

CONVICTION

by  
Jonathan Herman

SILVER PICTURES  
Warner Bros.

REVISED DRAFT  
July 13, 2009

*My Daddy was a bank robber  
But he never hurt nobody  
He just loved to live that way  
And he loved to steal your money*

**THE CLASH**

INT. MAHOGANY BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN \*

A YOUNG WOMAN lies on her side in bed, asleep. She's beautiful, olive-skinned, late twenties. This is ROSALIE. \*

PATRICK'S VOICE (O.S.) \*

*Don't wake up.*

A MAN'S HEAD leans in-- we can't see him, it's too dark-- and kisses her forehead. Kisses her hair. Disappears. \*

INT. BRIGHT ROOM - MORNING

*The following SEQUENCE will be CROSS-CUT:*

TWO MEN sit, side-by-side, in tall, barber-style chairs. \*

PATRICK GAUTREAUX is Caucasian, 45, salt and pepper, ruggedly handsome, glinting green eyes, crows feet.

BOBBY "BOMB" HARDAWAY is Black, 25, baby-faced, shaved head, large brown eyes that see everything, yet reveal nothing.

PATRICK

Hit me.

Hands reach into frame, a brush applies adherent to Patrick's nose. The hands press a LATEX FACIAL PROSTHESIS into place-- \*

INT. SMALL PINK BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN \*

A small pink BED, where a curly-haired 3-YEAR-OLD GIRL is curled into a ball, clutching a purple blanket. GIGI. \*

PATRICK leans down, kisses his daughter softly on the head. Gigi stirs, and makes a happy, sleepy noise. \*

EXT. BROADWAY - CHINATOWN - DAY \*

A big brown LINCOLN idles at a meter spot on the bustling Downtown Los Angeles thoroughfare. \*

The STREETS and SIDEWALKS are clogged with Chinese vendors, tourists, locals, immigrants, of all creeds and colors. \*

In the background, there's a large REGENCY TRUST branch, designed PAGODA-STYLE, like all the buildings around here. \*

And rumbling outside the branch, an idling BRINKS TRUCK, an ARMED GUARD standing beside, hand resting on his sidearm. \*

INSIDE the LINCOLN-- seen in quick CLOSE-UPS--

An EAR with an EARPIECE inside. A POLICE RADIO mounted to the DASH. FINGERS punch a message into an IPHONE. \*

BOMB'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Nine minutes to Larry. Solid.* \*

INT. BRIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bomb now wears a short, conservative Afro. It's a WIG. A BRUSH applies a DARKER SKIN TONE to his face. \*

PATRICK (O.S.)  
*You always do me proud, Bobby.* \*

The brush applies adherent to Bomb's upper lip. A thin stripe of MOUSTACHE is pressed into place. \*

INT. BROWN LINCOLN - CHINATOWN - DAY \*

Close on the Driver: DORCHESTER, mid-40s, pale-skinned, thickly built, ruddy creased face, too much time in the sun. \*

He pops a Nicorette in his mouth, chews. The police radio SQUAWKS a call. Dorchester turns it down. \*

PATRICK'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*We're all up to speed, Dorch? All the chutes and ladders?* \*

DORCHESTER  
(bit of a twang)  
Shit yeah, Boss. Two alternate exits, easy-flow to the Secondary. \*

OUTSIDE, we see the BRINKS TRUCK pull out of the parking lot and disappear into traffic--

INT. BRIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see Patrick and Bomb from behind, side by side, as the unseen MAKE-UP ARTIST applies finishing touches.

BOMB  
I'm still too good-lookin. \*

PATRICK  
Like Bill Cosby's retarded nephew. \*

They both start laughing. It's familiar banter.

INT./EXT. - BROWN LINCOLN - CHINATOWN - DAY

\*

Patrick emerges from the Lincoln, carrying a briefcase. He walks up the incline toward the bank.

Compared to the Patrick we met in the first frame of this movie, he is a stranger. Unrecognizable.

INT. REGENCY TRUST - DAY

DISGUISED PATRICK stands at the counter, filling out a deposit slip, his eyes clocking the BANK LOBBY:

The line of CUSTOMERS. The TELLERS. The SERVICE DESKS. The bored-looking GUARD by the door-- doughy, crew-cut, late 30s.

\*

\*

Patrick stares at the Guard a moment. Smiles.

\*

DISGUISED BOMB enters the lobby. Wanders over to where Patrick is standing, starts filling out his own slip.

When they talk, it's *sotto*, and they don't make eye contact.

\*

BOMB

*Guard looks extra-sleepy today.*

\*

PATRICK

*Perfect. Let's keep it puckered.*

\*

*Parade kicks off in five.*

\*

FOLLOW Patrick as he peels off from the counter and approaches one of the Service desks--

\*

INT./EXT. BROWN LINCOLN - CHINATOWN - DAY

\*

Dorchester sits adjusting the volume on the police radio.

\*

He digs around inside a small backpack beside him. He pulls something out-- a fat, chunky GLOCK.

\*

\*

He lays the pistol on the seat, digs further through the backpack, comes up with a Snickers. He grins, because he's hungry, and Snickers always satisfies.

\*

\*

\*

INT. REGENCY TRUST - DAY

Patrick sits at the desk of LARRY DENNIS, 33, the red-headed, fresh-faced CUSTOMER SERVICE MANAGER.

LARRY DENNIS  
It's terrific, finally putting a  
face to the name, Doctor Hodge.

PATRICK  
Likewise, Mr. Dennis.

LARRY DENNIS  
Please, call me Larry.

PATRICK  
Okay, Larry. Only my patients call  
me Doctor. You can call me  
Nicholas. Or just... *Nicky*.

\*

Larry's smile is full of twinkles and dimples.

LARRY DENNIS  
Well. That should be easy to  
remember! That's my son's name.

Patrick returns Larry's exuberant grin.

PATRICK  
I know.

Larry's smile falters a bit.

LARRY DENNIS  
Oh. Did I tell you about him?

\*

PATRICK  
No, Larry. You've never told me  
any of the *numerous* things I know  
about your son Nicky.

Larry tries to maintain his smile, even though the  
conversation has somehow... taken a turn.

\*

LARRY DENNIS  
I'm sorry?

PATRICK  
No need to apologize. Just relax,  
and breathe through the nose.

Larry's eyes begin to dart around.

\*

PATRICK  
Keep your eyes on me, Larry.

From Larry's computer, a CHIME sounds.

PATRICK  
You got an E-mail. Open it. \*

Larry's hand trembles as he points and clicks.

On his SCREEN, a PHOTO loads: A ranch-style suburban HOUSE. \*

LARRY DENNIS  
Oh. (beat) Jesus.

Another picture LOADS: A PLAYGROUND, a YOUNG WOMAN pushing a TOW-HEADED BOY on a swing.

PATRICK  
Your wife, *Denise*. Used to be a lawyer. Now she's just a *Mommy*.

Larry groans softly. \*

PATRICK  
But you *prefer* it that way, right?  
You're the bread-winner now. \*

Larry just stares at him, glazed, numb. \*

PATRICK  
I've done this many times before.  
There's a system. It's tested, \*  
it's perfect, and I'm not alone. \*  
My friend, black fellow, glasses, \*  
he's over by the slips. See him? \*

Larry's eyes flick over to where BOMB is standing. Bomb \*  
SMILES at him, and gives him a little SALUTE. \*

PATRICK  
Good, you see him. Now, you're \*  
gonna have to hold your shit  
together for the next few minutes. \*  
Or else one of us is gonna have to \*  
make a call. Nod yes if you \*  
understand, Larry. \*

Larry slowly nods.

PATRICK

And you'd never do something silly  
like punch the 2-11 button under  
your desk, or that pager on your  
hip, right? (beat) Hey, isn't it  
Nicky's birthday next Wednesday?  
Whatcha gonna get the little guy?

\*

Larry THROWS UP IN HIS MOUTH, just a little bit, but manages  
to swallow it back down.

PATRICK

Wow, Larry. Nicely done.

LARRY DENNIS

Oh God.

BOMB appears behind Patrick, smiling warmly at Larry.

\*

PATRICK

Larry, this is my friend, Smokey.

\*

\*

BOMB

Hi, Larry!

\*

\*

Larry stares blankly at Bomb.

\*

PATRICK

We're gonna play pretend. Smokey's  
a tourist, and you're the ever-so-  
helpful tour guide. You're gonna  
show him all the sights.

\*

\*

LARRY DENNIS

Please. I can't--

BOMB

Starting with the Counting Room.  
That's where you're holding all the  
tasty, crispy depo paper that  
Brinks dropped off ten minutes ago.  
(beat) So whadaya say? Will you  
be my tour guide?

\*

EXT. BROADWAY - CONTINUOUS

\*

Dorchester still idles at the curb, chewing the Snickers,  
fiddling with the police radio dial. Outside, the sound of  
RHYTHMIC DRUMMING begins, quietly at first, growing LOUDER.

\*

\*

\*

In the background, a small CROWD has amassed-- it's a PARADE  
of Chinese and Chinese-Americans, beating DRUMS and CYMBALS.

\*

\*



Dorchester speaks into a tiny TRANSMITTER on his collar. \*

DORCHESTER \*  
Starting up now. \*

*Starting up now.* \*

He puts the Lincoln into gear, and slowly ROLLS into the \*  
PARKING LOT adjacent to the BANK. \*

PARKING LOT adjacent to the BANK. \*

INT. REGENCY TRUST - CONTINUOUS \*

Patrick puts a finger to his earpiece, and NODS to Bomb. \*

BOMB \*  
On your feet, Larry. Here we go. \*

On your feet, Larry. Here we go. \*

INT. REGENCY TRUST - VAULT - CONTINUOUS \*

Bomb follows a drawn Larry Dennis past rows of safety-deposit boxes, which line the wall adjacent to the VAULT.

boxes, which line the wall adjacent to the VAULT. \*

Passing bank EMPLOYEES, who barely notice them-- it's not \*  
uncommon for the CSM to escort clients back here-- \*

uncommon for the CSM to escort clients back here-- \*

They find a DOOR, and Larry fumbles his keys-- \*

BOMB	*
Easy, Larry. Easy--	*

Easy, Larry. Easy-- \*

Larry lets out a tiny moan, finally opens the door-- \*

Into the COUNTING ROOM-- \*

Where four shrink-wrapped BRICKS OF CASH sits upon a STEEL \*  
TABLE next to a COUNTING MACHINE and several double-locked \*  
steel BURGHER BOXES which stand OPEN, waiting to be filled. \*

TABLE next to a COUNTING MACHINE and several double-locked \*

steel BURGHER BOXES which stand OPEN, waiting to be filled. \*

Bomb's eyes SPARKLE at the CHUNKS OF GREEN-- all HUNDREDS-- \*

He opens his briefcase on the steel table, SWEEPS open a \*  
COLLAPSED DUFFEL, like a pillowcase-- \*

COLLAPSED DUFFEL, like a pillowcase-- \*

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS \*

Dorchester slowly inches forward, positioning himself beside  
an EMPTY ALLEY that leads beneath the elevated RED LINE.

an EMPTY ALLEY that leads beneath the elevated RED LINE. \*

Behind him, the CROWD has SWELLED, joined by LION DANCERS and \*  
black-masked DRUMMERS, and the din grows LOUDER-- \*

black-masked DRUMMERS, and the din grows LOUDER-- \*

VOICE (O.S.)  
*Can't park there, guy.*

Dorchester turns to see a young, red-vested PARKING ATTENDANT standing just outside the passenger window.

DORCHESTER  
 Say what, Brother?

ATTENDANT  
 You're in a red...uh--

The Attendant starts to BACK AWAY, because he's just noticed Dorchester's GLOCK laying on the seat.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
 Oh. Shit.

Dorchester quickly grabs the Glock, AIMS it at the Attendant.

DORCHESTER  
 How bout you stand right there and  
 don't move an inch.

The Attendant freezes, stares at Dorchester, eyes popped.

Dorchester keeps one hand on the wheel, the other on the Glock pointed at the Attendant, brain ticking--

DORCHESTER  
 (into transmitter)  
*Got a wrinkle out here, Boss.*

POP-POP-POP as FIRECRACKERS start going off in the parade, and the Attendant *flinches*--

INT. REGENCY TRUST - CONTINUOUS

Patrick hears the news, but his demeanor stays cool. He sees the GUARD across the lobby strolling toward the VAULT.

He quickly approaches the Guard, gets in front of him--

PATRICK  
 Sir, what's going on out there?

The Guard shrugs, rolls his eyes, exasperated--

GUARD  
 Every time someone gets married,  
 opens a shop, or farts, these folks  
 blow shit up and have a parade.

Patrick *taps his transmitter* as he continues--

PATRICK

I should get out of here before  
things really start tipping over!

The Guard frowns at Patrick, confused, like *huh?*

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Bomb HEARS Patrick's warning, and quickly SHOVES the last  
bricks of CASH into the duffel, but SETS ONE ASIDE--

BOMB

Alright, now, let's hit it--

Bomb ZIPS the bag and PUSHES LARRY out the door ahead of him--

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Dorchester's still COVERING the wobbly-kneed Attendant, while  
still clocking the bank entrance--

ATTENDANT

Please don't shoot--

DORCHESTER

I'm still deciding.

INT. REGENCY TRUST - CONTINUOUS

Larry Dennis emerges, robotic, from the rear of the bank,  
followed by BOMB, who hauls a bulging DUFFEL slung across his  
shoulder, he searches the lobby--

And sees PATRICK standing by the DOOR, looking at him,  
tapping his watch--

BOMB

It's time for that thing we talked  
about, Larry.

Bomb slides a thick BAND OF CASH into Larry's hands--

LARRY DENNIS

I really don't want to--

BOMB

Yeah, I know. Don't fuck it up.

Bomb peels off from Larry, picks up speed as he crosses the lobby toward Patrick, who is holding the door open-- \*

Find the GUARD as he notices Bomb hauling the duffel rapidly toward the front door. He frowns, instinct kicking in, and he strides toward Bomb-- \*

LARRY DENNIS' VOICE (O.S.)  
*Hey, Joey--* \*

The Guard turns to see LARRY standing in front of him, his face pale, holding the CASH-BAND. \*

Larry abruptly SLIDES THE CASH-BAND into the Guard's front shirt pocket, and quickly backs away-- \*

The Guard pulls out the CASH, looks at it, baffled-- \*

GUARD  
Larry, what the fuck-- \*

Larry hits the 2-11 PAGER on his BELT, and there's a high-pitched WHINE as the SILENT ALARM is TRIGGERED-- \*

LARRY DENNIS  
I'm sorry! \*

POP! The DYE PACK inside the cash EXPLODES in a BRIGHT RED MIST that BLASTS the Guard and KNOCKS him onto his back-- \*

EXT. REGENCY TRUST - CONTINUOUS \*

Patrick and Bomb make it OUTSIDE, where it's REALLY LOUD with the DRUMS and the CYMBALS and the CHEERS of the crowd-- \*

Dorchester sees them coming, so he quickly HOPS OUT, keeping his GLOCK pinned on the ATTENDANT, he OPENS the DOORS-- \*

DORCHESTER  
*Exits still clean, boss--* \*

Bomb HURLS the duffel into the back of the Lincoln, and suddenly the Attendant starts HOLLERING-- \*

ATTENDANT  
Over here, over here, HELP! \*

BOMB  
Shut the fuck up-- \*

Bomb SMASHES the Attendant with a vicious ROUNDHOUSE to the jaw, and the dude crumples to the ground-- \*

GUARD (O.S.)  
*ALL OF YOU FUCKING FREEZE!*

Reveal the GUARD, staggering out into the parking lot, wiping the RED DYE from his burning eyes--

GUARD  
 I swear to fucking Christ I'm gonna  
 SHOOT ANYTHING THAT MOVES--

He's AIMING his SIDEARM at them, half-blind, trembling with rage and *we never thought this doughy chump had it in him--*

Patrick and Bomb DUCK behind the car, while Dorchester CROUCHES behind the driver-door, using it as a SHIELD--

DORCHESTER  
 Take it easy, Cochise--

Suddenly some FIRECRACKERS go off nearby, *BANGBANGBANGBANG!*

The Guard, confused, dizzy, thinks they're SHOOTING at him, so he FIRES WILDLY AT THE LINCOLN *POW-POW-POW!*

The BULLETS pepper the car, and Dorchester pops up from behind the door and BLASTS a round at the Guard, catching him in the side--

The Guard GRUNTS and collapses to the pavement, still clutching his sidearm--

And now dozens of BYSTANDERS have noticed the GUNFIRE and they start to SCREAM and SCATTER off of BROADWAY--

PATRICK  
 NOW, before we lose the exits--

Dorchester climbs back behind the wheel--

DORCHESTER  
 We're good, Boss, we're good--

BLAM! DORCHESTER'S HEAD POPS OPEN, SPRAYING THE INTERIOR--

Reveal the GUARD, flat on his back, his SMOKING SIDEARM pointed where Dorchester's head used to be--

Dorchester SPASMS as he DIES, his foot MASHES the gas pedal, and the Lincoln LURCHES FORWARD, screeches across the lot and SMASHES into a row of parked cars--

Patrick and Bomb find themselves suddenly EXPOSED as they RACE across the lot toward the smashed Lincoln--

BOMB  
THE PAPER--

They reach the Lincoln, Bomb yanks open the back door, grabs the DUFFEL while Patrick feels for Dorch's pulse, finds none--

PATRICK  
Shit, Dorch, I'm sorry--

BLAM! BLAM! The Guard is SHOOTING AGAIN--

Patrick TAKES TWO ROUNDS in his BACK-- He TOPPLES AGAINST THE CAR, smearing BLOOD all over the windows--

BOMB (CONT'D)  
GOAT!

CLUNK. The Guard's SIDEARM LANDS on the PAVEMENT, he blinks at the sky, blood bubbling from his lips--

Bomb grabs Patrick, GRUNTING with exertion as he attempts to haul both Patrick and the Duffel into the TEEMING CROWD--

BOMB  
Gotta keep moving, gotta keep--

Now there is a PHALANX of POLICEMEN forcing their way through the crowd, weapons drawn, making their way toward them--

Up ABOVE, the sound of an ELEVATED RED LINE TRAIN grinding into the CHINATOWN STATION, Bomb SEES it--

They reach the STAIRS that lead to the PLATFORM, and there's a lot of them, but Bomb still tries to haul Patrick up--

PATRICK  
*Bobby....*

Patrick's bleeding like mad, quickly going into shock, he CRUMPLES onto the stairs--

Bomb looks up, sees the TRAIN sliding into the platform--

BOMB  
I got you. Come on.

Patrick shakes his head, levels a look at Bomb that is absolute ice-cold Business.

PATRICK  
You can't help me. Bobby. You have. Five. Seconds.

Bomb gapes at him, disbelieving. His eyes fill with tears. \*

PATRICK \*

GO. \*

*They HOLD their locked-eyed STARE--* \*

Bomb HAULS the Duffel up the rest of the stairs, as the COPS push their way toward him, guns out, SHOUTING-- \*

Patrick opens his PALM, and we see he's holding a tightly-wadded CHUNK OF CASH, which he FLICKS into the air-- \*

The MONEY FLUTTERS outward, and suddenly all the bystanders are DIVING for the bills, teeming, squealing, making it all but impossible for the COPS to get past-- \*

Hold on Patrick, amidst the chaos of humanity, as he gazes up at the RED LINE TRAIN, as the doors close, and it PULLS AWAY from the station-- \*

And the COPS finally push through and surround him, and try to pile up the stairs, but it's too late, and Patrick almost manages to smile, just before he loses consciousness-- \*

PATRICK \*

*God damn.* \*

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT \*

Patrick lies in a hospital bed, his body wrapped in BANDAGES, with TUBES draining fluids, his eyes dope-glazed.

