

Apaches  
by  
Yam Gonzalez

Based on Lorenzo Carcaterra's "Apaches"

Yam Gonzalez  
(ALL CONTACT INFORMATION CAN BE FOUND ON IMDB PRO)

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - DAY

A two acre, three-floor modern mansion with an inner courtyard lies in the middle of the desert. In sheer size the house looks more like a military complex than a private residence.

Two all-terrain vehicles are parked in the front. A pool stretches about fifty feet long in the back.

ARMED GUARDS line the outside of the mansion. They're all wearing suits. Shades. And a killer tan.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION - DAY

Similar ARMED GUARDS patrol the inside of the house.

A COUPLE OF HISPANIC MIDDLE-AGE WOMEN IN HOUSECOATS AND SLIPPERS *shuffle* across the kitchen.

They're carrying around cellophane-sealed two-kilo bags of cocaine. Taking them out of a black satchel and placing them in a neat stack in the kitchen counter.

A WOMAN IN HER MID-THIRTIES walks around the house carrying a BABY. She wears a see-through nightgown and high heels without a hint of shame. *Her figure is spectacular.*

She has long, jet-black hair, big brown eyes and the tattoo of a fire-breathing dragon on her shoulder blade.

The woman plays around with the baby lovingly as she strolls pass armed guards and cocaine-stocking housekeepers.

A MAN WITH DARK GLASSES approaches.

MAN

We're ready, Lucia.

LUCIA

(handing over the baby)

Prep him. Flight leaves in less than two hours.

INT. BOEING 707 - DAY

Airplane in mid-flight. Every seat is taken. Every legspace compartment is stuffed. Every stowaway space is crammed with handbags, briefcases, coats, hats and sweaters.

SWEEP IN past STEWARDESSES serving drinks and accommodating PASSENGERS, PEOPLE walking down the aisle, CRYING BABIES --

PILOT (O.S.)

(on the overhead speakers)

Ladies and Gentlemen welcome to American Airlines flight five eighteen en route from Phoenix to New York. Our current flight time this morning is of four hours and thirty minutes, and we'll be reaching New York around three thirty p.m. Eastern Standard time. Now, sit back, relax and enjoy the flight.

-- PUSH IN ON A WOMAN in her late thirties with rich brown hair who sits cradling a BABY.

The baby is wrapped in a blanket and sporting Snoopy Pajamas.

An OVERWEIGHT MAN wearing a Hawaiian shirt and an overdone tan sits next to her.

HAWAIIAN SHIRT

I always like flying with babies. There's something about it that makes me feel safe.

The woman smiles, but keeps silent.

HAWAIIAN SHIRT (CONT'D)

You've got yourself a real keeper there.

The woman turns her head to the side quizzically.

WOMAN

Yeah. How's that?

-- PUSH IN ON THE BABY --

HAWAIIAN SHIRT

If he can sleep through this racket, he's worth a million dollars.

WOMAN

(chuckles)

Oh, he's good that way. Never gives me much trouble.

-- SWEEP AROUND THE BABY'S BLANKET TO REVEAL --

The baby's face. It's pale white, lifeless.

-- PUSH INTO THE WIDE-OPEN EYES --

-- ALL SOUNDS *MUFFLE* AS WE ENTER THROUGH THE CORNEA AND SWIM IN A SEA OF DARKNESS THAT IS THE DEAD BABY'S BODY --

-- A couple of sun rays shine in from a partially open suture in the baby's stomach to reveal --

-- stacks of money wrapped in clear plastic.

-- SWEEP AWAY FROM THE MONEY AND MOVE FORTH THROUGH ONE OF THE OPEN SUTURES TILL ALL WE SEE IS WHITE --

-- THEN, OUR EYES ADJUST TO FIND --

The Hawaiian Shirt and the Woman still sit talking.

WOMAN

...we're here on business.

HAWAIIAN SHIRT

Yeah. What do you do?

The woman leans forth and raises the dead baby.

WOMAN

Jason and I are drug dealers.

The man's smile fades.

The woman begins to laugh.

The man chuckles and break up laughing.

HAWAIIAN SHIRT

Yeah right, and I'm a hitman.

INT. BUS - MOVING - DAY

MOVE IN ALONG a crowded bus stuffed full of PEOPLE wearing winter coats, gloves, scarfs and all sorts of head gear --

-- COME TO REST on a slender TWELVE YEAR OLD GIRL holding onto her teddy bear.

Her eyes are wide with fear as she stares across the isle at an ELDERLY RUSSIAN WOMAN who looks just like the wicked witch from Hansel and Gretel.

The Russian woman stares back at the little girl. Reveals a smile that would hunt an odontologist till his deathbed.

The little girl turns to a FIFTEEN YEAR OLD BAD BOY who glances excitedly out the window.

The boy takes a bite from a slice of pizza while he hold's onto a Styrofoam cup.

LITTLE GIRL

Tony, I want to go home.

TONY

Too late, Jenny. I told you not to come if you were scared.

Tony takes a sip from his soda.

JENNY

Are we going back before dark?

Tony doesn't answer.

Jennifer settles back into her seat. Scared.

She glances at the old Russian woman.

JENNY (CONT'D)

(bracing her teddy)

I hope we go back before dark.

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY, NY - LATER

Tony and Jenny get off the bus into a crowded New York street. Tony's got Jenny by the hand.

He fidgets about and glances around. It's pretty obvious he's searching for a restroom.

He dumps the empty Styrofoam cup into a nearby garbage can and pulls Jenny away.

TONY

Come on.

Jenny walks behind Tony dodging people left and right.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY, NY - LATER

Tony and Jenny reach the men's restroom.

He turns to her.

TONY  
Stay here, and don't talk to  
anyone. I'll be right back.

Tony disappears into the restroom.

Jenny paces back till she bumps against a wall.

She watches the crowd go by --

-- holds onto her teddy for dear life.

A SUIT WALKS PAST THE CAMERA

-- and Jenny's gone.

Tony emerges from the restroom wiping his hand with a paper  
towel. He looks up --

-- notices Jenny is gone.

TONY  
(glancing around)  
Jenny?

He drops the paper towel and cuts across the crowd CALLING  
OUT FOR JENNY.

DESPERATION gets a *grip* on Tony as he shoves past people in  
search of his little sister.

At the edge of tears he reaches the center of the terminal  
and SCREAMS AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS --

TONY  
JENNY!

EXT. QUEENS STREET, NY - NIGHT

All is quiet and still. A late afternoon shower left the city  
gleaming with pearly reflections.

A crappy black sedan is parked on the curve in front of a two-  
story building. The engine is off.

INT. CRAPPY BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

The MIDDLE-AGE BEARDED MAN seating on the driver seat takes  
one last drag from his cigarette.

Extinguishes it against the door of the crappy car.

Throws it on the floor on a small pile of cigarettes.

He sticks his head out the window --

-- glances up at the apartment on the second floor.

The face of the building is completely dark with the exception of the light gleaming out of a pull-down window.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

-- VIEW of the man in the crappy car from the second floor pull down window. The window sits on a fire escape.

PULL BACK INTO the apartment to REVEAL a baby as he's placed on a white towel in the middle of a kitchen table.

TWO MEN with surgical gloves hover over him.

One of the men is a muscular, BLUE-EYED, well-dressed white guy in his mid-thirties. The other guy is a slightly chubby, BALDING man in his early-to-mid forties.

ANOTHER TWO MEN tape and seal small packets of cocaine from the kilo sacks resting inside the aluminum sink.

Both of them slender Latinos in their thirties.

One of them wears a tank-top. The other is shirtless. Both of them in jeans, guns tucked into their waistbands.

BLUE-EYES grabs a big kitchen knife.

He dries the sweat on his forehead with his forearm.

BLUE-EYES

Let's do this.

He flips the knife in the air just above the infant.

He's breathing hard. Sweating profusely.

Balding cakes his hand in Johnson's baby oil.

Rubs it over the infant's chest --

-- then, covers the baby's mouth and turns to Blue-eyes.

BALDING

Go.

Blue-eyes heaves the knife up and down, getting ready.

He brings the knife UP with all his might and --

KABOOM!!!

The borders of the front door and the door frame around it SHREDED to pieces from an EXPLOSION.

The blast HURLS the torn-up door straight into the apartment and SHAKES the building to its foundations.

The shudder KNOCKS Blue-eyes off his feet, the knife flying out of his hands.

He lands on top of the baby with his upper body.

Balding flies off his feet and CRACKS through the edge of a coffee table with the back of his shinny, bald head.

He hits the hardwood with a skull cracking 'thumb'.

He's dead.

The two Latinos inside the kitchen DUCK for cover.

They draw out guns --

-- FIRE out the hole in the wall where their door use to be.

THREE FIGURES RUSH IN under the cover of dust and smoke.

All of them hide throughout the foyer.

EXT. QUEENS STREET, NY - NIGHT

The bearded man inside the crappy car sticks his head out the window in surprise when the BLAST goes off.

Aside from the WHITE FLASHES coming out the roll-up window not much else is seen from the street.

The sound of the GUNFIRE is DEAFENING.

A SKINNY WHITE GUY IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES WITH FACIAL BURNS stands against a corner of the building wearing a long black coat, heavy-duty boots, and a hood.

He pulls out a gun from a hip holster --

-- glares at the bearded man in the crappy car.

BURNS  
 (under his breath)  
 Don't even think about it, dipshit.

The man inside the crappy sedan sits for a moment.

Breathing hard, sweating it out.

At once, he THROWS the car into gear.

PEELS OFF.

Burns watches as the crappy sedan speeds off.

BURNS  
 (smirks)  
 Smartest move you ever made.

He looks up at the roll-up window on the second floor.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Blue-eyes jumps to his feet.

Grabs the baby with one arm and uses him as a shield.

He pulls out a gun with his free hand.

FIRES OFF a couple of rounds.

A CHUBBY GUY IN HIS MID-THIRTIES crouches in a corner of the foyer while bullets WHISTLE past his head.

He's sporting a wide-open shirt over a bullet proof vest. The shirt features a big bowling pin in the back.

One of the bullets *chips off* the wooden floor -- the splinters dig deep into Chubby's forearm.

He groans and reaches for his wound.

CHUBBY  
 I h-hate this! They're *BLASTING*  
 away and t-they don't...t-they...

A BIG NATIVE AMERICAN with long, jet-black hair and ears pierced full of rings stands against another corner of the foyer. He's in his early forties.

NATIVE AMERICAN  
 (turns to Chubby)  
 They know who we are.  
 (MORE)

## NATIVE AMERICAN(cont'd)

We're the guys who just blew up  
half of their fucking kitchen.

## CHUBBY

(worked up)

I-I told him. I told him I didn't  
want to be a part of t-the raid.

A talk drink of a blonde in her mid-thirties stands against a  
corner of the foyer wearing a bullet-proof vest over a dark,  
short-sleeve shirt.

Her hair is in a ponytail out the back of a dark-blue cap.

She glances at her watch as bullets TEAR chunks out of the  
wall just inches from her pretty head.

## BLONDE

(calls out)

Thirty seconds.

The roll-up window behind the four shooters goes up.

A CLEAN CUT BLACK GUY in his late thirties followed by a  
SHORT ITALIAN in his mid-forties jump into the middle of the  
standoff. They're both wearing dark clothes.

The black guy *PLANTS* both of his guns in the back of Blue-  
eye's neck -- *then cocks the weapons*.

The Italian aims at the two Latinos.

## ITALIAN

(suave and cool)

Get 'em up.

The Latinos turn their attention to The Italian with both  
guns drawn.

The Italian *fires away*.

The Blonde JUMPS UP from her corner of the foyer.

Fires at the Latinos.

The drug-packing Latin thugs go down in a HAIL OF GUNFIRE.

When the firing stops all guns are aimed back at Blue-eyes.

The black guy leans forth and whispers in his ear.

## BLACK GUY

That baby gets upset, and your head  
rolls out the door.

BLUE-EYES  
(lowering his gun)  
It's cool.

Blue-eyes throws the gun across the table.

Burns appears at the doorway -- a gun in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

He takes a puff from the cigarette and glances at his watch.

BURNS  
Two minutes.

The Native American walks towards the sink.

*Flicks* open a switch blade.

The Blonde walks towards Blue-eyes.

Takes the baby from him.

The Native American cuts open the cocaine bags.

Spills thousands of dollars worth of blow down the sink.

Blue-eyes watches in horror.

BLUE-EYES  
Jesus Christ. That's over two  
hundred thou you're flushing out.

The Italian smiles --

-- grabs a grape from a handful on the kitchen counter --

-- tosses it into his mouth.

BURNS  
(glances at his watch)  
One minute, ladies.

Burns looks down at Chubby, who still hides in a corner of the living room.

BURNS (CONT'D)  
Hey, princess. You can get up now.

Chubby exhales in frustration and stands up.

He looks around and spots Boomer.

CHUBBY

I pl-plant bugs. L-lay wire. I  
don't do raids. I told you that.

The Italian looks at him and nods.

ITALIAN

Duly noted.

Chubby walks out the front door pissed off.

The blonde follows him out the front with a fully dressed  
baby in her arms and a bag of clothes over her shoulder.

BLONDE

I'm gone.

The Native American follows The Blonde.

Burns sweeps around --

-- disappears into the darkness of the hall beyond.

The Italian goes out the way he came.

He stands just outside the window.

The black guy turns to him.

BLACK GUY

He lives?

The Italian nods.

ITALIAN

Just long enough to tell Lucifer  
what happened here.

The Black Guy makes his way out the window while The Italian  
points his gun at the back of Blue-eye's head.

Both men disappear just a stealthily as they had appeared,  
leaving Blue-eyes in a room full of dead bodies.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION - DAY

A black, old-fashioned phone vibrates as the hand set drops  
in it's cradle, leaving a reverberating "cling".

Lucia runs her hand over the shinny surface of the hand set.

She's as rigid as an ironing board, veins bulging out on her neck and forehead from the adrenaline rushing through her.

With a DEMENTED SHRIEK she *RIPS* the phone out of the wall.

HURLS it THROUGH the sliding glass door.

The door SHATTERS all to hell. Making a RACKET.

The phone lands in the pool with a LOUD SPLASH.

SINKS all the way to the bottom of the crystal clear pond.

TWO BODY GUARDS come running, guns drawn.

She approaches one of them.

LUCIA

Get us on the next plane to New York.

BODY GUARD

(hyperventilating)

Yes, madam.

He holsters the gun and walks away.

The second body guard follows.

LUCIA

(shouts back)

And have some of your tools shipped ahead!

(to herself)

We have a few items to *fix*.

EXT. NUNZIO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is in West Ninety six street.

INT. NUNZIO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The group that raided the apartment sit at a round table in the back of the restaurant -- all still dressed the same.

The Italian is situated facing the entrance door. He watches The Blonde nursing the rescued baby with a bottle of formula - - her cap now sits on the table top, her hair is a mess.

A smile peeks out from the corner of his mouth.

The Black Guy takes a sip from a can of Pepsi.

He watches The Italian as he stares at The Blonde.

A CLEAN-CUT, SLIGHTLY-BALDING, JEWISH-LOOKING MAN WELL INTO HIS SIXTIES approaches the table with a tray full of drinks.

He's very well dressed, but slightly overweight.

Boomer sits straight as the elderly man hands out the orders.

BOOMER

Thank you, Nunzio.

NUNCIO

My Pleasure, Boomer.

Boomer stands up. Extends his wine cup up to a toast.

BOOMER

Apaches.

The group looks up --

-- then each of them stand up.

Toast with their drinks --

-- the Chubby Guy with a bandage in one arm and a beer in his hand. The Blonde with the bottle of baby formula. The Black Guy with a can of Pepsi. The Native American with skim milk. Burns with a Beer.

BOOMER

To the first blow against Lucia Carney.

APACHES

CHEERS.

BOOMER

May she get what she deserves.

They all drink --

-- then, take a seat.

NATIVE AMERICAN

I know what she deserves.

BURNS

Enlighten us, Geronimo.

Geronimo brings out a stick of dynamite from under the table.

GERONIMO

I'm going to shove this in her  
panties and light the fuse. Watch  
her run around like a chicken  
without a head.

Throws the stick of dynamite to Boomer.

Boomer catches it mid-air -- his heart in his mouth.

CHUBBY

Jesus.

BURNS

(to Geronimo)

Sacagawea, are you out of your  
fucking mind?

GERONIMO

Relax, pretty boy. That's military-  
grade dynamite. It's safe.

CHUBBY

T-that's assuring.

BURNS

(to Geronimo)

Hey, what the hell is that thing  
hanging from your neck? Looks like  
a horse's head.

Geronimo grabs the pendant -- *it is* a horse's head.

He kisses it and tucks it inside his T-shirt.

GERONIMO

Family heirloom. Good luck charm.

DEAD-EYE

Does it work?

GERONIMO

I'm still here.

BLONDE

(rolls her eyes)

Charming.

(to Boomer)

So, what's our next move?

Boomer thinks for a second --

-- then leans forth in his chair.

BOOMER

Mary. I think you and I just had a baby we can't afford.

(whipping out a black contact card)

We're strapped for cash and we need to find our baby a happy home.

Burns chuckles and shakes his head.

BURNS

You're fucking crazy, Boomer.

Boomer glances past Mary and spots a MIDDLE-AGE MAN as he walks into the restaurant wearing a LONG OVERCOAT AND A HAT.

The man removes his hat and walks to the bar.

BOOMER

Maybe so, Jim, but we still have to get our foot in the door.

The Long Overcoat leans over the bar and exchanges a couple of words with a YOUNG WAITER.

The waiter directs him towards the back of the restaurant.

BOOMER

(getting up)

Excuse me, gentlemen.

Boomer puts the stick of dynamite on the table and leaves.

The Black Guy watches Nunzio as he stands next to a TABLE-FULL OF ELDERLY, ITALIAN-LOOKING, EXPENSIVE SUITS and exchanges a couple of words with them in a pleasant manner.

The Black Guy *chuckles* and pops open a prescription bottle --  
-- drops a couple of pills into his open palm.

CHUBBY

(gulps from the beer)

W-what are you-you taking, Dead-eye?

DEAD-EYE

Maalox tables.

MARY

Why do they call you Dead-eye?

Dead-eye extends his hand to her in the form of a gun.  
Brings his thumb down as he 'clicks' his tongue.

DEAD-EYE  
I never miss.

MARY  
(incredulous)  
Never?

DEAD-EYE  
Never.

ON BOOMER AS HE --

-- approaches The Long Overcoat.

BOOMER  
Carlo, how long has it...

He notices Carlo's melancholic demeanor.

BOOMER (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

CARLO  
I need to talk to you.

BOOMER  
(frowning)  
Of course.

Boomer gestures for Carlo to take a seat.

Carlo sits and puts his hat on the table top.

BOOMER  
(sitting down)  
What's going on?

CARLO  
Jenny's...  
(breathes deeply)  
Jenny's gone.

BOOMER  
What do you mean 'Jenny's gone'?

CARLO  
Annie and I went away for the  
weekend. Tony and Jenny took a bus  
to the city.

Boomer closes his eyes for a moment, knowing the conclusion  
to this story won't be a happy one.

BOOMER  
Where was she last seen?

CARLO  
Port Authority.

BOOMER  
How long ago?

CARLO  
(voice breaking up)  
Three days.

Boomer signals for the young waiter to bring some water.  
The waiter approaches with a pitcher and two glasses.  
Sets them on the table. Pours the water in the glasses.

CARLO (CONT'D)  
We were just a call away. Less than  
an hour's drive from the house. We  
didn't think anything would...

Carlo breaks down.

Boomer hands him a glass of water --  
-- then, picks up his glass --  
-- drinks down the *knot* in his throat.

CARLO (CONT'D)  
(without touching his  
water)  
I need to hear the truth, Boomer.  
Not the bullshit some rookie  
downtown is going to feed me.

Boomer takes a deep breath.

Looks Carlo square in the eyes.

BOOMER

She's either waiting to be sold to  
a flesh buyer or...or she's dead.

Carlo's eyes tear up.

He grabs the glass of water -- then puts it back down.

BOOMER (CONT'D)

If she's alive...and if she's still  
in the city, I'll find her. But you  
you're not going to get her back  
the way she was...you know that.

CARLO

(shaking his head)

I don't care, Boomer. Just, please,  
find my baby.

Boomer gets up and puts a hand on Carlo's shoulder --

-- then walks back to the rest of the Apaches.

INT. NUNZIO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

The Apaches sit at the round table in the back. Their playful  
demeanor has changed. They're all now a little somber.

Geronimo's rolling the stick of dynamite under an open palm.

GERONIMO

Does it have anything to do with  
Lucia Carney.

BOOMER

Lucia's become one of the biggest  
flesh buyers in New York City.

Geronimo nods.

BOOMER (CONT'D)

So, we put on hold our undercover  
stint for seventy-two hours.  
Columbo...

(nods to Mary)

...find someone to take care of the  
kid, then pair up with Jim...

(nods to Burns)

...and hit the streets. Pins...

(hands the little black  
card to the Chubby Guy)

...watch the place with Geronimo.

(MORE)

BOOMER(cont'd)

If Jenny's being sold, chances are  
Lucia will be the buyer.

(claps his hands)

So, work your contacts, and check  
in with Nunzio every two hours.

Columbo puts the blue cap back on her messy head and gets up.

Geronimo and Pins walk past Boomer.

BOOMER (CONT'D)

And fellas...

The duo turns.

BOOMER (CONT'D)

...don't get burned.

Geronimo and Pins nod -- then walk away.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

A WIRY BLACK GUY pulls up a ratty set of Jeans over his dirty  
boxers. He's in his mid-twenties and is sporting cornrows and  
a smear of blow under his flaring nostrils.

WIRY

(doing his buttons)

God damn, baby. God damn. You've  
got the sweetest little thing.

Jenny lies face up on the bed, crying.

Wrists and ankles tied to the bed posts.

Wiry wipes his nose as he walks to the vanity.

Fixes his hair with an Afro comb --

-- watches Jenny's reflection in the mirror.

WIRY (CONT'D)

Come on, baby-doll. Don't cry.

He puts the comb on top of the vanity.

WIRY (CONT'D)

I've got just the thing for you.

Wiry drops the contents of a paperback on the vanity -- metal  
spoon, lighter, syringe, and a baggy of heroin.

He cooks the heroin in the spoon.

Draws it up with the syringe.

Sits on the bed by Jenny's side.

Jenny wriggles and groans --

-- tries to avoid the inevitable.

WIRY (CONT'D)

It's okay, baby. It's okay. Daddy's  
going to make it all better.

Wiry grabs Jenny's frail arm to keep it in place.

Shoots a dose of heroin straight into her vein.

Jenny stops moving. The tears stop running.

She's off. Flying high as a kite.

WIRY (CONT'D)

There...

(getting up from the bed)

...I know that hit the spot.

He puts on a shirt.

Grabs his stuff.

Leaves.

INT. GREY CHEVY IMPALA - DAY

Boomer and Dead-eye drive through the city.

Boomer's behind the wheel humming to a Sam Cooke song coming from his cassette player. Dead-eye's chewing strawberry gum.

DEAD-EYE

Have you noticed that most evenings  
Nunzio's restaurant is like a  
retirement home.

BOOMER

Yeah...*for mob bosses.*

Dead-eye turns to Boomer in surprise.

DEAD-EYE

Are you serious?

Boomer smirks and nods.

BOOMER  
Believe it or not Nunzio's got  
connections up the wazoo.

DEAD-EYE  
Low friends in high places, huh?

BOOMER  
Yeah.

Dead-eye chuckles and shakes his head.

A moment.

DEAD-EYE  
So, what's with you and Mrs.  
Columbo.

BOOMER  
What do you mean?

DEAD-EYE  
Come on. I saw the way you were  
looking at her when she was nursing  
the baby.

Boomer shakes his head and yields the truth.

BOOMER  
We've always been kind of sweet on  
each other, but she's married.

DEAD-EYE  
Happily married?

BOOMER  
As happy as a lady cop could ever  
be, which is more than I could say  
if she had a relationship with me.

EXT. JIM'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Jim's seating behind the wheel having a cigarette.

He flicks on the lighter.

Stares at the flame it provides, then closes it.

Mrs. Columbo hops onto the passenger seat.

MRS. COLUMBO  
(indicating the cigarette)  
Do you mind.

Jim puts out the cigarette and steps on the gas.

INT. JIM'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jim sits behind the wheel.

Mrs. Columbo sits next to him.

She takes a gulp of coffee from a Styrofoam cup.

Glances at the burns on Jim's hands.

Jim notices Columbo's stare.

He stops at a red light.

Lowers the hood from his head as he turns to Mary.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME WE SEE HIS WHOLE HEAD IS CHARRED MEAT.

Mrs. Columbo stares at his burns in shock.

MRS. COLUMBO  
Sorry about staring.

JIM  
It's okay, cupcake. Just thought  
I'd give you a better look.

MRS. COLUMBO  
Thanks.

Mrs. Columbo turns forth and sits straight as a candle.

Jim smiles and steps on the gas when the light turns green.

He puts the hood back over his head.

EXT. NEW YORK ALLEY - AFTERNOON

A brand-new four-door black Cadillac is parked to the side.

INT. FOUR-DOOR BLACK CADILLAC - BACKSEAT - AFTERNOON

Wiry puts a light to the top-end of a plastic pipe and inhales.

He holds the vapor in his lungs -- then releases it.

WIRY

God damn. I don't know where you scored this, but I've never smoked rock this clean.

An IMPOSING MAN in a dark blue suit and wrap-around sunglasses turns from the open window to Wiry, who sits across from him.

The blue suit has a scar running down one side of his face.

BLUE SUIT

There's a lot more where that came from if you supply what I need.

WIRY

(lighting up again)  
So, what's your market.

BLUE SUIT

Young girls...and babies.

WIRY

(chokes on the vapor)  
*Babies?!*

BLUE SUIT

Ten thousand for a baby. Five thousand for a girl that can give us a baby. Twenty for both.

The Blue Suit reaches into his pocket.

Gives Wiry a black card and a Polaroid.

Wiry takes a look at the black card.

WIRY

The contact.

The Suit nods.

Wiry puts it in his pocket.

Then, looks at the Polaroid.

Can't make out what it is.

WIRY (CONT'D)

And this?

## BLUE SUIT

That's what happened to the last  
guy that let my contact fall into  
the wrong hands.

Wiry's eyes go wide when he realizes what he's looking at.

EXT. TWO-STORY OFFICE BUILDING, STREET - NIGHT

Pins and Geronimo sit inside a four-door sedan parked across  
the street from the building.

INT. FOUR-DOOR SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Pins sits in the passenger seat eating a Slim Jim.

Geronimo sits in the driver's seat fooling around with two  
dynamite sticks, using them as drum sticks on the steering  
wheel. He's following a Cherokee tune playing a the car's  
cassette tape player.

An 8 x 10 photograph of Jenny is taped to the dashboard.

GERONIMO

God, this is such a waste of time.

PINS

That's-that's the job.

GERONIMO

Why do they call you Pins?

PINS

I bo...I have a bowling alley.

GERONIMO

(in Cherokee; English  
subtitled)

Nice.

EXT. STREET - PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Mrs. Columbo stands at a payphone with a cup of coffee in her  
hand. She looks very tired.

MRS. COLUMBO

Ten-four.

She hangs up the phone.

Drops the cup of coffee on a nearby trash can.

INT. FOUR-DOOR SEDAN - DAY

Jim's seating in the driver seat having a cigarette.

Mrs. Columbo gets into the car.

She takes off her cap. Throws it on the dashboard.

MRS. COLUMBO  
You're really tempting me, Jim.

Jim looks at the cigarette and chuckles.

JIM  
(putting out the smoke)  
It's been a while since a beautiful  
woman has said that to me.  
(turns to Columbo)  
When you quit?

MRS. COLUMBO  
Fifteen years ago.

Jim chuckles. Mary smiles. They look like hell.

JIM  
So, what's the word.

MRS. COLUMBO (CONT'D)  
We're calling it a night. Getting  
an early start tomorrow.

Jim nods and steps on the gas.

INT. DEAD-EYE'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dead-eye and Eddie sit inside a bubble bath.

Five-year-old Eddie plays with a toy.

Dead-eye is lost in thought.

EDDIE  
Dad, is mommy mad at you because  
you're back to being a cop?

Dead-eye snaps out of his thoughts by his son's question.

He looks for a smart way to answer the query.

DEAD-EYE

I'm not...  
 (thinks for a moment)  
 Yeah, a little.

EDDIE

Don't you like being a doorman?

DEAD-EYE

I feel that I can do more good  
 being...doing what I'm doing now.

EDDIE

Because you get to shoot bad guys.

Dead-eye chuckles.

He grabs his son and rests him upon his chest.

Kisses the top of his head while the boy continues to play  
 with his toy.

DEAD-EYE

Because I get to protect the good  
 guys.

INT. MRS. COLUMBO'S HOUSE, DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Columbo sits at the dinner table with a man about her  
 age and kid in his mid-teens.

She's wearing a dark blue T-shirt that has a chalk-lined  
 figure drawn in the back. Below the drawing reads: Our day  
 begins when yours ends. Homicide.

MAN

Working Homicide was dangerous  
 enough, Mary, but undercover? Are  
 you out of your mind?

MRS. COLUMBO

You're blowing this out of  
 proportion, Joe.

JOE

You want to get killed, is that it?

MRS. COLUMBO

Joe.

Mrs. Columbo directs Joe's gaze to the kid.

Joe composes himself. He doesn't want to scare the youngster.

JOE  
Why are you doing this? You're not  
even a cop anymore.

MRS. COLUMBO  
(angered)  
At least I'm still making a  
difference, which is more than I  
can say for my work in the kitchen.  
Don't you agree?

TEEN  
(toying with his food)  
Agree.

Joe throws his napkin on the table --

-- then, gets up and walks away.

The Teen drops the fork and leaves as well.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucia sits at the head of an eight-foot-long dining table  
smocking a cigarette.

At the other end of the table, framed by two of Lucia's  
bodyguards, sits a thin, balding man perspiring into his  
CHEAP SUIT. A file sits directly in front of him, next to a  
worn down fedora hat.

LUCIA  
Mira, Papi, for two hundred and  
fifty dollars an hour I don't want  
to read it from the file. *I want to  
hear it from you.*

Cheap Suit fidgets uncomfortably in his seat.

Dabs his forehead with a cloth tissue.

CHEAP SUIT  
It's a group of disabled ex-cops  
working outside the law.

LUCIA  
(in Spanish)  
How the hell...  
(in English)  
Disabled how?

CHEAP SUIT  
 (getting frustrated)  
 Stabbed. Shot...They're all on the  
 NYPD disability pension.

LUCIA  
 Yeah, well, that didn't stop them  
 from tearing through my queen's  
 apartment.

Cheap Suit grabs his fedora hat in *exasperation*.

CHEAP SUIT  
 (putting on the hat)  
 I know it's hard to believe but all  
 the details are in the file.

Lucia nods and puts off her cigarette.

Each one of the bodyguards takes a step out from behind the  
 balding man.

Cheap Suit gets the subtle hint --

-- turns to Lucia in horror.

LUCIA  
 I guess I don't need you then.

Lucia PULLS OUT a gun and BATHES the opposite wall of the  
 room with the guy's brains.

The fedora hat *FLIES* right off his head.

She drops the gun on the table and stands up.

*Saunters* over to the dead man.

Grabs the blood-spotted file

LUCIA (CONT'D)  
 Have someone clean this up. I have  
 some reading to do.

INT. GREY CHEVY IMPALA - MOVING - DAY

Boomer still hums to the same SAM COOKE RECORD. Dead-eye  
 rides shotgun tired and frustrated. A fast-food bag full of  
 trash sits between them.

Dead-eye spits out an over-chewed gum into the trash bag --

-- then, leans forth and SHUTS OFF the stereo.

DEAD-EYE

(to Boomer)

It's been forty-eight hours of this shit and still no leads. After two years without the streets every contact we have is either dead or in jail.

BOOMER

There has to be someone around.

He takes a sip from his coffee.

DEAD-EYE

Well, I'm fresh out of gum and you've had enough coffee and pizza to kill us both. So, why don't we call it a...

BOOMER

Bingo.

Boomer puts down the coffee and hangs a right.

Stops the car at a street corner.

Dead-eye turns in his seat.

Glances out the back window to see --

-- a BLACK PIMP across the street.

DEAD-EYE

Holy shit! If it isn't Cleve.

Dead-eye gets out of the vehicle.

Boomer does the same.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Boomer and Dead-eye approach Cleve.

Cleve spots the two ex-cops and smiles --

-- REVEALING a long, bottom row of silver teeth.

CLEVE

If it isn't New York's Finest ball-busting bitches. I thought you two were dead.

Boomer and Dead-eye stop in front of Cleve.

DEAD-EYE

Likewise.

BOOMER

(going through his coat)  
We're looking for a girl.

CLEVE

Don't know what your action is, Boom-man, but I'm sure I've got the muff to cover it.

BOOMER

A missing girl, asswipe.

Boomer shoves Jenny's picture in Cleve's face.

Cleve takes it. Looks at it.

CLEVE

I don't buy runaways, Boom.

Hands the picture back.

Glances over at a couple of black broads working a corner.

DEAD-EYE

She's not a runaway. She's lifted.

BOOMER

Just run me some names.

CLEVE

(smiles)  
Don't have to give you shit, Super Fly. Your badges been stamped out.

BOOMER

(frowns)  
Huh...  
(turns to Dead-eye)  
...just occurred to me I never shot me a pimp on the job.

CLEVE  
 There's a hundred whacks out here  
 moving kids. I ain't no yellow  
 pages. I can't know them all.

BOOMER  
 Just give us three candidates and  
 we'll be out of your hair.

Cleve shuffles around a bit and decides.

CLEVE  
 (to Boomer)  
 Alright. Whip out your note pad,  
 pretty boy.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The wooden bedposts SLAM over and over against the wall.

The springs SQUEAK and GROAN under the *thrusting*.

Loud GROANING is heard through the room.

AND THEN IT ALL STOPS.

Wiry gets off the bed *sweating* profusely.

He grabs a bottle of whisky that is almost completely empty  
 and finishes the last of the drink.

He drops the bottle where he stands.

Jenny opens her eyes and turns to Wiry.

JENNY  
 (barely perceptible)  
 Hey.

WIRY  
 (approaching Jenny)  
 What is it, baby-doll.

Wiry leans over the bed. His face inches from Jenny's.

JENNY  
 Fuck you.  
 (she nods while tears roll  
 down her face)  
Fuck you.

Wiry's eyes grow wide --

-- his fist clenches into a ROCK --

-- and AS HE BLOWS --

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - DAY

Dead-eye, Boomer and Cleve gather around. Dead-eye finishes writing the second name and address in his note pad.

BOOMER

That's two out of three. Give us one last name, Casanova.

CLEVE

There's a brother calls himself Malcolm X...

Boomer frowns -- something *clicked*.

CLEVE (CONT'D)

...fresh out the slammer. He's staying at a park and lock on thirty nine street. You ought to check him out.

(walks past Boomer and Dead-eye)

Now, if you'll excuse me, Gentlemen. Got a biz to run.

BOOMER

Thanks, Cleve.

(turning to Dead-eye)

Alright. Let's pass these out and go after Mr. X.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, PAYPHONE - DAY

Boomer lifts up the receiver and cradles it between his shoulder and ear.

He pulls out little black contact book. Pages through it.

DEAD-EYE

What are you doing?

Boomer finds a number.

BOOMER

(dialing)

Calling in a favor. The name rings a bell but I just can't place him.

He drops a couple of coins and waits.

BOOMER (CONT'D)  
Alias: Malcolm X. Pier forty eight.  
One hour.

Boomer hangs up --

-- then lifts the receiver and dials another number.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, BATHROOM - DAY

Wiry leans on the sink -- looks at his reflection in the mirror. A single speck of blood dimples his cheek.

He's shaking from the adrenaline rushing through his body and *rivers* run down his arms and chest. He looks demented.

WIRY  
(at his reflection)  
We showed her.

He nods.

Then, looks down at his bloody hands and lets the water run.

EXT. PIER FORTY EIGHT - AFTERNOON

Boomer and Dead-eye pull up next to a police cruiser in their Chevy Impala. Boomer at the wheel.

The UNIFORM inside the cruiser passes Dead-eye a file through the window.

He gives Boomer a nod -- then they part ways.

INT. GREY CHEVY IMPALA - MOVING - AFTERNOON

Dead-eye opens the manila envelope.

There's a copy of Malcolm's file with a picture attached.

Dead-eye takes a look at the picture.

INSERT OF THE PICTURE

-- a jail mug shot of Wiry.

BACK TO SCENE

Dead-eye gives Boomer a glimpse of their suspect --

BOOMER  
Malcolm Juniper.

DEAD-EYE  
You know him.

BOOMER  
(glances at Dead-eye)  
We've crossed paths before.

DEAD-EYE  
(goes back to the file)  
Son of a bitch got out less than a  
month ago after a three year spin  
in up in Attica on a Rape and  
molestation conviction.

BOOMER  
Don't even bother reading anymore.  
He's our guy.

INT. GREY CHEVY IMPALA - AFTERNOON

Boomer and Dead-eye stop at a traffic light.

Dead-eye is still scanning over the file.

DEAD-EYE  
Are we far?

BOOMER  
Should be about two blocks ahead.

Boomer takes a sip from his cold coffee.

Glances to his left -- and frowns.

BOOMER  
(without turning)  
Dead-eye.

Dead-eye looks up at Boomer, then follows his gaze to --

Malcolm approaching from the left. A white nylon bag  
containing a couple of bottles dangle from one hand.

DEAD-EYE  
Son of a bitch.

Malcolm walks right past the impala and reaches the sidewalk -

-- then turns left and crosses over to the next block.

Boomer drives forth, following Malcolm --

-- who glances back and keeps on walking.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Chevy Impala follows at a distance.

Malcolm reaches the intersection and hangs a right.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

Dead-eye turns to Boomer.

DEAD-EYE

I thought the place was up ahead.  
Are we made?

BOOMER

I think so.

Boomer hangs a right --

-- and stops the car.

BOOMER (CONT'D)

Run to the motel. Go.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dead-eye exits the Chevy.

Walks casually across the street --

-- then breaks into a dash once he's out of Malcolm's line of sight.

Boomer drives past Malcolm and crosses the intersection.

He makes the next left over --

-- and goes around the block.

Parks the Chevy by the curve, behind another car --

Observes Malcolm as he looks both ways before crossing the street.

Disappearing behind the buildings Malcolm drops the nylon bag and BREAKS into a run.

Boomer drives out from behind the parked vehicle and slowly rolls down the street, unaware that Malcolm is now running.

As Boomer's about to cross the intersection, he spots Malcolm RACING to the end of the block.

Instinctively, Boomer STEPS ON THE GAS and hangs a left, CUTTING OFF incoming cars.

He ROCKETES down the street.

Boomer rolls up next to Malcolm and nose-dives the car into the side walk, cutting him off.

Malcolm LEAPS above the car and RACES into a narrow alleyway.

Boomer curses and SCRAMBLES out of the vehicle.

Dashes down the alley.

Malcolm nears the end of the alley and trips over A COUPLE OF NEW YORKERS as he's crossing the sidewalk.

The street is jammed packed full of cars. All of them bumper to bumper, none of them moving.

Malcolm leaps onto a cab -- starts bouncing from car to car, making his way down the avenue.

Boomer chases after him.

They LEAP-FROG from vehicle to vehicle.

Boomer catching up with Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Fuck this.

Malcolm stops and turns on the hood of a car.

Pulls his gun out and aims.

Boomer FLIES OFF the roof of a car and TACKLES Malcolm.

Both men FLY into oncoming traffic.

They land in the hood of a cab and BOUNCE OFF the windshield.

The cab SCREECHES to a halt.

Boomer and Malcolm ROLL over the pavement.

A moment --

Onlookers gather around. Being to crowd.

Cars BEEP THEIR HORNS. PEOPLE YELL OUT in frustration.

Boomer gets up and pulls out his gun.

The crowd steps back in surprise.

Boomers stumbles over to Malcolm --

-- GASPING desperately for breath.

He grabs Malcolm's gun and shoves it in his pants.

Rolls Malcolm onto his stomach --

-- cuffs his hands behind his back --

-- and drags him off the street, away from the crowd.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Boomer pulls Malcolm into an alleyway.

Malcolm stumbles over a couple of ten gallon trash bags.

Falls face-first into the garbage.

Boomer leans against a big metal trash can --

-- still gasping for breath --

-- grabbing the right side of his torso in pain --

He punches the trash can.

Glances at Malcolm with the *WRATH OF GOD*.

BOOMER  
YOU, MOTHERFUCKER.

MALCOLM  
What do you want from me, man.

Boomer picks him up and shoves him against a wall.

BOOMER

Who the fuck do you think I am,  
Jesse Owens!? I'm missing half a  
lunch, motherfucker!

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Why you hassling me, man! I didn't  
do nothing!

BOOMER

SHUT UP!

Boomer searches Malcolm to find --

-- an Afro comb, a switch blade, a dark-brown wallet --

-- and inside the wallet -- the black contact card.

Boomer looks at the familiar item --

BOOMER

I knew it.  
(pockets the card)  
It's been a while, Malcolm.

MALCOLM

(frowns)  
Do I know you?

BOOMER

You should.  
(grabs him)  
I busted your ass three years ago.

Drags him away.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jenny's bloody hand trembles against the bed railing to which  
it's tied.

Her ankles are raw from the friction created by the rope tied  
around them.

Her eyes are glassy and swollen shut.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - JENNY'S POV - CONTINUOUS

THE MOTEL ROOM COMES IN AND OUT OF FOCUS.

EVERYTHING IS GLARY.

EVERY SHADOW IS FLEETING.

EVERY LIGHT SOURCE IS BLINDING.

A THUNDEROUS POUNDING SOUND emerges from the entrance door.

BLARING LIGHT and city DUST FLY IN as A FIGURE CRASHES THROUGH the front door -- gun drawn.

THE FIGURE approaches the bed -- it's Dead-eye.

His face fills up with sorrow at the sight of Jenny.

He quickly holsters his gun --

-- takes off his long coat.

DEAD-EYE

I'm a policeman. It's alright.

He puts the coat over the girl.

HIS VOICE SOUNDS DISTANT. IT ECHOES THROUGH THE ROOM.

He pulls out a switch blade.

Jenny starts CRYING.

DEAD-EYE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to hurt you, Jenny.  
It's going to be okay.

Dead-eye cuts the ropes from her wrists.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - AFTERNOON

Boomer drives along the motel till he spots a partially open door. Malcolm sits in the back seat, handcuffed.

Boomer pulls into an open slot.

Shifts into park.

EXT. MOTEL - AFTERNOON

Boomer pulls Malcolm out of the Chevy.

Drags him down the sidewalk till they reach the open door.

INT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The little girl sits on the bed. Her back to the exit door. Legs pressed against her chest. Covered in Dead-eye's coat.

Her face is broken and swollen three sizes too big from the beating Malcolm gave her.

Dead-eye sits across from her, covering his face. Ashamed.

He looks up and sees Malcolm, then --

-- SHOOTS UP and RUSHES around the bed.

Malcolm steps back with apprehension.

MALCOLM  
Hey. Hey. Be cool.

Dead-eye reaches Malcolm and BAM --

-- HITS him so hard across the face his head slams against the door frame.

Malcolm goes down.

Dead-eye pulls him by the shirt into an adjacent restroom.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dead-eye pulls Malcolm inside.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
(still out of it)  
What are you doing.

The ex-cop shoves Malcolm's head into the toilet.

Steps on his neck so he won't move.

Malcolm CHOKES against the edge of the toilet.

Dead-eye pulls out his gun --

-- gets ready to flush Malcolm's brains down the pipe --

-- but he hesitates.

His left eye starts twitching. His hands are trembling.

Boomer walks into the bathroom and crouches next to Malcolm.

Malcolm turns as much as he can with a twelve-size boot CRUSHING the back of his neck.

Boomer whips out the black card.

BOOMER  
(referring to the card)  
If you don't tell me what he wanted  
I'm going to let my friend here  
flush your brains down the toilet.

Malcolm's still CHOKING.

Boomer looks up at Dead-eye and gives him a subtle nod.

Dead-eye removes the boot.

Malcolm starts coughing.

MALCOLM  
Babies. Fucking guy wanted babies.

Boomer smirks and stands up.

Turns to Dead-eye.

BOOMER  
Let's bring him in.

Dead-eye hesitates before he holsters his gun.

He presses his hand against the twitch in his eye.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A brunette in her mid-thirties with eyes as blue as the ocean sits on a chair next to Jenny's hospital bed, watching her.

She's wearing a doctor's coat. Headlining the doctor's batch is the name -- Carolyn Bartlett.

The room around her is dark. The only light comes from a big glass window that leads to one of the halls of the hospital.

The Brunette glances down at Jenny's arms, extended beyond the folded blanket.

Looks at her little nails painted with acrylic nail polish.

Carolyn contains the urge to cry.

A single tear rolls down her cheek as --

-- a shadow emanates above Jenny's bed.  
 The woman wipes away her tear and turns around.  
 Carlo and Anne stand just outside the big window --  
 -- watching over their daughter.  
 Carolyn writes something on her tablet and gets up.  
 She exits the room.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Boomer rests against a window down the hallway, watching as Carolyn exchanges a few words with Jenny's parents.  
 She gently squeezes Anne's upper arm and walks past them.  
 Carolyn steals a glance from Boomer before she disappears beyond another hallway.  
 Boomer turns around and goes on his way.

INT. NUNZIO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT, BAR - DAY

Pins sits by the bar having a beer.  
 Nunzio is cleaning a couple of glasses in front of him.

PINS

Nunzio, i-is it okay if...I mean.  
 Can I ask you a personal question.

NUNZIO

(glances at Pins)  
 Of course, but whether I answer or  
 not depends on the question.

PINS

(nods)  
 That's...that's fair.  
 (hesitates)  
 W-why this? Why help us?

Nunzio hesitates in answering.

PINS (CONT'D)  
 I know why they do this.  
 (indicating the Apaches  
 gathered at the back)  
 T-the action. B-but what about you?

Nunzio puts the cup down and looks at Pins.

NUNZIO  
 My grand daughter disappeared three  
 years ago...she never turned up.

Pins stares at Nunzio.

Nods in understanding.

NUNZIO (CONT'D)  
 What about you, Bugman? Somehow you  
 don't strike me as the action-  
 junkie type. What drives you?

PINS  
 (smiles coyly)  
 Oh, I'm-I'm not...Family  
 (turns around and glances  
 at the Apaches)  
 W-with them i-it feels like family.

Boomer WHISTLES.

Gestures for Pins to get back to the group.

Pins turns to Nunzio -- gives him a wink and a smile.

Then, grabs a handful of nuts and gets up from the bar.

Walks back to the group.

BOOMER  
 Now, that we're all here.  
 (eyeing Pins)  
 First, I want to thank you all for  
 what you did, and I want to let you  
 know that the case was directly  
 related to Lucia Carney.  
 (pulls out the black card)  
 We found this on Malcolm Juniper.  
 So, tomorrow we go in.

Boomer raises a photograph of the Blue Suit that gave Malcolm Juniper the black contact card. The Apaches look at it.

BOOMER (CONT'D)

This is Saldo. He's Lucifer's connection to the streets. He handpicks prospective assets. And he's the only one that could identify us as *party crashers*. Thanks to Pins he's now covered.

DEAD-EYE

(to Boomer)

Covered how?

PINS

Bugged.

Drops some nuts in his mouth.

GERONIMO

(turns to Pins)

*How the hell did you manage that?*

PINS

(chuckles)

H-his l-laundry service. I found it

Geronimo nods. Nice.

BOOMER

So, we cover all angles. This thing has to go off without a hitch.

INT. TWO-STORY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The same two-story office building that Geronimo and Pins had been assigned to watch.

INT. TWO-STORY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Mrs. Columbo walks into an office wearing a skirt and a revealing top. Her hair is ironed and there's actual make-up on her face. *She looks extremely HOT.*

She's carrying a baby seat in her arms.

A TOOTHY MAN DRESSED IN A SUIT eagerly walks around his office desk.

TOOTHY MAN

That looks heavy.

The Toothy Man grabs the baby seat from Mary.

MRS. COLUMBO

(fed up)

That thing is such a drag. Just put it on the floor. I don't care.

The Toothy Man puts the baby sit on the floor between two visitor chairs propped across from his office desk.

He exhales and turns to Mrs. Columbo.

Scanning Mary's vibrant figure up and down.

TOOTHY MAN

Pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Connors.

Mrs. Columbo smiles and shakes his hand.

MRS. COLUMBO

(flirting)

Likewise, darling. You have a very appealing smile.

The Toothy Man is taken by surprise.

Holds his stare on Mrs. Columbo for a moment.

TOOTHY MAN

Thank you.

(indicating the chair)

Please.

Mrs. Columbo settles into her chair.

The Toothy Man walks around his office desk.

TOOTHY MAN (CONT'D)

And your husband?

Settles into his chair.

MRS. COLUMBO

(rolls her eyes)

Talk about a drag. He's around the corner. Parking the car.

The Toothy Man chuckles and stares at Mary.

TOOTHY MAN

So, how did you hear about us?

MRS. COLUMBO

My friend Carmella. She found herself in my shoes about six months ago. Said you gave her up-front cash for her little *burden*.

TOOTHY MAN

Why you want to get rid of the kid?

MRS. COLUMBO

Do you really want to ask me that?

TOOTHY MAN

I always ask, Mrs. Connors.

MRS. COLUMBO

I'll tell you. Because if I have one more sleepless night I'll pitch his whinny ass in the Hudson River. Because my husband talked me into keeping it and it's the worse choice I've ever made. Because I desperately need to find me a job. Take your pick.

The Toothy Man nods --

-- mulling something over in his head.

TOOTHY MAN

What are you looking for? With regards to work, I mean.

Mary pulls of her skirt as she crosses her legs --

-- revealing very shapely thighs.

The Toothy Man zeros in on the goods.

MRS. COLUMBO

Pretty much anything that comes my way. A girl has to do what a girl has to do...

(leans forth)

...and trust me, I've done it all.

TOOTHY MAN

(standing up)

I might just have something for you. We'll talk in private.

Boomer comes in though the door.

The Toothy Man extends his hand.

TOOTHY MAN (CONT'D)  
Mr. Connors.

Boomer and Toothy Man shake hands.

EXT. TWO-STORY OFFICE BUILDING, STREET - CONTINUOUS

Geronimo, dressed in sanitation department coveralls, lifts a large cardboard Zenith television Carton filled with wires.

Throws it all into the back of the sanitation truck.

Then, glances at a late model black Lincoln double parked next to a Toyota Corolla and a blue Renault.

It's engine running, tinted windows up.

Geronimo *shifts* ON the CRUSH GEAR on the sanitation truck and lowers his head into his collard.

GERONIMO  
I see it.

INT. TOW-TRUCK CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Pins sits behind the wheel of a battered tow truck. He's sipping on an double caramel Frappuccino.

He's wearing the brown uniform of a department of Transportation officer.

PINS  
S-saldo's i-in the back.  
Someone...we-we got tipped off.

EXT. TWO-STORY OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jim is cleaning the outside windows on the building.

He drops a squeegee and picks up a hand towel.

JIM  
(cleaning the glass)  
Well, this just turned into a merry clusterfuck. What do they know?

PINS (O.S.)  
 (on the radio)  
 T-they know w-we're sending in a  
*plant*, t-they just don't know  
 when...or-or who.

EXT. TWO-STORY OFFICE BUILDING, ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Dead-eye stands at the edge of the building watching over the street like a big, black gargoyle.

DEAD-EYE  
 Do Boomer and Mrs. Columbo know?

PINS (O.S.)  
 (on the radio)  
 T-their mikes are off. O-O-  
 Otherwise it's too-too...it's  
 dangerous. Too risky.

EXT. TWO-STORY OFFICE BUILDING, STREET - CONTINUOUS

Geronimo takes a quick glance at the top of the building.

GERONIMO  
 Your move, Dead-eye.

EXT. TWO-STORY OFFICE BUILDING, ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Dead-eye rocks back and forth for a moment --

-- churning things over in his head.

He gets on the radio.

DEAD-EYE  
 Pins.

EXT. TWO-STORY OFFICE BUILDING, STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The battered, old two truck backs up until it reaches the front fender on the black Lincoln.

The driver of the Lincoln rolls the window down --

-- sticks his head out.

DRIVER  
 What's up, asshole?!

Pins rolls his window down.

Sticks his head out.

PINS  
You're not...y-you're double  
parked.

DRIVER  
I'm in the car!

PINS  
Too late. T-the wood's down.

DRIVER  
What are you talking about? I'll  
move the fucking car!

PINS  
I-it's down, the wood. C-can't move  
it once the w-wood's down.

DRIVER  
Fuck you and the wood, ya  
stuttering prick!

The sanitation truck pulls up the street --

-- blocks the driver's side of the Lincoln.

Geronimo approaches the Lincoln from behind.

A .44 in his hand. A silencer attached to the muzzle.

He knocks at the passenger window.

It rolls down.

GERONIMO  
(to the passenger)  
Can't park there.

PASSENGER  
I hate this fucking city.

The driver HITS the dashboard in anger.

DRIVER  
(to Geronimo)  
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU? A TRANSIT  
OFFICER!!!

GERONIMO  
 (chuckles)  
 Enjoy your ride to the pound.

DRIVER  
 (frowns)  
 You're no fucking garbage man.

From the shadow of the backseat --

SALDO  
*They're cops.*

The driver and the passenger look back.

Both of them draw their guns at once --

-- go for the door at once.

Geronimo KICKS SHUT the passenger-side door and dangles his gun over the window, aimed directly at Saldo --

-- simultaneously, the driver-side window explodes as the driver's about to get out.

He drops back in his seat. The look on his face insinuates he needs a change of underwear.

He glances up at the building and sees --

Dead-eye with a sniper rifle aimed directly at his head.

GERONIMO  
 Now, what's it going to be.

The driver and the passenger turn to Geronimo.

SALDO  
 We'll wait in the car.

GERONIMO  
 (smirks)  
 Good call.

Pins puts the chain on the Lincoln.

PINS  
 (knocks on the hood)  
 Please, kill the ca...the-the engine.

DRIVER  
 I'd like to fucking kill you first.

PINS  
 (chuckles)  
 That-that's not v-very nice.

Pins gets into the cabin and lifts the car.

He hauls the Lincoln away.

Geronimo watches them go --

-- then, looks up at Dead-eye as he gets on the radio.

GERONIMO  
 For a second there I thought I was  
 going to shit a brick.

DEAD-EYE  
 (smirks)  
 They wouldn't have gotten very far.

EXT. TWO-STORY OFFICE BUILDING, ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Dead-eye looks down as the Lincoln is being hauled away.

DEAD-EYE  
 (on the radio)  
 Any of our boogies making a move.

EXT. TWO-STORY OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jim looks at the guy standing by the entrance door.

JIM  
 (on the radio)  
 We're crystal. No one saw shit.

INT. TWO-STORY OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Toothy Man now sits with his feet on top of the desk.

TOOTHY MAN  
 I usually pay six hundred, but  
 you've caught me on a soft day, so  
 I'll bump you up to a thousand.

Mrs. Columbo's face lights up.

Boomer stands up.

The Toothy Man brings his feet off the table and stands up.

The two men shake hands.

BOOMER

That's great. Thank you very much,  
Mr. Reynard.

(indicating the baby)

I'll get his stuff from the car.

Boomer leaves the office.

MRS. COLUMBO

(turns to Reynard)

So, about that gig.

Reynard picks up the baby seat.

REYNARD

You're going to keep the baby.

Reynard hands the baby seat to Mary.

MRS. COLUMBO

(faking anxiety)

I am?

REYNARD

It's just for a couple of days. The  
two of you are going to board a  
flight to Maine. I'll call you with  
the instructions.

INT. OPEN HANGAR - DAY

Lucia approaches a TALL, WELL-DRESSED, BALD-HEADED MAN that  
stands facing A GROUP OF ELEVEN TOUGH-LOOKING GUYS.

This group looks like a professional hit squad.

Lucia's heels 'click' loudly and echo through the hangar.

She reaches the tall guy and hands him a file.

LUCIA

There's seven names in there. I  
want you to go to New York and fix  
them. Permanently, Mr. Graves.

She walks away.

INT. MRS. COLUMBO'S HOUSE, MASTERBEDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Columbo stands on one side of the bed in a bathrobe. Her hair is soaked. Joe stands on the other side of the bed.

MRS. COLUMBO

(angry)

Why are we still arguing about this, Joe?

JOE

Because I'm getting an ulcer from worrying about you. Because I can hardly sleep at night anymore.

MRS. COLUMBO

I can't deal with this right now. We'll talk when I get back.

JOE

You think that's going to fix it. You think you're going to go to Maine and it'll all go away!

Mrs. Columbo stands frozen --

-- eyes narrowing on Joe.

MRS. COLUMBO

Who told you about Maine?

JOE

(stalls)

You must've said something earlier.

Mrs. Columbo backs away from Joe.

MRS. COLUMBO

Do you have any idea what you've done?

She bumps against the wall.

She slides down to the carpet.

Joe is now visibly scared.

The realization of what he did washes over him.

He collapses on the bed, grabs his head with his hands.

MRS. COLUMBO (CONT'D)  
Who did you talk to?

Joe doesn't respond. He's in a trance.

MRS. COLUMBO (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Joe.

He looks at her, eyes now red.

JOE  
Lavetti.

Mrs. Columbo shakes her head.

JOE (CONT'D)  
I thought I could trust him.

MRS. COLUMBO  
He's a dirty cop, Joe.

She gets up from the floor. Walks straight past him.

MRS. COLUMBO (CONT'D)  
You just shot us all head first  
into a shit-storm.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Boomer sits behind the wheel while --

Mrs. Columbo drops into the passenger seat.

She throws a duffel bag into the leg-space.

MRS. COLUMBO  
Deputy Inspector Lavetti sold us  
out.

Boomer shifts into gear and GUNS the car.

INT. NUNZIO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The whole gang sit at Nunzio's contemplating the fact that  
the other party now knows who they are.

Geronimo has his head propped on top of a stick of dynamite.  
Dwelling upon the situation at hand.

Mrs. Columbo stares at the floor in shame. Her face covered by the visor of her dark-blue cap.

Boomer looks up.

BOOMER  
If any of you want to walk away,  
now is the time to do it.

All of them stare at boomer --

-- but none of them move.

PINS  
Maine. W-what do they know?

Pins takes a gulp from his beer.

DEAD-EYE  
(points to Mrs. Columbo)  
They know who she is, and they know  
what plane she's on.

GERONIMO  
We still have a wild card.

DEAD-EYE  
Which is?

GERONIMO  
They don't know that we know they  
know.

Everyone takes a moment to process the thought.

Geronimo places the stick of dynamite in the middle of the round table like an oversized candle as he says --

GERONIMO (CONT'D)  
We just have to spring our trap  
before they do. That's all.

INT. LA GUARDIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Boomer and Mrs. Columbo make their way through the airport.

Mrs. Columbo carries the baby in her arms.

Boomer carries a black satchel.

They meet with TWO MEN IN BUSINESS SUITS.

The suits walk them to a check point, then flash FBI badges to an AGENT FROM HOMELAND SECURITY.

One of the suits produces an envelope and opens it.

He hands a document to the guy from Homeland Security.

INT. LA GUARDIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Boomer and Columbo are ushered around the metal detectors.

INT. SMALL AIRPLANE - DAY

Mrs. Columbo rocks the baby to sleep in her seat.

She glances at Boomer, who sits two rows down, to her right.

He's very still. Probably asleep.

Mrs. Columbo leans her head back and closes her eyes.

MOVE DOWN THE ISLE TO REVEAL --

-- Boomer in his seat, eyes wide open, FOCUSED.

INT. PORTLAND INTERNATIONAL JETPORT - DAY

Boomer walks a couple of feet ahead of Mrs. Columbo.

A MIDDLE AGE COUPLE intercept Mrs. Columbo as she cuts across the terminal.

The woman is a slender REDHEAD whose face looks like she'd been sucking on a lemon for the better part of her life. She's sporting a long, french braid.

The man is chubby with SALT AND PEPPER hair.

EXT. PORTLAND INTERNATIONAL JETPORT - DAY

Mrs. Columbo steps up to the curve escorted by the couple.

A Mercedes 450 SL pulls up in front of them.

SALT AND PEPPER opens the door for Mrs. Columbo.

The Redhead walks around the car.

Gets in the back seat.

Mrs. Columbo hops in.

Salt and Pepper gets in.

The car ROLLS off.

INT. MERCEDEZ 450 SL - ON THE ROAD - DAY

Mrs. Columbo sits cradling the baby in her arms.

EXT. DESERTED DIRT ROAD - ON THE VEHICLES - DAY

A black van is parked behind a black Cadillac on a deserted stretch of dirt road.

Both vehicles are flanked by the side of a hill, hidden by a thick cover of trees.

ARMED MEN stand about.

A COUPLE OF GUYS sit inside both vehicles.

EXT. DESERTED DIRT ROAD - ON GERONIMO AND PINS - DAY

Pins and Geronimo take cover by the trees.

Pin squats with a receiver cradled in his legs --

-- one ear pressed against a set of headphones.

He's eating nuts from a small airplane packet.

Geronimo watches the vehicles through a pair of binoculars.

GERONIMO

They smell anything yet?

PINS

(shakes his head)

But t-these guys...t-they make  
moves with their looks, no-not  
their words.

EXT. DESERTED DIRT ROAD - ON THE VEHICLES - DAY

The Mercedes 450 SL pulls up behind the other vehicles.

Mrs. Columbo exits the Mercedes.

She's escorted by the Redhead to the van

A man with a carving knife approaches Mrs. Columbo.

THE BUTCHER

The kid.

MRS. COLUMBO

Can I get a minute to say bye.

THE BUTCHER

You had a plane ride and a car  
ride. Just hand me the fucking kid  
before I BLOW.

MRS. COLUMBO

(chuckles)

I think you just might.

Mrs. Columbo HURLS the kid below the van --

-- and the blanket rolls open to reveal a plastic doll with  
eight sticks of dynamite wrapped around it's torso.

Mary whips out a gun in the Redhead's face.

MRS. COLUMBO (CONT'D)

You've all got about a minute  
before the van goes *boom*.

Boomer and Dead-eye run down the hill, guns drawn.

Jim steps out from behind a bush --

-- he approaches the Redhead --

-- points the muzzle directly at her temple.

MRS. COLUMBO (CONT'D)

Tell your men to get back.

The Redhead looks Mrs. Columbo straight in the eyes.

There's fear in the woman and yet she doesn't obey.

MRS. COLUMBO (CONT'D)

Tell 'em!

The Redhead doesn't say anything.

None of the men are backing off.

*Things are not going as planned.*

BOOMER  
Thirty seconds.

Mrs. Columbo's confidence beginning to shake.

JIM  
(getting anxious)  
What the fuck are we doing?

MRS. COLUMBO  
*GOD!*

Mrs. Columbo wraps her hand around the Redhead's french braid and hides behind her.

MRS. COLUMBO (CONT'D)  
(screams at the Apaches)  
Move back with me.

She backs away from the vehicles with the Redhead in tow --  
-- using her as a human shield.

The Apaches backs up with her.

BOOMER  
Ten seconds.

The men are now beginning to back away from the vehicles.

BOOMER (CONT'D)  
GET DOWN!!!

Boomer DIVES with Dead-eye into a ravine.

Jim drops behind the Mercedes.

Mrs. Columbo and the Redhead don't quite make it to the back of the luxury car. They drop against the back-door, taking what little shelter they can from the explosion.

All the troops scatter and hit the ground just as --

-- THE VAN EXPLODES INTO A THOUSAND PIECES.

The black Cadillac SHOOTS forth from the THRUST of the explosion -- it tumbles end over end into the marsh.

Shrapnel TEARS through the windshield on the Mercedes.

Mrs. Columbo lifts the Redhead off the floor by her braid.

She twirls the woman around and kicks her in the gut so hard, the woman FLIES OFF her feet and lands on her back.

Starts coughing.

Boomer DASHES for the Mercedes.

He slides along the hood.

Goes into driver side.

Dead-eye sweeps into the passenger side.

Jim and Mrs. Columbo both dive from opposite sides of the car into the back seat.

MRS. COLUMBO/JIM

Go!

The Mercedes SHOOTs back. All the doors wide open.

Lucia's soldiers scramble up --

-- FIRE AWAY at the Mercedes.

Bullets TEAR through the hood and windshield.

BOOMER

(screams back)

HOLD ON TO SOMETHING!!!

Dead-eye hangs onto the overhead handle.

Mrs. Columbo wraps her hand around the seat-belt.

Jim does the same.

Boomer spins the car around -- then shifts into drive.

The Mercedes SHOOTs forth like a bat out of hell --

-- leaving Lucia's soldiers clicking on empty cylinders.

EXT. DESERTED DIRT ROAD - ON GERONIMO AND PINS - DAY

Geronimo taps Pins in the shoulder.

GERONIMO

Come on. Let's get out of here.

Pins throws off the nuts and picks up his gear.

Both of them scurry away.

INT. CAROLYN'S OFFICE - DAY

Boomer walks into Carolyn's office.

She gets up from her chair. Extends her hand.

CAROLYN

(shaking Boomer's hand)  
I'm Dr. Bartlett. I'm in charge of  
the hospital's rape and trauma  
unit. I'm overseeing Jenny's case.  
Thanks for coming in, Boomer.  
(indicating the chair)  
Please.

Boomer sits.

Carolyn sits.

BOOMER

How can I help you, Doctor.

Carolyn takes a deep breath.

CAROLYN

I need to ask you for something,  
Boomer. And it's something that  
you're going to hate me for, and so  
will Jenny's parents.

BOOMER

(defensive)  
What is it?

CAROLYN

I've already asked the district  
attorney to drop all charges  
against Malcolm Juniper. I need you  
to help me Convince Carlo and Anne  
to do the same.

BOOMER

(fire pouring out of his  
eyes)  
Your reason.

Carolyn sits forth in her chair.

CAROLYN

In order to convict they'll have to put Jennifer on the witness stand. The defense will drill her about every little detail, and I can certainly guarantee that by the time they get through with her, she'll never be human again. I can't allow that to happen.

BOOMER

And what about the next girl, Doctor? When Malcolm gets out...

CAROLYN

(interrupts him)

I...

Carolyn looks down at her hands resting on her lap --

-- considers how to answer the question.

She looks up at Boomer.

CAROLYN

I promised Carlo and Anne I would do everything within my power to ensure Jenny had a chance at a normal life, no matter how slim a chance that might be. I'm the one that has to live with all the repercussions that might have.

Boomer thinks about it for a moment.

BOOMER

(nods)

So, do I, Ms. Bartlett. I'm the one who brought Malcolm in alive.

Boomer gets up from the chair.

Carolyn follows him to the door.

BOOMER (CONT'D)

(turning to Carolyn)

I'll talk to them.

CAROLYN

Thank you.

Boomer smiles for the briefest of moments -- then walks away.

Carolyn watches after him. A yearning look in her eyes.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Dead-eye jogs around the park on his NYPD running gear.

He's drenched in sweat.

Slows down to a walk.

An EARLY-RISER jogs towards him from the opposite side of the park. He's wearing a jogging suit --

-- and he too slows down to a walk.

Puts both hands in his sweater pockets.

EARLY-RISER  
(approaching Dead-eye)  
Morning.

DEAD-EYE  
Morning.

The Early-Riser pulls his hands out of his pockets.

In one hand he's got a gun.

In the other a set of brass knuckles.

He punches Dead-eye in the stomach with the brass knuckles.

KNOCKS the wind out of him.

Before Dead-eye can get himself together, ANOTHER MAN WEARING A BLACK LEATHER JACKET walks up behind him and hits him across the forehead with the butt of his gun.

Dead-eye rolls onto the grass, disoriented.

Both men pull him off the ground --

-- shove him against a chain link fence.

Leather Jacket grabs Dead-eye by the neck and shoves the gun under his chin.

The Early-Riser grabs him by the shirt and aims the gun at his testicles.

BLACK LEATHER JACKET  
Your little bullshit game is over  
as of today. If not...

Black Leather Jacket produces two photographs --

One photograph features Eddie.

The other features Dead-eye's wife.

BLACK LEATHER JACKET (CONT'D)  
...you might as well find a shovel  
and dig their graves.

Black Leather Jacket shoves the photographs into Dead-eye's  
shirt pocket and punches him in the stomach.

Dead-eye drops on all fours. Coughing.

BLACK LEATHER JACKET (CONT'D)  
Same thing goes for your friends.

He kicks Dead-eye on the ribs.

Dead-eye rolls onto his back.

Both of the guys walk away as if nothing had happened. Just a  
couple of happy joggers strolling through the park.

INT. NUNZIO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

The Apaches sit at their usual spot. The pictures left by  
Lucia's hangmen sit in the middle of the table.

Boomer looks at Dead-eye.

BOOMER  
It's your call, Dead-eye. These are  
crazy fucks we're moving in on, and  
killing kids doesn't seem to  
concern them all that much.

Dead-eye thinks about it for a moment.

DEAD-EYE  
Eddie and Grace are taken care of,  
and Lucia just sent us a message. I  
think we should send one back.

BOOMER  
You sure?

Dead-eye nods.

Boomer nods and smirks.

He gets up and walks away.

Mrs. Columbo turns and looks after him.

MRS. COLUMBO  
Where are you going?

BOOMER  
(heading out the room)  
To pick up a wrecking ball.

-- and he's gone.

Mrs. Columbo turns to the rest of the pack.

MRS. COLUMBO  
What does that mean?

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - A WRECKING BALL - DAY

A yellow, multi-gear Caterpillar rig slowly crawls down the Manhattan street. A half-ton wrecking ball sways lazily from a hook in front of the gargantuan machine.

Although there are several cars parked by the sidewalk, no traffic is moving through.

Boomer sits at the controls.

Mrs. Columbo sits next to him. Her dark-blue cap backwards on her head. Thin strands of blonde hair run past her face.

MRS. COLUMBO  
(visibly anxious)  
I'm not so sure about this.

BOOMER  
I am.  
(takes a sip of coffee  
from a Styrofoam cup)  
Besides, it'll give us a chance to  
talk about your husband.

MRS. COLUMBO  
(taking the cup from  
Boomer)  
He's off-limits, Boom.

She takes a sip from the coffee.

BOOMER  
He was worried about you. That's  
why he did it.

MRS. COLUMBO  
He could've talked to me.

BOOMER  
You're not that easy to talk to,  
Mary.

MRS. COLUMBO  
You talk to me.

BOOMER  
Yeah, but we're cops. We understand  
each other.

Mrs. Columbo stares at Boomer for a moment.

MRS. COLUMBO  
It should've been the two of us.

Boomer chokes on a gulp of coffee.

MRS. COLUMBO (CONT'D)  
I'm surprised it never was.

BOOMER  
(chuckles)  
Come on, Mary. Think about it for a  
sec. We would've killed each other.

MRS. COLUMBO  
(thinks about it)  
I could see that happening. Both of  
us packing head and what not.

BOOMER  
(laughs)  
Yeah.

Boomer's smile fades and what seems like regret gets a grip  
on him. He swallows hard and stares ahead.

Mary stares at him. She too regrets what might have been.

Geronimo runs up to the slowly-moving Caterpillar.

Jumps onto the side panel runner.

Boomer clears his throat.

BOOMER  
(to Geronimo)  
How are we looking.

GERONIMO  
We're styling, but let me tell you  
Pins and Jim are not happy about  
their side of this deal.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Pins stands in the middle of the street wearing a policeman's uniform -- directing traffic.

He stuffs a whole Twinkie in his mouth.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jim is also directing traffic wearing a cop's uniform. A cigarette dangles from his charred lips.

He signals for a row of cars approaching to stop.

Then, turns and signals for the other lanes to proceed.

One of the cars that was supposed to stop rolls straight into oncoming traffic.

All the cars SCREECH to a halt.

HONK THEIR HORN in frustration.

Jim throws the cigarette on the floor

JIM  
Hey! Did I fucking tell you to go?!

The driver of the luxury car that ran the intersection gestures in anger with a brick of a cell phone in one hand.

He puts his foot on the gas and stops short of Jim in a threatening way.

JIM  
(pulls out his gun)  
Drive another inch and what watch  
happens, motherfucker! I dare you!

An woman scorns the angry driver from the passenger seat. She goes apeshit at the sight of the gun.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - ON THE CATERPILLAR - DAY

Geronimo turns to Boomer.

GERONIMO  
So, what's so special about this particular building.

BOOMER  
It's packed full of Lucy's crack.

Boomer brings the Caterpillar to a halt.

Begins to lift the half-ton wrecking ball.

GERONIMO  
(surprised)  
And the building's empty.

BOOMER  
No one would ever dare make a move on Lucy's turf.

MRS. COLUMBO  
Till now.

She turns to Boomer with a smile.

He releases the half-ton metal ball.

It TEARS through the side of the building.

MRS. COLUMBO (CONT'D)  
(pushing Boomer out of the way)  
Move over, old man. That was weak.

She DROPS on the driver seat.

Boomer scoots over.

BOOMER  
Try not to kill anybody.

Mrs. Columbo lifts the wrecking ball.

GERONIMO  
Who filled you in on the building?

BOOMER

It's on the D.E.A scanner sheet,  
and it matched with the information  
I got from my guy downtown.

The wrecking ball DROPS once again.

A whole section of the building comes down --

-- dust plumes shoot up into the clear sky.

Dead-eye stands below the shadow of a tree.

Watches as the building CRUMBLES in.

EXT. LUCIA'S BUILDING - LATER

Dead-eye walks over the rubble - cement blocks, splintered  
wood, darkened packets of cocaine, *and a veil of dust.*

He's wearing a mask over his nose and mouth, and sports  
shades to shield his eyes from the fall out.

He reaches the center of the crumpled building and places the  
photos of his son and wife over the rubble.

Puts a stone on top of them to keep them in place --

-- then walks back to the group of Apaches.

They all stand by the edge of the rubble --

-- watching Dead-eye make his statement.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The tension in the courtroom is palpable.

The judge is a woman in her mid-fifties with a scowl that  
would make any defense attorney shit his pants.

JUDGE

You have nothing else?

The prosecutor, a handsome man in his mid-forties, stands up  
to address the judge.

PROSECUTOR

Not without the girl, your honor.

JUDGE

What about Dr. Bartlett's  
Testimony? The photos of the crime  
scene?

PROSECUTOR

It's all too cold and clinical. I  
need the Jury to see the girl. It's  
the only way we can get a  
conviction.

The defense attorney is a nosey young man in his early thirties. His face is a dermatologist's worse nightmare and his suit is appalling.

He bursts out of his chair and PROCLAIMS --

DEFENSE

Then, it's time to let the innocent  
go free, your honor!

JUDGE

(visibly angered)  
I'll decide when it's time,  
Counselor. Now, sit!

The defense drops down with the same speed he rose up.

The judge sits for a moment as she mulls over the facts.

Frustration and resentment pour straight out of her eyes.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

In light of the prosecutions  
refusal to place its star witness  
on the stand and the lack of any  
corroborative evidence I'll have no  
other choice but to dismiss the  
case. Mr. Juniper, you're free to  
go.

The judge hits her hammer on the table.

Malcolm SLAMS an open hand on the table.

The defense closes his folder --

-- shoved it inside a soiled backpack.

Anne buries her face in her hands.

Carlo turns to Boomer -- the face of a defeated man.

Boomer gets up and walks right out to the courtroom.

INT. NUNZIO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT, BAR - AFTERNOON

Boomer sits at the bar having a whisky. His head low, full of resentment, and drunk.

Dead-eye sits next to him, working over an Amaretto.

Nunzio sits on the other side of the counter.

Boomer gulps the last of the drink and SMASHES the glass on the counter, cutting his hand.

NUNZIO  
(shooting up)  
Christ.

DEAD-EYE  
Let it go, Boomer.

Nunzio gets a towel.

Gets back to his friend.

NUNZIO  
Give me your hand.

Boomer opens his hand.

Nunzio removes a glass shard from an open wound --

-- wraps the towel around Boomer's palm as --

BOOMER  
I never had someone look at me the way Carlo looked at me today. Everything that kid suffered was right there in his face, staring right back at me.

NUNZIO  
(working Boomer's hand)  
Malcolm will get what's coming to him. I can promise you that.

DEAD-EYE  
(quietly)  
I'm not so sure, Nunzio.

Nunzio finishes the bandage and turns to Dead-eye.

NUNZIO  
(eyes glassy)  
I am. All it takes is a phone call.

Dead-eye stares at Nuncio for only a moment and realizes the old man means business.

BOOMER  
Today I saw everything that I stand  
for flushed down the toilet in a  
court of law. I need to lie down.

Boomer stumbles off the stool.

Holds onto a table for support.

BOOMER (CONT'D)  
Sorry about the glass, Nunzio.

Boomer wobbles away

Dead-eye turns to the old man.

DEAD-EYE  
Nunzio.

Nunzio looks up at Dead-eye.

DEAD-EYE (CONT'D)  
Go make a phone call.

Dead-eye GULPS the last of his drink and gets off the stool.

Gives Boomer a shoulder for support.

Nunzio looks at the bloody glass on the counter.

He sweeps the blood and glass into a trash can.

EXT. PAYPHONE - LATER

Nunzio approaches a payphone.

Lifts the handset.

Hesitates -- then, drops some change in the slot.

He dials a number. Waits for the call to go through.

As he waits his eyes fall upon --

-- A FAMILY OF FOUR: Mom accommodates a baby in the stroller. Dad holds onto the carriage handles. A little girl grabs on to her father. A red balloon tied to one of her wrists.

The little girl stares at Nunzio.

Nunzio stares at her.

Face devoid of any emotion.

INT. PIN'S BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Pins walks into the dark bowling alley.

Puts his jacket and his gun on the counter.

Walks around the bar.

Opens the fridge --

-- takes out a beer.

Uncaps it.

Takes a sip

Then, walks around the counter when --

-- Suddenly, he stops in his tracks.

Slowly turns his head to reveal -

-- Graves, sitting by the bar in a tailored suit, basking in the glow of the neon signs.

Graves lifts up his beer in a 'cheers' gesture.

Pins turns at once.

A ROUGH-NECK-LOOKING GUY WEARING JEANS AND A CHECKERED SHIRT *shoots* out of the darkness with a baseball bat.

He BUSTS Pin's right knee with a calculated swing.

Pins HOWLS in pain and SLAMS with his chest on the tile.

The beer crashes to the floor just inches from his face.

A SONNY CROCKETT LOOK-ALIKE appears from the other side of the hall and KICKS Pins across the face.

Pins tries to scramble away on his elbows but --

-- both guys BLUDGEON him with baseball bats.

GRAVES  
(from the bar)  
Gentlemen.

The Sonny Crockett look-alike and the Rough Neck stop their punishment. They're sweating. Breathing hard.

Sonny fixes his long hair.

The Rough Neck cracks his neck.

GRAVES (cont'd)  
We need life bait.

Graves puts down the beer.

Gets up from the stool.

Approaches the Rough Neck.

GRAVES (cont'd)  
Fetch Mr. Ryan his going away  
present.

The Rough Neck dashes off.

Pins crawls backwards, dragging his legs.

PINS  
You-you must be the-the alpha dog.

GRAVES  
I am the alpha dog.

PINS  
Funny. Yo-you...  
(a maniacal laugh bursts  
from him)  
...look more like a *bitch* to me.

Graves chuckles and shakes his head.

He walks back to the bar.

Pins keeps on laughing.

PINS (cont'd)  
D-designer suit. Expensive shoes. I  
knew a fag south of fifth Avenue  
used to dress just like that.

Pins reaches a bar stool.

Struggles to climb up the rungs.

Graves takes off his jacket.

Rolls up his sleeves.

PINS (cont'd)

Took it...

(keeps on laughing)

...took it up the rear for his looks. Is that what you do?

Graves turns around.

GRAVES

No. I kill people for my looks, and I need you alive, but by the time I get through, you're going to with you were dead.

Graves moves in on Pins.

PINS

That's it. That's a good doggy.

Graves reaches down for Pins.

Pins seizes Graves by the tie and shirt pocket --

-- *then and drops off the stool.*

Graves loses his balance and SLAMS nose-first against the edge of the stool. Blood sprays onto pins.

INT. NUNZIO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT, OFFICE - NIGHT

Boomer lies stretched out on a couch in Nunzio's office, passed out. He's a mess.

He coughs a couple of times and comes around to the MUFFLED SOUNDS OF THE APACHES coming from an adjacent room.

He sits up on the couch.

Covers his mouth with a groan as the acid reflux rushes up his esophagus burning it's way out his nostrils

He runs a hand down his face -- then stands up.

Glances out the office blinds at the Apaches sitting around the round table in the room adjacent to the office.

INT. NUNZIO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT, OFFICE RESTROOM - NIGHT

Boomer lets the cold water run.

Splashes his face.

INT. NUNZIO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nunzio steps in from the street.

Leans against the door. His head elsewhere.

The phone at the bar starts ringing.

He takes a deep breath and walks to it.

INT. NUNZIO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Boomer exits the office and quietly approaches the Apaches.

His hair still partially wet. Dead-eye sees him approach.

DEAD-EYE  
(in a low voice)  
Boom...you okay?

BOOMER  
(still out of it)  
Yeah.

He glances around the group and frowns.

BOOMER (CONT'D)  
Geronimo, where's...

Nunzio BURSTS into the room agitated.

NUNZIO  
(cutting off Boomer)  
Boomer.

Boomer turns.

NUNZIO  
A Mr. Graves just called. Asked if  
you guys were up for a night of  
bowling.

Boomer glances to Geronimo.

EXT. PIN'S BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Two sedans SCREECH to a halt in front of the bowling alley. One of them blue. One of them black.

Boomer and Mrs. Columbo race out of blue car.

Dead-eye and Geronimo rush out of the black car.

Jim brings up the rear.

They stand at both sides of the door --

-- and BURST into the place covering each other's backs.

INT. PIN'S BOWLING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The group fans out.

The bowling alley is completely dark. The only light comes from the neon signs.

A sole spotlight shines down on the bowling cage on lane six.

Pins sits directly below the spotlight, tied to the iron mesh, beat up pretty badly.

Boomer stops on his tracks when he sees Pins.

BOOMER

Oh, Jesus.

Geronimo RUSHES past Boomer in aid of Pins.

He packs the gun away as he reaches the kid.

GERONIMO

(crouching down)

Hey, buddy. What took you?

Starts looking thought the explosives.

PINS

(alarmed)

What are you doing here?

Boomer reaches pins.

BOOMER  
He called us.

PINS  
(through tears)  
Oh, god.

Pins glances about him, trying to figure out how to get them all out of harms way.

PINS (CONT'D)  
Get out of here.

BOOMER  
We're not going anywhere, Pins.  
Just stay still.  
(to Geronimo)  
What do you see?

GERONIMO  
Six numbers. Each attached to different wires. Two strings of wires are dummies. The chest timer is coded to blow in eight minutes, but that could be a decoy.

Jim reaches the pack. Takes a look at Pins.

Brings down his hood as pure, unadulterated rage washes over him -- so pure that tears roll down his face.

JIM  
Motherfuckers.

BOOMER  
Can you break this?

GERONIMO  
(in Cherokee)  
Probably not.  
(in English; looks up at Boomer)  
I need my tools.

JIM  
I'm on it.

Jim rushes out.

PINS  
(weakly)  
Boom.

Boomer gets down on his knees in order to hear Pins.

PINS  
I bugged the asshole.

BOOMER  
(surprised)  
What?

PINS  
(smirks and nods)  
Shirt pocket. He never saw it  
coming.

BOOMER  
(smiles)  
You did good, kid.

Geronimo rushes off.

Meets Jim halfway.

Takes the tools from him.

Drops in front of Pins.

GERONIMO  
I need you out of here, Boom.

He opens the tool bag.

BOOMER  
No.

GERONIMO  
Boomer. I can't work like this. I  
need you all out of here.

Boomer glances at his two friends.

He doesn't want to leave, but he has to.

BOOMER  
Get out alive. That's an order.

He gets up.

Pulls himself away.

GERONIMO  
(scanning over the wires)  
Together at last, huh, sweetie.

He wipes the sweat from his forehead.

PINS  
I always knew you-you had a so-soft  
spot for me.

Geronimo chuckles.

Pins does too. His chuckle turns into bloody gurgle.

GERONIMO  
(exhales)  
Okay. I'm gonna give the blue wires  
a snap. It'll give us something  
less to worry about.

He kisses his medallion and tucks it into his shirt, then  
squeezes the tip of his hand pliers over the blue wire.

PINS  
(softly)  
Don't do that.

Geronimo turns to Pins a little startled.

GERONIMO  
Did they say something.

PINS  
I need you to get out of here.

Geronimo shakes his head in frustration.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)  
(turning to the wires)  
Cross your fingers.

Pins GROANS.

Crosses two bloody fingers as he shuts his eyes.

Geronimo CUTS the wire.

Pins exhales and looks down.

PINS  
(breathing hard)  
Oh, god. Oh, god.  
(glances at Geronimo)  
I would've gone with red.

Geronimo chuckles.

He dries the sweat around his eyes with his shirt sleeve --  
-- then scans over the wires.

Beads of sweat and blood flow down Pin's face.

PINS (CONT'D)  
(at the edge of tears)  
Geronimo, I d-don't need you to die  
with me. Please, j-ju-just...

GERONIMO  
(cuts him off)  
They should've taped your god damn  
mouth shut.  
(grabs a green wire)  
Now, just relax for me. This one is  
a safe bet.

Geronimo snaps the green wire.

PINS  
Y-you don't need to do this.

Geronimo shoves the clippers into his waistband.

Crawls back a couple of feet.

GERONIMO  
I've never backed away from a  
device, or a friend.

He removes the wires from Pin's feet. Throws them aside.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)  
(coming back to Pins)  
I'm not about to start now.

He grabs two wires in his hands.

One is white. The other is red.

GERONIMO  
Up to the major leagues. You still  
stand by your red wire.

PINS  
Don't.

With a precision move Geronimo cuts the white wire.

PINS  
Oh, god. Oh, god.

Pins starts crying.

GERONIMO  
Devices love creatures of habit.

PINS  
Geronimo. G-get out of here, Man.  
You don't-don't owe me anything!

Geronimo chuckles and grabs another two wires.

Wipes away the sweat from his brow.

PINS  
(crying)  
Y-you think I would've d-done this  
for you. I would've been the first  
out the door, you stupid bastard.

Geronimo wraps the pliers around the blue wire --

-- looks up at Pins with a smile.

GERONIMO  
If we don't make it you can always  
take comfort in the fact that I  
never gave you a choice.

He cuts the blue wire.

A FLASH OF WHITE.

EXT. PIN'S BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

The bomb TEARS through the building, sending debris 70 feet  
in the air.

The blast rocks the two sedan parked at the edge of the  
parking lot -- the cars where the Apaches sit.

The ceiling of the building caves in. Smoke and Dust filters  
through the air. Flames consume the night.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Dead-eye sits behind the wheel rubbing two fists against his  
legs in rage.

Jim sits on the passenger side grinding his teeth in fury.

JIM  
I'm going to kill them. I'm going  
to kill every last one of those  
cocksucking bastards.

He punches the dashboard, *then again, and again, and AGAIN.*

INT. BLUE SEDAN - NIGHT

Mrs. Columbo leans forth in the passenger seat grasping her head with her hands.

Boomer leans over the steering wheel. His face is all wrath. His knuckles are white from his grasp.

*A moment, then --*

Boomer turns on the car.

THROWS it in gear.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Dead-eye turns on the ignition.

EXT. PIN'S BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Both sedans drive out of the lot. The blue sedan in the lead.

EXT. BUSY AVENUE - NIGHT

The blue sedan leads the way down a busy street.

The black sedan follows close behind.

INT. BLUE SEDAN - NIGHT

Tears of anger still cling to Mary's face as she leans forth in her seat and *pops open* the glove compartment.

She searches through it -- then shuts it close.

She turns to the door compartment and pulls out an old pack of cigarettes and a crappy old lighter.

She lights up a cigarette and indulges on a guilty pleasure.

MRS. COLUMBO  
 (turns to Boomer)  
 Where are you going?

BOOMER  
 We're going to end this.  
 (turns to Mary)  
 I'm going to take this war into the  
 middle of her *FUCKING* living room.

EXT. BUSY AVENUE - NIGHT

Both sedans ROCKET down the New York street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A YOUNG STUD THAT LOOKS LIKE A WALL-STREET STOCK BROKER approaches his sports car and *FROWNS* when he sees a blue sedan double parked next to it.

YOUNG STUD  
 What the fuck.

Boomer dashes out of an alley and drives the guy's head through the passenger-side window on the expensive car.

Glass SHOWERS into the seat and leg space.

Boomer pulls the stud off the car --

-- throws him on the floor.

Presses the muzzle of his gun against the guy's cheek.

BOOMER  
 (searching the stud)  
*Hey, Lavetti. How you been? I heard  
 you sold your soul. How is that  
 working out for you, big boy?*

Boomer finds a gun. Takes it off Lavetti.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Dead-eye and Boomer pull Lavetti into the dark alley.

Blood runs down the side of his face from a cut on his head.

LAVETTI  
 Jesus Christ, don't kill me.

BOOMER  
We're not going to kill you, we're  
going to give someone else the  
chance to do that for us.

Boomer flips Lavetti around.

Cuffs his hands behind his back.

BOOMER (CONT'D)  
One of your friends, no less.

Boomer and Dead-eye drag Lavetti away.

INT. NUNZIO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT, BASEMENT - DAY

Nunzio guides what's left of the Apaches down a set of  
narrow, dark stairs that lead to a basement.

The basement is cramped with red-wooden wine barrels and  
thick crates marked with the U.S. Government seal.

Nunzio gives Dead-eye a nod.

Dead-eye pulls the top off one of the crates with a crowbar.

He pushes aside some hay to REVEAL --

-- A BOX-FULL OF MACHINE GUNS.

Dead-eye looks at Boomer, eyes wide.

He moves on to the next two crates --

-- *takes the top off of those.*

Both of them are packed with weapons.

BOOMER  
Jesus Christ, Nunzio. You planning  
to take over some little south  
American country?

Boomer takes out a rocket launcher.

BOOMER (CONT'D)  
(studying the weapon)  
Where did you get this stuff.

NUNZIO  
(smirks)  
You're not my only friends.

The Apaches load up while Boomer pulls Nunzio aside.

BOOMER  
I need one last thing, and it's  
kind of a tall order.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A jet sits IDLING IT'S ENGINES on the tarmac.

The Apaches load duffel bags and boxes packed-full of weapons into the small aircraft. They're all dressed in black.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

The jet takes off with a ROAR OF IT'S ENGINES.

EXT. AIR - DAY

The jet flying over Tennessee mountains.

INT. JET - DAY

Duffel bags, wooden crates, war gear -- The Apaches look like they're about to start World War III.

They're all loading up on weapons, strapping on vests.

Lavetti sits forth in his seat, hands handcuffed in front of him, eyeing them.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Malcolm reaches his hotel room door with a paper bag in one hand and a broad smile on his face.

He opens the door and steps into the dark room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Malcolm approaches the bed by the little light filtering in through the partially open window.

SOMEONE OFF-SCREEN turns on a floor lamp.

Malcolm *SWEEPS* around, STARTLED.

MALCOLM  
 God damn, old man. How the hell did  
 you get in here?

NUNZIO (O.S.)  
 I'm in the service industry.

The MUFFLED SOUND of a silencer --

A bullet TEARS through Malcolm's chest.

He drops the paper bag.

Steps forth.

Steps back.

Falls to his knees.

Another shot RIPS through his head, knocking over a lamp.

NUNZIO COMES ON SCREEN.

Places the silenced gun in a briefcase -- then closes it.

NUNZIO  
 You know what makes this all so  
 easy?  
 (turns to face Malcolm)  
 No one gives a shit about you.

He walks OFF-SCREEN.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nunzio hangs a do not disturb sign from the door handle as he  
 closes the door.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - NIGHT

The Apaches hide against a hill side by the back of the  
 house. Mrs. Columbo stares at the compound through a pair of  
 binoculars.

There are armed men everywhere.

MRS. COLUMBO  
 The whole cavalry is here.

BOOMER  
 Excellent.

LAVETTI  
(scared)  
You're suicidal.

BOOMER  
We've got surprise on our side.  
They're going to be dead before  
they know what hit 'em.

They all retract behind the mount.  
Each of them grabs their RPG and head out.  
Only Jim stays in place. He turns to Lavetti.

JIM  
Now, its just you and me, sweetie.  
(cocks his gun)  
Don't tempt me.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, BATHROOM - NIGHT  
Graves splashes cold water on his face.  
He steps away from the faucet --  
-- grabs a towel and dries himself.  
Picks up his shirt --  
-- and Pin's transmitter falls out of it's pocket.  
Graves stares at it for a moment before he catches on.

GRAVES  
Son of a bitch!

He throws the shirt on the floor.  
DASHES out of the bathroom.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - BOOMER - NIGHT  
Boom drops on the ground.  
He preps one rocket launcher.  
Places it next to him --  
-- then, gets the second one ready.

He glances at his watch. Gets on the radio.

BOOMER  
Sixty seconds.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - DEAD-EYE - NIGHT

Dead-eye's left eye starts witching as he readies the launcher.

He presses his hand against the twitch. His one steady eye shows nothing but feverish determination.

He spits out his gum.

Props the rocket launcher on his shoulder --

-- and gets ready to BLOW the compound back to the stone age.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - MRS. COLUMBO - NIGHT

Mrs. Columbo props herself against a tree --

-- aims the RPG directly at the house. LOCK AND LOADED.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - JIM AND LAVETTI - NIGHT

Jim props the rocket launcher on Lavetti's shoulders.

LAVETTI  
I'm not doing...

JIM  
(cutting off Lavetti)  
You want to die here with me. Get  
with the motherfucking program!

LAVETTI  
(groans)  
Shit.

He grabs the rocket launcher and aims it at the house.

Jim slips two vials of nitro into Lavetti's blazer.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - BOOMER - NIGHT

Boomer props the rocket launcher on his shoulder.

Looks at his watch. Then, aims.

BOOMER  
five...four...three...two...

ALL OF THE LIGHTS IN THE HOUSE BEGIN TO GO OUT.

BOOMER  
(frowns)  
*What the hell.*

DEAD-EYE  
(on the radio)  
Boomer, you seeing this?

SUDDENLY, light cannons shoot out from the third floor of the compound and sweep through the property grounds.

One of the light beams *WASHES* over Boomer.

He *SCRAMBLES* to get away from the white wash of the light.

*DROPS* to the ground with the rocket launcher.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

Graves spots Boomer.

GRAVES  
They're here.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION - NIGHT

THE COMPOUND TURNS INTO A MADHOUSE.

GUYS are strapping on bullet proof vests.

*PASSING OUT* automatic weapons.

TOSSING ammunition back and forth.

Loading all kinds of heavy-duty toys.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - BOOMER - NIGHT

Boomer gets on the radio.

BOOMER  
Dead-eye, do you have eyes.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - DEAD-EYE - NIGHT

Dead-eye struggles to put on the goggles.

DEAD-EYE  
(on the radio)  
I'm on it.

We waits until a light beam washes over his spot --  
-- then flips the goggles down over his eyes.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - DEAD-EYE'S POV - NIGHT

GUYS are running back and forth through the house --  
Then, everything goes white as a light beam washes over...

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - DEAD-EYE - NIGHT

Dead-eye groans and throws the goggles on the ground.  
Gets on the radio.

DEAD-EYE  
Our secret's out. They're all going  
ape shit.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - BOOMER - NIGHT

Boomer sits contemplating his options.  
Doesn't know what to do.

DEAD-EYE (O.S)  
(over the radio)  
Boomer, do you copy? Over.

A moment of hesitation.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - MRS. COLUMBO - NIGHT

Mrs. Columbo sits knowing Boomer's got a difficult decision  
to make. She glances in his direction --

MRS. COLUMBO  
(gets on the radio)  
I'm with you, Boom. Let's hit 'em.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - JIM AND LAVETTI - NIGHT

Jim gets on the radio.

JIM  
I agree.

LAVETTI  
Are you fucking crazy?!

JIM  
(gets ready to slap  
Lavetti)  
Shut your fucking trap!

Suddenly, the light beam FALLS on them.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit.

The third and second floors of the house ERUPT with gunfire.  
Jim and Lavetti both DROP OUT OF THE WAY of the *BULLET STORM*.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - DEAD-EYE - NIGHT

Screaming into the radio.

DEAD-EYE  
Let's go. Let's go. Let's do it.

He SCRAMBLES to get the rocket launcher on his shoulders.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - BOOMER - NIGHT

Aiming the rocket launcher at the front of the house.

BOOMER  
Let 'em rip.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - NIGHT

Four RPGs slice through the night sky leaving a trail of smoke in their wake.

The rockets HIT the house from opposite ends.

Zeon lights blow out.

MEN are CATAPULTED off their feet from the second and third balconies.

Two of them land in the pool.

One of them CRASHES through a sun room.

One of them lands on top of an all terrain vehicle.

Dead-eye grabs a second rocket launcher and FIRES.

The rocket sails straight into a third floor bedroom and blows sky high.

One HENCHMAN is blown straight out the bedroom door.

He CRASHES through a wooden railing and sails across a courtyard.

SLAMS against a full bar at the end of his long flight.

Boomer PROPS a second rocket onto his shoulders.

Graves sees him -- aims in his direction with an AK-47.

FIRES AWAY.

Boomer's *clipped* by one of Grave's bullets just as the rocket CANNONS out of his launcher.

Graves DIVES into a bathtub.

The rocket 'WHOOSHES' through the bedroom --

-- runs the length of a narrow corridor --

-- takes with it the Sonny Crockett look-alike and his sputtering machine gun --

-- and reaches it's final destination inside a humongous gas oven at the other end of the house.

A FIFTH OF THE HOUSE FLOWS STRAIGHT UP INTO THE NIGHT SKY.

The two all-terrain vehicles parked nearby tumble end over end across the desert sand.

The place has turned into a veritable war zone.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION, FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

The compound is shrouded in smoke.

A couple of secondary fires and explosions erupt.  
Everyone inside the house is still pretty out of it.  
Dead-eye and Boomer run side by side towards the house.  
A couple of GRAVE'S HENCHMEN have found their footing.  
They fire with FULL AUTO TOYS at the two ex-cops.  
Bullets PELT the ground around Dead-eye and Boomer.  
They rush the front door all full speed.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The front door of the house EXPLODES with gun-fire.  
Boomer and Dead-eye CRASH IN *pissing* bullets.  
They *SWEEP AROUND* back-to-back.  
Each of them carrying two RABID machine-guns --  
-- TAKING OUT absolutely everyone and everything in a three  
hundred and sixty degree radius.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Dead-eye rushes up the stairs as Boomer covers him.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, SECOND FLOOR LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Boomer and Dead-eye reach the second floor landing --  
-- Dead-eye steps out onto the floor.  
-- Boomer continues up.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, THIRD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Boomer reaches the level.  
Kicks open the first door in sight to REVEAL --  
-- TWO GUYS standing by a window. One of them shooting out  
towards the backyard, his back to Boomer --

-- the other just having loaded his weapon sees Boomer kick the door and *LET'S IT RIP* in his direction.

The guy shooting out the window instantly turns around and shoots in the same direction as his comrade.

The door frame EXPLODES with machine gun fire.

Boomer dodges out of sight before he has the chance to FIRE.

He crouches on the other side of the door.

Swivels the machine-gun into the room and --

-- *SPITS OUT* a heavy dose of lead.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION, BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Jim runs with Lavetti towards the house using him as a shield. Bullets tear into the ground around them.

A couple of feet away from the house, Jim releases Lavetti and runs in the other direction.

Lavetti dashes forth through the smoke.

Locates Graves standing next to a sliding glass door.

LAVETTI

(waving his arms)

Wilbert, it's me. Lavetti. Don't shoot.

GRAVES

(frowns)

*FUCK YOU.*

Graves aims at Lavetti and TEARS HIM IN HALF --

-- taking out the glass pane directly in front of him.

The vial of nitro in Lavetti's blazer explodes as one of the bullets TEARS through it.

The sliding door erupts into a thousand fragments.

Glass flies into every corner of the room.

Graves flies in with the glass.

His feet SLAM into the backrest of a Lay-z-boy --

-- spins him through the air like a marionette.  
He SMASHES with his face on the tile floor.  
Blood oozes out of his broken lips.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION, BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Jim smiles at the sight of the explosion.

JIM  
Some fucked up friends, Lavetti.

He races into the house.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION - OVERHEAD SHOT - NIGHT

FLASHES OF WHITE CAN BE SEEN ALL OVER THE PROPERTY.

A couple of fires burn here and there.

The rattle of machine-gun fire and screams of agony echo through the night.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jim is having a fire fight with A COUPLE OF GUYS across a long hall.

His machine-gun jams.

He hides behind a wall.

Tries to release the bullet casing from the chamber --

It's stuck for good.

JIM  
Fuck.

He drops the machine-gun.

Pulls out a gun.

He glances behind him --

Then at a bedroom across the hall, searching for a way out.

JIM  
I'm out this motherfucker.

He fires a couple of rounds at the two guys down the corridor.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A GUY peeks out at Jim from the bedroom he was just looking at -- then hides back behind the wall.

He pulls out a knife and waits for Jim.

Jim DISHES OUT some cover fire and runs into the bedroom --  
-- gets tangled up with the knife-wielding-thug.

He grabs the guy's knife hand.

The guy grabs Jim's gun hand.

Jim SQUEEZES OFF a couple of shots, trying to hit the guy.

They SWEEP AROUND like a dancing couple till they tumble over the back of a chair.

Both men slam down on the tile. The thug lands on top of Jim, trying to drive the knife into his chest.

Jim's gun-hand is held off by the guy's hand -- the gun aimed directly at the bedroom door.

As the men from the hallway reach the door, Jim squeezes off a couple of shots -- BOTH MEN GO DOWN.

One of the guy's machine gun goes off -- TEARING through a ceiling fish tank.

Water and fish splash onto the room.

The knife goes into Jim's shoulder.

He grinds his teeth in pain.

Tries to get the knife out of there.

No such luck.

At once he stretches his neck and bites the guy's wrist.

Draws out blood.

The guy SCREAMS IN AGONY and rolls off Jim -- removing the knife hand but never letting go of Jim's gun hand.

Jim rolls on top of him.

The guy knees Jim in the back -- slamming his face against the wall --

-- then shoves his foot on Jim's chest and sends him flying.

Jim fires off several rounds as he soars through the air.

He lands with his back on the floor.

The gun flying out of his hands, landing below the bed.

Jim glances towards it, knows it's too far out of reach, and shoots to his feet.

The guy scrambles up, knife in hand.

Rushes Jim.

Jim uses inertia and slams the guy head-first into the wall.

Hits the guy's knife-hand against the edge of the dresser.

The knife drops to the floor.

Jim goes for the knife.

The guy knees him in the face -- then grabs him and slams him head-first against the vanity mirror.

Glass SHATTERS onto Jim.

He bleeds from a broken nose and a cut on his forehead.

The guy hits him twice across the jaw --

Then grabs him by the neck and lifts him off the ground --

-- strangling the life from him.

Jim tries to defend himself.

Nothing works. He goes from red to purple.

Begins to lose consciousness -- he's a dead man.

AS A DESPERATE MEASURE --

-- Jim reaches into his blazer and pulls out a grenade.

FLICKS THE PIN OFF --

-- drop the thing inside the guy's vest.

The thug *WHIMPERS* and SCRAMBLES to get it out.

Jim drops to the floor and starts coughing.

He looks up at the guy with BLOOD-BOILING FURY.

RUSHES him with a *DEMENTED WAR SHRIEK*.

Tackles him straight off the landing.

The guy rolls down the stairs and crashes against several BAD GUYS approaching from the opposite direction.

The guys go down like a ten-pin bowling set and --

KABOOM!!!

Jim glances over his shoulder at the stairs.

JIM  
(laughs)  
That one's for you, Pins.

Jim scrambles up and races over the bed.

Drops to his hands and knees.

Reaches for the gun.

JIM'S POV FROM UNDER THE BED --

-- A couple of feet come into the room.

BACK TO SCENE.

Jim grabs the gun.

Shoots at the extremities.

ONE GUY cries in pain and BOUNCES OFF the floor.

A second guy FIRES at Jim from behind the door frame.

CLIPS Jim in the shoulder.

The guy on the floor UNLOADS his Beretta in a *fit of rage*.

Jim scampers away on his hands and knees.

Hides in the bathroom.

JIM

Fuck me.

He SHOOTS OUT from behind the bathroom wall.

The henchmen return fire with fully-automatic weapons.

Jim drops flat to the tile.

Bullet's hammer through the bathroom wall.

Tile and mortar rains down on Jim as he --

Checks the clip on the gun - he's only got two bullets left.

JIM

Shit.

Jim gets on the radio.

JIM (CONT'D)

Guys, I've got some seriously  
pissed off customers and only two  
rounds left. I'm in the southeast  
corner. Third floor.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom is pretty TORN UP, having been directly hit by one of the RPGs. There are holes in the floor and the furniture is SHRED to pieces.

Dead-eye gets on the radio as he walks out of the room.

DEAD-EYE

I'm there, Jim. Hold tight.

He steps out the door as --

-- two guys coming towards him OPEN FIRE.

DEAD-EYE (CONT'D)

(jumping back)

Crap!

Dead-eye's foot goes through the wooden floor.

He groans in pain and loses his balance.

Falls to the floor.

Tries to gets his foot out.

It's stuck between the planks.

He stretches his arms out the bedroom door --

-- shoots down the hall without looking --

-- then, glances across the courtyard towards the southeast corner of the house --

-- spots the two pissed off customers Jim was referring to.

DEAD-EYE

Go 'em.

Dead-eye props the machine gun on the floor and takes aim --

-- let's a GUSH OF MACHINE GUN FIRE ERUPT from his weapon.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, BEDROOM - JIM - CONTINUOUS

Jim DUCKS as the bedroom door and adjacent wall explode from an *avalanche* of lead -- the far wall splatters with blood.

Both guys drop in through front of the door. Dead.

DEAD-EYE

(on the radio)

You owe me.

He stretches out once again and let's it rip down the hall.

DEAD-EYE

(on the radio)

Time to return the favor.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mrs. Columbo backs up behind a kitchen counter -- having an all-out FIRE FIGHT with a SUIT in the living room.

Her Assault rifle starts CLICKING on empty.

She drops it and whips out a Beretta.

A CHEF bolts out from the other end of the kitchen and shoots at Mrs. Columbo.

One of the bullets *BLOWS* the cap straight off her head --

-- another *RICOCHETS* off the gun and *wounds* her hand.  
The gun *flies off* and *skids* along the tile floor.  
Mary *CRIES* in pain and drops behind the kitchen counter.  
Incoming fire eats away at the concrete from two directions.  
Columbo tears off her shirt-sleeve --  
-- wraps it twice around her bleeding hand.  
She glances at her gun -- It's unreachable.  
The chef signals the suit to close in on Mary.  
The guy starts moving towards her.  
Mrs. Columbo bites the pin off a grenade  
Hurls it towards the suit.  
The grenade explodes taking out the living-room guy *along with a TV, a couch, a lamp, and fish-tank.*  
The chef empties his machine gun in Mary's direction.  
He hides behind a wall and drops the spent clip to the floor.  
*That gets Mrs. Columbo's mind going.*  
She glances out across the kitchen --  
-- sees the spent clip on the floor --  
-- then, glances up at a frying pan lying on the stove.  
Somewhere else in the house machinegun fire *ERUPTS.*  
Columbo *SHOOTS UP* from the floor.  
Grabs the frying pan and *SWEEPS AROUND.*  
The chef emerges from behind the wall with the machine-gun aimed directly at Mary.  
She knocks the incoming fire out of the way with her free hand and SLAMS the guy in the face with the frying pan.  
The force of the blow fractures the guy's nose and sends him tumbling backwards.  
He trips over and lands head first into a glass coffee table.

He's out.

Mrs. Columbo flips the frying pan over in her hand.

MRS. COLUMBO  
Whoever said I'm not efficient in  
the kitchen.

She drops the pan aside.

Crouches next to the chef.

Takes the machine-gun off him.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, CIGAR ROOM - BOOMER - NIGHT

Boomer BLAZES across the room in search of a target.

He reaches the bar at the other end --

-- turns around to leave as two guys BURST in.

Both Parties fire at each other.

The two guys take shelter behind the door frame.

Boomer dives behind the bar.

Gunman # 1 fires directly at Boomer while Gunman # 2 shreds  
through the bottles of hard liquor seating on the shelf  
directly on top of him.

BOOMER  
Oh, no.

Gunman # 2 LIGHTS UP a FLARE --

-- THROWS it across the room.

It BOUNCES over the bar.

LIGHTS THE WHOLE THING UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE.

Boomer CURSES and ROLLS OVER to end of the bar.

He sees a water sprout.

SHOOTS AT IT.

Water sprinkles out --

-- though it's not enough to contain the flames.

Both Gunmen concentrate their firepower in the only section of the bar that's not on fire.

THEY HAMMER THROUGH.

Boomer *leans out* and FIRES at the guys.

A BULLET TEARS THROUGH his arm.

He looses his handle on the machine-gun.

FIRES WILDLY against the opposite wall.

HITS a big framed picture hanging from the opposite wall, close to the doorway.

The painting drops the to the floor, revealing a medium-size, solid-steel vault propped on the wall.

Boomer GLANCES at the wound --

-- then DROPS the empty clip and LOADS UP a full one.

GUNMAN # 2 runs out of bullets.

He backs away from the doorway --

-- drops the clip from his machine gun.

Searches his vest for a full one.

Boomer peeks out and notices Gunman # 2's reflection on the vault's chrome-steel surface.

Boomer EMPTIES his weapon on the vault's door.

Bullets BOUNCE OFF the steel surface of the vault and SHRED THROUGH ALL SECTIONS OF THE DOORWAY.

A bullet NICKS Gunman # 1's arm.

The rest TEAR THROUGH Gunman # 2 as he loads up on ammo.

Boomer drops the machine gun and pulls out his gun.

He DASHES across the room *FIRING* towards the door.

Gunman # 1 FIRES at Boomer --

-- bullets *TRAIL* behind him as he CRASHES through a door leading to an adjacent room.

Gunman # 1 runs to the connecting door.

HE AIMS AND FIRES.

Boomer's at the other end of the room.

He *disappears* into the hallway.

Gunman # 1 CURSES and goes after Boomer.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Boomer turns a corner and runs like hell down the hall --

-- Gunman # 1 chases after him and turns the same corner --

-- fires away at Boomer as he dives into an adjacent bedroom.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, GAMEROOM - BOOMER - CONTINUOUS

Boomer DASHES into the room and trips over a corpse.

He regains his footing and leaps over a Billiards table as --

-- Gunman # 1 reaches the door and FIRES at him.

A CASCADE OF BULLETS TEAR through the table, sending billiard balls to the floor as Boomer dives for cover --

-- he raises his gun-hand above the table top and shoots in the general direction of the door.

The guy hides behind the door frame.

Boomer's gun '*clicks*' on empty.

Gunman # 1 steps out into the doorway --

-- fires at Boomer till he runs dry.

He DROPS the empty clip.

Boomer LEAPS over the table.

The gunman extracts a new clip.

Boomer DASHES a couple of feet.

The guy clips the magazine in.

Boomer slides along the floor --

-- grabbing the shotgun off the corpse.

The gunman loads the first bullet into the chamber --

-- AND AIMS DOWN.

He CUTS A LINE that follows Boomer's path as he slides along the tile floor.

Boomer stops himself by putting each one of his feet on either side of the door frame.

A bullet tears through his shoulder.

He fires the shotgun.

The BLAST sends Gunman # 1 *FLYING* through the wooden railing.

He drops from third floor and lands in the fountain that stands in the middle of the courtyard --

-- RIGHT NEXT TO JIM.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, COURTYARD - JIM - CONTINUOUS

Jim looks up --

-- he was having a fire-fight from behind the fountain when the body dropped right next to him.

He sees Boomer and shakes his head.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, GAME ROOM - BOOMER - CONTINUOUS

Boomer grabs the shotgun.

Cocks the weapon to find there are no more pellets left.

He drops the shotgun on the ground in frustration.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, COURTYARD - JIM - CONTINUOUS

A hitman circles around the courtyard to get a clear shot at Jim -- who is firing in the other direction.

Oblivious of the impending danger.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, THIRD FLOOR RAILING - CONTINUOUS

Boomer walks out of the game room and looks down at Jim --

-- then, SPOTS guy *creeping* up behind him.  
He frowns and looks back the way he came.  
Goes back into the game room.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, COURTYARD - JIM - CONTINUOUS  
The hitman closes in on Jim.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, THIRD FLOOR RAILING - CONTINUOUS  
Boomer approaches the railing with a TV in his arms.

BOOMER  
(under his breath)  
I've got something for your ass.

He lifts the TV above his head, groaning in pain --  
-- then flings it over the railing.

The TV spins end over end as it *sails* down.

It lands on the hitman with an ear-deafening clash,  
obliterating him.

Jim turns in surprise. His heart palpitating out of his  
chest.

JIM  
Jesus Christ.

Looks up at Boomer.

Gives him the 'okay' sign.

Boomer nods.

Jim turns back to *the matter at hand*.

JIM (CONT'D)  
I always knew that motherfucker was  
crazy.

He fires off some rounds.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, THIRD FLOOR RAILING - CONTINUOUS  
The railing directly in front of Boomer SHREDS from gun fire.

He races back into the game room.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, THIRD FLOOR RAILING - CONTINUOUS

Dead-eye climbs up to the third floor, machine gun in hand.

He turns a corner and glances down the courtyard --

-- Jim's having a fire fight with some guy out of sight.

He then looks up across the courtyard --

-- and sees Boomer through the door of the game room throwing billiard balls at someone OFF SCREEN.

DEAD-EYE

What the hell.

A GUY COMES INTO FRAME as he SWINGS at Boomer with a shotgun.

Boomer ducks.

DEAD-EYE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

Dead-eye swings the machine gun away.

PULLS OUT his Beretta.

TAKES AIM.

Boomer and the guy are now tussling on the floor.

Boomer is on the bottom. The guy is on top of him.

They're both moving around too much for a clear shot.

Dead-eye gets on the radio.

DEAD-EYE

Boomer, stop fighting.

Boomer keeps STRUGGLING with the guy.

ROLLING ALL OVER THE FLOOR.

Dead-eye spots TWO BOOGIES climbing the stairs, heading for the confrontation between Boomer and his assailant.

DEAD-EYE

Shit.

Dead-eye empties his clip on them.

Both guys TUMBLE DOWN the stairs riddled with bullets.

Dead-eye changes the clip on his gun.

Boomer falls in Dead-eye's line of sight once again --

-- he's still TUSSLING with the guy.

DEAD-EYE  
(on the radio; frustrated)  
Boomer, play dead!

Boomer drops both of his arms.

The guy hits him once, then goes to hit him again when --

-- Dead-eye shoots. BLOWS THE GUY CLEAN OFF.

DEAD-EYE  
(on the radio)  
Thank you.

BOOMER  
(glances at Dead-eye and  
gets on the radio)  
You had to let him hit me.

DEAD-EYE  
It was a bitch slap, and that's  
what you get for being stubborn.  
(glances down at Jim)  
Jim, stay put. I'm going to flank  
your guys.

Dead-eye heads downstairs.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Columbo searches for ammo on the guy she PAN-SLAMMED.

She takes his gun and holsters it.

Wraps the strap of the machine gun around her upper body and starts moving through the house.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, FIRST FLOOR - DEAD-EYE - NIGHT

Dead-eye steps onto a hall and empties his machine gun on the two guys shooting at Jim.

THEY GO DOWN IN A HAIL OF GUN FIRE.

DEAD-EYE  
 (calls out)  
 Clear. Coming out.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Dead-eye dashes out of the hall to meet with Jim in the courtyard.

JIM  
 Thanks.

DEAD-EYE  
 This is not a good place to be.  
 Let's get to higher ground.

Both men move out.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Graves comes into consciousness and groans.

He gets onto his hands and knees.

Tongues the loose tooth in his mouth --

-- then spits it out onto a pool of blood.

GRAVES  
 Fuck.

He starts getting up and STOPS when he sees --

-- two feet come up to the edge of the door.

AN ETERNAL MOMENT OF HESITATION.

The door knob slightly turns and --

-- Graves scrambles up and rushes the door as --

-- Mrs. Columbo KICKS IT open and *VENTURES* into the room.

Graves gets a hold of the Columbo's Machine-gun with both of his hands and raises it straight towards the ceiling.

Mrs. Columbo's lifted right off her feet, the strap holding her up, her index finger caught on the trigger guard.

THE MACHINE-GUN EMPTIES INTO THE CEILING.

PLASTER RAINS DOWN UPON THEM.

Graves wraps one hand around Mrs. Columbo's neck and SLAMS her against the wall. Her feet dangling off the floor.

She knees him twice in the chest and let's go off the weapon.

SINKS both of her thumbs into his eye-sockets.

Graves too lets go off the weapon.

He grabs Mary by the neck with both hands.

SQUEEZES as hard as he can.

Mrs. Columbo sinks her thumbs deeper into his eyes, grinding her teeth.

Graves shrieks in pain and swings Mrs. Columbo like a baseball bat -- straight into a vanity mirror.

She drops onto the floor. Rolls onto her stomach.

Graves stumbles back against a wall -- rubbing his eyes.

He flips a blade open.

Mrs. Columbo rolls onto her back and pulls a gun out of her leg-brace.

Graves dives for Mrs. Columbo before she can get a clear shot.

He sinks the knife into her thigh.

Columbo CRIES in pain.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, THIRD FLOOR - BOOMER - CONTINUOUS

Boomer turns in HORROR when he hears Mrs. Columbo's cry.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary FIRES OFF two shots. One of them hits the wall -- the other grazes Grave's shoulder blade.

Graves SLAPS the gun out of her hands with his free hand.

She instantly reaches for his knife-hand with both of her hands. Leaving her face expose.

Graves hits her twice. The second time breaking her nose.

Blood gushes past Mrs. Columbo's cheeks.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, SECOND FLOOR STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Boomer FLIES down the stairs.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Graves removes the knife from Mrs. Columbo's thigh.

Pushes her head back to reveal her neck.

GRAVES

Scream for me.

Brings the knife above his head.

Boomer RUSHES in through the door.

TACKLES Graves off Mrs. Columbo.

Both men *ROLL* onto the floor.

Boomer falls close to Mrs. Columbo's gun.

He goes for it.

Graves RUSHES him with the knife.

Boomer has to grab Grave's hand-thrusting knife.

Graves SLAMS Boomer against the wall.

Grabs him by the back of the neck.

*THRUSTS* the knife upwards, towards Boomer's torso.

Boomer has both arms busy trying to keep the knife from piercing his flesh, and he's still loosing the battle.

*Little by little the knife is getting closer.*

Mrs. Columbo rolls onto her stomach -- drags herself along the floor, leaving a trail of blood *oozing* from her thigh.

She's *crunching* glass with her forearms.

She reaches the two men.

Grabs the gun by their feet.

MRS. COLUMBO

You scream.

She aims the gun directly down on Grave's left foot --

-- then, blows a hole clean through it.

Graves SHRIEKS in pain.

The cry stops with a GUTTURAL WHIMPER and a *slight jerk* as Boomer sinks the knife in him --

-- and runs it up to the base of his abdominal cavity --

-- then releases him.

Graves *falls* sideways.

Mrs. Columbo covers her head as Graves CRASHES through a bedside table -- knocking over a lamp.

Still breathing hard, Boomer looks down at Mrs. Columbo.

BOOMER

Hey.

MRS. COLUMBO

(looks up)

Hey.

BOOMER

You alright.

MRS. COLUMBO

I think I just hit menopause.

Boomer chuckles as he crouches next to her.

He pulls her up against the wall.

BOOMER

(taking off his belt)

Hot flashes, huh?

MRS. COLUMBO

Yeah.

Boomer wraps the belt around Mrs. Columbo's bloody thigh.

She groans as he tightens the tourniquet around her wound.

He takes her gun and puts it in the small of his back --

-- then grabs her and places her inside the closet.

Removes a clip from her belt.

BOOMER

Anything comes through that door,  
you cut them in half...

Boomer puts the clip in the machine gun that still dangles  
from Columbo's shoulder.

BOOMER (CONT'D)

...it's almost over.

Puts the machine gun in her hand.

MRS. COLUMBO

Where are you going?

BOOMER

I'm going to finish this.

He motions to get up when --

-- Mrs. Columbo grabs him by the collar of his bullet-proof  
jacket and kisses him passionately.

MRS. COLUMBO

(backing off)

Thank you, Boomer.

Boomer swallows hard and nods his head.

He gets up. Rolls the closet door shut.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, THIRD FLOOR OFFICE - NIGHT

Lucia runs into the bedroom and dives over the desk to get an  
Uzi she's got clipped to the underside of her office desk.

She struggles to get it off the clip.

THE DAMN THING IS STUCK!!!

Boomer pushes open the door with the muzzle of the Beretta to  
reveal --

-- Lucia Carney bent over the desk, derrière up in the air.

BOOMER  
 (Ricky Ricardo accent)  
 Lucy, I'm home.

Lucia rolls her eyes and looks back at him over her shoulder.

BOOMER (CONT'D)  
 (all wrath)  
 Catch you at a bad time.

Lucia knows she's been caught.

She grinds her teeth in anger --

-- then stands straight. Tries to conceal her fury.

LUCIA  
 Boomer, I presume.

BOOMER  
 You presume right.

LUCIA  
 (looks him up and down)  
 I pictured you a little taller.

BOOMER  
 Firemen are tall. Cops are short.  
 That's how you tell us apart.

LUCIA  
 (chuckles)  
 Cute. Why don't you come on in.

BOOMER  
 I am in. All the way in. Are you  
*feeling me yet.*

LUCIA  
 (looks away and chuckles)  
 Hay, Dios.  
 (looks at him seductively)  
 Not yet, sweetie.

Lucia undoes her top. Drops it on the floor.

LUCIA  
 But, don't be shy...  
 (spreads her legs)  
 ...give it another try.

She leans back on the desk --

-- her hands closer to the fully-automatic gun she's got tucked at the base of her spine.

BOOMER

No, thanks. I think I've fucked you enough for one day. Besides, you're not my type.

Lucia starts laughing.

Boomer sneers. Watching her.

AT ONCE she draws the gun from her waistband.

FIRES AT BOOMER.

BOOMER FIRES AT LUCIA.

The GUSH coming out of Lucia's automatic gun hits Boomer several times.

Once in the thigh. Once in the arm. Others in the chest, on the bullet-proof vest.

Boomer hits Lucia on the leg. She cries in pain --

-- drops to the tile floor in front of the desk.

*THEY'RE BOTH ON EMPTY.*

Boomer *slides down* to the floor. His body in shock.

Lucia *DRAGS* herself around the table. Goes after the Uzi.

Boomer pulls out a stick of dynamite from one of the pockets on his windbreaker --

-- then pulls out a lighter. *FLICKS IT ON.*

He lights the fuse --

-- lets dynamite stick roll out of his open palm.

It rolls until it softly knocks against the base of the desk.

Lucia's struggling to release the Uzi from the harness on the underside of the table while Boomer gets to his feet.

He opens the door.

Lucia hears him and *SCRAMBLES* up to her feet.

BOOMER  
 (turns around)  
 I hope you enjoy the last twenty  
 seconds of your life.

He *walks out* and closes the door behind him.

Lucia manages to remove the Uzi from the harness.

She empties the clip on the door, *SHRIEKING HYSTERICALLY*.

Boomer limps away down an adjacent hall as the door behind him *SHREDS TO PIECES* --

-- then *THE STICK OF DYNAMITE GOES OFF*.

The room behind Boomer *EXPLODES* as bullets from Lucia's machine gun are *TEARING* through it's front door.

Lucia's blown straight out the back window.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION, POOL DECK - LUCIA - NIGHT

Lucia's torn body *SPLASHES* on a pool that's no longer clear but tainted red with a couple of cadavers.

CU -- on the fire-breathing dragon tattoo as it disappears below the murky, red water.

INT. LUCIA'S MANSION, THIRD FLOOR RAILING - BOOMER - NIGHT

Boomer stops limping away.

BOOMER  
 Compliments of Geronimo.

He turns and looks down upon the courtyard.

All of his friends stand by the fountain looking up at him.

Mrs. Columbo stands on her good leg, holding on to Dead-eye and Jim for support.

Jim's taken his shirt off. He's bloody and burned all to hell. What was once body art is now nothing more than unidentifiable black smudges. He's a bloody mess --

-- And Dead-eye is the only one that seems unharmed.

BOOMER (CONT'D)  
 Let's get out of here.

EXT. LUCIA'S MANSION, FRONT YARD - NIGHT

What's left of the Apaches limp away from Lucia's mansion as it burns to the ground.

INT. NUNZIO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT, BAR - DAY

Nuncio stands behind the bar. Jim stands on the other side.

Boomer and Dead-eye sit in adjacent stools -- locked in an argument. Jim and Nuncio are thoroughly amused by the debate.

DEAD-EYE

You decided.

BOOMER

(corrects Dead-eye)

*We both decided.*

DEAD-EYE

She's not even happy with the guy.

BOOMER

You a marriage counselor?

DEAD-EYE

You're afraid. You both are.

BOOMER

(snaps his fingers)

Psychology major.

Dead-eye gets frustrated.

BOOMER (CONT'D)

It wouldn't last a week.

Mrs. Columbo approaches from the back of the restaurant.

NUNCIO

She's coming.

They all compose themselves.

DEAD-EYE

(taunting Boomer)

Sissy.

BOOMER

(eyes wide)

Shut it.

Mrs. Columbo reaches the group.

MRS. COLUMBO  
Thanks for waiting, gents.

She grabs her wine. Dead-eye grabs his Pepsi. Jim his Beer. Boomer his wine.

They all raise their drinks.

BOOMER  
To Geronimo and Pins. The best  
Bombman and Bugman in the five  
boroughs. Apaches forever.

They all drink.

The phone rings.

Nuncio picks it up.

NUNCIO  
Thank you for calling Nuncio's. How  
can I help you?

Nuncio listens on the line.

Nods a couple of times.

Hangs up. Turns to the Apaches.

NUNCIO  
I think you guys have work to do.

The Apaches look at each other and smile -- *they're eager to go do what they were born to do.*

DEAD-EYE  
(grabbing his coat)  
Thank god. I couldn't take another  
game of checkers.

JIM  
(getting his things)  
Why is that? Cause you always  
lose?

Boomer turns to Mary and winks at her.

She blushes and turns away with a shy smile.

-- *maybe, just maybe, there's something there.*

FADE TO BLACK.