

BEYOND DARKNESS

by

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FADE IN:

INT. UPSCALE BAR - BAR AREA - NIGHT

OPEN to a clean looking bar surrounded by well dressed patrons.

Music BLARES through speakers

Bartending staff attend to happy customers.

JARED TATE, late 20s, fit, in a dark suit, and dark dress suit without a tie, sits at the bar with a shot glass in front of him.

He DRINKS the shot.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A lonely, dimly lit street without any pedestrian traffic.

Jared APPROACHES a late model to brand new luxury sedan.

A male in all black: helmet, gloves, café racer leather jacket, hoodie, t-shirt, jeans, and boots, on a black motorcycle SPEEDS toward JARED, with a standard GLOCK 22 pistol in hand.

The motorcycle rider FIRES two shots that strike Jared in the leg, which FLOORS him.

Jared in pain and attempting to catch his breath, attempts to STAND, FALLS, then LANDS face first.

The rider STOPS the motorcycle, USES the kickstand to steady the bike, GETS off the bike, then MOVES toward Jared.

Jared, still on his back, and in great pain, slowly attempts to MOVE.

He attempts to CRAWL, only to be shot in both legs.

He SCREAMS in pain.

The motorcycle rider has made his way to Jared.

Jared now on his back, LOOKS up confused and in pain.

The rider PULLS his standard GLOCK 22 from his waistband holster from behind, then points it at Jared.

Jared LOOKS up at the rider.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The rider SPEEDS away from the crime scene.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jared is on his back, eyes wide open, and dead on the ground from a massive forehead kill-shot.

Blood FLOWS on the street from the exit wound.

INT. HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT

A clean and in order vehicle garage.

The rider, still in his helmet, uses the keys he took from Jared, and OPENS a steel storage cabinet.

A black duffel bag rests on the bottom shelf.

The rider KNEELS down, then OPENS the bag, which REVEALS neatly stacked hundred dollar bills, USB sticks, and passports.

INT. LOFT - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

In a clean, Spartan like area.

A vodka bottle and full glass are placed on the counter.

The clothing the rider used, along with the helmet and gloves, are stacked neatly on the ground.

LOFT - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT - LATER

The rider, CRAIG GILROY, late 30s to mid 40s, very fit, military/ law enforcement looking: buzz cut (or very short hair), stands near the clothing, shirtless, in a waist hung towel, as if he just had a shower, with a dazed look on his face.

MONTAGE

- Craig PLACES the clothing, helmet and gloves in a heavy duty black garbage bag.

- Craig SIPS his drink.

- Craig disassembles the standard GLOCK 22 pistol.

- Craig SIPS his drink.

- Craig PACES around.
- Craig SIPS his drink.
- Craig PLACES the disassembled pistol in different zip lock bags.
- Craig SIPS his drink.
- Craig CLOSES each zip lock bag.
- Craig takes his final sip.

END OF MONTAGE

Craig stands near the neatly ordered garbage bag and zip lock bags on the floor.

He MOVES toward the counter, then GRABS his glass, only to realize it's empty.

He REACHES for the bottle, OPENS it, but STOPS before filling his glass.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A flashback of Jared bleeding out on the ground.

INT. LOFT - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Craig remains lost in thought.

He comes back to his present reality, still with the vodka bottle in hand.

He STARTS his pour motion, then suddenly stops.

He THROWS the bottle, which SMASHES against a wall.

CRAIG
(ANGRY/ LOUD)
Fuck.

LOFT - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT - LATER (PRESENT DAY)

The broken glass is surrounded by spilled vodka on the ground near a wall.

Craig, still in a towel, sits on the floor near the garbage bag and zip lock bags, with a look of anger on his face.

LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

In a minimalistic like furnished room.

Now at a night-stand table.

A badge, and a holstered standard GEN 4 GLOCK 17 pistol are in view.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE SCREEN: BEYOND DARKNESS IS CENTERED IN WHITE ON A BLACK SCREEN.

INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

In a well furnished room with costly furnishing.

Champagne bottles are turned over in a bucket.

A dildo in a strap on harness, various sex toys, zip lock bags of pills, and a silver tray with lines of cocaine are on a table.

Now at the bed.

A male and female, fit, attractive, and both in their mid to late 20s. They are both asleep face down, naked, but only their buttocks are shown.

AVA TATE, mid to late 30s, very fit, black widow seductive attractive, stands over the sleeping pair, topless in a black thong.

Her hair is pulled forward to cover her nipples.

CONDO - HALLWAY - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Ava, now with a lit cigarette in her mouth, WALKS forward (IN SLOW MOTION).

EXT. PUBLIC STREET - SIDEWALK - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A male 30s, in a suit without a tie, WALKS toward a late model to brand new sedan.

Two late model to brand new SUVs pull up across the street.

The male appears concerned.

EXT. SUVS ON STREET - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

The rear driver's side window of one of the SUVs ROLLS down low enough for the male to see Ava's face.

The male appears scared.

EXT. PUBLIC STREET - SIDEWALK - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

The male TURNS, then RUNS.

PUBLIC STREET - SIDEWALK - NIGHT - LATER (PRESENT DAY)

The male, continues to RUN.

EXT. ALLEY NEAR BUILDING - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

The male is being chased by four thuggish looking males, also suited without ties (NO VOCAL SOUND IS HEARD/ IN SLOW MOTION).

ALLEY NEAR BUILDING - NIGHT - LATER (PRESENT DAY)

The thuggish males have caught up to their target.

They get him to the ground, then PUNCH and KICK him.

ALLEY NEAR BUILDING - NIGHT - LATER (PRESENT DAY)

They drag the half conscious beaten male away.

INT. BUILDING - BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

The thuggish males violently drag the now conscious chased male down a dimly lit hallway (NO VOCAL SOUND IS HEARD).

BUILDING - BASEMENT - ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A white on white room.

The dragged male, now only in boxer briefs and a white t-shirt undershirt, is sitting in a chair, with his hands restrained behind him by zip tie cuffs, with his head lowered.

A pair of switch blades in each thigh, have released blood, which FLOWS from each leg.

He RAISES his head to REVEAL that he's been severely beaten.

A large male, in blood covered dress clothing, and blood soaked latex glove covered hands, is standing near the beaten male.

AVA (O.S.)
You pay what you owe. You pay on
time. That's how this works.

Ava, in all black: button down shirt, jeans, and boots,
MOVES toward the beaten male.

AVA (CONTINUED)
But for some strange fucking
reason you decided not paying was
your best option... Thinking like
that. That's the reason why
you're here.

BEATEN MALE
(IN PAIN/ NEAR DEATH)
... Please.

Ava NODS at the large male.

He REACHES for the rear of his waistband, DRAWS a standard
GLOCK 22 pistol, COCKS the pistol, then FIRES a head-shot,
killing the beaten male.

EVAN WRIGHT, late 40s, suit and tie dressed, ENTERS the
room, then WALKS toward the large male.

Evan whispers something to him. He NODS, then EXITS.

A visibly upset Ava remains silent.

EVAN
Ava.

AVA
Evan.

EVAN
... He tell you why?

AVA
No.

EVAN
Stealing from us. Didn't think he
had it in him.

AVA
My father being dead. That's led
to some people thinking they can
change the way we do things.

Evan LOOKS at the dead body.

EVAN
I guess he thought wrong.

AVA
... You said there's another
problem.

EVAN
The Russians.

AVA
(ANNOYED)
The Russians. Again with the
Russians.

EVAN
It's Andre. He's not happy about
having to answer to you.

AVA
I really don't think any of them
are happy about having to answer
to me. He's just the loudest
voice in the room.

EVAN
... He's a pig.

AVA
He's a man used to dealing with
women on their knees doing
whatever he pays them to. That's
the reason he has a problem
following orders when they're
coming from me.

EVAN
He needs to start showing some
respect. Or maybe he needs to go.

AVA
Not the time. We need Andre
Koskov around... At least for
now.

Now at the seated dead male.

Blood FLOWS from his close range head wound.

AVA (O.S/ CONTINUED)
Set up a meeting. The Jamaicans.
The Russians... Everyone.

EXT. SUV ON STREET - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Ava in the rear passenger seat, and Evan in the rear drivers seat, are being driven by an unseen driver.

Evan's cellphone RINGS.

He REACHES for the cellphone inside his suit jacket, then ANSWERS the call.

EVAN
Hello... Yes... Yes... She's
right here.

Ava TURNS to Evan to respond.

AVA
Whatever it is.

Evan EXTENDS the cellphone to her.

AVA (CONTINUED)
Not right now.

EVAN
... You really need to take this.

Ava appears visibly concerned.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - VIEWING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

In a viewing room with a closed casket toward the front.

A large picture of Jared is above the casket in a gold frame.

Ava, in a black pants suit with a black button down shirt, is standing near the closed casket.

EXT. CEMETARY - OPEN GRAVE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Jared's casket is in the open grave.

Ava, standing stoically, LOOKS at the casket through black Aviator sunglasses.

Evan, in a black suit, white shirt, and black tie, is behind Ava.

Now at the casket in the hole in the ground.

INT. UPSCALE BAR - HALLWAY - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

In a well lit empty hallway space.

Ava and Evan WALK down a hallway. Ava has a black LOUIS VUTTON like bag in hand. They are ESCORTED by several suit and tie wearing male security (IN SLOW MOTION).

UPSCALE BAR - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

In a well lit room.

LEE WONG, 50s, MARCUS NORRIS, 40s, RAMON MENDEZ, 40s, ANDRE KOSKOV, 40s are seated at the rear of the center placed table, all in suit and tie dress.

Their respective thuggish employees, all dressed down in denim, wool, and leather, stand behind them.

Ava and her party ENTER the room, then MOVE toward the table.

Ava ARRIVES at the head of the table, and her party surrounds her from behind.

Ava TAKES off her sunglasses, PLACES them on the table, then HANDS her bag to Evan.

ANDRE
Still carrying mommy's purse
around Evan?

Evan SMIRKS at him.

EVAN
Where's Viktor?

ANDRE
Moscow.

EVAN
Moscow... I thought he'd be here.

ANDRE
Well he's not. So you'll have to
deal with me.

Now at the other males seated at the table.

MARCUS
I'm sorry about your brother Ava.

LEE
I'm sorry for your loss.

RAMON
I know this can't be easy. You
lost your father. Now this.

Andre SPEAKS in Russian, and his men LAUGH.

AVA
Andre. Something you want to
share with the rest of the class?

Andre SMIRKS.

ANDRE
I said they should lay down on the
floor. Then you can sit on their
faces... It'll make it easier for
them to kiss your ass. You first
Marcus---

MARCUS
(ANGRY)
Fuck you.

Andre RESPONDS in Russian.

ANDRE
I came here because the Jamaicans
expanded into my territory. Not
to mourn your brother... All due
respect and all.

RAMON
This seems like an issue between
Kingston and Moscow.

LEE
Ramon's right. Why're we here?

