTI-VEHICLE POSTS.

NADINE

We need to go around!

ON THE CAUSEWAY, POLICE CARS respond, LIGHTS and SIRENS on.

ON THE LOOP, the SUV rams the Duck Boat from behind.

TY

Let's shake these assholes loose!

Ty pulls back the tarp to reveal a HUGE ANCHOR.

Ty, Hank and Ollie hurl the ANCHOR onto the street; the SUV drives over it, wedging the anchor against its undercarriage.

HANK

Nadine, *floor it!*

Nadine speeds up; the ANCHOR TEARS OUT THE SUV'S SUSPENSION, forcing the car to careen off the road.

OLLIE

Done and dusted.

AT THE GUARD STATION, the Island Guards lower the anti-vehicle posts for the Police, who set up a ROADBLOCK.

The Cops ready their GUNS.

The DUCK BOAT rounds the bend, heading right for them.

IN THE DUCK BOAT, Nadine and Hank see the Cops. Hank wraps the briefcase in SARAN WRAP.

HANK

Don't hit the cops! Don't hit the cops!

Nadine sees the "GS" GATE to SHARPE'S PROPERTY; she whips the Duck Boat sideways, FLATTENS THE GATE, rumbles across the yard, CRASHES THROUGH THE HOUSE and

SPLASHES into BISCAYNE BAY.

AT THE ROADBLOCK, the Cops, bewildered, key their RADIOS.

COP

(into radio)

We need the Coast Guard to intercept a Duck Boat on Biscayne Bay!

EXT. GARRISON SHARPE'S MANSION. DAY.

Sharpe and his Security Agents run to the water's edge. They can only watch, as

the Duck Boat floats toward TWO OTHER DUCK BOATS.

EXT. BISCAYNE BAY. DAY.

COAST GUARD INTERCEPTORS approach, LIGHTS and SIRENS on.

COAST GUARD OFFICERS storm the first two DUCK BOATS, terrifying TOURISTS.

They board the third DUCK BOAT; it's EMPTY.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER, Ty and company swim with OXYGEN TANKS.

Hank holds SHARPE'S SARAN-WRAPPED BRIEFCASE.

WE SEE CLIPS OF:

NEWS ANCHORS and REPORTERS from several local stations, and SHARPE'S MAULED MAYBACH and MANSION.

BIANCA NANDEZ (V.O.)
...involving Miami-Dade police, Star
Island security, the Coast Guard and Mr.
Sharpe's private security...

NBC REPORTER (V.O.)
...still trying to identify suspects in
the brazen...

ON FOX, Sharpe gives an interview; he sports a SHINER.

SHARPE (V.O.)
I have no idea who would do something
like this, or why. Luckily, it was just
property damage; they didn't get anything
of value.

CUT TO:

INT. BEST BUY. NIGHT.

IN THE TV DEPARTMENT, Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie, all DISGUISED, watch the NEWS on different TVs.

TY
Sharpe didn't tell the police it was us.
Now, we know he's guilty.
(MORE)

TY (cont'd)

(beat)

We wait for Sharpe's next move.

EXT. OLLIE'S BACK YARD. NIGHT.

Ty fidgets with the Velcro on BATTING GLOVES, Hank SHADOWBOXES, Nadine tinkers on her VESPA and Ollie practices footwork with a BALL; pre-game nerves.

The THREE COPIES of the BOND sit on a patio table.

Ty's CELL RINGS; the display reads: "IRENE". He answers.

TY

(into phone)

Irene?

VOLKOV (V.O.)

We have the widow and the boy.

Ty motions for them to listen; puts the call on SPEAKER.

VOLKOV (V.O.) (cont'd)

You will bring one original contract to 629 Collins Avenue to trade for the boy and another original contract to Glades Stadium to trade for the woman. One hour, or they die.

Volkov hangs up. Hank, Nadine and Ollie are stunned.

