

**BLUE CHRISTMAS**

Written by

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Formerly titled  
Cleopatra in Denial

FADE IN:

EXT. RUSTY MINIVAN (MOVING) - DAY

O.S. ONCOMING SIRENS WAILING NEARBY.

The minivan zooms down a side street along a grass median into a underpass side tunnel. Past arched supports with glimpses of a boulevard section of underpass alongside it.

The minivan swerves out of the underpass onto a

HOSPITAL DRIVEWAY

The minivan lays-rubber toward a hospital building complex.

PRIS ELLIS (13) chemotherapy-bald and thin. Ducks behind an "EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE" sign along the driveway.

She pulls a pink cell phone out. Jumps from behind the sign. The minivan fills the cell phone screen. As it races at her.

INT./EXT. MINIVAN (MOVING) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

SID RITCHIE (13) devilish smile, rock-a-billy hair, oversized leather jacket, ski goggles. Skids around Pris. She hops in.

Pris films toys on the floor along a power cord plugged in a lighter outlet and into an electric minibike. No back seat.

PRIS

Where are the kids, dear?

SID

We gotta grand theft auto charge to beat. Shut the door, Pris.

She shuts it. Films her hand as she hangs a fairy princess in a sparkling-snow-globe on a string onto the rearview mirror.

PRIS

Already got a brain cancer death sentence, bro.

She turns the cell phone on him. Sprinkles sparkling glitter over his head.

SID

What's this?

PRIS

It's magic fairy dust.

SID  
What's it supposed to do?

PRIS  
The magic will be there when you  
need it most. You'll see. Just say  
my name and you'll be saved.

She turns the phone and films through the rear window...

Three oncoming cop cars skid onto the driveway behind them.

Sid pulls a pink three-hole stocking cap over Pris' head and face. Floors the minivan down a ramp into an

UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE

The minivan zigzags through empty parking spaces between parked cars. Weaves its way toward an exit ramp.

The cop cars race around a van pulling out of a space. Blast their sirens at several slow-moving cars ahead of them.

The minivan zooms up the exit ramp.

EXT. CITY STREET - MINUTES LATER THAT NIGHT

The minivan rumbles over a train crossing in a snow flurry.

Several PEOPLE stand on opposing street-level "L" train platforms on either side of the tracks. Inbound and outbound.

The minivan zips by SHOPPERS outside busy stores under nice apartment buildings decorated for Christmas.

Suddenly, as the minivan nears the end of the block...

A cop SUV shrieks to a halt around the next corner blocking

THE NEXT INTERSECTION

MEEKS (25) small fearful officer. Jumps out of the SUV. The minivan skids toward him.

Sid swerves the minivan. Just misses the SUV. Slams into a fire hydrant.

The lead cop car skids to a halt. QUINN (38) big asshole cop. Climbs out. Two cop cars pull-up. Four COPS jump out.

Four Cops approach the minivan. Guns aimed at the windshield. Quinn drags Meeks to the minivan.

QUINN

Driver's mine! Other side, Meeks!

MEEKS

Awe. I can't see shit in there!

He scrapes his gun muzzle across the passenger window.

QUINN

Ain't no fishbowl, Meeks, open it!

He and Meeks open the doors onto empty seats. Punk rock roars on the radio. Meeks fires. Blasts the radio to bits.

The rear hatch opens. Sid races the minibike out the back. Pris hugs him one-armed from behind. Snow-globe in her hand.

She raises the pink cell phone over her shoulder. Films the Cops jump in their cars and chase them.

O.S. BELLS CLANG! Crossing signals flash. Gates drop.

The People on opposing street-level "L" platforms watch...

Sid and Pris beat one gate and bounce over the tracks. The oncoming train screeches toward them.

The three cop cars halt at the crossing gate. Sid and Pris beat the train. Duck under the next gate. Speed away singing:

SID AND PRIS

"As soon as the Shareef was outta  
their hair, The jet pilots tuned to  
the cockpit radio blare."

The snow-globe falls from her hand. Smashes to the pavement.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

Sparkling snow falls in a sudden burst of sunlight. Sid sits on the steps of a mausoleum. Bangs a skateboard off his head.

SID

"Rock the Casbah, Rock the Casbah."

He watches cars pull away from a pink casket covered in flowers dropping in a grave on the other side of a driveway.

Police sergeant HARRY ELLIS (38) tall, thick Chicago accent, tearful steely-eyes. Shakes a PRIEST's hand by a parked car.

Sid pops the last few aspirins from a bottle into his mouth.

Harry sits next to Sid.

SID (CONT'D)  
Thanks for getting me out of juvie  
for the funeral, Harry.

HARRY  
How many aspirins ya eat a week?

SID  
A dozen or so a day, easy.

HARRY  
Speaking of migraines, how's your  
mother Cleo doing, Sid?

SID  
Mean and ugly-drunk as always.

HARRY  
She was a beauty in her day.

SID  
She's a beaut' all right, Harry.

HARRY  
These days, lots-a people get lost  
after they're laid off. Can't find  
a job. Drink-up their unemployment.

SID  
She speaks highly of you.

HARRY  
I'll bet she does.

SID  
You'd lose that bet.

HARRY  
I promised Pris I'd give ya this.

He hands Pris' pink cell phone and charger to Sid.

SID  
Are you sure? Seriously?

HARRY  
I always keep my promises.

SID  
Thank you. I, a...

He wipes tears from his face.

HARRY

I didn't like you and Pris together  
even before you took her for a  
joyride in that stolen minivan.

He squeezes Sid's shoulder.

HARRY (CONT'D)

But you gave her what I and a  
hospital full of doctors couldn't.  
You made my little girl smile.

They peer at each other with tearful-eyes.

HARRY (CONT'D)

She'd say: "Death is such a  
desperate drag, daddy-yo. I'm just  
so-oh happy when Sid's around."

SID

Why didn't you help me get out of  
juvie to see her before she died?

HARRY

She didn't want you seeing her,  
quote: "zombie death mask".

The cell phone screen goes on. Pris' face on-screen reflects  
in the snow-globe glass over the fairy princess' face.

SID

She'd say that. My fairy princess.

HARRY

I hear you built that rechargeable  
electric minibike yourself.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY (FLASHBACK) - CELLPHONE RECORDING - DAY

Pris aims the lens over Sid from behind him. He weaves the  
minibike around several PEOPLE toward an opening elevator.

LANA (13) cute tearful blonde, "THE RUNAWAYS" T-shirt. Hops  
out of the elevator. Twists her ankle. Flops on her ass.

Sid squeals the minibike around Lana into the

ELEVATOR

Lana double "Fuck You" salutes the screen. The door shuts.

HARRY (O.S.)

Nice bike.

The lens turns and focuses on Harry, in a police sergeant uniform. As he handcuffs Sid.

EXT. CITY STREET (FLASHBACK ENDS) - DAY

FLASHING NEON SUPER: SIX YEARS LATER

"MERRY XMAS" in Christmas lights hangs from the bullet hole riddled train crossing gate as it settles over the street.

RIDERS wait on opposing graffiti-marred street-level "L" platforms. Oncoming trains screech into the station.

SID (19) unlimited potential, wasted on crime, the leather jacket fits, backpack on. Skateboards around the gate. Beats the trains across the tracks. Take-out coffee in his hand.

He rolls past HOMELESS PEOPLE asleep in the storefronts that were busy six years ago. Now graffiti-marred and empty under the rundown apartment buildings.

Sid rolls by the tail-end of an idling shiny-black limo. "THE KILLER" on the license plate.

KATZ (35) big guy, bent nose, slicked back hair. Puffs a cigar. Tosses a syringe of heroin, like a dart, out the window:

KATZ  
Gonna get-ya, Sid!

Sid swerves, but the syringe sticks in the side of his board.

A SALVATION ARMY TRIO ring bells at a kettle on the sidewalk:

SALVATION ARMY TRIO  
(singing)  
"...Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled..."

Sid flips a silver dollar in the kettle as he skateboards by. Pours the last several aspirins from a bottle into his mouth.

EXT. PLEXIGLAS BUS SHELTER - DAY - SECONDS LATER

"DESPERATION BREEDS THE UNRULY" scratched in the Plexiglas.

MARY (55) a reconciled sinner with nothing left to lose, but four layers of clothes and an old coat. Sits on a bench. Smiles from behind a shopping cart full of cans.

Sid tail-skids to a stop. Sits with her. Hands her the take-out coffee and two bagged sandwiches from his cargo pants.

SID  
Hello, Mary.

MARY  
Morning, Sid.

SID  
Hot pastrami on rye.

MARY  
Bless you.

She offers him a sandwich. He shakes his head. Sets an apple on her lap.

SID  
This is for teaching me to stop hating myself. You deserve a gold one.

MARY  
Gonna talk to that girl this time?

He pulls Pris' pink cap from his backpack. Puts it on:

SID  
Pris only wore this once. She said, "I'm not bald. I'm aerodynamic. It cuts down on the drag, daddy-yo."

She looks through the Plexiglas at an oncoming bus.

MARY  
She's almost here. What do you say?

SID  
Girls like her don't even see greasy bums like me.

He gnaws on his greasy chipped nails. Mary pulls his hand from his mouth. Smiles at him:

MARY  
That's not what I see in her eyes when she sneaks a look at you.

SID  
How can you tell?

MARY  
We both sat in the library for the last three months. You read books. I read people's eyes.



SID  
You really think she notices me?

MARY  
You both have I-gotta-get-away-from-  
here-eyes. But, there's something  
deeper in the back of her eyes when  
she blinks. Like a second pair.

He kisses her cheek.

SID  
Double entendre eyes. Irresistible.

The bus pulls up. The rear door hisses open.

LANA (19) bleach-blonde fox, lipstick red lips, southern  
drawl, pink fake fur-coat, big purse, sunglasses. Steps out.

The bus pulls away.

MAX (15) skinny, long hair, squeaky voice, hoodie, backward  
ball-cap. Wheels a bike alongside the bus from behind Lana.

He rips her purse off her arm. Pedals away.

Sid rolls the shopping cart into the street. Max plows the  
cart over. Crashes through the cans as they spill out.

Mary shakes her head at Max.

Sid yanks Max up by his hood.

SID (CONT'D)  
Timing is everything, Max.

Lana looks at Max's scratched face. He sneers back at her.

LANA  
Is he gonna be all right?

Max screeches like Michael Jackson. Grabs his crotch. Moon-  
walks toward his bike.

SID  
No, he's all wrong. Got himself  
kicked out of another school. And  
another foster home. All in a day.

Sid grabs Max by his hoodie hood.

SID (CONT'D)  
And... he's going to apologize.

MAX

Yeah. Sure. I'm a... really sorry.

He hands her the purse. She sits on the bench. Tilts the purse open toward her. Scowls. Searches through it.

LANA

I appreciate y'all's sincerity.

Max snickers in her face. Mocks her southern drawl:

MAX

I appreciate y'all's sincerity.

Lana grips a chrome magnum just inside her purse. Bites her slightly trembling lip.

Sid boots Max in the ass. Max sneers sideways back at Sid.

SID

Pick the cart up, Max.

MAX

Yeah, well, I want my bike back.

Lana stuffs the gun in her purse. Scoots next to Mary. They speak quietly. Mary reads Lana's blinking eyes.

Sid drags Max through the chattering cans.

MAX (CONT'D)

Jesus... Sid! Shh-shit!

SID

You can have your bike when you  
toss everything back in the cart.

Max flips the cans in the cart. Lana jumps off the bench.

MARY

It's nice talking with you, Lana.

Lana winks at Mary. Kisses Sid's cheek.

LANA

I don't know what I'd of done if I  
lost this purse. My everything's in  
there. You're my hero, Sid.

Max rides away on the back side of the Plexiglas shelter.

MAX

Yo, Sid! Bum-fucker!

SID  
Hero to some. Bum-fucker to others.

LANA  
Well, from my side it's clear.

Sid grabs his skateboard.

SID  
I've been on the other side. But  
I'm trying to do the right thing.

LANA  
Hard times make heroes. Bye, Mary!

She rubs Mary's arm. Mary squeezes her hand. Lana steps away.

Sid rolls the cart to Mary. Jogs to Lana on the corner.

O.S. THE SALVATION ARMY SINGS THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY.

Lana and Sid cross the street in a sudden sun shower.

EXT. ANOTHER BUS SHELTER - DAY - SECONDS LATER

Sid and Lana smile at each other in front of a bench outside the shelter in the rain. They don't notice a rainbow or lightning flashes in the storm clouds.

SID  
Where are you from?

LANA  
I'm from Memphis. Tennessee.

SID  
Home of my hero, King Elvis.

He points at her. Curles his lip. Snaps his fingers:

SID (CONT'D)  
My mom sang to his albums day and  
night while she was pregnant with  
me.

LANA  
My Pa was an Elvis impersonator. He  
died trying to parachute onto the  
stage at a Titans halftime show.  
Busted his head on a goal post.

She lifts her sunglasses. Blinks as she wipes a tear from her black and blue eye. Then drops her shades over her eyes.

LANA (CONT'D)

A week after that Momma had me right on the stairs in Graceland Mansion. Lots a people jealous of that don't believe me. Honest to God, I don't give a damn.

She sits on the bench. Folds her arms. Sucks her lip.

SID

That's so cool. I gotta get there.

LANA

How 'bout someday I give y'all a deluxe tour of Graceland?

SID

Promise?

She kisses the tip of his nose.

LANA

I said I would, and I will.

SID

What brings you here?

She pinches his chin. Smiles sideways at him:

LANA

I came for you, silly. I do *not* go around exposing myself to just any-who.

SID

No really.

LANA

Momma moved us here, got hitched, died of cancer. I live with my mean-ass step-dad. In his Wicker Park mansion.

SID

Swanky Wicker Park and no car?

LANA

Ain't no way I could drive. I got photo-sensitive epilepsy.

She lies on her back across the bench.

LANA (CONT'D)  
 Flashing lights turn me into a  
 horizontal dancing zombie.

She kicks her legs. Waves her arms. Rolls her eyes back.

LANA (CONT'D)  
 Ya wanna run? Save yourself the  
 time? Like every boy, I've known?

Sid takes her hand. Kisses it. Helps her sit up.

SID  
 I'm a down and out ex-con. Shot  
 heroin fourteen times. Oded once.  
 Clean from now on. Getting my life  
 right the last few months.

She swings her arms and dances. Impersonating Elvis singing:

LANA  
 Was everyone in the cell block  
 dancing to the jailhouse rock?

SID  
 Ain't had a reason to dance or sing  
 for years. Outta jail three months.  
 Gonna *stay out. Stay clean.* I'm a  
 minimum wage mechanic at Sestos'  
 gas station. Let's save each other.

LANA  
 Some say love conquers all. All I  
 say for sure is I been in love ever  
 since the first day I saw you.

A bus halts at the curb. The front door hisses open.

SID  
 Tell you something else about me.  
 I'm a serious guy. The only girl I  
 ever loved is dead six years. Took  
 me four years to get used to being  
 alone. But, since I first saw you.  
 I a... I'm a... I *am* lost at this.

The DRIVER waves Lana in. She hops on. Leans out the door:

LANA  
 No. No. I hear ya. I'm lonely too  
 since my Momma died. But, time is a  
 healer and laughter's therapeutic.

SID  
 I've been counting the seconds  
 since I saw you last, waiting to  
 see you again. You might think I'm  
 lying, but I swear I'm not.

She squeezes her eyes shut. Slaps her hand to her heart.

LANA  
 My heart doesn't lie, it's racing!

SID  
 Then the deal is done.

The door shuts. Bus goes. She pries the door open. Bus stops.

LANA  
 Whoa, wait, whoa!

O.S. COMMUTERS ONBOARD JEER AT HER. She leans out:

LANA (CONT'D)  
 Contracts of the heart must be  
 sealed with a blind kiss.

They kiss softly, eyes closed. The Driver pulls her in. The door shuts. Sid watches the bus go:

SID  
 A rebel without a car.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY - MINUTES LATER

He kick-flips his skateboard as he rolls down the sidewalk.

Max rides his bike next to Sid. His front tire rubs on the bent fork.

MAX  
 What's up with knocking me down  
 just to give some cuckoo bird her  
 purse back? You ruined the hoodie  
 you just gave me a week ago.

SID  
 Buy another hoodie.

He offers Max several dollar bills. Max snatches them. Nods.

MAX  
 Cuckoo birds like her are nothing  
 but trouble. Weak links. First sign-  
 a trouble, she'll be gone. Besides,  
 she's outta your league, brah.

Sid grabs the bike. Stops it. Flicks his finger off Max's busted lip.

SID  
What's up with your foster dad?

MAX  
I did like you said. He hit me. I *smacked* him right back. Then I ran.

He stuffs the bills in his torn hoodie pocket.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Now my front fork's whacked-out.

SID  
Follow me to the gas station. Front forks are real mothers to work on. Gotta heat 'em. Bend 'em back.

MAX  
I saw your big brother Alex leaving your mom's. Oh and, he hopped in The Killer Katz limo.

SID  
How many times I gotta tell ya? Alex's my half-brother from another motherfucker I'll never know.

MAX  
All right, your half-brother Alex was wasted major, brah.

Sid squeezes his eyes shut. Cracks a new hundred count "Extra Strength Aspirin" bottle open. Rattles eight out. Chews them.

SID  
Dealing drugs for Katz will get him killed before I get the chance.

Max shuts his eyes. Pretends to steer a car:

MAX  
Brah! There's this guy, parks his 1960 Cadillac DeVille outside his garage. Needs work. But it's sweet.

He slides a TV remote and small relay wound together in thin coated wires from his hoodie pocket. Waves it in Sid's face.

SID  
No more boosting cars, Max. I do need the cash. But I can't.

He rubs his forehead with both hands. Shakes his head.

MAX

How ya gonna create this gizmo. *The* ultimate car thief tool, then quit?

Sid grabs the gizmo. Stuffs it in his jacket pocket.

SID

Told ya not to take this gizmo from my room. Cops see this. I'm busted. Mandatory six years.