AVA
... My father dies. Now I'm
putting out fires I shouldn't have
to... Then someone kills my
brother.

MARCUS
It wasn't us.

LEE
We had no involvement. We
wouldn't do that.

RAMON
No way. Now way we'd do that.

Andre remains silent.

All of the attendees notice this.

AVA
Andre.

Andre SMIRKS.

ANDRE
I didn't kill him.

AVA
... But you do have a problem.

ANDRE
We settled on terms. On
territory. On percentage.

AVA
We did... Marcus.

MARCUS
It was an issue with an employee
making moves without permission.
He's been dealt with.

AVA
So it's done? We're good.

MARCUS
We're good.

AVA
... Good.

Andre appears angered by what he's heard.

ANDRE
(ANGRY)
Good. That's it. Good.

Andre again RATTLES off in Russian.

ANDRE (CONTINUED)
You say good. He says good...
Maybe I say not good.

AVA
No matter how much money. How
much power you have.
(MORE)

AVA (CONT'D)
 There's always someone that'll
 choose war over peace... Maybe
 it's the whole dick measuring
 macho bullshit thing.

ANDRE
 ... You come over to my place.
 See how big it is.

The other parties appear shocked by the disrespect.

Ava SMILES.

AVA
 Mine's bigger than yours.

Ava SIGNALS for Evan to come over via hand motion.

AVA (CONTINUED)
 Adrian Tate's dead.

Evan PLACES the bag on the table near Ava.

PAN to the other side of the table. They all appear
 shocked by something.

AVA (O.S./ CONTINUED)
 (RAISED VOICE)
 I'm in charge.

Ava is holding the head of the beaten man she had killed in
 the basement in a latex covered hand.

AVA (CONTINUED)
 (LOUD)
 I - run - things.

Andre RATTLES off in Russian.

AVA (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
 (LOUDER)
 You answer to me.

She THROWS the dismembered head, which LANDS on the table.

They all MOVE away from the table.

AVA (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
 (SCREAMING)
 Does anyone have a problem with
 that?

UPSCALE BAR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ava and Evan WALK down a hallway. They are again ESCORTED by the suit and tie wearing security team (IN SLOW MOTION).

UPSCALE BAR - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

The head remains on the table.

UPSCALE BAR - HALLWAY - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Ava and Evan continue to WALK down a hallway ESCORTED by the suit and tie wearing security team (IN SLOW MOTION).

Ava, with her sunglasses back on, has a malicious smirk on her face.

EXT. SUVS ON THE STREET - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Four late model to brand new SUVS in MOTION.

SUV - REAR OF SUV - AFTERNOON (PRESENT DAY)

Evan, sitting in the rear passenger seat.

EVAN
Head in a box.

AVA (O.S.)
Bag.

EVAN
What?

Now at Ava, in the rear driver's side seat.

AVA
... The head was in a bag.

She SMOKES a lit cigarette.

AVA (CONTINUED)
Head in a box. That was in that
Brad Pitt movie.

Evan appears amused by her statement.

EVAN
A bit extreme.

AVA
I lead. They follow. That was
just a friendly little reminder of
how things work.

EVAN
Well... I think they got the
message.

AVA
Let's hope so.

EVAN
You think Andre will fall in line?

AVA
We need the Russians for our
business operations in Europe.
So. Let's hope he does.

EVAN
Andre talking about Jared. It's
not right.

AVA
No it's not.

EVAN
... If he continues to be a
problem. What happens then?

AVA
... I get another bag.

Ava continues to SMOKE.

The smoke FLOWS from Ava's mouth.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

In a clean looking modern office.

Now at a desk with an old fashioned nameplate that says:
DETECTIVE/ SERGEANT WADE CARTER.

A desk phone RINGS, and is answered off screen.

WADE (O.S.)
Carter.

BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

WADE CARTER, mid to late 40s, NFL linebacker muscular, in a suit and dress shirt, without a tie, STORMS down a hallway in a bull in a china shop manner.

BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Craig, in a suit and tie, is sitting behind his desk.

Now at a desk with an old fashioned nameplate that says:
DETECTIVE/ SERGEANT CRAIG GILROY

Wade is standing across from him.

WADE
We have a fucking problem.

INT. BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

At a modern looking glass door.

PAN to a legal seal on the door with the wording: SPECIAL PROSECUTION OFFICE, under the seal.

BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

In a clean, modern looking office.

ALEXA MARTIN, mid to late 40s, in a pants business suit, is sitting behind a desk.

A wall mounted flat screen is turned on by an unknown source.

A black and white photo of Lee APPEARS.

ALEXA (O.S./ CONTINUED)
Lee Wong. American born head of
the Chinese crime syndicate.

A black and white photo of Marcus APPEARS.

ALEXA (O.S./ CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
Marcus Norris. American born head
of the Jamaican crime syndicate.

A black and white photo of Ramon APPEARS.

ALEXA (O.S./ CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
Ramon Mendez. American born head
of the Mexican crime syndicate.

A black and white photo of Andre APPEARS.

ALEXA (O.S./ CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
 Andre Koskov. American born head
 of the Russian crime syndicate.

A black and white photo of Ava APPEARS.

ALEXA (O.S./ CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
 Ava Tate. The boss. They answer
 to her.

A black and white photo of Jared APPEARS.

ALEXA (O.S./ CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
 Jared Tate. Ava's brother. She
 runs the show. He watches in the
 background.

Now at the desk in the center of the office.

A modern desk nameplate displays the name: ALEXA MARTIN
 with the title: DIRECTOR, below the name.

ALEXA (O.S./ CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
 Tate has ties to international
 crime groups, and enough liquid
 capital to buy the city, with
 money to spare.

Now back at the flat screen, that continues to display
 Ava's picture.

ALEXA (O.S./ CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
 No cops. No civilians. No leaks.
 No wars... And if something
 becomes a problem. It gets cut
 out like cancer.

The screen GOES blank.

ALEXA (O.S./ CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
 Local. State. Federal. We've all
 gone after her. We've all come up
 empty.

Craig and Wade are sitting at the guest side of the desk.

ALEXA (O.S./ CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
 Somehow. Someway. Our office
 gets an early Christmas gift...
 Information on the entire
 organization.

Now at the top of the desk with case files labeled with Craig and Wade's names.

ALEXA (O.S./ CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
 We find investigators with a
 history of getting things done.
 Then send you after her.

Now at Alexa.

ALEXA (CONTINUED)
 The problem. The major fucking
 problem we have right now... All
 the intel. Evidence. Everything.
 Gone.

WADE
 (CONFUSED)
 ... What?

CRAIG
 That's not possible.

ALEXA
 It happened. So it's fucking
 possible.

CRAIG
 We... We use a secure server---

ALEXA
 A secure server... In your
 unit... In your building.

Now at a confused looking Craig and Wade.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig and Wade are standing near the entry door.

MARTIN HOWARD, early 50s, suit and tie dressed, is standing near them.

They all appear angry.

MARTIN
 The files were on our server. She
 asked because she had to. If the
 situation were reversed---

CRAIG
 You're taking her side?

MARTIN
You really need to ask.

WADE
... Craig.

CRAIG
I'm just wondering why our boss
wants to give her the benefit of
the doubt.

MARTIN
We had the files. Of course
they're looking at us for the
breach.

CRAIG
You mean they're looking at us.
Us meaning Wade. Meaning me. Not
us meanig you---

WADE
(LOUD)
Craig.

MARTIN
What you need to do. What's
probably your best option. Start
lookng at the bigger picture. Not
looking for enemies where they
don't exist.

CRAIG
Case is dead. We're fucked. I
see the big picture boss... Clear
as fucking day.

MARTIN
And I don't---

WADE
This isn't helping. Right now we
need to focus... We need to find
out who did this.

INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In a well furnished room.

Evan, in a suit and dress shirt, without a tie, is sitting
on a couch with a pleased as PUNCH look on his face.

Ava, in a bathrobe, and wet hair, ENTERS.

She MOVES toward a chair across from him, the SITS.

EVAN
It's done.

AVA
You were able to work your magic.

EVAN
Not magic. Just organizational
skills. In combination with
connecting with the most effective
human resources.

AVA
(HUMOROUSLY CONFUSED)
... In English.

Evan SMILES.

EVAN
I know the right fucking people.

AVA
Do you?

EVAN
I do... Anything they had on us.
Gone.

AVA
And they won't trace it back to
us.

EVAN
You really need to ask.

AVA
No evidence. No case. Mr.
Wright. Job well done.

EVAN
Thank you.

AVA
... Should I be worried?

EVAN
About?

AVA
How do I know one day you won't
use that big brain of yours. Then
come after me.

EVAN
Not happening.

AVA
Why?

EVAN
Two reasons. One. No one wants
to kill number two.

AVA
Self preservation. Smart... And
two.

Evan SMILES.

EVAN
I really don't want to end up on
your bad side.

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jared, in a dress shirt and dress pants, and Ava dressed in
a low cut shirt, short skirt, and thigh high boots WALK
toward the sidewalk, with the condo building in view behind
them.

Suit and tie wearing male security WALK near them as an
escort.

NOW at a row of late model to brand new black SUVs.

Craig is standing near the SUVs with a coffee in hand.

His gold detective shield and waist holstered pistol are in
view due to his open suit jacket.

Ava and her party stop when they get close to Craig

AVA
... And you are?

CRAIG
Detective. Sergeant. Craig.
Gilroy.

Jared SMIRKS.

JARED
Sergeant.

CRAIG
That's right.

JARED
I'm sure your mom and dad must be
really fucking proud.

CRAIG
I'd ask if your parents are proud
of you... They're dead right.

Jared SMILES.

JARED
Police work's dangerous. Maybe
you push your luck. Maybe
something happens.

Ava REACHES for Jared's arm.

AVA
Let's go.

CRAIG
... You threatening me?

JARED
You feel threatened---

CRAIG
Are you threatening me?

JARED
... Cops getting killed... It's
fucking tragic. But shit happens.

CRAIG
Shit happens?

JARED
That's right.

CRAIG
I'll be at the Daley Pub on Boyd
Street around midnight. I figured
I'd stop in. Have a beer.

JARED
Just one?

CRAIG
Maybe you can stop by. See if
shit happens.

JARED
Maybe I will.

Ava appears more concerned.

Craig SMILES.

CRAIG
 Money to blow on any and
 everything. Must be nice.

JARED
 It is.

CRAIG
 Still doesn't change who you
 really are---

JARED
 (ANGRY)
 Still doesn't change the fact that
 you're just a fucking cop.
 Chasing his tail.

Craig LAUGHS.

CRAIG
 That's funny---

JARED
 You like that---

CRAIG
 Yeah... Your sister come up with
 that, or did you put on your big
 boy pants and do it all by
 yourself.

JARED
 (ANGRY)
 Fuck you.

Craig MOVES closer to Jared.

CRAIG
 Fuck you... We'll aren't you just
 precious.

INT. STRIP CLUB - MAIN SECTION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In a high end looking club.

