

THE TOKAREV

by
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EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

The financial district is a beehive of activity. Cabs jet back and forth through traffic. Stiff men in even stiffer suits rush to meetings. Bums work the angles for change.

Everyone and everything is in motion except for...

PAUL MAGUIRE (23) a lean but cocksure street kid in a black leather jacket. He checks his watch as two other men his age stroll up to him.

KANE, a skinny hipster with the devil in his eyes and DOHERTY, thick-necked, no-nonsense and tough as nails.

PAUL
You boys ready for this?

KANE
He should be here by now.

PAUL
He'll be here. These guys are
nothing if not dependable.

Kane shuffles nervously from one foot to the other.

KANE
Dammit.

PAUL
What? What's wrong?

KANE
(reluctantly)
I gotta piss.

DOHERTY
You didn't think of that like
fifteen minutes ago?

KANE
I did, and I went. It's just, these
moments make me a little tense and
when I'm tense I have to go.

DOHERTY
You're like a woman.

KANE
Easy with that shit.

DOHERTY
 Seriously, tie a knot in it or grow
 a pair or something.

PAUL
 Kane... do it.

KANE
 Do what?

PAUL
 Piss yourself.

Doherty LAUGHS.

KANE
 Really fucking funny.

PAUL
 I'm not kidding. Piss yourself. And
 make it noticeable. Who's gonna
 fuck with some guy with a piss
 stain across his pants? It'll be
 intimidating as hell.

Paul can't help himself. He CHUCKLES despite his best efforts
 to keep a straight face.

PAUL (cont'd)
 Guaranteed no one will remember
 your face. It'll just be "that guy
 who pissed his pants."

Paul and Doherty CACKLE.

KANE
 Ha fucking ha. I ought to piss on
 the two of you.

Paul looks up and sees...

A car quickly pulls up to the curb and stops - inside is a
 lone DRIVER.

PAUL
 (to Doherty)
 Give me a smoke.

DOHERTY
 You don't smoke.

PAUL
 Just give me a cigarette and get
 ready.

Doherty hands a cigarette over and Paul pops it into his lips, unlit...

Paul hops off the curb and calmly crosses the street toward the parked car...

He taps on the driver's side window.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

PAUL (cont'd)
Hey you got a light?

The driver shoots Paul a "get-the-fuck-outta-here" look.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

PAUL (cont'd)
You can't spare a light?

The driver cracks the window.

DRIVER
No...get the fuck out of here.

Paul looks up to see...

IVAN (30) walking toward the car. Briefcase in hand.

PAUL
Okay...jerk off.

Paul turns and takes a step away from the car.

Ivan opens the back seat door...

Paul turns back towards the car...

He reaches into his pocket and...

CRASH!

Paul SMASHES the window with the back end of a large knife. Shards of glass fly into the driver's face...

Ivan looks up at Paul but before he can react, Doherty and Kane race up behind him and shove him into the backseat...

The Driver instinctively wipes shards of glass from his face..

He reaches inside his jacket to pull out a gun...

Paul thrust his arm through the broken window and grabs the driver's gun-hand...

He twists the wrist viciously - SNAP

Paul twirls the knife in his free hand and...

WHOOMP!

The blade plunges deep into the drivers jugular. Blood sprays across the car...

Crimson droplets splatter on Doherty and Kane as they pin Ivan down on the back seat.

KANE

Let's go, come on!

Paul pulls the gun from the Driver's grip and shoves it into the small of his back...

Paul opens the driver side door and pushes the driver into the passenger seat as his body twitches, blood pumping from his neck wound.

Paul puts the car into gear and steps on the gas.

CUT TO:

EXT. URBAN SKYLINE - DAY

The city is a patchwork of steel and cinder block, concrete and rebar. A rusting iron town with broad shoulders.

In the distance, smokestacks belch filth into the sky.

We descend through the haze over a business district where claustrophobic buildings leave the streets covered in shadow...

SCREECHING tires are heard a split second before...

A CAR speeds around a corner, weaving madly through downtown traffic...

We push in on the speeding car.

INT. SPEEDING CAR - DAY

Chaos. Shouting. Squealing tires.

Paul drives with one hand while holding a the bleeding Driver down in the passenger seat.

PAUL
Are we being followed?

In the back seat IVAN, a man with a brief case chained to his wrist, SCREAMS in Russian.

IVAN
(in Russian)
You're all dead!

Kane and Doherty hold Ivan down.

KANE
Shut up!

IVAN
(in Russian)
He will have your heads!

KANE
Shut the fuck up!

In the front seat, the Bleeding Man reaches for the wheel.

The car hops the curb, barely missing pedestrians.

Paul delivers a sharp elbow to the driver's nose, knocking him back...

Paul is a demon behind the wheel. He weaves through traffic with one hand while holding the dying Driver down with the other...

The Driver kicks in his final death spasms.

Paul keeps the man pinned down until he stops moving...

PAUL
Anyone following?

Doherty looks out the back window.

DOHERTY
I don't know. Just go.

Paul stomps on the gas and the engine ROARS.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

In the middle of an empty warehouse sits the blood soaked car.

Kane ties Ivan down to a chair.

DOHERTY
(wiping blood off his face
with a towel)
Fucking guy bled everywhere.

Paul holds up the briefcase Ivan was carrying - it is chained to Ivan's wrist.

PAUL
Where is the key?

Ivan looks at him with disgust.

IVAN
Ya ne ponimaju.

PAUL
Where is the key!

Kane slaps Ivan across the face.

KANE
Where is it? The key?

Ivan looks at them a bit confused.

PAUL
He doesn't speak English.

Kane pulls out a large pair of bolt cutters. He places the chain in between the shears.

CLUNK!

Nothing.

CLUNK!

He tries again but the shears won't cut through the chain.

KANE
Must be made of titanium or
something, I can't cut these
things.

Doherty looks at Paul.

Paul looks down at the ground and shakes his head.

PAUL

Fuck.

Doherty digs through some tools in the back and pulls out what he needs...

A hacksaw.

He places the hacksaw on the Russian's wrist.

IVAN

Nyet! Nyet!

DOHERTY

Last chance asshole.

Ivan begins yelling in Russian. He nods with his head toward the car.

KANE

I think he's trying to tell us it's in the car.

Paul looks to the car and back at Ivan.

PAUL

The keys are in the car? Is that what you're saying?

IVAN

Da! Da!

Paul turns and walks toward the car.

DOHERTY

Come on. He's just jerking us around!

PAUL

Wait. Just wait one minute.

Paul opens the front passenger-side door of the car and pops the glove box...

He rummages through it. Nothing.

DOHERTY

We don't have a lot of time here.

PAUL
(calling out over his
shoulder)
We have time.

Paul looks to the dead Driver lying in a pool of blood on the passenger seat.

PAUL (cont'd)
Shit.

Paul reluctantly rummages through the dead Driver's pockets. Blood is all over everything.

KANE
You got anything there.

PAUL
You want to come wade through this
asshole's bloody shit, be my guest.

Doherty is beyond impatient. He looks to Kane.

DOHERTY
Fuck this shit.

Doherty draws the hacksaw back.

DOHERTY (cont'd)
Sorry.

KANE
Maybe you ought to wait a minute.

Paul pulls a key from the Dead Driver's inside jacket pocket. He rises and turns as...

Doherty plunges the hacksaw through Ivan's wrist. RIP!

IVAN
AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

RIP!

PAUL
What the fuck?

RIP!

DOHERTY
Almost done.

IVAN
AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

RIP!

IVAN (cont'd)
AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

Paul strides angrily over to Doherty.

PAUL
Jesus Christ, I've got the god
damned key right here.

DOHERTY
You were taking too long.

Ivan SCREAMS in pain as the saw takes his hand off at the wrist.

Doherty look up at Paul with a malignant smile plastered across his sweaty face.

DOHERTY (cont'd)
There. Done.

Paul pushes Doherty back.

PAUL
Jesus fucking Christ.

DOHERTY
What?

Paul pulls the Driver's gun from the small of his back. He wheels around and...

BLAM! The Russian stops screaming.

Paul turns on Doherty.

PAUL
What the fuck is wrong with you?

DOHERTY
Easy, man.

PAUL
Don't fucking tell me to take it
easy. Look what you made me do.

DOHERTY
I don't see why you're getting so
hot about all this.

PAUL

I told you to wait. You didn't have to hack his fucking arm off.

KANE

We got the case.

PAUL

I can see that.

DOHERTY

Come on. How was I supposed to know he was telling the truth? Hell, how could we even tell what he was trying to say in that pigeon language.

PAUL

Look at this mess. It didn't have to do down like this.

Paul turns to Ivan's dead body. He grabs the handcuff and slides it off the bloody stump where Ivan's hand used to be.

Paul looks to Doherty.

PAUL (cont'd)

This is your mess. You clean it up.

CUT TO:

A SHOVEL SLAMS into the earth.

Cameras FLASH and a crowd CHEERS. We're at...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE GROUND-BREAKING - DAY

TITLE : SEVENTEEN YEARS LATER

PHOTOGRAPHERS and REPORTERS swarm around a ground-breaking event. A sign in the background reads "Good Samaritan Medical Center."

PAUL MAGUIRE 17 years-older but still looking lean and mean, stands alongside THE MAYOR and two other Wealthy OLDER MEN, all wearing hard-hats and posing with their shovels. Paul's blue-collar swagger radiates from under his expensive suit.

REPORTER

Mister Mayor, how many jobs will be provided on this project?

MAYOR

Construction alone has already
created over one hundred local jobs
and when the medical center is
finally open...

Paul turns to see KANE and DOHERTY standing in the wings.
Paul hands his ceremonial shovel and hard-hat to an
ASSISTANT.

PAUL

Here, take this, will you?

He strides away from the press event and walks up to Kane and
Doherty. Doherty has gotten a little thick around the middle,
but still looks like he could kick your ass, Kane looks ten
years younger than he really is and dresses like a hipster in
a tight suit.

DOHERTY

Look at you, posing with the Mayor.

KANE

You gotta stick around here with
the suits or do you have time to
hang out?

Paul looks over his shoulder at the glad-handing going on and
shakes his head.

PAUL

Nah...let's go get a beer.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - LATER

Paul, Kane and Doherty sit at a blue-collar bar sipping draft
beer.

DOHERTY

So how much you going to make off
this hospital thing?

PAUL

Not as much as you think. Between
the unions and the city zoning
board, everybody's got their hand
out. I'm not even sure the city has
enough cash to finish the damn job.

DOHERTY

Want me to lean on the bloodsuckers
for you?

PAUL

I appreciate the sentiment, but no.
(to Kane)
So we got the date locked?

KANE

Next Saturday. Caitlin's gonna love
it. The band is booked, the club is
all hers for the night. We're zoned
for 150, so she can invite her
whole damn class if she wants.

DOHERTY

What's this?

PAUL

Caitlin's sweet sixteen. Next week.

In the back of the bar, a drunken, middle-aged, female BARFLY
bangs on the cigarette machine.

DOHERTY

Sixteen?

The Barfly continues to pound on the cigarette machine.
Doherty turns and gives her the hairy eyeball.

DOHERTY (cont'd)

Hey! You wanna shut the fuck up
over there? I'm trying to have a
conversation with my friends.

The Barfly opens her mouth, but checks herself when she makes
eye contact with Doherty. He's clearly not a man to be
trifled with. She slinks away, head down.

DOHERTY (cont'd)

Some people, you know. So sixteen,
huh? Jesus that makes me feel old.

PAUL

Tell me about it.

Paul finishes his beer and checks his watch.

PAUL (cont'd)

Shit, I gotta run.

KANE

Where you off to?

PAUL
I gotta go take care of something.

Paul dashes off.

PAUL (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I'll call you soon, promise.

Paul is out of there.

Kane turns to Doherty.

DOHERTY
You want another one?

KANE
Yeah, why the hell not?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - PRIVATE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Paul stands, leaning against his car, admiring the immaculate landscaping of the top-dollar prep-school.

He checks his watch.

The bell RINGS and kids come flooding out every door.

CAITLIN MAGUIRE a tom-boy-cute 16 year old strides across the parking lot with a couple of STUDENTS...

She sees her father leaning against the car and turns to her friends.

CAITLIN
There's my dad, I'll see you tomorrow.

She strides over to him and kisses him on the cheek.

CAITLIN (cont'd)
Hey daddy, you don't have to pick me up, you know. I can find a ride.

PAUL
I know, that's what worries me.

They hop in the car.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Paul hands Caitlin the plastic bag with books.

PAUL

I got these for you. The girl at the store said they were the best ones.

Caitlin opens the bag and pulls out the books. They are "SAT Prep" and "Choosing the Right College" books. Caitlin is less than thrilled.

CAITLIN

Gee, thanks dad. You know I don't take the SAT until next year.

PAUL

Never too early to start preparing, right?

CAITLIN

Remind me again, what did you get on your SATs?

PAUL

(rolling his eyes)
Easy.

Caitlin giggles.

CAITLIN

Hey, can we stop at the store for a couple of snacks, the guys are coming over tonight. You want me to be a good hostess don't you?

PAUL

Again? Don't they have homes?

CAITLIN

Not as nice as ours.

PAUL

Have you finished your term paper?

CAITLIN

Totally.

He shoots her a stern look.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

All right, it's almost done, I just have to proof and print it.

PAUL
You sure that's all.

CAITLIN
Honest.

PAUL
I want that paper done before your
two little buddies come over or
you'll never finish.

CAITLIN
Fine. Alea iacta est.

PAUL
What?

CAITLIN
"The die is cast." It's from Julius
Caesar, you know, what I've been
working on for the last six weeks?

PAUL
(repeating her)
The die is cast... I like that.

Caitlin looks to her father and grins, she's clearly proud of him.

CUT TO:

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Rows of multi-million dollar homes line golf course fairways.

INT. MAGUIRE HOME - NIGHT

Inside the mansion is nothing but the best. Everything is top of the line.

Caitlin is sprawled across a large Italian leather sectional.

Sitting on the floor in front of her watching TV are two of her high school friends EVAN and NICK also 16.

EVAN
So what are we going to do tonight?

CAITLIN
I heard Kim Byers is having a
party.

NICK

I don't want to go to some lame party the cops are going to break up by 10:30.

CAITLIN

What about Doug's?

EVAN

That's on the other side of town.

NICK

Why don't we just stay here and hang out with your step mom?

CAITLIN

Evan, shut up.

NICK

Hey I can't help if she's hot.

EVAN

Cat, she is hot.

CAITLIN

Okay, okay...she's hot. My parents are going to some dinner tonight anyway. We should just stay here and raid the bar, they'll be out until 2 or 3.

NICK

Okay, deal.

EVAN

Deal.

Caitlin slides down into the couch and takes a swig off her coke.

INT. MAGUIRE HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Looking in the mirror as she puts on diamond necklace is VANESSA MAGUIRE 31 and stunning.

VANESSA

It's time, we should get going.

Paul exits the walk-in closet. Even in his perfectly tailored suit he still looks like he could kick your ass in two seconds...if he had to.

PAUL

Where are we going?

VANESSA

To the Empress Grill, we're having dinner with the Thompson's and Eric Shima.

PAUL

Who is Eric Shima?

VANESSA

He works in the Governor's office. I think he's planning to run for State Controller next year...good person to know.