Max peddles away. Sid grabs the seat. Stops him. Rips a dent puller and a screwdriver from Max's cargo pants pocket.

MAX

But a minute of work pays a grand.

SID

We grew up hating our lives. Gotta prove to ourselves we're better.

Max tilts his head. Smiles. Blinks as he blows Sid a kiss:

MAX

You wanna be *my* hero too, Sid?

SID

It's not too late to change what we've become, little-brah.

He shoves Max on his bike. Tire whooping down the block.

INT. SID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A radiator pings under a wide-open window. Snow blows in past two empty "Extra Strength Aspirin" bottles on the sill.

The snow lands and melts into a puddle on the floor.

A breeze rustles posters of 50s rock-a-billy, 70s punk bands, blaxploitation and Kung Fu movies covering the walls.

A worn-out heavy and speed bag hang in opposing corners.

A life-sized photo of Elvis in a black-belted-Gi on the ceiling above tools, remote controls, small relays, and wires on a table.

Several "AGATHA CHRISTIE" paperbacks next to a beat-up laptop on a bedside table. Circled by eight Chinese throwing stars.

Sid fidgets in bed. Drenches the bed in sweat under him.



INT. SID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM (BEGIN NIGHTMARE) - NIGHT

Sid lies comatose in his sweat-soaked bed. Hypo, water glass, cotton ball, matches, spoon and empty black balloon by him.

Pris' pink cell phone lies next to him. Plays the video of Sid and her singing ROCK THE CASBAH. Riding on the minibike.

O.S. A LOCK CLINKS. Max enters the door. A padlock crashes between his feet. He dives on top of Sid. Shakes him.

MAX

You promised me you flushed it all.

SID

I. Had some hid. I. Need more.

MAX

The paramedics are coming. But you gotta get up. Stay with me, Sid.

He helps Sid to his feet. Sid shoves Max onto the bed. Sid stumbles to the window. Peers through the glass.

Pris flutters her wings in a cloud of sparkling glitter outside the window. Dressed as the fairy princess.

SID

Never close the window. My fairy princess can't get in.

He smashes his hands through the window. The jagged glass rips his arms open. They spew blood as he falls backward...

INT. SID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM (END NIGHTMARE) - NIGHT

Sid crashes to the floor next to the sweat-drenched bed.

A large TOMCAT jumps off the bed. Swats snowflakes floating in the window. Then licks the puddle on the floor.

O.S. MUFFLED VOICES AND FOOTSTEPS GROW LOUDER THEN SOFTER.

An outline of a man drawn on the door with "Alex" across his forehead. The wood's pitted in the body's kill zone.

O.S. A DOOR SLAMS. A MAN YELLS INDISTINCTLY. A WOMAN SHRIEKS.

Sid leaps up. Whips a Chinese star. Whoosh-thump it sticks in the door between the drawn man's eyes.

Tomcat darts out the window. Scurries over a loose drain pipe along a brick wall. Leaps over a railing onto a back porch.

A pitbull claws the wall in a fenced area under the window.

Sid whips the door open. Stomps into the

LIVING ROOM

A burn-marked couch. Big picture tube TV on a stand. Six beer bottles on a glass coffee table. Butts overflow an ashtray.

Sid steps over to a Christmas tree in a corner. Lights, glass bulb ornaments, strings of popcorn and tinsel adorn it.

The front door bursts open. Bashes against the wall.

ALEX (22) bulky, imposing, boxer's busted-up face, raspy voice, desert camo army jacket with "RITCHIE" on the pocket. Staggers in wasted. Smokes a bent joint.

He stumbles toward Sid. Sid backs into the Christmas tree.

Alex rips a bulb off the tree. Smashes it on Sid's forehead. Sid crashes over the tree.

ALEX

I'll burn this fuck-king tree! What-a-ya say, Sid?

SID

Sorry, Alex.

ALEX

Still can't believe you'd fuck-king OD pity-partying over some little-bald in-the-grave teeny-bopper.

He grabs Sid's arms. Sneers at jagged scars and several track-marks covered in teardrop tattoos up Sid's arms.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Since ya quit doing heroin, ya become a fuck-king pussy.

(Teary-eyed-somber)

I went to Iraq. Afghanistan. Seen two dozen good buddies blown to bits. You lost a cunt. Get over it!

SID

Where's Ma, Alex?

Alex yanks Sid to his feet. Slams him into the wall.

ALEX

Ma's a fuck-king clumsy bitch. She  
fell probably. Maybe I pushed her!  
*What-a-you* gonna do about it?

Sid leaps around him through the front door into a dim lit

HALLWAY

Sid exits the first apartment door. Runs down the

FRONT STAIRWAY

He stomps two steps at a time down the winding steps onto a  
long straight stairway toward a closed multi-paned French-  
door leading into a dim lit foyer.

SID

Ma?

CLEOPATRA "CLEO" RITCHIE (39) black bangs, booze-bloated  
face, permanent scowl, heavy makeup. Sits on the bottom step.

She sips a pint of vodka. Guzzles down a bottle of beer.

CLEO

I'm having a smoke. I'll be up.

She pops a cigarette in her mouth. Drops a matchbook. Sid  
picks them up. Lights her cigarette.

He waves the flame by her face. Illuminates her bloody nose.  
And swollen red cheek. Before she turns away.

SID

No more of this bullshit...

CLEO

I slipped on my own, Sid.

He runs up the stairs. She grabs for his arm. And misses.

He races around a YOUNG GIRL on her cell phone on the stairs:

SID

I'm going to kill Alex this time!

CLEO

Please, Sid! Sid!! I need him!!!

She busts the beer bottle against the door. Kicks the wall.

## LIVING ROOM

Alex wipes away tears. Holds a syringe up against a Christmas tree light. Illuminating a sliver of heroin left in it.

He grabs a plaster Virgin Mary from a manger scene under the tree. Smashes the Virgin Mary on the floor.

ALEX

Fuck-king virgin birth. Ya think I believe ya? Fuck-king terrorist.

He drops the syringe in his jacket pocket. Sits on the couch. Pulls a TV remote from between cushions. Aims it at the TV.

Sid bursts through the door. Steps between the TV and Alex.

SID

Get up! Face me!

ALEX

Does this mean you're fuck-king done working on making this a functional fuck-head family?

He points the remote at Sid. Presses a button over and over:

ALEX (CONT'D)

Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!

Sid slaps the remote from his hand.

Alex shatters a beer bottle upside Sid's head. He staggers back. Blood runs down the side of Sid's face.

Alex sways in a boxer's stance. Clenches the jagged broken bottle in one hand. Leads with his other fist.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Careful, karate fuck-king-kid. You ain't in your room talking to your dear-dead fuck-king girlfriend.

Sid wraps one arm around his own neck. Slaps his other hand over his underarm. Sways on bent knees in a sideways stance.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I ain't gonna just kick your fuck-king ass. I'm gonna gut you, major. Then it's our fuck-king-anyone-that-gets-her-drunk whore mother's turn!

He stabs the bottle at Sid. Sid sidesteps it. Grabs Alex's arm. Punches Alex's ear. Sweep-kicks his legs from under him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Shh-shit!

He crashes to his knees. Sid slams Alex's ear to the floor. Twists his arm holding the bottle. Stomps on his elbow.

SID

Lose the bottle. And I let you go.

ALEX

Sid, get off of my fa-fuck-king-arm. Then I let the bottle go.

He sneaks his free hand in his jacket pocket for the syringe.

SID

I should break all your bones.

He releases Alex's head. Twists his arm with both hands.

ALEX

You're busting my fuck-king elbow!

SID

Let the bottle go.

Alex opens his hand on the bottle.

ALEX

Take the fuck-king thing!

Sid smacks the bottle from Alex's hand. Alex stabs the syringe in Sid's leg. Plunges the sliver of heroin into him.

Sid boots him in his ribs. Alex groans. Twists. Gawks at him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Why ain't ya high like a fuck-king major yet?

SID

You missed the vein, major. That ain't your pink morphine there.

He boots Alex in his head. Pounces on him. Pins his arms.

SID (CONT'D)

Drop the syringe!

Alex laughs. Spits in his face.

ALEX

I give ya hepatitis, bro. The fuck-king gift that keeps giving.

He grimaces. Scrapes the needle across Sid's pant leg.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Wish-to-fuck I could give ya more.

Sid chokes him. Bangs Alex's head to the floor.

Cleo hobbles in. Punches Sid in the head and back.

CLEO  
Sid, don't kill him! I need him.

ALEX  
Ma, come here. Gotta-fuck-king-gift  
for ya.

He swings and stabs the needle at her. She stumbles back.

Sid looks at her. Bashes Alex's head off the floor.

SID  
Ma. It's okay. Really. I'll just  
kill him. And it'll all be over!

Officer Quinn enters. Chews a plastic-tip cigar. Smiling. Six  
cigars in his the breast pocket behind his badge.

QUINN  
Oh yeah!

Officer Meeks stops just outside the door. Shakes his head:

MEEKS  
Whoa?

Sid slams Alex's head off the floor:

SID  
Please let me do this, officers.

Cleo turns to Quinn:

CLEO  
Stop him, will ya?

QUINN  
Love to.

He grabs Sid from behind. Sid elbows him. Busts the cigar in  
his mouth. Quinn flops on his ass:

QUINN (CONT'D)  
Help me the fuck up, Meeks!

Meeks hesitantly slides over. Helps Quinn up...

Sid bangs Alex's head down. Alex goes limp. His eyes roll-up.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Let's bash this mother's head in.

Quinn and Meeks pull their nightsticks out. Meeks steps back.

MEEKS

Mash the mother's face?

Quinn pokes Meeks in the chest with his nightstick:

QUINN

Just back off.

Cleo slaps the beer bottles off the coffee table. Walks out.

CLEO (O.S.)

Shoot 'em. Kill 'em. I don't care.  
There's no more goddamn beer.

QUINN

Shooting him ruins my fun time.

He smiles. Smacks his nightstick off the back of Sid's head.

INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Blue lights flash on the walls and ceiling from the next room. O.S. KATZ PLAYS JERRY LEE LEWIS STYLE PIANO WELL.

Lana hobbles barefoot down the corridor in a torn robe, panties, and bra. Smears lipstick. Tears run her mascara.

O.S. THE PIANO STOPS.

KATZ (O.S.)

The Killer's king in my home, baby!

He enters. Holding a flashing blue cop car light-bar. Lana collapses to her knees. Slaps her hands over her eyes. Spits.

LANA

You... jizz-ball!

She head-butts a door open. Crawls into

LANA'S BEDROOM

Fax machines. Modems. Disc drives. Add-on boards. Hard drives. Three side-by-side laptops on a horseshoe shaped-table. Cables, cords and power strips across the floor.

She jumps up. Slams the door. O.S. THE PIANO PLAYS. A DDoS code written in red lipstick covers the back of the door.

LANA

Shouldn't use a person's affliction  
against them!

She opens the laptops. DDoS code written on computer animated brick walls covers the three touchscreens until she pokes her finger in the middle of the center screen...

The bricks crumble and a necklace with five gold bordered mirror diamonds hanging over blue pear-shape gems on a platinum chain appears across all three screens.

She smiles through tears. Her nose bleeds on the keyboard.

LANA (CONT'D)

Very nice, Santa-baby!

O.S. PIANO PLAYING STOPS. FLOOR CREAKS. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

She shuts the laptops. Leaps against the door.

Katz shoves the door in. Lana's bare-feet squeal backward on the floor. Katz enters. Raises the flashing blue light-bar.

Lana falls on the bed. Kicks her feet. Jerks her arms. Stares blankly. Convulsing.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Harry shuts the door. Salutes a bubble camera on the ceiling.

O.S. DOOR LOCK CLINKS.

Sid sits on a bench. Arms cuffed to a wall mounted bar behind his back. Blood-matted hair. Rattles his chains. Sings:

SID

"If I had the wings of an angel..."

Harry steps toward him. Eats a candy bar.

HARRY

How are ya doing, Sid?

SID

Fearless and doomed as usual. But  
ain't you sweet. Detective  
Lieutenant Harry Ellis, now huh?

HARRY

I'm your only hope, Sid, make nice.



SID

Save me. I'll buy you a candy bar.

HARRY

Narcs raided your apartment a few years ago. Found you in bed wasted on H. Two ounces of H in the cushions of Alex's couch. They want Alex. But you wouldn't give him up. You took the hit. A year in prison.

He steps behind Sid. Leans over him. Lowers his voice:

HARRY (CONT'D)

Try to hang yourself in your cell. Do a year in a mental ward. Month out. Try to kill yourself again. Now three months outta the hospital ya try to kill Alex. Why didn't ya just let the narcs have him to begin with?

He pulls Sid's sleeves up. Exposes the jagged scars and the track-marks covered in teardrop tattoos on both arms.

SID

Those are the "Tracks of My Heart".

HARRY

The old Smokey Robinson song?

SID

Yeah. I'm old school. I don't rat. The heroin got me through migraines and depression that made me wanna die. I chew aspirins only, now.

HARRY

What happened last night?

SID

Alex was giving me a headache. So I gave him one back.

HARRY

Did Cleo deserve a beating too?

Sid rises. Strains against the chains. Eyes wide. Pissed:

SID

What are you talking about?

Harry squats. Peers into Sid's eyes.

HARRY

Your mom has a black eye. So I ask her: "Did Alex punch you?" She said "no". Because she knows if she tags him, a three-time loser, he goes for twenty-five. Drug dealers make more than mechanics, so...

Sid bites his lip. Teary eyed. Harry smacks his shoulder:

HARRY (CONT'D)

Tag, you're it. Alex went into a coma. He dies, it's going to be manslaughter on you, Sid.

SID

But I didn't--

Harry shoves him back on the bench.

HARRY

You stormed all the way up those stairs screaming "I'm going to kill Alex." That sounds like murder.

SID

Who told you those lies?

HARRY

That Young Girl ya ran by on the stairs. She was on her cell phone with a 911 operator. Your voice is recorded loud and clear, Sid.

SID

I totally lost it. For years--

Harry blocks the bubble camera's view of Sid. Slaps his hand over Sid's mouth. Whispers:

HARRY

You're talking yourself into premeditation, that's first degree.

Sid shakes Harry's hand off his mouth.

SID

Okay. I don't understand the law. But I know you gave up on me three years ago. So I gotta ask ya, loud and clear. Why ya helping me again?

HARRY

Tell you why. I had a cowboy junkie brother just like Alex. He used to rob drugstores and deal dope too. My Mother kept that bum afloat on a barge-sized living room couch.

Sid scoffs:

SID

Like Cleopatra in denial.

HARRY

Yeah! No matter what I did, it was always about her prodigal son.

SID

That brings us back to you giving up on me. Ain't seen ya in a while.

HARRY

Back then. No way I let a junky thief use my dead daughter as an excuse to destroy himself. But, your staying off the streets renews my interest. No more stealing cars. You got a job that's working out.

He pinches Sid's bottom lip. Wipes crusty white aspirins powder from the corners of Sid's mouth.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Enough with the aspirins, Sid.

SID

You eat candy instead of drinking. I eat aspirin. And now I'm in love with a girl. With what I have to offer, that's a whole new headache.

HARRY

Your boss at the gas station says you're at work every day. And you're an electrical engineering genius. You make your own diagnostic equipment for cars.

SID

Okay, so it's really hard for you to say, but you've fallen in love with me all over again.

HARRY

You're pushing this more toward...

He slams Sid against the wall. Holds him there:

HARRY (CONT'D)  
...a love-hate relationship.

Sid strains to get up. But can't break Harry's grip.

SID  
So I gotta love a dick, huh?

HARRY  
I rule here.

Sid nods at the floor. Harry releases him. Sid eyes him:

SID  
Feel better now? What exactly do  
you want, Harry?

HARRY  
Most guys I help, I can't figure.  
But you, I see through and through.

He sits next to Sid. Sid scoffs. Looks away from Harry:

SID  
I ain't no psychic, so you're just  
gonna have to spell it out for me.

HARRY  
Your brother owes Bobby Katz twenty  
grand for heroin up Alex's arm.

SID  
Bobby Katz...

He scoffs. Face twitching. Harry turns Sid's head toward him.

HARRY  
Ain't no joke. He'll be there as  
soon as you're out. You're gonna  
have to do something about that.

SID  
That brings us back around to you.

HARRY  
I'm going to help you stay out of  
prison if you help me...

Sid shakes his head out of Harry's grip.

SID  
Put Katz in the bag?

HARRY

Witty. I want his psycho killer  
rodeo clown Ollie in jail too.

SID

I'm wise enough to know guys like  
me that cross guys like Katz and  
Ollie get our skin peeled a layer  
at a time like bleeding onions.

HARRY

Got twenty grand to payback Katz?

SID

All I got is three hundred in cash  
and coins.

HARRY

Okay, flip all your coins.

He flips a quarter. Slaps it on his hand.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Go to court with a public defender  
fresh out of night school law.

He peeks under his hand at the quarter. Shakes his head.

SID

Got something against public  
education?

HARRY

Go ahead. Joke. But sure as shit,  
you're gonna end up in jail with  
Katz's friends. And tails ya lose.  
You're a bloody onion again.

SID

I'll tell you what, you can take  
care of Tomcat after I'm diced.

Harry bangs on the door. O.S. LOCK CLINKS. The door opens.

HARRY

See how I treat ya, Sid? Well, see  
what it's like without me a while.

He leaves. Shuts the door. O.S. LOCK CLINKS.

INT. CITY BUS (IDLING) - NIGHT

Lana feeds coins in the fare machine. Her sunglasses can't  
hide her bruised cheek. Swollen eye. Runny mascara.

She sits in the back side bench corner. Peers out the window.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

O.S. DOOR LOCK CLINKS.

A BIG COP enters. Stomps toward Sid on the bench. Smacks a hardcover bible over Sid's head.

O.S. A JUDGE'S GAVEL CLAPS AGAINST SOLID WOOD.

INT. COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURTROOM - DAY

A MIDDLE-AGED LADY JUDGE sets the gavel on the bench.

Sleepy-eyed black and brown people fill the gallery seats.

