

CRIME NEVER PAYS

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1.

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - MODERN TIMES - DAY

As we capture VARIOUS SHOTS of the City of Angels along with other relatable locations in broad daylight, a MAN'S VOICE begins to narrate.

BILLY (V.O.)

In this world, there's 3 different kinds of people: those that work for the law; those that follow what the law tells them; and those that don't follow the law, like, at all.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH-RISE BUILDING/OFFICE ROOM - DAY

An impeccably-dressed MAN (his back to us) distinguishably looks out at a large glass window, watching the city go through its day.

BILLY (V.O.)

Cuz here, in this city, those that don't follow: they just wanna take the world by storm like it was one humongous bitch. It's a tough world out there, I'll tell ya that.

SFX: A DEAFENING GUNSHOT!

EXT. STREETS IN DOWNTOWN/PRIVATE ALLEYWAY - DAY

In a private alleyway somewhere in downtown L.A.... a male HOODLUM (30s), dressed in leather with black jeans, is in WALK-OF-SHAME MODE as he limps due to the fact that he's been SHOT IN THE CHEST by an unseen figure.

BILLY (V.O.)

There's a saying on what people want to achieve in this type of business. You don't take anything for granted, you get to dress nice, become your own man, get paid well, get to do what you wanna do if necessary, and you enjoy every second of wealth you got on you.

The Hoodlum falls to the ground losing more blood, difficulty breathing.

BILLY (V.O.)

I'm talking, of course, about living the life of crime. Being a gangster if you wanna call it that way, sure.

A MAN in the corner -- the SHOOTER himself -- approaches the Hoodlum in background (we don't see the Shooter's face right away).

BILLY (V.O.)

It's never easy at first living such a life like that. Sure, it's a dangerous job. But the money... How can you go wrong with that?

The CAMERA TILTS UP to REVEAL who the shooter is... BILLY ROOKES (20s), dark-haired, dressed in a jacket with black jeans, sunglasses, not the tallest person, bit of the hothead if anyone whose anyone messes with, irritates him. He's the ANTI-PROTAGONIST to the story here.

Billy stares down menacingly at the Hoodlum as he prepares to finish him off, REVOLVER in his right hand.

BILLY (V.O.)

It's the kind of job that can make you rich beyond measure. At least that's how it's played out here in Los Angeles, especially during this new era.

Billy points his revolver at the Hoodlum. Doesn't flinch or hesitate.

BILLY (V.O.)

My name is Billy Rookes, and this is my message to you. Being a gangster... is the real deal around here. For me, it was like living in a paradise city, one you never turn your back on.

Before you know it

CUT TO BLACK.

SFX: SECOND GUNSHOT!

BILLY (V.O.)

Unless you by any chance get yourself fuckin' arrested, then you got yourself a problem with the law at hand.

A CARD FADES UP ON SCREEN:

The Present

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Inside a small dingy jail cell. Someone OFF-SCREEN is throwing a BOUNCY BALL at the wall, catches & throws it repeatedly.

REVEAL: Billy sits on a weathered mattress as he throws and catches the ball from where he sits, bored and with nothing else to do.

Soon, the CELL DOOR OPENS. A male PRISON GUARD (30s), slender and in uniform, enters the cell.

PRISON GUARD

Let's go, Billy. You're wanted for questioning.

Billy catches ball with last throw. He gets off the mattress. Billy lets the Guard handcuff him. He's now being escorted out of cell with the Guard by his side. Guard is a little aggressive with Billy. Billy hates what he got himself into. They walk down the prison halls side-by-side.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Billy, still handcuffed and holding a flask, as he sits at the silver table facing someone.

MAN AGENT (O.S.)

(serious; professional)

Mind telling me who you're working for?
Anything you wanna tell me, Billy?
Anything at all?

Billy remains impassive, doesn't say a word.

MAN AGENT (O.S.)

Who's your boss? Who are your colleagues?
What's their location?

Billy still won't comment. A beat.

MAN AGENT (O.S.)

You know you're gonna have to start cooperating with me at some point.

Billy still not commenting, takes a sip from his flask.

REVERSE ANGLE: to reveal an F.B.I. (Federal Bureau of Investigation) Agent; AGENT JOHN BANAGAN (45), gray-haired, clean-cut suit on, weary-faced, small bruise on his forehead.

Banagan's sitting across from Billy getting no word out of him, trying on the good cop routine. There's a mini TAPE RECORDER laying on the table in between him and Billy, recording everything. Two set of FILES are on Banagan's right side. And, like what a lot of interrogation rooms have, a ONE-WAY MIRROR.

AGENT BANAGAN

What's bothering you right now?

Billy thinks a sec. Then finally:

BILLY

What's *bothering me* right now?

Billy thinks again. Feigns a grimace face. He's got nothing to say.

AGENT BANAGAN

You seem like you don't wanna tell me anything.

BILLY

(beat)

No shit.

Billy, perfunctory, takes another sip.

AGENT BANAGAN

(re: the flask)

You done with that now?

Billy closes the top lid of flask, and slides it back to Banagan. Banagan puts it away somewhere.

AGENT BANAGAN

Here's how it's gonna go for now on: you start cooperating and you won't have any trouble with me at all. If refuse to do so... then we got ourselves a problem. You understand?

BILLY

(glaring)

Oh yeah? Why the fuck should I? You know I don't think you've realized it yet, but I'm already locked up in jail.

AGENT BANAGAN

You think you're a real tough guy, don't ya?

Billy looks like he could leap over the table and give Banagan what for, but knows that it won't help solve the problem. He averts his eyes off the Agent.

BILLY

(beat)

How much longer is this interrogation gonna last? I gotta take a shit pretty soon.

AGENT BANAGAN

I would appreciate it if you could give me some small bit of details. Like: how did it all first started for you. What made you become the person you are now. Something like that.

Billy looks away, thinking this is bullshit. He's in no favor to cooperate with Banagan, thinks he can outsmart him by giving him nothing. Banagan deliberately gives himself a deflated SIGH.

AGENT BANAGAN

Then how's about we talk about your situation. Maybe see if there's any brightness to it. See how well it plays out. Or... maybe telling me why we're having this talk in this room right now.

Billy has got the guilt look of remorse in his expression. Beat.

BILLY (V.O.)

Something tells me why I even bothered being here in the first place. How the fuck did this happen?

(then)

Well, seeing that you're waiting to see the whole show get underway, thought maybe now would be good time to tell on how it all first started for me.

We HEAR MUSIC starting to play on the SOUNDTRACK.

BILLY (V.O.)

Just so I'm not interrupting based on whatever shit it is you're doing right now, I'll be sure to make this long and simple.

CUT TO BLACK.

BILLY (V.O.)

You know what they say about it in this business? Crime... it never pays.

TITLE CARD FADES UP:

The Past

INT. UNKNOWN SPACE

CLOSE ON: TWO BROWN EYES, looking out into space.

The CAMERA starts to PULL OUT MORE and we find that we're in...

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - UPSTAIRS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

...Billy's bedroom. We're back a few years earlier. Billy looks much younger than how we first met him (20 right at this point). He's in a plain shirt and sweatpants, sitting on his bed, staring at his RADIO as we hear the same MUSIC playing from it.

BILLY (V.O.)

This is me few years back. Back then I was an outcast from society. I still lived with my parents till I hit twenty-two.

Billy can see out his bedroom window his HOME NEIGHBORHOOD: Kids & teens playing around on bicycles, walking and chatting.

BILLY (V.O.)
I wasn't always interested in joining
the other kids. I never trusted them.
My family though...

Just then we HEAR his MOTHER'S VOICE from downstairs:

BILLY'S MOTHER (O.S.)
Billy, dinner time!

BILLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They were harder to get.

Billy goes downstairs after his mother called for him.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOKES RESIDENCE/ KITCHEN - DAY

Billy descends the stairs, joins his mother, CAROL (late 40s) and father, TREVOR (early 50s) in the kitchen and sits down at their table. Billy's the only child in the family. The TV is on in the living room where a football game is playing adjacent from the kitchen. His Father's eyes are attached to the TV from table. His Mother prepping up tonight's dinner.

TREVOR
(at the TV)
You see this? They can't even pitch a
good throw anymore. I swear, that team is
starting to lose its edge.

BILLY (V.O.)
My father can grow to be needy and is
always more interested in watching his
games than work or family. To me, he was
some sort of a hypocrite. But my mother
on the other hand...

CAROL
(delivering meal to
the table)
Eat up, boys. Wouldn't want my cooking
to be wasted for nothing.

TREVOR
(not looking at her)
Yeah thanks, dear. Ohhh!

Billy flinches, embarrassed over his Father's cocky reaction after watching something that happened on the TV.

BILLY (V.O.)

Just wished he would stop watching that
fucking game from the kitchen for once.
He wasn't always like that.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF IMAGES:

Trevor walks with Carol down a sidewalk holding hands looking very
happy; Trevor at grocery store with a male friend browsing around;
Trevor as Best Buy store manager at work managing his employees.

BILLY (V.O.)

I remember him and my mom having a good
time together. They were really in love.
My father makes good friends. They always
knew to trust one another. And as for his
workplace, he was the one in charge and
running things. Always made himself feel
responsible for everything.

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

INT. ROOKES HOUSE/KITCHEN - SAME AS BEFORE

Trevor BANGS the table after having gone through a defeat with the game.

TREVOR

(at the TV)

What! C'mon, do better than that! What's
been going on with these guys, jeez...

Trevor then starts chowing down on his meal. Billy only looks at his
father, despises him.

BILLY (V.O.)

Though as much as I admire him for at
least keeping this family under one roof
I sometimes feel as if I don't know him
that well anymore. Like I get the scent
that he was becoming someone I'm not
familiar with.

TREVOR

(complimenting the meal)

Carol, this food's delicious. You really
know how to make a proper dinner.

CAROL

Well thank you, sweetie. Means a lot
coming from you.

TREVOR

You know it.

BILLY (V.O.)

Since he thinks that this family should become more like him, my father insisted I try out for college. And as far as I'm concerned about that...

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE/CORRIDORS - DAY

Billy surrounded in a CROWD OF UNDERGRADUATES at a community college carrying his books, lurching through to get to his class.

BILLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I wasn't a really big fan of it.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

A MALE PROFESSOR (late 30s and nerdy-looking) standing in front of the classroom, as he begins lecturing.

MALE PROFESSOR

(lecturing)

Now I'm sure you're all well aware on what we're gonna be focusing on throughout part of the semester.

Billy sits in the second first row of the classroom out of about 50 students, watching the Professor giving out a lecture.

MALE PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Our topic will be to go over on one of American history's greatest literature novels ever written and is still known today as a classic book, *The Great Gatsby*.

BILLY (V.O.)

Great Gatsby, my ass. Back in high school I knew just about everything I needed to know about some wealthy rich bastard who threw a lot of expensive parties for his guests, including that one Nick Carraway guy who became his friend. Man, high school... That brings back memories.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. BILLY'S HIGH SCHOOL/ CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

BILLY (15, slightly awkward appearance) sits at his desk reading '*The Great Gatsby*' by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Some of the other KIDS from their seats behind Billy are taunting over on his looks. Teen Billy irritated that they're making fun of him.

BILLY (V.O.)

Back then I was considered a 'weirdo'.
Right up to the point I realized that a lot
of the other kids were making fun of me for
the way I look. Or maybe it was because I
was reading a book and they thought I was
the fucking smarty pants over them.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S HIGH SCHOOL/CROWDED HALLS - DAY

Teen Billy, with backpack on him, as he trudges over to his locker.

BILLY (V.O.)

Sometimes I wondered why I was put on
this earth for. But I could take a wild
guess.

TEEN BOY (O.S.)

Hey, Billy, think fast!

Teen Billy suddenly gets HIT in the face BY A FOOTBALL. He covers his
bruise. Some of the TEEN BOYS pointing and throwing laughs at him.

BILLY (V.O.)

Boy I really wanted to fuck him over, as
well as those other guys. They just think
they're real funny, don't they.

Teen Billy runs toward the boy who threw the ball at him and begins
PUNCHING his face, overriding on top of him. All the kids form a CIRCLE
to watch the fight take its course, CHANTING AWAY.

INT. BILLY'S HIGH SCHOOL/DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Teen Billy sits in the Dean's Office punished, as the Dean talks with
his Mother on what he did.

BILLY (V.O.)

I told them what happened and that the
other guy did it on purpose. Got me
thinking on what my mother thought about
standing up for myself and taking a beat.
My father though: he was bit of a pushover
for when he heard on what I did.

INT. ROOKES RESIDENCE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor argues with Teen Billy who sits on couch while he stands.

TREVOR

Why the fuck'd you do it for?! You realize
how this makes me feel hearing this?!

As Trevor argues away...

BILLY (V.O.)

There were many things I wanted to do to him to get him to shut up already. He would sometimes lose his shit, and my mother's the one left to worry.

Trevor aggressively grabs onto Teen Billy by the sleeve and slaps him across the face. Carol reacts.

CAROL

Trevor, stop it!

TREVOR

You better make sure it'll never happen again, you little troublemaker. You hear me?!

Teen Billy takes another beating.

BILLY (V.O.)

Of course I didn't fight back. I was worried that if I hit him back he'd go through a heart attack, due to his age and how unfit he was.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Back with Billy in the same course and in same seat from before --

BILLY (V.O.)

He was the real reason I wanted to burst out of my system and beat someone up for it. It was like I was the fucking bad guy waiting to show the world what for. You can't imagine how it makes me feel.

Billy involuntarily starts SHAKING with vigor like he's gonna collapse.

Students and the Professor notice this, and the Professor comes out;

MALE PROFESSOR

(to Billy)

Excuse me, you feeling alright there, young man?

Billy immediately stops from shaking. Feels nauseated. Traumatized.

He feels everyone's EYES looking at him. Just made a scene. Beat.

BILLY

(softly; might vomit)

I'm okay. 'Kay if I use the restroom, if you wouldn't mind?

EXT. COLLEGE GROUNDS - DAY

Billy struts his way out from the grounds after completing class for today. He heads down the streets.

BILLY (V.O.)

Sometimes when I'm like that, I go take a load off just to ease it out of my system.

INT. FRANK'S CRIB/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Billy lounges on a recliner in his friend's, FRANK ROGERS (20s, black) home crib. Frank is just lighting a joint, as Billy kicks back and watches him light the joint up.

BILLY (V.O.)

My buddy right here -- Frank Roggers with two g's -- he's like the closest friend I got. We would normally talk and he would smoke joints every time I come here.

Frank takes a seat across from Billy, as Frank smokes his joint and they both kick back.

FRANK

...Was wondering when you'll be back.
Your parents still know you're here?

BILLY

Nah, man, they don't know fuckin' shit.

FRANK

Still taking those college courses I'm assuming.

BILLY

Well, you know how it is in this world:
great jobs come from getting your degree.

FRANK

Sometimes I'm not so sure why most people need to go to college for landing a good job that pays well.

BILLY

You know I've always wondered also...

FRANK

Maybe it's just to see if we got the brain smarts for the fuckin' techniques and whatnot.

BILLY

Fuck that.

FRANK

Exactly. Just assures that we need to get up on our feet, take in with the program, and show 'em what we're made of.

BILLY

I think there are a lot of well-paid jobs out there where we don't need degrees really.

FRANK

Any job that comes to mind, Billy?

BILLY

Investment?

Frank shoots Billy a look.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Okay, well then let's assume that one of us *does* get to that level where we need to find our life's calling.

FRANK

I already found mine. Had it for awhile now.

BILLY

It's not selling your joints to a lot of the junk-heads out there, is it?

FRANK

But I also got this next batch I've got cooked up. Suppose to be the most relaxed and intoxicated shit you've ever had.

Billy shoots Frank a look of reverence.

BILLY (V.O.)

It wasn't long till I realized that Frank here would soon be facing his own faith.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DIFFERENT DAY

3 PARAMEDICS come wheeling out a STRETCHER with FRANK'S BODY covered over a white sheet, and head to their ambulance parked at the curbside.

REVERSE ANGLE: Billy is spectating all this from across the street. A scent of loss in him.

BILLY (V.O.)

Poor guy. He was so young. 26. What are the odds on that?

INT. ROOKES RESIDENCE/KITCHEN - DINNERTIME

Billy sits at the table motionless, staring into space while both his parents devour on food from their plates.

BILLY (V.O.)
Everything around me feels forced. Like I'm trapped in a big bubble and I can't get out from under it. Telling me that I'm meant to be here for the rest of my godforsaken shitty life.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Billy lies sprawled on his bed reading through an old PLAYBOY MAGAZINE, looking at naked girls.

BILLY (V.O.)
But I know that someday things in my life will take a turn around a notch.

EXT. ROOKES RESIDENCE - MORNING

Billy storms out of the house with his college books, late for class.

BILLY (V.O.)
Just gotta keep on waiting for that big moment in your life to happen sooner.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Students are taking their math quizzes... while Billy mostly fixates his eyes on the FEMALE PROFESSOR (late 40s), attractive, owl-shaped glasses, elegant brown hair, nice rack. She reads "*To Kill a Mockingbird*" by Harper Lee from her desk.

BILLY (V.O.)
I sometimes got a thing for older women. This one over here -- the one reading 'To Kill a Mockingbird' -- she looked like something that came out of a perfume commercial. Boy you just wanna do things to her...

Suddenly we HEAR the ALARM CLOCK go off, and students automatically turn in their quizzes. Billy reluctantly follows suit.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE CAFETERIA - DAY

Billy sits alone at a table having a bowl of chicken salad with ranch dressing, chocolate pudding as his side-dish, can of Diet Coke. As he eats, Billy examines the crowd around him, feeling all judgmental.

BILLY (V.O.)

Seeing all these weird-looking yuppies reminded me of a time as far back as I can go where things were much cheaper and life was easier to live through.

(beat)

Time. What a dick.

Billy feeling full already. Purposely tips his food over and leaves the cafeteria without throwing his entire food away.

INT. COLLEGE CORRIDORS - DAY

Billy mindlessly strides through the corridors. There are minimum amount of others walking around him as well.

EXT. COLLEGE GROUNDS - DAY

Billy exits the college grounds.

BILLY (V.O.)

But it was later today that things for me could be going at another direction.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Billy begins walking into a liquor store.

INT. LIQUOR STORE/ CANDY AISLE - DAY

Billy browses through the candies, deciding which one to purchase.

BILLY (V.O.)

Just you wait though.

Pretty soon we see 3 MALE HOODS (20-somethings, in leather jackets, hipsters) enter liquor store going toward the register. One of the Hoods asks the Clerk a question. Billy looks at them for an answer.

BILLY (V.O.)

It may seem like it's not approaching fast enough, but...

Just then... MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS coming from outside targeted at the Hoods. The Clerk and the Hoods duck in cover. The Hoods FIRE THEIR GUNS at whatever's shooting them from outside. Billy gets to the floor on his belly, ducking in cover, trapped in an excessively dangerous act.

BILLY (V.O.)

You would be wrong by default on that.

The Hoods try finding better cover. They move in close enough behind Billy, as they intermittently unleash firing bullets for outside.

One of the HOODS notices Billy and they shoot each other a bulging look.

BILLY (V.O.)

I noticed right then I had a decision to make. And I prayed in my mind that I made the right choice.

Billy goes toward the Hoods while in cover.

BILLY

Hey. I can get you outta here. Just follow me to the back entrance.

Billy helps lead the Hoods find a way out through the back entrance -- Billy quickly snatches his candy choice and they all exit.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Billy and the Hoods come bustling out from the BACKDOOR. They sprint away from the disaster at a different direction.

BILLY (V.O.)

After saving their asses I knew that they thanked me for my encouragement and for doing them a big favor. Like they owe me one for it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE ALLEYWAY - LATER - DAY

Billy speaks privately with one of the Hoods (ALBERT HOOVER), a handsome young fella at 28. He's the head Captain to the group that Billy help saved from the shootout earlier. They're just about a distance away from the other 2 Hoods.

ALBERT

We appreciated you helping us out back there.

BILLY

It's alright. Just happy to help out.

ALBERT

You know it wouldn't be the first that someone like you had the balls to do what he just did.

BILLY

Well I figured...

ALBERT

What's your name, if you don't mind me asking?

BILLY

Billy. Billy Rookes.

ALBERT

Well, I'm Albert. Albert Hoover.

Both guys extend a HANDSHAKE.

BILLY

You guys normally get into situations like the one from earlier before?

ALBERT

Ever been in anything like it?

BILLY

Not a fucking day in my life.

ALBERT

(produces a smirk on his face)

Well you seem quite confident for someone who almost would've taken a bullet for us.

BILLY

(re: the 2 Hoods)

Those guys over there like your colleagues or something?

ALBERT

Jimmy and Dennis. I'm their Head Captain.

BILLY (V.O.)

These guys are like part of a group who rule like kings and aren't afraid to show signs of weakness by who they are.

Billy shoots the other 2 Hoods a look. They are:

JIMMY PLIMPTON, cute-handsome face, 22, self-assured yet too intimidated sometimes with his colleague beside him.

DENNIS HACKSTER, skinny, looks like an addictive junkie, 24, feels the same intimidated way with Jimmy.

BILLY (V.O.)

They are actually a part of a mob organization that's run by a guy who knew his way around things.

INT. MOB ORGANIZATION UNIT/OFFICE ROOM - DAY

See the HEAD BOSS -- who goes by the name of ROBERT "ROBBY" COKES (60s), a chunky, heavysset man with hair on his head that looks like a washed-up old rug -- at his desk wearing a proper business suit in his office.

BILLY (V.O.)

His name is Robby Cokes, a businessman who runs a strip joint in L.A. He was like the Godfather of keeping things in place. Business is all that runs in his veins.

INT. COKES'S OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

Cokes is busily going through dealing plans with an ASSOCIATE of his as they start having an argument over something.

BILLY (V.O.)

But Cokes does more than just run a strip joint. He was considered mostly as the *assignment planner*, one who would set up his men on missions that involve some personal business-related issues.

EXT. PAWN SHOP BACK ALLEY - DIFFERENT DAY

Jimmy and a different COLLEAGUE (late 20s) are beating up a man in the back alley of a Pawn Shop. Jimmy and his colleague show no intensions of wasting any time with the man they're beating.

BILLY (V.O.)

Yeah that's right: Personal issues. Some of the guys like the one getting beaten there would tip off on Cokes after doing wrong with him. Another thing about Cokes is...

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY (FEWS DECADES AGO)

Cokes (late 30s) checks his LOTTERY TICKET and hits the MOTHER-LOAD.

BILLY (V.O.)