PAUL

Dully noted. I'm gonna need a few more contacts. Did you know that Princeton is nearly forty thousand a year? That's not even including room and board.

VANESSA

Pretty steep. Are you sure we can swing it?

PAUL

We can swing it.

VANESSA

It's a lot of cash. If you need me to dip into the family trust just say the word. It's just sitting there, you know.

PAUL

I don't need any help, I've got it covered.

VANESSA

You mean we've got it covered. We're a team here, right?

PAUL

Yes we're a team, but...

VANESSA

No buts. No "she's my daughter" bullshit, all right? I love to two of you and I'm here for you both, got it?

PAUL
You're awfully sexy when you bust
my balls, you know that?

Paul steps up behind his wife and kisses her neck.

VANESSA
Is this you changing the subject?

PAUL
Maybe.

He kisses her neck again, and again. Vanessa leans into it,
purring.

VANESSA
Mmmmm. We don't have time for this.

PAUL
(still kissing her)
I know.

The moment crosses the threshold from playful to erotic and
Paul suddenly backs off grinning.

PAUL (cont'd)
To be continued.

VANESSA
You're such a tease, you know that.

He heads to the door, smirking.

PAUL
Yeah, I know. I'm going to check on
the little hellion.

INT. MAGUIRE HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Paul walks into the living room where Caitlin and her friends
are hanging out.

PAUL
So what are you three doing
tonight?

CAITLIN
We're just hanging out here.

PAUL
Good, you have a lot of homework
that needs to be done by Monday,
you need to focus on your work.

CAITLIN

Okay dad.

PAUL

I'm serious.

CAITLIN

Dad, I know, listen we're just going to hang out and watch dvd's or something tonight, Lisa might stop by that's it.

PAUL

Good plan.

Vanessa comes rushing through the room, her black evening gown rides the perfect line between elegant and sexy.

PAUL (cont'd)

You ready.

Vanessa looks through her handbag.

VANESSA

Almost. Go start the car I'll be right there.

PAUL

(moving to the garage door)

See you kids later, be good.

Vanessa steps over to Caitlin.

VANESSA

I'm not your mom, so I'm not going to lecture you about smoking, but last time you all hung out here, Paul found butts in the backyard and I took the heat for it.

CAITLIN

Really?

VANESSA

Really. I told him I was stressed and fell back into the habit.

CAITLIN

And he believed you?

VANESSA

Probably not, but that's not the point.

(MORE)

VANESSA (cont'd)
The point is, if you smoke, cover
your tracks, please? Because the
look he gave me...

CAITLIN
I know the look.

VANESSA
So you understand?

CAITLIN
Yeah, Vanessa. I get it I'll be
good, I promise.

Vanessa kisses her on the forehead and turns away.

Nick stares at her ass as she disappears through the door to
the garage.

NICK
She's so hot.

Caitlin throws a pillow at Nick...it hits him in the face.

CAITLIN
Dickhead.

EVAN
Wow, I can't believe your dad is a
gangster, he's so nice.

Evan pulls out his iphone and pulls up and image.

CAITLIN
My dad is so not a gangster.

EVAN
Oh yeah? How do you explain this?

Evan turns his phone to show a newspaper headline reading
"GANG WAR! Eleven Shot Dead in Irish Pub".

Evan "pinches" the photo open, enlarging it.

EVAN (cont'd)
Look at that! That is your dad.

Close on the photo: A Young Paul kneels beside a bloody MAN,
gripping his hand tight.

CAITLIN
No it isn't.

EVAN
Yeah it is, check it out!

NICK
Cool.

EVAN
It was a gang war, like fifteen years ago and your dad was in it.

CAITLIN
Not that it's any of your fucking business, but my dad is totally legit.

NICK
And has a hot wife.

CAITLIN
Dude cut it out or I'm going to kick your ass.

EVAN
Whatever.

He pockets the iphone as they hear the car drive away.
Evan walks over to the bar and opens the liquor cabinet.

EVAN (cont'd)
Anyone want a drink?

INT. EMPRESS GRILL - NIGHT

Paul and Vanessa stride through the front doors up to the Head Waiter.

HEAD WAITER
(smiling wide)
Mister and Misses Maguire.

Paul shakes the waiter's hand.

PAUL
Andre, you look good.

HEAD WAITER
Thank you sir.

PAUL
How's Maria? And the kids?

HEAD WAITER
They're doing well, thank you. The
rest of your party has already
arrived.

VANESSA
That's because I told them to be
here a half an hour ago.

Paul shoots her a confused look.

VANESSA (cont'd)
We have to make an entrance.

The Head Waiter nods in agreement.

HEAD WAITER
It has it's merits sir.

Paul palms a Twenty Dollar bill and hands it to the Head
Waiter.

Vanessa shakes her head.

VANESSA
Must you tip everyone?

PAUL
It's called courtesy.

VANESSA
Image, Paul.

They step toward their table.

INT. EMPRESS GRILL - LATER

Paul and Vanessa sit at a large table surrounded by several
upstanding members of the community.

VANESSA
I think the dock area is a perfect
place to build. That part of town
is just screaming for
redevelopment.

A dinner guest MR. SHIMA turns to Paul.

MR. SHIMA

I've heard that you've got a lot going on in regards to redevelopment, how did you get started in the business Mr. Maguire?

PAUL

A lot of hard work.

Several people at the table including Paul laugh.

MR. SHIMA

That's what I've heard. I like a man who isn't afraid to roll his sleeves up and get dirty.

Vanessa nudges him.

VANESSA

Go ahead, tell him.

Paul looks at his watch.

PAUL

It's getting late. It's already past midnight and I've got a lot of things to take care of tomorrow.

Vanessa grabs Paul's hand.

VANESSA

Paul doesn't like to brag. He actually built the his first development himself with these two hands.

MR. SHIMA

Is that true?

PAUL

I had a full crew with me, but yeah. My first job was swinging a hammer, I guess I just never got it out of my system. It tends to drive my foremen a bit nuts, but there's nothing that satisfies like an honest day's work.

Everyone at the table nods in agreement.

MR. SHIMA

(raising his glass)
To an honest day's work.

Everyone drinks. Paul grins. The women all want him and the men want to be him. Vanessa beams at her man.

VANESSA

Mr. Shima, I'd love to hear more
about the future of the Chinese
market.

Mr. Shima smiles...Vanessa knows how to pour on the charm.

Paul nods to the waiter to get another round.

DETECTIVE ST. JOHN strides quickly up to the table and looks directly at Paul. It is clear from Paul's expression that the two men share a history.

PAUL

Hello Detective, you here for
dinner?

ST. JOHN

Paul, we need to talk.

Vanessa arches her back - upset by the intrusion.

VANESSA

What seems to be the problem?

ST. JOHN

I'm sorry but it's urgent.

VANESSA

I can't believe this, harassing my
husband in front of our friends,
you've...

ST. JOHN

(cutting off Vanessa)

Paul I need to talk to you...now.

PAUL

Detective my wife's right this is
not the proper place. I'm sure we
can discuss this in the morning.

ST. JOHN

I need to see you now, and I don't
want to discuss it in front of all
these...lovely people.

VANESSA

Look, If you want to talk with him
call our lawyer, I'm speechless
that you would do this...there is
no reason...

Paul interrupts her. His anger is starting to show, his eyes
narrow.

PAUL

She's right the more I think about
you coming down here the more...

St. John leans in towards the table...and forcefully cuts
everyone off.

ST. JOHN

Paul listen to me, this is not
about you...*it's about Caitlin.*

A silence falls over the table.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAGUIRE HOME - NIGHT

The driveway is abuzz with police activity. Police and
ambulance lights strobe across the lawn as PARAMEDICS load
Nick into an Ambulance - his nose is busted and bloody.

Paul holds Vanessa tight on the front porch. She has clearly
cried herself to exhaustion.

St. John steps up to them.

ST. JOHN

They called it in about an hour
ago, Nick and that other boy, Evan.
We sent him to the hospital and got
him a sedative, he's really shaken
up.

Paul turns to St. John, his face a picture of bottle rage.

PAUL

What happened?

ST. JOHN

What this Nick kid told us is that
the three of them were all together
when it happened.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. LIVING ROOM - MAGUIRE HOME - NIGHT

Evan and Caitlin are playing guitar hero on the television while Nick makes a round of jack and cokes at the bar.

ST. JOHN (V.O.)

He said they had been at your place all night. They were playing video games and had a few drinks... they broke into your bar.

PAUL (V.O.)

Caitlin and her friends do that all the time, I know.

Caitlin rocks out as her and Nick battle it out on the video screen.

Nick plops down on the couch with a tray of drinks. Evan grabs one and pounds it as he rock out.

ST. JOHN (V.O.)

That's when Evan says they heard something - a noise from the patio.

Evan walks over to the sliding glass door that leads to the patio.

ST. JOHN (V.O.) (cont'd)

He said it was then that he saw them.

Three MASKED MEN run across the backyard at full speed and charge at the sliding glass door.

Evan jumps back from the door in terror as the three Masked Men push open the door and run into the living room.

One of the men throws Nick to the ground and pulls out a gun and belts him across the face.

MASKED MAN # 1

Don't move or I'll blow your fucking brains out.

Nick lies on the floor motionless, terrified for his life as blood trickles down the side of his face.

Evan and Caitlin run towards the stairs but the second Masked Man grabs him by the back of his shirt and slams him down on the couch.

The Masked Man holds Evan down as the third masked man chases Caitlin across the room.

ST. JOHN (V.O.)
He said that Caitlin tried to get
away.

She hops over a chair and makes a mad dash for the window.

ST. JOHN (V.O.) (cont'd)
But as she tried to get to the
window...

Caitlin trips over the coffee table and falls.

The Masked Man leaps atop her.

Caitlin spins on her back and starts kicking at the Masked
Man.

CAITLIN
(screaming)
Stay away from me, stay away.

The Masked Man struggles to pin Caitlin to the ground.

MASKED MAN # 1
You bitch, hold still.

The Masked Man pins her down and cocks his arm back.

ST. JOHN (V.O.)
They said that she put up a hell of
a fight...

Caitlin struggles to get free...

But the Masked Man is too strong. His hand comes down across
her face...

SLAP!

She's dazed by the blow.

ST. JOHN (V.O.) (cont'd)
...but it was just too much for
her.

One of the Masked Men runs over to Caitlin and grabs her by
her ankles as the other masked man puts his arm around her
waist...

One of the men waves his gun at the boys.

MASKED MAN # 2
Move and I'll kill you both.

The three men quickly carry her out the back door as the two teenagers watch helplessly.

And like thieves in the night just like that they're gone...

With Caitlin.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MAGUIRE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Paul hangs his head and paces by the sliding glass door.

Two CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS sweep the scene. The room is a wreck, The coffee table is broken. Vanessa reaches for an overturned chair and a CSI holds up a hand to stop her.

She's a wreck. She pours a drink at the bar.

VANESSA

This can't be happening. We live in
a gated community for Christ's
sake.

PAUL

What about security at the gate,
did they see anything?

ST. JOHN

Nothing. Who would break into your
house... grab your daughter?
There's no ransom demands...
nothing.

Paul closes his eyes... his mind races.

PAUL

I don't know. I don't have a
problem with anyone right...

Paul stops himself.

ST. JOHN

Right now. But think about your
past. Who would have had the
inclination or should I say
inspiration to do this. You still
keeping in touch with Denny
O'Connell?

PAUL

I've been out of the game a long time, you know that. How long have we known each other?

ST. JOHN

Since the massacre at the Four P's.

PAUL

Fifteen years. This is my daughter. I would tell you if I had any idea who was behind this.

ST. JOHN

Would you?

Paul shoots him a look - if looks could kill St. John would have a knife in his chest.

ST. JOHN (cont'd)

I know you. And I don't want you falling back into any old habits here, Paul. Let us handle this our way.

VANESSA

And what is *your* way?

ST. JOHN

We drop it on the news right away with an emphasis on your history.

VANESSA

That's just great.

PAUL

Jesus, Mike. How many fucking times do I have to tell you? I'm clean!

ST. JOHN

One of two things is going down here. The kidnappers either know who you are...or they don't. If they don't, then the fear of just who they are fucking with is our best asset here. Once they hear, they'll probably drop her off at a gas station somewhere and she'll be back before lunch tomorrow.

PAUL

And if they know me?

ST. JOHN
Then they'll be in contact. And
we'll be there. We've got a tap on
the phone...

DETECTIVE HANSON a young police officer enters the room.

ST. JOHN (cont'd)
...and either myself or Detective
Hanson here will be here at all
times. We'll find her.

PAUL
You'd better.

Paul grabs Vanessa and moves down the hall. Once they're out
of earshot Hanson turns to St. John.

HANSON
Do you think he's going to look for
her himself?

ST. JOHN
I know he is, I just hope the
collateral damage is kept to a
minimum.

EXT. BEDROOM PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Paul smokes a cigarette and talks on his cell phone. He
stares out across the expansive and heavily wooded backyard.

PAUL
...no, they're here right now, just
put your ear to the ground and call
me if you hear anything.

Vanessa steps out to him. He snaps the phone shut.

VANESSA
Why Paul? Why Caitlin? You
didn't...

PAUL
You too?

VANESSA
I'm sorry, I just...

PAUL

You know I swore to be good, baby,
but if I had any idea who did this
they would have the barrel of a gun
in their mouth right fucking now.

Vanessa grabs Paul's arm and squeezes.

VANESSA

You find her. Do what you have to
do. What ever it takes, just bring
her home.

CUT TO:

A NEWS REPORTER ON A TELEVISION SCREEN

REPORTER

...business man and with reputed
connections to the O'Connell crime
family. Maguire's 16 year old
daughter was kidnapped from his
Chester home last night.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MAGUIRE HOME - DAWN

The television in the living room plays the news report.

As the sun rises Vanessa stares out the back window of their
sprawling backyard.

She walks over to the bar...she slowly puts away several
bottles and cleans up.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul stands in a pair of jeans and a black T-shirt, flipping
past an array of expensive suits and stops at a black leather
jacket... his old jacket.

He pulls it from the hanger and tries it on... it fits like a
second skin.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MAGUIRE HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Paul steps into the room and Vanessa stops picking up. They
share a look for a beat.

PAUL
I thought I might head out for a
bit.

VANESSA
They're going to follow you.

PAUL
I know.

They share another long look. Neither one knows what to say.

Paul turns to the front door. Vanessa follows him and grabs his hand.

VANESSA
Be safe, okay? The thought of
losing both of you...

PAUL
Don't talk like that.

They hug.

PAUL (cont'd)
I gotta go.

EXT. MAGUIRE HOME - MORNING

Two unmarked cars and a surveillance van are parked at the curb.

Paul steps out the front door to his car. Hanson approaches him from the van.

HANSON
Where are we off to?

PAUL
Didn't you hear? I have a sprawling
organized crime syndicate to run.

Paul reaches for the door of his car and Hanson places his hand on Paul's chest.

HANSON
It really would be best if you
stayed by the phone.

PAUL
Shouldn't you be out somewhere
finding my daughter?

Paul shrugs away from Hanson and steps into his car.

HANSON

We're doing everything we can.

PAUL

Yeah? Well so am I.

Paul slams the door and starts the engine. He rolls the window down.