A SHYSTER lawyer scurries up the aisle. Sid follows him.

EXT. COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

The Shyster leads Sid down the steps. Around "THE KILLER" limo idling at the curb. Opens the left rear door for Sid.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Lana sleeps, forehead against the back side window.

ADULTS, HIGH SCHOOL KIDS, sit and stand together. Homeless people sit alone.

INT./EXT. LIMO (MOVING) - DAY

A rock-a-billy piano solo plays on the stereo.

Katz sits in the back seat. Taps a flip-top lighter off his knee along with the music. Sid sits against the back door on the opposing side.

OLLIE (30) big ripped psycho Texan, scarred forehead, cowboy boots. A terminator with a hard-on for everyone. Sneers at Sid through the rearview mirror. Steers into traffic.

Katz snaps his fingers three times. Ollie cuts the music off.

Katz clicks the flip-top lighter open. Lights a cigar.

KATZ

I like what ya did to your brother.  
I mean, ya gotta right to run your  
own family, but... I'm conflicted.

He blows smoke-rings at Sid.

KATZ (CONT'D)

Alex owed me. So we're related now.

He scoots next to Sid.

KATZ (CONT'D)

I'm giving you a job. No boosting cars. I respect you quitting that. You're gonna soup-up a muscle car for me. Put some odds and ends together that go... boom!

SID

I'm going to jail.

Katz laughs. Hugs Sid. Kisses his cheek.

KATZ

We're family now. I'll fix that. Got this lawyer named Blam. Slicker than Teflon. All ya gotta do is what I say. When I say.

SID

Sorry, I don't have a soul to sell.

Katz blows smoke-rings at Sid. Points to Ollie.

KATZ

Still got an ass to save. Anyway, meet Ollie, ex-rodeo clown, bronco buster, mercenary. Voted "Fortunes of War" magazine's most likely to take your life, two years in a row.

Sid shakes his head at Ollie's face in the rearview mirror.

SID

No, do respect, Mr. Katz, I already have a job.

Katz chomps on the cigar. Grins at Ollie in the rearview. Slides away from Sid. Snaps his fingers three times.

Ollie mashes the brakes. Middle of traffic. Jams it in "P".

INT. CITY BUS (MOVING)- DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Driver spins the wheel. Passengers jerk right to left. Lana bangs her forehead on the window. Blinks her eyes open.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ollie exits the limo. Steps over the center line. Sneers at oncoming traffic. Cars screech around him. Honk.

He slaps the bus mirror. As the bus squeals around him. Lana stares out the side window at Ollie. And turns away before...

Ollie walks by her window. Smiles at a hard-on in his pants. Opens the left rear limo door. Grabs Sid.

Sid shrugs Ollie's hands off of him. Ollie jams a silencer connected to a 9mm under Sid's chin. Laughs maniacally.

SID  
Why's it so funny?

OLLIE  
Laughing keeps my karma balanced.

He drags Sid onto the street. Katz flips a business card out the door. Sid grabs it. Midair. Reads "KATZ 312.504.5057".

KATZ (O.S.)  
Call me. I'll save your ass. You remember what happened to that ass in jail? This time I'll have some big boys knock all your teeth out. Make you the cell block cum whore.

Ollie closes the door. Sid flops on his back in the street. The door flicks the tip of his nose and slams shut.

OLLIE  
See you real soon, pardner!

He opens the limo driver door. Holsters the gun. Adjusts his visible hard-on. Laughs madly. Hops in. Peels-out!

Lana watches Sid lie in the street from the bus window.

Sid pours the last dozen aspirins from a bottle in his mouth. Slaps his hands over his ears. Crunches the aspirin.

The bus pulls away. Lana moves to the rear window. Sees honking cars go around Sid.

O.S. CAR-HORN BEEPS MORPH INTO HEART MONITOR BLEEPS...

INT. ICU - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Several jagged lines spike across a heart monitor screen. Vital signs flash on the right. A ventilator pump wisps.



Snow outside sticks to the window. Melts into teardrops.

Alex lies comatose in bed. Head and arms strapped in place. Tubes in his throat, nose, and arms. Wired to wall gadgets.

Sid sleeps in a bedside chair. A blanket at his feet. A tissue-box on his lap stuffed with bloody tissues.

Lana goes to the window. Turns from the glass. Her eyes widen. She pats two paperbacks sticking out her back pockets.

LANA  
(sotto)  
Shh-shit...

She squats. Watches Sid sleep. Slips the paperbacks under an empty aspirin bottle in the trash-bin on the floor.

She reaches for the tissue-box. Sid opens his bloodshot eyes.

SID  
How did you find me?

LANA  
Your boss at the gas station's worried about you. He said, "Stop eating all those aspirins, Sid."

He kisses her. She glances at the tissue box on his lap.

SID  
How did ya get by the inquisition?

LANA  
I know all the ICU nurses. Mama had emphysema. Kept smoking. I grew up hearing her lungs rattle. She survived three death-beds here. I died each time. Drowned in an ocean of tears.

SID  
Sorry about your ma. I didn't know.

LANA  
Ya don't remember *me*. But I do *you*.

She double "Fuck you" salutes him with both middle fingers.

SID  
We met... Wait-a-second...

He pulls Pris's pink cell phone out. Taps on the screen.

LANA

Mama just died. I kissed her  
goodbye. Got on the elevator. Y'all  
were about run me over.

SID

The double fuck you salute girl!

He holds the cell phone for her to see it. The screen goes  
on...

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CELLPHONE RECORDING (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Pris takes a selfie behind Sid on the minibike. Films him  
swerve around six People toward an opening elevator.

Lana (13) jumps from the elevator. Twists her ankle. Falls.

Sid squeals the minibike around Lana. She grimaces in pain.  
"Fuck you" salutes the screen. The elevator door shuts.

INT. ICU - PATIENT ROOM (FLASHBACKS ENDS) - DAY

Sid stares at Pris' freeze-framed smile on the screen. Lana  
flicks his ear. He back pockets the phone.

SID

I didn't see the recording until  
months later. How's the ankle?

LANA

Goes out on me when I run awhile.

SID

I'm sorry I added to your troubles.

LANA

I run outta the ICU. I was gonna  
run all-a way back to Memphis.

(beat)

Mama died. Nurse's come in. Fucking  
Step-dad, lying to 'em all.

She shakes her head. Bites her lip. Tears streak her cheeks.

LANA (CONT'D)

He tells 'em: "What-a great love  
she was for him." He beat the tar  
outta her whenever he had a bad  
day. Me when he's done with her.

She blinks. As he wipes the tears off her face with a tissue.

SID

We can be the family we never had.

They shut their eyes. She smiles. They kiss.

LANA AND SID

Deal.

She grabs the tissue box stuffed with bloody tissues off his lap. Walks to the window. Shifts her eyes onto the trash-bin.

LANA

Y'all ain't touched your food.

She stuffs the tissue-box over the paperbacks in the trash.

SID

Had something earlier. Puked it up.

LANA

Do you wanna beat yourself down?

SID

You think I'm praying for Alex?

He steps around her. She follows him.

LANA

Do y'all want forgiveness?

SID

The truth is...

He kicks the trash-bin over. The tissue box, "The Idiot" book, and "The Idiot Cliff Notes" pamphlet stick-out.

SID (CONT'D)

I'm begging for my own ass.

He sets his foot on the trash-bin. Tries to flip it upright. It tips over. He steps toward it. She cuts him off.

LANA

I don't believe that.

SID

"The strongest guard is placed at the gateway to nothing. Because the condition of emptiness is too shameful to be divulged."

LANA

That's Dostoevsky. "The Idiot".

SID  
What? No shit! You've read it?

LANA  
The story of a good man. Leaves the nut-house. Returns home. Tries to do the right things. Trouble is--

SID  
-The world he returns to is obsessed with money, power and sexual conquest. The only place a saint belongs is back in the nut-house.

LANA  
Damn--well put, professor.

SID  
I'm also a mystery fan of Agatha Christie novels and red herrings.

LANA  
What are "Red herrings"?

SID  
Things aren't always as they seem.  
She kisses him. Sunlight glares in the window.

LANA  
The sun agrees, so it seems.

SID  
I have to go.  
He walks halfway out. She grabs him from behind.

LANA  
Sweetie, ya-ain't gonna do something crazy?

SID  
I have to go to work. Walk me out.  
He grabs her hand. Leads her into the

HALLWAY

They rush by the Christmas decorated nurse's station. Sid kisses Lana next to an elevator. They don't notice...

The elevator opens. O.S. DING. Ollie, in overalls, drives a ride-on sweeper/scrubber machine off the elevator.

Sid and Lana enter the elevator kissing. The door shuts...

Ollie steers by the nurse's station. Three NURSES on laptops pay no attention.

Ollie pulls over. Climbs down. Steps into the

PATIENT ROOM

He stops next to Alex. Bites the cap off a cigar tube. Slides a full syringe of pink morphine out into his hand.

He shoots a squirt of morphine out into Alex's face. Alex opens his eyes wide. Sees Ollie. Fights the restraints.

Ollie shoots the hypo in an injection port. Whispers to Alex:

OLLIE

Pow.

He puts the hypo in the tube. Steps out. Alex dies.

HALLWAY

Ollie drives the cleaning machine toward the nurse's station.

O.S. ALEX'S HEART MONITOR BLEEPS FAST AND LOUD.

The Nurses run by Ollie into Alex's room.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

A "SESTOS GAS" sign squeaks around a pole. A minimart and two mechanic bays with cars on lifts.

Sid crawls from under a clunker. Raised on a hydraulic floor jack outside. Slips a dog-eared paperback in his back pocket.

He drops the clunker off the jack. Hops in. Starts it.

He rolls the jack inside the bay next to Max's repaired bike.

SID

Told you I'd get her running!

A MECHANIC (40) greasy glasses. Puffs a cigarette between the cars on lifts. Wipes his upright middle finger with a rag.

SID (CONT'D)

She's mine now!

The Mechanic shakes his head. Smirks. Waves him away.

Sid hops in the clunker. His dog-eared book falls out the door onto the ground before he shuts the door.

The clunker squeals out of the station. Cuts-off a bus. Skids up to a red light on the corner.

Lana exits the bus rear door. Walks toward the minimart.

Harry pulls an unmarked cop car into the station from the other side. O.S. THE STATION'S SERVICE BELL RINGS.

Harry stops the unmarked cop car next to the Mechanic seated on a bench. Yells out the window to him:

HARRY

Where's Sid?

Lana picks-up the dog-eared book by the rear passenger door.

MECHANIC

He's driving that clunker.

O.S. ONCOMING AMBULANCE BLARES NEARBY.

Lana rubbernecks. Sees the clunker. The light turns green.

The ambulance drives slowly across the intersection ahead of Sid. He revs the engine. The light turns red.

Harry leans out the window toward the Mechanic:

HARRY

I didn't hear you, what?

MECHANIC

He's in that clunker at the light!

He points at the clunker. Harry sees Sid. Hits the gas.

Lana crashes on the hood. The brakes screech. The dog-eared book flies from her hand. Smack onto the windshield.

The red light turns green. The clunker lays-rubber.

Harry kicks his door open. Yells into a two-way radio mike:

HARRY

I need an ambulance...

Lana lies on the hood. Hands over her ears. And moans.

Max exits the minimart. Lays his hoodie over her.

Harry drops the mike. Smiles at the cover of the dog-eared book "The Idiot by Dostoevsky" facing him. Against the windshield.

EXT. SID'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A block-long brick three-story. Five of six stores empty.

Sid parks the clunker on the corner. Grabs a new pack of cigarettes off the seat. Gets out.

UNCLE LEW (70) thin, Chinese gangster. Sits outside a corner store under an "UNCLE LEW'S HOCK SHOP" sign over the door.

Sid steps on the curb. Tosses the cigarettes to Uncle Lew.

SID

Thanks again, Uncle Lew?

Sid unlocks the outside entry door. Pushes and pushes it. It's stuck. He taps the buzzer. Kicks the door.

SID (CONT'D)

Supposed to be ready for me mom.

Sid shoves and kicks the door. It opens with a loud crack.

INT. SID'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FOYER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sid enters. Reads "GONNA GET-YA SID" spray-painted above several busted mailboxes across the wall.

Sid punches holes through each word on the wall. Peers at his bloody knuckles and enters the multi-paned French-door to the

FRONT STAIRWAY

He shakes his hand. Climbs the long straight stairway. Curves up the winding steps to the second floor. Enters the

HALLWAY

He unlocks the first door next to the stairs. Enters

SID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sid grabs empty beer bottles off the table. Rushes into the

KITCHEN

He tosses the bottles into a garbage can. Lifts a package of frozen bacon off a frying pan on a stove-top burner.

He tosses the bacon in the fridge. Slams the door. A sticky note flutters off the door.

He snatches the note in midair. Reads "MAKE YOUR OWN LUNCH FOR FUCKING EVER" on it. Slaps it back onto the fridge.

He spits blood into the sink. Grabs a full aspirin bottle from a cabinet. Pours several in his mouth. Chews them.

He slaps the frying pan's handle. It spins on the burner.

INT. JUKEBOX - THE PARK-SIDE INN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A 45 record circles a turn-style. The tonearm drops. The 45 plays an old blues tune in the dim lit gin mill.

DOM (57) burly bartender and bouncer. Wipes the bar down.

Cleo sits on a stool. Sips a tall drink.

FRANK (35) a tall, big fat blowhard, major comb-over. Clinks his beer bottle off her glass. Squeezes her breast.

CLEO

Frank, now cease and resist.

FRANK

What? Seize your ass?

He hugs her. She wiggles loose. He squeezes her ass. Laughs.

Sid enters. Stares at the back of Cleo's head.

Frank yells at the bartender. Watches Sid approach Cleo.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey, Dom! Get your ass in the back.  
Put out the empties and the trash.

Dom disappears through a door behind the bar.

Frank leans between Sid and Cleo. Sneers down at Sid. Snickers. Cleo gulps her drink.

Sid rips the glass from her hand. Slides it down the bar.

Frank shoves Sid against the bar. Clicks a switchblade open.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Run home, boy, before I gut--

Sid bongs the frying pan upside Frank's head. Drops him cold.



Cleo tries to light a cigarette with a lighter. But her hand shakes too much. Sid holds her arm still. She lights it.

SID

Come on...

She slaps him hard. Hot embers explode from her cigarette.

CLEO

Get away from me.

She hops off the stool. Her knees buckle. Sid grabs her arm.

SID

I'm taking you back home.

She jerks her arm. He grips it tighter. She gets in his face.

CLEO

You used to earn good money.

SID

I bust my ass lying under cars in the rain and snow.

CLEO

Three hundred a week and you put your grease-monkey hands all over everyone that means anything to me.

She rips her arm from his grip.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Ya used to gimme a grand a week. You, me and Alex used to get high. Watch TV on the couch.

She leans on the bar. Grabs a coaster. Fans herself.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Now you're high and mighty. Hole-up in your room. Cry for some long-gone sickly little bitch. We used to agree. How that dick-ass cop father of her's...

SID

-You and I both know what you won't say. Come on. I want you to say it!

CLEO

You didn't even consider me. You just try and kill yourself? You pussy-whipped selfish coward!

SID

The one precious person in my life died. I'm working hard trying to climb out of a hellhole you and Alex thrive in.

He grits his teeth. Speaks through them:

SID (CONT'D)

You used to bring drunks home. Get 'em to beat little crybaby Sid. Trying to mold me into a thieving little soldier like all-star Alex.

She slaps him over and over. Blood seeps around his teeth.

CLEO

Your brother was bringing in fifteen hundred a week. Now what?

He weeps as he rattles a half-bottle of aspirin at her:

SID

I couldn't let him hurt ya, ma.

CLEO

So you kill him?!

She flings her cigarette off his forehead.

CLEO (CONT'D)

You killed him! Alex is dead! And I hope they bury you with him.

He drops the frying pan. Pops the aspirin cap. She smacks the bottle from his hand. Aspirin fly everywhere.

Sid cries as he crawls over his tears dripping on the floor. Picks the aspirin up. Stuffs them in his mouth. Chews them.

Cleo sits on the floor. Lifts Frank's head in her lap. Weeps.

CLEO (CONT'D)

I'm moving in with Frank. Go back to your solitary confinement! I got no sons!

Sid kneels. Chews aspirin. Reads "KATZ 312.504.5057" on the business card. His shaky hand jiggles the doorknob around.

EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE - NIGHT

Sid, the pink three holed stocking cap over his face. Rattles a spray-paint can as he skateboards to the end of a long quiet straightaway in the cavernous underpass.

He tail-skids over the last sewer before a curve. Spray-paints a big dark metallic gray "Z" across the sewer cover.

He pulls brown tinted sunglasses from his hoodie. Puts them on. Sees the big dark metallic gray "Z" he spray-painted across the sewer in front of him is now bright pink.

He looks behind him. Sees several big bright pink "Z"s spray-painted over the sewer caps down the straightaway.

He rips the glasses off. Spins back around toward...

O.S. THE EAR-SPLITTING BLARE OF AN ONCOMING SEMI HORN.

Suddenly, a semi roars out of the curve dead ahead.

Sid crashes chest-down on the board...

The semi thunders over him. The rear differential slaps the back of his head. Smacks his forehead into the asphalt.

He rolls between the trailer tires out the tail end. Leans off the board. Curves between pylons. Clangs into a fence.

Blood from his head wounds seeps through the back and front of Pris' pink cap from underneath it.

EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE - DAY

A supped-up 70s sedan with brown tinted windows roars around a wide turn through the dark underpass.

Concrete pylons whoosh past. Glimpses of lights reflect on the glassy Chicago river beyond the pylons to one side.

Sporadic openings between pylons on the other side lead to loading docks for the building.

The sedan squeals into a 360. Reverses into a

HOTEL RECEIVING AREA

A SECURITY MAN climbs a ramp onto a loading dock. Grips a two-way radio clipped to his shirt:

SECURITY MAN  
I'll get him as he comes out of the  
elevator!

He unsnaps his pistol holster. Bursts through double doors into the building.

The sedan rumbles backward to a halt alongside the ramp.

O.S. ELEVATOR OPENS WITH A DING. TWO SHOTGUN BLASTS ECHO.

The Security Man, pistol still in the holster, stumbles backward out the doors. Bloody scattered wounds dot his legs.

Ollie, ski mask, gloves, briefcase in hand, knocks the Security Man down. Pokes a sawn-off shotgun in his face.

OLLIE  
You're history!

Sid, surgical mask, gloves, hoodie up, swats Ollie's shotgun. It blasts over the Security Man's head. Missing him.

Ollie aims the muzzle in Sid's face. Raises the briefcase.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
I got the necklace. And I'll take  
care of him. You're just a driver!

The Security Man pulls his pistol. Sid kicks the gun from his hand. Sid and Ollie go down the ramp. Jump in the sedan.

INT./EXT. DARK SEDAN (MOVING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sid and Ollie click race car driver seat harnesses on. Sid guns-it. Twirls the wheel. Lays-rubber in a 360.

A half-empty aspirin bottle skids away from Sid on the dash.

He cranks the emergency brake up. Screeches the car sideways between two cars. Travels with them in the middle of traffic.

Ollie sniffs the air. Turns around. Sees the back seat gone.

A five-gallon gas can is taped to roll-bars behind each seat. A remote signal wire protrudes from both gas-caps.

OLLIE  
God, I love this rough rider shit.  
But it better work, kid!

SID  
It's gonna.

Ollie squeezes a hard-on in his pants. Moans with delight:

OLLIE  
It's already working on me.

The sedan barrels across the center line. Around three cars on a turn. Screeches toward oncoming traffic.

Sid pulls his surgical mask. Stretches the elastic over his ears. Sees wet blood on the inside. Lets it back on his face.

Several oncoming cars close on them. O.S. HORNS WAILING.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Whoa! What-a-ya...

SID

You're giving me a migraine.

He whirls the wheel. The aspirin bottle clatters off the dash. Sid grabs it. Shakes aspirin in his mouth. Guns-it.

The sedan veers left. Oncoming cars skid right. Slam together.

The sedan squeals right across the fronts of three cars. As they zigzag left.

The sedan crosses the center line toward another jumble of oncoming cars.

The sedan zigzags. The oncoming cars screech apart. The sedan zips between them toward an intersection.

Ollie rubs his crotch. Points through the windshield.

Two cop cars shriek off a street ahead. Roar toward them.

OLLIE

Are ya sure we ain't past them?  
Maybe ya tinted the bullet-proof  
glass the wrong color.

SID

I'll give you something. Take your  
mind off the wait.

He lays-rubber toward the oncoming side-by-side cop cars.

OLLIE

We're going straight. Don't see no  
bright pink "Z"s! Maybe they  
cleaned the street. Washed 'em off.

SID

We're not there yet.

He stomps on the gas. Ollie slaps his hand over his mouth. Sid smiles. Slams the emergency brake up and down.

The sedan veers side-to-side about to hit the cop cars head-on. Sid slaps the emergency brake down. Whirls the wheel.

OLLIE

Who-ah..!

The sedan tailspins toward the cop cars. They screech apart. The sedan spins between them. Smacks both car fenders.

The cop cars bash into fences between pylons to each side.

SID

Positively!

Sid floors-it. Skids off a curve onto the long straightaway toward several bright pink "Z"s down the middle of the road.

OLLIE

Motherfucking amazing! Shh-shit...

He points to the windshield. Two cops on foot wave a semi backward over the first "Z" about to close the street.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Whoa, pardner...

SID

Fuck it!

He guns-it. Scrapes both sides of the sedan between the trailer and a pylon. Sparks crackle on both sides...

Sid swerves around the semi cab. Two cop SUVs shriek around the trailer at him. He squeals right across the SUV bumpers.

Sid spins the wheel right. Fishtails at a pylon. Yanks the emergency brake. Skids around the pylon. Slaps a fence down.

The sedan screeches sideways up a cement slope under a street above. The fence rattles. Jammed under the rear tires.

Sid slams it into low. Twirls the wheel right to left. Brake-torques it. Slaps it in "D". Stomps on the gas...

The fence spits from under the sedan. They roar down the incline into another fence. It clangs over the windshield.

Sid swings between pylons. Smacks the fence off of the car.

He races toward another semi rear end slowly moving away ahead.

OLLIE

You got to be kidding.

Sid veers alongside the semi. Roars around the cab. Skids sideways around two oncoming cop cars from the other side.

SID  
Enough of this bullshit. We lost  
four more manholes. Two left.

Two cops run across the street ahead. Drop two spike straps over the next sewer cap "Z". The cops duck behind pylons.

SID (CONT'D)  
Tire eaters coming up.

OLLIE  
Gotta get there for this to work.

SID  
I got this!

He looks in the rearview. The semi halts. Four more cop cars screech around it. Roar down the straightaway after them.

Sid twirls the wheel. Guns-it. Yanks the emergency brake up and down.

SID (CONT'D)  
Ya-ain't getting my back tires!

The sedan spins over the spike strips. The front tires burst. The rear tires shriek into a 360. Drag the strip around.

He whirls the wheel. Squeals out of the spin. Screeches to a halt. Strobe lights swarm across the road ahead.

A pink "Z" glows alongside an armored "SWAT" vehicle. Assault rifles aim out the gun-ports at the sedan fifty yards away.

Six cop cars face the sedan at both ends of the vehicle.

Sid and Ollie look out the rear window. The semi backs across the street behind them. Four cop cars back up to the semi.

Ollie furrows his brow at Sid. Sid stares him down.

OLLIE  
This here plan of yours better  
work, pardner.

He climbs behind the seats. Swings the briefcase over them.

SID  
You know what they say about  
cornering a wild animal.

Sid pulls his skateboard from his backpack. Shows Ollie "THE MOST DANGEROUS ANIMAL" spray-painted under the board.

He throws the backpack high to Ollie. Sees his ankle holster.

OLLIE

How do animals skateboard?

He sets the briefcase in the backpack. Sid tightens his harness. Ollie puts the backpack under his harness.

SID

Right down their throats.

Sid peels-out. Cops flip their cars high-beams on. Run behind the cars. Assault rifles fire out the SWAT vehicle gun-ports.

A hail-of-bullets slam into the grill. Rip across the hood. Smack the windshield. Spider-webbing the glass.

The sedan rams the SWAT vehicle sideways till the sedan's over the "Z".

The SWAT team and cops aim guns from behind cop cars. Harry stands behind a cop car. Speaking through a bullhorn:

HARRY

You get one minute to exit your vehicle and surrender peacefully. Your sixty seconds start now!

Sid pulls a foot length of rebar from under the seat. A loop on one end. A hook on the other side.

Ollie opens a small case with a clear hypo and a pink-filled one. Pulls his shirt up. Injects the clear in his stomach.

SID

That pink shit's morphine, right?

He pours aspirin in his mouth. Ollie pockets the small case.

OLLIE

Morphine makes you dopey. Steroids and Viagra makes me a raging bull!

Sid puts a CD in the disk player. Turns the volume way-up.

SID

Lets all rage to a Tommy-gun aria!

They see two snipers climb on the semi roof from ladders. And aim high powered rifles at them.



OLLIE

They got us all lined up like steer  
for the slaughter.

O.S. THE RAT-A-TAT-TAT OF TOMMY-GUNS BLARE FROM THE SEDAN.

The SWAT and cops fire back. Bullets swarm. Rip the sedan to pieces. It explodes. A fireball erupts. The gunshots end.

The SWAT team leads a dozen cops toward the fiery sedan.

The semi pulls out of the way. A fire engine goes around the semi. Halts next to the sedan.

Fire-fighters jump out. Pull hoses. Foam down the flames.

Foam cascades down the rear side fender. Drips off a dozen small speakers mounted under the car.

The rebar hooked to a sewer cap between the rear tires.

An open trapdoor in the sedan floor hangs over an open sewer.

INT. SEWER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sid skateboards up and down the massive storm drain walls. Ollie jogs behind him. Carries the backpack.

OLLIE

I underestimated you, pardner.  
Remote controlled fucking-mayhem.

SID

Just a couple solenoid motors from  
a remote control car I had.

Ollie halts at a ladder to a manhole. Sid tail-skids over.

Ollie rips the shotgun from the backpack. Grabs Sid. Jams the barrel under his chin. Sid tiptoes on the skateboard...

He sneaks his hand behind him. Turns a tape recorder under his belt on. Slips a throwing star from his back pocket.

SID (CONT'D)

What about my share?

Ollie slams him down. Jabs the shotgun between Sid's eyes.

OLLIE

Be a shame ya don't get your name  
in the papers. Smart-ass kid  
outsmarts the cops... and dies.

He pokes a quarter to Sid's forehead. Lets it go. It sticks.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
Penny for your thoughts.

O.S ONCOMING FOOTSTEPS. Sid mimics Quinn's voice on the tape:

SID (O.S.)  
Drop your weapon!

Ollie looks around. Sid watches the muzzle drift in and out of his eyes. Timing his move...

He stabs the throwing star in the side of Ollie's gun hand.

OLLIE  
Ya... Ah!

He blasts the shotgun next to Sid's face. Pellets claw his left temple and ear. Blood spews down his face.

Sid kicks the shotgun from Ollie's hand. Slams his palm into Ollie's windpipe. He flops on his back. Grabs his throat.

Sid rips the .38 from Ollie's ankle holster. Tosses it. Puts the skateboard in the backpack. Climbs the ladder.

The quarter smacks off of Ollie's forehead.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVERWALK - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

Sid drops the cover on the sewer. Puts Pris' blood-soaked pink cap on. Three holes over his face. Flips his hood on.

He skateboards along the river across from Marina Towers.

Sid tail-skids to a stop. Grabs his board. Climbs the stairs. Goes under a "CHICAGO RIVERWALK" sign. Steps onto

EXT. WEST WACKER DRIVE - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Sid turns onto a sidewalk. Strolls around a bridge-house. Joins SHOPPERS crossing the Christmas decorated bridge.

Everyone stares across the water. Red lights flash and white strobes blink through smoke pouring out from Lower Wacker.

Ollie limps away through the smoke along the river.

EXT. BUS SHELTER - NIGHT

Lana sits on the bench. Purse in her lap. A bus stops. The door opens. The Driver shrugs at her.

LANA

No thanks. I'm waiting for someone.

The bus leaves. Max skids his bike up to the bench. Wears an eye-patch.

LANA (CONT'D)

Where's Sid, Max?

MAX

You wanna see him, cuckoo bird,  
stand on my rear axle pegs.

LANA

What's with the blinder?

She slings her purse under her arm.

MAX

Some jerk threw a cigarette out a  
car window into my eye, a year ago.

LANA

So why wear it now?

MAX

You'll see. Come-on. Hop-on.

LANA

What do I hold on to?

Max turns the bike around. Smirks over his shoulder at her.

MAX

Ain't gotta give me a reach around  
or nothing, just grab my shoulders.

She steps on the pegs. Wraps her arms around his neck.

LANA

You don't like me a bit, do ya?

MAX

Not true! I saw ya flop on that  
dick's car to stop him. It's just,  
rich cuckoo birds like you see the  
way we live don't stick around. And  
Sid's kind-a... crazy about you.

He rides away with her.

EXT. ANOTHER SIDE STREET - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Max chauffeurs Lana down the tree-lined asphalt. Rundown tenements, crappy houses and empty lots to either side.

They cruise down a steep hill. She points to a "T" shaped intersection at the end of the block ahead.

MAX

Lean with me, that's all.

She leans forward. Hugs his neck. Squeezes her eyes shut.

LANA

Y'all crazy. Come on. Slow down!

They lean left. Swing onto the next street. Go under a

EXT. RAILROAD VIADUCT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They cut in front of the parked clunker. Jump the curb.

They swerve around "EMERGENCY PARKING ONLY" on one of several concrete pylons supporting one side of the rusty bridge.

Lana jumps off the pegs. Pigeons fly from under the overpass.

Two HOMELESS MEN (60). Stand around a fire in a garbage can.

Twenty people lie in blankets surrounded by old suitcases and duffel bags along the pylons. A HOODED GUY PLAYS guitar.

Mary sits behind the first pylon.

The firelight flickers on the five mirror diamonds and blue pear-shape gems on the platinum chain around her neck.

Mary stands. Buttons her overcoat. Steps around the pylon.

MARY

Hey, Lana!

Lana scurries over to her. They hug.

Homeless Men wave Max over to the fire.

Mary leads Lana to a dirt path leading up to the tracks.

MARY (CONT'D)

I can't get up there.

Lana runs along the path onto the

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lana stumbles into several bottles hidden in the tall grass. Two bottles shatter on the tracks. She stops.

Max swings his bike around her.

Sid sits against a rusty bridge guardrail. Holds a ball of newspaper comics to his bloody left eye, temple, and ear.

He watches Pris' selfie on her cell phone. She sprinkles glitter on herself as she lies in a hospital bed on pillows that look like fairy wings under her.

Max rides by Sid. Tosses the eye patch to him.

MAX

We're cool, Sid.

Sid sets Pris' cell phone on the ground. Catches the eye-patch. Stuffs his skateboard in his backpack next to him.

Max jumps the bike over the tracks. Performs tricks off various homemade plywood ramps along the rails.

Lana squats in front of Sid. Sid pulls Pris' cell phone from under Lana's shoe before she steps on it. He back pockets it.

LANA

Oh. Didn't see it. What happened?

He peels the comics off his crispy eyelid. A gash across his temple. Through his hair. Another splits his mauled ear.

SID

I barely got shot.

LANA

Oh, my Lord!

SID

I'm using the funny papers. 'Cause ya told me laughter's therapeutic. So don't blow it for me.

He slips the eye-patch on. Rolls Pris' blood-soaked pink cap on. Stuffs the comics over his ear, under the cap.

LANA

I want to help you, Sid.

SID

Are you some sort of red herring?

LANA

I got hit by a police car for you yesterday.

SID

Max told me about your stunt at least a dozen times. You all right?

Lana shows him a few small bruises on her forearms.

LANA

Compared to you, petunia, I'm just peachy keen.

SID

I need to tell you. What you did. Besides heroic-cool, quick-witted and brilliant. Means a lot to me.

LANA

I need you to tell me I ain't just some girl you fooling with because ya wanna get between my legs.

SID

I spent my life in isolation, surrounded by people. Now, I die of loneliness without just one, you.

She squeezes her teary-eyes shut. Hugs him.

LANA

Thank God I'm not alone anymore.

O.S. AN AUTOMATIC PISTOL RACKS CLOSE BY. Sid jumps up.

LANA (CONT'D)

Is every--

Sid lays his hand over her mouth. Points over the guardrail

EXT. DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ollie leaves "THE KILLER" limo at the curb. Walks toward them. Screws a silencer on a 9mm in his bandaged right hand.

He pulls his ski mask over his face. Steps under the

EXT. RAILROAD VIADUCT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ollie waves the 9mm at everyone:

OLLIE

Someone best tell me where Sid is!

He laughs maniacally. Stops. Clears his throat.

He fires the 9mm at the clunker. Pst. The silencer spits a bullet. The radiator spews coolant. Pst. A tire explodes.

He circles the clunker. Pst. Another tire pops. Pst. The last tire squeals-air.

He swings the door open. Looks around inside. Steps behind the trunk. Pst. Pops a hole in the trunk lock. The lid opens.

Ollie throws things around in the trunk. Slams it. Trudges across the sidewalk. Shouts in a hoarse voice:

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
Who's next!

Homeless Men back away from the garbage can fire. The People on blankets and the Hooded Guy with the guitar scamper away.

Ollie boots the can over. Hot embers and fiery planks spill out. Cinders fill the air. Ollie kicks the fiery planks.

Mary steps toward him.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
Well, lookee here...

MARY  
I'm not afraid of you.

He chokes her in a half-nelson. Jams the silencer in her ear.

OLLIE  
Come on, Sid! Save your lady!

SID (O.S.)  
Let her go! I'm here!

He scurries down the dirt path incline.

Ollie flings Mary aside. Her coat opens. He stomps toward Sid. Leaves Mary coughing with the necklace showing.

OLLIE  
Where's my necklace?

SID  
I stashed it.

Ollie smacks the 9mm upside Sid's injured ear. Sid grunts. Slaps his hand over the wound. Blood runs down his neck.

OLLIE  
Where'd ya put it, pardner?

He slams Sid's head into a pylon. Sid hits the ground. Ollie steps on him. Pokes the gun to Sid's temple. Frisks him.

SID  
I'll tell you where to go.

Ollie kicks him again and again.

Lana skids down the path on her heels. Magnum aimed at Ollie.

LANA  
Stop!

Ollie peers down his 9mm barrel at her. Then lowers it.

OLLIE  
(sotto)  
Lana...?

She slides to the sidewalk. Ollie takes her magnum away.

Max bikes down the path. Ollie aims both guns at him.

O.S. AN ONCOMING FREIGHT TRAIN AIR HORN BLARES.

Sid cracks a fiery plank off the back of Ollie's head. He fires the Magnum into a pylon as he lands. Out cold.

Sid steps on Ollie's bandaged hand. Takes the 9mm from him.

Lana grabs the magnum. Cocks it to the back of Ollie's head. Sid slaps his hand over the gun. The hammer bites his hand.

LANA  
Let go! He'd-a killed us both!

SID  
He's crazy about you. He would have shot ya sure as shit otherwise.

He yanks the gun from her. Waistbands it. Slips the .38 from Ollie's ankle holster. Drops the 9mm and .38 down a sewer.

O.S. FREIGHT CARS CLACK OVER THE VIADUCT. Max circles Ollie.

MAX  
We better go, gunfire brings cops!

Sid buttons Mary's coat. Hands money to both Homeless Men. Lana hugs and kisses Mary.



SID

Gentlemen, please accompany Mary to her choice of restaurant, quickly.

Homeless Men lick their lips. Escort Mary away.

MARY

Sid, Max, Lana, you all watch out for each other.

Sid slips the necklace into Max's hoodie pocket.

SID

Max, go to my place and put Tomcat's new collar on him.