Turns out, as a young man, Cokes won a lottery jackpot of \$150 million. He was so humbled that he planned on creating his own business at the time.

INT. A MEETING ROOM - DAY (FEW DECADES AGO)

Cokes talking some plans out with his BAND OF BROTHERS. They all sit at a table getting down to business.

BILLY (V.O.)

Cokes would later start running things on his own turf. He would help organize his own users, hire men to help him run things... It was just the start of it all.

INT. COKES'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON Cokes, as he speaks directly to CAMERA:

COKES

(to camera)

I don't like to waste time on people who would sell me out. I like running on things as if it were the only thing dependable on. I treat my employees the best way possible. They're like my own children, and I'm like a father to them. Always rely on them to get the job done. And if they don't, then out the fucking door they go.

BILLY (V.O.)

And he never broke his promise on that. He was some serious shit I tell ya.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. PRIVATE ALLEYWAY - DAY

Back with Billy talking with Albert from earlier --

ALBERT

You know it's probably none of my own business to ask you, but... would you ever consider -- though I'm totally cool with it if you catch my drift -- but maybe doing the benefit of probably...?

BILLY

... joining you guys?

Albert takes a MOMENT to weigh in on that comment.

ALBERT

(then:)

I guess that's what I meant.

BILLY

No joke?

ALBERT

Surprised by the offer?

BILLY

And how does it pay?

ALBERT

Like you won the mega prize for 5,000 a week for a living.

JIMMY

(calling out)

Hey Albert, we got other shit to do,
man! Would you hurry it up already?!

ALBERT

(back at him)

Cool it, Jimmy, be there soon!

BILLY (V.O.)

Jimmy and Dennis over there... They're
not your typical crooks who would take
orders from people other than Cokes.
They can sometimes go apeshit at each
other, usually for reasons that are
unknown beyond the breaking point.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE PRIVATE ALLEYWAY - SOMEWHERE IN EAST L.A. - FEW DAYS AGO

Jimmy PRACTICE SHOOTS at 4 EMPTY GLASS BOTTLES he's got stacked and
misses them all by a long-shot. Albert and Dennis are relaxing next to
their fully converted BMW 5 SERIES CAR just a few feet away from Jimmy.

DENNIS

(at Jimmy while he
is shooting)

Come on, Jimmy, show that fuckin'
piece of shit bottle who its been
messin' with!

ALBERT

You know you could be a little bit more
supportive...

DENNIS

Well if the player's gonna hit a damn
bottle anytime soon...!

JIMMY

(overhearing)

Should remember to learn keeping your
personal references down a notch unless
you want me to deal in on it.

DENNIS

...The fuck you talkin' about, Jimmy?!
Think I don't know what gives?

Jimmy looks to Dennis, sly. Mischievously gives Dennis what for.

JIMMY

How's a junkie like you suppose to even
handle facing the fact of *sarcasm*?

DENNIS

You sayin' I'm a fucking idiot now?!

ALBERT

(here it comes)

-- Oh boy --

DENNIS

Hey how's about you shut it there, brah,
before I start busting your fuckin' head
open for trying to make an immense
argument over nothin'!

JIMMY

(turns away; slightly
mumbles)

Whatever you say. *Junk head.*

Dennis overheard that last comment. Thinking he crossed the line on him, Dennis walks toward Jimmy and they start getting into a vehement CATFIGHT with him.

ALBERT

Hey... Hey! The fuck you doing?!

DENNIS

(coming at Jimmy)

You want me to take you down, you piece
of shit?!

JIMMY

Get off me, you motherfucker!

Albert runs over and tries breaking the party up.

ALBERT

Alright, that's enough, you guys! Calm
the fuck down!

Dennis spits at Jimmy. Jimmy spits back. Albert draws out his HANDGUN on both gentlemen to cool it already.

ALBERT

Yeah, better show your former brethren
the decency of respect.

JIMMY

HE started it!

DENNIS

Oh, so it's MY fucking fault now!

JIMMY

(trying not to resist)

You wanna get canned out here?!

DENNIS

You're gonna be the first if I wasn't
already having a gun pointed at me--!

ALBERT

--Just shut it, both of you!! Enough!

Dennis with his hands up in surrendering defeat.

Jimmy contemplating. Turns away from Dennis.

ALBERT

Now we're not gonna be going through with
this shit any longer. You hear me?

JIMMY

(skeptically)
Sure. Fine. Whatever you say, man.

DENNIS

(thinks he's the man)
Yeah, that's right. Puss out, while I'm
the one taking the stand here.

Jimmy feeling outraged, tries going for Dennis. But Albert stops it
from happening.

BILLY (V.O.)

They're not always like that. There are
times when they do get along actually.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. STRIP JOINT - NIGHT (ANOTHER DAY)

Albert, Jimmy and Dennis enjoying getting lap dances by a few TOPLESS
STRIPPERS who work here.

BILLY (V.O.)

Like when they're around the strip joint
that Cokes runs. There were women there
for any guy who came in, even the ones
who worked there.

INT. STRIP JOINT/PRIVATE BACK ROOMS - SAME NIGHT

From different perspectives, we can see Jimmy and Dennis PUMPING their
strippers in private rooms from aside each other.

BILLY (V.O.)

They let you fuck 'em, get blowjobs,
hand... anything as long as it was alright
with them.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE ALLEYWAY - DAY

Back to the scene. Albert grabs out some money in a clipper from his jacket pocket, hands Billy over a few HUNDREDS.

ALBERT
(handing Billy money)
This is just to show my condolences for helping us. You take good care of that. Don't spend it all in one place. And I'll check to see if they might have a spot open for ya. Till meantime, I'll be seeing you around.

Billy grabs the money out of respect.

BILLY (V.O.)
He gave me 500 bucks just for helping him and his guys from the shootout. I knew right then that they made good money, and I wanted part of it.

TIME LAPSE:

Albert and his guys exit the opposite direction. Billy watches them leave for a lingering beat, then exits the other direction.

BILLY (V.O.)
I was only at the start of the next part of my life. Sucks for anyone else who has to keep dealing with their boring ordinary lives.

INT. ROOKES HOUSE - DAY

Billy comes in through front door and strides upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY

Billy turns on the faucet, splashes crystal clear water on his face. Looks at mirror. Seeing what is soon considered to be a CHANGED PERSON.

BILLY (V.O.)
I never thought it would all come to this. It can put a lot of ideas into people's heads, knowing that they were about to become part of something that would change their routine. And for me, it only brought joy inside of me.

Billy turns off light and exits bathroom.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Billy opens a drawer, yanks out a GLASS JAR with money and opens it.

BILLY (V.O.)

I've been saving myself up about two-third of a grand in case of anything like this. Comes in good hands though.

Billy grabs out money from the jar, counts it along with the other money he just got from Albert.

CUT TO:

Billy goes to his CLOSET. Picks out some shirts.

CUT TO:

Billy looks at the shirts that are strewn on his bed. Trying to come up with a suggestion.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

-Billy walks outside with shirts, and throws them into a garbage can.

-Billy rummages through his drawers, picking out some pants.

-Billy flees downstairs with pants in hand, heading outside.

-Billy heading back inside after throwing pants away. His mother's car pulls into the driveway. She sees what her son is doing.

-Billy going through his closet, looking for other shirts to throw out.

-Billy comes downstairs with more shirts. His mother in the kitchen, observing this.

BILLY (V.O.)

I was worried on telling my parents about what happened to me today. They wouldn't understand the big opportunity I got.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy lying on his bed looking at ceiling, both hands behind his head. An enthusiastic expression registered on his face.

BILLY (V.O.)

I knew I couldn't stay here forever. Wonder how my father would react to it.

EXT. ROOKES HOUSE - NIGHT (FANTASY SEQUENCE)

Door slams open as Billy's Father starts throwing Billy out of the house with great hostility. His Mother watches her son being thrown out of their lives.

TREVOR

(throwing Billy out)

No son of mine is gonna live in this house if he's gonna be part of a gang! Out you go!

CAROL

Billy, don't do this! Don't leave us like this!

TREVOR

You see how upset your mother is, Billy?! Big fuckin' mistake.

Trevor kicks his son to the curb.

BILLY (V.O.)

Yep. It's pretty brutal. Never would've thought that something like this could upset them.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - REALITY - SAME NIGHT

Billy lying on his bed. Thinking.

BILLY (V.O.)

But I don't think I should tell them that I could soon be part of a gang. So I figured I'd come up with an alibi or something. And I needed to make them believe me.

INT. ROOKES HOUSE/KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

The family is eating their breakfast at the table (Trevor reading the paper). Billy takes a breath, begins telling his parents some big news.

BILLY

So. Thought I should ask by telling you that... I got a new job offer that's coming.

TREVOR

(intently reading paper)
A job offer? You?

CAROL

When did this happen?

BILLY

I, uh, guess you can say I got discovered,
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

by someone from this big company, and they think I might be perfect for them.

CAROL

Is it official yet?

BILLY

I'm on the waiting list at the moment.

TREVOR

It's not for something dangerous is it?

BILLY

It pays well.

CAROL

Really...

TREVOR

Well, better wait till you get your degree first.

BILLY

But see here's the thing: this type of company, they don't accept degrees.

TREVOR

(look of suspicion)
Whaddaya mean they don't accept degrees?

CAROL

What kind of business is it?

BILLY

I haven't really figured it out yet, but I'm assuming it's like *downtown* kind of stuff.

TREVOR

Better hope you're not getting involved with the wrong people.

BILLY

Aren't you not the least happy for me? I could be getting my own job.

CAROL

(somehow supportive)
Well, honey, if it's what you want then we'll be --

TREVOR

So you're just gonna flunk out of college all of a sudden?

BILLY

It's not *technically* official if I have gotten the part yet.

TREVOR

Then I suggest you focus on stop wasting your time by thinking you're gonna get this job and focus more on finishing on your college application instead.

BILLY

Look, I know you think this is all a big deal to you but why not try to be the least supportive of me?

TREVOR

Because I think that this stranger guy you met saying there's a possible job opening for ya is the kind of stuff you should ignore, these could be bad people you're starting to deal with is what I'm implying.

Billy gives his father a resentful look.

BILLY

(beat)

You're afraid that I'm gonna be making more money than you, is that what you're afraid?

TREVOR

Hey, don't you start. I worked hard to provide everything I could for this family.

BILLY

Just saying that maybe deep down inside that system of yours you're a little worried I could be heading for success better than you ever tried.

CAROL

Now Billy --

TREVOR

Carol, stay the fuck out of this.

BILLY

And why gotta treat mom like that? You realize how ridiculous you're being?

TREVOR

What you say--?

BILLY

Maybe at least give yourself the decency to letting your own son have a chance on being someone for a change!

TREVOR

You asking for a fucking timeout, boy?

CAROL

(trying to cut in)
Can we please not have this discus--?

BILLY

And what if I do get this job, maybe I don't have to live under this roof any longer!

CAROL

Billy --

TREVOR

I want you to stop from upsetting yourself and get everything that's going in to your head there and finish your fucking food off that plate of yours!

CAROL

Trevor --

TREVOR

Carol, stay out of this!

Billy gets up from his seat, incensed.

TREVOR

Where do you think you're going?

BILLY

I gotta go to class, remember? At least I'm still going to that.

Billy heads upstairs. As soon as he's gone:

TREVOR

I don't know why he's acting like this.

Carol sullenly looks at her husband, thinking that Billy might have a point.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Billy gathers some of his personal belongings, stuffing them in a backpack.

EXT. ROOKES HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - MORNING

Trevor comes out the house, heading to his car for work.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Billy grabs his books with backpack on. Looks at a mirror on dresser, making a rash suggestion.

EXT. ROOKES HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Trevor in his car turns on engine, backs up and exits the property.

EXT. ROOKES HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Billy comes out the door after seeing his father drive out of the area. He sneakily heads down the sidewalk.

INT. ROOKES HOUSE/KITCHEN - SAME

Carol is a little teary, as she washes up some dishes.

EXT. STREETS - AWHILE LATER

Billy walks with his books and backpack on him heading for college. Enraged over about his discussion with his father earlier.

BILLY (V.O.)

If my fucking piece of shit father thinks I'm in over my head with this offer he's got another thing coming.

Just then... his CELL PHONE RINGS. He looks at an unknown ID number. Picks it up anyhow.

BILLY (INTO PHONE)

Hello? Hey, what's happening?

BILLY (V.O.)

Albert was the one who called me. He said that he's arranged a meeting for me for that company of his he worked for, and I knew that I was in.

It's a little later as Billy hangs up his phone, remorselessly DROPS HIS BOOKS to the ground (won't be needing them anymore). He continues walking. More joyful.

BILLY (V.O.)

After that I felt I should at least pay one last quick visit at the college, before saying my goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE CORRIDORS - DAY

Billy saunters around the corridors, just wandering about. He suddenly gets interrupted by...

MALE PROFESSOR (O.S.)
Billy Rookes, is it?

Billy halts, turns and finds his PROFESSOR from literary class standing outside of his office addressing to him.

MALE PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
Mind if I had a word with you in my office for a moment?

BILLY (V.O.)
What does he want with me now?

CUT TO:

INT. PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - COMMUNITY COLLEGE - LITTLE LATER

Billy's professor offers him a seat in his cluttered office.

PROFESSOR
You know I've been meaning to ask...

Professor closes the door. Goes and sits at his nicely-arranged desk.

BILLY
And...?

PROFESSOR
Your breakdown from the other day. There something going on there?

BILLY
Oh-- *That*? Well, I did sorta loose it for a moment there, but I'm actually feeling better now. Doing well actually.

PROFESSOR
Sure you are. It's just that I... can't seem to figure out your backstory.

BILLY
My backstory?

PROFESSOR
Well, see, it's a thing with us professors here: we help out on our students, see what the problem is, how we can fix it, and before you know... they're already a success.

BILLY
Sorry...?

PROFESSOR

(leans back on chair;
probing a statement)

Look, just to make this clearer I'm sure that success will definitely come to you one of these days. But you gotta try working harder on it. You never know what's to come for you one of these days.

BILLY

(scowls)

Uh-huh.

BILLY (V.O.)

Boy I knew I was gotta get it from him.

Professor starts opening his desk drawer, and takes out what appears to be BILLY'S CLASSWORK. He drops them on his desk -- makes a harsh THUMP! -- for Billy to see.

PROFESSOR

I've looked over your class work most recently, and I don't like what I see. Says there that you gotta try working 'em up a bit. I understand that college can be rough than what high school use to be. For you, and me telling you this very discreetly, we just have to give it a little push forward.

BILLY (V.O.)

So basically he's telling me that I'm a fucking idiot now? Who does he think he's dealing with...

BILLY

Oh, I truly understand. I know now what has to be done.

PROFESSOR

Well, that's good to know there, Billy.

The Professor arises from his chair, walks toward Billy up front and leans against his desk. Folds his arms together.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Other students just wouldn't understand right away on the skill sets it takes to make it here. I only hope that you and I can see the whole point to this.

Billy, with a sour look, is feeling loathsome in his system.

The Professor then LAYS HIS HAND on Billy's SHOULDER. Billy feels extremely ticked off by it.

BILLY (V.O.)

Now if he thinks laying a hand on me is gonna help me out on this then he doesn't know what I'm gonna do to him next.

PROFESSOR

Now we gotta try getting those grades up for your own --

WHAMMY! Billy socks the Professor in the face, sending him to the floor. Billy springs on his feet and then violently starts KICKING the Professor around his torso till he becomes fully unconscious.

BILLY (V.O.)

I wasn't gonna take anymore shit from people like him, telling me I need to do better with myself. If he thinks I'm no good at this then the whole world has made a big fucking mistake in judging me. Makes you wanna unleash your wild side for it.

As Billy resumes on kicking

TIME LAPSE:

Billy heads out the door, leaving behind a knocked out, bloodied Professor on the floor.

BILLY (V.O.)

It wasn't the only reckless thing I did after that.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - LITTLE LATER TODAY

Billy as he's pumping the Hot Math Professor by the rear at her desk, her blouse opened up, exposing her tits.

BILLY (V.O.)

Guess you can also say... I fucked the brains out on my math teacher there. She looked so stunned, and yet, went along with it. I'm not joking. She *actually* went with it. I don't know if I was only imagining it or maybe she'd never been fucked by any guy like that before and was lovin' it.

ANGLE ON: The STUDENTS in their seats watching them fuck, all stunned.

We see one of the seated MALE STUDENTS wanting to jerk himself off to this, but a FEMALE STUDENT beside him slaps him to knock it off.

At another MALE STUDENT, who sports a smirk on his face while watching:

MALE STUDENT

Damn, he's my hero.

A different FEMALE STUDENT sitting next to him gives him a look:
'You're kidding, right?'

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE CORRIDORS - AWHILE LATER

Billy, full of enthusiasm, strolls around the halls after finished fucking a professor. He comes across a student carrying his books:

BILLY

Hey, how's it going?

Billy purposefully knocks student's books to the ground. Proceeds onward.

EXT. COLLEGE FRONT GATE - DAY

Billy walks out of the grounds feeling like a changed person. He takes in on the air surrounding him, enhancing the moment.

BILLY (V.O.)

Makes you feel like you're becoming
someone new. Another life that's
just starting.

Just then Billy conspicuously sees ALBERT IN HIS BMW idling by the curb, and approaches it. Albert lets him in the passenger seat, and they drive off.

BILLY (V.O.)

I never wanted to look back on my old
boring life, not even if my life would
later depend on it.

CUT TO:

INT. MOB UNIT/COKES'S OFFICE - DAY

Billy sits on a chair facing the desk, as Cokes speaks with him getting down to an interview.

BILLY (V.O.)

The minute I met Cokes for first time,
I think he knew I was meant to be a part
of his company. I was on my way to a
higher level in striving toward a
better, money-making pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. MOB UNIT/TESTING ROOM - DAY

Billy stands up straight in the middle of the room, faces a MAFIA MAN (off-screen) with one hand up, about to take an oath.

PAN TO: Cokes watches Billy receiving an oath in a dim corner.

CUT TO:

Billy using a SHARP KNIFE makes a CUT MARK on his left hand, drips some his own crimson into a GLASS JAR filled with other member's DNA, soon to be one of the blood brothers.

INT. MOB UNIT/OUTSIDE OF TESTING ROOM - AWHILE LATER

Billy, with Cokes behind him, steps out and he's already being fawned by the rest of the people who work here (Albert, Jimmy and Dennis included). Everyone welcomes Billy with OPEN ARMS, saying things like "Congrats", "Welcome Aboard", et al. Billy's now a part of them.

BILLY (V.O.)

After only a few days I was welcomed by everybody. They accepted me like I was already part of them. I knew I belonged here, and I knew they needed me.

FREEZE FRAME ON BILLY as he's welcomed by everyone surrounding him:

BILLY (V.O.)

And that's how it all began for me. I dropped out of college, left my parents without them knowing, put that professor I knocked out in a hospital, and accidentally impregnated the other.

(beat)

From that moment on everything started changing, in the best ways you can't imagine.

CUT TO BLACK.

BILLY (V.O.)

Nothing on this Earth would prepare for what I got planned next.

FILM TITLE:

Crime Never Pays

BEGIN OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE

After the sequence has ended...

FADE IN:

EXT. DINER - WEST L.A. - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. DINER - SAME MOMENT

2 HOODLUMS (one black, the other white) are at their booth having lunch and in conversation. We hear different MUSIC on the SOUNDTRACK.

One of the Hoods looks at his watch; notices that it's time to head out. Both put on their jackets, get up from booth and depart from the diner.

But as they're heading outside...one of the WAITRESSES notices they haven't paid for their check. The Waitress goes to the MANAGER about the problem. Manager storms right outside to set the Hoods straight.

The Hoods try to be reasonable with the Manager, but before you know it... both start to beat up the Manager, ruthlessly.

MONTAGE (Slide/Dissolve Sequence style):

-Albert, in his apartment bedroom, putting on his shoes and jacket.

-Jimmy, in his home crib bathroom, brushing his teeth and then rinses.

-Dennis, on couch in his crib living room, snorts some cocaine from coffee table, lies back letting the drug flood his system.

-Cokes, at his work office, posing in front of a full-length mirror fixing up his suit collar and tie.

-A Hood (late 20s), in his home kitchen, prepares making a homemade sandwich and takes a munch.

-Another Hood (30s), behind wheel in his parked car, takes out stacks of money from an envelope and counts it affectionately.

-Another Hood (22), in his crib bedroom, combs his hair while looking at mirror, donut wedged in his mouth. After combing he takes a full bite on donut.

-More TBD...

The sequence later ends at:

INT. BILLY'S HOME CRIB/ MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

With his back to us, Billy looks at a mirror mounted on the wall in the room. He's preparing to go out for the day.

JUMP CUTS:

Billy's hands grab his shoes from a corner.

Billy as he's briskly tying the knot on his shoes.

Billy's hand grabs a full leather jacket from the closet.

Billy zips up his coat.

Billy's hand grab for his comb on the dresser.

Billy is meticulously combing his hair.

Billy grabs his wallet, sunglasses and car keys from nightstand.

Billy steps out of bedroom, all dressed, closing the door shut.

EXT. BILLY'S HOME CRIB - DAY

Billy steps out from house on a bright sunny day, locks the door and approaches his car (Shelby Mustang) that idles in the driveway.

INT. MUSTANG - DRIVING

Billy, starting to grow a goatee, is cruising around an intersection heading somewhere. With the new life he's got, Billy seems to be ON TOP OF THE WORLD right now.

He soon receives a PHONE CALL from his cell and picks it up.

BILLY (INTO PHONE)

Yeah? Sure, I'll meet you guys over.
there. Don't wait up on me.

He hangs up. Driving. Switch to different MUSIC on SOUNDTRACK.

EXT. SANDWICH DELI - SOMEWHERE ON THE WEST COAST - DAY

Billy parks his Mustang up a curb, kills the engine and steps out of car. He approaches his en masse GANG CREW MEMBERS; Jimmy, Albert, Dennis, and 2 other guys (RICHIE and CRUISE), the same ones who beat up the diner manager from earlier. They are all lounging around in folded chairs at a table outside, chilling, drinking beers and talking.

BILLY (V.O.)

With the kind of job I got, there was
always enough time to catch up with the
others and live like we could do any-
thing around here. It was the easiest
money you could make. No bullshit about
it.

Albert stands up from his chair and greets to Billy, welcomingly.

ALBERT

Hey, Billy, man of the hour.

Everyone else in unison welcome Billy as well. Billy flattered.

BILLY

Aw, you guys, stop.

DENNIS

Why not take a load off right here.

Billy goes and sits next to Dennis at the table.