OLLIE

Shite.

Enraged, Ty hurls his chair into the pool.

HANK

Fuck. Sharpe's got leverage. We try to save Cal, he kills Irene; we try to save Irene, he kills Cal.

TY

I'm an idiot! I should have known they were targets. I should've warned them.

NADINE

We've gotta give Sharpe what he wants.

TY

He'll kill us, Irene and Cal the second he has the contracts.

OLLIE

So, we're buggered all around, then?

Ty thinks for a moment; he grabs a CONTRACT, stuffs it into the small of his back.

TY

You three go to Collins Avenue; get Cal.

Ty hops on Nadine's VESPA and fires it up.

HANK

What are you doing, Ty?

TY

Taking one for the team.

NADINE

No, we need to plan-

TY

-We don't have time! I'll stall Sharpe as long as I can. Save Cal.

Ty speeds off on the Vespa.

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE. NIGHT.

Boisterous NIGHTLIFE bathed in NEON. EXOTIC CARS, bumping BEATS, cruise past CROWDED CAFES and CLUBS.

In the midst of the madness, is "629", a TWO-STORY BUNGALOW.

PALM TREES provide the BUNGALOW a measure of privacy.

EXT. BUNGALOW. NIGHT.

Ollie's Reliant Robin parks a block behind the bungalow, away from the action on the avenue.

Hank, Nadine and Ollie can see the PALMS in the YARD.

Using BINOCULARS, Hank looks INTO THE LIVING ROOM; he spies RODNEY WILKES and VOLKOV.

HANK

"The Big Sleep" is in there, with Rodney Wilkes; Miami U football, until he blew out his ACL.

Hank spots a COUCH blocking the front door.

HANK (cont'd)

They've got the front door barricaded; it's a safe bet the other doors are, too.

(beat)

I don't see any weapons.

NADINE

They are the weapons.

OLLIE

Well, so are we, love.

One UPSTAIRS ROOM has the CURTAINS DRAWN.

HANK

That room upstairs, with the curtains drawn; that's gotta be where they're keeping the kid.

OLLIE

And there may be others guarding him.

NADINE

They know we're coming; we should just plow right through the back door.

OLLIE

As much as I love a good party-crashing, darling, this car is made of tin-foil. And, seeing as there's a kiddie in there, this job calls for more calm and calculation.

Hank and Nadine are both dumbfounded.

HANK

You're actually suggesting calm and calculation?

OLLIE

I won't make a habit of it.

Ollie points to a SKYLIGHT on the ROOF over the ROOM with the DRAWN CURTAINS.

OLLIE (cont'd)

There's a skylight up there. If I climb that palm beside the house, I might be able to see Cal, and find out exactly what we're up against.

NADINE

That tree is 30-feet high.

Ollie digs a PAIR OF SOCCER CLEATS from the hatchback; in the SOLES are SHARP SPIKES.

OLLIE

Nadine, have the car set to go. Hank, polish-up your knuckles, mate.

Ollie slides the CLEATS on.

EXT. GLADES STADIUM. NIGHT.

A few lights, no activity, only two cars in the LOT.

Ty parks the VESPA in the SPACE FARTHEST FROM THE STADIUM. He walks to the ENTRANCE; TWO ARMED AGENTS search him.

TALL AGENT
Use the players' entrance.

INT. GLADES STADIUM. NIGHT.

Ty walks out of the DUGOUT onto the FIELD, where ROLLED TARPS and BATTING CAGES form a maze.

He comes to an opening. Behind home plate, tied to a GROUNDSKEEPING TRACTOR, is Irene.

She's BOUND, GAGGED and scared.

Ty scans the area, sees no one else. He tries to untie Irene; SHARPE comes up behind, wielding a BASEBALL BAT.

Sharpe swings with all his might and hits Ty in the back. Ty crumbles to the ground in excruciating pain.

Sharpe slams Ty's back again. Ty writhes in agony.