Max nods. Rides down the street. Lana gets in Sid's face:

LANA

Let's put Ollie outta our misery.

SID

I'm taking the high road.

He pulls her up the dirt path.

EXT. DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

Max drops the bike. Lets the air out of "THE KILLER" limo rear tire.

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lana runs alongside freight and grain cars clattering down the tracks. Sid slips the backpack on. Races ahead of her.

SID

Follow me. I can help you!

LANA

I can do this!

SID

I've done this! Come on!

He grabs for her. She slaps his hand away. Dashes past him.

LANA

I'm just fine on my own!

He sprints by her. She chases him.

SID

I'll get on first!

LANA  
The hell you will!

He catches up to a grain freight car. She's on his heels.

SID  
No way!

She shoves him from the train. He stumbles. She grabs the ladder. Swings onto the metal grain freight car platform.

LANA  
Come on, cuckoo bird!

He seizes the ladder in both hands. One hand slips off. He dangles one-handed. She reaches between the rungs for him.

SID  
I'm good!

He smacks her hands away. Climbs on. She double fuck-you-salutes him. He grabs her fingers. They kiss laughing.

EXT. DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Max kneels. Lets the air out of "THE KILLER" limo passenger side tire. All are now flat. Wipes his hands on his pants.

He clasps the diamond necklace around his neck. Flips his hoodie hood up. Knots the neck strings tight. Looks back:

MAX  
You fuck--

Ollie slams him against the fender. Shakes him by the hood. Kicks him in the back.

OLLIE  
Where's Sid?!

Max glances at the train rattling on the tracks. Looks away.

Ollie drags him to "THE KILLER" limo rear bumper. Steps on him. Pulls a flare out of the trunk with a demonic-smile.

Max kicks his heel into Ollie's shin:

MAX  
Hey, asshole.

Ollie stomps on Max's leg. Max kicks Ollie's other shin.

OLLIE  
You little motherfucker!

He smacks Max's forehead off the bumper.

MAX

Hey! I ain't done with you yet.

OLLIE

You'll be well done.

He shows Max the flare. Throws him in the trunk. Snaps the release cable out of the trunk. Tosses it. Slams the trunk.

He lights the flare. Lobs it in the back seat. Slams the door. Laugh madly.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Well done!

He pedals Max's bike away.

EXT./INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Harry U-turns. Races behind the cop cars. Lights ablaze.

The cop cars turn on a downhill side street. Harry follows. Blue lights flash on the rundown tenements to both sides.

The cop cars screech around the corner. Halt under the railroad viaduct with the garbage can on its side, burning.

Harry drives by slowly. Sees four COPS jump from their cars. Draw pistols. Shine flashlights. Search under the bridge.

Harry notices "THE KILLER" limo on fire and drives

EXT. DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Harry hops out. Peers at the blackened left side windows. Fire fills the inside. The glass cracks. Spews smoke at him.

He turns away. Coughs and spits. O.S. CLUNK. The trunk lid rises. Max leaps out. Tosses a tire iron at Harry. Runs off:

MAX

Quack! Quack!

Harry ducks. The tire iron goes over his head. Lands behind him. Harry laughs:

HARRY

Duck. Hmm. Smart-ass.

The gas tank explodes. The blast knocks him on his ass.

EXT. AVENUE - NIGHT

Ollie races the bike under an expressway overpass. The freight train chugs over a bridge in the background.

Ollie turns onto an expressway ramp. Cars race around him. O.S. HORNS HONKING.

Ollie breathes deep. Leans forward. Speeds onto the  
EXPRESSWAY

Ollie wheels along the shoulder. Cars zip past him.

The train runs on tracks on the other side of a grass field.

He turns. Cuts across the

GRASS FIELD

He stands and peddles. Angles toward the train.

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Freight cars rattle between factories and the grass field along the expressway.

Lana and Sid sit on the grain car platform. He shakes several aspirins from a bottle. Chews them. Picks her gun up.

LANA

That damn magnum scares me.

SID

Where'd ya get this artillery?

LANA

From my craziest friend. I'm tired of being seen and not heard.

SID

Keep it in your purse.

He gives it to her. She puts it in her purse. Slings it with the strap across her chest.

The train cars roar over the boulevard underpass. Sid flings the backpack off the train. It tumbles down a tree-lined

GRASSY HILL

Ollie pedals down the hill toward the boulevard underpass. Thumps into a divot. Loses his feet off the pedals.

The chain gear spins into a blur. He fights the handlebars for control and sees...

Sid run by Lana as she skids down the same hill in the opposite direction.

Sid slams into the fence below. Feels his cap. Sees his wet bloody fingers. Puts his hood up. Catches Lana as she falls.

Ollie, feet off the pedals, speeds out of control and away from them toward a HOMELESS WOMAN on the curb below.

She sidesteps him. Slaps a "PLEASE HELP ME" sign in his face. Ollie thumps over the curb onto the

BOULEVARD UNDERPASS

Ollie slams into an SUV front fender. Skims across the hood. Flips over the reinforced bumper. Hangs over the grill...

The SUV skids to a halt, inches from the rear end of a semi. Ollie loses his grip. Rolls under the trailer.

EXT. SKATE PARK - NIGHT

Several SKATEBOARDERS roll through a course of trick apparatus under the highway overpass between boulevards.

Sid and Lana sit against a three-foot fence on a metal platform atop an eight-foot four-sided quarter-pipe.

The pitbull from under Sid's apartment window lies at Sid's feet by his backpack. The dog's leash tied to the fence.

SID

You hacked into the bidding. Then into this gray-haired guy's laptop.

He turns to her. Blood drips behind his ear under his hood.

LANA

He bid anonymously for the necklace through an online rep' with the same laptop. He was on his way to surprise his wife in a downtown hotel suite. When he helps...

SID

A cute redhead who broke a heel and turned an ankle in the hotel lobby, and, well, the surprise is all his.

Two Skateboarders crisscross the platform below Sid and Lana.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

A security camera's overhead view of a GRAY-HAIRED GUY (65) sharp clothes. Carries a briefcase and two high-heels, one broken, through an opulent foyer.

Lana, red wig, shades, micro-mini, limps barefoot and uses an umbrella as a cane behind him. Speaks on a cell phone:

LANA

I'm outside the elevators, Daddy.

They stop at two elevators. Three COUPLES wait ahead of them. An elevator opens. The Couples get in.

The Gray-Haired Guy holds the elevator door open for Lana.

LANA (CONT'D)

Would you please wait and keep me company for the next car?

GRAY-HAIRED GUY

Sure, dear.

He lets the door close. A second elevator opens. He reaches back. Holds the door. Smiles at her...

She opens the umbrella. Blocking the camera's view of the

ELEVATOR

She shakes the umbrella. Thumbs the latch. Can't close it.

LANA

If this isn't the damndest day.

The Gray-Haired Guy reaches for the umbrella...

Ollie, ski mask, leans out of the elevator. Jams the shotgun to the back of the Gray-Haired Guy's head. Drags him in.

Lana grabs the high-heels from him. The elevator closes.

SECURITY CAMERA OVERHEAD VIEW OF LOBBY - SECONDS LATER

Lana moseys through the opulent foyer and exits. The umbrella over her shoulder. Her high-heels dangle from the pointy end.

EXT. SKATE PARK (FLASHBACK ENDS) - NIGHT

Sid laughs against the fence. Lana takes a theatrical bow. He grabs her hand. Kisses it.

SID

I am smitten, but I won't play the fool to your charms.

LANA

Oh! I did love your staged purse snatching. Some hero you are.

He pulls her to her knees. Kisses her hard.

SID

You mean like you just *happened* to be at the bus shelter every day.

LANA

The day my Mama died. I was gonna run right outta the hospital. I didn't tell you any of this before.

SID

Okay, hit me with this revelation.

LANA

I twisted my ankle 'cause of you. That's how my step-dad caught me. He still got me. I still hate you for that. I could kill you, now!

She shoves him. He slides back to the platform edge.

SID

So, you're a bus riding femme fatale with the craziest friend.

LANA

We're both sorry-ass people hiding in our rooms in the dark.

A Skateboarder whirls up the ramp. Nods to Sid. Lana pulls the magnum from her purse.

The Skateboarder sees the gun. Twirls around. Zigzags down.

SID

He's my friend, put that away.

She tucks the magnum in her purse.

SID (CONT'D)

You don't seem gun-shy to me.

LANA

I am gun-shy, but I'm about to shoot my way out of it.

Sid scoffs. Lana laughs. They kiss. O.S. METAL CLANGS.

Ollie reaches over the fence from behind Sid. Strangles him. The pitbull snarls at Ollie.

OLLIE  
Stashed it, huh?

Lana grabs the gun in her purse. Sid grabs her arm. Nods toward officer Quinn seated on a bench at the park's edge.

Ollie follows Sid's stare to Quinn. Lets Sid go.

SID  
Ya want the necklace, take it. It's  
in the backpack.

Ollie reaches for the backpack. Sid boots it down the ramp.

OLLIE  
Fuck-face!

He hops the fence. Kicks the growling pitbull down the ramp until the leash goes taut. Choking the dog...

Ollie skids down the slide by him. Grabs the backpack.

The Skateboarder rips the backpack from him. Whirls away.

Ollie chases him up a quarter-pipe. Lunges. Just misses him.

The Skateboarder grinds down a stair railing. Ollie runs down the steps. Grabs for the backpack...

The Skateboarder tosses the backpack to ANOTHER SKATEBOARDER. Who goes the other way...

Ollie cuts him off. But he spins the other way and flings the backpack sky-high across the park.

Ollie chases the airborne backpack. Skids to a halt...

The backpack lands in Quinn's lap. He makes circles with a plastic tip cigar next to his head. As he eyeballs Ollie.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
Crazy kids, huh?

QUINN  
I hate 'em. But I love seeing 'em  
crash.

Ollie reaches for the backpack. Quinn grabs his arm.



OLLIE  
I hate everybody!

He stomps on Quinn's foot. Punches him. Quinn spits the cigar out. Shakes his head. Ollie grabs his gun.

Sid smacks the skateboard upside Ollie's ear. Drops him cold.

Quinn staggers up. Handcuffs Ollie's arms behind his back. Unzips the backpack. Reaches in. Furrows his brow at Sid:

QUINN  
Nothing here but newspaper comics.  
Why did he hit me?

SID  
My guess. He hates cops the most.

QUINN  
Thanks... a... You're the kid I  
waylaid in that messy apartment  
while you were beating on your  
scuzzy junkie brother. Right, son?

SID  
Sadly to say, your right, sir.

QUINN  
Didn't he...

He tilts his head sideways. Sid looks down.

SID  
Perished, sir.

Quinn smiles. Backhand slaps Sid in the stomach.

QUINN  
Fantastic! You know the right thing  
is never easy.

He grabs Ollie's arm.

QUINN (CONT'D)  
Help me haul the idiot to my car?

SID.  
Right away.

He signs a "Monopoly Game Get Outta Jail Free" card. Presses it against Sid's forehead.

QUINN  
You get a pass next time, kiddo.

They drag Ollie along the curb past an old full-sized cop car's reinforced front bumper. Quinn opens the back door.

Sid helps him throw Ollie in. Quinn squeezes Sid's shoulder:

QUINN (CONT'D)  
 Sorry for your troubles, kiddo.  
 Turn away. This is unofficial.

He looks around for witnesses. Sid grabs his skateboard.

QUINN (CONT'D)  
 It's my fun time!

He lays Ollie headfirst out the door. Slams it on his head.

SID  
 Will the idiot get outta jail soon?

QUINN  
 If he makes it there he'll sit wet  
 and naked in a cell a few days.

SID  
 I feel safer already.

QUINN  
 What's the story on your eye patch?

Sid skateboards away. Pulls the eye patch down. Looks back:

SID  
 I keep an eye out for trouble.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Lana and Sid pass heavy iron fences. Security cameras behind garages along heavier back gates. Mansions on both sides.

SID  
 How did you figure the gray-haired  
 guy would fall for you?

LANA  
 Only a romantic would spend eleven  
 million on a necklace for his wife.

SID  
 Romance makes suckers of us all.

Lana leads him to an ornamental iron gate. She taps nine six nine on a keypad mounted over the knob.

O.S. GATE LOCK CLICKS.

SID (CONT'D)  
You got Satan's number, huh?

She pulls her collar out. Stares in her blouse:

LANA  
It's tattooed here somewhere...

The gate opens onto the back of a

EXT. VICTORIAN MANSION - YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lana leads Sid past a dead apple tree under a patio arbor choked by dead vines with a rusty iron table and chairs.

SID  
Your garden of Eden's being  
strangled to death.

LANA  
An apple a day.

She rubs her finger over his bullet cut. Opens the back entryway door. He grabs her arm:

SID  
What's waiting for me in there?

LANA  
We're here to get ya stitched-up.

INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - REAR STAIRWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

O.S. SOMEONE PLAYS ROCK-A-BILLY PIANO LIKE JERRY LEE LEWIS.

Lana leads Sid by the hand up the steps into the

FRONT ROOM

They pass a liquor cart along the wall next to the door. Six bottles of 151 Rum, cola cans, ice bucket and glasses on it.

They cross a white carpet surrounded by vivid paintings of Jerry Lee Lewis performing and antique furniture.

Katz plays rock-a-billy on a baby grand piano. Puffs a Cuban. Sips rum and cola from a straw. Towel under glass on piano.

KATZ  
Hear that... Absolutely no  
objectionable eccentricities.

Lana sits with Katz. Turns the sheet music page.

Sid walks to the other end of the piano.

KATZ (CONT'D)  
What took you so long, baby?

LANA  
We had to take your lapdog Ollie  
for a runaround.

He rubs her bruised cheek under her black eye. She jerks her head away from him. He grabs her chin. Kisses her.

KATZ  
Don't let her fool you, Sid. My  
baby loves her cradle rocked hard.

He plays the piano. Sips rum. Laughs.

Sid shoves the piano hard. Katz flip-top lighter hops off the key-lid as it shuts. His drink hits the floor. Lana jumps up.

Katz pulls a pistol from under the piano. Aims it at Sid.

KATZ (CONT'D)  
My baby led you right into a big  
fucking mistake!

SID  
The mistake is yours.

Katz furrows his brows. Glances at Lana. Then Sid.

KATZ  
Tell me you brought daddy his  
diamond necklace, baby.

LANA  
Sorry, Daddy.

SID  
I ain't sorry.

Katz cocks the pistol. Stands.

KATZ  
You got big balls, Sid.

O.S. ANOTHER GUN COCKS. Katz shifts his eyes onto the magnum. Lana snarls down the barrel at him.

LANA  
Baby's got the big cock to match.  
Besides, I warned you about dissing  
The King.

Katz stares at her. Then laughs at Sid.

KATZ

Ain't she beautiful? She has us  
where we can do her the most good.  
And her safely out of the way.

Sid takes the pistol from him. Sticks it in his waistband.

SID

I'd quit dissing Elvis first. Then  
I'd stop the baby talk, daddy-yo.

KATZ

Please, baby, lighten up.

Lana eases the gun-hammer down. Katz smiles at her.

KATZ (CONT'D)

You know, baby, daddy loves you  
with all his heart.

Lana smacks the gun-butt behind his ear. He thumps to his  
knees. Lana jabs the muzzle to his forehead. Grits her teeth:

LANA

Baby's gonna fuck *your* brains out  
this time... Daddy!

Sid shoves her. She fires twice. The bullets shatter all but  
one of the 151 Rum bottles on the cart next to the door.

Katz scoots under the piano. She aims at him. He cowers. Sid  
steps between her and him. She cries, trembles and yells:

LANA (CONT'D)

He raped me, Sid. And I've lost my  
head about it. Who's gonna love me?

Sid grabs the pistol. Draws her close.

SID

None of that matters to me. I love  
you. We're both jaded. We gotta get  
past caring about anything else.

Katz chews on the Cuban. Snickers under his breath.

KATZ

Baby's got *you* now.

She tries to yank the magnum from Sid's grasp. He squeezes it  
tighter. She butts her forehead against his.

LANA

What's this, sympathy for the devil?

SID

I agree, he deserves it, but I also know you're better than all this.

She strokes his cheek.

LANA

I don't want anything to do with hurting you, Sid.

SID

Don't make the mistake I did. Killing doesn't cure pain, it just kills something inside you.

She closes her eyes. Tears run down her cheeks.

SID (CONT'D)

You all right?

LANA

Don't you get it, bad people like us can never live like good people.

She shoves Sid. Rips the magnum from his grip. Cocks it.

LANA (CONT'D)

Come out from under there and face me, Daddy. Or I shoot the piano.

Katz leans out from under the piano.

KATZ

No, baby, don't. This is a very special, very old, CB 275--

She blasts one piano leg off. Blows another away.

The front end slams down. The rear legs creak. But hold. Katz crawls halfway from under the piano headfirst into her gun.

LANA

I could have been your baby. All that time after my momma...

She bites her lip. Tearful. Waves the barrel in his face:

LANA (CONT'D)

I needed someone. I was so lonely.

KATZ

Baby...

LANA

And you raped me.

She blasts the last two legs. The piano crashes onto Katz.

He slams face down. Coughs and claws the floor. Head, shoulders, and arms only sticking out.

She drapes the towel around her neck. Dances like Elvis on the piano. Drops to one knee. Looks down. Raises her arms.

LANA (CONT'D)

King me! Daddy!

Sid stoops next to Katz. Lana dumps the spent-casings in her purse. Reloads new cartridges from her purse.

SID

The cradle's rocking *you*, daddy-yo.

KATZ

You won't fence that necklace without me. I have a buyer for it.

Sid waves bye-bye. Chases Lana down the hallway.

BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sid sits on a gold toilet. Beset by black fixtures and walls.

Lana soaks a cotton pad with a bottle of rubbing alcohol. Cleans Sid's wounds.

SID

Owe! Hey! Take it easy.

LANA

What did you think you were doing stepping in front of my gun?

She sets the alcohol down. Threads floss through a needle's eye. Drags the needle and floss through the alcohol pad.

