

TRIPLE NINE

An original screenplay by

Matt Cook

August 31, 2013

Contact:

William Morris Endeavor  
Cliff Roberts or Danny Gabai  
310-285-9000

Anonymous Content  
Keith Redmon or Bard Dorros  
310-558-3667

FADE IN:

INT. UPS DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

RUSSELL WELCH (white, 40s). Drives delivery truck.

MICHAEL LAIRD (white, 40s), GABRIEL MARTIN (white, 30s),  
MARCUS ATWOOD (black, late 20s), and JORGE RODRIGUEZ  
(latino, 30s) sit in the back of the truck.

The truck is lined with gear and surveillance equipment.  
Police dispatches and reports flow through speakers. A small  
cage in the corner of the truck houses assault rifles.

Atwood pulls a cigarette from a pack. Lights it from a match.

RODRIGUEZ  
I'm really sorry man, did they say  
what it was?

Atwood takes a long somber drag. Exhales.

ATWOOD  
Fucking cancer. Can you believe it?

RODRIGUEZ  
That's horrible.

ATWOOD  
Tell me about it... I'm still not  
over it. I had more love for that  
dog than any woman I've ever said  
the same to.

GABRIEL  
What kind of women you been with?

ATWOOD  
What do you mean by that?  
(to Rodriguez)  
Fuck does he mean by that?

GABRIEL  
I just don't get how you can love a  
dog more than a woman is all.

RODRIGUEZ  
That's right, Gabriel's got a girl  
now. You two in love? Remind me...  
where did you meet this one? I  
forget, was it in line at the  
needle exchange or the methadone  
clinic?

Rodriguez and Atwood burst into laughter.

Michael glances out the front window and checks his watch. His expression sharpens.

MICHAEL  
All right. Tighten it up.

RODRIGUEZ  
You better be right about this one  
Mike.

No-one speaks, atmosphere, loaded and intense.

INT. PETITE SPA, EAST-SIDE - DAY

IRINA VLASLOV (40s), hard and angular Eastern European beauty, and her sister, PETRA VLASLOV (40s), tall and thin, dark hair, dressed in a velour tracksuit, sit in the back of the spa, getting manicures from two young ASIAN WOMEN. Between them sits Petra's son, FELIX (5). Irina dotes over him pointing at pictures in a book while Petra reads a celebrity tabloid.

Several WELL KEPT WOMEN sit around the spa enjoying pedicures and Botox injections.

BEN FELDMAN (40s) and YUSSEL SHABOT (40s) step inside. They are orthodox Jews, bearded, dressed in black suits, white shirts and kippahs. Shabot whispers to Irina.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

CHRIS ALLEN (26) lies in bed, lost in a dream. He rests perfectly still except for his hand next to his head on the pillow - the index finger jerking, as if pulling a trigger.

Chris's wife, MICHELLE ALLEN (26) lies next to him, staring at the ceiling. Without looking, she reaches across, puts her hand over his twitching trigger finger.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

Michael drags a duffel bag full of clothing and unmarked raid vests into the middle of the delivery truck and passes out the gear. The men, now concentrated and intense, put them on.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE PETITE SPA - DAY

Irina, Feldman, and Shabot stand behind an old black Porsche Cayman parked discreetly behind a white Chevy Tahoe.

Shabot springs the trunk.

A savagely beaten COUPLE bound at the wrists and ankles shake inside. The tips of their fingers removed, teeth pounded away, and their tongues cut out. They emote a strange pleading.

FELDMAN

You should have seen the place we found them hiding in, off the interstate.

Irina looks down at the couple in the trunk.

IRINA

Roll them on their bellies so they don't drown on their blood before they get there.

Nods. Shabot slams shut the truck.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

The crew slide on black sweaters, gloves, and gear up with the raid vests and tinted glasses.

They strap portable radios to their vests, adjust the small ear-pieces, and conduct a quick radio check with Welch.

Michael kneels into the driver's compartment. Welch hands him a stack of paper folded in half and a single key on a D-ring.

Michael steps back and secures three flash-bang grenades to his vest. Atwood, Gabriel, and Rodriguez inspect their weapons. They slide on black balaclavas covering themselves head to toe, with no visible sign of skin.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, STREET - SAME

The truck stops in front of a large, one-story building. Michael, Gabriel, Atwood, and Rodriguez exit through the driver's compartment single file. Welch pulls the truck away as quickly as it stopped.

INT. BUILDING - SAME

***Note\* - Unless specified, all dialogue spoken in the scene by Michael, Gabriel, Atwood, and Rodriguez will be in Spanish.***

All business, the crew approach the glass doors. A large sign inside the building reads FIRST CITY BANK AND TRUST.

The bank is large and open, with small cubicles running the length of a wall opposite the teller station. Between them sit half a dozen desks and plush leather couches.

The bank is occupied by a dozen EMPLOYEES working in various locations, a few CUSTOMERS, and a SECURITY GUARD just inside the lobby, talking with the bank manager, WALTER SIMS.

The group enters the building. Michael immediately takes down the security guard with a hand-taser, removes his pistol, radio, and binds his wrists with zip-ties.

Gabriel removes infrared goggles and a PEQ2 Laser Sight from his backpack. Using the goggles he aims the PEQ2 beam at the bank cameras infrared source, whiting them out.

Screams build as Atwood and Rodriguez methodically herd the employees and customers, arms up, from the lobby towards the tellers' desk.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

*\*Welch will speak English to the crew via radio headset.*

Welch backs the truck into an alley up the street maintaining direct line of sight on the bank. He reaches for a Mobile Data Terminal(MDT) and opens it. The screen lights up with a map and flashing icons indicating the locations of patrolling units.

He listens attentively to the speakers. The chatter is interrupted by a long beep, then a voice.

RADIO (O.S.)

Is there a unit available for a  
211 Adam at the FIRST CITY Bank  
on Sheldon and Glenoaks?

WELCH

Silent alarm's been triggered.  
The call just went out.

INT. FIRST CITY BANK AND TRUST - SAME

Atwood and Rodriguez move the hostages behind the teller's desk. They push their heads to the floor as they pass.

ATWOOD

Faces on the floor, no one should  
be looking at anything but tile and  
grout!

A male EMPLOYEE looks up and Rodriguez bashes him with his pistol.

RODRIGUEZ

What did he just say asshole?

Michael grabs Sims, tough old bank manager, and slams him against the wall by his neck.

SIMS

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

Holding Sims with one hand Michael reaches into a pocket in his vest with the other producing a dozen or so folded pages.

MICHAEL

Take it, it's for you.

Sims looks at Michael with contempt until he begins thumbing through the pages. Printouts of social media profiles, Google street views and image search results of Sims entire family.

Sims stares at the pictures, shocked.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Am I making myself clear?

Sims nods, eyes full of fear and rage.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

Welch looks around to ensure that no one is watching him.

RADIO (O.S.)

512 Gulf and back up to Charlie 3

He turns the station to C3 and locates the 512 Gulf icon on the MDT. He touches it and a photo of the officer appears.

WELCH

Response is in. ETA to follow.

INT. FIRST CITY BANK AND TRUST - SAME

Atwood jumps atop the tellers' station to control the hostages cramped behind the desk. Rodriguez wraps a wire lock around the handle, securing the teller door.

Sims opens the vault with his manager's key and he, Gabriel, and Michael move inside.

INT. UPS DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

RADIO (O.S.)

512 and 511 Gulf are on for the 211. Robbery in progress at FIRST CITY Bank. Copy you're three out.

Welch maps the route of the responding units on the MDT as their icons speed over the screen.

WELCH  
You've got two and a half  
minutes.

INT. FIRST CITY BANK AND TRUST, VAULT

As they enter the vault Gabriel spots a large, neatly stacked pile of banded hundreds on a rolling cart. Michael walks Sims into the interior.

MICHAEL  
Eight Fifteen? Where?

Sims timidly points to the far side of the room. Michael Drags Sims towards a wall of safety deposit boxes by his neck. Locates box number 815. Michael grabs his keys and pushes Sims to the floor.

Gabriel stands next to the cart of banded hundreds slyly thumbing through bills at the top of the stack.

Michael finds a key on the manager's ring identical to his own and uses both keys in unison to unlock the box. He removes it. Places it into his backpack. Michael tosses the backpack to Gabriel who begins to exit the vault.

Gabriel hesitates for a moment, ensures Michael isn't watching, then pushes as much money as he can into the backpack without Michael noticing.

Gabriel runs through the lobby, past Atwood and Rodriguez, out the front doors.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

Welch watches Gabriel race towards a Ford Taurus parked across the street from the bank. He checks the MDT.

WELCH  
ETA one minute. Responding units  
are coming from the south. Head  
north on Hill and east on Ninth.

INT. FIRST CITY BANK AND TRUST - SAME

Sims crouches against the wall. Crumpled and defeated.

MICHAEL  
(to Welch)  
Get ready to move.

Sims stares at Michael in humiliation and contempt. They lock eyes for a loaded moment.

Michael drops the manager's keys in front of him and exits the vault, shutting it closed behind him. He walks into the lobby, motioning to Rodriguez and Atwood.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
We're done. Let's go.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

Welch smiles as Atwood and Rodriguez exit the bank and sprint to the Taurus. He puts away the MDT.

INT/EXT. FIRST CITY BANK AND TRUST - SAME

Michael pulls the pins from two flash-bangs and sets them onto the tellers' desk in front of the glass. The hostages push and pull at one another to get away from the blast.

The grenades explode into a flash of intense light and sound, turning the thick tellers' glass into a blinding web of cracks, as Michael rushes towards the Taurus.

INT. TAURUS - SAME

Michael jumps into the passenger seat.

MICHAEL  
North on Hill to Ninth.

Gabriel puts the car into gear and speeds away. Rodriguez throws back his head and howls like a wolf, all jazzed up. Michael turns and watches Welch fall in behind them.

As he turns the corner, a loud pop goes off inside the bag between Rodriguez and Atwood, followed by a hiss. Flames and red smoke billow out as Rodriguez frantically opens it.

Crimson vapor fills the vehicle. Fire burns into the seat.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

Welch stops the truck at an intersection as the Taurus comes to an abrupt stop in the middle of the street down the block.

He watches red smoke escape the car. Atwood drags the bag to the street, his gloves and sweater catching fire. Gabriel helps pat it out. They work to salvage the box.

Welch quickly drives into a parking lot with line of sight and reopens the MDT. He listens to the police responses.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Michael, backpack in hand, walks into oncoming traffic, his weapon at the ready. He points his rifle at a black GMC, bringing it to a halt. He violently pulls the DRIVER from the seat, dragging him away from the vehicle.

Rodriguez points his weapons at a car that tries to swing around them. The traffic quickly backs up both ways. Horns blare and sirens from approaching police units grow louder.

MICHAEL  
(in Spanish)  
Leave it! Let's go!

Atwood and Gabriel grab their weapons and sprint towards the vehicle, their gloves, vests, and masks looking as if they were dipped in blood from the dye. Rodriguez follows.

Michael runs to the Taurus and opens the gas tank. He uses the fuel door to position the last flash-bang from his vest. He sprints towards the SUV as the blast ignites the fuel inside the Taurus into a fiery explosion.

He leaps into the driver's seat and quickly maneuvers them past the traffic and out of sight.

INT. UPS DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

Welch carefully listens to the police responses - *suspects stopped in the street, heavily armed, hijacked a vehicle.*

WELCH  
(into radio)  
512 Gulf, that's affirmative on  
the 215. Suspects fled in a white  
Audi sedan. Alert all units.

Welch smiles as his report is repeated and made gospel. He picks up his headset to reach Michael.

WELCH (CONT'D)  
I put you in a white Audi.

INT. GMC - SAME

WELCH (O.S.)  
That'll buy you a few. I've gotta  
get out of here.

MICHAEL  
Alright. Keep your ears open.

They pull away their balaclavas and wipe the sweat from their brows. Adrenaline pounds.

Michael turns from an alley into traffic. Atwood and Rodriguez do nothing to hide their contempt for Gabriel.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The GMC pulls into a garage. Parking next to a BMW, and two other cars, its doors flying open. Michael, Gabriel, Atwood, and Rodriguez file out next to the SUV.

Rodriguez launches immediately into Gabriel.

RODRIGUEZ

Did you forget you greedy crack-head piece of shit!? Forgot who you were. Forget that the money is bait for dumb-fucks like you!?

MICHAEL

Save it Rodriguez! Right now I need you to strip off your gear. Put it in the back of the truck.

They all begin removing boots and vests.

ATWOOD

Hey man, this dude almost gets us stitched up out there and it's cool? Everything's just fine?

Michael opens the trunk of the GMC and begins to throw in the clothes and gear they've discarded.

MICHAEL

Three days unless you hear from me different.

Atwood standing now in a wife-beater and boxers shakes his head angrily at Gabriel.

GABRIEL

Look, I'm sorry. I took a chance. You'd all be blowing me right now if it hadn't been rigged.

RODRIGUEZ

Blow you?

Rodriguez picks up his gun, pointing at Gabriel's face.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Tell me again how "sorry" you are!  
Tell me!

Michael takes a step forward, stands beside Gabriel.

MICHAEL  
(calmly)  
Put it away Rodriguez...

Rodriguez pivots. Points the gun at Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
She's waiting for the box.

Rodriguez contemplates. Begrudgingly tosses the gun into the GMC. Resumes taking off his clothes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
And Rodriguez...

RODRIGUEZ  
Yeah, what?

MICHAEL  
If you ever point a gun at me  
again... you'd be a fool not to use  
it.

Rodriguez down to his boxers and T-shirt stops undressing. He sneers at Michael. Holding eye contact he removes his shirt to reveal a DETECTIVE BADGE on a ball chain around his neck.

GABRIEL  
(to Rodriguez, Atwood)  
Go catch some bad guys.

They get into their respective vehicles.

Michael grabs a homemade explosive from the BMW and sets the GMC ablaze before they drive off.

INT/EXT. JEEP CHEROKEE, POLICE STATION - DAY

Chris and Michelle pull up to the station gate. Michelle parks and Chris exits the vehicle.

Chris slips his POLICE badge on a chain over his neck as he enters the building through a door labeled G.E.D - Gang Enforcement Detail.

EXT. HARBOR DISTRICT - DAY

FELDMAN and SHABOT sit on their white Chevy Tahoe watching cranes load containers onto barges.

Gabriel and Michael arrive in the BMW. Shabot points to an open container. They park inside, directly behind the black Porsche Cayman, and exit the car with their bags. A loud knocking inside the trunk of the Porsche causes them to jump.

Shabot laughs at them and locks the container. He motions to a forklift driver standing by, who carries it away.

Michael places the backpack inside the Tahoe. Then, he and Gabriel watch as Feldman and Shabot drive away in the SUV.

EXT. DOWN THE BLOCK FROM FIRST CITY BANK AND TRUST - DAY

A line of SIX ISUPK MEMBERS - robes, turbans and shades rant into a microphone. One holds a sign : "Jesus was a Negro".

A SMALL CROWD look on, taking photos with their iPhones.

ISUPK MEMBER

The white man establish himself by raping, murdering, robbing people of their land. He steal America. He steal Mexico. God hates the white man. He is the illegal immigrant.

JEFFREY ALLEN (white, 50s) leans against a sedan smoking a joint, in a cheap suit, wearing a gaudy American flag tie. He watches the ISUPK with marginal interest, but a mellow smile.

He turns and studies the police barricade around the bank and watches the officers control traffic. He flips away his joint and pops an Altoid mint as he walks past the Ispuk members

ISUPK MEMBER (CONT'D)

(to JEFFREY and his tie)

You, Sir, you have the sign of the Beast hanging from your neck like a hangman's noose, you honky devil...

Jeffrey smiles, waggles his tie at them and moves off towards FIRST CITY Bank.

INT. FIRST CITY BANK AND TRUST - DAY

Yellow tape surrounds the lobby. Markers identify potential evidence. A FORENSIC TEAM combs the bank with sophisticated equipment while UNIFORMED OFFICERS speak to witnesses.

Three SUITED DETECTIVES snap pictures and take notes of the crime scene: THOMAS LANIER (white, 30s) and TRINA LING (Asian, 35). They converge on Jeffrey Allen as soon he enters the bank.

LING

Where you been, boss?

JEFFREY

Down in Babylon, baby, fighting the werewolves. Walk with me.

The group follows Allen towards the tellers' desk.

LING

Four man team. Bank opens at eight. They were inside exactly ten minutes later, covered head to toe.

JEFFREY

Where'd they come from?

LING

None of the witnesses know and none of the surrounding stores were open yet so we haven't found anyone outside who saw them arrive.

JEFFREY

Of course not.

Jeffrey points to the flash-bangs on the floor and walks behind the tellers' desk with Lanier.

LANIER

M84 stunners. Non-fragmentation. They removed the serial numbers, but these things can be purchased fifty places in downtown alone.

Jeffrey and Lanier enter the vault.

JEFFREY

No one saw them come in, and I'm guessing no one saw them run out?

LANIER

Well, we got one guy. He captured some iPhone footage of the escape.

JEFFREY

Great, what else?

Inside the vault Walter Sims sits on a chair speaking with a violent crimes counselor, BETTY HERNANDEZ.

PAYTON

Excluding what the dye pack burned, they made off with six-hundred in cash. But their focus was on that security deposit box.

JEFFREY

Who does it belong to?

PAYTON

We're looking into that right now.

JEFFREY

Hey Betty. Are you Mr. Sims?

Betty cracks a resigned smile and helps Sims from the chair. Jeffrey offers him a firm handshake.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

First time you've ever been robbed? No fun, right?

Jeffrey studies Sims for an uncomfortable moment.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

I'm Sergeant Detective, Allen. You spoke to the men who held you up?

SIMS

He had pictures of my whole family. He knows who they are, where we live.

JEFFREY

I heard. You should be more careful with what you put online for the world to see. Was there anything about him you recognized? His voice? Anything?

