

HEROES AND VILLAINS

ENTERTAINMENT



1041 North Formosa Avenue
Santa Monica East Building, Suite 99, West Hollywood, CA 90046
voice: 323.850.2990 fax: 323.850.2991
www.heroesandvillains-ent.com

BELLA

Written by

Jason Markarian

David Boxerbaum
Verve Talent & Literary Agency
310.558.2424

Management:
Heroes and Villains Entertainment
323.850.2990

In 1980's NYC murder was king.

The cover sheet on the clipboard hanging in the station house of Brooklyn's blood-soaked 75th precinct said it all: 'You give us 22 minutes, we'll give you a homicide'.

Gunfire erupted so frequently that the cops didn't even bother responding to the sound until they knew a body had dropped.

Sex markets and drug trade thrived, homeless encampments dotted the streets.

Criminals painted the city in blood while corrupt politicians cut the police force by 1/3 and dirty cops moonlighted as muscle.

In '83 a young hotshot named Rudy Giuliani came in and was publicly credited as the catalyst for cleaning up the city, but that's not the true story... the true story is much bloodier, much dirtier, a ghost tale that they've been trying to hush for years...

Known as The Seven Days of Death.

This is that story.

'a cop, a killer, a priest & a bell...'

WELCOME TO FEAR CITY



A Survival Guide for Visitors to the City of New York

OVERHEAD OF A CITY--

Night.

Half lit skyscrapers pepper the blackness, bullying for position... everything in this city is a fucking fight.

Cut concrete and hard steel give the impression that it has an iron jaw... it doesn't.

A deck of cards sitting on gunpowder dusted pavement with gasoline shitting from it's sewers... always one spark away from burning to the fucking ground.

Rain pounds hard, relentless, but what else is new. Trying to cleanse the city, ain't working... what else is new.

If there's a God above us, these aren't his tears...

NEW YORK CITY - '82

The CLAP of thunder. Then another CLAP. Then TWO MORE in rapid fire until we realize...

..that ain't thunder--

SMASH IN ON:

A PACKED NIGHTCLUB--

Lights, gold, grease, tits, and chest hair... sweaty bodies bangin' to the beat... you can almost smell the cocaine on the page here... NYC in the 80's baby!

The Bee Gees 'stayin' alive' pumps from the club's speakers:

*you're stayin' alive
stayin' alive*

As...

A BULLET--

...exits the back of a skull, painting the wall **RED** with a sickening **Splat**...

*feel the city breakin' and everybody shakin'
and we're stayin' alive*

BANG! Another shot-- more blood.

Another-- sends a GUNMAN back like he's moonwalking, upends a table, champagne glasses fly.

Another-- to the dome, head explodes - ~~splat~~ Brains color in a fat club goer nearby's lack of chest hair...

Fat club goer with the new chest hair screams!

Barry Gibbs screams:

*ah, ha, ha ha, stayin' alive
ah, ha, ha, STAYN' ALIVE!*

It's a fucking party, man!

The artist creating the masterpiece, a WOMAN (40s) - a .45 Caliber 'brush' in each hand - plying her trade like a perverted Jackson Pollock as MEN WITH GUNS rush her from all angles...

BLUE, PINK, GREEN & PURPLE lights slice through the blood drenched dance floor as she moves like a singular killing machine, dropping bodies to Robin Gibbs wailing at us that he's got '*the wings of heaven on his shoes*' (whatever the fuck that means)...

BULLETS! BLOOD! BODIES!.....BULLETS! BLOOD! BODIES!

.....*a bang banger of a Friday night!*

Coked out, half naked, disco rats - not sure if this is actually happening or if that last rip of snow hit the head too hard - mad dash for the exits...

STAYIN' ALIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIVE!!

CLICK! CLICK! Dry fire as our girl re-clips and more men with guns pour out of the woodwork like cockroaches...

...she puts 'em down like she's wearing a size 50 boot!

BULLETS! BLOOD! BODIES!.....BULLETS! BLOOD! BODIES!

Taking fire to her vest, but moving like a toy train being whipped around by an enraged pre-schooler...

Violent.

Savage.

Uncontrollable.

.....but with absolute purpose.....

Finds cover, re-clips, catches her breathe then her distorted reflection off the hard chrome of the .45... a smile, then...

Back to the party--

BULLETS! BLOOD! BODIES!.....BULLETS! BLOOD! BODIES!

Takes one to the shoulder, a graze, bleeding, doesn't give a shit, let's it gush... no stopping it... just like her.

They come, they drop, music pumps, party's in full swing!

A few more seconds of killing before the place is dead...

Just our girl - on the dance floor over dozens of partners who couldn't keep up - waiting on someone else to tango with... Anyone? No-one?! ANYONE?! LET'S GO, MOTHERFUCKERS THE NIGHT IS STILL YOUNG!!

Spots a wounded gunman trying to do the worm off the dance floor... smiles, walks over, kicks the fucker onto his back.

ANGLE UP ON:

Our girl standing over him, covered in everyone else's blood, dripping off her like sweat, staring down at him as--

Barry Gibbs pleads:

*somebody help me
somebody help me, yeah!*

Cocks her head to the side for a split second... Considering? Maybe? Nah...

Puts a bullet through the iced out crucifix around the fat fucker's neck as the song finally ends.....

...nobody 'stayed alive'.

.....silence.....

Heavy breathing over a sea of dead bodies, when our girl DIGS INTO HER POCKET and pulls a SHINY QUARTER.

Tosses it across the room...

...the blood stained quarter glints off the reflective mirror disco ball as it soars through the air and punches into--

A JUKEBOX

Our girl pulls her piece with a perverted grin and... BAM!

...puts a bullet through G7.

The record pulls--

The needle drops--

Jessie's Girl comes on:

jessie is a friend

Our girl smiles a wicked smile, starts to move a little on
the dance floor, shoulders shimmy, hips sway... *she came to
party and she ain't done yet...*

Sings along with Rick Springfield:

OUR GIRL
I know he's been a good friend of
mine...

Moves to the Ricker singing like the 80's rock god that he
was:

OUR GIRL (CONT'D)
But lately something's changed that
ain't hard to define, Jessie's got
himself a girl and I want to make
her mine...

Just her, covered in blood, a gun in each hand, standing on
the dance floor over dozens of dead bodies singing and
swaying to RS like she's front row center at his concert...

Really getting into it now...

OUR GIRL (CONT'D)
AND SHE'S WATCHING HIM WITH THOSE
EYES!!

Shoots a look to an OFFICE upstairs as we--

SMASH CUT TO:

THE OFFICE

A dozen men with guns at the ready... waiting...

NO MUSIC HERE... just....

.....Silence.....

.....too long...

The guy they're protecting - the kind of guy who needs protecting - signals a few to check things out...

The men creep to the door as--

BULLETS RIP THROUGH IT...

...then through the poor fuckers standing behind it. Hot metal pierces their bones and organs, bullets filling the room, bodies jumping like they're doing the jig.

Then the door rips off the hinges and:

Knives slice through necks--

Bullets rip through brains--

Bones crunch and guts spew--

An absolute symphony of death as OUR GIRL VICIOUSLY SHREDS EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM, painting the room with their blood before they even know what hit 'em.

The only one left alive... the guy who needed protecting, the one she's *really* there for...

A fresh coat of everyone else's blood on her as she slowly walks towards the man...

OUR GIRL
Who put the hit out on the cop?

No answer, his eyes darting around the room, looking for an out...

She stands in front of him, blood dripping from her face and hair as she stares at him... asks again...

OUR GIRL (CONT'D)
Who. Put. The. Hit. Out. On. The.
Cop?!

Looks to her--

MAN
Who the fuck are you?!

Wrong answer--

BANG!
Keeps firing...

On the wall behind him, splattered in his own brains and blood as he dies ten times over:

BELLA

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - LATER

One less building bullying for position as the nightclub burns to the fucking ground...

In the distance, the smokey silhouette of Bella walking through the steam spitting manhole covers, disappearing into the black New York City night.

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - NYC - DAY

A hospital in 80's NYC... gunshot victims, overdoses, hooked out hookers and the occasional drunk cabbie who wrecked his ride... and it's not even fucking noon yet.

IN A PRIVATE ROOM--

A different soundtrack today:

Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep.....

As--

Bella sits over an OLDER MAN (60's) wired up to every type of machine you can imagine... All necessary, all pumping life into him. His chest bandaged up, a patchwork of gauze covering the worked on bullet holes decorating it...

She's cleaned up from her night on the town last night... she cleans up well.

Sits over him, uneasy, unsure, emotional, vulnerable... not the same Bella we saw demolishing the disco-tech...

A tear comes, she let's it fall, doesn't give a shit. Rubs the man's hand as he lies there... still, silent, but for:

Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep.....

Lovingly brushes some of his hair into place with her hand, a bit of blood from last night still caked under her fingernails...

Bella on the brink... when a MATRONLY NURSE (60's) enters and breaks the moment. She sees Bella and--

NURSE
Sorry, I--

Bella quickly screws it together and stands.

BELLA
I can leave if--

NURSE
No, it's okay.

She walks over to the man.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Just making my rounds.

She checks his vitals and jots a few things down in his chart, HUMMING BEAUTIFULLY the whole way through...

.....30 seconds of much needed solace.....

Then, with a smile, she turns to the man and softly...

NURSE (CONT'D)
Doing great, Jacob. Everything is looking really positive so you keep on fighting here fella.

Bella looks at her... a beat, then--

BELLA
He, uh...
(pained, struggling)
You think he can hear you like that?

She nods as she puts the chart back.

NURSE
I know he can.

She smiles...

NURSE (CONT'D)
I'll put the TV on...
(a wink)
He likes the news.

She puts the TV on and continues humming as she leaves.

On the screen, a HELMET HAIR NEWS REPORTER straight out of 80's central casting stands in front of the torched nightclub, running down last night's party...

HELMET HAIRED REPORTER
 Club goers at the popular nightspot
 B'Zar got more than they bargained
 for last night when a lone gunman
 crashed the party...

Bella just stares at the TV as a CRUDE COMPOSITE SKETCH of her hits the screen... it's fucking offensive, looks like a drunk on the Atlantic City boardwalk scribbled it up between pops.

Bella shakes her head, disgusted - and frankly a little insulted...

A second later a grid full of mug shots hits the screen, dozens of goombah's... we know these cats - Bella's dance partners who couldn't keep up...

HELMET HAIRED REPORTER (CONT'D)
 Among the victims, notorious mob
 boss Salvatore 'Chooch' Castrovano
 and his army of--

Bella grabs the brick sized remote chained to the hospital bed and clicks the power button, silencing the sloppy recap.

A few moments pass before Bella looks back to the man (Jacob, as we now know him to be)...

A long contemplative moment, a nervous half step forward, then--

BELLA
 So, yeah, about that... I, uh... I
 know that's not your way, but...

Looks away - having a really hard time with this - then back to Jacob; eyes full of pain, fear... guilt...

BELLA (CONT'D)
 What they did to you, dad...
 (can barely keep it
 together)
 ...look what they did to you.

A long beat - trying so hard not to break as she stares at her father; helpless, hooked up to all the machines, full of bullet holes...

Leans into him like a lost child...

BELLA (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. I wasn't here, I'm
 sorry...
 (MORE)

BELLA (CONT'D)
 If I was here to protect you... I
 should have been here...
 (exhales; gathering
 strength)
 I am now. I'm here now, dad, and I
 promise... I promise...

Bella inches closer... a tear falls onto her father as she
 leans into him with a WHISPER--

BELLA (CONT'D)
 I'm handling this. Every thing.
Every one. Until it's done. When
 you wake up, it'll be gone... like
 it never existed. Eradicated. I
 promise you that...
 (in a whisper)
 So don't worry okay. Nothing to
 worry about...

*Is that worry on Bella's face? The first chink in her armor
 maybe? Who's she really talking to here...?*

A moment passes before a PRIEST, making his rounds in the
 ICU, gently raps at the door...

PRIEST
 Would you like me to pray with you
 my child?

Bella just stares at him for a long moment... He's older,
 60's, kind eyes that look absolutely exhausted...

She considers, then--

BELLA
 You look tired.

PRIEST
 So do you.

BELLA
 Both doing God's work...

PRIEST
 And which God do you serve?

BELLA
 The old school fucker... Mr. Fire &
 Brimstone.

PRIEST
 Was that your 'work' last night?

Bella smiles then leans over and kisses Jacob on the forehead.

BELLA
I'm here... I'm here...

She gives him a long look...

BELLA (CONT'D)
See you soon, dad.

Another moment then turns and walks over to the priest.

They just stare at each other for a long beat...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Maybe just read to him? Talk to
him? Tell him it'll be okay and
that God's not a motherfucker
enough to let the one decent man in
this rat infested city die. Can you
do that?

Priest cracks the slightest of smiles...

PRIEST
Good to see you, Bella.

Bella smiles back...

BELLA
You too, Father.

They hug, it's genuine, familiar, history there...

PRIEST
You find peace last night?

BELLA
Not what I'm after...

PRIEST
You get what you were after?

BELLA
Yes and no...

PRIEST
Mmmm...

They just stare at each other for a long moment...

PRIEST (CONT'D)
It's all going to be okay.

BELLA

Oh, I'm going to make sure of
that...

So loaded...

A beat, then--

BELLA (CONT'D)
What're you driving these days?

Priest smiles a sly grin...

PRIEST
'79 Camaro Z28.

Bella just looks at him... a few moments before he begrudgingly pulls out the keys and tosses them to her.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
Be gentle, huh?

BELLA
When am I not?

Another look at each other with a smile... Bella heads for the door, but turns before leaving--

BELLA (CONT'D)
The dead still buried?

He hesitates for a moment, then--

PRIEST
And should stay buried...

Off Bella's wicked look we--

CUT TO:

A CHURCH CEMETERY - NIGHT

...and Bella deep into a grave, digging it out, filthy.

Lighter burned crack pipes and used heroin needles litter the area like discarded candy wrappers.

Another deep thrust of the shovel when--

WHACK!