SID

You won't understand till it's done. But every room I enter, I bring the shadow of my brother... One shadow's enough for any room.

LANA

It's not what he said about fencing  
the necklace that stopped you?

She stitches Sid up. He grits his teeth. Breathes deep.

SID

Uncle Lew's got buyers in Hong Kong  
for the necklace. I just don't want  
you in hell with the rest of us.

LANA

What you said about loving me, you  
sure? I ain't a good person.

She stares into the mirror at herself. He looks in the mirror  
at her and nods. She kisses him passionately.

SID

Did you ever think... Well. Don't  
speak for me. I love you. Maybe  
it's you-you're not sure about.

She ties the last stitch in a knot.

LANA

Ever since my pa died. I dreamed  
the same dream over and over. I'm  
falling. But I never hit the  
ground. I just keep falling.

She cleans his ear, neck, and face with an alcohol-soaked  
pad.

LANA (CONT'D)

The dream changed after we got  
together. Now you're with me and  
we're holding hands falling. Only  
now we land safely. Guess where? On  
a pile of... Guess.

SID

A hint, please.

LANA

It's on Elvis Presley... Boulevard.

She puts a bandage over the stitches on his ear.

SID

A tour...? We buy a tour bus!



LANA

Okay. We don't have the same dream. I'll share. We buy a shop on Elvis Presley Boulevard. Then we trade the necklace for a boatload of The King's memorabilia from...

SID

My Uncle Lew's contacts in China?

LANA

Yeah. Then we live the rest of our lives for The King.

SID

What about Lucifer under the piano?

LANA

The housekeeper comes in four days.

SID

Sure. Let's head for my apartment.

He steps out the door. She lifts her purse from the tub.

LANA

I need a minute.

She closes the door. Sits on the toilet. Twists the toilet paper roller round. Pulls a cut-out section of the wall open.

She grabs twenty-two two-inch stacks of rubber-banded hundred dollar bills off three shelves. Stuffs them in her purse.

FRONT ROOM

Katz lies under the piano. Sid brings a bottle of rum over.

He sits on the piano. Katz grunts. Sid pulls a handful of aspirins from his pocket. Pop them in his mouth. Chews them.

SID

Do fallen angels feel pain?

Katz nods. Sid feeds him several aspirins. Gives him a sip of rum. Sets the bottle next to him.

KATZ

I'll get ya's later.

SID

Hey! Is that any way to speak to the guy that saved your life?

KATZ

Word to the wise. Don't fool  
yourself. She's no prize. She's  
smart. She's playing us both.

Lana slings her purse strap across her chest. Opens the rear  
stairway door.

LANA

Are you ready?

Sid smacks the top of Katz's head. He gives Sid the finger.

SID

Thanks for the blessing, daddy-yo.

KATZ

Just when she begs you to trust  
her. She'll blink her eyes. That  
means you're in for a big surprise.

Sid walks over to Lana. She eases Pris' washed-clean pink cap  
over his ears. Kisses him.

LANA

Just out of the dryer.

SID

I understand how you feel, but four  
days is a long time.

LANA

Let's just go, please.

Sid descends the steps. She closes the door most of the way.

LANA (CONT'D)

To hell with him.

She sparks the flip-top lighter just inside the open doorway.  
Lobs it in. Shuts the door. O.S. SINGS GOING DOWN THE STAIRS:

LANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"Goodness gracious, Great balls of  
fire!"

The lit lighter crashes in the broken glass on the floor  
around the liquor cart.

The flame ignites the 151 rum soaked rug. Races up the cart.  
Jumps to the wall. Roars across the room.

INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

The door opens. Lana and Sid climb in. Sid pays. The driver accelerates up the bridge. Sid and Lana sit in the rear.

LANA

I think I've cured him of calling me his baby anymore.

SID

It takes a very special, very old, CB 275... to fall on some people.

The bus hits the top of the bridge. Flames burst from the Victorian Mansion windows a few blocks back.

The bus goes down. The mansion fire sinks in the distance. Sid half-turns to the rear window. Lana hugs and kisses him.

SID (CONT'D)

What's that for?

Oncoming fire trucks flash by the bus toward the flames.

LANA

To put out the fire.

SID

I'm teetering toward nihilistic despair. I need your warmth.

He shifts his eyes onto her. Smiles. She blinks at him:

LANA

You can trust me.

INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ollie smirks in the caged back seat. Cuffed behind his back.

Quinn drives up the bridge. Speaks on a cell phone:

QUINN

I'll pay you, Meeks, don't worry. See you there later. Bye!

He pockets the phone. Stares in the rearview at Ollie. He mashes his face against the cage. Smirks back at him.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Who in hell you shit-grinning at?

Ollie spits through the mesh on Quinn. Laughs madly.

OLLIE

Piss on--

Quinn Tasers Ollie's face against the mesh. Ollie grits his teeth. Convulses. Growls. Leaps back in his seat.

QUINN

My new toy's gonna have you pissing your pants before I'm done with ya.

OLLIE

Save your wet dreams for your whores. Ya just corrected more of my karma. I can go all night.

QUINN

Pal, you don't understand. I take my car home. I ain't on duty for two days. We got some quality time.

Ollie readjusts an erection in his pants.

OLLIE

You're giving me a hard-on.

Quinn drives up to a eight-foot gate on the bridge. Gets out. Finds a key on the ring. Unlocks the gate. Opens it.

He gets in. Drives in the gate. Gets out. Locks it. Hops in.

QUINN

Pal, I'm gonna get my ya-ya's out on you. It's gonna be... fun.

He races downhill on a service road. The pavement flattens. Eight-foot cattails pass to either side.

The vehicle races across a flat expansive train yard along a curving river with patches of floating ice in it.

OLLIE

Gimme a break, it's Christmas.

Quinn drives behind a vacant factory building. Halts at the

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Quinn hops out. Hangs his large cop key-ring on his belt.

QUINN

End of the road, Santa Claus.

He drags Ollie out by the cuffs. Raises his nightstick. Sparks the Taser in his other hand.

OLLIE  
Merry Christmas, motherfucker!

He plants his feet on the seat. Plows his head into Quinn's gut.

Quinn flops on his back. Ollie slams his elbow into Quinn's head as he falls on him. Quinn's head smacks the ground. KO.

Ollie jingles the large cop key-ring off of Quinn's belt. Unlocks the cuffs. Laughs madly.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
While visions of sugar plums danced  
in his head.

He Tasers Quinn's forehead. The arc stops. He clicks the trigger. Nothing. He flings it into the river.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
You're no fun anymore.

EXT. VICTORIAN MANSION - NIGHT

Lights flash on fire trucks and cop cars near the smoldering skeleton of the house. Firefighters douse the caved-in roof.

PARAMEDICS roll Katz on a gurney to an ambulance at the curb.

He coughs under a respirator mask. Hair singed. Face sooty. Small oxygen tank over his chest. They load him into the

INT./EXT. AMBULANCE (IDLING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They climb aboard and lean over him.

TWO PARAMEDICS  
Hey, fella, you're gonna be all--

Two bullets slam through the roof. Ping-pong around the compartment. The Paramedics dive under the gurney.

They peek up from under the gurney at the ceiling. Two eyes peer down at them through the bullet holes in the roof.

Three bullets pop through the roof. Ding holes in the tank. Blood and oxygen spew out.

O.S. FOOTSTEPS CROSS THE ROOF AS OLLIE LAUGHS MADLY.

The Paramedics jump out the rear door. See a uniform cop speed away in the

INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ollie, in Quinn's uniform, races down the street. Snap his fingers three times at the ambulance's image in the rearview.

INT. SID'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harry picks the entry door lock. Enters

SID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

O.S. ROCK MUSIC PLAYS INSIDE.

Harry eases the door shut. Aims a black nitrate Ruger .45 around the room. Smiles at the Christmas tree. Enters the

BEDROOM

Tomcat, tools and disassembled laptop parts on the table. Max reads a newspaper in bed. An ice bag on his head.

Harry swings in. Aims the Ruger around the room.

Max jumps off the bed. Drops the newspaper. The ice bag bursts on the floor.

Tomcat leaps off the table. Bells ring on small red elf-hats strung on a silver chain around his new collar.

Harry tracks Tomcat in his gun-sight as he sprints across the floor and jumps out the window.

HARRY

It's really hot in here.

MAX

Sid likes the radiator up full blast with the window open.

HARRY

Face the bed, Max.

MAX

Okay, okay. No problem at all.

Max turns toward the bed. Harry frisks him.

HARRY

Where's Sid, Max?

MAX

Ain't seen him since before I jack-in-the-boxed from that burning car.

HARRY

What are you here for?

MAX

I'm always here at this time. Gotta read the whole paper. Sid's rules. He's teaching me to rebuild and program computers. This one is *mine* when I'm done. Ya really think I'm gonna help *you* bury Sid?

HARRY

I'm here to help Sid. Not bury him.

MAX

Gonna put him in jail again? He learned electronics last time. This time he gets even more time. Shit! He'll come out a brain surgeon.

He looks at the newspaper on the floor. "MILLION DOLLAR REWARD" is the headline.

Harry shakes his head at a color picture of the necklace under the headline.

HARRY

You're wrong about me. I've been backtracking Sid's movements trying to sort this all out. We gotta get to him before Ollie... You gotta trust me, Max. Especially after...

MAX

After what?

He sits on the bed.

HARRY

After I just let the necklace jump out the window.

MAX

I might believe you wanna help if you'd... just put that gun away.

Harry nods. Holsters the Ruger.

HARRY

I found something out about Sid that he needs to hear. Changes everything. I gotta see him, Max.

MAX

You mean, make his day?

HARRY

I was at the hospital. A security camera caught someone taking a cleaning machine for a mad killer ride. It wasn't Sid, it was...

Max jumps to his feet. Stares out the doorway.

MAX

Shh-shit.

OLLIE (O.S.)

I prefer assassin to the mad killer.

Harry half-turns. Ollie pokes a silencer on a .45 automatic to Harry's temple. Ollie wears Quinn's uniform.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

I'm a professional soldier.

HARRY

You're a thief and a murderer.

OLLIE

I'm a soldier of your misfortune.

MAX

You're a 'roid 'droid, speed-freak that's cold-blooded-crazy.

Ollie backs away from Harry. Points his gun at Max.

OLLIE

At Gitmo I took orange sunshine LSD on the days I interrogated Hajjis.

HARRY

The prisoners didn't freak you out?

OLLIE

They'd have to be Kid Kryptonites to freak-out Orange Sunshine Superman.

MAX

No fucking way you didn't trip-out.

Ollie eyeballs Harry as he stabs the .45 into Max's back. He doubles over. Ollie aims his gun at Harry. Approaches him.



OLLIE

I'm always in control. Balanced.  
Now reach for the sky. Or die.

Harry raises his hands. Ollie takes his Ruger.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Ruger SR. .45 AUTO, nice.

He waistbands the Ruger behind his back.

Harry winks at Max. Looks at the window. Max points to Ollie.

MAX

All I wanna do is find my friend  
Sid. You want that, don't you?

OLLIE

Quit all that moving around, Max!

Harry smiles and nods at Max.

HARRY

I think Sid got the better of him.

Ollie pokes the silencer upside of Harry's head.

Harry looks down. Winks and lip-syncs the word "go" to Max.

OLLIE

Everyone stop talking!

Max drifts to the window.

MAX

He's mad.

Ollie swings his aim onto him.

OLLIE

Get away from the window, Max!

Harry grabs the .45. PST. Max drops into a squat. The bullet  
punches the wall over his head.

MAX

Oh, shh-it!

Harry twists Ollie's gun-hand. He stomps Harry's foot. Slash-  
kicks his ankle.

Harry falls. Drags Ollie sideways. They hit the wall.

Max goes for the Ruger in Ollie's waistband. Ollie pokes the silencer in Max's eye. Max drops to his knees.

Harry slaps Ollie's gun hand. PST. The bullet drills the door-frame. Max hugs Ollie's legs.

Harry shoves Ollie over Max. They tumble into the

LIVING ROOM

Ollie drags Harry with as he falls. They smash through the coffee table's glass-top. The Ruger slides under the couch.

Max stumbles around the Christmas tree. Slams into the wall.

Harry climbs onto Ollie. They struggle for Ollie's .45.

Max races behind the console TV.

MAX

I'll get him for you.

HARRY

Run, Max!

PST. Ollie pops Harry in the upper chest. Harry falls off of him.

OLLIE

Max, where are ya?

Max rises behind the TV. Flips it over. It goes halfway over.

Ollie laughs madly at his reflection on the blank screen dangling over him. He yanks his arm from under Harry's body.

Max kicks the taut cord. Pops the plug out of the wall socket. The TV crashes on Ollie's chest.

Max jumps on the TV. PST. Ollie shoots him in the thigh.

Max backs into the corner. Slides across the wall to the front door. Opens it. Blood soaks his pant leg.

MAX

I've gotta warn Sid.

He falls out the door. O.S. CRASH-LANDS IN THE HALLWAY.

Ollie heaves the TV off his chest.

Harry reaches under the couch. Stretching for the gun.

Ollie stomps on his outstretched arm. Stabs his boot-toe into Harry's bloody chest wound. He grunts. Punches Ollie's shin.

OLLIE

You're right about me getting emotional.

He digs his blood-soaked boot-toe deeper into Harry's chest wound. He howls. Ollie laughs madly. Kicks him in the head.

Harry flops out cold on the floor. Blood soaks his shirt.

Ollie flips the couch over. Grabs the Ruger. Walks into the

HALLWAY

Max pulls himself up by the railing. Drags his cheek across the wall. Ollie grabs him from behind. Whispers in his ear:

OLLIE

Be sure to warn Sid.

INT. SID'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FOYER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sid enters the entry door. Lana comes in. Shuts the door. Sid slams her against the entry door.

Max smashes through the multi-paned French-door from the stairway. Crash-lands on the glass and wood splinters.

Sid rolls him over. Max's face is a jigsaw puzzle of blood and cuts. He trembles. Tugs on a rip in his sweatshirt.

MAX

Sid, I tore my new hoodie and ruined the pants ya gave me.

He squeezes his bloody leg wound. Sid seizes his arm.

SID

Don't! Here, Max...

Lana kneels. Moves Max's hair from his face and sobs:

LANA

Oh, no. No.

Sid lays his coat over Max. Takes his shirt off. Ties his sleeve as a tourniquet above Max's leg wound.

MAX

I hoped you'd stick, cuckoo bird. I like you. Hey, let's get that Cadillac? Bring her home. Huh, Sid?

Lana kisses his forehead.

SID  
Yeah. We'll all go to Graceland.

Max shuts his eyes. Mimics steering and a car revving.

MAX  
Oh man! She's a beauty.

He stares at Sid. Furrows his brow.

MAX (CONT'D)  
I'll go for the ride, but I... I'm  
not into Elvis. I'm gangsta.

OLLIE (O.S.)  
Very touching.

He aims the Ruger through the broken multi-paned French-door.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
Get in here you two!

SID  
Get fucked!

OLLIE  
Fuck me...

He smacks his gun upside Sid's head. Blood spews from his torn stitches. Ollie cocks his gun. Stares down it at Sid.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
You're fucking dead!

Lana steps in front of the muzzle.

LANA  
I'll come. Sid will follow.

Blue lights flash through the entry door from the outside.

Ollie drags her through the broken door. Up the stairs.

Sid looks outside. Four oncoming cop cars skid to the curb.

Six COPS hop out of the cars. Four aim guns from behind car doors at Sid. Two COPS chase their pistols to the doorway.

OFFICER (ON PA)  
Don't you fucking move in there!

EXT. SID'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Ollie pulls Lana down the winding staircase. She stretches her shirt over a fake pregnant belly.

OLLIE

One word I don't like. You die.

(Sings)

"What a wonderful way to say I love you..."

They halt. Stare down the long straight steps at Two OFFICERS aiming guns at them.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

I gotta get her outta here, guys.

LANA

Please excuse me, Officers.

They lower their pistols. Step aside. Lana holds the railing. Eases herself past them.

Ollie offers them two cheap plastic-tipped cigars.

OLLIE

Here guys, have a cigar on me.

The Officers take a cigar each. Scurry up the steps.

Ollie helps her down the steps into the

GANGWAY

Ollie pulls her between two long brick garages toward an alley. Her shirt creeps up. Two throw-pillows pop out.

EXT. SID'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Several Cops stand by cop cars. Two ambulances idle at the curb. Blue and red lights flash a CROWD across the way.

Sid kneels on the sidewalk a few strides outside the entry door. Handcuffed behind his back. Two Cops guard him.

He sees two PARAMEDICS set Max on a gurney in the vestibule. One pulls the door. It shakes. Stuck. He slaps the glass.

Sid looks up to his two Cops:

SID

Hey! You--

One Cop pepper sprays Sid's face. Sid squeezes his eyes shut. Shakes his head. The other Cop shoves Sid face down.

Sid jumps to his feet. Leaps from their grasps. Slams his shoulder into the front door. It opens with a crack.

Both Cops body-slam Sid to the sidewalk.

The Paramedics roll Max out. Two more PARAMEDICS wheel Harry out. Load them both into the ambulances.

A Cop drags Sid by the cuffs toward a cop car. Sid blinks as his nose scrapes across the pavement.

He bangs Sid's head off the car door. Throws him in the

INT./EXT. COP CAR (IDLING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sid lands on Lana's lap. She pulls tissue from her purse.

Ollie, in Quinn's uniform, slams the door. Laughs madly through the window at Sid.

LANA

Are you okay?

He stares at her. His face and nose scraped up.

SID

No. I a... I'm not really too well.

LANA

Sid, what if something happens to you? I mean, God forbid, you die...

She blinks. Tears run down her cheeks.

LANA (CONT'D)

Trust me. Ollie's getting in. Quick. Where's the necklace hid?

She dips her ear to Sid's lips. His head wound bleeds under his pink cap. Turns it purple again.

Ollie gets behind the wheel. Smiles in the rearview at them.

OLLIE

It's good to finally see us all together again.

He guns-it around a corner onto a side street.

