

THE. GUN. SHOW.

By Lucas Carter

"Anything worth doing, is worth overdoing!"

Don Simpson, Bad Boys set (1994)

NEW YORK CITY at night. Go fuck yourself.

JUNIOR VO
It was 1996.

Over PERIOD NEWS FOOTAGE:

JUNIOR VO (CONT'D)
Bubba got caught, Tupac got
shot...and The Macarena was hot.

CLUB

After hours. Packed. Loud.

Wall-to-wall grinding. And crying (dancing was emotional).

JUNIOR VO
It was an epic time to be alive,
and no place was hotter than NY.

SHOTS:

A fresh poster for the off-Broadway sensation "STOMP!" A
BROTHER in a NO FEAR baja shows off a Panasonic Kaboom Box!

JUNIOR VO (CONT'D)
But an epic city, had epic crime.
We needed an epic cop. Enter my
dad, RAY GUN: *The Gun Show*.

TRACK the backs of TWO COMMANDING MEN through the party.
People part like they're Nickelback, or Moses.

JUNIOR VO (CONT'D)
Some say Gun Show never farted,
because nothing ever escaped him...

Walking further into this Eastbay catalog:

A healthy DMX pounds a Zima with The Blue Man Group! A young
Dane Cook in Zubaz pants, chats with MTV News' Duff in the
giant Jamiroquai hat!

Our TWO GUYS walk right through.

JUNIOR VO (CONT'D)
If he were alive today, Ray
wouldn't need Twitter...

Approaching a BLACK DOOR --

JUNIOR VO (CONT'D)
He'd already be following you.

VIP SECTION

The real Wesley Snipes and Woody Harrelson -- post WHITE MEN CAN'T JUMP fame. A banner reads: **CATCH "THE MONEY TRAIN!"**

JUNIOR VO
 Over his twenty year career, my old
 man made NY safe. By any means.

SECRET BACK ROOM

We finally see their faces. Meet THE MAN:

RAYMOND "THE" GUN "SHOW" 55, think Sam Jackson from SHAFT.
 Dude is such a hero, gets double air quotes. A gold crucifix medallion hangs from his neck.

JUNIOR VO
 But even the top cop needs a
 partner. The Gun Show had the best
 rookie in the game: Harry Johnson.

Meet HIS PROTEGE:

HARRY "SON OF THE GUN SHOW" JOHNSON, think Mark Wahlberg from MARKY MARK & THE FUNKY BUNCH.

Notched eyebrows. Lightning Bolts shaved into his hairline.
 House Of Pain hockey jersey. Tommy overalls (one strap off).

They are met by --

WALLACE, 30's. Lives by the gun; *dies by the gun*. Mark Ecko hoodie. Ski goggles to the side, LL Cool J-style.

With Wallace is **BODYGUARD RICK, 20's**, smooth, silent. ENYCE turtleneck with pleaded Phat Farm khakis.

People exchange daps, etc.

JUNIOR VO (CONT'D)
*Everyone talked about Ray, super
 cop...*

Wallace slides Ray a band of \$100 bills. As he counts, Ray slides Wallace back a gym bag filled with cash blocks.

JUNIOR VO (CONT'D)
No one ever talked about Ray, super
dad...but then it was too late.

SOUND RESTORES.

Rick gives Harry a leather Jansport and four more like it.
Inside: BRICKS AND BRICKS OF COCAINE. The motherload.

Smiling an ONYX TOOTH. Daps around, Ray and Harry leave with
the score through the BACK WALK-IN FREEZER.

FREIGHT ELEVATOR

All alone now. Waiting for the lift.

RAY
After tonight. "The Show." All you.

Harry, touched, shocked --

RAY (CONT'D)
You're ready; now I gotta get
Junior ready. Make my boy a man.

HARRY
Stop playing.

RAY
You two will work together someday.
Be the best duo, ever. Believe me.

HARRY
But we run NY now! *You can't leave?*

RAY
Junior needs me. Like you did.

BEAT.

RAY (CONT'D)
Until he's ready, the show's yours.

Embraces him.

RAY (CONT'D)
Make us proud.

Harry, processing.

DING. The elevator arrives -- right before the unmistakable
sound of a gun's CLICK. They turn to see the passengers:

A CREW OF THUGS aiming guns on our guys.

WALLACE OS

RUN!

Harry and Ray turn to book it as -- BANG!

Wallace clutches his HEART. Blood flows from the impact wound, he lands at Ray's feet, dead.

IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE

Ray throws the bags of coke into the air, Harry shoots the bag rapid fire.

Chemicals COMBUST with gunpowder = A BALL OF FIRE ERUPTS in the tight, metal space, forcing the inertia onto the gun men.

FIRE ALARM LIGHTS strobe.

SHOTS FIRE IN ALL DIRECTIONS like a disco gun convention.

RAY

We got set up!!!

Kicking the back door open, rushing into a dark alleyway. FOOT CHASE up the fire escape.

They jump over things just to jump over them. Ray uses the round house kick for everything.

Bullets hail from all directions. Our guys bust back, reloading while LUNGING over rooftops like it's no thing.

Ray pulls out TWO OFF MARKET UZI'S. Click clack.

HARRY

I'm about to sue NBC!

RAY

What is it this time?

HARRY

Identity theft! Everyone knows, we're the original --

In sync --

RAY AND HARRY

LAW & ORDER!!!

Unloading. Ducking for cover. Reloading.

RAY
What's the hottest show in town?

HARRY
You don't mean *that show*???

Ray tosses Harry an Uzi, while it's shooting in all directions. Harry catches it mid-flight. No bigz.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Two tickets to --

Standing and shooting an overwhelming, pretty much unnecessary amount of hot lead everywhere --

HARRY & RAY
THE GUN SHOW!!!

In the gunfight, Harry and Ray toss each other's Uzi to the other person, power-chord sliding while catching guns.

(There's absolutely no benefit to this, other than being fucking rad!) Over gun shots --

RAY
We gotta get off this roof STAT!

With a wink -- they've been here before.

HARRY
The forecast calls for rain?!

RAY
I heard there's a chance of **SNOW!**

And with that -- they spring up -- guns out!

HARRY & RAY
INFORMER!!!

Mumbling the part of the song that comes next, before --

HARRY & RAY (CONT'D)
Ill-icky-boom-boom-n'edge!!!

Harry turns into the Thugs gaining and unloads!!!

Ray jumps for cover, signals, and then covers Harry, who does another super elaborate maneuver, until they reach the edge: 10 FLIGHTS down to a STEEL DUMPSTER.

HARRY
About time we NYP**Deee** --

HARRY & RAY
Doooo this thing!

Ready to jump -- as Harry's eyes see something:

A FIGURE IN BLACK, looking up from the street, gun in hand.
 Before they can register --

FIGURE IN BLACK
 Fuck the police.

BANG!

Ray spins Harry and, TAKES THE BULLET FOR HIS "SON".

They freefall, before CRASH LANDING into a dumpster.

WHAM!

Dying. Ray and Harry lock eyes. The Black Figure looks over the lid.

FIGURE IN BLACK (CONT'D)
 Serve n' protect now, motherfucker.

Empties his clip. Bolts.

ON our guys, bleeding to death under the full moon. Ray covered Harry's body from most of the shells.

Ray's eyes flutter between life and death. Harry clutches Ray's GOLD CROSS MEDALLION.

SILENCE.

Crimson engulfs the cross, filling the screen.

JUNIOR VO
 Ray was my pops, but I only know...

Timed to SHOTGUN FX, three words appear to Junior's VO:

TITLE: **THE. GUN. SHOW.**

CREDITS (90's Martin Show font)

TIME LAPSE ON 125th STREET -- radically changing over 20 years.

As we do this, the tracks bleed from the past artists mixed with the new: The Weekend, A\$ap Rocky, Future, Tyler, etc.

STILL ON 125th, now a quiet, nice boulevard, lined with Jamba Juice, Duane Reade, Citi-bank free bike. Safer.

CHYRON: **Present day, Harlem.**

A tinted Prius whips into frame.

JUNIOR VO (CONT'D)
Where Ray's show ended, mine
began...

PRIUS -- LATE AFTERNOON

THREE MILLENIAL COOL GUYS smoke a cool guy VAPORIZER. Fedora hats, blazers, expensive t-shirts. Super "aware."

The moment is broken by RED AND BLUE FLASHING LIGHTS.

The **DRIVER**, also a Cool Guy, pulls over. The window rolls down to **TWO UNIFORMED AUXILIARY OFFICERS** --

JUNIOR VO
Filling a legend's shoes...*that no*
one can...

Meet our narrator:

TRAFFIC COP **RAY GUN JR**, late 30's, a mirror image of Ray Sr. but the opposite of his father. Unplugs the toaster when not in use. Loves daytime running lights. Lives on the sidelines.

The second is **ROOKIE ALISON COWIE, 20**, petite and nice, but ready to take a tubesock of quarters to a kneecap. Traffic Division is not her endgame.

They have flashlights in their hands. Mace on hip. NO GUNS.

JUNIOR
Any idea why we pulled you over?

Cowie studies the Driver's ID and insurance super close.

DRIVER
Because the day is nearly here when
you're livelihood will be replaced
by drones who do a better job and
save tax-payers money.

Stopping Junior right there.

JUNIOR

And...

Millenials nod. One sips a young Thai coconut. Only young.

DRIVER

Chillax. The vape is tobacco.

Junior sees a logo on the device: **LB\$**

DRIVER (CONT'D)

My Lyft sign is displayed. Everyone has a seat belt. What's the deal?

Junior sniffs the passenger's FLASK.

JUNIOR

Kumbucha. Pretty cool.

(beat)

There's a noise ordinance going into effect this evening.

Points to one of many NEW PARKING RESTRICTIONS SIGNS.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

No vehicles after 5PM shall play music with the windows lowered.

DRIVER

You can't police a vibe --

JUNIOR

Just keep your windows up if you're blasting muzak. Thank --

They peel away before he can finish. Head still up, they walk back to their NYPD Nissan Leaf.

COWIE

Hey. So when you're ready to take your dick out of your butt and let it hang like a dick, just shout?

Turning the electric engine over.

JUNIOR

Classic first day jitters. Welcome to the NYPD Traffic Division.

COWIE

Not again --

JUNIOR

Live by our motto: Play it smart.

Taps a STICKER on the dashboard that reads:

COWIE
Play it safe.

JUNIOR
We keep NY moving. A safer, cleaner city. That's what we do.

COWIE
We keep on getting disrespected is what we do.

JUNIOR
People respect the badge. They just don't say it. Verbally.

No cars slow for them to enter the flow.

COWIE
Just put on the siren.

JUNIOR
Section 8, paragraph 5, when not in an emergency, officers will --

COWIE
Refrain from using issued siren.

JUNIOR
Rules are rules. For a reason.

He turns over the engine. Cowie stares at her future. *Just another day in the life of a traffic cop...*

Cowie notices Junior's KEY TO THE CITY MEDALLION slip over his uniform. He senses her eyes.

COWIE
Wait...rumor's true?

Gives her a "what?" look --

COWIE (CONT'D)
You're The Gun Show's kid! People won't shut the fuck up about him and Harry!

Junior rolls his eyes. Again.

COWIE (CONT'D)
I heard they sued NBC and WON because they named LAW & ORDER after them!

Tries cutting her off --

COWIE (CONT'D)
Gun Show made Harlem safe! No shit!
What was your Dad like?

JUNIOR
Never knew the man.

BEAT.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Only the legend.

COWIE
Whatever. I heard he had a one
night stand -- she put that shit on
her resume! Dude never used pickup
lines -- just told babes *"NOW!"*

Junior drives. Trying not to mouth the stories he's heard
since high school.

COWIE OS
Never did a push up his whole life;
pushed the *Earth down every time!*

CLOSE ON JUNIOR.

COWIE OS (CONT'D)
He went to The Virgin Islands for
one night...

Junior, steaming --

COWIE OS (CONT'D)
Now its just called *"The Islands"!*

BANG

A locker is slammed shut.

NYPD LOCKER ROOM

Junior changes into civilian clothes.

A **BAND OF NARC DETECTIVES** come in wearing black kevlar vests,
Oakley's, Fitbits. Their leader is --

**COMMANDER DANNY TREMONTE, 40's. Pounds Bud heavies. Crushes
big puss.** Rocks a hoop earring. No big deal.

With him is **PARTNER JON PARK, 30's. Asian. Muscle Milk.** Creed cologne. Tribal tattoos.

The Detectives cruise by Junior like he's invisible. He is.

They all drink DUMBO BREWERY beers.

JUNIOR
Beer me brother.

TREMONTE
Brother? You walked away from the
Narc squad. That's permanent.

Walking away.

PARK OS
And grow a fucking dick before you
talk to us, traffic bitch.

The other guys crack fresh beers from several 6-PACKS.

JUNIOR
Cool. I gotta family thing...

Junior looks into his locker. We see a picture of he and a woman, kissing on their wedding:

This is **BONNIE, late 30's, fire.** More on that later.

In the back, barely visible, is an old NY POST clipping headlining his father's death and Harry, landed into a coma.

ANGLE ON PAPER:

LEGENDARY TOP COP AND STAR PROTEGE GUNNED DOWN.

A CITY MOURNS. NO SUSPECTS.

Junior whispers to the picture of his DAD receiving the KEY TO THE CITY, next to Harry, hugging him like his own son.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Something I always wanted to ask
you pops: was it worth it?

Moment broken by --

CHIEF HALLS (O.S.)
Junior! Fuck in here!

CHIEF'S OFFICE

Junior enters to:

CHIEF BARBARA HALLS, Queen Latifah old school. Probably has cancer and doesn't give a fuck; already gave her fucks away.

She tosses Junior a dossier.

CHIEF HALLS

I like my steak: *well done*, kid.

Junior surveys the dossier: a TRANSFER ASSIGNMENT. SUBURBS.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

West Chester. Mecca for Traffic
Cops.

She smiles. Junior does not.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

This is what you wanted.

(standing)

You're the best traffic cop in the
district. You want out of the city -
- this is it.

JUNIOR

...What's the catch?

CHIEF HALLS

Look around. Harlem's crime rate is
at an all-time low.

She looks outside the window to a homogenized 125th St.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

We're being distributed to other
precincts.

She sips the wrong coffee mug and takes a mouth of cigarette
ash. Doesn't flinch.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

Close one more violation, you're in
the suburbs.

