

The Ghost & the Wolf

by

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BLACK

HEAVY BREATHING. An ELECTRIC WHIR fills the air...

A RUSSIAN MAN (V.O.)
(thick Russian accent)
I came to this country seeking a
name. Money. Power. All that comes
with it...

ZZZAAAPPP!!! An agony-filled FEMALE SCREAM!

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY (2001)

JIMMY
NOOOOOO!

CU - JIMMY MARINO (33). Usually a clean-cut, All American guy, but here he's badly beaten, bound tightly to a chair.

A RUSSIAN MAN (O.S.)
A man like me will give *everything*,
do *anything* in pursuit of that
name. To *protect* his name.

Jimmy's eyes are locked on his wife, CATHY MARINO (30). Dark hair. Bright blue eyes. Under normal circumstances, a stunner, but not today. She's crying. Her face is stained with blood. This woman is being tortured.

Towering over her is a bear of a Russian. Thick black beard, long flowing hair and a twenty-two inch neck. Meet IVAN ROMANOVSKI (37), "THE WOLF."

In Ivan's hands, a CATTLE PROD, which he eagerly jabs into Cathy's stomach. ZAP!!! She vomits, then loses consciousness.

JIMMY
It's *me* you want.

--WHAP! Another attacker steps from the shadows and SMACKS JIMMY IN THE KIDNEY with a DIRT-FILLED SOCK! The pain is so intense that he almost swallows his tongue.

And finally, we meet *his* tormenter -- also Russian, smaller in stature than the Wolf, but no less terrifying. This is VITALE ROMANOVSKI (40), "THE GHOST." He's been the one talking all along.

VITALE
These things mean nothing to you.
For you, life is about...*family*.
And family is a haven in this
heartless world, Detective.
(MORE)

VITALE (CONT'D)
Family is pure. Family is forever.
Family is the reason a man seeks a
name in the first place...

Blood pours from Jimmy's pant-leg onto the floor. Our hero is *pissing blood*. Still, he summons whatever energy he has left to remain conscious.

JIMMY
This is between you and me. Just
let her go.

Ivan subtly cranks up the power on his cattle-prod. It HUMS cruelly. Vitale leans in close and whispers into his ear.

VITALE
This is how the game works, James.
You've soiled my name. You've *taken*
from me. And when you take from
me... I take from YOU!

Vitale snatches the cattle prod from Ivan's hands, then without warning -- he digs the prod into Cathy's chest!

JIMMY
NOOOOOOOOOOO!

ZAAAAAAP! Suddenly--

GUNFIRE from outside! BANG! BANG! FRANTIC SHOUTING! RAT-A-TAT-TAT! RETURN FIRE! Ivan and Vitale turn to see--

A well-armed LAPD STRIKE TEAM burst through the door! CARL MORRIS (mid 30s) leads HOWARD BANKS (30s, black) and CHESTER GRIMES (30s, a pretty boy surfer-type) inside.

Ivan reaches for a weapon. BOOM! Carl fires!

Ivan takes one in the chest! He crumbles to the ground, ROARING in agony!

Vitale FIRES back at the Strike Team! BOOM! BOOM! As the officers DIVE for cover, he grabs hold of Ivan and starts dragging him toward the back door.

IVAN (IN RUSSIAN)
Brother...save yourself.

VITALE
NO!

Ivan locks eyes with Vitale, imploring.

IVAN (IN RUSSIAN)
Please... Go.

Vitale is crushed, but he has no other choice. He shares one final look with his brother, then sprints off.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Banks and Grimes shoot at him at him and miss. Vitale disappears out the back door.

Banks and Grimes take off after the Russian. Carl hurries over to Jimmy and unties him.

Jimmy crawls over to his wife. He turns Cathy over. She's unconscious, not breathing. He's panicking.

JIMMY
CATHY?! WAKE UP, BABY!

Jimmy administers CPR on Cathy, but it appears to be futile. He's crying, shaking. It's a terrible sight. Carl is having a hard time watching.

CARL
She's gone, Jim...

But Jimmy's still fighting to bring her back...

JIMMY
COME ON, BABY! COME ON!!!

AGAINST BLACK, TITLE CARD: THE GHOST AND THE WOLF

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (EIGHT YEARS LATER)

An LAPD HELICOPTER hovers over a Chinese OCEAN LINER. Its CREW is gathered at the rails, staring apprehensively down at the FORCE of LAPD OFFICERS waiting at the GATE.

AT THE GATE

Two young Detectives run the show. DELIO RAMIREZ, (32, Latino) and SAMANTHA HARRIS (30, don't let her looks fool you, she's a pit bull).

An imposing RAZOR-WIRE FENCE and a livid ATF Agent, JASPAR GONDOLI stands between them and the Ocean Liner.

HARRIS
Get the hell out of our way, G-man!

GONDOLI
Honey, as much as I'd like to spank you myself, your Captain'll be here any minute. I'll leave that to him.

Harris lunges at Gondoli. As Ramirez struggles to restrain her, we move through the crowd of Officers and settle on--

A crusty-looking MAN (40s). The sort of guy with a five o'clock shadow at 2pm. He's vagrant in a trash-bin dirty.

We should recognize him from the opening flashback, even though the past eight years have been unkind to JIMMY MARINO.

Jimmy clearly doesn't like the way the wind's blowing here. His mind is racing. He then notices--

A BLACK LINCOLN TOWN CAR pulls up. And out steps another player from the opening flashback: CAPTAIN CARL MORRIS (40s now), pajama-clad, looking tired and hungover.

Jimmy ducks behind a couple of Officers, careful that Carl doesn't see him. Carl gets between Gondoli and Harris.

CARL

Why in *the hell* is ATF yanking me outta bed at 2AM?

RAMIREZ

Sir, we have a tip from a CI, says that ship is carrying a crate full of Russian illegals. Known criminals.

HARRIS

Mr. Ninety-nine dollar suit over here wants credit for the bust.

GONDOLI

We've been sitting on this shipping line for a year now, Carl. Drugs. Human trafficking. Distribution networks. Whole case is gonna go up in smoke because your God damn children didn't do their homework.

CARL

You *assholes* didn't check the Federal database?

RAMIREZ

CI said we only had an hour to act.

Carl shakes his head, turns to his guys.

CARL

God damn it. Everybody pack it up, get on outta here.

WITH JIMMY

He watches as the LAPD OFFICERS pack in and roll out. Looks like the jig is up. Jimmy's starting to look desperate here. His window of opportunity is closing.

He eyes dart frantically around the shipyard. Maybe looking for a way in? He finally spots A SEMI TRUCK.

BACK WITH CARL

He's still laying into Harris and Ramirez.

CARL
Who's the CI?

HARRIS
Guy's been feeding us tips for a month now. They've all been solid.

CARL
What's his *name*?

RAMIREZ
Local PI. Jimmy Marino.

CARL
(bites his lip)
And who'd he say is on that ship?

HARRIS
Some guy named Vitale Romanovski.

Carl is instantly livid. He scans the scene.

CARL
Where the fuck is he?

INT. SEMI TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy's fiddling under the dash, attempting to hot-wire the truck. Suddenly: VROOM! The engine ROARS to life.

Jimmy pulls a Russian-made AK-47 from a duffle bag and yanks the bolt back. Locked and loaded.

He looks up at the massive RAZOR-WIRE FENCE standing between him and the ship, then throws the truck into gear and stomps on the gas.

BACK WITH CARL

Detective ROGERS (bald, overweight) approaches.

ROGERS
Sir?

Carl ignores him, now looming over Ramirez and Harris.

CARL
When I'm done with your asses
traffic duty is gonna seem like--

ROGERS
--SIR?!

CARL
WHAT, GOD DAMN IT?!

Carl whips around to face Rogers and sees--

A SEMI TRUCK BARRELLING towards them. Jimmy's behind the wheel, laying into the horn. HOOOONK! HOOOONK!

Carl and his Officers are forced to DIVE out of the way.

The Semi CRASHES through the razor-wire fence. Steel twisting and turning. Sparks shooting into the air.

He drives the truck straight up the RAMP, destined for the deck of the Ocean Liner. A couple of CHINESE CREWMEN are forced to leap into the water.

The truck finally CRASHES into a stack of SHIPPING CRATES. The AIR BAG deploys.

Jimmy leaps out of the cab, head bleeding, surprisingly unfazed. He tears across the deck, AK-47 in-tow.

Gondoli's head looks like it's going to explode. Carl shakes his head.

CARL (CONT'D)
Get after his ass...

EXT. OCEAN LINER - DECK - DAY

As Jimmy heads for another stack of SHIPPING CRATES, more Chinese Crewmen run for cover.

Jimmy moves from crate to crate, checking their serial numbers against one he has written on a piece of paper.

EXT. OCEAN LINER - RAMP - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of LAPD Officers flood the ship and spread out, looking for Jimmy. Carl is last to step aboard. He looks almost like a concerned parent...concerned and pissed.

EXT. OCEAN LINER - DECK - DAY

Jimmy finally finds the crate he's looking for. He rips the door open and finds--

BINGO! A half-dozen or so terrified RUSSIAN MEN AND WOMEN hiding among the CARGO. Jimmy raises his weapon.

JIMMY
Out! Now!

The Russians shuffle out, their hands in the air. Jimmy inspects each of their faces, looking for someone in particular. Jimmy grabs hold of a WOMAN.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Where is he?! WHERE IS ROMANOVSKI?!

The woman looks confused, terrified. Just then, the LAPD Officers catch up to Jimmy. They approach him cautiously, guns raised.

ROGERS
Hands behind your head! Down on the ground!

Jimmy doesn't have a play here. All he can do is comply.

Carl finally rounds the corner to see Jimmy being handcuffed. The old friends lock eyes. Carl is stern, judgemental. Jimmy is defiant, unapologetic. As Rogers drags him away--

RAMIREZ
Sir?

Carl turns to see Ramirez and Harris hovering over a barrel, sifting through the cargo in the crate. Harris cuts a PACKAGE open and tastes the WHITE POWDER inside.

HARRIS
Heroin...

Ramirez pulls brick after brick of tar heroine from the barrel. Gondoli steps up next to Carl, livid.

GONDOLI
Congrats, Morris. You just traded a hundred plus arrests, tens of millions in assets, the dismantling of an entire syndicate...all for a crate full of illegals and a couple barrels of heroin. State's Attorney's gonna have your ass...

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAWN (A FEW DAYS LATER)

As the sun rises over the Pacific, the ROAR of the world's most powerful V-12 engine slowly fades into prominence. After a beat, we see it--

A 2006 FERRARI ENZO blazes by at 150mph.

INT. FERRARI ENZO - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel of this million-dollar automobile is GARO NAZARIAN (37), Armenian party-boy. European HOUSE BEATS explode from his high-end speakers.

As Garo wipes the WHITE POWDER from his nose, a suspicious smile pours over his face.

Garo, you see, is getting road head. And he's loving every second of it. As he grabs a handful of silky dark hair, we finally see...it's not a woman down there--

Garo is getting blown by A SIXTEEN YEAR OLD ASIAN BOY.

The SLURPING quickens. Garo MOANS in ORGASMIC ECSTASY. Just as he's about to explode--

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

CRASH! The Enzo smashes into a tree. The engine FLIES out onto the street!

No one stirs inside. No man, no beast could have survived that. Somehow, though, the stereo lives on and--

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - MORNING

The sun has crept a bit higher in the sky. The place swarms with COPS. POLICE CARS, FIRE TRUCKS, the works.

Those HOUSE BEATS still pour from the wreckage. Detective Ramirez tinkers inside.

Harris looks over at the destroyed Enzo and shouts (loudly to compensate for the music)--

HARRIS

My ears are bleeding here...

Ramirez finally manages to cut the music. He takes a bow while everyone APPLAUDS. Harris rolls her eyes.

Just then, Carl's Lincoln Town car pulls up. He walks with purpose toward the busted Enzo. Harris and Ramirez follow at his heels, eager to please.

RAMIREZ

Garo Nazarian. Product of Yerevan.
Did a stretch in Lancaster for
selling weapons to the Armenian
mob.

HARRIS

Fuckface is screamin' down the PCH,
doin' 150, 160 and he wraps his
whip around the tree there.

RAMIREZ

Shame, too. Only four hundred of
those Enzos ever made.

HARRIS

Uni's roll up and find a gang of
party favors in the trunk.

Harris hands Carl an EVIDENCE BAG. Inside is an UZI.

RAMIREZ

We should head up to the house,
Captain. I hear they got a cache--

CARL

--Nah. Stay put. You assholes ain't
outta the doghouse yet.

RAMIREZ

But sir, we're done here.

CARL

Well....Sweep the road or some shit.

EXT. GARO NAZARIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A garish blue MANSION sits atop a hill on Franklin Ave.,
overlooking the dilapidated apartment buildings that make up
Little Armenia. A stark dichotomy. Rich vs. poor.

INT. GARO NAZARIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Every nook and cranny of the mansion is being searched by
OFFICERS. Boxes are piled up in virtually every room, the
furniture is covered in plastic.

Carl enters with Rogers. He's very impressed with the spread.

CARL

Looks like business was good.

ROGERS

Arms dealing is recession-proof.
Guns are piled up in the garage.
There's a fleet of new Beamers
sittin' out back. And Lt. Banks is
going through a bunch of boxes in
the bedroom--

CARL

(tenses up)

--*Banks* is here?

INT. GARO NAZARIAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carl enters to see another man from the opening flashback--

LIEUTENANT HOWARD BANKS (40s now, laid back and affable). He sits on the bed, meticulously sifting through documents.

CARL (O.S.)

Didn't know the *Cop of the Year*
still got his hands dirty.

The tension between these two is immediately evident.

BANKS

Helps morale to see us old-timers
rolling up our sleeves. Where're
the kids?

CARL

Sweepin' glass off the PCH.

BANKS

You're too hard on those two.

CARL

Well, State's Attorney's being too
hard on me.

BANKS

And shit rolls downhill...

CARL

You find anything?

BANKS

Nazarian was still moving in.
Nothing worth a damn inside. Garage
is your gold mine.

Rogers enters holding a SMALL WOODEN BOX.

ROGERS

Uni found this in the wall safe.

He hands the box over to Banks. Inside are thin STRIPS OF RED PAPER, almost like you'd find in a Chinese fortune cookie, only the writing on them is typed in YELLOW CYRILLIC LETTERS.

CARL

What do you make of 'em?

BANKS

Guy eats a lot of Chinese?

(to Rogers)

Have division send over a translator.

ROGERS

And Captain...ATF just rolled up.

Banks smiles. Carl sighs indignantly.

CARL

Motherfuckers...

INT. GARO'S GARAGE - DAY

Carl enters to find a frightening stockpile of weapons. CRATES full of AK-47s. Soviet RPGs. RPKs. Uzis...

ATF Agent Jaspar Gondoli is back in action, looking over his SUBORDINATES as they inventory the weapons. He sees Carl approaching and knows he's in for a fight.

GONDOLI

Looks like the Armenians are gearing up for a little party.

CARL

This is *my* bust, Gondoli.

GONDOLI

Your guys fucked us big time, Carl. Figured I'd give you a chance to make things right. Maybe give us the lead on this thing.

CARL

Maybe I'd have thought about it, if you hadn't thrown my ass under the bus. Now pack up and get the fuck outta here.

Gondoli reluctantly turns to his men.

GONDOLI

Alright guys. You heard him.

The ATF Agents start to pack up. Gondoli turns back to Carl.

GONDOLI (CONT'D)

Guess you need this a helluva lot
more than I do... Don't forget to
smile for the cameras.

After a laugh at Carl's expense, the ATF Guys follow Gondoli out. Carl shakes off the slight and steps out of the garage to find...a MEDIA CIRCUS.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

A busy Marina. FISHERMEN unload the morning's catch. YUPPIES load picnic baskets onto their yachts. Amid all this is a dilapidated BOAT. The paint is peeling. The motor rusting. It looks far from sea-worthy.

Banks approaches. He steps aboard, careful to avoid the jaws of the MASSIVE BEAR TRAP laid out on the deck.

INT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Pigsty would be a compliment. Empty STOLI BOTTLES and STEEL RESERVE CANS litter the floor. An entire Russian library is strewn about. Books, magazines, even porn.

As Banks enters, his face tells us this place smells even worse than it looks. Suddenly, his eyes flood with fear--

A table is flipped over. There are BLOODY HAND PRINTS all over the far wall. A trail of blood leads into the bathroom.

BANKS

Jim?!

Nothing. Banks draws his weapon and tip-toes into the--

BATHROOM

Banks cautiously enters, fearing the worst, only to find--

JIMMY, soaking in the tub, reading a skin mag, sucking on a fifth of Stoli. His nose is bleeding. His muscular body is badly bruised. Looks like he took a beating last night.

JIMMY

Gimme five minutes, huh? I was
about to rub one out.

INT. HOUSE BOAT - LATER

Jimmy, now dressed, cracks a small egg into a highball glass. He then drowns it with some ice cold vodka and a shot of sake. Banks reels back in disgust.

BANKS

Russians got you drinkin' some repugnant-ass shit.

Banks finally gets a good look at Jimmy here. Cuts. Bruises.

BANKS (CONT'D)

What happened to you last night?

JIMMY

Your mom crossed her legs.

BANKS

And what's with the booby trap on the deck there?

JIMMY

You like that? Brought it back from Vyborg. Georgians use it to catch bears. They yank out their teeth, make them fight dogs. Bet major coin on it.

(points to the TV)

Big day for you guys.

ON SCREEN: A news report. Carl is in front of the cameras. Talking up the weapons bust. He's comfortable, charismatic.

BANKS

What's the word on the street?

Jimmy shrugs. Info isn't free. Banks grudgingly forks over a couple of twenties.

JIMMY

You carted off three and half million dollars of Armenian heroin the other night. Armos paid the Russians to bring it in.

BANKS

They're fighting over who pays the bill?

JIMMY

Exactly. Russians see this shit on TV. Nazarian's little gun show and--

BANKS

--They figure the Armos are gearing up for war.

JIMMY

Only the Armos are saying Nazarian cut ties with them months ago, that he's supplying someone else now.

BANKS

They expect the Ruskis to believe that? I got a bridge to sell 'em, then. Some money the crown Prince of Nigeria needs moved.

JIMMY

Nobody knows what to believe. So everybody's looking over their shoulder.

Banks nods, *makes sense*. A quiet beat passes.

BANKS

You seen Grimes lately?

JIMMY

No, but I ran into Deb last night.

BANKS

Girlfriend?

JIMMY

Sort of. Streetwalker he hooked up with. They got a house, a dog...

BANKS

Guy thinks he's Ward Cleaver now?

JIMMY

I guess. She ain't seen him in a week. She's worried.