JIMMY

Man, I tell ya: I don't think I could have asked for a better job than this.

CRUISE

Well that's because it's the *only* job you ever had, Jimmy.

DENNIS

Ahhhh! He got you right there, bro.

JIMMY

(off their looks)

Man, like I'd care anyway.

BILLY

Maybe we should take a load off here more often. Just chill and relaxin'...

RICHIE

Met this girl the other day, and let me tell you: she's fine as hell.

DENNIS

Oh, boy...

CRUISE

Better hope she's not one of your long lost sisters, heard she's been roaming around these parts every so often.

RICHIE

Why don't you just go fuck yourself, home-boy?

CRUISE

Wish I could, but I would hate to see you not getting any action in the *you-know* places, hear what I'm sayin'?

ALL THE GUYS

Ooooo!

RICHIE

Man, fuck you.

BILLY

Hey come on, Richie, he's just messing with you. No harm.

RICHIE

I gotta go take a piss.

Richie gets up and heads into the sandwich deli.

DENNIS

(beat)

So you guys wanna check out something I purchased recently? Take a load on this shit.

Dennis displays to everyone a SPORTS WATCH he's wearing on his left wrist. The thing looks very golden and rare.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Any guesses on how much this baby had cost?

JIMMY

I don't know... Fuckin' 50 dollars?

CRUISE

Hey, I know a guy whose got the same one as that. Heard that it cost around 1800 dollars a pop.

DENNIS

Exactly.

ALBRET

Well then how's about taking a look-y at this thing then.

Albert puts both his feet on table and shows them his SHOES: SAUCONY TOP A5; newly restored versions, with a slick quality to them.

JIMMY

(regarding the shoes)

Damn, what'd you do to get those for?

ALBERT

Fuckers here cost 2 grand apiece. What do ya say to that, fellas?

CRUISE

Oh yeah, well that's nothing compared to this.

Everyone's starting to show-off on the expensive shit they have bought. Cruise this time shows them a WRESTLING BELT underneath his shirt that he's wearing.

CRUISE (CONT'D)

This baby right here once belonged to --
get ready for it -- *The Rock* himself.

DENNIS

Shit -- How much for that?

CRUISE

Believe it or not, almost half a million.

DENNIS

Shit-- This ain't a game, you guys. Why
showing off for?

JIMMY

Hey you're the one who started it first.

ALBERT

Why does it matter anyway about the cost?
We make good money for a living out
here.

DENNIS

Yeah, okay, sure, I'm cool with that.

Dennis visibly isn't cool with it. He draws his eyes onto Billy:

DENNIS (CONT'D)

So what about you, Billy.

BILLY

(meekly at Dennis)
What about me?

DENNIS

What you got on you?

BILLY

What?

DENNIS

You know what I'm talking about.

ALBERT

Hey Dennis, come on.

JIMMY

You know not all of us have to show off
on what we got.

BILLY

Should listen to your master right
there, Dennis, wouldn't want to make
a fool out of yourself now.

Suddenly a BLACK SEDAN comes rolling in, and parks. Everyone seems to know what to do, as they all rise up in assembly and come upon...

ROBBY COKES

as he opens the passenger door, stepping out into the light of day, full of superiority. He's dressed in a spiffy clear-cut suit with a cigar in his hand, the boss amongst his fellow obedient comrades.

COKES

Top of the morning, fellas.

EVERYONE

Morning. How you doing? You look great.
Better than ever. You're the man, boss.

BILLY (V.O.)

Cokes was the kind of guy every one of us would look up to. He'd always made himself felt like he was a king, a king who would respect his employers for almost anything according to what you know about him so far.

COKES

Couldn't help but oversee you enjoying yourselves on this fine lovely day.

BILLY

Anything that needs to be attended for?

Cokes ambles up to Albert for an important discussion.

COKES

If you wouldn't mind, gentlemen, I need to speak to our Captain for a moment.

ALBERT

Probably inside...?

COKES

You first.

BILLY (V.O.)

You could tell it was for a big gig that involved some money laundering or for another task of the today.

We see from inside the deli through the GLASS WINDOWS: Cokes having a private chat with Albert. Their body language indicates a rather personal situational affair that needs to be taken care of.

Billy watches this through window, briefly trying to follow along with the assignment.

BILLY (V.O.)

Cokes would usually depend on someone whose got more under his belt that needs no excuses. Going through on an assignment that would be too risky for some others. Me: I'm already feeling up to the challenge every waking hour I have left in me.

INT. SOME GUY'S APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - ANOTHER DAY

KAPLOW!! The FRONT DOOR is immediately BLASTED OPEN -- with a huge hole from where the doorknob should be. We see some MAN, in his early 30s, napping on the couch till he suddenly gets a wake-up call by the blasting door collision.

Billy, carrying a loaded SHOTGUN, enters the man's apartment ready to take someone down for the count.

MAN

(woken; scared shitless)
Hey. What is this? Who are you?!

Billy goes and hits the Man's forehead with the butt of shotgun.

BILLY

You should really consider not being late on your payday investment before the last hour you know!

MAN

Ah fuck...

Billy grabs him very aggressively by his shirt, and is right at the scared-shitless man's face:

BILLY

You seriously didn't think this moment wasn't gonna happen any sooner, did ya?

MAN

Look okay, I can get you the money, just give me till sundown and it'll all be --!

Billy vilely with no patience points his barrel at the man's forehead.

BILLY

--Don't you think I would know better than that than to be played with?!

MAN

(gun to head; more scared)
Ah fuck -- Wait! Please, man --

As this violent rage goes on...

BILLY (V.O.)

It's not like I actually meant to kill the guy. Just that it shows that we mean business and all it takes to get what we want takes a few drastic measures to get some answers out on the people like him.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

It's a while later, as Billy emerges from the front of building, approaches Albert's BMW as Albert leans back against the vehicle.

BILLY (V.O.)

Most of these assignments originally involves one person at a time. But when it's more than once though...

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER MAN'S APARTMENT/ LIVING ROOM - DIFFERENT DAY

Billy along with 2 other ACCOMPLICES (Jimmy and Albert) is torturing around with a different MAN in his late 20s. They have the Man's hands tied from behind his back, his face mostly swollen from the nasty punches he took.

ALBERT

Where's Cokes money that you owe, you fuckin' rat bastard?! You gonna give us answers now or what? Speak!

Billy takes out a switchblade knife from his jacket pocket, about to stab it into one of the tortured Man's eyeballs, trying to get answers out from the guy.

BILLY (V.O.)

You can guarantee that you don't wanna be in that position.

PAN TO: we see another MAN tied up at the corner, his mouth covered with duct tape, trying to free himself but can't. He watches the other Man being tortured by Billy and his group, knows that he's gonna be next in line.

CUT TO:

INT. JEWELRY SHOP - DOWNTOWN - ANOTHER DAY

Billy walks into the store and advances to the counter, right in front of the CAMERA.

BILLY (V.O.)

For people like us to get the job done,
we would need to be fierce and ready
for the taking.

Billy pulls out from his jacket and puts a THICK ENVELOPE (possibly filled with GREEN DOUGH) on the counter handing it over to someone O.S. from behind us.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - DIFFERENT DAY

SAME ANGLE from before: Jimmy comes in, and advances toward the counter and takes out a THICKER ENVELOPE from his jacket and hands it to someone O.S. from behind counter.

BILLY (V.O.)

We hand back all the money that we took
from the bums we struck at and hand it
over to our investors after assignment
well done.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - ANOTHER DAY

Richie approaches counter and takes out from his jacket an EVEN THICKER ENVELOPE, handing it over to the person from behind counter (still OS).

BILLY (V.O.)

Every envelope we handed over became
more and more thick, and every time we
turned them in...

CUT TO:

SUPER QUICK CUTS:

Billy & Others keep coming in (each on a different day), delivering in more envelopes after assignments, handing them to person behind counter.

BILLY (V.O.)

We were rewarded like you would never
believe.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

Billy and his crew are having an everlasting ball down at the strip joint: Drinking bottles of whiskey. Giving each other fist-bumps. Enjoying lap dances. Some take snorts of cocaine. One does a freestyle dance move that is outrageous.

EXT. SANDWICH DELI - REALITY

Back to the scene. Billy takes one last quick peek at Cokes and Albert from inside, and then heads back to the table rejoining the others.

JIMMY

(to Dennis)

Why have to be so curious about every time someone starts showing off everything?

DENNIS

Do I need to explain myself?

CRUISE

Can I just cut in for a moment...?

DENNIS

Oh what, you got something else you wanna get onto me also?

CRUISE

Now I've been hearing a rumor, you see, and I think now would be good for you guys first to know is...

Everyone leans in closer, and Cruise says:

CRUISE (CONT'D)

Our moment of time, here, is about to take a big leap forward. We might be headed towards the big shot on a much livelier estate.

JIMMY

And what's the shot at?

CRUISE

(takes a moment; then)

You guys familiar with the name *Pal Hurvey*?

That name has grabbed everyone's attention.

CAMERA slowly DOLLIES IN on Billy's face, effectively sizing up on that name.

BILLY (V.O.)

How could we not. He was referred to as the one who can encourage people to delve in under his wing. He was the type of guy who was all about stepping up to the plate, meaning that he's all about business and rising to the top.

INT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY

As a crowd of PASSENGERS come exiting out from their plane... our attention to view lies on one particular guy in the crowd: PAL HURVEY, 30s, in a nice grey-leather suit, walks with his trolley suitcase, shades. He's a man of business, rock solid, smooth ladies-man persona to his features, full of himself.

BILLY (V.O.)

Pal came to Los Angeles a couple years ago. A man from Boston who is also a smooth lady's talker.

INT. LAX/CHECK-IN COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

As the COUNTER LADY (late 20s and gorgeous) scans through computer checking his passport and license number, Pal begins giving an ultimate SWEET TALK to the lady.

PAL

You know I couldn't help notice your eyes. Are they hazel green by any chance?

COUNTER LADY

(shy; smitten)
Yeah, how'd you know?

PAL

It's pretty obvious to tell. So, how's someone like you, with all that beauty you got on ya doing working here in the first place? This like a part-time or full-time thing you got going, and if so, how come it's not with me?

COUNTER LADY

What do you mean?

PAL

You know for a woman with a beautiful face much like yourself, you catch me as someone who deserves a lot better. Cuz if I were to know better -- and to tell you the difference -- you should be working with me. See, I'm a businessman, and what I do needs no explanation.

BILLY (V.O.)

And every time he does that, every single woman he comes at would believe him, like he was trying to make 'em his bitch, and not in the good sense.

INT. PAL'S WORK OFFICE - DAY

Pal, relaxingly kicks back from his desk, takes in on all the wealth he has on him, proud at where he's at, doesn't feel the need into letting it go anytime soon.

BILLY (V.O.)

Sure, he might *seem* like a gentle guy whose got a well-paid job and living it large by the looks of it at first. But he's got a wild instinct inside of him that is beyond outrageous.

INT. MUSIC STORE - SOMEWHERE IN DOWNTOWN - DAY

Pal facing the front register, tries to purchase a hit of cocaine from the store clerk, ETHAN (30s). They are the only two people in the store.

ETHAN

Look, I'm sorry but if you don't have all the money on ya right now I can't sell it to ya.

PAL

Now last I heard the prize was only 300, but now you're telling me that it's 800? Why so high?

ETHAN

Well business is falling here, and I gotta start gaining more points on my insurance on this place...

PAL

I've never asked much from you. And I wanna come out by saying that--

ETHAN

Look, Pal, this is just --

PAL

Are you trying to rip me off, is that what this is?

As Pal and Ethan continue to bicker...

BILLY (V.O.)

Another thing about Pal: is that if you begin underestimating him, even if you don't think you are, you're already in trouble.

Pal is beginning to sport a FURIOUS FACE.

TIME LAPSE:

Pal aggressively pins Ethan's entire head on top of the counter, points a HANDGUN to his head.

ETHAN
(head pinned on counter)
Hey!! What the fuck, man?! What is this?!! You fuckin' crazy...?!

PAL
(yelling; infuriated)
Lower the goddamned prize or else it's your fucking brains splattered all over on this counter, cocksucker!! You rip me off, THIS is what you get!!

Ethan tries desperately releasing his head free from Pal's grip but with no luck. Pal begins CLUBBING at Ethan's head with handgun.

BILLY (V.O.)
Just a reminder so that way you're not ever in that position: DON'T make Pal upset. Trust me, you'll thank me later.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANDWICH DELI - DAY - REALITY

Back with Billy and the guys at table outside the deli --

BILLY
Damn. How big of an offer are we talking?

CRUISE
Just one where we could all be living in mansions, fore se. Picture that.

JIMMY
Dang, that would be a dream come true.

DENNIS
Bring in all the bitches and whatnot...

CRUISE
Pal's currently working on some sorta dealing plan with Cokes at the moment.

DENNIS
So this means we'll be making more money than before?

CRUISE
Better believe it.

Everyone is profoundly INTRIGUED by the whole idea of it.

BILLY

Wonder what the deal's gonna be about.

JIMMY

I think we should all come with a way
as to how we're gonna make it with
this so-cal deal for starters.

BILLY

And you said that we could be living
in mansions if we wanted to?

CRUISE

Fucking A-rod, am I right?

Suddenly Cokes steps out from the door after having concluded his
business with Albert from inside the deli.

COKES

(as he walks to his car:)
I'll see you boys around later on.

ALL THE GUYS

You got it. Been a pleasure catching
up. Alright then. Stay safe.

Cokes merges in the Sedan passenger seat, and the vehicle drives away.

BILLY

Well, nice that we could keep talking
but I got business for myself to
attend.

JIMMY

Guess we'll see you soon.

BILLY

Keep livin' it big, gentlemen.

Billy gets up and exits. All the guys say their goodbyes to him.

DENNIS

(beat)
I wonder if Cokes knows that we know
about his business with Pal.

CRUISE

Remember this, fellas: you didn't
hear it from me.

Start different MUSIC on soundtrack.

INT. BILLY'S MUSTANG - AWHILE LATER TODAY

Billy parked at a curb outside of a six-story APARTMENT BUILDING somewhere in the Hills. He's expertly loading up a SILENT HANDGUN, some business that needs taken care of.

EXT. THE APARTMENT BUILDING - FEW MOMENTS LATER

Billy is already out the vehicle, as he shuts his door. Begins to casually walk into building. A man with an assignment.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Billy steps out from elevator, looks around in the hallway, no one in sight. He approaches a ROOM NUMBER, the one he's looking for. Draws out his silent handgun, ready to take action.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - SAME MOMENT

Without giving us a head start, Billy KICKS THE DOOR open, and enters the clutter-filled apartment...

Billy searches the living room, kitchen, bathroom.... till he finds:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billy kicks door open -- seeing his target, a YOUNG MAN (early 20s) on the bed with headphones on playing loud music reading magazine.

The Young Man is shocked, sees Billy and tries defending himself by grabbing for his gun on night dresser, but Billy with quick thinking dashes over and snatches it from him.

BILLY

Howard, you and I need to have a word.

CUT TO:

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT/ LIVING ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

The Young Man (Howard) is roughly pushed onto the couch, as Billy has his handgun aimed at him.

HOWARD

(worried and scared)

Come on, man, do we have to do this right now--?

BILLY

You know, I don't get how you've only managed to set yourself up with being a fucking *jerk-off* who doesn't do what he's asked to do!

HOWARD
(pleadingly)
Please man, I got my mortgage to pay
off for this place.

BILLY
How does a young fella much like your-
self get his own place like this, and
yet... is having some money issues that
needs no bearings?

HOWARD
Billy, please, I can get you what you
want, alright?

Billy freely sits on the coffee table, right in front of Howard.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
I'm still figuring out the whole
process on where it's all gonna go. If
you just give me some more time, I
swear to you, alright, on my mother's
own grave even...

BILLY
Now I thought we taught you better
than that. Don't think that Cokes isn't
gonna have himself an argument with
your people on who's to blame for not
giving him his loan investments for
starters.

HOWARD
I know, I know and I'm sorry.

BILLY
Oh, you're sorry? For not being on
time with your schedule rearrangements?
That supposed to make me feel better,
now that you're *sorry*?

HOWARD
I have the money, okay, it's just that
my buddy of mine's holding it for me
till I can have the proper value of --

Billy viciously pushes something off the coffee table and then goes
right at Howard's face, eager to set the bars straight.

BILLY
All you ever do to me is make fucking
excuses! Think I don't know what gives
with all that, huh?!

HOWARD

(starts to bawl)

Please man, I don't know what else to do. I'm going for broke.

BILLY

Then maybe you should've stuck with the program and not giving it anymore hard times.

Billy fiercely, intensely takes aim at Howard's FOREHEAD, ready to shoot him at the moment.

HOWARD

(growing merciful)

Oh god, please, no don't -- I'm sorry Billy, I wish I could've figured it out sooner...!

BILLY

Well then it looks like we won't be having anymore problems with each other anymore.

Billy about to set the trigger off when...

A PHONE RINGING

BILLY

Is that phone ringing yours?

HOWARD

No... No, my phone's in the bedroom.

Billy comes to realization.

BILLY

...*The fuck?*

Billy grabs his phone that is ringing from his pocket. He looks at the name who's calling him: "Home".

BILLY

I'm gonna answer this. And don't think that you're saved at the moment because of that.

HOWARD

Hey don't worry, I'll just be right here.

BILLY

Yeah, well let's hope so.

A reluctant Billy picks up his phone. Looks away from Howard.

BILLY

Now baby, I thought we discussed this:
that you weren't gonna keep calling
me every time I'm at work.

We INTERCUT:

INT. HOME CRIB/BEDROOM - SAME MOMENT

A WOMAN in a house robe (her face obscured at the moment) with an E-cigarette in her hand, stands as she speaks into phone with Billy:

STACY (O.S.)

(on the phone)

Sorry, just wanted to know when you'll
be home today?

WE INTERCUT in between conversations:

BILLY

Same as usual.

STACY

Which is?

BILLY

Are you kidding me right now?

Now we see her FACE in general: STACY (25), stunning, attractive woman with a face that's easy to fall for. Her hair blonde that's curled up. Perfectly fit body. Taller than Billy.

STACY

Am I supposed to explain the difference
on this discussion we're having?

BILLY

I'll be home by around 7, okay?

STACY

There, now was that so hard to explain?

As they continue conversation on phone...

BILLY (V.O.)

Stacy, my girlfriend. Yeah, that's right.
Hard to believe, especially for finding
a girl who's definitely out of my league.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF IMAGES:

Stacy sits on a highly-fashionable faux sofa in an expensive living room looking like she's posing for a photo shoot; Stacy having a girly chat

with one of her old gal friends at a nightclub; Stacy in a discussion with Albert in a dim hallway somewhere; Stacy pacing around in a cheap-looking apartment constantly gossiping on the phone as she's explaining something to someone on the other line.

BILLY (V.O.)

You must be thinking: how does a guy like me get a girl like Stacy? Was she forced in on it? Fuck no. She was the kind of girl who would want to be with anyone, no matter who he is. She always found a way to spend time with friends, but she never wanted to introduced me to any of them, probably just so I wouldn't bust a move on any of them which was obviously the right choice. And, oh yeah, she's also Albert's baby sister. Albert was the one who hooked me up with her in first place. Stacy usually had a hard time trying to find someone who would take good care of her, and I don't blame her. I mean look at her. You look at me right now, and you tell me that you don't wanna fool around with her. Go ahead.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT/HOME CRIB BEDROOM - INTERCUT

Billy continues his talk on the phone with Stacy:

BILLY

Just make sure I don't get anymore interruptions from you the rest of the day, I'm at a very busy schedule.

STACY

(throwing a fit)

Okay, god, you don't have to make a big deal out of it, I was only curious when I get to see you soon.

BILLY

Well sorry if you think of it that way.

Stacy gives herself an indistinctive sigh. Beat:

STACY

You know I miss you when you're not around the house. We should hang out more.

BILLY

Now I thought we discuss it. You're always more than welcome to go and hang with your friends.

STACY

I know that, just so you need to keep an open reminder.

BILLY

Me and your brother still don't count you know...

STACY

Well you should figure it out by now that I hate going out all alone.

Billy can't believe the talk he's having on phone right now.

BILLY

(scratches forehead)

Now Stacy, it doesn't always have to be so difficult. Why not just try it anyway, see how it turns out.

Stacy feels like she's obviously not in the mood for it.

STACY

(cute-sexy talk)

Come on, baby, why're you pushing me like this?

BILLY

Are you seriously trying to make a cutesy tone with me?

STACY

You'll always be the best friend I'll ever have.

BILLY

Nice to know. I gotta go. I'll see you tonight.

STACY

And don't forget: bring home some of that nice stuff.

BILLY

(knew what she meant)

Yeah I know. Your favorite drink.

STACY

(sexually)

Don't keep me waiting any longer, lovey.

Billy hangs up. Trying to reflect from the air around him.

He turns back to his business with Howard:

BILLY

Now look here. This is how it's gonna go: Next time, when you don't pay the respect out on my boss, making me have to come down here every time shit like this gets me the next phone call, you better hope to God that he's not gonna let you down again. Cuz from this day forward, this whole thing, with us right now, it's never gonna end.

HOWARD

(feels a little relief)

Yes... Okay... Gotcha.

BILLY

Can I count on you, that you have all the money up front by the end of the month? Without any excuses, Howard?

HOWARD

2 days. 2 days and it's all here, man. I swear ya. All of it will be on time.

BILLY

Alright. Good.

(beat)

But just in case...

Billy abruptly lifts his gun... and SHOOTS Howard in the forehead. His BLOOD splattered on the wall behind him.

BILLY

Pleasure doing business with you.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT/ BEDROOM - BIT LATER

Billy frantically goes sifting around in the dead guy's bedroom, investigating the place out. He looks inside the drawers, safety deposits, the closet, nightstand... then he comes upon a BIG GUITAR CASE underneath the cheap bed.

BILLY

I knew it.

Billy grabs for the case underneath, lays it down on the bed, opens it up and bestows upon:

A SHITLOAD STACK OF BILLS

around a few thousand bucks in cash. Billy is mesmerized by the sight of it.

He next searches around the room for something to put all that money in.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT/KITCHEN - LITTLE LATER

Billy opens a cabinet, finds a box of black trash bags and grabs one.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT/BEDROOM - LITTLE LATER

Billy places all the money from the case into a black trash bag, trying to hurry it up. He cinches the bag closed after finishing.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Billy comes out with money-filled trash bag, heads for his car.