Junior looks around the Chief's office. Sees a DUSTY BRONZE
PLAQUE with his father's face.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

Listen: I trained your 'ol man, but
the city doesn't need another Gun
Show. His era is done.

BEAT.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
You've been in my precinct for
twelve years. You earned this.

The phone rings.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Your dad would've wanted this for
you.

Off Junior, divided.

CORONA QUEENS

A middle-class neighborhood with actual hardware stores,
grocers, and butchers. Family run places.

Junior exits the train platform in civilian clothes: wide Dad
cut jeans, baggy polo shirt.

Without hesitation, helps an **OLD WOMAN** carry some heavy shit.

Junior nods to the usuals in the hood. Knows these people. Is
one of them. More respected without his uniform and badge.

Junior tries to block some KIDS shot and rolls his ankle.

JUNIOR
All good. Just a twist.

Plays it cool. Sort of.

TIGHT APARTMENT

A DINNER TABLE is nicely set for a family dinner. It's
"fusion". Junior smells -- winces, but --

JUNIOR (PRE-LAP)
Can someone point me toward flavor
country?

Junior kisses his loving wife **BONNIE, 40, pretty, fire
within.** Bonnie sets a raw salad down.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Found it! Hello!

Enter:

KIM, 13, good kid who sneaks out at night. Her fake ID that actually works. Mile-a-minute.

They say Grace quietly and start eating. Junior sits *AC Slater-reverse chair style*.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
'Sup at school?

KIM
Justine's pregnant. Mike told the whole school at assembly it wasn't his because you can't impregnate someone's mouth.

She eats salad. Junior kind of chokes.

KIM (CONT'D)
That's what's up. It's true.

BONNIE
And not dinner conversation.

KIM
You asked. Oh, and some kid from India brought a clock in and the police were called in. It was just a clock.

JUNIOR
I'm having a word with the principal.

KIM
She's the one who called it in. We were sent to Wendy's for three hours until the campus was cleared.

Junior and Bonnie look at each other, "wtf"...

BONNIE
SO, Sunday is our monthly family day. Ideas?

Kim exhales.

JUNIOR
We could head into the city and go ice skating.

KIM
Ice skating is for homosexuals.

JUNIOR
Hey! That's not OK to say!

BONNIE
I hate ice skating.

JUNIOR
Not helping Bonnie.

KIM
Trevor's step-dad's throwing a
rager. Word is he's gonna butt-chug
a bottle of Fireball for \$100 --

JUNIOR
Kim! This is a family table.

Kim mouths the next words.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Growing up, I never had family
meals, because my parents weren't
around.

(beat)
You can tell us anything --

KIM
But...

JUNIOR
As your father, something's might
be better just, kept inside...

KIM
I'm not repressing my feelings Dad.
Look at what happened to you? Wound
so tight if you sneezed you'd spray
shit out your mouth.

JUNIOR
KIM!

Looses it.

KIM
OH LOOK WHO LOST HIS SHIT AGAIN!

He SLAMS THE TABLE in anger. Face red. Sweating profusely.

JUNIOR
I AM BEING PUSHED INTO A BOX AND
I WILL REACT WHEN PROVOKED!

KIM
WHICH IS WHY YOU'RE SO REPRESSED
AND SWEATY!

Bonnie holds her head.

KIM (CONT'D)
 You want this to be an open house,
 start by being open yourself.

She stands and leaves. They sit for a moment.

JUNIOR
 She's out of control.

BONNIE
 She's not wrong.

Junior starts cleaning up.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 You don't seem...happy.

JUNIOR
 I'm happy with everything in my
 life. I love you and Kim.

BONNIE
 Not talking about us. I mean you.
 You're happy with you?

He thinks.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 Kim and I can't be happy...

Kisses him, holds his big, sweet face in her hands.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 When you're not.

BEDROOM

They're both on iPads. Bonnie smiles, and turns her off.
 Cuddles up to him.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 I should have said something
 earlier. Came out wrong.

Kisses his cheek.

JUNIOR
You're right. I gotta shake things
up. Starting with...

Slides her the DOSIER from the Precinct. As she reads --

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
West Chester.

Her eyes light up.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
One more cleared citation, we're
outta Queens.

The gravity of things hits her. It's happening.

BONNIE
So proud of you.

He smiles. Half assed.

JUNIOR
It's everything I've worked for.
(beat)
And...I don't want it.

News to her.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
I went to the same Academy as my
dad. Did NARC training. SWAT
training. Worked for the same
chief...but I've done nothing
compared to what he did.

BONNIE
Correct. You're dad left you and
treated you're mom like shit. He
wasn't there for you.

BEAT.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
You're a better man than he was.

Means every word.

JUNIOR
Then why do I need to prove that.

BONNIE
To who?!

Stands. A passion washes over his face.

JUNIOR
To ME. Go into the night with
nothing but a gun and a partner.

Walking around the room with conviction --

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Live in the now.

BONNIE
You're seriously envious of your
father?

Looks at himself in the mirror.

JUNIOR
I hate saying it: he made the city
safer.

BONNIE
But that was then!

JUNIOR
Now I police rideshare programs!

BONNIE
You make the city better, because
you actually care about people!

Has a point there.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Think about what you want, because
they might be a legend, but Ray was
never a good father. You are.

Leaving this there for the moment.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Maybe it's best to forget him. Not
like Ray remembered to be there for
you...

Junior climbs into bed, holds his wife, just a moment between
them -- conveying she's right. Finally, he shuts his eyes...

MATCH CUT TO:

ANOTHER PAIR OF EYES SHOOT OPEN

Red! Angry! Awesome!

ASSUME THEIR POV

We look right up at the ceiling. Then around a hospital room.

We sit up, pulling a series of IV cords from our arm, stumble to the floor, then across to a window.

An OLDER HARRY looks back at us.

ALIVE...

Harry looks down to see a mean OLD BLACK DICK where his YOUNG WHITE DICK used to swing. "NYPD" is tattoo'd on the shaft.

Harry looks up, clutches his heart, and sexually fixes his eyebrows.

A CELL RINGS BEDSIDE

After a few buzzes, Chief Halls answer, half-awake.

Her eyes shoot up.

CHIEF HALLS
Say...that...shit...again...

Totally serious --

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Give him a six pack of Colt .45,
pack of Newport 100's, and every
sedative you've got.

She cocks a bedside pistol.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
I'll be there in thirty.

She hangs up. Turns to her **HUSBAND DAVE, 60**. Kind of guy who fucks pretty hard. Doesn't say much. Has a mustache.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Never thought he'd come back...

Dave raises an eyebrow.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Twenty years ago, the second most
feared cop in NYC'S heart stopped.

She grabs a dusty pair of brass knuckles, crushes a Midol and mixes it with an E-mergency packet.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
That man's heart just started
again; God just fucked us.

Slams the concoction.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Harry Johnson is back.

She looks scared.

DOCTOR PRELAP
We gave him everything you said!

HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Chief Halls is escorted by **DOCTORS** and **POLICE OFFICERS**.

DOCTOR
Substances only angered him!

CHIEF HALLS
You're talking about a man who was
once bitten by a rattlesnake. After
five days of brutal pain, *the snake
finally died...*

BEAT.

DOCTOR
We need to hurry!

CHIEF HALLS
There's more. Harry then sucked the
venom *back out of the snake.*
Brought it back to life, out of
respect. Then the snake sucked the
venom out of Harry. For two weeks,
they kept each other alive on
nothing but deadly venom. Passing
it back-n-forth, under the stars.

Wipes a single tear.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Harry carried that snake all the
way to the Zoo, where it started
telling the story to other snakes.
Word spread...

BEAT.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Now, in snake holes around the world, snakes tell snake children at snake Thanksgiving about the legend of "*Harry Johnson*", just so they don't go biting the wrong motherfucker.

She pulls out a SIX PACK from a brown bag.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Ten years later, a random snake bit Harry in the ass. Snake froze, apologized, and then committed snake suicide. *Poison fears Harry.*

BEAT.

DOCTOR
...He'll only speak to you.

REACHING A DOOR

Everyone backs up. Chief Halls nods.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Alcohol did nothing to slow his heart rate. Stomach pump failed.

CHIEF HALLS
Doc, this cop doesn't *throw up*.

Cracking a beer.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
He only *THROWS DOWN!*

Hitting the beer.

HARRY'S ROOM

In the back, facing away, smoking a cigarette, with an open gown, is our man. Harry fucking Johnson.

CHIEF HALLS
Wondering why I kept you on ice?

Nothing.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Doc's gave you 1% chance of survival. I said shit, that's more than you had when we met.

Nothing.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
I kept you plugged in because 1% of
Harry Johnson scares criminals in
this city more than 99% of the cops
wearing a badge right now.

He turns to her, slowly.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Men fear you. Even in a coma. And,
you deserve revenge.

Steps closer.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
But months turned into years. Years
into decades. It's a different NYPD
now. Revenge isn't served the same.
It's for the better.

Harry rotates his head, ever-so-slowly. Looks dead at Halls.
Harry's hair is still perfectly Vanilla Ice-style.

HARRY
They gave me Ray's dick.

He turns. It's full frontal. Chief Halls makes a face.

CHIEF HALLS
You sure?

HARRY
Says NYPD on the side. *New York*
Pounding Department.

It does.

CHIEF HALLS
Yep...Welcome back kid.

HARRY
Kid? I'm 40 years old.

He just stares around, lost, angry. Confused.

HARRY (CONT'D)
The Gun Show was murdered.

Chief's face says it all. Yes.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Man gave his life for me.

CHIEF HALLS

And dick.

HARRY

And middle finger.

He's also got an older, wrinkled black middle finger.

CHIEF HALLS

He loved you like a son.

Harry sheds a single tear. Catches it with his tongue.

HARRY

Chief, I need two things: my shield
and his guns.

CHIEF HALLS

That night. What do you remember?

HARRY

We were working the Caviar Cartel.
Wallace finally got us to the
supplier. Hit the motherload, then
we got buttfucked. IT WAS A SET UP.

Exhaling twenty years of pain.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Someone made off with two mill in
product. Left us for dead.

Harry cracks another Colt 45 and shotguns the thing. Not a
drip spills. It wouldn't dare.

CHIEF HALLS

No witnesses.

HARRY

You should have made some.
(exhales smoke from before)
Whole case was off the books.

CHIEF HALLS

We let you down.

HARRY

No. I let Ray down. Now I will
solve this case. Chief: I need my
gun and my shield. Now.

CHIEF HALLS

Welcome to 2016.

Chief Halls opens the curtains to a panorama view of NYC from Bellevue Hospital. Buildings punch clouds.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
 You and Ray, that time, *the shit*
you guys pulled off...that's twenty
years in the rearview.

Puts a hand on his shoulder.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
 No gun. No shield. Not until you
 get up to current procedures, pass
 an Internal Affairs test.

Harry crushes a can.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
 To pass that test, you'll need a
 2016 NYPD crash course. ...*I got*
the perfect poster boy to help you.

HARRY
 You give me a partner, I'll give
 you a widow.

CHIEF HALLS
 Think of Junior as a cultural
 guide. Follow his lead, you'll pass
Internal Affairs review.

HARRY
 Fuck IA. I'm ready to go now.

CHIEF HALLS
 Your badge is in IA's hands. I'll
 send Junior to get you in the
 morning to show you around 2016.

Leaves A CASE FILE. *His murder case.*

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
 Off the record. Have a look.

Harry takes the file.

HARRY
 You said *Junior...*

Halls turns back.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Was his pop's on the force?

Chief Halls gives nothing.

CHIEF HALLS
You be the judge of that.

Letting the door shut behind him. Harry takes a long BEAT to collect his thoughts. Closes his eyes.

HARRY
Won't let you down Ray.

Catches the reflection of Ray's old black dick off the window. Talking to the dick, like a gravestone.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I'm about t make it rain, Gun Show-style.

Looks out over NYC alive and kicking. The pulse of opportunity. The heart of hustle.

HARRY (CONT'D)
NY better be ready for the return
of this *Son Of A Gun*...

The city night scape time-dissolves to a new day --

HARRY VO
Because I ain't asking.

HOSPITAL ENTRANCE

Next morning.

Junior cruises up in the Hyundai leaf cop car dressed in civilian clothes. Whistling nervously.

HOSPITAL DOOR

Junior sips a green tea. Does a breathing exercise.

JUNIOR
Just be yourself.

Enters --

HOSPITAL ROOM

Beer cans everywhere. Overflowing ashtrays.

JUNIOR
Good morning Detective.

Looks around.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Hello?

The door closed behind him. Harry swings from it. Silently.
He's wearing a House Of Pain hockey jersey.

HARRY OS
BANG-YOU'RE-FUCKING-DEAD!

Suddenly, Harry puts Junior in a Cross-face choke hold.

HARRY
Gun Show rule #1: Never enter a
room without knowing who's inside.

Junior raises an eyebrow. What?

HARRY (CONT'D)
Rule #2: never say the word
"detective" in public.

Junior cannot breathe.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Rule #3: I ain't your partner. You
earn that.

Releasing Junior, who is OUT FUCKING COLD. Slams his head
into a wall.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Wait...

Looks at Junior.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Rule #4: You look like someone I
know...

Sees the CROSS MEDALLION NECKLACE.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(lightning bolt) That's The Gun
Show's!

Releasing him. Junior COUGHS TO LIFE

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Rule #5: Should've said something
 man. Your pops was my pops. Taught
 me everything I know.

Junior exhales.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 I expected someone...more...like
 me. You're really Ray's kid?

Junior nods.

JUNIOR
 He didn't mention me?

HARRY
 One time. Before he died. Said
 something about you becoming a man.
 Wanted to be there for you.

Junior, floored.

JUNIOR
 He really said that?

HARRY
 He also used to say when he entered
 a room, he never turned the lights
 on. *Ray turned the dark, off.*

BEAT.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Harry Johnson.

They shake.

JUNIOR
 Ray Gun. Junior.

OLD SCHOOL MEETS NEW SCHOOL.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
 Status check: Chief made this
 assignment my last one before I get
 transferred out.

Takes a sip of Tazo tea. Harry knocks it away.

HARRY
 And I need you to get me through IA
 so Chief Halls can get me my gun
 back. Solve Ray's murder.

Opens the door.

JUNIOR
Correct. We have 72 hours before
the exam. I'm here to get you out
of 1996 and into 2016. Let's begin.

Slides him a THICK BINDER with 20 years of world events.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Everything you need, right there.
Start with 9/11, jump to the Ipod --

Harry drops the binder on the ground, drops his pants, and,
without using his hands, pisses all over the book.

Junior watches. In shock.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Do you have a...black weiner?

HARRY
I know I don't have time for some
whack ass history lesson.

Harry holsters a Motorola Startac phone, a Diva Pager, and
RAY'S TWO GUNS under a shoulder holster.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I can feel it: your father's killer
is out there. Fill me on the fly.

JUNIOR
To the station we go!

Standing an inch from Junior's nose.

HARRY
I'm alive by a miracle. My job is
to use that miracle and make people
pray, for their own miracle.

Crushes the same beer can a third time.

HARRY (CONT'D)
The only crooks's who can get away
now are the one's who became
astronauts.
(beat)
After I'm done killing here, I'll
build a space ship, find them, and
kill them in orbit because they
fucked with the wrong cop!

Punching the wall.

JUNIOR
...I just need to get you into the
station; and up to speed.

HARRY
We're not going anywhere, but back
to the scene of the crime.

HOSPITAL ENTRANCE

Harry exits, lights a match. Swipes a pack of cigarettes from
a CANCER PATIENT. Junior races after him --

JUNIOR
Listen *Encino Man*: follow the
rules, and we get through this.
Fail; you're in a psych ward.

HARRY
Where's your ride?

Junior motions to the hybrid Hyundai. Beep beep.

JUNIOR
55 MPG. 60 with tail winds.

Opens the passenger door, but Harry casually grabs a LARGE
ROCK and -- SMASHES THE PASSENGER'S WINDOW.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
What the fuck did the window do to
you?

HARRY
It got in the way of my rock.

JUNIOR
Ground rules! This is my issued
sedan -- which is in my command --

HARRY
Rule #7 -- know your role...

In one move, Harry grabs Junior's MACE and sprays him in the
eyes, pulls his shirt over his head, punches his thorax, and
tosses him through the broken window to the back seat.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Or I will slow your role.

Harry turns over the silent engine, and tries to floor it to no avail. They cruise in e-silence.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You're a cop in the greatest city
on Earth. Act like it.

Cutting cars off, putting the sirens on while lightening a cigarette. Points a gun at someone to pass them.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You got a mix tape up in here?

JUNIOR
STOP THE CAR!

HARRY
I'll *pit stop* the car when were at
my place.

JUNIOR
Where?

HARRY
Spanish Harlem.

JUNIOR
Bonnie and I lived there.

HARRY
Bonnie? Like a woman Bonnie?

JUNIOR
Yes. Exactly like a woman Bonnie.

HARRY
Thought you had sex with men who
have sex with men in cages.

Driving WAY TOO FAST.

JUNIOR
PLEASE SLOW DOWN.

HARRY
So, you got a shorty. I pound
wives. Kids?

JUNIOR
Kim. 16. Why I need to get you to
pass the test: so we can move her
out of this place.

HARRY
Why would anyone LEAVE the city?

JUNIOR
Priced out. Everything became a chain. It's not the same city you left behind.

Harry comes to a 180 DEGREE spin stop across 2nd AVENUE.

Harry looks up at an apartment building that hasn't been hosed off since 1996. This is hood that never got "hip".

Harry smiles. Breathes in garbage. Closes his eyes.

HARRY
Just like home.

JUNIOR OS
Isn't this actually home?

A DOOR IS KICKED IN

Harry and Junior enter Harry's pad.

HARRY
Welcome back.

Basically Arsenio Hall's place from COMING TO AMERICA, after he spends the Prince's money.

JUNIOR
I've never been here.

HARRY
Wasn't talking to you.

Everything is The Sharper Image.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I was welcoming myself back to my apartment, on behalf of my apartment.

Harry flips a coffee table to reveal a floor safe.

HARRY (CONT'D)
If we're gonna roll on some fools, need to get the drop on them.

JUNIOR
Say that again in present speak.

Opens the steel panels to a cache of AFTER MARKET FIREARMS.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
How'd you get a permit for an uzi?

Harry drops his pants.

HARRY
They gave me your dad's dick.

Junior, stopped.

HARRY (CONT'D)
And his dick, it has a little dick
under it. That dick, the second
quiet, hidden dick, is still bigger
than your dick. Sack UP.

JUNIOR
You have my dad's dick?

Harry tosses Junior a MAC-10. Junior drops it.

HARRY
How many men have you killed?

Junior sees an open bag of SHOTGUN BUCK SHOT.

JUNIOR
I'm auxilary.

Harry doesn't follow.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
We don't carry arms.

HARRY
Serious? Traffic?

JUNIOR
Did SWAT and NARC, then we had a
daughter. Made the right call.

Harry scratches his balls.

HARRY
The Gun's Show's boy works *traffic*?
You could pick any division with
his name.

JUNIOR
Why I did this on my own. Without
his name.

HARRY
Your 'ol man would kill if he was
here --

JUNIOR
But he's NOT HERE. Is he?

BEAT.

HARRY
...You got your dad's temper.

JUNIOR
I got *nothing* from my dad.

Harry studies the file.

HARRY
Research trip.

JUNIOR
No. We're going to the station.

HARRY
We're going to stop you from being
such a huge dry pussy.

Harry slides his shield over his shirt with a gold chain,
Training Day-style.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Knew the man or not, he's your
father, and he was murdered. We
gotta make that right.

Opens the door, beer in hand --

HARRY (CONT'D)
Family is all that matters.

Junior reluctantly, slowly, shakes his head. His phone buzzes
with a new text.

Bonnie: what's he like?

Junior: insane! why did the Chief assign him to me???

The phone is slapped out of his hand.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I need you to tell Chief I'm
playing by the book. Got it?

BEAT.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Do this one thing for me, I'll
behave. Pass that test for you.

JUNIOR
Deal.

Harry smiles a gold-tooth grin. Winks. Twice. Junior winks
back. Harry's smiles fades.

HARRY
Fuck are you winking at?

JUNIOR
I thought --

HARRY
Don't wink at me. Ever.

Pushes Junior aside to reveal a FLOOR TO CEILING MIRROR.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Before I leave and face the
unknown, I always wink at myself,
because it might be the last time
anyone does. And I look good.

JUNIOR
That's really self-centered.

HARRY
The only center that matters, is
self.

He loads a HOLLOW POINT bullet into Ray Senior's hand cannon.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Let's get this *Gun Show* on the
road.

JUNIOR
What does that mean?

Harry smiles.

HARRY
Means let's go practice something
called *Not Gun Control*.

Can't help himself.

JUNIOR
Not Gun Control?

HARRY
What your pops called Gun Out Of Control. Get ready.

JUNIOR
Definitely not ready. At all.

HARRY
Correct. I'll tell you when you're ready.

Harry is perfectly still.

JUNIOR
Am I looking for a signal?

HARRY
First stop: scene of the crime. See who remembers what.

JUNIOR
From twenty years ago? Not only is Harlem completely different but no one will remember what happened!

After a brain freeze, dead pan --

HARRY
I got ways to make people remember.

JUNIOR
...How?

HARRY
I didn't cheat death. *I won death*, to settle this. Junior: what are we about to settle?

Off Junior -- freaked.

JUNIOR
This...

JUMP TO:

125TH ST & LENOX

The Hyundai comes to a skid stop from across four lanes of traffic.

Harry exits the driver's side door with the vehicle still in motion, like he's in a movie trailer.

SLO MO -- he pulls out two GUNS from under his jacket and points them at:

A LESBIAN DOG WALKER

Screams! Dives for cover.

The dogs go flying off leash and attack a Postmates guy on a moped, who crashes into a line of parked Citi bicycles, which in turn slam into a farm-to-table food truck.

Harry looks around --

HARRY
What the shit is *this*?

Junior exits after putting the lights on.

JUNIOR
This is Harlem.

Harry looks around. Confused. Points to a GELATO SHOPPE.

HARRY
That used to be a safe house.

JUNIOR (WHISPERS)
Killer pistach'.

Harry points to a Jamba Juice across the street.

HARRY
Killed my first perp right there.

Harry looks around -- at a loss.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Lost my virginity over there.

It's a dirty bus stop.

JUNIOR
That's probably the same.

HARRY
What happened to Harlem?

THREE COLUMBIA STUDENTS on those hoverboard Segway things whip by. Junior puts a hand on Harry's shoulder.

JUNIOR
WE have a job to do: get you up to speed to get myself transferred.
(beat)
(MORE)

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
You wanted to see the crime scene.
Here it is; now it's time to go.

Pulls out his Startac phone.

HARRY
Time find out who saw what that
night.

He hears the OUT OF SERVICE automated voice on the other end.
Harry dials like ten numbers. All have been changed or
disconnected.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Guessing heads had to change phones
or something.

JUNIOR OS
It would mean a lot if you at least
tried to speak modern English?

Harry realizes the Startac itself isn't connected. Junior
hands him an iPhone.

HARRY
You on the take? How the fuck can
you afford something like this?

He is mesmerized.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Look at Dick Tracy! Dialling a
number *from his contacts* --

Junior cuts him off.

JUNIOR
Wait. Technically, no one knows
your alive and back.

Harry looks up, intrigued.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Maybe it's in your interest to stay
"dead". Easier to find who killed
my old man if no one knows your
coming for them.

Harry smiles.

HARRY
Shit...The Gun Show had a boy after
all. Smart kid too.

Junior blushes.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Cops don't blush. Let's check in
with an old informant: **Big Cheese**.
Runs 159th street projects.

Junior shakes his head.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Last stop, then right to the
station. My word.

JUNIOR
Last stop.

With a nod and a wink --

HARRY
Always bet on black.

He hops in the passenger's seat.

JUNIOR
PASSENGER 57? Really?

HARRY
What?

JUNIOR
The movie. That's Wesley Snipes'
line. Always bet on black. Guy's a
cop on a plane. Goes to the can and
saves the day or something.

Harry is pissed.

HARRY
That's my idea! I told Wesley
Snipes at the MONEY TRAIN party.
He shitted on it.

JUNIOR
So it goes.

HARRY
...Don't tell me he did the other
one about the cop who's unfrozen
from a cryogenic jail to stop the
killer who framed him?

Junior just looks at Harry.

JUNIOR
DEMOLITION MAN?

Harry fumes.

HARRY
When I see Snipes, I'm gonna choke
his ass out with one hand while my
free hand takes a Polaroid of him
confessing to stealing my shit.

Junior drives uptown on Riverside Drive.

HARRY (CONT'D)
God, don't tell me he did the one
about the cop who shows up for a
murder at the White House?

BEAT.

JUNIOR
MURDER AT 1600...

Harry punches the window --

JUMP TO:

SOUTH BRONX

No hipsters here. A catacomb of 6-storey buildings that went
up in the 80's and haven't been updated since.

LOOK OUT KIDS circle on dirt bikes.

ALLEY ACROSS THE STREET

The Hyundai comes to a stop across the street.

HARRY
You're positive this BLADE movie is
about a half-mortal, half-immortal
who's trying avenge his mother and
kill vampires? 100%?

JUNIOR
Daywalkers. Yup.

Harry chambers a bullet.

HARRY
You know how to pack?

JUNIOR

Of course...*Pack* a flashlight and a badge of common sense. Everyday.

Harry stares at him. Lost.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

But we're not going in there without backup. Period.

HARRY

If those kids see some cops show up, we'll blow our informant. Leave the car, follow my lead, don't say shit. They smell COP, we're FUCKED.

JUNIOR

NO. I made a promise to Bonnie when I walked from NARC division...I won't put my life on the line unless it's absolutely necessary.

HARRY

Bonnie your girl?

JUNIOR

Wife. I already told you.

HARRY

Thought you were lying. You actually have sex with a woman?

JUNIOR

Why do you keep asking that?

HARRY

Just that you look like someone that has sex with dudes who have sex with dudes in cages.

Junior tries to follow Harry.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Relax: this is what I do. Two minutes. Tops.

Harry POWER STRUTS across the street. Junior walks like he's corking a turd. One hand on his MACE hip holster. Trying to look "natural".

A bad pairing.

BASKETBALL COURT

Harry and Junior roll in. Harry mugs the place, looking convincingly "hard".

A PACK OF TEEN HOODS spot 'em. KID, 15, whistles twice.

KID

DT! DT!

Harry exhales.

HARRY

Shit.

JUNIOR

What?

HARRY

They spotted you. I got this.

They approach the kids who stand in a small circle. Some sit on dirt bikes.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Fuck you calling DT?

The kids look at Harrys get up.

KID

Y'all shooting a throwback video or something? Looking real *NOT*-so-Fresh Prince!

HARRY

Not-so funny. I grew up here. This is my, cousin. He's...from Maine.

Junior waves.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Don't fucking wave.

(to the Kids)

Say we're cops again I'm about to set it off.

Harry motions like he's carrying a gun. Kids are confused.

KID

You look like melted Vanilla Ice.

KID 2

Is that a Starter jacket?

Pointing to Harry's outfit. Harry smiles, whispers to Junior.

HARRY
Classic insult battle. Watch and
learn.

Harry walks up to the Main Kid.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Know why E.T. Liked Reeces Pieces
so much?

None of the Kids do. Harry points to the Fat Kid.

HARRY (CONT'D)
'Cuz they taste the same as cum on
his planet. Bong!

KIDS & JUNIOR
Wait/what/huh?

Harry whispers to Junior.

HARRY
Get 'em off balance first. Then hit
'em with the old school: Yo Mama...

Harry walks up the Kid. Sizes him up. Flips off his jacket.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Yo Mama so poor...ducks throw
bread...at her!

The kids don't react. To another Kid --

HARRY (CONT'D)
Yo Mama so ugly, Santa came down
the chimney, took a look, and said
ho ho hooooollly shit that bitch is
busted!!!

He throws off his Kangol hat into traffic.

KID
What?

HARRY
I said, Yo Mama like a Christmas
tree, everyone hangs some balls on
her! Get off me!

The Kids stand up. Angry.

Harry goes to give Junior a pound and they totally miss.

Harry gets in another Kid's face --

HARRY (CONT'D)
And you, Yo Mama like a bag of
chips -- FREE TO LAY! I got jokes!

Harry is really feeling it. Random PEOPLE stop and stare.
Some with phones out. Shooting this disaster.

Harry goes one-by-one, rapid fire to the teens --

HARRY (CONT'D)
Yo Mama so poor, bitch takes the
trash IN! Boom shake the room!