SIMS

He spoke English and he looked at me like he would kill me. What if they come to my house?

JEFFREY

That's very doubtful, but we've got people there to keep an eye out.

SIMS

Sons of bitches.

Jeffrey leans into Sims, a few inches from his face.

JEFFREY

Listen, Walter. We can all see you are a tough guy, and that you're angry, but right now you've got some scared employees who need to see their boss with his shit together. Think you can take control of the situation?

Sims seethes at Jeffrey.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Can you do that for them?

Betty puts an arm around Sims and eyes Jeffrey scornfully.

Jeffrey leads the group back into the lobby. He points to the cameras.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
How long, total?

LANIER  
Two minutes and forty seconds.

LING  
Whoever they are, they were informed and well rehearsed.

JEFFREY  
You have a talent for stating the obvious. You're the fucking Buddha. Gather statements and find me a witness who knows something.

Ling grins.

LING  
Yes, sir, boss.

Payton nods and walks off. Jeffrey turns to Lanier.

JEFFREY  
(to Lanier)  
Search every armed robbery in the last three years for crews matching the MO. Check the Latino syndicates but don't focus on them. And find out who owned that deposit box.

Jeffrey and Ling watch Betty escort Sims through the lobby. Betty mimes the word 'asshole. Ling surreptitiously gives Betty the finger and winks at Jeffrey, who smiles back.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
Ah, that's my girl.

INT. POLICE STATION, GED SQUAD HQ - DAY

SGT. PETE NELSON (black, 40s) sits in front of the room speaking to a large group of OFFICERS from the GED. They're a potpourri of race and size, dressed in various phases of their uniforms: black BDU's, T-shirts stamped POLICE - Gang Enforcement, and raid vests. Arms covered in gaudy tattoos.

The mood of the briefing is light. Chris sits in the back of the room listening attentively. He notices that he's the only one taking notes.

NELSON

Paper work's getting sloppy people. Captain is still waiting for a report on new gang initiation methods from some of you... Smith!

SMITH (white, 30/40s) sits in the middle of the group sipping a large energy drink.

SMITH

They get in a circle. They kick the shit out of each other. They hug it out. The end.

NELSON

Just get it done.

Atwood enters the room, coffee in hand and leans against the wall. Nelson looks disapproving at Atwood late entry.

NELSON (CONT'D)

(to Atwood)  
Detective.

ATWOOD

Sorry, Sir.

Nelson waves the shift report into the air.

NELSON

Also, make sure you go over the station entries, particularly robbery. FIRST CITY downtown got held up this morning.

Atwood immediately turns his focus to Nelson.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Apparently they were heavily armed and spoke Spanish, which narrows it down to thirty percent of the city.

A large Latino officer, GOMEZ (30/40s) moves forward.

GOMEZ

(mock outrage)  
I resent the racial implications of that remark!

The officers laugh, a couple pelt him with paper cups.

NELSON

And they all live in your one room duplex so they shouldn't be hard to find.

Atwood notices a red substance from the dye on his boot.

NELSON (CONT'D)  
It sounds too sophisticated to be street, but check with your people. JEFFREY from SCU is heading up the investigation. Speaking of, allow me to introduce, *his nephew*, Chris.

Chris nods and raises a hand. He is clearly the youngest cop in the detail.

NELSON (CONT'D)  
Where'd you come from again?

CHRIS  
Patrol. Fourteenth Precinct.

Laughter erupts. Discomfited grin from Chris.

NELSON  
(snarky)  
The fourteenth, huh?

Nelson looks around the room scouting faces to partner him with. He spots Atwood who is wiping red dye off his boot.

NELSON (CONT'D)  
Right. Pair up with Atwood. He'll get you squared away. Maybe you can get him to come to work on time.

Atwood scowls at Nelson, then glances at Chris, not hiding his displeasure with the pairing. Smith slaps him on the shoulder, laughing, happy he wasn't picked.

NELSON (CONT'D)  
That's it. Beat feet  
knuckleheads.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Atwood and Chris cruise through a rough South-Side neighborhood. Atwood takes out his gun. Puts it in his lap.

Crackheads panhandle for change. Naked bum walking down street, muttering to himself. Two young men on a corner tug on leashes of their pit bulls, pulling the enraged dogs apart. Gang member in wheelchair watches.

There is an unspecified tension between the two men. Voices on the police radio fill the silence.

CHRIS  
 (after a time)  
 Are we looking for something  
 particular?

ATWOOD  
 (noncommittal)  
 Always.

They reach an intersection where four UNIFORMED OFFICERS speak to a LARGE BLACK WOMAN dancing on top of a newspaper dispenser, barefoot, in a skin-tight leopard top and thong.

CHRIS  
 How long have you been working  
 these streets?

ATWOOD  
 These streets? I've been working  
 them my whole life.

Atwood pulls into a gas station adjacent to the scene and shuts off the engine. He turns to Chris. The black woman's voice is muted through their windows.

CHRIS  
 I meant Gang Detail?

ATWOOD  
 Three years longer than you.

Silence again. Chris looks to the woman standing on phone.

CHRIS  
 You want me to do something, here?

ATWOOD  
 Yeah, fill up the fucking car.

CHRIS  
*What?*

They look at each other.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 I don't have a department card  
 yet.

ATWOOD  
 Ask your uncle to lend you his.

Atwood gets out.

CHRIS  
 What did you say?

Atwood walks towards to the large woman.

ATWOOD  
Shanice! Whatcha doing up there?

SHANICE  
Hey! MARCUS! Minding my own til  
these motherfuckers showed up.

ATWOOD  
You get on down, Shanice. Come  
on. Help her out fellas.

The officers struggle helping her down. Shanice walks straight past Marcus and Chris and jellies down the road, shaking her vast behind.

SHANICE  
Hey Marcus, you and that white-boy  
partner you got there best not be  
watching my motherfucking ass! I  
know you want some!

Chris stares at Atwood, grinding his jaw.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Modest apartment decorated with nice things, not too ostentatious. A picture of Felix hangs from the refrigerator by a magnet.

Michael looks out window at the street below. He opens a drawer full of new, packaged cell phones.

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME

A dozen or so DETECTIVES sit doing paperwork, field phone calls in a cubicle divide. Rodriguez answers his cell.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
How's work?

RODRIGUEZ  
Quiet as a mother's prayer.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
Good. See you in two days.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME

Michael opens the phone. Takes out the SIM card, puts it in the microwave for ten seconds. Picks up his keys.

INT/EXT. FARMERS MARKET - NIGHT

Dozens of carts sit full of fresh produce and fish packed in ice. Smoke and heat and flames rise from grills and fryers of vendors preparing their food.

Michael walks amongst a large MASS OF SHOPPERS. He turns to find Shabot and Feldman standing either side of him.

SHABOT

Come.

INT. MID-CITY, ORTHODOX KOSHER MEAT SHOP - NIGHT

Shabot and Feldman escort Michael through the shop to the back where Irina dotes over Felix happily in her arms.

She puts Felix down and smiles as he runs to his dad. Michael squats down to hug him.

FELIX

Daddy!

MICHAEL

Come here little man. I missed you.

IRINA

There really is no love quite like a fathers love for his son, no?  
Come, walk with me Michael.

Michael stands and holding Felix's hand, they follow Irina.

All around them, HASIDIC JEWISH men in white coats and beard nets, inspect slabs of beef. They pray.

Irina leads them past tubes collecting sheep hair and hoses washing away blood. More HASIDIC workers sharpen knives and clean machinery, ignoring them as if they weren't there.

IRINA (CONT'D)

In eighty-two, Vassili my poor darling husband and me, we were part of a team of Mossad in Beirut. Our mission was to find pockets of the PLO and neutralize them. One night we raid a known safe house but it's empty when we arrive. There's food cooking in the oven, fresh bread on the table, tea steaming from the pot, but no one's around. We think maybe they caught wind of us and ran. We'd hardly eaten in days so one of our men opens the oven to see what has the house smelling so good.

(MORE)

IRINA (CONT'D)

He detonated ten pounds of explosives put inside a roasting chicken and kills half of our team. In a moment of hunger he forgot his training and looked where he shouldn't have.

Michael looks quizzically at Irina.

IRINA (CONT'D)

There was a counter installed inside the box to track how many times it's been opened. It didn't read zeroes when it arrived to me.

MICHAEL

What are you talking about?

IRINA

I was very specific when I said no one was to look inside. So was Vassili.

Michael looks nervous.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Yes, Michael, he knows... he is unhappy.

MICHAEL

I promise you no one looked. No one could have but me.

Irina spots a trace of doubt on Michael's face.

IRINA

You don't look so certain.

Michael stands, silent.

IRINA (CONT'D)

But someone did. One of your crew. Maybe I should find out who you bring in to do this job. Maybe Gabriel. Maybe I should find him. Then we find out...

MICHAEL

You keep my brother out of this. You keep his name out of your mouth.

IRINA

(smiles, shakes her head)  
My sister always went for stupid men. Why? I don't know. Perhaps it is that my sister too is stupid.

(MORE)

IRINA (CONT'D)

A terrible thing for a sibling to say, I know. But she is a great beauty, yes, which goes a long way in this world, but look in the eyes, Michael, look in the eyes and you will see it. A great yawning stupidity and a complete and utter lack of judgement in men... luckily for you, Michael. It is the reason you are still alive.

MICHAEL

I need your word, none of my family or crew will be touched.

Irina smiles adoringly at Felix throwing her arms open. Felix runs to embrace her.

IRINA

Love makes great demands of us all... and sacrifices.

MICHAEL

We're finished here.

Irina raises her hand.

IRINA

So dramatic Michael. *Okay!* You have my word. Upon my honour.

Petra opens a door and enters from an adjoining room where THREE SUITED MEN drink coffee at a table.

IRINA (CONT'D)

(to Petra)

What is it?

Petra walks in carrying a satellite phone.

PETRA

He's supposed to be calling now.

Michael and Petra look at each other.

PETRA (CONT'D)

Hello, Michael.

MICHAEL

Petra.

Michael nods towards THREE SUITED MEN in other room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Who are they?

IRINA

Michael, you know these sort of men? I used to ask about such men too... when I was a child. And my babushka would tell me. She would say how when she was a girl she would watch her mother prepare a glass of vodka and six rubles on a tea tray every Saturday and offer it to the local police officer to overlook that our family outside the area where Jews were allowed. Almost a hundred years later and you know what has changed Michael? Absolutely nothing. Men can still be bought, and for just as little.

The SATELLITE PHONE begins to ring. Petra hands it to Irina. She brings her finger to her lips.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Do you understand?  
(into the phone)  
Hello, darling. I've just been speaking to Michael!

EXT. WALKWAY ACROSS A DAM - DAY

Jeffrey sits on a concrete walkway that crosses a vast reservoir. Directly beneath him is a massive glory hole where tons of water drain. It is a terrifying vortex.

Jeffrey drinks from a bottle of bourbon. Sucks on a joint.

His phone buzzes. He opens it to a text from Chris. *Beers?*

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jeffrey and Chris sit in a booth, a pitcher of beer between them. Jeffrey is fucked up.

JEFFREY

Did I ever tell you what happened to me when I got shot...

Chris has been here before. He nods.

CHRIS

Yes, you have.

JEFFREY

I felt I was in a vacuum, without end or beginning...

(MORE)

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

With absolutely no sensation, no pain, no hot, no cold, no light, no taste, no smell, no fucking anything whatsoever, none, other than the slightest sense of traveling at an incredibly fast speed. Forever Empty...

CHRIS

(miming smoking a joint)  
Yeah, You might want to lay off that shit.

JEFFREY

All that bullshit at Molly's funeral, angels and heaven, she's in a better place, all that stuff, I've been on that fucking death trip - shit, we both have - close enough to reach out and touch it...

Jeffrey leans in.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

*There is nothing fucking there...*

CHRIS

Let's get you home, Uncle Jeff.

Jeffrey reaches out and touches Chris on his chest.

JEFFREY

You've been there. You *know*...

Chris looks grim, reluctant to indulge in the conversation.

CHRIS

(eventually)  
I was angry about it... But we're back now. Both of us.

They look at each other and then grin. Survivors. Jeffrey puts his hand on Chris' arm.

JEFFREY

Chris, listen to me, you can do anything you set your mind to. This job won't be any different.

CHRIS

It took some of these guys six, even ten to make GED. And Sergeant Nelson made sure to announce you're my uncle.

JEFFREY

You've paid your dues. God knows you have.

(MORE)

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
All that other shit works itself  
out. Just don't let anyone back  
you down...

Jeffrey glances around and leans in close.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
Especially the niggers and spics.

CHRIS  
You can't talk like that.

JEFFREY  
The only thing those people  
respect is violence. Everyone's a  
fucking victim and no one wants  
to police themselves. You gotta  
out-monster the monster, is all  
I'm saying.

CHRIS  
Listen, I get it. Honestly, I do.  
But you have to learn to control  
that crazy fucking head of yours.

JEFFREY  
No. You're right. I've been doing  
this shit too long and I'm too  
old to change. I'm a dying breed.

CHRIS  
(smiles)  
Some might say that's a good thing.

Jeffrey smiles, then leans in again, eyes full of pain.

JEFFREY  
Every night I was on the job, when  
I'd come home and climb into bed,  
Molly would throw an arm around my  
neck and hang onto me all night  
long. Sometimes I thought she'd  
choke me to death. She was worried  
the whole time I was out there.

CHRIS  
(sadly)  
I know.

JEFFREY  
Look after yourself. That's how to  
be good to your wife and your son.

CHRIS  
I'll be all right. Are you gonna be  
all right?

Jeffrey nods. Grins.

JEFFREY

Say, what does little Trevor want for his birthday?

CHRIS

He wants a gun.

JEFFREY

(confused, tapping his  
weapon)

A *gun*?

CHRIS

Yeah, you know, a *toy* gun.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING- MORNING

Russell Welch exits his apartment as his cell rings. Answers.

MICHAEL

(on phone)

We got to meet. All of us. Now.

Welch hits end on the call and moves at a pace to his Caprice and climbs in. He puts the key in the ignition.

Shabot appears in the back seat and slips a clear plastic bag over Welch's head. Feldman appears at the driver's side window and shoots Welch, with a silenced pistol, in the temple. Blood collects in the plastic bag.

They haul Welch into passenger seat. Throw a coat over his corpse. Drive off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Michael and Gabriel drive up in Michael's BMW. They exit the car and walk towards the warehouse. Enter by a side door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

The large warehouse is a dark, dingy old building, that has been used for target practice. Rays of light penetrate through bullet-sized holes in the walls.

Rodriguez and Atwood stand by an old pool table in a corner of the building. Atwood cleans his pistol.

RODRIGUEZ

She finally says, 'Please officer, just one kiss. I won't say a word.' So I tell her, 'Look, you're a beautiful woman, but it's totally against POLICE principles.

(MORE)

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
 Strictly speaking, you shouldn't  
 even be sucking my dick.'

Atwood's laughing so hard he puts down his gun.

Michael enters the warehouse, Gabriel follows.

MICHAEL  
 Where's Welch?

The laughter stops. They shrug.

ATWOOD  
 Hey man, he's your boy. Buy him a  
 watch.

RODRIGUEZ  
 (serious)  
 What are we doing here, Michael?

MICHAEL  
 Irina Vlaslov picked me up.

In a second the air is sucked from the room.

ATWOOD  
 Why would she do that?

MICHAEL  
 Because one of you opened the  
 box.

GABRIEL  
 No. You distinctly told us not to  
 look. I told you, she's playing  
 you.

MICHAEL  
 There was a counter installed  
 inside.

Michael watches them, but holds his stare longer on  
 Gabriel.

<p>ATWOOD          I didn't even see the damn          thing.</p>	<p>RODRIGUEZ          What about Irina's guys?</p>	<p>*          *</p>
---	--	-------------------------

Michael continues to look at Gabriel.

RODRIGUEZ  
 (to Gabriel)  
 Wait... It was you, wasn't it?

GABRIEL  
 Fuck you.

Rodrigues flicks his cigarette and it explodes on Gabriel's chest.

RODRIGUEZ  
You fucking fuck-up.

Gabriel grabs the cue ball and throws it wildly at Rodrigues, narrowly missing him. He charges at Rodrigues who expertly lifts him up and slams him onto the table.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
You fucking punk. I should have put one in you.

MICHAEL  
Hey! You both have a bigger problem.

RODRIGUEZ  
What do you mean?

MICHAEL  
Irina made it a two part job. We get two mil and plunder for the second job. She'll pay the million she still owes for the bank if, and only if, it gets done. After this, it's over.

Rodrigues looks them over, then raises his hands and grins.

RODRIGUEZ  
What? That's the big *problem*? *Two million*?

MICHAEL  
The problem is the job can't be done. And when we can't pull it off...

Michael shoots each of them with his finger.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Each of us. Simple as that.

RODRIGUEZ  
There ain't a job that's impossible.

MICHAEL  
I've looked.

GABRIEL  
Fuck, Mike! She knows me!

MICHAEL

Yes, she does, but she doesn't know the rest of you, but I promise she has all the means to find out and she'll go to the ends of the world. She knows no bounds and won't stop until she's butchered your entire blood-line.

RODRIGUEZ

Hold on. Why the fuck is this bitch my problem? You're the one who hooked us up with this bullshit job. You deal with her.

ATWOOD

Handle it, Mike. Kill that bitch and be done with it.

GABRIEL

Kill her? *Kill her?* Those Russian's shoot you just to see if their fucking guns work!

RODRIGUEZ

(to Michael)

Calm this motherfucker down.

MICHAEL

Hamas have been trying to kill the Vlaslovs for twenty years, you think we're gonna get them! And now she's got the Feds in her pocket. I saw them. One big happy family. Do I need to remind either of you how much Feds love dirty cops?

A silence.