...the buried treasure...

Bella digs around the coffin then lifts it up and uses the hard metal of the shovel to pry it open...

A body bag inside... opens it...

A FUCKING ARSENAL OF WEAPONS--

Grabs the bag and lifts it out of the coffin. Dusts herself off as she notices flowers resting next to the headstone...

Smiles.

Steps from the grave, throws the bag of goodies over her shoulder and disappears into the black night as we get our first look at the name on the headstone: **ISABELLA DOBBS**

The glint of the moonlight almost highlighting BELLA...

BORN AGAIN!

INT/EXT. PRIEST'S 79 CAMARO Z28 - LATER

...and Bella at the wheel, teeth gritted, screaming through the feculent NYC streets of '82: nickel peep show joints, flashy porno houses, diamond dusted pimps putting the smack on fishnet clad hookers, pushers pushin', hustlers hustlin' and all the bad boogiemen going BOO! in the night....

...and the baddest of 'em all - Bella - weaving in and out of cars, dodging oncoming traffic, pushing the Camaro like a gunslinger would a horse... a Jesus Fish on the back fender, GDS-CHLD hammered across the license plate, one thing on her mind...

...REVENGE!

INT. \$.05 PEEP SHOW JOINT - NIGHT

The joint doesn't have a name, doesn't have to, we know what it is...

Follow a LOVER-BOY taking a break from mom's basement for his Saturday night date... a pocket full of nickels and a dream.

Walks the neon dusted hallway to his--

CORNER ROOM

...enters, shuts the door, sits, gets comfy, pulls a handful of nickel's and his dick.

Scans the songs when...

Daryl Hall & John Oates 'you make my dreams' kicks in seemingly on it's own...

The funky falsetto of jerry curl wearing John Oates screams from the half working speaker:

*what i want, you've got
and it might be hard to handle*

Lover-Boy stares at the rusted out wall mounted juke-box, trying to figure how the fuck the music magically started playing, when--

The divider pulls and...

SMACK!

A GUY WITH HIS HEAD HALF HANGING OFF SLAMS AGAINST THE GLASS

Behind him, Bella, a blood soaked grin, kills another dude, then another, then another... catches Lover-Boy 'peepin', blows him a kiss...

Dick goes limp, slot closes...

Lover-Boy pulls a nickel, jams it into the machine, slot opens, another body hits the glass... then another, then another...

Bella putting on a fucking show!

She locks eyes with Lover-Boy and gives him a little ass shake... just a nickel's worth though :)

*oh yeah, well well you
you make my dreams come true*

Lover-Boy, chin nearly hitting his dick at this point, lowers his head to watch as much as he can until the slot closes... bangs another nickel in--

Another body, then another, then another...

In the background, neon lights flash: *BELLA, BELLA, BELLA* like they're cheering her on.

A blood soaked Bella puts the gun's SILENCER to her mouth like she's blowing it, does a little perverted dance of death then gives Lover-Boy a wink... *does she flash a tit? Nah, not for a nickel...*

...the slot closes.

Another nickel, but this time Bella is gone... leaving a pile of bloodied bodies, and Lover-Boy dateless with a limp dick.

MEANWHILE UPSTAIRS...

A DOOR busts open and a NICKEL SOARS ACROSS THE AIR IN SLO-MOTION landing in front of a PIMP counting stacks and stacks of dirty money...

He jumps up...

A WHISPER from the darkness:

BELLA (O.S.)
Dance for me motherfucker...

CUT TO:

THE PIMP STRUNG UP--

Naked, beaten, bloodied and terrified as Bella sits in his chair, his dirty money all around her...

PIMP
I swear I don't know who tried to
do the cop! I swear!

Bella shakes her head, puts a bullet into his leg, he screams, no-one gives a shit...

BELLA
Classy guy like you, your finger on
the pulse, you trying to tell me
that you don't know who put the
contract out?

Between sobs-

PIMP
I swear! I don't, I swear! Baby, at
this point I would tell you...

Bella just looks at him...

BELLA
We know each other?

PIMP
What?

BELLA
We know each other?

PIMP
What?!

BELLA
Disrespecting me with that 'baby'
shit like maybe you owe me one...

PIMP
I call everybody baby...

Bella shakes her head in disgust...

BELLA
Baby, baby, baby...

She levels the gun at his dick...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Gimme something, baby...

PIMP
Bones! Bones, baby... Bones!

Bella just looks at him, waves the gun to tell her more...

PIMP (CONT'D)
Cat up in Harlem. Creole from New
Orleans by way of Jamaica or some
shit. Psycho, man... rolls bones
and cuts the heads off live
chickens and shit. That voodoo.
Been beefin' wit the cops 'bout
some fleecin' they doing on his
spots... squeezin' him and shit.
Could be him sending a message, but
I don't know, I swear!

BELLA
Harlem Bones with the chickens,
huh?

PIMP
Dudes a witch!

Bella smiles, gets up, and starts walking out...

BELLA
Well I'm a ghost...

As she passes--

BELLA (CONT'D)
BOO!

He jumps. She laughs, continues past him, letting him live...

Exits the office, walks down the stairs and into the--

CHANGING ROOM

...and sea of half naked girls prepping for the night.

BELLA (CONT'D)
100k upstairs. Take what you want
and get everyone out of the
building. Leave the pimp. You have
5 minutes...

The girls look at Bella, gun in hand, covered in blood,
serious as a fucking heart attack.

BELLA (CONT'D)
4 minutes and 55 seconds...

They all mad dash for the stairs as we--

CUT TO:

EXT. \$.05 PEEP SHOW JOINT - **FIVE AND A HALF MINUTES LATER**

One less building bullying for position as the nameless peep
show joint burns to the fucking ground...

The half naked girls scurrying away with armfuls of cash
while Bella just looks on, blood covered and satisfied...

Catches eyes with Lover-Boy sipping on a root beer and eating
a slice of \$.25 pizza... grabs a stack of cash from a fleeing
girl and tosses it to him with a smile before getting into
the Camaro and peeling off down the road.

EXT. \$.05 PEEP SHOW JOINT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Cop cars circle what's left of the peep joint... it ain't
much.

Firetrucks just leaving the scene, Boys in blue still
everywhere... big mustaches and even bigger guts, twirling
batons with a million skull dented notches on them...

An UNMARKED comes screaming up, stopping inches away from
barreling through the crime scene...

the king of all 80's cops steps out from it... 40s, cowboy boots and a coke stained nose... Meet DETECTIVE ADLER DEETS.

Walks through the crime scene tape like he's finishing a marathon... zero fucks!

Looks around, pulls a Kool menthol from his crushed soft pack, lights it... a long drag, then a smile at a lady of the evening watching the festivities nearby--

DEETS
(smoke billowing from his mouth and nose)
Hot night in the city, huh?

She throws him the bird, he fawns looking insulted...

The officer in charge - some eager tool who doesn't deserve a name - hurries over with the stats...

UNNAMED OFFICER TOOL
Looks like someone may have torched the place...

Deets looks at him, then at the obviously torched building, then back at unnamed officer tool and shakes his head...

DEETS
Tip of the spear detective work, kid...

A long hull from his smoke...

DEETS (CONT'D)
What else you got?

UNNAMED OFFICER TOOL
Body inside, looks to be one Reginald Goodwin... pimp, snitch, hustler, etc... etc... still working on the positive though...
(with a shrug)
Cooked to a crisp.

Deets nods.

DEETS
Eyes?

UNNAMED OFFICER TOOL
Coupla whores, coupla homeless, creepy guy eating pizza...

DEETS
Indoor whores?

UNNAMED OFFICER TOOL
Outdoor whores.

Deets exhales... looks around...

DEETS
Where's creepy guy?

Unnamed Officer Tool points to a guy in the corner being questioned... we know him, it's Lover-Boy.

Walks over, nods to Lover-Boy, then to the OFFICER questioning him who steps aside to brief him...

Referencing the small white note-pad that you see in every 80's cop movie... thumbs through...

OFFICER
Apparently he was inside when it went down - standing Saturday night date...

They both instinctually cringe as the officer pushes on...

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Caught a room, paid the fare, up went the slot, not the show he bargained for...

Deets just gives the officer a look...

DEETS
What kind of show we talking?

OFFICER
The kind where some crazy woman kills a dozen men while dancing to Hall & Oates...

Deets thinks for a second, sniffs hard, the coke drip, swallows it, eyes pin for the second round high off his bump... it's good shit... *lifted from the evidence room, it better be.*

DEETS
What song?

The officer references his notes then turns to Lover-Boy...

OFFICER
What song?

Lover-Boy just stares at him... huh?

OFFICER (CONT'D)
When you were watching the lady
kill all the bad guys... what Hall
& Oates song?

LOVER-BOY
You Make My Dreams...

DEETS
(singing)
You make my dreams come
true...

OFFICER
(singing)
You make my dreams come
true...

Both nod, *good tune, catchy...*

DEETS
Can he ID her?

OFFICER
She was drenched in blood, so...

Officer shrugs...

DEETS
Get me a composite of our girl who
torched that club last night...

Officer nods. Starts off then turns back--

OFFICER
Oh, and get this... apparently
crazy killer lady warned everyone
to get out before she burned the
place down...

DEETS
Hmmm... interesting...

Deets flick his smoke then pulls another, lights it, a long
hull as he thinks for a second, wheels turning...

DEETS (CONT'D)
Good work, officer...

Gives the Officer a slap on the arm and walks over to Lover-
Boy...

DEETS (CONT'D)
My guy tells me you got more than
your nickels worth tonight...

The stack of cash hidden in Lover-Boys drawers, he definitely got more than his nickel's worth...

LOVER-BOY
It was a show...

DEETS
Can you ID the star?

LOVER-BOY
Maybe?

Deets yells to the officer...

DEETS
Where's my mark-up?

The officer hustles over with a photographed copy of the composite sketch we saw on the TV earlier... that was bad, this photocopied version is worse.

Deets grabs it and shows it to Lover-Boy.

DEETS (CONT'D)
This her?

Lover-Boy looks at the joke of a composite sketch... uh...

DEETS (CONT'D)
(a slight nod)
Nod yes.

Lover-Boy slowly nods yes.

DEETS (CONT'D)
Boom. Positive ID, good.

Throws the composite sketch to nobody in-particular, it falls to the ground, doesn't matter...

Then he yells to nobody in-particular...

DEETS (CONT'D)
Got a fire-starter with a bloodlust
for baddies out there, gents...

Deets walks past the officer on his way back to his car...

DEETS (CONT'D)
Run a check on crispy the pimp's
known associates and cross them
with Castrovano and the wops that
got greased last night.
(MORE)

DEETS (CONT'D)
Gimme the matches... got a feeling
this is personal for her.

The officer nods.

DEETS (CONT'D)
(over his shoulder as he
heads for his car)
And lemme know if you find anything
else in the peep joint might get me
hard... I'm'a go knock on some
doors.

LOVER-BOY
Hey! Don't I get a reward or
something for this?

Deets digs into his pocket, pulls a quarter and thumbs it to
Lover-Boy...

DEETS
Grab yourself another slice.

Gets into his car and peels away.

INT. CHURCH OF HEAVENLY REST - ATTIC - NIGHT

The place is empty but for broken church pews, busted
candelabras, rusted offering trays and a few religious
statues that look worse than Bella's composite sketch...

A tattered mattress on the floor, the who's who of NYC
baddies tacked to the wall... photos and mug shots from end
to end...

...and Bella, wet hair from having just showered, standing
over them in an oversized STEVIE WONDER concert T.

A massive X over Salvatore 'Chooch' Castrovano's mug shot.
She picks up a marker and adds an X over Reginald 'Crispy
Pimp' Goodwin's mug... NEXT!!!!!!

Stares at the rest of the shots, studying them, when--

THE TIP OF A GUN'S SILENCER slowly creeps towards the back of
her head from the darkness...

Before it kisses her skull she turns and, moving like
lightning, punches it out of the hitter's hand.

The dude steps from the darkness, 40's, a hard looking
motherfucker with purpose in his eyes...

a savage grin, ready, pulls a blade, slashes at Bella who lunges back and rips off her T in stride...

Just a bra and panties on now as she wraps Stevie Wonder around her arm and blocks the next knife thrust, then another, then another...

Dives onto one of the pews then flips over it to gain some distance...

...but this hard motherfucker keeps coming:

SLASHING!

KICKING!

MOVING LIKE A RUNAWAY TRAIN!

Jesus fucking Christ this guy's good!

Even the busted up religious statues look impressed...

Bella on the defensive, on her back, monkey rolling to get distance while the hitter stands over her, stomping as he follows, trying to crush her skull with his boot...

She grabs a rusted offering tray and holds it up as a shield, just in time to deflect his size 12 steel toed shit kicker from caving in her face...

Pushes him back enough to fling the tray like a frisbee...

OOOF!

Hits him in the neck, he falls back choking.

Bella moves to a busted pew where a SHOTGUN hides underneath, grabs it, pulls it, points it...

He was able to grab his gun too...

They both lie on the floor, bloodied, busted, breathing heavy, gun barrels pointing at each other...

HARD LOOKING MOTHERFUCKER
I had you to the dome while you
were stargazing at America's most
wanted.

Bella rolls her eyes...

BELLA
Fuck you, I smelled your cheap
cologne while I was in the shower.

The man puts his gun down.

HARD LOOKING MOTHERFUCKER
Getting soft, baby doll...

BELLA
Save that macho 'baby doll' shit
for the cheap seats...

He gets to his feet and tries to help her up. She swats his hand away.

BELLA (CONT'D)
I don't need your help.
(to herself)
Fucking jackass...

He smiles as she gets up on her own, slowly...

Gives him a hard look as she goes to grab her T to put back on... *every kind of tension you can think of between these two.*

The guy pulls a pack of smokes from his pocket as Bella tosses the T back on... shredded to threads, might as well still be shirtless...

Stares at the guy as he lights his smoke--

BELLA (CONT'D)
Fucking prick, I loved this T!

A long hull as he smiles and blows the smoke out his nose and mouth...