SHARPE
Where's my contract?

TY
Under... the seat of the Vespa... in the parking lot.

Sharpe dials his cell.

SHARPE
(into phone)
Check under the seat of the Vespa.

EXT. GLADES STADIUM. NIGHT.

The Agents spot the VESPA, far off in the distance. The Tall Agent has his cell to his ear.

TALL AGENT
(into phone)
It's all the way across the lot, hold on.

The Agents walk toward the Vespa.

EXT. BUNGALOW. NIGHT.

IN THE DRIVEWAY, Hank takes cover behind a MUSTANG.

IN THE BACK YARD, Ollie uses the CLEATS to climb a PALM that stretches over the SKYLIGHT.

Ollie spies CAL on a bed, BOUND with DUCT TAPE.

A BUILT AGENT guards Cal.

Cal sees Ollie, who quickly gestures for Cal to keep quiet; Ollie loses his balance and falls ONTO THE ROOF.

His CLEATS SCRAPE the TILES as he finds his footing.

The Built Agent GAZES THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT; sees nothing.

INT. BUNGALOW, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Rodney and Volkov look up toward the ceiling.

VOLKOV

What's happening up there?!

BUILT AGENT (O.S.)

I don't know; something's on the roof.

Rodney and Volkov shove a TABLE away from the back door and head outside.

EXT. BUNGALOW. NIGHT.

ON THE ROOF, Ollie tries to silently scamper out of sight; it's impossible with the cleats.

IN THE DRIVEWAY, Hank sees Ollie on the roof; he eyes Rodney and Volkov walking around the bungalow, staring up.

It's only a matter of seconds before they find Ollie.

Hank swats the MUSTANG, setting off the ALARM.

IN THE YARD, Rodney and Volkov split up and approach the driveway from both sides of the bungalow.

Rodney uses his KEYS to kill the ALARM; he circles the MUSTANG. Hank pops up, punches him unconscious.

As Volkov arrives, Hank sneaks through the OPEN DOOR into

INT. BUNGALOW. NIGHT.

where he locks the door and blocks it with the TABLE.

IN THE BEDROOM, the Built Agent grows concerned.

BUILT AGENT

What the hell is going on out there?!

The Built Agent opens the CURTAINS; at that moment, OLLIE FLIES feet-first THROUGH THE WINDOW.

Ollie's CLEATS IMPALE the BUILT AGENT, who falls back.

BLOOD TRICKLES from his wounds; he's pissed.

OLLIE

So much for calm and calculation.

The Built Agent attacks; Ollie kicks him in the nuts as hard as he can. The Built Agent drops to his knees.

Ollie kicks him in the face, knocking him out.

Ollie sweeps Cal up and wraps him in a BLANKET.

OLLIE (cont'd)

Hang on, little mate. It'll be alright.

EXT. GLADES STADIUM, PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

The Agents lift the VESPA'S SEAT to find SCRAPS OF PAPER.

TALL AGENT

(into phone)

He tore it up, sir.

INT. GLADES STADIUM. NIGHT.

Sharpe doesn't like what he hears; he hangs up.

TY

Don't worry, Sharpie... a little tape;
good as new.

SHARPE

It's never easy with you, is it, Ty? You
always gotta make things... painful.

Sharpe hits Ty with the BAT. Ty SCREAMS in pain.

EXT. BUNGALOW. NIGHT.

Volkov rips the back door off its hinges and storms into

INT. BUNGALOW, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

where Hank waits.

The fighters eye each other; they know what's coming.
Hank's dwarfed by Volkov; by far the biggest man he's faced.
Hank's muscles tense up; he's scared.

VOLKOV
I know that look. *It's fear.*

Volkov grins and assumes his fighting stance. Ollie, carrying Cal, hurries down the stairs.

HANK
Put the kid in the car and go!

OLLIE
Are you mad? I'm not leaving you.