INT. TAVERN - LATER TODAY

The guys (Albert, Dennis, Cruise, Jimmy, Richie, and 2 others) are all sitting/standing at the front of the counter, drinking beers and laughing. They're all laughing boisterously and throwing each other stories.

AT ANOTHER ANGLE:

We see Billy seated at a corner booth, talking and having a drink with an old geezer, FRANCIS (69). The guy's chat from other angle is still quite audible from here.

FRANCIS

How's that girl of yours?

BILLY

You mean Stacy?

Francis shoots him a look like he straight-up knew what he meant.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Fine. Going good, really.

FRANCIS

You know I still don't get how a guy with far less attractiveness such as yourself would get a girl like her.

BILLY

(takes sip of whiskey)

You jealous?

FRANCIS

(a blank, apathetic face)

Does this look like the face of jealousy to you?

BILLY

What do you want from me?

They look at each other for a beat.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Look, I don't know what your concerns are, but for most of us guys: there's not much to discuss.

FRANCIS

You ought to watch yourself.

BILLY

Francis. You know me for when I say, from the bottom of my heart: I don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

FRANCIS

So I guess you took care of business with that Howard guy?

BILLY

You know it.

ANGLE ON:

The guys at the counter...

JIMMY

You wanna know something about Albert that no one else knows?

DENNIS

(about to crack up)

Oh god, he's not a closeted fag, is he?

ALBERT

What?? Fuck no! Not true...!

JIMMY

Well what I was gonna say was --

PAL (O.S.)

Well, what do we have here?

Everyone turns to find Pal Hurvey come in the tavern, approaching the group at counter. Pal is dressed in a dashing business suit, a million bucks worth.

PAL

(approaching guys at the counter)

You boys watching on how you drink?

JIMMY
(sardonically)
Well hello to you, too, Pal.

Pal goes and pats Jimmy's right shoulder. We may get the suspicious scent that Jimmy's a little irritated around Pal's presence. We'll come to realize that a little later on.

PAL
(pretend happy)
Jimmy, how's the missus?

JIMMY
(blank look; then)
Huh?

PAL
Your mother. How's she doing?

JIMMY
(turns to counter)
Fine, she doing alright...

DENNIS
Hey Pal, been getting down to business with Cokes about some type of work lately?

PAL
(sports a friendly smile;
feeling too comfortable)
Now why even ask that? That's none of your business, mister hot-shot.

ALBERT
Damn, and I thought I was the one with the insightful jokes.

DENNIS
Life feeling good for ya after moving in from Boston, huh, Pal?

PAL
Ah gentlemen. Gentlemen...see, the most important thing to know about making a deal is...

As Pal reminisces his story to the men...

ANGLE ON: Billy and Francis at their table.

FRANCIS
You gotta be sure that you understand how the whole process works when it comes to these assignments.

BILLY

(a wisecrack)

Oh jeez, don't you think I would've known that by now?

FRANCIS

I've noticed lately that you, my friend, can be quite the hot-head sometimes.

BILLY

Why, like it's supposed to be an immediate affect on the others?

FRANCIS

Now as far as I'm concerned about that... this behavior of yours has become quite the attention holder.

BILLY

Hey, don't get your head trapped in an oven there, there's definitely no way on what you just said there is *entirely* true.

Francis noticed something off-putting about that last part.

FRANCIS

Entirely??

Billy for a split second realized he might've spilled the beans here.

FRANCIS

Look, I've heard rumors about how you do your businesses out on the street.

BILLY

Oh yeah? When exactly?

FRANCIS

You really want me to delve you into that?

Billy only looks at him, acute.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Okay. Well how's about the time you took care of some *business* with this one guy who works from the insurance policy? Remember what you did to him?

As Billy tries remembering, CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY STREETS/ OUTSIDE A BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY

Billy's Mustang skids to a screeching halt, and Billy steps out from vehicle leaving the engine on. He takes out his gun, walks toward a BEAUTY PARLOR... where he finds a MAN, late 20s, shaved head where we see his full scalp, coming out from the place. The Man notices Billy coming forward as he realizes what he's here for.

BILLY
 (coming forward; gun
 in his hand)
 Hey! You there! Yeah you!

The Man is immediately terrified, as he starts sprinting the other direction. Billy chases after him.

Soon Billy catches the man, and then intentionally starts beating him senseless -- but there's something quite off-kilter over on the way that Billy's taking care of business with the man (he nearly beats the guy to death for an unapparent reason out in the open).

BILLY
 (beating up the man;
 shouts at him)
 You got some balls for standing me
 up back at the office. Got something
 that belongs to me, you fucking piece
 of shit cocksucker?!!

As Billy continuously pounds away, beating the man to death even while crushing open his skull, we

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TAVERN - DAY

Back with Billy and Francis at their table --

BILLY
 Now you gotta understand something.
 That guy was already four weeks late
 on his payment.

Francis only looks at Billy with a less than understandable remark.

BILLY
 (beat)
 I'm a gangster. What'd you expect?

FRANCIS
 That guy had a wife and kid.

BILLY
 Just don't mention it to Cokes. He'll
 be all over my ass and then it never
 stops. But you should've seen the hard
 time that prick was giving me.

FRANCIS

(bitterly)

That seems hard to believe.

BILLY

What now?

FRANCIS

And what about the other time you went to some guy's house and gave him what for?

INT. SOME GUY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DIFFERENT DAY

Billy, with exaggerated anger, paces right in front of a MAN (early 30s) who is sitting on his couch, as Billy tries getting an answer out of him in a most despicable menacing way. The MAN tries to be reasonable.

MAN

Now Billy, please, there's no reason to be all --

BILLY

What'd you say?

(goes and puts gun
barrel into his
mouth)

What'd you fucking say to me?!

MAN

(gun in mouth)

Eh he din mean ta sai it da ta way.

BILLY

I'm sorry, what was that? You got a gun in your mouth, so SPEAK LOUDER!

The Man weeps harder.

BILLY

I know, why don't you just sing it to me. Make it as a challenge. You like challenges, right?

The Man weakly nods his head.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Well then sing, sing for your fucking life!

Billy releases the gun out of his mouth.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Go ahead then. SING!!

The Man, shivered and still scared, getting his vocals ready begins SINGING. But he's no good at it.

BILLY
Oh lord, what the fuck am I listening
to? Raise that tone up. That's it,
raise it.

The Man raises his VOICE up more to try singing better. He's still not good enough.

BILLY
(punches him in the
forehead)
Sing better, cocksucker!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TAVERN - BILLY AND FRANCIS'S TABLE

FRANCIS
And let's not also forget...

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB BACKROOM - LATE AFTERNOON (DIFFERENT DAY)

Billy is standing in front of a MAN (late 20s) who's tied up to a chair, incoherently shouting at him as he's wielding a loaded handgun.

BILLY
...Think you're gonna be saved by your
mommy there, fuckin' crybaby?!!

MAN
(tied up; crying hard)
Please, I don't wanna die!

Billy aims the handgun close to the Man's head. Man is even more horrified and his hard crying increases.

MAN (CONT'D)
Please don't, I got a wife and baby
girl! Ah fuck...! Shit --

BILLY
This is what happens when you refuse
to do what the fuckin' program advices
you to do! Go ahead! Cry away, you
fucking cocksucker!

Next thing you know, Billy grabs an AX from a corner, and as he prepares to take a swing at it

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TAVERN - BILLY AND FRANCIS'S TABLE - DAY

Billy, stiff, takes a few beats. And then, like Mr. Know-It-All...

BILLY

I don't really see the point. Isn't it what we do for a living?

FRANCIS

Look, the point is you gotta learn to accept your own responsibilities. If you don't, then everyone else is gonna see that what you do to get the job done is way outta line.

(beat)

Just letting you know that if I were you, Billy, I'd try keeping my angers down a notch so that way there won't be anymore reports to come back with.

BILLY

Like I've never gotten caught anyhow.

FRANCIS

(really?)

Oh...??

Billy, who was thinking about something, slyly looks to Francis, noticed how his tone shifted there for a moment.

BILLY

What?

FRANCIS

I gotta tell ya, kid: you're one heck of a sideshow. The feds are starting to get right onto your tail.

As Billy ponders all over on this...

BILLY (V.O.)

As far as anyone knows already: there is one particular agent who's been trailing behind me for quite awhile.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - DAY

An AGENT (his back to us) sitting at his desk on the phone.

BILLY (V.O.)

Word on this guy is that he doesn't play it so easily.

The Agent turns to front of CAMERA and we notice that it's the face of... JOHN BANAGAN; the same one who interrogated Billy from earlier in the story. He looks pretty much the same as we first met him, his face signifying a profession of authority and confidentiality.

BILLY (V.O.)
He's Agent John Banagan, worked in
the bureau for the last 15 years.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Banagan at the shooting range along with other participants. He gets a clear aim at his target and shoots away, protective headgear on him.

BILLY (V.O.)
Knows how to use a gun properly and
never likes to be defeated.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Banagan, in his agent uniform, and his longtime aging partner (AGENT JOE ADVENT, 58 and white-haired) cuffing TWO MALE CROOKS (both 20-something), and taking them over to a police car parked outside. Other AGENTS and STATE OFFICERS watch as Banagan and his partner are about to send their suspects over to the slammer.

BILLY (V.O.)
Other agents look up to him as a hero.
Nobody ever suspected that he would
miss the mark on anything.

INT. NONDESCRIPT DINER - DAY

Banagan and his partner are having lunch at their booth, in a conversation.

BILLY (V.O.)
He and his partner -- Agent Advent
-- get along like they go way back.
Advent is only a couple years away
from retiring, but he's not that
important.

CUT TO:

INT. HEADQUARTERS/ CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

CAPTAIN JAMES WITTER (mid 50s), having the same figure and resemblance of Walter White (the bald head and has rimmed glasses), slight deep voice, is yelling at one of his agents while sitting at his desk.

Banagan watches from outside the office looking through the glass, observing this from where he stands.

BILLY (V.O.)

What is important is his boss: James Witter, Captain of the bureau. This guy only wants what's best for his reputation: put all crooks and criminals of any kind behind bars, at all costs.

INT. BANAGAN RESIDENCE - DAY

In the kitchen, Banagan comes in along with his wife, MICHELLE (35), blonde, as both are having an argument about something that's personal.

BILLY (V.O.)

He's even got a wife and young son.

That's when JUNIOR (10) comes to daddy and everything's fine all the sudden.

Banagan lifts his son up and carries him like how any ordinary father would do. Michelle caresses her son's hair very motherly.

BILLY (V.O.)

As far as I'm concerned: this guy has it all. He is one tough bastard, that Banagan.

BACK TO:

INT. TAVERN - BILLY & FRANCIS'S TABLE - DAY

BILLY

So what does this mean?

FRANCIS

It means you gotta watch out more unless you want all of us to get caught.

BILLY

Does Cokes know about this? Doesn't anyone besides me know about it?

FRANCIS

See, there's something else you gotta understand.

BILLY

Which is?

FRANCIS

You really got no clue, do you?

BILLY

Well then maybe if you were to tell me right now I would know.

BILLY (V.O.)

But I already knew it. As it turns out, Banagan did a little investigation on the liquor store shooting years prior. The day that I met Albert and helped save him and his group from getting killed.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

It's the day of the aftermath shooting when Billy helped save Albert, Jimmy and Dennis from getting killed and first met them.

We see agent's Banagan and Advent talking with the STORE CLERK (23), as the Clerk stands behind the register, still a bit shaken from the recent shooting. Banagan has a notepad and pen in his hand, jotting notes as he tries to piece the clues together as to what happened.

CLERK

Like I said: I didn't see much. I ducked behind the counter here, and I think that the guys -- the one's who were getting shot at...?

AGENT BANAGAN

Yes, we're both very well aware on that.

AGENT ADVENT

Couldn't it have been obvious that they took the back entrance as their escape route, those guys you had a little talk with?

CLERK

Yes. Exactly.

AGENT BANAGAN

What were they here for anyway?

CLERK

Not much, just for packs of cigarettes but I told them that this place don't sell them here no more.

AGENT BANAGAN

Weren't there any other persons here during the shooting?

CLERK

There was this one other guy, yes.

AGENT ADVENT

Any ideas on what happened with him?

AGENT BANAGAN

What does he look like? Can you give us details?

CLERK

(thinking)

He was dark haired, average height... probably early to mid 20s.

AGENT BANAGAN

(notices and points to a VIDEO CAM)

Any chance that there's footage on that camera?

INT. LIQUOR STORE/SMALL BACKROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In a small back room of liquor store, the Clerk plays to the two Agents a VHS TAPE RECORDING on the events of the shooting on a cheap TV set.

We see on VIDEO FOOTAGE: *Albert, Jimmy and Dennis talking with the Clerk. Then the SHOTS from outside happen. Albert and his group duck to floor and fire back. We see in foreground Billy ducking behind the candy section.*

We PAUSE on the footage.

AGENT BANAGAN

(points to Billy's figure on screen)

That's the other guy who was there, wasn't it?

STORE CLERK

Yep, that's him alright.

CU -- BANAGAN'S EYES, deeply fixated on the image of Billy on screen.

BILLY (V.O.)

That was the day that I knew: that Banagan decided to do a background check on me.

MONTAGE:

-Banagan goes around headquarters gathering some important information on files and delivers them to his work desk.

-Banagan even goes through projector in a bullpen room, showing rows of images of mafia men in strange areas, trying to piece everything together.

-Banagan going through file cabinets in search of something he needs in an office room, grabs it and then stalks off.

-Banagan talks with the Captain in his office about a certain case.

BILLY (V.O.)

Anything that he's probably got on me could put an end to my perfect, dangerous new life. Sure, I knew that someday police would suspect something about me. Even after all this time doing *god knows what*, I'm still a free man as of this day. Los Angeles is quite the big city. There are a lotta many crooks and gangsters here they would be looking for a really long time trying to search and bring me down. I wouldn't know how I could handle all that.

BACK TO:

INT. TAVERN - BILLY AND FRANCIS'S TABLE - DAY

FRANCIS

So it seems like you're gonna have to be careful for now on.

BILLY

Partially though, right?

FRANCIS

This ain't a joke, Billy. You wanna get exposed so suddenly?

Billy lets his mind wander, ponders for a beat.

ANGLE ON:

The Guy's at the counter...

PAL

Oh boys, you don't know how it makes me feel to be in your company. Can't tell ya how much I'd admire on all the businesses we had together so far as of now.

Jimmy thinks otherwise, rolling his eyes, uncaring, for he takes a sip of his whiskey, still in no favor to look the other way.

DENNIS

Hey Pal, tell us about the time when you made a deal with that pothead Lance that one time. You guys should listen to this.

PAL
 (telling the story)
 Well let's see. First thing: this
 Lance guy... forget his last name, but
 he drew me in on this... (TBD)

As Pal tells the story to the guys... Jimmy receives a TEXT MESSAGE
 from the boss. As he tries to read it, Pal interrupts him.

PAL
 (pauses his story to
 talk to Jimmy)
 Hey Jimmy, what're you doing? You're
 missing the funny part.

JIMMY
 It was from the boss. Shouldn't
 ignore his calls.

PAL
 It can't wait for two minutes?

JIMMY
 (cold bitter)
 Sorry, Pal, but I don't care about
 whatever story it is you're telling that
 I know is complete and utter *bullshit*.

The Guys silently whisper "Oooo's" -- a major burn on Pal -- for we
 notice that Pal is a little insulted by Jimmy's comment there.

PAL
 What's your problem with me, Jimmy?

JIMMY
 What's my problem with you? You really
 wanna know?

PAL
 Maybe your boss and I might need to
 have a word on your behavior with me,
 and I don't think you want that to
 happen, do ya?

ANGLE ON:
 Billy and Francis...

BILLY
 What if I just lay low for awhile?
 Would that be a helpful option?

FRANCIS
 You could do that, but it would be
 risky if you to even tried staying
 out in the open.

BILLY

Cokes would probably have to give me
a different line of work...?

FRANCIS

If you want, I can see if he can --

But Francis's speech gets interrupted, as they both turn and notice at the counter:

JIMMY AND PAL

getting into a BAR FIGHT.

Both guys keep spewing off ANGRY CURSES at one another.

Albert and the guys try to break up the fight, but Jimmy and Pal are just too strong to be stopped.

Billy quickly dashes over, and tries breaking the fight up himself.

BILLY

(aggressively tries
breaking up the fight)
Hey! Settle down! Fucking calm it
already!

PAL

(going at it with
Jimmy)
Fuck this motherfucker, he should be
the one to say he's sorry in the
first place!

JIMMY

Yeah, well fuck you, too!

BILLY

HEY!!

WHAM! Billy sucker punches Jimmy in the face. Jimmy suddenly looks at him, his demeanor softens, knowing what he did was way out of line.

BILLY

(to Jimmy)
What're you doing? You seriously want
to make things worst?

Jimmy feeling displeased, and yet, inferior for what he just committed.

Everyone is looking at Jimmy, feeling like he's about ready to engage for an apology. But...

...instead, Jimmy walks out the door, not saying a word, not looking back. Silence.

PAL

(fixes his suit)

Well it seems as though like my arrival
has been a displeasure for our Jimmy
there.

Francis, in his grey coat, steps forward.

FRANCIS

So what happened? Had too much to
drink or something?

BILLY

It's been taken care of.

PAL

I hate being the party pooper...

(turns the bartender)

Hey, can we get some bottles of
Bourbon whiskey, please?

(to the guys)

Don't worry, fellas, this round's on me.

Francis leans toward Billy, and whispers:

FRANCIS

(sotto, to Billy)

Don't worry, I'm sure that pretty soon
things with the feds will all blow over.
I'll still keep in touch for more latest
news.

BILLY

I'll be around. Thanks.

As Francis begins to walk out the door: we catch a glimpse of his FBI
BADGE that's attached to his belt buckle (he's probably an undercover
informant).

With Francis gone, everyone at the counter has their round of drinks
that's on Pal's tab. Billy goes to join them. He thinks over about the
discussion he had with Francis, trying to enjoy the moment though.

BILLY (V.O.)

If it's true that the police could one
day burst onto our doors... just gotta
keep living through every minute like
it counts and not worry much. Something
I've always kept to myself.

Cue MUSIC on SOUNDTRACK.

MONTAGE: Billy and others go through with more of their life-of-crime
lives in L.A.; Billy being asked by Cokes to accompany him and Pal for

a negotiation proposition in which they attend; the police investigate on crime scenes recently committed by Billy's group at certain areas; gang robs a cargo truck containing cardboard boxes of wine/champagne and brings them back to their unit; lots more TBD throughout...

The montage later ends with:

INT. BILLY'S CRIB/MASTER BEDROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

An exhausted Billy goes and lies down on bed next to Stacy after a hard day at work.

The MUSIC fades, and we:

FADE OUT.

Silence. Then, over the black screen...

STACY (V.O.)

Billy. Billy, wake up. Hey...

INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE ON BILLY - BRIGHT MORNING

Sunlight pouring in through the drapes. Billy fully asleep still. Stacy O.S. trying to wake him up.

STACY (O.S.)

Hey...! Billy...!

BILLY

(wakened up; groggy)

Jesus... What-- What you want?

REVEAL: Stacy, in house robe, looking very fastidious even at this early in the morning. She stands next to the bed looking at Billy.

She seems like she has something very urgent to ask him. Her voice towards him at the moment is very tender yet about to become ticked off and is also about to become filled with self-pity in a bit for what she's about to say.

STACY

I wanna know something.

BILLY

(can't help but go
back to sleep:)

Oh yeah... I forgot to tell ya: I came home late last night, didn't wanna wake you.

STACY

(slowly grows agitated)

You mind explaining to me on what the FUCK you're doing in here, Billy?!

Billy opens his eyes, sits up on the bed.

WIDER ANGLE: It's revealed that Billy's in a completely different bedroom of his home crib, not the master bedroom in which we've just seen him enter and got into bed next to Stacy from last scene.

BILLY

Come on, what's the hold-up? So I'm sleeping in this room. Big whop.

Billy lies back in bed. Stacy spreads the sheets open all the way.

STACY

Oh no, you're not getting off that easy. I want an explanation.

BILLY

Alright, what? What you want me to say?

STACY

I could hardly sleep last night. I'm use to us cuddling together. It's like I'm feeling distant from you lately and I don't know what gives.

BILLY

Stacy, please, not now, okay? It's still early. And sorry if I appear to be stepping on your little parade that is going through your head there but... I just needed a little space from last night.

STACY

(noticed a false remark
from his tone just
then)

Excuse me, but what the fuck is that supposed to mean?

BILLY

You really wanna know? Wanna know the truth so badly?

STACY

Yes! And don't think that I'm gonna stand down to anymore of your bullshit excuses this time.

BILLY

Okay, look, I just thought that for one night it would be alright for us to sleep in separate bedrooms. No biggie.

STACY

Well then it looks we got ourselves a problem. Let's talk about it.

BILLY

Stacy, you can't always be expecting for us to argue over something that's complete --

STACY

(interrupts)

--No, I am not gonna let you try fighting your way outta this one! I just feel that we should be open to share our feelings together, like how any couple would do, you know?

BILLY

(here we go phase)

- Oh god, not this shit again -

STACY

Do you even care how much it hurts me that you don't wanna be by my side in bed, since we're in a relationship?

Billy thinking, this is unbelievable.

BILLY

Stacy, you're exaggerating.

STACY

(snapping at him)

I am not exaggerating! Don't you ever tell me I'm exaggerating!

BILLY

Hey, hey... calm down will ya.

STACY

You're getting sick of me already, aren't you? Is that it, Billy? You don't feel like you're becoming attracted to me anymore?

BILLY

No, and don't think of it like that. I love you, Stacy, always will.

STACY

Then why won't you sleep in the same bed with me?

BILLY

Did I not just explain it already...?

STACY
Billy, answer me!

BILLY
(hesitant)
Because...

STACY
(becoming the man)
Because what, Billy? Come on now, spit it out. I'm a big girl, I can take it.

BILLY
Well I don't know what you want from me... It's too early for me to be doing this, and I don't have to be at work for another... (checks clock) two hours from now, so if I can just --

Billy trying to sneak back into bed.

STACY
No. Don't you fucking dare step down on me again. I came in here looking for a straight answer and I want it now.

BILLY
Sometimes, you can be a bit... *too* onto me sometimes.

Stacy looks at him peculiarly: "Too onto you" how?

BILLY (CONT'D),
I said '*sometimes*'.

STACY
Okay, but let me tell you something. I worry about you. In fact, I'm even more worried for whenever you're out there risking everything you can just so you can get through with it all, and -- okay -- maybe I am a bit overreacting, but still, I'm stuck here sitting around doing nothing most of the day. Sure, I would love to just go out and hang with some of my friends, but guess what?