A bored UNIFORMED OFFICER sits in a chair in the corner. Hard RAIN pounds against the window.

A muscular black MALE NURSE bends over Patrick, checks the tubing. Patrick's eyes swim over to him. \*

PATRICK

*Rosalie. (beat) My wife.*

The Nurse shakes his head, offers a sad smile.

MALE NURSE

No visitors allowed, cuz. It's bullshit, but it is what it is.

The Nurse lays a sympathetic hand on Patrick's shoulder, leaves, and Patrick's eyes drift to the wall-mounted TV--

Where a NEWSCAST is playing, and a picture of PATRICK fills the screen-- fully EXPOSED to the world-- \*

NEWSCASTER

*...assisting the FBI in the nationwide search for Patrick Gautreaux's as-yet-unidentified accomplice who escaped the scene undetected. The deadly South Bay bank heist claimed the life of one robber and left a moonlighting off-duty police officer with two-year old twin daughters in a coma...* \*

Patrick's bleary eyes stutter closed, as consciousness fades.

PATRICK

*Rosalie...*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

RAIN pours from the sky, unrelenting. The Hospital glows dimly in the background. \*

Find BOMB crouched in the bushes, pelted by rain, shivering. He watches the building. And then suddenly, without a sound-- \*

He's gone.

VOICE (O.S.)

*Good morning, Sunshine.* \*

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Patrick GRUNTS AWAKE in bed. About a week has passed, and he looks healthier.

VOICE (O.S.)

*Heard they took out your spleen.*

Now Patrick sees the TALL MAN standing in the doorway. Lean, hungry-looking, pale blue eyes, thinning, wispy blond hair, charcoal suit. AGENT JACOB PLANT, 32, F.B.I. \*

PATRICK

That comb-over. Young fellow like you? Go with the Kojak. Folks might take you more serious. \*

Plant clenches his jaw. \*



PLANT  
Thanks for the advice.

PATRICK  
My pleasure, Agent Plant.

Plant nods, gives Patrick a good, long look.

PLANT  
Been waiting a long time to see you  
all opened up like this.

Patrick stares back at Plant, inscrutable.

PATRICK  
Seem pretty proud of yourself.  
Like you actually had something to  
do with it.

PLANT  
I'd say I had plenty to do with it.  
Because here I am. Halfway to the  
biggest collar of my career. After  
you help me with the other half,  
things might get softer for you.

Patrick chuckles, amused, stoned on pills.

PATRICK  
You gotta be kidding me.

PLANT  
Look, Patrick--

PATRICK  
I'm your elder, son. Show some  
respect. *Mr. Gautreaux* would be  
fine. *Sir* would be better.

Plant glares. He cracks his knuckles, pop, pop, pop.

PLANT  
Got a lot of cheek for someone  
about to stand before the Man.  
You're gonna get fifteen years,  
easy. That pretty wife of yours,  
how long you think she's gonna wait  
around? No man in her bed?

Patrick stares back, impassive.

PATRICK  
That's some real tough talk.

PLANT  
 Whatever. This was just a courtesy  
 call. Truth is, I don't *need* you  
 to catch him. Do it on my own.

Patrick studies him, grins.

PATRICK  
 Let me know how that works out.

PLANT  
 You don't believe me?

PATRICK  
 Please. I don't even think you  
 believe you. You're too green, and  
 you don't have the *sand* for it.

Plant stands up, heads for the door. He's had enough.

PLANT  
 You'll be transferred to Men's  
 Central to await your arraignment  
 and trial. You'll be riding the  
 bus Upstate by month's end.

PATRICK  
 I'll send you a postcard.

PLANT  
 Yeah, you're such a hero. (beat)  
*Pathetic.*

PATRICK  
 That's right, kid, get in your  
 licks. Make it count.

PLANT  
 You're *fucked*. You're gonna watch  
 your kid grow up from behind  
 Plexiglas. And you better hope to  
 God that cop doesn't die.

And Plant is gone. Patrick lays there, jaw clenched.

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP - OPEN OCEAN - DAY

A gigantic RED CARGO SHIP, carrying 10,000 T.E.U. containers,  
 churns through the rough black water at 20 knots.

MOVE CLOSER, toward the aft end of the ship, where BOMB is \*  
 leaning against the railing. Thick black parka, black knit \*  
 cap, eyes hard, determined, with a knife edge of fear. \*

He SPITS over the side, watches it fall-- \*

EXT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - DAY \*

A Department of Corrections BUS slowly rumbles out of the \*  
 gates of L.A. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL. \*

Find PATRICK in the back of the BUS, staring through the mesh- \*  
 covered window at a WOMAN standing on the sidewalk outside. \*

It's ROSALIE, holding GIGI in her arms. \*

Patrick touches his lips, puts his fingers to the mesh on the \*  
 windows. Rosalie holds Gigi tighter, and nods. \*

Even without words, their communication is visceral, potent. \*

SMASH TO BLACK. \*

EXT. LOMPOC - DAY

Establish a low-slung PRISON, few windows, sun-blasted glare.

TITLE BURN: \*

***Maximum Security Penitentiary, Lompoc, California***

Slowly, slowly, we CREEP IN toward the grim compound.

NEW TITLE BURN: ***EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER*** \*

INT. CELL - LOMPOC

An 8 x 10 foot CELL. One tiny slit of a window.

On the narrow bed, PATRICK reclines, reading a book. Hard  
 eyes, full salt & pepper beard, PRISON INK on his forearms.

Taped to the walls: a few postcards and a child's DRAWINGS:  
 Stick figure families, a house with a chimney, smiling suns.

A CLANK as a METAL FLAP in his cell door opens, and a tray of  
 food slides in. Patrick sets down his book.

EXT. YARD - LOMPOC

Patrick is escorted into the SEGREGATED YARD. A small area, surrounded by tall cement walls. He's the only one there.

He closes his eyes, tilts his face upward, into the sun--

EXT. CITY OF COMMERCE - EARLY IN THE MORNING

Establish the COMMERCE CASINO, the sparsely-filled parking lot, late-night gamblers staggering out into the morning light, while early-risers arrive at the doors.

INT. COMMERCE CASINO - CONTINUOUS

It's SHIFT-CHANGE time at the CASHIER CAGE, and TWO ARMED GUARDS stand watch while a female CASHIER unlocks the cage from the inside.

A professorial-looking BLACK MAN-- moustache, thick glasses, afro-- wanders over, smiling, it's none other than BOBBY HARDAWAY, fully disguised, unrecognizable to everyone but us.

BOMB

Hello. Where's the poker room?

The Guards glance at Bomb, bored, tired, failing to notice the TALL, GORGEOUS REDHEAD striding up behind them--

GUARD ONE

Across the lobby over there. But it ain't open until eleven--

SNICK-SNICK. The REDHEAD is now standing behind them, brandishing TWO PISTOLS, one barrel for each Guard's HEAD.

The CASHIER's eyes go wide, she tries to CLOSE the cage, but Bomb's already WEDGED himself inside, brandishing a PISTOL--

BOMB

Lie down on your belly, please.

The Cashier obeys, shivering--

GUARD TWO

Are you friggin crazy? Can't rob this place, there's eyes everywh--

The Redhead CLOCKS the Guard's skull with the Pistol, and he DROPS to the ground.

REDHEAD  
 (Euro accent)  
 Shut your gob, sweetie.

Bomb bends to the Cashier, unhooks the KEYS from her belt, quickly goes about UNLOCKING several mesh-covered GRATES which cover rows of DRAWERS containing banded STACKS OF CASH.

BOMB  
 Ringa-ding-ding.

Outside the CAGE, two more GUARDS are approaching, trailed by two tight-suited PIT BOSSES, holy shit that was fast--

REDHEAD  
 (to Bomb)  
 Ten seconds.

Bomb is now piling the banded stacks into a bulging SACK--

The approaching GUARDS, visibly amped-up are now brandishing SIDEARMS and maneuvering into COVERING STANCES--

ARMED GUARDS  
 FREEZE RIGHT THERE! DON'T MOVE!

Suddenly a LARGE MUSCULAR DUDE wearing a BALACLAVA pops up behind the armed guards, brandishing an ASSAULT RIFLE--

POW-POW-POW-POW-POW-POW! He unleashes a FUSILLADE of SEMI-AUTOMATIC FIRE over their heads--

The ARMED GUARDS and the PIT BOSSES hit the deck, covering their heads as DEBRIS rains down upon them, and now the assorted PATRONS start SCREAMING and SCATTERING--

ALARMS start BLARING, and BALACLAVA DUDE tosses a FLASH-BANG SMOKE GRENADE into the fray--

BOOOOSH! The GRENADE EXPLODES in a BLINDING FLASH, more SCREAMS from the PATRONS as the THICK SMOKE unfurls through the air, obscuring everything--

INT. CASINO - HIGH ANGLE

The SOUND DROPS OUT as we assume a GOD-LIKE PERSPECTIVE of the casino floor, the mayhem unfolding below--

As BOMB and the REDHEAD and BALACLAVA DUDE make their way toward the exit, out of frame--

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Freeze it right there.*

The image FREEZES on BOMB, in full DISGUISE, momentarily  
 LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA, flashing his TEETH.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Am I seeing things, or is that  
 douchebag smiling at me?*

PULL BACK to REVEAL:

AN FBI TECH LAB.

AGENT PLANT, his skull now SHAVED CLEAN, hovers over the  
 shoulder of a Junior Agent, TAK KIYOSHI, 27.

Eyes glued to a large FLATSCREEN showing a PLAYBACK of the  
 CASINO SECURITY CAMERA.

KIYOSHI  
 Back in the Southland. Looks like  
 he's *diversifying*.

PLANT  
 Banks just don't get his rocks off  
 anymore. Or he's got himself a  
 death wish. Either way, our friend  
 has *audacity*.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Up on the 17th floor, in the FBI's L.A. BUREAU--

Plant hurries down the hallway to a large OFFICE, occupied by  
 BUREAU CHIEF SAMUEL ZORN, 52, ginger hair, glasses. He's in  
 the midst of paging through a thick DOSSIER.

PLANT  
 There's a window here, sir. It's  
 not staying open for long.

Zorn stares off, tapping a pen against his forehead.

ZORN  
 Jacob, I like you. You're  
 tenacious as a barnacle. But he's  
 been making assholes out of us for  
 a long time. Especially you.  
 Maybe you're a little too close--

PLANT  
Sir--

ZORN  
I'd love to have you down in El  
Paso, we've got a string--

PLANT  
Fuck Texas, Sir. I want *him*.  
(beat) And we both know he's not  
gonna stop.

Zorn studies Plant, the fire behind his eyes.

ZORN  
We won't be able to just pick him  
up off the street. If his hand  
isn't in the cookie jar, we're  
sunk. And by "we", I mean you, and  
your career. Still with me?

Pop, Pop, Pop, Plant cracks his knuckles, stares.

ZORN  
Oughtta cut that out. Give  
yourself carpal tunnel.

PLANT  
Sir.

BEAT.

ZORN  
I'll make some calls.

Plant slaps the desk, vindicated, eyes glittering.

INT. LOMPOC - VISITING ROOM - DAY

Small windowless room, steel picnic table bolted to the  
floor. On one side, Patrick sits, arms crossed, and on the  
other, Agent Plant, with the DOSSIER in front of him.

PLANT  
How's Rosalie holding up? And  
Gigi? What's she now, about five?

Patrick narrows his eyes, cocks his head, smiles.

PATRICK  
Came all the way up here to talk  
about my family?

PLANT  
 Actually, I'd like to talk about  
 your boy, Bomb.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

PATRICK  
 My "boy"? Really, Plant. Some  
 folks might think you're a racist.

PLANT  
 Not you, though. You're no racist.  
 More like a...*savior*. Plucked him  
 straight out the ghetto, when he  
 was just a *shawty*. Taught him how  
 to steal like a *white* man.

\*  
 \*

Patrick chuckles amiably.

PATRICK  
 You sure do talk like an asshole.

\*

Plant opens his dossier and slides a SECURITY-CAM STILL  
 across the table. Patrick looks at it.

PLANT  
 That's six months ago. Winston-  
 Salem. Walked out with 260 large.

\*

Patrick can't help but smile. Plant notices, but says  
 nothing. Lays out more STILLS, one after the other.

PLANT  
 Five weeks later. Nashville West  
 S&L. That was 320. Here's  
 Jefferson City, three weeks later.  
 Here's Tulsa. Amarillo. Tempe.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

Plant eyeballs Patrick for a moment, then lays out ONE MORE  
 STILL. This one... we've seen before.

\*  
 \*

PLANT  
 Eight days ago. Your protege hit  
 the goddamn Commerce *Casino*, can  
 you believe that shit? Got himself  
 quite the little crew, too.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

Patrick studies the picture, looks back up at Plant.

\*

PATRICK  
 Every time he makes you look like a  
 punk, my heart swells with pride.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

But Plant's smile hasn't diminished one bit.

\*



PLANT

Yeah, I know. You *love* him. That  
thieving prick who's been  
stockpiling millions while you rot  
away in this hole of *piss*.

Patrick slowly nods, defiant, resigned.

PATRICK

I'm gonna explain it real slow,  
like I would to my kid. (beat)  
*I'm not. Going. To help you.*

Plant leans forward on his elbows. Eyes blazing.

PLANT

Actually, I think you will.

Plant pulls out a DOCUMENT, lays it on the table.

PLANT

Remember that off-duty cop, in a  
coma since your last gig? He threw  
a blood clot five days ago. That's  
his Death Certificate. You're a  
*murderer* now. How's that feel?

Patrick blinks, his face loses color.

PATRICK

I never killed anybody. *Ever.*

PLANT

Irrelevant. With the Felony Murder  
Rule in place, you're gonna get  
*life*. (beat) At least your Daddy  
had the courtesy to get *killed* on  
the job, right?

Hold on Patrick's face, his eyes, as the wheels spin steadily  
behind them. He studies the Document. He studies Plant.

PATRICK

This is the part when you pull out  
your ace. So let's have it.

PLANT

I'm gonna spring you. You're gonna  
get yourself next to Hardaway. And  
when the time's right, I'll be  
there waiting with the chains.

Patrick stares at him, calculating.

PATRICK

That's absurd. I'm not up for  
parole for another four years.  
Bobby's not that stupid.

Plant smiles, shakes his head.

PLANT

Spin it however you like. Truth  
is, cons get sprung all the time on  
technicality. Maybe that cop had  
illegal hollow-points in his piece.  
Which is why you almost died.

PATRICK

Is that fucking true?

Plant shrugs with an exaggerated cluelessness.

PLANT

See? It *could* be true. That's my  
whole point. Even you don't know.

Patrick frowns, seethes, disturbed.

PATRICK

If this goes down, then what? I go  
back to being a private citizen?

PLANT

Carry Gigi on your shoulders  
through the gates of Disneyland.

Patrick absorbs this, deeply skeptical. But even so...*Damn.*

PLANT

Bomb's got something *big*. And if  
you don't help me, I'll pull the  
trigger on your Felony Murder and  
you'll sit in the Max until you're  
120 years old.

Patrick sits there, staring at Plant.

PATRICK

I want my family with me. Wherever  
you put me, I want them *there*.

PLANT

You're really not in any position  
to negotiate.

PATRICK  
 Then maybe I'll take my request  
 straight to your Boss. Unless you  
 wanna keep playing hard-ass?

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

Plant grits his teeth.

\*

PLANT  
 Let's say I might be able to make  
 that happen--

\*  
 \*  
 \*

PATRICK  
 Make it happen. Or else fuck you.

\*  
 \*

INT. PATRICK'S CELL - LOMPOC - DAWN

\*

Patrick stands in front of his tiny slit of a window. The  
 sun is rising. The COLORS, outside, are so god damn  
 gorgeous. Red, orange, purple. They play across his face.

\*

He watches the colors. He doesn't blink.

INT. LOMPOC - CORRIDOR - DAY

\*

Patrick walks down the narrow corridor, holding a box full of  
 five years' worth of personal shit.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*You will hereby place yourself  
 under the control and supervision  
 of the Federal Government.*

INT. LOMPOC - SMALL ROOM - DAY

Patrick sits at a table, signing his name, over and over, on  
 a series of papers. His BOX OF STUFF sits beside him.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*And when I say Federal Government,  
 what I mean is me. You are not a  
 citizen, and will not possess the  
 rights of a citizen.*

\*

INT./EXT. BLACK SUBURBAN - DAY

A sleek black SUBURBAN with tinted windows speeds along a  
 mostly-empty roadway.

PATRICK sits in the back, wearing an ill-fitting suit. \*  
 Beside him, a stoic, hard-featured BLACK WOMAN types into a \*  
 laptop. AGENT ALTHEA POE, 32. \*

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Agent Poe will share your  
 controlled residence, and will  
 handle you at all hours of the day. \**  
*Her cover is immaculate, and her  
 skills are exceptional.*

Up front, two other stone-faced AGENTS in sunglasses. \*

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Do not take advantage. She has  
 been given full authority to fuck  
you up, should you choose to  
 diverge from the mandate.*

Patrick stares out the window, in wonder. So much space, so \*  
 much sky. They pass by farmlands, and a small herd of cows. \*

PATRICK  
 Agent Poe, look. Cows.

Agent Poe does not look at the cows.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

The Suburban slides up a narrow, winding street in the  
 Hollywood Hills, just underneath the lip of MULHOLLAND,  
 stopping at the foot of a GATED DRIVEWAY.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Just keep it simple. All of this  
 is merely a means to an end.*

The GATE swings open, and the SUV climbs the steep drive.

EXT. MID-CENTURY HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - CONTINUOUS

Patrick climbs out of the Suburban, followed by Agent Poe and  
 two other FEDS. A WHITE TAHOE is already parked in the port.

Everyone approaches a boxy, Mid-Century-modern HOUSE at the  
 foot of a long, steep EMBANKMENT, with the Mulholland TRAFFIC  
 zipping by, a hundred yards or so up the incline.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*The End is Bobby Hardaway, and the  
 Means is You.*

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Three DISPLAY SCREENS embedded in the wall show the GATE, the \*  
COURTYARD, and the brush-covered EMBANKMENT beyond. \*

Patrick sits on a leather couch in the sparsely-decorated, \*  
open-plan living room, fidgeting, restless, while Poe \*  
consults her laptop nearby. \*

PATRICK \*  
You a Laker fan, Agent Poe? \*

Poe looks up, glares at Patrick, doesn't answer. She returns \*  
her attention to the laptop. \*

PATRICK \*  
Talk my ear off, why don't you. \*

Poe huffs, annoyed, doesn't look up. A CHIME sounds, and the \*  
SCREENS come to life. The GATE OPENS, a BLACK SEDAN slides \*  
through, proceeding up the DRIVEWAY.

Poe closes her laptop and stands, tall and straight. \*

POE  
They're here, Mr. Gautreaux. Are  
you prepared?

Patrick stands up, smooths his pants.

PATRICK  
Call me Goat. (beat) And no, I'm  
not the slightest bit prepared.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Patrick stands in the foyer, and opens the door for ROSALIE,  
carrying a dead-asleep GIGI in her arms.

They just stand there for awhile, looking at each other. \*

ROSALIE \*  
(whispered) \*  
*She fell asleep on the way over.*

Patrick leans down to stroke Gigi's hair. He whispers-- \*

PATRICK  
*God, she's so pretty. (beat) I  
wish we knew each other better.*

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosalie walks, arms crossed, toward the window, which offers a spectacular, sparkling, city-scape view. \*

ROSALIE  
I like the view. (beat) They're  
probably listening, aren't they. \*

Patrick hangs back, watching her. He *whispers*: \*

PATRICK  
*They could be.* \*

ROSALIE  
You made it back to me. \*

PATRICK  
Sound like you had doubts. \*

Ever so slowly, she turns, showing her delicious silhouette. \*

ROSALIE  
Doubt is for the weak, and the  
pathetic. People who aren't like  
us. People who fail. \*

PATRICK  
Come over here. \*

ROSALIE  
Be patient. It'll taste better. \*

Patrick's eyes have taken on a desperate, crazed gleam. \*

PATRICK  
Come over here *faster*. \*

She takes a step. Smiles coyly. Damn, she's sexy. \*

PATRICK  
I swear to Christ, Ro. \*

Rosalie RUSHES to Patrick, he crushes her in his arms, smells her hair, her neck, his senses overloading, it's too much-- \*

PATRICK  
*Thank you, thank you--* \*

They kiss, and don't stop kissing--

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - MUCH LATER

Agent Poe walks through the empty house. All is quiet. \*

She moves silently into a small BEDROOM. Stands over little Gigi, who sucks her thumb in sleep, her covers kicked away.

Poe reaches down, re-covers Gigi with the blanket.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT \*

It's very late, everyone's gone home, except for PLANT, who sits behind his desk, staring at the WALL across from him-- \*

The WALL is COVERED in a dense, complex MOSAIC of DOCUMENTS and BLUEPRINTS and PHOTOS and TIME-LINES. \*

POE'S VOICE (O.S.) \*  
*It's time to point the way.* \*

SECURITY STILLS from the various BANKS and also the CASINO. Blurred BLOW-UPS of barely-recognizable figures we've seen before, including THE REDHEAD and BALACLAVA. \*

PATRICK'S VOICE (O.S.) \*  
*We're gonna get a word to Bobby.* \*

Images of the SAFE HOUSE, ROSALIE, GIGI and PATRICK himself. \*

POE'S VOICE (O.S.) \*  
*Let's hear the angle.* \*

And in the middle-- a blown-up BLUR of BOBBY-BOMB HARDAWAY. Flashing his TEETH. Grinning at PLANT, who stares back at the image, his eyes pure, crystalline focus-- \*

CUT TO BLACK. \*

INT./EXT. WHITE TAHOE - MORNING

Poe behind the wheel, Patrick riding shotgun. The gate swings open, and they pull forward. \*

PATRICK \*  
Gonna say hello to some people.  
South of Florence. West of Fig.  
In the Eighties.

Poe raises an eyebrow.

PATRICK  
Yeah, I know. It ain't Bel Air.

INT./EXT. TAHOE - SOUTH CENTRAL - DAY

Poe, in sunglasses, drives the Tahoe down a grim side street West of Figueroa. DENIZENS eye them as they roll past.

Patrick clocks the tangled GRAFFITI on the buildings.

PATRICK  
Slow up a minute. Tags on that wall. Barber shop.

Poe slows the Tahoe, and they see the TAGS thrown up on a wall beside a BARBER SHOP. **H G R C.**

PATRICK  
We're neck-deep in Hoover Gardens Rollin Crip.

Poe nods to a secondary TAG (**G S C**), CROSSED OUT in BLUE.

POE  
Hoover Gardens still beefing with Grape Street. Hatfields and McCoys of South Central. Hardaway rolled with Hoover as a Baby-G until you brought him to the Big Time.

Patrick grins at Poe, impressed.

PATRICK  
Quite a bag of tricks, Agent Poe.

Poe pushes her shades up on her head, glares at Patrick.

POE  
I'm up in your world now, convict.  
I'm your Wheel, we rollin', and you best see me like I *need* to be seen.  
What you see is Althea, not Agent Fuckin Poe, and you best believe Althea is a stone *bitch*.

Patrick looks at her appreciatively, his eyes a bit wide.

\*

INT. BARBER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Patrick enters the shop, into a blue haze of blunt-smoke. A BELL JANGLES above the door.



Instantaneously, ALL EYES are on him. The MEN inside-- three BARBERS and eight "CUSTOMERS"-- are straight-up HGRC BANGERS. Ink, scars, thousand-yard-stares.

Still, Patrick smiles a toothy, cheerful grin.

PATRICK

The answer is no, I actually don't have an appointment.

A linebacker-built BARBER calmly approaches.

BIG BARBER

Looks like we rollin one-time, boys. Show from the po.

PATRICK

I promise you, I am *not* the police. Just need to get a word--

\*

BIG BARBER

Move your ass on out, cracker. This ain't your spot.

\*

\*

The dudes in the shop start CAT-CALLING at Patrick.

PATRICK

All of you, pipe the fuck down. There's no call for this inhospitable shit.

\*

The Big Barber actually stops in his tracks, wearing an expression like *what the FUCK did you just say?*

PATRICK

I need to get a word to Bobby-Bomb Hardaway. He a friend of yours?

At the mention of the name, a HUSH falls across the shop.

BIG BARBER

You say you ain't the po-lice?

PATRICK

Glad you're paying attention.

The Big Barber grins, and it's not heartwarming.

BIG BARBER

Then I'm a' put you to *sleep*, cuz.

The Barber RUSHES, but Patrick doesn't hesitate. He KICKS him so hard in the balls, the big dude's eyes go CROSSED--

\*

\*

Before the Big Barber hits the floor, Patrick's already GRABBED a super-sharp pair of SHEARS from a blue jar of BARBICIDE, which he holds out, prison-style, like a shank.

But that doesn't stop TWO BANGERS from rushing RIGHT AT HIM from BOTH SIDES--

Patrick SPINS and JAMS the SCISSORS deep into Banger One's THIGH, and homeboy SCREAMS--

Just as the other Banger Two SMASHES his fist into the side of Patrick's head, KNOCKING him sideways against the WALL--

Patrick still manages to grab that glass jar full of BARBICIDE and he SMASHES the JAR against his assailant's HEAD and the BLUE LIQUID goes SPLATTERING along with the BLOOD--

Now EVERYONE is out of their chairs, RUSHING the entrance, and several BIG DUDES start PILING on top of Patrick, throwing wild HAYMAKERS--

The BELL JANGLES over the door--

AGENT POE slips inside, UNSEEN, and she's got BRASS KNUCKLES on her LEFT FIST and a LEATHER SAP in her RIGHT--

A tall, lanky BANGER strides toward her, gets one word out--

LANKY BANGER

*Bitch--*

THWAP-THWAP-- Poe NAILS him TWICE in the HEAD with the SAP, and the BANGER DROPS to the FLOOR--

And then she SETS UPON the PILE OF DUDES on top of Patrick, WHACKING them mercilessly with the SAP, and sending quick, deadly PUNCHES with the KNUCKLES--

SMASHING all the TENDER SPOTS-- KNEES and ELBOWS and COLLARBONES-- every fierce IMPACT hitting its mark perfectly until the dudes are HOWLING in pain, trying to get away from her, but she keeps coming-- WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK--

Holy *shit* this lady has some moves--

Poe HAULS a dazed, banged-up Patrick to his feet, DRAGS him toward the DOOR--

CLACK-CLACK. Everyone FREEZES, because the big BARBER is pointing a SHOTGUN straight at Patrick and Poe, chest heaving, eyes murderous.

Poe stares back at him, baring her teeth, clenching her fist around the smeared, bloodied KNUCKLES--

Patrick leans toward Poe, whispers to her--

PATRICK  
*Never thought I'd get us killed  
 this quick, Althea. Sorry.*

CLUNK-- Poe's KNUCKLES hit the floor, and now she's pointing a big silver H&K .44 dead-center at the Big Barber's GROIN.

POE  
 I will make you a *girl*, see?

Barber's eyes BUG, and he TIGHTENS his grip on the GAUGE--

The BANGERS are peeling themselves off the floor, forming a tight semi-circle, the stink of anger in the air--

VOICE (O.S.)  
*All y'all back the fuck up.*

It's like all the air just leaked out of the room. The Bangers retreat, cowed, their weapons disappear back into pockets and waistbands and Timbs.

REVEAL an imposing BLACK MAN in a WHEELCHAIR. This is ROPE, 40, rocking a 4-inch-deep afro, temples flecked with gray. \*

His arms, shoulders and chest are thick with muscle, but his legs are thin, wasted-- he's PARALYZED from the waist-down.

Rope rolls closer, joint hanging from his lip, his expression hard, all power, all confidence.

ROPE  
 Girl, where you learn to chop shit  
 up like that? \*

POE  
 Kindergarten.

Rope rumbles an easy, stoned laugh, nods at her piece, which is still aimed at the freaked-out Barber's crotch.

ROPE  
 My boy Josiah just protecting my  
 game. But he got himself a heart  
 murmur, and you pointin that .44 at  
 his nuts ain't helpin none. Feel?

Poe lowers her weapon, and Rope shifts his gaze to Patrick.

ROPE

Been a long time, yo. We both got  
some greys upstairs.

\*  
\*

Patrick nods, rubs his aching jaw.

PATRICK

Passage of time, Rope. At least  
we're still walking the Earth.

\*  
\*

ROPE

You was up in Lompoc, right?

\*

PATRICK

For about a minute, yeah. I got  
lucky on the appeal.

\*  
\*

ROPE

Pulled a three-bid up in that hole.  
Jacked an El Dorado from a Grape  
Street OG. God damn Lo-Jack.

\*

Rope grins with pride, until his smile fades to hardness.

ROPE

Grapes come back for me, though.  
Soon as I gated out. Blasted me  
and my cousin. He dead. Now I got  
my G's building ramps for my ass.

Patrick nods, says nothing. Respect. Rope takes a long hit.

\*

ROPE

So you wanna get next to Bomb.

\*

PATRICK

That's about the size of it.

ROPE

Why you think he still fuckin with  
a nigger like me anyhow? Boo's  
rollin nationwide. With *whitefolk*.

PATRICK

He's still earning for you though,  
isn't he. The community. Because  
that's what I do, and that's what I  
taught him.

\*  
\*  
\*

ROPE

That boy always had a gift for  
twistin.

(MORE)

ROPE (cont'd)  
 Even though he was too soft to  
 Bang. (beat) You an old-school G.  
 Taught him real good.

PATRICK  
 He always knew where he came from.

Rope slowly nods.

ROPE  
 Alright then.

\*

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - SUNSET

The TAHOE winds its way through the quiet, desolate hills of Elysian Park. At a small turn-off, Patrick climbs out.

He picks his way down to the flat mesa of ANGELS POINT, \*  
 dominated by a large, 1980s SCULPTURE, covered in TAGS. \*

Poe hangs in the background, keeping her distance, but watching with hawk-like focus.

That's when BOMB steps out from behind one of the wide PILLARS of the sculpture. Dodger cap, Dodger satin jacket, stone-washed jeans, glasses-- a tourist dork.

And for a few moments, they simply look at each other.

BOMB  
 Imagine my surprise. \*

PATRICK  
 You'll get over it. \*

Bomb gestures over to where POE is standing in the distance. \*

BOMB  
 You gated out, what, a minute ago?  
 And you already hooked up your own  
 personal Pam Grier?

Over Bomb's shoulder, Patrick catches a glimpse of a terribly \*  
 muscular Latino MAN, standing at a distance, eyeballing them. \*

PATRICK  
 See you brought a friend, too. \*

Bomb smiles quizzically, lights up a smoke.

BOMB

How *did* you get out, Goat? Thought they had you wrapped up in twelve kinds of bullshit.

Patrick crosses his arms, cocks his head.

PATRICK

Glad to see you were following my case. From that sandy beach in Spain or Africa or wherever the hell you skated off to.

\*

BOMB

Still waitin on your answer.

PATRICK

That guard who plugged me. Tested positive for methamphetamine. Plus he used dum-dums on the job. Lost my goddamn spleen, Bobby. You find a loophole, you chase it. Ever heard of the Appellate Court? Didn't they teach you that shit at Yale? Oh, that's right. *I'm* the one who went there. You washed out of East Crack-town Junior High.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BOMB

When Yale calls you up for alumni donations, do you send them exploded dye-pack bundles?

\*

Patrick nods, narrows his eyes, doesn't smile.

\*

PATRICK

You know all about those exploders, don't you, Bobby.

\*  
\*  
\*

BOMB

And you know all about suckin on big black Lompoc dicks.

\*  
\*  
\*

PATRICK

We finished with the dozens now? If we're not, I'm gonna go home and play Candyland with my daughter. You don't like having me around, fine. I don't need this shit.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Bomb stomps his cig. Offers Patrick a sincere smile.

\*

BOMB  
 You know it ain't like that.  
 (beat) Been missin you like a  
 motherfucker.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

They both relax a bit, while still keeping their distance.

\*

PATRICK  
 Same here, Bobby.

\*  
 \*

BOMB  
 You look good, Goat. Who you  
 supposed to be?

PATRICK  
 No skins. This is just me.

BOMB  
 Come on, that ain't you. You never  
 go out without skins. Check me  
 out. I look like Urkel.

Patrick just shrugs.

\*

BOMB  
 Maybe you don't have yourself a  
 skins-man yet. Just the Wheel.

PATRICK  
 Maybe I don't know what the hell I  
 feel like doing.

Bomb looks out at the city, then steps closer to Patrick.

\*

BOMB  
 Might have a little freelance  
 project for you. And your new  
 girl. Maybe see how that goes.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

Patrick looks Bomb in the eyes, wheels turning.

\*

PATRICK  
 It's really good to see you, Bobby.

\*

Bomb waits for Patrick to go on. Then finally just shakes  
 his head, grins, bemused.

\*  
 \*

BOMB  
 Alright. If that's how it's gotta  
 be, that's how it's gotta be.

\*  
 \*

PATRICK  
 I'm glad you understand.

\*

Bomb nods, but looks at the ground, his mood darkened.

BOMB

For the record. Not a day goes by  
I don't think about all the shit  
that went wrong. Not a day, Goat.

\*  
\*  
\*

PATRICK

You hadn't left, we'd *both* be  
upstate. I was running the gig.  
Sometimes the cards just fall  
sideways. That's on me, not you.

Bomb considers this, nods, then walks away.

\*

BOMB

All my love to Rosalie, and little  
Gigi. You pass that along.

HOLD on PATRICK as he watches Bomb disappear.

\*

INT./EXT. TAHOE - STREETS - LATER

\*

Poe and Patrick cruise along in silence. Patrick glances  
over, sees Poe rubbing her sore, swollen knuckles, picking at  
a stray drop of dried blood on the cuff of her blouse.

\*  
\*  
\*

She catches him looking, glares at him. Patrick looks away.

\*

POE

He offers a gig and you say no?  
You trying to blow this on purpose?

\*  
\*  
\*

Patrick just stares out the window, stoic, in thought.

\*

PATRICK

I didn't say no. But I didn't say  
yes either. Eagerness sends the  
wrong message. Might as well fire  
off a signal flare.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

POE

Just better hope he calls back.

\*  
\*

Patrick sees a BLACK YOUTH, about 14, bopping down the  
street, all swagger, without a care. Patrick smiles.

\*  
\*

PATRICK

Thank you for your concern, Althea.  
But I'm aware who I'm dealing with.

\*  
\*  
\*



As the Tahoe cruises past the Youth, Patrick follows him with his eyes, and we-- \*

**FLASH BACK TO:** \*

EXT. HANCOCK PARK - NIGHT - 15 YEARS AGO \*

A silver Range Rover pulls into the driveway of a beautiful yet modest Spanish-style home. \*

Two MEN hop out-- one of them is PATRICK GAUTREAUX, and the other is DORCHESTER, both 15 years younger. \*

As they pass by a small GARDEN SHED, Patrick PAUSES-- the DOOR is ever-so-slightly AJAR, and there's a SMEARED RED HAND-PRINT on the door handle. \*

Patrick looks at Dorchester, indicates the DOOR, puts his finger to his lips, *Shhhh*. Dorchester draws a PISTOL. \*

They carefully approach the door. Patrick gives Dorchester a nod, and he swiftly KICKS THE DOOR IN, while Patrick reaches in and FLICKS ON THE LIGHTS-- \*

INSIDE, hiding in the corner, there's a SKINNY BLACK BOY, 14, his face and clothes SPLATTERED WITH RED, clutching a RED-SPLATTERED SACK. It's LITTLE BOBBY HARDAWAY. \*

Little Bobby immediately JUMPS UP and tries to SHIMMY past them, but Dorchester easily GRABS him, SLAMS the boy against the wall, PINS him there, draws back his large FIST-- \*

PATRICK  
Come on now, Dorch. He's a baby. \*

Dorchester holds his fist there. Keeps the boy pinned. Patrick walks closer, studies Little Bobby. \*

PATRICK  
Where you from, kid? \*

BOBBY  
City of Fuck You, Bitch. \*

Patrick laughs. Steps forward, unzips Bobby's hoodie, sees the BLUE BANDANA around his neck. \*

BOBBY  
The fuck *offa* me-- \*

PATRICK  
Yeah, I know, tough guy. \*

Patrick yanks the bandana to the side, sees the small TATTOO on Bobby's neck, underneath his ear: *HGRC*.

PATRICK  
You're a long way from Hoover  
Gardens, Baby-G.

Bobby looks at Patrick, frowns, confused.

PATRICK  
Lemme see what you got there.

Patrick grabs the red-stained SACK from Bobby's grip, pulls out some banded-stacks of CASH, all of it splattered RED.

Patrick laughs, shows the ruined money to Dorchester, who shakes his head, smiles.

PATRICK  
(to Bobby)  
Here's a tip, kid. Before you take the paper? *Bend* the stacks. If they bend, they're clean. If they don't, there's either a transmitter or a dye-pack inside. Either way, you're fucked with your pants on.

Patrick tosses the sack to the side.

PATRICK  
Heard about the West Mutual on Larchmont getting hit this morning. That was you, huh?

Bobby stares at the floor, nervous, ashamed. He nods.

PATRICK  
Don't worry. I'm not the po-po. And you're damned lucky you picked my house to hide. Otherwise you'd never get back to Crip-city, looking like that. (beat) So where's your strap?

BOBBY  
Don't need that shit.

PATRICK  
Yeah? How'd you get all that paper from the teller?

Bomb looks at Patrick, studies him real good.

BOBBY

Told her I had a *bomb*, yo. Blow everyone up, because I'm poor and black and I don't give a fuck.

Patrick laughs. Likes this kid.

PATRICK

A bomb. That's real good. You got some *sand*, which means you're not as stupid as I thought. Which means you got potential.

Bobby continues to stare at Patrick, sizing him up.

BOBBY

You a thief, too, huh.

Patrick cocks his head, grins.

PATRICK

Got some great eyes in that little head. Give you that. But here's the thing.

He steps forward, pokes Bobby in the chest.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You are a thief. I am something else entirely.

He leans closer to Bobby, and *whispers*--

PATRICK (CONT'D)

*I don't get caught.*

INT./EXT. INGLEWOOD - NIGHT - **15 YEARS AGO**

The Rover pulls up across from an immaculate GREEN CRAFTSMAN on an otherwise run-down, dumpy residential street.

Patrick, riding shotgun while Dorchester drives, leans over to the back, where Bobby is sitting, *all cleaned up*.

PATRICK

So this is where I can find you?  
The clubhouse?

BOBBY

Or the barber shop on eight-trey.