PAUL (cont'd)

I drive fast as shit, so you'd
better hop to if you're going to
keep up.

Paul backs out and pulls away really fast - he wasn't kidding. Hanson hops into his car and follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. NICK'S HOME - DAY

Paul's car pulls to a stop outside a modest suburban home. He hops out of his car and steps up to the front door.

Over his shoulder, Hanson's car pulls to a stop.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

The door opens to reveal ELEANOR FOSTER, Nick's mom.

ELEANOR

Paul. I'm So sorry...have you heard
anything?

He shakes his head "no."

PAUL

Eleanor, please, I need to talk to
your son.

ELEANOR

He's resting, he just got out of
the hospital an hour ago.

PAUL

Please.

ELEANOR

He's told the police everything he
knows.

Paul is losing his patience.

PAUL
(with malice)
Eleanor. I am going to speak with
your son now.

Nervously, she steps back from the door.

INT. HANSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hanson watches Paul enter Nick's house.

HANSON
(into radio)
He's going to see the Foster boy.
Should I stop him?

ST. JOHN (O.S.)
(from radio)
On what grounds? No just keep a
tail. That's all we can do.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nick lies sleeping on his bed, his nose is bandaged and he has two black eyes.

Paul steps into the room. Eleanor tries to follow, but he stops her at the door.

PAUL
(whispering)
I need to speak with him alone, if
you don't mind.

It's clear that she does mind, but what's she going to do?
Paul closes the door.

He picks up a trophy on from the dresser and sits on the bed beside Nick, reading the trophy.

PAUL (cont'd)
Wrestling, huh?

Nick stirs and his eyes flutter open. He focuses on Paul and bolts upright.

PAUL (cont'd)
You know, I started dating Mary
when I was sixteen.
(MORE)

PAUL (cont'd)
That was Caitlin's mother, Mary.
You're sixteen, right?

NICK
Yeah.

PAUL
I remember this one time we were
out on a date down by the shore.
Summertime. Hot as shit, even at
night, it just wouldn't cool off.
Anyway, this one night, out of the
fucking blue some Puerto Rican
looking motherfucker called Mary a
slut. Can you believe that shit?
Calling a nice Irish Catholic girl
like that a slut? Needless to say I
had to defend her honor. I went and
got the tire iron from the trunk of
my car and broke both his fucking
legs. Now I'm not that kind of guy
anymore. I've changed. I made a
solemn vow when Mary got sick, that
I'd go legit so Caitlin would
always have at least one parent
around to take care of her.

NICK
They had guns.

PAUL
Then I would expect you to get
fucking shot trying to defend her.
(beat)
I want you to think hard. What did
they sound like?

NICK
What?

PAUL
The kidnappers. Did they have an
accent?

NICK
I don't know. I can't...

Paul presses his thumb down on Nick's broken nose.

NICK (cont'd)
Aaah!

The door flies open and Eleanor steps in.

ELEANOR

What are you doing to him?

PAUL

We're just having a chat, right Nick?

NICK

It's okay, mom. It's okay.

Eleanor looks them up and down and slowly steps back out of the room, shutting the door.

PAUL

The kidnappers. Did they sound Russian? Puerto Rican? Did they sound like goombahs? Did they use any weird slang? What did they smell like? Spicy food? Too much cologne. Come on Nick. Think real hard. Give me something. If anything happens to my daughter I'm holding you personally responsible.

NICK

I don't know. I'm sorry, but I don't know. It was so fast and fucked up and... I wish I would have done something. I wish I was brave enough to...

(tearing up)

...I wish it was me all right? I loved your daughter...I...

Paul takes the boy's face in his hands as Nick CRIES.

PAUL

Hey, I'm sorry. Okay? It's not your fault. They had guns.

Paul pulls out a business card.

PAUL (cont'd)

If you remember anything, call me. You got it?

Nick nods and wipes his tears.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Paul sits behind the wheel and SIGHS deeply and SLAMS his fist against the dashboard.

He grabs his phone and dials.

PAUL
Hey, it's me... I need your help.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls away from the curb, followed by Hanson's car.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONDO CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The site is abuzz with activity. WORKERS weld, hammer and saw in the background as Paul hands hard hats to Kane and Doherty.

PAUL
I'm glad You two could make it.

KANE
We saw the news. We're real sorry,
Paul.

DOHERTY
Who the fuck did this? I swear to
god, Paul. We'll find the fucking
scrotes who did this.

Paul looks over their shoulders to Hanson's car parked a hundred yards away.

PAUL
Well, that's what I wanted to talk
to you about. Come on.

He leads them into an industrial service elevator.

EXT. ROOF - CONDO CONSTRUCTION SITE - MOMENTS LATER

Paul paces as Kane and Doherty wait patiently for him to speak.

PAUL
(to Doherty)
You're still in with O'Connell,
right?

DOHERTY
Yeah. You know that stint I pulled
inside not too long ago? Well, I
did my time and kept my mouth shut,
so he bumped me up a bit. What do
you need?

PAUL
I need guys I can trust. I
understand if you don't want to get
involved with this...

A fire grows behind Paul's eyes.

PAUL (cont'd)
But I need some help. I can't lose
her. She's the whole reason I got
out and you two are the only ones I
can trust.

Kane puts a hand on Paul's shoulder.

KANE
Just say the word.

PAUL
I want my little girl back. We're
going to find who did this and
destroy them...got it.

DOHERTY
They're fucking dead, they just
don't know it yet.

PAUL
The cops are keeping pretty close
tabs on me, they think I might do
something stupid.

KANE
You know I'll do anything you ask,
but this could get dirty. How deep
do you want to go with this?

Paul places a hand on Kane and Doherty's shoulder.

PAUL
We're going to hunt down the
bastards that did this...
(MORE)

PAUL (cont'd)
(looking Doherty in the
eye)
...even if it takes us to the gates
of hell.

DOHERTY
I know exactly where to start...

INT. FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT

Junkies and addicts line the hallway of a dilapidated hovel.

Doherty and Kane step over trash heaps and addicts. They make their way to the end of a hallway and a door.

DOHERTY
This guy's a fucking rat, he knows
me. Just hang back and follow my
lead.

SLAM!

They kick the door open.

Lying there on a soiled mattress is OLIVER, black circles for eyes...a hard slamming heroin addict.

Next to him is his strung out GIRLFRIEND.

OLIVER
Why did you do that?

He looks up to see Doherty and Kane.

DOHERTY
Knock knock asshole.

OLIVER
Oh shit.

He tries to get up and make a run for the window but Kane grabs a hold of him.

OLIVER (cont'd)
I didn't steal anything I swear, I
would never fuck with you Doherty.

Doherty puts his finger to his lips as to say "ssshhhh".

DOHERTY
Of course you wouldn't you're too
smart for that.
(MORE)

DOHERTY (cont'd)
But I do want to ask you a
question. Who kidnapped Paul
Maguire's daughter.

OLIVER
I don't know? Why would I know?

DOHERTY
(grabbing his shirt)
Because you're a greasy-ass junkie;
a pathetic fucking leper and a rat.
And rats know to keep their ear to
the streets, am I right?

OLIVER
Yeah, sure, whatever you say.

DOHERTY
So spill.

Kane shoves the photo of Caitlin in Oliver's face.

KANE
Take a good look. You seen this
girl anywhere? You heard anything?

OLIVER
Nothing, nothing. I promise you. If
I did I would tell you. Who would
fuck with Maguire anyway? I
wouldn't, no one would...it would
be suicide.

Doherty surveys the room. He spies Oliver's strung out
GIRLFRIEND in the corner of the room.

DOHERTY
Funny you should put it that way.

He picks up Oliver's girl by the waist. She's a heroin-thin
waif and Doherty handles her like a rag doll.

DOHERTY (cont'd)
I bet you were a sweet little bee-
yo before you got all fucked up,
huh.

OLIVER
Put her down!

Oliver starts to rise. Kane puts his foot in Oliver's chest.

Doherty swings the Girlfriend around like he's ballroom
dancing with her.

GIRLFRIEND
(in a soft voice)
Hey...what are you doing...

DOHERTY
We're dancing at the ball,
princess.

Doherty nods to Kane, who pulls a coiled rope from the small of his back.

Doherty carries his Princess over to the window as Kane ties a makeshift noose with the rope.

OLIVER
Please, whatever you're about to
do... don't.

Kane tosses the noose to Doherty.

He slides it over the Girlfriend's head...she's so strung out she can barely react.

GIRLFRIEND
Am I your princess?

DOHERTY
Yeah, baby and I got a really nice
necklace for you.

Oliver struggles to help but Kane holds him tight.

DOHERTY (cont'd)
(to Oliver)
Are you sure you don't know
anything?

Tears fill Oliver's eyes.

OLIVER
Nothing, I swear.

DOHERTY
Nothing?

Doherty kicks a pair of cinder-blocks loose from a distressed wall.

OLIVER
Please, don't I would tell you if I
could.

DOHERTY
I'm not entirely convinced that you
would.

He ties the rope around the two cinder-blocks and sets them
on the window ledge with a THUD.

OLIVER
What are you doing?

DOHERTY
Now you're sure you haven't heard
anything about a girl being held
somewhere?

OLIVER
God... Don't!

Doherty pushes the cinder-blocks out the window...

Oliver's eyes go wide with terror as the rope unspools
rapidly.

OLIVER (cont'd)
I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW! JESUS I
DON'T FUCKING KNOW!!!

The rope goes tight around the fucked-up Girl's throat and
yanks her to the wall...

The Girlfriend kicks and gags. She slides up the wall toward
the open window.

DOHERTY
What's that?

OLIVER
NO! NO! DON'T I LOVE HER!

BLAM!

Doherty shoots the rope and the Girlfriend flops forward
GAGGING.

DOHERTY
Now I believe you.

Doherty motions to Kane, who releases Oliver...

Oliver Races to his Girlfriend's side, clutching her in his
arms. They both weep, happy to be alive.

Doherty taps Oliver behind the ear with the barrel of his
.45.

DOHERTY (cont'd)
You will let me know if you hear
anything, right? Anything at all
about the girl.

OLIVER
(scared shitless)
Yeah, yeah, of course.

DOHERTY
See you around Oliver.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER JOINT - DAY

Paul sits at a table with Kane and Doherty. All three of them
look like they haven't slept, because they haven't.

KANE
Nobody knows a fucking thing.

PAUL
That's not possible.

DOHERTY
We've been rattling jaws all night
long. Who ever took her is keeping
their shit tight.

KANE
I've got feelers out to everyone at
the club. Nothing.

Paul hangs his head, defeated.

PAUL
Who could keep this quiet?
Somewhere, someone has to fuck up.
Keep on it. Keep your eyes and ears
open.

Paul rises and throws some money on the table. He storms off.

DOHERTY
Something's fucked here. You can
feel it, can't you?

KANE
Yeah.

EXT. WOODED JOGGING PATH - MORNING

A JOGGER runs through the thick, leaf-strewn woods. He crosses a wooden bridge over a stream and stops on the other side, checking his pulse with his watch...

He breathes deeply and takes in the serenity of the location...

Something catches his eye.

He moves toward the white object a few feet off the path...

It's a shoe.

He picks it up and notices a smear of blood on it.

JOGGER

Jesus.

The Jogger spins around, looking up and down the path.

The Jogger's eyes go wide.

JOGGER (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Oh, god.

Over his shoulder we see what appears to be the body of a young girl tangled in the roots of a tree along the creek bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURGER JOINT - CONTINUOUS

Paul crosses the street to his car and hops in. The car pulls away from the curb, followed by Hanson's car.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul speeds down the street, watching Hanson's unmarked cop car in his rearview mirror.

Suddenly Hanson turns on the cherry on his dashboard and fires up the SIREN.

PAUL

You're fucking kidding me.

Paul pulls over sharply and hops out of the car.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Paul SLAMS his door shut and storms over to Hanson's car.

PAUL
What the fuck? Are you enjoying
this shit? My daughter is out there
somewhere and you're harassing me?

Hanson opens the door.

HANSON
We found her. Follow me.

Hanson's face says it all - this story doesn't end well.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Paul and Hanson follow a uniformed police OFFICER through thick brush as they make their way to a secluded area of the woods.

They follow the uniformed officer down along the bank of a small creek.

OFFICER
Some jogger out for his morning run
called it in.

At the edge of the creek are several police officers, including St. John, standing over a body in the underbrush...

It's Caitlin lying at the edge of the creek...dead.

Paul's eyes flood with tears as he pushes cops out of the way and scoops his daughter into his arms.

ST. JOHN
Paul, please.

Paul rocks his dead daughter in his arms, kissing her forehead...

There is a bullet hole in her right temple.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Hundreds of mourners slowly stream out of a large imposing Catholic Church.

On the steps outside the entrance way Paul and Vanessa thank several of the MOURNERS for attending.

Doherty and Kane step up to Paul and Vanessa.

DOHERTY
I'm so sorry.

KANE
Paul, I don't know what to say. We
should have found her. We should
have...

Paul hugs Kane tight.

PAUL
You did all you could.

He hugs Doherty and, out of the corner of his eye, spies several of Caitlin's school friends including Evan and Nick.

Nick tries to console Evan who is WEEPING openly.

Paul turns to look at them and both boys avert their eyes - they can't take Paul's withering gaze.

The girls all console Evan. Nick stays strong.

DOHERTY
We'll find out who did this.

Vanessa hugs Kane and Doherty, kissing each of them on the cheek.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

As mourners throw dirt on Caitlin's grave Paul watches flanked by Doherty and Kane.

Paul turns to face them with fire in his eyes.

Mourners slowly dissipate. As their numbers dwindle, Paul sees...

DENNY O'CONNELL, a sliver-haired and wheelchair-bound man with a warm, careworn face.

NOTE - O'Connell is the wounded man with Paul in the photo from the newspaper article seen earlier

JACK, a lean young man, wheels O'Connell over to Paul.

O'Connell extends a hand. They shake.

O'CONNELL
You have my deepest sympathies.

PAUL
Thanks for coming.
(to Vanessa)
Um, Vanessa, this is...

VANESSA
(interrupting)
Dennis J. O'Connell. I'm Paul's
wife Vanessa. Pleased to meet you.

She extends a hand. They shake.

O'CONNELL
Call me Denny.

VANESSA
As you wish, Denny. Now if you
don't mind, I have things to tend
to back at the house.

She kisses Paul on the cheek.

PAUL
I'll be there in a few.

Vanessa starts off. O'Connell nods to his boy Jack.

O'CONNELL
Jack, go help the woman.
(to Paul)
Let's you and I take a walk.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Paul pushes O'Connell's wheelchair along a paved path in the cemetery past austere statuary and headstones.

O'CONNELL
You've done real good for yourself,
Paulie. I'm proud of you.

PAUL
Smoke and mirrors Denny. I have
more debt than cash, more buildings
than tenants.

O'CONNELL

That's not what I heard. Nice big house over there by the country club. Three cars. A lovely new wife. Present situation aside, I'd say you've got one hell of a life.

Paul stops pushing.

PAUL

Is this going somewhere?

O'Connell spins his wheels to turn and face Paul.

O'CONNELL

I'm doing pretty well myself, thanks for asking. Things have settled down. Business is more civilized. Not like the old days. You remember the way it used to be?