HANK
(to Ollie)
Get Cal out of here! Now!
(determined)
I'm gonna light this Russian cock-sack
up.

Hank stands between Volkov and Ollie as he scuttles Cal out.

EXT. BUNGALOW. NIGHT.

Ollie carries Cal through the BACK YARD. Rodney has come to; he's shaking out the cobwebs.

He sees Ollie heading for the Reliant.

RODNEY
They're taking the kid!

INT. BUNGALOW, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Volkov and Hank circle each other, feinting.

VOLKOV
(to Rodney)
Kill them all!

EXT. BUNGALOW. NIGHT.

Rodney races into his MUSTANG and takes off.

INT. RELIANT ROBIN. NIGHT.

Nadine has the HATCHBACK OPEN; Ollie puts Cal in the back, dives in and closes the hatch.

NADINE
Where's Hank?!

OLLIE
He's... *finding himself*.
(beat)
Easy now, love; precious cargo.

Nadine bolts. Rodney's right behind; the chase is on.

INT. RODNEY'S MUSTANG. NIGHT.

Rodney dials his cell, flustered.

RODNEY
(into phone)
They got the kid. They're in some three-wheeled piece of shit with that racer bitch behind the wheel. If that kid gets to the cops, it's our ass. I need help!

CUT TO:

EXT. GLADES STADIUM. NIGHT.

where the TWO AGENTS hustle into their cars.

TALL AGENT
(into phone)
We're leaving now; let us know where you're heading.

INT. GLADES STADIUM. NIGHT.

Sharpe drops the BAT beside Ty, who's crippled by pain.

SHARPE
How's the back, Slugger?

Ty eyes the BAT; he'd grab it if he only could.

Ty sees the bat is BRANDED WITH AN ASTERISK. *It's Rhonda.*

SHARPE (cont'd)
Recognize that bat, Ty? Love what you've done with the house. I hope you don't mind, but I made some alterations to the decor. I thought the place needed a little *whimsy* and I had the most perfect little King Kroc notebook lying around.

TY
You're not gonna get away with this... My team-

SHARPE

-Your team of degenerates can't compete
with my guys. You're only delaying the
inevit-

(realizes something)

-You're *stalling*...

Sharpe, concerned, dials his CELL.

INT. BUNGALOW, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Hank and Volkov scan each other's defense for openings.

VOLKOV'S PHONE RINGS, stealing Hank's focus.

Volkov charges; Hank sidesteps and throws THREE HOOKS.

Volkov HURLS THE COUCH; it knocks Hank across the room.

Hank bolts up, dodges Volkov's right, then fires an uppercut
that stuns him.

Hank gains confidence, steps in to go to the body. Volkov
KICKS HANK THROUGH THE WINDOW.

Hank spills onto COLLINS AVENUE.

CARS SWERVE to avoid him; PEOPLE scatter and SCREAM.

INT. BUNGALOW, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The BUILT AGENT lies prone beside his RINGING PHONE.

INT. GLADES STADIUM. NIGHT.

Sharpe, mad, hangs up his phone. He STOMPS on Ty's back.

TY

(laughing through pain)

You never could see the change-up coming.

SHARPE

Doesn't matter. You're gonna pinch-hit
for me.

Sharpe moves a BATTING CAGE to reveal a PITCHING MACHINE;
it's aimed at Irene.

Sharpe sets the speed to 110 MPH. The machine builds to an
OMINOUS WHIR.

Sharpe grabs a SACK OF BASEBALLS.

Ty, writhing, can only watch.

TY

I'm gonna kill you; you son of a bitch.

SHARPE

Actually, you're going to *try* to kill me, but only after you've killed Irene and Cal. Because, you're unstable, Ty; the roids screwed you all up. You killed Cypes because he wrote the article that ruined your career; you killed Irene because she broke your heart, and you tried to kill me because you finally found out I was Cypes' anonymous source.