Patrick hands Bomb a tight little roll of CASH.

PATRICK  
 Give that to your OG. Tell him  
 what we talked about. You have any  
 problems, you call me. Right?

Bomb feels the cash, sniffs it. It smells good. He jumps  
 out of the car, trots across the street to the GREEN HOUSE--

**BACK TO:**

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT - **BACK TO PRESENT**

Patrick is trying to put a sour-faced, surly Gigi to bed. He  
 flips through a pile of storybooks.

PATRICK  
 How bout this one, Cookie?

Gigi frowns, shakes her head. Patrick selects another.

PATRICK  
 This one looks *really* good.

GIGI  
 I want Mommy to read.

PATRICK  
 Gimme a break, will ya? Mommy's  
 busy. And I've been wanting to  
 read you a story all day long.

Gigi looks at him pensively. Like she's going to relent.

GIGI  
 No. Get Mommy.

Patrick sighs, deflates.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Patrick closes the door behind him. Turns on the faucets.  
 He goes to the TOILET and gently LIFTS the TANK LID, and  
 places it quietly on the sink.

He rolls up his pant leg, reaches into his sock, and pulls  
 out a small PACKAGE, tightly wrapped in PLASTIC.

He plunges his hand into the tank, and WEDGES the PACKAGE  
 into the bottom. Then he replaces the lid.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Rosalie enters the bedroom, wearing a long t-shirt and  
panties, finds Patrick reclining on the bed, watching CNN.

PATRICK  
So how long I gotta wait until she  
stops hating my guts?

ROSALIE  
You were gone a long time, Patch.  
She'll come around.

PATRICK  
(unconvinced)  
Yeah...

Rosalie comes to the bed, straddles Patrick, leans over him,  
her hands on his chest.

ROSALIE  
I've been thinking a whole lot  
about that Fed.

PATRICK  
Who, Althea? She been mad-dogging  
you? She does that to everybody.  
Don't pay no mind.

Rosalie shakes her head, speaks in a *whisper*:

ROSALIE  
*Not her. I mean the other one.*

Patrick's hands slide up her calves, her thighs, *whispers*:

PATRICK  
*Got Plant handled just fine.*

ROSALIE  
*All the things he says to you. All  
the promises. You trust him?*

His hands slide over her ass, and her eyes flutter closed.

PATRICK  
*You know me better than that.*

They kiss. Rosalie comes up for air, breathless.

ROSALIE

*As long as you know. If he crosses  
us, I'll cut his head off.*

Patrick beams at her in admiration and arousal.

PATRICK

God damn.

They get back into it. Until Patrick's CELL starts ringing.

He grabs for it, checks the display. Their faces are only an  
inch apart, and they speak in the most intimate of whispers.

PATRICK

*It's Bobby.*

ROSALIE

*Guess you'd better take it.*

When she slides off of him, she takes her sweet time.

EXT. KOREATOWN - NIGHT

A red-stripe METRO LOCAL BUS cruises down Olympic, east of  
Wilton, in the neon heart of Koreatown. It pulls to a STOP,  
where PATRICK and POE are standing against a storefront.

INT. METRO LOCAL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Patrick takes a seat across the aisle from Plant, who sits in  
the rear of the bus. Plant appraises Patrick's bruises.

PLANT

Not as pretty as the last time.

PATRICK

I can take a punch.

PLANT

How's our friend doing? Are we on?

PATRICK

He's been in touch. But the door's  
not all the way open yet.

PLANT

What's that supposed to mean?

PATRICK

He wants to run me on something  
first. Side gig.

\*  
\*

PLANT

So he doesn't trust you.

PATRICK

What did you expect? A welcome  
home party? Besides it's not just  
me. Don't forget the *babysitter*.

Patrick nods his head toward Poe, who stares out the window,  
a few rows ahead, discreetly pretending not to listen.

\*

PLANT

We don't have all fucking day,  
Gautreaux. Keep jacking me off,  
and your little field trip's over.  
We'll take a ride back Upstate.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Patrick snorts, shakes his head.

\*

PATRICK

With all due respect, Agent Plant,  
you came to *me*. Keep playing your  
"back to jail" card all you want,  
but the better option would be to  
pull your head out of your ass.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Plant narrows his eyes, but takes the hit.

\*

PLANT

I assume you've been listening,  
Agent Poe.

\*  
\*

Poe approaches, stands in the aisle, doesn't sit.

POE

Either we roll it, or we're on the  
outside, permanent.

PATRICK

I think you're right, Plant. He's  
planning something big. But I'm  
not getting a *sniff* of that until I  
earn my nut. This is how it is.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Plant runs his hands over his shiny-smooth dome.

PLANT

Please get the fuck off my bus.

\*

INT. WAREHOUSE - EAST L.A. - DAY

\*

A large ROOM, with tables, chairs, coffee, Krispy Kremes, a dry-erase board scribbled with SCHEMATICS.

Patrick eyes some PHOTOS on the board: one of an enormous YELLOW TRUCK, outfitted with three tiers of Carrier Track.

Another PHOTO is of a dapper, white-bearded OLDER MAN in an overcoat and fedora.

Bomb notices Patrick examining the photos, and he gently pulls him away, guides him over to meet some PEOPLE:

BOMB

That's Cilla. She's on Intel.  
She's also my girl.

PATRICK

Pleasure to meet you, Cilla.

\*

CILLA, 27, tall, white-blond, model-gorgeous, ice-grey eyes, all fucking business. The REDHEAD from the Casino, sans wig.

\*

CILLA

Yeah. Fantastic.

\*

\*

BOMB

The sad sack is Arthur Stills.  
He's my Wheel.

STILLS, 43, stooped posture, melancholy eyes, pores over a set of STREET MAPS. He looks up, stares at Poe openly.

STILLS

You must be Althea?

Poe just stands there, arms crossed.

STILLS

Althea's a nice name. I think  
Felicia used to have an aunt named  
Althea. Or maybe a grandmother.  
Or a cousin. (beat) Or a maid.

POE

The hell you just say?

CILLA

Christ, Arthur. You have the  
social skills of a fucking toddler.

\*

\*



The GARAGE DOOR suddenly opens, and a lime-green EXPLORER HYBRID comes rolling in, with the MUSCULAR LATIN behind the wheel. This is BERTO, sans balaclava.

\*  
\*  
\*

BOMB

That's Berto. Venezuelan. He's on hardware and acquisition. Looks like he just pulled a new G-ride.

Berto hops out of the SUV, smiling cheerfully. Stills rises, scowls at the vehicle with disgust.

STILLS

A hybrid? Are you *kidding* me?

\*

Berto shrugs, steps up to Patrick, offers his massive hand.

BERTO

Can't wait to rock with you, Mr. Gautreaux. Heard the good things.

\*  
\*  
\*

Patrick shakes Berto's hand, nods.

PATRICK

Real kung-fu grip there, Berto.

BOMB

Alright, alright, let's get focused. Work to be done.

Patrick pulls Bomb to the side, leans in, speaks low--

PATRICK

*What kind of gig is this?*

Bomb looks at Patrick, stone-faced. Gently frees his arm.

\*

BOMB

All due respect, Goat, you'll find out along with everyone else.

\*  
\*

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - ZORN'S OFFICE - DAY

Agent Plant stands in front of a dubious Zorn's desk.

ZORN

This is getting a little too grey for my taste. Your reports are so bare-bones, they're practically blank. Plus, you're not using full Bureau resources--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PLANT

Sir, this is a street-level operation. If I put too much out on the wires, we're gonna get compromised. This has to be tight to the point of invisibility. No way I'm letting Hardaway get the jump on us again.

ZORN

I understand. But I just got off the phone with Maynard at Justice, and the concerns remain. Lotta concerns. Mostly about you. (beat) All illegal activities must be reported on. Even if they're tangential to your operation.

PLANT

Of course. We're in the pipeline, Sir. Won't be long now.

Zorn grimaces, chews some Tums.

ZORN

This whole thing is starting to exacerbate my acid reflux. I don't like the feeling, Jacob. It burns.

INT./EXT. COVINA - GREEN EXPLORER HYBRID - DAY

The Explorer Hybrid is parked at the side of a quiet street, within sight of the humming 10 Freeway.

Stills is at the wheel, Patrick sits shotgun, and in back, Poe is sandwiched between Berto and Cilla, who aims a pair of high-powered BINOCULARS in the direction of the Freeway.

STILLS

Shoulda been four minutes ago. Why can't Bobby be here?

CILLA

Are you running this, Arthur?  
Fucking hell, you're a *Wheel*.

Stills looks away, chastened.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - CONTINUOUS

\*

A junky, rust-stained MINIVAN with tinted windows sits, seemingly abandoned, in an alley.

\*

\*

Reveal BOMB behind the wheel, in sunglasses, baseball cap pulled low. From afar, he has a VIEW of the ensuing SCENE--

\*

\*

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - COVINA - DAY

Ten lanes of TRAFFIC roll steadily along the 10.

And...*here she comes*: the HUGE YELLOW AUTO-CARRIER TRUCK, loaded up HEAVY with EIGHT CADILLAC ESCALADES.

INT. EXPLORER HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

Cilla SEES the CARRIER TRUCK exiting the FREEWAY--

CILLA

There's my fat bitch--

\*

Berto immediately jumps out of the car, runs to the opposite side of the street, followed by Stills.

\*

EXT. COVINA - SIDE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Yellow AUTO-CARRIER cruises down the SERVICE ROAD, full of warehouses and industrial buildings, minimal traffic, almost no pedestrians.

About fifty yards down, the Carrier SLOWS DOWN, because the ROAD IS BLOCKED by the HYBRID.

CILLA is crouched next to the FLAT rear tire, holding a tire iron, struggling with the lug nuts--

INT. AUTO-CARRIER - CONTINUOUS

TWO MEN are riding in the cab-- the DRIVER is large, bearded, barrel-chested, and the SKINNY DUDE in the passenger seat is pock-marked, fidgety, like he's SPUN.

DRIVER

Fucking perfect.

The Driver BLARES the horn, and Cilla pops up from the tire, smiles at the men in the truck, arches her back, rolls her neck, and there's no doubt she looks *delicious*--

Meanwhile, at the REAR, Berto and Stills emerge, trot over to the truck, and immediately CLIMB UP onto the TRACK RIG--

While UP FRONT, Cilla saunters over to the Driver's window, wearing a sexy-pouty embarrassed grin.

CILLA  
Not to worry, I called Triple-A,  
I'm such a *dumb-dumb*.

DRIVER  
Lady, I don't care.

SKINNY DUDE glances in his SIDE MIRROR and catches a sudden glimpse of STILLS CLAMBERING up the carrier grid--

SKINNY DUDE  
*The fuck is that guy--*

Just as Cilla JUMPS onto the STEP below the Driver's door, leans right into the cab--

CILLA  
Wow, it smells like beef jerky and  
*piss* in here!

DRIVER and SKINNY look over to see Cilla is pointing a big silver PISTOL at them.

DRIVER  
You gotta be shittin' me.

Skinny's eyes widen as he POPS OPEN the GLOVE COMPARTMENT--

POE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Time to vacate, boys.*

Skinny's eyes shoot to POE, who has MATERIALIZED right outside his window, and just as she PULLS OPEN THE DOOR--

Skinny's hand comes out of the glove compartment, holding an ugly-looking SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL--

In one quick motion-- Poe GRABS ONTO Skinny's gun-arm, YANKS it backward, and SLAMS THE DOOR on his WRIST--

Skinny's EYES BUG-- and he SCREAMS LIKE HELL--

Poe re-opens the door, DRAGS Skinny out onto the PAVEMENT--

DRIVER  
Goddamn Whore--

\*  
\*

The DRIVER suddenly PUNCHES CILLA in the FACE--

She goes FLYING off the side of the truck, lands hard, her PISTOL goes SKITTERING--

At the TRUCK SIDE, Poe FLIPS Skinny onto his stomach, YANKS his arms behind his back, whips some PLASTIC CUFFS onto him--

The DRIVER quickly THROWS THE TRUCK INTO GEAR, starts to PULL FORWARD, gaining SPEED--

Poe looks up to SEE, up on the CARRIER GRID, BERTO and STILLS grasping onto the rigging as the ESCALADES BOUNCE AROUND--

But they've already UNHOOKED one of the ESCALADES, and it starts to ROLL BACKWARDS--

\*

STILLS  
Watch your back end!

\*  
\*

INSIDE THE CAB, the DRIVER grins crazily, aiming for the NARROW ROADSPACE between the HYBRID and a tall WIRE FENCE---

PATRICK suddenly LEAPS through the open PASSENGER DOOR, and CHOPS a hard ELBOW into the Driver's THROAT--

The Driver GASPS, can't breathe, his foot slides off the clutch, and Patrick YANKS UP on the EMERGENCY BRAKE--

But the Truck still has some momentum going, and it SCRAPES and SCREECHES violently against the Hybrid--

The Truck JOLTS and GRINDS to a halt--

\*

Berto and Stills look up to see the released Escalade ROLLING toward them, They DIVE out of the way, CLING to the RIGGING--

\*  
\*

But Berto can't get a good grip, and he FALLS from the rigging, landing HARD on the pavement--

\*  
\*

INSIDE THE CAB, PATRICK reaches across the still-choking Driver, pops open the door, HEAVES him outside--

And looks up to see the loose Escalade SAILING OFF THE BACK OF THE CARRIER--

PATRICK  
Holy *shit*-- MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!

\*

Berto's dazed eyes open and he sees the ESCALADE PLUMMETING TOWARD HIM, it's going to crush him like a grape-- \*

But suddenly POE IS THERE, and with a HOWL she HAULS HIM ACROSS THE PAVEMENT to safety, and a half-second later-- \*

The ESCALADE SMASHES into the pavement, rear-end first, so it's pointing up at the sky, before TIPPING OVER BACKWARDS-- \*

CRUNCHING onto its roof, belly exposed, wheels spinning-- \*

Poe collapses on top of Berto, both gasping for breath-- \*

BERTO  
(winded croak)  
*Muchas. Gracias. Sexy black.* \*

The Driver looks up to see CILLA straddling him, bleeding from the mouth, aiming her PISTOL, looking pissed as hell--

DRIVER  
*I'm sorry Lady--* \*

She SPITS blood to the side, then CRACKS him in the head. \*

EXT. COVINA - SIDE STREET - LATER

SIX ESCALADES have been off-loaded from the Carrier, lined up in a row behind the truck. The BELLY-UP ESCALADE lies in the street like a dead animal, steaming, hissing.

STILLS is behind the wheel of Escalade #8, REVERSING off the lowest Carrier grid, guided by BERTO.

DRIVER and SKINNY are bound and gagged, hidden from view, covered by Poe, while PATRICK and CILLA are hard at work attaching TOW LINES between alternating Escalades.

Patrick notices Cilla touching her swollen lip, grimacing.

PATRICK  
You alright, Cilla?

CILLA  
Lovely. Barely felt it, really.

Patrick nods, respectful. Cilla gazes at the dead Escalade.

CILLA  
I hate to lose merchandise. I don't fuck up like this. Not ever.  
(beat) Thanks for the step-in.

Patrick just shrugs.

PATRICK  
You're Bobby's girl.

INT./EXT. COVINA - SIMULTANEOUS

\*

The junky MINIVAN discreetly reverses back into the alley,  
and disappears from sight.

\*

\*

INT./EXT. UNMARKED FORD FALCON - COVINA - DAY

About two hundred yards away from the Auto Carrier situation,  
an unmarked FORD FALCON hides between two buildings.

Inside the vehicle, PLANT and KIYOSHI stare through BINOCS.

KIYOSHI  
Half a million bucks worth of  
Escalade going bye-bye. You sure  
we're not supposed to be reporting  
on this? Zorn's gonna--

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

PLANT  
You let me worry about Zorn. At  
least nobody decided to get shot.  
Now get the fuck down.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Plant and Kiyoshi drop low into their seats. Seconds later,  
TWO ESCALADES WHOOSH PAST. ONE TOWING THE OTHER BEHIND IT.

Then TWO MORE. And TWO MORE. And, finally, ONE MORE.

Four Drivers. Seven Escalades. Gone.

\*

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. LOCK HOUSE - EVENING

Bomb sits at his desk, littered with PHOTOS and STENO PADS  
filled with OUTLINES and LISTS.

He focuses intently on his LAPTOP. As he CLICKS through  
various PAGES, his face is hard, taut, pure focus.

\*

He consults a series of hand-drawn MAPS and DIAGRAMS, filled  
with SYMBOLS and X's and O's and ARROWS, like football plays.

\*

He's been at it for hours. He'll be at it for hours more.

INT. CHOP SHOP - SOUTH CENTRAL - DAY

\*

WORKERS and MECHANICS-- all of them **HGRC**-- cluster around the SEVEN ESCALADES, like ants attacking rotting fruit.

Off to the side, Bomb and Cilla stand watching, with ROPE sitting in his chair beside them, smoking a joint.

BOMB

I know it was supposed to be eight.  
But I got seven. Sorry, Rope.

Rope waves it off, smiles stonily at the Escalades.

\*

ROPE

Easy, breezy, beautiful,  
motherfucker.

\*

\*

\*

INT. UNDERGROUND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

At a plush booth in the back, all of our friends are drinking, smoking, living Life, bass-heavy music POUNDS.

Bomb cuddles with Cilla, Berto has a model-grade FEMALE on his lap, Stills fidgets, preoccupied, Patrick nurses a single-malt, and Poe, per usual, is stoic as a sculpture.

\*

Bomb leans close to Patrick, puts his arm around him--

BOMB

Did real good today, Old Man.

Patrick swirls his whiskey, sips it, shrugs.

PATRICK

Couple hiccups.

Bomb smiles, shakes his head, stoned, happy, sincere.

BOMB

You got my back. And you got  
Cilla's back, too. I'm feeling  
this, Goat. For real.

PATRICK

Feels good, Bobby. Got my sea legs  
back again, you know?

\*

\*

Bomb laughs, gives Patrick a kiss on the cheek.



BOMB

Look at you. Eager beaver.  
(turns to Poe)  
How about you, homegirl? Drink  
something, maybe shake that ass?

POE

No poison goes in this body.

BOMB

*Damn.* All business all the time  
with this one.

\*

Just then, a pretty but slightly mousey BRUNETTE slides into  
the booth, next to Stills, who brightens, kisses her.

This is FELICIA, 35. For the first time, Bomb's smile drops.

BOMB

Thought I said no *hang-ons*, Stills.

STILLS

Come on, Bobby. She's my wife.

Felicia smiles dreamily, oblivious, while Bomb continues to  
glare, until he shakes it off, smiles again at Patrick.

BOMB

Time to dance with my girl. You  
gonna bring your creaky-ass bones  
out on the floor or what?

PATRICK

You kids have fun.

\*

Bomb stands, gathers Cilla in his arms, and they make their  
way to the crowded Dance Floor.

Patrick watches intently as they dance, clinging tightly to  
each other, eyes locked, their intimacy potent.

\*

\*

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE

\*

Patrick lies in bed, wide awake, while Rosalie sleeps beside  
him. He looks at the clock-- it's 3:30am.

\*

\*

He slips silently out of bed. Tiptoes to the door.

\*

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

\*

Patrick tip-toes down the hallway, peers around the corner into the living room.

\*

\*

POE is in a recliner, open laptop resting on her thighs. Her head dangles loosely to the side as she sleeps.

\*

\*

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

\*

Patrick enters, closes the door silently behind him. He stands at the sink, and stares at his reflection.