(beat)

The gutters were running red. You remember the night at the Four P's? The night those Russian fucks did this to me?

PAUL

Of course.

O'CONNELL

You wanted to storm in on them and wipe 'em off the face of the earth, but what did I say?

PAUL

You told me we'd already lost too many.

O'CONNELL

Exactly. The fool rushes in where the wise man waits and watches.

PAUL

Just what the fuck does this have to do with anything?

O'CONNELL

Sit down, my neck's getting tired.

Paul sits at a nearby bench. O'Connell wheels himself over to him.

O'CONNELL (cont'd)

There, that's better. Eye-to-eye. That's the thing I miss the most, you know. Being able to lord over someone and stare them down. Now I have to take all my meetings at a table. People take one look at this fucking chair and they suddenly feel sorry for me. You know how that eats at me? That I can't enjoy the simple things like fucking some young broad or kicking someone's teeth down their throat. But do I lash out? Do I show my weakness? No. I bury it. Just like you need to bury this.

Paul rises and turns.

O'CONNELL (cont'd)

I'm not through with you.

Paul turns back to face O'Connell.

PAUL

I'm listening.

O'CONNELL

Are you? Because it's important that you hear what I'm saying. I know you. I know that this unpleasantness is going to eat at you and you're going to want to do something about it. Don't. Let the cops do their job. Don't go rocking the boat. Things are good. We need them to stay good.

PAUL

Things don't look so good from where I'm standing, Denny.

O'CONNELL

If you won't listen to reason then listen to a friend. I did you a favor when I let you out. I didn't have to, you know. It isn't everyday that someone just walks away from the business clean. But I let you go because you asked and I believed in you. I did you a favor and now it's time for you to repay it... by doing nothing. It couldn't be easier, just do nothing.

(MORE)

O'CONNELL (cont'd)
Let it go. Bury the hurt and let
things progress as they have for
some time now... peaceably.
Understand?

Paul nods.

PAUL
Yeah, I understand.

Paul walks off, leaving O'Connell alone in the cemetery.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MAGUIRE HOME - MORNING

Coffee pours into a mug.

Vanessa is serving Paul, Kane and Doherty who sit around the
kitchen table with an array of bagels and muffins.

VANESSA
Cream?

KANE
No thanks.

DOHERTY
(to Vanessa)
Your friend Sheila still come
around? You know the chick from the
baptism with the legs?

KANE
Not now, man. Okay?

DOHERTY
What? I'm making small talk.

Kane shoots him a "shut-the-fuck-up" look. Vanessa ignores
Doherty and turns to her husband.

VANESSA
So... did you?

PAUL
Honey, do you mind?

She fixes him with her gaze.

VANESSA
I want to know.

PAUL
No, really you don't.

Kane and Doherty look to the table. Vanessa nods and exits.

DOHERTY
She's a peach, that wife of yours.

PAUL
So? What's the word?

DOHERTY
No word. No one knows a damn thing
and O'Connell himself told me to
not only keep out of it, but to
keep an eye on you.

PAUL
I was afraid of that. This is going
to have to be like the last time.
Just us. No matter who we tangle
with, no one goes down if no one
says a word. Got it?

KANE
I didn't want to bring it up,
because, well... you know, we're
not supposed to bring it up, but...

DOHERTY
No. That was almost twenty fucking
years ago and we did everything
right. Right?

PAUL
Yeah.

Beat. They drink their coffee in silence.

DOHERTY
So what now?

PAUL
(to Doherty)
You still got someone inside the
force? Someone who won't report
back to your boss?

DOHERTY
Yeah. I'll find out what I can
about the case.

Kane rises and puts a hand on Paul's shoulder.

KANE
We'll get 'em

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

23 year old Paul uses the key to remove the bloody handcuff from the briefcase. He pops the top open and grins.

PAUL
Jesus H.

Doherty and Kane lean in over the briefcase.

DOHERTY
Have you ever seen so much fucking money?

KANE
It's too much.

DOHERTY
Too much? What the fuck are you talking about?

PAUL
No, he's right.
(flipping through the cash)
This was just supposed to be a routine drop. Fifty grand tops, but this...Jesus...there's gotta be a half a million in here.

Kane starts pacing nervously, he goes pale.

KANE
FUCK! They're gonna fucking kill us. They're going to find us and they're going to kill us.

Paul takes a step back, his wheels are spinning.

PAUL
Shut up. Let me think.
(beat)
The Russians think they got everyone scared shitless. That no one would cross them. That hasn't changed. Their arrogance is our best asset.

(MORE)

PAUL (cont'd)
No one knows where we are right
now, not even our captains, right?

KANE
Yeah, but this kinda cash...

PAUL
The cash goes away.

DOHERTY
Woah, wait a minute.

PAUL
We carry on with the plan, but the
cash goes away for a while. Five
years.

DOHERTY
What the fuck? I got needs. I owe
people money.

PAUL
That's your own damn fault.

DOHERTY
Are you going to start preaching at
me now?

PAUL
You want to die? Because after
pulling a job like this, Chernov's
going to be looking for any fool
splashing cash around. We keep
silent and lock this money up,
we're golden.

KANE
It's a good plan.

DOHERTY
God dammit! Can't I have just a
little bit?

PAUL
Not a fucking penny.

Beat. The realization of just how bad this sucks washes over
the three of them.

DOHERTY
Fuck.

PAUL
All right, let's take care of the
rest.

SLOW MOTION MONTAGE

- Doherty takes a hammer to Ivan's teeth
- Kane pours gasoline all over the car
- Paul wipes down the gun he took from the Russian and tosses it in the briefcase
- Paul and Doherty toss Ivan into the backseat of the car
- a stick match arcs down to the car's roof
- Kane Paul and Doherty stride away from the flaming car
- the briefcase goes into a long, flat safe deposit box.
- The deposit box SLAMS shut.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Hanson drops a file on St. John's desk.

HANSON
Ballistics came in on the Maguire
girl.

ST. JOHN
Yeah?

HANSON
A 7.62 Millimeter fired from a
Soviet-made Tokarev TT-33.

ST. JOHN
Shit.

HANSON
It gets worse. It crossed against
three hits tied to the Chernov
family. One from nineteen eighty-
three and two from nineteen eighty-
eight. What does that tell you?

St. John leans back in his seat.

--JUST OUTSIDE THE ROOM--

A YOUNG OFFICER listens intently to the conversation between Hanson and St. John.

ST. JOHN

That whoever killed her hadn't
killed anyone in a long fucking
time...at least not with that gun.

HANSON

Maybe someone who hasn't had to
pull his own trigger for a while?

(beat)

This stays here. If Maguire finds
out the Russians are involved...

--JUST OUTSIDE THE ROOM--

Several COPS walk down the hall. The Young Officer stiffens
and walks away.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The Young Officer flips open a cell phone as he steps out of
the station house and heads for a parked cop car.

YOUNG OFFICER

It's a Tokarev...yeah...you want a
copy of the report?

The Young Officer hops into his car.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OFFICE - MAGUIRE HOUSE - DAY

Paul sits at his desk and opens a card with the flick of a
letter opener. He pulls the card from it's envelope. It's a
sympathy card.

He glances at the inside of the card.

He tosses it into a trash bin full of similar cards.

He looks to several other cards on his desk. He reaches for
one and pauses. He can't take it anymore.

He opens his desk drawer and slides the rest of the unopened
cards into the it and slides the drawer closed...

He takes a deep breath and something catches his eye...

There is a stack of paper face down on the printer tray...

He turns the stack over.

The first page reads:

"Julius Caesar and The Roman Senate by Caitlin Maguire"

Paul holds the stack of paper reverently, almost in awe of it.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A Bell RINGS and STUDENTS flood out of a history classroom.

A TEACHER calls out to the students leaving the class.

TEACHER

Don't forget to study pages one-
fifteen to one-forty-two, there
will be a quiz tomorrow.

GROANS come from the students as they leave.

Paul steps through the door, fighting the tide of teen flesh...

He bumps into a familiar face, Evan, leaving the class. They share an awkward silent beat...

Evan looks to the term paper in Paul's hands and suddenly understands. He walks off without saying a word.

Paul steps toward the Teacher, who barely glances up from his stack of papers.

TEACHER (cont'd)

May I help you?

PAUL

Yeah, I'm Paul Maguire, Caitlin's
dad.

The Teacher rises quickly and turns to Paul.

TEACHER

Oh, of course, I'm sorry. I'm so
terribly sorry for your loss.
Caitlin was... she was something
else.

The words are hard to take. Paul clears his throat.

PAUL

Yeah, she was.

Paul hands the term paper to the Teacher.

PAUL (cont'd)
She worked really hard on this and
I just thought...

The Teacher takes the term paper.

TEACHER
I understand. I'll read it tonight.

PAUL
Thanks.

The two men cannot find another thing to say. Paul stands there for a beat, then extends a hand.

The Teacher shakes it. Paul turns and steps out of the room. The teacher watches him go and looks solemnly to the term paper.

INT. HALLWAY - HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Paul strides slowly through the throngs of KIDS racing to get to their next class. Some of the kids whisper and point.

He hears a girl's LAUGH that snaps his head around - for just an instant he thought it was Caitlin.

Behind him, the Teacher steps out into the hall and calls out.

TEACHER
Mister Maguire, wait. Caitlin's
locker.

INT. HALLWAY - HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

A locker door swings open to reveal cut-out magazine photos of Johnny Depp, MGMT stickers and photos of Caitlin and her friends, smiling wide.

Paul pulls a photo of Caitlin from the inside of the locker. He stares deeply into his daughter's eyes and then reaches and pulls another photo from the locker... and another.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Paul steps toward his car with a cardboard box. He CHIRPS the alarm with his key-chain and sets the box on the passenger seat.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul sits behind the wheel. He sticks the key in the ignition, but doesn't turn it over.

He looks to the box of books and photos and notes. It's too much for him to bear. Tears stream down his cheeks.

INT. SWOON (KANE'S NIGHTCLUB) - DAY

Harsh sunlight blasts into the darkness of Kane's surprisingly hip nightclub as a DELIVERY MAN wheels cases of liquor in through the front door.

Doherty and Kane sit at the bar. They both look like someone just kicked them in the balls.

KANE

You're sure it's Chernov?

DOHERTY

No, I'm not sure. I don't want to be sure about this. I really don't want to think about it. But whoever did it used a Russian gun.

Kane signs the delivery receipt and hands it to the Delivery Man.

DOHERTY (cont'd)

What if they found out about us?

KANE

How?

DOHERTY

They took his daughter, you think it's a coincidence?

KANE

I didn't talk, you didn't talk and you can be damn certain that Paul didn't talk, so how could anyone know? That was forever ago.

DOHERTY

This whole mess stinks.

Kane hops behind the bar and pours a couple of shots of Fernet Branca. He slides one to Doherty.

They drink.

KANE
This shit's gonna get messy.

DOHERTY
So, you want me to tell him?

KANE
No I got it.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGUIRE HOME - DAY

Vanessa opens the door to reveal Kane standing on the front porch.

She has been crying.

KANE
Is he in?

VANESSA
Yeah, maybe he'll talk to you.

Kane and Vanessa move through the foyer.

KANE
You all right?

She nods, but it's unconvincing.

KANE (cont'd)
You sure?

VANESSA
It's just... Just because she
wasn't my blood doesn't mean she
wasn't my daughter, you know?

Kane gives her a hug.

KANE
You were her mother longer than
Mary was. She loved you.

She wipes fresh tears from her eyes and leads Kane down the hallway.

They stop in front of a door.

VANESSA
He's in there.

INT. CAITLIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is littered with the trappings of adolescence - stuffed animals, Kanye West posters, a desk with a pink computer, etc.

Paul sits at a drafting table with his back to the door. He pulls items from the cardboard box full of her locker contents.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

No answer.

Kane steps in. Paul doesn't turn around.

KANE

Hey.

PAUL

What have you heard?

KANE

Ballistics.

PAUL

Yeah?

KANE

Let's get out of here.

PAUL

I like it in here.

KANE

Yeah, but this was her room. She was one of the good ones. The people we're dealing with... the things we're going to do... we shouldn't talk about it in here.

Kane walks over and places a hand on Paul's shoulder.

KANE (cont'd)

Let's get some air.

EXT. BACKYARD - MAGUIRE HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Kane and Paul walk along the tree line. Autumn leaves CRUNCH underfoot.

PAUL

So what does that mean exactly?

KANE

How someone got as far as you did
in the organization without knowing
his guns...

PAUL

Knives are quiet. I like knives.

KANE

The Tokarev TT-33 it's an old red
army sidearm, eight shell clip and
favorite of the Russian Mafia.

PAUL

Shit.

KANE

Yeah, the Russians. Could have been
a hit, could have just been a
smaller faction looking for some
ransom money.

PAUL

Not one of them takes a shit
without Chernov's permission.

KANE

We didn't ask permission. You think
this could be about that?

PAUL

We don't talk about that.

Something glints along the mulch by the Azalea bushes. Paul
bends over and picks it up.

It's a shell casing.

Paul's chest heaves with a growing rage.

KANE

Jesus Christ. They shot her here?
In your own backyard? Fucking
worthless cops a dozen of them
examining a crime scene and not one
of them finds this.

Paul grips the casing tight.

PAUL

Screw the cops we can handle this
better than they can.

Paul surveys the area.

PAUL (cont'd)
They dumped her body just over that hill. They dragged her nearly a mile. What the fuck does that tell you?

KANE
That someone fucked up, right?

PAUL
Yeah... It's all fucked up.

Paul turns sharply toward the house.

INT. CAITLIN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Paul grabs Caitlin's pink, rhinestone-encrusted cell phone and scrolls down to "Evan". He dials.

Kane watches from the doorway as Paul presses the phone to his ear.

PAUL
(into the phone)
Did you hear the shot?... Just answer the question.

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan paces, nervously. Phone pressed to his ear.

EVAN
(into the phone)
What do you mean, hear it?

PAUL (O.S.)
She was shot in the backyard. Why didn't you hear it?

EVAN
(into the phone)
Music was playing, I got hit in the head, Nick was screaming, it was... Everything happened too fast. I might have heard something, but I didn't know it was...that.

PAUL (O.S.)
Did you or didn't you hear my daughter get shot in the head in my own backyard?

Evan's face contorts at the words.

EVAN
(into the phone)
I don't know.

CLICK...the line goes dead.

Evan looks to a photo on his desk of he and Nick and Caitlin at a theme park.

INT. CAITLIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul throws the phone at the bed.

PAUL
Fucking kids. Can someone please
give me one fucking solid answer?
Jesus Christ.

KANE
Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S CAR - NIGHT

Paul drives. Kane sits shotgun.

The car stops at a street corner and Doherty hops in back with an aluminum baseball bat. They all wear leather gloves.

PAUL
Last chance.

DOHERTY
In for a penny, right?

KANE
Fuckin' A right.

DOHERTY
Kinda feels like old times, huh?

PAUL
Let's go ring a few doorbells.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE KIEV - NIGHT

The neon sign above the diner reads "The Kiev." Through the wide windows we see Doherty smashing the pie display with the bat while Paul and Kane rough-up the SHORT MAN behind the register.

It plays out like a nightmare version of Hopper's "Nighthawks Diner."