BILLY
They're all getting married and moving on with their lives, I get that.

STACY
Exactly. So that I mean, theoretically, I got nobody to hang with all day.

BILLY

We can always get a cat...

STACY

(he did not just say
get a cat)

No, no fucking way. I hate cats. They
got sharp claws and I hate that.

BILLY

(different option)

A dog perhaps...?

Stacy gives him a solemn look. A long beat.

BILLY

Well what the fuck do ya expect me to
do? I'm the one whose gotta put money
in this house.

STACY

Now Billy, I'm not gonna ask again after
this, and I really want you to be very
straightforward. Why, for the love of
god, and of this relationship won't you
stay in the same room with me when
we're asleep?

A longer beat. Billy won't say. His face implies: 'This is insane'.

STACY (CONT'D)

Just say it.

BILLY

(screw it)

Fuck this. I don't need this bullshit,
especially this early in the morning...

He starts to doze off...

STACY

BILLY!!

BILLY

What?

STACY

Don't turn your head away from me!

Billy sighs, heavily. Then, Stacy alarmingly suspects something.

STACY

Are you seeing someone else?

Beat. This really gets Billy all worked up.

BILLY

What...? No. NO! Why would you even say such a thing? You're getting the wrong idea there. I swear, your head is all screwed around in there.

STACY

Then I guess you're just not the cuddling type...

BILLY

(after a beat)

And what makes you assume that I'd be with some other girl behind your back? You think I would be that fucking stupid? I mean look at you.

STACY

Yeah that's right, look at me for once, see if maybe you got some decency inside that noggin of yours to tell the difference!

BILLY

Stacy...

STACY

(fair warning)

And let me tell you another thing: Cuz if I ever find out that you've been plowing on another woman behind my back, I chop your dick off and keep it as a souvenir.

BILLY

What kind of insane theory would make you think I'm with another girl? Come on, just chill. I love you and that's that. Let's just keep it at that.

Billy gets back under the sheets. Stacy about to head out...

STACY

And next time just be sure I don't have to come back and find you asleep in here again. Couples sleep together and that's that. End of discussion.

BILLY

(head down; eyes shut)

Look, just --

STACY

--END... of discussion.

And with that last bite Stacy walks out the door, knowing she got him thinking of doing the right thing.

BILLY
(calling out while
head down and eyes
shut)

You know I don't see how that could work out. We hardly get any guests over so it feels like we're using this extra bedroom for nothing.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

From behind his office desk that's adorned with debris, Captain Witter holds in his hand a folded NEWSPAPER with the main tagline shown that reads in black print: "**Crime Wave Continues to Spread in L.A.**" Witter speaks out, sounding very angry and upset, to someone right in front of him OS:

CAPTAIN WITTER
You mind explaining me about *this*?

He drops the paper onto his desk with a resounding SWAACK!

CAPTAIN WITTER (CONT'D)
Cuz let me tell you something, in spite of all that is irrelevant due to all of this epidemic nonsense: because it appears that nobody really cares about us putting an end at last to this massive crisis going on in the city. And I demand to know what we plan on finally doing something about it! I don't know what the fuck's been going on with this bureau, cuz I get this *strange* little scent that nobody really wants to get the fucking job done.

REVEAL: Agent Banagan, in his clean-cut agents outfit, standing on both feet with both hands in his pockets, listening intently to Witter.

CAPTAIN WITTER (CONT'D)
I mean have you seen what's happened? A whole lot more complaints keep phoning in, day in and day out. I expect a lot more from you. And for what? Seeing as though every other agents here are just too screwed-up in their own heads, even during such unfulfilling contraptions that I just can't *stand it* anymore! It devastates me to see this.

AGENT BANAGAN

We know how you feel.

REVEAL: Agent Advent, also dressed clean-cut, sitting on a chair besides Banagan.

AGENT ADVENT

And you're definitely right, Captain.
Something has to be done about this.

CAPTAIN WITTER

Boy I tell you... the Mayor isn't feeling optimistic into letting me off the hook here. And he expects *me* to do everything I can within *my* willpower to prevent this whole crime wave from prevailing evermore...?

AGENT BANAGAN

Seems like we need to get our heads back in the game.

AGENT ADVENT

Do we ever. I agree.

CAPTAIN WITTER

(bitter skepticism)

Well that's good to know. Because as of this moment, I'm not feeling too happy with myself.

(beat)

Not one bit.

AGENT BANAGAN

Sorry you feel that way, Captain.

CAPTAIN WITTER

Ohhhh the disappointments I have to face. It's all I ever...

(shifting to full-on
rage mode)

...fucking get around here!!

Witter aggressively, loose-temperedly lifts part of his desk up tipping it over, making most of his stuff on desk fall off.

CAPTAIN WITTER

You know how it makes me feel?! DO YOU?!!

We see through the CLEAR GLASSES, that the workers from outside the office have noticed Witter's tempered outrage.

Witter puts his desk down, takes a breath, composes himself, arranging desk, trying to research for the next words to say.

CAPTAIN WITTER

Alright. Alright, alright... Just so we're directly on the same level here, something's gotta be done with this. We need a way as to how we're gonna finally nail these motherfuckers and bring them to justice. So I just wanna make clear that as of right now: these streets need to be kept under top surveillance. I wanna see every street from a mile range filled with all the best officials we got and keep a watchful eye out for any *sons-of-bitches* out there who're messing around doing highly unlawful things. And -- I repeat -- *and* ... we'll be all over the headlines: "The guys who finally locked up all criminals and crooks in the city behind bars for good." Seems like a good head start, don't you think, agents?

Both Agents give glances at each other. Then, Banagan says to Witter:

AGENT BANAGAN

We hear ya, Captain. Loud and clear.

CAPTAIN WITTER

Then it's settled. Just the kinda attitude I wanted to hear.

(beat)

Now get the fuck out of my office.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Banagan and Advent close the door behind them, then walk away from the Captain's office.

AGENT ADVENT

I know he's kind of losing his mind, but he does have a point to all of this.

AGENT BANAGAN

A hothead is what he is.

And as the agents continue walking:

EXT. STREETS/ AN ALLEYWAY - THE EAST COAST - DAY

BANG! BANG! A Man (20s) who was running for his life is suddenly SHOT TWICE from the back and goes down.

Two recognizable Hoodlums (Dennis and Albert) grab both the man's legs, dragging him into the trunk of their car.

DENNIS (PRE-LAP O.S.)
You know that's insane, right?

INT. MOB UNIT/LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Where most of the guys come to hang out and lounge around. A generic upper-class feel to it. Room is a little smoky due to a lit joint.

Billy is playing pool with Albert as his opponent. Cruise listening to music from the radio while reading a dirty magazine. Dennis (the only one with joint in his mouth and making the room a little smoky) sits while counting money and watching Billy and Albert play pool.

BILLY
Excuse me?

ALBERT
What did you think he meant?

BILLY
It's none of your fuckin' business to know about my love life.

CRUISE
(not looking at them)
I beg to differ.

DENNIS
(counting money)
Just sayin' though. She's got a point.

BILLY
Oh what, so suddenly you're taking Stacy's side?

DENNIS
Why wouldn't you want to sleep in bed with her? You some kind of sissy or something, brah?

BILLY
Fuck no, and you better watch yourself if you call me that one more time.

ALBERT
Girls can be difficult sometimes. They just want what's right in a relationship.

CRUISE
(still not looking)
And the whole sleeping together thing is one of the fewest reasons.

BILLY

She just hogs the bed a lot. Hard for me to sleep with her all over me.

ALBERT

And you're telling us that you don't like it that way?

BILLY

What would you have done if you were me anyway?

ALBERT

First of all, I'd make sure to buy a bigger bed.

Dennis finishes counting money. He checks his watch.

DENNIS

(stoic)

Ah shit. I'm supposed to meet up with Marc and Ed soon.

BILLY

How's that been going?

DENNIS

(like he gives a shit)

Shitty. I mean, despite the fact that Marcus seems to like me more, it's Ed who's the real hard-ass on me.

ALBERT

Holy shit. Looks like somebody's having some old-geezer-doesn't-like-him problems.

DENNIS

But I don't get it though. I mean I tried making a good first impression.

EXT. STREETS/VACANT AREA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A SPORTS CAR parks and the engine is turned off. Dennis steps out in sunlight, approaching 2 DISTINGUISHED-DRESSED MEN waiting by their vehicle: MARCUS NEWTON & ED PEARSON. Marcus is 50, short for his age, good-looking and looks like someone who appeared in a lot of men's underwear commercials. Ed is 60, Irish, tough-looking, very much of a hard-ass and is in very good shape for his age.

DENNIS (V.O.)

Personally, I don't know what I might've done wrong to make Ed super pissed at me.

Dennis begins talking GANGSTA to the gentlemen, feeling a little too overly apt with himself in front of newcomers.

DENNIS

(gangsta tone)

Awright' so wha's shakin', men? 'No what I'm sayin'? Weather's good ou' here, don't ya think?

DENNIS (V.O.)

They looked at me like I didn't know what the fuck I was doing. Marcus, though, thought I was putting up a little sideshow. Ed was more bitterly determined. He seemed like he wanted to throw a punch at me.

DENNIS

Hope da the trip over here was good, know wha I'm sayin'? So Cokes sen' me over to show y'all a good 'ol time. So you're both from New York, huh? Must be a big city. I dig that, by da way. Your flight was good though, righ--?

Ed steps forward and gives Dennis a good PUNCH TO THE FACE. Dennis shocked, covering the blood that's coming out of his nostrils, unsure of what he might've done wrong to upset Ed (but it's obvious we know).

DENNIS (V.O.)

I still remember the feeling of that punch, though. Hurt like fuckin' hell.

BACK TO:

INT. MOB UNIT LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

ALBERT

I think it's pretty obvious on what you did wrong.

DENNIS

(clueless)

What?

BILLY

Come on, really? You got no idea yet, Dennis?

DENNIS

Maybe I dressed too casually...?

Billy and Albert look at each other. He still doesn't know?

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STREETS/VACANT AREA - FLASHBACK

Back with Dennis with Marcus and Ed. Dennis not really listening at first, focused on his nasal congestion:

MARCUS

Enough with the fuckin' gangsta talk
and bullshit already.

ED

What do you think we are, a bunch of
gangsta talkers ourselves, dopey?

DENNIS

(covering nose)

Dude...!

ED

You're just all full of it, aren't
ya? Know what I do to punks like
you who irritate me with that kind
of fucking tone you have?

DENNIS

(obviously hadn't heard)

I don't even know what I did to
deserve this...

MARCUS

(re: nose bleeding)

It's fine, no harm done. You okay
there, buddy?

ED

Of course he's fine. Look at him.
That junkie ass of his is already
making him cry out all the pain.

DENNIS

Hey look, I don't wanna feel like I'm
being intimidated.

MARCUS

(back to business)

You probably know our names by now.

DENNIS

Yeah...

ED

And I just hope that you keep your
filthy fucking gangsta mouth shut
for now on, I ain't in the mood for
this kind of toler--

DENNIS
 (interrupts; didn't hear)
 --Sorry what?

Ed giving a sinister look for being interrupted.

MARCUS
 Just forget it. Alright, I think that
 we should start all over.
 (extends his hand out
 for a handshake)
 Marcus Newton. This is Ed Pearson.
 We're from New York, on a little
 tour of the place.

DENNIS
 (shakes Marcus's hand)
 Hey yeah. Dennis Hackster.

MARCUS
 All righty. Guess we're all good.

ED
 (glaring at Dennis)
 For now. Let's go, I'm starved.

The trio starts walking.

DENNIS (V.O.)
 Ed gives me the heebie-jeebies. Irish
 old fuck kept looking at me like he
 wants to murder me.

BACK TO:

INT. MOB UNIT/ LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

DENNIS
 (scoffs)
 I don't know why I was even put up
 with them as an assignment.

ALBERT
 (wipes his pool cue
 stick)
 Almost feel sorry for you, Dennis.

DENNIS
 Thanks, man. At least somebody here
 cares about my situation.

BILLY
 And just to think that *I* was the
 one coming close to being paired up
 with them.

CRUISE

You know now that Cokes' deal's finally paid off we should get to go visit New York someday.

(re: Marcus and Ed;
to Dennis)

You said they was from there, did ya?

DENNIS

Sure did...

ALBERT

Yeah after making a lot more money now there's this sweet cool car I've always been meaning to get: yellow Huracan Lamborghini, 325 kilometer horsepower.

(imagines he's riding one)

Fancy livin'.

Billy's phone is ringing. He puts his pool stick down to pick it up, turns away from the guys.

BILLY

(into phone)

Yeah?

DENNIS

I'll bet you right now, Albert, that I can beat you at a quick game of pool.

ALBERT

Oh, you're on.

CRUISE

(eyes on magazine)

I'm putting all my money on Al.

BILLY

(hangs up)

I gotta go, catch ya guys later.

As Billy departs, and while Dennis and Albert begin playing their round of pool

CUT TO:

EXT. TBD STREET/VACANT AREA - LATER TODAY

Weather is a bit cold out. Francis relaxes by his vehicle, in a nifty three-piece suit, waiting patiently. Billy's Mustang momentarily pulls forward and kills the engine. Billy steps out and shuts the door, approaches Francis who looks like he's got something important to say.

BILLY

So what do I owe the pleasure of you wanting to see me out here today?

FRANCIS

You made sure that you weren't followed?

BILLY

Why?

FRANCIS

Because I'm pretty sure that we're gonna need to watch our backs and keep our eyes peeled in meantime.

Billy, prompt, knows what he could be talking about.

BILLY

The feds again?

FRANCIS

What did you expect, that I wasn't talking about something other than the people who'll be coming knocking on our doors with warrants in their hands?

BILLY

How serious is this?

FRANCIS

It's very serious. Captain's already sending out more coppers on the streets to find whoever's dressed like the way you are.

Billy paces his feet around a bit, shaken yet infuriated by this.

BILLY

How long before they catch up to us?

FRANCIS

Hard to say, but it could be sooner.

BILLY

What about Cokes, does he have any idea about this?

FRANCIS

He knows alright. You're the second person to find out.

Billy, seething, tries finding his composure. A beat.

BILLY

So what's the plan?

FRANCIS

The plan is to lay low for awhile until things are taken care of.

Billy looks away from Francis, scowling.

BILLY

Just when things are starting to get good. Fucking federation... always wanting to ruin all our fun...

FRANCIS

Better watch what you're saying.

BILLY

Yeah, yeah...

Francis steps forward.

FRANCIS

(getting a little
furious)

Hey, this shit is serious!

BILLY

(eyes on Francis now:)

I know that, I'm not a fucking idiot.

FRANCIS

Then I would suggest that you start acting like you're *not* an idiot and try to prevent yourself from getting your hormones acted up again.

BILLY

(after a beat)

I get why you don't find me the least bit pretentious.

FRANCIS

(mock concern)

Is that so?!

Billy looks away from him, kicks some dirt on the ground. His shoes now covered in dirt.

FRANCIS

Just stick to what I said and I'll find a way to make things right again.

BILLY

Just lay low for a bit, huh?

FRANCIS

If it has to go down like this, I'd
say... we'd be around 80 percent
sure it'll blow over.

Billy continues to contemplate. This is not how he'd plan his day would go at all.

INT. COKES'S OFFICE - DAY

Pal, looking less than clean-cut, as he opens the door letting himself in. Cokes sits at his desk.

PAL

Mind if we talk?

COKES

Have a seat.

Pal does. While getting himself settled in, comfortably slouched in his seat:

PAL

Man this whole federation situation's
making me suspect about a lotta things.

COKES

Our old friend Francis is already
taking care of things as we speak.

PAL

How can we know for sure that Francis
knows what lives would be at stake for
us and this company?

COKES

We just have to pray for what might be
coming, good or bad.

PAL

Can't always be denying the facts or
else it's not relevant enough...

COKES

(beat)

So what did you really come in for?

PAL

(switching from worried
to okay)

Thought I might come in to see how
the new business deal is turning out.

COKES

Great, actually.

PAL

You know, if it hadn't been for my perfectible use of intelligence and confidentiality...

COKES

Let's not get ourselves carried away here.

PAL

(beat)

I can see you must be really liking this new line of work all thanks to the way how I handled it with our negotiators.

COKES

And now I can look myself in the mirror and see what is clearly the new face of one of the most popular top branded department stores in the district.

PAL

You know now looks like the time to think of what we should be doing with all the profits we'll be receiving in the process.

COKES

I couldn't agree more.

PAL

I'll betcha your boys might have some ideas up their sleeves in where they stand out in all of this.

COKES

(off his look)

Being part of the WalMart business kinda makes you wonder: how much time I have left on this earth.

A sense of worrisome registered on Cokes' expression.

EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Establishing.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT

Billy, handsomely dressed in a three-piece suit, and Stacy, wearing an exquisite dress that fits her lovely eyes, are at a table in mid-meal.

STACY

(enjoying her food)
Mmm, I tell ya: I just *looove* how they
make their *crème brulee*'s.

BILLY

Glad you're enjoying yourself.

STACY

It's almost as if I hadn't tasted any-
thing this good in a *looong* time.

BILLY

(beat)
Stacy, there's been something I've
been meaning to ask you...

STACY

(enjoying more of her
crème brulee)
Mmm, hold that thought...

Billy waits for her to finish. Then:

BILLY

Well, seeing that we've come to know
each other for quite a while...

STACY

(suspects he could be
on to something)
Billy, what're you saying?

Billy grabs out something from his suit pocket, hands it to Stacy.

BILLY

Got this for you today. Made me think
of you.

Stacy with a hyping smile respectively takes it from him. It's a SMALL
GIFT BOX that could contain jewelry inside of it.

STACY

Billy, you shouldn't have.

BILLY

Open it up.

Stacy does. Inside is a SHINY DIAMOND NECKLACE. She holds it out,
captivated by the beauty of this wonderful gift she's received.

STACY

Oh. My. God.

Billy gets up from his chair, goes and helps put the necklace on her.

She looks stunning wearing it. She feels astounded, loves him even more.

STACY

It's gorgeous. I can't believe it.

BILLY

Glad you love it.

They both share a kiss on the lips.

STACY

So what kind of stunt did you pulled off to give me such a lovely gift?

Billy sits back on his chair.

BILLY

It's just to show how much you matter to me.

STACY

Did you get a big raise this time?

BILLY

Better than that, baby.

Stacy can't help but simply admire her gift more.

STACY

(re: diamond necklace)

I can't believe how elegant it looks. My goodness...

Billy takes a breath, before telling Stacy what he wanted to tell her.

BILLY

Stacy. I love you. You don't know how it makes me feel saying that, but that's the truth. And I just wanna let you know that it won't be for long until we're --

--But Billy gets cut off by a PHONE CALL:

BILLY

-- *Motherfucker* --

STACY

Won't be for long until what...?

BILLY

(looks at the number that's calling him)

I'm sorry, babe, this'll only take a sec.

Billy gets up, walks away from table and picks up the phone.

BILLY (INTO PHONE)
This better be important.

INTERCUT:

INT. CAR - MOVING - SAME MOMENT

Albert behind the wheel on the phone, accompanied by 2 OTHER GANG COLLEAGUES who look suited for another hit.

ALBERT
You didn't forget about the gig we were supposed to be doing together, did you?

BILLY
Albert, you know I'm supposed to be staying low for a while. You know...
(looks over his shoulder; then:)
Because of what Francis told us. The feds and all?

ALBERT
Oh yeah. Shit, I must've forgotten that.

BILLY
So where are you headed?

ALBERT
Cokes though it was alright for us to handle these assignments only if we're in pairs for now on.

BILLY
You driving there right now?

ALBERT
Yeah...

Billy puts the phone down for a moment to think.

BILLY
(back on phone)
You seriously think it's okay to be doing this, while the fucking feds could soon be gaining up on us, especially when things are starting to get better?

ALBERT
Billy, don't worry about it.

BILLY

(beat)

Where're you at right now?

ANGLE ON: Stacy, watching Billy argue over the phone, can't quite make out with what he's saying. She senses there's something wrong here.

Back with Billy talking on phone:

BILLY

Just be sure to get it over with fast. Call me when it's done.

Billy hangs up. Puts phone away. Walks back to his table with Stacy. Trying to maintain a sharp continuousness on his dinner date.

BILLY

Sorry about that. Work stuff.

STACY

Is everything alright?

BILLY

Yeah, of course.

STACY

(coyly)
So... you were saying?

Billy about to give out a big surprise.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS/ SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. - DAY

The location is somewhere in South Central Los Angeles. Parked at a curb across from the back alley of a SOCIAL CLUB, Albert and his 2 CREWMEMBERS sit in the car observing the backdoor. They load up their guns.

ALBERT

Remember: we gotta make this quick and clean. No screw-ups.

CREWMEMBER #1

We know. The fuck you take us for?

ALBERT

Just follow along sharply and stick close behind me.

CREWMEMBER #2

(lock and loaded)
Let's go take out some motherfuckers.

A MOMENT LATER: As they all emerge from vehicle, guns at the ready, approaching the backdoor of social club... where a slender-looking HIPSTER MAN, 30, stands around smoking a cigarette. Their prime target.

As they come closer, suddenly: 5 MORE HIPSTER MEN, 20s and 30s, abruptly step out from the club backdoor, and they notice Albert and gang stepping forward with their guns out. Albert and crew quickly freeze up. None of the groups know what to make of this encounter.

Crewmember #1 taking reckless matters into his own hands, and SHOOTs them -- Albert trying to stop him but it's too late.

The 6 Hipsters yank out their guns in self-defense and attempt to shoot them back.

Albert and his guys sprint towards their car -- but duck as soon as countless GUNSHOTS are targeting at the vehicle, blowing it to shreds.

Albert and his two crewmembers quickly hide behind a different parked car, trying to deconstruct their urges and FIRE BACK.

This VIOLENT SHOOTOUT goes on for quite a bit. But it won't be for long till Albert and gang decide they need to bail since they're outnumbered.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTES - DAY

In the break room: one of the MALE ATTENDANTS (30) who is pouring himself a cup of coffee from the coffeemaker suddenly receives an important call from a DISPATCH on a WALKIE-TALKIE that's left unattended on the table.

The Male Attendant puts down the coffee and goes to pick it up. Saying there's a 34S (SHOOTOUT) occurring down in South Central L.A.

CUT TO:

BACK TO THE SHOOTING:

Crewmember #1 is shot down, deceased. Crewmember #2 suffers through gunshot wound in his right shoulder. Albert still shooting back.

ALBERT
(loading up)
Fucking bastards! FUCK YOU!!