ATWOOD

Just great! This just keeps getting better and fucking better.

RODRIGUEZ

So, what are we after?

MICHAEL

She hasn't said yet, but it's an unmarked Homeland Security building. DHS uses it as a weigh station for sensitive items coming in and out of the country. They use a basic bank alarm through the POLICE, but their vault automatically locks when the silent alarm is triggered.

ATWOOD  
What about guards?

MICHAEL  
TSA. At least five. And then at least a dozen employees. On top of that we won't have a layout of the vault so we'll need time to search.

ATWOOD  
So what are we talking about? Four, five minutes?

MICHAEL  
No. We're talking more like ten.

ATWOOD  
It can't be done. There's no way.

RODRIGUEZ  
He's right. They'll be on us in three minutes, tops.

ATWOOD  
We could set off a couple fire alarms or call in a bomb threat.

RODRIGUEZ  
That'll just stir up the LAFD and put our building on lock-down.

GABRIEL  
(shrugs and smirks)  
We could do a 999.

There is a long silence.

RODRIGUEZ  
That's actually not a bad idea coming from a fucking idiot like you.

There is another longer, heavier silence.

ATWOOD  
That would work.

Atwood looks at Rodriguez nervously and nods slowly.

GABRIEL  
It was a joke. I was making a joke!

MICHAEL  
Enough of the cop shit. English.

Gabriel suddenly lashes out and pushes Rodriguez.

GABRIEL  
 (panicking)  
 A 999? Are you out of your fucking  
 minds! No fucking way! I'm having  
 nothing to fucking do with this!

Gabriel starts to walk out towards a roller door. A muffled car horn begins to blare an extended note outside.

As he rages away, Gabriel points at each of the men.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
 Are you gonna do that! Are you  
 fucking gonna do that! Who the fuck  
 is gonna do that! *You? You? Who!*

Gabriel rolls open the door. The horn grows louder, drowning him out. Welch's Caprice blocks the entrance. Welch is back in the driver's seat, his bloody bagged head against the blaring horn. It slowly slides off the horn. Silence.

Gabriel, Michael, Rodriguez, and Atwood look on, horrified.

ATWOOD  
 (into the stunned silence)  
 I'll fucking do it.

INT. POLICE, SIU FORENSIC'S HANGAR - DAY

Ling walks around noting four vehicles - various makes and models. Burnt out and unrecognizable. Lanier details a possible path the crew took and where the cars were found on a map.

FORENSICS probe the vehicles with sophisticated equipment.

Jeffrey Allen enters the hangar eating a large burrito.

JEFFREY  
 (to Ling)  
 Morning, Confucious. What does  
 forensics have to say?

LING  
 Forensic say you are an asshole.

JEFFREY  
 What else does it say?

LING  
 It says the fire has probably left  
 nothing to go on, but they're still  
 looking.

LANIER

I've ran every armed robbery in the last three years, ours matches with a computer factory, a jeweler, two armored trucks, and a chemical plant. In every case the crew was similarly disguised, came heavily armed, and spoke Spanish.

LING

If it's the same crew, this was only their second bank. The first was in Mid-town two years ago. They killed a security guard. Ballistics never found a match.

JEFFREY

Look for patterns in what they're stealing. See if it's linked in anyway to business or insurance scams. And the safety deposit box?

LANIER

Belonged to a wealthy Saudi named Ahmed Abbas. He immigrated to Vancouver in 1989 and died there two weeks ago. The cause is still unknown.

JEFFREY

Why would he keep a box here?

LANIER

His family didn't know a thing about it.

Jeffrey finishes his burrito.

JEFFREY

Call every detective who worked on these cases. Find out what was left out-

LING

Ah, boss, you've got-

Ling reaches up and wipes a speck of burrito from his chin.

JEFFREY

Thank you. We've got cash, let's use it. Lean hard on our CIs and the usual fences. They gotta wash that cash somewhere.

EXT. STREET CORNER, WEST-SIDE - DAY

Atwood and Chris pull up to a murder scene in their Crown Victoria. The intersection is blocked off with patrol cars, flares, yellow tape, and familiar GED officers.

Flames and smoke pour from a white stretch limousine, parked on the curb. Fire engines are heard descending.

A team of FOUR FORENSIC OFFICERS in white boiler suits, kneel in a row, as if in prayer, combing the ground.

Atwood and Chris work their way towards a fluorescent green low-rider angled across the road. Arranged on the hood, TWO SEVERED HEADS (Latino, 20's). Their eyes are closed. They look eerily serene. Someone has spray painted a series of Z's across the hood. On the windshield, a message has been written in Spanish.

The Theme from The Godfather blares from the car's alarm. Rodriguez stands over the grisly tableaux, hands on hips, while a FORENSIC OFFICER in a white boiler suit, dusts the car, with a hot pink brush.

A Large crowd has formed on opposite side of the street. The majority of them are young Latino men wearing blue and white, communicating with gang signs, iPhones held in the air.

A massive lurid pop mural of a glamorous, half-dressed woman painted on the side of a building towers over the scene. GANG MEMBERS sit on the roofs, perusing the action.

ATWOOD

(to Rodriguez, over  
Godfather theme)  
Careful you don't get your shitty  
suit stained.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm not worried. I've got two.

ATWOOD

(re: car alarm)  
Could someone turn that fucking  
thing off!

A COP leans in window of car and silences the alarm.

ATWOOD (CONT'D)

(into the silence)  
Jesus. Right. Chris, Detective  
Jorge Rodriguez. Homicide.

Chris nods and they all shake hands. Atwood looks at Chris and gestures to the bizarre scene.

ATWOOD (CONT'D)  
 Now, what does your police manual  
 tell you about this.

Rodriguez smiles. Chris does not take the bait.

CHRIS  
 (re: message on  
 windshield)  
 I don't know. What's that say?

RODRIGUEZ  
 (reads slowly)  
 Ultima letra capitura y ejecuta  
 asesinos...

CHRIS  
 In American.

ATWOOD  
 (in Spanish to Rodriguez)  
 My new partner. Fucking handout  
 from the Fourteenth.

Rodriguez and Atwood snicker.

Chris says nothing. Rodriguez points to severed heads.

RODRIGUEZ  
 (in English)  
 You know these two?

Atwood points to one head and then the other.

ATWOOD  
 Never seen him before, but that's  
 Pedro Marquez.

RODRIGUEZ  
 Affiliated?

ATWOOD  
 Loco Sur Trece, out of the harbor  
 district... I don't know what they  
 are doing here.

CHRIS  
 I'd say they are looking for their  
 bodies.

RODRIGUEZ  
 Well, they are in the trunk.  
 (in Spanish)  
 Fucking smart-ass rookie. And the  
 four Z's? What is that all about?

CHRIS  
 (in Spanish)  
 I think that means they are asleep.

Atwood and Rodriguez look at Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 (in English)  
 Maybe I should go and see what I  
 can find out.

Chris heads across the street towards the CROWD. Rodriguez  
 laughs as Atwood curses beneath his breath.

Atwood turns towards the opposite side of the road.

Atwood approaches a CROWD standing calmly behind the police  
 barricade. He immediately recognizes a face in the group:  
 SUGGS (30s). Suggs's chubby face is badly bruised.

ATWOOD  
 Who'd you piss off?

SUGGS  
 Man, I know when you run from the  
 cops you get tuned up. I'm cool  
 with that. I ain't gonna  
 complain. But this crossed the  
 mother-fucking line.

Atwood shakes his hand.

ATWOOD  
 What are you running for anyway?

SUGGS  
 I'm training for a marathon. Why  
 the fuck you think? Hey, check your  
 boy...

Atwood turns around and looks across the street. The crowd  
 is growing loud and restless, pointing fingers at Chris who  
 raises his hands for calm.

CARLOS PINTO (Latino, 20s), dressed in blue and white, his  
 skin littered with tattoos, even eyeballs inked on his  
 eyelids, covered in scars, stands face to face with Chris,  
 separated only by yellow tape.

CARLOS PINTO  
 You can't roll in here and blame us  
 for them out them fools.

CHRIS  
 I didn't say that.

CARLOS PINTO  
That's exactly what you said,  
motherfucker.

CHRIS  
All I said one of you had to have  
seen something.

CARLO PINTO  
You know what? Fuck you jura!

Chris's demeanor instantly changes. He stares at Pinto, his  
jaw clenched. Pinto leans in close to Chris.

CARLOS PINTO  
Roll under this tape, and I'll  
get balls deep in your pink, you  
feel me. Fucking punk bitch.

Chris grabs Pinto by the neck, kicks his legs out from  
under him. Drags him under the tape. The crowd erupts into  
screams of brutality. Atwood runs over to assist.

Chris cuffs his wrists and knees into his back.

CARLOS PINTO (CONT'D)  
Them cuffs a little tight, bull?

CHRIS  
Shut your fucking mouth, puta!

Atwood walks up. He looks at Carlos who offers a corrupt  
smile.

CARLOS PINTO  
(in Spanish)  
What's up with your boy, MARCUS?

ATWOOD  
(in Spanish)  
Did you hear the officer? Shut the  
fuck up.  
(to Chris)  
Come with me.

INT. STORE, CRIME SCENE - SAME

Atwood pushes open the glass door and Chris follows him  
inside. Atwood calmly locks the door behind them.

ATWOOD  
What are you doing?

CHRIS  
Exactly what I had to.

ATWOOD  
Throw the guy down and incite a  
fucking riot?

CHRIS  
He was running his mouth.

ATWOOD  
So what! Get fucking used to it!  
You even know who that was?

Chris shakes his head angrily.

ATWOOD (CONT'D)  
You know where the hell you are?

Chris looks at Atwood barely containing his anger.

ATWOOD (CONT'D)  
That was Carlos Pinto, a Mara  
Salvatrucha lieutenant. You think  
anyone's gonna talk to us now? You  
just made yourself the enemy to  
these people. Not to mention, this  
case virtually unsolvable.

Atwood moves to exit.

CHRIS  
What do you want me to do?

ATWOOD  
I want you to use your fucking  
brain.

CHRIS  
I mean about Carlos.

Atwood steps closer to Chris.

ATWOOD  
Figure it out.

Atwood leaves.

INT. CLUB - DAY

From above. A despondent Latino CLEANER pushes a vacuum cleaner across a vast carpet. The carpet has a massive representation of a woman, sprawling, naked, rich. The whole club is rimmed in pink neon.

The bar is closed. Michael, Atwood, and Rodriguez huddle in a booth. They speak beneath the whine of the vacuum cleaner. Atwood looks nervous.

MICHAEL

You do this 999, you can get us ten clear minutes?

RODRIGUEZ

Kill a cop? That'll get you the whole fucking day!

Rodriguez leans in.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

A 999 distress code comes in, radios switch to a predetermined station and all units in the area converge on the downed officer. Like that, it's safeties off. It's open season on cop killers and everyone wants a piece. It's standard procedure.

ATWOOD

I still remember my first one. It was like someone pulled a plug and drained the entire force down the sewer. I remember thinking if someone wanted, they'd have a free run at the rest of the city.

MICHAEL

And you two can sort this out?

RODRIGUEZ

It can be done.

MICHAEL

Okay. You're the cops. Work it out.

Michael slides out of the booth

RODRIGUEZ

*So we're doing our share of the work here.* But Gabriel, you need to check him. He's nothing but a mother-fucking liability.

MICHAEL

Just worry about the 999. I'll take care of my brother.

Michael looks them over sternly until they acknowledge. He turns and exits.

RODRIGUEZ

(under his breath)

Yeah, go deal with your base-head brother...

(MORE)

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

We all asked for Mike to get us bigger jobs, but nobody asked him to put us in bed with this Russian cunt. I sure as fuck ain't ending up like Welch.

ATWOOD

Mike's a real cold piece of work. Welch was supposedly his boy and shit. Finding him like that, mother-fucker didn't even flinch... There's still gotta be another way though. This is a bit crazy, ain't it?

RODRIGUEZ

If it's crazy but works, it ain't crazy.

ATWOOD

I ain't saying something doesn't gotta get done, but now we're talking about fucking with our three holiest numbers. That don't come without consequences, and I'm not talking about the ones given us if we're caught.

RODRIGUEZ

We ain't getting caught. And fuck all that brothers in blue cop code, we joke about bangers killed in the hood every week. Now you're getting saintly because the dude wears a shield.

ATWOOD

There's a difference.

RODRIGUEZ

Bullshit. How many officers have been killed in the line of duty the last five years?

Atwood shakes his head.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

No one knows, because no one gives a shit once the funeral procession is over. And you know what ninety percent of cops at those things are telling themselves? They're saying, better him than me.

Atwood now nods his head yet still a little uncertain.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

You seem real quiet, MARCUS.

ATWOOD

Ain't there some other way we can do this. Wound the motherfucker?

RODRIGUEZ

What happened to "I'll do it"?

Silence. Rodrigues stares at Atwood

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

"Wound him", and have him walk out of the hospital and finger you?

ATWOOD

It's a *cop*. One of our own. You don't even have a little problem with that?

The men look at one another. They say nothing for a long time. The silence is tense and loaded. Eventually Rodriguez leans in, snake-like.

RODRIGUEZ

No, I don't have a problem with this. It's just the way of things.

(beat)

The problem I have is a different one. The problem I have is that you look scared, Marcus. You scared?

ATWOOD

Fuck you.

RODRIGUEZ

Because if you are not up to this... *I'll do it...*

(threateningly)

Cause I don't have a problem doing a cop. I'll do a cop just like that.

Rodriguez snaps his fingers into the strained silence. Rodriguez and Atwood look at each other for sometime.

Atwood swallows and nods.

ATWOOD

Alright, then. So, *who*?

INT. POLICE, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - EVENING

Jeffrey Allen sits at his desk wearing a terrifying, leering wolf mask. Through the eyeholes he stares at a pink-haired troll doll sitting on his desk.

Ling appears - the end of the day.

LING  
My what big teeth you've got.

JEFFREY  
(from inside the mask)  
Sorry, I don't eat Chinese.

Jeffrey pulls off the mask, tosses it away. Closes file.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
A guy used it in a robbery.

LING  
Ingenious.

Ling looks at Jeffrey. Jeffrey opens another file.

LING (CONT'D)  
Hey, boss...

JEFFREY  
(looking at file)  
Yeah?

LING  
(hesitantly)  
I know I'm not Molly and I'd never  
try to be, but why don't you come  
over? We'll open up a bottle and  
watch something on the TV together.  
How does that sound?

JEFFREY  
With or without the mask?

Ling shrugs.

LING  
I'm easy, boss.

Jeffrey looks at Ling, tenderly and sadly. They are silent  
for a while.

LING (CONT'D)  
Okay. But don't think I'm gonna  
stop asking.

Ling gives a little wave and moves off.

LING (CONT'D)  
Night, boss.

Jeffrey pulls a bottle from his drawer. Pours himself a  
drink. He pulls out a blanket and pillow from a wall locker,  
lies on an old office couch.

The computer screen plays only ten seconds of video footage of Michael and crew as they enter the FIRST CITY Bank on a loop before whiting-out and turning to static noise.

After a moment, Jeffrey reaches up and turns off the light. In the dark, the video plays on.

INT. OFFICE, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael sits at his desk in front of a large monitor, scouring the news for updates on the their bank robbery.

He sips from a glass of wine. Knock at the door. He opens it to Petra, in a black velour tracksuit holding Felix.

MICHAEL  
You're late Petra?

She brushes past him. Felix goes straight for the TV.

PETRA  
Pour me a glass and I'll tell  
you.

MICHAEL  
Tonight is my night. We agreed on  
this.

PETRA  
Count yourself lucky, Michael. I  
had to convince my sister to spare  
you. Have a little gratitude.

MICHAEL  
Just get the fuck out Petra.

Petra rolls her eyes, continues inside, out of sight of Felix. Unzipping her track-jacket. Nothing underneath.

PETRA  
Hurry, I only have an hour.

INT. KITCHEN, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LATER

Felix sits alone at the table watching Michael struggle a bit at the stove.

FELIX  
Why can't mommy have dinner with  
us?

Michael dumps a jar of sauce into a pot. Checks the bread in the oven.

MICHAEL

Because your mom had things to take care of. And this way you and I can spend some time together.

FELIX

Like what? What did she have to go do?

Spaghetti boils over on the burner. Michael adjusts the flame.

MICHAEL

Things. She had things to do. Your mom, she's... she's very busy.

FELIX

Can I have a LeapFrog LeapSter?

MICHAEL

A what? What is that?

FELIX

It's a game. For learning. Can I? Please?

MICHAEL

Okay, okay, someone's got a birthday coming up don't they?

FELIX

In two weeks.

MICHAEL

I know. What, did you think I'd forget?

Michael pours sauce over two bowls of pasta. Placing them on the table. Begins shaking Parmesan over Felix's bowl.

FELIX

No cheese daddy. I hate cheese.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry little man. Let's do this.

Michael swaps Felix' bowl with his. Pulls garlic bread wrapped in foil from the oven. Sits down at the table.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Here, how about some bread.

Michael unwraps the foil, begins pulling a piece off.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Shit! That's hot.

FELIX  
Use a knife daddy.

MICHAEL  
Thanks buddy. Good idea.

Michael gets up. Goes to the knife block on the counter.

FELIX  
You have to cut bread with a knife  
daddy. You cant use your hands to  
break bread. Otherwise, your life  
will be broken.

Michael turns to his son. Frozen in disbelief. Slowly, anger  
begins it's thaw and brings him around. He crouches in front  
of Felix, eye-level with him in the chair.

MICHAEL  
Who? Who told you that Felix?

FELIX  
Told me what?

The tone in Michel's voice doesn't register. Felix continues  
to shovel noodles into his mouth.

MICHAEL  
Who told you about the bread and  
the knife?

FELIX  
Auntie Irina.

Anger turns to sadness as Michael looks at his boy.