\*

\*

He turns on the faucet, and the sound of rushing water fills the room, along with billows of STEAM.

\*

\*

Patrick gingerly removes the lid of the toilet tank, places it on the sink. He reaches inside, and pulls out the PLASTIC-WRAPPED PACKAGE. He sets it on the sink.

\*

\*

\*

He unwraps the package. Inside is a BURNER-- a stolen, cloned CELL PHONE. He flips it open, powers it on, dials.

\*

\*

PATRICK

\*

Yeah. It's me.

\*

CUT TO BLACK.

\*

INT. ALVARADO WAREHOUSE - DAY

The whole CREW is gathered for the BRIEFING. Bomb is at the helm, before a BOARD filled with the football-style DIAGRAMS.

BOMB

Here we are at Location A. Fairfax and Beverly. Western Trust. Goat, this is your gig. Gonna be working the CSM, black dude called Ronald Sands. All his buttons are in the profile, so get it memorized.

Patrick nods, flips through some DOCUMENTS, and we

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Where Patrick and Poe sit across from PLANT and KIYOSHI, who transcribes everything into a laptop.

*NOTE: We will intercut between these two locations throughout the following sequence.*

PATRICK

...Western Trust on Beverly. I'm taking the Customer Service guy at that location. Poe's my backup.

PLANT

Okay, so what about Hardaway--

PATRICK

I'll get to that in a minute.

INT. ALVARADO WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bomb indicates a familiar PHOTO up on the Board-- the burly, white-bearded OLDER MAN in an overcoat and fedora.

BOMB

Terrence Hartley. Multi-Billionaire from Utah, owns half of Salt Lake. He's moving a massive pile to Western to establish a Cali-based foundation. Needs the cash in-state for tax exemption. Plus, Western gets all that capital. Win-win, right?

Patrick raises his eyebrows, impressed.

PATRICK

How long you been sitting on him?

BOMB

Six months. It's beyond solid.

\*

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

PLANT

How big's the pile?

\*

\*

PATRICK

Sixteen million, cash.

Plant whistles, rubs his hands together, hungry, and Kiyoshi looks up from his keyboard, stunned.

PLANT

Even bigger than I thought. But  
there's no fucking way a load that  
size won't be protected.

PATRICK

That's the wrinkle.

INT. ALVARADO WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bomb pulls out a large BOX, sets it on the table.

BOMB

All that weight, they're probably  
gonna have a sentry in the Counting  
Room. Luckily, Berto hooked us up  
with a little Christmas gift.

He opens the box, pulls out a slim silver CANNISTER, and some  
GAS MASKS. Stills perks up in his seat.

STILLS

*Cool.*

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

PLANT

Jesus Christ.

POE

Looked like Fentanyl. The Russians  
use it to put terrorists to sleep. \*

PLANT

Wait a minute. We can't have any  
dead fucking bodies-- \*

PATRICK

Nobody's dying, Plant. Relax. \*

Plant doesn't look convinced. Poe pipes in. \*

POE

It's nasty stuff, Sir. But it's  
not lethal. \*

Plant stares at Patrick for a little while. Patrick stares  
right back, doesn't blink. \*

PLANT

Let's go over the timeline again.  
I want everything tight.

\*

Patrick nods thoughtfully, stares out the window.

\*

PATRICK

*Disneyland.*

\*

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - EVENING

Patrick, Rosalie and Gigi sit at the table for a meal which Rosalie has clearly spent a long time preparing.

Everyone clasps hands, closes their eyes, except for Gigi-- who is focused intently on a *Dora the Explorer* book.

ROSALIE

Please, God, keep your Watch just a  
little bit longer. Amen.

\*

Rosalie opens her eyes, sees Poe standing across the room, looking in their direction.

ROSALIE

Come sit with us, Althea. There's  
so much food.

Poe smiles politely, shakes her head no.

POE

Thank you, Ma'am. I'm just fine.

Poe quickly exits the room. Rosalie watches her go.

Gigi, deadpan, hangs two string beans at the sides of her mouth, like green tusks, and stares at Patrick.

\*

ROSALIE

Sweetie, don't play with your food.

Gigi removes the beans, so Patrick makes a pair of string bean tusks for himself, and GROWLS. And Gigi finally smiles.

\*

Cutest smile you ever saw. Kills Patrick dead on the spot.

ROSALIE

Told you she'd warm up.

\*

\*

Patrick smiles, his eyes get a little wet. He leans over and starts planting kisses on Gigi's head.

\*

\*

GIGI  
 (loving it)  
 Daddy, eww.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick and Rosalie lay on their sides facing each other.

ROSALIE  
 Are you ready?

\*

PATRICK  
 Let's not talk business, Ro.

\*

She leans closer, nuzzles his neck, whispers.

\*

ROSALIE  
*Don't give me that shit. Business  
 is all there is, until it's done.*

\*  
 \*

Patrick sighs, plays with her hair, kisses her softly.

PATRICK  
*Yeah I'm ready. Are you?*

\*

ROSALIE  
*Been ready since they took you  
 away. Never stopped.*

\*  
 \*  
 \*

OUTSIDE, the SOUNDS of the night city. A never-ending HUM of life, of electricity, of inevitability--

\*

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A DARK FIGURE stands silhouetted at the foot of the DRIVEWAY.

Moving closer, we see that it's JACOB PLANT. Staring up at the house, where all the lights are OUT.

He CRACKS his knuckles, one by one. Pop. Pop. Pop.

He busts out his cell phone. Puts it to his ear.

\*

PLANT  
 (into phone)  
*The thing we discussed. The  
 contingency. (beat) I want the  
 top of the class. High-score  
 shooters. (beat) Good.*

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

He pockets the cell. Cracks his knuckles. Pop. Pop. Pop-- \*

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Follow a BRINKS TRUCK as it makes its way through Noontime traffic. It stops at a red light, and, randomly, a SEAGULL alights on the roof. It stands there, upright and proud.

EXT. BEVERLY BLVD & FAIRFAX - DAY

Establish the bustling INTERSECTION, a steady snarl of traffic, a WESTERN TRUST BANK at the NORTHEAST corner, the vast sprawl of the FARMER'S MARKET to the SOUTH.

Among the many PEDESTRIANS, we find THREE of our friends-- PATRICK, POE and BOMB, fully DISGUISED, approaching the entrance of the BANK.

ACROSS THE STREET: A BROWN U.P.S. TRUCK sits at the CURB.

INT. U.P.S. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the truck is outfitted for SURVEILLANCE. PLANT is up front, in the passenger seat, wearing a HEADSET. His TECH is beside him, plugged into all kinds of EQUIPMENT.

In the REAR of the TRUCK: SIX HEAVILY-ARMED and ARMORED STRIKE AGENTS ARE WAITING, amped, veins popping.

PLANT

Kiyoshi, any movement on the  
Secondary?

KIYOSHI'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Sitting on the marked Escalade.*

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BLUE MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

A nondescript light blue MINIVAN sits near the SOUTHEAST CORNER of PAN PACIFIC PARK, due east of the GROVE MALL.

Inside, KIYOSHI sits, wearing a HEADSET, eyeballing the BLUE ESCALADE parked about a hundred feet ahead.

KIYOSHI

No movement.

In the REAR of the MINIVAN-- FOUR MORE ARMED & ARMORED AGENTS are waiting and sweating.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Let's all keep it frosty. No activation until Hardaway has his hands on the paper.*

INT. WESTERN TRUST BANK - DAY

Patrick enters the bank LOBBY, carrying a briefcase. He is soon followed by Poe, and then Bomb.

Bomb and Patrick pause briefly at a small KIOSK.

BOMB

Ready for Ronald, Dr. Hodge?

PATRICK

You betcha.

Bomb puts his hand on Patrick's shoulder, squeezes it, gives him a sincere look, whispers--

\*

BOMB

*Let's turn it on.*

\*

Bomb peels off into the lobby. Patrick glances toward POE standing nearby, gives her a wink. He approaches a DESK where a barrel-chested Black MAN, 35, sits.

\*

\*

PATRICK

Mr. Sands?

RONALD SANDS turns toward Patrick, ushers him into the seat across from him, unsmiling.

RONALD SANDS

Yes. Ronald Sands. You must be Dr. Hodge. Please have a seat.

Patrick takes his seat, grins, pulls an IPHONE from his pocket, sets it on the desk.

PATRICK

Only my patients call me Doctor. You can call me Lewis.

Ronald doesn't react, just digs through some papers.



RONALD SANDS  
Dr. Hodge sounds just fine to me.

Patrick presses on, displays his most charming grin. \*

PATRICK  
You don't like the name Lewis?

RONALD SANDS  
I like it just fine. But my mother  
taught me some manners. A doctor  
should be called *Doctor*. \*

Patrick pushes a button on the iPhone, and an IMAGE pops up:  
A YOUNG BLACK BOY at a PLAYGROUND, sliding down a SLIDE.

PATRICK  
Mr. Sands, you have a son named  
Lewis, don't you?

Ronald looks at Patrick. His brow furrows.

RONALD SANDS  
Excuse me? \*

Patrick TURNS the IPHONE on the desk, so that Ronald can get  
a good look at the PICTURE--

PATRICK  
I have a system, Ronald. And it's  
a perfect system. Your son, Lewis,  
is only a minor component.

Ronald stares at the PICTURE on the phone. Then he looks  
back at Patrick, cocks his head.

RONALD SANDS  
Dr. Hodge, I'm confused.

PATRICK  
I'm sure you are.

RONALD SANDS  
Because I have no idea what the  
hell you're talking about. I don't  
have any children. I've never seen  
this boy in my life.

Patrick's smile freezes on his face. His eyes shoot over to  
where Bomb was standing... But HE'S NOT THERE ANYMORE.

SMASH TO:

EXT. BEVERLY & FAIRFAX - CONTINUOUS

HOLD on the EXTERIOR of WESTERN TRUST. Our POV TRAVELS, at HYPER-SPEED, away from this corner, FLYING OVER the PARKING LOT of the FARMER'S MARKET--

FLYING SOUTH, in a BLUR, until we settle at the corner of FAIRFAX AND THIRD, where ANOTHER BANK is situated, the UNION BANK OF HOLLYWOOD.

And guess who is walking into the Union Bank...it's CILLA, wearing KEVLAR, carrying TWO HUGE DUFFELS--

INT. UNION BANK - CONTINUOUS

Cilla strides into the lobby, and without missing a beat, walks RIGHT UP to the SECURITY GUARD and--

ZAPS HIM with a STUN GUN-- he CRUMPLES, and within seconds, Cilla has his HANDS and FEET tied with PLASTIC CUFFS--

She DROPS the DUFFELS, UNZIPS one, and comes up with an M-16 ASSAULT RIFLE strapped across her SHOULDER--

CILLA  
EVERYBODY ON THE FUCKING GROUND!

There are SCREAMS of PANIC and TERROR as the CUSTOMERS throughout the lobby DROP to the GROUND--

CILLA  
I don't wanna see any FUCKING FACES  
so put your FUCKING FACES in the  
FUCKING CARPET--

Cilla STRIDES through the lobby, and approaches one of the CUSTOMER SERVICE DESKS, where a familiar BRUNETTE is sitting.

And Guess What. The Customer Service Manager is FELICIA.

She immediately STANDS UP, GRABS one of Cilla's DUFFELS, and within seconds she's slung her own M-16.

CILLA  
(to Felicia)  
*We've got 160 seconds--*

Felicia quickly straps on a GAS MASK, brandishes the FENTANYL CANISTER, and STRIDES quickly toward the BACK--

Using her KEYS, she quickly passes through the DAY GATE which leads behind the PLEXI "BANDIT-BARRIER" guarding the TELLERS--

A female TELLER stares at her wide-eyed from the FLOOR--

TELLER  
Felicia...what the hell--

Felicia points the BARREL of the M16 right in her FACE--

FELICIA  
(muffled through mask)  
*You or anyone else pops a 2-11 I  
will COME BACK for your ass.*

Felicia strides toward the VAULT, where an ABSOLUTELY ENORMOUS PILE OF FRESH CASH sits on the counting table--

An ARMED SENTRY is standing there, but before he can raise his sidearm, Felicia BLASTS him with the FENTANYL--

The Guard COUGHS, STAGGERS, PUKES, then his EYES ROLL BACK as he TOPPLES OVER--

INT. WESTERN TRUST BANK - CONTINUOUS

Patrick slowly stands up, and when Ronald Sands also rises, we had no idea he was so SCARY BIG--

RONALD SANDS  
You think I haven't been held up  
before? Guess again, motherfucker.

PATRICK  
I need to use your restroom--

RONALD SANDS  
The *hell* you do--

As Patrick SPEED WALKS over to POE, we see RONALD SANDS PUNCHING THE 2-11 BUTTON UNDER HIS DESK--

PATRICK  
It's tipping over. We are gone.

Poe's eyes are fixed on RONALD who is signaling the GUARD--

\*

PATRICK  
It's a burn. Bobby slipped us.

\*

Patrick and Poe quickly make their way toward the EXIT--

INT. U.P.S. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

From inside the truck, PLANT sees Patrick and Poe emerge from the bank, EMPTY-HANDED, both looking FREAKED--

PLANT  
Wait a minute--

Plant's TECH pipes up beside him--

TECH  
Sir, there's a 2-11 reported--

PLANT  
No shit, I'm *looking right at it*,  
but where the fuck is Hardaway--

TECH  
Wait a minute, there's *two*, sir.  
Two bells, two locations--

EXT. WESTERN TRUST BANK - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Poe on the sidewalk, looking in ALL DIRECTIONS--

PATRICK  
*There.*

They see the distant figure of BOMB disappearing into the FARMER'S MARKET PARKING LOT across the street--

PATRICK  
Gotta go after him, Poe--

Just as the WESTERN TRUST SECURITY GUARD appears, right behind them, pointing a GUN--

SECURITY GUARD  
DON'T YOU FUCKERS MOVE--

Poe SPIN-KICKS the Guard, and his GUN GOES FLYING, and another KICK and she lays him on the ground, COLD.

Poe pulls Patrick close, growls low--

POE  
*You stay right next to me and don't  
even think about testing me.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Patrick and Poe start SPRINTING across BEVERLY, toward the PARKING LOT, and VEHICLES SWERVE and SCREECH to AVOID them--

INT. U.P.S. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Plant REACTS to the sight of Poe and Patrick sprinting from the scene, he JUMPS out of the truck--

PLANT

I have Gautreaux heading towards  
the Farmer's Market--

The Strike Team PILES out of the back of the truck and FANS OUT across Beverly, stopping traffic, PURSUING Patrick and Poe, who are a HUNDRED YARDS further along--

Plant GRABS his TECH, and gets right in HIS FACE--

PLANT

Where's the second 2-11??

TECH

Still awaiting location--

PLANT

I NEED IT NOW, FUCKHEAD!

INT. UNION BANK - CONTINUOUS

FELICIA is in the VAULT, working CRAZY FAST-- as only someone with On-Site experience possibly could--

She's got an insane amount of LOOT-- BLOCKS of CASH and JEWELS and DIAMONDS, and those DUFFELS are BULGING with it--

Felicia is so pumped full of adrenaline, she's been waiting for this moment for so long-- she's high as a fucking kite--

CILLA'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Twenty-five seconds, Fifi!!--*

EXT. FARMER'S MARKET - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK and POE are running as fast as they can through the crowded NORTH PARKING LOT-- dodging VEHICLES and PEDESTRIANS--

Up AHEAD Patrick catches a GLIMPSE of BOMB disappearing into one of the ENTRANCE GATES into the bustling COVERED MARKET--

Meanwhile, the STRIKE TEAM is still in pursuit, hustling through the PARKING LOT, closing in on Patrick and Poe--

The CROWDS of BYSTANDERS finally catch a glimpse of the heavily-armed STRIKERS, and they SCATTER and SCREAM and shit is starting to get *hectic*--

INT. UNION BANK - CONTINUOUS

CILLA stalks through the bank, keeping everyone COVERED with her M-16, checks her WATCH--

CILLA  
Eight seconds, God Damn it!

FELICIA emerges from the rear, M16 strapped across her BACK, HAULING the two bulging DUFFELS upright on WHEELS--

FELICIA  
(pure adrenaline)  
This is so totally awesome--

Cilla grabs one of the duffels, looks askance at Felicia--

CILLA  
For fuck's sake, hold your *cookies*--

Felicia re-holsters, catches a glimpse of a CUSTOMER slowly pulling himself to his feet, she SPINS toward him--

FELICIA  
LIE DOWN FUCK-FACE!

\*

*POCKAPOCKAPOCKAPOCKA*-- She unleashes a SPRAY from the M16, hitting the CEILING above the CUSTOMER, he DIVES for COVER--

Everyone starts SCREAMING, Cilla looks PISSED, she grabs Felicia and they RUSH for the EXIT DOORS--

FELICIA  
(guilty)  
I'm sorry, Cilla, I just--

\*

\*

\*

CILLA  
(hissed)  
*Who told you to improvise? If you muck this up, I swear to Christ--*

\*

\*

\*

\*

EXT. BEVERLY BLVD & FAIRFAX - CONTINUOUS

AGENT PLANT hears the BURST OF GUNFIRE from down on THIRD-- and his eyes shoot to the UNION BANK--

PLANT  
Gotta be fucking KIDDING ME--

He DRAWS a S&W 4506 and starts SPRINTING LIKE MAD down  
Fairfax, SCREAMING into his headset--

PLANT  
2-11 IN PROGRESS AT UNION BANK  
THIRD AND FAIRFAX--

EXT. UNION BANK - CONTINUOUS

Cilla and Felicia emerge from the bank, Cilla checks her  
watch, and then she sees a GREEN ESCALADE rounding the CORNER  
at FAIRFAX-- and it's STILLS behind the wheel--

The Escalade JAMS to a stop at the curb, cars HONKING, the  
Women HAUL their Duffels toward the Escalade--

STILLS  
Move, Ladies, MOVE, MOVE--

BLAM! BLAM! STILLS' HEAD SNAPS to the side and BLOOD SPRAYS--

Felicia starts SCREAMING like a BANSHEE.

FELICIA  
OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY  
GOD OH MY GOD AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA--

REVEAL AGENT PLANT, at the OPPOSITE CORNER, still AIMING at  
the Escalade, and Cilla's EYES GO WIDE--

CILLA  
Fuck me--

Stills SLUMPS against the wheel, totally DEAD, and the  
Escalade ACCELERATES WILDLY INTO TRAFFIC--

And gets T-BONED by a U-HAUL TRUCK, and there's a CHAIN  
REACTION as MORE CARS COLLIDE with the GIANT OBSTRUCTION--

PLANT now LOSES SIGHT of the WOMEN as the CARS PILE UP--

Cilla grabs Felicia, who's still SCREAMING her HEAD OFF, and  
drags her around the edge of the pile-up--

They head for the Southwest GATE of the MARKET, hauling their  
bags, with PLANT CHASING two hundred feet behind--

INT. FARMER'S MARKET - WEST PATIO - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK and POE rush into the Market-- which is PACKED with the LUNCH HOUR RUSH--

They WEAVE their way through the MAZE of STANDS and SHOPS--

Patrick glimpses BOMB disappearing behind a TACO STAND--

PATRICK

BOBBY!

And that's when CILLA and FELICIA burst through the GATE into the Market from the SOUTH SIDE--

Felicia spins, sees PLANT closing the gap from outside--

Her expression CRAZED, she DROPS her DUFFEL, shoulders the M-16, and starts BLASTING in Plant's direction--

FELICIA

*KILL YOU FUCKING FUCKER!*

POW-POW-POW-POW-POW! Plant DIVES for cover as the rounds RICOCHET off the pavement around him--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! FELICIA is ROCKED by BULLETS--

Reveal the STRIKERS, just entering the Market, FIRING AT HER--

Felicia, shredded, is DEAD before she hits the ground--

And once those guns starts Blasting, all sense of normalcy and decorum goes FLYING OUT THE FUCKING WINDOW--

It's ABSOLUTE MAYHEM as HUNDREDS of SHOPPERS and EATERS and EMPLOYEES start SCREAMING and SCATTERING and TRAMPLING THE HELL OUT OF EACH OTHER as they FLEE--

Cilla, panting, sweating, quickly grabs Felicia's DUFFEL and SPRINTS OFF, dragging BOTH behind her--

Find PATRICK & POE, hiding on the ground behind a FRUIT STAND. They notice CILLA heading East through the SWARM--

POE

It's Cilla--

PATRICK

We stick to her, she'll take us right to Bobby--



Poe sees the STRIKE TEAM barreling in their direction through the screaming MASSES of PEOPLE, so she grabs Patrick and they head East through the Market, parallel to CILLA--

Who is huddled behind a SWEETS SHOP, catching her breath--

CILLA  
*Keep it tight, keep it tight...*

Suddenly BOMB APPEARS next to her, clutching a WALKIE. Cilla gasps in relief, but there's no time for sweet talk--

BOMB  
I got this, Cil, we good, now gimme  
your stick--

\*

Bomb SLINGS the M-16, POPS UP from behind the SWEETS and FIRES over the HEADS of the CIVILIANS, in the direction of the encroaching STRIKERS--

*POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!*

GLASS SHATTERS and DEBRIS FLIES as a FRESH WAVE OF PANIC sweeps through the teeming Market--

BOMB  
(into WALKIE)  
*ROLL them shifts, cuz--*

Bomb takes advantage of the CROWD FRENZY and GUIDES Cilla deeper into the EASTERN HALF of the Market--

Find PLANT, SHOVING his way through the throngs--

PLANT  
Kiyoshi, they're headed your way,  
but the intel is *compromised*, the  
Secondary could be bullshit, do NOT  
let Hardaway get past you--

Plant comes up against a SCRUM of FLEEING SHOPPERS and he can't squeeze past, so he BLASTS a ROUND into the AIR--

PLANT  
BACK THE FUCK UP!

More SCREAMS as the PEOPLE CLEAR A PATH, Plant rushes through it, approaching the EAST PATIO of the Market--

Amidst CROWDS of FLEEING PEOPLE, find BOMB and CILLA RUNNING FULL SPEED out of the Market's EAST EXIT, hauling DUFFELS--

They keep RUNNING, obscured by the CROWDS as they continue down the central THOROUGHFARE of the GROVE MALL--

Igniting FRESH PANIC in the crowded outdoor MALL when BYSTANDERS see their WEAPONS and the SWARMING PEOPLE--

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. PAN PACIFIC PARK - CONTINUOUS

KIYOSHI in the MINIVAN, searches the area through BINOCs and sees the BLUE ESCALADE suddenly PULL AWAY from the curb--

KIYOSHI  
Secondary is in motion-- wait--

Because Kiyoshi now sees FIVE MORE BLUE ESCALADES heading in his direction, and they all look IDENTICAL.

KIYOSHI  
Fantastic, now there's fucking FIVE  
of them out here--

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Activate your strikers and cover  
every last one--*

The CROWDS OF PEOPLE are now STREAMING out of the EASTERN END of the GROVE, and a frazzled Kiyoshi STEPS OUT of the Minivan, gripping a PISTOL--

He BANGS on the side of the van, and THE STRIKERS JUMP OUT and begin MANEUVERING their way toward the line of ESCALADES.

A quick BIRD'S EYE, OVERHEAD SHOT of PAN PACIFIC PARK--

TRAFFIC completely BACKED UP on BEVERLY and THIRD, the NORTH and SOUTH BORDERS of the Park--

POLICE and AMBULANCES and EMERGENCY VEHICLES try to squeeze through the morass, SIRENS BLARING and LIGHTS FLASHING--

CUT TO: \*

INT./EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS \*

Rosalie enters the living room, holding hands with Gigi. \*

A BLOND AGENT watching a DISPLAY SCREEN, which shows the DRIVEWAY GATE OPENING and SIX HEAVILY-ARMED AGENTS, wearing KEVLAR and HELMETS, making their way up the hill. \*

ROSALIE  
Who the hell are they?

The Blond Agent turns to Rosalie, expression icy.

BLOND AGENT  
Ma'am, you were asked to remain in  
the bedroom--

ROSALIE  
I could give a *shit* what I was  
asked to do. Tell me who those men  
are, did something happen?

The FRONT DOOR suddenly opens, and FOUR MORE HELMETED AGENTS  
enter the living room, and fan out throughout the house.

Rosalie reflexively picks up Gigi and holds her tight.

ROSALIE  
Tell me what's going on *now*.

The Blond Agent slides his hands in his pockets in such a way  
that he reveals the PIECE in his shoulder holster.

BLOND AGENT  
I'll only ask nicely once more.  
Take your daughter into the  
bedroom. Close the door. And do  
not come out. Are we clear?

Rosalie pulls Gigi closer to her. Holds the Agent's gaze,  
and slowly, lethally, mouths the words: Fuck. You.

Then she turns her back and disappears down the hall.

BACK TO:

EXT. PAN PACIFIC PARK - CONTINUOUS

Back to ground level, find PATRICK & POE crouched by a row of  
cars as the FLEEING CROWDS flow past them--

PATRICK  
Can you see them, can you see?

POE  
All I see are Plant's strikers,  
making a goddamn spectacle--

Indeed, a hundred yards away, we can see a DOZEN SWATs begin  
to ROUST the line of ESCALADES--

HAULING the DRIVERS out of the vehicles-- they're all HOOVER GARDENS ROLLIN' CRIPS, but they don't fight back, they LAY DOWN on the pavement obediently.

POE  
Hoover Gardens... The hell are *they* doing here--

Patrick watches Poe, as she watches the scene. \*

PATRICK  
Althea. \*

POE  
Don't worry, Goat. He won't get past. Too many eyes. \*

PATRICK  
What if he's already past? \*

Poe shoots a glare at Patrick, while still searching-- \*

POE  
You'd better hope he's not. If he slips, it's all over for you. \*

Patrick grimly shakes his head. \*

PATRICK  
Althea. I'm trying to tell you something here. (beat) And I'm never going back Upstate. \*

Poe stares at Patrick, confused, pissed-- \*

POE  
Why are you talking this shit? \*

The SIREN of an AMBULANCE grows CLOSER as Patrick slowly RISES TO HIS FEET. \*

PATRICK  
It isn't because you're lousy at your job. Because you're good. *Insanely* good, I'd say. But our time together is coming to an end. \*

Suddenly, Poe is AIMING A PISTOL AT PATRICK'S FACE.

POE  
Keep talking like that, you're gonna make me do something. \*

PATRICK

When the time comes, Althea, you  
tell them you didn't have any other  
choice. They'll believe you.

\*  
\*  
\*

She TIGHTENS her grip on the pistol, as an AMBULANCE JAMS UP  
TO THE CURB BESIDE THEM--

POE

I will put you down.

Patrick's eyes remain fixed on Poe, he can see from her eyes  
that she'll squeeze it, no question about it--

The REAR DOORS of the AMBULANCE POP OPEN--

BOMB'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Please stop pointing that jammy at  
my partner, Agent Poe.*

\*  
\*

Poe looks over to see BOMB standing in the AMBULANCE CABIN,  
pointing an M-16 at her, with CILLA crouched beside him--

BOMB

Hop in, Goat. Time to go.

\*

Poe's eyes flash rage at Patrick, and she COCKS the hammer--

POE

No way I'm letting this happen.  
Get on your knees NOW.

\*  
\*

Patrick smiles at Poe. Because he really does like her.

\*

PATRICK

Althea, we both know Plant was  
never gonna let me skate. All his  
promises were for shit. I did what  
I had to do. And now we're gonna  
say goodbye to each other.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

POE

(as if she heard nothing)  
GET ON YOUR FUCKING KNEES.

\*  
\*  
\*

BERTO HOLLERS from the DRIVER'S SEAT, Bomb glares at Patrick--

\*

BERTO

Gotta fuckin GO, man!

\*  
\*

BOMB

Come on, Goat. We're in a goddamn  
hurry. Just tell me. She wearing  
Kevlar like she's supposed to?

\*  
\*  
\*

Patrick levels an authoritative gaze at Bomb.

\*

PATRICK

Don't miss, Bobby.

\*  
\*

Poe's eyes DART between them, filled with alarm--

POE

The fuck did you just--

\*

BLAM! BLAM! Bomb FIRES two carefully-aimed ROUNDS--

POE is ROCKED in the CHEST, and she FLIES BACKWARD into a  
car, CRACKING the WINDSHIELD.

\*

Patrick hops into the back of the ambulance, pausing to look  
back at Poe--

\*  
\*

PATRICK

I'm sorry, Althea.

\*  
\*

And the ambulance doors SLAM SHUT--

\*

EXT. PAN PACIFIC PARK - SIMULTANEOUS

PLANT leads the STRIKERS as they RAID the ESCALADES when he  
hears the GUNSHOTS--

He starts SPRINTING, his face a rictus of AMPED PANIC,  
because it's all going to shit and he fucking *knows* it--

He comes upon POE, felled in the street, CLUTCHING her chest-- \*

POE

(gasping it out)

Am...ambu...ambulance--

Plant crouches beside her, pulls open her shirt, revealing  
the KEVLAR VEST beneath, and the crushed, embedded ROUNDS--

PLANT

Yeah, we're getting you an  
ambulance, Althea, you're good--

\*

Poe grits her teeth in pain and frustration, HISSES at Plant--

POE

*Stupid. No. Gautreaux. Hardaway.  
They're in. An ambulance--*

Plant jumps up, searches the chaotic crowd desperately, and there's gotta be a DOZEN AMBULANCES hurtling every which way--

Move close into Plant's EYES, filling with rage, because he knows he's lost them. He closes his eyes, breathes.

PLANT

*Okay. He wants to play. So that's  
what we'll do. We'll play.*

He opens his eyes, and the deafening clamor of the scene begins to fade and muffle, like the world is UNDERWATER--

He cracks his knuckles. *Pop, pop, pop, pop.*

He pulls out his cell phone. Speed-dials.

PLANT

*It's me. (beat) Yes. Exactly  
like we discussed. Shock and awe.*

CUT TO BLACK.

INT./EXT. LOS FELIZ BLVD - DAY

The AMBULANCE cruises discreetly along the thoroughfare, sirens off. Inside, Patrick has his cell phone to his ear, his expression concerned, while Bomb and Cilla watch.

Patrick shuts the phone, visibly frustrated.

PATRICK

*I can't get Ro on her goddamn cell.*

BOMB

*It's cool, Boss. Don't stress it.  
They got what, two Feds sitting on  
that house? Maybe three? I'd put  
my money on the platoon of Crips I  
got rollin up there as we speak.*

Patrick grits his teeth, white-knuckles the phone.

PATRICK

*Really not happy about using  
Bangers for this operation.*

BOMB

I'll take that dis in stride, Goat.  
But it ain't like you gave me a  
hell of a lot of advance notice.

PATRICK

You know I had Poe clinging to my  
back like a goddamn koala bear. I  
made my plans with the time that I  
*had*, okay? You, on the other hand,  
had all the time in the world.

BOMB

Your plans got my Wheel's *head*  
fuckin blown off! And Felicia--

CILLA

Jesus Christ, *ENOUGH*.

Patrick and Bomb look at her, stunned.

CILLA

I was there, okay? Fifi wrote her  
own ticket by acting a fool. Now  
we'll ride in peace until we get  
the call. We can manage that, yes?

Patrick and Bomb nod obediently, like guilty schoolboys.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

At the foot of the DRIVEWAY, TWO VEHICLES pull to the curb,  
both BIG LINCOLN SEDANS with hydraulics and tricked-out rims.

SIX YOUNG MEN, dressed DARK, climb out of the sedans. All of  
them armed, hard-core HGRC SOLDIERS.

They immediately SCALE THE GATE and DROP to the other side--

FOLLOW with them as they hurry up the DRIVE.

They reach the COURTYARD at the top, and FAN OUT into  
POSITION, COVERING the area, brandishing PISTOLS and AK-47s.

And that's when THE TEN HELMETED STRIKERS POP UP from where  
they've been HIDING around the PERIMETER of the driveway--

It's an FULL-SCALE *AMBUSH*--

*BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM--*



A FUSILLADE OF GUNFIRE is unleashed at the Bangers, who TAKE POSITIONS and FIRE BACK at the STRIKERS-- \*

But the STRIKERS' FIREPOWER is TOO INTENSE, and the Bangers soon realize it's a lost cause-- \*

One DUDE gets HIT in the THIGH, and he CRUMPLES to the ground, starts DRAGGING himself away-- \*

Until one of his HOMIES picks him up, hauls him toward the GATE, while another DUDE takes a ROUND in the SHOULDER, and he HOWLS in pain, but KEEPS ON RUNNING-- \*

Pretty soon all the BANGERS are FLEEING for the Gate, unleashing quick SPRAYS back at the Strikers-- \*

Another DUDE takes a ROUND in the ARM but he keeps running-- \*

The DUDES sprint and LIMP, finally they LEAP UPON the GATE, start SCALING IT as BULLETS WHIZ all around them-- \*

The CRIPS make it over the gate, they've all been SHOT but their adrenaline keeps them going to the LINCOLNS where they PILE IN and the vehicles PEEL AWAY-- \*

CUT TO: \*

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER \*

The empty AMBULANCE is parked at the side of the road. The rear doors hang open.

EXT. CITY OF COMMERCE - EVENING

Establish a grim, low-slung, graffiti-tagged BUILDING in the shadows of the intersecting 5 and 710 Freeways. A BLACK VOLVO is parked in front.

INT. SAFE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

On a small TV, the news plays the chaotic AFTERMATH.

Berto uses a COUNTING MACHINE for all the CASH, while a drained-looking Cilla packs the money tightly into several large duffels. It's a literal MOUNTAIN of money.

Meanwhile, in an ADJACENT ROOM--

Patrick paces, sweating, in a rising panic, while Bomb sits on a beat-up couch, staring at his cell phone. Take-out containers are spread across the room.

\*  
\*  
\*

BOMB  
Oughtta eat somethin.

PATRICK  
Not until I know they're safe.

\*  
\*

BOMB'S CELL VIBRATES. Everybody LOOKS at him expectantly.

BOMB  
See? It's all good.  
(into phone)  
Yo. (beat) Wait. Hold up--

Patrick watches as Bomb's eyes begin to widen, and glisten, like a young boy's.

\*

BOMB  
Goat. Something happened.

\*  
\*

Patrick freezes in place, goes pale.

\*

PATRICK  
Jesus.

\*  
\*

CILLA  
What's going on, baby.

And that's when PATRICK'S CELL starts to RING. He closes his eyes. He already knows who it is.

\*  
\*

PATRICK  
(into phone)  
Yeah.

It's PLANT'S VOICE we hear on the other end.

\*

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*You've always underestimated me,  
Patrick. From the beginning. You  
thought I was so easy, but you were  
wrong, weren't you.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Patrick closes his eyes, breathes through his nose.

\*

PATRICK  
Do you have them?

\*  
\*

PLANT'S VOICE  
*You tried to hurt me. Tried to  
 make me look like an asshole. You  
 failed, Patrick.*

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

PATRICK  
 Do. You. Have. Them.

\*  
 \*

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*I'm not sure I know what you're  
 talking about, Patrick.*

\*  
 \*  
 \*

Patrick struggles to maintain.

PATRICK  
 My wife. And my daughter.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Tell me something. Are you with  
 him right now?*

\*

Patrick opens his eyes, looks at Bomb, who stares back at him, desperate, almost trembling.

PATRICK  
 Yes.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Go somewhere private.*

Patrick walks into the SIDE ROOM, and SHUTS the door behind him. Cilla and Berto look to Bomb for a reaction, but he can only stare at the door.

INT. SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick paces across the room, phone pressed to his ear.

\*

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Someone wants to say hello.*

\*

CUT TO:

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PLANT sits in a small room, KIYOSHI stands by the wall, arms crossed, and Plant hands the phone to ROSALIE, who is scared, but she'd never give Plant the satisfaction of showing it.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

ROSALIE  
 I'm okay, Patch. We're both okay.

\*

We INTERCUT between these TWO LOCATIONS--

Patrick's eyes glisten when he hears his wife's VOICE--

PATRICK

Don't say a word to them, Ro. It's  
gonna be alright.

\*  
\*

ROSALIE (O.S.)

*All these fucking goons. There's  
so many of them. I'm sorry, Patch,  
they cut all the phone lines and  
locked me in the room--*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Plant TAKES the phone from Rosalie, nods to KIYOSHI, who  
USHERS her out of the room, SHUTS the door behind him.

PATRICK (O.S.)

*It's not your fault, baby. I'm  
taking care of this--*

\*  
\*

PLANT

Sorry, it's me again. Baby.

\*

PATRICK rubs his forehead, paces the room.

PATRICK

Let's see what we can work out  
here, Jacob.

\*  
\*  
\*

PLANT (O.S.)

*That's a real nice touch, calling  
me by my Christian name. Like  
we're old friends sharing a six-  
pack. But I'm pretty bored with  
this conversation. So I'll make it  
real simple. You've got two  
choices. One, you bring him to me.  
Two, you disappear and suffer the  
consequences of your actions.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Patrick finds himself in front of the mirror, staring at his  
clenched, drawn reflection.

PATRICK

Consequences.

\*

PLANT (O.S.)

*If you run away, I'm gonna make  
sure your wife gets popped for  
aiding and abetting.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

PLANT (O.S.) (cont'd)  
*She'll go to prison, Patrick, and  
 little Gigi's gonna go into foster  
 care, and it's gonna wreck her.  
 It's gonna ruin her. You know  
 that, right? When a little girl  
 gets ruined, you see it in her  
 eyes, it's a stain that never, ever  
 goes away.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Patrick fights the urge to scream, to go berserk, to crawl  
 through the phone and choke the very life out of Plant.

\*

PATRICK  
 Alright.

\*

INT. NEXT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick emerges from the room. Bomb, Cilla and Berto STARE  
 at him expectantly.

CILLA  
 What did he say?

Patrick looks at Bomb, nods toward the outside.

EXT. SAFE BUILDING - ALLEY - NIGHT

Patrick and Bomb stand outside, under the black, starless  
 sky. They've been out here a bit, Bomb has already smoked  
 his cigarette down to the nub, which he tosses to the side.

\*

BOMB  
 Fuck it. You did your bid, now  
 it's my turn.

PATRICK  
 Bobby, it's not like that anymore.  
 We're a package deal now. We're  
 both gonna do time unless we start  
 using our heads.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BOMB  
 Just let me jump on this grenade,  
 Goat. I can hack it.

\*  
\*  
\*

PATRICK  
 You won't like being locked up,  
 Bobby. It's the loneliest place on  
 Earth, and it smells like shit all  
 year round. Your mind won't last.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Bomb drags deeply on his cig. His face hardens, determined.

\*

BOMB

Don't matter anyhow. You twist,  
you get twisted, maybe it's all the  
same damn thing.

Patrick looks out at the street, thinking. His eyes seem to  
get clearer, more potent.