BANKS

That makes two of us. You bump into him, have him get with me.

Just then, the alarm on Jimmy's digital watch SOUNDS. He drops down and starts doing pushups. Banks raises an eyebrow.

BANKS (CONT'D)

The fuck are you doing now?

JIMMY

I try to do eight hundred a day.
Fifty, every hour on the hour.

BANKS

You training for the Olympics or
something?

Banks looks a little closer and gets his answer--

Jimmy's desk has been converted into a COMMAND CENTER. A physical record of years spent hunting for Vitale Romanovski.

Photographs and articles from Russian newspapers are meticulously noted. A map of the world has dozens of PUSH PINS marking countries where Jimmy's tracked Vitale.

Banks takes all this in. Jimmy is simply *obsessed*...

BANKS (CONT'D)

God damn it, Jim. Vitale is *dead*.
You need to knock this shit off.

Jimmy ignores him, but Banks isn't stopping.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Ruining your own career is one thing, but you torpedoed a major Federal case and stuck Ramirez and Harris with the bill. They're good cops, man. And you played them.

JIMMY

I couldn't get on that ship without them. Even if I did, the Chinks would have strung me up on deck.

BANKS

Yeah? Was it worth setting their careers back a couple of years?

JIMMY

That girl's daddy is the Deputy Chief of Police. They'll land on their feet. Anyway, fuck those guys. And fuck you too.

BANKS

That's right, Jimmy. Fuck everyone. All that matters is this lunatic suicide mission of yours. You're pushin' away the last two guys who still give a shit. Me and Carl are--

JIMMY

--Carl never did shit for me.

BANKS

Who you think kept you outta jail
the other night? It sure as shit
wasn't me. Fuck, I told him to let
your ass rot.

Just then, a small, awkward man, BILL (20s, blonde hair, blue eyes), steps onto the boat. Jimmy and Banks don't see him.

BANKS (CONT'D)

So pull your head outta your ass
and think about somebody else for a
change, you selfish piece of--

Bill clears his throat. Jimmy and Banks finally notice him.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Shit, man. You ain't worth it.

Banks storms out and a livid Jimmy turns toward Bill.

BILL

You Jimmy Marino?

JIMMY

Who's askin'?

BILL

I'm looking to hire a PI. I need to
find someone...

(gets a whiff of him)

Are you drunk?

JIMMY

Not yet.

Jimmy grabs what's left of his Stoli and downs it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You got cash?

BILL

At my apartment.

JIMMY

Then off we go. You're driving.

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The room is sparse. Some furniture, but no television. No computer. Jimmy sits on the couch, inspecting a PHOTO of a beautiful Russian woman (we'll come to know her as ILEANA).

Bill's counting some money.

BILL

So, I've got about two thousand here. It's all I have left. But--

JIMMY

--Let me guess, she disappears and the big ticket items go with her.

Bill reluctantly nods. Jimmy sighs, it's so obvious to him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I see it all the time. Half of these mail order brides are mobbed-up. They come in and take you for all they can. Before a missing persons report's filed, they're on a plane to Moscow, or back with whoever whored them out. I could really use a paycheck, but I don't want to waste your time. Keep your money. Try again.

BILL

No way. Not Ileana. She loved me.

There's purity in Bill's words, he's emotional, teary. He eyes the WEDDING RING, still on Jimmy's finger.

BILL (CONT'D)

I sit in front of a computer screen eighty hours a week. The only thing that gets me through the day is knowing I get to come home to her. You're married, Jimmy. You must understand.

They lock eyes. Jimmy's genuinely affected. He looks back down to the picture. Dark hair. Blue eyes. She *really* resembles Cathy. It almost makes him shiver.

JIMMY

This is a recent picture?

BILL

Very. Dark hair. Blue eyes. And her laugh.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)
You'll know it when you hear it.
Jimmy, I've asked around. You know
the world. They say you're the only
one who can help me...

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL SUITE - EVENING

Suitcases are strewn about, half-unpacked. Take-out food containers spill out of the garbage can. By the looks of things, somebody has been living here for quite a while.

We find Carl, standing in front of a full-length mirror, putting the finishing touches on his immaculate black tuxedo. He smiles proudly. *Damn he looks good.*

He finally turns and eyes the HOT NAKED WOMAN (29) sleeping in the bed. He nudges her awake.

CARL
Hey... Dana...

The Naked Woman stirs, annoyed.

NAKED WOMAN
My name's Jennifer...

CARL
Yeah. Uh. Listen... I gotta split.

NAKED WOMAN
Cool. I'll grab a shower, show
myself out.

CARL
Nah, I need you out now.

She stares back at him. *Are you serious?* He clearly is. She rips up in a huff and starts throwing her clothes on.

A KNOCK at the door. Carl hurries over.

CARL (CONT'D)
What part of *Por favor de no
molestar* don't you understand?

Carl rips the door open, expecting to find the Cleaning Lady. Instead he finds...a VENICE MEATHEAD (30).

VENICE MEATHEAD
You Carl Morris?

Carl sinks. He knows what this is about. He nods. The Venice Meathead hands him a LARGE YELLOW ENVELOPE.

VENICE MEATHEAD (CONT'D)
You've been served, bro.

The Meathead saunters off. Just then, the now-clothed Woman (Jennifer) pushes past Carl and stomps out of the room.

JENNIFER
Fucking dickhead!

Salt in the wound. Carl closes the door and slumps down on the bed. He eyes the Yellow Envelope with a heavy heart.

EXT. ALL AMERICAN TEXTILES - NIGHT

A dirty old warehouse. The sign is written in both English and Cyrillic. A giant American flag waves majestically above the door. Jimmy heads inside.

INT. ALL AMERICAN TEXTILES - CONTINUOUS

A DOZEN GEORGIAN WOMEN sit at sewing machines, working their fingers to the bone. A stern RUSSIAN MAN supervises, walking the aisles, peeking over their shoulders.

Jimmy approaches the GIANT RUSSIAN guarding a rusty iron door on the back wall. The behemoth grips an AK-47 and sports a Kevlar flack jacket with a red "C.C.C.P." logo on the front.

He pats Jimmy down, checking for weapons.

INT. YURI'S BACKROOM CLUB - CONTINUOUS

A house-music mix of Cher's *Believe* pulls Jimmy through a dark, narrow hallway and into the spirited drunken melee that is YURI'S BACK ROOM CLUB.

In one section, STRIPPERS work the poles and suck up dollar bills. In another, a sea of grizzled old RUSSIAN MEN rot at card tables, chewing on cigars and downing cheap vodka.

As Jimmy approaches the bar, heads turn. Most all of the patrons are eye-fucking him. Jimmy tries to play it cool.

The Russian bartender, ALEXEI (30) approaches, SHOTGUN hanging from a strap around his neck.

JIMMY
Lotta new firepower...

Now, Alexei's eye-fucking him. Jimmy just can't win.

ALEXEI
Armos are stockpiling weapons. When they come, we'll be ready.

JIMMY
Where's Yuri?

Alexei points to the rather raucous crowd spilling out of a BACK ROOM. Jimmy smiles knowingly.

BACK ROOM

Jimmy enters. A crazy-eyed Russian, YURI (40s), is working the crowd. He's short, but absolutely *ripped*. It looks like he was carved out of stone. He's covered in tattoos. Stars on his knees. Spades on his chest. A giant cobweb on his back.

YURI
Who's next?!

The biggest and baddest RUSSIAN in the room steps forward and ponies up a hundred dollar bill.

He and Yuri hold their arms up and press them together, so they are joined from wrist to elbow. After a beat, another RUSSIAN approaches. He takes the HUGE LIT CIGAR from his mouth and drops it into the crevice between their two arms.

The two men sit there, the cigarette burning the flesh from their arms. Yuri smiles. He's *enjoying* the pain. The same cannot be said for his competitor. Eventually, the pain is overwhelming and he rips his arm away.

Yuri's won this game of chicken. He throws his arms up in victory and pockets the man's money. The crowd goes berserk.

YURI (CONT'D)
When will you boys learn?! Ice
water runs through these veins!!!

Yuri finally notices Jimmy. The crowd goes completely silent.

YURI (CONT'D)
You got balls of steel, rolling in
here after that shit you pulled.

Jimmy rolls his eyes.

YURI (CONT'D)
Don't roll your eyes at me. That
was three and a half million in
product. Armos greenlit you. You're
lucky one'a these ghouls doesn't
take a shot at you. Shit, you're
lucky I don't take a shot at you.

Jimmy looks around. A lot of mean looking Russian guys want a piece of him. Maybe this wasn't the best idea...

JIMMY

I need a favor. Some info.

YURI

(scoffs)

Of course you do. But you've used up your freebies. You want a favor, you gotta beat me.

Jimmy didn't expect this. The crowd watches him intently, hoping he agrees to the challenge. A beat. And then--

Fuck it. Jimmy rolls up his sleeves! The crowd goes WILD!

Jimmy and Yuri hold their arms up and press them together. That same RUSSIAN drops another GIANT LIT CIGAR into the crevice between their arms and...

The two men stand, the cigar charring their arms. But neither budges. Neither shows any sign that they are in any pain at all. This could go on for a *while...*

INT. YURI'S BACK ROOM CLUB - OFFICE - LATER

Jimmy and Yuri tend to their burns, grimacing.

JIMMY

You know who came at me last night?

YURI

Some Armo who lost product? Some Russian made to pay the bill? Maybe some nigger or chink with nothing to sell? But you're still in one piece. Systema lessons worked, huh? You fight like a Russian now.

Jimmy hands over the picture of Ileana that Bill gave him.

JIMMY

Where can I find her?

YURI

Ha! The new girl! My cousin, he says she screams like banshee.

JIMMY

A week ago she was some mope's mail order bride.

YURI

For ten grand I can get him new girl. A better girl. Virgin maybe.

JIMMY

Yeah, well... He loves her.

YURI

You Americans and your love. You are dogs to your women.

JIMMY

Go fuck yourself, Yuri.

Yuri shakes his head, *pathetic*.

YURI

She works at *the Sputnik*. But I wouldn't walk in there if I were you...

Jimmy bites his lip. This is gonna be difficult...

JIMMY

You can't make a call?

YURI

What's Romeo paying you?

JIMMY

A grand.

Remember Bill paid him TWO thousand. Yuri smirks.

YURI

I want *half*.

Jimmy GROANS, then reluctantly throws a \$500 down on the desk. Yuri counts it with a devilish smile.

YURI (CONT'D)

Big to-do tonight. A lot of angry, powerful people gettin' together.

New fans of yours. Watch your back.

(a beat)

I'll be there later. Maybe we get ourselves a coupl'a girls, see if you can fuck like a Russian too.

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

The place is packed with distinguished Angelenos dressed to the nines. A banner reads: *Los Angeles Police Association's Man of the Year*.

We find Carl sitting across from the BARTENDER, downing a glass of scotch. He stares intently across the room, watching a strong and sexy Latina, ROSA (40s), work the room.

BARTENDER

Another one?

CARL

Shit's free, ain't it?

The Bartender pours. Carl drops a ten into the tip jar.

BARTENDER

Who's the broad?

CARL

My wife.

BARTENDER

(takes another look)

He know that?

Carl turns back around to see Banks whispering in Rosa's ear. She laughs and then tenderly rests a hand on his shoulder. A nice, intimate gesture. It turns Carl's stomach. He downs his scotch and slams the glass back down on the bar.

CARL

Pour.

EXT. THE SPUTNIK - NIGHT

New ethnic neighborhood. New hole-in-the-wall bar. *Support our Troops!* ribbons are proudly displayed in the window.

As Jimmy enters, we pan across the street to reveal--

A SHADOWY FIGURE, wearing an OXYGEN MASK, intently watches him from the safety of a BMW Seven Series.

INT. THE SPUTNIK - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The RUSSIAN DOORMAN pats Jimmy down and waves him in.

INT. THE SPUTNIK - BAR - NIGHT

A party is in full swing. Businessmen and Russian mobster types frolic with scantily-clad, beaten-down young girls. *N'SYNC's Bye, Bye Bye* blares over the speakers.

A MAN watches, wide-eyed as the HOOKER on his lap exposes her breast and plays with her extremely long nipple. Two RUSSIAN JOHNS laugh their asses off, taking turns slapping another HOOKER's plump ass.

Jimmy enters and again, all eyes fall upon him. Stares of death. Against his better judgement, he heads for the bar.

The scarfaced bartender, NIKOLAY (35), approaches.

JIMMY
Budweiser.

Jimmy scans the crowd, recognizing most all of his admirers.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Yuri wasn't joking. Lotta players
in here. What's the occasion?

NIKOLAY
(handing the beer over)
We don't ask questions here. We
just like party.

Just then, a creepy RUSSIAN BOY with a ponytail and a HAIR-LIP, enters. He makes a bee-line for the bar.

The Boy hands Nikolay a thin strip of red paper (one of the same fortune cookie-like strips the police found in Garo's home) and then quickly exits the building.

Nikolay heads into the BACK OFFICE and uses a RUSSIAN CHILDREN'S DECODER RING to translate the message on the strip of paper.

Jimmy watches this closely (through a crack in the door) until something distracts him. A BOISTEROUS FEMALE LAUGH--

It's ILEANA (30). Bill's girl. The rest of these women look like they've been rode hard and put away wet, but not Ileana. She just glows. And *man* does she look like Cathy...

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)
You want girl?

Jimmy turns to see Nikolay. He's back, holding the red strip of paper to a LIGHTER'S FLAME.

He drops the singed remnant into an ASHTRAY on the bar...an ashtray full of singed remnants.

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)
You come for fuck, no?

JIMMY
I want *her*.

Jimmy points to Ileana. Nikolay waves her over.

NIKOLAY
Four hundred.

Jimmy reluctantly hands the \$400 over. And Nikolay slips him a small, colorful RUSSIAN TOKEN.

INT. THE SPUTNIK - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Ileana drags Jimmy (beer-in-hand) up the stairs. Sounds of coital ecstasy pour from the hallway.

The MADAME approaches and holds out her hand.

MADAME (RUSSIAN ACCENT)
Your token?

Jimmy hands over the colorful Russian TOKEN the Bartender gave him.

MADAME (CONT'D)
Room seven.

INT. THE SPUTNIK - UPSTAIRS - ROOM 7 - MOMENTS LATER

Lit CANDLES create a romantic mood. Jimmy opens his mouth to speak, but Ileana jams her tongue in it. He fights her at first, but she's too good a kisser. He quickly surrenders.

She yanks his shirt off and his pants down. She pulls a condom and pops it in her mouth. Girl's a real pro...

As she heads in, Jimmy chugs his beer. She's down there working for a good couple of beats, but nothing's happening. She finally looks up, frustrated and confused.

ILEANA
You need the Viagra?

JIMMY
Shit, I can't do this.

Jimmy staggers to his feet, pulls his tighty-whiteys up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I'm a private investigator. Your husband sent me to bring you back.

ILEANA
(confused)
Husband?

Suddenly -- RAT-A-TAT-TAT! A Machine Gun ROARS from the hallway. A woman SCREAMS!

Ileana is terrified, starting to panic. Jimmy sobers instantly. He puts his finger over his lips, *Shhh...*

JIMMY
Get down. They're here for me.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! More shots. More screams. Closer now--

Ileana finally snaps. She sprints out into the hallway, destined for an exit door. Jimmy lunges for her, to no avail.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Ileana! NO!!!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! She is cut to pieces right in front of him. Jimmy is devastated.

He takes a beat to pull himself back together, then he cautiously peeks his head into the hallway.

HALLWAY

Jimmy's POV: TWO MASKED GUNMEN move to cut down a pack of JOHNS in the hallway. RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

OTHERS go room to room, kicking open doors, unloading their AK-47s on anything that moves. RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

ROOM 7

Jimmy spins back inside. They'll be here soon! His eyes dart frantically around the room, searching for a weapon, but nothing seems to fit the bill.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! More SCREAMING! Glass breaking!

Jimmy, still wearing only his tighty-whiteys, picks his BELT up off of the ground...

HALLWAY

The Gunman methodically moves on to Room 7. The door is already open here. It doesn't appear to be occupied. Just to be sure, he steps inside--

ROOM 7

--WHAM!!!! Jimmy HAMMERS the Gunman with his bare foot. The AK-47 flies from his hand.

In an instant, Jimmy's behind the Gunman, his belt wrapped around the man's neck, choking him.

WHAM! WHAM! The Gunman drives his elbows into Jimmy's ribs, but it just makes him angrier, stronger. Seconds away from unconsciousness, the Gunman is barely able to speak--

GUNMAN
(in Russian)
Fool. Your days are numbered.

Suddenly, TWO MORE GUNMEN charge into the room. One of them clubs Jimmy in the back with his rifle.

Jimmy loses hold of the belt and the original Gunman crashes to the ground, gasping for air.

The two new Gunmen set upon Jimmy and start kicking and punching, but he's able to fight them off. Yuri was right. He's become quite the SYSTEMA (Russian Martial art) master. Amid the chaos, the candles get knocked over and THE BED CATCHES FIRE.

The third Gunman finally joins the melee and Jimmy is overpowered. They yank him from the room, just as the fire starts to climb up the curtains.

INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENTS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy is dragged out into the hallway, dazed and confused. A HACKING COUGH steals his attention. He looks up to see--

An OLDER GENTLEMAN in a white suit almost floating down the hallway. He approaches the dead one-by-one and puts a bullet between their eyes. Just to make sure they stay that way...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Then he launches into another violent coughing fit, spitting blood into a handkerchief.

The Older Man finally looks up at our hero with a pair of **PIERCING BLUE EYES**.

Jimmy is completely disarmed. He pales. His jaw drops. His legs go numb. All he can do is stare. He blinks once. Twice. The face is different. But...those eyes. *It's THE GHOST!!!*

Vitale approaches methodically, looks Jimmy dead in the eye.

VITALE
Hello again, James. I've waited a long time for this.

Vitale raises his weapon and presses it to Jimmy's forehead.

Just then, the SPRINKLERS overhead start GUSHING WATER! It distracts Vitale and his goons for just a second, but that's all Jimmy needs.

He kicks the gun from Vitale's hand. He decks one Gunman, then the other.

The third Gunmen turns and opens fire on him: RAT-A-TAT-TAT!
Jimmy dives back into room 7, narrowly escaping bloody death.

ROOM 7

The fire is simply out of control. But Jimmy can hear footsteps nearing. He can feel the Gunmen closing in.

He only has a second or two to react. *Screw it.* In the blink of an eye, he's running full-speed into the fire!

The Gunmen round the corner and open up: RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

Jimmy LEAPS THROUGH THE FUCKING WINDOW!!!

EXT. THE SPUTNIK - NIGHT

Jimmy CRASHES to the pavement, just as an LAPD SQUAD CAR SCREECHES to a halt outside the club...

He lays there, half-naked...amid a heap of broken glass, burnt, bleeding, wheezing. This guy is in terrible shape.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS approach, guns drawn. But once they see the state Jimmy's in, they lower their weapons.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
Call an ambulance...

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Rosa takes the podium to address the crowd.

ROSA
When Lt. Howard Banks and I founded the Wilshire District Reserve Officer program, my goal was simple: reduce gang activity in my district. But Howard's plan was brilliant: Deputize and train concerned, law-abiding citizens in high risk areas. Work together with the community to combat the plague.

A round of applause.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Lt. Banks didn't just hand these citizens a badge and an idle promise. He handed them empowerment, the means to take back what's theirs.

Another roar from the crowd.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Here he is, the Los Angeles Police
Association's *Man of the Year*...Lt.
Howard Banks.

Banks takes the stage. Everyone is clapping, going crazy.
Everyone except for--

CARL. He's *drunk*. The only thing his hands are doing is
bringing another glass of scotch to his lips. Detective
Rogers approaches.

ROGERS
Sir, the station's called
twice...they say it's urgent.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ramirez peers into an EXAMINATION ROOM where a DOCTOR slams
Jimmy's shoulder back into socket. It's a borderline gruesome
sight, but it doesn't seem to bother Harris. She's ready to
march right in, ready to tear Jimmy apart, but--

A NURSE (60s, stern) blocks her path.

NURSE
The Doctor doesn't think he's up to
it just yet. He needs rest.

HARRIS
Listen, Grandma. We got a massacre
on our hands. That douchebag's the
only one who walked outta that
brothel alive. He's not getting a
fucking nap. Tell the doctor to rub
some dirt on that shit and get
outta my way.

The red-faced Nurse stomps into the examination room. Ramirez
shakes his head, pensive.

RAMIREZ
We should wait for the Captain...

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy looks awful. His face battered. His hospital gown
stained with blood. He winces as the Doctor patches up his
broken ribs. Ramirez and Harris are not sympathetic.

HARRIS

What the fuck were you doing in
that brothel, Marino?

JIMMY

I wanted a hand job. And you had
your phone turned off.

HARRIS

Shit. Your flaccid-ass ain't had
wood since Clinton was is office.

RAMIREZ

You're not gonna fuck us over
again. We're still paying the bill
for that nonsense down at the port.

HARRIS

Traffic duty. Desk work. Things
heat up, the Captain sits us in a
corner with a dunce cap on.

JIMMY

Yeah? Well, give Daddy a call. I'm
sure he'll set things straight.

Jimmy's touched a nerve here. Harris almost smacks him in the face. Ramirez has to hold her back.

The Doctor finishes up. Jimmy pulls him close.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Can I get a little Vicodin?

The Doctor shakes his head and reluctantly writes a prescription. Harris gets up in Jimmy's face.

HARRIS

Look, this was big time. Some major
Ruski honchos ate lead tonight.

RAMIREZ

Word is the Armos were going to
give them a chance to make things
right. What changed?

JIMMY

The gunmen weren't Armenian.

HARRIS

Bullshit. Why where you in that
brothel, Jimmy? What aren't you
telling us?

Just then, Carl enters. He's livid. Ramirez tightens up. Harris rolls her eyes. She knows this interrogation is over.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carl with Ramirez and Harris.

HARRIS

He should be in jail. Scumbag PI.
Wash-out cop. Why do you and the
Lieutenant insist on holding his
fucking hand?

Carl gets in Harris' face.

CARL

--You gonna question me, Detective?

HARRIS

No, sir. I just--

CARL

--You're too young. You don't know.
And I don't have the time or
inclination to explain it to you.
All you need to know is as long as
I'm in charge, he's off limits.

Harris reluctantly relents.

RAMIREZ

We're just trying to get to the
bottom of this thing, sir. We want
back in the game.

CARL

Yeah. Well, trust me. Marino's a
dead end. You want off the leash?
Then get out there and shake some
trees. Armenians hit the Russians.
Sure as shit the Russians are gonna
hit back. Let's see if we can cool
things down a bit.

Ramirez and Harris head off. Carl looks back into the examination room and sees Jimmy preparing to leave.

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy, his arm now in a sling, is struggling to get a coat on. Carl enters and tries to help him out. Jimmy pulls away.

JIMMY

I don't need your help.

Jimmy finally just throws the jacket across the room.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I don't need you and Banks hiding
around corners, pulling strings
every time I get into a little
trouble.

CARL
A little trouble?

JIMMY
You heard me. I'm no charity case.

CARL
That was a God damn *massacre*. And
you were thrown out a window, half
naked.

JIMMY
Thrown?! Fuck that. I *jumped*.

CARL
Either way, it sounds like BIG
trouble to me. Sounds like you need
all the *charity* you can get.
(a beat)
What the hell you still doin' in
the middle of this Russian/Armenian
bullshit anyway? You're gonna get
yourself killed.

JIMMY
I told Cagney and Lacey. Gunmen
weren't Armos. Guy spoke to me in
perfect Russian.

CARL
Guys were using Nazarian's weapons.
Same shit we seized this morning.

JIMMY
Word around the campfire is Garo
ain't supplying the Armenians no
more. He's dealing to someone else.

Carl rolls his eyes, skeptical.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Romanovski's here, Carl. I saw him
with my own eyes. He put a gun to
my head.

CARL

Jesus, man. You're fucking certifiable. Pension entitles you to psychiatric help. Do us all a favor and go get some.

JIMMY

Just hear me out--

CARL

--Vitale is dead, Jimmy. Three Agencies confirmed it.

JIMMY

I went to Lensk. There was no body.

CARL

Man, you've been seein' Ghosts, crying Wolf for too damn long. I'm done listening.

JIMMY

You quit listening a long time ago. To anything outside of what your wife tells you, anyway.

Carl's eyes flash with anger. He gets up in Jimmy's face. Jimmy doesn't even flinch. Carl's had it.

CARL

I'm done with you.

Carl heads for the door.

JIMMY

The writing is on the wall here. Romanovski's back and this is only the beginning.

INT. ALL AMERICAN TEXTILES - NIGHT

The sewing operation has shut down for the night. Jimmy walks through the eerily quiet factory floor.

He approaches the iron door on the back wall. No guard...

INT. YURI'S BACK ROOM CLUB - CONTINUOUS

No music this time around. No whores. No scumbags. Just Yuri and his GOONS (including Alexei) gearing up for war.

Yuri takes a KEVLAR VEST out of a U.S.S.R-labeled CRATE and puts it on. Jimmy limps around the room, right on his heels.

JIMMY

I was at the Sputnik, Yuri. Those guys were *Russian*, not Armenian.

Yuri racks the barrel of his shotgun.

YURI

My cousin is dead, Jimmy. And if they'd come an hour later, I'd be dead too. Those men were not Russian. Believe me.

JIMMY

It was Romanovski. I saw him.

Alexei laughs out loud. The other Goons follow suit. Jimmy is nothing more than a bad joke to them. It embarrasses Yuri.

YURI

Not again, Jimmy. Not now.

JIMMY

The cops are looking for you to hit back. They'll be all over you.

YURI

Cops? We don't worry about cops.

Jimmy sighs, there's no stopping Yuri now. His soldiers start piling out the door, armed to the teeth, one after the other.

YURI (CONT'D)

Things will get ugly, friend. Keep your head down.

As Yuri and his crew exit, Jimmy walks over to the crate of Kevlar vests. He takes hold of one and--

INT. POLICE STATION - CARL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Carl is at his desk, pouring over crime scene photos from the Brothel. Banks enters. Carl doesn't look up.

BANKS

Burnin' the midnight oil?

CARL

Tryin' to make sense of this shit.

BANKS

Three and a half million is a lot of coin. Makes perfect sense to me. You take from me. I take from you.

CARL

I just don't like the timing. The scope...

BANKS

If you wanna see the conspiracy badly enough, you will. But the truth? It ain't there. Jimmy's holdin' onto a memory for dear life. You can't get sucked in. You can't validate his delusion.

That settles it. Carl's done. He puts the photos away.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Heard you got the papers today.
Wanted to make sure you were okay.

Carl takes a beat, then looks up at Banks, fire in his eyes.

CARL

The papers...
(takes a deep breath)
Are you redoing my den, Howard?

BANKS

Carl, I--

CARL

--Neighbor said he's seen trucks at the house all week. Furniture comin' in and out.

BANKS

What do you want from me, man?

CARL

I want to know why you've moved in, why you're re-doing my God damn den when *the papers* aren't even signed?

Banks is speechless. Carl looks him squarely in the eye.

CARL (CONT'D)

I told you when you started fucking her, keep that shit outta this house. In here, you're my Lieutenant and there's nothing I can do about that. But we're *not* friends anymore, so lose the act.

INT. FLAMINGOS BAR - NIGHT

To call this a *dive* would be a compliment. Sticky floors. Low lighting. Dirty tables. However, it seems to suit the clientele, mostly shady-looking Russian ex-pats, just fine.

A wildly intoxicated Jimmy stares defiantly down at a PHOTOGRAPH. VITALE ROMANOVSKI's bullet-ridden corpse.

Just then, the alarm on Jimmy's digital watch SOUNDS. He slides off of his stool and starts doing pushups right in the middle of the bar.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - KITCHEN - MORNING

A heavy-set PRISONER works kitchen-duty. He places a small plastic BAGGIE inside an empty bowl and smothers it with a ladle of oatmeal.

He looks over to the door and locks eyes with the GUARD...

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - MAXIMUM SECURITY WING - LATER

The Guard takes the bowl of oatmeal from a FOOD CART and approaches a CELL, peeking inside...

INT. PRISON - CELL - CONTINUOUS

...where a massive, shirtless MAN barrels through his own set of push-ups. His long hair falls over his face, obscuring his identity, until... A KNOCK at the door.

The man rises to his feet and we finally get look at him. Rippling muscles, twenty-two inch neck, thick-graying beard. And a SCAR on his CHEST. An OLD BULLET WOUND.

His entire body is covered in tattoos. A cross on his chest. A tiger on each arm. Stalin's ugly mug over his heart. And a star on each knee. No doubt about it now--

This is THE WOLF, IVAN ROMANOVSKI. Well into his forties now, the hard-time has only made him stronger and more imposing.

The Guard slides the oatmeal through the slot in the door.

Ivan fishes the baggie out of the bowl. Inside he finds--

An all-too-familiar THIN STRIP OF RED PAPER! He pulls a RUSSIAN CHILDREN'S DECODER RING from under his mattress and works the dial. He deciphers the message and smiles.

EXT. CIGARETTE HOUSE - LITTLE ARMENIA - EARLY MORNING

A one-room Armenian Pre-School. This harmless, even hopeful setting contrasts sharply with what sits next door--

An Armenian mafia contraband house. Shot to shit. A war zone.

A crowd of ARMENIAN LOCALS is gathering. They're angry, SHOUTING at the Police. Demanding answers. Demanding justice.

Carl weaves through the crowd, careful to avoid the FEMALE REPORTER setting up for a shot with her CAMERAMAN. Banks and Harris approach.

BANKS

Five dead Armenians. Soldiers.
Bosses. Even a kid...

CARL

Right next to a school no less...

HARRIS

A street full of purple-haireds
watch it go down, yet no one can
tell us a God damned thing.

BANKS

Cultural amnesia. Get used to it.

Carl eyes the crowd of angry Armenian locals wearily. Banks pulls him close.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Hate to say I told you so, but,
even the talking heads are wise.

He motions to the Female Reporter, now rushing over...

FEMALE REPORTER

Captain Morris! Is it safe to
assume this was Russian retaliation
for last night's brothel massacre?

Harris steps up and escorts the reporter away. The crowd is really starting to get belligerent. They're SCREAMING now. Wide-eyed and angry. Things are coming to a boil here.

Ramirez approaches, looks like he's got more bad news...

RAMIREZ

Armos just hit back. Russian bakery
on Fairfax. Two dead.

CARL

I need to get with Armen. Have him
put the brakes on. This shit is
gettin' out of hand.

EXT. BILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jimmy, hungover and sleep-deprived, takes a swig from a brown-bagged tallboy of Steel Reserve. As he limps toward the building's entrance, something steals his attention--

Through the reflection in the apartment window, he notices a SILVER BMW 7 Series with a couple of shady-looking characters inside. It creeps past him, then parks down the block.

He's so focused on the car that he almost gets run over by--
A BLACK KID on a bicycle!

BLACK KID

Hey fool! Watch where you goin'!

The bike skids to a halt. Sensing an opportunity, Jimmy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a five dollar bill.

JIMMY

There's a silver BMW, 'bout half a
block down. It's been following me.
I need a plate number.

BLACK KID

Nigga, you drunk! And you stink!

He starts to pedal away. Jimmy sighs and pulls out a ten.

JIMMY

How about a Hamilton? That change
things?

BLACK KID

You make it a Jackson, we cool.

Jimmy groans. He takes out a twenty and rips it in half.

BLACK KID (CONT'D)

Hey man, whatch'you doing?!

Jimmy hands one half of the twenty to the Black Kid.

JIMMY

Get me the plate number and the
rest is yours.

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Jimmy steps out of the elevator and into the hallway. He approaches Bill's door and notices--

It's CRACKED OPEN. Jimmy pulls his PATPARINE 9.2MM (the most powerful Russian-made hand gun). He pushes the door open and braces himself for the worst--

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

WHOOSH! Jimmy's head is immediately covered in a black cloth bag! And we're enveloped in darkness along with him. Then--

BOOM! Jimmy's Patparine FIRES! A male voice SCREAMS in agony. He rips the bag off his head, and sees--

A WOUNDED RUSSIAN GUNMAN writhing on the ground, howling in pain. Bleeding profusely. Then--

WHACK! ANOTHER MASSIVE RUSSIAN kicks Jimmy in the face! Jimmy drops his gun and stumbles back...

The Russian is on him instantly, delivering one devastating kick after another. Putting on one hell of a Systema display. He tosses the cloth bag back to Jimmy.

RUSSIAN (IN RUSSIAN)
Put it on. You're coming with me.

Jimmy isn't having it. He tosses the bag away and kicks the Russian right in the testes. The behemoth drops to his knees.

Now, it's Jimmy's turn. He pummels his opponent with a barrage of kicks and punches. But the Russian is quickly back to his feet. He lowers his head and charges at Jimmy. Then--

Jimmy SIDESTEPS him and uses the Russian's weight and momentum to send him FLYING OUT THE FIFTH STORY WINDOW!!!

EXT. BILL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Russian falls five stories, SCREAMING the whole way down. He crashes through the roof of a PARKED CAR. Metal twisting. Alarm sounding. Glass spraying in all directions.

Jimmy stumbles out, in bad shape, still on high alert. He peers down the block, where the BMW was parked--

But the car is GONE. Nowhere to be found. The Black Kid approaches, checking out the dead Russian.

BLACK KID
Damn! You fucked him up *real* good.

The Black Kid's got the plate number. Jimmy tries to take it, but he pulls it away.

BLACK KID (CONT'D)
The twenty, nigga.

Nearby, tires SQUEAL! Jimmy looks up to see...THE BMW SPEEDING TOWARD THEM!

Jimmy pushes the Black Kid to the ground, and FIRES his gun-- BOOM! He gets one shot off before the GUNMAN inside raises his AK-47: RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

Two quick BLASTS from the rifle. Jimmy goes down. The BMW SQUEALS off!

Jimmy lays on the ground, MOANING in pain. The Black Kid gets up, unharmed and surprisingly unfazed. He snatches the other half of the twenty from Jimmy's pocket, replacing it with the plate number and then he disappears down the street...

INT. MIKHAIL'S RUSSIAN & TURKISH BATHS - THE WARM ROOM - DAY

A couple of naked Russian BATHERS enjoy the continuous flow of hot dry air, which allows them to perspire freely.

A beat and Yuri enters, Alexei and another GOON behind him.

INT. MIKHAIL'S RUSSIAN & TURKISH BATHS - BACK ROOM - DAY

Jimmy's getting stitched up by a sweaty RUSSIAN DOCTOR, reflector on his head, blood stains on his white jacket.

Jimmy pops a Vicodin and washes it down with a swig of vodka. The Doctor snatches the bottle away.

DOCTOR
Bad for you. No drink with those.

Jimmy GAGS, almost vomits. Doctor wasn't kiddin'.

Across the room, Yuri inspects a CCCP-labeled Kevlar vest. Two gaping bullet holes where Jimmy was shot. He shakes his head, looks back at Jimmy. *Close call.*

JIMMY
You bring me flowers?

Yuri shoots the Doctor a look and motions to the door. The Doctor excuses himself immediately. Yuri turns to Jimmy, his look severe.

YURI

They have my family. In Russia. I must go to them.

JIMMY

Romanovski.

YURI

I owe you an apology. You were right.

Jimmy's heart starts to race.

JIMMY

Why now?

YURI

I was hoping you could tell me.

Jimmy is at a loss. Yuri expected as much.

YURI (CONT'D)

You're the closest thing I have to a friend in this country. I fly out of Santa Monica tonight. Come with me.

JIMMY

I'm not going anywhere.

YURI

Vitale will kill everyone, Jimmy. Just like last time. I know you've been waiting for this. But trust me. You can't win here. You won't.

Jimmy notices something new in his old friend. *Fear.*

INT. POLICE STATION - CARL'S OFFICE - DAY

A PINK SHIRT-clad Carl is on the phone. His secretary, PHYLLIS, walks in, upset.

PHYLLIS

I told him you were busy, but--

Jimmy limps in behind her. White. Ghastly. Beat all to hell.

JIMMY

Nice shirt...

Carl quickly hangs up. He looks Jimmy up and down.

CARL

Jesus, man. I heard you were dead.

JIMMY

*Yuri Petrov's headed back to Moscow
with his tail between his legs.*

Carl knows where he's going and he doesn't want to hear it.

CARL

*Don't come to me with more
bullshit. I don't have the time.*

JIMMY

I need you to run a plate for me.

Carl LAUGHS like this is an absurd request.

CARL

*I got a gang war, seems to get
worse by the minute. Got a call
from the Mayor today, Jimbo. And it
wasn't to congratulate me for
keeping the town quiet all these
years. After that ATF fiasco, my
job's on the line. I can't get
sucked into another one of your
fits of craziness. I need you outta
my way. If I have to lock your ass
up, I'll do it.*

Jimmy looks stung. Carl reaches into his wallet and tosses a twenty on the table. A peace offering.

CARL (CONT'D)

*Go get yourself drunk. Just keep
your head down, let me handle this.*

Jimmy looks to Carl with angry eyes.

JIMMY

*This is the last favor I'll ask. No
more stories. No more bailouts.*

Carl grudgingly takes the plate number from Jimmy and inspects it.

CARL

Seven Series?

JIMMY

Yeah. Brand new.

Carl consults a DOCUMENT on his desk.

CARL
I'll be damned...

Jimmy's not following.

CARL (CONT'D)
A load of Beamers were ripped from
a truck a few weeks back. Found a
coupl'a them at Nazarian's house.
Souped-up. VINs changed. Along with
a batch of bogus sequential plates.
This is one of the ones that was
missing...

Carl knows exactly what Jimmy is thinking.

CARL (CONT'D)
I know that look, Jimmy. You're not
in the game anymore. Shit, it's a
miracle you ain't dead. Count your
blessings. Sit this one out. My
boys'll run this down.

Jimmy rolls his eyes. Carl's had it.

CARL (CONT'D)
Fine. Gimme your piece.

JIMMY
What? Why?

CARL
This ain't a God damned discussion.
Hand it over. Now.

Reluctantly, Jimmy hands Carl his Patparine 9.2mm.

CARL (CONT'D)
Your spare too, Jim. Don't make me
search your ass.

Jimmy pulls a .38 from an ankle-holster and hands it over.

JIMMY
You're an asshole...

Jimmy snags the twenty from Carl's desk and then stomps out.
As soon as he's gone, Ramirez and Harris enter.

CARL
I want you two glued to his ass. He
goes anywhere but a bar, drag him
right back here. I don't care if
he's kicking and screaming.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

A frustrated Ramirez and Harris covertly watch as Jimmy paces apprehensively outside a BAR. He's all-cleaned up, wearing a tight tank top to show off his muscles.

RAMIREZ
City's on fire and we're stuck
babysitting a bum.

Something's clearly bothering Harris. It finally hits her.

HARRIS
That's a god damned fag bar.

RAMIREZ
(laughs)
What?

HARRIS
Christ, I never would'a figured.
What a shame...

Ramirez tries to pretend the comment doesn't bother him.

INT. ANOTHER BAR - CONTINUOUS

The bar is full of MEN. Madonna's *Like a Prayer*, plays on the speakers. Harris wasn't kidding...

Jimmy enters. The PATRONS eye him *ravenously*. Fresh meat.

Jimmy sits down next to his mark, WANG (20s). A real dainty Chinese guy. Meticulously quaffed hair. Long finger nails. Form-fitting jeans.

Jimmy hands Carl's twenty to the BARTENDER.

JIMMY
Gimme a Bud. And let me buy a drink
for my man here.

Wang smiles wryly. He and Jimmy lock eyes. Then--

INT. ANOTHER BAR - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A room full of men in red velvet booths, all engaged in furious sexual activity. Wang has Jimmy by the hand, leading him through the melee. They settle on a booth.

Wang slides in next to Jimmy. Close. Jimmy's nervous. It excites Wang. He finally leans in for a kiss. Jimmy takes that as his cue--

He grabs Wang by the neck, choking him. Jimmy figured on scaring this kid, but Wang seems to like it...

WANG
Oh, yeah... Choke me, Daddy.

JIMMY
No, you don't-- I'm not--

Wang is really excited. He starts to play with himself...

WANG
Choke me, Daddy. CHOKE ME!

Jimmy is seriously about to vomit. He finally lets go.

JIMMY
Garo Nazarian had a load of Beamers chopped. You set it up. I need to know who did the work.

WANG
I don't know what you're talking about...

Wang tries to leave. Jimmy shoves him back into the booth.

JIMMY
Look, there are two, maybe three guys who could'a set this up.

WANG
So...go talk to *them*.

JIMMY
You're the only one who smokes cock... Look, I'm not a cop. I'm not here to mess with your business. I just need to know where you sent those BMWs.

WANG
I ain't telling you shit. Garo and I were in love.

Jimmy can't help but laugh. *Oh the irony.*

JIMMY
He died with some other guy's lips wrapped around his dick. You know that, right?

Wang is shocked. He clearly did not know that...

INT. ANOTHER BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Ramirez tries to hold the door open for Harris. Quite a gentleman. She looks at him like he is insane.

HARRIS
No. After you. I insist.

Ramirez reluctantly steps in first, almost squirming. Smelling his fear, the patrons greet him with HOOTS and HOLLERS. Harris rolls her eyes and heads for the Bartender.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Guy in the beater. Where'd he go?

BARTENDER
(winks at Ramirez)
You kiss, I tell...

Ramirez turns bright red. Harris flashes her badge, annoyed.

HARRIS
Slow your roll, princess.

Bartender reluctantly points them toward the back room.

BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ramirez and Harris rush in and run smack dab into a flustered Wang. He knows exactly who they're after.

WANG
He just slipped out the back!

As Ramirez and Harris make for the back door, Wang hightails it out of there...

EXT. ANOTHER BAR - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Ramirez and Harris spill into the alley, guns drawn. But Jimmy is long gone. Carl is gonna have their asses....

HARRIS
GOD DAMN IT!!!

EXT. BUS STOP - SOUTH LOS ANGELES - DAY

Jimmy steps off a CITY BUS. It pulls away, revealing--

RED, WHITE & BLUE AUTO BODY. American flags wave frantically atop the fence posts. A couple of grizzled old LITHUANIANS play Backgammon in a repair bay.

It's quiet, peaceful. Nothing out of the ordinary. Except for the EXPENSIVE SURVEILLANCE CAMERA above the front door.

Jimmy knows he's onto something. He sneaks down the back alley for a better look.

EXT. RED, WHITE & BLUE AUTO BODY - BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy peeks through a hole in the fence. Sitting right there in the parking lot is--

The BMW from the drive-by! The back window has a BULLET lodged in it. *His* bullet. This window, all the windows... They're made of BULLETPROOF GLASS. His heart races.

Just then, a Russian exits the GARAGE. This is SERGEI (35), a bodybuilder-type. He's wearing shorts, so we see the STARS TATTOOED on his knees.

He goes to work on a plain white PICKUP TRUCK, transforming it into an LAPD BEACH PATROL TRUCK in a matter of seconds simply by slapping a couple of DECALS on each side.

ANOTHER MAN steps out of the garage, dragging a MILITARY CRATE behind him--

It's BILL! The man who hired Jimmy to find Ileana. He motions to the BMW.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN)
You leave anything in there?
They're ready to crush it.

SERGEI (IN RUSSIAN)
(shakes his head)
It's windy today.

Bill shrugs, not concerned. He and Sergei finally lift the military crate into the bed of the pickup truck...

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DUSK

A strip mall Jewelry emporium, somewhere on the west side. Carl heads inside.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

A YOUNG ARMENIAN eyes Carl suspiciously.

YOUNG ARMENIAN
No Armen here.

CARL

Don't mess with me, kid. I don't have the time.

Just then, a VOICE from the back room.

VOICE (O.S.)

Is that Captain Carl Morris I hear?! Vahe! Let him back!

INT. JEWELRY STORE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carl enters to find ARMEN (60s) carefully inspecting a RING through the LOUPE, attached to his eye.

ARMEN

The last time you came to me, you were in hot water with the Misses. Picked up one of these babies to cool things off.

(beat)

What'd you do this time?

Carl smirks. Armen's more right than he knows.

ARMEN (CONT'D)

A diamond ring can tame even the toughest of them. We just got some really nice bracelets in from--

CARL

--I can't have anymore blood on the streets, Armen.

Armen sobered. Carl isn't here for more jewelry.

CARL (CONT'D)

I want a word with the big man. I just need a couple of days to straighten--

ARMEN

--You'll have no trouble from our side. A truce has just been arranged.

Carl is floored. A truce?

ARMEN (CONT'D)

But there are others who do not have our experience, Captain. Or our wisdom. There are many yet, who will drown in their own blood.

Before Carl can ask any questions, his cell phone RINGS. He's got to take it.

CARL
Morris.

A beat as Carl takes in some more bad news.

CARL (CONT'D)
The airport?!

EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - DUSK

It's getting late. The tourists are long gone. The HOMELESS are setting up their cardboard beds for the night. Jimmy blends in surprisingly well.

He intently watches the LAPD BEACH PATROL TRUCK. It's parked next to a LIFEGUARD STATION, a foot from the water's edge.

Next to it: Bill fiddles with a WALKIE-TALKIE. Sergei grabs a handful of dry sand, tosses it in the air and watches the wind carry it away.

Suddenly, a shadow falls over Jimmy. Startled, he whips around to see...an ANGRY VAGRANT, armed with a BASEBALL BAT.

ANGRY VAGRANT
You in my spot!

EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Jimmy's on the pay phone, all worked up. It's dark out now.

JIMMY
You're not listening! Something big's goin' down. I need backup!

EXT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Rogers drives. Carl rides shotgun, shouting into his phone.

CARL
Call 911 and get the fuck outta there. I got trouble at the airport. I need every man I got.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Jimmy on the phone. An awful thought sinks in.

JIMMY
What's going on at the airport?

CLICK. Carl hung up. Frustrated, Jimmy SLAMS the phone down.

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - MAIN DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

CARL'S POLICE CRUISER fishtails past a pair of overturned, bullet-ridden SQUAD CARS and barrels toward the service gate.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Carl looks to the runway and his face contorts...

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

A small SINGLE ENGINE PROP PLANE tears down the runway, followed closely by an AIRPORT CATERING VAN.

INT. PROP PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Yuri SCREAMS at the PILOT.

YURI
Go! GET OFF THE FUCKING GROUND!

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Catering Van's side doors rip open revealing FOUR masked, AK-47 wielding GUNMEN. They lean out and FIRE at the plane. RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

The plane takes a couple of hits, but continues down the runway, picking up speed...

Before the Gunmen can get off another series of shots, an AIRPORT POLICE CAR joins the melee.

BOOM! BOOM! The AIRPORT COP fires at the doors and windows of the van. But his bullets seem to have no effect.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! His car is littered with AK-47 fire. The hood peels off, the windows explode. The Airport Cop and his PARTNER are slaughtered.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Carl rolls down his window and loads up a SHOTGUN.

CARL
Get me closer.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rogers steps on it. As they gain on the Catering Van, Carl takes aim at its tires and FIRES! BOOM! BOOM!

Two direct hits, but both shots bounce harmlessly off! As a frustrated Carl processes this--

YURI'S PLANE LIFTS OFF INTO THE HEAVENS.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Yuri screams for joy, patting his Pilot on the back.

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

The catering van SCREECHES to a halt at the end of the runway. A pair of GUNMEN leap out and aim at the plane.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Carl turns to Rogers.

CARL

Hit' em.

ROGERS

What?

CARL

RUN THEIR ASSES OVER!!!

From the passenger seat, Carl yanks the wheel left and stomps down on the gas pedal. The car barrels toward the Gunmen.

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

Just as the Gunmen begin firing into the air--

BOOM! Carl's police cruiser RAMS INTO THEM! The Gunman roll up the hood and are launched over the roof of the car, firing wildly: RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Rogers locks up the breaks. Carl looks over to see the airport catering van tear up alongside them.

CARL

GET THE FUCK OUTTA THE CAR!!!

Carl and Rogers DIVE out the driver's side door, moments before the remaining Gunmen open fire: RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

INT. CATERING VAN - CONTINUOUS

Nikolay eyes the smoldering remains of the police cruiser while the wounded Gunmen climb back into the van. Suddenly, he hears more SIRENS approaching.

NIKOLAY (IN RUSSIAN)
Get out of here!

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carl steps from behind the bullet-ridden corpse of his cruiser, unscathed, just in time to see the Catering Van disappear onto the streets of Los Angeles. *God damn it...*

EXT. VENICE BEACH - LIFE GUARD STATION - NIGHT

Sergei stares quietly out at the Pacific, waiting... Bill's WALKIE-TALKIE SQUAWKS, breaking the silence.

WALKIE-TALKIE (IN RUSSIAN)
We missed. He's headed your way.

Bill tilts his head toward the sky...

EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy looks up and sees it: A SINGLE ENGINE PROP PLANE, still climbing, coming this way. YURI'S PLANE.

Jimmy thinks about what Carl said: *Trouble at the airport.*

He shifts his focus back to the pickup. Bill pulls the military crate out of the bed. Sergei reaches inside and pulls: A SHOULDER-MOUNTED ROCKET LAUNCHER!

JIMMY
Hey... HEY!

They don't hear him. Jimmy reaches for his gun, but it's gone. Carl took it. Took his spare too. *What the fuck is he going to do?*

EXT. VENICE BEACH - LIFE GUARD STATION - NIGHT

The plane is out over the water now. Sergei is tracking it, taking aim. Finally, he pulls the trigger--

SWOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH! A brilliant orange surge and the rocket lifts off, screaming toward the plane.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Yuri watches in horror as the rocket gets closer and closer--

EXT. VENICE BEACH - LIFE GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! A FIREBALL in the air. Flaming wreckage crashes into the water. Bill and Sergei share a proud smile. Then--

WHAM! JIMMY HITS SERGEI WITH THE VAGRANT'S BASEBALL BAT!

WHACK! WHACK! He hammers the Russian over and over again, until he's barely moving.

A stunned Bill doesn't waste any time. He abandons his comrade, dives into the truck and SLAMS ON THE GAS!

Jimmy LUNGES and grabs hold of the truck's bumper. Somehow, he manages to claw his way into the bed of the truck.

THE BED OF THE TRUCK

As the truck tears across the beach, Jimmy makes for the cab. He puts his size 13 boot through the back window and reaches inside. He gets his hand around Bills neck and squeezes...

GASPING for air, Bill puts the pedal down to the floor and AIMS FOR THE BOARDWALK.

ON THE BOARDWALK

VAGRANTS dive out of the way as Bill's truck chews up refrigerator box houses and shopping carts full of junk.

Bill spins the steering wheel, left, then right, desperately trying to shake Jimmy. But somehow, our hero hangs on.

Now in dire need of oxygen, Bill spins the wheel one last time. Jimmy looks up to see that they're headed right for--

ANOTHER LIFEGUARD STATION

The armor-enforced vehicle CRASHES through it. The Station EXPLODES, sending shards of wood and glass flying in all directions. Jimmy hits the sand. HARD.

He rises to his feet and dusts himself off, watching as the truck disappears onto the Venice streets.

All is not lost, however. Jimmy looks back toward the water where...SERGEI is still laying unconscious.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The place is buzzing. Phones ring off the hook. A livid Carl spots Harris and Ramirez amid the chaos.

CARL
Where the fuck is Marino?

The detectives can't look him in the eye. Carl grabs Ramirez' tie, pulls him in close.

CARL (CONT'D)
I give you assholes ONE simple God
damn task...

Before Carl can really get on a roll, ATF Agent Gondoli enters. Carl rushes right over to him.

CARL (CONT'D)
Hold a grudge, kick me in the teeth
another time. Shit's hit the fan
and I don't have the manpower.
You said you wanted the lead here.
It's all yours.

GONDOLI
Intel's saying this is old world
Russian shit. I ain't touchin' that
with a ten-foot pole. I got kids,
man. My men have kids.

CARL
Jaspar--

GONDOLI
--Way I see it, all the Ruskis are
doing is killing each other. It's a
power grab. A changing of the
guard. There's a new sheriff in
town. A bold one, no doubt...but
that's all we're looking at. Do
your men a favor and stay outta his
way. The dust'll settle in a
coupl'a days.

Gondoli heads for the door.

CARL
I'm gonna remember this, Gondoli.

GONDOLI
Figure it just makes us even.

Gondoli exits. Frustrated and angry, Carl turns to Ramirez and Harris.

CARL
Find Jimmy. That asshole's the only
one who knows what's going on.

On cue: BOOM! A GIANT MAN spills through the main door and onto the floor. The entire station turns their heads to see--

Sergei...his hands are tied behind his back with fishing line. Jimmy limps in behind him, a savage smile on his face.

JIMMY
You looking for me?

MUSIC plays over the following:

EXT. RED, WHITE & BLUE AUTO BODY - MORNING

SWAT OFFICERS cautiously approach the fence line...

INT. RED, WHITE & BLUE AUTO BODY - MORNING

Suddenly, a cannister CRASHES through the window. BANG! Then a brilliant FLASH OF LIGHT.

The Lithuanians inside hit the ground, covering their eyes/ears, as SWAT OFFICERS storm the garage.

EXT. RED, WHITE & BLUE AUTO BODY - MORNING

SQUAD CARS. FORENSIC TRUCK. PADDY WAGON. A cop convention.

We find Harris in the crowd, smiling wide as OFFICERS pull more WEAPONS CRATES from the garage.

INT. RED, WHITE & BLUE AUTO BODY - REPAIR BAYS - CONTINUOUS

A UNIFORMED OFFICER leads Ramirez into a REPAIR BAY.

Inside is a perfectly reproduced LAPD SQUAD CAR. One of its TIRES has been slashed open. It's been stuffed full of SILICONE. Ramirez' jaw drops.

INT. POLICE STATION - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Carl and Banks stand awkwardly outside the interrogation room, staring through the two-way mirror at Sergei.

Banks looks to Carl. He almost says something. But then Ramirez and Harris approach. A welcome distraction.

HARRIS
Auto shop was a gold mine. RPGs.
Bulletproof glass. Armor plating.
All sorts of official decals.

RAMIREZ
They're filling their tires with
silicone. Makes 'em virtually
indestructible.

CARL
Shit. You're telling me...

HARRIS

Those Lithuanians are fucking artists. We found a mocked-up squad car that would even fool you.

Jimmy limps over.

JIMMY

It's been three hours. Get in there and knock him around.

BANKS

We're still waiting on the translator.

Jimmy shakes his head. *Damn it.* He's done waiting.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carl is right on Jimmy's heels.

CARL

Quit screwing around. Wait for--

Jimmy gets right up in Sergei's face.

JIMMY (IN PERFECT RUSSIAN)

--I know he's behind this. I saw him. Different face. Same eyes. Tell them now, or I'm gonna let "Pink Shirt" over there fuck you in the ass.

CARL

...the translator.

Carl is flabbergasted. Sergei lets out a boisterous laugh.

SERGEI (IN RUSSIAN)

That is how we do things in Russia, but here you have soft stomachs.

CARL

Since when do you speak Russian?

JIMMY

Don't worry about it...

CARL

What'd he say?

JIMMY

Says your shirt is gay. Figures you have a soft stomach.

CARL
Oh, I'll show him a soft stomach.

Carl, sensitive about his pink shirt, gets up in Sergei's face. The Russian laughs again.

SERGEI (IN RUSSIAN)
Idle threats. This queer is a Police Officer. He cannot hit me.

JIMMY (IN RUSSIAN)
Yeah? Well guess what?

WHAM! Jimmy smashes him in the face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I ain't no cop...

INT. POLICE STATION - VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WHAM! Banks, Ramirez and Harris watch Jimmy hit Sergei again. Ramirez moves to stop him. Banks grabs his arm.

BANKS
Just like the old days. Watch and learn, kid. Sometimes you gotta improvise.

Harris is loving this. Jimmy does have his charms...

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WHAM! WHAM! Jimmy wails on the Russian. Sergei just *laughs*.

SERGEI
(thick Russian accent)
Yuri Petrov was just the beginning.
You are all marked. Walking dead.

Carl and Jimmy share a look. *Of course, he speaks English.*

SERGEI (CONT'D)
The Ghost. He's coming for you.

Carl's eyes go wide. Jimmy smiles, vindicated.

INT. POLICE STATION - VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Banks' heart skips a beat. Harris notices.

HARRIS
Who the fuck's *The Ghost*?

Banks ignores her, speeding off, into--

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Just as Banks steps in--

CARL

You're telling me Vitale Romanovski
is alive? He's back in the States?

Sergei stares back at Carl, confidently, defiantly.

BANKS

Bullshit. Romanovski was gunned
down in Lensk six years ago.

JIMMY

I went to Lensk. There was no body.

Carl's not sure what to believe.

CARL

Why come back after all these
years? Why make all this noise?

SERGEI

He has...*unfinished business.*

Sergei smiles wryly. It makes Carl's skin crawl.

INT. POLICE STATION - CARL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Carl and Jimmy sit with Ramirez and Harris. Banks steps in.

JIMMY

Bout twelve years ago, Vitale
Romanovski and his brother Ivan
rolled into Los Angeles and set up
their very own Little Odessa.

CARL

Assholes wanted to take over
everything. Girls, weapons, drugs.
So they started a war. With
everyone.

JIMMY

Mexicans. Blacks. Armenians.
Chinese. Motherfuckers mowed down
anyone who got in their way.

CARL

Me. The Lieutenant. Jim. Another
detective, Chester Grimes. We ran
this Eurasian Task Force. Got stuck
refereeing a God damn blood bath.

HARRIS
So why's the fuck still standing?

Carl and Jimmy share a sober look. Banks finally steps up.

CARL
Ivan's in a cage at Lancaster.
Vitale got away.

BANKS
Until the FSB shot him dead.

Jimmy ignores Banks, hands Ramirez and Harris an old PICTURE of Vitale.

HARRIS
Ugly motherfucker.

JIMMY
He's older. Obviously had some plastic surgery. But it's more than that. Guy just looked...I don't know. Frail. Sick. He was coughing up blood.

Banks turns to Jimmy, he's not buying a word of it. And his tone is more than a little condescending.

BANKS
Let's get you with a sketch artist,
get his face out there.

JIMMY
It was dark. Guns blazing. People screaming...

BANKS
You were drunk!

Jimmy wants to argue, but he can't...

BANKS (CONT'D)
Come on, Carl. You can't really be swallowing this bullsh--

CARL
--That's enough, Lieutenant!

Banks reluctantly backs off. Harris and Ramirez share a look.

HARRIS
Let's get back in there, beat on the Russian some more. I'm sure he--

JIMMY

--We got all we're gonna get outta
Sergei. You see those stars on his
knees?

HARRIS

I love a guy with ink...

CARL

Means he's a bad motherfucker.
Lives by a code.

JIMMY

You could light him on fire and he
wouldn't tell you the sky is blue.
He did time in the Artic Circle.
Pelican Bay'll be a vacation.

(a beat)

He only told us what Vitale *wants*
us to know. He's fucking with us.

Carl gets serious, demanding the young detectives' attention.

CARL

Look, when Jim said they took down
anyone who got in their way, he
wasn't kiddin'. These guys don't
discriminate. They'll shoot you
just to see if their gun works.
They'll come for your family, your
friends...

Jimmy sizes them up, then looks to Carl.

JIMMY

No. No way. Barbie and Ken skin
their knees and her daddy'll hang
us by our balls.

HARRIS

Fuck you, Marino.
(to Carl)
We're in. What's next?

JIMMY

Carl--

Harris looks Jimmy dead in the eye.

HARRIS

--*What's next*, old man?

Jimmy smiles. He's starting to like her.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The entire crew is exiting the office. Banks approaches Carl.

CARL

Guess we know why the Armenians
were so quick to call a truce.

Banks stares at him, incredulous.

BANKS

We go down this road and he's wrong
again...Mayor'll have your badge.
You know that, right?

What Carl is about to say is hard for him...

CARL

You need to go to Rosa. Keep her
safe. I already got a couple unis
on their way. He's coming for us,
Howard. All of us.

Banks shakes his head. He's tired of arguing.

CARL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna take Jimmy, find Grimes.

Banks stomps off. Ramirez and Harris approach.

RAMIREZ

So, Jimmy. He was true blue?

CARL

Best God damn cop I ever saw.

Ramirez and Harris look over to Jimmy with new perspective.

EXT. CHESTER GRIMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

ADDICTS stumble in and out of a CRACK DEN, jonesing for a fix. FIVE-DOLLAR WHORES attempt to flag down passing cars. ONE of them brightens when she sees--

Carl's TOWN CAR pulls up in front of a RUN-DOWN HOUSE. Before he can exit, she's got her goodies stuffed in his face.

CARL

Not tonight, doll.

Jimmy glances toward the house and immediately draws his weapon. We turn with Carl and see why--

The front door has been completely BLOWN TO SHREDS.

Carl pulls his weapon and cautiously approaches the porch.

INT. CHESTER GRIMES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The place is disgusting. A pigsty. Shades of Jimmy's boat.

Jimmy moves down the hallway where a DOG lies still. It's been SHOT. He braces himself before entering...

INT. CHESTER GRIMES' HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy inches toward the bed. He lifts the blood-stained sheets to find--

A naked DEAD WOMAN. She's been shot three times in the face.

Jimmy closes his eyes, affected. Carl appears in the doorway.

CARL
Chester?

JIMMY
His girlfriend.

Carl bites his lip. Motherfuckers.

INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - CARL'S OLD DEN - NIGHT

Banks is drunk and upset, flipping through some paperwork. We take a quick look--

It appears to be a series of DOSSIERS. Pictures of hard-nosed men, each accompanied by a full background check. It's all printed on HARRINGTON INDUSTRIES letterhead.

Banks stuffs the dossiers into a FILE FOLDER and then makes his way over to a VIDEO CAMERA sitting on a tripod.

INT. FLAMINGO'S BAR - NIGHT

Jimmy's talking on a pay phone.

JIMMY
Take a God damn cab if you have to!
I told you we'd pay. Just get here.

Jimmy hangs up and walks over to a table, where a frustrated Carl snaps his cell phone shut.

CARL
I had Ramirez and Harris pick up
where we left off.

JIMMY

You did a good job bringing them up. They're sharp.

Carl smiles like a proud father.

CARL

Still can't get Banks on the phone though. Asshole.

JIMMY

I got a hold of some junkie Chester's been hiding out with. He's on his way over now, but he's expecting to get paid.

CARL

Everyone'a these assholes has wanted a handout and we don't have a single lead to show for it.

Jimmy pours a couple of beers...

CARL (CONT'D)

How long's it been since we had a beer together?

JIMMY

Six years, easy...

CARL

Lot's changed...

JIMMY

I go off the reservation. You and the battle-ax get hitched...

This makes Carl smile. Jimmy too.

CARL

She always hated when you called her that.

JIMMY

Me? You started it. And it stuck.

(a beat)

How the fuck did that even happen?

CARL

Rosa and I, we spent a lot of late nights together. Pourin' over case files. Prepping her to send up Ivan. Lotta threats came her way.

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)
She was scared. She needed someone.
I was just there I guess...

Jimmy watches Carl closely. He sees genuine sadness in his friend's eyes. Carl eventually snaps out of his funk and takes a look around.

CARL (CONT'D)
You always knew this day would come. Eight years, people telling you you're crazy. But you were right, Jim. God damn it, you were right.

The old friends lock eyes for a beat.

CARL (CONT'D)
And you did good. Learning the language, drinking in shit-stains like this, buddying up to commie lowlifes.

JIMMY
These guys ain't so bad. Yuri...he was like family.

Carl shows genuine remorse here. He feels like he could've done more for Jimmy. *Should've* done more. He takes a long look into Jimmy's eyes. He sees a man thriving on revenge. A man with nothing to lose. It concerns him.

CARL
You know... We're gonna get this asshole and then life's gonna go on. You gonna be ready for that?

Before he has to answer, a strung-out JUNKIE enters the bar.

JIMMY
Break out the cash. That's our boy.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Carl and Jimmy stumble down the dock. They're both extremely drunk. Extremely loud. They finally come upon Jimmy's beat-to-shit BOAT. Carl barely recognizes it.

CARL
Christ, guess a late night ride's out of the question.

INT. JIMMY'S BOAT - NIGHT

Jimmy stumbles in, notices the time...

JIMMY
It's late.

Carl pulls out his cell phone, checks the clock.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You're not gonna get any reception
here. You need to check in with the
Battle-axe, there's a pay phone
down the way.

CARL
Nah... I'm good.

Jimmy raises an eyebrow. Trouble in paradise. Carl clearly
doesn't want to talk about it. Before he has to--

The ALARM on Jimmy's digital watch sounds. And despite his
lack of sobriety, he drops to the ground and begins a set of
drunken push-ups.

Carl checks out some framed PHOTOS by the door. One shows
Jimmy and Cathy on this very boat. It was brand new then and
so were they. Newlyweds. Their whole lives ahead of them...

CARL (CONT'D)
She never named this heap, did she?

Jimmy continues his push-ups as he speaks.

JIMMY
Nah. You know her. It had to be
perfect. She never found it...

Carl moves on to another photo--

This one features a younger Jimmy, Carl, Banks and Grimes,
standing in front of Jimmy's old house. Carl smiles.

CARL
Forgot what a pretty boy Chester
was, back in the day... Ladies
couldn't keep their hands off him.
(looking closer)
And that tiny-ass house of yours--

It finally hits Carl. He does a lap around the cabin, taking
everything in. He notices a blanket and pillow laid out on
the couch. Clothes. Food.

CARL (CONT'D)
Shit... You're livin' here.

Jimmy finishes his pushups, stands up.

JIMMY
For a few years now...

Carl is suddenly overcome with guilt. He never realized things were this bad for Jimmy.

CARL
What happened to the house? The pension? The savings?

Jimmy motions to his COMMAND CENTER. The World Map with the PUSH PINS marking the countries he's visited.

JIMMY
I've chased Vitale all over the world. Armenia. Prague. Israel. Ocean liner tip came from a smuggler on the Georgian border. Sonuvabitch took my last dime.

Carl moves in for a closer look and finally stumbles upon--

A PYRAMID-SHAPED WEB OF INDIVIDUAL PHOTOS, each with a note card underneath, a "who's who" directory of the 90s LA underworld. The Ghost & The Wolf at the top...

Next to it is ANOTHER PYRAMID. The guys that carved up the empire once they were gone. Yuri and his Russians and a whole host of other gangs: Armenians, Georgians, Albanians, Chinese, Vietnamese, the list goes on and on...

CARL
Christ almighty...

Beneath Yuri, are his Russian Lieutenants. We recognize many of them from the Brothel massacre. They've been LABELED DECEASED with RED MAGIC MARKER.

Jimmy's look is grave. He eyeballs the shot of Yuri and takes hold of the RED MARKER. He tries, but he just can't. Carl takes the marker and labels Yuri as deceased himself.

CARL (CONT'D)
Sergei was right. Yuri, you, the Armenians. That's just for starters. Vitale won't stop until he kills all these motherfuckers.

Jimmy doesn't doubt it for a second. A long beat.

JIMMY
Look, Carl. For what it's worth...

Carl waits, expectant.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
All the bullshit. I'm sorry.

Off Carl's reaction--

INT. JIMMY'S BOAT - NIGHT

Jimmy's on the couch. Carl's on the floor. Passed-out, catching some Zs.

EXT. MARINA - CONTINUOUS

THREE Masked, AK-47 wielding GUNMEN tip-toe down the dock and surround Jimmy's boat.

One of the Gunman carefully boards the ship. Just as he steps down on the deck...SNAP!

INT. JIMMY'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy is wrenched awake by the Gunman's blood-curdling SCREAM! He reaches into his COOKIE JAR and pulls another Patparine 9.2mm.

Suddenly, an ALARM BLARES! SPOTLIGHTS FLASH on deck!

Carl sits up, groggy, disoriented. Then--

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! The screaming stops.

EXT. JIMMY'S BOAT - ON DECK - CONTINUOUS

ALARM still BLARING. LIGHTS still FLASHING. Jimmy and Carl emerge from the cabin, weapons raised, to find--

One of the Gunman is CAUGHT IN THE JAWS OF JIMMY'S BEAR TRAP.

CARL
Jesus, man. What *the hell* is this?

Jimmy turns off the alarm and checks the body. The Gunman is stone dead. Shot several times in the face.

JIMMY
They wouldn't shoot him if he could be trusted. Vitale must be breaking in some new blood...

EXT. JIMMY'S BOAT - ON DECK - MORNING

Another crime scene. Harris is on deck, marveling at the sight of the dead Gunmen stuck in the bear trap.

HARRIS

That is badass. Where can I find
one of these?

JIMMY

My kinda girl... I know a guy in
Vyborg. Get with me later.

She smiles. Carl shakes his head. Ramirez approaches.

RAMIREZ

Dispatch has been trying Lieutenant
Banks all morning. He's M.I.A.

CARL

Asshole. Rosa's got a fund-raiser
tonight. She's probably got him
pickin' out tablecloths or some
shit. Tell them to keep trying.

RAMIREZ

Check just came back. Gunman's name
is Pavel Rustev. He's SpetsNaz.
Former special forces. Got sent up
for armed robbery in '05. Was
released from Lancaster last month.

Jimmy and Carl share a loaded look.

HARRIS

That's where Nazarian did his time.

CARL

Interesting coincidence, Ivan
Romanovski being a permanent
resident and all...

JIMMY

Looks like little brother's calling
shots from his five-by-five.

CARL

Get in the car. We're gonna drop in
on his ass.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Carl drives. Jimmy sleeps soundly in the passenger seat. The car comes around a bend, finally revealing: CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON at LANCASTER.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - DAY

The Guard Captain, JOE MASON (50s) leads Carl and Jimmy down a dark, cold hallway.

CARL

How's the new gig treating you?

MASON

Hours are better. Consistent. Love the health plan. And all our animals are locked up in cages. I got a house out near Lake Fortune. Three times the size of what we had in the city. Truth is, I wouldn't come back if you doubled my salary.

CARL

Shit, I may put in for a transfer.

MASON

After that ocean liner debacle, you may not have much of a choice...

Carl shoots Jimmy a look. Finally, they reach the end of the hall. Before Mason unlocks the door, he gets serious.

MASON (CONT'D)

Warden gets word of this, he'll have my ass. You wanna set up an interrogation, you need him to sign off. That can take weeks... Do you really think Ivan's wrapped up in all this?

CARL

I know he is.

A scary thought. Mason's gonna help. They head on through the door.

JIMMY

Place don't look like much...

MASON

This is Administration. We house minimum security inmates here. Romanovski's across the river. Maximum security compound. Spends twenty-three hours a day in a five-by-five.

CARL

What'd he do?

MASON

Gutted some poor schlep out in the yard with a spoon. Thought the guy took his jacket. Turns out it was a different guy. He gutted him too.

Jimmy and Carl share a look. Some things never change.

MASON (CONT'D)

He's still got half the inmates doin' his bidding though. Guards slipping him contraband. Life could be worse...

Jimmy seethes. Carl pulls him aside.

CARL

Look, you gotta promise me...we do this *by the book*. I can't run with some half-crazed vigilante.

Nothing. Carl pulls Jimmy close, looks him dead in the eye.

CARL (CONT'D)

Promise me.

Jimmy finally nods.

INT. CAL STATE PRISON - MAXIMUM SECURITY WING - CELL - DAY

A TEAM OF GUARDS forces Ivan Romanovski into a heavy-duty set of wrist and ankle chains and drag him out of the fortress-like maximum security wing.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - HALLWAY - DAY

ARMED GUARDS lead Ivan into the less-menacing Administrative Building.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Carl and Jimmy wait impatiently. Suddenly, the door bursts open and they are standing toe-to-toe with IVAN ROMANOVSKI.

Jimmy bites his lip. The sight of this guy is enough to enrage him. Ivan takes a seat. The guards file out.

IVAN

Gentleman. Surprised to see you in one piece. After your little adventure last night...

Jimmy and Carl share a look. Just as they suspected.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Detective Marino... Well, it's not Detective anymore is it? How's your wife doing these days?

Jimmy lunges at the Russian. Carl rips him back. Ivan smirks.

CARL

Simmer down. You *promised*.

Jimmy calms down. Carl turns to Ivan.

CARL (CONT'D)

We know your brother's alive. That he's back in the States. You're gonna tell me why.

JIMMY

He's *sick*, isn't he?

Ivan's smile disappears for the briefest of moments. Jimmy knows he's onto something...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Too bad you're rotting in here. I'm sure he'd love to see that pretty face of yours one last time.

He's getting at Ivan now. Carl pulls out his cell phone.

CARL

Give him a call. He turns himself in, you assholes can share a bunk bed again.

JIMMY

How much time he got left?

IVAN

Enough. He will watch you die.

Satisfied to be back on the offensive, Ivan looks to Carl.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Your friend, maybe he has nothing to lose. But the same is not true for you, Captain... Money. A career. A wife. Two-timing whore that she is.

(Carl's steaming)

Can't say that I blame her though. I've seen the heat these niggers pack. Truly humbling. Banks, he must have *magnum* in there, no?

Carl rips up in anger and starts pummeling Ivan. The Guards outside charge in and peel him away.

JIMMY
What happened to *by the book*?

CARL
Fuck you...

Ivan looks up defiantly. Lip split, eye turning black.

IVAN
She gives a speech tonight, no?
Wish I could be there. Perfect spot
for another reunion.

INT. CARL'S TOWN CAR - DAY

Jimmy stares out the window, lost in thought, unhappy. Carl is getting earful from his cell phone.

CARL (INTO PHONE)
What good's a fundraiser if you end
up dead? You gotta trust me here,
Rosa. We find Romanovski and--

CLICK. Carl got hung up on. Jimmy turns to him.

JIMMY
Motherfucker's living like a king
in there. That's too God damn good
for Vitale.

Carl is pissed and in absolutely no mood for arguing.

CARL
This ain't *Death Wish*. And you
ain't Charles Bronson. We get
Vitale. We lock him up.

Jimmy decides now isn't the time to push it. An awkward beat.

JIMMY
Why didn't you tell me? About Rosa
and Banks...

CARL
Shit's complicated.

JIMMY
Couldn't keep your dick in your
pants, could you?

Carl can't look Jimmy in the eye. He punches another number into his cell phone.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What're you doin'?

CARL
Callin' in a favor.

INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Carl leads Jimmy past a couple of UNIFORMED OFFICERS and into the foyer of Rosa's home.

Carl removes his shoes and heads for the living room. Jimmy follows, but doesn't bother with his shoes.

INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosa is on her cell phone.

ROSA
Howard, baby. I need you to call me back. I'm starting to worry.

INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carl looks back to Jimmy.

CARL
Look man, she's gonna be pissed.
Real pissed, so--

Carl notices something. He's instantly livid.

CARL (CONT'D)
The fuck you doin'?

Jimmy has no idea what Carl's talking about.

CARL (CONT'D)
You see how I took my shoes off
before walking on the carpet? You
ever stop and think there might be
a reason?

Carl points to the white carpet. It's now covered in Jimmy's muddy footprints.

CARL (CONT'D)
That's why, motherfucker! This look
like a barn to you? How the hell
you even manage that? This is L.A.
(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)
You find the one puddle in the city
and take a bath in it?

Rosa rushes over, her face red with anger. Carl stands on top of the mud stain, hoping she doesn't notice...

ROSA
Mayor shut my fundraiser down. You happy now, asshole?

CARL
I was just trying to protect--

ROSA
--You ever go over my head like that again, I'll rip your dick off. You cost me half a million-dollars in campaign contributions.

JIMMY
Lesson learned, Battle-Ax. Next time, we won't even bother. We'll--

ROSA
--I was elected because I'm tough on crime, Carl. Now you've got me hiding from it. Howard told me this piece of shit was back in your head. I didn't want to believe it.

JIMMY
People are getting blown to hell out there and you're bitching about campaign contributions?!

CARL
Jimmy--

JIMMY
--No, Carl. Why are you even listening to this shit?! You were gonna eat lead tonight, lady. We saved your ass. Stop acting like a petulant brat and thank us.

Jimmy's crossed a line. Rosa's ready to blow--

EXT. ROSA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Jimmy walks out toward the edge of the pool. He looks down at the water and takes a deep breath. It's lit up, glowing green. It relaxes him. Carl finally joins him.

CARL
What the fuck do you--

JIMMY
--Don't start. She's not pissed at
me. She's pissed at you. So don't--

Something steals Jimmy's attention, leaves him speechless.
Standing on the other side of the pool is--

A MAN (38) - white and ghastly. Half of his face is deformed.
He's obviously had acid splashed all over it. He paces back
and forth like a madman, clutching a 9mm, muttering
incoherently. Looks like he's strung out on mescaline.

The pool's green glow has an eerie effect on him. As if we're
suddenly in a horror film, face-to-face with a zombie.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Chester?

The Man locks eyes with Jimmy. This is CHESTER GRIMES. The
final player from the opening flashback. He touches his face.

CHESTER
Not so pretty anymore, am I, Jimbo?

Jimmy is floored. Just then, Rosa bursts out of the house.

ROSA
My fucking carpet too?!

She spots Grimes and stops dead in her tracks. A couple of
UNIs see what's going on and rush out behind her, guns drawn.

CARL
Stand down, guys. (re: Rosa) Take
her inside. We'll handle this.

The Officers do as they're told. Chester points the gun at
himself. He looks directly down the barrel. It would be so
easy to just end it.

CHESTER
They shot my God damn dog, man...

Jimmy approaches slowly, surely. Startled, Grimes points the
gun at him.

CARL
Chester...

Jimmy puts his hand up, quieting Carl.

JIMMY
Everything's okay here...

Grimes drops his weapon, hugging Jimmy like his life depended on it.

CHESTER
They killed him, Jimmy.

JIMMY
It's okay. It's not your fault.
None of this is...

CHESTER
No. No, you're wrong. It's all my fault. Our fault. We sold our souls to the devil, man. And now he's come to collect.

CARL
Chester, what're you saying?

CHESTER
Me and Banks. Back in the day. We were working for the Romanovskis.

Carl and Jimmy are speechless. What we notice, but our guys do not, is the RED DOT from an assassin's laser-sighted rifle, dancing around on the wall behind them.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
Dog and Pony. That's what Vitale called us. Banks was obedient, he'd say. Useful... Me? I was just pretty. Pretty like a pony.
(he sits)
They were gonna kill me from the get-go this time. Said I'd become a liability. But Banks wouldn't let them. Vitale needed him. He wanted--

Just then, the red dot lands on Grimes' forehead. Jimmy immediately recognizes it--

JIMMY
NOOOOO!!!!

BANG! A gunshot. Grimes' head EXPLODES!

As Carl reaches for his gun, Jimmy sees something: A GRENADE rolls out from under the chair and comes to rest at his feet.

With blinding speed, Jimmy dive-tackles Carl into the pool.

THEY PLUNGE UNDERWATER

Carl's eyes are wide, his cheeks bloated. Jimmy holds him down. BOOOOOM! The grenade detonates! Debris rains into the pool. Gunfire is exchanged in the distance. And then--

JIMMY AND CARL BREAK THE SURFACE

Gasping for air. But alive...

INT. POLICE STATION - BANKS' OFFICE - DAY

Carl hangs over Ramirez and Harris as they pour through Banks' files. Jimmy stews off in the corner, still rattled from last night.

RAMIREZ

If he was dirty...he hid it well.
There's nothing here.

Harris slams a stack of papers on the floor, angry.

HARRIS

Of course there's *nothing*! Grimes
was a smack-head. Fuck him!

A KNOCK at the door. Carl opens it. Phyllis is on the other side, unable to make eye contact.

PHYLLIS

Lt. Banks. They...

MUSIC fades up and carries us over the following--

INT. SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS - DAY

Amongst the dense foliage is a crime scene. Banks' body is being loaded into a Medical Examiner's van.

Carl has a tough time watching. Harris is struggling to hide her tears. Ramirez has his arm around her, trying to console.

But Jimmy is a very different story. He's *angry*. Full of purpose. He stands near the edge of the cliff, overlooking the city. His city. Somewhere out there, the Ghost is hiding.

JIMMY

I'm gonna fucking kill him, Carl.

INT. CITY HALL - HALLWAY - DAY

Carl walks down the hallway, somber. IGNORANT PEOPLE cheerfully greet him.

Carl peers inside ROSA'S OFFICE, sees her laughing with one of her AIDES. He takes a deep breath and heads inside...

We don't hear what he says. We just see the blood drain from Rosa's face. She grabs onto Carl and clings to him for dear life. And the MUSIC fades out...

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Carl looks over Banks' corpse. There's a visible blood stain on his crotch and all down his pant leg. It triggers horrible memories. Jimmy and the opening flashback.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Jimmy examines some items laid out on a table. He turns to the KOREAN MORTICIAN.

JIMMY

All this stuff, he had it on him?

MORTICIAN

All his. No Badge. No gun, though.

Jimmy takes hold of something on the table and smiles knowingly. Just then--

CARL

Jimmy, come'ere...

Jimmy heads over. Carl has hold of Banks' wrist. There is something written on his hand. A set of numbers: 10-27-08.

CARL (CONT'D)

Looks like a date.

JIMMY

He was trying to tell us something.

CARL

Ramirez! Harris!

They step in. It's hard for them, seeing Banks' like this.

CARL (CONT'D)

October twenty-seventh, two thousand eight. I want anything you can find on the significance of that date. Anything involving the Russians, Banks. Us, maybe?

Ramirez and Harris rush off. Jimmy finally hands Carl--

A COLORFUL RUSSIAN TOKEN. We remember this one.

JIMMY

Banks had this on him. You give it to the madam on your way into the brothel. It's how she knows you paid. He was obviously plucked away before he could cash it in.

CARL

So, they take him out. Get him drunk. He thinks he's headed in back for a blow job and Vitale's sittin' there waitin' for him.

JIMMY

Sounds like you weren't the only one that couldn't keep his dick in his pants. Romanovski must have a new place open.

INT. THE NEW SPUTNIK - DAY

Enrique Iglesias' *Hero* softens the mood. Carl and Jimmy enter. The DOORMAN approaches, moves to pat them down. Carl flashes his badge.

CARL

Not today, friend.

The Doorman puts his hands up and takes a step back.

CARL (CONT'D)

Get the manager.

The Doorman heads into a back room and we take a look around the new joint. It's a little cleaner, a little classier.

JIMMY

New place is nice.

Just then, they round the corner and see--

A RUSSIAN in a TRACK SUIT is on stage, performing oral sex on a FEMALE STRIPPER. Quite a sight. Carl shakes his head.

CARL

Yeah...real Martha Stewart-type shit.

Jimmy is suddenly tense. There's just something about that guy in the track suit. Jimmy pulls his gun and makes for the stage. Carl is lost...

CARL (CONT'D)

Jimmy? What're you doin'?

What we see, but our boys do not, is NIKOLAY, the SCAR-FACED BARTENDER from the old Sputnik, stepping out of a back room.

He sees Jimmy and draws his weapon, instantly peeling off a couple of shots: BOOM! BOOM!

Carl and Jimmy hit the floor!

The guy in the track suit finally rips his face from the STRIPPER's crotch--

It's ALEXEI! Yuri's old right-hand man. He spots Jimmy and Carl and bolts for the back door!

BOOM! BOOM! Nikolay just keeps firing at our heroes, not the least bit concerned about who may get in the way.

Carl attempts to return fire, but there are STRIPPERS and PATRONS EVERYWHERE, SCREAMING and RUNNING for the exits!

BOOM! BOOM! Nikolay fires off a couple more rounds and then slips out back door himself!

Jimmy lumbers off after him. Carl grudgingly follows...

CARL (CONT'D)
God damn it!

EXT. THE NEW SPUTNIK - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Carl are a good ten or twenty feet behind.

In seconds, the much younger Nikolay and Alexei scale the fence at the end of the alley.

Jimmy hits the fence and starts climbing. Carl's too tired. He stops, struggling to catch his breath.

Jimmy eventually nears the top of the fence, but he's having trouble getting over.

CARL
Get down off of there old man. You
look like an asshole.

Jimmy's not stopping. Carl has to walk over and physically pull him off.

CARL (CONT'D)
GET DOWN, JIM! They're long gone.

INT. THE NEW SPUTNIK - BAR - LATER

A crime scene. HOOKERS and EMPLOYEES are carted off by UNIFORMED OFFICERS. Patrons are being patched-up by EMS.

We find Jimmy in the BACK OFFICE, looking for something. It takes a good beat, but then...BINGO!

Jimmy pulls an ASHTRAY out of the desk. It contains a lighter and a pile of BURNT RED PAPER REMNANTS. He understands now.

He digs back into the drawer and after a beat, he comes up with it: THE RUSSIAN CHILDREN'S DECODER RING.

INT. THE NEW SPUTNIK - BACK ROOM - DAY

A FORENSIC TEAM tears the place apart. Blood is splattered across the white walls. A chair with rope restraints sits in the middle of the room.

Jimmy examines some items on a nearby table. He sees it and winces...a sock filled with dirt. It's soaked in blood. Brings back bad memories. Carl approaches.

CARL

Banks had bruises on his kidneys.
Blood and urine in his drawers.

(Jimmy nods)

We found his gun and badge in the corner there. And check this out...

Carl hands over a handful of unused BULLETS. Shells for a .38 with a DISTINCT RED TIP.

CARL (CONT'D)

Armor piercing. Found a whole case of 'em over there. Different calibers. Guess we can leave the kevlar at home now.

JIMMY

Muff-diver used to work for Yuri. Guy with the scar was behind the bar at the old Sputnik the night of the raid.

CARL

How the fuck he make it out?

JIMMY

Someone tipped him off. Fifteen minutes before. Freaky-looking kid came in with a little red strip of paper. He used *this* to decode it.

Jimmy shows him the DECODER RING. Carl remembers something.

CARL
Little red strips of paper?

INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Harris and Ramirez are at a table, armed with SMALL PADS OF PAPER and rolls of scotch tape.

Detective Rogers dumps 5 RUSSIAN CHILDREN'S DECODER RINGS onto the table.

Carl and Jimmy enter with an EVIDENCE BAG containing dozens of the strips of red paper taken from Garo Nazarian's place.

CARL
Everybody get a ring, don't be shy.

They all scramble to get a hold of them.

ROGERS
Are we getting overtime for this?

The detectives chuckle, eagerly awaiting Carl's response...

CARL
Yeah...fill out a slip...then shove it up your ass.

INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - LATER

We move through the break room. Everyone's hard at work...taping, decoding, writing. A well-oiled machine.

Ramirez tapes a red coded slip to his pad of paper. He turns the dial on the decoder ring a couple of times and scribbles something down on the pad. He then heads over to the next table and hands it off to Jimmy.

Carl hangs over him as he pours through stacks of paper, translating the Cyrillic and writing up the English version of each message. He finishes one up and smirks...

JIMMY
"The Baba Yaga act stops now."

CARL
Baba what now?

JIMMY
Russian Folklore. Baba Yaga was a witch that kidnapped and ate children.

Carl chuckles, understanding it all too well now.

CARL
Sounds like Nazarian...

JIMMY
Then it says "Sputnik leaves the sky." And there's a date. The brothel massacre. This is the order.

INT. POLICE STATION - CARL'S OFFICE - DAY

Harris and Ramirez stand by as Carl looks over a typed summary of what's been translated.

HARRIS
The brothel massacre. Petrov's plane. The tanks at the auto shop. Nazarian supplied the party favors. Vitale ordered it all.

RAMIREZ
Jimmy did a hell of a job here.

CARL
Make sure you tell *him* that.

HARRIS
One problem. Nazarian croaked too soon. Most recent message is a week old. Romanovski's got something else brewing here...

CARL
What'd you find on 10-27-08?

RAMIREZ
It's a dead end.

Harris shoots Ramirez a troubled look. Carl notices.

CARL
What is it?

HARRIS
We called Mrs. Morris. She and the Lieutenant, it's the day they...

Carl gets it real quick. And it stings like a bitch.

INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY

All the messages have been decoded. Jimmy's still hard at work, however, pouring over the translations. Suddenly--

JIMMY
Holy shit!

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Carl's working with Ramirez and Harris. Jimmy approaches, notepad in-hand.

JIMMY
What did the Romanovskis call Banks and Grimes?

CARL
Their code names? (searching) Uh...
Dog and Pony?

JIMMY
That's what I thought. A couple of strips here. They talk about, "The Dog" setting up "a move."

CARL
A move?

JIMMY
Yeah...it doesn't get any more specific than that. And then there are two others...about "the Dog" providing "Shvenkas."

HARRIS
What the fuck's a *Shvenka*?

JIMMY
It's Russian slang, usually means "pin." You know, like a campaign button or something...

A beat. They're close. Then, Ramirez has something...

RAMIREZ
Could it mean...a *police badge*, maybe?

Jimmy smiles. BINGO!

CARL

You think that's what Grimes was
trying to tell us? Banks got
Romanovski badges?

JIMMY

The squad car in the garage,
everything we've seen. Makes sense.

HARRIS

How the hell could the Lieutenant
get these guys legit badges?

A long beat as Carl considers.

CARL

The Reserve Officer Program...

INT. POLICE STATION - RESERVE OFFICE - DAY

Carl emerges from the file room. He slaps a couple of papers down on the counter in front of Jimmy, Ramirez and Harris.

CARL

Order was processed a month ago.
Eight badges for the Fall class.

RAMIREZ

But we don't have a Fall class.

HARRIS

Jesus fucking Christ...

Jimmy sifts through the paper work.

JIMMY

Apps say half these guys are
employed by a company called
Harrington Industries.

Carl looks to Ramirez and Harris. They get it.

HARRIS

We'll check it out.

INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - CARL'S OLD DEN - NIGHT

Jimmy's set up shop here. He's fully immersed in his work, culling through the translated messages yet again.

Carl enters and takes a good look around. Banks' full-on remodel is almost finished.

CARL

Plaid God damn carpeting. Asshole suddenly thinks he's Ralph Lauren.

Carl tries to hand Jimmy a beer, but he doesn't even look up.

Carl sets the beer down on the desk and heads across the room where PLANS for Banks' remodel are laid out on a WORK BENCH.

CARL (CONT'D)

Look at this shit. Riding trophies? Guy never mounted a horse in his life. He was terrified of'em.

(a solemn beat)

Place used to be a God damn oasis. Now it's just...

Jimmy still isn't listening. Carl finally calms down and makes his way over to--

The NEW PYRAMID-SHAPED WEB tacked up on the wall, behind Jimmy. The Ghost and the Wolf are back on top. Nikolay, Alexei, Bill, Nazarian...all the new players are included.

CARL (CONT'D)

Harrington Industries was a dead end. Address on file with the city was just an empty warehouse down at the harbor.

JIMMY

I know we've missed something here. The answer's in this room. Banks left that number for a reason. He was telling us something.

CARL

Jimmy. October 27th, 2008. It was the day he and Rosa got together. That's all. Shit was just one last fuck you.

JIMMY

You're wrong. Banks wouldn't leave his friends hanging. He left something for us. I know it.

Carl sighs indignantly. He shuffles around the room and finally comes upon--

That same FRAMED PHOTO of Banks, Carl, Grimes and Jimmy hangs on the wall. It softens him.

CARL

I'm worried about Rosa. I've never seen her like this. This funeral tomorrow, it's gonna be hard on--

JIMMY

--What're you doin' down here, man?
Go up and tell this shit to her.

CARL

She don't wanna see me.

Jimmy realizes his friend is really hurting here. He softens.

JIMMY

Again. You're wrong. Look, do you know what I'd give to have Cathy sittin' upstairs right now?

CARL

It's not the same, Jim. You don't understand.

JIMMY

Cut the bullshit. Do you love her?

Carl thinks about that for a moment.

CARL

...yeah. I do.

JIMMY

Then nothing else matters. Life's too short. You got a lot of shit to apologize for. Go upstairs. Get it done.

INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosa lays in bed, writing on a legal pad. There is a KNOCK at the door. She scrambles to wipe the tears from her eyes.

ROSA

Yeah?

Carl enters. She sits up, surprised to see him.

CARL

What're you doing?

ROSA

Writing the eulogy.

CARL

Rosa, honey. These guys are going to come for you and if you're out in the open like that I can't--

ROSA

--I don't give a God damn, Carl! I'm done hiding. I'm going to that funeral. And I'm going to say what I need to say.

She means business. Carl isn't happy, but he relents.

CARL

I don't want to fight anymore.

(a beat)

Look, I owe you an apology. I owe you a whole lot more than that. I won't get there tonight, but...

It doesn't look like Rosa's swallowing it. Carl backs off.

CARL (CONT'D)

It's getting late. I'll be down on the couch if you need to talk...

Carl heads for the hallway.

ROSA

Carl?

He stops, steps back in...

ROSA (CONT'D)

I'm scared... Could you just lay here with me?

Carl is completely disarmed. He shuts the door and lays down next to her. We roll on them for a long quiet beat.

INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - CARL'S OLD DEN - DAWN

The sun is starting to peek through the window. The beer Carl left for Jimmy sits on the desk. Remarkably, it's untouched.

Jimmy hasn't slept a wink. He's clumsily banging on the keys of a laptop, sifting through google search results on "10-27-08." But he's not finding a thing. After a beat, the alarm on his digital watch SOUNDS.

Jimmy finds a spot over by the work bench. He's about to start in on his push-ups, when he catches a glimpse of Banks' renovation plans.

Plaid carpeting? Riding trophies? Carl was right. *What a fucking mess.* But then something steals his attention. He checks the plans again, just to be sure...

He scans the room. His eyes ultimately fall upon that PHOTO of the four friends. He rushes over and pulls it away from the wall revealing--

A WALL SAFE. Jimmy's heart races as he enters a combination: 10-27-08. CLICK! It opens! Inside is a FILE FOLDER and a PACKAGE.

Jimmy rummages through the contents of the file folder labeled: "HARRINGTON INDUSTRIES." It contains the dossiers we saw Banks examining earlier.

We get a good look at them. One of the dossiers has BILL'S (the guy who hired Jimmy to find Ileana) PICTURE ON IT!

Jimmy then takes hold of the package. Inside is a VIDEO TAPE labeled: "TO CARL..."

INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - CARL'S OLD DEN - MORNING

Carl pops in the video tape and presses play. He and Jimmy watch with bated breath.

ON SCREEN: BANKS. Worked up. Scared. He stares into the camera, looking his friends posthumously in the eye.

BANKS

Hey, guys... God, I hope you're still out there....

Carl and Jimmy share a look. This is gonna be tough.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Carl, I loved you like a brother, man. Rosa and I. I never meant it to happen. Sometimes, that shit just creeps up on you. For what it's worth. I'm sorry. I am.

Carl swallows hard.

BANKS (CONT'D)

It's about time I come clean with you... Vitale Romanovski. He didn't give us the slip back in '01. While you were bringing in Ivan. Cryin' over Cathy... Grimes and I, we put him on a plane.

Jimmy bites his lip. He's starting to relive everything.

BANKS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Jimmy. Cathy... Man, we never thought it'd go that far...

Banks is full-on crying now. Jimmy's pretty close. Carl isn't far behind either.

BANKS (CONT'D)

He popped up again. Said I had to make things right for what happened to Ivan. Promised to keep Rosa out of it as long as I played ball.

Banks takes a long beat, catches his breath.

BANKS (CONT'D)

They wanted badges. I didn't know why until the next demand came, just a coupl'a days ago.

(a beat)

They had me make a few calls...an appointment for an LAPD contingent to visit the California State Prison at Lancaster. To interrogate Ivan Romanovski. They're gonna bust him out, Carl. Those two assholes, together again...

Carl's eyes go wide.

BANKS (CONT'D)

(a look of determination)

You need to stop this. Put these monsters away for real this time. Put'em in the ground.

ONSCREEN: Banks stands, approaches the camera and turns it off. He disappears into the static. A ghost.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - MORNING

A PACIFIC BELL TRUCK is parked next to a TELEPHONE POLE.

We start a long 360 arc up and around the WORKER in the CROW'S NEST. He raises a pair of BOLT CUTTERS. Just as he CUTS THE LINE the camera reveals--

CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON AT LANCASTER.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - DAY

An LAPD SQUAD CAR approaches the front gate, followed by two heavy-duty LAPD VANS.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - DAY

The convoy is parked inside the prison walls. Bill, Nikolay, and five THUGS in PATROLMAN'S UNIFORMS enter the Administration Building.

INT. THE FIRST LAPD VAN - DAY

Alexei pulls a ski mask over his face. His breathing is erratic. He's obviously nervous. He and three other MASKED THUGS lie in wait, armed to the teeth.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - OFFICES - DAY

The faux LAPD posse approaches the GUARD desk, Bill leading the way. He flashes a badge.

BILL
(perfect English)
We're here to see Ivan Romanovski.

GUARD 1
Which one of you is Banks?

Bill and Nikolay share a loaded look. A tense beat, then Joe Mason (Carl's Guard Captain friend) steps over.

MASON
Banks is dead...

Bill suddenly looks angry, flushed with emotion. He points his finger down the hall.

BILL
Asshole in there ordered the hit.

It's really an Oscar-caliber moment. Mason looks satisfied.

INT. POLICE STATION - CARL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy, Ramirez and Harris sit. Carl is on the phone.

CARL
Thanks, Jaspar. I owe you one.

Carl hangs up the phone.

CARL (CONT'D)
Gondoli made some calls. ATF's gonna move him.

RAMIREZ

How the hell does Vitale think he's gonna bust his brother out of a maximum security lockup? It's impossible.

CARL

Impossible if he's locked up in his five-by-five. Cell block is a fortress, but they're gonna move him into the Administrative Building. There, all bets are off.

JIMMY

Yeah. Only hard part would be getting inside.

HARRIS

Crazy fucking cunts...

JIMMY

Vitale's taking his empire back. And he wants to hand it off to his brother before he dies.

Carl shouts out onto the floor.

CARL

Phyllis, how we doing?

PHYLLIS

I can't get anyone over there...

CARL

What do you mean?

PHYLLIS

I don't know. It's not even ringing.

The Detectives are suddenly alarmed. Jimmy particularly.

JIMMY

The funeral. They're gonna do it today.

CARL

Phyllis, Joe Mason's cell phone number is in my rolodex. He's a Guard Captain over there. Keep calling til you get him.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - HALLWAY - DAY

Ivan Romanovski (eye still black from Carl's beating) is dragged in by a couple of GUARDS, all shackled up.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Bill and his crew wait. The Guards finally bring Ivan in.

BILL
Take his cuffs off...

GUARD
You kiddin'?

He's clearly not. The Guards reluctantly unshackle Ivan. Once they exit, Bill smiles.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN)
Uncle...

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Carl drives, Jimmy rides shotgun. The RADIO chirps:

RADIO (FILTERED)
Captain Morris?

It's Phyllis, Carl grabs the handset...

CARL
Jesus Christ...what took so long?

PHYLLIS (FILTERED)
Phone Company says the lines are just a mess out there... I finally got Captain Mason on his cell. He's standing next to Warden Tinsdale.

CARL
Warden...having a little trouble out there?

TINSDALE (FILTERED)
Yeah. Phones. We're working on it... You're lucky I'm even talking to you after that shit you pulled the other day.

Jimmy and Carl share a smirk.

WARDEN
Look, I just spoke with your ATF cronies--

CARL

--Warden, I'm headed your way right now. ATF's gonna meet me there and we can hash it out then.

TINSDALE (FILTERED)

Yeah, I don't have time for your bullshit. Gondoli's got an order from the Governor. Romanovski's all yours. What do you say I spare you the shouting match and just leave him with your boys here?

CARL

What's that?

TINSDALE (FILTERED)

Your contingent. They're in with him now. I'll just--

Jimmy's eyes go wide. Holy shit!

CARL

--Warden...crash the building.

TINSDALE

What's that now?

CARL

Those aren't cops! CRASH THE BUILDING! CRASH THE BUILDING!

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY

Carl flips on the SIREN and his car tears out of frame. The other squad cars follow suit. One-by-one.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - GUARD HOUSE - DAY

ANOTHER GUARD CAPTAIN turns toward his MEN.

GUARD CAPTAIN

CRASH THE BUILDING!

His GUARDS leap to attention. The ALARM SOUNDS: WHOOOP! WHOOOP! It continues over:

EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - DAY

The MAIN GATE is closing. ARMED GUARDS flood the catwalks.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Bill and his boys ready their weapons. Onto *Plan B*. Nikolay puts a KEVLAR VEST on Ivan.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - YARD - DAY

Alexei and the other masked, AK-47 wielding Gunmen pour from the LAPD van outside and enter the building.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A CONCERNED GUARD rushes in to warn them...

GUARD
They're coming in!

Bill draws his gun! BOOM! The Guard takes one in the face.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - ADMIN BUILDING - DAY

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! The Guards at the front desk are mowed-down. Alexei and the Gunmen speed past them into the hallway.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! A gang of GUARDS are roasted as Alexei and the Masked Gunmen scream down the hallway.

They reach the door of the Interrogation Room and take up defensive positions around it. Alexei heads inside.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONT.

Alexei enters. Bill smiles.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN)
Let's move.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - YARD - CONTINUOUS

Alexei and the Masked Men come out first and fire at the catwalks. RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

Nikolay and the other Patrolmen trickle out after them. They shield Ivan from the gunfire and stash him safely in the middle van. Bill and Nikolay slide back into the patrol car.

In the blink of an eye, everyone is packed up and headed out, barrelling toward the fence.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS

Bullets rain down from the catwalks and towers, but they bounce harmlessly off of the Armored Russian vehicles.

A GUARD pulls a SPIKE STRIP into the road, but the Russians roll right over it... Silicone tires.

Finally, with a brilliant shower of sparks and a thunderous BOOM, the vans crash the main gate and fishtail onto the highway. Bill's out right behind them.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - YARD - CONTINUOUS

A couple of Guards scramble into a CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS (D.O.C.) SQUAD CAR and give chase.

INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - DAY

Siren blaring, Carl and Jimmy are catapulting down the road. A line of cops behind them.

BILL'S CONVOY roars past them, headed in the other direction. Carl snatches hold of the Radio.

CARL
That's them, God damn it!!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carl's Squad car bangs a sudden and violent 180 degree turn to go back after Bill. The other Squad cars follow suit.

The D.O.C. car falls in behind them.

INT. BILL'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bill glances in his rear-view mirror, sees Carl and the boys doubling back. He shouts into his walkie-talkie.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN)
We've got company.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carl and the boys sneak in behind Bill's convoy. Very suddenly, the D.O.C. car accelerates.

INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carl watches the D.O.C. car zip past and move for the convoy. He screams into the radio.

CARL
D-O-C, hold on now!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The D.O.C. car pulls up along the driver's side of the second van. The GUARD riding shotgun hangs out the window--

BOOM! BOOM! His rifle spits fire. No effect.

Suddenly, the Van SWERVES violently toward him.

The Guard is SMASHED between the squad car and the van and finally spit out, flailing onto the road.

Carl and the other LAPD boys veer suddenly left and just barely miss him. Then--

The Van SWERVES again. This time it HAMMERS the D.O.C. car.

The D.O.C. car launches off of the highway, flipping end over end into the desert.

INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - DAY

Carl watches as the D.O.C. car bursts into flames. Jimmy pulls the .38 from his ankle-holster and starts loading.

CARL
That what I think it is?

Jimmy smiles. We get a closer look at his ammo's DISTINCT RED TIP. Armor piercing bullets from the Sputnik.

CARL (CONT'D)
You asshole... Hold on.

Carl steps on the gas. VROOOOM!!!!

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The driver sees Carl speeding up in his rearview mirror.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carl pulls up along the passenger side of the second van. Jimmy crawls out, sitting in his window, taking aim over the roof of the Squad car. Before he can get a shot off--

The van SWERVES towards them.

INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carl jerks the wheel and narrowly avoids contact, but Jimmy's hands come loose and he's almost spit out onto the road.

INT. RAMIREZ' SQUAD CAR - DAY

Ramirez and Harris. Their eyes go wide as Jimmy barely avoids kissing pavement.

HARRIS

Old man's crazier than those
Russians'll ever be.

INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy steadies himself. He leans back inside.

JIMMY

TAKE IT EASY, GOD DAMN IT!

CARL

QUIT YOUR BITCHING AND SHOOT!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carl zooms back up along-side the van, still being tailed closely by Ramirez and Harris. Jimmy takes aim. The overly confident Thugs taunt him from inside. Then--

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Jimmy's armor piercing bullets burst through the "bullet proof" glass, obliterating the Thug in the passenger seat and wounding the Driver.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The Driver SCREAMS IN PAIN and LOCKS UP THE BRAKES!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

In the blink of an eye, the van drops from 90 M.P.H. down to almost nothing, grinding to a halt.

The three Squad cars tailing it are too close. It's too late.

INT. RAMIREZ' SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ramirez stomps on the brakes. Harris braces herself.

HARRIS

Fuck! FUCK! FUUUUCCCCKKKK!!!!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! One-by-one the Squad cars PLOW into the van and are immediately crushed in accordion-like fashion.

The van finally JACKKNIFES and slides several hundred feet down the highway on it's side, sparks spewing onto the road.

All the good guys have left now are Carl and Jimmy.

INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carl points to the remaining Russian van and Squad car.

CARL
One down. Two to go.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carl's squad car challenges the remaining van on the Driver's side. Jimmy leans out of his window, taking aim. When--

The van's side door tears open revealing IVAN and the AK-47 wielding THUGS inside...

Ivan locks eyes with Jimmy. Jimmy boils.

INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carl looks over, sees the thugs preparing to fire!

CARL
Get down!!!!

Carl turns the steering wheel violently right.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! Carl's car is pasted with gunfire.

It tears off the road, turning over in the air and finally crashing on its roof.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

As the thugs cheer, Ivan turns to the driver, stone-faced.

IVAN (IN RUSSIAN)
Tell them to turn around.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

We stand about 100 feet away from Carl's overturned squad car. Our friends are banged up, but it looks like they might be okay. Until--

Two sets of BLACK BOOTS step into frame in front of us.

OVERLAP -- An Ocean Liner's horn WAILS!

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

We hear a lot of activity from outside. Sounds like a busy port or harbor. The HAIR-LIPPED KID (the one who warned Nikolay before the brothel massacre) is crouched in a corner, poking a DEAD RAT with a stick.

Nikolay enters, fresh from battle and makes his way over to--

Vitale. He's working on an old-fashioned typewriter. He doesn't acknowledge Nikolay's presence. And Nikolay doesn't dare interrupt. DING!

Vitale pulls the page out. The paper is red. The type is yellow. He finally looks up at Nikolay.

NIKOLAY (IN RUSSIAN)

He's here.

Vitale takes a few breaths from an oxygen mask...

INT. WAREHOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

A couple of GUARDS open the massive BAY DOOR and the faux LAPD Van rolls in. Vitale charges over to meet it. With each step he seems younger, more vibrant. Healthy even.

Ivan exits. He and Vitale exchange a warm embrace.

VITALE (IN RUSSIAN)

Brother...

Eight years have separated these two. They take a moment to adjust to the other's new visage. A powerful silence.

Seeing Vitale in this weakened state is very hard on Ivan. He's quickly overwhelmed with emotion.

IVAN (IN RUSSIAN)

I never thought this day would come. You've risked everything...

Vitale raises his hand, dismissive.

VITALE (IN RUSSIAN)

I can die happy now, knowing you
are free. Knowing you will be there
to look after things. I only regret
it could not have been sooner...

(noticing his black eye)
Your face...

IVAN (IN RUSSIAN)

A gift from our old friends...

VITALE (IN RUSSIAN)

They will pay soon enough.

Ivan shakes his head.

IVAN

They will pay now.

Bill and a couple of RUSSIAN GOONS, pull Carl and Jimmy from
the back of the van and spill them onto the warehouse floor.

Jimmy and Vitale share a long, loaded look. Carl can't
believe it. He's looking at a ghost...

You couldn't sandblast the smile off Vitale's face. But
Nikolay looks particularly nervous.

NIKOLAY (IN RUSSIAN)

We can't stay here. Nazarian's
mercenaries are in custody. Those
aren't our men. Someone will talk.

VITALE

Then we'll have to make it quick...

OVERLAP -- RUSSIAN MUSIC CRACKLES from an old boom box.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Carl and Jimmy are tied to chairs in the center of the room.

Vitale sings along with the music, clapping his hands and
hopping around them. He's been waiting for this moment so
long, it seems to have driven him mad.

Ivan, having traded in his prison-issue orange jumpsuit for
street clothes, is having the time of his life.

The Hair-lipped Kid limps up to Carl and starts rummaging
through his pockets. Carl jerks and squirms, but it's no use.
The Hair-lipped Kid gets a hold of his wallet. He liberates a
wad of twenties from it. Vitale pulls him away.

VITALE
My toolbox. Bring it to me.

The Hair-lipped kid scurries off. Bill approaches.

BILL
It's time.

Vitale hands Bill the RED SLIP OF PAPER he typed up earlier.

VITALE (IN RUSSIAN)
Make me proud...

NIKOLAY approaches with a LONG RIFLE CASE.

NIKOLAY (IN RUSSIAN)
You need to wrap this up. The
police will come.

Vitale looks to Ivan and smirks.

VITALE (IN RUSSIAN)
He worries too much.

Nikolay shakes his head and reluctantly follows Bill over to the faux LAPD Van.

As the Van rolls out, the Hair-lipped kid approaches with the TOOLBOX. But Vitale isn't quite ready for it.

VITALE (CONT'D)
When the doctors first discovered
my illness, they gave me only three
months to live... *Three months*,
James! I had always taken life for
granted. I thought I had all the
time in the world. But now they
were telling me that wasn't so.

(a labored breath)
I had so much left undone. I sulked
for a while. Felt sorry for myself.
But one morning, I woke
up...*changed*. Energized. I looked
at myself long and hard in the
mirror and made a promise. I would
not die until I was *finished*.

Jimmy tries to keep cool, not wanting to give him any satisfaction.

VITALE (CONT'D)
That was *four years* ago, James. For
four years, I have kept death at
bay. My need to free my brother.

(MORE)

VITALE (CONT'D)
 My need to take back what's mine.
 My need to watch you die... This is
 what's kept me breathing...

Vitale turns to the Hair-lipped kid.

VITALE (CONT'D)
 Open it.

The Hair-lipped Kid opens the toolbox, revealing: Ivan's old CATTLE PROD and a bloody, DIRT-FILLED SOCK.

Ivan takes hold of his deadly instrument, flips a switch and listens as it HUMS TO LIFE. Music to his ears. He is THE WOLF once again...

VITALE (CONT'D)
 You were so close that day at the docks, James. I watched you from the bridge of the ship.

Jimmy's eyes flood with hate. Vitale smiles.

JIMMY
 You're lying.

VITALE
 You played right into my hands. I wanted you there. I needed you there. But I never dreamt it would work out as well as it did. Especially after Nazarian's little mishap... My brother free. My enemies falling by the wayside. Soon, my empire will be fully restored. And I'll owe it all to you...