Albert takes another few SHOTS.

CREWMEMBER #2
(hallucinating)
I don't think I'm gonna make it. Go on without me...

ALBERT

Just hold tight. I'll show these sons-of-bitches who they're messin' with.

Albert can hear distant POLICE SIRENS blaring in. They're getting closer.

ALBERT

(hearing the sirens)

Fuck. Come on, we gotta get out of this wreckage.

Albert tries helping Crewmember #2 up on his feet -- but takes a NASTY BLOW in the head, killing him right then. Albert, as he sprints to a nearby alley continues shooting back, but he's starting to run out.

Albert begins running for his dear life away from the Hipsters, as they threateningly pursue right for him. NOW BEGINS A CHASE SEQUENCE THROUGH THE STREETS OF SOUTH CENTRAL.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The Male Attendant breezes through headquarters, until he approaches a CONFERENCE ROOM where a meeting's in full progress.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Attendant bashes into the large conference room. We see that agent's Banagan and Advent are part of the meeting.

MALE ATTENDANT

Just got a call from dispatch about a shooting that's going on down in South Central. This seems pretty serious.

Everyone gathers their stuff, quickly disperse as they all head out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Agents hustle quickly down the stairway into their vehicles.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. STREETS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Albert runs around still, while some of the Hipsters from the social club are still behind his tail. Albert keeps dodging the bullets. Fellow PEDESTRIANS get caught up with the chase as they duck in cover, run away and screaming in terror.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT

Billy and Stacy are about finished with their meals. Billy gets a phone call. He picks up.

BILLY
What's up?

As he listens, Billy's face reddens. Enraged.

BILLY
(on phone)
Is that affirmative?
(beat)
-- *Fucking shit* --

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL STREETS

Albert's been running for some time. He's getting tired out, panting, but seems to have lost the Hipsters.

He quickly staggers into a dim alleyway. Dialing from his phone. Sweating. Keeping a clear lookout for possible enemy approach.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT POLICE CAR

Banagan driving. Advent seated beside him. As they're barrel down on a highway heading to their destination, struggling to get past traffic:

BANAGAN
(through police radio)
Talk to me, where is the exact location, can you give us a full report on that? Come on -- shit!

Banagan swerves his car around another vehicle. Increases the acceleration.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT

Billy holds onto Stacy's shoulder as he hurriedly leads her out the restaurant.

BILLY
Come on, let's go.

STACY
Billy, you're hurting my arm a little bit. Easy. What's the rush?

OMIT

OMIT

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF SOCIAL CLUB

The AUTHORITIES finally made it to the scene, but it's all cleared out. DEAD BODIES lie limply around the curbs and pavement. They were too late.

CUT TO:

INT. MOB UNIT/OUTSIDE COKES'S OFFICE - LATER TODAY

Billy strides toward Cokes' office door. We can hear MUFFLED VOICES coming from inside the office: Cokes is in an argument with someone else in the room.

COKES (O.S.)

I don't believe what I'm hearing. Just think of how much worst this could've gotten. And to think that I thought you could expertly handle this.

Billy knocks on door and opens it. Lets himself in.

COKES'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Billy sees that Cokes -- standing next to Albert (seated and his back to us) -- is not looking too happy with what just happened. Cokes noticing Billy entering his office.

COKES

Billy. How thoughtful you could join us.

Albert, looking disheveled from being chased around and almost getting himself killed, turns his head and looks at Billy, feeling displeased with himself.

BILLY

So what's the big story?

ALBERT

(looks to Cokes for forgiveness)

It wasn't my fault really, these guys just came out unexpected and --

COKES

I don't wanna hear it. This should've been taken care of properly. It's never easy for me to be hearing about this, and I for one intend to know on what to do with you.

Albert looks to Billy, feeling he should give him some support on this.
Just then Pal enters the office, hearing about the latest news.

PAL

Everybody okay? How bad is it?

COKES

Well, it appears that Albert here failed to get the assignment done.

(beat)

Boys, if you wouldn't mind I need to discuss this more with Pal alone.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE OF COKES'S OFFICE

Billy and Albert step out from the office. Billy closing the door.
Albert not too proud with himself over his failure.

ALBERT

I'm sorry, Billy. If I would've known better it probably would be best to --

Billy abruptly grabs Albert by the jacket, roughly pinning his back to wall.

BILLY

You fucking kidding me?! You know how much risk this company's gonna be facing now because of you?!

Albert weeping, sorry as can be.

Billy lets go of Albert. About to walk away...

ALBERT

I'm sorry. I know I fucked up...

BILLY

We're supposed to be sticking out for one another. Now it looks as if you've ruined it all. *Goddammit...*

With nothing left to say, Billy walks off. Albert left to grieve in his unflinching sorrow.

INT. STRIP JOINT - PRE-DUSK

CLOSE ON TV SCREEN: A female NEWS ANCHOR (late 30s) reports on the latest gang-related shootout that occurred earlier today in South Central Los Angeles. She sounds professional and straightforward.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR

(on TV Screen)

Police are investigating the outbreak on what was clearly a gang-related shootout gone gruesome. No names have been identified as to who was involved with the violence but police are on the search --

WIDER ANGLE: The TV on with the Female News Anchor breaking down the latest report that's playing from the strip bar.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

(on TV screen)

-- for the culprits responsible that has left citizen caught up with in the act and scared for their dear lives. We'll have the latest reports on those who've witnessed this intense situation from their point-of-views --

REVEAL: Billy, as he's watching the screen from the other side of bar with a vile look on his face and glass of whiskey in his hand. Lots of activity going on behind him.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

(on TV Screen)

--right after this commercial break.

Billy, with the lack of relish, as he asks the Bartender:

BILLY

Hey, can you turn this shit off and change it to something else please?

The BARTENDER does as told, and changes it to an MTV channel.

Billy downs the last of his whiskey. Lifts his glass up to Bartender for a refill.

BILLY

(to no one in particular)

Like today can't get any worst than it is.

The Bartender pours him another whiskey. Walks away after that.

NANCY (O.S.)

Bad day, huh?

NANCY (mid 20s), an African-American beauty, one of the strippers who works at the joint, as she approaches Billy at the bar.

NANCY (CONT'D)

How's it hangin', Billy?

BILLY

(a little buzzed)

Like I don't know what to expect the next day. How are you, Nancy?

NANCY

I'm doing good. Lots of horny guys here today.

BILLY

They giving you any hard times?

NANCY

Not really. Say listen, reason I came over...

BILLY

Not like I got anything important I'm doing right now, so what's up?

NANCY

Think maybe you could speak to Cokes about when my raise will be in order?

BILLY

I thought for sure he'd give out some his loans already.

NANCY

Well I'm in need of some more than what I already work for right now.

BILLY

Don't worry, I'll talk to him about it in the morning.

NANCY

Thank you, Billy.

Billy turns his head to the bar. Beat.

NANCY

(a bit flirtatious)

You know, I'm not doing much right at this minute.

BILLY

(turns head around)

So what'd you expect me to do about that?

NANCY

Couldn't help but noticing you need to catch a break.

BILLY
(drinking whiskey)
You asking me if I want a lap dance?

NANCY
Guilty as charge.

Billy puts down his whiskey. Looks right at her. Sincere and thoughtful:

BILLY
Gee, you know, as much as I would love to receive a lap dance from you with no questions asked... But I'm gonna have to pass on this one.

NANCY
Is your relationship with Stacy still going strongly?

BILLY
Yeah, it is.

NANCY
Well, I understand.

She's about to turn away, disappointed, when...

BILLY
Wait.

Billy grabs out of his jacket pocket a ROLL OF BILLS. He offers her some money.

BILLY
Think of it as a peace treaty. On me.

NANCY
(kindly receives money)
I appreciate it. I hope it's not asking much.

BILLY
Well you don't have to worry about that. There's more where it came from.

NANCY
And the thing with Cokes and my pay...?

BILLY
I'll take care of it. You just relax and enjoy yourself at the moment.

NANCY
You just remember I'll be around.

Nancy gives him a sweet kiss on the cheek, and then departs from his sight.

Billy eyeballs on her BOOTY while she's departing. Some of his manly instincts wanting to come bursting right out of him.

BILLY

Hot damn...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A GOODBYE PARTY on Advent's behalf takes place around headquarters. Some of the workers congratulate on Advent's retirement, extending handshakes, gift receiving, chocolate cake, etc.

CUT TO: Banagan for he's busy going through information on his desk computer (there's a slice of chocolate cake that's half eaten from the party sitting on the side). Suddenly...

MICHELLE (O.S.)

John!

A startling Banagan turns to find... MICHELLE, his fragile, neglected blonde wife walking to him, looks seemingly pissed off about something.

BANAGAN

Michelle? What're yo--?

MICHELLE

We need to talk. Right away. It can't wait.

BANAGAN

Honey, now's not a good time.

MICHELLE

You haven't been home all week. Junior is starting to wonder why his own father isn't home yet.

BANAGAN

I'm working.

MICHELLE

(re: party guests)
Well *they* don't seem to be working.

BANAGAN

Honey, relax. I'm doing the best I can here. Takes a man's own duties to try keeping these parts of town safe for us.

MICHELLE

Yeah but here's the newsflash: there're a lot more cops out there who wanna do the same thing as well. Don't act like you're the only one who can change things.

BANAGAN

Honey, again, just relax. If you want me to come home, I'll come home.

MICHELLE

(settling down a little;
still feeling raged)
Well it's about fucking time.

BANAGAN

But I am getting pretty close with this one case. I just need a few more minutes of my time.

MICHELLE

Well, then just hurry it up.

BANAGAN

Honey, I promise you: I'll be home in a bit.

Michelle, holding back her rigid determinations, considers it for now. Arms crossed, she's about to leave... but turns back at him:

MICHELLE

(beat)
You know I almost feel sorry for you. It's like you're this whole complete person. Almost as if you're eager to try making things different for a better cause. I just hope that you can understand that maybe it won't be for long until it may be time to start reconsidering this whole marital situation.

BANAGAN

Michelle...?

MICHELLE

(don't bother)
Enjoy your cake. I'll see you soon.

Not amused by this, she strides off.

Banagan sits there reconciling through this whole situation. Maybe it is time to think less on his work and more on family. But not now.

EXT. CORPORATE BUILDING - DOWNTOWN - DAY

Cokes emerges from front double doors of a corporate building along with 4 BUSINESSMEN in their suits, extending business-related handshakes.

We notice across the street... hidden behind the bushes is a P.I. (Private Investigator) in deep undercover taking SNAPSHOT PHOTOS of Cokes and the men. The P.I. is camouflaged so as to not be seen.

CUT TO:

INT. MOB UNIT/ LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Billy during his free time flips through an E! CATALOG, listening to the radio. Pretty soon, Jimmy comes in through the door.

JIMMY

Hey Billy...

Billy sensing a presence, cranes his neck to Jimmy.

BILLY

Hey. What's up?

JIMMY

Cokes wants to have a word with you in his office if you got the time.

CUT TO:

INT. MOB UNIT HALLWAY - DAY

Billy walks to Cokes' office down in the dim hallway.

COKES (V.O.)

Business was the only way I could look at myself and see someone with the right potential to keep a company staying afloat.

INT. COKES'S OFFICE - DAY

Cokes sitting behind his desk, dressed in the same business suit from his last previous scene. Billy is seated in front of desk, listens intently.

COKES (CONT'D)

And I had to risk about every single righteousness in me in order to protect those who matter to me. It's tough business being responsible for such the grand opportunity.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

An Office Worker (late 20s) walks through headquarters with a sheet of paper in hand (important information).

COKES (V.O.)

You just never know what's gonna happen, and when it'll come.

The Office Worker now approaches Captain Witter in his office. WE STAY OUTSIDE THE OFFICE as the Office Worker receives the paper over to the Captain.

COKES (V.O.)

There are a lot of different opportunities out there, and I know it in my mind that there's one for everyone.

Captain Witter puts down the paper, doesn't look pleased. He then tosses the paper aside and starts pushing stuff off his desk, outraged as hell. The Office Worker storms right outta there, letting the boss throw a tantrum.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COKES'S OFFICE

Cokes talking directly to Billy from his desk.

COKES

I want you to understand, Billy, that I see something great in you. Though to be fair, everyone's gotta pay the price somehow. For Albert -- our dear Albert -- he was always considered as one of my finest workers. Now you have to understand for when I say, out of everything that could perceive upon this request I'm offering: sometimes men like us aren't up to the challenge.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S HOME CRIB/MASTER BEDROOM

Billy peers out the window as another day ends and waits for what's next the following day.

COKES (V.O.)

There can be greater things that are waiting for us.

Billy turns his head to see Stacy staring back at him from the beige bed, delighted to be in his company.

COKES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There are those we love, those we hate, and those we appreciate out of respect. Some we feel envy for, others we're sincerely fond of.

BACK TO:

INT. COKES' OFFICE

Back in Cokes' office --

COKES

Now you must know that I had to let Albert go, since he was too stupid to get a job done. Just like I've always been telling everybody here that works for me: they can't fuck up, or else they get cut off.

The look on Billy's face, as Cokes tells him all this, implies that he's momentarily getting the sense in where this speech's going.

COKES (CONT'D)

The reason I called you in here is that there's a new job offering for you, if you're interested that is.

BILLY

What?

Cokes takes a moment, and then, with the shrewd of confidence:

COKES

Billy: I've decided to promote you as the new Head Captain. It's yours if you want it.

A beat.

ON BILLY'S FACE: Is he for real? But in a good sympathetic kind of way.

BILLY (V.O.)

Me: As new Head Captain? How can this day get any better?

His face lightens up, perks up a smile, clearly SOLD. Start playing MUSIC.

MONTAGE:

-Billy and his merry entourage waltz side-by-side out on the streets of SUNSET STRIP looking all hip, almost like they're strolling down runway, each wearing sunglasses. (DAY)

-Billy enters a HOME CRIB while a party is in full swing, 2 Hoods are standing close behind him like they're his bodyguards. (NIGHT)

-Billy stands aside watching as the 2 Hoods are beating up a dude on the grass in BACKYARD OF HOME CRIB, party still going on back inside. (SAME NIGHT)

-Billy hands an envelope full of dough over to his investor behind front counter in JEWELRY STORE, walks out after that. (DAY)

-Pal, Cokes, Billy, etc. as they're all having dinner at a FANCY RESTAURANT, laughing away and enjoying themselves. (PRE-EVENING).

-Banagan sits in his office desk at HEADQUARTERS, observing his Captain inside the office going bonkers at some dude who rushes outta there once throwing a huge fit. (DAY)

-At BILLY'S HOME CRIB, Billy and Stacy are having sex on the beige bed in master bedroom, she's orgasmic, he's in total control. (NIGHT)

-2 Hoods from Cokes' co. enter a BARBERSHOP with shotguns, aiming at a Barber (late 40s) who has just finished with a customer, and shoots him, Barber goes flying backwards like getting hit by a cannonball. (DAY)

-Cokes hands to Billy a piece of paper from his desk in his OFFICE, a new assignment to take care of. (DAY)

-Billy chases around 2 young men around a TBD STREET LOCATION trying to terminate them. (DAY)

-Banagan giving out a presentation from projector inside a BULLPEN ROOM, showing slideshows of the faces of MAFIA MEN. (DAY)

-Billy and his accomplices enter a LOCAL FRANCHISE DINER, as they approach a man sitting at his booth in mid-meal, Billy being handed over by one of his men a crowbar, starts taking a swing with crowbar beating the man up with it multiple times. (DAY)

-Billy still chasing around the two men on the STREETS, soon shoots one of them in the back and he goes down like a rag doll. (DAY)

-Armed Policemen as they prepare breaking into a CRACKHOUSE on the Compton area, bust the door down and barge right into the place, Banagan with bulletproof vest on being part of the team. (DAY)

-Billy receiving his big payday at his UNIT, puts the money inside his suit pocket. (EVENING)

-Back with Billy on the STREETS, as he tries chasing after his last target who tries jumping over a barb-wire fence, Billy grabs hold of him, falls on his back and Billy SHOTS -- (DAY)

-Billy being handed over his money after completing the job at his UNIT, takes the money out of respect, getting more and more richer. (LATER THAT DAY)

-Policemen outside of a SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT that's now a crime scene, yellow caution tape being unraveled and blocking the whole scene from some of the spectators who bear witness to the aftermath. (DAY)

-Billy surprises Stacy with a NEW HOME he just bought for them as they stand in front of the new classy-looking place located in Beverly Hills, Stacy exclaims with joy by this exciting moment. (DAY)

-More TBD...

Montage and music ends at:

INT. HEADQUARTERS/INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Banagan is interrogating a disoriented MEXICAN CRACKHEAD (early 20s), with infected skin due to many years of doing crystal meth and other drugs. Banagan's BACKUP, (mid 30s, imposing) stands by a corner supporting his fellow co-worker trying to get answers out from the Crackhead, his hands cuffed that are placed on the table in middle of room.

MEXICAN CRACKHEAD
 (obviously whacked out of
 his mind)
 Hey come on, why am I here?! Oh shit--
 I think I left the stove on back at home,
 you gotta let me--!

BANAGAN
 No more bullshit. It's time for you to
 start cooperating with us.

MEXICAN CRACKHEAD
 (rubs on one of his
 temples; straining)
 This is such bullshit... Man, I didn't
 do anything wrong! My head is swirling
 from all this shit...!

BACKUP
 Well you're gonna have to deal with it.
 Why not give us the names on those who
 work for your company?

MEXICAN CRACKHEAD
 If I do that they'll be coming after me.

BANAGAN
 And who's they?

MEXICAN CRACKHEAD
 I can't say.

BACKUP
 Well you're protected here.

BANAGAN

No one's ever gonna know about this.
We wanna help you as best we can. But
you must cooperate.

MEXICAN CRACKHEAD

I took an oath...

BACKUP

You do realize how serious this is?

Banagan grabs a chair, takes it to table (makes a SCRAPING noise) and sits right across from the Mexican Crackhead.

Like trying to make reasonable friends with him:

BANAGAN

Listen: we're not here to arrest you
in case you're wondering about that.
But, since you are guilty of having
to be in possession of many drugs we
confiscated from you, you obviously
have no choice but to give us the
information we asked for from you
without anymore hesitation.

MEXICAN CRACKHEAD

(pleading)

I'm begging you, you have no idea
what these guys are capable of doing
if I start spilling out the beans.

BACKUP

And how would you know?

(a beat)

You sure that's not the crystal meth
talking?

Banagan looks to his Backup and implies to him like saying: "Back off, I got this one."

BANAGAN

(looks to Crackhead)

Bear with me. If you tell us who's
behind all this you won't be in
anymore trouble.

MEXICAN CRACKHEAD

You swear?

Banagan briefly looks to Backup, giving him an impression as if saying: "Should I tell him?". The Backup replies, "Yes, you should tell him."

Banagan looks sharply at the Crackhead.

BANAGAN

(to Crackhead)

I swear to you, they're not gonna find out. Everything in this room stays with us, and us only.

Mexican Crackhead is restraining, willing now to take the risk. Takes a deep breath. More calm. Cooperatively:

CRACKHEAD

Okay then.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

From the other side of One-Way mirror: we see Banagan, the Crackhead and Backup in the room as the Crackhead gives out personal information to the men in the room with him... Everything is being RECORDED from a nearby LARGE TAPE RECORDER at the corner...

...We see a MAN'S FIGURE (white office attire, black pants, belt buckle, holster, Styrofoam cup of coffee in hand) standing next to the recorder, listening as this confession event takes place.

CRACKHEAD (O.C.)

(through recording)

So, there's this one dude who's like a brother of mine. He knows a few who're working for this one big old dude who goes by the name of Cokes. Brother told me who some of their names are.

BANAGAN (O.C.)

(through recording)

And what are the names?

CRACKHEAD (O.C.)

Well... there's this one dude named Dennis Hackster. The other... I think it's someone named Cruise. Then there's...

And as the revelations continue...

CUT TO:

INT. MOB UNIT - DAY

In the hallway we find Billy the Captain, dressed occasionally in a leather jacket, as he's escorting a MAN (mid 30s, shaken, anxious), in an ill-fitting suit into an office.

Billy opens door, puts a consoling hand on Man's back letting him in.

INT. MOB UNIT/THE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Billy, posing as the replacement professional Head Captain, is interviewing the Man while the man is O.S. at the moment. Billy has a glass of scotch in his hand, nicely trimmed figure. He speaks out like a straight-up personal offender, talks in a demented eloquent fashion, mostly gibberish:

BILLY

(scotch in hand)

Look at all of this. Fancy living, isn't it? Well it's pretty damn great if you get the picture.

(down his scotch; then)

Must be a tough bitch, being the Captain and all. For me: it's a lot of hard work. But once the payoff comes, it's like facing one big fucking roller coaster through a vast majority in succeeding.

TIME LAPSE:

It's the same scene but a little later (*NOTE: Same scene will keep on cutting away through a time-lapsing for over more several takes*).

BILLY

(leaning over)

I can see you're probably wondering: How did I ever get here so quick? You know what I mean? Am I hypocritical? You understand any of that? Do I look like the worrying kind of guy? Just be honest with me for a second.

TIME LAPSE:

Billy's feet are on the desk:

BILLY

(feet on desk)

I'm not desperate. I'm not a married man. But I got a girlfriend, and she's beautiful as hell. You a married guy yourself there, buddy? She hot by any chance?

TIME LAPSE:

Billy has GLASS ON RED WINE on his desk, sitting up straight:

BILLY

I'm probably just talking nonsense so how's about we cut the shit for a sec?

He first drinks from his glass, and then:

BILLY (CONT'D)

Okay first off: what's with the get-up?
Are you like workin' in the law firm,
or some shit like that? Cuz that's not
the kind of position we're looking for.
That's *not* what I'm searching for.

TIME LAPSE:

Billy slumped back against his chair:

BILLY

(slumped in chair)

You wanna speak to your God on why I
should be making you as our newest
acquaintance? Cuz there's this other
feeling in me right not saying that
you kinda look like a rapist by the
look of your face. Did I offended you
just now?

TIME LAPSE:

Billy has his red wine glass in hand, halfway empty, halfway full.

BILLY

(glass in hand)

Okay. Alright.

(glancing off; beat)

It's a bit drafty in here, you agree?

TIME LAPSE:

Billy with no glass in hand:

BILLY

I got this weird feeling that
somewhere there's warmth running
through my veins. Am I the only one
who feels that?

TIME LAPSE:

Billy leaning back on his chair:

BILLY

I mean how can anyone stand gettin'
used to all the fucking riots that
are roaming around in these parts of
town? Are you a part of it? Do you
fuck for money by the way?