PATRICK

Remember how scared you were, back  
when we hooked up? Thought you'd  
take a full clip in your spine for  
rolling with an old white  
motherfucker like me.

Bomb nods, grins sadly.

BOMB

Didn't sleep much that first year.

PATRICK

But it worked out perfect. Because  
all of us-- your people, my people--  
the shade didn't matter once the  
elements got proven. You trusted  
me like the daddy you never had.  
And I trusted you like a son.  
That's what made us so good.  
(beat) Plant wanted me to roll  
over on you before. And I made him  
believe I was prepared to do it.  
Because that asshole actually  
thinks he *knows* us. But he's  
wrong, Bobby. He doesn't know us  
at all. But he's gonna learn.

Bomb looks at Patrick, and we can see the scared, brave,  
cunning little boy still in there.

BOMB

Fuck yeah he's gonna.

EXT. SAFE BUILDING - NIGHT

Patrick stands by the Volvo while, out of earshot, Bomb says  
goodbye to Cilla. She clings to him, weeping. He soothes  
her, kisses her. We don't hear what they say.

Patrick nods to Berto, who wheels TWO DUFFELS over to him,  
and hefts them into the trunk.

PATRICK  
All set, Berto?

BERTO  
We good. (beat) It was a pleasure  
to rock with you, Mr. Gautreaux.

Berto gives Patrick a little salute, then strides over to a BEIGE MINIVAN parked nearby, climbs behind the wheel.

Patrick slams the trunk closed, glances over to the doorway, where Cilla and Bomb finally break apart.

Patrick gets behind the wheel of the Volvo, and Bomb gets the passenger seat. Cilla gets into the Minivan with Berto.

The Volvo and the Minivan take off, in opposite directions. \*

EXT. TRUCK DEPOT - NIGHT

The MINIVAN pulls up outside the huge, fenced-in LOT containing dozens of 18-WHEEL TRACTOR TRAILERS.

Berto hops out, and Cilla slides into the driver's seat. The Minivan ZIPS away, as Berto approaches the FENCE--

INT./EXT. VOLVO - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

The Volvo winds its way up Laurel Canyon, higher and higher, until the turnoff for LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN looms ahead.

At the INTERSECTION, there are THREE BLACK SUVs parked at the roadside, and a HALF DOZEN ARMED FEDS standing amongst them.

The Volvo slows to a stop about fifty feet away.

INSIDE, Patrick and Bomb exchange a final, tense glance.

PATRICK \*  
Remember the buttons. \*

Bomb nods, then steps out of the car, hands raised above his head, and a few moments later, Patrick does the same. \*

Almost instantly, the two men are SWARMED by the Feds, who shove them up against the car, frisk them roughly.

A Fed moves to the trunk of the Volvo, pops it, finds the Duffels inside, unzips one of them, and the tightly-packed bundles of cash almost burst through the opening--

The Fed grins, stuffs the cash back in, zips it back up,  
slams the trunk closed, whips out a walkie--

FED  
Good down here.

PLANT'S VOICE CRACKLES through the Walkie:

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Bring 'em up.*

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Plant sets down the Walkie, paces in anticipation, until he  
notices a worn-looking POE standing there, arms crossed.

PLANT  
Agent Poe, you're just in time.  
This is our cigar moment.

Poe rubs her aching sternum, struggles to find the words.

POE  
Sir, I wanted to know. (beat) I'd  
like to know how. How you'll be  
assessing my performance.

Plant smiles magnanimously.

PLANT  
Look. You did incredible work.  
Solid, magnificent work. Right up  
until you lost our man.

Poe looks like she just got slapped.

POE  
Is that what you're gonna write up?  
That I *lost* him?

PLANT  
It was a very complicated  
operation. Truth is, I always had  
a sense I couldn't trust him. So I  
put in my own contingency.

Poe nods, clenches her jaw, cocks her head.



POE

Sir, that deal you made with him.  
That he'd be released if he brought  
in Hardaway. (beat) How much of  
that was true?

Plant walks closer, shakes his head, smiles, bemused.

PLANT

Come on, Poe. Don't be so green.  
He's a criminal. Nothing's sacred  
to a lying scumbag like Patrick  
Gautreaux. And criminals are  
predictable. You'll learn, in  
time, that in order to catch them,  
you have to *think* like them.

Poe looks at him with thinly-veiled disgust.

POE

Maybe you don't just think like  
one. Maybe now you are one.

PLANT

Step lightly now.

POE

(undeterred)

I bet Zorn doesn't even know *half*  
of what you've been up to. All  
your bullshit-ass reports.

Plant walks closer to her, speaks low--

PLANT

My bullshit-ass reports have the  
juice to have you demoted back to  
*trainee* status, Althea. Is that  
what you want?

Poe shakes her head, breathes through her nose. An act of  
will not to crush Plant's windpipe with one quick chop.

POE

I've always done right by this gig.  
Every minute of every day.

A beat while Plant studies her defiant expression.

PLANT

We all have our weaknesses.

With a wink, he exits the room. Poe stands there, seething.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The gate swings open, and the convoy of vehicles winds its way up to the top, and everyone climbs out. \*

Patrick rolls the kinks out of his neck, glances up the steep embankment at the headlights zipping along Mulholland--

FED

Let's go, pal-- \*

The Fed shoves Patrick forward, toward the front door--

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - FOYER

Patrick and Bomb are ushered inside, where they're greeted by a smirking PLANT, his head gleaming as if freshly polished. \*

PLANT \*

Welcome home, friends! \*

Patrick stares at the sweaty, jittery Federal Agent. \*

PATRICK \*

You alright, Agent Plant? \*

Plant ignores him, instead gazes at Bomb like a prized pig. \*

PLANT \*

Bobby-Bomb Hardaway. As I live and breathe. I've waited so long for this. This moment right now. \*

Plant STARES openly, aggressively at Bomb, who frowns, turns away, fully creeped-out. \*

BOMB \*

Whatever. \*

Plant steps forward, cocks his head, leans close to Bomb. \*

PLANT \*

You're not tough at all, are you. Just a skinny little piece of Inglewood trash who likes to play dress-up and steal. \*

Bomb wrinkles up his nose, grimaces.

BOMB

Ever brush your teeth? Your breath  
stink like *grandmama* pussy.

Patrick snorts. Plant bristles, nods to Kiyoshi--

PLANT

The library.

\*

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - BEDROOM

A FED leads a CUFFED Patrick down the hall to the BEDROOM,  
where AGENT POE sits slumped in a chair with her laptop.

\*

\*

PATRICK

Althea.

\*

POE

Got nothing to say to you.

He steps closer, cautiously.

PATRICK

I know you find me despicable. But  
I'm glad you're okay.

\*

\*

Finally, she looks up at him. Her face is colder than cold.

POE

*I'm the despicable one for failing  
at my job. I don't feel nothin at  
all for a dirty, low-down, lying  
convict thief like you.*

Patrick nods, accepts it. He bends close to her, speaks low:

PATRICK

*You didn't fail. You're one of the  
sickest operators I've ever seen.  
I'll never forget. Another life,  
we would've been on the same side.*

The Fed shoves Patrick into the bedroom, shuts the door  
behind him. Poe frowns, rubs her sore chest.

\*

\*

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick enters, and finds Rosalie sitting in an easy chair,  
with Gigi asleep in her lap.

Rosalie looks at him with tired, strained eyes. He bends down, kisses her softly, careful not to wake Gigi.

ROSALIE

*How long.*

\*

Patrick walks to the window, looks out at the DOZEN FEDS milling about.

\*

\*

PATRICK

*Soon.*

\*

EXT. LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT

A HUGE PETERBILT 18-WHEEL SEMI is GROANING and RUMBLING as it makes its way up the steep, winding grade.

We see that it's Berto behind the wheel. The Semi passes the Lookout Mountain turnoff, rumbles on up the hill--

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

\*

Bomb sits in a chair, HANDCUFFED, while Plant paces across the room. Kiyoshi lingers in the corner.

\*

\*

PLANT

Look on the bright side. You'll probably have plenty of friends waiting for you in the Max.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Bombs smiles, checks his watch, shakes his head.

\*

BOMB

Yeah, I don't think so. I might be a *piece of Inglewood trash*, but I'm not stupid. I know all about you, Plant. You're doing some pretty hard-core freelancing and nobody even knows it. Your boss, Zorn? He sure as hell doesn't know. You might be a Fed, but deep down, you're just like any deadbeat gambler who doubled down too many times and *still* doesn't know when to quit the game.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Kiyoshi frowns, shifts uncomfortably against the wall.

\*

PLANT

Kiyoshi, would you mind giving us a minute alone?

\*

\*

\*

BOMB

Naw, let him stay. Hey, Kiyoshi,  
when's the last time you were  
briefed by someone other than your  
Boss here? Ever file a Bureau  
report on those Escalades?

KIYOSHI

Actually, uh--

PLANT

(to Kiyoshi)  
Don't answer him.

BOMB

Let the nigga talk.

PLANT

Shut your fucking mouth.

BOMB

God *damn* it's easy to hit your  
buttons. I've had a lot of  
practice, though. You were always  
easy. You're *still* easy. Back in  
my set, we'd call someone like you  
a *Buster*. All talk, no heart.

Plant crosses his arms, stares at Bomb like a specimen..

PLANT

You know what? I think you might  
not live through the night.

Bomb laughs, but unsteadily, not sure he heard right--

BOMB

Hell you say?

But Plant just continues to STARE. Kiyoshi shifts around,  
disconcerted, disturbed--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Poe walks toward the door to the LIBRARY--

She can hear Plant's VOICE coming from inside, she quietly  
slips through the door--

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT

The PETERBILT winds along the treacherous hairpins of Mulholland, cars have to SQUEEZE around it, because it almost takes up the entire road--

The sound of hydraulics HISSING as the semi slows down, approaching a wide dirt turnout that faces South--

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - LIBRARY

Bomb and Plant still facing off--

PLANT

Agent Kiyoshi, please uncuff Mr. Hardaway, and leave the room.

KIYOSHI

You sure that's a good idea--

PLANT

I suggest you do as you're told.

Kiyoshi obeys, removes Bomb's cuffs, and exits, confused.

Plant pulls out his Smith & Wesson. Barrel to the floor. He goes to a bookshelf, shoves a bunch of books to the floor. Then he pushes over a lamp.

PLANT

Wanna know how it happened?

Bomb's eyes dart to the window, back to Plant, nervous--

BOMB

How what happened.

PLANT

How you *died*, Bobby. Haven't you been paying attention?

Bomb freezes, eyeballing Plant as he UPENDS a coffee table.

BOMB

The hell are you doing?

PLANT

I'm creating the scene of our struggle. Our fight to the death.

BOMB

(nervous)

You can put my cuffs back on, dude.  
I don't mind.

PLANT

Anyway, it was just so *awful*. I  
was careless, and you moved so  
quickly, like. Like a *panther*.

Plant kicks over another lamp.

PLANT

And when you went for my weapon, we  
struggled, we fought, like *dogs*.

Now Plant aims his pistol right at Bomb's HEAD--

PLANT

And when you went for my weapon, I  
had no choice.

BOMB

You can't do this--

PLANT

Do what? Haven't you been  
listening? It was self defense.

Plant walks closer to Bomb, grinning, pointing the pistol--

POE'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Agent Plant.*

Plant turns to see POE STANDING THERE, looking severe,  
because she's been watching all along--

PLANT

Get out of here, Poe. NOW.

BOMB

He's gonna fucking kill me--

Plant WHACKS Bomb in the head with the GUN, and he SPRAWLS to  
the floor, dazed--

POE

Don't do that, Sir--

He turns to Poe, eyes wild.

PLANT

I told you to GET THE FUCK OUT.

Poe stands there, face hard, defiant.

\*

POE

\*

No.

\*

Plant SWINGS HIS WEAPON TOWARD HER, and she DIVES behind a BOOKSHELF--

\*

\*

Bomb TACKLES Plant from behind, and they both CRASH to the floor, throwing PUNCHES and KICKS as they both STRUGGLE--

\*

\*

Plant gets a GRIP on the gun, but Bomb HEAD-BUTTS him, and forces his hand to the floor, where Plant manages to squeeze off two WILD SHOTS--

\*

\*

\*

BLAM-BLAM! The rounds SHRED the bookshelves--

\*

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick, Ro and Gigi HEAR the GUNSHOTS-- and Gigi SCREAMS--

\*

ROSALIE

It's okay, sweetie-- we're gonna  
lie down on the floor now.

\*

\*

Patrick, hands cuffed behind him, gently nudges Rosalie and Gigi to the FLOOR--

\*

\*

PATRICK

Get ready--

\*

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - TURNOUT - CONTINUOUS

A quick glimpse of the SEMI on the dirt turnout, the huge tires CRUNCHING the pebbles as they slowly ROLL FORWARD--

And BERTO JUMPS OUT of the CAB-- starts RUNNING--

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

\*

BOMB and PLANT continue to FIGHT VICIOUSLY--

\*

Plant takes an ELBOW to the TEMPLE, but quickly counters with a withering series of BODY BLOWS--

\*

\*

Bomb falls to his knees, clutching his gut, while Plant SCRAMBLES across the floor, reaches for the GUN--

\*

\*

But it's KICKED AWAY by POE, who now covers both Plant and Bomb with her own GLOCK--

\*

\*



POE

*Enough.*

Plant gapes, panting, as she whips out a pair of CUFFS--

POE

I'm gonna cuff both of you, then  
we're gonna figure this shit out--But Plant gets his hand around a HEAVY GLASS PAPERWEIGHT and  
HURLS it at POE, and it THUNKS off her HEAD--She TOPPLES OVER with a GRUNT, and in a flash, Plant's got  
her GLOCK in his hand, and he makes his way over to Bomb--And from outside, a RUMBLING, a VIBRATION that quickly grows  
STRONGER and LOUDER--

PLANT

Good night.

As Plant jams the Glock into Bomb's face, Bomb keeps his eyes  
open, sneers confidently, defiant, unafraid.

BOMB

*Buster.*

As Plant COCKS BACK the HAMMER--

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The RUMBLING growing louder still, as one of the Feds checks  
the DISPLAY SCREENS--

The driveway is clean... The front door is clean...

But the COURTYARD screen... is FILLED WITH THE GIGANTIC SEMI  
HURLING DOWN THE EMBANKMENT--

FED

*Holy SHIT--*

EXT. EMBANKMENT - COURTYARD - HOUSE

The stunned Feds look up to see--

TWENTY TONS OF STEEL MONSTER coming CRASHING DOWN into them--

The Feds SCATTER like ROACHES--

The Semi SMASHES HEADLONG INTO THE HOUSE--

CAVING IN THE WALLS, SHAKING the ENTIRE STRUCTURE to its FOUNDATION, the SOUND is DEAFENING--

In the LIBRARY: PLANT and BOMB are THROWN across the ROOM as the WALLS RUPTURE and the CEILING IMPLODES--

In the HALLWAY: Rosalie and Gigi SCREAM as the HOUSE SHAKES and PIECES OF CEILING RAIN DOWN, but they land crumbling on PATRICK'S BACK, as he SHIELDS THEM--

In the LIVING ROOM: the SEMI CAB PUNCHES SIDEWAYS THROUGH the WALLS, finally coming to rest in the middle of the ROOM--

The Cab HISSES and FLUIDS LEAK and SPURT from the WRECKAGE--

ROSALIE hurries to an unconscious FED, grabs the CUFF KEYS from his utility belt, quickly UNLOCKS Patrick's CUFFS--

\*  
\*

PATRICK  
Thanks, gorgeous--

\*  
\*

PATRICK quickly gathers up his girls-- he HUSTLES them through the WRECKAGE of the house, to where the Front Door used to be--

\*

He passes by the wreckage of the LIBRARY, where BOMB is CRAWLING OUT from under heavy chunks of CEILING--

PATRICK  
Quickly now, quickly--

The FLUIDS from the mangled Semi suddenly CATCH FIRE, and the FLAMES LICK HUNGRILY along the floor and ceiling--

Patrick moves to Bomb, FLINGS chunks of plaster off his back, HAULS him to his feet, guides everyone toward the outside, circumventing the growing FLAMES--

\*

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The shell-shocked FEDS-- the ones still on their feet-- GAPE at the wreckage, SEARCH the debris for their comrades--

Patrick leads Rosalie and Gigi to the TAHOE, loads them into the back seat, FASTENS their BELTS, then SHOVES a dazed Bomb into the back next to them--

PLANT (O.S.)  
*Not going...anywhere...*

Patrick turns to see PLANT approaching, BLOOD trickling down his face, into his EYES, aiming Poe's GLOCK--

\*

PLANT

*I didn't want to... I didn't want--*

\*

Patrick instantly WRAPS HIMSELF around Gigi--

POE (O.S.)

*You DO NOT do that, Sir.*

POE EMERGES from the darkness, BLEEDING, and SPIN-KICKS the PISTOL right out of Plant's hands--

\*

POE

*Mother-FUCKER. You DON'T.*

WHAP--WHAP--WHAP--WHAP! She unleashes a FLURRY of KICKS to Plant's CRANIUM, and a final VICIOUS PUNCH to his solar plexus KNOCKS him to the ground, he GASPS for air--

Patrick gapes at her, stunned and grateful--

\*

PATRICK

*Come with us. We need you.*

\*

\*

Poe almost smiles, shakes her head, then winces, because her head still hurts like hell.

\*

\*

PATRICK

*We could say I took you hostage.*

\*

\*

POE

*You're a sweet man, but you know I can't do that.*

\*

\*

\*

Patrick nods, accepts it.

\*

PATRICK

*Damn shame. None of us can drive worth shit.*

\*

\*

\*

ROSALIE

*Speak for yourself.*

\*

\*

And ROSALIE climbs behind the wheel, starts her up--

\*

POE

*There's a tracer in that Tahoe, Goat. You won't lose them.*

\*

\*

\*

Patrick nods, and jumps in the shotgun seat.

\*

PATRICK

*Counting on it. Goodbye, Althea.*

\*

\*

The Tahoe SCREECHES down the Driveway-- \*

Many of the FEDS have now regained their senses enough to give CHASE, and several of them bust out FIREARMS-- \*

BLAM! BLAM! They FIRE at the departing Tahoe-- \*

And from within the wrecked house, the SEMI SUDDENLY EXPLODES in a MASSIVE FIREBALL--

BLOWING some FEDS off their feet, while others are piling into the SUV's, preparing to GIVE CHASE--

Agent Poe stands off to the side, watching them go. \*

As the TAHOE BARRELS down the Driveway, doesn't slow for the GATE, instead SMASHES RIGHT THROUGH IT--

The THREE SUV's SCREECH down the DRIVEWAY, in close PURSUIT-- \*

Nearby, Plant peels himself off the ground-- \*

PLANT  
Agent Poe! Agent Fucking Poe! \*

He's battered and bloody, but his eyes still full of fire as he searches the area, but now, she's NOWHERE to be found. \*

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Plant, rubbing his sore chest, limps over to the VOLVO, and pops the trunk. Inside, the DUFFELS. He UNZIPS one of them, ALL THE WAY OPEN, and sees that the CASH is nothing but a THIN OUTER LAYER, covering BULLSHIT STACKS of COPY PAPER.

His expression is oddly calm, even though he's battered, bruised, face full of blood.

PLANT  
Oh, yes. Of course. Yes.