Well lit. Well furnished, staffed by employees in formal
 black clothing, and monitored by large scary looking
 security.

Raunchy and profane Hip Hop BLARES from the speaker system.

A mix of formally dressed mostly male, and a few female patrons, WATCH attractive naturally and surgically enhanced topless strippers DANCE on the main stage, INTERACT with patrons, and MOVE about the area.

All seem to be in full party mode.

STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In a modern looking office.

The club music is heard in the office as well.

Ava, seated on a couch, with a deer caught in headlights gaze, WATCHES two topless strippers PERFORM a seductive dance on a stripper pole in the room, with an open champagne bottle in hand.

Jared, near a security window, WATCHES the activity on the main floor, appearing to be at foil boil anger, with a bottle of tequila in hand.

He TURNS toward her.

Ava notices his demeanor, then SIGNALS one of strippers to come over, which she does.

Ava WHISPERS something to her, then the stripper WALKS toward Jared.

The stripper arrives, WHISPERS something in his ear, then LEADS him out of the office.

Ava GRABS his arm as he passes by, then he STOPS.

AVA
Anger's okay. Sometimes even
useful... Don't let it make you
do something stupid.

STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

Ava SIGNALS the other stripper to come over.

She arrives, then seductively STRADDLES Ava.

Ava SMILES with approval.

She HANDS the champagne bottle to the stripper, who TAKES a sip, then gives Ava the bottle.

Ava gently MOVES the stripper on her back, then MOVES to a double knee.

She PULLS the strippers G-string off.

The stripper TAKES the bottle from Ava, then POURS champagne on her torso, which AVA LICKS off.

Ava LOWERS herself toward the strippers vagina, WRAPS the strippers legs over her shoulders, then PERFORMS simulated oral sex on the stripper.

STRIP CLUB - VIP ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In a black walled room with leather furniture.

The stripper, sitting on the couch, SNORTS cocaine from a silver tray with a rolled up hundred dollar bill.

STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The stripper MOANS and MOVES around in enjoyment.

STRIP CLUB - VIP ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jared, in a chair at the other end of the room, SIPS tequila from a bottle in hand.

The stripper makes her way to Jared, TAKES the bottle from him, then GULPS down tequila.

She STRADLES Jared, then SMILES.

INT. BAR - BOOTH - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In a dimly lit English Pub like establishment.

Craig and Wade, now minus suit jackets and ties, with their shirts unbuttoned at the top to reveal white t-shirt undershirts, are sitting in a booth.

A waitress ARRIVES with two PINTS of Guinness.

She PLACES them on the table.

WADE

Thank you.

The waitress WALKS off.

CRAIG

You know. They'll make this our fuck up. Our problem.

WADE

That being said. No more late night meetings with Tate, or anyone connected to her.

CRAIG

You giving me shit now Wade?

WADE

Just trying to keep you out of trouble.

CRAIG

Way too fucking late for that---

WADE

(ANGRY)

Don't do again.

CRAIG

(CONFUSED)

What's your problem?

WADE

We're cops. We get a case. We investigate. We take it as far as it goes.

CRAIG

I know that.

WADE

I want Tate. Her brother. All of them... What I don't want is you putting yourself in a situation you can't come back from.

Craig SMIRKS.

CRAIG

Still trying to be a boy scout Wade.

WADE

We're Major Cases. That's how this works.

CRAIG

So. We follow the rules, and the Ava Tate's of the world. They just walk.

WADE

... You're really taking this one personally.

CRAIG

I'm trying to understand why you're not.

WADE

This isn't the first time we lost one. Why the pissed off cop routine?

CRAIG

They get a judge. A jury to buy what they're selling. I get it... This. This right here. This is Tate walking away while giving us the fucking finger.

WADE

That means we let her take a victory lap. Then we go after her again.

CRAIG

Or someone just runs up on them then---

WADE

Then we'd be no better than them.

CRAIG

It's cheaper and easier than a trial.

WADE

Then what. Kill every crime boss in the city.

CRAIG

... Maybe.

WADE

Then take out whoever takes over for them. Then whoever takes over for them---

CRAIG

I get it. I'm just thinking out loud.

WADE

Don't think too hard. It could lead you down a road you can't come back from.

CRAIG
Wade Carter. The big brother I
never asked for---

WADE
But the one you should listen to.

CRAIG
... You always want to be an
idealist. Even when it would be
easier not to.

WADE
Tate's nothing new. She's just
better than most. Take your ego
out of it, and realize what's
right in front of you.

CRAIG
That we just got fucked.

WADE
No. That we got close enough for
them to have to.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig and Wade EXIT the bar.

They WALK toward a late model to brand new four door sedan
a few car spaces away from the bar.

Craig MOVES toward the front passenger seat, and Wade MOVES
toward the front driver's seat.

An SUV SPEEDS toward them.

All of the windows ROLL down to reveal a masked male
driver, and a masked male shooter.

The passenger seated male FIRES a HECKLER and KOCH standard
USP pistol.

Craig and Wade are both SHOT.

The car is HIT with gunfire.

Scared pedestrians RUN for cover.

The SUV STOPS, then the thuggishly dressed shooter EXITS
the SUV.

He STARTS his approach toward Wade, who's on his back, and
unconscious.

The shooter is about to KILL Wade, but is SHOT twice in the chest.

An injured Craig, bleeding from his left side, STAGGERS forward with a standard Gen 4 GLOCK 17 in hand.

He FALLS to a knee, but RETURNS FIRE.

Craig is hit in the lower right leg. He FALLS to the ground.

The SUV SPEEDS backwards, and the shooter RETURNS to the SUV.

EXT. SUV ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The shooter RUSHES into the SUV, and the unseen DRIVER SPEEDS of.

Gunfire HITS the SUV in the rear, which BLOWS out the window, and HITS the shooter in the back of the head, killing him.

EXT. MIDDLE OF STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig, in the middle of the road, close to where the shooter was shot, FIRES his weapon until it's empty.

EXT. SUV ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The SUV SPEEDS away.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In a white on white room.

Wade, in a bed with tubes all over, is attended to by medical staff.

HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Uniformed and plain clothes officers, are in the waiting area.

HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig, with medical wrapping on his arm and leg, WATCHES the activity from a window outside of the ICU.

Martin, in a suit and dress shirt without a tie ENTERS and WALKS over to Craig.

He STOPS at the window next to Craig.

MARTIN
He's strong.

HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Now at Wade inside the room.

MARTIN (O.S./ CONTINUED)
He'll make it.

HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Now back outside of the room.

MARTIN (O.S./ CONTINUED)
We have checkpoints at every
bridge. Every highway. Airport
and transit are covered... We'll
get them.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(LOUD)
Detective Gilroy.

Craig and Martin TURN around.

MARTIN
Who's asking?

Now in the background behind Craig and Martin.

OWEN HILL The male voice, is standing behind them, dressed in a suit and tie.

MALE VOICE/ OWEN HILL
Sergeant Owen Hill... We need to
talk.

EXT. SECLUDED WOODED AREA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The damaged SUV used during the attack, sits idle, in the middle of nowhere.

SECLUDED WOODED AREA - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

Gloved male hands POUR gasoline on the SUV.

The front passenger seat door, left open, REVEALS that the shooter is not in the car.

SECLUDED WOODED AREA - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

A late model to brand new DODGE CHALLENGER, SPEEDS away from the area.

Now at the SUV, engulfed in flames.

INT. BUILDING - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In a standard police interview room, white on white with white lighting.

Craig, now in a police issue t-shirt, jeans, and boots, is sitting at one side of the table, with Owen sitting across from him.

CRAIG
So. You're I-A?

OWEN
Internal Affairs. No... Special Investigations.

CRAIG
(CONFUSED)
Special Investigations. Why?

OWEN
The Special Prosecution Office's Investigative Unit received information on Tate's organization. You and Detective Carter were assigned to conduct a covert investigation... Suddenly any and all information you collected gets stolen. Then someone takes a shot at you... At some point Internal Affairs will speak to you. I get you first.

CRAIG
... You think we sabotaged the case?

OWEN
I think that someone tried to kill you right after your case got flushed down the toilet---

CRAIG
You think we did it?

OWEN
I read your file. Aggressive when
it comes to casework, but nothing
that points to you being someone
that would do this.

CRAIG
(CONFUSED)
You read my file?

OWEN
And Detective Carter's... He was
you training officer when you were
promoted to Major Cases.

CRAIG
Yeah. He was.

OWEN
You're friends.

CRAIG
No. We're family.

OWEN
... You've worked together for a
long time.

CRAIG
Yes we have.

OWEN
Tate most likley has law
enforcement on salary. That's the
reason why only four people were
assigned to this... Alexa Martin
with Special Prosecution. Your
Captain. Detective Carter. You.

CRAIG
But you think I'm clean.

OWEN
... Probably.

CRAIG
Then why are we sitting on
opposite sides of the table?

OWEN
Probably. It doesn't mean
definetly.

CRAIG
... He's my partner. I'll handle
this.

OWEN
You?

CRAIG
I have a badge. I have a gun.

OWEN
You can't investigate a case that
you're a part of. You know that's
not possible.

CRAIG
If you were me.

OWEN
I can appreciate the situation
you're in.

CRAIG
I hope you do?

OWEN
I want whoever did this in a cell.
That only happens if this is
handled correctly. As in not
allowing someone who has a legit
reason to be pissed off. Affect
this case... Are we on the same
page?

INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

In a modern looking room with leather, glass and steel
furnishing.

JARED, in a t-shirt, jeans, and boots ENTERS the room, then
suddenly STOPS.

Now at a couch across from Jared.

Ava, in a sweater, jeans and boots, and Evan, in a suit and
dress shirt without a tie, are sitting on a couch.

Both appear concerned.

EVAN
Gilroy and Carter. Someone tried
to take them out.

JARED
... And you're here because...

AVA
We have a network of people we pay
to insulate us.

EVAN
Police. Judges. Politicians.

AVA
A dead cop. Dead on purpose.
That just might change things.

JARED
I know that.

AVA
... Do you?

JARED
The cryptic. Zig-zag. Beat
around the bush bullshit's getting
very fucking old very fucking fast
Ava... Something you need to ask?
Ask.

Ava WHISPERS something to Evan, RISES from her seated
position, then EXITS.

Now at Evan, still seated.

EVAN
Jared.

JARED
I guess your playing good cop.
Same as always.

EVAN
Just trying to get a sense of
things.

JARED
I know I don't have the best track
record when it comes to right and
wrong. Making the best
desicions... It's the reason why
you're Ava's right hand.

EVAN
It's what your father wanted.

EXT. SUV ON ROAD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

In the rear of the SUV.

Evan is in the rear passenger seat, and Ava is in the rear driver's side seat.

AVA

You know I practically raised him... After our mom died. I had to step in. Watch out for him when my father couldn't.

JARED

That means you know him. Maybe better than anyone else.

AVA

A little boy losing his mother so young... I babied him. Buffered him from the reality of what this world can do to you if you make the wrong decisions.