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Paul leaps out of his car and grabs a PIMP by the neck and SLAMS him against the brick wall. His HOOKER runs off SCREAMING.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Paul, Kane and Doherty march through the seedy joint. Paul kicks the back door open.

INT. BACKROOM - DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS

The door SLAMS a THICK MAN in the nose...

The Thick man falls across a poker table, spilling chips and cash everywhere....

Doherty and Kane pull guns on the POKER PLAYERS as Paul grabs the TOUGHEST LOOKING GUY by the collar and throws him through the door back into the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Paul wipes blood off a pair of brass knuckles and drops them in his jacket pocket.

Doherty leans against a light post and Kane sits on the curb sipping a tall boy. They all wear a troubled grin.

KANE

You think that got their attention?

DOHERTY

Someone's gonna come looking for us, that's for fucking sure.

PAUL

It's always the best way to get information when it's hard to come by. Stir up the pot and they'll come looking for you, just be ready.

DOHERTY

Oh, we'll be ready.

INT. SHOWER - MAGUIRE HOME - DAWN

Blood swirls in the drain as Paul lets the hot water pour over him.

He looks to his hands as the blood rinses clean.

IMAGES FLASH through his mind...

FLASH - Three MASKED MEN run across the backyard at full speed and charge at the sliding glass door...

FLASH - The Masked Man struggles to pin Caitlin to the ground...

FLASH - Caitlin SCREAMS as the Masked Man cocks his fist and punches her in the face...

FLASH - A GUNSHOT and muzzle FLASH in the backyard.

Paul pounds his head against the tiled shower wall.

PAUL

(mumbling)

The gunshot.

FLASH - Paul picks up the shell casing in the backyard

PAUL (cont'd)

(to himself)

They would have heard it.

Paul pounds his head again as Vanessa slides the shower door open. They share a look.

VANESSA

Is it over? Did you...?

Paul grabs a towel and pushes past her.

VANESSA (cont'd)

What happened?

PAUL

Nothing.

VANESSA

Please, don't shut me out. I want to know...

PAUL

What? What do you want to know, huh? What do you *really* want to know? You want to know how many people I fucked up last night? How loud the screams were?

VANESSA

No, I...

PAUL

Then what? You told me to get them. You know what I have to do.

He wraps the towel around his waist.

Paul stares at her in the steamy bathroom mirror.

VANESSA

Is it over?

Paul hangs his head.

PAUL

No.

Vanessa wraps her arms around him but it is clear they have never been further apart.

VANESSA

This isn't right. We shouldn't be doing this. You shouldn't be doing this.

PAUL

It's too late.

VANESSA

But it's not too late to stop.

Paul pushes her away from him.

He storms out of the bathroom and into...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa chases after Paul as he steps over to the walk-in closet. He rifles through his clothes, looking for something to wear.

VANESSA

Nothing good can come from this.

PAUL

You told me to do whatever it takes! Well this is what it takes.

VANESSA

I was wrong! I should have kept my mouth shut!

PAUL

But you didn't. Now I'm in this.
(unapologetic)
I'm sorry if it upsets you.

VANESSA

Yes it upsets me. My husband is a killer.

He spins around to her and grabs her roughly by the throat. Her eyes go wide with fear.

PAUL

You know what? I think you're enjoying this. I think you get off on it. Your husband is a big, bad killer.

He presses his body close to hers. He's all animal.

PAUL (cont'd)

You've always known it, you've just never seen it until now. I've killed people before and I'm going to kill again.

Clutching her throat with one hand, he reaches down and yanks her panties down with the other hand.

PAUL (cont'd)

Say it. My husband's a killer.

VANESSA

My husband's a killer.

The fear and panic in her mixes with an animal passion she's never felt before.

PAUL
Say it again.

VANESSA
My husband's a killer.

She yanks his towel off and kisses him. It's all teeth and claws as they fuck violently in the closet. There's no love, no pretense, no glamour; simply urges and passion and rage and sorrow.

EXT. MAGUIRE HOME - NIGHT

Doherty and Kane wait at their SUV as Paul approaches them.

PAUL
Anything?

Doherty shakes his head "no".

PAUL (cont'd)
All right then, we up the stakes.

KANE
What are you thinking?

PAUL
We need a Vory.

Doherty and Kane flash a look of concern.

DOHERTY
You sure you want to go there?

PAUL
No one knows a thing about this, no one. Not the cops not us. I can't wait any longer we take it to *them*.

Doherty opens his coat to reveal a sawed-off twelve-gauge shotgun hanging from a sling under his armpit.

DOHERTY
I'm ready.

PAUL
And here we go. On your toes, boys.

EXT. ST. PETERSBERG COFFEEHOUSE - NIGHT

Several unsavory Russians sit outside a Coffee House discussing, politics, soccer and women. This is the social center of the local Russian community.

An SUV SCREECHES to a halt right in front of the patio area.

Paul and the boys jump out and rush over to a group of men sipping coffee.

WLADIMIR (30) a heavily tattooed and wiry man, quickly steps up to cut them off.

WLADIMIR
(Russian accent)
What is this? St. Patrick's Day
Parade?

PAUL
Easy, boy, easy.

Wladimir gets in Paul's face as four of his THUGS stand up encircling Kane and Doherty.

WLADIMIR
Do not tell me to take it fucking
easy.
(in Fenya* with subtitles)
*It's past midnight and the cock is
about to crow.*

Fenya is a cryptic Russian criminal dialect

Wladimir's black silk shirt is open enough to reveal a black rose tattoo over his heart.

Paul smirks.

PAUL
That's a nice tattoo. I was
thinking about getting one just
like it.

WLADIMIR
That would be unwise.

PAUL
Then I guess I'll just take yours.

Doherty knows a signal when he hears one.

BOOM! BOOM!

Two THUGS take shotgun blasts to the chest, practically cutting them in half.

Kane grabs THUG #3's gun and wheels him around, pointing the weapon at Thug #4.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Wladimir pulls a gun and Paul plunges a knife through the Russian's forearm.

WLADIMIR

AAAAH!

Thug #3 elbows Kane in the face and wheels around on his with the gun as...

BOOM!

His head explodes. Doherty jacks a shell from the chamber.

Paul grabs Wladimir by the hair and yanks his head down to meet Paul's knee.

Wladimir collapses to the curb, his nose broke and a knife still in his arm.

Paul bends down and yanks the knife free and fishes in Wladimir's pocket for the car keys.

PAUL

Toss him in the back.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Kane drives. Doherty sits in the passenger seat with the shotgun trained on Wladimir.

Paul sits in the backseat next to the bleeding Russian.

PAUL

Do you know who I am?

WLADIMIR

Why the fuck would I know you?

PAUL

Because someone from your organization killed my daughter.

WLADIMIR

Must have been a whore.

CRACK! Paul delivers a vicious punch to Wladimir's already-broken nose.

WLADIMIR (cont'd)

AAAAAH!

PAUL

My name is Paul Maguire I used to work for Denny O'Connell. My daughter was shot and killed in my own backyard. Killed with a Russian handgun. What do you know about it?

WLADIMIR

I know you're a fucking dead man.

PAUL

Who did it?

Wladimir shakes his head and LAUGHS.

Paul jams his thumb in Wladimir's eye, puncturing the orb.

WLADIMIR

AAAAAAH!

PAUL

Who did it?

WLADIMIR

I don't fucking know!

PAUL

You want to lose the other one?

WLADIMIR

You're a fucking nobody from nowhere. I couldn't give two shits for you and your daughter.

KANE

We're here.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

The SUV pulls to a halt in a heavily wooded area. The crew all hop out.

Paul pulls Wladimir from the car with a THUD. He drags Wladimir into a small clearing.

PAUL
(to Doherty)
Kneecap him.

Doherty levels the shotgun.

BOOM! BOOM! Both Wladimir's legs are blown off below the knees.

Wladimir HOWLS in pain. Paul lords over him with his knife.

PAUL (cont'd)
You won't last two hours bleeding like this. But believe me, it'll be a shitty couple of hours. Tell me who killed my daughter and I'll end it now.

WLADIMIR
(weak)
Fuck... off.

Paul shakes his head and kneels down over Wladimir. We pull back as Wladimir's SCREAMS echo through the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The SUV pulls to a halt outside a Gothic building.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Doherty reloads the shotgun.

DOHERTY
Jesus Christ I haven't had this much fun in for-fucking-ever. Throw in a sweet piece of ass and this night's fucking perfect.

PAUL
Stay cool.

DOHERTY
I'm cool.

KANE
And remember why we're doing this, all right?

DOHERTY
I'm cool.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - GOTHIC BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The threesome climb the stairs in silence.

They reach a landing with an imposing-looking metal door that reads "Members Only" in English and in Russian.

There is a slit in the door.

Paul presses the doorbell.

INT. BATHHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The doorbell BUZZES in the ornately tiled and steam-filled room. An OLD MAN moves to the door and opens the slit.

Through the slit we see Paul's hands holding a shirt open to reveal...

WLADIMIR'S BLACK ROSE TATTOO

The old man SLAMS the slit shut.

INT. STAIRWELL - GOTHIC BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Paul drops the flap of chest flesh he severed from Wladimir and wraps his fingers around the knife as...

A loud metallic THUNK sounds and the door swings open.

INT. BATHHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lightening-quick, Paul grabs the Old Man, covers his mouth and slashes his throat.

Blood spays across the tiled walls.

Kane and Doherty enter, guns drawn. Paul closes and bolts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MAGUIRE HOUSE - NIGHT

Paul pulls a bottle of Jameson's from the bar and pours it into a tumbler.

He drinks it down in one shot and pours another as he strides over to the couch.

He sits and wipes his eyes, smearing droplets of blood that have stained his cheeks...

He looks to his fingertips as he rubs them together, working the blood into his flesh.

He takes another drink, leaving bloody fingerprints on the glass.

INT. BATHHOUSE - DAY

The scene is abuzz with police activity. St. John kneels before a mangled corpse. The walls are blood splattered.

Hanson steps up to him.

HANSON

At least the tiles are easy to clean, huh? What's the count?

ST. JOHN

Three. Old man at the door got his throat cut. These two took shotgun blasts, but not before losing a couple of digits. There's also the business of the tattoo with no owner over by the front door.

St. John rubs his head.

ST. JOHN (cont'd)

And I haven't even started to think about the mess at the Russian Coffee shop.

HANSON

I'm guessing we'll find the owner of the tattoo somewhere out in the Barrens?

Hanson looks over the corpses. They all bear multiple Russian Vory tattoos, including the Black Rose over the heart.

ST. JOHN

More than likely.

HANSON

Black roses. Chernov's men, huh?

ST. JOHN

Meet Victor Panin and Misha Barad.
Rap sheets as long as my dick.

HANSON

Cutting fingers off. Somebody's
trying to sniff out a secret.

St. John rises and walks toward the door. Hanson follows.

ST. JOHN

I got a pretty good idea who.

HANSON

Maguire? This isn't really his
style is it?

ST. JOHN

What would you do if someone killed
your kid?

HANSON

I don't have a kid. Besides, how
would he know the Russians are
involved?

INT. STAIRWELL - GOTHIC BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Hanson and St. John stride down the stairs.

HANSON

Hell, we don't even know the
Russians are involved. All we've
got is a ballistics report...

ST. JOHN

Of a gun used in several slayings
in Little Odessa. Come on, we know
what's going on here and if
Maguire's still running with his
old buddies from O'Connell's crew
then he's probably reading every
report we file.

HANSON

No way.

They exit the building.

EXT. GOTHIC BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

St. John and Hanson step through the open door and move past cop cars and the coroner's wagon.

ST. JOHN

You want to tell me you never met an Irish cop with a friend on the other side? Fuck, that's half of 'em. He's gonna know whatever we do. At least we don't have to worry about the Russians pulling that shit.

HANSON

Fucking thieves' code.

ST. JOHN

Yep. A Vory is bound by Vorovsky Zakon to never have anything to do with the authorities. Hell, they won't even take a weapon off a cop.

HANSON

Forsake your families, never marry, never take a straight job, you can't even join a fucking bowling league. Why the hell would anyone choose to live like that?

They reach their unmarked car.

ST. JOHN

Maybe they just dig the tattoos.

Hanson CHUCKLES as they hop in the car. They pull away as ANTON (30), a lean and intense man in an expensive suit watches them pull away.

Anton pulls a cell phone from his pocket and dials.

ANTON

(into phone)

We have a problem.... I'll find out.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD-SCHOOL GYM - CONTINUOUS

DAVID (40) holds the phone to his ear in the small room filled with free weights and no mirrors.

A FIT OLD MAN pounds the heavy bag.

DAVID
(into phone)
Don't let me down, Anton.

David snaps the phone shut and turns to the Fit Old Man.

DAVID (cont'd)
Someone hit Victor and Misha last
night at the bath. And Wladimir has
gone missing as well.

The Fit Old Man is CHERNOV! He's sixty years old, but you'd never know it from his Jack LeLane physique.

Chernov stops pounding the heavy bag he holds his hands out for David, who unlaces the boxing gloves.

CHERNOV
Shit. Same ones who busted up the
Coffee Shop last night?

DAVID
Probably.

Chernov pulls his hands free and takes a swig of water while striding over to the weight rack.

CHERNOV
What's this world coming to? When I
was a young man, we used to settle
our disputes with this.

Chernov hold up his giant meat-hook of a fist.

CHERNOV (cont'd)
Words were exchanged before
gunshots. People knew what was
coming to them and why. These days
they shoot first. There's no
rationale, no protocol, nothing but
blood and confusion.
(disgusted)
Killing men in the bath. How am I
supposed to know what these men
want?

Chernov pulls his hands free and takes a swig of water while striding over to the weight rack.

CHERNOV (cont'd)
Is Anton on the job?

DAVID

Yes sir.

Chernov hoists two heavy dumbbells from the rack and sits at the incline bench press.

CHERNOV

Good. When he finds them, bring them directly to me. I want to look into the eyes of the men who would be arrogant and stupid enough to do this.

Chernov bench presses the dumbbells, exhaling loudly with each rep. He does a set of ten reps and stops, chest heaving.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MAGUIRE HOME - DAY

Paul sleeps sitting upright on the couch.

Vanessa strides into the room carrying a pair of suitcases. She pick the empty tumbler and empty bottle of Jameson's off the floor and sets them on the end table.

She looks to the bloody fingerprints on the glass. She kicks Paul's foot... nothing. She kicks his foot again and he awakens.

VANESSA

I can't take this.

PAUL

What?

VANESSA

This! Look at you! You've got blood on your hands.

PAUL

I've always had blood on my hands.

VANESSA

No, this is different. You're different. I can't live like this. I can't watch you destroy yourself.

Paul rises.

PAUL

This is me! This is the real me.
The other guy, the one in the nice
suits...he was an imposter. A man
out of his element. A man trying to
be what you wanted me to be, but he
is gone. This is me. This is who I
have always been.

VANESSA

That's a fucking lie! You're better
than this. You've always been
better than this! Even when you
were O'Connell's boy, you were
better than this.

PAUL

(interrupting)
You don't know what you're talking
about.

VANESSA

(without listening to him)
But now you're letting your guilt
and grief and obsession destroy you
and destroy us. Well I'm not going
to stick around to watch you. I'm
not going to be just more
collateral damage. I'm leaving.