Lana rolls the cap up off of Sid's head wound. Dabs it with tissue.

LANA  
Some of your stitches are torn.

SID  
Goes way deeper than that.

OLLIE  
I'll kill you both if I don't get  
that necklace for Christmas.

Sid smacks his hand on the cage.

SID  
I dusted you once. I dust ya again.

OLLIE  
I'm gonna kill you this time.

SID  
I'm right here. Come on!

O.S. THUMP-THUMP-THUMP. Lana turns to the rear window.

LANA  
What is that?

OLLIE  
That's my not so silent partner.

SID  
Katz?

OLLIE  
Ya gonna play like you don't know  
what happened to him.

Sid looks at Lana. She rubs his back. He glares at Ollie.

SID  
Seriously. What are you talking  
about?

OLLIE  
Which one of you lit the fire that  
killed Katz in his mansion.

He stares at Sid through the rearview.

SID  
We left him...

She holds new tissue against his stitches. He slaps her hand  
away. Rolls his cap back down.

LANA

I didn't want you involved, Sid.

SID

I was there.

LANA

I sentenced that bastard to hell  
for what he did to me, not Y'all.

Ollie laughs maniacally. Punches the roof.

OLLIE

Right on, cowgirl.

SID

It won't make anything better.

LANA

You have to destroy the past to  
create a new future.

SID

We were gonna be the family we  
never had. Without hate and deceit.

Lana scoots to her side window. Folds her arms.

LANA

Y'all ain't no one to talk.

Sid grabs her shoulders. Peers in her face.

SID

Been there. Done that. And, a...

She kisses his nose. He pushes her away.

LANA

Here comes Mister whiney righteous  
reader saying how he ain't happy  
about what I did.

SID

Welcome to the dysfunctional family  
circle of death.

LANA

I just put the devil right where he  
belongs. In hellfire.

Ollie smiles at them and nods.



OLLIE

As much as I love a good soap opera, I'm gotta change the channel to the shopping network and get myself a necklace.

Sid elbow-slams the window.

SID

You expect me to help you gain from my best friend Max's suffering.

LANA

How could I love such an idiot?

She leans her nose to the mesh.

LANA (CONT'D)

I wanna sit back up front. I made a big mistake. Ollie, I'm sorry.

SID

Someone surely made a big mistake.

OLLIE

She was with me first, asshole.

He pulls to the curb. Jumps out. Opens the back door. Aims his gun at Sid.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Stay seated, loser.

Lana scoots out. Ollie slams the door.

EXT./INT. COP CAR (MOVING) - MINUTES LATER THAT NIGHT

Ollie drives with Lana next to him down the service road onto the flat stretch. Cattails on both sides. Sid sulks in back.

OLLIE

My silent partner in crimes showed me this quiet place to negotiate.

He races behind the old factory building. Veers toward the river. Swerves sideways along the water's edge.

He reverses away from the river into a loading dock.

He lays his arm over Lana's shoulder. She smiles.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Ya say you're back with me. You're gonna prove it.

He massages her neck. Undoes her pants. She shakes her head.

LANA  
Not here, like--

He grabs her throat. She clamps her hand around his neck.

OLLIE  
Right here and now. Not to just me.  
But your boyfriend back there too.

She turns red. Chokes him. He laughs madly. Strangles her.

SID  
You're killing her!

OLLIE  
Then she best let up.

She raises her hands off him. He releases her. She gulps air.  
He unzips her pants. She turns her head from him. Whispers:

LANA  
Please, Ollie. Not now. Please...

Sid mashes his face against the cage:

SID  
I love you, Lana, no matter what.

Ollie lifts her by the throat. Kisses her. Laughs maniacally.

LANA  
Fuck-- Er--!

He licks her cheek. She gulps air. He yanks her pants down.

OLLIE  
My pleasure!

She slaps him. He grabs her hair. Tears her blouse open.

Sid bashes his shoulder into the mesh again and again.

SID  
All right, psychopath! I'll get you  
the necklace! Just stop this!

Ollie chokes her against the mesh until she passes out.  
Sticks his tongue down her throat.

SID (CONT'D)  
She's unconscious. Stop!

OLLIE

Fuck no. I'm way too into this.

He shoves his hand down her panties. Sneers at Sid.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

She's wet.

Sid kicks the mesh. Ollie laughs madly. Rips her panties off. Shuts his eyes. Kisses her lips through the panties.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

She got ya with contracts of the heart sealed by blind kisses B.S.?

SID

She's not your enemy. Faggot. I am.

He glares at Sid. Lets her go. She slumps against the door.

OLLIE

Army trained me to torture our enemies. I used to lick their blood from my hands. Scared 'em shitless. They told me everything. Got me medals for effectiveness. Who knows how many of you chicken-shit pussies I saved. Call me queer...

He twists the rearview mirror. Stares at Sid through it.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Know what I did with all my medals?

INT. PORTABLE BARRACKS (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Ollie stands at attention in a US Army desert camo uniform between two bunk beds and stares into a full-length mirror.

He puts a tab of Orange Sunshine on his tongue. Swallows it.

He grabs the first of six medals on the top right bunk.

He stands rigid, eyes ahead. Pins the medal in his forehead. Blood runs down his nose. He grabs the next medal.

INT. MESS HALL (FLASHBACK CONTINUES) - DAY

Ollie enters a tent full of SOLDIERS eating. The six medals pinned across his forehead bleed down his face.

He slides a tray down a cafeteria line. Blood dribbles on it.

Two Soldiers ahead of him in line turn toward him and gawk. Six CAFETERIA workers see him. Stop. Back-away.

A Soldier halts behind him. His tray crashes between them. Silently everyone watches him, salute them. Laughing madly.

INT./EXT. COP CAR (IDLING) (FLASHBACK ENDS) - NIGHT

Ollie laughs madly. Lana's panties over his head. Sid sneers.

SID

You're cocoa crispy. You don't need a reason to torture anybody. You're a natural born psychotic.

OLLIE

Those filthy Hajjis that blew us up on 911 gave me the right to torture all of 'em. And I ain't no psycho.

He kisses the mesh in front of Sid.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

I put the medals in my head to regain karmic balance so I could continue. I did the Army's dirty work. Then they reclassified me...

He mashes his face into the mesh...

OLLIE (CONT'D)

...a freak. Then they tossed me. Me, a Godforsaken hero!

SID

You wanna know what I think you did to your prisoners? You made them all misguided heroes.

Ollie rips the cloth off the ceiling down. Bites the wheel.

Lana pulls the Ruger from his holster. Jams it under his chin. Her hand trembles. Ollie shuts his eyes. Smiles.

OLLIE

I want you both to thank me for protecting you-all from terrorists!

SID

We condemn terrorism as the violence of the weak. And glorify war as the violence of the strong. But all I see is suffering.

LANA  
I'm gonna kill you, Ollie!

SID  
It's empty, Lana. No bullets. Run!

LANA  
No! Can't be.

She gets out. Opens Ollie's door. Pokes the gun to his head. Ollie laughs maniacally. Sid bangs on the mesh.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Get out of the car!

She pulls the trigger. Click-click-click-click. She screams. Smacks the Ruger upside Ollie's head. He grabs the gun.

OLLIE  
This is the thanks I get, saving you-all. Know what the war on terror taught me. Only respect I ever got was from my victims. So I became the terror. And you are *all* my victims. You will respect that.

Lana tries, but can't yank the gun from him. He laughs madly. She runs from the car out of the dock. Down the service road.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
Thanks for the motivation!

He ejects an empty Ruger clip. Puts a full clip in. Hops out. Sid kicks the mesh with both feet.

EXT. SERVICE ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lana runs along the road between the cattail-lined flatlands toward the locked gate to the street.

LANA  
The keys!

She looks over her shoulder at Ollie fifty yards back. She twists her ankle. Limpes into a jog. Ollie closes on her.

OLLIE  
I'm about to get you, cowgirl.

She hobbles to the locked gate. Sees Ollie a few yards back. Cars go by on the bridge ahead. A bus approaches on her side.

LANA

Please! Someone get off here!

She climbs the gate. Gets a leg over. Raises her second leg. Snags her pant leg halfway over the top. The bus passes.

OLLIE

Got a leg up on me, cowgirl.

He grabs the lock. Jingles through the key-ring. Drops it.

She yanks her leg. Tears her pants free.

Ollie rattles the locked gate. She falls backward. Grabs the fence top. Catches herself. He grabs her leg.

She kicks him. Rips her leg from his grasp. Fights for her balance. As he swings the gate all the way open toward...

He slams the open gate against the fence. She falls into the

EXT. CATTAILS - INSIDE THE FENCE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She splashes in the mud.

O.S. THE GATE SHUTS. THE KEYS JINGLE. THE LOCK CLINKS SHUT.

OLLIE (O.S.)

Ya rode the bronco, but he threw  
you too soon, cowgirl.

He steps through cattails ahead of her. She runs in the opposite direction.

O.S. BRIDGE TRAFFIC WHOOSHES PAST NEARBY AND GETTING CLOSER.

She smiles and fights her way through thickening fauna.

OLLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yippee! Yahoo!

He leaps at her from the left. She ducks. He dives over her. Lands in the muck. She cuts right. Looks left. Smiles wide.

LANA

Fucking hick...

SUDDENLY, she churns her feet in midair. Crash-lands feet first on edge of a sheet of ice across the

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She slips on her back. Skids to the center. The ice tips from side to side. Breaks off. Spins slow. Icy water creeps around her.

She stands. Steps. The ice tips the way she steps. She backs up. Slips. Splashes face down. The ice rocks back to level.

Sid steps out of the cattails along the concrete ledge.

LANA

Sid! How did you...

Sid shows one mangled wrist and hand. One wrist still cuffed. The other cuff drips blood mixed with shredded skin.

Ollie shoves Sid to the edge. Cocks his pistol to Sid's head.

OLLIE

Shut up and listen!

SID

Lana, I've played chicken on this ice all my life. Never got more than a little wet.

The ice crackles under her. She cries. Claws the wet ice.

LANA

I can't fucking swim. I...

OLLIE

Time to grow some balls, cowgirl.

SID

Listen to me, Lana.

He climbs over a three-inch steel ledge bordering the water.

OLLIE

You got five minutes.

SID

I'm not leaving without Lana.

Ollie glances at his wristwatch. Lana shrieks.

OLLIE

Four and ten seconds...

Sid climbs down over a steel ledge along the water. Curls one hand's fingers over the edge. Hangs. Shoes in the water.

SID  
Step on my wrist and fingers. Don't  
let 'em go.

Ollie grinds his shoe over Sid's hand.

OLLIE  
Pleasure.

Sid lowers himself. Legs in the water. Stares at Lana.

LANA  
Please... don't let me drown, Sid.

SID  
Get up slow.

She rises into a crouch. Rocks side to side with the ice.

LANA  
I can't... Do this...

OLLIE  
This is exciting shit.

LANA  
Shut the fuck-up, Ollie!

He waves his index finger at her. Laughs maniacally.

SID  
Come on, Lana, back up three steps.

OLLIE  
I'll get you for that, cowgirl.

SID  
Back up three steps, Lana, and wait  
for the ice to tip your way.

She steps back slow. The ice tips up toward her. She shrieks.

SID (CONT'D)  
Run like hell, Lana!

She slips and slides toward him.

SID (CONT'D)  
Get close to the edge as ya can...

The ice dips into the water. She sloses toward the edge of  
the submerging ice.



LANA

I can't...

SID

Jump, Lana! Come on! I got ya!

He reaches out. She splashes her lead foot over the ice's edge into the water. Jumps off her back foot. The ice snaps.

She slams her head into Sid's belly. He wraps his legs around her. She hugs him around his waist...

She slips the pink cell phone from his back pocket. Sloshes her legs in the river as the cell phone plunks in the water.

LANA

Hold me, Sid! I'm so... So cold.

SID

I got you, Lana! Don't...

She slides down his legs halfway into the river. Screeches. He hooks his foot under her crotch. She clings to his knees.

Sid reaches a free hand for Ollie. He slaps it away. Laughs madly. Grinds his heel into Sid's one hand grip on the ledge.

OLLIE

Save her yourself.

He lifts the foot. Sid double clutches his one hand's grip. Scrapes his nails across the ledge to its edge.

He twists around. Both hands claw the edge. Lana smacks her forehead into the concrete. Loses her grip on his legs.

SID

Lana!

She drops a split second. Seizes his waistband. Sid climbs over the edge. Drags Lana on the ground next to him. Shaking.

Ollie kicks Sid in the head. Knocks him out. Lana hugs Sid.

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

Ollie tosses Lana onto the front seat in a fetal position. She chatters her teeth. Gaps for air. Shaking.

Sid beats on the mesh from the back seat. Torn upholstery off both rear doors on the floor.

SID

If I tell you you'll kill us both!

Ollie lifts Lana by the hair. She gasps:

LANA

Sid! Don't! Tell! Him!

OLLIE

I'm gonna do us both a favor and break this bitch permanently.

LANA

Let him kill me, Sid. I don't care.

SID.

I won't let him kill you!

OLLIE

I might just like to break ya both.

He laughs maniacally. Sticks the gun barrel between her eyes.

SID

I'll never tell you where it is if you don't stop this, right now!

OLLIE

Do you still love her?

Sid mashes his face against the cage.

SID

Very-very much!

OLLIE

Then tell me or so help me, I'll...

SID

It's up in my apartment.

OLLIE

Tell me where exactly?

A police SUV pulls across the river. Shines a spotlight through the windshield. Blinks its strobe lights.

Lana stares motionless into the lights.

MEEKS (ON SUV PA)

Hey, Quinn, buddy! You owe me two bills from the Redskins game! I'll be over in a few minutes!

The SUV reverses. Drives away down a long snaking road along the other side of the river.

SID

Hey, pardner, gonna get chased by  
the cavalry. Can you get away?

Ollie snaps his fingers in Lana's face. Shakes her. She  
stares across the river without blinking.

OLLIE

Goddamn! She's broke.

She flings her arms around. Kicks the dash. O.S. SIREN WAILS.  
The blue roof-lights swirl around on the loading dock walls.

Ollie slaps the lights and siren off. Aims the Ruger at Lana.  
She stares without blinking. Clenches her fists and jaw.  
Convulses.

Sid slaps the mesh.

SID

She's epileptic. Let me help her.  
She could choke on her own tongue.

OLLIE

Get us away from the cops.

SID

I'll do anything you say.

Ollie jumps out. Opens both right side doors.

OLLIE

Go on. Get behind the wheel.

Sid runs around him. Ollie aims over the hood at Sid. Sid  
sits in the driver seat. Ollie sits shotgun. Aims at Lana.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Come on. Come on. Let's go.

Sid rolls Lana on her side. Folds her top leg and arm. Moves  
her ankle over her knee. Her wrist over the elbow.

She shakes. Relaxes. Lies still. Sid kisses her head. Slides  
her knees to her chest. Wraps her in his jacket.

SID

This is the recovery position.

Ollie lowers his aim off Sid.

OLLIE

How the fuck do you know all that?

SID

I helped Alex with seizures when he was hard-up for drugs. Mind if I check the mirrors?

OLLIE

You're a bright guy, go ahead.

Sid pushes a panel button. Adjusts the power side mirrors.

Ollie pulls a syringe from the small case.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

I need an adjustment myself.

He injects himself in the stomach. Breast-pockets the case.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

In a war. Guys like you. Try to do right when all hell busts-loose, get everyone killed for no reason.

Sid sneaks his left hand down along the door and seat. Coughs as he flips the trunk release.

Ollie pokes the gun between Lana's buttocks. Laughs madly.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

You let me know when you're doing this or she gets her last period.

Sid floors the brakes. Pumps the gas. O.S. ENGINE REVS. Car rocks. The tires spin. Smoke and squeal...

Sid adjusts the rearview. Stares back through the cage. The trunk lid open.

SID

When I see your buddy's lights...

Ollie wraps his hand over his mouth. Hums a tune. Sings it:

OLLIE

I know all the songs the cowboys know 'cause I learned them all on the radio. Yippie-yi-yo-ki-yo.

Headlights shine across the service road ahead. Moving right.

SID

We go... now!

He floors-it. Lays-rubber out of the loading dock.

Quinn falls from the trunk, in long-undies. Cuffed behind his back. Nightstick in his mouth. Strap tied around his head.

The police SUV pulls from around the corner. Sid rams the reinforced bumper into the SUV's front side fender.

The SUV careens over the river's edge into the water.

Sid stomps on the brakes. Fishtails to the river's edge.

The SUV nosedives and sinks. Meeks beats on his door glass.

Ollie salutes Sid. Lowers his gun. Sid floors-it backward.

SID (CONT'D)

I've always wanted to do just that.

They fishtail in reverse at Quinn. He leaps out of the way.

Lana screams. Zombie-eyed. Swings her arms. Wags her tongue.

OLLIE

Wow!

He raises his arms. She kicks him. He blocks her legs.

Sid slams the brakes. Rips the rearview off the windshield. Bashes the mirror into Ollie's head.

Ollie fires. The bullet goes through Sid's shoulder into the dash. Sid claws his bloody wound.

SID

Mother-fuck that burns!

Ollie chews a cigar tube. Raises a hypo full of pink morphine just over Lana's ass. She flutters her eyelids at Ollie.

OLLIE

This is a game of deadly measures.

The hypodermic drips morphine on her jeans.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Fuck me again she gets the same  
killer dose of morphine Alex got.

SID

Time to go.

He points to the windshield...

Meeks climbs from the river into the headlights. Shakes water from his wet gun clip. Slaps it in his gun. Fires at them...

Bullets smack the bumper. Sid floors-it in a reverse-turn onto the

EXT. SERVICE ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The cop car races up the road through the gate to the bridge.

Meeks chases them. Fires. Bullets pop the rear bumper.

Quinn limps behind. As Meeks runs up the road toward a "CTA BUS STOP" sign on a lamppost outside the gate.

INT./EXT. COP CAR (IDLING) - NIGHT

Snow falls on the car parked between other cars in the middle of the block.

Sid carries Lana around the car. Sets her in the back seat.

SID  
How's that, feel better?

