

WATCH ROGER DO HIS THING

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WHITE SCREEN. Like a blank page. Then the word:

*

PROLOGUE

EXT. CHICAGO INNER-CITY STREET/RAY'S BARBERSHOP - NIGHT

Brisk winds send leaves and litter tumbling down a derelict street lined with old storefront buildings.

NARRATOR

Roger killed people for a living.

A plain gray sedan parks near the curb. Illinois plates. ROGER behind the wheel, wearing dark glasses and a skull cap that matches his suit. He peeks at his watch then turns to:

A BARBER POLE

Spinning. A neon "OPEN" sign glows in the storefront window. A rotund, silver-haired BARBER sweeps the floor inside.

NARRATOR

Never woman or child, and he assumed, never anyone who did not suspect they could someday be murdered.

INT. GRAY CAR - NIGHT

Roger wraps a black scarf around his face, leaving only his dark glasses uncovered. He clicks off the Jackson 5's "I'll Be There" on the radio.

NARRATOR

Roger used a silenced black Walther P99 that held fifteen subsonic forty caliber rounds in the magazine, plus one in the chamber.

A silenced Walther P99 rests on his lap.

NARRATOR

He did not know that it was the same gun used by fictional spy James Bond.

Roger's hand grips the gun.

THE BARBER POLE

stops spinning. The neon "OPEN" sign buzzes as it blinks out. The barbershop goes dark.

Two big men exit the shop. BODYGUARDS. Scanning...

The Craggy-faced guard, CRAIG, spots the gray car - across the street, half a block down - takes his six shooter from his holster and cautiously crosses toward the car.

Footsteps.

The rotund barber, wearing a trench coat and hat, walks out of the shop aided by a cane. He stands with the pock-faced guard, PAUL, quietly watching Craig step toward the-

GRAY CAR

The driver side window rolls down slow.

Craig stops and watches. Then:

pft-pft. Two whisper quiet bullets rip through him. He falls dead in the street.

Paul covers the barber, reaches for his gun.

pft-pft. Paul's head explodes, blood and brain on the storefront window, dead before he hits the pavement.

The barber, dotted in blood, leans on his cane, staring at the car. Defiant.

pft. SPLAT. Blood erupts from the barber's neck. He drops in a heap under the glow of a humming streetlight, gasping.

Gravel crunching footfalls approach.

NARRATOR

Sometimes in the middle of killing someone, Roger would be struck by peculiar thoughts. For instance, while shooting the barber and numbers runner Raymond Jones, he deduced that nine out of ten people he's killed would be considered obese. He wondered if corpulent men inherently got into more trouble because of their lack of self-control. He'd never met a jolly fat person and thought that was bullshit.

The barber fights for air, blood geysering through his fingers from the bullet hole in his neck.

He squints at a pair of Chuck Taylor's by his face then looks up at the silenced barrel of a P99.

pft. The shoes leave the dead barber and his dead eyes,
footfalls fading...

NARRATOR

Roger equated himself with men who
work in factories or coal mines. He
did not take pleasure in his work nor
was it an infliction. It was a job.

The dead eyes of the dead barber TURNS THE SCREEN BLACK.

NARRATOR

...It was just a job.

The title over the black screen.

WATCH ROGER DO HIS THING

INT. GRAY CAR - NIGHT

Roger unwraps the scarf and takes off his dark glasses.

NARRATOR

Roger shot and killed seven men in
twenty-four hours. Three targets plus
four bodyguards.

A handsome but weathering face with brown naturally sad eyes,
he looks older than his 32 years. Roger's phone RINGS.

NARRATOR

His usual fee was fifty thousand
dollars per kill, but he was not paid
to kill these men.

(then)

He killed them to save James.

The name JAMES on caller ID as the phone rings. As Roger
presses **IGNORE** we CUT TO:

JAMES

INT. JULIET'S POOL HALL - NIGHT

A needle drops on vinyl in an old fashioned banged-up
jukebox. "USE ME" by Bill Withers plays.

Roger and JAMES, handsome under his Brillo pad five o'clock
shadow, seedy under his pale skin, share a booth with whiskey
and burning cigarettes in the otherwise empty pool hall.

ROGER
New York?

JAMES
Rotten fucking apple.

ROGER
Don't mess with New York, James.

JAMES
Already made my play. Found out which businesses were using street money, paid off their debts, then easy peasy, Japanesey, suggested they deal with me from now on.

*

ROGER
You're loaning out money to businesses in New York?

*

*

*

JAMES
Doin what I gotta to survive, Roger. I won't be Libi's peon forever.

*

*

*

ROGER
And you expect the shys out there to just let that happen?

JAMES
Fuck 'em. This is America. You don't make money, you take money.
(an invite)
Let's take this money.

Roger stands to leave.

*

ROGER
I gotta go.

*

*

JAMES
I need to talk to you, Roger.

*

*

ROGER
That's why you called me here?

JAMES
Could use some muscle. This can work.

*

ROGER
Sorry. Not my thing.

JAMES
I know it's not your thing...

*

*

Roger watches James nonchalantly take his pack of smokes without asking, light one up.

*
*

JAMES
I'm offering you the opportunity to make it your thing.

*
*

ROGER
Ever been to France, James?

*

JAMES
Can't say that I have.

ROGER
I'm getting out of Chicago, taking Tracie and DJ Paris.

*
*

JAMES
I see. Mister family man over here.

*

ROGER
You should consider that.

JAMES
Not me. I got a thing for happily married chicks. All the sex, none of the commitment. Matter of fact, I've been seein a girl. Guess who she's married to.

ROGER
Do I wanna know?

JAMES
Our fat-ass boss that's who.

*

Roger simply shakes his head.

JAMES
She came to me. And you know who she looks like, right? Heather fucking Locklear. Am I right? Not the TJ Hooker, circa '85 Heather. The Melrose Place, circa '95 Heather. She's just a little thicker. You think I'm passin that up then you're just not thinkin at all.

*

ROGER
Can I offer my opinion?

JAMES
It's a free country.

ROGER

You're being stupid. One, leave Libi's wife alone. He'll kill you if he finds out. Two, get your money out of New York like yesterday. That's another death wish. And three, call my guy Sloan.

*
*
*

Roger hands James a business card with **SLOAN INVESTMENTS** embroidered on it.

*
*

ROGER

Let him put your money to work. He made me a millionaire.

*

JAMES

Millionaire?... You?

ROGER

Why do you think I'm done?

*

JAMES

(surprised)

You're done? Why? What happened?

*
*
*

ROGER

I gotta wait for something to happen? I'm a year ahead of schedule but isn't there something to be said about getting out on your own terms?

*
*
*
*
*

JAMES

But why now?

*
*

ROGER

Always been the plan. Make enough to live happy then that's it. Game over. You should plan your escape, too. While you still can.

*
*
*
*
*

JAMES

I'm a gangster, Roger. I don't make plans. I just hustle to live another day.

*
*
*

WHAM! The door is KICKED OFF its hinges and a 77 year old, turtle neck wearing HIT MAN with a long pistol aimed enters, eyeing James and Roger.

*

For a moment, no one makes a move. "USE ME" is blaring.

OLD HIT MAN

James Rayne? I got a message from-

POW-**BANG**-POW! The hit man's chest explodes. He falls, cracking his jaw on the ground. His dentures fall out of his mouth with a spot of blood.

Roger, stunned, holds a smoking .38 Special.

JAMES

Son of a bitch.

James grimaces, wipes blood from his arm. The **BANG** between the POWS was a bullet from the old hit man that grazed him.

James, cigarette dangling, limps over to the hit man, his limp a permanent reminder of a past injury. *

He pulls a wallet from the hit man's pocket, takes out the DRIVER'S LICENSE, snickers when he sees New York on it. *

JAMES

Give me the heater. *

Roger hands James the .38. They both stare down at the bleeding, dead hit man and his dentures. We move in on Roger. *

NARRATOR

Roger believed that in the "killing people for money" business, you did not speak on the job unless it was absolutely critical to survival, a principle he thought was univer- *

POW! James shoots the dead hit man, startling Roger and cutting off the narrator.

JAMES

You all right, jumpy? *

ROGER

Fine. Just, I'm thinking about writing a novel. Sometimes I drift, get a voice in my head. *

JAMES

Novel? Hey, if I'm in it, make sure I'm the hero. Fuck being the sidekick. *

(then)

You sure you're not interested? We'd be 70-30 partners. You handle shit like this, I handle the money. *

Roger's non-reply is all the answer James is getting. James tucks the .38 in his waistband.

ROGER
What're you doin with that?

JAMES
I got cops that'll make this look like
attempted robbery, self defense. Don't
worry about it. But you can't be here.

*

Roger takes a last look at the dead hit man then walks away
with contemplative eyes.

NARRATOR
Roger concluded that the old hit man
knew the "no speaking on the job"
rule, but had decided, maybe even
subconsciously, to sabotage himself,
making his death as much a suicide as
it was third degree murder.

*

*

*

JAMES
Yo.

Roger, ignoring or not hearing James, keeps walking.

NARRATOR
He believed that the old hit man was
exhausted from killing and was ready
to die. And that made him feel good
about his decision to walk away.

*

*

*

*

A hint of a smile curls Roger's lips.

*

JAMES
Hey, millionaire!
(Roger turns back)
I'll have to pay off the cops.

*

James gives Roger a *give me some money* look. Roger tosses
James a wad of cash from his pocket. James grins.

JAMES
My man.

ROGER
(goodbye for good)
Good luck to you, James.

*

*

Roger, stepping on the **SLOAN INVESTMENTS** card he gave James,
walks out, leaving James with a dead body and a cold smirk.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

James has SYLVIA LIBI, 30s, a chunkier version of Heather Locklear, up against a wall, thrusting in and out of her. Her moans say she loves it. Her eyes say she loves him.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - LATER

James and Sylvia quietly get dressed. James puts a shoe on his prosthetic right foot. Sylvia steals a soft glance at him, unable to mask her feelings for him. He catches it.

JAMES

What was that?

SYLVIA

...What?

JAMES

What? You know what. We're just havin
a good time, right?

Sylvia huffs, turns away. James forcibly grabs her arm.

JAMES

I need to know where your head's at.

SYLVIA

Why? Are you afraid of Dominick?

JAMES

If I was, would I be dickin his wife?
(then)
What are you thinking?

SYLVIA

...We're just having a good time.

She yanks her arm free and snaps on her bra.

SYLVIA

Asshole.

James's eyes don't trust her.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SKYSCRAPER - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The sign on top of the building reads LIBI FINANCIAL GROUP.

INT. DOWNTOWN SKYSCRAPER - LIBI'S OFFICE - DAY

James sits in a cushy chair in the lounge of the exorbitant executive office, opening a fresh pack of Newports, doing a good job of hiding his nerves.

*
*
*

JAMES
What's this about, Nicky?

*

LIBI
Quiet.

*
*

DOMINICK LIBI, 60s, the boss in Armani and his bride Sylvia, in a silky dress, sip wine on the couch opposite James, Sylvia glowering at James who pays the beauty no mind. Libi is studying a ledger book through thick glasses.

*
*

LIBI
This number for Philips is right? This is what he owes me now?

*
*
*

BENJAMIN (O.S.)
It's right, Mr. Libi.

*
*

Libi glares at the ledger so hard a vein in his forehead is about to pop.

*
*

LIBI
That disrespectful mother-- Okay. Deal with it. And just to be clear, I don't want money from him. I want him in the fucking ground.

*
*
*
*
*

Libi turns his glare to James who, amused by Libi's agitation, smirks as he lights up a square.

*
*

JAMES
Tough day, huh?

*
*

LIBI
Benjamin took a look at your books.

*

JAMES
Who the hell is Benjamin?

BENJAMIN
Me.

BENJAMIN, 30s, slender and bookish in his euro-styled frames and newsboy hat, stands at the entrance door.

BENJAMIN

We're doing some auditing. I noticed
that you have a couple 60-days over.
We want you to put our guy on it.

*
*

JAMES

Our guy? We don't have a guy anymore.
He quit.

*

(then, dismissive)

What are you, some kind of assistant?

BENJAMIN

As far as you're concerned, I'm the
boss. From now on everything you do,
runs through me.

*

(then)

Now what do you mean he quit?

*

JAMES

(to Libi)

Nicky, come on. We're together ten
years, I gotta go through a middleman?

BENJAMIN

You work for Mr. Libi, James, not with
him. He owns the bank, you just manage
a neighborhood branch. We have ten
"managers" just like you. What makes
you special?

SYLVIA

Some people just have no respect for
authority.

Sylvia sips her wine and makes eye contact with no one.

*

JAMES

Is that how you see it, Nicky?

LIBI

That's how it is, James.

James, feeling disrespected, hides it with a wry smile, ashes
his cigarette in a wine glass, stands to leave.

*
*

JAMES

Well, seeing that there's no room for
advancement here at Libi Financial,
please accept my resignation.

*
*

A "fuck you" finger to Libi, then he turns to Sylvia.

*

JAMES

You take care of yourself, Mrs. Libi.

*
*

James limps toward the door where Benjamin waits. After a short stare down, and a "let him go" nod from Libi, Benjamin steps aside, letting James pass. *

Libi catches a doleful look on Sylvia's face as she watches James limp out. His dark eyes fill with suspicion. *

CUT TO BLACK.

NARRATOR

Roger spent most of his time alone watching television, his only companionship coming when he paid for it. He had gotten to know a few people, but it was usually so he could kill them later.

THE GIRL FROM VEGAS
(about a year ago) *

INT. UPTOWN STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY *

Roger, hair and face a year younger, relaxes on a futon in loose tube socks, eating chips and flipping the pages of Stephen Kings' ON WRITING book. A small TV is on near him. *

ON TV: a DISCOVER AMERICA commercial comes on, a montage of American landmarks scored by sappy orchestral music. *

NARRATOR *

Roger also enjoyed traveling. *

Roger is captivated by the commercial. *

EXT. MT. RUSHMORE - AVENUE OF FLAGS - NIGHT

Roger, among other TOURISTS, strides toward the sculpted granite, flanked by tall, lighted pillars holding flags representing the 50 states.

NARRATOR

He marveled at the nightly lighting ceremony at Mount Rushmore.

INT. CIVIL RIGHTS MUSEUM - DAY

Roger studies a collage of information on a wall titled Voices of Struggle.

NARRATOR
He was moved by the Civil Rights
Museum in Memphis.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RAINY DAY

Rain attacks a window, blurring the view of the Space Needle.

NARRATOR
But he was underwhelmed by the Space
Needle in Seattle.

Roger sits on the edge of a bed in a terry cloth robe. He
pops two pills from a Xanax bottle and flips through TV
channels. He's content, but contention melts into loneliness.

He stops at a "What Happens In Vegas" commercial.

NARRATOR
In Las Vegas, Roger met Tracie.

INT. LAS VEGAS HOTEL & CASINO - CASINO FLOOR - DAY

Roger, in a suit with no tie, strolls the floor, bombarded by
flashing lights and the intoxicating sounds of slot machines
paying out. None of it fazes him.

He stops and stares when his eyes find a sign:

**GUN SHOW
TODAY ONLY**

*

Above the entrance doors of a convention hall. He considers
taking a peek - *nah* - starts to move on, when-

He's bumped from behind by a 120 pound hurricane. TRACIE. A
provocative brunette in a short skirt and fishnet panty-hose
storming toward the doors of a convention hall.

He watches her from behind as she stumbles. Not drunk. One of
her high heels snapped. She kicks off both shoes and carries
them on her determined path through the doors.

Roger hasn't blinked since he laid eyes on her...

INT. LAS VEGAS HOTEL & CASINO - GUN SHOW - DAY

Tracie, nervous hands, runny mascara making her look like a
sexy Alice Cooper, scowls at the DEALER behind his table.

TRACIE

I have money. What's the problem? My money not good enough?