PAUL

Where are you going to go?

Vanessa looks him up and down.

VANESSA

(calmly)
Good bye, Paul.

She turns, grabs her bags and walks away. She never looks
back.

We hear the sound of the front door open and close.

Paul grabs the empty bottle of Jameson's and hurls it across
the room. It SMASHES against the wall by the bar.

EXT. THE KIEV - DAY

Through the window, Anton speaks with the Short Man, who now
has a black eye and a band-aid on his cheek...

The Short Man gesticulates wildly pointing to the smashed pie display.

Anton makes a calming motion and pulls a wad of bills from his pocket. He peels off a couple of hundreds, hands them to the Short Man and turns for the door.

Anton strides outside, flipping his phone open.

ANTON
(in Russian)
Meet me in the meat packing
district. A club called Swoon.

INT. OFFICE - SWOON - DAY

Kane sits at his desk going over the books. A Monitor on the wall displays four camera views of the club.

Suddenly there's movement on the monitor. Six THUGS, lead by Anton, come through the front door and immediately start SMASHING glasses and tables.

KANE
Shit.

He reaches into the desk and grabs a handgun.

He flips his phone open.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY

Paul's phone RINGS. He answers.

KANE (O.S.)
They're here at the fucking club,
just like you said...they're
tearing up the joint. How quick can
you and Doherty get here?

PAUL
I thought he was with you?

INT. OFFICE - SWOON - CONTINUOUS

KANE
No man, he ain't here.

On the monitor, we see Anton and two Thugs dash up the stairs. Kane checks his clip and jacks a round into the chamber.

KANE (cont'd)
(into phone)
Just fucking get here and make it
quick.

He snaps the phone shut and dashes to the wall beside the office door.

INT. PAUL'S CAR

Paul tosses his phone aside and looks into his rear-view mirror...

Hanson is tailing him...again.

PAUL
Let's see how well they taught you
in cop school.

He hits the brake and whips the wheel.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Paul's car pulls a sharp u-turn in the street, cutting off oncoming traffic.

Hanson's "unmarked" car follows suit. Tires SQUEALING. The siren WAILS and blue/red lights flash behind the car's grill.

INT. OFFICE - SWOON - CONTINUOUS

Gun at the ready, Kane keeps an eye on the monitor which shows Anton and two THUGS just outside his office door. He watches as THUG #1 raises his boot to kick the door in...

The door flies open. Thug #1 steps into the office...

Kane levels the gun and fires...

BLAM! Thug #1's brains splash across the wall...

Kane wheels around, ducking a hail of GUNFIRE and shoots THUG #2 in the thigh...

Anton lurches at Kane, grabbing his wrist and wrenching it backward before throwing Kane roughly to the floor in a Combat Sambo (Russian Martial Arts) move...

The gun falls helplessly from Kane's hand.

KANE

Aaah!

Anton kneels atop Kane's neck as the rest of the Thugs flood into the office.

ANTON

Killing you right now would be
nothing to me, like pulling the
wings off a fly.

Kane's eye's bulge, he can't breathe.

ANTON (cont'd)

But mister Chernov would like a
word with you.
(over his shoulder)
Burn it all.

Kane's eyes flutter as he passes out.

Anton pats Kane down and pulls a phone from Kane's pocket.

He checks "last call made." The caller I.D. Reads "Paul."
Anton presses "call."

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul speeds down the freeway with Hanson following closely.
His phone RINGS.

PAUL

(into the phone)
What is it? Are you all right?

ANTON (O.S.)

(from the phone)
I'm afraid your friend is far from
all right.

PAUL

(into phone)
Who the fuck is this?

ANTON (O.S.)

(over the phone)
Me? I am inconsequential. Who you
are, however, is of great interest
to my employer.

Paul hangs up.

PAUL
Son of a bitch!

He redials the phone. It RINGS and RINGS before going to message.

PAUL (cont'd)
(into phone)
God DAMMIT Doherty pick up! They
got Kane! Meet me at the club.

INT. SWOON - CLUB LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER

THUG #3 lights a rag sticking out of a bottle of 151 and throws it at the wall of liquor bottles behind the bar.

Fire EXPLODES across the bar as other bottles ignite.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY OFF-RAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Paul's car pulls off the freeway. St John's car follows.

EXT. SWOON - DAY

Anton and the Thugs dash out of the burning club.

SQUEALING tires echo from several blocks away as Paul's Car rips around a corner.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul's eyes narrow on the Russian Gangsters as they shove Kane into the trunk of a BLACK SEDAN.

PAUL
Shit.

He stomps on the Gas, the ENGINE ROARS.

EXT. SWOON - CONTINUOUS

Smoke pours out of the open door of the club.

Hanson's WAILING cop car rips around the corner just behind Paul's Car.

Anton takes one look at the cop car and hops in the Sedan.

ANTON
Go! Go! Go!

The Black Sedan peels out and disappears through the haze of smoke from the burning building.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Paul's car speeds past the black smoke filling the street followed closely by Hanson's Cop Car.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The Black Sedan weaves through traffic like a hot knife through butter...

Paul's Car tries to follow the same line, but traffic is slowing in response to the sound of Hanson's SIREN.

Paul swerves to the left shoulder to get around the traffic just as...

The Black Sedan hops the first exit across the bridge.

Paul cuts across three lanes and smashes through a water-filled crash barrel, just making the exit.

EXT. PARKWAY - DAY

The Black Sedan SCREECHES around a corner onto progressively quieter streets...

Paul's Car Follows as does Hanson's.

The Black Sedan takes another sharp turn and leaves the parkway, heading toward a suburban neighborhood.

EXT. SUBDIVISION - DAY

Kids follow the JINGLING BELLS of an Ice Cream Truck as it pulls through a quiet, perfectly manicured suburban neighborhood.

The Ice Cream Truck pulls to a halt. A couple of kids dash across the street to meet it.

The Black Sedan SPEEDS toward the kids in the street. The Brakes SCREECH, the Sedan fish-tails....

Kids SCREAM.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul's eyes go wide. He nearly hits the Sedan's trunk in front of him. He pulls the wheel hard.

EXT. SUBDIVISION - CONTINUOUS

Paul's Car jumps the curb, missing the car and the kids and rips across a lawn, shredding the grass.

Hanson's car SCREECHES to a halt as the other two speed off.

Hanson hops out of his car, holding his radio.

 HANSON
 (into radio)
 They're heading east on Fremont.
 Cut this fucker off before someone
 gets killed!

EXT. STRIP MALL - CONTINUOUS

The Black Sedan speeds through an intersection where the subdivision meets suburban shopping...

Paul's car is on it's tail...

Three SQUAD CARS speed directly toward them, blocking all lanes...

The Black Sedan speeds toward the cop cars in a high-speed game of chicken.

The cops blink first. One Squad Car peels off. The Black Sedan SCRAPES between the other two Squad Cars and speeds away...

The Three Squad Cars swerve and skid to a halt, blocking the road...

Paul hits the brakes and fishtails to a halt mere inches from a cop car...

Hanson's Car pulls up on the scene as Paul climbs from the car. The COPS shout at Paul, guns drawn.

Soccer Moms and dog walkers duck for cover.

 COPS
 GET DOWN! GET THE FUCK DOWN RIGHT
 NOW!

Paul ignores them, storming away from them and toward Hanson, who is climbing from his car.

PAUL
What the fuck?

HANSON
My thoughts exactly. You trying to
kill everyone in this city?

PAUL
You let them go! They've got my
friend.

HANSON
Why is it people keep disappearing
around you?

Paul PUNCHES Hanson in the jaw.

St. John's Car pulls up as the COPS swarm on Paul and tackle him to the ground...

St. John steps into the fray as a Cop slaps cuffs on Paul's wrists.

ST. JOHN
Get off him! Get off!

The Cops let go of him.

ST. JOHN (cont'd)
What the fuck is going on Maguire?

PAUL
This fucking moron just let the
kidnappers get away with my friend
is what's going on.

ST. JOHN
Russians?

PAUL
Sure sounded that way on the phone.

HANSON
We've had an epidemic of dead
Russians lately.

PAUL
I wouldn't know anything about
that. All I know is my friend is
missing.

(MORE)

PAUL (cont'd)
You're cops, do your fucking job
and find out who did this.

ST. JOHN
Why was your friend shooting
Russians in his club?

PAUL
Because they're assholes.

ST. JOHN
I would like to ask you a few
questions concerning your
whereabouts last night.

PAUL
I ain't answering shit without a
lawyer around. What have you got me
on, speeding? Reckless driving?

HANSON
How about assaulting an officer?

PAUL
I can't believe you two. My
daughter gets murdered and you're
arresting me? No wonder this city's
going to hell.

St. John YANKS on Paul's cuffs, pulling him to the curb.

ST. JOHN
Would you just shut your fucking
mouth for one second? I'm trying to
help you here.

PAUL
I'm listening.

ST. JOHN
You got clean once. Do it again.
Walk away. Let us do our job. We'll
find who killed your daughter. I
promise you, Paul. It's my top
priority.

PAUL
Then find them and leave me the
fuck alone.

ST. JOHN
I know you heard about the
ballistics report.
(MORE)

ST. JOHN (cont'd)
Personally a couple of dead Vory
kinda brightens my day, but this is
getting ugly and you're gonna get
dead. So... Why?

Paul looks up to him.

ST. JOHN (cont'd)
Why are they after you? What did
you do? Did you piss someone off?
Do you have some sort of deep, dark
secret you're not telling me?

PAUL
Can I go now?

St. John unlocks Paul's cuffs.

Paul rises and walks away.

ST. JOHN
Cause secrets have a way of coming
back to bite you on the ass.

Hanson grabs Paul's shoulder.

HANSON
Sit back down. I'm not done with
you.

ST. JOHN
Easy. Let him go.

Paul storms off to his car.

ST. JOHN (cont'd)
(calling out)
Watch your back, Paul. You know
what they say, the only way three
people can keep a secret is if two
of them are dead.

INT. AUTOMOTIVE GARAGE - DAY

Kane sits in a chair flanked by Anton and a pair of Thugs.
His hands are bound together with rope, he's sweaty and a
little bloody from a fresh beating.

The rolling door of the garage opens and in strides Chernov
and David.

CHERNOV
Mister Kane? You know who I am,
don't you?

KANE
(breathing heavy)
Yeah. You're the bad guy.

CHERNOV
(chuckling)
That is quite funny coming from
someone responsible for the death
of several of my men. They weren't
exactly family men, but they will
be missed nonetheless. Can you
offer an explanation for your
behavior?

KANE
I should ask you the same thing.

CRACK!

Anton punches Kane across the jaw.

CHERNOV
Anton, please, allow me to handle
this.

Chernov moves to the water cooler and pours a tall glass of
water.

CHERNOV (cont'd)
Here, Mister Kane. Maybe a little
water will help loosen your tongue.

Chernov places the glass under Kane's mouth.

CHERNOV (cont'd)
Drink up.

Chernov takes a sip and offers back to Kane who drinks
greedily.

CHERNOV (cont'd)
There.

As Kane swallows...

SMASH!

Chernov punches him in the throat.

KANE
AAAAGGGHHHH!

Kane spits water across the floor, spraying Chernov in the process...

Kane GAGS and CHOKES.

CHERNOV
I do not explain things. Others do
the explaining. I ask questions and
you answer them, understand?

Kane catches his breath.

KANE
You may as well just kill me then.

CHERNOV
Oh, I will. Don't you worry about
that. But first. Answers.
(to Anton)
String him up.

Anton grabs Kane by his bound wrists and yanks him to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOHERTY'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Paul's car pulls to a halt on the suburban block. The setting sun hangs low in the sky.

He hops out and strides past neatly trimmed hedges to the front door of a modest cape-cod house.

He raises his hand to knock and pauses. He hears voices behind the door.

He turns the knob - it's unlocked.

INT. DOHERTY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Paul steps into the foyer.

The inside of the house is in stark contrast to the plain exterior. It is pure bachelor pad.

Brightly colored walls. A pool table sits where a dining room table should be.

A crushed powder rails line a glass coffee table. A prescription bottle and a powder-caked mortar and pestle sit beside the rails...

Paul picks up the bottle and checks the label- oxycontin.

DOHERTY (O.S.)
Come on baby, come back to bed.

A TOPLESS CHICK strides into the room.

TOPLESS CHICK
(over her shoulder)
Have you seen my bag?

The Topless chick sees Paul and lets out a little SQUEAK.

TOPLESS CHICK (cont'd)
Who are you?

Paul grabs the chick's back from the couch and tosses it at her.

PAUL
Get out.

DOHERTY (O.S.)
Who you talking to?

Doherty steps into the room in his underwear.

DOHERTY (cont'd)
What's going on?

PAUL
Where were you?

The Topless Chick pulls a shirt over her head and moves to the door.

TOPLESS CHICK
Who is this guy?

Doherty sees the seething intensity in Paul's eyes.

DOHERTY
(to the Topless Chick)
Get the fuck out.

The Topless Chick pulls her sandals on her feet and turns to the door.

TOPLESS CHICK
You're a dick, you know that.

And she's gone.

DOHERTY
What is it?

PAUL
You didn't check your phone?

DOHERTY
I was blowing off a little steam

PAUL
They got Kane.

DOHERTY
They got him? Who got him? Is he
dead?

PAUL
You fucking know who got him.
Chernov. They took him away and
torched his club.

DOHERTY
Oh, Jesus.

PAUL
And you didn't answer your phone.

DOHERTY
I told you, I was having a little
fun, you know? All this action,
it's hard to come down. I needed a
little release.

PAUL
While you were getting high and
getting your dick wet, they fucking
grabbed Kane.

Paul stares Doherty down. Searching his eyes for hints of the
truth.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOMOTIVE GARAGE - SUNSET

Kane hangs by his bound wrists.

Anton angles a giant water cooler bottle up to Kane's mouth
while David holds his mouth open...

Kane is being force fed water...way too much water.

Kane CHOKES and GAGS...

Anton lowers the bottle and Chernov steps up to Kane.

CHERNOV
How is your bladder feeling? Full?

WHAM! Chernov delivers a crushing blow to the kidneys.

KANE
Aaaaaah!

CHERNOV
So why are you killing my men?

WHAM! Another blow to the kidneys.

KANE
Aaaah!

CHERNOV
Why would you be so stupid? What
could you possibly have to gain?

WHAM! Another Blow to the kidneys. Chernov nods to Anton and David who begins force feeding Kane more water.

CHERNOV (cont'd)
I can keep this up for much longer
than you can.

Anton and David lower the bottle. Kane catches his breath.

CHERNOV (cont'd)
Why?

KANE
Caitlin Maguire.

CHERNOV
Who?

David nods to Chernov.

DAVID
The one on the news.

CHERNOV
Ah, yes. The reformed criminal who
lost his daughter. He thinks I did
it?

KANE
You did it.

Chernov paces around Kane.

CHERNOV

That is a terrible accusation. On what grounds do make this claim?

KANE

ON THE GROUNDS THAT IT'S THE
FUCKING TRUTH AND YOU KNOW IT.

WHAM! Another crushing blow to the kidneys. Kane now simply WHIMPERS in pain.

CHERNOV

Why? Why would you think I would do something like this?