TIME LAPSE:

Billy leans forward on desk sort of:

BILLY

Look, OK, this isn't me. Nah. I can never change who I am. I like being strict to those I work with. I'm like this big tycoon with a mean streak up in this corner...

TIME LAPSE:

Billy back to sitting up:

BILLY

How's your life going so far? Getting laid by any chance? I can tell what to expect based on all the fucking disclosure. Oh I'm sorry, did I startled you just now?

TIME LAPSE:

He has a SLICE OF SANDWICH in his hand:

BILLY

(mouth barely full)
Even if I were close to having the urge to beat your ass up at some point based on that ridiculous-looking face of yours...

TIME LAPSE:

Billy has his hands on both armrests.

BILLY

Why are you crying? Am I frightening you? Bullying you perhaps? Hey, hey-- It's alright, hey, it's cool. You must seem like a cool guy... Just don't cry anymore, okay?

TIME LAPSE:

Billy SLAMS the desk. Incensed.

BILLY

I can already tell I don't like you. I know when somebody makes me wanna let me loose my shit by what you're trying to pull off. You feel me right now?

TIME LAPSE:

Billy acting almost apologetic.

BILLY

Hey look, I'm sorry for what I did.
Really. I am sorry.

TIME LAPSE:

He BANGS the table again, angry-faced:

BILLY

You know what: I'm not sorry anymore.
Way I see it it's just an excuse for
not making me wanna fuck you over,
even for having put on that fucking
ugly thing...

TIME LAPSE:

Billy doesn't speak or do anything in this scene. Instead, he lets out
a DEEP EXHALE.

TIME LAPSE:

Billy sitting back, doing a Tony Soprano IMPERSONATION:

BILLY

You know I've done all I could to
provide the good of this family: food
on the table, a roof over their
heads, skateboards, video games, flat
screen TVs even, everything we can
afford! And for what -- to come home
to find out about THIS?!

TIME LAPSE:

Billy has dropped the impersonation.

BILLY

You seen the show by the way? I
fucking love it. It's like one of my
favorite shows. You should watch it
sometime.

TIME LAPSE:

Billy back to acting like Big T.

BILLY

I appreciate your concerns and all
that but when's my money gonna arrive?
You gonna give me a simple straight
answer or do I have to go start...

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

...whacking somebody for it? You hear?

(BANGS table; beat)

Where's my money you owe, you *fuckin'*
cock-sucker?!

TIME LAPSE:

BILLY

(acting like Tony)

Who's been going into my fridge lately
and started eating all my shit...!!

TIME LAPSE:

He does the infamous HEAVY BREATHING.

TIME LAPSE:

Billy hurls his wine glass at the wall and it shatters off frame.

TIME LAPSE:

BILLY

(throwing his hand around;

still does the acting)

I mean it's like everyday that I
gotta keep on dealing with their
bullshit, bullshit, *bullshit*...

TIME LAPSE:

Billy swipes something off his desk, decomposing.

TIME LAPSE:

Billy is all calm now and finally drops the acting, back to normal.

BILLY

I'm sorry if this meeting's been
goin' nowhere. Probably wasted both
our times.

(looks at his watch)

Jeez, well look at that. Its already
been over an hour, and it's not even
supper time yet. Maybe we should
take a time off now.

(then)

You know what: who am I kidding? Why
take time off. I'm in no need for
this meeting to continue. And for the
record: I don't think your qualified
for this company anyway, so I guess
we're done here.

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

(beat)

But is there something you wanted to say first -- since you haven't even spoken throughout at all -- just for a moment there? What's on your mind?

REVERSE ANGLE: We get a good look at the ILL-FITTING MAN as he's sitting there stiff, cold-stoned, in the state of perspiration, frightened. He doesn't say anything, until:

ILL-FITTING MAN

...Okay if I leave now?

CUT TO:

INT. MOB UNIT/LOUNGE ROOM - LATER TODAY - DUSK

Close on Billy's fingers turning the channels on a SOUND SYSTEM. Finds a tune he likes: ("LET'S STAY TOGETHER" by Al Green).

That's when Jimmy comes in through the door.

JIMMY

(seems worried about something)

Billy, you're not gonna believe this.

Billy goes and lowers THE VOLUME from the stereo.

BILLY

What? What is it?

JIMMY

Dennis is dead.

A beat. Billy looks completely taken aback by the news. He can't seem to know how to react about it.

BILLY

Come again...?

JIMMY

Yeah they found his body in a ditch by the L.A. River. Dennis is dead, Billy, can you believe that?

BILLY

(verge of trembling)

Yeah... I know...

Billy goes and sits on a SOFA. Trying to compose. Ponders.

BILLY

I mean how the hell did this happen?!

SMASH CUT TO: BLACK SCREEN...

We see a CARD up on the screen:

4 DAYS AGO

INT. SUBWAY - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Dennis is having lunch with Marcus Newton and Ed Pearson. Dennis the one holding court, Marc and Ed ones who're listening.

DENNIS

Betcha that guy is having his own good time now that he owns that playboy mansion.

Marcus comes spitting it out:

MARCUS

So when will we get our money?

DENNIS

Very soon. We're still looking in to that.

ED

(grimly)

Don't you think we've waited long enough to keep listening to anymore of your bullshit already?

DENNIS

Sorry but money's a little tight at the moment.

MARCUS

Maybe we should discuss our affairs with Cokes in the meantime.

ED

Fuck that. This is all Dennis' fault. I'm not gonna stand by it again any longer. What's done is done. And I'm keeping it that way.

DENNIS

(a beat)

What's your problem with me?

ED

(almost growling)

Everything, you little shit. Where's our money?

MARCUS

Okay Ed, just calm yourself. I'm sure the money will come when it comes.

DENNIS

Precisely. I'm still working on it. You can guarantee my trust.

ED

Fuck you. I want my money with me in the next 3 days tops, or else that junkie little ass of yours is done.

DENNIS

(beat)

What's with that accent? Are you from Ireland or someplace?

Feeling disgraced, Ed menacingly stands on his feet wanting so badly to strangle Dennis.

MARCUS

(courteous to Ed)

Hey, hey...! Stop that. Come on, be nice. Let's just calm ourselves. Can you please just sit back down? Thank you.

Ed hinders his anger, fixes up his suit.

ED

I'm not having anymore of these discussions at a fucking Subway, you hear?

DENNIS

But don't you like sandwiches, Ed?

ED

Yeah, but what's it to you? Think that my angering problems aren't gonna try inflicting you and your so-called posse on this one?

DENNIS

Sorry, okay? Jeezaloo...

(looks to Marcus)

Has he always been like this?

MARCUS

(puts a console hand on Ed's shoulder)

Ah, it's nothing. Just his time of the day again, where he thinks he's getting too old for this business.

ED

You're never too old to understand.

(beat)

I'll go and wait in the car.

Ed gets up and heads outside for the car. As soon as he's gone:

DENNIS

(hyper frenetic)

Okay he's really starting to freak me out! It's like he wants to fuckin' murder my ass over nothing really.

MARCUS

It's fine. That's Ed there. You don't have to worry, he's actually pretty harmless. You won't have to worry about him.

Dennis feels huge relief. Beat. Marcus drops the friendly tone:

MARCUS (CONT'D)

But it's really me you should be worried about.

That made Dennis become warily cautious. He nervously swallows.

MARCUS

(leans back)

So, Dennis... when will we get our money as promised?

DENNIS

(himself; sotto voce)

...the fuck is happening here right now...?

MARCUS

Come on, Dennis, think straight. You consciously believe that I'm the most amicable guy over here, Einstein? Well guess what: I'm not.

It's meant as a real threat. Dennis is superstitiously worried.

DENNIS

Okay, look -- I'll get you your money, I promise. Just gotta give me some more time to put things in order.

MARCUS

You got exactly 3 days to give us every cent like what Ed just told you. Or else.

DENNIS
 (curiosity)
 Or else what exactly?

Marcus lets out a smirk.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN. TITLE CARD over:

3 DAYS LATER

EXT. L.A. RIVER/ ABANDONED DITCH - DAY

We can hear in the distance the highway with cars whizzing along. CLOSE ON: Ed's HANDS grabbing hold of DENNIS' SHIRT as he's getting BEATEN BRUTALLY in the face by Ed who uses a BRASS KNUCKLE, Dennis sitting defenselessly in the dirt as Ed pounds away.

Marcus is watching his partner Ed beating the living shit out on Dennis, along with his 2 HENCHMEN (one MEXICAN, the other LATINA).

Eventually, Marcus puts his hand out:

MARCUS
 Stop! Alright, he's had enough. Hold
 him down though will ya?

Ed pleasurably follows the instructions, pushing Dennis down face flat onto the dirt. Marcus advances to Dennis, begrudgingly looks down at him and then pulls out a LOADED HANDGUN from his back pocket.

MARCUS
 Sorry its gotta be this way, Dennis,
 but you really fucked us over. It's
 over.

DENNIS
 (whimpers; merciful)
 Please! I'm sorry, Marc. I know I
 let you down but...

MARCUS
 (waves the cash out
 at his face)
 You gave us less than what we were
 promised with! I told you what
 would happen, didn't I!

DENNIS
 I know! I know that it was supposed
 to be 1,000 but 800's all I could
 come up with!

MARCUS

(feeling letdown)

Ah jeez, Dennis. You really let me down, man. I'm not doing this with you anymore. It's done.

DENNIS

No --! Please! I--!

MARCUS

Sorry, Dennis, I'm through listening to anymore of your excuses. Goodbye.

DENNIS

WAAAAIITTT...!!

BANG!! Hard cold SILENCE.

Then Marcus starts rising up to the heavens, insanely pumped:

MARCUS

WOOOO!!! That's how it is! Yes! I feel pretty FUCKING GREAT, yes!!
Mmmm...!

Marcus calms himself. Sighs. While looking downward:

MARCUS

Now how else am I supposed to get another 200 bucks around this joint?

HENCHMAN (MEXICAN)

You only needed just 200, Marcus?

MARCUS

Why you ask?

The Henchman grabs out from his pants pocket...

HENCHMAN (MEXICAN)

Cuz I got 200 right here.

He hands the 200 bucks over to Marcus, who now looks pleased.

MARCUS

(money in hand)

Damn, well what d'ya know. I'm actually relieved.

(looks down at Dennis'
lifeless eyes)

You hear that, Dennis? Guess I didn't had to kill ya after all. Guess an apology should be in order. But it's already too late for that now.

Marcus puts the money away in his suit pocket. Satisfied.

MARCUS

Sorry it's gotta be this way, Dennis.
Nothing personal. I hope that you
can understand that. At least you're
in a least better place.

(a beat; then)

Alright, he's starting to get blood
all over. Go and put his body in the
ditch somewhere. Let it rot there.
We're going home.

The Henchmen goes and drags Dennis' body over into the ditch leaving
him to rot there.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MOB UNIT/LOUNGE ROOM - SAME AS BEFORE

Back with Billy and Jimmy. Billy sitting on sofa, takes it all in.

BILLY

This is unbelievable. So young he
was.

Billy gets up, goes and decides to pour TWO GLASSES for him and Jimmy.
Billy brings one glass to Jimmy, and salutes.

BILLY

Even though what happened was really
unexpected today, Dennis will still
be with us, in here. This toast is
for him, and him alone. Cheers to
that.

They clink glasses. Down their drinks.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - LITTLE LATER

Billy and Jimmy are now a few drinks in. They sit on sofas, across from
each other, mourning. We hear a different SONG this time from the sound
system (say it's "HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN" by The Animal).

JIMMY

While today has almost ended, feels
like I don't even wanna await for
what's next tomorrow.

BILLY

Who'da thought that grieving can be
such a discomfort.

JIMMY

...Agree with you there.

Jimmy downs the last remains of his drink. Looks into the glass, wondering if more may still be in there somewhere (he's had way too many drinks). Billy asks Jimmy the big question:

BILLY

(beat)

Why is it that you hate being around Pal so much?

JIMMY

(declines from asking)

Please. Don't even get me started on *him* again.

Jimmy gets up to go get a refill.

BILLY

I mean what evil do you see in him that nobody else sees?

JIMMY

I said *fuck off* about it already.

Jimmy, a bit wobbly, pours himself another glass.

BILLY

Did he do something bad to you or something?

Jimmy retreats back to his original seat.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I mean what could've been so unforgivable that you, of all people, would keep a grudge on Pal for?

JIMMY

Alright. You really wanna know the cold-hearted truth?

Billy makes a facial gesture, telling Jimmy that he wants to know.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Okay. Here it comes. I caught him having sex with my girlfriend once.

BILLY

Seriously? That's why you hate Pal?

JIMMY

What'd you expect? That guy is like the ultimate womanizer.

BILLY

Betcha he never keeps his dick in his pants if he sees something with tits...

JIMMY

Billy...

BILLY

What?! Come on, don't beat yourself down like that. Get back out there, man. Find yourself a new broad to fuck with, don't let Pal keep you cornered out like that. You should be sticking up for yourself.

JIMMY

You know what, you're right. It's time to just move on with it.

BILLY

Here here to that, my friend.

He raises his glass, then downs it. They're beginning to get way too drunk and should probably stop already.

JIMMY

(beat)

Wonder if Pal's already thinking 'bout getting it on with Stacy.

Billy instantly PAUSES once hearing that. Though not sure if Jimmy's prediction may be true, he comes out:

BILLY

(agitating)

Is that s'pose to mean anything?

JIMMY

Sorry. Shouldn't have said that.
(he snickers)

BILLY

What?! Why're you snickering?

Jimmy can't help it (the alcohol is really kicking into his system).

BILLY (CONT'D)

Can you just shut the fuck up! It's not funny, I'm serious!

JIMMY

Sorry. Sorry.

Jimmy pulls it together. He stops from snickering.

JIMMY

I think we already had enough to
drink for one night.

BILLY

That shit's not funny, Jimmy. Should
keep it to yourself for now on.

JIMMY

(clearly out of his mind)
Well what the hell do I know for sure.
I mean he got caught sticking his
dick into my girl before, maybe he's
already done it to Stacy.

BILLY

(getting fumed)
You shut the fuck up, Jimmy. Keep
your damn mouth shut.

JIMMY

He's probably already done it to her
already.

Billy threateningly stands on his feet.

BILLY

Don't try and blame your mistakes
on me, Jimmy! You're not thinking
clearly.

JIMMY

What are you gonna do about it?

Billy viciously grabs hold onto Jimmy's shirt, angry as hell.

BILLY

Who the fuck do you think you are?!
Wiseguy, aren't you?

JIMMY

(too intoxicated to care)
Maybe he's gonna strike again. It
may be too late ahead--

Billy yanks Jimmy up on his feet, then pushes him against a wall, he
barely keeps his balance together for he almost went collapsing onto
the ground.

BILLY

You should learn to keep your
goddamn mouth shut already! Now
I'm starting to worry about Stacy
because of you!

JIMMY

(he merely cries)
I just loved her so damn much. She
was my soulmate.

Billy feeling OUTRAGED, puts both arms up against his head, pacing.

He soon stops himself and then realizes something.

BILLY

(clearly the alcohol
talking)
You know what: What if you're right,
Jimmy? I mean what if they are
actually doing it behind my back?

JIMMY

Okay, I don't know what I've been
saying...

BILLY

I mean what if it's all true?
(beat)
How could she do this to me, and
Pal especially? Why...?

JIMMY

Billy... Billy, don't -- I didn't
mean to--

Billy begins to stagger right for the door, accidentally kicks his
foot onto a wastebasket, kicks it away violently. Out the door he goes.

Jimmy stands there in the room, wondering what went wrong all the
sudden. He's clearly never been this drunk to mess things up through
talk before.

JIMMY

(hand to forehead)
Shit... Fuck me...

CUT TO:

EXT. MOB UNIT/SECRET BACK ALLEY - A MOMENT LATER - NIGHT

Same SONG will continue through the soundtrack. Billy sporting a
thriving look of VENGEANCE, heads for his Mustang parked in his
reserved spot outside the unit. He roars the engine to life, reverses,
puts it on drive and rides off into the night.

INT. MUSTANG - MOVING

Billy keeping his fixate concentration on the road ahead of him,
heading somewhere.

EXT. PAL'S CRIB HOME - NIGHT

Billy's Mustang screeches to a stop, the bumper CRASHING INTO 2 GARBAGE CANS with messy debris of garbage flying right out.

Billy steps out of car leaving engine on, slams car door and angrily trudges toward the house front door.

He BANGS onto the door. Draws out his HANDGUN. Waiting for answer.

PAL OPENS HIS DOOR. Before he can talk, Billy roughly pushes Pal back inside with Billy following him in there. DOOR CLOSES.

End of SONG.

INT. PAL'S HOME CRIB/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Pal is pushed onto the floor, dazed, seemingly mystified. Billy enters his FRAME, aiming the gun at Pal who's on the ground defenseless.

BILLY

You fucking piece of shit I swear...!

PAL

Hey! What's this?! Billy --!

WHAM! Billy socked Pal square right into the kisser.

Billy very aggressively grabs Pal's shirt:

BILLY

Think I don't know what's going on here!! Jimmy told me all about how you got caught fucking his girlfriend!

PAL

Shit... He told you about that?!

BILLY

So how do I know you and my girl haven't already done it yet, huh?!

Ignoring his words, Billy pushes Pal again. He then goes across the room and starts WRECKING THE PLACE UP like a wild animal.

BILLY

(destroying living room)
Screw you, Pal! Fuck this shit!

PAL

(shell-shocked)
Billy! STOP! Stop wrecking up my living room!

Billy continues wrecking; Furniture, cabinets, TV, etc...

Who to thought that there is indeed a BEASTLY WILD SIDE to Billy that the results here are unbearably shocking and disturbing.

Pal gets to his feet, goes and tackles Billy, keeping him pinned down. He tries to prevent Billy from erupting out more of his bursting rage compartment.

PAL
(keeping Billy pinned)
Who da fuck do'ya think you are?!
You know me, Billy, always have!

BILLY
Get the FUCK off a me!!

Billy WHAMMIES Pal by the jaw which sends him going sidetracked. Billy gets to his feet. Violently KICKS PAL'S STOMACH.

BILLY
You goddamn betrayer! Fucking lady
snatcher!

Pal is starting to grow helpless, the kicking makes him MOAN and GROAN.

Billy goes for his gun, taking a few beats, then back to Pal on the floor, points menacingly. Pal moaning, merely convulsing, lifts up a hand as if trying to tell Billy he surrenders...

PAL
(barely audible)
Billy... No... Wait...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Silence. Billy stares down at Pal's body for several beats.

Then, he scurries right out the front door, leaving the crib.

WE STAY HOLD ON while looking at Pal's LIFELESS EYES, sinking in his own pool of blood that oozes out from his body.

EXT. PAL'S HOME CRIB - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Billy makes it back to his car, gets in, reverses and peels away from the residence.

INT. BILLY & STACY'S HOUSE - AWHILE LATER - NIGHT

Stacy lounges on couch watching her program, in her nightgown.

BAM!! Billy kicks the front door open, stepping into the foyer.

Stacy is freaked out for she basically jumps out of her skin, turns to find Billy stepping inside after kicking the door.

STACY

Jesus...! Babe, you scared me.
 (noticing how he looks)
 Jeez -- What happened to you? And why
 did you kick the door open like that
 for?

BILLY

(goes forward)
 Why don't you put a sock in it, you
 fucking whore!

STACY

(ticked off)
 Excuse me? I'm your girlfriend, who
 do you think you are talking to
 right here?

Billy aims his gun at Stacy:

BILLY

I know exactly who I'm talking with.

STACY

(wary)
 Billy...? What're you doing? Billy...!

He goes and YANKS ON HER HAIR, making her SHRIEK!

STACY

OW! Billy, that's my hair --!

BILLY

Is it true you've been sucking on
 another dick behind my back?!

STACY

Billy, stop this! Let go!

BILLY

You think I'm an idiot?! HUH?! I
 know now. You cheated on me, haven't
 you?

STACY

Billy...!

She frees herself, released from his clutches.

STACY (CONT'D)

Don't say that! I love you!

Billy angrily SPITS at her. Stacy utterly appalled, GASPS.

BILLY

Fuck you, you never loved me.

Billy then turns and crosses down into the hall heading for master bedroom. Stacy, befuddled by all of this, decides to follow him to the door.

STACY

It's not true, I do love you. Why are you being like this? Have you been drinking tonight? What did I do? Talk to me.

Billy steps into master bedroom, SLAMMING THE DOOR on STACY'S FACE. She talks right through the door sounding desperate to set things straight with him.

STACY

(talks through door)

Billy, why're you doing this? Billy?

We can clearly HEAR Billy from inside the bedroom for it seems he's packing things up and stuffing them in suitcases.

BILLY (O.S.)

(from bedroom)

I'm outta here. Relationship's over.
House is all yours.

Stacy starts getting tearful. She winches.

STACY

No! Don't do this! Billy, I love you,
don't leave! Billy!

BILLY (O.S.)

Did you not hear me, bitch, I said
it's over! I'm leaving you.

STACY

Billy, please! Don't leave me! Billy,
answer me for heavens sake, please!
Don't go...

He's just about done in there.

BILLY (O.S.)

Fuck you, Stacy!

STACY

Don't you say that! You don't really
mean it! If you can just come outta
there we'll talk this through.

Billy finally comes out from the room, holding in both hands SUITCASES.

He's heading to the front door while Stacy follows him there, earnestly pleads with him to stop him from abandoning her.

STACY

Billy. Billy I said don't go. I'm begging you, please. I'm sorry.

BILLY

(won't even look at her)
Why, you never been honest with me.

STACY

That's not true. Billy, NO...!

She goes and BLOCKS THE EXIT. Protecting the door like a human shield.

STACY (CONT'D)

I won't let you leave. I need you.
I'll always need you.

BILLY

(holding in his rage)
Stacy, move outta the way.

STACY

Stop this nonsense! I won't let you go! Please, I need you with me, Billy.

BILLY

Didn't you hear me or are you stupid, I don't love you anymore. It's over. Now move it!

STACY

(overlapping)
Billy... Billy... BILLY...?!

BILLY

What?!!

STACY

I'm pregnant!!

Snap. Billy falls silent. Holds this in a beat.

STACY (CONT'D)

(didn't know how that came out, but rolls with it)
Yeah, that's right. I'm pregnant. I'm carrying your baby.

Billy steps back, trying to pull it together. This is really shocking news to him. He drops both suitcases. Hands to his head.

BILLY

Oh my god. Are you really...?