Gradually, all the kids stand and circle Harry and Junior.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Yo Mama so nasty, she got more clap
than an auditorium! She nasty!

Junior tries to motion for him to stop. Harry stands on a
bench and really gets in the Kid's face. Like an inch away.

HARRY (CONT'D)
And yo Mama -- she's like a hockey
player. Only showers after three
periods! All day boy! All day!

Right in his grill.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Now who you calling five-o, Kris
Kross?!

After a LONG BEAT, the Kid bursts into tears.

HARRY (CONT'D)
What...

KID
My mom's obese.
(wiping tears)
We try to keep a balanced diet but
it's hard man. Over-eating is a
cycle. She works everyday to beat
it; you just reminded me how mean
people can be.

All the Kid's are super upset, console each other.

HARRY
...My bad.

Kid #2 approaches, holding back his own tears.

KID #2

My mother's trying to make ends
meet but you know how it is for the
middle-class out here. Tax cuts for
the 1% won't grow this economy.
Thanks for treating us like second
class citizens, asshole.

Harry realizes he just roasted a bunch of really young kids.

KID #3

My mom's sexual past is her
business. Who are you to judge?

ALL THE KIDS ad-lib, in tears.

HARRY

It's just shit talking. It's cool.

KID

No. Bullying isn't cool.

HARRY

Then what are you kids doing out
here, clocking?

The kids unzip their bags: soft, plush, pashmina blankets.

KID

Boober.

HARRY & JUNIOR

Boober?

KID

Uber for blankets. Boober!

JUNIOR

That's a really good idea.

HARRY

What is a *boober*?

KID

Say someone gets a little chilly,
hit the app, boom, we ride over
with a warm blanket. Boober.

The kids rev their delivery mopeds.

KID (CONT'D)
Making NYC warmer, one Boober at a time.

HARRY
Your clocking blankets?

Junior steps in --

JUNIOR
Forgive my cousin. He's from Boston. Racism is allowed there.

Junior gets Harry away from the growing audience.

HARRY
What just happened?

JUNIOR
Two decades have happened! You can't go around insulting kid's and mothers! That was seven legit hate crimes!

Harry looks back at the kids he just assumed were clocking. Their actually running a mobile business.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Pray they didn't get that on Vine.

They enter a BEAT UP LOBBY.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Tell me right now: what are we doing here?

HARRY
My oldest snitch used to run these towers. He would've heard something the night we got popped.

The elevator shows up.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Let's jostle his memory, then we're at the station. Word is bond.

They enter. Junior notices the elevator only stops on EVERY OTHER FLOOR.

HARRY (CONT'D)
It's the projects. City didn't spend a nickel they didn't have to.

Leaving Junior on that revelation.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Not every corner of the city
changed. Believe that.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONT'D

They approach a METAL DOOR at the end of a long hallway.
Junior listens to the other side. Hears nothing.

JUNIOR
Off-duty protocol is to knock
twice, announce yourself, and
express your desire to speak in
person. Remember: respect their
space. They respect yours --

Harry SHOTS the handle and kicks open the door.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Oops. Someone left the door open.

APARTMENT

That of a hoarder. In the LIVING ROOM sits an **OLD ASS MAN**,
hooked to a heart machine/breathing apparati.

This is **BIG CHEESE**.

HARRY
Yo Cheese. It's Harry.

They step closer. The Old Ass Man is not moving.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Never thought I'd be back.

Harry walks up next to Cheese, who's wearing those big BLUE
BLOCKER glass and a Yankee hat. His face is steel.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I need to know what you know from
the night The Gun Show was killed.

Nothing.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Someone must've heard something. We
walked right into it. They knew we
were cops.

Harry puts a loving hand on Cheese's shoulder.

HARRY (CONT'D)
We had some times Don. Help me make
this right.

Harry holds back his emotions.

HARRY (CONT'D)
For Ray. Tell me what you know.

Cheese's mouth drops.

HARRY (CONT'D)
The fuck...

Junior taps the HEART MONITOR. It's flatlined.

JUNIOR
That's bad.

Harry jumps back, accidently catching the EKG CABLE, which
swings Don's wheelchair and LAUNCHES THE DEAD CHEESE onto
Harry, who's face slams into Cheese's.

He basically just kissed a dead dude.

EMT PRELAP
Heart attack. No doubt about it.

JUMP TO:

DEAD CHEESE ON A STRETCHER

Being carted out by TWO EMTS, who address Harry and Junior.

EMT
Caused by a sudden shock.

JUNIOR
Like...

EMT
Door slams. Backfiring car.

They load Don's body.

EMT (CONT'D)
Gun shot.

SLAM go the doors. The EMT VAN peels out, leaving a stunned
Harry and Junior.

HARRY
I just killed The Cheese...

JUNIOR
How do I write this up?!

HARRY
Rule number eight: you don't.

JUNIOR
We're key witnesses to the death of
a deep NYPD informant. I have to --

HARRY
Everyone HAS to go someday. Cheese
had a full serving. We're not
saying shit --

JUNIOR
WE? YOU shot the man's doorknob --

As Junior lectures Harry, his eyes wander across the STREET
where he spots a WHITE CADILLAC come to a slow roll.

Heavily tinted windows drop a few inches, as the **PASSENGER**
swaps bags with **TWO MEN** on ALL TERRAIN VEHICLES.

Harry taps Junior -- points.

HARRY
That's a drop.

JUNIOR
You've done enough for today. I'll
radio --

HARRY
YOU'RE A COP. BE ONE.

They run over -- the ATV guys clock them coming.

HARRY (CONT'D)
POLICE! FREEZE!

They both reach for badges. Junior pulls out a HOME DEPOT
CREDIT CARD. Harry holds his hand in a half-circle.

The ATV guys pause, pull GUNS, and OPEN FIRE!

PEOPLE DUCK. The Cadillac SPEEDS OFF.

HARRY (CONT'D)
SHOW TIME!

Tossing Junior in, turning the engine over, FLOORS IT!

LENOX BOULEVARD

The Hyundai pounds pavement.

Our guys are 50 YARDS behind, dodging and weaving.

The Cadillac banks right, left, floors it through a
FORECLOSED COURTYARD COMPLEX.

The Hyundai catches up.

The Cadillac Passenger SPRAYS FIRE at the Hyundai POV!

Our guys duck, Harry returns fire, but just shoots out his
own windshield.

HARRY
CALL ME RUSTY!

Before re-loading and emptying the clip into the tail of the
white Caddy!

HARRY (CONT'D)
CALL ME RUST FREE! (To Junior)
That's your line!

Both vehicles do a 360 SPIN OUT over a fire hydrant. Whoosh!

HARRY (CONT'D)
SIT ON HIS DICK!

JUNIOR
What?

HARRY
I'm gonna do the JUST THE TIP!
Classic Gun Show move!

JUNIOR
WHAT?

Harry opens his door, grabs it and PAVEMENT SKIS by dragging
his Tims on the blacktop.

HARRY
Awesome right?

JUNIOR
Get back inside!

A bullet grazes Junior's head. Another hits Harry in the shoulder. Harry smiles.

HARRY
LET'S NYPDDDDD

Turns to Junior, who is lost...

HARRY (CONT'D)
NYPDDDDDDDDDD!!! Say it with me!

JUNIOR
Say what?

They SLAM INTO A SERIES OF PARKED CARS.

HARRY
LET'S NYPD-**DO THIS!!!!**

He tosses his own gun to himself.

JUNIOR
What does that do?

HARRY
Feels good!

Doing it again, this time shooting back. He rapid re-loads once again, and then RELOADS AGAIN! *For no reason.*

Junior frantically calls for backup on the radio --

JUNIOR
White Cadillac sedan! License plate
Lion Barclay Stanley Virginia
Alfred Grandma!

Harry thinks on this a beat.

HARRY
LBS VAG.

JUNIOR
Pounds vag?

HARRY
Heads up!!!

The Cadillac does a last minute BANK INTO CLOISTERS PARK, leaving our car just outside the thick stone wall.

JUNIOR
Now what?

HARRY
Little something your 'ol man
called FINGERING THE CABBIE!

JUNIOR
MAKE IT STOP!

HARRY
Angle the wheel at forty five
degrees, aim for the next hot dog
cart! DO IT!

Harry swings the wheel -- RIGHT INTO A DUDE'S HOT DOG CART --
BANG, they tear the thing into pieces. Hotdogs shower people
running for cover.

HARRY (CONT'D)
What time you got?

Harry pulls a hotdog from the floor.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I think it's lunch time!

They smash into ANOTHER HOT DOG CART. FAST APPROACHING A
PARKED SCHOOL BUS.

JUNIOR
DUCK!

HARRY
Is this Spring Break?

Junior grabs Harry and lowers their heads just in time -- the
ROOF IS RIPPED CLEAR OFF.

HARRY (CONT'D)
'CUZ WE'RE GOING TOPLESS!!!

They see the Cadillac driving further into the park.

JUNIOR
STOP! THE! FUCKING! CAR!

HARRY
We'll cut in on 86th and CPW! We
can head 'em off by Wolman Ring!

He loads HOLLOW POINT BULLETS.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I AM ALIVE!

JUNIOR
PULL! OVER!

They are RACING towards the ONLY WAY INTO THE PARK.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
NO!!!

Harry swings the wheel. They overshoot it by a LONG SHOT, smashing their TAIL INTO THE ROCK ENTRANCE, violently tossing the into a SPIN CYCLE!

Before the beat-to-fuck Hyundai comes to a stop. Steaming. The Cadillac races away.

HARRY
Let's philly hand roll!

JUNIOR
Which means what in 2016?

Harry smiles while HOTWIRING the car. Revs the engines.

HARRY
Screen legend and former President Ronald Reagan once said, *"If they can't see the light, make 'em feel the heat."*

He shoots a few rounds in the air. For no reason.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Means: let's heat 'em up!

Peeling out.

JUNIOR
NO!

HARRY
Your Dad's first rule for car chases: *never chase, always lead.*

Flooring it in pursuit of the Cadillac up ahead, rounding the long way through an ALLEY --

HARRY (CONT'D)
Time to start smelling what I'm smelling Junior.

Revs the engine FULL THROTTLE.

JUNIOR
We're not --

HARRY
We are --

They PUNCH A GATE. Cutting off the Cadillac's path.

JUNIOR
NO NO NO!!!

HARRY
MEANS YES YES YES!!!

RACING up along side the Cadillac. Both sides exchanging fire at FULL SPEED.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Hold onto your dick!

Harry banks left, then right, rolling on two wheels -- getting them airborne, slamming through the stone wall.

HARRY (CONT'D)
We can pin 'em ahead!

Harry rigs a small EXPLOSIVE UNIT.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Take your seat Junior!

Exits through the window. Junior takes the wheel.

JUNIOR
WHAT?

HARRY
This show's about to start!

Climbs on the roof! Harry crosses himself, and JUMPS ONTO THE CADILLAC'S ROOF with the ticking bomb in his hands!

JUNIOR
Wow...

Then Junior realizes he is headed right for a rock wall.

Harry sees this too. Not good.

JUNIOR & HARRY
SHIT!

LIGHTNING FAST --

Harry tosses the IED through the SUNROOF of the Caddy, barrel-rolls off the roof, just as KABOOM!

Sending the Cadillac into the rocks.

SAME TIME: Junior's SLAMS INTO A CEMENT DIVIDER, upending his car ASS AROUND THROUGH THE AIR --

HARRY
AND THE QUARTERBACK...

CRASH LANDING IN A SMALL POND --

HARRY (CONT'D)
IS TOAST!!!

A swan is crushed!

CENTRAL PARK

Harry races to the smoldering Cadillac.

HARRY
HANDS UP ASSHOLE!

A BODY inside: **RICK. Wallace's bodyguard from the teaser.**

HARRY (CONT'D)
RICK?

Dying, on his last breath.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Who set us up?!

BODYGUARD RICK
Shouldv'e stayed dead Harry...

Looks at Harry with a smile, before dying in his arms.

Off Harry's stunned face --

HARRY
Something else went down that
night. Something big time.

Junior and Harry lock eyes through the crime scene.

JUNIOR PRELAP
Agreed. *Illegal* is an
understatement.

PRECINCT

TIGHT ON a beaten up Harry and Junior. Facing a STEAMING Chief Halls.

JUNIOR

But...and this is the important part, *I* did not put that operation into motion. I was practically held at gunpoint. So I'm asking you Chief, look at this through a balanced prism. Who did what?

BEAT.

Chief Halls nods, walks over, and throws a FULL ASHTRAY into Junior's face. He just sits there, perfectly still.

CHIEF HALLS

That's your problem Junior.

Junior blinks.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

You never act. Only react. Take it in the ass. Why no one respects you son.

Cowie walks by the office. Gives him the finger without even looking up.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

Why I put you two together.

Junior and Harry each raise one eyebrow.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

So you could get my top cop up to speed in 2016. Solve Ray's case.

To Harry --

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

And you could make a legend's son, more like the legend. A cop.

She sits.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

All you had to do was get a history lesson; get your badge back.

Tosses him her iPhone. It's a VINE FEED of Harry making those kids cry earlier today. It is VIRAL.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Kids are in touch with their emotions these days. They also have something called the internet.

HARRY
Kids used to clock last time I went to the PJ's.

CHIEF HALLS
Times passed, and you Harry, are
too lost to come back now.

Harry shrugs. Mouths to Junior "Same 'ol."

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Sorry, but this comes from above.

Harry rolls his eyes.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Never should have put you guys together. My mistake.

HARRY
I promise, won't happen again.

CHIEF HALLS
It's already done.

HARRY
Just like that?

CHIEF HALLS
Until you can prove your fit to serve, you're not fit to serve. Both of you.

Harry realizes she's not bluffing.

HARRY
Bullshit.

CHIEF HALLS
What did you think was going to happen?

HARRY
Usually...The Gun Show would give you our shields and then you'd slide 'em back under the table.

Chief Halls just stares at him.

CHIEF HALLS
You see me sliding anything?
Welcome to 2016. Wake up.

Junior holds his head, in so many forms of pain.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Junior, anything happens during
suspension, kiss that transfer
goodbye.

Junior turns GHOST WHITE. His heart stops.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Both of you: think about who you
want to be.

TIGHT ON Harry and Junior, taking this to the heart.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Because you're trying to be a man
who's no longer needed. Go home.

SLAM goes the door on their faces.

TREMONTE OS
...Happens when you try to do
something you're not ready for.