Sharpe pulls out a LARGE CULINARY SYRINGE, inside is a REDACTED ARTICLE.

Ty is shocked to the core.

TY

You?

SHARPE

You were a cancer, Ty. When I discovered you were juicing, I took you out.

(beat)

When Armada had to go, I knew if Cypes got another tip from his proven source, he'd investigate. Cypes was supposed to uncover Armada's plan; well *my* plan, but I was willing to let Armada take the credit. Unfortunately, Cypes recognized Mr. Volkov, so he took Cypes out of the rotation...

(beat)

Using the source was the perfect way to get you to step up to the plate; you pathetic, predictable disaster.

Ty grabs the BAT, uses it to raise himself to his knees.

SHARPE (cont'd)

(grinning)

When you showed up at my office, with the "clue" I stuck into your door... so *passionate*. I almost felt sorry for you.

Sharpe feeds a BALL into the PITCHING MACHINE; it tears toward Ty, who barely blocks it with the bat.

SHARPE (cont'd)

You never took more than five minutes of batting practice; the hits just came easy for you.

(MORE)

SHARPE (cont'd)

Me, I stood in that batter's box and took a hundred swings, every day, trying to be as good as you, to be better than you, but you were a *fraud*... I deserved to be the star of the team. I deserved the credit for winning!

TY

Funny, I don't see any World Series rings on your fingers.

SHARPE

They're coming, Ty. After ten years of being an honest *loser*, I finally found a way to win: *play dirty*, just like you.

(beat)

This is more than a sports complex, I'm building a *dynasty*. You destroyed the Glades; I'm going to make them the center of the baseball universe. A universe where I am God.

TY

You're not God, Sharpie; you're a guy who doesn't know how to win. On the field or in the front office, *your teams don't win*. Players know that. If you build it, they *won't* come.

SHARPE

We'll see about that. First, let's see if you've got a hundred swings in you. I bet Irene hopes you do.

Sharpe dumps the balls into the MACHINE. Ty shields Irene; the BALLS come blisteringly fast.

Ty fouls off pitches and hits grounders, getting weaker.

Sharpe loves every second.

SHARPE (cont'd)

Sah-wing, batta-batta; sah-wing, batta.

Sharpe dials his phone.

INT. TALL AGENT'S CAR. NIGHT.

The Tall Agent speeds into DOWNTOWN; his PHONE RINGS.

TALL AGENT

(into phone)

Mr. Sharpe, they got the kid. Rodney's on them, we're closing in...

EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY. NIGHT.

As they race onto the MAINLAND, Rodney's Mustang drills the Reliant's bumper.

INT. RELIANT ROBIN. NIGHT.

Nadine wrestles the wheel; Ollie keeps Cal bundled in the BLANKET.

Cal, frightened, WAILS.

OLLIE
Chin-up, little fella; just a lovely
cross-town jaunt.

The unsteady Reliant is BUMPED AGAIN; Nadine's losing it.

NADINE
This jackass is PISSING ME OFF!

OLLIE
Remember, love: no crashing today.

The TWO AGENTS' CARS dart from a SIDE-STREET.

Nadine swerves. The Reliant nearly ROLLS OVER. Nadine OPENS HER DOOR; it SCRAPES AGAINST THE STREET and PUSHES THE CAR BACK ON ALL THREE WHEELS.

Ollie WAILS right along with Cal.

NADINE
If those pricks don't kill us, this car
will!

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE. NIGHT.

Hank and Volkov brutalize one-another in the street.

Around them, CARS STOP; a CROWD forms. The INTERSECTION becomes a makeshift boxing ring.

When Hank leans in to work Volkov's body, he topples Hank.

Volkov mounts and mauls him, but Hank *never stops punching*.

MORE PEOPLE GATHER; they use PHONES to call 911 and SHOOT VIDEO. Some CHEER. TWO GUYS show concern.