Stacy nods. Thinking that he'd calmed down, instead:

BILLY

(realizes)

Is it his?

Stacy's expression fades. "How can you say that?"

STACY

What...? No. Billy...

BILLY

(even tempered)

He did it, didn't he?

Stacy has no clue on how to reply to that. Billy, deeply aggravating, suddenly takes another step back, arms over his head, frustrated. He averts from her direction:

BILLY

MotherFUCKER...!!

Billy then goes and starts POUNDING ONTO THE WALL like a monstrous beast.

He soon stops pounding. Hard for him to compose. Panting. Breathing in and out hardly.

Stacy, aghast, is in a complete state of TERROR. Seeing a part of Billy that she's never witnessed before. It frightens her very. Hesitantly:

STACY

Billy...

Billy is off her gaze, trying to compose. Now looks directly at her. Seems like he's about to DRAW THE LINE.

After a moment, he goes and grabs both suitcases, makes way for the exit. Stacy lets him go without a fight. She's actually trembling on the inside. Her lips quiver. Unable to forget the choice Billy made.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILLY & STACY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Billy heads back for his car with the suitcases. He opens the trunk of car, just when:

MAN NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

(from an adjacent house)

Hey! What's with all the ruckus?!

Billy turns and looks to find a MAN NEIGHBOR (early 40s) yelling at him from his front lawn on the adjacent house from next door. Man's WIFE (late 30s) is standing on their front porch.

MAN NEIGHBOR

You're gonna wake the whole neighborhood up! My kids are sleeping inside! You hear what I'm saying to y--!

Billy quickly strides his way over into his yard:

BILLY

What up?! You got a problem with me, you dirtbag?!

Stacy steps out from house into doorway:

STACY

Billy, stop what you're doing and come back in, let's talk this over!

Billy has fully approached the Man Neighbor and begins BEATING THE LIVING HELL out of him. His Wife flustered, begging Billy to stop beating up her husband.

BILLY

(beating up Man Neighbor)
You know who I am?! I'm Billy fuckin' Rookes, motherfucker...!

STACY

Stop it, Billy, it's not his fault!
Please stop doing that...!

BILLY

Fuck you, Stacy!
(finishes him off)
Piece of shit...!
(looks to the Wife)
Keep your own damn businesses to yourself next time!

He then strides back to his Mustang. Stacy begins summoning up the courage and dashes over to the car trying to stop Billy now from leaving her.

STACY

(running to Billy at car)
Billy...! Billy, Stop! DON'T!

Billy enters the driver's seat, cranks the engine on, reverses, Stacy circling around trying to get to the front of the hood. He's about to drive on off, until... STACY STOPS RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE CAR. She pounces both hands on the front of the hood.

Billy rolls his window down, sticks his head out and shouts:

BILLY
Move out of the way, Stacy! Don't make
me run you over!

STACY
(scared and angry at the
same time)
You were gonna leave me?! While I'm
pregnant, Billy?!

Billy opens door. Steps out from the car with a vicious glare.
Approaches Stacy at the front hood. Still filled with piping madness.

BILLY
(easy temper)
I'm not gonna ask again. Move.

STACY
(sincere)
Billy, please. You're gonna be a
father for crying out loud.

Knowing it's not true, he SOCKS HER in the FACE. Then pushes her aside
on the curb leaving her there. He returns back into his car, puts it to
gear and then screeches away out into the darkness.

CLOSE IN Stacy on the ground, crying. The Man Neighbor's Wife runs to
help her out.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT

Billy accelerates while his mind is racing, face is tempered out. Soon,
he HITS THE BRAKES HARD. Car skids to a screeching yet smooth stop by
an unknown located curb.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

From the right side of window, we see Billy stiff as a rock for a beat.
Then turns off the engine. Next thing you know, he begins TILTING HIS
HEAD BACK AND FORTH. He even YELLS from the TOP OF HIS LUNGS, as we
SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RISING SKYLINE - NEXT MORNING

The sun is rising as we see the early morning skyline come to life.

Inside his parked Mustang by the curb, Billy's asleep resting his head
on the steering wheel. He instantly wakes with a start, feeling groggy,
completely hung-over. He doesn't remember how we ever got here.

He's got a swelling headache. Had too much to drink from overnight.

He starts to open his door, trying to get a clear balance to stand on his feet, but TAKES A FALL and LANDS ONTO THE GROUND. Pain flows through in his system. He GROANS with agony. He lies on the ground for several BEATS, trying to regain his strength before having the willpower to get back up, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. MUSTANG

It's a little later today. Billy, sobered up but looks like a sloven person, sits in his car parked at a different location.

He's staring right at SOMEONE'S HOUSE from across. The place looks very familiar. A sense of nostalgia runs in Billy's mind. He may be thinking of going over there and knock on the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Billy walks right up the front porch, and stands there. Isn't sure if he should do what he attempts to do. Willing now to take that risk, he KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. Waits.

Soon... his mother CAROL, in house robe, having just gotten up, opens the door. She's surprised to find Billy standing right in front of her. She hasn't seen him in a long time.

CAROL
(she might cry)
Billy...?

Billy just stares at her for a beat, not saying anything.

She then SLAPS him hard in the face.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOKES RESIDENCE/KITCHEN - FEW MOMENTS LATER

Billy and Carol are sitting at the table across from each other, both tense. Silence. None knows what to say. Then:

BILLY
You look good. Even better--

CAROL
(pissed)
Where the hell have you been?

BILLY
If I were to tell you that...

CAROL

(switching to depression)
Where did you go? You've been gone for
5 years. 5 years for Christ's sake.

BILLY

(takes in a beat; then)
So where's Dad at?

CAROL

He's dead.

BILLY

What?

CAROL

He had a stroke. Shortly after you
left without telling.

BILLY

How did it happen?

She slowly develops tears:

CAROL

You didn't leave a note or anything.
No trace. I was worried something
bad had happened to you.

BILLY

(trying not to let his
emotions ride out)
Mom, I'm sorry I left without telling.
I'm sorry, alright? What can I do to
make it better?

CAROL

(wipes the tears off her;
doesn't need the apology)
There's nothing you can do now. It's
too late for that.

Billy takes a sec to reflect, then:

BILLY

Let me make it up to you.

CAROL

(can't help but feel sorry)
I always wanted to protect you, from
all the bad things in this world. My
baby boy...

Billy goes and HUGS his crying mother. MOMENT of hugging. Then:

BILLY

Thought you should have this.

He's holding out MONEY IN HIS HAND. 3,000 in CASH. She reacts to this money offer.

CAROL

What is this? How--?

BILLY

You need it, I want you to have it.
I won't take no for an answer.

She hesitantly takes the money.

BILLY

That's 3,000 you're holding there.
It's yours.

CAROL

Where did you get this kind of money?

BILLY

I didn't steal it. I earned it.

Carol takes in this feeling of receiving the money. Then, she wonders:

CAROL

Is this from that new work you've
told me about before?

He doesn't comment. He just gives her a look for: "Be strong".

BILLY

I gotta get going. Just wanted to
send my condolences.

He's about to walk away...

CAROL

Billy, wait...!

Billy stops his tracks. Turns to his mother.

BILLY

Yeah?

CAROL

Please don't leave. I don't wanna lose
you again. I can't stand it, not
having anyone in my life to watch over
me.

BILLY

I'm not gone, Mom. I never left.

A beat.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I'll see you around. Hang in there.

He goes to hug his mother again, then walks out the door.

INT. BANAGAN RESIDENCE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

John Banagan kicks back on his couch watching an episode of "The Sopranos" from his flat-screen. He cracks himself up during one hilarious scene.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - LATER TODAY

Banagan examines through a FILE PICTURE of BILLY ROOKES at his desk, solving the clue. Banagan soon notices something in background of picture: a BAR LOUNGE, for we:

EXT. BAR LOUNGE/PARKING LOT - DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

Mustang finds a perfect parking spot. The engine is killed off. Billy steps out, and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Billy sits on a stool drinking a glass of scotch. He's only a couple drinks in. He takes out a LIGHTER, flicks it back on and off for several times. He takes a moment to think things through while flicking, possibly redeeming himself from past mistakes. Takes him awhile to figure it all out.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - AWHILE LATER - DAY

Billy heads back to his car in the lot. He takes out his set of keys, puts a key in through the keyhole when suddenly...

BANAGAN (O.S.)
Hold it! Don't move! Place your hands
above where I can see them.

Billy without flinching turns to see that it's... AGENT BANAGAN, gun at the hand, in self-defense mode, ordering Billy to put up his hands.

BILLY
Sure you wanna be doing that, Agent?
Be making a big mistake.

BANAGAN
I'll take my chances.

Banagan starts to slowly move towards Billy at gunpoint ready to cuff him. Billy does not have his hands up as the Agent approaches.

BILLY

You know who I am? What I do for a living?

BANAGAN

Just stay where you are and don't talk.

BILLY

(discreet)

Fuck you.

BANAGAN

Yeah that's cute.

He's now fully approached him. He's starting to handcuff Billy.

BANAGAN

You're in a whole lot of trou--

And that's when Billy abruptly HEAD-BUMPS BANAGAN square right in the FOREHEAD and makes him tumble onto the ground. Billy makes a run for it.

Billy suddenly stops once noticing... MORE AGENTS pop out from their hiding places, as they charge right for Billy.

Billy's being CHASED AROUND A FEW BLOCKS by the Agents who are hot on his pursuit.

EXT. L.A. STREETS - DAY

The action continues in the streets of L.A. While they're still charging after him, Billy shouts back to them:

BILLY

(as he's running)

I'm unarmed, you can't shoot me for shit!!

The Agents won't stop until they've finally capture Billy.

Billy soon makes way by a TARGET STORE. He decides to try losing them from in there, bashing right into the sliding doors entrance.

INT. TARGET STORE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Billy sprints around a corner, heading to the CLOTHING AISLES.

That's where 2 AGENTS pop out of nowhere and have Billy surrounded.

AGENT #1

Freeze! Don't move!

AGENT #2

You're under arrest!

Billy PUNCHES one of them in the face sending him to the ground, PUSHES the other one aside and makes his escape at another direction. Both agents get back up and chase after him again.

Billy is now running past the HOME MOVIES SECTION. Now 3 other AGENTS are behind him, as they gain in close on Billy... Billy looks past his shoulder for just a split moment, then suddenly while caught off guard... goes CRASHING INTO A LARGE PILE OF DVD'S & BLU-RAY'S, falling down. That's where the Agents finally capture him. Billy putting up with a good fight as he struggles to free himself while the Agents pin him down hard on the ground, beginning to cuff him.

Billy comes out all angry and bursting with RAGE:

BILLY

No...! You FUCKING COCKSUCKERS!!
Get off of me! Let me go! No!

The Agents pull Billy up, hands cuffed behind his back, on his feet.

Banagan steps into frame, with a BRUISE on his forehead. He's about to set Billy's rights.

BANAGAN

Billy Rookes. As the one who's about to say it: you're under arrest.

BILLY

(bursting; Agents holding him back)
Fuck you! You can't hold me in jail forever! I'm the man around these turfs, not you, cocksuckers! You know who you're messin' with?!

BANAGAN

(steels himself)
You have the right to remain silent.
Anything you do can and will--

That's when Billy SPITS at BANAGAN'S FACE. Banagan wipes the spit off him, then PUNCHES Billy right in the face barely knocking him out.

BANAGAN

(to the Agents)
Get him outta here before I lose more of my temper on him.

The Agents obey his command. Banagan stands there lingering through the whole situation.

EXT. TARGET STORE - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Billy, nose bloodied, is being dragged into a POLICE CAR by force. He's gotten himself back up, still feeling some unconsciousness but nonetheless passively active in stability.

BILLY

(can barely speak up)
...How da fuck did ya even know where I would be...?

ONE OF THE AGENTS

We got someone on the inside. *He* look familiar to you?

Billy looks to see from across... FRANCIS, standing up straight in his suit, hands in pockets, a sheepish look on his face. It appears he was secretly working undercover for the FBI all along.

Billy is at a loss. He's feeling betrayed in the most worst case scenario.

He's roughly being forced inside the backseat of POLICE CRUISER. The door shuts. Billy stares out the window, wondering how he even got in this shitty mess in the first place. The police cruiser drives right out of the area, disappearing from sight, as we:

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNDISCLOSED SIDEWALK - LONG DISTANCE POV - DAY

Billy's FIGURE from afar as he walks down the sidewalk straight towards CAMERA in just ONE ENTIRE TAKE. MUSIC builds up on the SOUNDTRACK during this, as Billy's V.O. addresses the audience...

BILLY (V.O.)

As far as I'm concerned, I think I would've seen this coming from a mile away. I left the perfect girlfriend, beaten up and killed one of my accomplices while completely drunk, paid a visit to my mom whom I haven't seen since entering the business, and got myself arrested after only a few drinks at the bar. As I'm thinking it I was wondering: What the fuck happened? I mean I knew it was all bound to come, don't get me wrong. I just wonder if I could've done something in order to prevent it from happening. You remember at the end of 'GoodFellas' where the main guy played by Ray Liotta got himself arrested and was out of the business completely? Holy shit -- That's what happened with me just now.

(MORE)

BILLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You know I think this was all a sign, saying to me that I probably got what I deserved. Yeah sure, I did some bad things in my life the last five years. I killed people for money, broke a lot of laws, being disrespectful to a few people I knew, and even punched my own girl in the face.

(pause; then)

So how did I ever manage to get past all that throughout the years? Do I have any sort of right to stand my ground and prove myself worthy? Well personally, I don't know anymore. Should I ask if I'm okay with that? Who gives a shit, though? Why even argue about it? Best not to try and even sugarcoat it. Not to make anyone upset here -- and please don't take this the wrong way -- but how come most crime stories have to end where the main guy gets put to jail? I mean, *really??* Really.

(pause; then)

Okay I know you guys are probably thinking to yourselves: that I'm just the new guy around here. Nothing to stop me from getting away with everything. I got nothing going for me, except maybe a little forgiveness. Should I hate myself for it? Unfortunately, it don't really matter much. I'm no asshole. Apparently, that's not entirely true. I was always an ass around my family. I was an only child for pete's sake. My Mom must be all worried now that I'm in jail. Bet she'll one day find a new guy she wants to spend her life with. Don't any of you out there think she's a good-looking woman? I'm not saying that if I were to have a shot, I would probably fuck her brains out. I mean that's my mother for fuck sake! If you're out there, and you got yourself a hot mom whose been taking care of you this whole time, don't think otherwise on what I said. You don't wanna get the wrong idea.

(pause; then)

Yeah okay, I'm gonna start heading out the door on this one. Sorry this story took longer that I thought it would.

Billy has fully approached us and begins walking out of frame on the right side.

BILLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What more could we ask for?

Billy has vanished out of frame. A beat of silence. A VOICE fades in...

BANAGAN (V.O.)
...maybe telling me why we're having
this talk in this room right now.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - THE PRESENT - DAY

We're back in the same room where Billy's being interrogated by Agent Banagan before we gone back into the past.

BANAGAN (O.S.)
What are you thinking of right now?

Billy turns his attention back to Banagan, having being finished with reliving everything.

BILLY
Ah, it's nothing. Just remembering the
last 5 years.

BANAGAN
How did all that turn out?

BILLY
(scratches his forehead)
Not so good, actually.

BANAGAN
(takes in a beat)
You weren't always a bad kid, were
you?

BILLY
(not half true)
Nope. Never have.

BANAGAN
Tough break, huh?

BILLY
(a blunt sigh)
Guess so.
(beat)
I don't even remember what I've been
doing with my life the past few years.

BANAGAN

Any chance you can give me the locations now?

BILLY

(you kidding me?)
Man, come on...! Why doing this to me...

BANAGAN

Look, just to put this straightforward you obviously wanna get outta here, I wanna get outta here as well. So how's about that we cut the bullshit for a moment?

BILLY

Look, okay, it's not right snitching out on your whole crew like that? Wouldn't you?

BANAGAN

Would I ever?
(thinks over)
Well since we are the FBI, and I hardly know any of my co-workers barely -- not to mention your old pal Francis was our informant all along -- only if it's necessary.

BILLY

(averts; beat)
What would Tony have done in this situation?

BANAGAN

(didn't hear clearly)
Who...?

BILLY

Tony Soprano. You know, from that show.

BANAGAN

What, *that*? Yeah I'm familiar with it.

BILLY

No kidding. You watch the show before?

Both supposed nemeses are now beginning to talk like amiable acquaintances.

BANAGAN

Seen every episode there is.

BILLY

No fucking way.

BANAGAN

(timid smile)

I'm not kidding. I watch the whole show.

BILLY

I own the whole series on DVD. Who cares if its Blu-Ray, I only care about watching the show itself.

BANAGAN

I own the DVD's myself.

BILLY

Holy shit! So this is basically like something we both have in common. We like watching that show.

BANAGAN

(stifling laugh)

Yeah, *fuck me*, right?

BILLY

I mean just think: what would it be like to live in Tony's shoes? Sad that the actor who played him passed away so soon awhile back. I would just sit back and watch the show repeatedly, wonder how they managed to make a crime show work its magic. Just like me after all those times living around the West Coast. Even around Long Beach, me and the guys would always --

BANAGAN

(transfiguring)

Really?

Billy immediately stops himself after realizing.

BILLY

(hesitates)

Huh...?

Banagan pulls himself back, thinking, wondering... Could it be obvious that Billy has incidentally spilled his crew's locations?

Banagan starts collecting his files, tape recorder. A beat.

BANAGAN

Thanks for your cooperation.

And Banagan goes out the door. Silence dominates the room.

Billy just sits there pondering to himself: "What the hell just happened?". It's clear he knows what.

BILLY
(himself)
Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Banagan and other AGENTS, as well as the S.W.A.T. TEAM, all head down the stairway going for their police vehicles. They now have the locations as to where Billy's entire crews are at.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOME CRIB - FRONT DOOR - DAY

An Agent (30s) knocks on the door with authority. Jimmy opens up. Agent shoves his WARRANT at Jimmy's face. Feeling busted, Jimmy tries closing the door on them, but is too late. Police raid in and have already got him. They handcuff Jimmy, who loses the battle.

EXT. STREETS/SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

We next see Cruise and Richie being arrested by Police as they're being escorted to police cars, fighting their way out but no luck in escaping.

INT. MOB UNIT/LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Guys are hanging out; some play poker, some smoke, others drink, one watches television. BAM! Police bust in and raid the place up, guns at the ready, start arresting everyone, some try making their escape but are outnumbered and defeated.

EXT. HIGH-RISE BUILDING - DOWNTOWN - DAY

An immaculately-dressed Cokes steps out from revolving doors, unaware that a SQUAD OF POLICEMEN are right there waiting for him. They walk up to Cokes, begin handcuffing him, taking him into the slammer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The place that once belonged to Billy is now Stacy's. She's watching TV on couch, sporting a BLACK EYE. She looks torn to shreds, crestfallen, having had her heart broken. She hears the door knocking.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - FEW SECONDS LATER

CLOSE ON Stacy opening door hoping it's Billy, but instead it's...

AGENT BANAGAN

along with a swarm of OFFICERS behind him, for he holds up his badge. They start arresting her. Stacy baffled, confused on what's happening, trying to talk her way out of it, wondering what she did wrong.

INT. HEADQUARTERS/CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain Witter sits at his desk, sipping on coffee. An ASSISTANT (early 30s) comes in, advancing towards Witter at his desk. Hands over to the Captain the latest PAPER, which reads on the front in large BLACK PRINTS: "**LA GANG-BANGERS FINALLY CAUGHT RED-HANDED**". The Assistant wondering if the Captain's gonna implode, but instead... WITTER LETS OUT A GLADDENING LAUGH. Assistant is profoundly relieved.

CAPTAIN WITTER

(back to seriousness)

What the fuck are you still doing here?

Assistant, not thinking it through, just runs right outta there.

Witter, after Assistant has left his office, leans back on chair, cheering to himself over on this breaking news coverage. He's finally happy.

INT. BILLY'S CELL - DUSK

Billy sits in solitary confinement on mattress cover in his usual dingy jail cell. He looks dejected, still can't believe that he just gave away his whole crew's entire location. Even more remorseful.

INT. L.A. COURTROOM - DAY

Billy as the DEFENDANT. His LAWYER sitting right beside him. The LADY JUDGE tries to establish order for everyone in the courtroom to silence themselves, as a FINAL TRIAL begins.

LADY JUDGE

Order. Order in the courtroom.

(room goes silent)

By those that stand upon us and those that protect the city of Los Angeles this court is now in session. Does the jury have their decisions made?

One of the JUROR MEN from the stand rises on both feet:

JUROR MAN

We have, your Honor.

LADY JUDGE

Will the Defendant please rise?

Billy rises from his seat. Being in confident with himself.

The Juror Man from the stand starts speaking out loud while reading through their answer on a sheet of paper.

JUROR MAN

We here in the court find Billy Gerard Rookes, due to the crimes that have been committed here in the city, under the verdict... Guilty.

LADY JUDGE

Then I obviously have no choice but to sentence the Defendant over to the L.A. County Prison. Timing of the sentencing is to be served for 12 months. This case dismissed.

Thinking that his life is over, Billy's expression becomes less worsen over on the sentence.

BILLY (V.O.)

Holy shit. 12 months is a whole year. That's nothing. Looks like somebody's gonna be outta there in no time.

We notice a SMILE creeping through Billy's face.

CUT TO:

INT. L.A. COUNTY PRISON - DUSK

Billy, in orange jumpsuit, is being escorted by the same SLENDER PRISON GUARD from earlier into his NEW CELL.

PRISON GUARD

12 months. Lucky sonofabitch.

Billy is entered into his CELL. Guard closing the bars shut. He then walks away, leaving Billy alone in his own cell for the next year.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. COUNTY PRISON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The sun is setting as the first day ends.

INT. BILLY'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Billy, quite the lone ranger in solitude, is standing in the middle of his cell as we HEAR orders from one of the GUARDS that lights are to be out.

BILLY (V.O.)

At least I'll be outta here in the next 365 days till now. For the time being, maybe I would've learned something from all of this. When in doubt, whoever you may be out there,

(MORE)

BILLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
no matter what type of goal you're
searching for, it doesn't always
have to end like this. Because no
matter what the cost may come to be
eventually, success -- no matter what
it may be -- is only a few steps away.
And fuck those who wouldn't understand.

The CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE ON BILLY'S FACE. There's a really long
moment of SILENCE surrounding his part of the atmosphere.

Billy brings a SMIRK to his face. He won't be in prison for long.

CUT TO BLACK

FILM TITLE:

Crime Never Pays

ROLL END CREDITS.

THE END?