They turn to Tremonte and Park, clearly listening in.

TREMONTE
I'll talk to Chief. Get you your
mace and notebook back.

PARK
Sitting on traffic cones where you
belong. And tell your wife to call
me. I need to fuck something.

Junior turns. Walks away.

HARRY
You let them talk to you like that?

JUNIOR
What can I do? Tremonte runs NARC.

HARRY
They don't run us.

Harry walks up to Park.

PARK

You lost or something, because 1996
is outside, to the left and right
in my dickhole.

Super casual, Harry walks up breaks Park's wrist Bruce-Willis-Die-Hard-style. A COP BRAWL BREAKS OUT!

Halls jumps in -- get a kick in the dick, before stopping it!

CHIEF HALLS

JUNIOR! HARRY! GET THE FUCK OUT MY
STATION!!! NOW!!!

OUTSIDE PRECINCT

Junior holds his eyes. Harry brushes him shoulders off.

HARRY

Rule #11: always throw the first
punch and never let another man
talk to you like that, or they all
will. Let's get back to the scene --

JUNIOR

Are you crazy?

Harry winks. Twice.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Listen. Asshole.

HARRY

So now you wanna stand up?

Harry gets in his face. They might throw down. COPS look on.

JUNIOR

My career, my entire life, is now
in jeopardy. Because you woke up.

Steaming.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Because you had a *hunch* and decided
to blow up central park over it.
Man's gotta do what a man's gotta
do, and someone should have done
this a lone time ago --

Landing a DRY GULCH HAYMAKER right in Harry's face.

Like 50 COPS gasp. Harry turns, wipes blood, and stares HEAT.

HARRY
If that's your best shot, you'll
never be your father's son.

Steps in Junior's grill.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Ray wanted to help you become a
man. He was too late.

JUNIOR
Shame you woke up Harry...

Walks towards the SUBWAY STATION.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Now you know how much the world
never needed you.

Leaving that stinger.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Good luck. You'll need it.

Giving Harry the finger, who's suddenly by himself in a very
different city...he looks around.

People shake their heads. Stare at a man, lost in a city he
once ran.

HARRY
Fuck the **NY PUSSY DEPARTMENT**.

POV OF A CELL PHONE SCREEN. Harry curses at people.

MATCH TO:

OFFICE

We see the backside of the same **FIGURE IN BLACK** from the
night shit went down. He holds the tablet in his hands.

We do not see his face.

FIGURE IN BLACK
No shit...welcome back Harry.

He zooms in on Harry. It's him alright.

FIGURE IN BLACK (CONT'D)
But The Gun Show, it ends now.

ZOOM in on Junior.

FIGURE IN BLACK (CONT'D)
FOR BOTH BROTHERS.

Puffs on a VAPORIZER. The liquid cartridges read: **LB\$**.

The fumes drift above the frozen image of Harry and Junior...

DIVE BAR

A few drinks in, Harry finishes reading THE BOOK OF MODERN HISTORY Junior compiled. Mind fully blown.

HARRY
Jesus...Gimme three fingers
Drambuie. Hennessey back.

BARTENDER slides him two high balls.

HARRY (CONT'D)
How could everything...change?

BARTENDER
Story of New York. Tear one thing
to build the next. Don't look back.

Harry nods, then unfolds the CASE FILE. Scanning through it:
comes to Rick's image. DOA AT THE CRIME SCENE.

HARRY
Man can't die at the scene and die
again today. Rick got out alive
that night, or faked dying.

Taps the photo. Mind working overtime.

HARRY (CONT'D)
If Rick wasn't killed that night,
he must've known about the set up.

Circles Rick's file photo.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Means other people got out alive or
faked dying as well.

Crushes another three finger pour. Slams the glass down.

BARTENDER
You got a credit card?

HARRY
What? On a cop's salary.

BARTENDER
That's \$72.

HARRY
72 for what?

BARTENDER
Shot and half is \$18. Four rounds,
\$72. Been under a rock guy?

Harry cannot believe this. Pulls out his wallet. He's got a few 1-900-SEX-TALK cards (those existed) and maybe \$13.

HARRY
Mentioned I'm a cop, right?

BARTENDER
Prove it.

Reaches for his badge that's no longer there. Bartender exhales vapor smoke. Harry looks around...unsure what to do.

HARRY
Where's your payphone?

Bartender pulls out his cell.

BARTENDER
Christ. What's the number?

Harry's mind races.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
You got anyone?

Harry's silence confirms he has no one. People look at him. Judging. Curious. Confused.

Harry sees Junior's card inside the History Book with his direct cell number.

HARRY
Maybe I'm not alone.

JUNIOR'S APARTMENT

Junior enters, sees the unknown number and declines the call. He walks into the living room. Finds an upset Bonnie, hanging up the phone.

BONNIE

That was Halls, and this is what happens when people keep everything bottled up. It explodes.

JUNIOR

It's been, a long, long day.

BONNIE

One that nearly killed you.

Opens the fridge.

JUNIOR

I just want to go forget I ever met Harry Johnson.

Drinks a glass of water.

BONNIE

Level with me: there's something going on with you. Today it came out, and could have been the end.

JUNIOR

It's a week unpaid suspension. We'll get through it.

BONNIE

It's not *WE* that I'm worried about.

BEAT.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

It's *YOU*.

JUNIOR

What?

BONNIE

I support you, but maybe it's time you dealt with this. Your dad.

Junior stops in his tracks.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Because I miss the Ray who took me on a first date to Yankee stadium, *without tickets.*

Holds his hand.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

You were happy. Being you.

Junior nods in agreement. He kisses her forehead. His cell rings again. Junior lets it.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Maybe getting past Ray means
dealing with Harry. See who it is.

Junior answers the phone, INTERCUT WITH:

Harry, who's a little drunk, and a lot excited.

HARRY
Good news and dope news.

JUNIOR
I'm done with this --

HARRY
Good news: I'm buying shots right
now. Dope news: remember that
driver today? That was our
informant's guy, up until he died
the same night Ray did.

JUNIOR
Play that back at half speed?

HARRY
If Rick died that night but was
clearly alive the last twenty
years, means he --

JUNIOR
Had something to do with whomever
set up dad. But Rick's dead now.

HARRY
Rick wasn't smart enough to pull
something like that set up off.

JUNIOR
Saying someone else helped him who,
what, is alive?

HARRY
If Rick's heart was beating today,
trust me --

JUNIOR
He's not working alone...

HARRY

Gong bong. In other dope news: I'm at this bar and have no dough. Help your brother out?

Junior holds the phone to his head.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Besides, we got a lead now. Let's roll!

BEAT.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Junior. I got no one else.

Junior holds the phone. Sees Bonnie right there, hearing the conversation.

BONNIE

Give him another chance, but you're in charge -- or you walk. Deal.

He blows her a kiss. Back to the phone --

JUNIOR

Where you at?

DIVE BAR

Just as Harry's being TOSSED OUT on his ass, Junior pulls up in a YELLOW CAB. Shows his badge to the Bartender.

JUNIOR

You needed me to cover a bar tab?

Harry slides him the case file: Wallace and Rick's mugshots.

HARRY

Newsflash: if Rick was alive all this time, he set us up.

JUNIOR

OK, but what else connects today to that night?

HARRY

This...

A FILE PHOTO of RICK'S CADILLAC. Harry points to his VAPORIZER. The symbol is a burnt **LB\$**.

JUNIOR
Same as the license plate? LB\$.

HARRY
No reason for a criminal who died
two decades ago to rep some crew
called LB\$, unless it's tied to the
vapor thing. I made a call to
evidence.

Pulls out the Bartender's vaporizer.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Smell's like a cigarette.

Junior sniffs. Harry pulls Rick's burnt vaporizer.

HARRY (CONT'D)
This one's from the accident today.

Junior's nose pulls back.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Chemical resin. X. Highly
addictive.

JUNIOR
I've seen this before...

Stares at the **LB\$** logo carefully --

FLASH-CUT TO:

125TH ST & LENOX -- YESTERDAY

*When Junior and Cowie pulled over the Millenials. The DRIVER
shows Junior his vaporizer...*

*FREEZE ON: the vaporizer has an **LB\$** logo.*

BACK TO SCENE

Junior, seeing the chess board --

JUNIOR
I pulled over some dorks yesterday.
Had the same logo on their pipe.

HARRY
Means whomever is selling the LB\$
vapor --

JUNIOR
Is selling a form of liquid Molly?

HARRY
Who's Molly?

JUNIOR
We need to get a vaporizer with
this logo and take it in for
testing.

HARRY
Buy and bust. Your 'ol man's MO.

Harry smiles. Junior doesn't.

JUNIOR
NO. We tried your way. Now we're
both out of a job and I'm nearly
out of a fiancée.

Harry focuses.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
If we're checking this lead, we're
checking it my way only.

HARRY
Bet.

JUNIOR
I paid your tab. Can you make a
little effort to talk like a cop?

HARRY
Word. Where we headed?

JUNIOR
Where kids go on a Tuesday.

HARRY
Red Lobster.

JUNIOR
Think of the worst neighborhood on
the border of a hip one...

HARRY
Like, Williamsburg?

JUNIOR
I'll call an Uber.

HARRY
Fuck that blanket delivery thing.

JUNIOR
Well, my sedan is now evidence so
it's Uber or the subway.

HARRY
Dude -- your dad was the flyest DT
in the city. We're taking his whip.

Junior almost smiles...

JUNIOR
Tell me he had a Ferrari?

HARRY
The Ferrari of Singapore.

JUMP TO:

GARAGE

A dropcloth is pulled back to reveal a beat up, gunshot
holed, neon green 1992 Geo Metro. Ghetto Fast N Furious.

HARRY
Geo Metro. Eddie Bauer edition.

Not what Junior was expecting.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Spinners keep spinning.

The rims actually spin. This was a thing.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Ready to take the wheel?

JUNIOR
Does this car-truck...run?

HARRY
It runs women right out of their
panties.

BEEP BEEP. Push button start. Engine purrs like shit.

Harry opens the driver door for Junior.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Thanks for that history book. Never
imagined so much could change.

Junior nods, puts it in gear. It spits black fumes.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hey. I asked: you ready to take the wheel?

Junior revs the engine.

JUNIOR

Ready to take back the night man.

HARRY

Weird. What's a night-man?

WILLIAMSBURG WAREHOUSE

Deserted streets save for the occasion HIPSTER bike crew.

The Metro rolls up across from a shuttered BANK.

JUNIOR

So this is "The Bank". The spot NARC's been casing for months now.

HARRY

Time to make a deposit.

JUNIOR

There --

Two **HIPSTERS** emerge from a Lyft.

They motion to a door with their smart phone. A BARCODER reads a TEXT. The door opens and closes. Two seconds flat.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

It's a pop up.

HARRY

Let's pop off then.

Goes to load a gun. Junior takes the bullets.

JUNIOR

What? It's a private party. No sign. Snapchat invite only.

Harry is lost.

HARRY

Why the fuck would someone throw a party and *NOT* want anyone to know?

JUNIOR
To keep nerds like us out.

HARRY
Nerds like you. Not me.

Opens the door.

HARRY (CONT'D)
But you can't roll up with me
dressed like Caribbean Carlton.

JUNIOR
You're not going in alone.

HARRY
You're about your dad's size?

JUNIOR
Wouldn't know.

Harry smiles.

HARRY
Time to find out.

QUICK SHOTS

A trunk is lifted. A Kangol is brushed off. JNCO jeans are fastened. A Diva pager is holstered. Wallabees are laced.

Meet --

90's Junior. Looks like his dad, but really uncomfortable.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Hold up...

He tucks in Junior's shirt, and untucks the gold chain so it rests atop the Tommy Hilfiger turtle neck.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Now you got the juice.

Junior, holding his dad's chain. A light smile creeps up.

STREET

They SLO MO CRUISE across Myrtle Avenue -- looking more like partners, albeit bootleg Fresh Prince and Carlton.

They can't help but have a little swagger. Just the tip...until a **RICHSHAW DRIVER** whizzes by --

RICKSHAW DRIVER
Watch your shit Flavor Flav!!!

Swagger dies down. They reach the METAL DOOR. Harry kicks it.

HARRY
Open up motherfucker.

A SLAT opens. A PAIR OF DARK EYES stare back.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Open the door man.

BOUNCER
Barcode?

Junior hands him his phone. Bouncer checks it out: screen image of Junior and Bonnie riding a CGI whale at Seaworld.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)
Fuck outta here.

HARRY
Fuck you. Make me.

BOUNCER
Who the fuck are you?

HARRY
We're playing tonight. Get Richie out here and tell him DJ Gun Powder just rolled in.

BOUNCER
You know Richie?

HARRY
Since he was eight. Tell him to open up or I'm calling his mom.

Bouncer peeps Junior.

BOUNCER
'Sup with In Living Color?

HARRY
Personal stylist.

BOUNCER
No doubt.

HARRY
Open up.

BOUNCER

Word. It's throwback night up in there; you came correct.

They exit, cruising down a long, neon hallway. People hand out glow sticks.

HARRY

What's a "throwback"?

JUNIOR

Probably a sex move.

They turn the corner into a MASSIVE HIP HOP RAVE.

No one over 25. Everyone rocks highly bespoke 90's gear: the past is en vogue again. Harry smiles ear-to-ear.

HARRY

What's really good!

Junior is blown away by the sheer size of this thing.

JUNIOR

Remember: we're looking for someone selling a nicotine vapor.

Harry waves through a THICK FOG. They both cough.

HARRY

Look for someone who's not dancing or smoking: that's the dealer.

JUNIOR

You got any gum?

His mouth is bone dry.

HARRY

We're catching contact highs. Split up. Cover more ground. In five minutes make sure you get some fresh air. We're breathing some kind of synthetic fog juice.

Overhead vents pump the shit out.

Harry turns back to Junior -- who's already moving through the thick crowd of kids grinding. And these kids have MOVES.

Junior wanders into the crowd, starting to feel the fumes more and more. He touches a dude's face. Then his own.

Harry scans the scene, trying to make a **DEALER** in a swarm of people. He turns back -- Junior's GONE.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Where the fuck...

All he sees are heads moving. He pushes his way through the mosh pit. Some people SILENT RAVE with headphones.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Hell did Junior go?

Then we hear a SLOW RHYTHMIC "GOLF" CLAP. Harry sees a DANCE CIRCLE FORM. Is that...