JARED

You were trying to look out for him.

AVA

... And look where we are now.

JARED

Your brother can be... Impulsive. Maybe a little too quick to go from zero to a hundred. But he's not crazy... Minor fuck ups. Situations that he shouldn't have gotten into.

AVA

That you had to clean up for him.

EVAN

Your father wanted me to watch out for him.

AVA

If he did this... This is a mess we may not be able to clean up.

EVAN

I know.

AVA
... Look into this. Quietly...
You find anything. You come to
me.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Uniformed police MOVE about the crime scene.

Now at the burned out SUV.

It is nothing more than a hollowed out frame.

INT. POLICE IMPOUND - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CSI police staff examine the car.

Owen, standing in the background, WATCHES the activity.

OWEN
Well this is interesting.

Now at the burned out SUV.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - CREMATORIUM - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

An open body furnace is open, and turned on.

Now at the clothes, and a damaged bullet proof vest, and the gun used in the attack on Craig and Wade, placed on the ground.

The driver, in a t-shirt, jeans, and boots (HIS FACE IS UNSEEN) stands near the clothing, in latex gloved covered hands.

Now at the shooter, stripped of his clothing, and placed in an open body bag.

INT. BUILDING OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

In a white on white room.

A video camera is mounted on a wall.

Now at the center of the room.

Craig, in a suit and dress shirt without a tie, is sitting on one side of the table.

A male detective, 50s, in a dress shirt with rolled up sleeves, dress pants, and a tie, is sitting across from him.

A file with INTERNAL AFFAIRS below a police seal, is between them.

MALE DETECTIVE

The SUV pulls up. Detective Carter is shot twice in the chest. You were grazed.

CRAIG

... Yes.

MALE DETECTIVE

After you left the bar.

CRAIG

That's right.

MALE DETECTIVE

How much did you have to drink?

CRAIG

One beer.

MALE DETECTIVE

And Detective Carter?

CRAIG

The same.

MALE DETECTIVE

So again. The SUV pulls up. The shooter opens fire. You're both hit... The shooter approaches. You drew your weapon... Then you fired on a public street.

CRAIG

Yes.

MALE DETECTIVE

... But you didn't identify yourself as a police officer.

CRAIG

The shooter fires at us without warning. He makes a move toward Wade, with a gun in his hand---

MALE DETECTIVE

And you returned fire.

CRAIG

That usually happens when you're being shot at... You might know this if you did actual police work.

The detective appears annoyed by the slightly veiled insult.

MALE DETECTIVE

And again we're at the point where you open fire. On a public street... Without identifying yourself.

CRAIG

(ANGRY)

What the fuck was I supposed to do.

MALE DETECTIVE

This isn't personal. I just want to find out what happened.

Craig remains silent.

INT. STRIP CLUB - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Topless strippers dance on the main stage.

Patrons at the bar, WATCH the activity in front of them.

EDM music BLARES from speakers.

The stripper that Jared took home, in a bikini and clear stripper heels, WALKS near the stage.

A large, black suit and black dress shirt wearing security staff member APPROAHES her, then WHISPERS something to her.

STRIP CLUB - VIP ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The stripper, ENTERS the room, all smiles.

Now at Evan, in a dress shirt and dress pants, in the rear of the room sitting in a chair.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - CREMATORIUM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The driver (HIS FACE IS UNSEEN), is standing near the open furnace.

He WATCHES as the body bag with the dead shooter BURNS.

Now at the flame filled furnace, as the flames DESTROY the body.

INT. HOME - BASMENET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The driver, (HIS FACE IS UNSEEN), now in a leather jacket, WALKS down an empty hallway toward an open door (IN SLOW MOTION).

HOME - BASMENET - ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In an empty white walled room.

The driver ENTERS the room, then suddenly STOPS.

Heavy duty plastic has been placed on the floor.

Something said in RUSSIAN is heard.

Now at the other side of the room.

Andre, in a sweater, jeans, and boots, is standing, with a twelve gauge shotgun in hand.

HOME - BASMENET - ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The sound of the shotgun being fired twice is heard in the hallway.

INT. IMPOUND LOT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The shot up sedan that Craig and Wade were driving is placed on the flatbed end of a two truck.

Now at Owen, dressed in a suit and tie, standing in the background.

Now at the driver's side door, damaged by gunfire.

INT. BUILDING - VIDEO TECH ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

In a modern police tech unit room.

Uniformed police video tech staff MOVE about the room.

Now at a large active computer monitor, which PLAYS a recording of Craig and Wade being shot at.

OWEN (O.S.)

Stop.

The replay STOPS when Crag and Wade FALL after being SHOT.

Now at Owen standing behind a uniformed male video tech.

OWEN

Can you fast forward.

MALE POLICE VIDEO TECH

Sure.

The video tech PUNCHES keys on a keyboard.

OWEN

Can you zero in on the license
plate please.

The video tech PUNCHES keys on a keyboard.

Owen STARES intently at the screen.

EXT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

An high end looking shop.

SUVS and luxury vehicles are parked in a work space.

EXT. SEDAN ON STREET - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

A late model to brand new law enforcement/ government type
sedan is parked across the street.

Now at the front driver's seat.

Owen WATCHES the activity from his seated position.

EXT. CONDO - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Outside of a condo complex in what appears to be a nice
area.

Ava in a pants business suit, button down shirt, and
stilettto heels, ENTERS the building, with male suit and tie
wearing security as an escort.

EXT. SEDAN ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A late model to brand new DODGE CHALLENGER parked across
the street from the condo out of view of Ava and her team.

Now at the driver's seat, with Craig seated.

He WATCHES AVA enter the building.

EXT. CONDO - ROOF - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Evan, in a sports coat, button down shirt, jeans, and dress boots, is standing alone.

AVA ENTERS through the entrance door, then WALKS over to Evan.

AVA
What'd she say?

EVAN
She danced. He watched. They left. They fucked.

AVA
Well that sounds like a really good night for him... How's that help us?

EVAN
She woke up. And Jared was sitting in a chair.

AVA
... So we really don't know anything?

EVAN
We know he didn't leave. It's a start.

She MOVES closer to Evan.

AVA
Keep digging.

EXT. CONDO - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Ava and her security escort EXIT the building.

EXT. SEDAN ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig WATCHES them leave.

He is laser focused on them, until he suddenly TURNS toward the passenger seat with a standard HECKLER AND KOCH P30L pistol in hand, with a nervous look on his face.

Now outside of the front passenger seat.

Owen is standing outside of the door.

INT. HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The driver's body has been wrapped in tarp and is waited down with chains.

Andre, in a suit and dress shirt, and dress boots, is standing over the dead body.

EXT. BOAT ON THE WATER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A two level boat in the middle of nowhere.

Now on the boat deck.

The anchored body is in the center.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A lonely boat dock.

Andre's boat has been parked.

Andre, EXITS the boat.

Two males, thuggishly dressed, are standing in wait.

As Andre MOVES toward the males, they are SHOT and killed by rear head kill-shots from behind,

Andre attempts to reach for a firearm, tucked in his waistband from behind.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Don't.

Andre MOVES his hand from his waistband.

VIKTOR KOSKOV, late 30s, dressed as Andre is, is standing near in the background with a standard GEN 4 GLOCK 17 in hand.

He MOVES toward a surprised looking Andre, then LOWERS the weapon.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE/ VIKTOR

This is what happens when you
don't follow the rules.

ANDRE
... Why? Why Viktor?

VIKTOR
They know too much.

ANDRE
They wouldn't say anything. You know that.

VIKTOR
Now we know they can't.

Andre RATTLES of in Russian.

VIKTOR (CONTINUED)
I want a meeting with whoever else was involved.

ANDRE
That's not possible.

VIKTOR
(IN RUSSIAN)
Make it possible.

Viktor TURNS, then WALKS away.

VIKTOR (CONTINUED)
Clean up your mess Andre.

ANDRE
Or what?

Viktor STOPS, then TURNS to respond.

VIKTOR
Or someone will do it for you.

Now at the dead men near the boat.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A calm quiet night.

Owen and Craig are standing near the edge of the river near a railing.

OWEN
Your case goes to shit. Your partner's fighting to survive. And you Detective Gilroy.
(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)

You being under investigation regarding how your case went to shit is sitting outside of the target of said shit turned case... Care to explain.

CRAIG

I figured I take a drive. Clear my head.

OWEN

And you just happened to end up parked in front of Ava Tate's building.

CRAIG

... Imagine that.

OWEN

You investigated Tate. Her organization?

CRAIG

That's right.

OWEN

Shooting cops. Not really how she works.

CRAIG

You like her so much. Why don't you go work for her... Money is money. For some people.

Owen SMIRKS.

OWEN

You're officialy on vacation.

CRAIG

(CONFUSED)

What?

OWEN

Three weeks... Or we can have an official on the record conversation about you ineterfering in an official inquiry.

CRAIG

You can't---

OWEN
I can. Call the Chief of
Detectives. He'll tell you I can.

CRAIG
(ANGRY)
No fucking way---

OWEN
Detective. I'm trying to be
reasonable because of all you've
been through. Take the time. Be
grateful I'm not trying to make
this a bigger problem for you.

Owen MOVES closer to Craig.

OWEN (CONTINUED)
Only very, very stupid people try
to ice skate up hill.

CRAIG
... Meaning?

OWEN
... Stay in your lane.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In a dimly lit area of the loft.

Craig, shirtless, in a pair of boxing gloves, boxing shorts
and boxing shoes is near a black punching bag.

He HITS the bag over and over.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Wade unconscious in the ICU.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig HITS the bag over and over.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Wade unconscious in the ICU.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig HITS the bag over and over.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A flashback of Owen walking away from Craig.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Wade unconscious in the ICU.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig HITS the bag over, and over, and over.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Craig, in a pea coat, sweater, jeans, and boots, RIDES the elevator.

APARTMENT BUILDING - APARTMENT LEVEL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Craig EXITS the elevator, WALKS forward, but suddenly STOPS.

Now at an apartment with an open door.

Martin, in a bathrobe, is standing near his apartment.

Alexa, in a pants business suit, and button down shirt, is standing near Martin.

Both appear surprised to see Craig.

CRAIG

Well. Isn't this nice.

Alexa WALKS past Craig, then ENTERS the elevator.

CRAIG (CONTINUED)

I sat in her office. I listened to her basically say we're on Tate's payroll.

MARTIN

I know what this looks like.

CRAIG

Hill tells me I'm on va-ca. I figured I stop by. See if you could help.

MARTIN

Let's not do this. Not out here.

CRAIG

I keep hearing how Tate. Her people. They're some special type of scumbag criminals because they wear designer clothes. Because they don't shoot up street corners... They don't touch cops---

MARTIN

Craig.

CRAIG

Well I got touched. Wade got touched.

MARTIN

You need to listen to me.

CRAIG

I see you. I see her---

MARTIN

(LOUD)

Craig.