HARD LOOKING MOTHERFUCKER
You had better. I paid \$20 for it
when I took you to the show.

Bella walks over and grabs the smoke from his mouth... a drag then puts it out on his jacket.

Looks around at the Church...

BELLA
Have a little respect for once,
would ya?!

The guy laughs and nods to Bella's murder list on the wall...

FREEZE FRAME

On his wicked grin...

JERICHO 'so bad ass he deserves the one fucking freeze frame in the movie' DEK, ladies and gentleman.

ACTION RESUMES

On Jericho walking to the door...

JERICHO
Let's go...

BELLA
Where?!

JERICHO
(over his shoulder as he
leaves)
To get pie...

Off Bella's annoyed look we--

CUT TO:

A DINER

Apple pie, coffee and the two of them sitting across from each other, silent...

Jericho pours the 18th creamer into his coffee...

Bella looks at his stomach then back at him--

BELLA
Still with all that cream, huh?

He smiles, adds another for good measure...

JERICHO
Why didn't you invite me clubbing
last night?

BELLA
Didn't need a dance partner.

JERICHO
And tossin' the peep joint? That
some kind of woman's empowerment
statement you're making?

BELLA
I look like I need to make a
statement to feel empowered?

Is she going to dive over the table and strangle him? Maybe? That would be a statement...

Jericho smiles, a bite of his pie...

A long beat as he looks at her, heavy eyes--

JERICHO
I'm sorry about your dad.

It's genuine.

Bella nods, swallowing the pain, as Jericho drills down another bite...

JERICHO (CONT'D)
(a mouthful of pie)
What's the plan?

BELLA
Kill 'em all.

JERICHO
Simple plan.

BELLA
Simple gal.

JERICHO
Any ideas?

BELLA
Not yet, but I'm working on it...

Jericho smiles.

BELLA (CONT'D)
Harlem Bones with the chickens...
ring any bells?

JERICHO
Yep.

A long beat, then--

BELLA
And...?

JERICHO
It's a serious bell, Bell.

BELLA
(shaking her head)
Lame...

JERICHO
You asking me for help?

BELLA
Fuck you.

Jericho smiles, shovels more pie into his trap...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Tell me about him...

A beat as Jericho considers, then...

JERICHO
Why'd you leave?

BELLA
Now? Really?!

Jericho just stares at her, hurt plain on his face... she sees it, relents, owes him an explanation, exhales as she looks away...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Protect my dad.

She laughs to herself - the irony - as she pushes the emotion back...

BELLA (CONT'D)
They weren't gonna stop coming for me. Sure as shit weren't gonna get me...

Jericho laughs.

BELLA (CONT'D)
I kept busting up their operations and... matter of time before the money was too much and they came for him to get to me... the badge would only protect him for so long.

Beat.

BELLA (CONT'D)
So I killed myself and disappeared...

JERICHO
Killed me too.

Fucking loaded!

Bella nods... what can she even say to that?

JERICHO (CONT'D)
How's life after death?

Bella takes a sip of her coffee, forks at her pie.

BELLA
Apple pie.

JERICHO
Got a regular job type job?

BELLA
What's a regular job type job?

JERICHO
Something where you're punchin' a
clock and not someone's ticket...

Bella smiles, nods.

JERICHO (CONT'D)
Customer service or some shit like
that? Real estate? You peddling
real estate?!

BELLA
You looking to relocate?

JERICHO
And leave all this?

Across the street a working girl flashes her ass at a
potential John driving by as her pimp yells out 'it's good
shit'...

JERICHO (CONT'D)
Never.

They smile...

An uncomfortable beat while Jericho screws it up to ask...

JERICHO (CONT'D)
Anyone... husband?

Almost chokes on the word.

Bella just stares at him... Jericho nods, different life,
gets it.

JERICHO (CONT'D)
I'm sorry you had to come back...

BELLA

Yeah...

JERICHO

Can you at least say it's not all bad? I'm right fucking here, can you at least stroke my ego a bit and humor me for a goddamn second?

Bella smiles, it's genuine.

BELLA

Nah...

Jericho shakes his head.

JERICHO

How's the priest?

BELLA

Biblical.

JERICHO

He coming outta retirement? Maybe shed the collar for one more lap?

Bella shakes her head.

BELLA

Those days are over for him, I wouldn't ask him for that. He's helping where he can though, with dad daily, things like that...

Jericho nods.

JERICHO

You know it's only a matter of time before they realize it's you... I went to the grave, Bella, you fucking dug it up and left it open...

Bella nods, grits her teeth.

BELLA

I want 'em to know who's coming.

JERICHO

They find out it's you, every hitter in New York City's gonna be shining their gun for that trophy...

(MORE)

JERICHO (CONT'D)
Bella's head on their mantle...
they're gonna tear out your fucking
heart.

BELLA
They already did.

Bella slugs her coffee then gets up and goes into her pocket.

JERICHO
Hey...

Jericho shakes his head, no. Bella smiles.

JERICHO (CONT'D)
Lemme help you.

Bella just looks at him, Jericho nods, gets it....

JERICHO (CONT'D)
I had you. You know it, I had
you...

Bella nods and leans down as she walks by, kisses him softly
on the lips...

BELLA
(a whisper)
Yeah you did...

They just look at each other for a long loaded moment...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Thanks for the pie, stud. Lay off
the cream...

Bella smiles and exits the diner.

Jericho watches her through the window as she disappears.....

.....again.

His face grows hard as we--

MATCH CUT TO:

THAT SAME HARD LOOK --

But now instead of staring out at Bella we--

WIDEN TO REVEAL

...he's staring across a table at HARLEM BONES.

6'3", 320 pounds with a face like an elephants ass from two-a-days at the tanning salon. His head lumpy and misshapen, his skin covered with faded basement tats... dudes about as ugly as a man can be before you're forced to look away...

Sitting across from Jericho, staring at him, a half dozen sycophant soldiers on each hip, foaming at the fucking mouth... *welcome to the psychopath factory!*

Bones speaks with that Jamaica meets Creole meets NYC spit--

HARLEM BONES

And why should I believe you, I'm next? Ain't have nuttin' to do wit that cop gettin' hit...

JERICHO

Don't matter you did or not. She thinks you might have, you did...

Bones smiles, gold teeth before they were even fashionable...

Shakes his hand, lets it go, CHICKEN BONES roll onto the table... he studies them, smells them, looks back at Jericho--

HARLEM BONES

We believe you...

We...?

HARLEM BONES (CONT'D)

Why you here though, what it do for you?

JERICHO

Two reasons... she turned her back on me, so fuck her. And money...

Bones gives him a look... in the b.g a SQUAWKING CHICKEN runs by... in a brownstone... in Harlem... no one seems to think that's strange.

HARLEM BONES

Mmmmmhmmm...

JERICHO

500k, I'll kill her when she comes...

Bones laughs, looks around at his soldiers...

HARLEM BONES

I have killers...

Jericho looks at the soldiers, laughs out loud...

JERICHO
No you don't.

The dozen men all pulls guns... JERICHO POUNCES!

It doesn't last but 30 seconds, but it's vicious, it's savage, and it's a fucking statement... broken bodies everywhere, Jericho covered in everyone's blood but his own, standing behind Bones, a blade to his neck...

Leans in with a whisper...

JERICHO (CONT'D)
You need to roll them bones again
or we good?

Bones rolls them bones again, the blade to his neck... studies them, leans in to smell them, the blade cuts his neck a bit, blood trickles, a slow grin--

HARLEM BONES
We good.

Jericho smiles.

MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE ACROSS TOWN...

A size 12 cowboy boot stomps on some poor bastards skull... we follow the boot----> the leg ^ the body----> DEETS, possessed, working the fucker's skull like a foot-pump.

DEETS
GIMME WHAT YOU GOT! GIMME WHAT YOU GOT!

POOR FUCKER
Ain't got nothin', man! Ain't know nothin' 'bout no lady killin--

STOMP!

A TOOTH flies from his mouth as we FOLLOW IT off the balcony to--

DEETS SOARING THROUGH THE AIR, crashing down on ANOTHER GUY from having jumped off the balcony three floors up... SAVAGE!

They land on the ultimate 80's shagin' wagon with a--

THUD!

Bones break, blood sprays, DOLLY PARTON'S '9 to 5' starts playing from the pancaked wagon's tape-deck as Deets beats the bag outta this dude in synch with the opening piano key licks:

doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo...

QUICK CUTS of:

Deets beating on VARIOUS GUYS to Dolly singing--

*tumble outta bed
and stumble to the kitchen*

ANOTHER GUY flying face first from his bedroom, half naked, half asleep, stumbling into his kitchen as Deets, gun raised, charges after him...

pour myself a cup of ambition

Deets smashing a full coffee pot over ANOTHER POOR SAP's head, scalding hot coffee nearly melts the dudes face off...

yawn and stretch and try to come to life

Deets yawns, stretches, rips another key bump of coke...

*jump in the shower
and the blood starts pumping*

Deets, in a shit-stained bathroom, choking ANOTHER GUY with a shower curtain while blood pours from every orifice of the poor fuckers body

out on the streets, the traffic starts jumpin'

Deets chasing ANOTHER GUY across a busy NYC street, dodging cars when a BUS comes flying in and BOOM! runs the poor fucker over... Deets barely even flinches cause he's--

WORKING 9-5!

.....*what a way to make a livin'!*

We keep on Deets at work as Dolly serenades us those blue collar troubles:

- beats some guy with a yellow pages!
- beats some guy with a stolen hub cap at a chop shop!
- chokes some guy out with the dudes own fucking belt, his drawers around his ankles, guy pisses his underwear...

Deets going berserk as Dolly proclaims:

I SWEAR SOMETIMES THE MAN IS OUT TO GET ME!

End montage of cuts on:

Deets on top of ANOTHER SCUMBAG, his .45 jammed into the guys mouth...

DEETS
Huh? What?!

Struggling to speak...

THE SCUMBAG
(muffled)
Bella!

Deets pushes the gun farther down the dudes throat...

DEETS
Fuck you just say?!

THE SCUMBAG
(choking on the gun)
Bella, man! Hear it's some chick
named Bella!

Deets looks like he just saw a ghost...

DEETS
(to himself, horrified)
No...

Off Deets's fallen face we--

CUT TO:

BELLA...

...in the CHURCH ATTIC--

Smacking a fully loaded clip into a bad ass looking gun with a grenade launcher attached to it.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

...the arsenal of weapons laid out around her... prepping for the fucking war!

She picks up an EXPLOSIVE DEVICE as we--

MATCH CUT TO:

AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE...

...being rigged to a doorway.

PULL BACK to reveal:

JERICHO booby trapping Harlem Bones's brownstone...

PULL BACK FURTHER to reveal:

BOMBS everywhere...

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM as we--

FAST FORWARD through both Bella and Jericho readying for war:

-Bella loads her arsenal, checks her explosives, pours over schematics of Harlem Bones's brownstone

-Jericho continues to rig Harlem Bones's entire brownstone with explosives, throws guns to dozens of soldiers, positions men all over the compound

ACTION RESUMES TO NORMAL SPEED AS:

THE SCREEN DIVIDES INTO TWO HALVES--

HALF LEFT: Bella, stunningly savage, wearing a tight black body suit, slicked back hair with a rouge lip and a bullet proof vest with all the trimmings... dressed to kill (literally) loading her arsenal into the Camaro Z28

HALF RIGHT: Jericho, a bullet proof vest on, strapped with guns, knives and grenades checks his watch as he readies his men and activates the bombs

A THIRD BOX RISES UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN...

It keeps rising, slowly erasing both Bella and Jericho, eventually revealing DEETS - in full frame - standing over Bella's dug up grave...

He stares straight into the camera:

DEETS

Fuck!

Suddenly the sky opens and it starts to pour...

The CLAP of thunder. Then another CLAP. Then TWO MORE in rapid fire until we realize...

..that ain't thunder--

SMASH IN ON:

4 DEAD GUYS WHO USED TO BE GUARDING THE FRONT DOOR--

...bullet shots to the head.

And Bella with a MASSIVE BOOM-BOX out on the roof of the Camaro, scanning a little container full of CASSETTE TAPES:

Stevie Wonder
Chicago
John Mellencamp
Toto

...what's she feeling, what's she feeling..?

A smile as she keys in on the one she knows she can groove to: pulls it, stuffs it into the boom-box's tape-deck...

Hits play and CRANKS THE VOLUME as a RASPY VOICE rings out:

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAW!

...and the funky base lick of JAMES BROWN'S 'get up offa that thing' kicks in:

boom, yeah, boom, yeah, say it now...

...and JB screaming at the top of his lungs as we--

CUT TO:

JERICHO

Smiling... he knows what this is: *BELLA'S WAR CRY!*

QUICK CLIPS OF:

I'm back! - a bullet through the window takes another guy out

I'm back! - another bullet whistles in, another body drops

I'm back! - ~~splat~~ A head explodes

I'm back! - a guy with a third eye dances back, flips ass over end down a flight of stairs

The sound of BULLET SHOTS duet with the funky song as JB urges us to:

*get up offa that thing
and dance 'till you feel better*

BACK TO:

Jericho turning to Harlem Bones--

JERICHO
Stay here. Don't move.

Slaps the clip to ready in his .50 Cal killer, smiles and goes out to join the party--

CUT TO:

THE PARTY

...full fucking throttle as James Brown continues to provide the dance music and Bella eviscerates dozens of soldiers...

BULLETS! **BLOOD!** BODIES!.....BULLETS! **BLOOD!** BODIES!

They come, they drop, she moves like nothing we've ever seen before...

A soldier flies out of the darkness like a wolverine, a knife in hand. Bella spin kicks him, catching him in mid air and sending him back into a wall, landing on one of the bombs Jericho set--

KABOOM!

The guy explodes into dozens of pieces, his body absorbing the impact of the bomb.

Brains and guts hit Bella as her face drops, takes cover, quickly looks around...

QUICK CUTS OF HER POV AS SHE SCANS THE ROOM:

Bomb
Bomb
Bomb
Bomb
Bomb
Bomb

The whole fucking place is rigged... they knew she was coming...but how?!