LANA  
I'm so-oh tired. Cold. Can't think straight. Wanna go home to Memphis. Can ya bring me, please?

SID  
Sure.

LANA  
Contracts of the heart must be...

She blinks her eyes. Shuts them. Drifts off. He kisses her.

Ollie kills the engine. Exits the car. Aims his gun at Sid.

Sid stands in the open back door. Stares over it at Ollie.

SID  
I won't leave her with no heat on.

Ollie slams the door into Sid. Pins him. Injects a small dose in Sid's neck. Taps his thumb on the plunger. Sid nods off.

OLLIE  
If I don't get the necklace, you'll get the rest of the morphine...

Lana kicks the door open. Sid falls clear of the needle. Morphine squirts in the air.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
That's enough of your meddling!

He injects a small dose in her shoulder. She grabs the plunger. Forces all the morphine into herself.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
Kilt ya-self for-him, cowgirl!

She nods out. He shoves her on the back seat. Slams the door.

He laughs maniacally. Holsters his gun. Sid snores on the curb. Ollie jingles the large cop key-ring next to Sid's ear.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
"Twas the night before Christmas."  
And, uh... "Not a creature was stirring." They all overdosed.

He clips the key-ring on his belt. Lifts Sid to his feet. Smacks him. Sid half-opens his eyes. Hobbles away. Scoffs:

SID  
Ollie, old Ollie...

He bumps into a car. Slaps a tennis ball on the end of an antenna. The antenna whips the ball. Bop. Off his head.

SID (CONT'D)  
More like Bozo...

Ollie face-plants him in the snow. Kneels on him. Cuffs Sid tight behind the back. Lugs him by the cuffs down the block.

OLLIE  
Time to get rid of extra baggage.

INT. SID'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The two Officers puff the cheap cigars to either side of "POLICE EVIDENCE" tape across Sid's apartment door.

Ollie drags Sid in through the back porch access door toward the Officers. Sid's shoulder wound drips blood.

OLLIE  
Caught this kid says he lives here.

Sid nods his head at the floor. Clicks his heels together.

SID  
No place like home...

Ollie drops him at the Officers feet.

OLLIE  
Hold him up, please.

The Officers lift Sid to his feet.

Ollie slams his fists into their Adams Apples. They gasp. He smashes their heads through the plaster wall. Both out cold.

He drags them over. Smacks their skulls into a radiator. Takes their keys. Guns. Cuffs them to the radiator.

He rips their radio handsets off the cords. Drops them and their guns behind the radiator. Puts their keys on his cop key-ring.

Sid scrapes his face along the wall. Rips the tape over his apartment doorway down. Enters

SID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sid sits on the couch. Sneers at the Christmas tree.

SID

You know I loved my brother...

He nods off. Ollie jangles the cop key-ring in Sid's face.

OLLIE

I get the necklace. You get Lana.  
That's a karmic balance.

SID

Oh. Yeah. We need. To find. Tomcat.

OLLIE

Who?

Sid waves his hand. Points to the bedroom. As he nods off...

SID

It's in my cat's new collar. He's  
always on my bed. Sleeping...

OLLIE

Here, Tomcat.

He clicks his tongue and steps into the

BEDROOM

Snow howls through the wide-open window. The radiator clangs.

Tomcat lies between empty drawers on top of clothes, books, tools, the dent puller, and the gizmo, dumped on the bed.

Ollie creeps toward Tomcat. He arches his back. Shakes his head at Ollie. The bells ring on his red elf-hat collar.



OLLIE  
Nice, kitty cat.

He reaches for him. Tomcat sidesteps his hand. Hisses.

Sid leans on the door-frame behind Ollie. Sid's eyes blood-red. His face pale. Ears leak blood. He mumbles:

SID  
Smart, boy.

Ollie dives at Tomcat. He jumps. Runs up his arm. Scoots across his back. Leaps. Skids sideways across the wet sill.

OLLIE  
Fucker!

He slips and slides in the melted snow on the floor. Lunges for the cat.

Tomcat scurries out the window. Ollie flies halfway out. Grabs Tomcat's tail. Drags him backward, along the drain pipe.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
I got ya! A-ah!

He raises his leg off the radiator. Whoops and hollers:

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
My prick's burning!

The pitbull jumps and growls in the fenced off area below.

Tomcat claws Ollie's hand. He releases his tail. Tomcat scoots down the drain pipe. Hops over the back porch rail.

Ollie waves his arms. Teeters on the window ledge.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
What did I tell ya, Sid? Karmic balance.

Sid lifts the key-ring off Ollie's belt clip. Ollie tips and slides out the window. Thumps into the fenced off area below.

The pitbull attacks Ollie. He shrieks bloody murder...

Sid pulls an aspirin bottle from under the bed. Rattles a dozen aspirin in his mouth. Chews them with bloody teeth.

LIVING ROOM

Sid enters. Feels for the cuff key on the ring behind him...

O.S. OLLIE'S SCREAMS ECHO!!!

SID

Sounds like karmic balance to me.

He backs into the front door. Opens it. Jams a key from the key-ring in the bloody cuff lock behind him. Goes out. Stops.

SID (CONT'D)

Shh... shit.

Several COPS turn from the two Officers cuffed to the radiator toward Sid. Draw their guns.

Sid backs in. Slams the door. Locks it.

The key-ring rattles. Dangling from the key in the bloody cuff lock behind him. As he runs into the

BEDROOM

He sits on the pile of clothes. Grabs the gizmo, dent puller, and screwdriver behind him. Stuffs them in his pockets...

The door shakes. O.S. THE COPS BANG ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Sid tries to turn the key. Its stuck in the dried blood and skin in the cuff lock. The Cops burst through the door...

Sid runs over the bed. Ducks out the open window onto the

EXT. LEDGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He hops sideways along the wall. The drainpipe rattles under his feet. The keys jingle from the cuffs behind him.

Sid looks back. Two Cops fire out the window at him. He stoops. Bullets chip the bricks over his head.

The keys fall onto the drainpipe and into the gangway. The Cops fire. Sid dives over the back porch railing.

The bullets split the banister. As Sid crashes onto the

BACK PORCH

A hail of bullets splinter the stairs and banisters on both sides. Sid tumbles down the steps into the

BACKYARD

Sid lands on his back. Tries. Can't slip the cuff-chain over his shoes. Kicks them off. Slips the chain over his socks.

Several Cops slam into the porch railing above. Fire at Sid.

Sid runs through wisping bullets into the gangway between garages. Feels bullet-rips in his clothes. No blood.

He starts to run. Stops...

Quinn and Meeks enter the gate in police snowsuits. Quinn raises his nightstick. Meeks draws a gun. They smile at Sid:

QUINN AND MEEKS

We got you now!

O.S. RAPID-GUNFIRE. Bullets ricochet everywhere. Quinn and Meeks fall backward against the fence.

Sid slaps the "Get Outta Jail Free" card to Quinn's forehead and tears-ass into the

ALLEY

Sid sprints along the garages to one side. The Cops fire from gangways on the other side.

Bullets rip across the garage doors behind Sid as he runs around the corner onto the

SIDE STREET

Sid rips the tennis ball off the end of the antenna on the parked car...

Cops exit the alley behind Sid. Fire at him. As he runs...

Bullets shatter car windows behind Sid as he dives across the parked cop car trunk. Crashes in the grass.

He holds the tennis ball over the shotgun door lock. Smacks the ball with his butt. The dock lock stem pops up.

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sid hops in. Lana shivers. Curled up on the back seat.

SID

Lana, ya can't die! I won't let ya!

He pulls the screwdriver, gizmo, and dent puller from his pockets.

He screws the dent puller into the ignition. Yanks the tumbler assembly out.

Bullets shatter the rear window. Rip holes in the cage.

He stabs the screwdriver in the ignition. Winds the wires and the small relay around it.

He presses the buttons on the remote. The red light flickers.

SID (CONT'D)

Come on...

Several Cops surround the car. Aim guns. Yell indistinctly!

The red light blinks. Sid ducks. Slaps the remote.

SID (CONT'D)

The natives are about to go...

The Cops fire. The windows burst. Bullets rip the mesh apart. Sid is covered in glass slivers reflecting red light from...

The red blinking light on the remote goes solid red. He twists the screwdriver. Starts the engine. Shifts into "D".

Sid angles the broken-off rearview over the dash. Twirls the wheel. Floors-it. Peels-out of the parking space.

Several Cops jump and dive onto parked car trunks and hoods.

Sid fights the wheel as the car scrapes along parked cars. Shrieks left. Smacks off parked cars across the street.

Sid sits-up. Drops the rearview. Wrestles the car out of a tailspin. His nose and ears drip blood.

Lana quivers in the back seat. Covered in broken glass.

A cop car swerves onto the street behind him. Lights ablaze.

Four Cops scatter as Sid barrels between them. Screeches around the next corner onto the

BOULEVARD UNDERPASS

He fishtails along the grass median between parallel side streets.

He glances at Lana. Then through the busted rear window at a cop car on his ass...

Meeks drives. Quinn cowers behind the mesh in the back seat.

SID

Stay alive, Lana. The hospital's just beyond this underpass...

O.S. MULTIPLE ONCOMING POLICE SIRENS ECHO NEARBY.

Several oncoming cop cars, lights ablaze, screech to a halt ahead. Blockading Sid's way.

He veers across the lanes short of the police car blockade.

He slams over the curb. Swerves across the grass median toward the side street into the side tunnel of the underpass.

The cop cars roar away from the underpass. Fishtail across the median grass after Sid.

Sid thumps over the curb onto the side street into the

#### UNDERPASS

He roars by the archway supports under the side tunnel as glimpses of cop cars zoom the other way in the main tunnel.

The line of several cop cars joins Meeks on his ass.

Sid swerves behind an ambulance turning from the opposite side through a sharp turn out of the underpass onto the

#### HOSPITAL DRIVEWAY

He tails the ambulance past the "HOSPITAL EMERGENCY" sign to the

#### EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE

The cop cars blue and the ambulance red lights flash across a glass and steel extension on the hospital building.

Sid skids to a halt alongside the ambulance. He kicks a hole through the bullet-riddled mesh. Climbs in the back seat.

Paramedic 1 hops out the driver door. Paramedic 2 leaps out the ambulance back door. It swings open. Darkness inside.

The cop cars screech to a stop surrounding both vehicles. Their headlights and spotlights illuminate Sid's cop car.

Sid climbs over Lana. Boots the rear door open.

Twenty cops aim guns over their cars at Sid's open car door.

Meeks stands tall behind his car door. Quinn ducks behind the back seat mesh.

#### MEEKS

Outta the car, Sid! Hands on your head! Face down on the ground!

Sid backs out of the car. Carries Lana toward a glass "EMERGENCY ENTRANCE" door. Her purse dangles around her neck.

A muzzle flashes as a gunshot erupts from the unlit ambulance rear compartment.

The bullet smacks into the back of Sid's thigh. He falls to one knee. Bear hugs Lana. Shielding her from gunfire.

SID

Please, Lana... Whatever happens.  
Always remember. I love you.

He stares at his reflection in the glass door. It reflects another gunshot flash from the ambulance compartment.

The bullet blasts through Sid's side. Then shatters the glass door. Sid smiles as sparkling glass slivers rain down on him.

SID (CONT'D)

Magic fairy dust. Save me, Pris...

Harry rolls out the busted door in a wheelchair. Chest, head bandaged. Fires a pistol. Six shots into the ambulance.

A gurney rolls out of the ambulance. Crashes sideways on the ground. Ollie's dead bloody body strapped in. Ruger in hand.

Harry waves his badge at the cops and rolls behind Sid.

HARRY

Lieutenant Harry Ellis here! Lower  
your weapons!

Sid teeters on his knees still shielding Lana.

SID

I'm not letting you go, Lana. You  
just stay. No...

Harry grabs Sid's arm. Sid tightens his grip on Lana.

SID (CONT'D)

I got this.

He struggles to his feet. Carries Lana to a TRIAGE TEAM inside the broken glass door frame.

INT. ICU UNIT - DAY

A line spikes laterally across an LCD screen as it beeps. Vital signs flash on the right.

Snowflakes float through an open window. Melts on an untouched tray of food on a chair.

A Cop paces back and forth in the hallway outside the door.

Sid lies in bed. Shoulder, eye, head, leg, and torso bandaged. Wrist cuffed to the railing. Heart rate sensor on his finger.

Lana sits in a bedside chair. Tosses a candy bar to Sid.

Harry rolls his wheelchair up to the Cop in the hallway.

They speak inaudibly. Harry enters. The Cop shuts the door.

Sid tosses his covers off. Rattles the cuff chain. Sings:

SID  
"If I had the wings of an angel..."

Lana perks up. Smiles at Harry.

LANA  
Hey, Sid.

Harry kisses her head.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Meet my craziest friend.

SID  
So you gave her the gun.

HARRY  
Just like I told you, Sid: "I'm your only hope." Ain't that crazy?

SID  
Crazy.

LANA  
When I crashed his hood at Sestos. He drove me here. Sid, he knew everyone and everything about...

She scoots her chair against the bed. Whispers:

LANA (CONT'D)  
The robbery. I was shocked when he said, "he'd help us." Then he gave me the gun. I told him he's my craziest friend. Maybe yours too?

Sid kisses her. Smiles at Harry. Scoffs.

SID  
He's more than a friend and  
certainly more than I've ever  
dreamed for. He's my father.

Lana stands. Stares sideways at Harry.

LANA  
Is that true?

She glances at Sid. He nods. She turns back to Harry.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

HARRY  
You're lucky, Sid. Your brain was  
hemorrhaging the whole time you  
were walking around. Took six pints  
of blood, two surgeons, six hours  
to save you. No more aspirin.

SID  
Thanks for saving me, daddy-yo.

He waves him closer. They touch shoulders.

HARRY  
Well, I spent the last twenty years  
riding along with Cleopatra in  
denial, refusing to see or feel...

He snuffles. Turns away. Wipes his nose with his sleeve.

SID  
Pris and I always knew we were half  
brother and sister. I never told  
anyone. Didn't matter how? Or in  
what way. I just loved her. And she  
loved me. So am I arrested or what?

Harry chuckles. Unlocks the cuffs. Pockets them.

HARRY  
Why should any of you be arrested  
for being terrorized by a  
psychopath that killed Lana's step-  
dad and Alex. You're victims too.

Lana hugs and kisses him.

LANA  
That's the craziest thing.



Harry hugs and kisses her.

SID  
What about the necklace?

Harry rolls toward the door.

HARRY  
I'll leave the right thing for you  
to do, Sid.

He opens the door. Looks back.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Not by your lonesome anymore.

SID  
Oh, hey, I almost forgot. There is  
something I owe you.

He pulls the candy bar from under the covers. Lobs it to Harry. He tears the wrapper. Bites into it.

HARRY  
Ain't he sweet?

He wheels up to the Cop in the hallway. He hands Harry something and leaves. Harry rolls back in. Dangles Lana's purse.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah. I almost forgot about  
this.

She scurries over to him. He hands her the purse.

LANA  
You're my sweet. Thank you.

HARRY  
I know how women are. Everything  
they need is in their purses. And  
this one weighs enough for two.

She hugs him. He wheels into the hallway toward the setting sun through a window ahead.

Lana opens the purse. Shows Sid twenty two-inch stacks of rubber banded \$100 bills inside.

EXT. GARAGE DRIVEWAY - DAY

A fat guy leans on a red brick garage's overhead door. Fans himself with two stacks of rubber-banded \$100 bills.

Sid backs the 1960 Cadillac DeVille into the street.

EXT. SID'S APARTMENT BUILDING - GANGWAY - DAY

Sid sets Tomcat on the garbage can with the Christmas tree.

He pulls the silver thread of icicle garland strung on the elf-hats off the collar. Lays the thread on a tree limb.

SID

The stuff dreams are made of.

He crushes the strung popcorn. Uncovers the five gold bordered mirror diamonds and blue pear-shape gems on a platinum chain.

He steps into the alley. Climbs into the

INT./EXT. CADILLAC DEVILLE (IDLING) - DAY

He sits at the wheel. Sets Tomcat on Lana's lap by her purse.

LANA

Got something for you.

She hangs a fairy princess sparkling-snow-globe on a string from the rearview mirror. He kisses Lana. Grabs the globe:

SID

Welcome to our family.

He smiles at the rearview mirror images of Mary and Max in the back seat. Max's thigh wound in a cast. Crutches by him.

SID (CONT'D)

We'll be eating fried peanut butter  
and banana sandwiches outside  
Graceland for dinner.

Sid jingles the necklace in the air. He and Lana sing:

SID AND LANA

"I'll have a blue Christmas without  
you, I'll be so blue without you."

Mary and Max fold their arms like gangsta' rappers. Sing:

MARY AND MAX

"Decorations of red on a green  
Christmas tree, Won't be the same,  
dear, if you're not here with me."

Sid speeds through the alley. Turns onto the

SIDE STREET

Sid stops at the curb on the corner. Beeps the horn.

SID

Got our order in for that Elvis  
memorabilia with Uncle Lew.

Uncle Lew salutes Sid with two two-inch stacks of rubber-  
banded \$100 bills under the "UNCLE LEW'S HOCK SHOP" sign.

Sid lays-rubber around the corner.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC DEVILLE (MOVING) - MINUTES LATER

Light snow falls. Sid skids to the curb. Gets out.

Salvation Army Trio ring bells at a corner donation kettle.

Sid limps across the sidewalk. Stares through one of the  
necklace's blue pear-shape gems at falling snow. Sings:

SID

"And when those blue snowflakes  
start falling, That's when those  
blue memories start calling"

He drops the diamond necklace into the kettle. Smiles at  
Salvation Army Trio. They sing:

SALVATION ARMY TRIO

"You'll be doin' all right, With  
your Christmas of white"

He laughs. Moon-walks backward around the car. Hops in. Burns-  
rubber away.

Salvation Army Trio ring bells and sing:

SALVATION ARMY TRIO (CONT'D)

"But I'll have a blue, blue, blue,  
blue Christmas"

FADE OUT.

THE END