DEALER

Lady, I don't care how you get your money, you don't walk into a show and go home with a .22. There are laws. There's a waiting period. Don't like it, write your congressman.

TRACIE

Fine. You won't sell me one? I'll find someone who will.

She turns to leave but bumps into Roger.

TRACIE

Watch it.

She starts to walk away.

ROGER

What're you afraid of?

TRACIE

(turns back)

...What?

ROGER

Don't buy a gun because you're afraid. Nothing good will come from that.

TRACIE

It's for protection. Why do you care?

ROGER

Take a self-defense class.

TRACIE

Self-defense?

Roger nods.

TRACIE

And what happens if he's a better fighter than me?

ROGER

What happens if he's a better shooter?

Tracie takes good look at Roger, sizing him up.

TRACIE

What are you hawking some kind of self-defense course?

ROGER

I saw you racin to get in here and I wondered why a girl as pretty as you would be in a big hurry to get to a gun show. Then I saw your eyes.

(her brown eyes blink)

And I saw your hands.

(her hands shake)

Whatever's got you scared, there's nothin a .22 can do to make it better.

TRACIE

If this is some kind of line, mister, you don't have to work so hard, just make an appointment.

ROGER

I'm not interested in making an appointment.

TRACIE

Well you're obviously not interested in guns, so what are you doing here?

ROGER

...Are you free for dinner tonight?

Tracie stares into his confident eyes, keeping her guard up, trying to get a read on Roger.

*
*

INT. VEGAS HOTEL ROOM DOOR - NIGHT

Roger, in an impressive suit and tie, opens the door revealing Tracie in a classy, killer dress.

ROGER

What's your name?

TRACIE

(considering a lie)

...Tracie.

ROGER

Tracie. I'm Roger.

They stare. She's a brick wall, arms folded, a mean scowl. Roger unleashes a grin.

*
*

TRACIE
Something funny?

*
*

ROGER
You look like you're mad I left the
toilet seat up.

*
*
*

She contorts her lips to compress her grin but Roger sees it.

*

ROGER
Show me the town before dinner?

TRACIE
It's your dollar, mister.

INT. MONTE CARLO - LANCE BURTON THEATER - NIGHT

Roger and Tracie sit in the audience of the magic show.

Tracie steals a glance at Roger as he flashes a smile and
applauds a trick with the audience. Her smirk says she's
still skeptical.

*
*

INT. CASINO ROYALE - CRAPS TABLE - NIGHT

Roger shakes dice then holds them in front of Tracie's rouge
lips. Her brown eyes ask Roger why.

*
*

ROGER
For good luck.

She blinks coyly, blows on the dice and he lets them go.

*

INT. GAMEWORKS - POP-A-SHOT - NIGHT

Roger and Tracie frantically shoot baskets next to each
other. The clock running out. The buzzer BUZZES. Roger peeks
at her score. She crushed him.

*
*

ROGER
Okay. Explain yourself.

*

TRACIE
Starting point guard, Palmer High,
Denver, Colorado.

ROGER
You hustlin me, Tracie?

TRACIE
 Something has to be at stake for me to
 hustle you, Roger.

ROGER
 Tell you what, best 2 out of 3. Winner
 gets to pick what we do next.
 (holds out hand for shake)
 Deal?

She accepts his hand with a grin.

TRACIE
 Deal.

The handshake ends but they don't let go. After a moment,
 Tracie slowly retreats her hand.

INT. PARIS CASINO - TOP OF THE EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT

*

Roger and Tracie lean on the railing, watching the Bellagio
 fountain water show in the distance.

TRACIE
 Someday I'll touch the real Eiffel
 tower.

*

ROGER
 Why haven't you?

TRACIE
 I don't know. I guess I just never
 wanted to go to Paris alone.

*

*

Roger grins to himself. Tracie catches it.

TRACIE
 What?

ROGER
 Nothing. I was just thinking of this
 French film. "Breathless".

*

Now she grins to herself.

ROGER
 What?

TRACIE
 "À Bout De Souffle" is one of my
 favorite movies ever.

ROGER
Jean-Paul Belmondo is amazing in it.
Godard's best film, right?

TRACIE
I would have guessed you'd be more of
a "Bande à Part" fan.

ROGER
Good flick. I like it. Maybe a little
violent.

She just looks at him, watching him watch the water show.
She's smitten, but wondering if she can trust her feelings.

TRACIE
I let you win at basketball, you know.
You could have picked anything.

Roger faces Tracie like he might say something profound. *

ROGER
Do you like cheeseburgers, Tracie?

TRACIE
(smiling)
...I do. *

INT. HARLEY-DAVIDSON CAFE - NIGHT

Roger and Tracie, dressed too fancy for the room, eat burgers
and fries at the noisy bar, talking loud to hear themselves. *

ROGER
You never answered my question.

TRACIE
What question?

ROGER
What are you afraid of?

TRACIE
You first.

ROGER
I'm not afraid of anything.

TRACIE
Everybody's afraid of something. What
about snakes or Komodo Dragons?

ROGER
I don't think so.

TRACIE
My son is terrified of--
(catches herself getting
too comfortable)
What do you do for a living?

ROGER
I'm a consultant with Libi Financial
in Chicago.

TRACIE
If you're not afraid of anything, why
do you have such a boring job?
Shouldn't you be a stunt man or a lion
tamer or something?

ROGER
I have a plan. Work hard for five
years, invest my money and, before I
hit thirty-five, never have to work
again. This is year three. Two to go,
then I can do whatever I want.

*
*
*

TRACIE
Which is?

ROGER
Touch the real Eiffel Tower.

Her body flutters. He playfully eats one of her fries. She
averts her eyes from him, timid about their connection.

TRACIE
You know what? Our time is up. You can
pay me, I'll be on my way.

ROGER
Something wrong?

TRACIE
I have other appointments.

But she's not moving.

ROGER
We're getting along okay.

TRACIE
It's my job. I'm good at it.

ROGER
I'm not paying you, Tracie.

TRACIE
Excuse me?

ROGER
I don't wanna pay you. As much as you
don't really wanna be paid.

TRACIE
I hope that's your fucking ego talking
and not your wallet.

ROGER
...What're you afraid of?

TRACIE
Just pay me.

ROGER
You deserve better.

TRACIE
Jesus. I bet you can give it to me,
right?

*
*

ROGER
...I think I would like to try.

She looks at him, conflicted. Wants to trust him... But she
grabs her purse and stomps to the exit.

TRACIE
Deadbeat motherfucker!

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Tracie stomps toward a distant cab. Her heel snaps. She
sighs, *not again, not now.*

She picks up the broken heel and hops toward the cab. Too
late. Her bubbling eyes watch the cab disappear in traffic.

NARRATOR
Roger was used to making quick
decisions and dealing with risk. As a
professional killer, the choices he
made had to be swiftly analyzed in
order to eliminate or minimize the
effects of unfortunate events.

Roger steps up behind her. She turns to him, looking up at this handsome, strong man, trying to hide her emotions.

ROGER

I've been alone most my life, and I've always believed that's what I'm meant to be. Until I saw you.

Roger wipes away her tears.

ROGER

I don't know what I'm doin, don't know how this works, but if you roll the dice with me, I promise that whatever it is you're afraid of, you don't have to be afraid of it anymore.

*
*

Tracie stares like an Emperor deciding the fate of a Gladiator.

*
*

TRACIE

I wasn't supposed to tell you my real name.

Roger moves his lips closer to hers... They kiss as tourists pass by and the strip flashes its lights.

*
*

NARRATOR

When Roger asked Tracie to come to Chicago, she said yes, as long as she could bring her son, DJ.

(then)

That was almost a year ago.

INT. ROGER'S SUBURB HOUSE - BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY - MORNING

Morning light sneaks in through the blinds. Roger, at ease, watches Tracie sleep. She's a year older, but even more so the knockout. He strokes hair away from her face.

*
*

NARRATOR

Tracie and DJ lived with Roger in his suburban middle-class home. He did not tell them that he killed people for a living. Instead, he told them that he was a traveling consultant for a financial firm, earning a modest wage.

TRACIE

You're gonna be late for work.

ROGER

I quit yesterday.

*

Tracie's surprised eyes open.

TRACIE
What? You said two more years. It's
only been one.

ROGER
It was time.

TRACIE
Just like that?
(then)
Are they going to have a goodbye party
for you? I never got to meet any of
your work friends.

ROGER
I was on the road, Tracie. I didn't
have any friends.

TRACIE
I don't believe you. Somebody has to
care that you quit.

ROGER
I was thinking we should start packing
for our move to Paris.

Tracie blinks, processing what she just heard.

TRACIE
...Are you serious?

ROGER
I'm thinking about writing a novel.
Been putting some thoughts together
lately. A lot of great American
writers wrote in France.

TRACIE
We're really going, Roger?

ROGER
I found a place to rent for awhile,
see if we like it enough to stay.

She smiles, in love with the guy. Roger continues to stare at
her, making her blush.

TRACIE
Why are you staring at me?

ROGER
...Your breath smells like old ham.

Tracie playfully beats Roger up. He rolls her over, straddles her, gazes into her eyes then kisses those lips. *

TRACIE
(you love me)
Even when my breath is stinky?

ROGER
Even when your breath is stinky.

They kiss again. Tracie gets up, slides into a robe. *

TRACIE
I have to go tell DJ. We have to pack. *

Roger watches her excitedly leave the room. *

His phone CHIMES. He takes it off the night stand, checks the text... Frowns. *

EXT. STATE STREET BRIDGE - DAY *

Benjamin, leaning on the railing overlooking the river, holding a Starbucks coffee, turns to Roger, also leaning on the railing, watching a tourist boat float by.

BENJAMIN
Better you hear it from us than any other way. In return, Mr. Libi trusts you will not speak on it or interfere. *

ROGER
If you kill James you wanna know if you'll have to deal with me. *

BENJAMIN
I heard about what he did for you. *

Roger seems to drift and we CUT TO: *

INTERLUDE
(4 years ago) *

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - FOUR YEARS AGO - DAY *

A sign reads FUTURE HOME OF THE LIBI FINANCIAL GROUP. Another reads MUST WEAR HARD HATS. Loud machines, trucks and workers construct the skeleton of what will be a skyscraper. *

Amid the construction and noise, Libi introduces Roger to James and a bitter grunt named EDGAR. *

LIBI
Fresh off the boat from Afghanistan.

JAMES
Marine?

ROGER
Private contractor.

EDGAR
Get a lot of work out there?

ROGER
Fair share. Nothin more, nothin less.

Above them, a crane raises a pallet holding long steel rods
to the top of the skyscraper. *

EDGAR
I was in Kuwait first time around.
Barely broke a sweat. *

ROGER
Heard it was like that.

EDGAR
Now, I keep Mr. Libi safe. I got that
handled. It's what I do.

ROGER
Well good for you, and Mr. Libi, too.

Edgar, offended, mean mugs Roger. Roger sips his coffee. *

EDGAR
Who the hell is this guy, Nicky?

LIBI
Settle down. He's not after your job
if that's what you're getting at. He's
the go to for the problems with my
unlisted clients. He'll do the heavy
lifting.

(then, to Roger)
On that note, this'll be the last time
I see your face. James'll let whoever
needs to know about you know about you
but I've never heard of you. Clear? *

ROGER
Crystal.
(then)
Which one is James? *

JAMES

That would be me. You got a name,
friend?

ROGER

I do. But you can call me Roger.

James slowly grins then pats Roger on the back.

JAMES

I like this guy already. Listen, I run
a little hole in the ground called
Juliet's. Stop by if-

An ungodly SCREAM cuts James off. The men look over to where
a worker has been skewered in the back by a steel rod. His
nearby co-worker doing the screaming over the dead body.

ANOTHER CO-WORKER (O.S.)

Look out!

The men look up and see another rod rocketing down from the
crane, homing in like a heat-seeking missile.

James *shoves* Roger out of the way but stumbles.

SLICE! The rod cuts through James's leg, instantly relieving
him of his right foot. James SCREAMS.

EDGAR

Oh, shit!

Edgar's last words. THUD! A rod pierces through the top of
his hard hat and lodges in his skull like a stick in a candy
apple. He crumbles to his knees, then hits the ground.

Edgar is dead.

Roger and Libi look up. The pallet on the crane sways in the
wind, having lost three rods.

LIBI

...Jesus.

James screams and bleeds on the ground. Roger looks at him,
his eyes showing gratitude...

BACK TO: EXT. STATE STREET BRIDGE - DAY

Roger turns to Benjamin.

BENJAMIN

...But this is business.

ROGER

This ain't business. If Libi is feeling embarrassed, he should start with his wife.

*

BENJAMIN

Rest assured, Mrs. Libi has been dealt with. As for James, he's been skimming for years. Mr. Libi gave him a pass because he's good, maybe the best Shy in Chicago. But now, let's just say it's come to our attention that James was not content with his position. And as a discontent, he can't be trusted.

*

(then)

*

It's business, Roger.

*

ROGER

*

What do you expect me to say?

*

BENJAMIN

Put your feelings for him aside. We know he lost a foot saving your life. That's noble and worthy of your affection. But if tick came to tack, would you trust him? He knows things, Roger. About Mr. Libi. About you.

*

*

*

Roger is mute, knowing Benjamin has a point. Benjamin takes his time, sips his coffee, watches the boat.

BENJAMIN

We were hoping maybe you'd postpone your retirement.

*

(then)

Mr. Libi would like to offer you the job, Roger.

Roger scowls hard at Benjamin.

ROGER

You want me to kill James?

BENJAMIN

He said no one can do it better.

*

ROGER

*

...Are we done, here?

*

BENJAMIN

Mr. Libi is willing to give you-

ROGER

I said are we done?

Benjamin faces Roger.

BENJAMIN

It's happening with or without you.
Are we going to have trouble?

*

They stare for a beat, Roger battling to clear his conscious.

*

ROGER

James knew what he signed up for.

*

*

And with that, Roger walks away, Benjamin shrinking behind him, his SUV just up ahead.

*

*

NARRATOR

Roger thought about what life would be like in Paris. He was excited to take Tracie and DJ to the Louvre and other French museums. He knew that assimilating to a foreign culture would be difficult, but probably not as difficult as killing people for a living.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

Roger stops, rubs his temples like he's trying to ease a headache, then looks at his SUV just a step away.

*

*

He wavers... walks back to Benjamin.

*

ROGER

Does Libi have work?

BENJAMIN

What do you mean?

ROGER

You know what I mean.

BENJAMIN

There's always work for you, Roger.
Especially in this economy.

*

*

ROGER

I'll put in some work, but I don't want your money.

BENJAMIN

What is it you want?

ROGER

Let James walk.

Benjamin looks Roger in the eyes, making sure he understands.

BENJAMIN

You're willing to take on his debt?

ROGER

And listen, when this is done, I don't want to hear from Libi and I don't want to see you. I'm through.

BENJAMIN

I'll run it by Mr. Libi.

ROGER

Fuck that. He sent you here. You speak for him, right?

(then)

Yes... or no?

Benjamin turns back to the river, thinking...

BENJAMIN

Yi Lee, Joe Asher and Bobby Philips.

SLAM TO BLACK:

NARRATOR

Roger shot and killed seven men in twenty-four hours. Three targets plus four bodyguards.

SPECIAL CRIMES

A phone rings.

INT. POLICE STATION - CUBICLE - MORNING

Special Crimes Unit DETECTIVE BROCK, playing sudoku in a workbook, ignores his ringing phone. 40s, mustache, wearing a suit a few hundred bucks above his pay grade.

His dark-haired, bubblegum smacking, curvy partner VALENTINA, in the adjacent cube, shines her shield.

VALENTINA

You gonna get that, detective?

BROCK

Got enough problems right here.

He waves his sudoku book. She smirks. The phone keeps ringing. He sighs, weary, and still ignoring it.