CRAIG

No wonder why you were so quick to defend her... You know she's married right. Or do you even fucking care.

MARTIN

This... It's complicated.

CRAIG

The intel on Tate came from her. For all we know she---

MARTIN

She wouldn't fuck us over. She wouldn't do that.

CRAIG

She wouldn't do that... Pussy's that good---

MARTIN
(ANGRY)
Watch your mouth.

CRAIG
I-A. Special Investigations.
They're looking at us. You tell
us not to make waves.

MARTIN
You know me.

CRAIG
What I know. What's pretty
fucking clear right now. About
all of this... Wade's getting
fucked over. I'm getting fucked
over. You... You're just getting
fucked.

INT. BUILDING - OFFICE - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

In a modern looking office.

The office is well kept an in order.

Owen, sitting behind his desk in a dress shirt, and tie,
minus the suit jacket.

A uniformed female sergeant, ENTERS the office with two
files in hand.

UNIFORMED FEMALE SERGEANT
Detective Hill.

OWEN
What've you got for me Sergeant.

UNIFORMED FEMALE SERGEANT
The paperwork on the detail shop
you checked out.

She PLACES one of her held files on his desk.

UNIFORMED FEMALE SERGEANT (CONTINUED)
The SUV used during the incident.
Reported stolen that same night.

OWEN
The owner?

UNIFORMED FEMALE SERGEANT
Checks out clean.

OWEN
 (ANNOYED)
 ... Shit.

Owen LEANS back in his chair.

OWEN (CONTINUED)
 Please tell me you found
 something.

She places the second file on his desk.

Now at the second file with the wording: TECHNICAL REVIEW,
 on the cover.

INT. BONDED WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

In a white on white room.

Just empty space.

Open weapons cases REVEAL standard HECKLER & KOCH pistols,
 and G36 Assault Rifles.

Males, in leather, wool and denim, LOAD the cases into late
 model to brand new SUVs.

BONDED WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

In a near empty office.

An open case sits on a steel desk, to REVEAL a pair of
 stainless steel butterfly knives.

Ava, in a black sweater, leather jeans and boots, LOOKS at
 the knives, appearing pleased at the weapons.

Now in the rear of the room.

Evan in a suit and dress shirt, without a tie, is standing
 behind her.

EVAN
 Good first. Bad first.

Ava TURNS to RESPOND.

AVA
 Dealer's choice.

EVAN
Bank accounts. Landline.
Cellphone. The security video at
his building... Nothing.

AVA
Any outside sources Jared could've
used?

EVAN
Doesn't seem like it... And
that's the problem.

He MOVES closer to Ava.

EVAN (CONTINUED)
Jared's clean. Good. Great...
But if he didn't do this. Who
did?

INT. LOFT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

An elevator OPENS.

Craig EXITS, then WALKS forward.

Now at a loft apartment, with an open entry door.

Craig REACHES for a rear holstered HECKLER AND KOCH P30L
PISTOL, then COCKS the weapon.

HE MOVES forward, with the pistol lowered.

LOFT - ENTRY AREA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig ENTERS the loft, then RAISES his weapon.

CRAIG
(LOUD/ ANGRY)
Wrong fucking house.

Now at a bookshelf within the loft.

A suited male, is standing near the bookshelf with his back
to Craig.

The male RAISES his latex glove covered hands. He slowly
TURNS around, and REVEALS himself to be Owen.

Craig remains in confused silence.

LOFT - LIVING ROOM AREA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Now at Owen, angry, sitting on his couch.

Owen, is standing across from him.

OWEN
You were hacked.

CRAIG
... Hacked.

OWEN
Yeah. They left a time release
message just to let us know what
they did.

CRAIG
... Like a digital fuck you.

OWEN
Something like that.

CRAIG
This isn't a police state. I
know. Funny coming from me. You
can't just come in here.

Owen REACHES inside of his suit jacket, PULLS an envelope
from an inner suit jacket pocket, then THROWS it to Craig,
which he CATCHES.

OWEN
No knock entry warrant. All
binding and legal.

CRAIG
You picked the lock.

OWEN
Your super gave me a key.

CRAIG
... You looked around?

OWEN
I did.

CRAIG
... You didn't toss the place?

OWEN
I'm looking for modems. Servers.
WIFI signals... No need to tear
the place apart.

CRAIG
Find anything?

OWEN
No... Congratulations. You're
not the father.

Craig SMIRKS.

CRAIG
You said our system was hacked.

OWEN
I did.

CRAIG
We have a military grade server.
Whoever did this has to be really
good.

OWEN
More than likely.

CRAIG
And expensive.

OWEN
More than likely.

CRAIG
... Ava Tate expensive.

OWEN
Possibly.

CRAIG
So at some point you're going to
have a sit down with her about all
this.

OWEN
... Possibly.

CRAIG
Possibly---

OWEN
The hack was done by an unknown
factor. The shooters can't be
identified.

CRAIG
So that's a no.

OWEN
Detective---

CRAIG
It seems pretty obvious that you
either can't, or won't look at
Tate. For any of this.

OWEN
I don't need you to tell me how to
do my job.

CRAIG
... Or maybe you're on her
payroll.

Owen SMILES.

OWEN
You really want to go down this
road.

CRAIG
You looked around. You didn't
find anything. So.

Owen THROWS the envelope on the table in front of him.

CRAIG (CONTINUED)
Why the fuck are you still here?

EXT. ROOF TOP BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A modern, trendy looking bar.

Jared, in a suit and dress shirt, without a tie, is
standing near the roof's edge.

He LOOKS out at the skyline in front of him.

Now behind Jared.

Ava, in a leather jacket, jeans, and boots, is standing in
the background.

ROOF TOP BAR - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

Now clear of staff.

Ava and Jared stand near the railing, facing each other.

AVA
I called.

JARED

I know.

AVA

You didn't call back.

JARED

I didn't have anything to say?

AVA

... Evan did some checking.

JARED

I figured he would.

AVA

... Looks like you weren't---

JARED

That's right.

AVA

... You're pissed?

JARED

If I were you. I would've done the same thing.

Ava MOVES closer to Jared.

AVA

You didn't exactly make it easy.

JARED

That cop. Gilroy... He pushed a button. I pushed back.

AVA

That was stupid.

JARED

(SOLEMN)

I know.

Jared USES a hand to touch Ava's face.

JARED (CONTINUED)

It won't happen again.

INT. LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig, shirtless, and waist sheet covered, is sitting up in bed, with his badge in hand.

He LOOKS at the badge, as if he's looking for an answer.

Now at the badge, cradled in his hand.

EXT. CAR ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A late model to brand new DODGE CHALLENGER parked on the street.

Now at the driver's seat.

Craig, in a MA-1 jacket, hoodie, jeans, and boots, sits in the driver's seat.

He LOOKS out of the rolled down driver's side window.

Now at the front passenger's seat.

A long lense camera has been placed on the seat.

INT. BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Alexa, in a business pants suit, button down shirt, and heels, is sitting in a chair in her office.

She LOOKS intensely at a large print photo in hand.

Now at the picture, which SHOWS Alexa going into Martin's building.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - TOP LEVEL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A DODGE CHALLENGER parked in a rear space.

Craig in a leather jacket, button down shirt, t-shirt, jeans, and boots, is standing near the front of the car.

Alexa, with envelope in hand, WALKS toward Craig.

She STOPS when she gets a few feet in front of him, then THROWS the envelope at Craig.

The envelope HITS his chest, then FALLS to the ground.

ALEXA
(ANGRY)
Who the fuck do you think you are?

CRAIG
Don't like the picture?

ALEXA
You think this is funny?

CRAIG

Me. No... Not sure what your husband might think.

ALEXA

Are you threatening me?

CRAIG

You're husband's a Deputy Chief---

ALEXA

That means he's your boss.

CRAIG

That means he's Martin's boss... Martin. Captain Howard. My boss. The guy you're fucking behind your husband's back... What do you think might happen if he finds out what you're doing.

ALEXA

(ANGRY)

You motherfu---

CRAIG

You want to save your marriage? Protect your boyfriend. Maybe both.

ALEXA

... What do you want?

CRAIG

Everything you have on Tate.

ALEXA

The files are gone.

CRAIG

I'm pretty sure you kept a dummy file. Just in case.

ALEXA

You're sure about that?

CRAIG

... The file. Then I walk away.

ALEXA

(ANGRY)

Do you know who the fuck you're messing with?

CRAIG
Someone riding a dick that doesn't
belong to them.

ALEXA
(ANGRY)
Fuck you---

CRAIG
Someone with a lot to lose.

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM AREA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A case file spread on the table.

Empty beer bottles are near the file.

Now at Craig, now minus his jacket, sitting on his couch.

He LOOKS at a sheet of paper very closely.

LOFT - LIVING ROOM AREA - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

Craig FLIPS through a stack of stapled papers.

LOFT - LIVING ROOM AREA - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

Craig SORTS through folded pages.

LOFT - LIVING ROOM AREA - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

Craig LOOKS at pictures of Ava and Jared with other people.

EXT. UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

At an upscale apartment building.

Now at the entry door, manned by a uniform wearing doorman.

The doorman OPENS the door for well dressed individuals
entering the building.

EXT. CAR ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A late model to brand new DODGE CHALLENGER parked.

Now at the driver's seat.

Craig, in a big diamond jacket, sweater, jeans, and boots, sitting in the driver's seat, WATCHES the building from down the block.

EXT. UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jared, in a suit and dress shirt without a tie, and dress shoes, ENTERS the upscale apartment building.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING - APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In a well room filled with modern looking leather and glass furniture.

Now at a black gym bag on the couch, with Jared sitting next to the bag.

He PLACES a sim card into a prepaid smartphone.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING - APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

A standard GLOCK 22 pistol, and five fully loaded magazines have been placed on the table.

Now at Jared sitting on the couch.

He GRABS the weapon, LOADS a magazine, then SWITCHES on the safety on the weapon.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A late model to brand new sports car parked in the rear of the lot.

Now at Jared, standing near the trunk of the car.

He PUTS a cellphone in the wheel well of a spare tire in the trunk, then SHUTS the trunk.

PARKING LOT - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

Jared EXITS the lot, then FLAGS down a taxi.

EXT. TAXI CAB ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A taxi cab PULLS up to Jared, then STOPS.

EXT. CAR ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CRAIG
555-23... 55523.

Craig REACHES for the glove compartment. PULLS out a pre-paid smartphone, then DIALS a number.

CRAIG (CONTINUED)
Hello. I think I may have left a sim-card in one of your cabs... The car number. 55-523. Is there any way the driver can bring it back to me. If he's anywhere near Lincoln Park... Oh. He's headed that far out--- Wait a second. I just found it.

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM AREA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig, sitting on his couch, as he LOOKS at a sheet of paper from the case file.

EXT. CAR ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig, sitting in the driver's seat.

CRAIG (CONTINUED)
Sorry for the call.

INT. AUTO GARAGE - BACKROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In a white on white room.