KANE

The gun. She was killed with a Russian gun. A Tokarev

WHAM! Kane GROANS, it's becoming too much to bear...

CHERNOV

You still haven't answered the question...why? Why would I want to kill this girl? What could you people have possibly done to deserve such horrible retribution.

WHAM! Kane CHOKES and GAGS on the water as Chernov punches him in the kidneys...

Tears stream from Kane's eyes as urine mixed with blood streams down his leg and soaks through his pants.

CUT TO:

INT. DOHERTY'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Paul walks past the carpentry project and strides into the kitchen.

PAUL

When was your stint?

DOHERTY

I got out four years ago.

PAUL

And you spent how long inside?

DOHERTY

What's this all about?

PAUL

How long?

DOHERTY

Five years on an eight-year sentence. Aggravated assault and possession.

PAUL

I remember when it went down. It was all over the papers. A crate of Israeli sub machine guns and you only got possession? You plea bargained?

DOHERTY

No. And I don't like what you're getting at.

PAUL

What am I getting at? No one has a fucking clue who killed my daughter. No one. We tore up all those Russians and not a single one of them knew a thing. The odds are that even if they did one of those fucks would have cracked...but nothing. Nothing we've done has provided a single clue. So what am I getting at?

DOHERTY

I didn't rat. You know me. I never rat. The whole reason I'm back in with O'Connell is that I didn't drop the dime on nobody. If you want to know why I got a light rap, it isn't because I talked, but because some of the evidence got misplaced.

PAUL

But still, you went down nine years ago. That was just what two? Three years after we split the cash?

DOHERTY

Yeah, so?

PAUL

So the weapons you were caught with, did you buy them with the money? And don't lie to me, it's too late for lying.

DOHERTY

So I spent the money. What's the big deal?

PAUL

What's the big deal? Something doesn't fit here. They took my daughter. They took her out behind my house and killed her. The only reason they would do something like that is if someone talked. No one asked you where you got the money for those guns? O'Connell didn't want to know how you could pull off something like that on your own?

DOHERTY

I've always been loyal.

PAUL

And you've always been a fuck-up.

DOHERTY

Fuck you, Paul. You know me. I wouldn't screw you over.

Enraged, Doherty grabs Paul and SLAMS him into the kitchen counter. Plates fly off the counter and SMASH to the floor.

PAUL

You're whole life has been a series of fuck-ups. Nothing's ever your fault. Always someone to blame, always someone out there to bail you out. So who's bailing you out now? Who's man are you? Are you my man? Are you O'Connell's? Chernov's?

INT. AUTOMOTIVE GARAGE - SUNSET

WHAM! Chernov delivers another blow to Kane's kidneys. Kane's lower back is a yellow-black bruise.

CHERNOV

You're not looking so good Mister Kane. I can stop if you like.

Kane swings helplessly by his wrists. He is a broken man.

KANE
(barely audible)
Stop.

CHERNOV
Of course you'll still have to tell
me why you think I would bother
killing your friend's daughter. Why
would I do such a thing? Hmmm?
Surely there is a reason?

KANE
The money.

CHERNOV
Ah, yes, now we are getting
somewhere. Money, you say?

KANE
We hit Ivan the bagman... Cut his
hand off...Took The money...

Chernov's expression falls. He is genuinely surprised.

CHERNOV
You?

Chernov cannot believe his ears.

CHERNOV (cont'd)
You killed Ivan Losev? You killed
my nephew? You started that fucking
war?!

Chernov lays into Kane's body. Pounding him with punches the
way he worked over the heavy bag in the gym.

Kane WHIMPERS in pain as his internal organs are battered and
ruptured.

Chernov HOWLS as he pounds away, exhausting for his age, but
his still remarkably tough frame can handle it.

David steps up to Chernov, fearing for his health.

DAVID
Boss, please. Your heart.

David steps between Chernov and Kane. Chernov's chest heaves.
He is out of breath...

Kane teeters on the verge of unconsciousness...

Chernov rears back and delivers one last crushing blow.

He turns to David, his chest heaving.

CHERNOV
Call that fucking gimp O'Connell.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DOHERTY'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Paul manhandles Doherty, tossing him about the kitchen by his shirt.

Doherty, offers little resistance.

DOHERTY
I never talked! Just calm down man.

PAUL
You talked!

DOHERTY
No.

PAUL
You spilled your fucking guts to
your boss...

DOHERTY
NO!

Doherty SLAMS Paul against the cupboards repeatedly, SMASHING the doors and sending the china crashing down.

PAUL
... so he'd take care of you, make
those guns go away!

DOHERTY
That's not how it happened!

PAUL
And O'Connell told someone and now
my daughter is dead!

DOHERTY
I'M NOT A FUCKING RAT!

Doherty finally shoves back, sending Paul halfway across the kitchen.

Paul leaps back at Doherty.

PAUL
YOU SWORE!

DOHERTY
FUCK YOU PAUL!

PAUL
WE ALL SWORE TO NEVER TALK ABOUT
IT! TO NOT DRAW ANY ATTENTION TO
OURSELVES!

Doherty punches Paul. Paul falls backward against a counter, blood trickling from a split lip.

DOHERTY
Jesus, I'm sorry man. I...

Doherty steps over to Paul, apologetically...

Rage burns behind Paul's eyes as Doherty approaches.

DOHERTY (cont'd)
I never wanted to hurt you.

Paul grabs a shard glass from a broken plate off the counter top, whips around and...

Plunges it deep into Doherty's neck...

Blood sprays as Doherty eyes go wide with disbelief.

PAUL
You swore. We all swore to never
talk about it.

Doherty drops to his knees, clutching his throat.

DOHERTY
Paul!

PAUL
(tears welling up)
I loved you.

Paul backs away from Doherty as the bleeding man reaches out for him, pleadingly.

PAUL (cont'd)
And you swore!

Paul turns his back on his friend as Doherty collapses on the kitchen floor...bleeding out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHERNOV'S PALACIAL ESTATE - NIGHT

The large front iron gates open and a SEDAN pulls through. The car moves down the long driveway toward the gaudy fountain at the grand front entrance.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Jack drives and O'Connell sits in the back seat. O'Connell is clearly agitated.

O'CONNELL
He thinks he can call me like a
dog. It's disrespectful.

JACK
Yes sir.

EXT. CHERNOV'S PALACIAL ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls to a halt. Jack pops the trunk and pulls O'Connell's wheelchair from the back and sets it beside the rear passenger door.

Jack opens the door and O'Connell swings out on a custom seat that allows him easier access to his wheelchair.

Jack helps O'Connell into his seat. O'Connell lights a cigarette and looks to the cobblestones underneath his wheels.

O'CONNELL
(shaking his head)
Fucking cobblestones.

EXT. BACK PORCH - CHERNOV'S PALACIAL ESTATE - NIGHT

O'Connell bounces, undignified in his chair as Jack pushes him over the bumpy, cobblestone path to where Chernov is seated, waiting for him.

Chernov is flanked by Anton and David.

CHERNOV
Put that out... please.

O'CONNELL
We're outdoors.

CHERNOV
Unlike you, I care for my health.

O'Connell crushes the butt under his wheel.

O'CONNELL

What is so urgent that you had to
call me away from my dinner plans?

CHERNOV

Anton!

Anton drags a rolled-up drop-cloth from behind the table and
rolls it out...

Kane's bloody, dead body flops out of the end of the cloth
and rolls to a stop, tilting unnaturally on the porch.

CHERNOV (cont'd)

I believe this belongs to you?

O'Connell looks to Kane's pummelled face.

O'CONNELL

He hasn't been one of mine for a
long time now. He's not my
responsibility.

Chernov rises and turns to look out over the immense grounds
of his back yard.

CHERNOV

Danas Pozniakas.

O'CONNELL

Pardon?

CHERNOV

Nineteen Sixty-Eight. Mexico City.
It was supposed to be my time. I
was the number one light
heavyweight on the Soviet Olympic
Boxing team... until I broke my
hand in a sparring session with my
alternate, Danas Pozniakas. What do
you think I did?

O'CONNELL

How the fuck am I supposed to know
what you did?

Chernov fixes O'Connell with his gaze.

CHERNOV

I took responsibility. I trained
Danas.

(MORE)

CHERNOV (cont'd)

I showed him films of the competition, helped him develop a strategy for each opponent, staid in his corner, the whole time. I stood beside him and helped him win the gold medal. And do you know why? Because when one of my teammates wins we all know victory. When one of my teammates fails, we all know defeat.

(nodding to Kane)

Your man here failed. How does that make you feel?

O'CONNELL

Like I said, he ain't mine anymore.

Chernov shakes his head in disgust.

CHERNOV

Your man had something very interesting to say just before I killed him. You know that Maguire fellow in the news? The one who's daughter was killed?

O'CONNELL

Yeah, I know him.

CHERNOV

He was the one who killed my nephew. He's the one who started the war between us... the one that landed you in that chair. So you see, I have invited you here to ask you to do one thing for me... Take responsibility.

O'Connell's face twists in rage.

Rain drops begin to fall.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - NIGHT

Wiper blades bat away the falling rain.

Still bloody, Paul drives fast as his eyes fill with tears, his mind reeling.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. BANK

A key turns to unlock a large safety deposit box. The box is carefully placed on a table and opened...slowly.

Inside is the briefcase.

Standing at the table are Paul, Doherty and Kane...staring at the now-illuminated briefcase hungrily.

KANE

I feel like it's Christmas morning.

Paul divvies up the large amount of cash into three stacks.

PAUL

We did good. *Five years* like we promised. We made a plan and we stuck with it. No one ever suspected it was us.

Paul hands Kane his share but before he can grab it Paul pulls it back from him.

PAUL (cont'd)

Let's keep it that way. Be smart about the money...stick with the plan and never tell a fucking soul about the Russians.

He hands the cash to Kane.

KANE

Got it.

He hands Doherty's share to him.

DOHERTY

Swear I'll never tell a soul.

Doherty shoves his stack of cash into a black trash sack as Kane and Paul LAUGH at his bag.

Paul smiles as he gives his friends a hug.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul looks to his bloody hands and shirt.

PAUL

Fuck!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MAGUIRE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Paul runs his bloody hands under a steaming tap.

He squeezes dish soap into his hands and scrubs vigorously as if to scrub the stain of his actions from his soul.

Paul splashes water on his face and looks to Doherty's blood on his shirt...

He strips off the shirt and soaks it in the sink, pouring more dish soap on it.

Paul is a man on the edge. His mind reels.

INT. KITCHEN - MAGUIRE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Paul scrubs the shirt so hard he's ripping it.

He shakes his head. There was something else...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - MONTAGE OF QUICK FLASHES

FLASH - Paul smashes the window of the car and stabs the Russian in the neck. He grabs his gun from him and jumps in the car.

FLASH - Back in the warehouse, Paul stands over Ivan as he drops his gun in the briefcase.

FLASH - Five years later Paul pops the briefcase open on a steel table in the safety deposit vault to reveal tightly wrapped bundles of cash...and the gun he took from the Russian.

FLASH - Paul pulls the gun out of the empty briefcase before he disposes of it in a dumpster at a construction site.

FLASH - Paul opens up a toolbox. Inside are several guns. Paul pulls the Russian's gun out of his pocket and places it with the rest of his collection.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MAGUIRE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Paul leans against the sink.

PAUL
Oh, shit!

He closes his eyes as he takes a deep breath.

PAUL (cont'd)
Oh, dear god.

Paul's eyes go wide as he races out of the room.

INT. CLOSET - BEDROOM - MAGUIRE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Paul pulls everything down off the top shelf of his closet, tearing the place apart.

He grabs the plastic toolbox and pulls it down.

Paul collapses to the floor with the tool box. He opens it and pulls out the top tray to reveal...

Several handguns.

He digs through them and finds...

THE TOKAREV.

He slides the clip out and ejects the bullets...

One-by-one with his thumb.

One,

Two,

Three, four, five, six, seven bullets fall to the carpeting.

PAUL
Seven.

KANE (V.O.)
The Tokarev TT-33 it's an old red army sidearm, eight shell clip and favorite of the Russian Mafia.

PAUL
Jesus.

A sudden focus falls over Paul's face. He loads the bullets back into the gun and stuffs it in his waistband.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAGUIRE HOUSE - NIGHT

Paul strides out through the rain to his car, fuming. He opens the door and is about to step in when he senses someone behind him.

He turns and...

A pistol butt SLAMS against the back of Paul's skull. He collapses on the driveway.

CUT TO:

IN BLACKNESS WE HEAR A WET SLOSHING SOUND

EXT. HOSPITAL CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Paul's eyes flutter open. The sloshing sound is his back and face being dragged across the muddy earth...

A steady rain falls.

Two IRISH THUGS are dragging him by his ankles toward his own hospital construction site.

He tries to sit upright and resist being dragged...

He reaches for the gun in his waistband - it isn't there.

THUG #1(O.S.)
You looking for this?

Thug #1 holds his coat open to reveal THE TOKAREV sticking out of his pants. He kicks Paul in the jaw.

The Thugs stop dragging right at the edge of the freshly dug, but not yet cemented, foundation.

Paul struggles to his feet, holding his jaw, and sees...

O'Connell, holding an umbrella in one hand and a gun in the other...

Jack pushes O'Connell over plywood ramps to the edge of the foundation.

PAUL
What the fuck is this all about?

O'Connell nods to THUG #1, he SLAMS his fist into Paul's gut...

Paul doubles over as THUG #2 brings his knee up into Paul's chin, sending him reeling backwards...

He falls to the muddy earth just inches from the drop into the unfinished foundation.

Paul crawls to his feet only to have another fist CRASH down across his cheek...

They kick him in the gut several times while he's down.

O'CONNELL
Okay, enough.

The THUGS pull Paul upright.

Blood flows from his mouth.

O'CONNELL (cont'd)
I spent years hating God for
putting me in this chair, when all
along I should have been hating
you.

O'Connell levels the gun.

BLAM!

Paul falls backward, splashing into the muddy foundation.

O'Connell hands the gun to Jack.

O'CONNELL (cont'd)
I want to see him.

Jack wheels O'Connell off the plywood ramp through the thick, muddy earth over to the lip of the foundation.

O'Connell peers down at him.

Paul lies in a muddy pool, bleeding and still. The rain beats down on him.

O'CONNELL (cont'd)
Bury the fucker.

Jack pulls O'Connell back onto the ramp and pushes him over toward his car.

The two THUGS pick up shovels and begin tossing scoops of muddy earth atop Paul.

Down in the pit, Paul flinches as mud falls on his face...

And another shovel full, and another...

Paul disappears under a layer of mud.

Up on the surface, the Thugs turn to watch O'Connell's car pull away.

THUG #1
How deep are we supposed to bury
him?

THUG #2
Just keep shoveling.

They turn back to the pit to see...

Paul climbing up the side of the unfinished foundation.

THUG #1
This fucking guy. He doesn't know
when to die.

Thug #2 tosses a shovel full of mud right in Paul's face.

Paul keeps climbing.

Thug #1 tosses a shovel full of mud at Paul, but Paul quickly reaches up and grabs the shovel handle...

Paul heaves and yanks THUG #1 down into the pit. They fall to the muddy earth together with a SPLAT...