INT. DOWNTOWN SKYSCRAPER - LOBBY/ELEVATOR - MORNING

*

Brock and Valentina stride past uniformed cops buzzing around a crime scene and trying to keep the frenzied media at bay.

A CORONER examines a CHINESE MAN IN A TRACKSUIT on the floor in the elevator. The blood spilling from his head wound is still fresh.

Brock and Valentina duck the yellow tape and step into the elevator. Brock sips his morning orange juice.

BROCK

Somebody finally caught up to that piece of shit Lee.

VALENTINA

Is that a single shot?

CORONER

40 caliber subsonic round. Close range. Why is S.C. on this?

VALENTINA

Lee was smuggling underage girls from overseas and selling them to the highest bidder. For whatever reason that falls under "special crime".

CORONER

Well, you can close your file on him. He's deader than Elvis.

BROCK

Good. Homicide finds whoever granted him his permanent vacation, let me know. I'd like to shake his hand.

VALENTINA

Or her hand.

Brock looks at Valentina like she's nuts.

EXT. MCMANSION - SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Late afternoon sun shines on three fully dressed dead bodies, floating in the blood-stained pool. The one in the middle is on his back with a bullet hole in his forehead, the other two float on their bellies.

Brock, Valentina and a couple uniformed cops look at the bodies from the edge of the pool while detectives do detective work all around them.

VALENTINA
Admit it, you're sexist.

BROCK
You name me one time you heard about a woman shooting a man that wasn't domestic. Give me one example.

VALENTINA
Aileen Wuornos.

BROCK
The prostitute that shot rapists with her .22? That's your example?

VALENTINA
You can't prove Lee's killer wasn't a woman, Brock.

BROCK
Maybe not, but let me ask you this:
how big would you say the hole in
Asher's head is?

*

They look in the pool at the guy shot in the head.

VALENTINA
I don't know. 9 millimeter big?

BROCK
Not a bad guess. But I'd bet my life
on 40 caliber big.

VALENTINA
(putting it together)
...Like Lee?

BROCK
Exactly like Lee is my hunch.

VALENTINA
What's the connection?

BROCK
Can't call it yet, but if I'm a piece
of shit, I'm on the lookout for a man
carrying something that shoots .40
caliber bullets.

(then)
It's serial, Valentina. Which 99.9% of
the time means it ain't a woman. Which
means we just eliminated half of
Chicago as suspects.

*
*
*

Valentina frowns. A fedora floats by in the pool.

BROCK
Look at that... That's a nice hat.

EXT. CHICAGO INNER-CITY STREET/ RAY'S BARBERSHOP - NIGHT

A LITTLE BOY standing under the glow of a streetlight points at Raymond Jones' dead body near the curb. Jones' pock-faced guard Paul is nearby, Craggy-faced Craig is in the street.

NARRATOR
The original list given to Roger was Yi Lee, Joe Asher and Bobby Phillips. When Philips could not be found, Libi replaced him with barber and numbers runner Raymond Jones.

Brock and Valentina are flanked by uniformed cops as they approach Jones from their cars which are flashing red and blue lights. The uniformed cops have their guns ready. *

Brock kneels to Jones' body. *

VALENTINA
Too bad. I liked Ray.

BROCK
Ray was good people as far as pieces of shit go. Very generous.

VALENTINA
40 caliber?

BROCK
Afraid so. Maybe we've got our very own David Berkowitz, 'cept David used a 44, hence the monicker ".44 caliber killer". He almost got a cousin of mine, but cuz got away. True story.

VALENTINA
So it's probably not a woman. But that doesn't mean a woman's not capable.

BROCK
Look, I'll admit that women can be serial killers, but they don't go around shooting people. They'll poison old ladies in nursing homes, but they don't put bullets in bad guys. Can we agree on that?

VALENTINA

...I guess.

BROCK

Good. Now, about these seven bodies,
our problem when they were breathing.
Now? Let's mourn our loss at Lou's.

VALENTINA

You said yourself this might be
serial.

BROCK

So?

VALENTINA

So, Super just made unsolved multiples
special crimes... That's us.

Brock looks at Valentina like she just shit in his OJ.

BROCK

...I hate this fucking job.

INT. ROGER'S UPTOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roger stands at the door signing papers attached to a
clipboard. He signs JOHN CRAYTON. A stumpy LANDLORD waits.

LANDLORD

You were a good tenant, John. Never a
complaint, always paid your rent on
time. Hate to see you go.

Roger hands the landlord the clipboard, shakes his hand.

ROGER

I'm gonna miss this place. But it's
time to move on.

LANDLORD

Well, she's still yours till the end
of the month. You take care now.

The landlord leaves. Roger turns away from the door, takes a
good, long look at the lifeless studio apartment. A futon. A
coffee table. A small TV. Not much else.

NARRATOR

Roger was ready to commit to his life
with Tracie and DJ.

INT. ROGER'S UPTOWN APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wrapped in a post-shower towel, Roger brushes his teeth in front of the medicine cabinet mirror in the cramped bathroom. His chiseled chest showing off an old battle wound.

NARRATOR

He would no longer need his secret
uptown apartment or his Walther P99.

He notices gray hairs on his head. Touches them, like he can't believe it.

He opens the medicine cabinet. A single bottle of prescription pills: Xanax. For Anxiety. He grabs the bottle.

INT. ROGER'S UPTOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roger takes a note pad and pen from the coffee table where his P99 takes a much needed breather.

On the note pad, the names: LEE, ASHER, PHILIPS, JONES.

He strikes out JONES, leaving PHILIPS unmarked.

He stares at the note pad... Scribbles. Glowers. Scribbles harder. Scowling. Faster. Angry.

NARRATOR

And though it required a few bad guys to die, Roger would take solace in the fact that he repaid his debt to the man that lost a foot saving his life.

Roger slaps the note pad on the coffee table next to the P99, the name PHILIPS remains unblemished.

BLACK, then:

ROGER AT THE WEDDING**INT. ROGER'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Half packed moving boxes on the floors and counters. A sticky note on the fridge. Roger steps over to it, reads it.

TRACIE'S VOICE

Went to B-B-Q at the Engelstad's.
Please come... Please.

Roger sighs, he's not into it. His phone chimes. He checks the text... dismisses it with a smirk, walks away.

EXT. ENGELSTAD HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

TIM, a lanky suburbanite, affable like your favorite uncle, flips burgers on the grill in his Hawaiian shirt.

Tracie and Roger stand near Tim. Roger fidgets with his plastic red cup. Tracie peeks at him, offers a grin. He grins back but she sees through it. He's uncomfortable.

TIM
So, Roger, Paris in a couple days, huh? You excited?

ROGER
Pretty excited, yeah.
(a hint to Tracie)
Still have a lot of packing to do.

TRACIE
But we have some time to hang out.
Thanks for inviting us, Tim.

TIM
Of course, neighbor. We're going to miss you on our morning power walks.

TRACIE
I know. Me, too. Sorry I missed the last few mornings. I've just been so tired lately.

TIM
Kids incoming!

Adults step aside as a bunch of laughing and screaming kids run by. Roger's eyes stay on DJ, chubby, on the verge of fat, bringing up the rear, moving slow and panting hard.

TIM
I just wish you weren't moving. I wanted to hit Roger up for some financial advice so I can retire, too. Maybe move to Maui.

TRACIE
He couldn't help you with that. He didn't really deal with money.

TIM
Really? So what does a financial consultant do?

They see that Roger is still looking at DJ, not paying attention. Tim taps his arm.

ROGER
What's that?

TIM
At work. What did you do?

ROGER
Mostly handled delinquent accounts.

TIM
Like a collector?

ROGER
They called me when the collector
couldn't get the job done.
(then)
Excuse me.

Tracie and Tim watch Roger walk over to-

DJ

leaning on a tree, struggling to catch his breath.

ROGER
You okay, DJ?

DJ nods. He's fine. Tracie watches from near the grill.

ROGER
Have some water.

Roger offers DJ his red cup. DJ takes it, downs the water.
Roger notices DJ's round belly poking out of his shirt a bit.

NARRATOR
Roger was careful with how he dealt
with DJ. When he offered advice, he
would begin with placating phrases
like "I think," or "In my opinion". He
feared that if he grew too close to
DJ, DJ could end up like him. A loner
with only a gun as a friend.

ROGER
DJ?

DJ's eyes find Roger.

ROGER
I think you should try yogurt for
breakfast instead of Frosted Flakes.
It'll help your stamina.

DJ, shamed, a bit confused, nods.

DJ

Okay.

ROGER

Go have fun with your friends.

DJ runs off. Tracie, grinning, steps up to Roger.

TRACIE

He all right?

ROGER

Yeah, he's fine. He just-

POW! POW! Roger jumps in front of Tracie, instinctively protecting her. His tense eyes dart.

POW! A backfiring rust bucket passes by on the nearby street. Roger relaxes.

Tracie looks at him, a hint of suspicion in her eyes. He looks right back, his eyes revealing nothing.

TRACIE

Maybe we should go home. I'm getting a headache.

A familiar CHIME from Roger's phone. He checks the text. Pauses. Thinking...

TRACIE

Who is it?

ROGER

Work.

TRACIE

Why? What do they want now?

ROGER

Probably nothing. It's my fault for not giving them enough notice.

Roger kisses Tracie's cheek.

ROGER

I'll be home soon.

TRACIE

You don't have to go, you know.

Roger looks at her, her cute, pouty face, knowing she's right, but ignoring the feeling. He takes her hands.

*
*

ROGER
Two more days. We'll be in Paris. All this bullshit will be behind us.

*
*
*

TRACIE
That a promise?

*
*

Roger kisses her lips to confirm his promise, walks away, his frown returning. Behind him, Tracie's suspicions linger.

*
*

EXT. NAVY PIER - PIER PARK - SUNSET

*

Lights illuminate the Ferris wheel, spinning high into the orange sky. Roger, in shades, walks the midway with Benjamin who eats cotton candy.

BENJAMIN
We wanted to thank you for the exceptional work you've done.

ROGER
I asked you not to contact me.

BENJAMIN
We're ready for the last one.

Roger stops. Benjamin stops with him.

ROGER
Last one? What last one?

BENJAMIN
Bobby Philips. We found him.

ROGER
What does that have to do with me?

BENJAMIN
Well... It completes our deal.

ROGER
The deal was three. I did three.

BENJAMIN
Who said the deal was three, Roger?

Roger sneers with "fuck you" in his eyes.

BENJAMIN

The deal included Philips. When we couldn't find him we gave you an additional job. But now that we have-

*

ROGER

You're gonna dick me? You're gonna make me do this?

Benjamin takes a wedding reception invitation from his coat, hands it to Roger.

BENJAMIN

His son is getting married tonight. You're invited to the reception.

Roger stares at the invitation.

BENJAMIN

What do you know about Bobby Philips?

ROGER

I've heard things.

BENJAMIN

Forget what you've heard.

(then)

A kid busts into a house over in Winnetka.

The CLACK-CLACK of a pump-action shotgun slide:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

A SCOWLING KID holds the shotgun as he stomps up the stairs of the house, kicks in the door with his high-top Nikes.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

Probably thinking he's about to score some jewelry, maybe an XBox, but the first thing he sees--

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

Kid stands in the doorway gaping at cash and coke on the floor and an OLD GUY wearing a visor like an old bookkeeper, sending stacks through a cash counter.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

Coke and cash mountain high.

Old Guy puts his hands up. Kid starts collecting the goods.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)
The kid leaves with five hundred grand
and two keys. He hit the jackpot.

INT. METRO TRUCKING - GARAGE - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

Semi-truck cabs parked in the immense garage. A row of seven people, adults to kids, with black sacks over their heads sit on their knees, hands cuffed behind their backs.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)
Later that night - we're talking mere
hours after the robbery - the kid, his
mother, father, sister, uncle, aunt,
cousins all rounded up by a man who
works for Philips known as "The Good
Doctor" and his Mexican partner Jose.
Jose's hobby is bomb making.

*

Snakeskin cowboy boots step down to the line.

The last person, the kid, not wearing a sack, begs for his
life through tears.

THE GOOD DOCTOR, bald, wearing a surgeon's mask, kneels to
him and strokes his head, comforting him.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)
Most of their body parts were never
recovered.

The Good Doctor reveals a buck knife. The kid freaks out.

EXT. NAVY PIER - SUNSET

Roger looking at the reception invite, half listening.

BENJAMIN
I know that none of us is without sin,
Roger, but Philips... He is the devil.

Roger chews it over... Then tries to hand the invite back.

ROGER
No... Not enough time.

Benjamin ignores the invite.

BENJAMIN
He's proven elusive. Tonight could be
our only chance.

ROGER
A hundred people'll be there.

BENJAMIN
Maybe more. But we're sure you'll find
a way to make that advantageous.

ROGER
He'll have security.

BENJAMIN
Nothing you haven't seen-

ROGER
It's his son's wedding!
(then)
I won't do it.

Benjamin nonchalantly eats the last of his cotton candy.

BENJAMIN
Mr. Libi won't force you to do this,
but please, consider what it could
mean for James... and for you.

ROGER
For me?

BENJAMIN
You think a guy who knows what you
know, who has done what you've done,
is usually allowed to walk? You're
standing here tonight because Mr. Libi
respects you, Roger. Don't make him
lose that respect.

Benjamin walks away leaving Roger fuming, holding the invite.

NARRATOR
Roger did not rely on extravagant
gadgets to do his job.

*

INT. ROGER'S UPTOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roger opens a closet door, takes out a retro-style tux, bow
tie and shoes to match, then a thin bulletproof vest.

NARRATOR
His only guns were his P99 and an M21
sniper rifle that he had fired once.

Roger smooths out the tux and bulletproof vest on the bed.

BATHROOM

Roger, wearing the tux, opens the medicine cabinet, takes two Xanax, then slides open a hidden door where a mannequin head wearing a puffy wig and fake facial hair hides.

NARRATOR

On the occasions he feared being noticed, Roger wore a disguise.

LIVING ROOM

The windows are covered with dark shades and blinds. Roger, transformed in the tux, the wig and the goatee, sits on the futon with his head down, possibly praying, gripping his P99.

NARRATOR

In his disguise, he reminded myself of his father, a decorated Green Beret who abandoned him when he was only ten. He never knew his mother, but hoped to find her someday.

He screws on the silencer.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

A string quartet plays a slow song in the dimly lit hall.

Well-dressed onlookers watch a YOUNG BRIDE dance under a glimmering chandelier with her portly, affable and nervous new husband, DAVID PHILIPS.

Roger, holding a glass of champagne, joins the onlookers at the edge of the dance floor, mixing in well with the crowd.

He glimpses BOBBY PHILIPS on the other side of the floor. 50s, a pit bull in a tux, holding a glass of champagne.

Bobby catches Roger's gaze. Stares.

Roger, feeling the stare, averts his eyes.

Bobby, eyes still on Roger, downs his bubbly and walks off.

Roger peeps Bobby stepping into the restroom.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION HALL - RESTROOM - DAY

Roger steps into the big restroom. He pulls his P99 from his back and scans, see's Philips's pants around his ankles in a stall.

HUNTZ and GRISSOM, private security guards, both too muscular for their bad suits, rush into the restroom, surprising Roger who swings his gun, too late.

Grissom POPS Roger in the head with his Glock, opening a cut. He takes the P99 and pulls Roger to a mirror wall.

Huntz guards the closed door. The quartet music seeps in.

GRISSOM
Hands on the mirror.

Roger puts his hands on the mirror, his back to the door.

Grissom presses the P99 against Roger's left temple and his Glock against Roger's right temple, sandwiching Roger's head between cold steel.

GRISSOM
You have five seconds to tell me why
you're here. Five...

NARRATOR
Roger was comforted by the
knowledge that whenever he
heard a countdown as a
threat, the gunman had no
real intention of shooting.

GRISSOM
Four...
Three...
Two.....
One.