Boxes of auto parts, are stacked neatly on racks.

Now at a table in the room.

The black bag that Jared was carrying, has been placed on the table.

Jared, standing near the table, LOOKS forward at an unseen person in the room.

JARED
Start talking.

Now at the other side of the table.

Andre, in a sports coat, button down shirt, jeans, and dress boots, is standing a small distance away from the table.

Andre remains silent.

INT. STRIP CLUB - MAIN SECTION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A mix of formally dressed mostly male, and a few female patrons, WATCH attractive naturally and surgically enhanced topless strippers DANCE on the main stage, INTERACT with patrons, and MOVE about the area.

STRIP CLUB - bathroom - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A clean looking bathroom with a formally dressed male attendant near the door.

Now at Jared, standing near the sink.

He WASHES his hands.

An unseen patron ENTERS the bathroom, then RATTLES off in Russian.

Jared TURNS around to see who's speaking.

Now near the bathroom entry space.

Andre, in a suit and dress shirt, without a tie, is standing, with a Tequila bottle in hand.

He SIPS the bottle.

ANDRE

Didn't know you were here.

INT. AUTO GARAGE - BACKROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

At the black gym bag on the table, now open to REVEAL ordered stacks of hundred dollar bills.

Jared and Andre are at the table, standing across from each other.

JARED

(LOUD/ ANGRY)

Did I fucking tell you to try to kill anyone.

Andre RATTLES off in Russian.

JARED (CONTINUED)

(LOUD)

English.

ANDRE
... I did you a favor.

JARED
(LOUD)
Did I ask you to?

ANDRE
You told me what happened. I
figured you wanted it handled
without you getting your hands
dirty.

Jared PULLS a stack of bills out of the bag.

He THROWS the stack to Andre, which he CATCHES.

JARED
A reason for you to keep your
fucking mouth shut!

ANDRE
I'm not a snitch---

JARED
No. You're a fucking moron.

Andre RATTLES off in Russian.

JARED (CONTINUED)
I'm sure whoever you paid to do
this. They've been dealt with.

ANDRE
... Of course.

JARED
Take the bag. You walk your way.
I'll walk mine.

ANDRE
... That's not enough.

JARED
(CONFUSED)
What?

ANDRE
Your father. I worked for him.
Brought in more money than anyone
else... I should be in charge.

JARED
Really. After all this?

ANDRE
I just did what you told me to.

JARED
(CONFUSED)
I didn't tell you to do this.

ANDRE
Yes - you - did.

JARED
(ANGRY)
... You motherfu---

ANDRE
I want what's mine.

JARED
There's dreaming big. Then
there's this... Getting high on
your own supply Andre.

ANDRE
You really want me telling your
sister what you've been up to.
All the side deals we've taken
advantage of.

Jared begins to LAUGH.

JARED
Whatever we did. It never hurt
anyone.

ANDRE
But you didn't get Ava's O-K. Did
you?

Jared SMIRKS.

JARED
Take the money. Go fuck
yourself... Then make sure you
stay the fuck away from me.

A gun being cocked is heard in the background.

Now at the entry door.

Viktor, in a dress shirt, dress pants, and dress shoes, is
standing in the background with a standard GEN 4 GLOCK 17
in hand.

Now at a surprised and confused Jared and Andre.

JARED (CONTINUED)
 (CONFUSED)
 What the fuck?

VIKTOR
 I find out that Andre and two of his men are at the boatyard... At the boatyard in the middle of the night. That usually means a problem that needed to be dealt with.

ANDRE
 I told you I'd handle this.

VIKTOR
 And I told you I wanted a face to face with whoever else was involved.

JARED
 Involved?

VIKTOR
 You. Trying to force some hostile takeover... You may have put us in a war with Tate. Maybe with everyone else.
 (IN RUSSIAN)
 You stupid fucking---

ANDRE
 (LOUD)
 Fuck you.

Viktor RAISES his gun, then POINTS it at Jared.

JARED
 You know who I am?

VIKTOR
 I do.

ANDRE
 Viktor. You don't need to---

VIKTOR
 You order a hit without clearance Andre. I need a face to face with Ava. I need to make sure you haven't fucked us all.

ANDRE
 ... And the gun?

VIKTOR
Tate's coming with me.

Viktor WALKS toward Jared.

As Viktor REACHES Jared, Jared uses a hand to PUSH the gun to the side, then PUCHES him the face.

He FALLS to the ground.

Andre GRABS Jared from behind.

Jared reverse HEAD-BUTS Andre, which allows him to get free.

ANDRE
(SCREAMING/ IN RUSSIAN)
Motherfucker.

Jared PUSHES him backward.

Andre, falling backward, REACHES for a standard GEN 4 GLOCK 17, tucked in his waistband.

Jared PULLS the gun away from Andre, then PUNCHES him in the face.

He FALLS to the ground.

Viktor FIRES two shots from the background from an unseen position.

The SHOTS hit he wall near Jared.

Jared THROWS himself to the ground, COCKS the pistol, then FIRES a shot.

Viktor is HIT in the chest.

He FALLS backward, then LANDS on his back.

His gun is THROWN from his hand, then LANDS on the ground.

Jared MOVES behind Viktor.

Now at Andre on the ground.

Enraged, he GLARES at Jared.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
(LOUD/ ANGRY)
You shot Viktor. You shot my brother.

Jared POINTS the gun toward Andre.

JARED
No. You shot him.

A severely injured Viktor, MOANS in pain.

JARED (CONTINUED)
Your gun. Your mess. Your
fucking problem.

Andre RATTLES of in Russian in a screaming tone.

JARED (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
Your phone.

ANDRE
(LOUD/ ANGRY)
Fuck you.

Jared FIRES a shot.

The shot HITS the wall near Andre's head.

JARED
Your phone.

Andre REACHES inside an inner suit jacket pocket, GRABS his
smartphone, then THROWS it toward Jared which he CATCHES.

JARED (CONTINUED)
Be careful what you wish for.

AUTO GARAGE - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In an empty hallway.

A gunshot is HEARD coming from the room.

AUTO GARAGE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

Jared WALKS away (IN SLOW MOTION).

JARED (V.O./ CONTINUED)
You just might get it.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig, in a leather racer jacket, sweater, jeans, and
boots, stands near the railing, with a large manila
envelope in hand.

Now at Alexa, in a wool coat, sweater, jeans, and dress
boots, a distance away.

She WALKS toward Craig, then STOPS when she gets near him.

Craig HANDS the envelope to her, while LOOKING out at the river in front of him.

ALEXA

Is this finished? Is this over?

Craig WALKS off without saying anything.

Now at Alexa.

She WATCHES as he WALKS away.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - CREMATORIUM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

At an active body furnace, with the flames in view.

Now at Viktor's body, on a metal table, covered in plastic.

Victor, now without a suit jacket, covered in blood, is standing near Viktor, visibly angry.

INT. CONDO BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

In a modern looking lobby.

Jared, in a modern looking trench coat, dress shirt, dress pants, and dress shoes, WALKS toward the security desk.

A large suit and tie dressed male, is sitting behind the desk.

MALE SECURITY

Mr. Tate.

The security staff HANDS him a manila envelope.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A late model to brand new sports car parked in a secluded spot.

Now at the driver's seat.

Jared, appearing angry, LOOKS forward.

Now at the rear passenger seat.

Black and white pictures of Jared outside of the parking garage, and Andre carrying out Viktor's body in his arms, and a prepaid cellphone are placed on the seat.

The smartphone RINGS.

EXT. VERY SECLUDED WOODED AREA - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

In a very secluded area.

Craig in a suit, dress shirt and tie, and dress boots, is standing in front of a late model to brand new DODGE CHALLENGER

After hearing the sound of an approaching vehicle, Craig DRAWS a HECKLER & KOCK P30L pistol from a rear waist holster, COCKS the weapon, then POINTS it foward.

The sports car that Jared was driving is MOVING toward Craig.

EXT. SPORTS CAR - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Now at the driver's seat.

Jared LOOKS forward.

Now at the front passenger seat. A standard GLOCK 22 pistol, and five fully loaded magazines have been placed on the seat.

EXT. VERY SECLUDED WOODED AREA - AFTERNOON - LATER (FLASHBACK)

The car's are parked with their front ends facing each other.

Now at Craig and Jared, standing in front of their cars.

The standard GLOCK 22 pistol, ejected chamber shell, and loaded magazinez are placed on the hood of Craig's car.

Craig has his pistol held lowered.

Jared SMIRKS.

JARED
Andre Koskov.

CRAIG
(CONFUSED)
... What?

JARED
He tried to kill you.

CRAIG
And I'm supposed to beleive that?

JARED
I don't really give a fuck what
you believe.

CRAIG
At the garage. The guy who walked
in. Then didn't walk out.

Jared SMILES.

Craig CLUTCHES his gun tighter.

CRAIG (CONTINUED)
You killed him.

JARED
I shot him a bunch of times...
Pretty sure I killed him.

Craig CLUTCHES his gun even tighter.

Jared RAISES his hands in a come and handcuff me motion.

JARED (CONTINUED)
Alright. Take me in... Then you
can explain why you witnessed a
felony in progress, and didn't do
shit about it.

CRAIG
You really think you can't be
touched. By any of this.

Jared TURNS around, then MOVES toward the driver's side
door.

The sound of a gun being cocked is heard in the background.

Now at Craig.

He has his gun held forward, pointed toward Jared.

Now at Jared, with his back to Craig.

JARED
I didn't order the hit. I told
you who did.

Craig MOVES toward Jared.

He reaches him, then PUTS the gun to the back of Jared's
head.

Jared SMILES.

JARED (CONTINUED)

Well. This just got interesting.

Craig FORCES the gun closer to his head.

JARED (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)

Go back to your life. Pretend this never happened. Pretend that you're on the right side of all this.

CRAIG

Or I can just put you down. Right here. Right now.

JARED

Do something. Walk away.

Craig FORCES the gun even closer to his head.

JARED (CONTINUED)

Your move.

VERY SECLUDED WOODED AREA - AFTERNOON - LATER (FLASHBACK)

The sports car that Jared drove to the location, SPEEDS down a secluded road.

VERY SECLUDED WOODED AREA - AFTERNOON - LATER (FLASHBACK)

Craig, still standing, with his gun held lowered, WATCHES as the sports car speeds off.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A room filled with wood and leather furnishing.

Now at a table with empty beer bottles, and an open bottle of vodka.

Now at the couch.

Andre, in a dress shirt, dress pants, and dress shoes, is sitting silently on the couch.

He STARES forward, lost in thought.

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A late model to brand new SUVs parked in front of a condo building.

Now at male security, suit and tie dressed, standing near the parked SUVs.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Across the street, and down the block from the condo building.

Now at a late model to brand new SUV.

EXT. SUV PARKED ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Andre, sitting in the drivers seat, WATCHES the activity in front of the condo building.

Now at the rear seat. A HECKLER & KOCH G36 rifle, along with numerous fully loaded magazines have been placed on the seat.