HARRY (CONT'D)
Junior?

In the middle of the massive dance floor is a STEP UP-style dance off. Harry pushes to the front of the pack to see:

Junior, trying to do a handstand before TWO BREAK DANCING DUDES, complete with matching Adidas track suits, LL Cool J gold rope "dookie" chains and Kangol velour hats.

They watch Junior do a weird head spin move, followed by a FAILED BACK FLIP onto a couch. It's OK.

JUNIOR
STEP UP, OR STEP DOWN BI-YATCH!!!

The Breakdancers look at each other, then at Junior. Only then, do we see they are **Tremonte and Park, under cover.**

TREMONTE (WHISPER)
Get the fuck out of here. NOW.

The Narcs walk away, trying not call attention. Junior slaps Park in the face and knocks his Kangol off.

JUNIOR
What's up now ROO-FEE-OHH!

Park does kind of look like HOOK's Rufeo. He steps to Junior, who is rolling.

PARK
You have no idea what you're messing with.

Harry now sees who this is.

JUNIOR
I'm not taking your shit anymore!

Harry grabs him --

HARRY
We need to get outta here without
anybody noticing.

Harry moves the crowd back to clear a path out for them.

Junior Starts to stretch, then breaks into the following
moves: RUNNING MAN, THE CABBAGE PATCH, THE SPRINKLER, THE
DUTCH WINDMILL, ending on the JERK OFF.

Junior gets in Park's face.

JUNIOR
Haters hate!

Does a wobbly AC Slater-style spin move.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Slater's slate!

TREMONTE
Fuck are you doing? Everyone is
looking at us asshole!

JUNIOR
Who looks at assholes?!

HARRY
Be cool. Follow me out. Now.

He grabs Junior who pushes him into the crowd.

JUNIOR
Hands off!

Shoves Harry into people. EVERYONE looks at Junior...

Who takes his shirt off. Then his shoes.

Junior climbs up on the speakers, and, like a high school
production of Pirates Of The Panzer, LEAPS overhead, swings
from a CABLE, does a weird half-barrel roll and lands POP

Right on a dancers pole.

HARRY/TREMONTE/PARK
What the fuck...

Inverted, Junior does a bizarre SHOWGIRLS move -- giving the
entire place that eating vagina finger face thing.

HARRY

He can only be Ray's kid...

Before dismounting into a split on the back of the Tremonte's head, sending them flying into the crowd.

Junior Riverdances across the dance circle, and goes back-to-back with Harry, like a 90's album cover.

JUNIOR

And if you don't know...

No one says shit, until --

JUNIOR & HARRY (MUMBLING)

Now you know!

The crowd just disperses, confused. Staring hate daggers, the Tremonte and Park leave, cover nearly blown.

Junior goes to give people hi-fives.

OLDER RAVER

Overkill dude. Way overkill.

HIP HOP GIRL

This *close*. That's how close you were to injuring someone. Think before you dance.

SPIRITUAL DANCER

Everything is symmetry brother.
Know your place in the world.

People shoot them looks. Junior is out of breath.

JUNIOR

Bonnie and I take hip hop pole dancing class. How cool was that?

HARRY

Um...Time to leave. NOW.

JUNIOR

My hands feels amazing.

BACK ALLEY

Harry kicks open a door. Junior takes deep breaths, still no shirt on. Or shoes. Throws up a little.

JUNIOR
Top three fantasy food draft picks:
Pizza. Batman. Hotdogs.

HARRY
You realized those guys were cops?

Junior coughs. Looks up. Sees **THE DEALER** sell something to
TWO RAVERS.

JUNIOR
Look!

HARRY
Flint and steel. Light this fire.

JUNIOR
Let's tail 'em.

HARRY
Let's cap 'em.

JUNIOR
We have a deal: this is my way.
Let's just put eyes on where they
go. Nothing more.

Harry holsters Ray Sr's two guns.

They creep along the shadows. The **DEALER**, a shorter guy in
fatigues, gets in a Prius Uber.

Junior pulls out his phone -- taps the Uber App, hacks in and
has the Prius in front of him on his screen.

HARRY
...Look at Kojak right here.

They enter the Geo Metro.

JUNIOR
You got two tickets?

Junior tosses Harry the keys.

HARRY
To what?

Junior points to his small, cold biceps.

JUNIOR
The ANTI-Gun show! Gimme your
jacket?

BROOKLYN STREETS

Cruising.

They keep distance from the Sedan, following it further into DUMBO -- a warehouse district turned yuppie-ville.

HARRY
What's this 'hood?

JUNIOR
Expensive condos, lobster rolls,
and strollers.

HARRY
Connecticut?

JUNIOR
Brooklyn.

The Sedan drives into a LOADING DOCK.

A LARGE METAL GATE shuts behind the car. The place is a high-walled factory.

HARRY
A coal plant. Interesting.

JUNIOR
This used to be the Domino Sugar
factory.

A blinking sign reads DOMINO SUGAR.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Now it's the Dumbo Craft Brewery.

Harry sees an ELECTRICAL LINE running from a TELEPHONE POLE to the Brewery Courtyard.

HARRY
Ever see TURNER AND HOOCH?

JUNIOR
We're NOT flying in on an
electrical line. No way health
insurance covers that.

HARRY
I just remembered seeing that movie
with my girl. She had a club foot,
but was still hot. Thought about
asking her to move in and shit.
(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

In that order. That was our last night before the coma.

JUNIOR

Sorry man.

HARRY

She was dope. Big wagons. Huge can. Cute lil' hook hand. Burn victim or something. Loved that woman.

JUNIOR

She sounds special...*olympics*.

Harry stares at the moon. A painful memory.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

You got anyone from before?
Parents? Siblings?

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY

Your pops took me in when I was thirteen. From juvie.

BEAT.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Only family I needed was Ray.

Junior takes this in. Harry is lost. Alone.

JUNIOR

Marriage and kids have their valleys with the peaks.

HARRY

Cherish them.

JUNIOR

I do. More than anything.

HARRY

Because you never know when that bullet's gonna come for you.

JUNIOR

Exactly why I just want to put eyes on this and call it in. Safe.

They inspect the exterior.

HARRY
We can slide in after the next
delivery shows up. Get evidence.

JUNIOR
How?

Harry smiles.

HARRY
Not every safe move, is the safest
move.

JUNIOR
That's what safe means. The
opposite of danger.

Harry grabs Junior.

HARRY
Sometimes it takes a little danger
to make something a lot safer.

JUNIOR
Sometimes a little danger gets
people shot.

HARRY
Sometimes you gotta trust your
dick.

Junior, confused --

HARRY (CONT'D)
And sometimes *your Dad's dick is
really my dick.*

JUNIOR
Why do you keep saying --

HARRY
Follow me. Remember, just the tip.

LATER

A DELIVERY TRUCK comes to a grinding stop outside the massive
gate.

In the shadows, from either side, Harry and Junior fire roll
under the truck and grab onto the chasis.

They look at each other. Junior -- nervous. Harry -- awesome.
They cruise inside.

After the driver's leave the truck -- Harry motions, they drop down, and quickly roll away from site.

Junior gives Harry a thumbs up.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Don't do that.

They move silently up a BACK FIRE ESCAPE until they reach the roof. The DOMINO SUGAR signs flashes behind them.

Peeking through a tiny, dirty, blacked out window, they see a massive assembly-line operation. Thousands and thousands of beer bottles are filled with beer. What you would expect.

Junior sees something in the deep corner --

A different BOTTLE LINE. TWO CHEMISTS work off to the side.

JUNIOR
Look: they fill one bottle separately, then it's added to the others.

TRACKING one bottle as it joins five more, becoming a 6-pack.

HARRY
Every pack has one different bottle...

JUNIOR
Check out that reservoir...

TIGHT ON the Chemist's TANK. It has an **LB\$** logo on it.

HARR
Same logo from Rick's vapor thing.

JUNIOR
AND those dudes I pulled over.

They stare, mind's racing.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
They use the brewery as a front...every six pack has one bottle of liquid molly. They can ship it anywhere. Anytime.

HARRY
Back in '91, you could buy a dozen red roses for \$5.

JUNIOR
FOCUS. PLEASE.

HARRY
I AM. Your 'ol man figured out the roses were so cheap because they were shipping drugs inside. Dogs couldn't smell anything but roses.

BEAT.

JUNIOR
That's why the beer's cheaper than anything else. The guys at the precinct drink it every day.

Junior sits up.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM -- YESTERDAY

Junior goes to give NARC Jonny a pound, only to be met by his hot, wet under shirt in the face. The Detectives cruise by, drinking DUMBO BREWERY beers.

BACK TO SCENE

Junior, lightning bolt hits him --

JUNIOR
The head of Narc might be tied to this. We need to call Halls. NOW.

HARRY
Fuck no. Don't give this case away to someone! This is our bust!

JUNIOR
NO, it's our *illegal* stakeout. We're not even allowed --

Harry loads a secret boot gun. Hands a secret butt gun to Junior.

HARRY
On 3 buffalo.

JUNIOR
NO.

HARRY
One buffalo, two buffalo --

JUNIOR

NO!

HARRY

Means yes! Let's NYPDDDDDDDD

JUNIOR

NOT DO THIS RIGHT NOW!

With a wink --

HARRY

You either smoke, or you get
smoked. Feel me.

JUNIOR

Did you just WHITE MEN CAN'T JUMP
quote?

HARRY

What? No. It's a LET'S BRING IN
THIS NOISE quote!

And with that, the SKY LIGHT automatically opens under them.

JUNIOR & HARRY

DAMN.

THEY FREE FALL for several seconds, before CRASH LANDING into
a GIANT BARREL OF HOPS.

The entire plant stops.

15 DUDES WITH GUNS surround our guys, who emerge from a sea
of grain, coughing. Junior puts his hands up.

JUNIOR

Somebody order a pizza?

THE ARMED DUDES stare a BEAT.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Because it certainly looks like
someone just delivered, New York's
Finest!

HARRY

Was that your one-liner?

Junior LIGHTNING FAST pulls out TWO GUNS from Harry's waist --

JUNIOR

I think so!

Unloading into the PANELS OF GLASS ABOVE, showering everyone with glass shards as the EMERGENCY LIGHTS STROBE to life.

Beer and glass cascade. Through the mayhem --

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
THEY LED US HERE!

He shoots back in all directions.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
WHY ELSE WOULD THERE BE SO MANY
ARMED DUDES WAITING?

Looking around. They're fucked from all sides.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
WE NEED TO CREATE A BARRIER!

Stepping up. SUSPENDED ABOVE -- Junior sees a massive BEER VAT which feeds the entire assembly line.

HARRY
WE NEED TO CALL FOR BACKUP!

JUNIOR
NO TIME! FOLLOW ME!

Takes careful aim, exhales, and with a SINGLE SHOT -- POOF, hits the Vat, cracking it's exterior.

HARRY
WHAT WAS THAT?

JUNIOR
Take a deep breath!

He aims, shoots -- TRACK BULLET until it PING -- cuts through the DEAD BOLT CHAIN locking the VAT in place.

A SLOW RUMBLE, followed by a metal-on-metal SHRIEK, like a dormant cyborg just come to life.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

THE GIANT VAT drops through the air, rotating once before it SMASHES INTO THE FLOOR, SENDING A WAVE OF BEER IN THE AIR.

The wave of beer crashes into the Guards, flooding the place with TOO MUCH FORCE. Junior drives Harry THROUGH WINDOWS to --

ALLEYWAY

Junior lifts Harry to his feet, running.

HARRY
HOLY SHIT! Some motherfuckers are
always trying to ice skate uphill!

JUNIOR
IS THAT FROM BLADE?!

HARRY
WHAT? NO. But good shit in there!

A SHOT WHIZZES past his head.

Down the alley -- they SEE **THE DEALER**.

Chasing. Running through the maze of alleys, they get on a rooftop, gaining on the Dealer who shoots back errantly.

As the Dealer nears a corner, our guys JUMP FROM ABOVE, sending him to the ground in a heap of broken bones.

Slowly, Harry and Junior make their way to the writhing Dealer, who's back is to them.

Junior turns him over.

JUNIOR
Hope you like jail.

HARRY
And dicks. In jail.

The dealer is in fact **PARK**.

JUNIOR
What the fuck? Park?

Park coughs to life. Shaking.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Talk to me!

Park spits crimson blood. Harry puts a gun to his head.

HARRY
Who else in on the take
motherfucker --

BANG!

A single shot rips through Park's head, killing him on impact.

JUNIOR
YOU FUCKING SHOT HIM?!

HARRY
Wasn't me!

Harry and Junior turn -- just in time to see a FIGURE reload and BANG!

Junior kicks Harry in the chest, sending him flying into a brick wall, but SAVING HIS LIFE.

As the shell exits Junior's thigh. He screams like a chick with a dick. Thinks he's dying. Harry checks the wound.

HARRY (CONT'D)
First one. Welcome to the Man Club.

Junior looks at his leg. It was barely hit. Like barely.

HARRY (CONT'D)
It still counts.

JUNIOR
Really?

HARRY
My first stray hit my nose ring.
Ray told the precinct I took it
like a cop.

On their feet.

HARRY (CONT'D)
And Junior, way to man up back
there. Got your dad's moves.

ACROSS THE ALLEY

They hear the sniper bolt away.

Our guys spring into action -- chasing until they near a waiting GETAWAY SUV. Harry reaches for his boot gun; seeing the windows drop and MULTIPLE MAC 10's appear.

Before the storm -- they see the sniper:

TREMONTE, who locks eyes with Junior --

TREMONTE
Wrong place. Wrong time.

RAT-TAT-TAT!!!

Harry and Junior dive for cover as GUNFIRE cascades toward them, leveling the entire alleyway.

Our guys hold each other behind a DUMPSTER, until the shots finally stop. Tires peel out.

They run through thick gunsmoke and fog. Harry sees Tremonte's SUV turn a corner.

He goes BEAST MODE -- hellbent on stopping this dude right here. Lines up his shot -- exhales -- and CLICK.

EMPTY.

JUNIOR
Head's up!

Tossing him Harry's second revolver, which sails right over Harry's head. Terrible throw.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
My bad.

Tires screech ahead. The SUV clears the scene. Off the guys --

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Building's going up! Run!

HARRY
That's our only evidence!

JUNIOR
Not worth dying for!

HARRY
Ray already did!