1ST GUY
Should we break it up?

2ND GUY

Sure. After you.

Hank fights out from under Volkov; when he stands, Volkov grabs Hank's head, FLIPS HIM and locks in the SLEEPER-HOLD.

Hank, frantic, hammers away at Volkov, unrelenting, KNUCKLES BLEEDING, consciousness waning, until

Volkov's grip loosens, just enough for Hank to escape.

They stand toe-to-toe, battered, bruised and bloody. And, Hank unloads non-stop punches, from all angles.

Volkov's defense fades; Hank tags him ten, twelve, fifteen times; Volkov leans forward, wobbly...

Hank lands a devastating TEN-PUNCH COMBINATION. Volkov falls like a mighty oak cut at the roots, down and out.

HANK

Sweet dreams, motherfucker.

Hank raises his bare, bloody hands and SCREAMS in victory; demons exorcised.

He jumps onto the hood of a car and does his signature hammering-first celebration.

Hank smiles as POLICE SIRENS approach.

INT. GLADES STADIUM. NIGHT.

The PITCHING MACHINE fires at Ty, who finds a rhythm. Between pitches, he hacks at the THICK ROPES binding Irene to the tractor. The ROPE FRAYS.

Sharpe watches, knows it's futile.

SHARPE

Your friends will be dead soon. Cal, too.
All because you tried to be a hero.

Irene SCREAMS and CRIES.

Ty, furious, hits the balls and rope harder.

SHARPE (cont'd)

Getting tired, Ty. Getting weak? Just
give me my contracts and it all ends.

A BALL comes in FAST. Ty swings... CRAAACCKKKK!

Ty and Sharpe watch the BALL SOAR into the UPPER-DECK.

Confidence surges through Ty, until he realizes HIS BAT IS SPLINTERED IN HALF.

Sharpe quickly loads more balls into the machine.

SHARPE (cont'd)
Play ball.

Sharpe smiles and watches; he knows he's won.

Ty takes the next fastball in his side, doubles over, but won't let himself fall; he has no choice...

He TURNS and UNTIES IRENE; balls blast his back.

TY
(pained)
Try... to get... out.

Ty pushes Irene out of the line of fire and collapses.
BASEBALLS BANG off the tractor.

Irene crawls, desperate; hands and ankles bound.

SHARPE
As usual, Ty, I have to clean up your mess.

Sharpe pounces on Irene, pins her against the ground and strangles her. Irene struggles and SCREAMS.

EXT. MIAMI AVENUE. NIGHT.

Nadine skids and swerves into

INT. PARKING GARAGE. NIGHT.

where she hangs corners and dodges ONCOMING CARS until she comes to a DEAD END.

INT. RELIANT ROBIN. NIGHT.

Nadine's blood boils.

NADINE
Time to take these bastards out!

EXT. MIAMI AVENUE. NIGHT.

Rodney sees THREE SKID MARKS leading into the PARKING GARAGE; he parks beside the entrance.

The Agents pull up, the Tall Agent tosses Rodney a GUN.

TALL AGENT

Sharpe knows they got the kid; we need
them dead!

The RELIANT speeds OUT OF THE GARAGE.

All four vehicles race into FRIDAY NIGHT TRAFFIC.

Nadine, teetering, weaves through without wrecking cars.

Rodney and the Agents cause carnage, trying to keep up.

INT. RELIANT ROBIN. NIGHT.

Nadine looks in the rearview mirror, grits her teeth.

NADINE

Some races you just gotta lose.

She whips the wheel to the right.

EXT. MIAMI AVENUE. NIGHT.

The RELIANT slides sideways around a curve, BARREL ROLLS and
CRASHES TAIL-FIRST INTO A BUILDING.

GLASS SHATTERS, CONCRETE FLIES; exposing DESKS.

Rodney skids to a stop, hops out and pulls his PISTOL. The
two Agents join him, GUNS drawn.

They don't realize, the *building is the POLICE PRECINCT*.

COPS come up from behind displaced desks and draw their GUNS,
taking aim at Rodney, the Agents and Nadine, who holds her
hands out the window in surrender.

We see the REAR END OF THE RELIANT IS WRECKED; amid the
TWISTED METAL is the BLANKET.

Cops pull back the blanket to reveal...

the hatchback is EMPTY, and

WE CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE. NIGHT.

where Ollie holds Cal's hand as they walk out.

CAL

I want my mommy.

OLLIE

Me too, Cal. Me too. Let's go find us a policeman.

INT. GLADES STADIUM. NIGHT.

Sharpe strangles Irene, who fights as best she can.

Ty, dazed and confused, crawls away from them; it looks like he has no idea where he's going.

Sharpe's about to choke the life out of Irene.

SHARPE

That hack husband of yours wrote about us like we were heroes. This is what it takes to be a hero.

Suddenly, a BASEBALL BEANS HIM IN THE HEAD.

Sharpe spills onto the ground, silent and still.

BLOOD TRICKLES from his ear.

SLUMPED AGAINST THE PITCHING MACHINE, almost completely spent, is Ty.

He drags himself to Irene and holds her.

TY

It's okay; you're okay.

Ty removes her GAG.

IRENE

We have to find Cal.

Ty sees a DROP OF BLOOD land on a BASEBALL beside them; *SHARPE ISN'T DEAD.*

Sharpe's about to stab Ty with a SHARD OF THE BAT, but

Ty thrusts the *CULINARY SYRINGE INTO SHARPE'S HEART.*

Sharpe, stunned, falters back; he GASPS for breath until he takes his last and drops dead.

Ty makes sure Sharpe's down for good.

TY

And people think I'm an asshole.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLADES STADIUM. NIGHT.

POLICE CARS everywhere. EMTs load Ty, who's on a STRETCHER, into an AMBULANCE. Irene holds his hand.

AN UNMARKED CAR ARRIVES, Cal races out and over to Irene, who hugs him tight. Tears streak Irene's cheeks.

CAL
Mommy, are you alright?

IRENE
I'm fine, honey. Uncle Ty helped me.

Cal looks at Ty on the stretcher.

CAL
Are you gonna be okay?

Ty smiles at Cal.

TY
I'd feel a lot better if you did something for me...

Ty holds up a BASEBALL; he grabs an EMT's PEN.

TY (cont'd)
Would you sign this ball?

Ty smiles; Cal signs the ball and hands it to Ty.

WE SEE CLIPS OF:

a MIAMI 7 NEWSCAST; Craig Stevens beside a SUPER OF SHARPE.

CRAIG STEVENS (V.O.)
...It appears Sharpe masterminded the blighting of the Morris Houses, the murder of Herald reporter Richard Cypes and kidnapped and attempted to murder Cypes' wife and son. Several of Sharpe's accomplices have been arrested...

OUTSIDE THE JAIL, COPS lead Sharpe's SECURITY AGENTS, including Rodney and a bruised Volkov, on a perp-walk.

"BREAKING NEWS" ON ESPN, a SUPER OF THE GLADES LOGO sits between BRIAN KENNY and JAY HARRIS.

BRIAN KENNY (V.O.)

Breaking news from the world of baseball. MLB Commissioner Bud Selig has announced that the Miami Glades franchise will be moving out of the city before the start of next season. With both principal owners of the franchise deceased and a criminal scandal surrounding the team, Selig feels the franchise will be best served by moving to a new market.

JAY HARRIS (V.O.)

The loss of the team also means the loss of a massive new stadium complex that would have made Miami a sports Mecca. Outraged Miamians blame everyone from the Glades' former owners to the former athletes that uncovered the scandal.

MIAMIANS give "man on the street" INTERVIEWS.

DIEHARD FAN (V.O.)

Sharpe was corrupt; Armada was corrupt, but at least they loved baseball! *Rawlings*; this cheater destroyed the team *twice*!

CONSTRUCTION WORKER (V.O.)

You know how many jobs Rawlings and his crew cost Miami? They ruined this city.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

MIAMI 7 NEWS HELICOPTER FOOTAGE plays on a TV; a FIRE in a TRAILER PARK.

BIANCA NANDEZ (V.O.)

...The DA is debating whether to charge the foursome for crimes they committed during their unauthorized investigation. But, fans are already punishing them. Chopper 7 was over the scene of a trailer-home belonging to "Hammerin'" Hank Jones that was set ablaze today...

Ty and Hank lie in separate beds. Hank's upset.

HANK

You realize ever since I met you I've been chased, shot at, had my nose broken and now my house has been burned to the ground.

TY
What are friends for.

Two POLICE OFFICERS enter.

OFFICER
Get dressed, shitheads. The Mayor and the
ADA want to see you, now.

Ty turns to Hank as the Officers ready HANDCUFFS.

TY
You're gonna love prison; it's an
*uncluttered life, free of unnecessary
possessions.*

HANK
Fuck you, Rawlings.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

Mayor Figuera sits at his desk; the ADA beside him. Neither
man looks happy as they survey Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie.

MAYOR FIGUERA
Despite my calls for your prosecution,
the DA believes we have bigger fish to
fry. You will not be charged. But, I
strongly advise you to leave Miami,
because, if you so much as spit on a
sidewalk, you will go to jail!
(beat)
And Mr. Pearce, you'll be deported to
England as soon as the paperwork is done!

CUT TO:

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE. DAY.

where a glaring GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE signs PAPERWORK with
disgust and shoves it across a table to Ollie.

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE
I now pronounce you man and wife.

Ollie smirks and hugs Nadine. Behind them, Ty and Hank CLAP.

NADINE
Now, be a lamb and point us to the office
where my husband can apply for
citizenship.

EXT. CITY HALL. DAY.

Ty, Hank, Nadine and Ollie stand next to a shiny new RV.

TY
Where you two headed?

OLLIE
Indianapolis.

HANK
What the hell is in Indianapolis?

NADINE
(smiling)
The Indy 500.

OLLIE
Since no team in the world will let me play football, I thought I'd embrace my newfound Americanism. I'm gonna fund Nadine while she gives it another go behind the wheel. We've got a wicked little race car waiting for us.

Nadine beams beside Ollie; locks eyes with a grinning Ty.

TY
With her in the driver's seat, you can't lose.

Ty shakes Ollie's hand, gives Nadine a hug.

OLLIE
What about you, Hank?

HANK
I'm gonna hop on a bus and ride until I find obscurity.

Ty shakes Hank's hand.

TY
You better send me a postcard.

HANK
Where should I send it?

TY
Well, if everyone in town wants me to get the hell out, I consider it my duty to stick around as long as possible.

Ty smiles big. Hank, Nadine and Ollie do, too.

EXT. TY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Ty approaches his house, which has been vandalized with GRAFFITI reading: "GO AWAY!", "GET OUT!" and "FUCK YOU!"

INT. TY'S BATHROOM. DAY.

Ty's face is slathered in SHAVING CREAM. He eyes himself in the mirror and starts to shave.

EXT. CITY STREET. DAY.

A CITY BUS pulls away, revealing...

Ty, clean-shaven; he holds BATS, a SACK OF BASEBALLS and a BAG brimming with BASEBALL GLOVES.

He's standing in front of

THE MORRIS HOUSING COMPLEX.

Ty rubs the ASTERISK BRAND on his hand.

TY
Alright, Cypes. We levelled the playing
field. Now let's play some goddamn ball.

Ty walks toward KIDS on the RATTY BASEBALL DIAMOND, a place where the game will forever be pure.

FADE OUT.

END.