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Andre, with his G36 in hand, SPRINTS toward the condo building (IN SLOW MOTION/ NO VOCAL SOUND IS HEARD)

He is HIT by gunfire coming from unseen shooters (IN SLOW MOTION/ NO VOCAL SOUND IS HEARD).

CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

Andre, flat on his back, is dead. Blood FLOWS from his dead body (NO VOCAL SOUND IS HEARD).

EXT. SUV PARKED ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Andre, still in the driver's seat, continues to WATCH the condo building.

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In a room filled with glass and leather furniture.

A large flat screen DISPLAYS a football game, with the sound muted.

Now at the couch. Craig, in a t-shirt, jeans, and boots, is on his back on the couch.

He LOOKS at the ceiling above.

A telephone RINGS in the background.

LOFT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

A cordless telephone on a table RINGS.

Craig, now near the table, ANSWERS the call, but remains silent.

ANDRE (O.S.)
Detective Gilroy.

CRAIG
(CONFUSED)
Who is this?

EXT. SUV ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A late model to brand new SUV parked.

Now at the driver's seat.

Andre has a smartphone held to his ear.

ANDRE
Andre Koskov.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM

CRAIG
(CONFUSED/ ANGRY)
Who'd you get this number?

Andre SMIRKS.

ANDRE
The same way I found out where you
live. I used my imagination.

Craig MOVES toward a window, then PEERS through a half open vertical window blind.

EXT. SUV ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The SUV headlights blink OFF then ON again.

LOFT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

Craig, now with, the cordless phone in one hand, and a standard HECKLER and KOCH P30L pistol in the other, MOVES toward the window.

He REACHES the window, ACTIVATES the speakerphone option of the cordless phone, then places the phone on the window sill.

He PEERS out of the window through the vertical blinds.

CRAIG

Someone came after me. My partner. You here to try to finish the job.

ANDRE

Finish it. I guess someone's been talking to Jared.

CRAIG

Who?

ANDRE

Oh. We're playing that game now.

CRAIG

Don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

ANDRE

After I hang up. This call disappears into a blackhole... Like it never existed.

CRAIG

Well aren't you special. Am I supposed to be impressed.

ANDRE

Just letting you know we can speak freely.

CRAIG

Alright.

Craig COCKS his pistol.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

How'd that sound?

ANDRE

Tate's playing you. He's trying to get you to focus on someone else. Come after me... That sound like something he'd do.

CRAIG

No idea---

ANDRE

Who you're talking about. I get it.

He then PEERS through the vertical blinds.

Andre is heard via the speaker.

ANDRE (O.S./ CONTINUED)

I don't know you. Never met you. Why would I try to kill you.

CRAIG

You're a criminal piece of shit who thinks he's something special because he's in ARMANI.

ANDRE (O.S.)

BURBERRY actually. But I guess you wouldn't know the fucking difference.

Craig remains silent.

EXT. SUV ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Now at Andre in the driver's seat.

ANDRE (CONTINUED)

Jared Tate tried to kill you... The question is. What're you going to do about it?

INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM

CRAIG

I'm a cop.

ANDRE

And he's a criminal with a reason to put you in the fucking ground. Maybe he'll try again... I can tell you where and when you might be able to get to him.

CRAIG
I'm done talking---

ANDRE
Then just listen. There's no harm
in that... Besides. This call.
It never happened.

INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

At a meticulously made bed.

A black pilot case bag is open, which REVEALS Andre's
cellphone, the gun Jared used to shoot Viktor, and a cased
tablet computer.

Now at the other side of the room.

Jared, in a dress shirt, dress pants and dress boots, is
standing with a picture that is on fire in hand.

Now at the flaming picture, which is the photo that Craig
sent him earlier.

Jared THROWS the picture into a metal waste basket near
him, then WALKS away.

Now at the picture.

It BURNS away in the trash can.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Craig, in a button down shirt, t-shirt, jeans and boots, is
asleep in a chair.

HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - AFTERNOON - LATER
(FLASHBACK)

Now at the bed in the center of the room, with Wade, still
unconscious.

The sound of medical equipment at work PROVIDES the digital
soundtrack.

HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - AFTERNOON - LATER
(FLASHBACK)

Now back at Craig, still seated.

He WATCHES over Wade.

MALE PHYSICIAN (O.S.)
Detective.

Now at the open entry door.

A male physician in head to toe medical scrubs is standing in the doorway with a standard GLOCK 22 in hand.

He RAISES his GUN, then SHOOTS Craig in the head, which KILLS him.

NOW at the physician.

His face mask is lowered, which REVEALS that he's Jared.

He WALKS over to Wade's hospital bed.

Now at Craig.

Blood FLOWS from his head wound.

The SOUND of two gunshots are heard in the background.

HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - AFTERNOON - LATER
(FLASHBACK)

Craig WAKES up from his nightmare.

Breathing heavily, he LOOKS around the room.

Now at Wade, still alive, and still unconscious.

EXT. CAR ON STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A DODGE CHALLENGER parked on the street.

Now at the driver's seat.

Craig, sitting in the driver's seat, now with an added collarless motorcycle jacket, LOOKS forward at the road ahead.

A BEEP from a just arrived text message gets Craig's attention.

He PULLS his cellphone from an inner jacket pocket, then LOOKS at the call screen.

EXT. BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

On the roof of a building.

Craig, standing in the center, LOOKS forward.

Now at the roof's edge.

Martin, in a suit, dress shirt, tie, and dress shoes, LOOKS out at the skyline in front of him.

MARTIN (O.S.)
Alexa called me.

Martin TURNS around to face Craig.

MARTIN (CONTINUED)
You proud of yourself?

CRAIG
Judgment. Coming from you... She take her wedding ring off when you fuck her.

MARTIN
You really need to think about what you've done... All of it.

CRAIG
I'm going after whoever came after me. Whoever put Wade in ICU.

MARTIN
By blackmailing her.

CRAIG
Whatever it takes.

MARTIN
To protect and serve... You remember that?

Craig MOVES closer to Martin.

CRAIG
You're fucking Alexa. Maybe you fucked us.

MARTIN
(LOUD)
Are you out of your fucking mind?

CRAIG
... Maybe you're the cause of all this.

MARTIN
Are you listening to yourself?

CRAIG
Maybe you're the problem.

MARTIN
... You're done... With Major
Cases. Being a cop---

CRAIG
Says you?

MARTIN
Captain beats Sergeant... You
have until 10AM to turn in your
badge, or I come looking for you.

Martin MOVES away from his stationary spot, then begins his
EXIT from the roof.

The sound of a gun being cocked is HEARD in the background.

Martin nervously STOPS his exit.

Now at Craig.

He has a standard HECKLER & KOCH P30L pistol in hand,
lowered toward the ground.

Martin slowly RAISES his hands, then slowly TURNS around.

Craig RAISES the gun toward Martin.

MARTIN (CONTINUED)
Put the gun down.

CRAIG
You could've showed some fucking
loyalty---

MARTIN
(LOUD)
Put the fucking gun down.

CRAIG
... You've been a cop for what.
Twenty five years?

MARTIN
Something like that.

CRAIG
Walk away. Full pension... Plus
the benefit of not having Alexa's
husband fuck you over.

MARTIN
... So now you're threatening me?

CRAIG
I'm saving you.

MARTIN
I have friends. People who can
protect me.

CRAIG
... You really want to take that
chance.

INT. BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Craig RIDES the elevator alone.

The RING of his cellphone gets his attention.

INT. LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

At a meticulously made bed.

Craig's badge and his standard HECKLER & KOCH P30L pistol
have been placed on the bed.

MALE PHYSICIAN (V.O.)
Detective. There's no easy way to
say this---

CRAIG (V.O.)
So just say it.

MALE PHYSICIAN (V.O.)
It looks like the bullets may have
done more damage than we thought.
We're trying to stabilize him
without having to open him up
again.

CRAIG (V.O.)
If that doesn't work?

MALE PHYSICIAN (V.O.)
Then another surgical procedure
will be our only option.

CRAIG (V.O.)
When will you know?

MALE PHYSICIAN (V.O.)
Within the next couple of days.

CRAIG (V.O.)
 ... Can he survive another
 surgery?

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In a white on white space.

The black motorcycle that was used is in the center of
 empty garage, with a black helmet on the seat.

Now at the ground near the motorcycle.

Fake license plates have been placed on the ground near the
 bike, along with five fully loaded GLOCK 22 magazines

Now at Jared, standing at the other end of the garage in
 the outfit he was in when he killed Jared. In all black:
 gloves, café racer leather jacket, hoodie, t-shirt, jeans,
 and boots.

MALE PHYSICIAN (V.O.)
 I don't know.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A flashback of Jared being killed.

Jared now on his back, LOOKS up confused and in pain.

CRAIG
 Do something. Walk away.

Jared, hearing this, realizes that it's Craig.

He begins a painful LAUGH.

JARED
 (IN PAIN)
 You finally grew a pair... I'm
 done... Might as well take Andre
 with me.

Jared REACHES into his pants pocket.

JARED (CONTINUED)
 (IN PAIN)
 Address for a house in the middle
 of nowhere... Check the cabinet
 in the garage... Security code's
 in the wallet.

He gathers his last bit of strength.

JARED (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
(IN PAIN)
You waiting on an engraved
invitation... Fucking do it
already.

IINT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASBACK)

At the living room table.

The open money bag, and his motorcycle helmet have been
placed on top.

Now at a tablet computer on the other end of the table with
USB sticks placed near it.

Now at Craig, sitting on the couch with a USB stick in
hand.

He STARES at the USB stick.

CRAIG
(CONFUSED)
They're blank.

He TOSSES the USB stick on the table in front of him.

CRAIG (CONTINUED)
(CONFUSED)
They're blank.

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER (FLASBACK)

At an open floor safe.

The money bag, now closed, has been placed inside.

Now at Craig, standing over the open floor safe.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

In a standard looking medical waiting area.

Craig, in a sweater, jeans, and boots, sits silently.

A male physician in medical scrubs ENTERS.

Craig RISES from his seat to SPEAK to him.

CRAIG
How is he?

MALE PHYSICIAN
Stable for now. We were able to
repair most of the damage.

CRAIG
... How's it look?

MALE PHYSICIAN
He's still fighting. Let's hope
he has enough left to pull
through.

CRAIG
Thank you.

The physician MOVES away from Craig. Then WALKS off.

OWEN (O.S.)
Detective.

Now at the other end of the waiting room.

Owen, in a suit, dress shirt, tie, and dress shoes, is
standing at the other end of the waiting room.

INT. BUILDING - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

In a modern looking room.

A table is placed in the center, with Craig, and Owen
sitting across from each other.

OWEN
Jared Tate. Gunned down on a
public street.

CRAIG
What'd you know?

OWEN
Male shooter on a motorcycle...
You ride?

CRAIG
What?

OWEN
... Do you own a motorcycle?

CRAIG
I do.

OWEN
Ride much lately?

CRAIG
... No.