Jimmy shakes with absolute rage. Ivan steps out of frame, headed for Carl and...FLASH-CRACK! Carl SCREAMS!

MUSIC plays over the following:

EXT. CEMETERY - GATE - DAY

The FUNERAL PROCESSION pours through the gate, car-by-car. The HEARSE is out in front.

EXT. CEMETERY - ROAD - DAY

Rosa is one of many somber FUNERAL-GOERS stepping from their cars. Press PHOTOGRAPHERS snap photos.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. The casket is pulled from the hearse and carried by a TEAM OF OFFICERS in their DRESS BLUES.
2. A CATHOLIC PRIEST reads a prayer.
3. BOOM! SEVEN OFFICERS fire into the air. The first seven shots in a 21 gun salute.
4. A TEAM OF OFFICERS removes an AMERICAN FLAG from the casket and ceremonially folds it.
5. BOOM! The Officers fire into the air again. Shots 8-14.
6. The folded flag is handed over to Banks' PARENTS.
7. BOOM! The Officers fire into the air. Shots 15-21.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Detective Rogers leans over to Rosa.

ROGERS
Where's the Captain?

She just shakes her head. She has no idea...

END MUSIC

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Ivan lays into Carl. ZZAAPP!! Vitale gets another good whack in on Jimmy's kidney. Our heroes are in intense pain.

Vitale pulls a handkerchief and covers his mouth. Soon, he's coughing up BLOOD again. The Hair-lipped Kid quickly moves to retrieve something.

VITALE
You ever stop and think, James,
about how much different our lives
would be, if you'd have just taken
my money, like your partners did?

JIMMY
Yeah. Because it really worked out
great for them.

ZZAAPP! Ivan sends an electric jolt down Jimmy's spine.

The Hair-lipped Kid finally returns with an oxygen mask. Vitale takes a couple of breaths from it, then--

VITALE

So many years wasted... You've given Ivan and I a happy ending. But you... Your life ends in tragedy. Instead of drowning in vodka on that floating coffin of yours, you could've lived the American Dream. Beautiful wife at your side. A home. A family...

(a beat)

When I kill you. No one will miss you. No one will care. It will be as if you never existed.

EXT. ROAD NEAR PRISON - DAY

The crash scene from the jail break car chase. Smoke. AMBULANCES. POLICE CARS. FIRE TRUCKS. Something for everyone.

Ramirez, his face covered in blood, sweat and dust, stands at the back of an ambulance. He watches an EMT dress the leg wounds of a HANDCUFFED RUSSIAN. Something catches his eye...

He pulls Harris close.

RAMIREZ

Check out his knees.

HARRIS

Douche's got a boo-boo.

RAMIREZ

Nah. Remember what Jimmy said?

HARRIS

The bad motherfuckers have stars on their knees.

RAMIREZ

This guy's a lightweight.

The two march purposefully over to the EMT.

HARRIS

Hey, we're gonna need to use your bus for a minute.

EMT

Excuse me?

Harris jams her gun in his face.

HARRIS
You got a hearing problem?!

The EMT can hear just fine. He bolts.

Harris and Ramirez climb up into the ambulance and we finally get a look at the handcuffed Russian. It's Alexei!

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Improvise?

RAMIREZ
Improvise.

Ramirez closes the door. Alexei SCREAMS in agony...

INT. AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Harris puts the keys in the ignition, flips on the siren and slams on the gas. VROOOM!!!

EXT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

The ambulance SQUEALS off. The back doors swing open and Ramirez kicks Alexei out into the street.

RAMIREZ
Thanks. You been a big help.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The FAUX LAPD VAN, Nikolay at the wheel, rolls to a stop near the funeral service.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The Priest is finishing a prayer. Rosa stands behind him, staring nervously down at her typed notes.

INT. FAUX LAPD VAN - DAY

BILL opens the CASE and starts to assemble a SNIPER RIFLE. Nikolay checks his watch.

NIKOLAY (IN RUSSIAN)
It's almost time...

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Vitale takes another deep breath from his mask. This ordeal is really taking a physical toll. He pops a couple of pills then peers down at his watch. He turns to the Hair-lipped kid...

VITALE (IN RUSSIAN)
Turn on the television.

The Hair-lipped kid flips on a small TELEVISION. Ivan turns Jimmy and Carl so they can see it.

ON TELEVISION: Local news coverage of Banks' funeral. Rosa is taking the podium.

Carl and Jimmy share a desperate look.

CARL
You stay the fuck away from her!

Vitale shakes his head, *so sad...* *TSK, TSK...*

VITALE
In Russia, if a friend beds your wife, to retain any shred of honor, you must kill them both. Friend and whore.

(he smiles)
But my brother and I, we have special place in our heart for you, Captain. You sit back and relax. We'll take care of your dirty work.

Carl looks like a raging bull. We haven't seen him like this.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Rosa takes a deep, emotional breath and starts in.

ROSA
All who knew Howard Banks knew that he was a man of integrity...

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

ON TELEVISION: Rosa, continues her speech.

In the distance, we hear a faint AMBULANCE SIREN over the commotion of the docks.

Vitale and Ivan relish watching Carl and Jimmy as they squirm helplessly in front of the television.

CARL
You hurt her, I swear to God I'll kill you. Doesn't matter what armpit you hide under this time, I'll find you.

The brothers LAUGH uproariously. They're so loud that they don't hear the rapidly approaching SIREN. Carl hears it just fine though. Now he's the one smiling. Ivan takes notice.

IVAN
You think this is funny?

Suddenly, GUNFIRE from outside! BANG! BANG! FRANTIC SHOUTING FROM THE RUSSIAN GUARDS! SOMEONE SCREAMS. RAT-A-TAT-TAT! RETURN FIRE! Ivan and Vitale turn to see--

CRASH! Harris' ambulance barrels through the garage door!!!

Vitale dives out of the way just in time but--

Ivan isn't so lucky. The ambulance SLAMS right into him!

Vitale crawls back to his feet and heads for the back door.

The Hair-lipped Kid stays frozen in his chair. If he's not terrified, then the freaky bastard just got his first boner.

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Harris sits in the driver's seat. Groggy and disoriented. She hit her head pretty good and took a bullet in the shoulder.

Ramirez is only in slightly better shape. He spills out and stumbles over to Jimmy and Carl.

RAMIREZ
You guys still breathin'?

WITH JIMMY AND CARL

They're breathing, but just barely. Ramirez cuts them loose.

CARL
Took you long enough.

Jimmy staggers to his feet, pulls Ramirez close.

JIMMY
Give me your weapon.

Ramirez hands it over. Jimmy heads for the back door.

CARL
Jimmy! Wait!

Jimmy turns, reluctant.

CARL (CONT'D)
Kill his ass.

Jimmy nods, limps out after Vitale. Carl turns to Ramirez.

CARL (CONT'D)
Get dispatch on the phone. I need
them making calls!

POV - BILL'S RIFLE SCOPE

Rosa is in the cross hairs.

INT. RUSSIAN LAPD VAN - CONTINUOUS

Bill stares through his scope, carefully readying his shot.

NIKOLAY (IN RUSSIAN)
Take the shot.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN)
It's beautiful. Let her finish.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Rosa is amid speech.

ROSA
There is now no doubt in my mind as
to the existence of heaven. For no
good and just God could call this
man away to any place else--

--RING! RING! Suddenly, a cell phone rings. Rosa looks up
from her notes, annoyed.

THE CROWD

Rogers scrambles to quiet his CELL PHONE.

THE PODIUM

Rosa just re-finds her place in the speech when--

--RING! RING! Another phone starts screaming.

THE CROWD

Another TALL OFFICER turns his ringer off. Just then--

RING! BUZZ! RING! BUZZ! It spreads like wildfire. Dozens of
phones start ringing and buzzing in unison.

The OFFICERS in the crowd look curiously to one another.

THE PODIUM

Rosa is floored.

INT. RUSSIAN LAPD VAN - CONTINUOUS

Nikolay is getting a *really* bad feeling about this...

THE CROWD

RING! BUZZ! RING! BUZZ! Finally, Rogers answers his phone. Then another Officer does. And another. And another.

After a short beat, one-by-one, every cop's head turns toward Bill's faux LAPD van.

POV - BILL'S RIFLE SCOPE

All the Officers are standing, staring directly at him. He doesn't have a clean shot anymore.

INT. RUSSIAN LAPD VAN - CONTINUOUS

Bill turns to Nikolay, flabbergasted.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN)
Get the fuck out of here.

Nikolay fires the van up and slams it into gear, just as a pair of LAPD cruisers roll in and block his path.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
BACK UP!

Nikolay throws it in reverse and another LAPD cruiser screeches to a halt behind them.

There's nowhere to go now. Game over. As panic starts to set in, Bill turns to see--

A FORCE OF LAPD OFFICERS descend upon them. The van starts to shake violently. Just as Bill and Nikolay shit their pants--

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ramirez has the Ambulance door open, hovering over his partner, terribly concerned. Harris is going into shock.

RAMIREZ
Come on, girl. Fight for that shit.

NEAR THE OPEN BAY DOOR

Carl hangs up his cell, wholly relieved. He shouts to Ramirez, across the room...

CARL
They got those motherfuckers in--

Carl's expression changes. Blood drains from his face--

IVAN IS BACK UP ON HIS FEET, battered and bruised, but no less ferocious. Ramirez is fighting tooth and nail to keep him away from Harris, but it proves futile.

Ivan palms Ramirez' head and SMASHES it into the ambulance door. Ramirez spills onto the ground, screaming in pain.

The collision causes Harris to stir. Ivan wraps his massive hand around her neck and rips her up out of her seat.

He takes a moment to feel her breasts. It's been eight years since he's seen a pair like this...

IVAN
Pretty girl...

And then, Ivan pulls out a SWITCHBLADE...

WITH CARL

Carl barrels across the room and lowers his shoulder into Ivan. The switchblade flies from his hand and skips across the floor. Harris falls, unconscious. Maybe even dead.

WHACK! To the stomach! WHACK! To the face! WHACK! WHACK!
WHACK! Carl lands one hit after another...

Ivan just smiles. He feels no pain. He finally winds up and--
DOOF! A brutal kick to the chest sends Carl sprawling.

ACROSS THE ROOM

The Hair-lipped Kid watches with wonder as Ivan descends upon Carl. Then, something steals his attention--

The SWITCHBLADE has come to rest right in front of him. He smiles like a kid on Christmas.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Vitale works his way up a RAMP destined for the MAIN DECK of an OCEAN LINER. It's getting ready to set sail. A gaggle of CHINESE SHIPMATES rush to their stations.

Vitale peers through the CROWD to see...JIMMY, hot on his heels. Vitale fires wildly: BOOM! BOOM!

The Shipmates panic, SCREAMING and running, but...

Jimmy doesn't even flinch. Vitale disappears into the belly of the ship. Jimmy's right behind.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ivan has both of his massive hands wrapped around Carl's neck. Carl struggles valiantly, but it's no use.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Ramirez staggers to his feet. He's still seeing stars. But the sight of his struggling Captain sobers him quickly--

Ramirez knows he has to act fast. He reaches for his gun, but it's gone. Then he sees it...THE CATTLE PROD.

BACK WITH CARL

Ivan squeezes until it looks like Carl's eyes are going to pop from his head. With a thunderous ROAR, Ivan lifts Carl into the air.

It looks like the end, until: ZZZAAAPPP!!! Ivan's eyes roll back in his head.

Carl hits the ground, gasping for air.

Ivan turns to see Ramirez, just about to jab the cattle prod into his gut! ZZZAAAPPP!!!

Ivan staggers backward. Finally, something has an effect on this behemoth. ZZZAAAPPP!!! Again! ZZZAAAPPP!!! And AGAIN!

Ivan vomits ferociously and drops to one knee. He can't take much more. Just as Ramirez moves to finish him off--

THOOP! Ramirez' face contorts. He looks down to see Ivan's SWITCHBLADE sticking into his leg!!! The Hair-lipped Kid is right there, twisting the knife in deeper and deeper...

Ramirez drops the cattle prod, HOWLING in pain. But he still manages to KICK THE KID IN THE FACE!!!

Ramirez turns back for the cattle prod, but it isn't there.

IT'S IN IVAN'S HANDS! He drives the weapon into Ramirez' chest and: ZZZAAAPPP!!! The tide turns once again.

Outside. The ship's HORN WAILS. It's getting ready to leave.

INT. OCEAN LINER - CORRIDOR - DAY

Vitale has a sizable lead. Jimmy bobs and weaves through the crowded corridor, trying to get a clean shot... Finally, he has it: BOOM! BOOM!

But Vitale disappears around the corner just in time--

PING! PANG! POOM! Jimmy's bullets ricochet wildly off of the metal walls, sparks flying everywhere. A CHINESE SHIPMATE SCREAMS and runs for his life. Suddenly--

A RUSSIAN GOON bursts from a CARGO BAY, AK-47 in-hand. Jimmy grabs the barrel of the gun and YANKS it with all his might!

The Goon stumbles forward, trying to keep his balance, trying to reach the trigger. But he never gets a chance--

Jimmy delivers a roundhouse kick that sends the Goon over the railing and onto the floor of the ENGINEERING BAY below.

Jimmy turns to see THREE RUSSIAN THUGS charging toward him!!! He takes the original Goon's AK-47 and UNLOADS it on them!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! By the time the gun is out of ammo, all three have gone down like bowling pins.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carl, dazed and confused, climbs up a nearby HI-LO to get to his feet. He sees Ivan descending upon a desperate Ramirez.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Ramirez emerges from the warehouse, crawling on his hands and knees. Blood pouring from his eyes, nose and ears. Ivan is right behind him, cattle prod in hand: ZZZAAAPPP!!!

RAMIREZ
No more. Please...

Begging always did make Ivan smile. He turns the dial on the cattle prod, drastically cranking up the wattage. It HUMS electric death. The Russian winds up and--

The HI-LO BURSTS through the hole in the bay door and DEMOLISHES Ivan! He's flung head-first into the water.

The Hi-lo screeches to a halt at the waters edge. Carl's behind the wheel, a satisfied look on his face.

CARL
Tell your brother I said hello.
Asshole.

INT. OCEAN LINER - ENGINEERING BAY - DAY

It's cold and dark...save for the ominous red glow emanating from the massive BOILER powering the ship. Jimmy steps over the Goon's corpse and creeps in, 9mm drawn, when--

CLA-CLACK! A gun cocks. Jimmy feels cold steel against his temple. And then there's that hacking cough.

VITALE. His hands trembling...

VITALE
Party's over, James...

He pulls the trigger and: CLICK! Shit. Click. Click. Click. Click. He's out of ammo.

VITALE (CONT'D)
Oops!

Jimmy grabs Vitale by the throat and JAMS his gun into the Russian's mouth, taking out some of his teeth in the process.

Jimmy's waited eight years for this. He's just about to pull the trigger, but something stops him. He lowers his weapon.

Vitale laughs like only a madman can. With blood smothering the few teeth he has left, he looks like a devil.

VITALE (CONT'D)
Everyone on this boat works for me.
Get off while you can. Walk away
and you and I are done. We both can
live. Leave our fates to God.

Jimmy opens up the chamber of his gun, and drops all the bullets to the ground.

Vitale smiles. That horrible fucking smile.

VITALE (CONT'D)
I always figured you for a
reasonable man, Jam--

WHACK! Jimmy smashes his fist into Vitale's face. Vitale stumbles backward, spitting blood. He looks up, fear-in-eyes.

JIMMY
I want to *feel* you die.

Jimmy's never looked so focused. He grabs Ramirez' 9mm by the barrel and just starts pistol-whipping the shit out of Vitale. WHACK! WHACK!

Vitale falls to his knees. Jimmy starts pounding on him with his fists now. WHAM! WHAM! Before the Russian can lose consciousness, Jimmy rips him back to his feet...

Jimmy looks into the cold dead eyes of the man who stole his life. Vengeance is now his for the taking...

Vitale knows the end is coming. He remains defiant.

VITALE
I'll send Cathy your regards...

Jimmy's eyes FLARE! He gives the Russian an absolutely devastating boot to the chest! Vitale flips over the railing and disappears into the fiery belly of the boiler.

Jimmy stands there, listening to Vitale scream in agony, huffing the stench of charred flesh. A beat and it's over...

EXT. THE BAY - CONTINUOUS

The sky is an evil, fiery orange. Like the gates of hell have just been opened up. SQUAD CARS flood the waterfront. An LAPD CHOPPER hovers over the scene.

We're out in the middle of the overly choppy water, watching as Jimmy emerges from the ocean liner.

He limps over to Carl. The two friends share a loaded look. The end of a long road. Then, something funny happens.

The alarm on Jimmy's digital watch SOUNDS. But this time, instead of doing his push-ups, he yanks the watch from his wrist and tosses it in the water.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY

It's a beautiful, sunny day. We're out over the calm, serene ocean water, watching as Jimmy prepares his boat for a trip. It's been fixed up and repainted. It looks brand new.

EXT. JIMMY'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

As Jimmy puts the finishing touches on the motor, Carl approaches, tackle in-hand, dressed to fish.

CARL
Old tub's looking good. How does she ride?

JIMMY

You bring a suit? We may end up
swimmin' back.

CARL

You know damn well I can't swim.

JIMMY

(smiles)

You single again?

CARL

Hopefully not. We're workin' on it.

JIMMY

Sorry to hear that. I was gonna
introduce you to a nice Russian
girl...

CARL

Shit... What she charge?

Jimmy laughs. Carl gets serious.

CARL (CONT'D)

You know, Jim. We turned some heads
with this thing. Commissioner's got
me puttin' together a new task
force. I want you to lead it. How'd
you like to get your shield back?

JIMMY

Task force? I can imagine the
assholes you'd stick me with.

Just then, Harris approaches. She very gently helps Ramirez,
limping and all bandaged up, onto the boat.

RAMIREZ

Ouch! Slow down, damn it.

HARRIS

Stop being a fucking pussy.

Jimmy shakes his head and smiles.

JIMMY

It's a hell of an offer. But I'm
not sure I'm ready to decide what's
next. Not yet.

CARL
Think about it.
(turns to Harris)
You assholes bring the beer?

HARRIS
Cooler full of it. Need a hand
carrying it though. Gimpy here
ain't worth shit.

Carl is about to walk off with Harris, when he remembers something. He turns back to Jimmy.

CARL
You know, I was thinking. The boat.
You should name her after Cathy.

JIMMY
Good idea. But you're a little
late...

CARL
Why's that?

JIMMY
I already named her after you.

We finally see it. The boat has been named: THE S.S. ASSHOLE.
Carl shakes his head.

CARL
You asshole...

Ramirez and Harris laugh uproariously. We pull slowly back across the water and finally...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END