JUNIOR
IF YOU LIVE HIS WAY, YOU WON'T MAKE
IT ANOTHER DAY! TRUST ME --

Junior jumps for cover with Harry -- BOOOOOM goes the structure OFF SCREEN! They stare in SHOCK.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Tremonte baited us in to that spot.

HARRY
Killed his partner.

JUNIOR
Corrupt partner.

HARRY

No cop kills another unless it's something so deep, no other way.

JUNIOR

This goes all the way to Tremonte. Who can we even trust in the department...

HARRY

No one.

JUNIOR

Chief Halls is family.

HARRY

Sure about that?

JUNIOR

YES. She's practically been a mother to both of us.

Police lights and helicopters in the distance.

HARRY

We gotta book. Plan?

JUNIOR

We contact Halls; open a file with IA. I won't lose everything I worked for. I trust Halls.

HARRY

Call her, but no one else can know what we just saw...

OFFSCREEN, FDNY TRUCKS race to the inferno.

HARRY (CONT'D)

This is gonna fall on us if we're here. We need to disappear for a night. You got a safe house?

JUNIOR

I have *my house*, which I'm not bringing into this anymore.

HARRY

You need to move your family. Now.

Terror on Junior's face. Dials Halls CELL as they peel out in Harry's ride.

HALLS' HOUSE

A cell rings.

CHIEF HALLS

What?

She sits up. Listening to Harry and Junior on the other end.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

I don't care if you were following
a lead to kill cancer, you call for
fucking backup!

Standing, kicking over an end table is pure anger. Walks out
of the BEDROOM.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

SHUT. UP. You're not even active!

Cruising down the modest hallways to the KITCHEN.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

You just broke a shitload of laws,
and, if we don't recover any
evidence, which happens with a
fucking inferno, I have nothing but
a giant lawsuit and two cops who
just committed arson.

Putting a tea bag into a mug. Pours water into a KETTLE.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

...We need to figure out what the
fuck your alibi is and then turn
yourselves in. THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT
I WANTED TO AVOID BY PUTTING YOU
TWO TOGETHER. FUCK ME!

CLICK.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

Just like their 'ol man: all or
nothing.

Turning on the GAS STOVE. She smells something funny. Notices
the dial was already ON, leaking gas throughout the house.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

NO!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Goes a propane cloud from the stove's RIGGED GAS LINE.

BLACK.

GEO METRO

They drive along the FDR in silence.

JUNIOR
Halls said we gotta turn ourselves
in.

HARRY
Fuck that.

JUNIOR
I just burned down a factory. We
need to deal with what happened.

Harry smiles.

HARRY
You didn't burn down that factory,
you *earned down that factory*. Rule
#9: Never look back. Fuck 'em

JUNIOR
One: that makes no sense, and two:
YOU *EVER* THINK ABOUT ANYONE ELSE?

HARRY
Calm your nerves.

JUNIOR
No. You know what you're problem
is...you're only in this for you.
That's not what a cop is.

HARRY
Says the traffic cop.

JUNIOR
Yes. I *help* people.

HARRY
Help isn't hiding from danger. You
wouldn't know what a cop really is
because you never had to be one.

JUNIOR
Fuck you Harry. You know why you
and my dad got along so well...

Harry turns.

HARRY
Because we handle shit when
everyone else runs.

JUNIOR
NO. Because neither of you care
about anything but yourselves.
That's what got him killed.

Harry slams on the brakes. Opens his door, runs around the other side of the car and pulls Junior out, who pulls out a can of MACE and nails Harry in the eyes.

Junior then tackles him to the ground. They exchange punches, kicks, and scratches before Harry, the bigger of the two, pins Junior in the mud.

HARRY
RAY WAS MY FATHER BECAUSE I NEVER
HAD ONE! I didn't get him killed.
SOMEONE SET US UP.

Releasing him.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Go back to your bullshit life, with
your wife and kid and pretend we
never met.
(beat)
Someone asks me about Ray's son, I
never know he had one.

Junior watches Harry leave him in the mud, on the side of the highway.

JUNIOR
Because he only loved you.

Harry peels out. CLOSE ON his face, pained, drawn. Alone.

JUNIOR'S APARTMENT

Junior enters, turns to see Bonnie, waiting up for him.

A moment between them. Then --

BONNIE
I met you twenty three years ago.
You were in the academy.

He goes to say something. She puts a finger up.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
I asked you why you wanted to
become a cop. Told me the story of
when you were six, the neighbor was
beating his wife. You couldn't do
anything, but call 9-1-1.

BEAT.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
I knew right then you'd be my
husband. Father of my child.

She stands.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Twenty three years later. You've
helped people. Me and Kim included.

Holds his hands.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
But you never helped yourself get
past your dad.

Closer.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
There's only one way you'll ever
get past your father's rejection.

Kisses his cheek.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Put the past to rest. For good.

BEAT.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Do what you gotta do, but this
needs to end, before it ends you...

Holding his hands. Junior brings her close -- BUZZ, a ringing
cell cuts this off. It's the STATION. For a third time.

Answering. His face goes WHITE. Click. Eyes wide.

JUNIOR
Someone bombed Chief Halls' house.
Husband's dead. She's at ICU.

Bonnie, frozen.

BONNIE

Put this to bed, then come back to me. Promise me Junior.

And yet, despite the deck, his eyes convey he is ready to put the past to rest. Forever.

Junior opens the closet, opens a SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX.

Inside:

His father's DEATH CERTIFICATE, and his own BIRTH CERTIFICATE, along with a cracked, faded polaroid of his father, holding his baby -- Junior. The day he was born.

There is a smile like no other on Ray's face. Underneath the photo, his FATHER'S RUSTED BADGE.

Junior slides his chain through it, wearing it atop his shirt. Looks at himself in the mirror. Bonnie stands at the door, looking in. A different man is staring back at them.

A man that is about to set it off.

HOSPITAL ROOM

Junior enters, stops dead in his tracks to see:

Chief Halls, hooked up to all sorts of tubes and machines. Hanging by a thread.

JUNIOR

We'll make this right.

Puts a hand on her arm.

CHIEF HALLS

My husband. My best friend. Gone.

JUNIOR

Whatever you need.

CHIEF HALLS

It's not what you can do. It's what you can do, together.

From the doorway, enters Harry. The two stare at each other.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

Something I saw with Ray firsthand: he loved the shit out of you kid.

Junior on her every word.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
But he didn't know how to be a dad.

She exhales.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Only thing that scared him, was
losing you. Why he became a super
cop -- to keep you safe.

Junior, emotions bubbling to the surface.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Harry, you became his son because
Ray saw himself in you. He trained
you to be him, so you could protect
yourself when he wasn't there.

Harry now, on the verge of crying.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
I put you together because you both
have the best of Ray.

Coughs.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
But you brought out the worst of
him, and yourselves.

Junior and Ray, both on the verge of crying.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
If there's any shot of closing the
case that killed Ray, it's his
sons. But you gotta find the best
in each other, not just yourselves.

Chief Halls, now on the verge of crying herself.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
What no one else knows: he loved
you both. Act like it.

Harry looks at Junior --

HARRY
Make us proud. Dad's last words.

BEAT.

HARRY (CONT'D)
He was talking to *us*.

CHIEF HALLS
Go make this right. Both of you.

She sits up.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Find them. Hold them down, and
pound their asses to death.

The guys look at each other. Nod.

JUNIOR
We're good now?

HARRY
Yep...before we handle this grown
man business, I can't call you
Junior anymore.

BEAT.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Your name's Ray. Act like it.

Junior, NOW RAY, nods. Reveals the shield around his neck.

RAY
You got two tickets?

Harry nods.

HARRY
What're we seeing?

RAY
Hottest show in town.

HARRY
Oh you don't mean...

In sync --

HARRY & RAY
THE. GUN. SHOW.

Harry tosses Ray one of his fathers hand guns. It goes flying
against the wall.

RAY
Gimme a fucking heads up before you
throw a gun at my head!

Puts his hand out. Ray gives him a pound. They roll out.

HOLD ON:

Chief Halls, sees them head into the night, together, partners, long lost "brothers"...

She sheds a single tear, as a smallest of smiles creeps across her lips. Then she's back to awesome.

CHIEF HALLS
Wet pussies.

HOSPITAL ENTRANCE

Ray and Harry exit. Ray pulls his cell.

RAY
Going right to the source.

Harry raises an eyebrow --

RAY (CONT'D)
Tremonte.

Ringin' on speakerphone. He answers.

TREMONTE (PHONE)
I got a story for you.

HARRY
And I got a story for your mama.

TREMONTE (PHONE)
Someone wants to say hi to your girlfriend. Give Junior the phone.

After a BEAT.

KIM (PHONE)
DAD!

RAY. GOES. WHITE.

TREMONTE
FDR Island. Hospital Ruins.

CLICK.

RAY (PANIC)
He has Kim.

Bracing himself on the side of the car. Vision blurred.

HARRY

Listen: I've been here before.
We'll get through this, but you
need to listen to me because this
gets worse.

Ray turns.

HARRY (CONT'D)

He's baiting us to the bottom of a
deserted island. They'll bring Kim,
and they will kill us all. That's
his plan.

RAY

He has my daughter.

HARRY

We need the element of surprise.

RAY

I got an idea.

Harry listens.

RAY (CONT'D)

No telling who else is coming with
him. I'm bringing a friend.

HARRY

Crazy enough to do this with us?

RAY

She's been asking for action since
she joined the PD.

HARRY

She?

Off Ray's EYES -- scared as shit, but no longer alone.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Ready for this, partner.

RAY

Don't call me partner.

BEAT.

RAY (CONT'D)

Call me brother.

BEAT.

HARRY

I was gonna say the same thing.

FDR ISLAND

Pitch black.

A narrow sliver of land in the East River between Manhattan and Queensbridge Projects.

The **AIR SERVICE TRAM** shuttles back and forth to Midtown, several stories above the East River...

SMALL POX HOSPITAL

The southernmost tip of the Island -- where a Hospital once stood hundreds of years ago, now a construction site.

A thick fog blankets the area. Parting the waft, Ray and Harry emerge side-by-side, determined. In sync.

"Brothers" in arms.

COURTYARD

Harry and Ray stop, notice the exit routes. Armed with Harry's reserves from the original Gun Show.

A whistle breaks the moment. Turn to see Tremonte, solo, approaching in SWAT GEAR.

TREMONTE

Twenty years ago, I just graduated the academy. Chief of NARC comes to me, says a huge deal went south.

Getting closer.

TREMONTE (CONT'D)

Biggest unrecorded buy and bust in city history. \$20MM cash. \$10MM product. But the bust never happened.

Closer. Our guys see RED SITE DOTS on their necks. Snipers.

TREMONTE (CONT'D)

Both undercovers were killed. Product vanished. Money reported was just \$2MM. It was \$20MM.

RAY (ADRENALINE)
Where is she?

Pulls a pistol. Tremonte steps closer.

TREMONTE
Follow drugs, goes to a source.
Follow money? Goes anywhere.

HARRY
There wasn't \$20MM that night and
no one but Rick survived.

TREMONTE
Someone else did. Built an empire
by using the people who hired him.

RAY
...NARCS work for informants now?

HARRY
That's why Park was dealing the
same club you guys were casing.

TREMONTE
Bingo. Years later, city got safer.
We got richer.

Ray steps closer, ignoring the dot on his neck.

RAY
WHERE. IS. SHE.

Tremonte stares a beat.

TREMONTE
I've seen you around the station
for what, ten years? Just now, I
see what people kept telling me.
The Gun Show was not to be fucked
with. But the show ends tonight.

Tosses a tablet to Ray. We see KIM ON IT, live feed. A
Shotgun duct taped around her neck.

TREMONTE (CONT'D)
I don't care about your kid; I just
wanted say goodbye to Harry. You
were a great cop. One of the best.

A MOMENT OF SILENCE.

HARRY
Still am.

Spinning in a FLASH, releasing TWO FLASH BANGS, which stun Tremonte.

Harry tosses a small IED into the courtyard -- BOOMING OFF SCREEN. Debris rains down on them.

HARRY (CONT'D)
STICK TO THE PLAN!

Click go THE GUN SHOW'S MATCHING REVOLVERS, except this time, Harry tosses one to Ray.

HARRY (CONT'D)
MOVE!

In sync, moving swiftly now. Bullets ring out from across the courtyard. Tremonte on their tail.

TREMONTE
I'LL KILL YOUR KID RAY! CEASE FIRE!

Our guys bank to the highest point. Leading all the Narc's attention right here.

They slide for cover behind the brick pile, looking down 50FT to the rolling, dark, East River.

They look to each other --

HARRY & RAY
FUCK!

Harry sees a giant vintage neon sign that says "IT'S PEPSI TIME" with a flashing Pepsi bottle under a working clock.

It ticks 12:05.

RAY
WHERE?

Shots rings down.

HARRY
You hear that?

Shoots twice.

RAY
Train's pulling up to the station!

Stepping into the LINE OF FIRE, emptying his guns alongside Ray, who finishes his.

Out of shells. Discharge smoke clears. Our guys are
SURROUNDED by Tremonte and his NARC CREW.

TREMONTE

Every show comes to an end.

Doing the unthinkable -- he and Ray STEP OFF THE FALLING
LEDGE and FREE FALL to the choppy tides below --

Leaving Tremonte and his crew atop the Castle, which TUMBLES,
bringing down Tremonte's crew as a bricks chase after them.

THUD.

Tremonte and his guys get to their feet. Looking around --

Ray and Harry are gone.

TREMONTE (CONT'D)

FIND THEM!

Suddenly, the NARC'S faces drop. Because --

Harry and Ray look down from the deck of a small boat. Hurt,
but alive. Baiting the NARCS to this spot.

They turn back, two guns each, trained at the dirty NARCS.

TREMONTE (CONT'D)

You can't kill eight cops!

JUNIOR

Who said anything about killing?

NARCS look at each other -- this is too easy.

HARRY

Tremonte. You should know better
then to fuck with --

From inside the boat -- pops COWIE!

RAY/HARRY/COWIE

THE. NEW. GUN. SHOW!

Cowie unloads **RUBBER RIOT PELLETS**, stunning the NARCS!

Ray and Harry move one-by-one, binding the knocked out NARCS
in ZIPCUFFS. Looking around -- missing one.

RAY

Where's Tremonte?!

Up ahead: Tremonte, bloody as hell, makes a run for it!

HARRY
He's on the move!

JUNIOR
GET back up! GO!

COWIE
FINISH HIM!