Paul wrestles with Thug #1, quickly flipping atop him. Paul holds Thug #1's face down in the murky, muddy water.

Above the pit, Thug #2 goes for his gun. He fires at Paul, just missing...

Paul flips Thug #1 over atop him as two more SHOTS ring out.

The bullets rip into Thug #1's chest...

**Paul reaches into the dead Thug's waistband, pulls THE
TOKAREV and fires three shots...**

The rainfall is the only sound for a beat.

Thug #2 collapses, falling dead into the muddy foundation...

At the surface, Paul climbs up over the lip of the pit...

He rises to his feet, muddy, bloody, weak, his chest heaving...

Blood runs from his battered face and a gunshot wound to the shoulder...

He wipes mud from his face in the pouring rain and turns to the dead Thug beside him...

He takes the thug's 9mm and keys.

EXT. STREET BY CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Paul strides over to the Thugs' car and pops the trunk to reveal...

A Shotgun.

Paul grabs the Shotgun and hops behind the wheel...

The tires SQUEAL as he peels out.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRELAND'S FOUR PROVINCES PUB - NIGHT

The "Four Ps" is the same bar seen in the photograph of Paul helping the wounded O'Connell in the aftermath of a deadly shooting.

One of O'Connell's THUGS smokes a cigarette outside the pub. Bar Noise is audible through the door.

Paul pulls up to the curb and steps out of the car.

The SMOKING THUG locks eyes with Paul. He is clearly surprised.

SMOKING THUG

You.

INT. IRELAND'S FOUR PROVINCES PUB - NIGHT

The bar is a perfect, old-time Irish Pub. Dark wood made darker by a thick patina cigarette smoke.

The bar is half-full of drunken PATRONS. Pints of Guinness flow.

O'Connell sits in a booth in the back. He lifts a glass of Jameson's in the air.

O'CONNELL

To dear departed friends.

Jack and two other THUGS raise their glasses as well.

They all drink...

BOOM!

A SHOTGUN BLAST rings out.

The Smoking Thug flies backward through the front door...

He lands with a THUD in the middle of the pub. Patrons SCREAM...

The two other THUGS from O'Connell's booth draw their guns and dash toward the door as...

Paul strides into the pub, shotgun leveled at the THUGS.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The thugs go down, CRASHING across tables, sending drinks flying and bar Patrons running for the exit.

Jack FIRES his handgun at Paul, just missing...

Paul leaps behind the bar as SHOTS ring out from Jack, smashing bottles. Booze rains down on Paul as Jack keeps shooting.

O'Connell ducks down in his booth and calls out to Jack.

O'CONNELL (cont'd)
My Chair! Get my chair!

Jack flips open his Zippo and rolls the tumbler.

JACK
Just one second, sir.

Jack reaches back in a throwing motion, ready to toss the flaming lighter at Paul's location...

Paul rises up and fires THE TOKAREV...

Jack spins around...

O'Connell looks up to Jack with a horrified expression...

Jack's larynx has been blown out of his throat...

Jack GAGS and collapses on the booth, smashing the table, shattering the bottle of Jameson's and dropping the lighter...

The booze catches fire.

Paul looks to the BARTENDER who cowers behind the bar.

PAUL
Get out of here.

The Bartender runs...

Paul steps across the now empty and shattered Irish pub toward O'Connell.

Flames lick all around the back wall of the pub.

O'Connell drags himself across the floor strewn with broken glass and bullet casings toward his wheelchair, which is in the back corner, behind the booth.

Paul steps on O'Connell's hands.

PAUL (cont'd)
No one is going to pull your ass
out of here this time.

Paul reaches over and grabs the wheelchair. He heaves it over into the flames, which are climbing the wall and spreading to the ceiling...

The whole place is becoming an inferno.

O'CONNELL
Fine, do it. Fucking shoot me.

Paul slips THE TOKAREV into his waistband and squats down beside the crippled old man.

PAUL
Too easy.

Paul looks to the flames which are consuming the place. The smoke is growing thick.

CRACK - CRACK - CRASH!

A flaming ceiling beam falls to the floor between.

O'CONNELL
You motherfucker! You're a dead
man! When Chernov finds out your
still alive you're...
(off Paul's look)
What? What are you fucking looking
at?

PAUL
You think being buried alive is the
worst way to go?

Paul nods to O'Connell's pant leg. O'Connell's pants are on
fire and he can't feel it.

PAUL (cont'd)
I can think of a worse way.

O'CONNELL
Oh, shit! Oh fuck, no.

O'Connell swats at the flames.

Paul rises and turns toward the door...

The flames spread across O'Connell... he can feel it now.

O'CONNELL (cont'd)
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

EXT. IRELAND'S FOUR PROVINCES PUB - NIGHT

O'Connell's SCREAMS echo out onto the street as Paul strides
through the smoke-filled pub entrance.

CUT TO:

EXT. NICK'S HOME - NIGHT

A station wagon pulls into the driveway. Nick and Eleanor hop
out. Nick carries a gym bag, he's sweaty and dressed in
workout wear.

They dash through the rain toward the front door.

INT. NICK'S HOME - NIGHT

Nick drops his bag and his mother sets her umbrella by the
front door.

ELEANOR
Are you sure you're all right? You
seemed so distracted out there.

NICK
I'm fine mom.

ELEANOR

It's okay, you'll get 'em next time. Now you go get showered up and go on to bed, it's late.

INT. BEDROOM - NICK'S HOME - NIGHT

Nick opens the door to reveal Evan sitting in the darkened room. His face is bruised and scraped. A trickle of blood runs from his split lip.

Evan looks up to Nick in guilty desperation.

NICK

Evan?

Paul steps out from behind the door with the TOKAREV hanging limply in his right hand. He's muddy, bloody, soot-stained and battered...

Nick freezes. He breath quickens.

Paul stares at the gun for a beat.

PAUL

I've always hated guns. Strange for a guy with my history, sure, but I just couldn't get used to them. Too noisy. Any pussy can pull a gun from a half-block away. When you pull a knife on someone, you're looking them in the eye and they know you mean business. It's personal. You have to get your hands dirty. It's not that I've never used one, I have. Things being what they are I've had to fire a gun on occasion, but I never really spent too much time thinking about them. I didn't go gun shopping or sit around polishing my firearms like some trigger happy loon. I always just kept a few handy. Kept them in a toolbox in my closet...

(staring Nick in the eye)
...but You already knew that didn't you.

Paul cocks the gun and rises off the bed, aiming it at Nick's head...

Terror in his eyes, Nick collapses to the floor.

NICK
Please, it was an accident.

EVAN
Shut up!

Paul presses the gun to Nick's temple.

PAUL
An accident?

NICK
Yeah... Yes sir. I didn't mean too.
Honest. You have to believe me.

EVAN
Don't you tell him shit!

Paul spins and jams the gun in Evan's mouth.

PAUL
You had your chance to tell the
truth, asshole. Maybe your friend
might be a little more forthcoming
if I spray your fucking brains all
over his bedspread, huh?

NICK
No! I'll tell you. Just, please...
don't.

Paul leaves the gun in Evan's mouth and turns his attention
to Nick.

PAUL
Go on.

FLASHBACK - EXT. MAGUIRE HOME - NIGHT

Caitlin, Evan and Nick pass a bottle of Jack Daniel's between
them as they sit on lawn chairs on the patio. The three of
them smoke cigarettes.

NICK (V.O.)
We were just drinking and hanging
out and talking about...

PAUL (V.O.)
About what?

NICK (V.O.)
About how you used to be a
gangster.

EVAN

So where does he keep the loot,
huh?

CAITLIN

Shut up! How many times do I have
to tell you, my dad is a...

EVAN & NICK & CAITLIN

(in unison)

...a Legitimate businessman.

They all LAUGH as Caitlin takes another swig of whiskey.

CAITLIN

He is!

NICK

Yeah, the construction business
never has any ties to organized
crime, right?

EVAN

Has he ever been arrested?

CAITLIN

Why don't you ask him when he comes
home?

EVAN

Um, no. Honestly he kind of scares
the shit out of me.

NICK

Pussy.

Nick takes a swig.

NICK (cont'd)

You should ask him if he ever
killed a man.

CAITLIN

Cut it out. Okay?

NICK

Have you ever seen or heard
anything you shouldn't have? Like
secret phone calls or wads of cash
laying around?

Caitlin smirks and grabs the bottle. She swigs. She's getting
drunk.

EVAN
Did you see that?

NICK
Totally. Come on. You know something. Something cool.

CAITLIN
Nu-uh.

NICK
Come on, spill it.

Nick slides off his lounge chair and slinks over to Caitlin. She holds the bottle of Jack while he drinks...

He kisses her, spilling whiskey across her lips.

They GIGGLE.

EVAN
Please?

CAITLIN
(devilish grin)
Okay. Come on.

NICK (V.O.)
We went upstairs, she said she had something cool to show us.

FLASHBACK - INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - MAGUIRE HOME - NIGHT

Caitlin opens the toolbox.

CAITLIN
Check it out.

She removes the top tray of tools to reveal... Guns.

They each grab one. Caitlin takes the .45 Revolver. Evan grabs a .38 Snub.

CAITLIN (cont'd)
(pointing the gun at Evan)
Do ya feel lucky, punk?

NICK
Can we shoot them?

Nick grabs the TOKAREV and admires it.

CAITLIN

Um... No.

Evan races out the door with the .38.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

Evan! Get back here with that!

Caitlin sets the .45 Back in the box and takes off after Evan...

Nick holds the TOKAREV reverently.

NICK (V.O.)

I'd never held a gun before. It was scary and cool and I know I should have put it down, but I didn't.

FLASHBACK - EXT. BACKYARD - MAGUIRE HOME - NIGHT

Evan races around the backyard pretending to fire the gun at invisible assailants.

EVAN

Yeah, motherfucker take some of this shit!

Caitlin and Nick follow after him.

CAITLIN

Come on, Evan we've got to put it back.

EVAN

No way!

Nick, enamoured with the TOKAREV, closes one eye and stares down the barrel, focusing on a tree.

Not sure what he's doing Nick pulls back on the slide...a bullet loads into the chamber.

He strides slowly toward the tree, oblivious to Evan and Caitlin.

CAITLIN

Give it!

EVAN

Or what?

CAITLIN
Or I'll tell my dad and he'll call
in a hit on your ass.

EVAN
I thought he was a legitimate
businessman?

CAITLIN
Don't be an asshole! Now hand it
over.

EVAN
Fine, buzzkill.

Evan hands her the .38 Snub-nose. Caitlin looks up to see
Nick with the TOKAREV pointed into the woods.

CAITLIN
Jesus, you too?

She strides over to him.

NICK (V.O.)
I didn't hear her coming. I wasn't
paying attention. I was a little
drunk and the gun was so cool. It
felt...

Caitlin steps up behind Nick.

NICK (V.O.) (cont'd)
I didn't know she was going to be
right behind me.

CAITLIN
All right hand it...

Startled Nick turns around fast and...

BLAM!

Caitlin's eyes cross unnaturally as she goes limp.

Evan SCREAMS as Nick stands frozen. Evan races to Caitlin.

EVAN
What have you done!

NICK
Oh god.

EVAN
Jesus Christ, you fucking shot her!

NICK
Is she dead? Did I kill her?

Blood trickles from the bullet hole in Caitlin's temple.

EVAN
Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!

NICK (V.O.)
We were scared. It was an accident.
I didn't know what to do.

FLASHBACK - EXT. BACKYARD - MAGUIRE HOME - LATER

Evan walks off into the distance carrying Caitlin in his arms as Nick watches, still in shock.

NICK (V.O.)
Evan told me what to do, what to say. He dragged her off into the woods and told me to put the guns back and wreck the place, make it look like a home invasion. He said with your history the cops would think it was some sort of mob hit or something.

FLASHBACK - INT. MAGUIRE HOME - LATER

Nick kicks over the coffee table as Evan steps back in through the sliding door.

EVAN
Hit me.

NICK
What?

EVAN
It has to look like we put up a fight, right? Fucking hit me, hard.

Nick rears back and clocks Evan. They both tumble to the ground, beating the shit out of each other.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul pulls the TOKAREV from Evan's mouth and presses it to Nick's temple as tears stream from all three men.

NICK

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I didn't want to kill her. I didn't mean to fuck everything up. I just... I was scared and Evan was so in control and...

PAUL

I swore on Caitlin's grave I would find whoever was responsible for this and kill them.

NICK

Okay.

PAUL

You want to die?

NICK

Why the fuck not? I deserve it right?

PAUL

You sure as shit do! Do you know what has happened because of your bullshit story? Do you know how many people have died? How many men I have already killed because of you? You stupid fucking kid! Stupid fucking kid!

Paul slaps Nick around. Nick does nothing to defend himself.

Paul pulls Nick to his feet and SLAPS him hard.

PAUL (cont'd)

You stupid fucking kid!

The door opens and Eleanor peers in. She SCREAMS as she races into the room.

ELEANOR

GET OUT! GET AWAY FROM MY SON! PUT THAT GUN DOWN!

Nick grabs her.

NICK

Mom! Stop it!

PAUL

You had best stay out of this.

ELEANOR
I'm calling the cops.

EVAN
Call the cops, he's a fucking
lunatic!

NICK
NO!
(to Evan)
And I'm not listening to your shit
anymore.

ELEANOR
What is this? I want you out of my
house!

NICK
Mom SHUT UP! He's here because I
shot Caitlin.

ELEANOR
You what?

NICK
I shot her.
(he suddenly weeps in her
arms)
I'm sorry mom. I killed her.

ELEANOR
But the men. The kidnappers.

Eleanor looks to Evan. Evan hangs his head, unable to make
eye contact. She turns to Paul.

ELEANOR (cont'd)
Please, he's all I have. Don't take
my baby from me. Please.

PAUL
I made a promise.

ELEANOR
Break it!

PAUL
He killed my daughter.

Paul grabs Nick by the collar and drags him away from
Eleanor. She grabs Paul's arm and he points the TOKAREV in
her face and backs her out of the bedroom door.

NICK
Mom, please. Just go. It has to be
this way.

Paul slams the door and locks it.

ELEANOR (O.S.)
(behind the door)
I'm calling the police! You leave
my boy alone!

Paul grabs Evan and tosses him to the floor beside Paul.

PAUL
Get on your knees.

EVAN
Oh, god, no...

PAUL
I want you to listen. And listen up
good. I want you two to learn
something here tonight. You cannot
stop the wheels of fate. The die is
cast.

Nick closes his eyes tight, fearing the bullet.

PAUL (cont'd)
It ends here.

He presses the gun to Nick's temple...

Beat.

He presses the clip release and the clip falls to the
floor...

He jacks the round out of the chamber and drops the empty gun
at Nick's feet...

Nick opens his eyes, confused... Evan breaks down in SOBS...

Paul unlocks the door and opens it...

Eleanor races to her son. The two embrace tearfully.

Paul watches the mother and son hold each other.

EXT. NICK'S HOME - NIGHT

Paul steps out into the rain...

He strides down the front porch, down the driveway and steps toward the street.

He stops and looks both directions down the street, the streetlights illuminate his face...

He is a lost man - adrift without anchor. He turns left and walks away from us...

He keeps walking, occasionally illuminated by a streetlight until the rain and darkness swallow him entirely.

FADE TO BLACK.