INT. CROWN, VICTORIA, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Atwood and Chris move through the rough neighborhoods in the  
Crown Victoria, his gun on his lap.

CHRIS  
(re: gun)  
That necessary?

ATWOOD  
You know where we are?

CHRIS  
(terse)  
MS-13's hood. All the way up to  
Central Avenue. Someone cut up a  
hooker they pimp recently. So now  
it's open season on young black  
males. Sound about right?

Atwood nods.

ATWOOD

You know all that and you want to know if it's necessary to have a gun in my lap?

(beat)

Alright. Alright, you've been studying. That's good. But you forgot one thing... It's always open season on cops. I've seen these fuckers kill each other with everything from a RPG to a cross-bow. It all kicks off here man. And trust me. When it does. You'll wish you had your piece out too.

CHRIS

(flatly)

I'll bear that in mind.

Atwood looks at Chris, trying to get a read on him.

EXT. SEOUL INTERNATIONAL PARK - KOREATOWN - DAY

The Crown Victoria pulls into the public parking lot.

ATWOOD

Hang out for a few, I'll be back.

And Atwood moves over to knot of OLD MEN, huddled over tables, playing chess.

Chris steps out of the car and sizes up the park: KIDS playing basketball, ELDERLY WOMEN pushing strollers, and, across the street, on a porch, TEENAGERS, wearing blue and white, are mad-dogging Chris, holding up beers, throwing up "devil horns" signs, catcalling.

VOICE (O.S.)

I ain't seen you here before.

Chris looks down at a YOUNG BOY(9).

CHRIS

I'm Officer Allen, what's your name?

EMILIO (11) another banger, a fresh #13 tattoo on his neck, saunters up.

EMILIO

Don't tell him your name, homie. You that cop that busted up Carlos the other night.

CHRIS

That was a misunderstanding.

EMILIO  
 Why don't you bother some other  
 homies, you know what I'm saying-

CHRIS  
 Like, why aren't you boys in class,  
 you know what *I'm* saying?

EMILIO  
 Youngins getting home-schooled.

CHRIS  
 What, you his teacher?

EMILIO  
 Teachin him mad skills, yo.

CHRIS  
 I got a question for you.

Emilio snorts, shooting him a look, Get the fuck outta here.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 The Mara Salvatrucha sign, your  
 sign...

Chris throws up a "devil's horn."

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 You know where that comes from?

EMILIO  
 Fuckin bad ass, ese, is where it  
 comes from, feel me?

CHRIS  
 That's your homework.

More snorts, more laughter.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Ask around. I'll be back for my  
 answer.

Atwood stands across the street watching Chris talking to the  
 bangers. After a time, he walks across the road, his eyes  
 fixed on Chris. In his eyes a decision is being made.

ATWOOD  
 You kids get to school, or I'm  
 gonna arrest your mamas.

Kids saunter away. Chris and Atwood climb in car. Chris looks  
 at Atwood, who seems spooked and nervous.

CHRIS  
 You alright?

Atwood turns the key in the ignition. Atwood nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Okay, where to now?

As Atwood moves off, Chris looks out the window and sees Carlos Pintos walk out onto the porch. Pintos glares at Chris, pointing a finger at him as they drive past.

ATWOOD  
Looks like you made a friend?

EXT. IRINA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Michael and Felix approach the front door. Felix holds his fathers hand. Michael goes to knock. He hesitates, looks at his son instead. The moment is interrupted by Feldman opening the door. He looks Michael up and down. Says nothing. Motions for him to come inside.

INT. IRINA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME

Feldman escorts Michael and Felix to the Kitchen. Shabot reads a Hebrew newspaper at the dining table. The wall behind him is covered in three generations of Vlaslov family photos. Framed in the center. A large portrait of Vassili and Irina.

Irina stands preparing a tea service at the counter.

IRINA  
Felix, my darling! Come here we missed you. How was you night?

FELIX  
We had spaghetti!

IRINA  
Did you? How lovely. Michael I had no idea you could cook.

FELIX  
Daddy's going to get me LeapFrogs for my birthday.

IRINA  
Is he now? You must be so excited.

MICHAEL  
Where's his mother?

IRINA  
Who could keep track of such things? Could you ever keep track of her? What does it matter? Sit down Michael, have some tea.

Irina brings the tea service to the table.

FELIX  
Have some tea daddy.

MICHAEL  
I'm fine.

IRINA  
Sit Michael, we have much to discuss.

Michael can barely contain him self

MICHAEL  
Do we? What would you like to talk about? Do you want to talk about Welch.

Irina goes about the table pouring tea, completely unfazed.

IRINA  
I don't know who this is.

MICHAEL  
You gave me your word. You said none of my crew would be touched.

Irina pulls out a chair. Joins Felix and Shabot at the table.

IRINA  
Oh, yes that. I did, I gave you my word. I know this, I am sorry. But Vassili, he gave you no such thing. And when we talk, he tells me it should be done. He is the boss, no?

Irina gazes adoringly at their portrait. Looks back to Michael smiling.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
So the boss, he would like to know how things are progressing?

MICHAEL  
You can tell him we think we have a way to make it work.

Feldman enters the kitchen. Opens the sliding door. Steps out to smoke a cigarette.

IRINA  
This is fantastic news! Yussel, isn't this fantastic? Do this job, Michael and we will all be very happy... You and me and Vassili and Petra and little Felix here...

(MORE)

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 even Gabriel, with all his drugs he  
 takes! My God!

Shabot Laughs at this. Michael gets up to leave.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 I'll have all the details in two  
 days. Come by the restaurant, have  
 dinner... with the family.

Feldman puts out his cigarette. Begins to enter the kitchen  
 to escort Michael out. Just as he steps through the sliding  
 door. SMASH. A bird flies into the glass door. No one reacts  
 but Irina who scrambles out of her chair away from the bird.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 (In Russian)  
 Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!

The bird, damaged and broken flutters about the floor.

FELIX  
 Birdy!

Felix reaches out for the bird. Irina suddenly lunges at him.

IRINA  
 Don't you touch that filthy fucking  
 creature!

Felix, scarred, begins to cry. Michael picks him up.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 Out, get it out! I want it out of  
 my house!

Shabot scrambles to pick up the dying bird with his  
 newspaper. Feldman tries to console a terrified and  
 hysterical Irina and take her to another room.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 This is your doing Michael. You did  
 this. You bring a curse into my  
 home.

FELIX  
 (crying)  
 What did I do?

MICHAEL  
 Hey now ,You didn't do anything.  
 Hey, remember last night when I  
 told you how some people think some  
 things are bad luck?

FELIX  
 Yeah.

MICHAEL

That's all. Your aunt thinks the bird is unlucky. It's not your fault... It's not your fault.

INT. STEAM ROOM - AFTERNOON

Michael, Atwood, and Rodriguez talk quietly. The steam is so thick as to make them barely visible.

ATWOOD

His name's Chris Allen, my new partner.

There is a momentary silence. Steam hisses.

MICHAEL

Your *partner*?

ATWOOD

It won't be a problem.

MICHAEL

Are you sure about that?

RODRIGUEZ

It's perfect, Michael. The kid has an uncle in SCU who's actually running our case. The guys a fucking legend in the department. A good, old school cop. Once he hears his nephew's down, he'll have every cop he can muster moving to the call. I'll see to it that I'm brought in to clean up any mistakes. Divert suspicion where it needs to go.

MICHAEL

And you're both in agreement?

(beat)

Okay then. It's settled. From this point on, we are in forward motion.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to Atwood)

Marcus, don't get any closer to this guy than you have to. There can be no doubt, no hesitation you can do this when the bells start tolling.

Atwood's face moves out of the steam. Defiant determination.

ATWOOD

Listen, nobody needs to worry about nothing. I got a plan.

(MORE)

ATWOOD (CONT'D)

The wheels are fucking turning. So just... leave it to me.

EXT. SOUTH-SIDE, HOUSE - DAY

Aluminum foil doubles as make shift blinds on the windows. Beer cans and litter strewn around the porch. The front door swinging open into the harsh light of the afternoon.

From out of the darkness within, Gabriel escorts a stumbling LEAH GREENS(white, 25), who is half-dressed and strung-out, out to the street. They pass a high school. Clusters of children behind a cyclone fence jeer at Gabriel and Leah.

Gabriel turns, without notice pulls a handgun from the back of his trousers, walks up to wire fence, points it at teenagers. The whole playground drops in unison.

Gabriel and Leah shuffle on.

A vast illuminated signboard reads "ZOMBIES AHEAD".

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT

A computer screen shows YouTube footage of IEDs exploding, fire fights, insurgents being killed. Battle sounds. Chris watches it, in a trance.

Michelle enters the room dressed only in one of his old POLICE T-shirts. She watches him a while.

MICHELLE

You know, I think I'd prefer it if you watched straight pornography.

Chris continues to watch the screen. She puts her arms around him from behind.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Are you brooding, baby?

Chris says nothing.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Listen, you wanted this job.

CHRIS

But not riding around with an asshole as a partner.

MICHELLE

Why don't you sit down with him. Talk. Take him out to for a beer and a burger.

CHRIS

You want me to take him out to eat?

Michelle reaches over and silences the computer.

MICHELLE

Yeah, even assholes have to eat.

A slight smile on Chris lips as he looks at her for the first time. She straddles him in his chair. Softly kisses his face.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

C'mon baby. Come to bed. Please?

CHRIS

I'm right behind you.

Chris kisses her convincingly as she gets up to leave. Watching her as she walks down the dark hall toward the light of the bed room. He considers. The bedroom light goes out. The moment it does, he reboots his computer and resumes watching war.

EXT. GUN CLUB PARKING LOT - EARLY EVENING

Michael loads two large bags into the back of his van as a large roll-down loading dock door closes behind him.

INT. MICHAEL'S VAN, GUN CLUB PARKING LOT

Michael unzips the duffles and examines the contents: ones filled with RDX materials, detonation cord, and blasting caps. The other, a vast array of hand guns and rifles.

INT. MICHAEL'S VAN - EVENING

Michael drives through downtown. He sees Gabriel and Leah, stumbling along the sidewalk. He pulls up next to them, reaches across, opens passenger door.

MICHAEL

Get in.

Gabriel and Leah both begin to climb into the passenger seat.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(To Leah)

Not you!

GABRIEL

I'll call you later, yeah?

Leah kisses Gabriel in an exaggerated way, flaunting it at Michael. She pops her gum and staggers off.

INT. MICHAEL'S VAN OUTSIDE GABRIEL'S PLACE - EVENING

Michael and Gabriel sit in the driveway. Gabriel sucks on a cigarette, his hands shaking.

MICHAEL  
(finally)  
After this job, come away with me.

Gabriel lets out a self-lacerating laugh.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I'm serious. I want you too.

GABRIEL  
Look at me, Michael.

MICHAEL  
Gabe, listen-

GABRIEL  
I'm *scared*, Michael. I'm so fucking scared. I mean, a *cop*, Michael. A *fucking cop*.

MICHAEL  
I don't want to hear another word about it. If it's down to us, or some cop, I'll be damned if it's not us who walk away from this. We don't do this job, we are dead. Do you understand. *Dead*.

Gabriel tentatively nods, then glances at Michael

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Say it. Say you understand.

GABRIEL  
Yeah, I fucking understand!

Michael studies his response, whether he truly understands.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
What about Felix?

MICHAEL  
What are you asking?

GABRIEL  
Are you going to tell the others about your kid?

MICHAEL  
No. And neither are you. What do you think that would accomplish?

GABRIEL

You could get us out of this, Mike.  
Just talk to her. She loves Felix.  
He's your son for Christ sake.

MICHAEL

And you think that makes her give a  
shit about me? You saw what she did  
to Welch. She's not letting us out  
of this.

GABRIEL

The only reason we are in this  
situation is because of your  
relationship with these people.

MICHAEL

We are in this situation because  
you looked in the fucking box.

GABRIEL

I know you think it was me, but I  
didn't open it, Michael.

MICHAEL

I don't think anything, Gabriel. I  
just know who it wasn't.

Michael grabs Gabriel by the arm.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Listen, it's one more fucking job.  
Are you gonna be able to do this?

GABRIEL

*There must be-*

MICHAEL

You got better idea? You? Fucking  
look at you. Look at yourself!

Michael slaps Gabriel. They lock eyes, both shaking.

Gabriel throws open the door of the van, climbs out and  
shuffles across the lawn to his front door. He takes one  
terrified look over his shoulder as he enters his house.

Michael sits in the van, grimly watching.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeffrey Allen and Trevor nestle together watching Scarface  
(1932) - a machine-gunning car chase. Michelle and Chris  
cook dinner. Trevor is dwarfed by a huge orange and black  
assault weapon BB gun - a gift from Jeffrey.

Jeffrey's cell phone wakes to The Eagles, *Hotel California* ringtone. Jeffrey hits the mute on the remote.

INT. POLICE, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - NIGHT

Lanier speaks into the phone, working late at his desk.

LANIER

One of your old CI's called today. Sweet-pea Lopez. Says she might have something on our crew.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JEFFREY

Sweet-pea? Haven't heard that name in a while. I'll run her down tomorrow. Anything else? OK.

Jeffrey hangs up. Opens a beer. Resumes watching Scarface.

EXT. SWEET PEA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jeffrey exits his car, opposite a sunny, 1920's bungalow.

SWEET PEA LOPEZ (30's Latino transsexual) dresses in floral housecoat, walks a small dog. It pisses on the shrubs.

SWEET PEA

Detective Jeffrey. Look at you!

JEFFREY

Morning, Sweet Pea.

SWEET PEA

Come in. Come in.

INT. SWEET PEA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jeffrey sits at the table in bright, feminine kitchen. Sweet Pea makes a cup of tea. Jeffrey pets the tiny dog.

JEFFREY

You're looking good, Sweet Pea.

SWEET PEA

Well, I quit using my veins and started using my brains.

JEFFREY

I'm happy to hear that. You keeping your nose clean?

Sweet Pea puts a pot of tea in front of Jeffrey, sits, pours it for him.

SWEET PEA  
Clean and obscene, baby.

Sweet Pea produces a little joint. Lights it.

SWEET PEA (CONT'D)  
It's okay... It's prescribed. I've got cancer.

Passes it to Jeffrey. He sucks on it.

JEFFREY  
Me too.

They smile.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
I was surprised to hear you called?

SWEET PEA  
I heard you're looking for the crew that hit the FIRST CITY on Friday.

JEFFREY  
I am indeed.

SWEET PEA  
I also heard there's a nice retainer.

JEFFREY  
Five grand if it leads to an arrest. What have you got?

SWEET PEA  
Mostly bullshit. I've heard everything from Colombian mercs to the fucking Arabs. You know how these bitches talk. And that's all it was, just a bunch of talk. Till the other night.

JEFFREY  
Go on.

SWEET PEA  
Well, I've been picking up bar shifts down at The Foundation. The other night these girls come in all fucked up and I overhear one of them talking shit about her boyfriend. He's a cock-sucker this, a shady-prick that.

(MORE)

SWEET PEA (CONT'D)

Says he came home last Friday dyed red like the devil himself. He gets high and she asks him what happened and he makes some joke about robbing a bank. She says he's got a closet full of phones and fake ID's and she wouldn't put it past him if he did.

JEFFREY

What's this girl's name?

SWEET PEA

Leah something. She's a junky and worse. Gash for cash. Them little bitches, if they don't fuck you, they *fuck* you...

JEFFREY

How do you know her boy's not just some dealer?

SWEET PEA

She was sick. She asked me if I was holding anything I could sell.

Sweet Pea hands a copy of Leah's number to Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

Are you?

Sweet Pea shrugs.

SWEET PEA

A girl's got to eat.

JEFFREY

Okay, Sweet Pea, so set up a deal with her and call me. Until then, if you hear of anything-

SWEET PEA

You'll be the first to know.

Sweet Pea and Jeffrey finish the joint.

JEFFREY

What kind of cancer you got?

SWEET PEA

Cancer of the cock.

JEFFREY

What do you know? Me, too.

Jeffrey sucks on a joint and notices a green-haired troll doll hanging in the window. Staring at it for some time.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
I've got one of those.

Sweet Pea draws on the joint and nods.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
Except mine's got pink hair.

INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gabriel sits on the edge of his bed sucking a crack pipe, his eyes wild in his head. Leah lies next to him, asleep.

INT. SEEDY BAR, NORTH-SIDE - NIGHT

Cop party. TWENTY COPS scattered around. Hot, blonde girls, dressed in novelty police uniforms armed with plastic batons sit on cops' knees. One is topless, except for yellow crime scene tape wrapped around her breasts. Some wear T shirts that say "Dial 911 and make a cop come". Everyone is drunk, all singing along to N.W.A's Fuck The Police.

Atwood and Chris sit at the bar drunk with two other cops, SMITH and GOMEZ.

GOMEZ  
(to Chris)  
We are fresh out of the Academy and the C.O picks Atwood of all people to teach the P.G. Class.

CHRIS  
What kind of class?

GOMEZ  
P.G. Professional growth.

ATWOOD  
All that cultural sensitivity bullshit we have to sit through.

SMITH  
To teach us tolerance. So when we shoot someone they can't call it a hate crime. Anyway, they pick this fucker to give a class on *ethics*.

CHRIS  
Good choice.

ATWOOD  
The room's full. There is easy on two hundred officers, the Deputy Chief and it gets quiet, so I say-

Atwood holds up both of his hands creating a large circle.

ATWOOD (CONT'D)  
-this is your brain.

He drops a hand and forms a smaller circle with his other.

ATWOOD (CONT'D)  
This is a cop's brain on drugs.

He waits a beat keeping one hand in a circle.

ATWOOD (CONT'D)  
This is your asshole.

He pulls the other hand back up to form a large circle again.

ATWOOD (CONT'D)  
This is a cop's asshole in Super-  
Max. Any questions.

GOMEZ  
That was back when that miserable  
fuck had a sense of humour.

Everybody laughs and drinks.

Suddenly Gabriel enters the bar, completely spun-out. He shuffles through the crowd of cops. He approaches Atwood.

GABRIEL  
(manic)  
I've got to talk to you.

The cops all stop laughing.

SMITH  
Who is this motherfucker?

Atwood swings around.

ATWOOD  
What the-?

GABRIEL  
*We've got to talk.*

Atwood jumps off his seat.

ATWOOD  
Outside.

CHRIS  
You alright there, MARCUS.

ATWOOD  
Stay there. I'll fucking handle  
this.

Atwood begins to frogmarch Gabriel through the back entrance of the club.

ATWOOD (CONT'D)  
Move, you dumb motherfucker.

Smith, Gomez, and Chris stay at the bar watching Atwood push Gabriel away. Smith and Gomez laugh and turn back to their drinks. Chris holds on Atwood until he's out of sight.

EXT. BACK ALLEY, CLUB - DAY

Atwood bashes Gabriel through the back door of the club, into an alley. Gabriel sprawls on the ground.

ATWOOD  
Get up, you stupid fuck.

Atwood hoists Gabriel to his feet. Gabriel grabs him.

GABRIEL  
Don't fucking do this, Marcus!

ATWOOD  
You come near me again, I swear to God, I'll fucking kill you...

GABRIEL  
This is going to stain us forever, Marcus! All of us. You do it, you can't take it back!

Atwood slaps Gabriel. Turns him around, pushing him.

ATWOOD  
That's it. Time for you to--

Gabriel pushes him off.

GABRIEL  
(frenzied)  
You ever actually shoot anyone, Marcus? You ever used you pistol in the line of duty? Have you, tough guy? I know you, man! You don't think I do! But I know you! You ain't gonna do this!

ATWOOD  
(Through clenched teeth.)  
You-need-to-shut-the-fuck-up!

Atwood punches Gabriel in the face. Gabriel goes down, blood running from his mouth.

GABRIEL

I know I'm a big fucking joke. But I *know*. I *know*. I can see it in your fucking eyes! You are a fucking coward, Atwood. You think this is gonna make you a man? You *know* this is wrong, you fucking yellow cocksucker.

Atwood rages. Punches Gabriel again. And again.

ATWOOD

Shut the fuck up! *Shut the fuck up!*

Atwood throws him on the ground. Kicking him while he's down.

The back door opens and Chris, Smith, and Gomez run out. Atwood stands there, panting, staring mad-eyed at Gabriel.

CHRIS

Are you alright, man?

Atwood, freaked-out, points to Gabriel.

ATWOOD

Yeah, this fucking crack-head was just leaving.

GOMEZ

Didn't you hear the officer!

Gomez kicks Gabriel savagely and laughs.

The back door opens and THREE BLONDES in cop uniforms spill out into the alley. They see the action and giggle.

Smith hauls up Gabriel and punches him. The women shriek in delight.

Gabriel, beaten and bloody lies on the ground, then turns to Atwood. He raises a shaking hand and points to Chris.

GABRIEL

Is that *him*? Is that *him*?

Atwood kicks Gabriel hard. Gabriel scampers off.

CHRIS

What was that all about?

ATWOOD

Some smoked-out CI I used to run. Fucking scumbag. Forget about it.

Atwood stalks inside, sweating and wild-eyed. Smith, Gomez, and the girls all laugh and mock-march behind him.

INT. ABANDONED CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Michael stands at a work table wearing a protective apron. Gloves, a circuit welder, TNT, and other explosive components sit in front of him half constructed.

INT. POLICE STATION, GANG SQUAD HQ - DAY

Close-up of mug shot of FERNANDO RIVERA (Latino, 25). Atwood, Chris, Smith, Gomez, and three other members of GED huddle around a computer screen.

ATWOOD

This is Fernando 'Midtown' Rivera, twenty-five. I got a call from a reliable CI this morning saying he's connected to Pedro Marquez and the heads on the hood, last week. His jacket bleeds violent offenses. He's got warrants out and this morning the dumb fucker showed up at his mama's house.

Atwood looks up to Chris.

ATWOOD (CONT'D)

You up to take lead on this?

CHRIS

Are you kidding?

EXT. FERNANDO RIVERA'S DUPLEX, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Chris leads them down the street from three unmarked GED vehicles towards a duplex. He sends three officers around to the back and motions Atwood, Gomez, Smith to follow.

Just as they jump a chain-link fence into the front yard. a window in the house shatters. Curtains spit into the air as tracer rounds from an automatic weapon set them ablaze.

Atwood and Chris return fire. Chris pauses to reload and motions Gomez forward to breach the door as the gun fire momentarily ceases. Gomez kicks the door from the hinges.

INT. FERNANDO RIVERA'S DUPLEX - DAY

Chris is first in. Moving quickly through the living room and down a hallway. Rivera runs, shooting behind him as he sprints into a rundown master bedroom and slams the door.

Chris and Atwood follow Rivera. Smith and Gomez move methodically behind, ensuring the other rooms are clear.

Atwood kicks open the bedroom door and trips into the wall. Chris moves inside finding it empty. A large hole is cut into the wall, adjoining the other part of the duplex.

They carefully pass through the hole into the other apartment, and into another world. This apartment is plush with marble floors, chandeliers.

Chris creeps down the hallway. He stops at the first room.

A vast bank of surveillance monitors, show the cops outside. The audio from outside echoes weirdly through the speaker systems as the cops on the screen dodge large missiles.

EXT. FERNANDO RIVERA'S DUPLEX, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Paint cans are hurled from the rooftops at the cops and their cars. Blue and orange paint explodes on the black and whites.

INT. FERNANDO RIVERA'S DUPLEX, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Chris continues down hall. Finds Rivera waiting at the front door. He dives safely into a bathroom as ball and tracer rounds from Rivera's MAC 10 shred into the walls.

CHRIS  
He's back out front!

EXT. FERNANDO RIVERA'S DUPLEX, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Chris bursts into the yard, Atwood and the others trailing behind. Rivera runs down the road, reloading his MAC 10, screaming at three BANGERS across the street for help. NEIGHBORHOOD FOLKS come out of their homes to watch.

The three bangers pull out pistols and a TEC 9 from under their shirts. They join Rivera, firing recklessly at his pursuers. Sporadic tracer rounds ricochet off the road and sidewalks into houses or burn off into the sky.

Atwood and the others take cover, returning fire.

A TEENAGE PASSENGER in the backseat of a car blasting loud music is hit by a stray round. It abruptly screeches to a halt. He falls out the door, howling in terror. The OTHER TEENAGERS in the car duck low as they can.

Chris walks into the open street, rounds cracking by him, and takes aim. He fires three times, putting a round into Rivera's side, but it does not drop him. The other bangers sprint off. Smith, Gomez, and the others chase after them.

Rivera frantically runs towards the stopped car. He steps over the wounded boy, diving into the backseat. He grabs the terrified driver around her neck.

RIVERIA  
Drive you fucking bitch. Drive!

She is too shaken with fear to comply.

Rivera menaces from his wound, watching Chris through the windshield. He looks around frantically for an escape route.

Chris stands down the street, in front of the car. The wounded boy lies in shock. The block is deathly still, the quiet broken by sporadic echoes of distant gunfire.

Rivera lies low and tight between the scared passengers, his arm firmly gripped around the driver's neck. He ejects his magazine, flips it, slides in the full one connected to it.

RIVERA  
I'm gonna kill you *chota*!

Chris takes a step towards the car. Rivera raises his MAC 10 between the driver and passenger, deafening fire cuts through the windshield. Chris dives for cover behind a parked car, but not without two rounds finding their target. Chris is hit in the back and goes down behind the parked car.

Instinctively Atwood runs to where Chris has fallen. He finds Chris reaching around to his back, feeling his ribs. Looking to see if the bullets had punctured his vest.

Rivera leaps from the car down the street into the cluttered neighborhood.

ATWOOD  
You okay! Chris, are you okay?

Chris is only winded and bruised. He points in the direction Rivera ran off in.

CHRIS  
(between breaths)  
Fine... I'm fine... go, go!

Atwood gives chase. Gaining and losing ground on him, running through yards, and alleys. Momentarily losing sight of him, he slows to find a blood trail. Atwood takes off towards its source.

Chris regains some composure and begins weaving through the neighborhood in pursuit. More gunshots. Chris heads in their direction. We hear helicopters approaching in the distance.

Chris enters an alley, keeping low. A terrified MAN and WOMAN pass Chris. Pointing behind them.

MAN  
Back there, *senor*.

Chris moves slowly down the alley, step by step, gun up and ready. He sees a shadow angled across the alley coming from the one adjacent. He moves toward it. Each step reveals more.

He sees Atwood standing, stock-still, hands raised above his head, They lock eyes with each other as Chris continues step by step, rounding the corner.

The whole scene is revealed to him. Rivera has Atwood by the neck, gun to his head, breathing hard. Atwood is terrified. The scene is eerie and still, as Chris moves slowly around.

RIVERA

Stay back, motherfucker or he die-

Chris fires. Neck shot. Blood jet. Rivera Spins, releasing Atwood. He stares at Chris and Atwood confused and dying, clutching the geyser of blood at his neck, his gun falls from his hand. He mutters an incoherent prayer to himself.

Atwood stands motionless, in a state of shock, his eyes looking everywhere. He sees the dropped pistol. He scoops up the gun, swings around, and at close range, puts two bullets into the dying banger's chest, finishing him off.

Chris, gun at his side, looks at Atwood. Atwood, glazed in sweat, shallow breathing and covered in Rivera's blood, looks back at Chris. Bound in blood, they do not move.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT, PARKING LOT - DAY

A black POLICE armored tank rolls ominously down the street.

A contingent of police officers and medical teams move in and out of the alley. Barricades, tape, and evidence flags are everywhere. The whole neighborhood watches curiously.

Two of the three other bangers sit cuffed on a curb, fresh bruises on their faces. One is now shirtless, a tattoo reading *Fuck the Police* is inked across his torso. Jubilant officers take turns photographing themselves next to him.

A young BLACK WOMAN emerges from the crowd screaming hysterically, pointing at one of the bangers. She picks up a brick, throwing it at him before she is restrained.

On the roof above, an OFFICER, covered in yellow paint, rips out TV aerials and kicks in satellite dishes.

Atwood stands with Chris while EMS looks him over on the back of their ambulance. While they do a SUITED OFFICER stands taking notes.

As Chris gives his statement he removes his shirt for the medic. Atwood takes notice of the military tattoo on Chris' shoulder and the numerous scars that cover his torso.

EMS push a gurney carrying Rivera's body from the building.

Carlos Pinto fights his way through the crowd while the officers expand the perimeter.

CARLOS PINTO

Who is that!? Who'd they get!?

The gurney moves past Chris. Watching it move down the barricaded path towards the ambulance. His eyes look toward the crowd, locking, yet again, with the Pinto's stare.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Chris, Atwood, Gomez, Smith, and half a dozen other GED officers sit at a long table drinking.

Atwood and Chris sit at the end of the table talking quietly. Both are drunk and all keyed up.

CHRIS

My first fire-fight in the war lasted just a bit longer than today's.... I froze in my boots. I don't even remember hearing a single shot.

ATWOOD

You definitely heard that shit today.

CHRIS

It gets in your blood. The war was the happiest I've ever been. My old commander used to pass out a unit coin for every confirmed insurgent we killed. I've got a box full of them at home. A whole coin-collection.

ATWOOD

I hear you. You want shit to get technicolored, you came to the right squad. We're always looking for that buzz. It's what gets us up in the morning.

Atwood stares off and then leans in.

ATWOOD (CONT'D)

You know what they say, "there's nothing sweeter than a righteous kill."

CHRIS

Well, over there they were all righteous kills.

ATWOOD  
 (conspiratorial)  
 There ain't a cop in the GED who  
 ain't looking for one.

Chris leans in.

CHRIS  
 Sometimes, I feel... *numb*. I miss  
 that sense of purpose, that  
*vitality*... Some people like  
 whatever. With me it's this. It's a  
*spiritual* thing... The moment your  
 grip tightens around your pistol  
 and everything contracts into the  
*essence* of things...

Chris smiles.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Becomes *uncomplicated*, you know  
 what I'm talking about?

ATWOOD  
 Yes, it was 110 degrees out there  
 and I was cold as shit. Frozen.

CHRIS  
 I know, the blood drains out of the  
 organs, floods the heart and the  
 brain. It's a fucking rush like  
 nothing in the world.

Atwood looks at Chris in silence.

ATWOOD  
 That motherfucker jumped out of  
 nowhere. I never even saw it  
 coming.

CHRIS  
 It could happen to anyone.

They look at each other for some time.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 I need to go take a piss.

Chris stands to go to the bathroom, as he does he winces in  
 pain.

ATWOOD  
 You okay man?

CHRIS  
 Yeah. I'm looking forward to that  
 feeling every time I stand or sit  
 for the next month.

Chris heads to the restroom.

Atwood takes a long drink as Michelle enters the pub. She spots him and smiles with relief.

MICHELLE  
Are you Marcus?

Atwood stands and holds out his hand to her. She ignores it and wraps her arms around him tightly.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
Are you guys okay? Is he okay?

ATWOOD  
We're good. He's in the bathroom.

MICHELLE  
When I got the call... I just...

Her lips begin to quiver. Atwood stands there uncomfortably. Searches for something to say to her.

ATWOOD  
Just be grateful you got the call  
you did... as opposed to the other  
one.

He nods at Chris arriving from the bathroom.

MICHELLE  
-Oh baby.

Michelle throws her arms around Chris' neck.

CHRIS ALLEN  
I'm alright, sweetheart.

Michelle clings on and then releases Chris, tears streaming down her cheeks.

MICHELLE  
Oh Chris-

Chris disengages and looks at Marcus.

CHRIS  
Are you alright, Marcus?

Atwood takes a drink.

ATWOOD  
Yeah, man, shit, I'm okay, you go  
home to your kid.

## EXT. RUSSIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Russian restaurant is a nightmare of red velvet and tacky gold brocade. Kitsch paintings of the motherland adorn the walls.

Michael, Irina, and SEVERAL STRANGERS, sit around a large table covered with dishes of traditional Russian food, vodka, and wine.

Feldman and Shabot sit at their own table a few meters away, each huddled gloomily over a bowl of borscht.

A RUSSIAN WOMAN sings a maudlin song.

IRINA  
Do you know what that song is  
about, Michael?

Michael, stony-faced, says nothing.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
No? Then I will tell you. It's  
about two lovers separated by the  
underworld, betrayed by the  
secrets they keep for others.  
They must choose, Michael, exile  
or death. Like me and my dear  
Vassili. Vassili is finally  
coming home to me. They're  
releasing him in two days back to  
Israeli custody. We're going to  
be a family again!

MICHAEL  
Where is Felix.

IRINA  
We own the secrets of kings, me and  
him. That's why we've survived so  
long.

Irina produces a brand new digital camera.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
You have to see this, Michael, it  
is so clever.

MICHAEL  
I asked you a question.

IRINA  
Here, Michael, take a look.

Irina leans into him and they both look into the digital monitor, as Irina scrolls through the photos.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 There he is, that lovely child,  
 brighter than all creation!

Felix. In a high chair on a balcony, the Mediterranean coastline spreading out behind him.

MICHAEL  
 Where?

IRINA  
 Tel Aviv.

More scrolling, more pictures of Felix - a beach in Jaffa.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 (as she scrolls)  
 He's a boy, Michael. He loves the sea and the sand. They all do. Me, I don't like it much myself. There is something idiotic about it. It's the monotony of it that gets me, the way it laps back and forth like that. I don't like it.

Now Petra. On the beach with Felix. Sunglasses, aloof.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 Ah, and there is my sister.

MICHAEL  
 When are they coming back.

IRINA  
 That all depends. Oh, Michael, look! It's you!

Then Michael, a close-up, a vodka in his hand, and then Petra again, through a telephoto lens, the two of them in bed together.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 My sister has a very nice ass. Unfortunately she does all her thinking with it.

Irina leans in, confidential.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 Did you know that Vassili and I ran away together when we were teenagers. We too were young and carefree. Difficult to imagine, I know?

Michael closes his eyes. Shakes his head, burning.

IRINA (CONT'D)

See, my family looked down on  
Vassili and his family. They  
thought he was trash. Beneath me.

(smiles)

And now he is coming to get me.

And finally, there's a photo of a SILVER CASE, the size of  
a shoe box.

IRINA (CONT'D)

This is your new objective,  
Michael.

She watches him. She raises her hand. Shabot stands and  
puts an envelope in it.

IRINA (CONT'D)

It's the gate key and security  
codes you'll need. The truck  
arrives tomorrow night. The case is  
only there for twenty-four hours  
and then it ships.

Irina leans forward and smiles.

IRINA (CONT'D)

How is it going with your crew.

Michael stares at Irina with hatred and says nothing.

IRINA (CONT'D)

We meet one more time after this.  
How that goes is up to you and then  
we'll decide when Felix comes home  
from vacation.

INT. BICYCLE SHOP OPPOSITE GABRIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeffrey Allen quietly enters the room. Lanier lies behind a  
camera and surveillance gear. A bag of Leah's trash and latex  
gloves sit on the floor behind him.

Jeffrey sits, and through a set of optics, looks across the  
street, at Gabriel's house, then shifts focus to a wine bar  
next door, where Gabriel and Leah talk quietly at a table.  
Gabriel has a black eye.

Leah cries and slides Gabriel's hands towards her.

JEFFREY

Is that the boyfriend? He doesn't  
look like he could snatch  
Granny's purse.

Lanier snaps pictures of them - A fucked-up Leah leaning over  
the table to kiss a wild-eyed Gabriel.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
Put a tail on both of them.

As Jeffrey leaves, he stops, leans down and picks up half a joint from out of the garbage. He lights it up.

LANIER  
Sometimes I worry about you.

JEFFREY  
Yeah, well, many do.

EXT. WALKWAY ACROSS DAM - NIGHT

Lit by overhead lights, Jeffrey Allen sits on the walkway, staring down into the great roaring glory hole, open bottle of bourbon by his side. He texts a message into his phone.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT

Chris sits, shirtless, in front of the computer checking the casualty lists from Afghanistan, absently picking dried blood from his fingernails. His cell phone chimes in his pocket, as Michelle walks in.

Chris looks at cell phone. There is a text message.

TEXT MESSAGE  
Today the werewolves lose. I am proud of you. -Jeffery

EXT. WALKWAY ACROSS A DAM - NIGHT

Jeffrey pockets cell phone. Drinks from the bottle. Stares into the glory hole.

INT. MICHAEL'S BMW - DAY

Michael drives down freeway. His cell phones rings.

MICHAEL  
Yeah.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

Rodriguez leans against the vast purple Michael Jackson mural speaking into a disposable cell phone.

RODRIGUEZ  
What did I tell you Michael? I told you that punk-ass brother of your's was a fucking liability!  
(MORE)

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
 Guess what? Gabriel's under  
 surveillance. They've got people  
 on him right now.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
 How'd this happen?

RODRIGUEZ  
 That fucking whore he calls a  
 girlfriend talked to some perp  
 who talked to the kid's uncle.

INT. MICHAEL'S BMW - DAY

MICHAEL  
 Are they on me?

RODRIGUEZ (O.S.)  
 Not at the moment, but I'm sure  
 the check's in the mail.

MICHAEL  
 Alright, we prep tonight. Tell  
 the others.

RODRIGUEZ  
 You going to finally do something  
 about Gabriel?

Michael ends the call.

INT. SUBWAY HUB, DOWNTOWN - DAY

Michael sits on an empty bench watching the dark tunnel get  
 brighter as a train approaches. It stops and Gabriel steps  
 out. He still wears the bruises from his beating. They meet  
 in front of some vending machines.

MICHAEL  
 Positive you weren't followed?

Gabriel looks around frightened.

GABRIEL  
 Think so. How are they onto me?

MICHAEL  
 Because you ran your fucking  
 mouth to Leah and she talked to  
 someone.

GABRIEL  
 Bullshit.

MICHAEL  
 What does she know?

GABRIEL

*Nothing.*

Michael grabs him forcefully by the neck and lunges him into a vending machine. The split in his lip from Atwood beating reopens. Blood stains Gabriel's teeth.

MICHAEL

What did you tell her?

GABRIEL

Nothing! She doesn't know a fucking thing.

MICHAEL

I saw this coming. I didn't stop it when I should've.

Michael looks around to make sure no is watching them.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If you weren't my brother... I should have let him pull the trigger!

Michael scowls at Gabriel considering all possibilities.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This job? You're out.

GABRIEL

I don't want it, you fucker. I don't want any part of killing this cop.

Gabriel's eyes fill with tears. Silence.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

It was me. I opened that fucking box! Christ help me, I opened it. I don't know why. I didn't even have time to see inside. Don't kill this guy because I fucked up.

Michael holds him upright by his shoulders.

MICHAEL

I need you to get as far away from here as possible.

GABRIEL

Okay. I'll do whatever you say.

Gabriel wipes his face shamefully.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

What happens to Leah?

Michael puts a wad of cash into his pocket.

MICHAEL  
As far away as possible.

GABRIEL  
I'm sorry...

Michael leaves. Gabriel slumps against the vending machine.

EXT. FOOD TRUCK, DOWNTOWN - DAY

Jeffrey stirs his coffee, spills some, pats at his American flag tie. Lanier drives up. He walks over.

LANIER  
We lost him for a few hours.

JEFFREY  
What? Where?

PAYTON  
In the subway. We just picked him back up twenty minutes ago. He's at his house.

JEFFREY  
So we don't know who he saw or spoke with for the better part of the morning.

Jeffrey's phone rings.

INT. POLICE, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - DAY

Ling sits at her desks working.

LING  
His full name is Gabriel Reese Martin. Thirty-five. He served three years with the police and racked up a slew of reprimands before getting dismissed.

JEFFREY  
A cop?

LING  
Yep. But no arrests. Not even a history of employment otherwise.

JEFFREY (O.S.)  
Any known associates?

LING  
Not on file.

EXT. FOOD TRUCK, DOWNTOWN - DAY

JEFFREY

Find out who his old partners  
were. See if they can shed some  
light.

He hangs up the phone.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

A cop?

INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gabriel sits on his couch in the dark living room. A packed  
bag sits beside the table.

INT. ABANDONED CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Work areas have been set up. Supplies and gear are littered  
around the room.

Michael builds an explosive belt, carefully handling the  
material seen earlier. He rolls the device and places it  
into a gym bag. Plastic explosive material and Nextel cell  
phones lie next to the duffle bag.

Rodriguez and Atwood work at a table full of firearms  
inspecting radio gear. They change out batteries and conduct  
radio checks with each other. They rig the radios to load  
bearing vests along side smoke grenades already attached.

The three of them load their gear into a large, white van  
parked just inside the warehouse door.

INT. MICHAEL'S BMW, STREET, INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE - NIGHT

The crew stares down the street at an unidentified DHS  
building. It's an architecturally featureless cinder-block of  
a building. Razor-wire and discreetly mounted cameras  
surround its exterior. An unmarked truck arrives and backs  
into a loading dock.

Atwood looks at his watch. Rodriguez watching him keenly--

RODRIGUEZ

You all right, MARCUS?

Michael glances at Atwood, then the others in the mirror.

INT. GABRIEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Gabriel drives. He lights a cigarette.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - NIGHT

Ling drives a few cars behind Gabriel. Bright ashes from Gabriel's cigarette flicker from his window.

INT. JEFFREY ALLEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jeffrey sits in his car watching an empty parking lot. Smoke rises from the window of a tricked out El Camino.

Jeffrey eyes a white Lexus SUV pull into the parking lot.

EXT. EMPTY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sweet Pea waves from her El Camino as Leah parks next to him. She lowers her window and smiles.

SWEET PEA  
Hey, gorgeous.

LEAH  
I'm glad you called. I was running out of options.

SWEET PEA  
You're even prettier without all them bar lights.

LEAH  
You got something, right? I'm really sick.

INT. JEFFREY ALLEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jeffrey watches them, growing impatient by the second.

JEFFREY  
C'mon, baby.

EXT. EMPTY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sweet Pea reaches inside her coat pocket and pulls out a baggy. She holds it outside the window and shakes it.

SWEET PEA  
There you go, honey.

Leah reaches into her purse for a wad of folded cash. She reaches out for the bag, money in hand.

INT. JEFFREY ALLEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jeffrey holds a wireless radio up to his mouth.

JEFFREY

Let's go.

EXT. EMPTY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Leah turns to the sound of screeching tires. Jeffrey flies over the curb of the parking lot, pulling his car within a few feet of their vehicles. Two other squad cars arrive simultaneously from the other direction.

Leah drops the money and the bag and immediately raises her hands. Jeffrey and two UNIFORMED OFFICERS jump from their cars with pistols and badges drawn.

SWEET PEA

You set me up, bitch!?

JEFFREY

Both of you, out of the cars slowly. Hands above your head.

Lanier slams her down hard onto the hood and cuffs her.

SWEET PEA

I know my fucking rights, man. I want my phone call.

Lanier ushers her to cruiser as Sweet Pea wiggles and curses.

SWEET PEA (CONT'D)

Police brutality! Someone get a motherfucking photograph of this!

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Don't over do it.

The uniformed officer slams the door as Sweet Pea slings muffled insults.

Jeffrey cuffs Leah. He waves the cash and bag of dope in front of her face.

JEFFREY

This can go two ways for you.

INT. GABRIEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Gabriel drives through a neighborhood searching the mailboxes for addresses. He slows as he finds the one he's looking for and parks directly across the street.

EXT. EMPTY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jeffrey dials his cell as Leah drives away.

JEFFREY

The girlfriend says Gabriel has tons of suspicious shit in his house and she knows where he hides his cash. Also, Gabriel runs with his half-brother, Michael Laird. She says he's pretty hard-core and something he's into has our boy spooked.

INT. POLICE, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - NIGHT

Lanier sits at the desk writing down Jeffrey's orders.

JEFFREY (O.S.)

The last time she saw Michael was a few days ago. Get eyes on him as soon as you have an address.

LANIER

Got it. Ling's been trying to get a hold of you. Gabriel finally stopped in Highland Park. He's been sitting in his car for the last half hour in front of some house.

EXT. EMPTY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

JEFFREY

Highland Park. What's the address?

LANIER

806 Winflow Drive.

Jeffrey races towards his car.

JEFFREY

Get everyone you can to that address. Apprehend him right now!

LANIER (O.S.)

Okay? Why?

JEFFREY

Just do it!

Jeffrey speeds away as fast as the cruiser will allow, searching for Chris's number on his phone.

## EXT. GABRIEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Gabriel gets out of his car. He stares down the street and up into the sky at the faint sound of a helicopter.

He crosses the road onto the lawn of Chris's house. Sees Michelle and Chris cooking together through the kitchen window. He takes two hesitant steps forward and stops.

Gabriel's focus shifts to distant headlights speeding his way. A cruiser appears at the intersection.

He sprints into the street towards another house, jumps a fence, and disappears into darkness.

## EXT. UNMARKED CRUISERS - NIGHT

Ling and four other cars converge on the house just as Gabriel disappears. The halogen light from a police helicopter scans and searches the area. But he is gone.

## EXT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Jeffrey Allen arrives. Chris and Michelle stand in the front yard. Across the street from them, several officers search Gabriel's car.

JEFFREY

Goddamnit! We lost him. You guys okay? Why the fuck weren't you answering your phone?

Chris and Michelle are confused but remain jovial.

CHRIS

Trevor was playing games on it in the other room. Look Jeff, we're fine.

(re Gabriel's car)

Who is this guy?

JEFFREY

Gabriel Martin. Ring any bells?

CHRIS

Never heard that name in my life. Is he dangerous?

JEFFREY

He was a cop. Now I think he's part of the crew we're investigating.

Trevor comes out on the porch in his pajamas. Michelle runs over and scoops him up in her arms.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
 Can you think of any reason why  
 he'd come here?

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS  
 You're the one investigating him,  
 maybe he came by looking for you?

JEFFREY  
 Exactly my point! You don't find  
 that a bit coincidental?

CHRIS  
 (laughs)  
 Come on, Uncle Jeff. The guy went  
 to the wrong address. He was  
 looking for someone else, saw us in  
 the window, and freaked out when he  
 heard your guys coming.

Jeffrey's phone rings.

JEFFREY  
 Yeah?

INT. POLICE, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - NIGHT

Lanier sits in the same spot as before. A photo of Michael  
 on the screen in front of him.

LANIER  
 Gabriel's brother is Michael  
 Laird. Thirty-seven. Former  
 Marine. Did some work for  
 Blackwater in Bosnia years ago.  
 He was set to be indicted for  
 arms smuggling in a federal grand  
 jury investigation with Vassili  
 Vlaslov in 2002. The case was  
 dropped after four Serbian  
 witnesses went missing.

EXT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - NIGHT

A chopper throws down a searchlight that passes back and  
 forth across the scene.

JEFFREY  
 What's a Vassili Vlaslov?

LANIER (O.S.)  
 Russian-Jew. Russian mob boss to be  
 exact.

(MORE)

LANIER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Putin's so scared of this guy, he  
threw him in the Gulag four years  
ago without charges. Vlaslov's wife  
Irina has been running his  
organization from here. Totally  
visible. If Laird's crew is working  
for her, it's huge.

JEFFREY  
It's the big, bad wolf, baby, the  
fucking La Kosher Nostra.

INT. POLICE, SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS UNIT HQ - NIGHT

LANIER  
Exactly. The captain wants eyes  
on her. He's already detailed us  
more bodies.

JEFFREY (O.S.)  
Keep me posted.

Jeffrey is hit by the chopper's searchlight. It traps him. He  
looks up and gives the peace sign. Its spotlight blinks out  
and the bird ascends, fading from night into the city lights.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Rodriguez lifts open the warehouse door. He jumps into the  
white van and drives it away.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
Gabe and I were staying with my  
half sister, Layla. One night she  
comes home just beaten to complete  
hell.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, HALL - MORNING

Chris and Michelle lie in bed, Trevor between them. Chris  
tickles his tummy, picks him up and lowers him for a kiss.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
She'd been turning tricks.  
Regardless, she didn't deserve the  
kind of beating this guy gave her.  
I told Gabe, this is your sister,  
you need to do something.

INT. ATWOOD'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - MORNING

Atwood stands in front of the mirror. Buttons up his shirt.  
Looks long and hard at his own reflection. His jaw works. He  
places the POLICE badge around his neck.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

But he just couldn't and I couldn't let it go... I broke in through a window and found the guy passed out in his apartment.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Gabriel lies naked on the bed next to empty baggies and a glass pipe. A cigarette resting between his lips, slits between the curtains steal the only light. His red eyes glow as he inhales the cigarette.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

I woke him with scalding water and he confessed. Said he did it because he loved her.

INT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - MORNING

Atwood sits across the table listening to the story.

MICHAEL

He begged forgiveness, but I'd already decided. I put my gun to his head and made him down a bag of barbiturates with a bottle of vodka. He'd throw up and I'd make him pick the pills out and swallow them again.

Rodriguez enters and joins them at the table.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

After a while he stopped crying about the things he never got to do and fell asleep. I spent the better part of the morning watching him die without a single notion to save him. That was the first time I'd ever killed anyone. And I never thought at any point during that morning, nor any morning since, that the means didn't justify the end. It had to be done.

RODRIGUEZ

(to Atwood)

Did he tell you the sister story?  
Jesus Christ, can you imagine?

Rodriguez laughs and smiles at Atwood. Michael stares at them both and sips his coffee.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
 Gabriel's gone. Surveillance lost  
 him last night. They're on Irina  
 now, and searching for you.

MICHAEL  
 They'll be looking for a long time  
 after today.

Michael looks at Atwood.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 You alright with this? Everything  
 cool with you?

There is a long silence, as the two men look at each other.

ATWOOD  
 Yeah, man, I've got him right where  
 I want him.

RODRIGUEZ  
 (puts arm around Atwood)  
 Oh yeah! No problem with Mr.  
 Atwood! He is a bad motherfucker!

Rodriguez laughs. Atwood sweats and grins nervously.

INT. POLICE, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - MORNING

Jeffrey Allen enters the office sleepless and haggard.  
 Wearing his bullet-proof vest over his suit. Ling, Lanier,  
 Payton, and two NEW DETECTIVES sit at their desks, working.

JEFFREY  
 Have we found Gabriel Martin yet?

LING  
 No, boss. Still looking.

JEFFREY  
 What about Michael Laird?

LANIER  
 Patrol went by his house. Besides  
 a few pieces of furniture, it's  
 empty. We have no clue where he  
 is.

JEFFREY  
 And Irina Vlaslov?

PAYTON  
 Poolside at the Beverly Hilton.  
 Ordering breakfast.

JEFFREY  
That's it?

LANIER  
So far...

JEFFREY  
Anyone believe in Jesus Christ, our  
Lord and fucking Saviour and all  
his miserable, dog-faced saints?

Everyone looks at each other. Shake their heads.

ALL  
No, boss.

JEFFREY  
Anyone believe that cops have a  
sixth sense? They can *intuit*  
things?

Ling, Lanier, Payton look at each other again, shrug.

ALL  
Well, yes, maybe, I don't know...

JEFFREY  
Anyone else feel like something  
very serious might be up?

ALL  
OK, boss...

JEFFREY  
Anyone think we should be doing  
something more than sitting around  
and giving me a whole bunch of "I  
don't fucking knows?"

LING  
Okay, boss, we get the message.

Jeffrey moves past them into his office and slams the door.  
Immediately the door reopens. Jeffrey stands in the frame.

JEFFREY  
Ling. I need you over here.

LING  
Yeah boss, what is it?

JEFFREY  
(Motioning to the vest)  
Does this make me look fat?

LING  
You look very handsome.

JEFFREY

Thanks dim-sum, now go get me something to go on.

Shutting the door of his office on her.

INT. PARKING LOT, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Gabriel walks down rows of parked cars, activating a auto-lock key in each hand. Eventually a Dodge Ram goes off. He jumps in. Hot wires the ignition.

INT. POLICE STATION, GANG SQUAD HQ - DAY

Chris walks into the squad room to handshakes and applause as he makes his way through. Atwood nervously watches him for a beat, then puts on his vest and approaches them.

ATWOOD

I've gotta roll to meet a CI.

CHRIS

Give me a second to grab my gear.

ATWOOD

You sure, man. You could take another day-

CHRIS

Take another day? And do *what*?

Atwood takes a beat to look them all over, then nods.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Chris and Atwood drive through the South-Side streets. Atwood's gun in his lap.

CHRIS

You okay?

ATWOOD

Yeah. You?

CHRIS

Who's the CI?

ATWOOD

A dealer named Corey Dubose. He claims the Center Park Bloods. He calls me up when he hears the Crips are moving shit.

CHRIS  
You trust him?

ATWOOD  
Yeah, he's a real solid citizen.

Chris smiles.

ATWOOD (CONT'D)  
But he's usually right.

Chris pulls out his Glock, inspects the magazine, and reloads the pistol.

INT. WHITE VAN, INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE - DAY

The van is parked inside Industrial Village, backed into a corner spot thirty meters from the gated entrance to the back loading dock of the DHS building.

Rodriguez and Michael sit in the back monitoring the police radio. They are geared up and ready to go.

EXT. PROJECTS, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Atwood parks a block down the street from a condemned apartment building. Windows shattered. Doors hang on hinges. Walls are cracked and covered in graffiti. 806 Washington is spray-painted over the entrance.

Atwood and Chris approach the building from a sidewalk.

ATWOOD  
Go in through the back and clear out any squatters. I'll meet you on the second floor.

Chris jogs towards the back as Atwood slides through the decrepit front door. His feet crunch broken glass.

INT. PROJECTS, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Chris draws his pistol, walking cautiously down the hallway, checking out empty rooms.

Atwood passes a broken mirror in a bathroom on the other side of the building. Catches sight of his reflection. He sees the weakness and the terror. Pauses for a moment.

Carlos Pinto runs across an adjacent lot, sneaking in through a window of the building. He stops to listen as he pulls a chrome plated .357 revolver from his belt.

Atwood pulls a glock from his holster, pushes the safety device to fire, but doesn't move. He slides down the wall to a crouch. His breath shallow, he begins to sob. He puts his hand over his mouth and shakes and listens.

Chris moves into a wide, dark corridor. In the shadows, a dark, distorted figure falls in behind him, moving quiet and slow. The figure raises a pistol towards Chris.

Chris turns down another corridor. The light is very dim. He holds his gun by his side.

At the end of the corridor a figure moves eerily in the shadows. Chris lifts his weapon.

CHRIS  
Are you Corey Dubose?

Chris squints into the dark. Gabriel steps out of the gloom.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
You?

Chris hears a sound behind him. Turns his head. A figure runs towards him, gun raised.

Gabriel lifts his weapon. Fires. His bullet flies past Chris and wings Carlos Pinto.

GABRIEL  
(To Chris)  
Run!

Pinto raises his pistol, firing. The flames from the end of the barrel light his face as he races towards them.

Chris jumps into adjoining room. Gabriel is hit by two rounds fired by Pinto and drops to the ground.

CHRIS  
Atwood! Atwood!

Pinto runs out of bullets before he reaches Chris. He turns and runs. Chris crawls around the corner, returning fire at Pinto as he disappears into the dark.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Atwood! Hurry the fuck up!

Chris crawls across the hallway to Gabriel, who bleeds from the chest and leg. He tries to warn Chris, but can't make a sound. He shakes as Chris applies pressure to his wound.

Atwood appears in the hallway running towards them, pistol at the low ready. He stops a few meters from Chris, frozen by the sight of Gabriel.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Carlos Pinto! He came out of  
 nowhere and fired on us. I don't  
 know what the fuck this guy is  
 doing here. He's that crackhead  
 CI of yours from the bar...

Atwood stares at the pistol still gripped tightly in  
 Gabriel's hand. Chris is focused on Gabriel's wounds.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 He took off that way. Call it in.  
 This guy is fucking dying.

Chris looks to Atwood, whose eyes moves from Gabriel's to  
 his own. Atwood's pistol aimed between them.

Chris looks down and sees the gun in Gabriel's hand. He  
 pulls his hands from Gabriel's neck and slides away.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 What are you-

Gabriel raises his pistol, firing simultaneously with  
 Atwood. Gabriel is hit in the chest and killed. Atwood is  
 hit in the hip and side of the head.

Chris jumps at the gunshots. Atwood falls into the wall and  
 drops to the ground unconscious.

Chris sits momentarily paralyzed by the scene. He leaps on  
 Gabriel's body and pulls the gun from his fingers and  
 slides over to Atwood.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Marcus! Marcus!

He checks for a pulse before he reaches for the radio  
 attached to his vest. He takes a deep, panicked breath.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Charlie 254, 9-9-9!

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
 Charlie 254, copy 999. Where are  
 you?

CHRIS  
 Abandoned building on the corner  
 of eighth and Washington. Roll  
 Fire. My partner is down!

INT. WHITE VAN, INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE - DAY

Rodriguez and Michael's eyes turn towards the radio as a  
 distress signal beeps through the speakers.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
 999! Eighth and Washington. All  
 units 10-50 to channel Adam 13.

RODRIGUEZ  
 (grins)  
 There it is! The motherfucker did  
 it!

They slide on balaclavas and make any necessary adjustments to their gear. Rodriguez jumps into the front of the van, pulls up to the rolling gate, punches in a code and they enter the secured DHS lot. He drives up and stops directly in front of the loading dock doors to DHS Building.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
 Units needed to secure sight and  
 evac officer to the street for  
 fire.

The radio wakes with replies from responding officers moving towards the call. Michael pushes open the back door.

INT. POLICE, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - DAY

Lanier storms by the rest of the team in full sprint. He reaches Jeffrey Allen's office out of breath.

LANIER  
 Jeff. Dispatch just relayed a  
 999.

JEFFREY  
 And?

LANIER  
 It's Chris.

Jeffrey jumps from his seat, fumbling to collect his gear.

JEFFREY  
 I want *everyone*.

INT. DHS BUILDING, INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE - DAY

Michael and Rodriguez emerge from the van as two black hulking shapes, dressed head-to-toe in body armor. They reach the door of the building with their assault rifles. Michael pulls a Taser Gun from his vest.

Two TSA GUARDS sit inside the door working the metal detector station. They immediately stand as the two move in. Michael aims the taser's laser sight onto their chest, firing, dropping them with incapacitating spasms.

Rodriguez removes their weapons, zip ties them, and tapes their mouths.

Michael Removes TWO DEVICES from his backpack, NEXTEL Phones that are secured to a lump of grey material. Michael and Rodriguez use gaffers tape to attach the devices to the guards. The smaller of the two is taped to a guards ankle, the second, larger device is taped to the other guards head.

They move down a long narrow corridor, shielded behind the guards, until they reach a doorway leading them into an open space. A GUARD sits within a concrete reception desk.

Two more TSA GUARDS chat with one another next to the vault door. They spot the crew moving towards them. One of them reaches for his pistol.

MICHAEL

Drop the fucking guns!

The security guard behind the desk reaches for the silent alarm Rodriguez tasers him. Drags his convulsing body over the desk. He flex cuffs his hands to the Hostage with the device around his ankle. Leaving them bound together in front of the desk.

Michael binds the other two guards to the hostage with the device on his head. Each one zip-tied to the others wrist.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You're going to do exactly what we ask of you.

Michael produces a NEXTEL phone from his vest and hits a preset speed dial. There is a sudden ringing from the man's ankle immediately followed by an explosion. Little remains from the knee on down. The tape around his mouth does nothing to muffle his screams. The guard zip-tied to him shrieks.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You have eight times that amount of explosives strapped to your head.

TSA GUARD

We can't open the vault. It's on a time lock. There's no override.

MICHAEL

I don't need you to open the vault.

INT. JEFFREY'S ALLEN'S CAR, STREET - DAY

Jeffrey and Lanier speed through traffic, listening to the radio buzzing with 999 chatter. Ling, Payton, and two other officers follow closely behind them in a separate car.

JEFFREY  
Who made the call?

LANIER  
I'm not sure.

JEFFREY  
So we're not sure Chris is down?

LANIER  
I haven't heard one way or the other.

EXT. PROJECTS, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Chris lifts Atwood over his shoulder and carries him from the building. He lays him down gently as possible.

CHRIS  
What the fuck is going on, man?

He pulls away Atwood's vest, tearing off his shirt to apply a field dressing to the wound at his waist. Sounds of emergency units and police sirens emerge. Chris, affirms his location into the radio.

In all directions, as far as can be seen, flashing lights from dozens of police and emergency units speed through the streets towards Chris and Atwood.

INT. DHS BUILDING, INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE - DAY

Michael drops his backpack. Unrolling the explosive device they built. He carefully attaches it to the frame of the vault door.

The explosive belt is in place. Michael holds a detonation device. He takes cover behind the reception desk with Rodrigues and the hostages. Presses the trigger.

On both sides of the door, the belt erupts in a series of loud, penetrating explosions, working its way to the top-center of the vault door.

Michael stands, passes through the smoke. The vault door fallen open.

INT. JEFFREY ALLEN'S CAR, STREET - DAY

Lanier holds tight to his seat as Jeffrey daringly maneuvers the car through traffic. The second radio in the car beeps, followed by a new dispatcher.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
 I need a unit for a 2-11 Adam at  
 the DHS building in Industrial  
 Village, corner of Briar and  
 Maddox.

After a moment, the dispatcher repeats.

LANIER  
 Should we respond to that?

Jeffrey does not answer. Ploughs on regardless.

INT. DHS BUILDING, INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE - DAY

Rodriguez puts his finger to his ear.

RODRIGUEZ  
 First call's in. No response yet.

Rodriguez jumps onto the security desk and screams at the employees.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
 Every body move! Keep your heads  
 down unless you want to loose 'em!

He herds the three guards into the vault behind Michael.

INT. JEFFREY ALLEN'S CAR, STREET - DAY

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
 Again. I need a unit for a 2-11  
 Adam at the DHS building at  
 Industrial Village. Anyone.

Lanier looks nervously at Jeffrey. The Nextel in his hands wakes with the sound of Ling's voice.

LING (O.S.)  
 Are you guys hearing this 2-11?

JEFFREY  
 Yeah, I fucking hear it!

INT. DHS BUILDING, INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE - DAY

Rodriguez puts a finger to his ear and yells so his voice is heard by Michael in the vault.

RODRIGUEZ  
 Response is in. One car so far. ETA  
 is seven. Plenty of time.

The vault is shrouded in relative darkness, lit only from the lobby. Michael finds the electronic door to the dock at the opposite side of the room. He swipes the fob key over a black control panel and types in a code.

The door cracks opens. The walls are lined with large, sealed boxes and crates stenciled with shipping codes from around the world.

Michael scans the boxes until he spots the group he's looking for. It's labeled in Arabic, French, and English. He pulls a crowbar from his backpack and starts to go to work splitting open a group of crates.

INT. JEFFREY ALLEN'S CAR, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Jeffrey drives in a frenzy into South-Side.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
I need a unit for a 2-11 Adam-

JEFFREY  
-Fuck me! Send the other car.

Lanier raises the Nextel to his mouth.

LANIER  
Ling, you guys are on the 2-11.

LING (O.S.)  
Copy.

Jeffrey watches the others pull away in his rearview.

LING(O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Dispatch, Charlie 463 and three  
detectives responding to the 2-11.  
We're seven out.

EXT. PROJECTS, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

The first units arrive to Chris. He takes command, ordering a perimeter formed and evacuation area prepped.

INT. DHS BUILDING, INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE - DAY

Inside the vault, the tops of the boxes are off. Michael pulls out packing material. Tossing it behind him.

Michael sifts through rolled canvas, hard-drives, jewelry boxes, and other materials. He reaches the silver case from the picture Irina showed him. Places it in his backpack.

INT. JEFFREY ALLEN'S CAR, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Jeffrey and Lanier arrive near the scene, but are waved off by other officers setting up a perimeter. Jeffrey jumps out, states his rank, ordering the officers to let them pass.

INT. DHS BUILDING, INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE - DAY

Michael joins Rodriguez in the exterior vault.

MICHAEL  
We're done!

They push the wall of hostages out of the exterior vault door into the lobby. The only sound is the guttural scream emanating from the TSA guard with the missing limb. Filling the corridor, Twenty heavily armed DHS guards in tactical gear silently await them.

Michael and Rodriguez take cover behind their hostages and begin to slowly make their way towards them. Michael holds up high the NEXTEL detonator for all to see. Packed tightly in the long corridor the guards carefully part for the bomb-hostages as they are lead forward. Everyone is now within inches of each other.

Finally arriving at the exterior door, they take their hostages out with them. Rodriguez binds them with another zip-tie to the handle.

Michael jumps into the drivers seat, Rodriguez goes through the vans back doors. Just as Michael begins to drive off hundreds of rounds puncture the vans interior. Rodriguez hits the deck as a half dozen bullets riddle his torso.

Michael looks back through the cross-beams of light at Rodriguez. As he does a bullet hits him in the face. There's a gaping hole in the black balaclava. Michael somehow still drives the vehicle as another bullet shatters his hand.

The last bullets pierce the rear of the van. They drive on in silence. Michael slumps on the wheel, tearing off gloves and balaclava that reveals a kevlar face mask beneath.

INT. VAN, STREET - DAY

Rodriguez and Michael scan mirrors to ensure no one is following as they flow inconspicuously into traffic. Their breathing is heavy and loud and excited. Michael holds his bloody hand up to help with the bleeding.

Rodriguez tears off his body armor reeling in pain, slowly begins to check himself for injuries. Rodriguez digs into a bag and pulls out his cell phone. He slaps himself in the face. Takes a huge breath as it rings.

RODRIGUEZ  
Captain, it's Rodriguez. I'm on the  
999. Don't bother, I'm already in  
route. Will do.

Rodriguez ends the call, pounds the floor and howls.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
We've got to step on it, Mike!  
There's an officer down.

They tense momentarily at the sound of a siren and flashing lights. Ling and company fly past in the opposite direction, moving towards the DHS building.

EXT. PROJECTS, SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Rotor-wash from a chopper waiting to airlift Atwood sits in the field next to the building kicking up debris.

Jeffrey runs through the mob of officers until he spots Chris helping the medics load Atwood onto a litter.

Chris spots him and the two embrace in a long hug.

JEFFREY  
Jesus Christ, Chris, I thought it  
was you. Are you alright?

Chris nods as they watch Atwood loaded onto the bird.

INT. AIRLIFT CHOPPER - DAY

Atwood lies on the litter securely fastened next to the door of the bird. His eyes are closed and he does not move.

The ground disappears, the buildings pass quickly, and the view turns to blue sky. As it banks hard right, the city reappears sprawled out below him. In the distance white smoke rises from the DHS building.

INT. PROJECTS, SOUTH-SIDE - NIGHT

Mobile lights illuminate the building with an odd fluorescent burn. Detectives sweep the walls for fingerprints and mark possible evidence.

Chris and Jeffrey speak quietly over Gabriel.

CHRIS  
He saved my life.

JEFFREY

Still don't believe in coincidence?  
Some cosmic shit right here. That  
reminds me I need to buy a lottery  
ticket.

CHRIS

It's no coincidence. I've seen this  
guy before.

JEFFREY

Maybe he was at your house to warn  
us.

CHRIS

About Pinto? Doesn't make sense.

Just then, Rodriguez appears in the hallway wearing a suit  
and carrying his evidence kit.

RODRIGUEZ

SWAT's got Carlos Pinto surrounded  
a few blocks from here.

CHRIS

Maybe we'll get some answers.

RODRIGUEZ

They ain't gonna arrest him.

Rodriguez points to Gabriel.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

You know this guy?

CHRIS

Not me, but Atwood sure did.

Rodriguez delicately kneels next to Gabriel to examine the  
scene.

RODRIGUEZ

If you gentlemen will excuse me.

EXT. PROJECTS, SOUTH-SIDE - NIGHT

Lanier waits for Jeffrey as he and Chris exit the building.

LANIER

We need to get to that 2-11,  
boss. It's a cluster fuck.

JEFFREY

Was it our crew?

A county coroner unit wheels a stretcher with Gabriel's body  
past the men.

LANIER  
It would appear that way.

JEFFREY  
(motioning to Gabriel)  
Not all of them.

Jeffrey looks to Chris, as if asking for permission.

CHRIS  
I'm alright. You take care of  
your business.

JEFFREY  
Listen Chris, I haven't put it all  
together but this, it sure stinks.  
You watch yourself.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Chris arrives in the lobby. He's greeted by Gomez and a few other familiars from GED. Michelle sits in waiting, her eyes swollen and red from crying. She spots Chris and they embrace in a long hug.

CHRIS  
How is he?

MICHELLE  
He's in surgery.

She shakes her head and her lips begin to quiver.

CHRIS  
It's alright.

MICHELLE  
I thought it was you. I felt it  
inside me and I prayed for it not  
to be you. I wanted it to be him  
so badly. And now I feel sick to  
my stomach for wishing it.

He pulls her in tightly.

CHRIS  
Anyone would've thought the same.  
Baby, this isn't the first time  
we've been through this. We'll get  
through it again.

MICHELLE  
That's just it. I just don't know  
if I can keep doing this with you.

She wipes her eyes and turns away.

Chris begins to go after her. As he does, Smith comes from down the hallway and intercepts him.

SMITH

Sergeant Nelson just phoned.  
Pinto's dead. SWAT put a dozen  
holes in the motherfucker. He went  
out blazing like his brother.

CHRIS

Who's his brother?

SMITH

You kidding? Midtown Rivera.  
Captain thinks Pinto went gunning  
after you guys for killing him. I  
ain't never heard about retaliation  
like this.

Chris looks perturbed. Staggered by the news.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Anyway, Sergeant Nelson wants you  
to identify Pinto as the man who  
shot at you before they start  
making statements. Are you okay?

CHRIS

Yeah. I'm on my way.

INT. POLICE MEDICAL EXAMINERS CENTER - NIGHT

Carlos Pinto lies covered by a white blanket on a table in the middle of a frigid room. His toe is tagged and his clothes and possessions are laid out on table next to him.

The door opens and an attractive FORENSIC PATHOLOGIST (woman, 40s) escorts Chris into the room.

PATHOLOGIST

They brought him in an hour ago.  
I've hardly had a chance to clean  
him up.

She pulls away the sheet to reveal Pinto's face and chest. He is riddled with bullet holes. The eyeballs tattooed on his eyelids morbidly stare at them.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

He must have pissed someone off.  
Is that your boy?

CHRIS

(nods)  
Are those his things?

PATHOLOGIST

Yeah.

CHRIS

Has homicide filed any of it yet?

PATHOLOGIST

Nope. They're spread thin tonight.

CHRIS

Do you mind?

She pulls a scalpel from a drawer attached to the table.

PATHOLOGIST

Don't get your hands dirty.

Chris uses the scalpel to push around his possessions: bloody pants and jacket, a cell phone, wad of cash, loose change, roach clip, wallet, and folded up piece of paper.

The pathologist stares at Chris until he's done. He hands her back the scalpel.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

I heard he almost killed you.

She's returns the scalpel to the drawer as Chris pockets the folded piece of paper.

CHRIS

Not quite fast enough, our boy.

INT. POLICE MEDICAL EXAMINERS CENTER, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chris steps into bathroom and ensures he's alone. He unfolds the piece of paper. It reads *806 Washington, 4 PM.*

His jaw tightens. He slams his hands down hard onto a sink. He looks into the mirror.

CHRIS

No way. No fucking way.

INT. POLICE, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - DAY

Jeffrey walks out of his office carrying stacks of files. Lanier and Payton watch the news on a television hanging from the wall. Jeffrey pauses to watch the report by a journalist camped outside of the DHS building.

She details the events of the robbery by two heavily armed assailants using assault rifles and explosives.

She reports that Federal Officials would not reveal what items were stolen, only that they were set to be transported by government planes to undisclosed destinations the next day.

LANIER

It just doesn't connect for me.

JEFFREY

What's not to get?

LANIER

The whole thing.

JEFFREY

You heard the witnesses. They had our radios. They were monitoring the triple-nine and our response. They had the lay of the land.

LANIER

And Michael Laird? And Irina?

JEFFREY

They're now the problem of the FBI. They'll be here this afternoon to collect everything.

Ling enters the room, avoiding eye contact with Jeffrey.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

What's got you looking so down?

Ling looks up at Jeffrey and smiles sadly.

LING

The captain wants to see you.

JEFFREY

Right, I see...

Jeffrey sets the files on a desk in front of Ling.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

See to it that everything is organized properly.

Ling looks up to him, tearfully.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

(smiles sadly)

Hey, Hello Kitty, it'll be alright.

(beat)

Do I look presentable?

Ling reaches up and straightens Jeffrey's American flag tie.

LING

Yes.

Jeffrey begins a long procession to the captain's office.

EXT. MID-CITY, ORTHODOX KOSHER MEAT SHOP - NIGHT

Michael stands against a dark sedan, staring at the sun setting. A black gym bag at his feet.

Two Suburbans arrive. SEVERAL MEN, including Shabot and Feldman, step out armed with pistols and assault rifles. They survey the area and take positions around Michael.

Shabot pats him down and removes a pistol from his coat and a wrapped gift from under his arm. Irina steps out moments later. Walks slowly toward Michael.

IRINA

I wasn't sure you'd pull it off.  
Callous, but spirited nonetheless.

MICHAEL

You didn't leave us much choice.

IRINA

Call it motivation. You see,  
Michael, there's not limit to what  
desperate men will do when pushed.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry about your brother.

MICHAEL

No you're not.

Irina smiles coldly, brushing off the insolence. She looks him over. Takes notice of his bruised face and mangled hand.

IRINA

Oh Michael, they really made quite  
a mess of you now didn't they.  
(a beat)  
What of the rest of your crew? I  
should like to meet them.

MICHAEL

Gone.

IRINA

Are they? You don't think I could  
shake some trees around the  
department and see a few dirty cops  
fall out of the limbs.

Michael stares at Irina, with contempt.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 Don't look at me like that,  
 Michael. Nothing is easier than to  
 denounce someone like me; but look  
 into your own heart.

Irina looks out over the city.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 This city is a corpse, Michael. It  
 reeks of decay. And you, Michael,  
 and me and Shabot there and Feldman  
 and everyone, the cops and the  
 robbers and the bank managers and  
 the worker who gets down on their  
 knees and scrubs the floor, all of  
 us, we are little *insects* - all of  
 us, scampering around, in a frenzy,  
 devouring and gorging and feeding  
 on each other, eating everything  
 and anything we can. And you may  
 look at me and think you are  
 different but you are not. We have  
 one *God* and that is *money*. Money.  
 And it is through bloodshed that we  
 honor and worship it. You know it.  
 And so do I. So don't look at me  
 like that, Michael, don't look at  
 me with contempt. *You had a  
 policeman killed...*

She takes a step closer to Michael.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
*...and your own brother...*

Michael does not respond, intense hatred in his eyes.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 And for what...

Irina motions to Feldman, who stands by waiting next to the  
 suburban. He reaches into the vehicle and pulls out a tan  
 leather bag and walks over, dropping it at Michael's feet.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 Money.

Feldman reaches inside the gym bag and pulls out the silver  
 case. He shows it to Irina who produces a key, unlocks the  
 box, and checks its contents before returning it to the bag.

MICHAEL  
 I want my son.

Shabot raises a pistol. There is a long tense silence as  
 Michael's fate weighs in the balance.

IRINA

(wearily)

I should kill you, Michael, I really should. But my fucking sister would never forgive me.

(beat)

Take your money and go and don't ever come here again. Don't look for Felix. Don't look for Petra. Don't even think about them, because I'll hear it.

Irina motions to Shabot, who lowers his gun. He empties Michael's gun and hands it back. Shabot holds up the gift.

SHABOT

(to Irina)

What do I do with this?

MICHAEL

Please, It's for Felix. I made him a promise.

IRINA

I'd be happy to Michael. Happy to tell him this is a good bye gift from his father.

Irina nods to Shabot. Shabot tares the wrapping away from the gift and removes a LEAPFROG LEAPSTER game from its packaging.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Don't look so upset Michael, I'll have Yussel here wrap it nicely for him.

Michael picks up the leather bag Feldman left at his feet.

Irina and her men return to their SUVs. He opens the bag, revealing large stacks of cash. He watches Irina and her men drive north along PCH.

He steps into his sedan, turns the ignition and swings the car around. Standing eerily on the road is a stray dog, its eyes glowing in the headlights. Michael and the dog stare at each other for a moment. Michael picks up a Nextel phone and dials.

The moment between the two abruptly ends with a white hot blast of light that illuminates the nightfall. The dog darts off into the night as a concussion rocks Michael's car. A spider web of cracks spreads across windshield. A column of smoke and debris rise up into the stars a mile away. Michael puts the car into drive and heads towards it.

EXT. BLAST SITE, HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Michael Drives slowly through the wreckage. Only the burned out shells of Irina's two Suburbans remain. Their framework intertwined.

Satisfied there are no survivors Michael drives away.

EXT. SOUTH-SIDE - DAY

Chris drives the unmarked Crown Royal through a neighborhood. He pulls up to a curb and parks. He climbs out and moves across the park, looking for someone.

VOICE (O.S.)  
It's from here, yo.

EMILIO. The 11 year old banger from before. Fresh #13 tattoo.

CHRIS  
What's that?

Emilio throws up the "devil's horn" sign.

EMILIO  
It's from here. This park. MS started right here, you know what I'm saying.

CHRIS  
Did you find out what it means?

Emilio shrugs.

EMILIO  
Tell me.

Chris throws up the "devil's horns".

CHRIS  
It's Sabbath, man. Black Sabbath.

EMILIO  
Who the fuck is Black Sabbath?

CHRIS  
Who's Black Sabbath? You just got another homework assignment kid.

Emilio gives him a cold, stone look. He bursts into laughter.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Come here. Let me ask you something.

EMILIO  
Ask all you want, I ain't telling you shit *jura*?

Chris takes another approach

CHRIS

All right, let me tell you something then. That burner you've got tucked in beneath your shirt.

This accusation immediately registers with the boy.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

If I booked you and ran ballistics on that gun I'd bet anything that it was used in your hood the other day during the shoot-out. You feel like catching an attempted murder case today?

EMILIO

Look man I'm just holding it.

CHRIS

See how easy that was? You just told me something. Tell me one other thing and I forget about the piece.

EMILIO

What do you want to know?

CHRIS

Remember my partner, Atwood?

A small nod.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Was he around here without me before he got shot?

EMILIO

That morning, pulled up, talked to my boy, Carlos. They had their own shit going on the side.

Chris takes a moment to digest the information.

CHRIS

That morning? You sure.

Emilio nods.

INT. JEFFREY ALLEN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

In an alcove is a makeshift shrine to Jeffrey's dead wife, Molly, which incorporates several framed photos of her, some personal artifacts and some burning candles. Jeffrey stands before it knotting his American flag tie. The room is dark and sorrowful. Jeffrey eyes a raw and red. He is drunk.

The door bell rings. Jeffrey goes quietly to answer it.

JEFFREY  
(suspicious)  
Who is it?

CHRIS (O.S.)  
It's Chris, Uncle Jeff.

Jeffrey opens the door a little.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Can I come in?

Jeffrey reluctantly opens the door. Chris, dressed in his GED gear, steps into the dim, airless interior.

Chris pulls open the curtains and reveals the squalor - empty bottles, overflowing ashtrays and looks around at the walls covered in photos of his wife - the arrant despair.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Jesus, Uncle Jeff.

JEFFREY  
I know. If Molly could see me now.

CHRIS  
You could've told me, so I didn't have to hear it from everyone else.

JEFFREY  
I'm sorry. After your ordeal and the robberies. They felt...I felt that it was time for me to call it quits. I wanted to tell you.

Jeffrey goes to fridge and grabs a couple of beers. Jeffrey clears a spot on the sofa and they sit down. On the table in front of them, amongst the empty beer cans and overflowing ashtrays is a bottle of bourbon.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
What are they saying?

CHRIS  
No one's above suspicion at this point, but they're dismissing the timing as pure... coincidence.

JEFFREY  
Bullshit. Michael Laird and Gabriel Martin were running that crew and got Carlos Pinto involved. The whole thing was planned. Carlos Pinto goes after you and Atwood to kick off a triple-nine. Gabriel Martin's a former cop.

(MORE)

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

He grows a conscience, tries to stop it, and gets plugged. It was that cold.

Chris looks at Jeffrey and shakes his head.

CHRIS

It's worse. Atwood was crooked.

JEFFREY

Are you sure?

CHRIS

He tried to have me killed.

Jeffrey takes bottle of liquor, sitting on table and drinks deeply.

They are silent.

He points unsteadily at a framed photo of police, from the late 1800s, dressed in frock-coats, Stetson hats and rifles, that hangs on the wall. Camera moves slowly across each uniformed officer as Jeffrey speaks.

JEFFREY

There was a time you could tell the good from the bad. Put a uniform on him or something, give him a badge and a gun, so you could say "see that man over there, that one is the *good guy*. He's the one that is there to protect us," but that's a lie. The monster's always been with us - disguised as a priest, maybe, or a school kid, or the president... or a *cop*, moving about and eating the darkness...

Jeffrey looks at Chris, his eyes dark with grief.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

...and all our efforts, Chris, yours and mine, our *life's work* amounts to not even one tiny snowflake in this vast blizzard of villainy...

(exhausted)

You be careful out there, Chris, it is all around you...

Chris studies him for a long beat, concerned.

CHRIS

What are you gonna do now, Uncle Jeff.

Jeffrey takes a long drink of the bottle.

JEFFREY

Me?

Jeffrey says nothing, stares into the middle distance, shakes his head.

EXT. ABANDONED CONSTRUCTION SITE - EVENING

Rodriguez leans against an unmarked police cruiser as Michael pulls up next to him in a new sedan. He steps out.

RODRIGUEZ

I think the cop knows about Atwood.

MICHAEL

That's a problem. If he knows it's Atwood, it's only a matter of time before he figures out it's you-

RODRIGUEZ

I got it under control.

(smiles)

Pulled some strings. I'll have him right where I want him.

MICHAEL

That's something you cops keep on telling me.

RODRIGUEZ

Gang Enforcement Detail - it's the most dangerous job on the force.

MICHAEL

What else.

RODRIGUEZ

Leah's body was found in her condo.

(mimes a shot)

It had to be done.

Michael nods.

Michael turns to his trunk. He opens it and pulls out a tan, leather bag full of cash.

MICHAEL

This is everything.

Rodriguez begins to lean in and winces in pain, grabs his ribs. He looks into the bag.

RODRIGUEZ

We all agreed to put in another year or two to meet appearances. After that, hello Costa Rica.

MICHAEL  
How's Marcus?

RODRIGUEZ  
Dumb fuck's still breathing. He's  
got a lot to answer for. *Too much.*

Michael and Rodriguez stare at each other.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
(with deadly menace)  
I'll deal with that too.

MICHAEL  
And Gabe? How?

RODRIGUEZ  
They found a car reported stolen  
from an Eagle Rock hotel a few  
blocks from the triple-nine.  
Gabe's prints were all over it.  
He knew it was going down. He was  
following Marcus all morning.

Michael nods.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
No one's come, Mike. Your family,  
they don't want him.

MICHAEL  
My mother used to say he was a  
child of God. I loved him. What  
will they do with the body?

RODRIGUEZ  
(shrugs regretfully)  
I don't know, Michael.

MICHAEL  
That's it then?

RODRIGUEZ  
That's it.

Rodriguez draws his pistol, points it at Michael.

MICHAEL  
What's this?

RODRIGUEZ  
Remember what you told me Mike?

MICHAEL  
Yeah, I do.

RODRIGUEZ

The Feds are all over you. I don't know how much they have, but you're on top of their water-board list. It's only a matter of time, Michael. They get you. They get me.

MICHAEL

It ain't the Feds you've got to worry about.

RODRIGUEZ

Who? Irina Vlaslov?

MICHAEL

(shakes his head)  
She's dead. I rigged the case. The blast in the meat packing district, that was her.

RODRIGUEZ

Bullshit. I would've heard.

Michael shrugs.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Jesus, Mike.

MICHAEL

Pull the trigger, Rod, and while you at it, put one in your own head. You'd be doing us both a service.

Rodriguez swallows.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(nods)  
Vassili Vlaslov. He's coming to town.

Michael looks at Rodriguez. Nods. Shrugs.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm sorry, Michael, I really am.

MICHAEL

I know you are.  
(beat)  
I really loved him, you know.

RODRIGUEZ

Eh?

Michael goes for his gun but Rodriguez fires, hitting Michael in the chest. Michael falls backwards into the car.

Rodriguez takes aim, putting a round into his head. Brains explode into the trunk.

Michael's body goes limp and falls towards the compartment. Rodriguez pushes him backwards and lifts his legs inside. He wipes the prints from his pistol.

He tosses it in, slams the trunk closed.

INT. POLICE STATION, GANG SQUAD HQ - MORNING

Chris sits in the back as Sergeant Nelson finishes his briefing.

NELSON  
I know we have all been deeply  
saddened about Detective Atwood...

The detectives nod in respect.

NELSON (CONT'D)  
But we can however feel some  
satisfaction in knowing that the  
man who shot him is now up in  
*paraíso* with the *Virgen Milagrosa!*

GOMEZ  
(mock outrage)  
I resent the racial implications of  
that remark!

Everyone groans. Paper cups.

NELSON  
Allow me to introduce Detective  
Jorge Rodriguez. He's joining us  
from Homicide.

Rodriguez stands at the opposite corner of the room from Chris. Nods at the room. The other officers welcome him.

NELSON (CONT'D)  
Allen. Rodriguez will partner up  
with you till we see what happens  
with Atwood.

Chris and Rodriguez nod at one another.

EXT. DAM - EARLY EVENING

Abandoned on the walkway over the glory hole of the dam, an empty bottle of bourbon. Knotted around the bottle is Jeffrey's American Flag tie.

Down the walkway Jeffrey flicks the remains of his joint into the great hole. He pulls out his phone. Rain begins to fall.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Chris strides down hospital corridor, face grim.

INT. ATWOOD'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Chris enters hospital room and moves across to Atwood. He sits on a chair next to his bed. A light, steady beeping from a heart monitor is the only sound.

Atwood' hand twitches.

CHRIS

My wife says I do that. Jerk my  
finger when I sleep, like I'm  
pulling a trigger. Every night.  
What do you think it means, Marcus?

Chris leans in.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You couldn't even do it yourself. I  
bet you sat there and shook, you  
worthless fucking coward.

Chris leans closer, hovering inches over his face. He clutches the file.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I found my purpose, Marcus. I'm not  
numb any more. I don't feel but one  
fucking thing. My lips to God's  
ear, I'm going to find out to what  
end you planned this. I'm gonna  
study you, you motherfucker. I'm  
going to find everyone you were  
involved with. And then, I'm going  
to add a few more coins to my box-

RODRIGUEZ (O.S.)

They said I'd find you here.

Chris turns. Rodriguez stands in the door, eyes cold.

CHRIS

Rodriguez.

RODRIGUEZ

Gotta see a guy on the West-side.  
You alright to come.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - NIGHT

Chris and Rodriguez start across the carpark. Rain. Chris phone rings, he answers.

JEFFREY (O.S.)  
 What we talked about the other  
 night...

CHRIS  
 Yeah, what about it?

JEFFREY (O.S.)  
 Well, I just can't deal with it  
 anymore. It's a wave that can't be  
 stopped, it's a whole new evil out  
 there... Beware Chris, the werewolf  
 is close.

Chris takes notice of how Rodriguez winces as he climbs into  
 the car. Chris gets in. Rodriguez drives.

CHRIS  
 OK, I'll call you later.

Chris stares at the phone as they cruise through the rain-  
 filled streets.

RODRIGUEZ  
 You all good?

CHRIS  
 Yeah, all good.

The rain falls steadily now. Heavy tension. Chris says  
 nothing for some time. The wipers going back and forth.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 (nods)  
 Yeah, everything is just fine.

Chris pulls his jacket to one side. We see his gun. Rodriguez  
 lowers his arm to his side. We see his gun.

EXT. CROWN VICTORIA - NIGHT

The car moves slowly through the rain. It stops at a red  
 light. A shot rings out and a flash of light explodes inside  
 the car. The light goes green. The car remains stationary.  
 The rain falls some more. The light goes red. Rain.

BLACK.

A long beep. Static.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
 Charlie 254, copy 999. West Olympic  
 Avenue and Irolo Street. Officer  
 down. All units 10-50 to channel  
 Adam 13 for 999. Copy 999.

**THE END**

\*