Gunning her engines away from the action.

HARRY
You either smoke, or you get
smoked.

Tremonte nearly hits them with distant shots. We reload.

JUNIOR
And we got smoked!

HARRY
You quote me?

Tremonte is getting away. They pursue, running *into* gunfire.

Harry and Ray duck behind the FENCE under the giant sign. Out
of breathe, sopping wet, shot up.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Fuck this feels good!

Shooting back at Tremonte.

RAY
He's got Kim! We gotta move!

JUST AS a new shot nearly punches his ticket from the
opposite direction. Pinning them.

HARRY
It's coming from both sides!

Shots rain from two angles now.

RAY
How? We got everyone else!

Harry lays down on the ground, crawls to get a view from
behind a car. FREEZES.

The second shooter is **THE FIGURE IN BLACK**.

SHOT UP CAR

In the chaos --

HARRY
12 O'CLOCK!

Ray looks. Harry reloads.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Ray's killer is here!

Taking a SHOT IN THE HIP. Exit wound.

RAY
Split up! Tremonte has Kim. He's
mine! Get the shooter!

Harry nods.

HARRY
Like Ray used to set it off.
Informer on 3. 2. 1 --

Harry and Ray SPRING UP and UNLOAD to Snow's "Informer" --

HARRY (CONT'D)
INFORMER!!!

Running ahead before splitting --

RAY AND HARRY
You-know-sho-nat-a-me-can-play!

Shooting back-to-back to the chorus --

RAY AND HARRY (CONT'D)
Ill-lickey-boom-boom-nedge!

The coast clears momentarily --

HARRY
LET'S NYPDDDDDDDD (motions)

Ray reloads --

RAY
SHUT THE FUCK UP! GO!

He's off, chasing Tremonte ahead. Waiting. Ray fires THREE SHOTS to get his attention.

Tremonte looks back, shoots errantly, takes off RIGHT AT JUNIOR!

TREMONTE
YOU'RE NOT READY FOR THIS!

Coming right for him. Ray stands and faces his nemesis. Both shooting at each other. Getting closer. Running full steam!

As the last second, Ray jumps ON THE GROUND into a GUTTER. Tremonte races OVERHEAD -- right a DEMO SITE. Crashing through a series of metal beams below.

Dust settles.

Ray gets to his feet. Pulls a gun. Sees Tremonte clutching his shoulder. On his feet. Duck into the open-air WAITING STATION for the TRAM TO MANHATTAN.

Ray can't get a safe shot off. Lowers his gun.

RAY
I'm coming honey.

CREEK

In the FDR projects. Harry and the Figure In Black exchange shots as the Figure hides behind a DUMPSTER.

Harry crawls up. Shots are fired. People duck. Harry sees The Figure bolt, gives chase with EVERYTHING HE'S GOT.

WITH A SHOT LEG.

They jumps over a large stone fence and, still under the blinking light of the Pepsi Sign, The Figure turns and shoots HARRY A SECOND TIME, right through the arm.

Harry trips. Lands his own shot in The Figure's side, slowing him down. Harry jumps over the hood of a parked car and drags The Figure to his knees.

PINNING HIM.

Spinning the body over. The Hood finally comes off:

Off Harry's WIDE EYES --

It's WALLACE, from Ray's deal gone bad.

THEY BOTH FREEZE.

FLASH-BACK TO:

INT. HARLEM -- CLUB -- 1996

A CREW OF THUGS aiming guns at Ray and Harry.

WALLACE OS

RUN!

Harry and Ray turn to book it as -- BANG!

Wallace clutches his HEART. Blood flows from the impact wound, he lands at Ray's feet, dead.

BACK TO SCENE:

Harry and Wallace dive for their guns. Grabbing each other, turning, BANG BANG BANG! Both men CRASH.

TRAM STATION

Careful not to hit any of the waiting PASSENGERS, Ray silently stalks Tremonte, until the Tram arrives.

RAY

NYPD!!! DOWN!!!

Fires a shot into the air to clear the area. Chaos.

Tremonte sees Ray and boards the Tram. In the last possible second, Ray shoots through the side window and jumps through the breaking glass.

The two size each other up. Ray attacks. Tremonte is a brawler, and beats the living shit out of the guy, who keeps taking the pounding of a lifetime.

Between the blows --

TREMONTE

You're after the wrong guy!

RAY

Doesn't look that way!

Getting a single shot in to Tremonte's nose. Blood runs. He responds with a vicious series of body shots. Ray crashes to the floor.

The Tram is now 150FT ABOVE THE RIVER. A Second Tram is approaching theirs on a separate line of cables. 200FT OUT.

TREMONTE
Truth is, your old man was the
greatest cop I knew, but he never
found an heir to his badge.

The Second Tram getting closer. Tremonte has Ray in a choke
hold. He cannot breathe, let alone speak.

Tremonte chambers a shot.

RAY
Where's Kim?! TELL ME!

Defeated. On last leg. Beaten to a pulp.

TREMONTE
Insurance.

Points to the one incoming. 50 FT OUT.

TREMONTE (CONT'D)
Your kid's on that tram.

Close enough where we can see KIM, bound to a safety pole.
Seconds away.

TREMONTE (CONT'D)
That's how this ends Junior.

Puts the guy to Ray's head.

RAY
I'm not Junior.

Playing possum.

RAY (CONT'D)
It's Ray.

Distracting Tremonte for a split second. All he needs.

RAY (CONT'D)
Like my father.

In one move:

Ray plunges Tremonte's own waist KNIFE into his gut.

JUMPS across the OPEN AIR, landing in the second Tram, where
he grabs Kim before JUMPING BACK INTO THE FIRST TRAM --

Where he lands and drives the same blade in Tremonte's chest,
who cannot believe his eyes. Ray got the drop on him.

Ray then jumps with no time left OFF THE TRAM, floating across the open gap between the two, barely catching the door of the second. Kim pulls him in.

He covers her. They look back and see Tremonte holding the knife in his chest, as he tumbles off the tram...

Slamming into the dark East River. Gone in the abyss.

Ray turns to his daughter. She looks at him. Glass covered, shot, bleeding. A miracle dad.

KIM

That...was...awesome.

Ray gives us the slightest smile.

They pull into the Tram Station. Ray holds her girl.

RAY

I gotta help Harry.

Kisses her head. She grabs him; doesn't want him to go.

RAY (CONT'D)

He'd do it for us.

Whistling over to an APPROACHING POLICE SEDAN.

RAY (CONT'D)

My daughter's life is in your hands.

Grabs the COPS gun from his own holster.

RAY (CONT'D)

Anything happens: I'll personally watch Harry Johnson rape you with my dad's dick. Got me?

The cops stare at him, speechless.

RAY (CONT'D)

Get on the radio. Call for backup!

He books it in the police sedan. Leaving everyone behind. Cops look at Kim.

COP

Who the hell was that?

Ray's already out. Kim's face lights with pride.

KIM
My Dad.

PROJECTS

Wallace and Harry come to, each bleeding out just feet from each other. Two sworn enemies.

WALLACE
You should've seen it coming!

Harry's eyes come to. They back crawl in extreme pain to the ONE FREE GUN about 6 feet away.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
You were too deep!

Wallace is closer. Harry struggles.

HARRY
Fuck you. We PROTECTED YOU!

WALLACE
Dog eat dog!

Pulling at Wallace's leg, pressing into a GUN WOUND. Wallace jams his hand into Harry's wound. SCREAMS.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
I put a bullet in your ass twenty years ago.

Reaching bloody fingers barely grasp the trigger, lifting the metal, pointing it at Harry --

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Next one's your last.

JUST AS

WHAM! An NYPD SEDAN crashes in. Coming RIGHT FOR THEM.

Wallace OPENS FIRE -- hitting the wind shield three times. He checks the chamber. ONE SHOT.

The sedan comes to a halt, and, in a single motion ala Harry in Harlem, Ray pops out with a gun drawn and has it trained RIGHT ON WALLACE --

Who puts Harry in a headlock, gun to temple.

STAND OFF.

RAY
You killed my father!

WALLACE
How the game goes.

RAY
Fuck you!

Ray cocks his gun. Steps closer.

WALLACE
Take another step -- partner dies.

RAY
He's not my partner.

Ready to squeeze the trigger.

WALLACE
Decision time: you kill the man who
got your pops, or you watch Harry
take one in the head.

BEAT.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Me or him. Who matters more?

Harry looks at Ray. DO IT.

RAY
I'm not the one who wants YOU dead.

Confusing Wallace for a fraction of a second --

RAY (CONT'D)
That's my brother's job. *Give him
the finger Harry.*

Wallace clutches Harry -- who's giving him the middle finger.
The black middle finger. The Gun Show's middle finger.

WALLACE
What the fuck is that?

RAY
That's The Gun Show, giving you the
finger from the grave.

Wallace blinks.

Ray tosses his GUN in the air, never once taking his eyes off Wallace -- who reacts and FIRE HIS LAST BULLET into Ray's chest -- sending him flying backwards.

Just as --

Ray's gun descends -- Harry grabs it and with one free hand spins the barrel and POP --

Shots WALLACE through the chin.

The Gun Show gun-toss classic. Finally worked.

Harry crawls to Ray -- clutching his shoulder. Shot. Bullet inside. Both men bleeding to death.

They lay in peace for a second. Then, finally --

RAY (CONT'D)

Fuck you.

HARRY

Fuck you back.

Give him the black middle finger. They smile.

HELICOPTERS SWARM overhead. NYPD and EMT coming in the distance. Lights reflect off their bloody, victorious faces.

ON Ray and Harry, taking in the moment. Brothers.

FREEZE IMAGE

MATCH TO:

NY POST COVER

Exact same image from the crime scene. Headline reads:

**THE GUN SHOW GOES ON! 20 YEAR COLD CASE SOLVED AS TOP COPS
"SONS OF THE GUN" EXPOSE WIDESPREAD NARC CORRUPTION.**

CEMETERY

A picture of Chief Halls' late husband sits atop a fresh grave. The service comes to an end.

Halls is approached by the guys. Badges proudly swing around their necks. Harry chews Nicorette gum. Ray's tie is looser.

HARRY

He was a great man.

RAY
The best.

CHIEF HALLS
He'll rest better knowing they
didn't get away. So would your
father.

They nod. Ray, proud of himself for once.

They walk in silence. Chief Halls slips them paperwork.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
You earned it.

Guys take their TRANSFER ASSIGNMENTS.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Ray wanted to move to the 'burbs.
You're free to retire now. Full
pension. Case closed. Congrats.

The guys just stare at each other.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Or you can stay in Harlem.

BEAT.

HARRY
Harlem is home.

RAY
Suppose we both stayed here, can we
make one request?

CHIEF HALLS
On your mind?

RAY
I get to pick my partner.

HARRY
No doubt.

CHIEF HALLS
Who? Esposito. Highscooter. Balloon
Johnson?

The guys slowly smile. No look fist bump.

CHIEF HALLS (PRELAP) (CONT'D)
...Absolutely no fucking way!

PARKING LOT

The partners cruise through the sea of COPS. Aligned.
Respected. Tossing their transfer papers in the garbage.

Cowie joins their cool-kids strut through the pit.

Harry gives her a pound. Ray gives her a gun.

RAY

Welcome to the newest NARC member.
Dt. Cowie.

Harry slides her a badge.

HARRY

Wear it like you got a pair.

COWIE

Least I'm not swinging some old
cop's dick around.

HARRY

...Older the dick berry, sweeter
the dick juice.

RAY

Harry. This is a funeral. Stop
talking about my dad's dick!

COWIE

Isn't it blacker the dick, sweeter
the juice?

HARRY

People say old black --

COWIE

Don't crack.

The trio exit the station.

GEO METRO

Ray hugs and kisses Kim and Bonnie. Entering their cars to --

CHIEF HALLS

Fuck are you guys going?!

Harry and Ray, confused.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D (CONT'D)

It's 9AM. We got shit to do!

The trio wait a BEAT. MOVE IN ON HALLS --

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Listen up. You now know Ray loved
you both as his sons.

BEAT.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
He also has a daughter.

FREEZING the guys.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Who just stole a black market
safety deposit box.

Hands Ray SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of a **BAD ASS CHICK** in a
Balaklava racing through a bank lobby on a dirt bike.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Bank of London.

RAY
Why London?

Halls hands them UK Visas.

CHIEF HALLS
1993. Your father was sent there
for a secret mission.

HARRY
Must be a good reason he never said
anything...

CHIEF HALLS
A top NYPD CAPTAIN was sent over to
train MI6. Went rogue. Ray had 72
hours to find him. Bring him back.

BEAT.

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)
Your dad showed up to the
rendezvous 73 hours later. No
telling how much puss he slammed in
that extra hour. It was a lot.

RAY AND HARRY
We have a sister?

CHIEF HALLS

One we know of. Case gets even
closer to home: the cop Ray went to
catch was his partner before Harry.

The guys look at each other --

CHIEF HALLS (CONT'D)

The rogue cop was never seen again,
until now. We believe your sister's
working with him. A shit storm
brews in London.

HARRY

Let the The Gun Show *re-begin*.

Ray looks at Harry --

RAY

Re-begin isn't a word.

COWIE

And we need a new nickname.

Thinking.

RAY

This Gun's For Hire.

HARRY

Lock & Load: Gun's Blazing.

COWIE

Gun With The Wind?

Kim raises her hand.

KIM

...Sons Of The Gun.

Harry and Ray nod. That's the one.

HARRY & RAY

SONS OF THE GUN.

HARRY

Click.

RAY

Clack.

No look fist bump.

RAY (CONT'D)
Sun's out. Gun's out.

Makes a bicep muscle.

HARRY
Skies out. Thighs out.

Rolls up his pant leg to show skin.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Get in her. Get on her.

No one knows this part.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Can't cum in her? (points at
Bonnie) *Cum on her --*

COWIE
Too much. *Way* too much.

Chief Halls claps her hands.

CHIEF HALLS
Welcome to your first official
assignment, partners.

Hands Ray the file. All eyes on the guys. Ray looks at Harry.

RAY
Let's get this Gun Show...

LONG BEAT. Harry cracks his neck. Checks out Kim.

RAY (CONT'D)
Harry. That's your line. *Let's get
this Gun Show...*

Extending their fists to bump.

HARRY
On the fucking road.

Touching knuckles, we FREEZE FRAME.

KEYHOLE FADE OUT to CREDITS (modern font).