He UNZIPS the SECOND DUFFEL. It's the EXACT SAME THING. \*

He walks slowly over to his Unmarked FALCON. There's a piece of BURNING WRECKAGE leaning against the door, and he KICKS it away, and climbs behind the wheel. \*

He reaches into the glove compartment, pulls out a GPS RECEIVER, flicks it on, and starts up the vehicle. \*

INT./EXT. TAHOE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

The TAHOE speeds down the steep, twisting angles of Lookout Mountain, and we can see the FIVE PURSUING SUVs about TWENTY SECONDS behind them-- \*

And just before they reach the bottom of Lookout Mountain, at the intersection with Laurel Canyon-- \*

PATRICK  
(to Rosalie)  
Flash the headlights, Ro-- \*

The Tahoe's LIGHTS FLASH as it speeds past a row of HEDGES, and as soon as it's gone by-- \*

CILLA emerges from behind the hedges, and she quickly DRAGS A CHAIN OF SPIKE-STRIPS across the STREET-- \*

As soon as the SPIKES have stretched the entire width, Cilla quickly DIVES into the thick BRUSH on the opposite side-- \*

Seconds later, the PURSUING SUV's come ROARING down the hill, and as the FIRST VEHICLE hits the SPIKES-- \*

The TIRES EXPLODE with a BOOM and a SHOWER OF SPARKS, and the SUV SPINS SIDEWAYS, and is RAMMED by the SECOND SUV-- \*

The FIRST SUV FLIPS OVER while the SECOND SUV SPINS WILDLY and COLLIDES with an enormous TREE-- \*

The REMAINING THREE SUVs are forced to SLOW DOWN while one of the FEDS must jump out and CLEAR AWAY the SPIKES-- \*

And then the THREE REMAINING SUV's are in PURSUIT again, but they've lost some valuable time-- \*

Find the TAHOE careening down Laurel Canyon, VEERING around slower-moving VEHICLES, SCREECHING around tight turns-- \*

Up AHEAD, there is a RED LIGHT, and a LINE OF CARS WAITING--

ROSALIE  
Everybody hold onto something-- \*

She VEERS into the ONCOMING LANE, and SPEEDS PAST the LINE OF CARS, and VEERS BACK into the LANE, just BARELY MISSING a PICKUP descending the HILL to the RIGHT-- \*

One of the SUVs tries the SAME MOVE, and DUCKS the LIGHT--

But HORNS BLARE as the PICKUP SLAMS on its BRAKES--

SCREEEEE-- the PICKUP fucking T-BONES the SUV, SMASHES it  
CLEAR ACROSS THE ROAD, into a LINE of CARS--

The TAHOE keeps SPEEDING down the incline, DISAPPEARS around  
a tight curve, hotly PURSUED by the TWO REMAINING SUVs-- \*

INT./EXT. TAHOE - LAUREL & SUNSET - NIGHT

The Tahoe comes HURTLING through the INTERSECTION, pursued by  
the TWO SUVs, and they CUT THROUGH TRAFFIC and head WEST on  
SUNSET, WEAVING around CARS and PEDESTRIANS--

PATRICK  
Someone called the cavalry--

Because there are now a DOZEN LAPD CRUISERS on their tail,  
sirens WAILING, lights FLASHING, along with the SUVs--

BOMB  
Don't forget the goddamn Sky Team-- \*

And yes indeed, there's an LAPD CHOPPER OVERHEAD, shining its  
SPOTLIGHT DOWN upon them-- \*

The Tahoe RUNS A RED and takes a HARD LEFT down LA CIENEGA--

The pursuing SQUAD CARS try to FOLLOW but TWO of them are  
CRUSHED by ONCOMING TRAFFIC-- \*

INT. FORD FALCON - CONTINUOUS \*

PLANT drives through the night, windows down. He checks the  
GPS, drops it on the seat, spits BLOOD out the window-- \*

INT./EXT. TAHOE - INGLEWOOD - NIGHT

The Tahoe has LOST many of the pursuing vehicles, but there's  
still at least 10 WAILING CRUISERS following close behind.

And of course the CHOPPER overhead, ILLUMINATING everything--

PATRICK  
We don't lose that Bird, they're  
gonna follow us all the way there--

ROSALIE  
Got something in mind for that-- \*

Rosalie suddenly CUTS ACROSS THE STREET, and starts DRIVING  
RIGHT INTO ONCOMING TRAFFIC-- \*

Horns BLARE, tires SCREECH as the TRAFFIC SWERVES to avoid them, many cars SMASHING INTO the pursuing SQUAD CARS--

Gigi SCREAMS from the back, Patrick tries to comfort her--

PATRICK

It's okay, cookie, just close your eyes, pretend you're Dora the Explorer, it's an *adventure*--

Gigi closes her eyes, furrows her brow. \*

Rosalie CUTS SHARPLY into an alley, leaving behind a MASSIVE PILEUP, but still a half-dozen CRUISERS are following-- \*

After a few more SHARP TURNS, the Tahoe emerges onto MANCHESTER BLVD, heading WEST, toward the AIRPORT--

ROSALIE \*

Should be under the canopy of LAX  
airspace in about thirty seconds-- \*

She GUNS IT, and they're FLYING down Manchester at about NINETY, running LIGHTS and WEAVING through TRAFFIC-- \*

Who would've thought it... Rosalie Gautreaux is a SICK WHEEL-- \*

PATRICK

Once we're in the flight canopy,  
nobody else can be in the sky-- \*

And sure enough...the SPOTLIGHT surrounding them suddenly SHUTS OFF, and the CHOPPER overhead VEERS OFF--

Bomb grins, leans out the WINDOW, and FLIPS OFF the disappearing Bird--

BOMB

That's right. Fuck you, bitch!

Rosalie SWERVES the Tahoe and Bomb is JERKED back inside-- \*

She CUTS HARD across ONCOMING TRAFFIC and ACCELERATES into a darkened, tree-lined SIDE STREET with NO STREET LIGHTS--

MORE of the CRUISERS are T-BONED as they try to FOLLOW HER across to the side street--

The WRECKAGE of the CARS goes SPINNING across MANCHESTER, creating another EPIC PILE-UP--

INT./EXT. SIDE STREETS - INGLEWOOD - CONTINUOUS

\*

The Tahoe speeds down the dark street, blowing through stop signs, quick LEFT, then RIGHT, LEFT--

They're still being chased by TWO CRUISERS and a FED SUV, who trail about two hundred yards behind, sirens WAILING--

\*

\*

Finally they SCREECH to a stop in front of a GREEN HOUSE where a MAD PARTY is going on, MUSIC THUMPING with BANGERS and DICES and HOMIES spilling out onto the porch--

\*

\*

\*

And yes, it's that SAME GREEN CRAFTSMAN where Patrick dropped off Little Bomb 15 YEARS AGO--

\*

\*

Everyone PILES OUT of the Tahoe, led by BOMB, and the sea of REVELLERS opens up a PATH for them to get through--

\*

\*

EXT. GREEN CRAFTSMAN - SECONDS LATER

\*

The two CRUISERS and the SUV JAM to the CURB outside the house, the LAW floods out, ARMED and SHOUTING--

\*

\*

Some PARTIERS SCATTER, some FLEE into the HOUSE, while others STAND THEIR GROUND and even BRANDISH THEIR OWN WEAPONS.

\*

\*

VARIOUS COPS	VARIOUS BANGERS	*
<i>Everyone FREEZE! Turn that</i>	<i>Got a Warrant, Motherfucker?</i>	*
<i>FUCKING MUSIC OFF! HANDS IN</i>	<i>This is private property,</i>	*
<i>THE AIR! I'll blow your</i>	<i>Bitch! Po-Po gonna get</i>	*
<i>fucking HEAD OFF!</i>	<i>BLASTED.</i>	*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

It's a STAND-OFF as MORE POLICE CRUISERS arrive on the scene and MORE COPS pile out of the vehicles, assuming FIRING POSITIONS behind their open doors--

\*

\*

\*

And now a black SWAT VAN arrives, and seconds later there's TWO CHOPPERS overhead, shining SPOTS down onto the scene--

\*

\*

More COPS pull around into the ALLEY BEHIND the house, pretty soon they've got it SURROUNDED, all exits BLOCKED, and it's abundantly clear there's NO WAY OUT--

\*

\*

\*

INT./EXT. FORD FALCON - CONTINUOUS

\*

PLANT arrives at the house, climbs out of the Falcon, surveys the SCENE, where the HEAVILY-ARMED SWATs are now working their way toward the HOUSE--

\*

\*

\*



And now the BANGERS, seeing the SWATs' ridiculous ARTILLERY, \*  
start TOSSING their weapons into the bushes, and putting \*  
their hands over their heads-- \*

The SWATs and COPS now start STREAMING into the HOUSE-- \*

But PLANT hangs back, his eyes narrowed, scanning the crowd, \*  
because he just *knows* something's off-- \*

INT. CRAFTSMAN - CONTINUOUS \*

The SWATs and UNIFORMS are busy SUBDUING the PARTIERS to \*  
their KNEES, and SEARCHING through all the ROOMS-- \*

It's CHAOS with the SHOUTS and THREATS of LAW ENFORCEMENT \*  
blending with the SCREAMS and PROTESTS of the PARTIERS, and \*  
the CRASH of BROKEN-IN DOORS and BREAKING GLASS-- \*

We FOLLOW a PHALANX of SWATs as they BREAK THROUGH a DOOR \*  
leading down a set of STAIRS to the BASEMENT-- \*

They RUSH down the stairs, and come upon a BANGER and his \*  
LADY on a BED in the corner, MOANING and HUMPING CRAZILY-- \*

SWAT \*  
YOU TWO. \*

The HUMPING COUPLE find themselves looking down the BARRELS \*  
of about a DOZEN GUNS and they start to SCREAM and PROTEST-- \*

NAKED DUDE	NAKED CHICK	*
<i>This is BULLSHIT I'm trying</i>	<i>Yeah you LIKE clockin this</i>	*
<i>to get my SEX on down here!</i>	<i>fine chocolate ass, DON'T</i>	*
	<i>you?</i>	*

The Cops COVER them while the rest of them FAN OUT across the \*  
basement, FLASHLIGHTS out, searching-- \*

A tall, beefy SWAT barks into his shoulder-walkie-- \*

BEEFY SWAT \*  
Basement's clear, just a couple \*  
hood rats goin at it-- \*

NAKED CHICK \*  
The fuck you callin a *hood rat*, \*  
trick-ass-pig-motherfucker? \*

EXT. CRAFTSMAN - CONTINUOUS

While the hectic RAID goes on in the background, find PLANT stalking along the edge of the Chopper-Spotlit perimeter, sweating, until he's in a dark part of the pavement.

He finds himself staring at the row of HOUSES on the OPPOSITE side of the street. Halfway down the block, there's a small YELLOW HOUSE with a LIGHT on inside.

And there's a DARK SHAPE at the window, like there's someone STANDING there, watching--

Plant squints, and takes a few steps toward the house--

And the LIGHT in the window suddenly FLICKS OFF.

He PAUSES, then starts toward the house again--

INT. CRAFTSMAN - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A few COPS are still COVERING the sheet-covered COUPLE on the bed. The BEEFY SWAT notices the edge of a RUG poking out from under the edge of the BED FRAME--

BEEFY SWAT  
Get 'em off-- *there's something*  
*under the bed--*

The couple STRUGGLES and CURSES as the Cops DRAG them from the mattress, and SHOVE the bed to the side, revealing a RUG underneath, which they YANK aside to REVEAL--

A FLOOR HATCH--

They WRENCH OPEN the HATCH, and discover a LADDER leading down into a fucking man-made TUNNEL:

About 6 feet by 6 feet, strung with BULBS and BUTTRESSED by two-by-fours, and it's clearly been here for YEARS--

And now we FOLLOW THE COPS as they DROP DOWN into the TUNNEL and RACE THROUGH, as it CURVES and STRAIGHTENS AGAIN and they keep FOLLOWING it, one hundred feet, two hundred, three--

Until they reach the END finding ANOTHER LADDER and the BEEFY SWAT climbs up, tries to OPEN the HATCH in the CEILING but it WON'T OPEN so he starts POUNDING on it--

And now POV RISES UPWARD, passing THROUGH THE TUNNEL, upwards through DIRT and FLOORBOARDS until we find ourselves in--

INT. YELLOW HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS \*

In the KITCHEN of a completely different HOUSE, and we can  
see the FLOOR HATCH SHUDDERING as it's POUNDED from  
underneath, and we PULL BACK to reveal: \*

All our friends-- PATRICK, BOMB, ROSALIE holding GIGI in her  
arms-- are HUSTLING out of the kitchen-- \*

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! A series of BULLETS punch through  
the HATCH from underneath as the COPS FIRE up into it-- \*

PATRICK  
Help me with the fridge! \*

Patrick and Bomb rush to the FRIDGE and they HEAVE across the  
floor, and with a mighty GRUNT they TIP IT OVER and it  
CRASHES DOWN over the hatch, covering it completely-- \*

Everybody RACES to the back, out into the ALLEY behind the  
property, where the MINIVAN is idling, and CILLA is behind  
the wheel... and in the back, TWO ENORMOUS DUFFELS OF CASH. \*

PATRICK  
Everybody in, everybody in-- \*

Follow ROSALIE as she carries GIGI toward the Minivan-- \*

But before she even knows what's happening SOMEONE RIPS GIGI  
RIGHT OUT OF HER ARMS, and Gigi SCREAMS-- \*

Everyone TURNS TO SEE-- \*

AGENT PLANT, eyes wild, and he's HOLDING A SQUIRMING GIGI in  
front of him, and as he backs away, he PUSHES A PISTOL  
against her little body-- \*

PLANT  
Okay now everybody just RELAX and  
PUT YOUR HANDS where I can see-- \*

Patrick's eyes burn with terror and rage-- \*

PATRICK  
Piece of shit. YOU DON'T HURT HER. \*

PLANT  
YOU DON'T MAKE ME HURT HER. \*

Bomb, wide-eyed, has to physically RESTRAIN Rosalie from  
LUNGING after Plant, she looks like she's ready to KILL-- \*

ROSALIE  
What kind of MAN ARE YOU?

Gigi CRIES as she struggles against Plant, so he GRIPS her tighter against him--

PLANT  
Thought you could make an ASSHOLE  
out of me. No more. NO MORE.  
It's over and I WIN. ME.

Patrick can't stop looking at Gigi, the terror in her eyes--

PATRICK  
Okay. You win. You're hurting  
her. Please just stop.

PLANT  
I want everyone to slowly get down  
on your KNEES and then lie on the  
GROUND with your FACES DOWN.

GIGI  
*Daddy...*

Patrick slowly lowers himself to his knees--

PATRICK  
Nobody's gonna hurt you, Gee.

PLANT  
Oh but I will, *I will*.

ROSALIE suddenly BREAKS FREE of Bomb's grip and RUSHES toward Plant, and he AIMS THE GUN AT HER FACE.

PATRICK  
Ro, Jesus--

ROSALIE  
NOT scared of you.

She SLAPS Plant in the face, and doesn't flinch at all when he presses the barrel against her cheekbone.

PLANT  
(stunned)  
Get away from me--

ROSALIE  
Fucking worm, fucking COWARD--

Plant suddenly KICKS her to the ground, Gigi SCREAMS, and in a split-second PATRICK and BOMB are RUSHING PLANT-- \*

Patrick goes straight for Gigi, GRABS her in his arms, while Bomb goes for the GUN-- \*

Bomb and Plant fight VICIOUSLY for the piece, while Patrick carries Gigi toward the Minivan-- \*

Bomb and Plant are both skilled scrappers, throwing ELBOWS and KNEES and JABS and HEAD-BUTTS and it's getting BLOODY-- \*

Plant gets the upper hand with a sharp CHOP to Bomb's THROAT, and he climbs on top of him, straddles him, picks up the PISTOL and aims it between Bomb's wide EYES-- \*

CRACK-A-LACK! \*

Plant turns to see FOUR HGRC BANGERS standing in a row, brandishing evil-looking black-steel ASSAULT RIFLES. \*

VOICE (O.S.)  
*Don't you know where you're at?* \*

And ROPE rolls out of the shadows, alongside his homies. \*

ROPE  
*This is my block, motherfucker.* \*

Plant aims his pistol wildly, but there's too many targets. \*

PLANT  
*You can't do this. These people are wanted criminals.* \*

Rope rolls closer, until he's right beside Plant. \*

ROPE  
*Yeah? What's that make you?* \*

Plant AIMS the pistol, but Rope just LAUGHS-- he's seen so many gun-barrels in his life, it doesn't even faze him. \*

PLANT  
*KEEP AWAY FROM ME.* \*

Rope SNATCHES the gun from Plant. Tosses it to his homies. \*

Bomb staggers to his feet, goes to the Minivan, reaches inside, grabs a SATCHEL, and tosses it over to Rope. \*

BOMB  
*Make sure everybody gets happy.* \*

Rope feels the weight, smiles, throws up a HAND SIGN. \*

ROPE \*  
For life, little Bomb. \*

Bomb returns the SIGN. \*

Everyone piles into the Minivan. It cruise silently, safely \*  
away, disappearing down the alley into the dark-- \*

PLANT \*  
(its over) \*  
You can't let them. You can't let \*  
them. *You can't let them.* \*

ROPE \*  
Don't cry, homie. Ain't your fault \*  
you were born a bitch. \*

Rope and his Soldiers disappear into the shadows of the \*  
neighborhood, as the SHOUTS of POLICE approach, and the \*  
CHOPPERS fly overhead, shining their SPOTLIGHTS down upon \*  
Plant, alone on the pavement-- \*

CUT TO BLACK. \*

EXT. STREET TACO STAND - MEXICO - NIGHT \*

Patrick and Bomb sit eating tacos at a modest stand on a \*  
cobble, dirty street. This isn't a tourist part of Mexico. \*

PATRICK \*  
We're gonna lose a lot of equity to \*  
the Fences. Got too loud out in \*  
the world. You know that, right? \*

Bomb nods, grim but resigned, sips his beer. \*

PATRICK \*  
We'll be lucky to keep thirty \*  
percent. It's the only way to be \*  
safe. Too many assholes out there. \*

BOMB \*  
Yeah, Goat. I know it. \*

Patrick finishes a taco, wipes his mouth, studies Bomb. \*

PATRICK \*  
And you know the rest, too. \*

BOMB

Yeah. We can't be near each other  
anymore. Gonna have to say goodbye  
for a little while.

PATRICK

A *long* while, Bobby.

Bomb crosses his arms, sags. Not happy, but resigned.  
Patrick studies him some more.

PATRICK

You're just gonna keep on twisting,  
aren't you. Even if I suggest  
otherwise.

Bomb just looks at Patrick, shrugs, almost smiles.

BOMB

What am I supposed to do in five,  
ten years, wait tables? Maybe I  
don't know how to do anything else.  
Maybe you don't either, Goat.

Patrick nods, smiles sadly. He stands up, brushes off his  
pants. Bomb also gets up out of his chair.

PATRICK

Maybe you're right. (beat) So,  
where you gonna go now?

BOMB

Dunno really. You?

PATRICK

I don't have the slightest idea.

They both stand there, on opposite sides of the table.

BOMB

We both just lied to each other.

PATRICK

It's better that way.

Bomb nods, looks at the ground.

BOMB

I wish we could stay in the same  
place, Goat. I really do.

PATRICK

I know, Bobby. And that's why I'm  
gonna walk away first.

Patrick gives Bomb's shoulder a squeeze, turns his back, and  
walks off into the night. Bomb watches him go, sadly.

Then he gets up, and walks off in the opposite direction.

Left behind on the table, a crisp, depo-fresh \$100 bill,  
pinned under a beer bottle, flutters in the warm breeze.

***The End***