All the sudden Jericho emerges from the darkness, storming at her, gun raised, has her dead to rights... BANG!

THE WORLD AROUND US SLOWS AS WE--

Follow a BULLET in SLO-MOTION screaming towards Bella's head...

She's got no chance, the bullet whistling towards her, centimeters from her head, when...

...it dusts her hair and buries itself into the forehead of a soldier behind her!

She looks at Jericho who just winks at her and mouths 'you're welcome'...

She rolls her eyes, stands and gets back to back with him...

JERICHO
Place is wired!

BELLA
Yeah, no shit!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

They both take two more out.

BELLA (CONT'D)
Fuck are you doing?!

BANG! BANG!

Jericho drops two more--

JERICHO
Saving your ass!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Bella drops three more then turns and BANG! shoots the hand off a soldier with a knife charging towards Jericho... hand drops, knife drops, soldier drops...

BELLA
You were saying?!

A shit eating grin on Jericho's face--

JERICHO
Hot damn, I missed this!

They disengage as they continue to put on the most spectacular killing display we've ever seen...

BULLETS! **BLOOD!** BODIES!.....BULLETS! **BLOOD!** BODIES!

A surgical presentation of death and destruction as James Brown yells at us to 'get on up' and they storm the brownstone, turning it into their personal funhouse of death!

Every time it looks like they might be fucked, Jericho sets off a bomb he's hidden or a booby trap he's rigged - killing dozens of men - and opening it all back up for them... it's an incredible display!

A sea of broken bodies, Jericho and Bella standing over them, James Brown still yelling, the brownstone moaning...

JERICHO (CONT'D)
Gonna crumble any second, we need to go!

BELLA
Where's Bones?!

CUT TO:

HARLEM BONES

Standing in front of a door, gun in hand...

The door busts open!

He fires, they fire, bullets scream pass each other, everyone is hit!

Bella and Jericho to the vests, Bones to the head... two bullets, one center forehead the other through his mouth...

They just stare at him... a beat then...

JERICHO
I was the forehead.

Bella shakes her head as the building GROWLS again, louder!

Jericho looks at her--

JERICHO (CONT'D)
Gotta move!

BELLA
Not yet, not yet!

Jericho just gives her a look...

JERICHO

What?!

As we--

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM BONES'S BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER

...and Bella and Jericho fumbling out the door, holding and trying to coral A DOZEN LIVE CHICKENS...

BELLA

I didn't need your goddam help!

JERICHO

Yes ya did!

A chicken's wing flaps up and whacks Jericho in the mouth...

BELLA

Nope!

Jericho spitting feathers--

JERICHO

A thank-you would be nice...

BELLA

Never!

Bella looks over to find the priests Z-28 Camaro pancaked in with 6 dead bodies on top of it...

The WAIL OF POLICE SIRENS in the b.g.

Bella turns to Jericho--

BELLA (CONT'D)

I need your help...

JERICHO

What the fuck do we do with these chickens?

Off Bella's look we--

CUT TO:

JERICHO'S '71 BOSS 442

Screaming down the NYC street, a DOZEN CHICKENS frantically pin-ballng around inside as Jericho aggressively takes corners...

Feathers flying...

Chickens shitting...

Jericho, clearly pissed, white knuckling the wheel.

A long moment of silence before--

BELLA

What were we supposed to--

JERICHO

DON'T! Just...

Jericho exhales deeply as he takes his aggression out on the mighty 442's gas peddle...

Bella just stares ahead as a CHICKEN turns to Jericho, stares at him, then ANGRILY SQUAWKS in his face.

Bella looks at the chicken--

BELLA

You and me both...

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Jericho's horse pulls up outside of the hospital, engine sweating, breathing heavy...

INSIDE THE CAR--

Bella looks to the hospital then to Jericho; vulnerable, self-conscious...

BELLA

Got a towel or something? Don't want to be around dad like this...

Jericho looks at her; she's pained, scared... he nods.

Shoo's a couple chickens off a shirt in the back seat, hands it to her.

She wipes the blood off her face, neck and hands...

JERICHO

It wasn't Bones, by the way...
Talked to him about it, probed him
while I was playing the set-up,
wasn't him.

BELLA

He was due.

Bella finishes wiping down then gives the blood stained shirt back to him...

BELLA (CONT'D)

How do I look?

He looks at her, reaches over, wipes some blood from her face... she's beautiful... wants to say it, but nods instead... it's his way and it's enough.

They stare at each other for a long moment, then--

BELLA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

JERICHO

Fuck you.

She smiles as she opens the car door...

JERICHO (CONT'D)

Front?

BELLA

Nah. Cops are everywhere inside.
Whoever else too... maybe they know
it's me by now...

Jericho nods.

As she gets out--

JERICHO

What the fuck do I do with all
these chickens?!

BELLA

(over her shoulder)
You'll figure it out...

He just smiles to himself as he watches her creep up to the side of the hospital, scales the wall, and sneaks into--

JACOB'S HOSPITAL ROOM

The dim lights of the life-support machines illuminating the darkness as she crawls in from the window.

A small army of cops guarding the door, bullshitting too loudly, and--

Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep.....

Bella quietly locks the door then pulls up a chair next to her father's bed. She grabs his hand--

BELLA (CONT'D)
Hey dad...

But he doesn't answer... just--

Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep.....

She rests her head on his shoulder, shuts her eyes...

Silence but for the sound of Jacob hanging on for dear life and Bella crying herself to sleep...

FADE TO BLACK.

.....TEN SECONDS OF BLACKNESS.....

As the SOUND OF RAIN assaulting the city GROWS LOUDER and we--

FADE IN ON:

AN OVERHEAD SHOT OF--

HARLEM BONES'S BROWNSTONE (what's left of it) as we--

CRANE DOWN WITH THE RAIN, following it...

...through the roof that's no longer there, past a wall half blown to shit, to meet--

DEETS, standing in the middle of it all, studying the scene, stepping all over the chalk outlined bodies (what's left of them) as the hard rain tries to rip right through him...

DEETS
(to himself, looking
around)
Bella, Bella, Bella...

A chalked up arm here, a leg missing it's foot there, a bleeding torso fucking up it's chalk outline over there...

is that... is that some dudes blown off head on the mantle there?!

DEETS (CONT'D)
...beautiful.

Deets walks over and stares at the head--

DEETS (CONT'D)
Talk to me, pal...

He waits... nope.

DEETS (CONT'D)
Yeah, so what else is new.

An OFFICER approaches...

OFFICER
So, from what I can tell, it looks
like--

DEETS
Save it.

Deets looks around...

DEETS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Gotta be something... gimme,
something here, Bella...

Shakes his head...

DEETS (CONT'D)
No way this was just one hitter...

OFFICER
One hitter?!

The officer looks at the sea of dead bodies...

OFFICER (CONT'D)
I'm thinking twenty, twenty-five
maybe... rival gang, probably...

He fades off as Deets just ignores him and walks on by...

Heads outside, studies the area, looks around for something, anything that stands out, when he spots the PRIEST'S CAMERO Z-28... out of place in a neighborhood like this...

Pancaked in, dead bodies bleeding all over it... leans down to get a look at the license plate, moves a dead guys draped hand from shielding it... GDS-CHLD.

A smile...

DEETS
...ask and you shall receive.

INT. CHURCH OF HEAVENLY REST - LATER THAT NIGHT

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Four loud raps on the door as Priest hurries to open it...

DEETS stands outside with a smile, rain still pouring hard.

PRIEST
Church is closed for the night,
son...

DEETS
Of course it is, this is a personal
matter...

Flashes his badge, looks inside...

DEETS (CONT'D)
May I?

PRIEST
Of course, of course...
(opening the door to allow
him inside)
Please.

Deets enters, semi-uneasy - last time he was in a church some whiskey breathed priest was dunking him in a basin...

Priest looks to the pews...

PRIEST (CONT'D)
Sit, sit.

Deets dusts the rain from his hair, sits, Priest follows - a worried look on his face he's trying to mask...

PRIEST (CONT'D)
What can I do for you, officer?

Deets looks around...

DEETS
You, uh...

Looks back to Priest.

DEETS (CONT'D)
You own a '79 Camaro Z-28 license
plate GDS-CHLD.

PRIEST
I do...

Deets just nods...

DEETS
Can I see it?

PRIEST
It was, uh... it was actually
stolen recently...
(beat...)
Is that why you're here? Did you
find it?

DEETS
Did you report it stolen?

PRIEST
I didn't...

DEETS
Then why would you assume I found
it?

They're dancin', Priest decides to lead for a second...

PRIEST
A police officer knocks on my door
at 11pm asking about my car that
was recently stolen, I assume the
connection...

Deets nods...

DEETS
Why didn't you report it stolen?

PRIEST
I'm a benefit of the doubt kind of
guy... figured maybe they'd return
it...

DEETS
That a 'turn the other cheek'
thing?

PRIEST
Called faith.

Deets laughs out loud.

DEETS
Found it pancaked in with six dead
bodies on it outside a murder
mansion up in Harlem tonight.

Priest just looks at him...

PRIEST
Well that's upsetting.

DEETS
(with a shrug)
They were drug dealers and killers,
so...

He flicks the comment out like stale bread to a pigeon,
Priest doesn't bite...

PRIEST
All God's children.

Deets laughs.

DEETS
He needs to make some cuts...

A moment of silence before--

PRIEST
Can I--

DEETS
Where were you tonight, Father?

PRIEST
Here. At the church...

DEETS
All night?

PRIEST
Yes.

DEETS
Anyone corroborate that?

Priest looks to the sky...

PRIEST
Just me and God.

DEETS
Yeah, he ain't been helpful in
years...

A moment then--

DEETS (CONT'D)
Lemme ask you something, how hard
was it for you to change your ways?

Priest just looks at him, smiles through gritted teeth...

PRIEST
You need to confess, officer.

DEETS
Nope.

Deets pulls a folder he's been hiding inside his overcoat, opens it... MUG SHOTS of a much younger Priest with a RAP SHEET a mile long...

Priest doesn't even fucking glance at it...

PRIEST
Born again...

Enough dancin'...

DEETS
Speaking of born again... where is
she?

Priest just looks at Deets...

DEETS (CONT'D)
Look, your car was found at the
scene of a massacre, you have no
alibi and a rap sheet a mile
long... I put this on you and take
you in for questioning or you tell
me where she is. I went to the
grave, I know it's her. I know you
know... help me. She can't keep
killing like this without a bullet
eventually kissing her back and I
know you don't want that.

Silence.

DEETS (CONT'D)
I know her father. I like him. A lot. Great cop, better man--

PRIEST
Are you a great cop, better man?

DEETS
I'm effective.

They lock eyes...no one's fucking blinking.....

Another moment before Deets cocks a smile--

DEETS (CONT'D)
I want to get whoever tried to punch his ticket as badly as anyone, but killing through the city of New York to do it ain't the way...

PRIEST
I agree.

DEETS
But you won't help me...

PRIEST
If I could...

As if on cue A SQUAWKING CHICKEN comes steaming by... then another... then another...

The men just stare at each other...

DEETS
Building The Ark?

PRIEST
Something like that...

DEETS
Okay, okay, okay, okay...

Deets nods, smiles, looks to Priest with hard eyes...

DEETS (CONT'D)
You like the Police, Father?

PRIEST
I do...

As Deets gets up, over his shoulder as he leaves...

Singing the lyrics to The Police's 'every breath you take':

DEETS
I'll be watching you...

He exits as Priest's face hardens.

INT. CHURCH OF HEAVENLY REST - ATTIC

Priest stands in front of the wall Bella put together with all the mug shots on it... 3 down, a lot to go... he exhales deeply.

EXT. CHURCH OF HEAVENLY REST - MOMENTS LATER

Priest exits the church, locks up, looks around as he pulls his jacket collar tight against the driving wind and rain and heads off up the street...

In the distance, HEADLIGHTS blink on and a CAR slowly creeps to follow as we--

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Three light taps at the door wakes Bella from her sleep... another tap then the sound of something being sent in under the door.

Bella cautiously walks over, a note, opens it, reads it:

it's me, we need to talk

Bella quietly unlocks the door as Priest enters and shuts it right behind him.

BELLA
How bad?

PRIEST
Bad enough that the police paid me a visit...

Bella nods.

BELLA
The car?

Priest nods. Bella shakes her head...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Got out of hand and...

PRIEST
It's okay, but we have to talk...

Bella looks at her father then back at Priest--

BELLA
Not here.

PRIEST
Can't leave just yet, the cop
followed me here...

Priest exhales, thinks...

PRIEST (CONT'D)
The hospital rectory. Two floors
up, can you get to it?

Bella nods.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
Meet me there...

Bella makes her way to the window. Priest waits until she's
gone then walks over to Jacob... exhales...

PRIEST (CONT'D)
I know. I know. I'll protect her,
whatever it takes. Whatever it
takes, you have my word...

Kisses Jacob on the forehead then leaves the room as we--

CUT TO:

THE HOSPITAL RECTORY

...and Bella and Priest mid convo--

PRIEST
This is not the way, Bella.

BELLA
Then how?

PRIEST
Let the police handle it...

BELLA

You mean the idiots laughing and
grab assin' outside of dad's
hospital room all day and night?

(through gritted teeth)

They couldn't help mom, they won't
help dad... it's me.

PRIEST

This one that visited me today is
different... he's complicated, but
I saw it in his eyes, he wants
it...

Bella just looks away, shakes her head, can't hear it...

Priest just stares at her, smiles...

PRIEST (CONT'D)

You were eight when we started? You
remember?

Bella smiles and nods...

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Came home crying that some boy was
picking on you and embarrassing
you, lifting your dress.

BELLA

Toby Muskowitz.

PRIEST

You told your parents and, well,
your mom was too sweet and dad...
you know Jacob; *be the bigger
person, ignore them...*

BELLA

Some things in this world you just
can't ignore...

Loaded! They look at each other as Priest exhales, nods...

PRIEST

I was more of an Old Testament guy
at the time and, well...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK OF:

a YOUNGER PRIEST - rough looking, hard, not yet a man of the cloth - a MARINE SPECIAL FORCES HAT on, teaching an 8 YEAR OLD cute as a button BELLA to throw a punch...

BACK TO SCENE:

PRIEST
You picked it up quickly...

Bella laughs to herself.

BELLA
Toby Muskowitz never picked on me again, that's for sure...

They both smile...

PRIEST
Then the next week you come home with blood all over your dress and your parents get a call from the principal saying that you beat three boys up for calling a couple of the poorer, less fortunate girls in class names...

A beat...

PRIEST (CONT'D)
I knew what was living inside of you, I had the same animal living inside of me, could see it in your eyes... so I taught you...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK CLIPS OF:

PRIEST - a little older now - teaching a 10 YR OLD BELLA how to fight with a knife, showing her kill points on one of her DOLLS... she spins the blade in her hand, stabbing the doll, working the knife like a fucking surgeon.

PRIEST (V.O.)
How to use it. Channel it--

PRIEST - a little older now - meditating with a 13 YEAR OLD BELLA... she fidgets, he calms her, pushing her to focus...

PRIEST (V.O.)
Direct it--

PRIEST - a little older now - dropping a 16 YEAR OLD BELLA off in a filthy NYC alley... dealers, crackhead, pimps, etc...

He watches from the car, his MARINE SPECIAL FORCES HAT pulled low, as Bella calls to a few PIMPS and DEALERS... FOUR approach, pull switchblades, she smiles, makes quick work of each of them in vicious fashion, leaving them broken and bloodied on the street...

Priest smiles proudly.

BACK TO SCENE:

...and Priest just sitting there, starts to tear up...

PRIEST
And then when your mom was
attacked...

QUICK FLASH TO:

DISTORTED CLIPS OF--

Three men assaulting a woman, she fights back, the glint of a knife against a street light, the sickening wet curdle of splitting flesh, screams, blood...

PRIEST (V.O.)
And, well...

A COURTROOM

The three men getting off on a technicality, Bella - NOW LATE TEENS - stone cold, emotionless, as the courtroom erupts, her father screaming, trying to attack the men as the bailiffs hold him back.

Bella looks to Younger Priest - a look we know all too well - they lock eyes, he just looks away...

PRIEST (V.O.)
It was at that moment that I knew I
had lost you to... it.

CUT TO:

DISTORTED CLIPS OF--

-Bella climbing into an apartment window with a knife

-Bella seducing a man at a bar (we recognize him from the courtroom). They walk outside to the alley, a deranged look on her face as she discretely pulls a blade from her garter

-Bella covered in blood, smiling, as she walks away from a car... a second later the car explodes into a massive ball of flame

BACK TO SCENE:

...and Bella with tears streaming down her cheeks.

PRIEST

She was my sister, I get it. I understood it, I felt it too, I felt it so deeply, I...

Priest is at a momentary loss for words...

BELLA

You didn't lose me, you taught me...

Shaking his head, ashamed...

PRIEST

I tried to control you so I created you. And in doing so, I failed you...

The rage...

BELLA

You didn't create me. You prepared me. It's a hard world, you prepared me. They created me! They created me! And now they resurrected me... And I'm gonna kill every single one of 'em, every one of 'em. Yeah, I wanna know who put the lead in dad, but does it fucking matter who it was?! They're all gonna die 'cause they're all fucking guilty. Just like those three that took mom, doesn't matter who put the knife in her... they all fucking did it! And they all paid...

PRIEST

Okay... Okay... Then?

.....silence.....

BELLA

Peace.

PRIEST

Until they come for you. Until they come for you. And they will come for you, they will come... all of them, they will come. If the cops know, they know...

(shaking his head)

What am I supposed to do here, Bella?

Bella just stares at him, dead panned--

BELLA

Shed the collar and let's go to fucking work!

A long moment before Priest looks to the heavens... *what choice does he have?! To save her he's gotta help her....*

PRIEST

God help us...

Off Bella's hard look we--

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH OF HEAVENLY REST - NIGHT

The CRASH of a stained glass window SHATTERING, the hard rain semi masking the sound as a man wearing a ski mask creeps inside, pulls his gun...

The BLUE DIN of a tiny FLASHLIGHT slashing through the darkness as the masked gunman prowls about:

Rows of thickly lacquered pews, religious icons staring at us, silently judging us from every possible angle, candles for the dead melted to the ass end of the wick...

...a church being a church...

Sees stairs, walks up them...

THE ATTIC

...sleeping chickens everywhere and THE MURDER WALL...

The flashlight hits the mugshots on the wall as the masked gunman studies it when--

A DOOR OPENS... VOICES FROM DOWNSTAIRS... FOOTSTEPS...

The gunman readies his gun, turns off the flashlight, punching the room into total blackness...

The creak of stairs as someone walks up them, louder with each step taken... closer... CLOSER... CLOSER...

Blackness.

The CREAK of a door...

Lights...

...empty, but for the sleeping chickens and the hum of the wind through an OPEN WINDOW...

Bella walks over to the window, looks outside... nothing...

Shuts it as we--

CUT TO:

BELLA, JERICHO AND PRIEST

Sitting in the attic, an hour later...

JERICHO

And you're sure it wasn't a hitter?

BELLA

You see a dead body?

JERICHO

Alright, don't be so freaking cocky...

Pulls a smoke from his pack, goes to light it as Bella snatches it from his mouth, takes a hull, puts it out...

Bella turns to Priest--

BELLA

This cop that fucking nuts that he'd break into a church, risking us coming back on him?

PRIEST

Assume yes. Assume he saw the wall, assume he knows the targets, assume he's ten times out of his mind, assume it all...

Bella thinking...

BELLA
Can't arrest me, not enough
evidence.

PRIEST
He can pull you in for questioning.

Bella turns to Jericho...

BELLA
You know this cop? He a 'pull you
in for questioning' kind of guy?

Jericho shakes his head no...

JERICHO
Dude's a straight heart attack man.
We arm wrestled a few times, hell
of a grip...
(with a serious look)
He shoots first, asks questions
never. This... this is his warning
shot. Next one comes with a toe
tag.

BELLA
You know where he lives?

The room goes silent for a long beat, then...

JERICHO
I can get it.

Bella nods...

BELLA
Get it.

INT. DEETS'S HOUSE - ASTORIA QUEENS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Deets enters, pitch black.

Flicks on the light, tosses his jacket and starts to take off
his guns when--

BELLA (O.S.)
Might wanna leave them on...

He pulls both and whips around to find--

BELLA

...at the kitchen table, a glass of whiskey in one hand, a compact Uzi pointing at him in the other...

A stand off... eyes are locked... a slow sip of her whiskey as she casually places her gun on the table...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Grab a glass.

Deets doesn't move, guns bearing down on Bella. She smiles, slowly puts her finger to the DEVICE IN HER EAR.

BELLA (CONT'D)
Lights...

A moment later TWO RED DOTS start dancing over Deets face and chest as we--

QUICK FLASH TO:

Both JERICHO and PRIEST on separate rooftops, devices in their ears too, SNIPER RIFLES at the ready, fingers on the triggers, Deets in the crosshairs of both scopes...

BACK TO:

BELLA

...smiling at Deets, nodding to the bottle of whiskey on the table next to the Uzi...

DEETS
(smiling, shaking his head)
Priest. Who's the other?

BELLA
Another.

She kicks the chair out from under the tale.

BELLA (CONT'D)
Sit.

He does, guns still pointing, red dots still dancing on him...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Gonna want to put those guns down
in three... two...

The red dots steady...

Deets puts the guns down on the table, pours himself a drink... the red dots suddenly disappear.

Bella nods to the ski mask and replicas of the mug shots on her wall spilling out from a folder on the table...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Could have just asked...

Deets nods to the Uzi with a grin--

DEETS
Where's the fun in that?

Bella smiles--

BELLA
True.

They just stare at each other, sipping whiskey, sizing each other up... each visibly impressed with the other's moxie.

Deets slugs his drink, pours another, reaches over the guns and tops Bella off, too...

DEETS
Use it to sleep. Can't sleep,
haven't slept in fucking years...

Downs half the glass in one gulp--

DEETS (CONT'D)
You have problems sleeping at all?

BELLA
Used to.

DEETS
How'd you get around it?

BELLA
Just went right through it...

DEETS
Where does it end though?

Another slug, another pour, another slug...

BELLA
Dad never drank, you believe that?
A cop who didn't drown himself...

Deets smiles as he lifts his glass in toast then takes a camel-sized slug.

DEETS
How'd he get by?

Bella smiles as we--

FLASH TO:

YOUNGER JACOB holding a YOUNG BELLA (5) over his massive record collection... shows her how to drop the needle on a spinning record... she does...eyes go wide with excitement as Doris Day's 'it's magic' plays - Bella's first needle drop!

Day's 'it's magic' continues to play over CLIPS OF:

-YOUNGER JACOB and YOUNG BELLA (6) dancing in the kitchen... Younger Jacob in his police blues, Young Bella in her best dress... she stands on his patent leather stompers as he holds her tiny hands and glides her across the linoleum floor...

*the stars desert the skies
and rush to nestle in your eyes*

Both smiling, laughing... she looks up at her dad, adores him... he spins her...

it's magic

And now it's--

-YOUNGER JACOB steaming after YOUNG BELLA (7) riding her bike for the first time without training wheels... wobbly, but determined... she grits her teeth and tries to keep her balance as Jacob runs by her side, protecting her...

*without a golden wand
or mystic charms
fantastic things begin*

YOUNGER JACOB
Go Bella! Go!! You're doing it!
You're doing it!

She looks at him with the widest of smiles...

it's magic

And now it's--

-YOUNGER JACOB and YOUNG BELLA (8) walking hand in hand eating ice cream cones at the NYC fair... people approach Jacob and say hello, wave, nod, etc... he's clearly very well respected within the community...

Young Bella sees this and looks up at her dad like he's a superhero....

*when we walk hand in hand
the world becomes a wonderland*

Younger Jacob looks down at Young bella and winks.....
.....*IT'S MAGIC*.....

BACK TO:

DEETS' HOUSE... and Bella still smiling, still semi lost in her memories...

BELLA
Magic...

A long beat then looks to Deets--

BELLA (CONT'D)
You have kids?

DEETS
I have a job to do.

Bella nods, gets it... back to business as Deets looks to the stack of mug shots...

DEETS (CONT'D)
Any ideas?

BELLA
Nah, not yet, but I'm working on it... You?

DEETS
Working on it...

The adversarial intensity is eye-to-eye.

BELLA
You gonna let me work?

Deets grabs the bottle...

DEETS
No.

Reaches over to top Bella off--

DEETS (CONT'D)
You gonna wait for me to?

Bella pulls her glass before he finishes pouring, the whiskey spilling all over the table.

BELLA

No.

Both swig with a smile, the mile long stare...

DEETS

So I'll see you on the job, then...

Bella smiles.

BELLA

Yeah.

Slams the rest of her drink, gets up... the TWO RED DOTS back dancing on Deets's forehead and chest.

DEETS

Hey...

Bella stops, looks at him, a beat then--

DEETS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your dad.

It's sincere...

Bella nods, grits her teeth - pushing the emotion down.

She screws it back together then gives the loaded Uzi a look as she leaves it on the table...

BELLA

You're gonna need that.

Silently glimpses a FRAMED PHOTO of Deets and a young girl - HIS DAUGHTER - smiling on the beach as she exits.

Deets thinks hard, pours himself another drink, as we--

CUT TO:

JERICHO'S '71 BOSS 442

Jericho at the wheel, lights off, Priest in the back, window down, gun at the ready covering Bella as she gets in...

BELLA

He's going to be a problem.

PRIEST

Can we turn him?

BELLA

No.

JERICHO

Should we touch him?

BELLA

No. No... He fired a warning shot,
we fired one back. Now it is what
it is...

Bella looks at the house one last time, shaking her head...

BELLA (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Jericho punches the gas, the car jumping from the curb,
disappearing into the black night as...

THE SCREEN DIVIDES INTO TWO HALVES--

HALF LEFT:

HALF RIGHT:

BLURRY IMAGES framed in each shot SLOWLY COMING INTO FOCUS
revealing:

HALF LEFT: BELLA

HALF RIGHT: DEETS

...both staring straight into camera.

PULL BACK

...to reveal they're both staring at the MURDER WALL.

Both crews readying their weapons...

HALF LEFT: Bella and Jericho sliding knives into their vests

HALF RIGHT: Deets sliding two guns into side holsters

-Priest walks over to Bella and Jericho, he's wearing his
long priestly cassock.

Jericho gives him a look...

JERICHO

You gonna wear that?!

Priest smiles and opens the robe to reveal it's laced neck to ankle with knives, 50 at least...

JERICHO (CONT'D)
Fair enough.

HALF LEFT: Bella slams a clip into her .45

HALF RIGHT: Deets slams a clip into his new Uzi
Both stare at the screen...

Bella cocks a grin as she pulls a CASSETTE TAPE and TOSSES IT over into Deets's frame...

He catches it, looks at it: Patty Smyth 'Warrior'

DEETS
What's this?

BELLA

Her eyes narrow <-----> His teeth grit
-let's go to fucking work-

Hard pounding drum and guitar licks kick in as--
80's rock goddess Patty Smyth screams at us:

000

And--

provides the heart pump

HALF LEFT: Bella, Jericho and Priest (who's doling knives from his cloak like Bill the fucking Butcher) busting into a Russian drug spot, absolutely eviscerating everyone inside as

HALF RIGHT: Deets, guns drawn, flanked by a dozen cops, busts into the church... it's empty, like they were never there... not even the chickens... he screams as the cops curse him out and wrench windows.

THE SCREEN NOW DIVIDES INTO FOUR SECTIONS, twice as much violence. Betty still yelling at us.

shooting at the walls of heartache, bang! bang!

CLOSE ON

-BULLET CASINGS soaring through the air IN SLO MOTION traveling FROM ONE SECTION TO ANOTHER as bodies drop and we--

WIDEN TO REVEAL

A bloodied gun toting Bella, both arms extended, spinning like a carousel as she empties her clip into a dozen men...

We FOLLOW A GUNMAN catching lead, stumbling back into:

-ANOTHER SECTION where knives slice through two Jamaican gangsters throats as Priest lets his hardware fly...

FOLLOW A KNIFE coming out the other end of a neck into:

-ANOTHER SECTION where Deets is at one of the crime scenes... he walks from ONE SECTION TO ANOTHER where he's now in A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT CRIME SCENE...

Patty still yelling:

oh, who's the hunter, who's the game

...as Deets stares at a mountain of bloodied baddies who didn't stand a fucking chance and--

THE SCREEN NOW DIVIDES INTO EIGHT SECTIONS

BULLETS! BLOOD! BODIES!.....BULLETS! BLOOD! BODIES!

As Bella, Priest and Jericho do the dance of death, THE ACTION SEAMLESSLY JUMPING FROM ONE SECTION TO THE NEXT, as they viciously kill their way through every gangster in Manhattan, Deets in pursuit, possessed, not far behind, closer with each crime scene...

THE SCREEN NOW DIVIDES INTO SIXTEEN SECTIONS and...

...well you get the idea.

INTERCUT the MURDER WALL where MUG SHOTS FALL in synch with Patty Smyth yelling:

Bang! Bang!

Then BACK TO DEETS in the bottom left hand section of the framed sixteen boxes, driving his car through the streets of lower Manhattan like a man possessed (because he is)...

The CACKLE of RADIO CHATTER:

FROM THE POLICE RADIO
 Shots fired. Shots fired.
 Chinatown, corner of Mott and
 Canal...

Deets, white knuckling the wheel, punches the gas peddle, PLOWING THROUGH EACH SECTION FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, UP, DOWN AND ALL AROUND, destroying them as he barrels through lower Manhattan, chasing after Bella, Priest and Jericho like Pac Man trying to gobble that blue ghost.

Eventually it's just TWO HALVES again:

HALF LEFT: Deets screaming into Chinatown like a bat outta hell

HALF RIGHT: Bella and the crew mid massacre

Deets pulls up, screeches to a stop, looks up, sees Bella chasing a gangster from rooftop to rooftop.

He's finally caught up, the image on the screen now one...

Jumps from his car and gives chase...

Kicks a door in, rushes up the stairs to the roof, kicks another door in, spots Bella steaming after the gangster in the distance.

He's got ground to cover, but he's closer than he's ever been and he can fucking taste it...

HAULS ASS!

No music here.. just the soundtrack of Deets's heavy breathing against his boots hitting gravel as he jumps from one rooftop to the next...

Relentless, moving after Bella like a runaway train...

FROM ANOTHER ROOFTOP

Jericho spots the pursuit...

Raises his gun, gets a bead on Deets, finger on the trigger, timing the next jump...

JERICHO
 (to himself)
 Three, two...

Exhales... pulls the trigger!

BANG!

The BULLET soars through the air as DEETS JUMPS ROOFTOPS and the bullet RIPS INTO HIS BODY...

He spins sideways, just barely getting his arms on the next landing...

Hearing the shot, Bella looks back:

Sees Deets hanging from the building, blood pouring from the hole in his shoulder, trying desperately not to fall.

Bella stops, looks at the gangster she's chasing then back at Deets... slip, slippin'... he falls, he's dead!

She turns and steam rolls towards Deets who's trying to hang on for dear life, literally.

JERICHO FROM THE OTHER ROOFTOP sees this... *what the hell is she doing?!*

He grits his teeth, sees the gangster about to get away, lines up a shot on him... exhales... BANG!

The bullet screams past Bella's head then past the gangster's head as he disappears off another rooftop, narrowly escaping death...

JERICHO (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Jericho turns back to Deets who's trying to pull himself up with his one working arm, blood pouring from his other shoulder, grip slipping...

Steadies his gun, gets a bead on him when-- SIRENS!

CLOSER.....CLOSER.....CLOSER!

Priest barrels through the door, his ear chewed off by a bullet, gushing blood...

PRIEST

We need to move! Where's Bella?!

Jericho nods to her rushing towards Deets...

PRIEST (CONT'D)

What in God's name is she doing?!

Jericho just shakes his head...

PRIEST (CONT'D)
Get the car, let's go... we need to
get to her before the cops do!

They leave... we--

JUMP TO:

BELLA

...hauling ass, leaping rooftops in stride, chasing after
Deets... *what the fuck IS she doing??!*

The WAIL OF SIRENS getting CLOSER as Bella pumps harder...

CLOSER.....CLOSER.....CLOSER!

Bella leaps the last building...

...Deets is slipping...

...Bella is running...

...his five finger grip to--

...four...three...two...

...Bella DIVES FORWARD, grabs Deets's arm, her shoulder
SLAMMING INTO THE HARD ROOF with a sickening POP!

Blood slicked hands, pulling hard, trying to pull him up, her
other shoulder hanging from its socket... screams as she
tries not to tumble over the building with him...

COPS PULL UP ON THE SCENE, SCATTER FROM THEIR CARS, GUNS
DRAWN...

...just in time to see what looks to them like Bella and
Deets wrestling as Deets disappears...

ON THE ROOFTOP

Deets pulls a gun!

Bella pulls a gun!

Both on their backs, guns pointed at each other, beaten down,
breathing hard...

THE CACKLE OF POLICE RADIO AND OFFICERS can be heard in the
b.g. as more cruisers pull up--

OFFICERS SHOUTING (O.S.)
Get on the roof! The roof! The
roof! Go! Go! Go!

Deets eyes Bella then the door then back to Bella...

DEETS
That door opens, they're coming in
heavy, kill shots... go!

Bella just looks at him...

DEETS (CONT'D)
This is to be continued, believe
you me, but for now... go!

Bella gets to her feet and bolts for the next
rooftop...jumps, lands, runs...

The DOOR busts open to a HALF DOZEN OFFICERS barreling
through it, rolling heavy - guns drawn, hammers cocked...

...no Bella.

In the b.g. the familiar GROWL of Jericho's 442 and the
SQUEEL of rubber burning pavement.

PRE-LAP: a YELL! Then ANOTHER YELL! as we--

SMASH IN ON:

A WAREHOUSE

...and Bella slamming her shoulder against the wall, popping
it back into place, breathing heavy as she slinks down the
wall, bloodied, beaten, exhausted...

Priest in the corner, teeth wrapped around a Bible, biting
down hard, trying not to scream out as he cleans and treats
his bullet chewed ear.

Jericho fuming, staring at Bella--

JERICHO
What the fuck was that?!

Bella ignores him, lifts herself off the ground to her
feet...slow going...

JERICHO (CONT'D)
Hey!

BELLA
I made the call...

Jericho just stares at her...

BELLA (CONT'D)
He's got a daughter, I'm not taking
him from her...

JERICHO
That ain't what this is about!

BELLA
Yes it is! It's exactly what this
is about. He's a cop, just like
dad, trying to do the right thing,
just like dad!

Priest looks to Bella, they catch eyes, he nods proudly...

JERICHO
We're doing the right thing!

BELLA
Are we? Are we?!

She looks around the room at the bloodied and fractured
team...

BELLA (CONT'D)
I'm not quite sure anymore...

JERICHO
Well you had better get right with
it, kiddo, because that banger you
let get away saw your face...
(nodding)

He saw your face, he saw my face
and he saw Priest's face and none
of us are new to the scene... No
more ghost stories about Bella 'the
boogieman' maybe being back, it is
fact; Bella lives and we are all
dead!

Shaking his head...

JERICHO (CONT'D)
I give it an hour before there's a
million dollar price-tag on our
heads...
(looks to Bella)
Two mill on you 'cause you're such
a fucking superstar...

Bella storms out of the room as Jericho looks to Priest.

JERICHO (CONT'D)
You know I'm right. You know it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Bella on the roof staring at the sky... Priest walks over, sits...

Silence for a long moment...

BELLA
How's the ear?

PRIEST
What?

Bella cracks a smile. Priest playfully nudges her.

BELLA
You think I should have saved that cop?

PRIEST
Do you think you should have saved that cop?

Bella nods. So does Priest.

BELLA
He's right though. Gigantic asshole, but he's right... we've got an hour, maybe two, until every killer in NYC is after us.

Priest nods.

BELLA (CONT'D)
What now?

PRIEST
'Chose for yourselves this day whom you will serve'...

BELLA
(softly, as if to herself)
Yeah...

A beat then--

BELLA (CONT'D)

I remember... when I came home with all that blood on my dress after beating those boys up at school... I remember dad was so mad at me... so mad. And he's yelling at me and he's going in and all that, but behind all the anger, behind it all, I could see that he was... relieved, proud even. He didn't have to worry about me. It's a hard world, but I was harder.

(emotional, pushing it down)

And then I got harder... and harder... and harder... and harder... and then he worried.

(shaking her head)

And then when those animals took mom... and..... and he looked at me, and he knew, he knew what I had done... and I swear to fucking God I saw that same pride in his eyes, I swear it... and I was eight again, standing in front of him in that blood soaked dress...

(looks to Priest, heavy eyes)

How do you think he'd look at me now?

Priest just gives her a look, she shakes her head... yeah, probably that...

BELLA (CONT'D)

Sorry I dragged you into all this.

Bella gets up and starts to walk away...

PRIEST

Where are you going?

BELLA

(over her shoulder)

Finally getting out of that dress...

MEANWHILE THROUGHOUT NYC & THE SURROUNDING BOROUGHS...

-a BUTTONED UP GENTLEMAN teaching a young girl piano lessons gets a call on the house phone, excuses himself, takes it, immediately leaves

-a young boy runs into a Butcher shop, says something to the BURLY BUTCHER breaking down a whole pig with a clever, the butcher spins the clever, throws it against the wall, leaves

-a SOPHISTICATED BUSINESS-WOMAN in a Maserati gets a call on her massive car phone, answers it, her face hardens as she bangs an illegal u-turn and races back towards the city

-a half naked waitress walks up to a HARD LOOKING TATTOO'D BIKER, whispers something in his ear, he throws the stripper off his lap, leaves the strip joint

-a SLENDER BALLERINA stretching in prep for the ballet gets a page, looks at the message, grabs her gym bag, leaves

-a REAL ESTATE AGENT showing a property gets interrupted by her assistant, smiles at the young couple viewing the million dollar penthouse, excuses herself, leaves, the couple just staring at each other

...and so on, and so forth...

Bella, Jericho and Priest's pictures being flashed all over town...

-EVERY KILLER WITH A WORKING TRIGGER FINGER IS ACTIVATED-

NYC just became a \$4 mill hunting ground...

Off a picture of Bella we--

MATCH CUT TO:

BELLA IN A CAR

...staring at something...

WIDEN TO REVEAL

...it's Deets, at a park, his arm in a sling, pushing his EIGHT YEAR OLD DAUGHTER in a swing, laughing, smiling...

CUT TO:

LATER THAT DAY

...Deets dropping his daughter off to his EX-WIFE...

Gives his daughter a big hug before saying bye, his ex at a distance.

DEETS

Hey...

His daughter looks up at him, smiles, adores her dad...

DAUGHTER

Hey...

Deets smiles back, adores her more...

DEETS

Right?

DAUGHTER

Right.

From a distance Bella watches on...

SHIFT TO HER POV--

...and now it's YOUNG BELLA hugging YOUNGER JACOB, holding him tight, smiling... a few moments, then--

BACK TO

...Deets and his daughter.

DEETS

I'll see you in a few days.

(daughter nods)

Go on inside and let mom and I talk for a second, huh?

His daughter nods, gives him one last hug then runs past her mom into the house.

Ex-wife approaches... awkward silence..... no hello, just--

EX WIFE

She needs braces.

DEETS

How much we talking?

Ex-wife gives him a look...

DEETS (CONT'D)

I got it. I got it.

He lights a cig. She pulls it from his mouth, smokes it, nods to his slinged up wing...

EX WIFE

Fall off a bar stool?

DEETS

You wanna cut me a break, here, Di?

She just shakes her head...

EX WIFE

Killing yourself out there and for
what?

Looks to the house, sees his daughter peeking from the
window, makes a face at her... then back to his ex--

DEETS

For her. She's gonna be proud of
her old man...

Ex wife just stares at him, pity plain on her face...

EX WIFE

Proud? You think what you're doing
out there is going to make her
proud, Adler?

She shakes her head...

EX WIFE (CONT'D)

You've got teeth marks on your
boots and blood on your hands...

A beat... Deets has nothing to say...

EX WIFE (CONT'D)

She's young, she's not dumb...

She gives him back his cigarette... looks at him for a long
moment... trying to see if any semblance of the man she once
loved is still there? Maybe? Who knows...

DEETS

Got some money coming to you in a
week or so.

She nods, turns and walks back into the house.

Deets makes another face at his daughter when his ex walks
over and grabs her from the window... his face falls...

Walks back to his car, gets in, sits there for a second...

Takes a baggie of coke from his pocket, stares at it, slams
his fist into the steering wheel then dumps the baggie out.

Bella watching this entire thing.

INT. DEETS'S HOUSE - ASTORIA QUEENS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Deets enters, pitch black.

Flicks on the light, tosses his jacket and starts to take off his guns when--

BELLA (O.S.)
Might wanna leave them on...

He pulls one and whips around to find--

BELLA

...at the kitchen table, that same glass of whiskey from last unannounced visit in hand, no gun this time.

Deets shoots glances out the window...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Just you and I this time. Shoot me if you want, but I think you're gonna want to hear what I have to say first...

DEETS
Then?

BELLA
Shoot me...
(with a wink)
...if you want.

She kicks the chair out a bit...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Sit.
(with a grin)
You look exhausted...

He gives her a look, sits, puts his gun down next to him.

She pours him enough whiskey to kill an Irishman. He slams half in one gulp.

They stare at each other for a long beat...

BELLA (CONT'D)
This is where you thank me for saving your life...

DEETS
You come here for an 'atta boy'?

BELLA
Who doesn't like an 'atta boy'?

Deets smiles, lifts his glass--

DEETS
Atta boy.

Slams the drink, pours another, tops Bella off, too...

DEETS (CONT'D)
You know there's a contract out on
all ya'll... even the fucking
Priest.

BELLA
Figured.
(thinking)
How much?

DEETS
A mill each for the gents, two for
the 'Bell' of the ball...

Bella smiles, half joking--

BELLA
Open to cops?

DEETS
NYC Bella, it's open to everyone...

She looks at his gun on the table then at him...

DEETS (CONT'D)
Not my style.

BELLA
I know it's not, that's why I'm
here...

She throws a folder onto the table--

BELLA (CONT'D)
Irish got a shipment of heroin
coming in tonight, Chelsea Pier,
sometime after midnight...

Deets grabs the folder and looks it over, photos of the Westies (the Irish gang out of Hells Kitchen) and details of the shipment...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Was gonna use this to get to them,
but change of plans... Take it,
bust 'em, do it right. It's gonna
be a haul, might even put stripes
on your shoulders...

DEETS
You making a play here?

BELLA
If I was making a play this
conversation would have went...
(makes a gun with her
finger, points it at him)
Boom. Dead.

Deets stares at her while she sips her drink...

BELLA (CONT'D)
I'm making a deal.

DEETS
Go on...

BELLA
You get the bust with the Irish.
You get the glory. You get me as
far away from this city as fucking
possible...

DEETS
What do you get?

BELLA
Your word that you'll protect my
father.

Deets is taken aback, wasn't expecting that...

DEETS
Why you gonna trust me?

Bella glances at the pic of Deets and his daughter at the
beach...

BELLA
'Cause you're a father.

Then back to Deets with innocent eyes...

BELLA (CONT'D)
And I'm a daughter.

They just stare at each other for a long moment, nothing said, nothing needs to be...

A beat, then--

BELLA (CONT'D)
Who do you think put the lead in
dad? In your gut...

Deets looks at her, looks away... *nothing needs to be said there either...*

The realization that one of his own tried to take him out
hits Bella like a punch to the face...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Did he know something? Was he gonna
turn on the brass?

(*note: 'brass' is cop slang for high ranking officers)

DEETS
I don't know, Bella. I truly don't.

BELLA
Yeah...

Still trying to reconcile with this...

BELLA (CONT'D)
Who polices the police though,
right?
(shaking her head)
There's still some good left in
you, do something about it... Be
effective.

A long beat, Deets nods...

Bella gets up, goes into her jacket, pulls a thick envelope, drops it on the table...

BELLA (CONT'D)
I hear braces are expensive...

Exits as Deets opens the envelope to find stacks of hundred dollar bills...

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Empty. Priest and Jericho long gone; *already in the wind.*

Bella standing there, a packed bag next to her... one last glance at the MURDER WALL... hits the lights...

BLACKNESS.

OVER BLACK:

The CRASH of WOOD SPLINTERING.

Muffled SCREAMS slowly morphing into--

DEETS (V.O.)
Get on your fucking knees! LET'S
GO! DOWN! DOWN! LET'S FUCKING GO!

SMASH IN ON:

DEETS

...his cowboy boot mashing down on some 'micks' busted up mug, a .45 to his temple...

WIDEN TO REVEAL

Cops.

Heroin.

The Irish humping the pavement.

.....*Slainte motherfuckers!*

INTERCUT WITH:

Bella crawling into her fathers hospital room window to say her final goodbye...

BACK TO:

DEETS

...holding court over the bust of his fucking career.

Nods and shoulder claps all around...

A second as he soaks it in when--

OFFICER (O.S.)
Deets!

Deets turns and looks to the OFFICER calling out for him. Walks over to him...

Standing over a bloodstained MICK face down, hogtied...

DEETS

Yeah?

OFFICER

Guy here wants to make a deal...

Deets laughs out loud.

DEETS

A deal?! This ain't a fucking game show...

(looking around)

The weight of this thing, better be coming with a fucking parachute... What is it?

OFFICER

Wouldn't tell me, wants to talk to who's calling the shots...

DEETS

Alright...

(curious, leans down)

What you got Irish?

MICK

Got the line on a cop about to get popped...

DEETS

Fuck you going on about?!

MICK

Getting to a cop to smoke out some girl...

Off Deets's hard look we--

CUT TO:

HOSPITAL ROOM

Bella with her father...

Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep.....

Still in a coma but he's fighting.

Bella watches him, clearly emotional--

BELLA

I love you dad. And it's going to be okay, I promise you. I have someone watching over you the right way and I trust him.

INTERCUT WITH:

Deets speeding through the NYC streets, siren blaring, radio to his face...

DEETS

(over the radio)

Owens and Ciprio, I need verbal response you're both at the hospital manning the door, over...

Nothing.

DEETS (CONT'D)

Owens and Ciprio respond with positions now, over!

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. JACOB'S HOSPITAL ROOM

The hospital is chaotic! 1 AM in NYC... the witching hour.

No Owens, no Ciprio, A BURLEY DOCTOR tightens his face-mask and grips the door handle...

BACK TO DEETS

...his car catching air as he barrels towards the hospital. Throws the radio, picks up the car phone, dials a number...

INSIDE JACOB'S HOSPITAL ROOM WITH BELLA

She's in the bathroom, drying her hands when LIGHT creeps in from under the door... *someone else is in the room!*

Bella cracks the door and peaks inside... A DOCTOR, scrubs and all... she exhales then--

The MD pulls A MEAT CLEVER... FUCK!

Bella grabs a towel and immediately pounces--

Wraps the towel around the hitter's neck and starts to choke him with it--

The man twists away and breaks free--

Squares up to fight, his surgical mask ripping off revealing:

IT'S ONE OF THE ASSASSINS... THE BUTCHER!

...his MASSIVE MEAT CLEAVER in hand, spins it with a grin--

BUTCHER

Gonna make me rich, Bella...

Bella readies...

BELLA

Come collect...

The Butcher Attacks! Swinging the cleaver like a blacksmith hammering hot steel, moving like a goddamned force of nature!

Bella quickly wraps the blanket around her hand and deflects each fierce slice the Butcher takes at her--

The Butcher lets a round house kick fly that connects hard, nearly taking her head off--

This dude is a fucking savage!

The Butcher brings the cleaver down on Bella, but she deflects it, knocks it out of the man's hand and drills the guy with a ferocious elbow to the nose, shattering it, blood everywhere--

Bella gets up, shakes it off, but so does this tough motherfucker--

They square up:

Fists fly, bones break, blood spatters...

The Butcher grabs the blade, gets on top of Bella, pushing the cleaver to her throat as she wrestles with his arm to keep from getting decapitated...

The blade inches from her neck and closing in when--

BLOOD SPRAYS ALL OVER BELLA!

The Butcher, wearing a new Colombian necktie, falls on top of Bella, dead.

Over him, Deets holding a scalpel...

Bella exhales deeply, exhausted, bloodied, heaving - pushes the Butcher off of her then vomits all over the floor..

Silence now except for Bella breathing heavily, the Butcher choking on his own blood, and:

Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep..... Beep.....

Bella looks to Deets...

DEETS
Keeping my promise...

Bella smiles--

BELLA
Atta boy.

Deets helps Bella to her feet, looks at all the machines hooked to Jacob, still working, they look good.

DEETS
They're coming, all of them...

Bella looks to the door...

BELLA
The cops go on a coffee break?!

DEETS
4 million buys a lot of looking the other way...

They're on their own. They look around the room...

DEETS (CONT'D)
Can we move him?

BELLA
Not with the machines pumping life into him...

Bella grabs the cleaver from the ground...

BELLA (CONT'D)
You ready for this?

DEETS
Fuck no!

He holds the scalpel out in front of him...

BELLA
Where the fuck is your gun?!

DEETS
I USED ALL MY BULLETS BUSTING THE
IRISH!!

Before Bella can respond--

CLINK, CLINK, CLINK... a GRENADE skids into the room... a second later SMOKE billows from it, engulfing the room in a CLOUDY HAZE.

A PUNCH to Bella's face--

A KICK nearly takes Deets head from his shoulder--

A KNIFE SLASHES Bella's arm, blood sprays--

BELLA
Fire alarm! On the wall! Find it!

A KICK to Deets's kneecap, he falls--

Bella BLINDLY PAWING at the wall for the fire alarm, finds it, pulls it, the alarm sounds and the sprinklers erupt. The smoke clears to reveal--

THE BALLERINA

...mid air, gracefully landing a kick to Bella's chest.

A back flip then levels Deets again with THE HARD WOOD TOE OF HER POINT SHOES, crushing his nose, blood sprays.

A smile as she pulls her blade and swan dives at Bella when--

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

...THREE SILENT BULLETS whistle in from the hospital window, burying themselves into the Ballerina, nearly ripping her tiny frame in half, ending the ballet.

Bella looks out the window... PRIEST ON AN ADJACENT ROOFTOP with a grin.

DEETS
I invited a few friends...

As if on cue THE REAL ESTATE AGENT flies through the door like a rag-doll, landing head first on the hard floor, her neck snapping, her BUSINESS CARDS spilling from her blazer, fanning out all over the linoleum.

JERICHO steps in with a cocky smile.

JERICHO
I was told I was needed...

Bella rolls her eyes as she gathers herself.

The sprinklers pouring down, relentlessly pounding cold water on the blood stained floor, the alarm blaring...

The already chaotic hospital now even more chaotic...

Jericho nods to Deets's arm (the one he shot)--

JERICHO (CONT'D)
How's the wing?

DEETS
I'll live...

Bella interrupts the dick swinging contest, turns to Deets--

BELLA
How long until fire and police show?

DEETS
Middle of the night in New York City, fire alarm at the hospital ain't top priority...

Jericho smiles...

JERICHO
Got an idea.

Walks over to the window, grabs two GRENADES from his vest, PULLS THE PINS, chuck them into the ambulance lot...

KAAAAA-FUCKIN-BOOOOOOM!

The trucks shoot from the pavement like roman-fucking-candles!

They all just stare at him.....

JERICHO (CONT'D)
That should do it.

DEETS
4 minutes until the place is swarming with fire and cops...

Jericho tosses a gun with a silencer on it to Bella then one to Deets... he and Deets catch eyes, nod to each other...

The action outside the room is pure anarchy, people screaming, yelling, clawing at each other to evacuate as quickly as they can...

JERICHO

Everyone is leaving, everyone!
Anyone coming in--

BELLA

(cocking her gun)

Assume they're here to party.

Jericho gives Bella a wicked grin as The Beatles 'come together' kicks in out of nowhere from the hospital room speakers...

They all just look at each other curiously before Bella turns to Jacob with a knowing smile...

BELLA (CONT'D)

Good selection, dad...

They close in - together, united as one, ready for the war...

John Lennon hissing the words 'shoot me' - as if to cheer the team on as all hell breaks loose...

Shoot me!- Jericho timing a shot out perfectly, putting it between two fleeing nurses and through the Versace sunglasses of the charging SOPHISTICATED BUSINESS-WOMAN

Shoot me!- Deets putting a bullet through the PIANO TEACHER's pearly whites, tickling his ivories, singing out the back of his skull

Shoot me!- Bella filleting the HARD LOOKING TATTOO'D BIKER with the Butchers cleaver like a piece of raw meat then a bullet to his brain for good measure (and because John said so...)

A HITTER GET'S BY, enters the hospital room when--

Shoot me!- Priest does just that... the fucker crumbles...

John Lennon urging them to:

come together, right now

...they do as he says, circling around each other, back to back--

THREE MORE MINUTES of:

BULLETS! BLOOD! BODIES!.....BULLETS! BLOOD! BODIES!

As the newly minted team works in unison to protect Jacob and...

A KNIFE SCREAMS PAST DEETS'S FACE, BURYING ITSELF INTO THE NECK OF ANOTHER HITTER.

Jericho nods to Deets who nods back.

...look out for each other.

THREE MINUTES LATER--

Sirens and an empty hospital but for the dozens of dead bodies piled up around Jacob's hospital room door...

The CACKLE OF POLICE RADIO'S... CLOSER... CLOSER... CLOSER!

Deets looks to the team--

DEETS
Go. I'll handle this, go.

Bella looks to Jacob...

DEETS (CONT'D)
He's safe, go.

Jericho grabs Bella.

JERICHO
He's got him, let's go.

Bella nods as they disappear right before the police arrive, leaving Deets standing there over a sea of dead bodies, his gun high in the air, his badge out to identify himself...

INT. NYPD PRESS ROOM

Deets flanking the CHIEF OF POLICE who's at the podium fielding questions as our HELMET HAIRD REPORTER breaks the news:

HELMET HAIRE REPORTER

It appears New York City has a new super cop as Detective Adler Deets risked his life to single handedly save his fellow officer from multiple assassination attempts last night...

TRANSITION TO:

THE IMAGE OF THE PRESS CONFERENCE NOW ON A TV SCREEN

...as we PULL BACK to reveal:

DEETS'S DAUGHTER staring at her dad's face all over the news, beaming proudly, a smile from ear to ear...

His Ex-Wife leaning against the kitchen doorframe drying a dish, shaking her head, the hint of a smile on her lips...

The HELMET HAIRE REPORTER pushes on:

HELMET HAIRE REPORTER

Last night and through the morning Detective Deets orchestrated a coordinated wide-spread shakedown of the NYPD, exposing corruption throughout the ranks...

The IMAGE on screen cuts to clips of DOZENS OF NYPD OFFICERS IN HANDCUFFS being escorted from their homes, cars, social clubs, etc... Deets there, quarterbacking each scene.

His daughter turns to his ex-wife with a wide grin... ex-wife's smile finally takes form, nods proudly.

CUT TO:

BELLA, PRIEST AND JERICHO WATCHING THE NEWS REPORT

Silence for a long beat, then...

JERICHO

(semi-annoyed)

Single handedly?

Everyone laughs.

Bella gets up and walks over to Jericho, gives him a kiss...

BELLA

Did good, stud.

JERICHO
Wow! Wow! Would you look at this?!

He turns to Priest, a face-full of exaggerated surprise, then back to Bella... *really making a meal outta this moment...*

JERICHO (CONT'D)
Did that kill you to say?

Bella smiles as she starts towards the door...

BELLA
(over her shoulder)
You have no idea...

BACK TO:

INT. NYPD PRESS ROOM

And Deets walking up to the podium.

Stands there - uneasy, awkward...

Flashbulbs pop off like bullets as reporters fire shot after shot with fully loaded cameras...

Deets blinks hard, leans into the mic... REVERB--

DEETS
Shit.

Everyone laughs...

He pulls back a bit, exhales deeply, tries again--

DEETS (CONT'D)
Not, uh... yeah...

Looks to the brass (the high ranking police officers on the stage nearby) and the PR rep who all flash him the thumbs up and motion for him to keep going... *dance monkey, dance...*

Deets smiles to himself, shakes his head, turns back to the crowd of reporters...

DEETS (CONT'D)
Effective. I'm 'effective' they
say...
(nods)
It's a word that's been thrown
around a lot lately... effective.
What it means to me?
(MORE)

DEETS (CONT'D)

When you talk about a cop being effective, you're talking about a particular kind of psycho... and I'm as effective as if fucking gets.

The room bursts into laughter and applause.

DEETS (CONT'D)

There it is! Finally getting the audience I deserve here. Been kicking ass in the name of this department for years, ain't that right, Cap?

His CAPTAIN pumps his fist in the air...

DEETS (CONT'D)

The fist. Might as well be the fucking motto of the NYPD...

FLASH TO:

DEET'S EX WIFE

Watching on TV, her face tightening as she senses something isn't right... turns to her daughter...

EX WIFE

Sweetie, go run to the kitchen and get mommy a Tab from the fridge with a glass and some ice...

DAUGHTER

Mom?!

EX WIFE

Go!

She begrudgingly gets up and leaves the room as we--

FLASH TO:

PRIEST AND JERICHO

Watching the press conference...

Jericho's eyes narrow as he calls out to Bella who's one foot out the door...

JERICHO

Might wanna catch this...

Bella walks back to the TV as we--

CUT BACK TO:

DEETS AT THE PODIUM

DEETS

I can't tell you how many people
I've beaten confessions out of...
and I'm not talking just whacked
around, I'm talking world class ass
kickings... so much blood on my
fucking hands, I just... that's how
we do it though, right?
(turns to the brass)
Right?!

The laughter stops, the flashbulbs double, the brass shuffle
in their dress-shoes, the PR rep looks like she might puke...

A UNIFORMED OFFICER tries to escort Deets from the podium...

Deets drills the dude with a left hook and knocks the poor
fucker out...

DEETS (CONT'D)

I also assaulted an officer...

The guys blood all over Deets's hand... he holds it up for
the reporters to get a shot of...

Flashbulbs erupt as he turns to his superiors--

DEETS (CONT'D)

Anyone else comes up, i'ma shoot em
in the fucking head.

He pulls his gun and slams it on the podium...

DEETS (CONT'D)

Psychopath, remember?

Captain turns to one of his minions--

CAPTAIN

Get me a half dozen uniforms in
here now! Go!

Minion carefully slinks out as Deets turns back to the
reporters... *they're terrified, but this is a fucking
Pulitzer in the making here...*

DEETS

We cuffed up all those dirty cops
 this morning and made a big
 spectacle of cleaning up the bad
 apples... and now we dance the
 dance and sing the song and that's
 all well and good, but ain't
 nothing gonna change until we take
 down these motherfuckers right
 here...

Deets points to EVERY HIGH LEVEL COP on stage with him...

DEETS (CONT'D)

Up here talking about 'a new day
 for the NYPD'... ain't nothing new
 but the recruiting class being
 brought in... the same gestapo
 tactics, the same hunting orders...
 Systemic. Fucked. Period. THE.
 SYSTEM. IS. BROKEN. This thin blue
 line of bullshit--

CAPTAIN

He's on drugs! Get off the stage,
 Deets!

DEETS

This thin blue line of bullshit I
 made a career upholding... doing
 whatever it takes; fabricating
 evidence, forging confessions,
 lying on reports, pinning the tail
 on any donkey with a big ass 'cause
 fuck it, that ass looks right,
 right?

(looks at the brass)
 And the darker the skin, the
 better, right, Cap?

CAPTAIN

GET THE FUCK DOWN OFF THERE, DEETS!

DEETS

Blackmail, mob muscle,
 racketeering, protection payoffs...
 (to the brass)
 ...those \$500 loafers on your feet
 ain't buying themselves, right,
 gents?

The HALF DOZEN UNIFORMS finally show - guns drawn, carefully
 approaching Deets... he knows it's over, looks to the media
 who are feasting on this like a pack of starving wolves...

DEETS (CONT'D)
Report this! Run with it!
Investigate all these
motherfuckers! Don't let this die!
BE THE CHANGE YOU WANT TO SEE!

Deets looks around frantically as he tries to muscle off a half dozen cops...

DEETS (CONT'D)
Where's the camera? Where's the camera?!

A few reporters point to a CAMERAMAN with a rig on his shoulder...

Deets stares into the camera as he fights the cops off--

DEETS (CONT'D)
That's for Jacob, Bella...

Off Deets staring into the camera we--

MATCH CUT TO:

BELLA

...staring at Deets on the TV getting manhandled and cuffed by the uniformed officers, still looking at the camera as best he can, a wicked smile on his face...

Bella smiles back...

BELLA
Effective.

Off Bella's satisfied smile we--

slowly----->fade----->to----->**BLACK.**

--A FEW MOMENTS OF BLACKNESS BEFORE WE--

FADE IN ON:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Bella sitting there with a YOUNG DETECTIVE...

YOUNG DETECTIVE
Came to this morning... nurse said
he's been in and out.

Bella nods...

A moment before Jacob starts to stir... Bella approaches the bed, sits next to him, tears in her eyes as he slowly opens his...

Look at each other--

JACOB
(groggy, struggling)
Isabella..? When... When did you..?

BELLA
I just got here, just now, dad,
this morning...

JACOB
I had these dreams that you were
here talking to me, and I could
hear your voice, and you kept
telling me it was going to be okay,
and...

He's weak still...

BELLA
Rest. It's okay, it's okay... I'm
here.

Bella grabs his hand in hers and looks to the Young Detective with a nod as Jacob smiles and rests his eyelids again...

YOUNG DETECTIVE
Okay. The blues posted up at the
door know the deal, on the team.
You stay as long as you want...

The Young Detective gets up and moves to leave...

BELLA
Where are you going?

YOUNG DETECTIVE
(over his shoulder as he
leaves)
It's a new day, Bella...

Bella looks at his feet as he leaves - cop salary approved
\$39.95 Payless loafers on... a new day indeed.

Off the slow grin creeping across Bella's face we--

CUT TO:

A HARD HITTING MONTAGE

-the Young Detective and his army of righteous police officers busting in on every last high ranking corrupt motherfucker on the NYPD - arresting them; *doing it the right way...*

A TOOTH spits from the CAPTAIN'S smug face as one of the officers stomps on the dudes grill like he's putting out a smoke...

Hey, Rome wasn't built in a day, right?

INTERCUT WITH:

BELLA

...driving Jericho's 442 across the Brooklyn Bridge...

Fleetwood Mac's 'go your own way' blasting from the car's radio:

*you can go your own way
go your own way*

The wind rushes through Bella's hair, the sunlight kissing her face through the car's windshield... God finally smiling down on her...

Shuts her eyes for a moment when--

BANG!

...a GUNSHOT rings out and the car's passenger side WINDOW EXPLODES!

Cars on the bridge halt to a screeching stop, some smashing into each other, other narrowly avoiding it, the mighty 442 swerving wildly, BLOWING THROUGH THE BARRIER, soaring off the bridge, EXPLODING MID-AIR as it crashes into the water below.

C.....H.....A.....O.....S!

People run from cars; some fleeing, some looking over the guardrail at the wrecked 442 being swallowed up by the dark waters... Bella being eaten with it.

ON A ROOFTOP 100 YARDS OUT

PRIEST disassembles a sniper rifle, tears in his eyes...

He gives the scene one last look as we--

MATCH CUT TO:

PRIEST

Staring at something, vacant eyes...

WIDEN TO REVEAL

...he's standing in front of a GROUP OF GANGSTERS sitting at a table.

The news report of Bella's death playing on the TV in the b.g.

An ASIAN GANGSTER - the one we saw Bella let escape to save Deets - throws him a bag of cash...

ASIAN GANGSTER
Two million...

PRIEST
I want to buy the hit off of me and Jericho. A million each...

Priest pushes the bag with the two mill in it back to him...

The Asian Gangster considers this for a moment then nods and shooes him away as we--

CUT TO:

A FUNERAL

...and Bella being laid to rest.

Deets and Jericho there. Priest in the distance, can barely watch, eventually walks away...

He passes a few unsavory looking characters there to make sure it's real, that she's dead... it is, she is.

Back to Jericho who's just staring at the grave as we--

MATCH CUT TO:

JERICHO

His stare...

WIDEN TO REVEAL

...he's staring at a TV screen, watching a VHS copy of the NEWS REPORT of Bella's death:

...rewinds the tape, plays it again, rewinds it, plays it again, rewinds it, plays it again...

...staring at the screen the entire time, his eyes squint as we--

CUT TO:

A CHURCH CEMETERY - NIGHT

...and Jericho deep into a grave, digging it out, filthy.

It's Bella's.

Lighter burned crack pipes and used heroin needles litter the area like discarded candy wrappers.

Another deep thrust of the shovel when--

WHACK!

...the buried treasure...

Jericho digs around the coffin then lifts it up and uses the hard metal of the shovel to pry it open...

Inside:

A CHILD'S BABY DOLL with a marker drawn smile on it...staring at him...as if she knew he'd eventually put it together.

Bella's voice rings out, as if to taunt him:

BELLA (V.O.)
Save that macho 'baby doll' shit
for the cheap seats...

He laughs out loud as he holds up the doll and we--

FLASHBACK TO:

BELLA

...driving Jericho's 442 across the Brooklyn Bridge...

Fleetwood Mac's 'go your own way' blasting from the car's radio:

*you can go your own way
go your own way*

The wind rushes through Bella's hair, the sunlight kissing her face through the car's windshield... God finally smiling down on her...

Shuts her eyes for a moment when--

BANG!

...a GUNSHOT rings out and the car's passenger side WINDOW EXPLODES!

The bullet sings past Bella's head as she quickly SETS A BOMB IN THE CAR and pulls the steering wheel hard left sending the 442 careening off the bridge...

She DIVES FROM THE CAR, mid air, landing in the water below before the bomb goes off and the CAR EXPLODES.

Everyone on the bridge watching the flaming car sink as BELLA'S HEAD ROCKETS UP from the water below the bridge.

She fills her lungs with a massive breath of air then dives back down and swims from the scene...

CUT TO:

PRIEST

...rushing to his car, getting in and racing to the meet point where Bella emerges from the water and gets into his car with a smile...

BACK TO SCENE

...and Jericho staring at the child's toy baby doll.

JERICHO
Well played, lady...
(shaking his head)
...well played.

Jericho smiles to himself as--

The Rolling Stones's 'sympathy for the devil' kicks in and--

CREDITS ROLL
INTO:

MID CREDIT SEQUENCE:

*The IMAGE OF DEETS comes up ON SCREEN, suit and tie on the witness stand in front of a packed courtroom, as a young (not yet batshit fucking crazy) U.S. Attorney Rudy Giuliani leads him through questioning...

WRITING ON SCREEN (in italics) MIXES IN WITH VARIOUS IMAGES

Detective Alder Deets spent the better part of the next six months single handedly cleaning up the NYPD...

Deets, now in his prison issued jumpsuit, dives over the chow table onto a gangster before the guy can manage pulling a shiv (a prison-made knife) on another inmate and starts beating the absolute dog shit out of the dude...

Then the next 5-7 (good behavior permitting) cleaning up Rikers Island...

The image abruptly shifts to Deets with a black eye making a funny face at his daughter and smiling a toothless grin as she explodes in laughter, his ex-wife looking on proudly...

All while still trying to impress his daughter.

*The IMAGE OF PRIEST comes up ON SCREEN as he locks the door to the church...

Priest is still a man of the cloth...

Priest walks down the street, pulls a few dollar bills from his cloak and puts them into the empty guitar case of a blind busker strumming for his supper.

Still doing God's work...

A couple of TOUGH LOOKING CHARACTERS sit against PRIEST'S NEW CAMARO as he approaches... they pull switchblades...

TOUGH CHARACTER
This your ride, priest?

A wicked smile creeps across Priest's face as he nods and starts to unbutton his cloak...

...however that might be.

Now, in terms of Jericho and Bella...

CUT TO:

ON SCREEN: MONTANA, 6 MONTHS LATER

A WOMAN on a step ladder works to stock books in a small bookstore... her back to us... a conservative dress with a sweater over it, flats, her hair in a pony tail...

Doris Day's 'it's magic' plays ever so faintly in the b.g.

*you sigh, a song begins
you speak and i hear violins*

The DING of a BELL as the front door to the shop opens and the woman stops, turns her head ever so slightly to smell the air... a familiar cologne... we get the slightest peak at her face... it's BELLA!

it's magic

She slowly steps from the ladder and turns around to see who entered but the store is empty... no-one... just the baby doll from the casket sitting upright on the counter...

...a marker drawn wink added to the marker drawn smile on it.

Bella looks at the doll then out the window to see the ass end of brand spanking new 442 barreling out of sight...

She shakes her head, smiling to herself.

BELLA
Always has to get the last word
in...

Goes to put the doll on the windowsill when she catches the sight of an OLDER MAN across the street walking towards the shop, holding two coffees... looks like her dad... the man approaches... it is.

Jacob smiles and waves to Bella. Bella smiles and waves back.

Peace...

...finally.

And...

.....*IT'S MAGIC----->*

for now...