*

Grissom freezes after one. Through the mirror, Roger sees that Grissom has taken his eyes off of him for a split second, all the time he needs.

Roger spins and CRACK! Hits Grissom with a jaw-rattling elbow, knocking him out. Roger catches Grissom and his airborne P99 before they hit the floor.

POW-POW! Huntz fires his echoing .45 at Roger. The bullets rip up Grissom's back, Roger using Grissom as a shield.

pft-pft. Roger puts two silenced P99 shots in Huntz who crumbles to the floor. Then, for a moment, only the faint music from the quartet is heard.

ROGER
You can come out now, Bobby.

A toilet flushes. Bobby Philips slowly steps out of a stall, faces Roger...

RECEPTION HALL

The wedding party reacts to the gunfire. David, about to cut a slice of wedding cake, cocks a brow.

RESTROOM

Roger looks into the venomous eyes of Bobby Philips.

PHILIPS
...You better kill me-

*

pft-pft-pft! Three .40 cal bullets blast Philips in the chest. He falls to the floor.

Roger steps over to him, leveling his P99 for the kill shot.

The restroom's door swings open. A glint catches Roger's eye.

pft!

A bullet hits David Philips in the gut.

A shiny CAKE CUTTER drops from his hand, bounces on the floor in SLO-MO.

David weakens. His melancholy eyes find Roger, then he falls on top of his father.

Roger is frozen, but stoic... He snaps out of it, finds a window above the mirror wall.

He quickly but thoroughly wipes his prints off the mirror, jumps on a urinal, bounces to the window and climbs through as a GROUP opens the door and gasps at the fallen bodies.

The bride pushes through the group, sees Philips and David lying in still-spilling blood at her feet and SCREAMS.

INT. ROGER'S SUBURB HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tracie lies alone in bed, looking at a home pregnancy test, her eyes welling up with happy tears.

NARRATOR

Whenever Roger returned to his middle class home from killing someone, he would never bring any evidence of his work. He would usually go to his uptown apartment to drop off his P99.

The test is positive.

Roger steps into the room. Tracie quickly hides the test under the bed.

NARRATOR

On the night he shot Bobby and David Philips, Roger decided to keep his P99 with him.

Roger sits on his side of the bed and covertly slides his P99 under it. He unbuttons his shirt.

TRACIE

Be home soon, huh?

*
*

Roger says nothing. Somewhere in the dark a phone RINGS.

*

TRACIE

That's your phone.

ROGER

I don't care.

Tracie looks concerned as the phone continues to ring...

INT. JULIET'S POOL HALL - NIGHT

James sits at the bar with his ringing phone to his ear.
ROGER on the phone's screen. The phone rings and rings...

JAMES

Shit.

POP! James is punched in the face by a fist wearing brass knuckles. He's knocked to the floor.

*

James spits blood then sneers up at the EL-AMIN BROS, three thugs in long coats staring down at him. FREEZE FRAME:

THE NEW YORK THING

UNFREEZE: BROOKLYN, the lead thug in the middle, stands over James wearing the knuckles.

BROOKLYN EL-AMIN
Shoulda never fucked with New York.

JAMES
I can get your money.

BROOKLYN EL-AMIN
You don't go into another man's yard
and shake the apples from his apple
tree, James. You just don't do that.

JAMES
I can get it. I just need to talk to
my guy. He'll float me. *

BROOKLYN EL-AMIN
Same guy who won't answer your calls?
Some guy, James.

Brooklyn kneels closer to James.

BROOKLYN EL-AMIN
What to do?... What to do?...
(thinking...)
Because I'm a fan of this great city
and I haven't been here since Ryne
Sandberg played second base for the
Cubbies, I think I'll take a day or
two to relax. That enough time to get
my five hundred grand, James?

JAMES
(incredulous)
How much?

BROOKLYN EL-AMIN
Five hundred. In a day or two. *

AMIR EL-AMIN
What if he runs?

BROOKLYN EL-AMIN
Good question, brother. Let me tell
you why James won't run since I'm sure
he's considering it. I would warn
James that if he does run, he better
be ready to do it for the rest of his
life. That means looking over his
shoulder with every step, sleeping
with one eye open every night,
wondering if his car might explode
whenever he starts it, shit like that.

BROOKLYN EL-AMIN (CONT'D)

Because whether it's Kalamazoo or
Timbuktu, we'll find his ass, and when
we do, he won't be happy about it.

(to James)

When you see 7-1-8 come up on your
phone, you answer, and we'll handle
this like businessmen. Cool?

Brooklyn gives James a SLAP, walks out with his brothers.

James, on the floor, face bloody, fishes a cigarette from his
pocket and lights it, cool under his blood-stained face.

He turns and his eyes focus on the Sloan Investments business
card that Roger gave him, sitting on the floor.

He stares at it, exhales cigarette smoke.

INT. LOU MITCHELL'S RESTAURANT - MORNING

James, in dark glasses that barely cover the eye bruise
provided by Brooklyn's brass knuckles, drinks coffee and
drowns scrambled eggs in hot sauce.

JAMES

I got an idea last night. Actually at
the time it was more a thought than an
idea. A guy I know claims he's a
millionaire. Could he be bullshitting
me? Could be. But I don't have a
reason to think he would. See, despite
his profession, the dude's got more
dignity than your day-to-day
bullshitter. Anyway, he keeps his
money with this guy-

James slaps Sloan's business card on the table. He takes a
big bite of eggs, chews it like it's gum.

JAMES

Now, it just so happens I'm in deep
shit and I need money. A lot of money.
Fast. And since I'm pretty sure my
millionaire buddy won't approve me for
a loan, I believe that my quickest and
best option is to take it from him. So
I'm-

A waiter freshens James's coffee with a smile. James nods his
appreciation and the waiter leaves.

JAMES

I'm up **till the ass crack of dawn**
tryin to figure a **way to do that**. Take
 his money. A nice clean way, where
 it'll never come back to me. I got
 nothin. Not even a hint of a clue. So
 I start thinking about places I can
 hide, praying that I can get away
 because I'm screwed. Then, this is
 dropped on my doorstep.

James sets a Chicago Tribune on the table. **Headline:**
ROBERT AND DAVID PHILIPS SURVIVE SHOOTING AT RECEPTION

JAMES

The millionaire I mentioned? I'd bet
 my life he did that. And because he
 didn't kill them, I have a way to
 relieve him of his funds and making
 him believe Philips did it. But I need
 some help. And it has to be now.

Brock and Valentina stare at James from the other side.

VALENTINA

You wanna steal money from a hit man?

JAMES

That's correct. And this guy-
 (taps business card)
 Is our golden ticket.

James sips coffee as Brock grins, intrigued.

INT. ROGER'S SUBURB HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

DJ sits at the table, grimacing at a small cup of yogurt.
 Roger, eyes heavy from lack of sleep, sits opposite with a
 steaming coffee. A Chicago Tribune between them.

DJ

You gonna read that?

Roger shakes his head. DJ pops open the paper.

ROGER

What section do you like?

DJ

Comics.

Roger nods and grins, happy with that.

ROGER
I never liked comics.

*
*

Over the rim of his coffee mug, Roger's eyes find the newspaper. Headline:

*

ROBERT AND DAVID PHILIPS SURVIVE SHOOTING AT RECEPTION

He gapes at the bad news. The coffee mug trembles, then, his phone CHIRPS and VIBRATES on the table.

He grabs it, reads the text: 911! He shoots out of his seat and yells-

ROGER
Tracie!

The yell startles DJ. Tracie hustles in.

TRACIE
What's wrong?

ROGER
Take DJ and go to Beth's. Wait to hear from me.
(then)
Get up, DJ.

*

DJ stands. Roger is ushers them out of the kitchen.

TRACIE
Why? What's-

ROGER
Just take him and go... Now!

Tracie stands her ground.

TRACIE
No! Not until you tell me what's going on, Roger.
(then)
What is it?

*

ROGER
(a confession)
...We have to run.

*

Tracie's hard glower turns into worry.

EXT. ROGER'S SUBURB HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Tracie and DJ drive away in Roger's SUV. Roger, in the doorway, presses a speed dial number on his phone...

Valentina watches Roger from a civilian Ford Focus across the street. She blows a bubble with bubblegum.

INT. SLOAN'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

TANNER SLOAN, 50s, a prim and proper Brit, reads the WSJ at his breakfast nook, CNBC scrolling a stock ticker in the bg. "God Save the Queen" shakes his phone. He picks up.

SLOAN

Tanner Sloan, Sloan Investments.

ROGER (FILTERED)

Time to cash me out.

EXT. SLOAN'S BWM 750 - DAY

Doing 80 on I94...

INT. SLOAN'S BWM 750 - CONTINUOUS

Sloan drives. Roger rides shotgun.

ROGER

Minus your fee, where's that leave me?

SLOAN

Last we checked it was north of a million. We invested wisely, Roger.

*

ROGER

How soon can I have it?

SLOAN

All it takes is your signature and mine on a transfer form, and a quick fax overseas. An hour, maybe two.

*

ROGER

Good. You bring the form?

SLOAN

That comes from the bank. I'll have to send for it.

ROGER
Two hours?

SLOAN
Likely less, Roger.

ROGER
Good. Get my money, Sloan.

SLOAN
A year earlier than we discussed.

ROGER
Things changed.

SLOAN
You're sure?

ROGER
Don't ask questions. The only thing on
your mind should be making sure I get
my money in a timely fashion.
Everything hinges on this.

Roger's phone CHIRPS. A text message. He reads it: **MICHIGAN
AND MONROE 20 MIN.** Sloan glimpses the worry in Roger's eyes.

SLOAN
I'm not one to pry, it's just if
there's anything I can do... As far as
I know, you're one of the good guys.

Roger rides in silence, honestly thinking about that...

ROGER
There are no good guys.

EXT. BETH SWEETS BAKERY - DAY

A storefront bakery/restaurant with window paint offering 89
cent coffee and donuts. Roger's SUV is parked out front.

Sloan's BMW pulls up. Roger steps out. The BMW drives away.

Roger steps over to his SUV, punches an unlock code in the
door and opens it. He leans inside the SUV and a moment later
comes out holding a roll of cash.

INT. BETH SWEETS BAKERY - DAY

Roger steps in and scans.

BETH, the 70 year old baker/cashier, slicing a chocolate cake at the display counter, nods toward a booth where Tracie and DJ sit, the only customers here.

Tracie sees Roger approaching, her face a mixture of relief and anger. DJ is playing Grand Theft Auto on his PSP. *

ROGER
I need to talk to your mom alone. Go wash up.

DJ stares at Roger, then looks at mom for the okay. She nods. DJ grabs a slice of apple pie as he stands.

ROGER
Leave the pie, DJ.

DJ rolls his eyes, puts the pie down and slogs away. Roger sits in the booth opposite Tracie, lowers his voice.

ROGER
You're going to have questions and I promise they'll be answered soon. But right now we don't have time to waste.

TRACIE
You're not a financial consultant.

Roger sets the roll of cash in front of Tracie.

ROGER
That's ten grand. Take DJ and go. Don't answer any calls unless they are from me. *

Tracie eyes the money, then Roger.

TRACIE
...Who are you?

ROGER
I haven't been honest with you.
(then)
I kill people for a living.

Tracie stares at him, not believing it. Then, that disbelief morphs into fear.

TRACIE
You're a--
(softer)
You're a hit man?

ROGER
I've never killed anyone who didn't
expect to be killed. These were not
good men. But on my last job I made a
mistake.

*
*

TRACIE
What mistake?

ROGER
I didn't kill him.

Roger's nonchalance scares Tracie even more.

TRACIE
...DJ!

Beth the baker gives the booth a concerned look. Tracie heads
toward the restroom. Roger grabs her arm, stopping her.

ROGER
Hey... Hey, look at me, Tracie.

She snatches her arm away.

TRACIE
Let go of me.
(then)
I wanted to trust you. I needed to.

ROGER
If you want -- will you look at me?
Please, Tracie?
(she finally does)
If you want out, I won't stop you. If
you'll feel safer without me, I'll
disappear from your life for good. But
no matter what you decide, I will
never, ever let anyone hurt you.

*
*

Tracie recognizes the love in Roger's eyes, her fear
beginning to wane. Roger's phone CHIMES, text message. He
peeps it: **YOU'RE LATE.**

*

TRACIE
...I don't want to be afraid.

Roger reaches for Tracie's hand.

ROGER
You don't have to be.

She's hesitant, but gives him her hand. Her eyes glisten as
she struggles to get her words out.

TRACIE
 I'm... I'm pregnant, Roger.
 (then)
 I don't want to leave without you.

Roger freezes, the news rocks him...

TRACIE
 Say something.

ROGER
 Don't move an inch until I come for
 you. You'll be safe here.

EXT. MICHIGAN AND MONROE (PAY PHONE) - DAY

RINGS. Roger dashes to the phone, grabs it mid-ring.

ROGER
 Hello?

BENJAMIN (O.S.)
 What time is it?

ROGER
 I'm here, what's it matter?

BENJAMIN (O.S.)
 It matters. What time?

ROGER
 (checks his phone's clock)
 ...Almost noon.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)
 Let's call it noon.
 (then)
 You don't look too well.

Roger scans high and low for Benjamin who could be anywhere.

ROGER
 I've had better nights.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)
 I imagine you have.
 (then)
 We have some info that can help you
 finish the job.

ROGER
 I've done all I'm gonna do for Libi.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)
He won't like that.

ROGER
He'll have to get over it.
(then)
Have a nice life.

Roger is about to hang up, when:

BENJAMIN (O.S.)
In anticipation of that response, I
was told to make you aware of another
option.

Roger puts the phone back to his ear.

ROGER
...I'm listening.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)
Mr. Libi has put a monetary value on
James' transgression, on the debt you
willingly took on. *

ROGER
How much?

BENJAMIN (O.S.)
One million dollars.

ROGER
Bullshit. That's Bullshit.

BENJAMIN
That's the best we can do, Roger. Pay
Mr. Libi or kill Philips. The choice
is yours. *

ROGER
And if I don't pay or kill?

BENJAMIN
Let's be honest. We both know that
before this is done, someone will pay
or someone will kill.
(then)
You have 47 hours and 58 minutes.

The line disconnects. Roger slams the phone down...

ROGER
FUCK!... FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

A black Mercedes speeds by and throws a small box at the phone booth. The box pings off the booth.

A jewelry box. Roger picks it up, opens it. A plastic wristwatch counts down from 47:57:30.

Roger stares at it and we CUT TO:

THE MAN WITH THE GUN

EXT. ROGER'S SUBURB HOUSE - DAY

Roger's SUV parks in the driveway.

INT. ROGER'S SUBURB HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Roger creeps open the front door, his shadow stretching across the hardwood floor. He treads lightly into the house.

DJ'S BEDROOM

Roger enters with a duffel bag, passing all the spoils a ten year old could have. *

He opens a drawer, takes out kid underwear and socks, stuffing them into the bag. He pauses when he finds a cache of candy and a Playgirl magazine hiding under the underwear.

Roger looks at the naked man on the cover, baffled.

Then, he notices a photo strip of Tracie and DJ making silly faces tacked to a bulletin board. The doorbell RINGS.

ENTRYWAY

Roger tiptoes down the stairs, his P99 at his side.

A curvy silhouette waits outside the frost glass window.

Roger stops before he gets too close to the door.

ROGER
Can I help you?

VALENTINA
Roger? Hey, I work with Tanner Sloan.
I have a package for you.

Roger, suspicious, looks-

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

Valentina is holding an envelope.

Roger hides his P99 hand behind his back, cracks the door.

ROGER

Sloan?

VALENTINA

Yes sir.

Roger's cell phone RINGS. He pays it no mind.

He eyes Valentina, no idea she's a cop, but he can feel that something's not right. He looks past her at her Ford Focus.

His finger inches toward the trigger of his gun as his phone rings again.

ROGER

What's your name?

VALENTINA

Janet.

ROGER

What do you do for Sloan?

VALENTINA

This and that. Kinda like a personal assistant. Just started last week.

Rrrriing.

ROGER

You got I.D.?

VALENTINA

I'm sorry?

ROGER

Let's see some I.D., Janet.

Valentina pats herself down. *Rrrriing.*

VALENTINA

I don't think I have my-

*

Before she can finish, Roger has his P99 pointed at her.

VALENTINA

Whoa!

ROGER

Shut up.

(then)

Who sent you? Libi or Philips?

VALENTINA

(genuinely scared)

What?

Rrrriing. Roger racks the slide of the P99, a threat.

ROGER

Do better, Janet.

VALENTINA

Sloan sent me. He said he'd call you.

I swear he sent me.

Roger looks at Valentina for a beat, then takes out his ringing phone. He spies the caller ID -- answers.

ROGER

Sloan?

INTERCUT INT. SLOAN'S HOME OFFICE

CLOSE ON Sloan, jittery and sweaty, but somehow his voice remains cool and collected when he speaks.

SLOAN

Hey. Change of plans. I'm sending the transfer papers over. That'll speed things up for us.

*

ROGER

Who's bringing 'em?

SLOAN

My assistant Janet.

Roger squints at Valentina... Lowers his gun. Valentina exhales, relieved.

ROGER

She's here.

Roger motions for Valentina to give him the envelope. She hands it to him with a pen.

ROGER

Listen, things have changed since we last spoke. If I needed it fast before I need it light speed now.

SLOAN

Just sign by the X. I'll call you in a half hour, forty five minutes.

ROGER

No need to call. I'm comin to you soon as I'm done packin.

(then)

We got a number yet?

A WIDER SHOT OF SLOAN shows a rope around his neck.

SLOAN

Turned out to be a little over two million after my fee. But we'll talk details later.

Roger's face twitches, trying to smile.

*

NARRATOR

A stoic disposition had ruled Roger's life, though an occasional grin was not unheard of. But when he felt like smiling, he could not easily get the muscles on his face to correspond.

*

*

ROGER

See you soon, Sloan.

SLOAN

drops the phone. He's standing on a chair with a noose around his neck. His pleading eyes look off screen at Brock.

*

SLOAN

Now let me go.

Brock looks as if he's considering it, then KICKS the chair from under Sloan. Sloan's legs kick wildly, weaken, then gently sway as he strangles to death. Brock walks away.

ROGER

opens the envelope and flips through the pages looking for the X. Valentina waits.

ROGER

Sorry about the gun.

VALENTINA
I've never seen a real one before.
(then, with wry grin)
It's kind of hot.

ROGER
Let me ask you somethin. If you had
two million dollars, would you pay a
million for peace of mind?

VALENTINA
I look to God for peace of mind.

ROGER
You're a religious girl?

VALENTINA
Never miss a service.

ROGER
That explains the Chi Rho tattoo.

She admires the religious symbol tattooed to her hand.

VALENTINA
Reminds me that only God can judge me.

Roger signs by the X, hands the papers back to Valentina.

ROGER
You think He will forgive me?

VALENTINA
"If we confess our sins to him he is
faithful and just to forgive us and to
cleanse us from every wrong."
(then)
That's what I think.

She smiles and walks to her car. Roger watches, then:

ROGER
Janet...

She stops, pauses a split second before turning back. Roger
is walking toward her.

ROGER
Here you go.

He hands her a fifty dollar bill, a peace offering.

VALENTINA
Thanks.

She drives away.

Roger looks at the plastic wristwatch, now on his wrist, counting down **47:10:05...** Plenty of time.

He punches in a text on his phone: **UNION STATION. 2HRS.** Then goes back into the house, closing and locking the door.

EXT. SLOAN'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Roger rings the doorbell, waits...

He pounds on the door, waits....

He looks at the windows. The blinds are closed.

He takes out his phone, dials SLOAN, cups his ear by the door. He hears a musical ringtone.

Pounds on the door again... No answer.

He takes his P99 from his back, covers his other hand with his sleeve and twists the doorknob. The door opens...

INT. SLOAN'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Roger steps in, P99 by his side, the ringtone is louder, coming from across the house. It's "God Save the Queen".

Roger moves toward the ringtone. He stops at-

HOME OFFICE

staring inside at SLOAN'S DEAD BODY hanging from the noose.

Roger, keeping cool, examines the room from the doorway with sharp eyes, looking for clues. The phone on the floor repeats "God Save The Queen".

His eyes circle the room until he's back to Sloan, his mind trying to piece together what happened.

INT. CHICAGO UNION STATION - GREAT HALL - DAY

A few commuters amble about, tourists marvel at the Corinthian columns, a couple of people wait on the benches, one being Benjamin, reading the world section of the Tribune.

He looks up from his newspaper. Roger is approaching. Benjamin grins as Roger takes a seat close to him.

ROGER

You're aware that I carry a gun and that when it comes to using it, I'm better than average.

Benjamin's grin fades.

BENJAMIN

...What?

ROGER

I'm also good with knives. Not great, but I get the job done just the same.

Benjamin cocks a curious brow at Roger.

ROGER

But my hands... I was trained to kill with my hands. I can't say how good I am with them because I've never had to use them. I preferred shooting people.

Benjamin realizes how close Roger is to him.

BENJAMIN

Why did you call me here?

ROGER

To give you your money.

BENJAMIN

I don't understand. Where is it?

Roger sneers at Benjamin for a beat.

ROGER

Did Libi steal my money, asshole?

BENJAMIN

...Steal your money?

*

ROGER

So I'd have no choice but to go after Philips. That's what he really wants, right? He knew I would give him the million, so he found my money guy, killed him and took my two million plus, leaving me with one option.

*

*

Benjamin, amused, tries not to grin.

BENJAMIN

Do you really believe that?

ROGER
 Keep a million. It's yours. But give
 the rest back.
 (then)
 Or we can see how good I am with my
 hands.

Benjamin folds his newspaper.

BENJAMIN
 Mr. Libi would be very disappointed to
 know you think so little of him.
 Especially considering how much he
 respects you.

ROGER
 If not Libi, who?

*
 *

Benjamin looks at the plastic watch on Roger's wrist.

*

BENJAMIN
 Clock's ticking.

*

Benjamin tucks his paper under his arm and walks away. Roger
 ponders his next move.

*
 *

ROGER
 ...Wait.

*

Benjamin turns back, sees the fire in Roger's eyes.

ROGER
 Give me the info you have on Philips.

INT. JULIET'S POOL HALL - DAY

Brock holds a glass of OJ at the bar, Valentina next to him
 with a shot of whiskey. James, behind the bar, pours a shot.

BROCK
 To the man with the plan.

They clink glasses and drink.

JAMES
 How long before your guy converts it?

BROCK
 Soon. I'll let you know.

JAMES
 Two mill, right? Divided by three.

VALENTINA

Six hundred and sixty-six grand each.
But I'm taking six-sixty-five. You two
can split the difference.

BROCK

6-6-6. She's superstitious.

VALENTINA

I'm spiritual, there's a difference.

BROCK

Different toilet, same shit. 'Course
we could cut James out all together
and become instant millionaires,
rendering your voodoo moot.

James frowns, wondering if Brock is serious.

BROCK

Fuckin with you, guy. Lighten up.

VALENTINA

I thought Roger made me for a second.
He pulled that P99, I damn near pissed
myself. Didn't even have to act.

JAMES

Well, we're not dancing at home plate,
yet. We still have to deal with him.

*

BROCK

We, James?

JAMES

You can put your dick back in your
pants, Brock. You know what I mean.

BROCK

I'm just sayin, from where I sit,
looks like I'm the only one's done any
killing.

JAMES

Cuz that's what I needed you to do.

BROCK

Like you're runnin shit, huh?

JAMES

You're five minutes away from
retirement because of me. I'm the
captain of the ship. I am running
shit.

BROCK
Yeah? Maybe you think you deserve more
than a third.

JAMES
Maybe I do.

BROCK
Well, here's your chance, captain.

Brock un-holsters his gun, holds it out to James.

BROCK
All you gotta do is kill me and my
partner and it's all yours. The whole
two million. *

James stares at the gun, bounces his eyes back and forth
between Brock and Valentina. *

BROCK
Come on, captain. *

James lights a Newport, doesn't have the nerve. *

JAMES
Fuck you, Brock. *

Brock smirks, re-holsters the gun.

BROCK
That's my point. You might'a been the
man with the plan, but I'm the man
with the gun. And the man with the gun
says there's been a mutiny. *

James sneers at Brock.

BROCK
From here on out, what I say goes. And
what I say is you get word to your
Philips connect about where Roger can
be found. Let them deal with each
other and we walk away with the cash.
Simple as a baby pimple.

JAMES
We don't know where Roger is.

BROCK
True. But we know where his family is.

James looks conflicted as Brock crunches on some nuts.

EXT. CHICAGO INNER CITY - INTERSECTION - DAY

POV SPY SCOPE: A CRACK FIEND limps over to a teen wearing the latest cool street clothes, a CLOCKER.

The clocker slaps a vial of crack into the fiend's bony hand.

The scope whips ACROSS THE STREET, the same thing is happening. Crackheads doing hand-to-hands with clockers.

INT. ROGER'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Roger watches the action half a mile away through a monocular spy scope, rubbing his tiring eyes, trying to stay alert.

He checks the countdown on the wristwatch: 41:50:05. He's been on this stakeout for hours.

He turns on MUSIC to keep alert. ...41:01:01...

Yawns. Cracks the window for air. ...40:05:09...

He spots something...

INTERSECTION - SUNSET

A BLACK PRE-TEEN with a blue backpack exits a tenement and inconspicuously walks by the clockers and fiends, down the block and steps on a city bus.

The bus drives. A moment later, Roger's SUV not far behind.

INT. ROGER'S SUV - SUNSET

Roger follows the city bus through inner-city Chicago. The slow drive through the city makes him anxious. He pops a couple of Xanax.

EXT. ROGER'S SUV - CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Street lights pop on as the evening darkens the sky. The SUV navigates traffic, keeping pace with the bus.

INT. ROGER'S SUV - SUNSET

The mix of anxiety and fatigue, and now the Xanax kicking in, bends Roger's world. He tries to stay focused as objects and faces blend and stretch.

He looks up as the rear of the city bus comes into focus. Just in time, he hits the brakes and skids, almost crashing into the bus. That wakes him up.

He cranes his neck to see who exits the bus.

EXT. BUS - SUNSET

The pre-teen steps off the bus without the backpack.

Roger watches the kid give a BUSHY-HAIRED WHITE TEEN a subtle hand slap as he passes him.

The bushy-haired teen gets on the bus. The bus drives off.

EXT. CITY BUS/HIGHLAND PARK - NIGHT

The bus stops in Highland Park, an upper/middle-class suburb.

The bushy-haired teen steps off with the blue backpack. He dashes across the street.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Roger watches the teen carry the backpack to the neighborhood park across the street. The teen DROPS THE PACK ON A BENCH then runs and plays soccer under park lights with other kids.

Roger looks at his watch [39:10:59], anticipating.

A SUBURBAN MOM pushing a baby stroller approaches the bench.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

The mom scoops up the pack and puts it in the stroller. She strolls away, no idea that not too far behind her, Roger follows on foot.

EXT. MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The woman leaves the backpack on the steps of a colonial style home, rings the bell twice, a signal, then leaves.

MAX, a petulant asshole wearing a KISS THE COOK apron and holding a spatula, looks both ways in the doorway. Nobody's watching. He picks up the backpack and closes the door.

INT. BETH SWEETS BAKERY - BOOTH - NIGHT

*

Tracie, zoned out, sits with her arm around DJ who has his eyes on a comic book store across the street.

*

Tracie flinches as the bells on the entrance door chime.

A MOTHER and her TEENAGED SON order from Beth at the counter. Tracie exhales, checks her watch.

DJ

Mom can I go to that comic store?

*

Tracie looks out the window at the comic store, considering it. A PICK UP TRUCK with a confederate flag sticker on the back window parks, blocking her view. She quints at it...

DJ

Mom?

Tracie's eyes never leave the truck. She watches a pair of snakeskin boots step out, glimpses a gun handle breaching the waist of Wrangler jeans.

*

*

*

DJ notices that Tracie is suddenly jittery.

*

DJ

Mom, what's wrong?

*

*

Tracie quickly finds an EXIT sign above a door in the rear of the bakery, turns back to DJ.

*

*

TRACIE

We gotta go. Now.

*

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

*

Industrial style, shiny stainless steel and reflective chrome appliances. Max stands over the gas stove, sautéing sausages. The blue backpack sits on a counter behind him.

*

A small dog barks off screen.

MAX

Quiet, Peanut!

As Max flips the sausage, he glimpses movement reflecting off the pan hanging above him. Through the reflection, he sees an intruder, distorted, nonchalantly opening the backpack.

Max takes his time... slides his hand into the pocket of his Kiss the Cook apron and pulls a snub-nosed revolver. He whirls, aiming the gun. No one there. Then:

CLANG! Roger, now on the side of Max, hits Max in the head with a skillet. Max drops the gun. It slides away.

Roger grabs Max by the neck and drags him over to a chopping block where a set of sharp knives wait.

Peanut, Max's tiny Papillon, barks at Roger's ankle. Roger quizzically looks at the small dog.

NARRATOR

Roger did not understand the affinity people had for dogs. He did not believe they made for a good companion or adequate protection. He'd rather have his P99.

Roger puts Max's palms on the chopping block, takes two knives and simultaneously stabs the hands.

Max shrieks and bleeds as Roger hammers the knives through his hands with a meat tenderizer.

Roger picks up tongs, takes a sausage from the frying pan and stuffs it in Max's mouth, muffling him and burning the hell out of his tongue.

ROGER

Shut up and chew.

Max chews the sausage. The juices burn his mouth. Roger waits. For a man with time constraints, he's very leisurely. Max swallows the last bite.

MAX

You're dead! You're dead! You know who the fuck I am?

ROGER

Your mail says you're Max Garrett. I'm looking for the money your boss took from me, Max.

MAX

Boss? Nobody's my boss.

ROGER

Bobby Philips.

Max grins a painful grin.

MAX

You know what this is -- whose this is, and you still have the balls to-

SLAP. Just a good old-fashioned pimp slap.

ROGER

What do you do for Philips? You some kind of middle man?

MAX

I'm an accountant. I keep track of things.

ROGER

Yeah? You any good? Philips killed my guy, so I need a new one.

MAX

What?

ROGER

Just tell me where I can find my money, I'll be on my way.

*

Max goes mute. Maybe from the pain, probably being bold.

Roger moves over to the stove, takes the hot skillet filled with grease from the flame and steps back over to Max.

MAX

You don't scare me.

Roger holds the skillet over Max's balding head and pours a touch. Max SCREAMS as his hairs singe, head sizzles.

ROGER

I'm not gonna kill you, Max. You'll wish you were dead. You'll wish.

MAX

You motherfucker!

Roger pours a steady flow on Max's head. Max ROARS IN AGONY. The grease trailing down his face like burning sweat, blistering almost instantly.

MAX

He, he, he --

ROGER

Relax.

MAX

He - I don't -- I, I don't know where he is. I don't know.

ROGER
I don't care where he is. All I want
is my money.

MAX
He... He keeps money in stash houses.
T-t-ten houses, all within a ten mile
radius in Orland Park.

*

ROGER
How much?

Max regains control of his breathing.

MAX
He's gonna kill you. Know that. You
and anybody you care about.

Roger lifts the skillet, ready to pour. Max jumps in-

MAX
Up to five hundred in each. That's as
much as he keeps before we clean it.

ROGER
Let's start with you. Where're you
hiding it?

MAX
No. I'm just a numbers guy. I keep
track of things. The houses you want
are sealed tighter than Fort Knox.

ROGER
You keep track of things?

MAX
I'm a numbers guy. That's all.

ROGER
Give me the houses, Max.

Max bites his lip, angry with himself for giving up info.

ROGER
Come on, Max. Don't do this to
yourself.

MAX
It doesn't make sense. You're sayin
Philips stole money from you? He's got
more money than God.

ROGER

Would it make sense if I told you I
was the guy who shot him and his son?

Max's eyes grow more fearful, but he's still not talking.

CHOP! Two of Max's fingers no longer belong to his hand. Max
howls. Blood squirts like streams from cheap water guns.

NARRATOR

When Roger looked away, as he often
did when blood was spilled, he was
surprised to see a box of Frosted
Flakes in the cupboard. He thought of
DJ and couldn't help but wonder about
the Playgirl magazine.

ROGER

The stash houses, Max.

MAX

I can't... I can't...

Roger takes out his P99. Max panics.

MAX

I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't...

Roger aims the barrel a couple of inches away from Max's
temple. He pauses, spotting a blinking light out of the
corner of his eye.

He lowers his P99, walks over to an iPhone charging on a
counter, its LED light blinking.

He powers it up, types ORLAND PARK in the search and sees
what he's looking for:

A list of addresses and phone numbers in Orland Park.

Behind Roger, Max uses his teeth to jimmy the knife nailed
into his right hand, painful, but necessary to get free.

Roger pockets the iPhone then:

CLANK. A knife bounces off his back, rattles on the floor.

Roger turns, looks at the knife, then looks at Max...

MAX'S INDUSTRIAL OVEN - LATER

Max is stuffed in the oversized oven, tied and gagged like a pig ready to be roasted. Roger closes the oven door, cranks the heat to 500 as Max screams muffled screams.

Roger starts to leave. Peanut the dog barks at him. Roger looks down, feeling sorry for the puppy. He drops some sausage on the floor. Peanut goes at it.

ROGER
Make it last, mutt.

Roger's phone RINGS. Caller ID: **UNKNOWN**. He answers.

ROGER
Hello?

A deep, Texas-twangy voice.

THE GOOD DOCTOR (FILTERED)
Hello, Roger. Before we get started, I gotta tell ya, this Beth makes the best damn apple pie I've ever tasted.

ROGER
...Who is this?

THE GOOD DOCTOR (FILTERED)
This is the Good Doctor, Roger. And I'm afraid I have terrible news...

Roger's heart races, his hands shake.

THE GOOD DOCTOR (FILTERED)
...They're not gonna make it.

The call disconnects. Roger is catatonic for a beat...

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - ROGER'S SUV - NIGHT

Other cars seem to be still as the SUV zooms by them.

The SUV weaves in and out of traffic, runs red lights, narrowly avoids honking cars and scowling pedestrians.

The SUV speeds past a COP on a parked POLICE MOTORCYCLE.

ROGER'S SUV - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Roger, a blend of fury and determination, glimpses flashing police lights in his rearview mirror.

The police motorcycle wails its siren, pulls even with the SUV, screaming PULL OVER through a loudspeaker.

Ahead, HEAVY INTERSECTING TRAFFIC looms. Roger guns the SUV, taking the lead.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The SUV whizzes through the congestion causing cars to abruptly stop, skid into street signs and rear-end each other, blocking the intersection.

The cop slowly navigates between the stopped and crashed cars, continues to chase the SUV.

EXT. BETH SWEETS BAKERY - NIGHT

The SUV stops outside the bakery. Roger jumps out and full out sprints toward the-

BoOm!

*

The bakery blows, sending Roger flying backwards with glass and debris. He crash lands on the hood of his SUV, rolls off, wind knocked out of him.

The motorcycle cop pulls up, jumps off his bike and draws his gun. Seeing the bakery burn, he screams into his radio.

MOTORCYCLE COP

Unit 12 calling-

BOOM! Another explosion from the bakery shakes the earth, knocking the cop to his ass.

Roger staggers to his feet and watches the bakery burn, ready to run inside until:

MOTORCYCLE COP

Don't move! Don't you goddamn move!

Roger spins with his hands up to see the gun wielding cop stepping toward him.

ROGER

My family's in there!

MOTORCYCLE COP

On the ground, now!

Tires BURN RUBBER on asphalt. Roger's eyes widen as he looks out at the street.

The PICKUP TRUCK with the confederate flag is coming. Fast.

Roger focuses on the truck, on the Illinois license plate, memorizing those numbers, muttering them. 6281878.

The cop looks over his shoulder, following Roger's gaze.

JOSE, a chubby Mexican with an affinity for homemade explosives, tosses a small sticky bomb out of the passenger side window of the pickup.

The bomb sticks to the back of the cop.

MOTORCYCLE COP

What the fuh-?

BOOM! The cop explodes into fleshy shrapnel. The bloody explosion knocks Roger down.

The pickup speeds off, then, the only sound is burning wood popping. Roger and body parts from the motorcycle cop lie on the ground, motionless.

Sirens wail in the distance, drawing nearer. Pedestrians begin to gather, looking at the dead cop and Roger.

Roger moves. A little, then more. He has to get up..

He crawls to his SUV, hops in and drives away as the sirens come on full blast and we FADE TO BLACK.

ROGER

OVER BLACK

BROCK

I need to count it?

EXT. BIG WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

On the porch, Brock shakes hands with a biker named BRUCE.

BRUCE

Can you count to two million?

BROCK

If it's a dollar short I'll come back
and fuck you up. I'm serious.

(then)

Tell Helen hello for me.

Brock picks up a gym bag then struts to the driver's side of the Ford Focus in the driveway.

INT. FORD FOCUS - NIGHT

Valentina sits shotgun, chewing bubble gum.

VALENTINA

Can I see it?

Brock tosses her the bag and gets in the car. She unzips it and there it is: Two million neatly bound dollars.

BROCK

Not bad for a day's work.

(then)

You hungry?

Valentina is quiet, looks like she's having doubts.

VALENTINA

Didn't it almost go too easy?

BROCK

I see you're worried.

VALENTINA

Make me feel better.

BROCK

It's probably thinking of James that's got you all bothered. You figure he's likely to get busted for somethin, maybe not this, but somethin, and when he does, you know he's got two crooked cops in his back pocket to bargain with. How much shit have we covered up for him? He owns our asses.

*
*

VALENTINA

You're not helping.

BROCK

Look, all you need to think about is where you wanna spend your one million dollars. I've decided that we'll be splitting the money two ways. James won't be needing it where he's goin.

Valentina still unsure as Brock answers his vibrating phone.

BROCK

Detective Brock... How many?... Jesus, hate to hear that... You need us?... We can do that, be there in ten.

Brock ends the call, looks at Valentina.

VALENTINA
What happened?

BROCK
Bodies at Sweets Bakery. Three inside,
a patrol cop outside.

VALENTINA
Jesus.

BROCK
Yep... Guess Philips got the tip.

Brock puts the car in drive, drives away.

EXT. JAMES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An unassuming rambler with a detached single car garage.

SMASH!

Roger's SUV crashes into the garage.

James steps out of the house wearing a robe and holding a shotgun. Sylvia Libi, half dressed, stands in the doorway.

JAMES
Get dressed and get the hell out.

She turns away in a huff. James approaches the SUV with the shotgun aimed. Looks inside and sees Roger passed out.

After a stunned beat, James says "fuck" under his breath.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Roger's eyes open. He's lying on an old couch. The room is bright from morning sunshine.

Roger sits up and surveys his surroundings. A massive headache forces him to wince.

He spots a photo of James proudly standing behind the bar at Juliet's and realizes where he is.

Clanking comes from the kitchen, grabbing Roger's attention.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Roger enters the kitchen to see James sitting at a table in front of Roger's plastic watch, Roger's cell phone, Max's iPhone and Roger's black Walther P99 with a silencer.

James tries to read him. Roger's cold eyes give away nothing.

ROGER
Give me my phone.

James tosses Roger his phone. The screen is cracked. Roger tries to turn it on, no go. He shatters it on the floor.

ROGER
That other one.

James tosses Roger the iPhone. Roger powers it on. It works.

Roger punches in a phone number, listens... The phone is immediately picked up by TRACIE'S VOICE on VOICE MAIL.

Roger disconnects the call and stares at the floor, plotting.

James keeps an eye on him, still not sure what Roger knows.

ROGER
I shouldn't have come here.

JAMES
Why did you?

Roger looks up at James.

ROGER
Bobby Philips killed my family. I
didn't have anywhere else to go.

After a beat, Roger takes his P99 and the plastic watch from the table then heads for the door.

A phone RINGS. It's James'. He looks at the area code: **718**. His eyes can't hide his panic as it rings again. He hits ignore, looks up at Roger who is almost out the door.

JAMES
Hey...
(Roger turns back)
Let me grab my guns.

Roger gives James a look, considering it.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL - DAY

Amir, the slender El-Amin, holds a cell phone to his ear as he looks at Brooklyn who watches Good Morning America on TV.

AMIR EL-AMIN

He's not picking up. You want us to find him?

Brooklyn, in a terry cloth robe, keeps his eyes on the TV as he eats room service.

BROOKLYN

Give him another day. He'll either come through or he won't. And if he don't, we'll just go ahead and kill him and take the loss on the money. I don't think I like him enough to make him work it off.

*

*

Amir sits with Brooklyn and watches the show.

*

EXT. JAMES'S HOUSE/MUSTANG SHELBY - DAY

*

Roger walks to the powerful sports car, the late morning sun shining behind him as he tucks his P99 in his back.

James, his open jacket exposing a shoulder holster with two harnesses holding two .45s, emerges behind Roger, strutting to the car with darting eyes looking for bad guys.

INT. JAMES'S MUSTANG - DAY

James in the driver's seat. Roger, shotgun, peeks at the countdown on his plastic wristwatch as it turns to **26:00:00**.

James fires up the car. *VROOM-VROOM!* And they're off.

INT. METRO TRUCKING - GARAGE/WAREHOUSE - DAY

Semi-truck cabs are parked inside. Also, the pickup with the 6281878 plates.

The Good Doctor deals playing cards to Jose and a TRUCKER at a folding table. They eat fast food breakfast as Doc deals.

THE GOOD DOCTOR

A man walked by a table in a hotel and saw three men and a dog playing cards.

THE GOOD DOCTOR (CONT'D)

The dog was holdin his hand, the man goes, "That's a smart dog." "Not that smart," they said. "Every time he gets a good hand he wags his tail."

Jose and the trucker shrug, they don't get it. Doc puts a wad of chewing tobacco in his mouth.

ROGER (O.S.)

Excuse me...

They all crane their heads to Roger, standing near them.

ROGER

I'm looking for the good doctor.

TRUCKER

You got an appointment?

The trucker and Doc laugh. Jose is deadpan. Roger even grins a little.

ROGER

Let him know I'm here to kill him.

That silences the laughter. The trucker steps up to Roger.

TRUCKER

Boy, you better start explain-

Roger violently head butts the trucker then grabs him by the head and SNAPS his neck. If you blinked, you missed it.

The trucker drops, his face almost even with his spine.

Doc stares at Roger, then stands. For the first time we see how beastly gigantic this bald, redneck is.

THE GOOD DOCTOR

Don't you look at my cards, Jose.

(then, to Roger)

I'm who you're looking for.

Roger takes a swing at Doc. Doc blocks it, then catches Roger with a well-placed kidney punch.

Roger folds over.

Doc grabs Roger, lifts him off the ground and body slams him on the pavement, WWE style, a back-breaker.

Roger stirs and squirms on the floor. Doc and his snakeskin cowboy boots stand over him. Jose is still at the card table.

THE GOOD DOCTOR

Jose?

JOSE

Si?

THE GOOD DOCTOR

Could I trouble you to run get my buck
knife and my surgeon's mask?

JOSE

I have a new small explosive I would
like to try out.

THE GOOD DOCTOR

Can you try it after I cut him?

JOSE

Si. But alive would be better.

THE GOOD DOCTOR

Next time, Jose. Go on.

Jose walks off.

Doc spits tobacco juice on Roger's face.

THE GOOD DOCTOR

You're the one shot Bobby, huh? I
thought Jose blew you up last night.

A FLICK-FLICK. Doc looks to where the sound is coming from.

James, leaning on the entrance door frame, looking cool with
his .45s showing, is trying to light a smoke with a Bic.
Flick... flick... FLAME. He takes a drag of the Newport.

JAMES

Don't mind me. I'm just here to watch
Roger do his thing.

Roger KICKS Doc in the balls. Hard. Doc staggers.

Roger makes it to his feet and pops Doc in the jaw with a
haymaker, making him wobble but not fall.

He kicks Doc's kneecap. The CRUNCH is enough to know that Doc
won't walk for awhile. Doc falls to his stomach, in agony.

Roger grabs Doc by the collar with two hands and drags his
heavy ass to a semi-truck cab near a diesel gas pump.

CLANG! Roger bangs Doc's head on the step bar. CLANG, CLANG, CLANG-- Doc is knocked out, a giant gash in his forehead spills blood.

Roger lets him fall to the ground, looks across the garage, and sees Jose standing with a big-ass buck knife and a small plastic explosive.

Jose charges with a YELL.

Roger picks up a folding chair, waits...

Jose getting close, faster, still yelling-

Roger heaves the chair at the floor in Jose's path.

Jose trips over the chair and falls, STABBING HIMSELF IN THE HEART and dying instantly. The plastic explosive lands in front of him.

NARRATOR

Roger started to say, "My heart bleeds for you," or some other movie-esque cliché, but decided against it. He often wondered how he would be portrayed if a movie were to be made about him, though he was sure they would make him a good looking guy with a Beretta, a catchphrase and a convoluted character arc.

Roger slaps Doc, trying to wake him up.

ROGER

Hey!... Hey, look at me!

Roger shakes Doc. He's unresponsive. James walks over with his cigarette almost gone.

JAMES

Try this.

James unhooks the pump from the diesel fuel tank and sprays Doc. Doc coughs awake, focuses on Roger.

ROGER

Where's Philips?

Doc smirks. He's not talking. Roger's fist sends Doc back to dreamland.

JAMES

Not the best way to get info, Roger.

Roger realizes Doc is out cold again, shakes him to wake him. Tries more diesel fuel, splashing it all over the place. It's not working. He looks at Doc, puts his ear to his mouth...

ROGER
He's not breathing.

JAMES
Then that's that. Let's go.

James heads for the exit. Roger pauses, thinking... He performs CPR on Doc. James looks back, incredulous.

JAMES
'The hell you doin?

Roger pumps Doc's chest. James shakes his head.

Doc coughs awake, again. Looks at Roger, manages a grin.

ROGER
Philips.

THE GOOD DOCTOR
...Just a guess, but I'd wager you can find him on his boat. He had us move some things there.

ROGER
What kind of things?

THE GOOD DOCTOR
His kind of things. Money and coke.

James, standing by the exit, lights up, interest piqued. *

ROGER
What boat?

Doc looks Roger in the eyes, not liking what he sees.

THE GOOD DOCTOR
That info seems to be my ace. You want it, you gotta set me free.

ROGER
Okay, Doc. Give me something useful, I'll let you go. But before we get to that; the woman and the boy in the bakery, were they alive when you blew them up?

THE GOOD DOCTOR
I was just doing my job, brother. You
know how that goes.

ROGER
My job's never been to kill anyone who
didn't deserve it or see it coming.
Answer the question.

*

THE GOOD DOCTOR
...Yeah. They were alive... Barely.

ROGER
Thank you. And thank you for the
offer. But I'm gonna pass.

Doc, suspicious, watches Roger pick up the small explosive
just in front of Jose's dead body.

THE GOOD DOCTOR
What about the boat?

Roger tosses it near Doc. It makes a splash as it lands in a
puddle of diesel fuel.

ROGER
Fuck the boat.

Doc's eyes widen. He desperately tries to crawl away from the
explosive with his bad knee and dizzy head.

Roger walks to the exit where James is waiting, then turns,
silhouetted by the sun. He takes his silenced P99 from his
back and aims it at the explosive.

Doc can't crawl fast enough. His leg is for shit, his head is
bleeding but he digs deep. He doesn't want to die.

Roger, finger on the trigger, squeezes and-

BOOM!

Doc's limbs separate from his body like fleshy fireworks. The
diesel fuel on the ground ignites into a roaring fire, the
fire moving closer to the diesel pumps and the semi-trucks.

EXT. METRO TRUCKING - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Roger and James sprint to the Mustang, parked among semi-
trucks with trailers attached. They jump in. Too late...

KA-BOOM! The garage/warehouse erupts in fiery smoke. Debris
rains from the sky.

A moment later, the Mustang heroically emerges from the fire, dodges a flying semi-truck tire, and speeds to safety.

INT. JAMES'S MUSTANG - DAY

James drives. Roger, in the passenger seat, searches the contacts on Max's iPhone.

JAMES
Think he was telling the truth about
the boat?

Roger finds contact info on "Your Highness".

ROGER
Belmont Harbor, Lincoln Park.

James nods, puts the pedal to the metal...

EXT. BELMONT HARBOR, YACHT DOCK - DAY

A luxury yacht dubbed "YOUR HIGHNESS" moored to a dock. Roger and James stand just off the dock, look over the yacht, then move toward it.

A SECURITY GUARD watches from a distance as they climb on the yacht. He unclips his radio walkie-talkie from his belt.

INT. YACHT - BELOW DECK - DAY

A skylight/hatch illuminates the swanky lower deck. Roger goes right, James left, checking the rooms like cops on a search warrant, no nook or cranny left undisturbed.

JAMES
What do you think something like this
costs?

ROGER
Maybe if you would have saved your
ends you could have had this by now.

JAMES
Yeah, I should save money. Then I go
to work one night, things go bad, I'm
dying, screaming, "Lord don't take me.
I got all that money in mutual funds."

ROGER
You make a plan. Set yourself up for a
nice life then you get out.

JAMES
Like you did.

ROGER
Like I did.

JAMES
Yeah, and how'd that work out?

Roger lets that go.

JAMES
That's the difference between you and
me, Roger. I know the truth.

ROGER
What truth?

JAMES
Once you live in this shit, you die in
this shit. You can't make plans. The
only thing you can do is whatever you
have to do to stay alive.

Roger and James converge in the back, having found nothing.

JAMES
This is futile. Philips is probably on
some desert island rollin in the
wheelchair you put him in.
(then)
What's your next move?

Roger ignores James. He's staring at the hardwood floor, at a
plank that is slightly askew.

James follows Roger's stare.

Roger kneels, inspects the plank, then moves it aside.

Another. Then another. Removing the flooring.

James helps. His eyes grow as he stands back, looking down...

They are standing over BRICKS OF COCAINE AND MORE CASH THAN
BRICKS TRUCK CARRIES. Millions, tightly wrapped in plastic.

JAMES
Oh, yes... Hell yes.

Roger's stoic face doesn't share James' enthusiasm.

EXT. YACHT DOCK - DAY

The security guard points two UNIFORMED POLICEMEN to Philips's yacht. They move toward it.

INT. YACHT - BELOW DECK - DAY

Roger is typing something into Max's iPhone as James looks for something to put the cash in.

ROGER
What're you doin'?

JAMES
We can't carry it out in our hands.
That's gotta be at least five mil.
Grab your two, I'll take the rest.

James finds a fishing bag and starts filling it with cash. He notices Roger isn't moving.

JAMES
A little help.

ROGER
We're leaving the money, James.

JAMES
What...? The fuck we are.

Roger faces James.

ROGER
Put it back.

James pauses, stares at Roger. Roger stares back.

JAMES
Seems we have different objectives at the moment. Care to explain yours?

SQUEAK.

Their heads snap up to the ceiling. The floor above them *SQUEAKS* again.

*

#2 COP (O.S.)
Chicago police! Come out with your hands high or we're comin down.

James, panicky, looks at Roger. Roger stays cool.

INT. YACHT - UPPER DECK - DAY

The policemen wait a beat then nod to each other. They pull their guns, move down the stairs...

INT. YACHT - BELOW DECK - CONTINUOUS

The policemen creep down the stairs, weapons drawn. They see the floor pulled up. The coke, cash and fishing bag.

#2 signals for #1 to quietly check the rooms. #1 peeks into the empty rooms.

#2 looks up at the skylight. The hatch is open. Gestures for #1 to go back up the stairs. #1 nods, obliges.

#2 spots something blinking on the coke and cash. An electronic device. Moves closer. Curious...

UPPER DECK

#1 scans as he walks toward the bow, sees no one. But we do:

Roger and James hang onto a ridge over the edge of the yacht. James hangs on with one hand, a .45 in the other.

They hear the footsteps.

James is ready to shoot. Roger stringently shakes his head, nods toward the water: *We gotta jump.*

James smirks, *fuck you, I'm shooting.*

Roger pulls his P99 on James, *fuck you, we're dropping!*

Both hanging from the edge one-handed with their guns out.

#1 stops at railing blocking him. He would have to duck under the railing to look over the edge at:

Roger and James, waiting, hearts pounding, arms weakening.

#1 looks out at the lake. If he looks down he'll see discolored hands hanging on for dear life. He never does, turns and walks back the way he came.

Roger gives James a look. James gives him a look back. Their arms shake. Roger lets go, dropping into the cold water. James reluctantly does the same.

#1 stops. Turns back. A splash?... Nah. He keeps moving.

BELOW DECK

#2 closely inspects the electronic device. Max's iPhone, practically gift-wrapped on top of the coke and cash. He picks it up as #1 comes down the stairs, joins him.

#2 COP

I think we just caught a big fish.

On the phone, we see the addresses for Philips' stash houses in Orland Park, tagged on Google Maps.

INT. JAMES'S MUSTANG - DAY

James drives through downtown Chicago. Roger rides shotgun. Both are drenched. Roger cleans his P99, James fishes a soggy Newport from a wet pack.

NARRATOR

Roger considered telling James why he had to kill Philips. He'd tell James that it was all for him. That Tracie, DJ and the one on the way died so he could have a chance to live. But Roger knew that was a lie. He did not do it for James. He did it for himself, for his own conscience. And he would have to live with that.

ROGER

Pull over here.

James parks on a busy **street outside of Roger's apartment building**. Roger tucks away his P99. James looks out at the building small complex. *

JAMES

That your building? *

James spies the apartment window with dark curtains. *

ROGER

(ignoring the question) *

I never thanked you, James.

JAMES

For what?

Roger motions toward James' prosthetic foot.

JAMES

My foot?... Shit, you think...?
(then)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Roger, I slipped trying to get myself out of trouble.

James tries to light a soggy Newport. It won't catch.

JAMES

You were just in the fucking way.

Roger takes a look at James and the realization that he saved James' life for nothing hits him. He exits the car.

JAMES

Hey...

(Roger looks back)

Good luck to you.

*

Roger just walks away. James takes off in the mustang.

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK - BP BRIDGE - DAY

James and Brock lean on the stainless steel panels, people watching as they talk. Brock sips from a bottle of OJ.

BROCK

...You were with him all day? How'd that happen?

JAMES

He showed up at the house after the thing at the Bakery last night. I thought he came to kill me.

BROCK

Why did he come?

JAMES

I don't know. Guess he had no where else to go, his family dead and all.

James lights a dry cigarette.

BROCK

So what you're telling me is you coulda dealt with him.

JAMES

I made the call to my Philips connect. They're sending a guy over to Roger now. He's as good as dealt with.

BROCK

How much you wanna bet?

JAMES
You know somethin I don't?

BROCK
Roger didn't touch the money on the boat, right?

JAMES
Still can't believe it.

BROCK
And he left a phone for the cops...

James notices the admiration in Brock's eyes.

JAMES
...What is it?

BROCK
They picked up Philips an hour ago, James. All his shit was on that phone. That, plus the coke and the cash, enough to put him away for good.

EXT. MEN'S CLOTHING STORE - NIGHT

Roger, in dry clothes, stares pensively at a mannequin posed in Hugo Boss in a storefront window.

JAMES (V.O.)
Why would Roger want Philips in jail?

BROCK (V.O.)
You don't stay in jail. Not when you have money and lawyers like Philips.

Roger walks into the store.

EXT. DIRTY ALLEY - NIGHT

The gray car pulls into a dirty back alley, parks.

BROCK (V.O.)
He'll have his bond hearing today and be out by tonight.

EXT. HIGH RISE BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY

Roger looks over the edge of the rooftop at the William J. Campbell courthouse, about 3 football fields away.

JAMES (V.O.)
...And Roger'll be waitin.

Roger opens a rifle case at his feet. Inside, his M21 sniper rifle is disassembled. He puts it together.

BACK TO: EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK - BP BRIDGE - DAY

BROCK
Now you're gettin it.

JAMES
What's that got to do with us?

BROCK
Nothin. I was just taking a moment to appreciate the move Roger made.

JAMES
Yeah, he's a genius.
(then)
So where's my money?

BROCK
We're gonna celebrate tomorrow at the Ritz. That work for you?

JAMES
No, that don't work for me. You gonna protect me till then?

BROCK
Protect you?... James, having you dead would be in my best interest.

JAMES
Fuck you, Brock. That's not funny.

BROCK
Look, this shit takes time. You ever transfer two million dollars to an off shore account then try to turn it into cash in the States before? It's not easy. Tomorrow at noon. The room will be under the name Janis Joplin.

James gives Brock a hard look.

JAMES
I swear to god, you orange juice drinkin prick, don't try to dick me.

BROCK

Come on, James. It's a little late in the game not to trust each other.

(then)

Try to stay alive till tomorrow, huh?

Brock, drinking his OJ, walks away from James. James scans his surroundings, a little paranoid. He walks away in the opposite direction with his head down.

INT. ROGER'S UPTOWN APARTMENT - DAY

WHAM! The door is kicked open by ABNER, a big, James Gandolfini looking motherfucker holding an Uzi.

Abner searches the closets and the bathroom, then back to the living room to think, Roger nowhere to be found.

He spots the phone, picks it up, hits REDIAL... As it rings, he notices a notepad.

He raises the pad to the light. In the light, he can see the embossment of the words: *5:00, William J. Campbell.*

A female voice picks up his call.

SERVICE DESK (FILTERED)

William J. Campbell courthouse.

Abner hangs up-

ABNER

Shit.

-Quickly pulls out his cell phone and dials...

EXT. WILLIAM J. CAMPBELL COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A throng of cameramen and reporters back out the door.

NARRATOR

Roger remembered the look on his face when he heard about the Beltway Snipers, John Allen Mohammad and the other one. Like most people, he was surprised to learn they were black.

POV RIFLE SCOPE - CONTINUOUS

A cross hair watches three bodyguards try to keep the media away from Philips as he's wheeled out of the courthouse.

NARRATOR

Roger thought that if he were black,
the element of surprise would give him
a great advantage in doing his job.

INT. ROGER'S UPTOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Abner tensely holds the ringing phone to his ear.

NARRATOR

He could walk right up to an arrogant
delinquent who would certainly dismiss
him, and shoot him in the head.

ABNER

Come on. Pick up!

EXT. COURTHOUSE

A GRUFF guard, one of the three guarding Philips, takes his
ringing phone from a pocket, looks at it...

NARRATOR

It was the rare scenario where no one
would suspect the black guy.

INT. ROGER'S UPTOWN APARTMENT

Abner holds the ringing phone. A gruff voice answers.

GRUFF GUARD (FILTERED)

Yeah?

ABNER

He's there! The shooter is there!

EXT. COURTHOUSE

Gruff, head on a swivel, looks up and RIGHT AT ROGER, on the
roof three hundred yards away, aiming the M21 sniper rifle.

GRUFF GUARD

GET HIM TO THE CAR!

Gruff whips out an automatic rifle and RAT-TAT-TAT at Roger,
like a starting gun, sets off a race of panic.

Reporters and cameramen SCREAM and SCATTER. The other guards
cover Philips like secret service covering a president,
quickly move him down the stairs toward a waiting black SUV.

Police try to keep order, tackling and cuffing Gruff. He fights it.

GRUFF GUARD
The roof! There's a shooter on the
roof!

The two guards hurriedly dump Philips into the black SUV, hop in the back with him and the SUV burns rubber.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

The NERVOUS CHAUFFEUR clocks sixty in a thirty five. Philips sits between the two guards in the backseat.

BODYGUARD 1
You okay, Mr. Philips?

Philips just holds a scowl.

STEEL-TOE BOOTS STOMP STEEL STAIRS

A SWAT TEAM races up the stairs, to the top and break through a door at-

EXT. HIGH RISE BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Weapons drawn, yelling "Drop your weapon," SWAT converges on Roger holding the rifle at the edge of the roof.

When they get closer, they lower their weapons, realizing it's a mannequin wearing Hugo Boss and holding the M21.

Dumbfounded, they shrug at each other.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Philips dials a number on his phone when-

Pft! Pft!

The two guards flanking him slump over, shot in the back of the head.

The chauffeur's eyes grow, looking in the rearview mirror. Roger, in the cargo section of the SUV, presses his P99 on Philips' head.

ROGER
Look at me.

PHILIPS

Fuck.

Philips slowly turns his head. Roger puts his finger on the trigger, ready to squeeze, then the chauffeur DIVES out of the moving SUV. It squeals and veers into oncoming traffic.

Roger and Philips can only watch through the windshield as

EXT. BLACK SUV/INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The SUV is about to make out with a MASSIVE GARBAGE TRUCK. The truck lays on its horn.

CRASH!

Sparks fly. The garbage truck sends the SUV twirling sideways in the air.

The SUV lands on its side, SCREECHING like nails on a chalkboard as metal scrapes asphalt, sliding down the street.

It stops as it knocks over a fire hydrant, then-

SWOOSH! The hydrant shoots up water like Old Faithful, blasting into an through the SUV.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

The strong water quickly fills the SUV. Roger, drenched, sees that Philips is knocked out. He tries to climb out the back.

Pause. A tire iron is IMPALED IN HIS LEG.

Though great pain and mighty force, Roger, accompanied by a echoing yell, jimmies the iron out of his leg, opening up a hell of a wound and leaving a bloody mess.

EXT. BLACK SUV/STREET - CONTINUOUS

Roger climbs out the back door and collapses. One good leg not enough to keep him up. And then, SIRENS. Coming his way.

No time for pain, Roger crawls to his feet and hops away.

EXT. DIRTY ALLEY - LATER

Roger, dragging his busted leg, ducks into the alley just as flashing lights speed by, shaking, out of breath.

He catches his wind against a dumpster. His leg is on fire.

Panting and anxious, he reaches into a pocket, comes out with two Xanax pills, fumbles them to the dirty ground.

He searches the ground, like a fiend desperate for a hit. A rat scurries by, startling him.

Roger finds the pills, dry swallows those dirty bastards, then, after a moment calms down... staring, getting his air.

He looks at his leg wound. It's ugly. The frustration on his face is undeniable. He punches the dumpster.

He stares at GRAFFITI on a wall. Indecipherable at first.

Sirens wail. Not too close.

Roger continues to stare at the graffiti until he makes it out. Within the wild scribble on the brick wall, a symbol. Familiar. The CHI RHO. Under which it says: *God Is Watching*.

Roger is pensive, an idea coming to him. The sirens are closer. He stands, runs/hops to his plain gray sedan at the other end of the alley.

INT. BROCK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A posh, modern kitchen. Brock neatly puts his million dollars in a garbage bag as he speaks into his phone. His old bulldog eats from a dish.

BROCK
Run it again.

INTERCUT: INT. VALENTINA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Valentina, slipping into a silky nighty, talks on the phone, pops chewing gum. *

VALENTINA
We got a call from our C.I. James Rayne to meet him at the Ritz hotel about a case.

BROCK
What case?

VALENTINA
He said he could connect Bobby Philips to that thing that happened at Sweets. *

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

So anyway, we go in, he's jittery, not really talking, and it must have slipped his mind that he had a bag of cocaine on the table.

(then)

You do have the coke, right?

BROCK

I got it. Keep goin.

VALENTINA

We ask him what it is, he goes bonkers, pulls out his jammy, but he was slow and we shot first.

BROCK

Who shot first?

VALENTINA

Me. He pulled on you, I didn't have a choice.

BROCK

Run it just like that, you'll get your face in the paper and retire a hero.

VALENTINA

You should meet me at church in the morning. It would be good for you.

BROCK

Church on a Wednesday morning. Jesus.

VALENTINA

People go to the gym before work to get their bodies right, why not start your day at church to get your soul right?

BROCK

You realize you're going to kill a guy later that day.

VALENTINA

I didn't say I was the best Christian, detective. But I'm trying.

BROCK

How's it feel being a millionaire?

VALENTINA

Truth?...

She squirms, trying to break in the stiff mattress.

VALENTINA
A little uncomfortable.

A church bell tolls and we HARD CUT TO:

FORGIVEN

EXT. GOOD SHEPHERD CHURCH - MORNING

The CHI RHO symbol is painted on a bell tower.

NARRATOR
Roger had not been inside of a church since 1987. His father was not a believer so as a child, Roger would sneak off to a Lutheran service to hear the minister preach. He enjoyed theology and had planned to talk to Tracie about joining a congregation in Paris.

*
*

PAN DOWN: A few men and women, enter. Valentina, casually dressed, walks toward the church from across the street.

PASTOR (O.S.)
"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners..."

INT. GRAY CAR - DAY

Roger, in the gray car from the prologue, wearing dark shades, watches Valentina park her Ford Focus in the church parking lot, exit and head toward the church.

INT. GOOD SHEPHERD CHURCH - DAY

The pastor stands at the pulpit, reading from his bible.

PASTOR
"...The LORD knoweth the way of the righteous-

Valentina, sitting on a middle pew, follows along in her bible.

PASTOR
But the way of the ungodly shall perish."

ROGER (O.S.)

-The way of the ungodly shall perish.

Valentina freezes, recognizing that voice. She looks over her shoulder to see Roger sitting behind her, then faces forward with a "I can't believe this" smirk. Roger whispers:

ROGER

There's only two churches in Chicago with the Chi-Rho. I prayed that I picked the right one.

VALENTINA

Having a prayer answered is a sign that you have been forgiven.

Roger's face turns hard.

ROGER

...You haven't.

PASTOR

Now, let us pray with our hearts that our souls remain righteous.

The few scattered heads bow throughout the church. Roger and Valentina keep their heads up.

VALENTINA

I was just a messenger.

ROGER

I don't care.

VALENTINA

There's gotta be something we can work out. Let's go to Lou's, get some coffee and donuts and talk about it.

Roger considers...

VALENTINA

I'll tell you everything I know.

ROGER

Ladies first.

Valentina slides by Ian then hustles down the aisle.

Roger tries to slide by the bowed heads of the homeless lady, then the fat couple blocking his way, trying to keep an eye on Valentina who disappears out the sanctuary doors.

He finally makes it past, fast-limps down the aisle on his bum leg. Ian watches him, curious.

EXT. GOOD SHEPHERD CHURCH - PARKING LOT - DAY

A few scattered cars in the lot. Valentina, already at the far end of the lot, ducks behind a truck and pulls a handgun.

She peeks up and from her POV, sees:

Roger, way at the other end of the lot, holding his P99, his head on a swivel. He stops when he sees Valentina aiming her gun at him. He quickly ducks behind a car.

VALENTINA crawls to a better angle, using cars as cover. *

ROGER

crawls closer to where Valentina was.

HIGH ANGLE shows the cat and mouse as the two circle each other in the labyrinth of cars and empty spaces.

VALENTINA

squats on the side of a car and listens. She adjusts the side mirror and sees Roger in the distance, moving closer.

She takes a breath, stands, whirls and BANG-BANG-BANG!

The bullets shatter the windows of a car, setting off a high-pitched alarm. Roger is nowhere in sight.

VALENTINA *

turns to run but BOOM! Crashes right into a forearm, a brutal clothesline, crushing her windpipe. * *

She falls hard on her back, gasping, barely able to breathe. Roger stands over her, his P99 inches from her nose.

VALENTINA
*I'm... I'm a *GASP*.*

Between the blaring car alarm and her crushed windpipe, Roger can't understand a word she's saying. *

VALENTINA
Ka'op!... Kahh-puh! *

Roger cocks a brow, thinks she's trying to say "cop".

A reviving car engine draws near.

Roger looks up and away as a church security van with flashing yellow lights on its roof speeds his way.

He looks back down. Valentina is gone. *Shit!* After a cursory look around, Roger ducks away just as the van passes.

INT. GRAY CAR - DAY

Roger, wearing his dark shades, patiently watches the church parking lot.

In the lot, Valentina creeps to her Ford Focus, hops in and drives by the gray car.

Roger puts the car in gear and follows.

INT. RITZ HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Roger steps in. He covertly watches Valentina get on an elevator across the lobby. The numbers above the elevator door light up, stopping on the 30th floor.

*

Roger limps to the elevator.

*

INT. RITZ HOTEL - ELEVATOR

Roger presses the button for the 30th floor. It doesn't register. He needs a key card. He steps off the elevator.

ROGER
Excuse me, sir.

A concierge looks curiously at Roger.

*

INT. RITZ HOTEL - HALLWAY/ELEVATOR - DAY

The numbers above the elevator light up. 29 then 30.

DING. The doors open. Roger drags the unconscious concierge off the elevator and into a door labeled VENDING.

He steps out with the concierge's key card, slides it into the suite door, pulls his P99 and bursts in.

INT. RITZ HOTEL - SUITE - CONTINUOUS

A male dead body and a closed briefcase by the couch AND a female dead body by the bathroom door. The bodies face down.

Roger steps toward the couch.

As the door closes behind him, a figure with a sharp, bloody knife in its hand is revealed behind the door.

NARRATOR

Roger deduced that the guy was quietly killed by the couch while the girl used the bathroom. And, he imagined, the girl was murdered in a similar fashion when she came out.

Roger bends down to the first dead body. It's Brock, still bleeding from a slit across the throat but long dead. He checks Brock's wallet, looks at his shield.

NARRATOR

He believed that he would have made a good detective.

*

Roger moves over to the next body: Valentina, throat slit, in a pool of blood. He checks her badge: Det. Maria Valentina.

Roger squints, putting it together. A shadow falls over him.

Roger spins and CLANG! He's hit in the head with a lamp base. CLANG! He's hit again, falls on his face, knocked out.

James tosses the lamp aside and focuses on the briefcase.

He pops the case open and his face twists into confusion...

*

A lonely bag of cocaine is inside the case.

*

Now James smirks, getting that he was being set up.

JAMES

Shoulda known. I shoulda...

*

He angrily kicks Brock's corpse, ad-libbing insults until he's out of breath.

*

He composes himself, lights a cigarette, dials a number on his cell phone, speaks into it.

JAMES

Yeah, listen, I got the guy Philips is looking for... No shit, this time, I got him right here. But if he wants to know where "right here" is, he has to handle a little New York thing for me.

*

*

James looks at Roger, shrugs, puffs his cigarette.

JAMES
What the fuck can I say?

Roger stirs angrily, trying to wake. James kicks him in the head, knocking him out again.

The watch on Roger's wrist counts down from three seconds then beeps and flashes 0:00:00.

*
*

FADE OUT:

The sound of a car starting.

SOME KIND OF ASSHOLE

INT. ABNER'S CAR - TRUNK - DAY

Roger wakes up in the dimly lit trunk, sunlight sneaking in through cracks. He bounces as the car hits bumps. His eyes searching for a way out that never comes.

INT. ABNER'S CAR - DAY

Abner, wearing aviator glasses and a bomber jacket, drives. He pulls over on a narrow two-way highway in a wooded area in the middle of no man's land.

EXT. ABNER'S CAR - DAY

Abner pops the trunk. Roger is tied up and gagged inside.

INT. WOODS - LATER

*

Abner aims his Uzi at Roger as they trek through the woods. Roger bleeds from the head and limps on his broken leg.

Footsteps approach from the opposite direction. David Philips pushing his father in a wheelchair.

They meet in a CLEARING dotted by fallen leaves and walled in by trees. Other bad men are probably buried here.

Philips stands from the wheelchair, punches Roger in the face. Roger stands strong, spitting blood.

PHILIPS
(to Abner)
Give David your gun.

ABNER

This one was on him. Try it out.

Abner offers Roger's P99 to David. David takes the gun.

Philips smacks Roger several times until he falls to his knees. Roger doesn't fight back.

PHILIPS

There. Shoot him.

David grips the P99, aims it at Roger's head. Roger looks up at David, stoic. David hesitates. This is his first time.

PHILIPS

Kill him, son.

Roger reads David. He's shaky, eyes watery.

PHILIPS

Put a hole in that bastard's face.

David starts to lower the gun.

DAVID

No.

Roger, like lightning, snatches the P99 and swings it at Abner, *pfft-pfft*, two in the head. *Rat-tat-tat-tat*, Abner lets off wild Uzi rounds as he falls dead. *

Birds take flight from naked tree branches, scared off by the echoing gunshot sounds. The woods are suddenly eerily quiet.

Philips is slumped in his wheelchair drenched in blood, holes in his body from Uzi bullets, no longer breathing.

David is on the ground, twitching, shot in the chest, gasping. His eyes show a familiar melancholy. The same look he had when Roger shot him on his wedding night.

Roger stands from a prone position. He watches David squirm, limps over to him, cocking his P99, ready to kill.

DAVID

I... I... I'm not like my... I'm not--

Roger looks in David's eyes as David fades. *

ROGER

You're not like your father. *

David manages to nod. Roger lowers the P99... *

ROGER

I'm sorry you died because of him. I'm
sure he would have rather died for
you.

...and walks away, leaving David to die.

INT. VALENTINA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Smiling pictures of Valentina. Some in police uniform. The
door is kicked open. James hurries in, starts to tear the
place up, looking for the money.

BEDROOM

James rummages through the dresser drawers, throws the covers
off the bed, tosses clothes from the closet.

BATHROOM

Checks cabinets, the toilet, bathtub. Frustration growing...

KITCHEN

Every cabinet door open, the fridge, microwave, stove.
There's nothing here. James kicks a can of beans.

LIVING ROOM

Looks like a tornado hit it. James sticks his hand up the
fireplace, then his head, coming out with nothing but ash.

BEDROOM

James looks at the destroyed room and gives up, taking a seat
on the bed. It doesn't bounce like it should. He tries again.
No give. He stands, looks down at the mattress and snickers.

He cuts the mattress with a knife revealing a million plus
dollars stacked neatly inside.

INT. BROCK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

James jimmies the door open and steps inside. The place is
spotless with expensive luxuries. Brock's old bulldog
scurries to James. James pets it.

KITCHEN

James takes a beer from the fridge, cracks it open and eyes
the kitchen as he drinks, getting ready to search. The
bulldog is at his feet.

JAMES

So, where's my money, Fido?

James notices a box of hefty bags on the table.

He looks in the garbage can, seeing nothing but trash. He tips the garbage can over. The trash spills out revealing the cash bag on the bottom.

James grins like he's smarter than everyone else.

EXT. JAMES'S MUSTANG - NIGHT

Parked down the block from Juliet's. James, burning a cigarette, watches the pool hall, making sure it's clear.

*
*

He exits the car with two bags, carefully makes his way toward Juliet's.

*
*

INT. JULIET'S POOL HALL - NIGHT

James hurries in with two bags of cash. It's dark. He flips on a light to see Roger sitting at the bar, sipping dark liquor, holding his P99.

ROGER

Some advice: If the people looking for you know where you've been, don't go back.

James, stunned, sets the bags of cash down, leans on the edge of a pool table.

ROGER

Why?

JAMES

This New York thing. It's--

ROGER

No. Why me? WHY! ME?!

JAMES

...It wasn't personal, Roger. You just had something I needed.

Roger raises his P99. James yells.

JAMES

I could have killed you! Anytime! I could have! Those cops wanted you dead. I just wanted you to go away.

*

ROGER

That's the difference between you and me.

JAMES

What do you want? Huh? Your money? Alright, okay, it's right here. But I need to borrow like five hundred thousand.

ROGER

...You're serious?

JAMES

Damn straight. I'll pay you back.

The door opens. Benjamin enters the pool hall holding a rolled up newspaper, as poised as ever in the doorway. James turns, squints at him.

JAMES

The fuck do you want?

Roger's eyes ask the same, but he keeps his gun on James.

BENJAMIN

Time's up.

ROGER

Philips is dead. That was the deal.

BENJAMIN

You wouldn't lie to me, would you?

ROGER

I don't care enough to lie to you, but you can drive out to Forrest Park and see for yourself.

JAMES

You killed Philips? Shit, that means-

Brooklyn and the El-Amin Brothers walk in. James swallows hard, trapped.

JAMES

I got the money right here, Brooklyn. Plus some vig for being late.

Brooklyn starts to take the bags of money from James's grip, but Roger swings his gun on him.

ROGER

Slow up, Brooklyn.

Brooklyn freezes as his brothers whip out guns and show the barrels to Roger.

ROGER
That money doesn't belong to you or
James.

*
*

Brooklyn turns his gaze from Roger, sneers at James with contempt, disrespect.

*

BROOKLYN
Are you shittin me?

James sort of shrugs, "what can I say?"

BROOKLYN
Jesus. You are some kind of asshole.

*

James, resigned to defeat, tries to grin, lights a Newport. His hands shaking like it's having a seizure.

*

JAMES
Fuck it... I had a good run.

*

Brooklyn considers the bags of money, then looks at Roger who is still holding the gun on him.

BROOKLYN
Take your money and go.

Roger limps up to James and takes his car keys from him...

JAMES
Be cool to my car, Roger.

*

Roger grabs the money bags from Brooklyn then nonchalantly approaches Benjamin and JABS him in the nose, hard enough to break it. Benjamin drops his newspaper and holds his nose. He was hiding a gun under the paper.

*

*

*

ROGER
We square?

Benjamin, **wiping his bloody nose**, nods. Roger **starts to head out, but notices the newspaper on the floor. The bottom fold has a picture of Beth Sweets, burned to a skeleton.**

*

*

EXT. JULIET'S POOL HALL/MUSTANG - NIGHT

*

Roger **leans on the Mustang and unfolds the newspaper under a flickering streetlight. He squints to read the top fold.**

*

*

NARRATOR

Roger killed people for a living.

Roger gapes, swallows his heart. He drops the newspaper, hops in the Mustang and burns rubber as he peels out. *

On the ground, the headline: THREE SURVIVE BAKERY EXPLOSION *

A picture of the victims: smiling mother Debra Jenkins and her teenaged son Oliver on the front page (the mother and son Tracie saw enter Sweets.) Also, a picture of Beth. *

NARRATOR *

He believed that somewhere in the Paris, Tracie, her son DJ and the one on the way were waiting for him. *

PARIS *

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE - THE EIFEL TOWER - DAY

A petite woman and her chubby son stare at the tower amid wide-eyed tourists, their backs to us.

NARRATOR

Roger searched until he found them.

Roger steps up behind the woman and her son.

ROGER

Hey...

Tracie turns and sees Roger. She's stunned. Her eyes red and her nose running from a recent cry. DJ stands with her.

TRACIE

...Roger?

Roger looks her in the eyes, ready to confess one last thing.

ROGER

My name is not Roger.

Tracie blinks at him, then slowly grins. She understands. *

Roger gently touches her belly, kisses it, then kisses and hugs her.

NARRATOR

And then, Roger was done.

THE END *