OWEN
Besides your service pistol. You
have another registered weapon.

CRAIG
... I do.

OWEN
P30.

CRAIG
P30L.

OWEN
Caliber.

CRAIG
Nine mil... Is that what Tate was
killed with?

OWEN
No.

CRAIG
Any leads on the shooter?

OWEN
We're looking into it.

CRAIG
Doesn't seem like you have much to
work with?

OWEN
Maybe. Maybe not.

CRAIG
(CONFUSED)
What?

OWEN
I know something about the
shooter. I know he's good.

CRAIG
How do you know that?

OWEN
Tate was killed with precise
shots.

CRAIG
Maybe he got lucky.

OWEN
Not in this case.

CRAIG
Tate had enemies. Enemies who I'm
pretty sure are able to hire
someone professional.

OWEN
Maybe. But if it was traced back
to the source. It could start a
war.

CRAIG
If it was someone connected to
him. His sister. Maybe.

OWEN
You were in the military?

CRAIG
Army.

OWEN
You were a Ranger.

CRAIG
... Yeah.

OWEN
You must be a pretty good shot.

Craig SMIRKS.

CRAIG
You know I was a Ranger. You know
I can shoot. You know I have a
reason to want Tate dead.

OWEN
That's right.

CRAIG
What you don't have is anything
connecting me to what happened.

OWEN
... Did you kill Jared Tate?

CRAIG

... Yes.

Owen, left stunned by the statement, remains silent.

CRAIG (CONTINUED)

I killed him... And Lincoln. And
Tupac. And Biggie.

OWEN

That's enough.

CRAIG

... Unless you have a warrant.

Craig RISES from his chair, then MOVES toward the door.

OWEN (O.S.)

(LOUD)

Detective Gilroy.

Now back at Owen.

OWEN

Your Captain.

CRAIG

Yeah. What about him?

OWEN

He just suddenly put in his
paperwork for retirement. You
know why?

CRAIG

Ask him.

OWEN

I'm asking you?

Craig TURNS around to RESPOND.

CRAIG

Everyone has a boss... You're not
mine.

INT. BANK - HALLWAY - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

In a standard looking bank building.

Evan, in suit, dress shirt without a tie, and dress shoes,
is walking down a hallway.

BANK - HALLWAY NEAR BANK VAULT DOOR - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

At an open bank vault door.

A female bank manager, 40s, in a pants business suit, button down shirt, and heels, standing near the vault door.

Now at Evan.

He WALKS toward her, then STOPS when he arrives at her location.

FEMALE BANK MANAGER
Mr. Wright.

BANK - SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX VAULT - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

At a metal table in the center of the room.

A large metal box has been placed in the center.

Now at Evan, standing near the table, with the bank manager standing at the other side of the table.

FEMALE BANK MANAGER
I'll give you some privacy.

The bank manger EXITS.

Now at the metal box on the table.

INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

At a large picture of Jared in a frame on the wall.

Now at Ava, in a robe, standing, with tears streaming down her cheeks.

She LOOKS at the picture.

The RING of a telephone, get her attention, and she TURNS around.

Now at a landline telephone on a table.

The telephone RINGS.

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

The room in almost complete darkness.

The SOUND of a door being opened is HEARD in the background.

The room is illuminated by turned on lights.

Now at Craig, in a café racer jacket, sweater, jeans and boots.

He ENTERS the living room area, then comes to a sudden STOP.

Now at the floor safe, which is open.

The money bag has been opened, which REVEALS the stacked money inside.

The BUZZ of a just arrived text message, TAKES his attention away from the open floor safe.

He REACHES for the cellphone in an inner jacket pocket, PULLS out his cellphone, then LOOKS at the call screen.

Now back at the money bag in the open floor safe.

INT. HOTEL = HOTEL FLOOR - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

In an empty hallway.

Craig WALKS toward a room at the end of the hall, with a key card in one hand, and a HECKLER & KOCH standard P30L pistol in the other hand, held lowered, close to his body.

HOTEL - HOTEL room - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

At a professionally made bed.

Now at Craig, standing in front of the bed, with his gun lowered.

EVAN (O.S.)
Detective.

Craig TURNS around, with his gun pointed forward

Now in the background of the hotel room.

Evan, in a suit, dress shirt without a tie, and dress shoes, is standing.

CRAIG
(CONFUSED)
Who are you?

He remains silent.

CRAIG (CONTINUED)

(LOUD)

I 'll put a bullet in your fucking head.

EVAN

Surveillance cameras. Security. Go ahead. See how that works out for you.

Craig remains silent.

EVAN (CONTINUED)

When they say organized crime. It actually refers to the fact we're not a bunch of fucking morons running around shooting up street corners.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

In a dimly lit bar.

Males, thuggishly dressed in leather, wool and denim, are on their knees, with their hands behind their heads.

Now at the rear of the room.

Gas cans have been placed on the floor.

EVAN (V.O./ CONTINUED)

How do you think Major Cases was able to get plugged into what we were doing?

INT. HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

EVAN (CONTINUED)

Because we let you.

Craig remains silent.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - VIEWING ROOM (FLASHBACK)

In a viewing room.

Now at a closed casket in the front of the room.

EVAN (O.S./ CONTINUED)

Adrian Tate died, leaving Ava in charge...

(MORE)

EVAN (O.S./ CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
You're always the most vulnerable
when you give someone new the keys
to the castle... The best way to
figure out your strengths and
weaknesses. Give an outside
source a way into your world.

Now at Ava and Jared, in all funeral black, sitting
silently.

EVAN (O.S./ CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
Then see how far they go.

INT. HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

EVAN (CONTINUED)
Then we went in. And like magic.
Took everything away.

CRAIG
... You used us.

EVAN
We gave Special Prosecution
information on our operation.
Just enough to seem real. Then
watched and waited... You helped
us figure out that the Russians.
Even though they provide a steady
revenue stream. Might be a
problem.

CRAIG
... Why?

EVAN
Andre was becoming reckless.
Making moves to increase profits
that increased his exposure... He
probably wanted to show everyone
that Adrian made a mistake.

CRAIG
That doesn't explain why he'd come
after us.

INT. STRIP CLUB BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A flashback of Jared and Andre talking in the bathroom
(THEIR VOCALS ARE NOT HEARD).

EVAN (V.O.)
 Andre thought he could go after
 you. Make Jared look guilty.
 Force Jared to help him.

CRAIG (V.O.)
 Why should I believe you?

INT. HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

EVAN
 Two reasons. One. It's the
 truth.

CRAIG
 And two?

EVAN
 ... You taking me at my word.
 It's the only way you get to keep
 breathing.

INT. BANK - SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX VAULT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

At the table in the center of the room.

The pilot case bag that Jared had is placed in the center.

EVAN (V.O./ CONTINUED)
 What if I told you that Jared left
 proof of everything. Chapter and
 verse.

CRAIG (V.O.)
 You're lying.

EVAN (V.O.)
 Even though he was flat on his
 back with a gun pointed at him.
 He was able to lead you into a
 trap.

INT. HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

EVAN (CONTINUED)
 There was a tracker sewed into the
 lining of the bag... That's how I
 found it. That's how I know you
 killed him.

Accepting what he's just heard as fact, a dejected looking
 Craig, LOWERS his weapon.

EVAN (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
You fucked with the wrong
people... That being said. I'm
going to save your life.

Craig remains in confused silence.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

The thuggishly dressed males on their knees are GUNNED down
by automatic gunfire, by an unseen shooter.

BAR - NIGHT - LATER (PRESENT DAY)

The dead males BLEED out on the ground.

EVAN (V.O./ CONTINUED)
If Ava found out what you did.

BAR - NIGHT - LATER (PRESENT DAY)

The males are DOUSED with gasoline by an unknown source.

EVAN (V.O./ CONTINUED)
What she'd do to you.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Now directly outside of the bar in flames.

EVAN (V.O./ CONTINUED)
It would make SAW look like a
DISNEY movie.

INT. HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

EVAN (CONTINUED)
You dead. That puts a target on
us. That could destroy everything
we've built... Me saving you.
That's just you winning the
lottery without even buying a
ticket.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

The bar in flames.

EVAN (V.O./ CONTINUED)
Andre Koskov killed Jared Tate.
That's the truth I'm allowing Ava
to believe.

CRAIG (V.O.)
And Andre. What about him?

EVAN (V.O.)
We let his bosses in Russia know
that he hasn't been playing nice.
That. Along with his brother
nowhere to be found--- Let's just
say they're not going to have a
problem with a change in
management.

INT. HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

In a modernly furnished room, near dark room, but
illuminated by light from a hallway.

Now at Andre, in a pair of black boxer briefs, on his back.

He PUTS hand pressure on a wound on his side.

He is SHOT in both legs by an unseen shooter.

Andre SCREAMS in pain.

Now at Ava in all black: sweater, jeans, and boots, at the
far end of the room, with a standard GEN 4 GLOCK 17 in
hand, lowered to the ground.

She WALKS over to Andre, LOWERS herself to the ground, then
STRADDLES him.

Andre, bleeding out, and near death, attempts to RISE up,
but AVA uses her weight to keep an already weakened Andre
on the ground.

Ava SAFTIES the gun, then PUTS the gun on the ground.

Now behind her.

She PULLS off her sweater, then UNSTRAPS her bra.

She THROWS the clothing to the side.

Now at Andre.

He LOOKS at her, in complete confusion as to what's
happening.

Now at AVA.

She's topless, but her hair covers her nipples.

AVA

This is what you wanted... What's
the matter? You don't want me?

She REACHES behind herself, PULLS out the pair of butterfly knives that Evan gave her, then HOLDS them lowered in each hand.

Ava PROCEEDS to viciously SLASH ANDRE with her knives. She CUTS him again, and again, and again. Andre's hands REACH up to try and STOP her, but she's too powerful to be stopped (IN SLOW MOTION/ WITH NO VOCAL SOUND).

HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER (PRESENT DAY)

Ava, covered in blood, REACHES for her gun, Then POINTS it at Andre.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER (PRESENT DAY)

In a lit hallway with the darkened bedroom in the background.

Gunshots RING out from the bedroom.

INT. HOTEL- HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Craig, now sitting on the bed with his gun lowered, LOOKS forward toward Evan.

He appears as if the realization of everything that's happened. Everything he's done. Has finally hit him.

Now at Evan.

EVAN

This is done. Finished. Andre.
and anyone loyal to him are
gone... This is where this ends.

CRAIG

... And I'm supposed to trust
you.

Evan SMILES.

EVAN
Do I look like someone who'd lie
to you.

Craig remains silent.

HOTEL - HOTEL FLOOR - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Evan WALKS down the hall (IN SLOW MOTION).

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A female nurse, in medical scrubs, standing over Wade.

Now at Wade's face.

A monitor begins to BEEP louder, and louder, and louder,
and louder.

Wade OPENS his eyes.

INT. HOTEL- HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Craig, still sitting on the bed, remains motionless.

FADE OUT: