

CASH RULES

an original screenplay by

W.A. Carter

W.A.Carter
The Script Factory
Sacramento, Ca, 95624
writer44@hotmail.com

Copyright (c) 2015 This screenplay may not be used
or reproduced without the express written permission of the author.

FADE IN:

An old farm house sits on two and a half acres of drought ridden land beneath a crimson sunset.

A broken down tractor and an '87 Seville have been parked on the unkept front lawn long enough to become permanent homes

To CHICKENS, stray CATS and lazy farm DOGS.

INT. FARMHOUSE: BEDROOM - EVENING

The small, cluttered, antique filled room has an ELDERLY WOMAN resting comfortably in a bed with a thermometer sticking from her mouth.

Sitting in a chair next to the bed is DERRICK THOMAS, (20's) a humble country boy. He has a phone wedged between his shoulder and ear.

He leans over, takes the thermometer from his Mother's mouth, reads it--

DERRICK

Uh huh...yup...uh huh...you're gonna have to pay for it 'cause I sure can't. I'm so broke if somebody rob me all they gonna get out of it is practice...Why can't you just tell me what it is you want me to come there for?...Ok then I'll call JJ and then I'll call ya back...ok bye.

He ends the call, looks at the thermometer again with deep concern.

EXT. FARMHOUSE: THE BACK PORCH - EVENING

Derrick gazes at the eroded brown crops and crusty soil of the once flourishing farm. He dials a number, waits, then--

DERRICK

JJ?...say listen, I need you to come stay with Momma for a spell n'everythang...I'm gonna be leavin' for a few days or so I recon?...I'll explain when I see ya JJ...A'ight then, I sure appreciate it. Be here in tha mornin' then. Ok bye.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Derrick folds and neatly packs a few items into a duffel bag.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door opens, a burst of light invades that reveals a framed poster of the movie, "Good Fellas" hanging on the wall of a meticulously organized space that's OCD clean.

A MYSTERIOUS MAN enters totting a large carryall bag.

Shadows conceal his identity as he walks to the bed, raises the bag into the air and a substantial amount of bundled cash cascades from the bag and creates a massive pile.

The shadowy figure exits as quickly as he entered--

THE BED

The mountain of cash--

MR. GAMBINO (V.O.)
All of it?

MR. PIERCE (V.O.)
Every bit of it.

MR. GAMBINO (V.O.)
CONSTINTELLO?

SUPER: A thin MOBSTER with half his head blown off.

MR. PIERCE (V.O.)
Dead.

MR. GAMBINO (V.O.)
CASTANZA?

SUPER: A fat MOBSTER with a bullet hole through his eye.

MR. PIERCE (V.O.)
Him to.

MR. GAMBINO (V.O.)
What about LORRAINE?

SUPER: An industrial office, an empty safe, both dead MOBSTERS on the floor in a pool of blood.

MR. PIERCE (V.O.)
Haven't seen or heard from her.
Phone just goes to voice mail.

MR. GAMBINO (V.O.)
Call LUCA and find her.

EXT. BUS STATION - MORNING

An array of URBANIZED CHARACTERS loiter around smoking, swapping stories, counting cash, harassing women, etc--

SOUNDS of the busy city fills the air. Car HORNS blow, Police SIRENS wale, construction machines VIBRATE, etc--

Derrick stands at the curb wearing a creased John Deer hat, a Lee jean outfit and a fish out of water expression. A backpack is slung over his shoulder, a duffel bag sits at his feet.

A YELLOW CAB pulls up just as Derrick declines a drug sale.

Derrick grabs his bag, gets into the cab.

INT. YELLOW CAB - MORNING

The chaotic city NOISE evaporates into welcome silence. Derrick exhales a SIGH of relief.

The driver, is an easy going Russian guy (30's), he glares into the rear view mirror and speaks with a heavy Russian accent.

VITALY

Where to my friend?

DERRICK

The Imperial Hotel please.

The cab pulls off, the driver starts the meter.

Derrick settles into the back seat. A BUG appears out of nowhere on his bag. He gently picks it up, rolls down the window, sets it free into the wind.

He looks at the driver's identification card on the visor. Name reads, VITALY MERYINKO.

Vitaly looks at Derrick in the rear view again.

VITALY

You like Hip-hop?

DERRICK

Some.

Vitaly turns on his radio, a "Russian" hip-hop songs PLAYS. Vitaly raps along, bobs his head.

VITALY

You like?

DERRICK

I like the beat n'everythang.

VITALY

That's cool. What is your name?

DERRICK

D. What's he rappin' about?

VITALY

Parents who kill their own children.
Very common in my country. Sad but
true. You in town for business D?

DERRICK

Yeah. Sort'a.

VITALY

First time here?

DERRICK

Yeah. Should I be worried?

VITALY

Depends on what your business is?

Vitaly eyeballs D in the mirror again.

VITALY (CONT'D)

You have wife?

DERRICK

'Scuse me?

VITALY

Wife? Back there? Where you from?

DERRICK

Uh, no. Why?

VITALY

You need "wife" for the night? I
give you card. Nice Russian girls.

His hand thrusts up with a card between his fingers. It's a
tiny American flag with his info written in black print.

VITALY (CONT'D)

Call me. I set you up.

Derrick takes it.

A radical driver in a beat up sports car cuts across two
lanes of traffic without signaling. Almost hits the cab--

Vitaly jerks the wheel, lays on his HORN, flips the guy the finger.

VITALY (CONT'D)

Why Asshole!

(beat)

You call, I promise you these girls will take care of you. Take you to heaven.

DERRICK

What's it's gon' take to get me to heaven?

VITALY

Same thing it takes to make the world go 'round my friend. Just call.

Derrick smiles at the thought. Tucks the card into his jacket pocket.

INT. AUTO GARAGE CHOP SHOP - DAY

Five brawny low end MOBSTER brandishing an array of street weapons surround one very handsome mobster in a three piece suit named LUCA, (30's).

THE MOB LEADER, (40's) a grizzly looking man stands behind his crew making sure he keeps his distance from Luca.

LUCA

My Boss is not going to be very happy about this. If you're not going to repay what you owe I will be forced to collect in other ways.

MOB LEADER

Fuck you! Kill this fucker!

The MOBSTERS attack, Luca skillfully disarms and kills all five of them leaving no one between him and the MOB LEADER.

After sizing one another up, the well trained fighters exchange a variety of kicks, punches and defensive moves--

The MOB LEADER whips out a knife, swings and jabs the weapon frantically at Luca--

Luca counters with evasive well timed blocks, disarms him of the weapon then shoves it into his throat.

The Mob Leader plummets to the floor--

Luca's cell phone CHIMES, he reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls it out, answers--

MICHAEL

The fuck you gonna do Harriet Tubman,
suck my fat dick?

Munch walks behind the counter and unleashes a vicious right hook that knocks Mike out cold. He crumbles like a tranquilized elephant--

Tully walks around the counter, hands her the hoody, pulls a handkerchief from his pocket to cover his finger, opens the register, empties it out, looks down at Michael, spits on him.

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - MORNING

Derrick walks down the long corridor behind a flamboyant BELLBOY who struts like a runway model in a Paris fashion show.

They reach Derrick's room, the Bellboy opens the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bellboy lets Derrick in.

He follows and sits Derrick's bags next to the bed while Derrick checks out the massive five star room.

BELLBOY

Bathroom is there, cotton robe is in
the closet, phone, t.v., remote--

The bellboy walks back to the door and waits. He clears his throat--

DERRICK

Oh, sorry--

Derrick walks to the door, digs into his pocket, pulls out his last fifty two dollars, gives the Bellboy two.

The bellboy smirks, leaves.

Derrick stretches across the bed, picks up the phone and dials a number. He waits then--

DERRICK (CONT'D)

It's me, I'm in room 227 call me.

He puts a pillow behind his head, closes his eyes--

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

THE BED

Derrick's duffel bag is now open. Clothes folded perfectly inside it, clean socks and underwear next to it.

THE NIGHTSTAND

Twenty five dollars and Vitaly's business card are next to the phone.

The SHOWER can be heard running from the bathroom.

THE BATHROOM/ SHOWER

Derrick lets the hot water hit his face and back of his shoulders. He opens his mouth, then spits with a spurt.

He pauses, turns an attentive ear towards the other room--

He turns off the shower, listens. He hears KNOCKING. He steps from the shower, grabs a towel and heads out of the bathroom--

THE DOOR

Derrick opens the door with the towel wrapped around his waist as water beads spritz down his bare chest and body.

Standing there is ALINA, (20's) a petite Russian girl with a short hair cut. Her unique beauty has him in awe.

ALINA

Privet.

DERRICK

Who?

ALINA

It means Hello. In Russian.

DERRICK

Oh, ok.

Derrick lets her in. She's immediately impressed by the room. She sits her bag on the bed, walks to the window and admires the view of the city. A broad smile crosses her face.

ALINA

Krasivyy vid.
(Nice view)

She turns to him.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Very nice.

DERRICK

I like your accent.

She ignores the compliment, sits on the bed.

ALINA

Fifty for the first thirty minutes
if you last that long or not, one
hundred for every hour after. Pay
now.

Derrick points at the money on the night stand.

She leans over and counts it. Gives him a doubtful glare--

DERRICK

There's twenty five more in the
drawer.

She opens the drawer, takes out another twenty five dollars,
puts the money in her purse, closes the drawer.

ALINA

Ok, we do it now if you like?

DERRICK

Can I dry off first?

ALINA

Why for?

DERRICK

'Cause, I want you to be wet'n
evything. Not me.

Derrick confidently drops his towel. She's not impressed.

He walks to her, strokes her hair, fondles her breast.

She stands, grabs him, swings him around, pushes him onto
the bed then backs away as she undresses seductively never
taking her eyes off him.

ALINA

You like?

She gets down on her knees, crawls to him like a cat, lays
him back and climbs on top of him. They begin to make love.
Slow, seductive, the passion builds, their pace quickens--

She releases a loud MOAN, he grabs her by the hips to control
they're rhythm.

She bites her bottom lip, lunges forward, grabs his face, looks into his eyes with an intense lust.

She teasingly inches closer to his lips, their grind quickens to an almost violent pace that brings them simultaneously to satisfaction.

She rolls off of him onto the soft bed. Finally, a fuck worth her time.

She crawls beneath the blankets, Derrick joins her. He smiles. Like Vitaly said, he's in Heaven.

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

The place is active. Young, sweaty, shirtless, MEN with chiseled physiques punch heavy bags, speed bags, jump rope, do sit ups, etc--

TWO BOXERS in head gear spar in the ring as other TRAINERS and BOXERS watch from ringside.

THE FRONT ENTRANCE

Three stern faced RUSSIAN MOBSTERS walk in. The type of guys that even the toughest boxers in the gym wouldn't fuck with. They move through the place like they own it.

They come to a guy hitting a heavy bag. They inquire. He points to the second floor.

The mobsters head towards the stairs that lead up to--

VINNY'S OFFICE

A small cluttered space with a few trophies, some medals and lots of championship boxing posters on the walls.

Sitting at a small utility desk are, VINNY DELGADO and TULLY.

VINNY, (70's) A washed up boxer with a bad comb over and a nose that's been broken way too many times. An unlit cigar moves between his mouth and fingers like a bad twitch.

TULLY

Thirty years I've given this prick
VIN. Thirty fuckin' years and just
like that, he don't need me nomore
because of these fuckin' Russians?
He's gonna regret replacing us I
promise you that.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

VINNY

C'min.

The door swings open, two of the Mobsters walk in and close the door behind them. The third one stands guard outside.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

MOBSTER 1

I don't want another fuckin' word outta you while I'm here. Got it?

VINNY

Who the fuck are you? You don't just come into my office and--

Mobster 1 pulls a .357 S&W Magnum from inside his suit coat, cocks the hammer, points it at Vinny's face--

VINNY (CONT'D)

You tryin' to scare me or do me a favor asshole?

Mobster 2 pulls out a 9mm Berreta, points it at Vinny also.

TULLY

Vin, relax. Relax.

Mobster 1 turns his attention and his enormous gun to Tully who in turn slightly raises his hands--

MOBSTER 1

What say you Tully?

TULLY

What's this about?

MOBSTER 1

Where's your girl?

TULLY

Haven't seen her lately.

Mobster 1 presses the gun against Tully's cheek hard.

TULLY (CONT'D)

Woah, woah, take a deep breath comrade.

MOBSTER 1

That little nigger of yours has been very devious. She's messed around and got you caught up in a web.

TULLY

Hold on, I don't know what little
birds been chirpin' in your ear but--

He presses the gun harder into Tully's cheek.

MOBSTER 1

I got no time for lies Tully, I need
you to be straight up with me. Call
her.

VINNY

Who in the fuck says it's okay for
you to--

Mobster 1 swivels and back hands Vinny across the face sending
his cigar through the air--

Mobster 2 moves closer and places his gun to Vinny's temple--

TULLY

Ok, ok, everybody relax, everybody
relax just fucking relaaaaax--

Tully quickly pulls his cell phone from his pocket, dials.
No answer, goes straight to voice mail.

Tully leaves a message--

TULLY (CONT'D)

Call me back. It's very important.

He ends the call--

TULLY (CONT'D)

Listen, gim'me a lil time and I'll
find her. Ok?

Mobster 1 puts his gun away.

MOBSTER 1

Time? Nice watch. Let me see that.

Tully hesitantly extends his arm to display his Rolex. The
Mobster quickly reaches for a large boxing trophy and smashes
it across Tully's forearm--

Tully falls from the chair clutching his arm--

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Derrick and Alina lay in bed like familiar lovers. Her head
is on his chest, their fingers are interlocked.

She notices a small tattoo on the purlicue of his hand, "D&S".

ALINA
What is that?

DERRICK
That? Stupid youngin' stuff.

ALINA
Do you remember my name?

DERRICK
Don't recall you tellin' me.

ALINA
ALINA.

DERRICK
Alina?

ALINA
Yes. What is yours?

DERRICK
D.

ALINA
D? Just D?

DERRICK
It stands for Derrick.

ALINA
I thought maybe it stand for nice dick? Most times I get fat pigs with little dicks and big wallets. Mean assholes. But you, you're nice. You give me orgasm. That is rare.

DERRICK
Thanks but, you gave me one to.

ALINA
That is easy for men. For women we must feel safe.

DERRICK
So you feel safe n'everythang?

ALINA
Yes, of course.

DERRICK
I like your honesty. Most hoes I've met are--

She slaps him on the chest, hard!

DERRICK (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

ALINA

I'm not a whore!

DERRICK

Really?

ALINA

No! I am Artist and Student.

DERRICK

Then give me back my fifty dollars.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

They curiously eyeball one another.

Derrick gets out of the bed, puts on his pants.

The KNOCKING becomes a POUNDING.

Alina trots off into the bathroom, closes the door, starts the SHOWER.

Derrick answers the door.

Munch stands in the hall with a half smoked blunt in her mouth. She takes it from her lips and raises her hands.

MUNCH

Waaaassssssup!

Derrick smiles.

DERRICK

Munch--

They hug.

Munch pushes her way into the room--

DERRICK (CONT'D)

What happened? I thought you were gon calln'everythang?

She notices Alina's clothes and bag on the floor.

MUNCH

Get dressed, we gotta go. Got shit to do and shit to talk about.

Derrick gestures at the bathroom--

DERRICK

What about?--

MUNCH

Fuck her!

DERRICK

Should I leave'er here?

MUNCH

Hell no! I paid for this room.

THE BATHROOM

Munch storms in, pulls back the shower curtain.

Alina is shocked to see her.

MUNCH (CONT'D)

Lets go Suka!
(bitch)

ALINA

Poshel na khuy!
(fuck you)

Munch pulls her out of the shower.

She SHRIEKS.

MUNCH

Lets go Shlyukha!
(slut)

ALINA

Let go of me!

Munch drags her out into the hotel room soaking wet.

Derrick can't believe what he's seeing.

DERRICK

What the fuck Munch?

MUNCH

Don't trip, I got this.

Alina slaps Munch.

Munch punches her in the gut, grabs her by the hair, drags her to the door, opens it--

MUNCH (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of here hoe!

Munch throws Alina out into the hallway and slams the door.

Alina POUNDS on the door!

ALINA (O.S.)
 dayte mne moyu odezhdu mudak!
 (give me my clothes
 asshole!)

Munch walks to Derrick.

MUNCH
 Did she scratch my face?

Derrick shakes his head.

Alina POUNDS harder. Still YELLING.

DERRICK
 Da fuck is she spoutin'off'?

MUNCH
 Probably wants her clothes.

DERRICK
 Oh shit--

Derrick gathers Alina's clothes, her bag, Munch snatches the bag from his grasp, takes all of Alina's money, hands it back to Derrick.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 Seriously?

Munch gives him a "whatever" look.

Derrick opens the door, hands Alina her things.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 I'm really, really sorry.

ALINA
 Fuck you and fuck your crazy bitch
 girlfriend you muther fucker!

DERRICK
 My what? No, no, you got it all
 wrong, she aint my girlfr--

Munch slams the door in Alina's face.

Alina can be heard marching down the hall CURSING in Russian.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 Why'd you do that? I liked her.

MUNCH

If you liked the bitch why you aint stop me then?

DERRICK

Because you were actin' all crazy'n everythang. And when'd you learn to talk in Russian?

MUNCH

I don't really. Just picked up on a few words the Russian dudes call me when I piss'em off.

DERRICK

Same ole Munch. Still a bully.

MUNCH

Same ole D still payin' for pussy. A bitch like that will give your ass aids cuz. Now get dressed, we gotta go.

INT. MOVING 735 BMW - AFTERNOON

Derrick turns on the stereo. Scans through stations, comes across the song "C.R.E.A.M" By The Wu Tang Clan. He gives Munch an inquisitive look like, "You remember this?"

She smiles.

They recite the song word for word and dance in their seats.

When the song ends they laugh.

MUNCH

Man, I can't believe you're here D.

DERRICK

Been too long huh? Perfect way to spend the fourth of July tho. I sure needed this lil vacation Munch cuz times are really hard right now. The house is 'bout to be for closed on. Momma's medical bills pillin' up n' everythang. Hell, I even lost my job last week. Got laid off.

MUNCH

You know what they say, "If everything is comin' your way all at once, you're probably in the wrong lane?"

DERRICK

Aint that the truth. So you like it here? Look like you doin' all'right for yourself and everythang?

MUNCH

I just do what I gotta do to get what I gotta get bruh.

DERRICK

I guess. I Don't thank I could live the city life. Aint my thang.

MUNCH

It ain't for everybody that's for sure. You still hoopin'?

Derrick reaches down, pulls up his pant leg and reveals an awful surgical scar. The sight sucks emotion from his face the way the injury sucked his dreams from his life.

INSERT: Derrick dribbling up the basketball court for a fast break dunk when out of nowhere a WHITE GUY cuts his legs out from beneath him. Derrick plummets to the floor and grabs his knee--

DERRICK

Blew out my damn ACL n'everythang.

Derrick looks away out the window. Gets a passing glance of a basketball court filled with YOUNG ATHLETES competing.

MUNCH

So much for that big NBA house for yo momma now huh?

Derrick shakes his head in a disparaging manner.

Munch grabs a blunt out of the ashtray. Hands it to him then points at the glove box.

MUNCH (CONT'D)

Lighter's in there.

DERRICK

How's yo Momma Munch? You talked to her lately? Last time I seen'er she wasn't lookin' to good.

MUNCH

Nope. You know I hate her. Specially after what she did.

INSERT: A teenage Munch stands outside a rundown trailer house watching her strung out MOTHER tosses all of her belongs on the ground then marches into the trailer and slams the door--

MUNCH (CONT'D)

I don't care if I ever talk to her again. Ever.

Derrick opens the glove box but what he grabs isn't the lighter. He pulls out a chrome handled Glock .45.

Munch snatches the gun, puts it back inside the glove box, slams it shut. Derrick glares at her with disappointment.

MUNCH (CONT'D)

What?

DERRICK

The Munch I knew used these to settle thangs.

(fists)

Not that.

MUNCH

I still do.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Munch's BMW parks. Munch and Derrick exit, walk down the street still smoking the blunt.

DERRICK

So what's this top secret thang you was willin enough to pay all this money for me ta come all this way for n'everythang?

Munch hands the blunt to Derrick as they walk past a bank.

MUNCH

I need you to do somethin'

DERRICK

Do what?

MUNCH

Break into a safe.

DERRICK

Break into a safe? I aint seen you in five years and this what'cha 'braught me out here for?

MUNCH

Yeah.

Derrick glares through the bank window--

DERRICK

Who's safe?

MUNCH

The less you know about who the better it is for you. You're just here to do a job get paid and leave. Ok?

DERRICK

Sure thang. What kind'a safe?

MUNCH

The kind that's got a million fuckin' dollars inside it. You ever seen a million dollars before D?

DERRICK

You know I aint ever seen that kinda money b'fore Munch. A million you say?

MUNCH

Yeah. A million.

DERRICK

A million? Dollars? Foreal?

MUNCH

Yes, a million fuckin' dollars. Clean out ya goddamn ears.

They approach a liquor store and head inside.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

They head to the beer cooler--

DERRICK

You coulda just told me that over the damn phone.

MUNCH

Uh-uh, I wanted you here. Face to face. Now you know why.

DERRICK

Sure could use that kinda money right about now, but I aint done nothin' the likes of that in years. Plus I aint brang none of my tools.

THE COOLER

Munch opens the door, grabs two tall cans of beer.

MUNCH

Don't worry, I got everything we need bruh.

DERRICK

What's the split?

MUNCH

Sixty-forty. You remember that movie "The Italian Job?"

DERRICK

Yeah.

MUNCH

Well I ain't gonna be nothin' like that. Aint gonna be no movie or tv type shit goin' down. This shit is real. And dangerous.

They head to the counter.

DERRICK

Dangerous? How dangerous? Like runnin' with scissors dangerous? Or wiping yur ass with sand paper dangerous?

MUNCH

Dangerous D. I'm just tellin' you, it's dangerous. But worth it.

They reach the register, pay for the beer, exit.

THE STREET

They continue walking away from where they parked the car. They both crack open their beers inside the brown paper bags.

DERRICK

I still don't know why you couldn'ta just told me over the phone Munch? I would have brought my damn tools'n everythang.

They walk past a hardware store, Derrick glares at a variety of tools in the window display--

MUNCH

Fuck that.

MUNCH (CONT'D)

What if I told you you could move out of Stanton Creek and still buy yo momma that NBA house? So she can live out the rest of her years in peace and comfort? What if I told you you could do that?

Derrick strokes his chin, swigs his beer, ponders--

DERRICK

I don't know Munch.

They round a corner.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Yeah it sounds good'n everythang n'all but what if we get caught?

MUNCH

If we get caught?

DERRICK

Yeah if we get caught?

MUNCH

We aint gon get caught. Simple as that.

DERRICK

But what if we do?

MUNCH

Then yo Momma aint gon get that NBA house.

They stop at the edge of an old abandoned warehouse that has a huge vacant parking lot with a chain linked fence around the perimeter.

Munch lights up a cigarette--

DERRICK

You smoke now?

MUNCH

Only when I drink.

They wait--

Munch looks at her watch--

A black van rolls up, heads across the lot to the warehouse and parks at the loading dock.

Munch watches the activity of the TWO MEN who exit the van, walk to the back, open the doors and pull out 2 large black carry all bags then head inside the warehouse.

Derrick watches Munch watching them--

DERRICK

You remember that time we broke into old man Johnson's hardware store and got into his safe?

INSERT: A teenage Munch, Derrick and their overweight friend JJ, run out the back of a Hardware Store trying to escape the wrath of OLD MAN JOHNSON, (70's) dressed in overalls leveling off his shotgun. He squeezes the trigger, fills JJ's ass with buck shot--

DERRICK (CONT'D)

JJ coulda faired a lot worse then what he did.

MUNCH

JJ's ass was to fat and slow. Shouldn't have been there with us in the first place. Let's go--

Munch flicks her cig, swigs her beer, and they head off back down the block--

DERRICK

Remember when we got back home and opened that bag and wasn't nothin' in it but some fuckin' bonds and kiddie porn.

MUNCH

What's your point D?

DERRICK

Wasn't worth the risk is what'm sayin' Munch. You say we dead if we get caught right?

MUNCH

In a nutshell, yeah.

DERRICK

Well aint no 'mount of money worth riskin' my life for is my point.

MUNCH

That aint the point. You missin' the point.

DERRICK

Well what is the point then?

MUNCH

The point is that you got into that safe and into just about every other safe in Stanton Creek that we wanted to.

INSERT: Derrick breaking into multiple safes--

They turn down an alley--

DERRICK

'Course I did. I learned from the best. But my Daddy always said the hardest type of safe to get into is one you don't know nothin'bout. I proved his ass wrong that night tho didn't I?

MUNCH

Yea ya did. And you can do it again. What's the root of all Evil D?

They emerge from the alley onto a block that looks like they just entered a third world country--

The buildings are rundown and boarded up, abandoned stripped cars line the street, stray animals run about, an array of sketchy CHARACTERS sprinkle the sidewalks and front stoops--

The part of the hood that even people from the hood avoid.

DERRICK

Money.

MUNCH

Wrong. People say it's money. But I'm gon put you up on game. Money is just the motivation. The root of all evil is being broke. It's what people don't have that makes them do the evil shit that they do to get the things they want to have. And that goes for everybody.

Munch stops in the middle of the block so that Derrick can take in the surroundings--

MUNCH (CONT'D)

Take a look around.

Derrick looks at the environment, he's a bit nervous, a bit angry. He thinks of his own struggles--

MUNCH (CONT'D)

Now ask yourself this. What's more risky? Livin' the rest of your life broke? Or takin' a chance at gettin' this money and bein' filthy rich? This shit can change your life and you the best goddamn safe cracker I ever met. And you're also the only person I can trust to do this with.

DERRICK

Well, I recon I need to see the safe?

MUNCH

Now that's what I'm talkin'bout. I Got the specs and the blue prints at my condo. We can swing by and you can meet my room mate Rex. Coo?

DERRICK

Coo.

MUNCH

Let's get this mutha fuckin' money cuz.

They give each other a fist bump and a devilish grin.

EXT. MUNCH'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Munch's Bmw pulls to the underground parking garage of the towering glass high rise. The gate raises, the BMW enters.

INT. MUNCH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Munch and Derrick exit the elevator. Head down the corridor. When they reach her condo they notice the door is ajar.

DERRICK

Rex?

MUNCH

Fuck no.

She pulls a P224 Sig Sauer from the small of her back.

DERRICK

Ok, when the fuck did you become the bitch from Tomb Raider?

She places her finger to her lips. She gently pushes Derrick out of the way.

MUNCH

Stay here.

She raise her gun, enters the condo with vigilance.

INT. MUNCH'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Munch enters, gun at the ready. The spacious condo is garnished with high end furniture and electronics but most of it is completely destroyed or severely damaged.

Her eyes scan the area, they swell then pool with tears when she sees--

Her pet bulldog REX hanging from the ceiling fan by a rope around his neck with a strap on dildo wrapped around his body. Dead.

She fights the urge to emotionally break down. She moves on--

An elaborate bird cage is smashed to pieces in the corner.

Two HYACINTH MACAWS are perched on top of the curtain rod.

She picks up a cracked photograph of her and another woman side by side in boxing stances. She sets it back up neatly.

She continues through the living room, crosses to the--

BEDROOM

The room is a disaster. Her fish aquarium is smashed. Exotic fish lay lifeless in the water soaked carpet. She secures the room, checks the walk in closet, no one, she leaves--

THE LIVING ROOM

She stops at Rex. With moist eyes she takes a butterfly knife from her back pocket, cuts him down. She cradles him in her arms, she sheds a tear--

MUNCH

I'm so sorry REX. I'll be back, ok?

She wipes away her tears, gently places him on the sofa, kisses him. A few more tears stream from her eyes, she wipes them away, "sighs".

THE HALLWAY

Derrick waits nervously.

Munch emerges, eyes still moist. She slams the door.

MUNCH (CONT'D)

Lets go.

DERRICK
You okay? What's wrong?

MUNCH
Nothin'. We can't stay here.

Munch marches down the hall.

Derrick follows behind her completely befuddled.

DERRICK
Da fuck? What about the plan? The
blue prints? The Money n'everythang?
Munch, Munch, talk to me!

They reach the elevator. Wait for it to arrive.

MUNCH
I need a minute D, just, just give
me a minute.

DERRICK
Ok, ok, but can you atleast tell me
what the fuck's goin' on?

"DING"

The elevator doors open.

They step in.

INT. TRAVELING 735 BMW - DAY

MUNCH
So it's three months later and I'm
in the best shape of my life D. I'm
talkin' ripped. And I'm consistently
knockin' guys out with my signature
move "The Maria Combo", right hook,
body, body, right uppercut, left
hook. Nobody can stop it. And I'm
doin' this to dudes because there
aint no women brave enough to get in
the ring with me. Anyway, there's
this old guy named Tully who always
hung around the gym--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOXING GYM - MUNCH'S STORY

THE RING

Munch is in superior shape as she spars against a YOUNG BOXER
stud. She's wearing head gear, he isn't.

He throws a wild punch, she evades it and counters with the "Maria combo".

The YOUNG BOXER hits the canvas flat on his back.

Everyone watching doesn't even react, they've seen this one too many times. Most of the SPECTATORS just shake heads.

Munch goes to her corner.

A TRAINER vaults into the ring to help the stunned boxer to his feet and over to the the neutral corner.

Vinny starts to untie Munch's gloves while Tully looks on.

TULLY

Jesus, where'd you find this beautiful monster?

VINNY

I didn't. She found me.

Vinny pulls Munch's gloves off. She squeezes through the ropes, drops down from the ring and walks past Tully.

They exchange a vacant glance as Munch continues toward the locker room.

Vinny slides down from the ring, stands next to Tully. They watch Munch walk away.

TULLY

That's some hook she's got. Put a fuckin' Ox to sleep. I didn't know you trained skirts?

VINNY

I don't. She showed up here six months ago with a picture of her and my sister MARIA. Rest in peace. Marie started out with a clump of clay, I'm sculpting a masterpiece. That girl has the potential to be great.

THE OPPOSITE CORNER

A trainer waves smelling salt beneath the dazed boxers nose.

TULLY

What's her name?

VINNY

Munch.

TULLY

Munch? The fuck kinda name is that?

VINNY

Yeah, I know. Says she got the nickname back home because anyone who steps in the ring with her gets eatin' alive.

TULLY

Hmph. Munch huh?

INT. MUNCH'S FIRST APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a rundown studio apartment with bargain-counter furniture, an electric stove and a view of the downtown sky line that makes the place tolerable.

Munch sits on her box spring mattress counting out the last few dollars she has to her name. Her stomach GROWLS.

She walks to the mini refrigerator, opens it. Nothing in it except a carton of eggs, a stick of butter, four bananas and a half gallon of milk.

She grabs a banana and sits back on the mattress.

MUNCH (V.O.)

The money that Maria left me didn't last long. I couldn't get no fight so I aint have no money comin' in. I aint wanna work no square ass 9-5 cuz that shit would cut into my trainin'. I had to stay sharp.

EXT. BOXING GYM - MORNING

Munch walks up with her duffel bag slung over her shoulder to find Tully standing out front smoking.

She thinks nothing of it, walks right past him.

He touches her on the arm. Extends his hand.

TULLY

How ya doin? Names Tully.

MUNCH

I know who you are.

TULLY

Good. I know who you are to. That hook of yours could deflate a fuckin' wreckin' ball. Who taught you how to punch like that?

MUNCH

An old friend. She taught me alto
of things.

TULLY

Vin was tellin' me you're havin' a
tough time gettin' fights?

MUNCH

Somethin' like that. Maybe one will
come? Maybe not? Either way I'll
be ready.

TULLY

Smart girl. But in the mean time,
how are you gettin' by? Seems like
you're always here so I'm assuming
you don't work?

MUNCH

Seems like you always here to so I'm
guessin' you don't either?

TULLY

I'll take that as a no.

Munch shakes her head. A bit embarrassed.

TULLY (CONT'D)

Figured. How would you like to come
work for me and make some good dough?

MUNCH

Some good dough huh? Doin' what?

MONTAGE OF MUNCH AND TULLY:

--Munch chokes a little ASIAN man inside a fish market.

--The Asian man gives Tully a payment.

--Munch punches a JEWISH man in the stomach behind a Bakery.

--The Jewish man gives Tully a payment.

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

--Tully argues with a MEXICAN man behind a taco restaurant.
Tully taps Munch on the shoulder, Munch take off her jacket.

--The Mexican man now with a black eye gives Tully a payment.

INT. BAR - DAY

Munch and Tully walk into the dim lit mid day watering hole.

Three OLD BLACK GUYS sit in the corner at a table filled with shots of liquor, glasses of beer and over flowing ashtrays full of cigarette butts.

The bartender LONNY, (50) is a tall black guy who probably fell short of his dreams of playing in the NBA like Derrick.

Tully takes a seat at the bar, Munch stands near by.

Lonny walks to the cash register, grabs an envelope, walks to Tully and hands it to him.

LONNY

Sorry 'bout the delay.

TULLY

Don't ever make me have to wait to come get this again. Ever.

LONNY

Was a slow week.

TULLY

When has that ever been our problem?

Tully tucks the envelope away, Lonny sets up a shot glass and pores him a shot of Scotch. Munch looks at the old guys.

MUNCH

You fellas gettin' ready for the Holidays?

OLD GUY 1

We're ready for another 'round.

OLD GUY 2

You ready to stop bein' a house nigga?

OLD GUY 3

Yea, we don't celebrate your slave master's bullshit Mr. Lady.

Lonny hand gestures for the old guys to settle down.

LONNY

Seetle down fellas, settle down.

Munch walks over to the table and slams her fist down HARD on the edge! Beers spill, cig butts fly in the air, the table is a mess. The old dudes instantly regret talkin' shit--

Munch leans close to one of the smart mouth old men's face--

MUNCH

You lucky I'm in a good mood old man
otherwise I'd knock your ass out.
Next time show some fuckin' respect
or you won't be so lucky.

She walks back to the bar, reaches into her pocket, pulls
out a wad of cash, peels a couple twenties from it, hands
them to Lonny--

MUNCH (CONT'D)

Lon, set'em up. 'Nother round on
the house nigga.

Tully downs his shot, stands, Munch looks at the old guys
who are now stiff as boards with fear--

MUNCH (CONT'D)

Happy Holidays fellas.

Munch and Tully leave--

Everyone in the bar flips them the middle finger once their
out the door.

Lonny brings the drinks to the old guys, they down the shots,
light up cigarettes--

THE ENTRANCE

Munch and Tully burst back into the bar, walk to the table,
Munch starts to beat the crap out of the old guys--

Lonny rushes behind the bar to get a bat--

Tully pulls out a snub nose .38, points it at Lonny, shakes
his head--

Lonny can only watch as Munch continues to unleashes her
rage on the old guys--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAVELING BMW - DAY

BACK TO REAL TIME:

MUNCH

And I've been workin' with Tully for
Mr. Gambino every sense. But
something done gone wrong.

DERRICK

You ever killed anybody Munch?

MUNCH

Look, I need you to get focused and be ready to have my back at all times. Just do what I say and don't ask too many questions. Got it?

DERRICK

Yeah, I gets it.

EXT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Munch's Bmw pulls into the parking lot and parks.

MUNCH (O.S.)

Sit tight, I'll be right back.

INT. BOXING GYM: VINNY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

VINNY

I don't know what it is you did Munch but these guys mean business.

MUNCH

I aint done shit.

VINNY

Look, I promised you two things when you came here. That I'd teach you how to become a better fighter and a better person didn't I?

MUNCH

Yes.

VINNY

Did I fail at the latter? Those guys are not messin' around Munch.

Vinny turns his lip inside out to reveal the cut from the smack he took across the chops.

MUNCH

They did that?

Vinny nods, rolls his tongue on the inside of his lip.

VINNY

Twenty years ago I would'a beat the breaks off of all three of those fuckin' communist monkeys.

MUNCH

What the fuck is going on Vin? Who were they workin' for?

VINNY

They didn't say. They knew Tully and they knew he was here. All I got was this fat lip. He wasn't so lucky. Listen, whatever you do make sure that shit doesn't come back to my gym Munch. I'm gettin' to old for this shit.

MUNCH

Where's Tully?

EXT. EMERGENCY HOSPITAL - DAY

Munch's BMW pulls into the parking garage.

MUNCH (O.S.)

Sit tight, I'll be right back.

INT. HOSPITAL: EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Tully lays in a bed with a cast on his forearm. Munch stands next to him. Tully raises his arm--

TULLY

A hundred dollar copay? Can you believe that shit? It's fuckin' plaster for Christ sake. Obama care my ass!

MUNCH

What the hells goin' on Tully? Who did this to you?

TULLY

Listen, you're like a fuckin' daughter to me and I love ya ta death. You know that. But you have to give it back Munch.

MUNCH

Give what back? The fuck are you talkin'bout?

TULLY

The million dollars Munch. Give it back.

MUNCH

The mill, wait, what? What fuckin' million dollars?

TULLY

Gambino's boys say you killed
Constintello and Castanza then stole
the money.

MUNCH

That's a fuckin' lie! If I woulda
stole a million dollars do you think
I'd be standing here?

TULLY

What happened last night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE: OFFICE - NIGHT

Munch stands by the door in a heavy starched blue jean outfit
and timberland boots.

CONSTINTELLO, (40's) tall, thin, insidious face, in a tailored
suit, stands next to the wall safe.

CASTANZA, (40's) a undesirable bulk of a man in a dark
expensive suit sits behind an ornate wooden desk.

A SMALL TELEVISION

A 1989 Soul Train rerun plays.

Munch glares at the TV then back at--

THE DESK

It's covered with tightly banded bundles of 100 DOLLAR BILLS.

MUNCH

So that's what uh million dollars
looks like huh?

Castanza makes sure the notes are neat as he moves the bundles
of the cash from the desk into a BLACK LEATHER HOLDALL bag.
Once he finishes filling the bag, he places a GLOCK HANDGUN
on top of the money, zips the bag closed, stands, hefts the
bag onto his thick shoulders and walks to Constintello.

CASTANZA

(In Italian)
After this we are done.
(in English)
Last job.

Constintello reaches into his suit jacket reveals a CLOCK,
retrieves a key from his breast pocket, tosses it to Munch--

Munch catches the key--

CONSTINTELLO
We'll be back in an hour.

MUNCH
What about the rest?

CASTANZA
You know the routine. Bob Marley
look alike in a Black suburban in
back of the lot, one hour.

CONSTINTELLO
You "jigs" all like the big trucks
and wagon rims so it should be easy
to spot. Plates read LKM-351.

Munch looks at him grimly for the insult.

Castanza motions towards the door, he and his companion
quickly move towards it with eyes fixed on Munch.

When they reach the door Constintello grips Munch by the arm
tightly--

CONSTINTELLO (CONT'D)
No bullshit now Munchies. Anything
happen to the rest of the load you'll
have a serious problem on your hands.

Munch rolls her eyes, snatches free from his grasp--

MUNCH
The names Munch Spaghetti arms. And
the rest of the money gon' be
delivered safe. But this is the last
time I watch and deliver your load.
After This I'm done.

They eyeball each other.

CONSTINTELLO
What? You think you're running this
show? We tell you when you can stop.

MUNCH
That was our agreement. I thought
you Zucchini mutha fuckas were 'spose
to be men of honor n'shit?

Hard stare.

CONSTINTELLO

We are. That's why we make the rules
and you...

(beat)

You shut the fuck up and follow 'em.
Don't ever forget the only reason
you boot lips are even able to operate
at all in this town is 'cuz we let
you'se...rememba that. Don't ever
bite the hand that feeds you--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL: EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Munch swivels to leave--

MUNCH

Fuck this, I'm goin' to see Gambino.

TULLY

Munch!

MUNCH

What!

TULLY

You go there without his money and--

MUNCH

I don't have his fuckin' money didn't
you just fuckin' hear me say that?

TULLY

So what are you gonna do then?

MUNCH

I'm gon find out who set me up, clear
my name, find who killed my mutha
fuckin' dog and then kill them.
That's what the fuck I'm gon do.

EXT. HOSPITAL: PARKING LOT - DAY

Munch approaches her BMW and tells Derrick to get out.

Derrick meets her at the trunk.

MUNCH

I gotta go meet somebody. Go back
to the hotel and chill for a lil
while.

DERRICK

Is there somethin' wrong with me?

MUNCH

What'd you mean?

DERRICK

I fuckin' feel like Rocky Dennis.

MUNCH

Who?

DERRICK

Rocky fuckin' Dennis? Mask?

Munch has no idea what he's talking about.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

The movie with Cher? The ugly ass kid with the fucked up face n'everythang? Fuck it, nevermind, why is it everywhere we go you leave me in the car'n everythang like I'm gon scare folks? How am I gon' have your back if I'm always in the car?

MUNCH

Seriously?

DERRICK

Seriously.

MUNCH

Look, you didn't come here to meet people D. And the people that I deal with aint the type of people you wanna know. Trust me. Far as you're concerned you're invisible.

DERRICK

How you know who I wanna know?

MUNCH

I'm doin' this for your own good.

A yellow cab pulls up.

Munch takes a wad of cash from her pocket, gives D two hundred dollars.

D shoves the money into his pockets but doesn't get into the cab.

Munch shakes her head in disbelief, flashes a devilish grin.

MUNCH (CONT'D)

Ok. You wanna run with the bulls?
Fine. That's on you--

Munch tells the cab to leave.

the cab pulls off.

Munch pulls out and turns on her cell phone then places a call--

DERRICK

You like this lifestyle, don't you?

MUNCH

(Scoffs)

Don't say I didn't give you the chance
to walk away

(into phone)

...Hey, I need to see you. Can we
meet?...Now...where?...Okay, I'll
meet you there.

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE DINER - DAY

SUPER: STANTON CREEK

The mid day crowd of RETIREES, TRUCKERS and agriculture
WORKERS fill the diner.

A pretty waitress named STEEVEJO (20's) talks to an OLD MAN
with a head full of white hair. She refills his coffee mug.

STEEVEJO

My momma always said that rudeness
is a weak person's imitation of
strength.

She glances at the entrance where she sees to guys with big
ole bellies. Her Manager CARL, (40's) a guy with too much
hair muse talks to an irate TRUCK DRIVER, (60's) wearing a
coffee stained shirt.

OLD MAN

Yo momma told you right. STEEVEJO
why you wastin' yo time in this dump
on folks who don't appreciate yo
kind service? You should be in
Hollywood or New York somewhere.
Way to pretty and smart to be here.

STEEVEJO

Some folks just gotta accept and
appreciate the place where God puts
us. I'm good at what I do and I
thank God for this job. And I thank
you for the complement. This cups
on the house.

She winks at him, her Manager approaches and nods at the old man.

CARL

Hey EARL. Can I talk to you in the back for a sec Stevie?

THE MANAGER'S OFFICE

Steevejo stands in front of Carl's desk.

CARL (CONT'D)

I just had to give that guy thirty two dollars worth of food for free.

STEEVEJO

So.

CARL

So?

STEEVEJO

Might as well put a stripper pole in here if you're gonna let disgusting assholes like that think it's ok to grab your employee's asses CARL! Just let me know ahead of time before you put that pole up so my sweet ass can be out the door.

CARL

We're lucky that guy don't sue us for you throwin' that hot coffee on him.

STEEVEJO

He's lucky I didn't throw it in his face. Look, half those people out there are regulars here 'cause of me Carl. My service, my smile and my nice ass. That son of a bitch was just passin' through.

CARL

He's still a payin' customer Stevie. Hate to do this but, you know I gotta take that money out ya check.

STEEVEJO

Seriously? Seriously?

CARL

Seriously. I aint payin' for it. You know that's the rules.

STEEVEJO
I need every dime I make Carl.
Especially right now.

He's not budging.

STEEVEJO (CONT'D)
Whatever. We done here?

He nods, she leaves.

THE DINER

Steevejo comes through the double kitchen doors, the HOSTESS, a bubbly blonde, (19) approaches her--

HOSTESS
I just sat the hottest guy ever in
your section. Find out if he's single
for me?

The Hostess walks into the kitchen, Steevejo glances at the guy who the Hostess just sat at a table near the window.

THE TABLE

LUCA sits at the table with perfect hair, a perfect tan, dark sun glasses and a double breasted suit on looking over the menu.

Steevejo approaches, flashes her impeccable smile--

STEEVEJO
Hi, my name is Steevejo and I will
be your server. Can I getcha started
with a cold beverage?

Without looking away from the menu he responds with a mono tone Italian accent.

LUCA
Water, no ice.

STEEVEJO
Ok. Need a few minutes to look that
over darlin'?

He slowly reaches up and tilts his sun glasses down revealing eyes as blue as Caribbean sea water.

Steevejo is captivated. His eyes takes his handsomeness to a whole nother level. She's smitten to say the least.

LUCA
Yes. I need a minute.

Steevejo stands frozen. Speechless. Lost in his eyes until he breaks eye contact with her and looks back at the menu.

STEEVEJO

O-okay, I'll, I'll be right back
with that drink.

THE BEVERAGE AREA

Steevejo grabs a glass, scoops ice from the ice bin, places the glass beneath the water spout. She has a quick fantasy--

SUPER: Steevejo being aggressively fucked my Luca from behind.

The hostess approaches, taps her on the shoulder.

She snaps out of her utopia--

HOSTESS

Well?

STEEVEJO

Well what?

HOSTESS

Hotness over there.

STEEVEJO

Oh him? Yeah, forget it, he's
married, two kids and a dog.

HOSTESS

Shit. Figures.

She storms off, Steevejo grins--

THE TABLE

Luca is still looking over the menu.

Steevejo returns, sits the glass of water on the table.

STEEVEJO

You ready darlin'?

Luca sets the menu down, grabs the water and downs the whole glass. He slides it back to her for a refill--

LUCA

I said no ice.

STEEVEJO

Oh hell, I'm so sorry.

LUCA
 It's fine. I'll have the country
 style breakfast with the hash browns
 and the sweet roll. No bacon, turkey
 sausage and egg whites instead of
 scrambled.

He tilts his glasses down, her heart skips a beat--

LUCA (CONT'D)
 Wheat toast instead of sweet roll.

STEEVEJO
 You got it. And I'll get you another
 water with no ice this time. Promise.

She reaches for the menu, he notices a small tattoo on the
 purlicue of her hand, the letters "D&S".

LUCA
 What's that stand for?

She looks at it, frowns.

STEEVEJO
 Big stupid mistake.

She swivels to leave then pauses--

STEEVEJO (CONT'D)
 Can you do me a favor?

LUCA
 Depends on what it is.

STEEVEJO
 Can you take your glasses off and
 keep'em off?

LUCA
 Why?

STEEVEJO
 First off you're inside. And second,
 'Cause I aint ever seen eyes the
 color of yours in all my life. And
 I recon I aint gonna see another
 pair like'em after you leave.

Luca flashes a pearly white indefectible smile, removes his
 glasses, looks her dead in the eyes.

LUCA
 That better?

STEEVEJO

Good Lord yes. Yes it is.

She fans herself with the menu as she walks away.

INT. 735 BMW - EVENING

Munch and Derrick sit and wait. They SEE headlights approach.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - EVENING

A VW Bug pulls up next to the BMW. Inside is a stunning brunette named CARMEN SCOTT, (30's) she's so beautiful that people dare themselves NOT to look at her.

MUNCH (O.S.)

Sit tight, I'll be right back.

Munch exits her car and gets into Carmen's car.

INT. WV - EVENING

Carmen leans over and gives Munch a hot steamy kiss.

CARMEN

God I've missed these lips.

INT. MR GAMBINO'S MANSION - EVENING

Tully sits at a lavish desk across from TONY GAMBINO, (60's) every bit of a stereotypical "Mobb Boss" from his fedora hat to his Italian looks, to his smug demeanor and Cuban cigar.

A six foot five hulk of a man with slicked back hair wearing a Hawaiian shirt named, MR. PIERCE, (30's) stands behind Tully.

GAMBINO

You've been with me since the beginning Tully. And I've always, always respected your judgment. And though we've had our differences, I've never questioned your loyalty.

Mr. Pierce methodically moves closer to Tully with his Sig Sauer suppressed 9mm at his side.

GAMBINO (CONT'D)

Until now. You made a bad choice with that girl.

Mr. Pierce raises his gun to the back of Tully's head.

GAMBINO (CONT'D)

Which means I made a bad choice with you.

TULLY

Listen, she swears she didn't--

Tully takes a BULLET to the back of the head--

The door swings open and in walks Gambino's Son BINDO, (25) he's draped in gold and wears a silk shirt beneath his blazer that's unbuttoned enough to expose his chest and necklaces.

BINDO

Pa, I gotta go to--

Bindo sees Tully on the floor--

MR. GAMBINO

Bindo! How many times do I gotta tell you to fuckin' knock?

BINDO

Sorry Pa, sorry, I was just letting you know I was runnin' out for a bit. Gotta go check on some shit that went down cross town. Jesus. Call me if you need me.

Gambino dismisses him out the room with a hand gesture--

GAMBINO

Put a price on her head. Fifty grand.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK/ THE BASEBALL FIELD: THE DUG OUT - NIGHT

The ball park LIGHTS cast SHADOWS. Munch and Carmen are hugged up. The park and field are completely empty.

Carmen reaches down and squeezes Munch's crotch.

CARMEN

Is that a pistol in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?

Munch pulls her hand away.

Some firecrackers POP in the distance.

MUNCH

Shit is real right now CARMEN. The money is gone and we aint got it. But they think I do. And now there's a fuckin' goon squad lookin' for my ass.

Carmen gently strokes the side of Munch's face.

MUNCH (CONT'D)

They already destroyed my place,
killed my dog and broke Tully's arm.
I can only imagine what the fuck
they'll do to me?

CARMEN

Rex? Oh baby I'm so sorry. Are you
gonna be okay?

Munch's eyes pool with tears as she nods unconvincingly--

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Ok listen, how long can your friend
hang around?

MUNCH

I'm not sure. Probably not too long.
Why?

CARMEN

Maybe you can lay low with him until
this all blows over? Where is he
staying?

MUNCH

At the Imperial. I don't know how
long he can stay though Carmen. I
told him we could have this done in
a couple of days. He has a sick
Mother to get back home to.

CARMEN

Convince him to stay. There's a
million dollars at stake here
Lorraine. We need that money.

She takes Munch's hand and gently places it on her stomach.

In the (BG) a single FIREWORK explodes in the night sky.

MUNCH

I bet it's gon be a boy?

CARMEN

I hope so, girls are too much to
deal with.

(she kisses her)

MUNCH

Listen babe, there's just been a
little wrench thrown into the plan.

(MORE)

MUNCH (CONT'D)

But I promise we gon' eventually
get that million one way or another
and run away and raise this baby
together. I promise. Ok?

They kiss.

Two more FIREWORKS light up the sky.

EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE DINER - NIGHT

Steevejo comes walking out, waves good bye to her co-workers,
heads towards her car as a few FIREWORKS explode in the sky.

Luca leans against the wall smoking a cigarette. When he
sees Steevejo he flicks it to the ground, twists it out with
the tip of his Italian leather shoe, follows her.

Steevejo reaches her red '87 Pontiac Fiero GT. Before she
can insert the key she hears--

LUCA

Excuse me Miss?

She spins--

STEEVEJO

Wholy shit, you scarred me.

LUCA

Sorry.

STEEVEJO

You stalkin' me?

LUCA

No, no, I just wanted to thank you
for your superior service. I hope
the tip was sufficient?

STEEVEJO

Uh, you left me a fifty dollar tip
on a twelve dollar meal. So whatever
that word means it's fine by me.

Luca laughs.

LUCA

I like you.

STEEVEJO

Really?

LUCA

Yes. You know what I don't like?

STEEVEJO

What?

LUCA

People.

STEEVEJO

Well, I recon I can take that as a compliment seein' as I like you to. But I'd probably like you more if you would take those God awful sunglasses off and tell me your name. It's night time for cryin' out loud.

Luca removes his glasses, her heart skips a beat.

STEEVEJO (CONT'D)

Lord have mercy, m-m-m, just so you know, I mean, not that it will matter to you but, if there's one thing that gets on my nerves is guys who wear sun glasses either when it's night time or inside at like a bar or a club or somethin'. Major turn off. And with those eyes you got, sweet Jesus, you should never wear glasses.

Luca flashes that culminating smile again, she gets weak in the knees.

LUCA

My name is Luca. And speaking of bars, is there one in the vicinity? I'd like to buy you a drink to make up for getting on your nerves.

She laughs.

STEEVEJO

That was good. Luca huh? Uhm, I guess we can go over to The Bulls Eye? They got half off on wells and mixed drinks.

LUCA

Ok, Bulls Eye is our destination then. Would you like to ride with me?

Luca swings his arm like a "Price is Right" stage model to reveal his brand new Black Maserati Ghibli parked a few spaces down from her car.

STEEVEJO

That your car?

LUCA

Yes.

STEEVEJO

What is that?

LUCA

A Maserati.

STEEVEJO

A Maserati? Hot damn. I'd love to.

He smiles again, she gets weak in the knees and her heart skips a beat.

Some firecrackers POP in the distance.

LUCA

Shall we?

They walk to the car, he opens her door, then gets in on his side, fires up the pristine engine and pulls off.

INT. 735 BMW - NIGHT

Munch pulls to a red light. She turns on her interior light, reaches in her back seat for something--

DERRICK

Who was that fine woman?

MUNCH

My future wife.

DERRICK

Didn't want me to meet her either huh? You're about as polite as a silent fart you know that?

MUNCH

Oh, you want polite? I can easily say excuse me and shut the fuck up in the same sentence. So excuse me but can you please shut the fuck up?

DERRICK

Oh I'm sorry, did my opinion just offend you n'everythang? 'Cuz you should be glad you don't hear the ones I keep to myself.

MUNCH

Watch yourself D. And keep in mind your relevance when you first got here aint so relevant right now cuz.

The warning creates a bit of uncomfortable tension. Then--

DERRICK

Ok, so now what? When are we gon hit this safe n'everythang?

MUNCH

Be patient cuz. There's been a slight change of plans but we still gonna get paid don't worry.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - NIGHT

The Russian Mobsters are at the same intersection on the opposite side of the street from Munch. The passenger notices Munch in the BMW. He points--

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 2

There! There she is! Holy fuck!

Both lights turn green, Munch kills her interior light and drives through the intersection--

The Lincoln pulls through the intersection, does an illegal u-turn and races through traffic to catch Munch--

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Two cops SEE the Russian make the illegal u-turn. They turn on the flashers, hit the gas--

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - NIGHT

The Russian's are right on Munch's tail now.

INT. 735 BMW - NIGHT

Munch checks her rear view. Sees the Russians behind her. She floors it!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Munch's BMW weaves through slow moving traffic with the Lincoln hot on her tail.

The cops are gaining ground in the distance.

DERRICK
What the hell Munch? Slow down!

The BMW side drifts around a corner--

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Ooooooooooh, shit! Shit! Shit!

The Lincoln does the same maneuver--

The BMW crosses the double yellow line into on coming traffic in order to get around a slow moving Ford pickup--

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Let me out! Let me out!

The Lincoln follows right behind her--

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Russian Mobster 2 looks in his side mirror and sees the black and white in hot pursuit--

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 2
Politsiya.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The BMW crosses back to the right side of the road and continues to weave through traffic at break neck speeds.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - NIGHT

A SIMI TRUCK is headed right at them. The driver jerks the wheel, forces the Lincoln back across the double yellow lines, the TRUCKER pulls on his HORN as the simi RUMBLES past causing others cars to swerve and spin out--

INT. 735 BMW - NIGHT

Munch has created enough space to slip onto the freeway out of sight.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - NIGHT

The Cops are right on their tail now. The driver bangs on the wheel in frustration because Munch escaped. He looks in his rear view and scowls--

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 1
Izbav'sya ot nikh!

In the back seat, Mobster 3 folds down one side of the seat, reaches into the trunk, pulls out a high powered rifle.

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

The PASSENGER COP is on the radio calling for back up.

COP

Black Lincoln town car, three suspects...plate number is--oh fuck!

His eyes swell when he SEES--

The Russian in the back seat is leaning out the window with a hand cannon pointed at the cop car. He FIRES repeatedly!

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!--

Armor piercing bullets penetrate the front hood of the cop car sending the hood sky ward, separating the engine block and bringing the car to an abrupt stop.

A line of cars behind the cops come to screeching halts sliding sideways and crashing into one another.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Russian Mobster 3 leans back in, puts the gun back in the trunk, they race onto the freeway in an attempt to catch up with Munch but she's long gone.

INT. THE BULL'S EYE BAR - NIGHT

It's a hole in the wall kind of place. Jukebox, pool table, dart boards. Steevejo and Luca are playing darts.

She throws her three darts, scores nothing.

The WAITRESS brings them two shots of Vodka.

Luca pays her with a fifty, tells her to keep the change.

Steevejo can't believe what she just saw.

Luca picks up his darts.

STEEVEJO

Ok, what exactly do you do besides over tip people? I mean, like, for a living?

LUCA

I'm a Lawyer for a very important man.

He throws his three darts, all hit the bulls eye.

LUCA (CONT'D)
Perfezione!

Luca picks up the shots, hands one to Steevejo.

LUCA (CONT'D)
Evviva.

He downs his shot, Steevejo stalls.

LUCA (CONT'D)
Come on, what are you waiting for?

STEEVEJO
I like my liquor like I like my men.
Brown.

He pulls up his sleeve, looks at his tan arm, smiles at her, winks.

STEEVEJO (CONT'D)
Honestly, I probably shouldn't.

LUCA
Belvedere is premium Vodka, love.
Try it. For me.

Steevejo downs it. Makes a face like, "Not too bad"

STEEVEJO
So Mr. Big Shot Lawyer, what are you
doin' is this armpit of a town?

LUCA
Working. For my Boss.

SUPER: Luca slices the throat of a WOMAN, (50's) with a straight razor. She look like a strung out drug addict. He searches through her burlap bag and finds a picture of the woman and Munch hugging--

LUCA (CONT'D)
You see, a friend of his is in a lot
of trouble. And apparently, she is
from this town? I was sent here to
maybe find her family or old friends
and talk to them?

STEEVEJO
What's her name?

LUCA
Lorraine. Lorraine Parker.

STEEVEJO
Lorraine Parker? Doesn't ring a
bell.

Luca motions two fingers at the WAITRESS across the bar.

LUCA
I have a photo.

STEEVEJO
Let me see it?

He reaches inside his suit jacket, realizes it's not there.

LUCA
I don't' have it on me.

STEEVEJO
Well where is it? In your car? Run
out and get it.

The waitress arrives with two more shots.

Luca pulls out another fifty, tells her to keep the change.

Steevejo can't believe this guy.

STEEVEJO (CONT'D)
Are you foreal?

LUCA
The photograph is at my motel.

He hands her a shot, they toast, down them.

STEEVEJO
Well hell, I aint got nothin' goin'
on take me to it.

Luca just looks at her with a blank stare.

STEEVEJO (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, was that too forward?

LUCA
No.

STEEVEJO
Then why are you lookin' at me like
that? Not that I mind, it's just--

LUCA
Because you're resplendent.

STEEVEJO

More fancy words huh? I don't know
what that word means either but I
sure like the way it sounds comin'
from your lips. Lets go.

EXT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - NIGHT

The BMW pulls up.

INT. 735 BMW - CONTINUOUS

MUNCH

Listen, I have to go see somebody
and you can't be with me when I do.
So just--

DERRICK

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know, I know,
sit tight--

Derrick shakes his head, exits the car, the car pulls off.

INT. CROWDED BAR - NIGHT

The place is packed with URBAN PATRONS. Munch walks in and
maneuvers her way through the crush of people and over to
the bar.

The BARTENDER notices her. She head gestures to him, he
head gestures to her, reaches beneath the bar and pushes a
button then nods at her.

She walks to the back of the bar and approaches a hulking
BOUNCER in a tight black t shirt guarding a door.

The Bouncer looks across the room at the bar tender, the bar
Tender nods at the Bouncer, the Bouncer steps aside and lets
Munch enter through the mysterious door.

PRIVATE ROOM IN THE BACK OF THE BAR

A man named BENNY, (50'S) looks like he could be the leader
of the Black Panther Party sits behind a spiffy desk wearing
dark clothes and dark shades.

Munch walks in.

Sitting in the corner is a BLACK WOMAN with an Angela Davis
afro wearing dark glasses holding an M-16 on her lap.

Munch sits across from Benny.

BENNY

Word on the street is you the walkin'
dead.

MUNCH

Then what are you lookin' at a ghost?

BENNY

I told you not to fuck with those
white caps Lorraine. They always
find a reason to devalue you in one
way or another. I heard you on some
Robin Hood shit? I just hope I don't
see you hangin' on the end of a rope.

MUNCH

This aint the 1950's BENNY and
whatever you heard is a lie. I don't
need your advice, your rumors or
nothin' else. I just need your
services.

Benny nods, stands, walks over to a wall across the room and
pulls back a makeshift door that reveals an arsenal of weapons
that would make any gun shop owner extremely jealous.

BENNY

Bon App'etit--

EXT. CROWDED BAR - NIGHT

Munch walks out carrying a black duffel back, heads to the
parking lot.

THE PARKING LOT

Munch opens the trunk of her BMW and sets the duffel bag
inside, unzips it and does a quick inventory of her purchase.
She has two Uzis, a 500 Tactical Mossberg, two P89 Ruggers
and a .357 Magnun. She zips the bag, slams the trunk--

The Russian's blaze up in their Lincoln, doors fly open they
leap from the car and surround Munch at gun point!

They grab her, toss her in the back seat, SQUEAL off!

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL: DERRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Derrick places a call, waits, a voice mail pick up--

DERRICK

Hey, it's me. Listen, I didn't want
to leave like this n' everythang but
I needed this time for myself.

(MORE)

DERRICK (CONT'D)

But I do miss you n'everythang so
anyway, I'll try and call you later--

He ends the call, dials another number.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

JJ?...hey, how's Momma?...you gotta
take the pickles out the jar the
night before JJ, that's the only way
she gon' eat'em...ok, make
sure...how's Munch you say?...hell,
You wouldn't believe me if I wrote
it down. She's damn right crazy is
what she is. She's had me get up
with her out here with all her sweet
talk 'n'everythang and now she got
me runnin'round crazier'n hotter
then a goat's butt in a pepper
patch...oh yeah, she's mighty high
cotton, full of all rough talk'n
everythang...

JJ (O.S.)

Listen D, don't be goin' and git'n
yaself inta sumthin' ya aint got no
business gitt'n inta. Don't let
that demon woman take you to hell
wit'er on whatever concoction idea
she got'cha caught up in. Come on
back home. I knew you goin' out
there was a bad slide and ya Momma
is worried somethin' awful.

He hears a KNOCK at the door!

DERRICK

I gotta go JJ. I'll call you later.
Tell Momma I love'er and I'll be
home soon.

He hangs up.

More KNOCKING!

He walks to the door, looks through the peep hole.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Well I'll be--

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - NIGHT

The Russian's are talking amongst themselves in their native
tongue.

THE BACK SEAT

Mobster 3 is flipping through photos on his cell phone, Mobster 2 is turned around in his seat waiting to view the photo that mobster 3 is boasting about--

THE CELL PHONE

A photo of a sexy young naked woman appears--

Mobster 3 extends the phone to Mobster 2--

MOBSTER 3

I'm telling you, she gives the best head ever, loves it on her face--

Mobster 2 looks at the photo, he's impressed--

MOBSTER 2

Hot damn, she's sexy!

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 1

Let me see--

Russian Mobster 1 reaches for the phone, looks at the photo, his eyes squint, looks closer--

Russian Mobster 1 dangerously cuts across traffic causing cars to swerve, slam on their breaks and blow their HORNS as he abruptly pulls to the side of the road--

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 1 (CONT'D)

How do you know this girl?

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 3

Just some chick I bagged. Why? You want her to hook you up?--

Russian Mobster 3 does the blow job gesture--

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 1

This is my Niece you mother fucker and she's only 16!

Russian Mobster 3's eyes bulge, Russian Mobster 2 instantly tries to mediate the situation--

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 2

Ok, hold on, durik, hold on--

EXT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Russian Mobster 1 opens his door, exits, walks around to the back of the car, Russian Mobster 2 hopes to intervene and defuse what he knows is about to occur--

Russian Mobster 1 yanks the back door open, pulls Russian Mobster 3 from the back seat and starts kicking his ass. Russian Mobster 2 tries to defuse the situation--

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Munch hops over the seat, puts the car in drive and SQUEALS off!

Russian Mobster 2 gives chase on foot--

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 2

Hey! Hey!--

The other two Mobsters roll around on the ground--

Munch turns the corner and disappears--

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL: DERRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Derrick sees Alina through the peep whole standing with her arms folded. She BEATS on the door again.

Derrick opens the door.

DERRICK

Hey.

Suddenly, Bindo comes from around the side of the door and SMACKS Derrick across the face with a Glock 19.

Derrick plummets to the floor, Bindo and Alina enter the room, slam the door!

EXT. BAR PARK LOT - NIGHT

The Lincoln pulls in and parks next to Munch's BMW. Munch exits the Lincoln, throws the car keys on top of the bar, gets into her BMW, backs out, pulls off--

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL: DERRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Derrick sits on the bed with his mouth bleeding.

Alina stands next to Bindo who sits in a chair by the window with his gun pointed at Derrick. He reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a silencer, twists it onto the barrel of his Glock 19--

BINDO

If your little girlfriend isn't here within the next five minutes with my money--

He FIRES a shot into a pillow on the bed, pillow stuffing flies into the air.

BINDO (CONT'D)
Vitaly said you were a Durik.

DERRICK
A what?

ALINA
Friend. It means friend.

DERRICK
I am, he hooked me up n'everythang.

BINDO
Then why'd you do this D?

DERRICK
Look, my friend she--

ALINA
Girlfriend--

DERRICK
No, friend. She's a difficult sorta person. She only knows what she knows and even though it usually ain't right it's all she knows so that's just the way it is.

THE HALLWAY

Munch stands with her ear to the door listening to the conversation taking place inside the room.

BINDO (O.S.)
Well that bitch took--
(To Alina)
How much did she take?

ALINA (O.S.)
Five hundred.

BINDO (O.S.)
Five hundred dollars from me D. So I guess your life is only worth five hundred dollars to her? And I'm sorry but your time is up

Munch pulls out her Sig Sauer, twists a silencer on the end, sees an older female Mexican HOUSE KEEPER push a cleaning cart from inside a room two doors down.

She motions the House Keeper over to her.

When The House Keeper gets close enough, Munch points her gun at the House Keeper.

The House Keeper raises her hands and is about to scream but Munch quickly covers her mouth--

MUNCH
Sssssshhh...

Munch steps to the side, places The House Keeper right in front of the door, aims the gun at the House Keepers ribs.

HOUSE KEEPER
(Whispers in Spanish)
Please don't kill me.

Munch KNOCKS on the door.

INT. DERRICK'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bindo stands, thrusts his gun at Derrick's face, they all HEAR--

MUNCH (O.S.)
House keeping--

Bindo walks to the door, looks through the peek hole, sees the House Keeper, waves Derrick to the door.

BINDO
(whispers)
Get rid of her.

Bindo steps aside Derrick looks through the peek hole.

DERRICK
I don't need it, thanks.

MUNCH (O.S.)
I have the towels that you called to
the front desk for sir.

Derrick recognizes Munch's voice, he turns to Bindo.

DERRICK
I did order towels n'everythang.

THE HALLWAY

Munch listens intently, hears Bindo say--

BINDO (O.S.)
Step aside, I'll take them.

Munch waits for the door handle to twist, it does, the door swings open, Munch SHOTS Bindo--

Bindo falls straight back and SLAMS to the floor--

Alina SCREAMS, rushes to Bindo--

The House Keeper SCREAMS, swivels, runs down the hall--

Munch shoots her in the back of the leg, she drops--

Derrick SCREAMS, Munch steps into the room, looks at him like "Really?", he stops--

Alina kneels next to Bindo crying her eyes out as Bindo GASPS for air--

Munch tells Derrick to go get the house keeper, he does--

Munch points her gun at the back of Alina's head--

MUNCH

Get up bitch!

Derrick drags the wounded house keeper back into the room. Munch looks left, then right, then closes the door.

INT. UPSCALE MOTEL - NIGHT

Steevejo and Luca are making out hot and heavy on the bed. He starts to unzip her pants, she grips his hand.

He leans back.

LUCA

What's the problem?

STEEVEJO

Lets slow down a sec. Where is that picture you wanted to show me?

Luca slides off the bed, opens the night stand drawer, pulls out a manilla envelope, opens it and pulls out a 5X7 picture of Munch. He hands it to Steevejo and goes into the bathroom.

Steevejo looks at the photo. Has no idea who she is. She hears the toilet FLUSH, the SINK WATER runs then turns off. After a brief moment Luca returns with no shirt on.

Steevejo looks up from the photo, her eyes bulge. He's in superior shape. Ripped abs, big muscles. He walks to the bed and stands right in front of her.

LUCA

Do you know her?

Steevejo can't muster up any words. She just shakes her head and lets the picture fall from her fingers onto the floor. She slowly reaches up and runs her finger tips over his abs. She delicately kisses his wash board stomach.

He grabs the back of her head and guides her lips to wherever he desires. He places his index finger beneath her chin and lifts.

He leans down and kisses her softly, gentle, then aggressively pulls her by the back of the hair and attacks the nape of her neck with a barrage of wet kisses and delicate bites.

She lets out a sensual MOAN, pulls him down on top of her, their passion explodes into a lust driven frenzy to see who can undress the other fastest?

They tear each others clothes off, position themselves in the middle of the bed, he lays between her thighs, berries his face into the pillow and starts pumping like a jack rabbit.

Ten fast, short, rhythmic strokes and then his body tenses up, his back arcs, he twitches, releases a grizzly GROWL into the pillow. His body falls limp on top of hers.

Steevejo has a look of utter disappointment.

He lays on top of her breathing heavily for a moment, then raises up off of her, springs from the bed, walks into the bathroom and closes the door.

Steevejo stares at the ceiling as guilt sets in.

She hears the SHOWER turn on inside the bathroom.

She sits up, retrieves her clothes, gets dressed, then sits on the edge of the bed. She reaches for her purse, pulls out her cell phone, checks her voice mails--

Through the phone speaker we hear DERRICK'S VOICE--

DERRICK (O.S.)

It's me, listen, I know you didn't
want me to leave like this
n'everythang. But I needed this
time for myself. Anyway, I miss you
n'everythang so...I'll just call you
later--

She ends the call. Her eyes pool with tears, she caresses her stomach, a tear trickles down her cheek.

Luca emerges from the STEAM filled bathroom and sees her crying.

She looks at him with anguish.

STEEVEJO

I'm pregnant.

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL: DERRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Derrick and Munch have all three of the hostages in the corner of the room. Munch tosses them towels.

Alina holds Bindo in her arms. He's bleeding badly. She presses the towel over his wound, he CRINGES.

The House Keeper wraps her towel around her leg wound.

ALINA

We need to get them to the Hospital.

DERRICK

Shit! This room is in my name Munch.

HOUSE KEEPER

(in Spanish)

Please don't let me die Sir.

DERRICK

I said, this room, is in, my name!

MUNCH

I heard you!

DERRICK

I know!

MUNCH

Then shut the fuck up!

Munch paces, thinks--

HOUSE KEEPER

(in Spanish)

My leg, my leg, please sir--

Bindo COUGHS up blood.

ALINA

We have to get him to a hospital!

MUNCH

(points her gun)

Shut up bitch!

Derrick aggressively takes munch by the arm, leads her to the door. Leans close to her, whispers--

DERRICK

Maybe we should just stop and think for a minute?

MUNCH

Don't ever grab me like that again bruh. Think about what?

DERRICK

If it's really worth doing all this?

MUNCH

Don't matter if it is or not. That asshole who I just shot is Gambino's son.

DERRICK

What if he dies? What will we say when we have to stand before God with this as our last actions?

MUNCH

Fuck wrong wit'chu cuz? What kinda question is that right now?

DERRICK

I don't know but, stealin' is one thing. Murder is somethin' that there aint no forgiveness for Munch.

MUNCH

Who the fucks askin' for forgiveness?

She hands Derrick her car keys.

MUNCH (CONT'D)

Go get the car and pull around to the back. I'll meet you down there in ten minutes. Go!

INT. MOVING 735 BMW - NIGHT

Munch and Derrick ride in the front, the three hostages are crammed in the back with pillow cases over their heads.

Bindo is somehow still alive.

HOUSE KEEPER

(In Spanish)

Sir can you please get me a Dr--

ALINA

You're both going to hell for this--

Bindo COUGHS up more blood, it stains the pillowcase--

BINDO

My Father is going to kill you both--

Munch gets angry--

MUNCH

All y'all better shut the fuck up
before I put a bullet in your fuckin'
brains! Shut up!

EXT. TULLY'S HOME - NIGHT

It's a nice size two story suburban home with a three stall garage in a typical suburban neighborhood.

Munch's BMW pulls onto the driveway, Munch hops out, punches a code into the garage door opener, the garage door raises, she returns to the car and pulls into the garage.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Two ITALIAN MOBSTERS watch the garage door close. The DRIVER takes out his cell phone and places a call.

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE GARAGE - NIGHT

Everyone exits the car. Munch opens the trunk and grabs the duffel bag out the trunk. Everyone heads inside--

THE KITCHEN

Munch and her entourage come through the back door. The place is OCD spotless.

Derrick helps the House Keeper.

Alina helps Bindo.

Munch turns on the light.

MUNCH

D, take them down into the basement.
I'm gonna see if Tully is upstairs.

She hands Derrick the .45 from the glove box. He looks at it perplexed.

DERRICK

What you want me to do with this?

MUNCH

Don't act like you don't know. Go!

Derrick leads the hostages down stairs.

INT. GAMBINO'S MANSION - NIGHT

Gambino sits in front of his fireplace smoking a cigar.

Mr. Pierce approaches and hands him a phone.

GAMBINO

Yeah...Is she alone?...how many others?...ok, Don't do anything or take your eyes off that house until you hear back from me.

He ends the call, hands the phone back to Mr. Pierce.

GAMBINO (CONT'D)

We found her. Call Luca, tell him to get back here as fast as he can.

INT. UPSCALE MOTEL - NIGHT

Luca sits in a chair fully dressed. Steevejo is still on the bed with moist eyes.

STEEVEJO

So after I told him I couldn't go on this way he left. Said he needed to get away to clear his head. I was raised with a Momma and a Daddy. We didn't have much but we had the important things. I don't want to raise my baby alone but he doesn't even know I'm pregnant. Don't know if he'd even care the way he just up and left? Said he was goin' to stay with an old friend in the city. Someone named Mooch, Manch, Monch--

Luca sits forward.

LUCA

What did you just say?

STEEVEJO

He left. Went to--

LUCA

No, the name. The name?

STEEVEJO

Munch, that's the name, Munch. He said it was short for "Carpet Muncher" said his friend was the best pussy licker this side of the Mississippi. How fuckin' stupid is that?

Luca's cell phone CHIMES, he crosses to the night stand, answers it.

LUCA

Ciao...

His entire conversation takes place in Italian, leaving Steevejo completely oblivious to the content.

SUB TITLES READ:

LUCA (CONT'D)

You found her? Good, I found someone to...says she knows the bitch through a friend of a friend...should I bring her?...possibly use her as leverage?...perfect, I'm leaving now. Arrivederci.

He ends the call, looks at Steevejo, smiles.

STEEVEJO

Is everything ok?

LUCA

Yes. Have you ever been to the city?

STEEVEJO

Once or twice. Why?

LUCA

Would you like to go again?

STEEVEJO

When? Now?

LUCA

Yes. With me.

STEEVEJO

After I just bored you to death with my drama filled life? You sure?

LUCA

I'm positive.

STEEVEJO

You're gorgeous and all but, I have a early shift tomorrow. I'm gon have to take a rain check darlin'.

Luca's smile fades, his pleasant approach failed. He opens the night stand, pulls out a Walther PPK, points it at her.

LUCA

I don't think you're going to make
it to that early shift il mio amore.

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

It's spacious, OCD clean, well decorated and has a full bar.

Bindo lays across Alina's lap on the sofa.

The House Keeper sits in a recliner with her leg elevated.
She begins to rock back and forth.

Derrick stands behind the bar with the gun in his hand nervous
as hell hoping no one does anything stupid.

BINDO

Listen D, you let me go and my Father
will reward you. I'll tell him you
had nothing to do with this.

HOUSE KEEPER

(In Spanish)

Sir, I need to use the bathroom.

BINDO

That bitch up there is crazy bro.
She doesn't care anything about you.
Vitaly told me you were a good guy.
Don't make him out to be a liar.

Munch emerges from the shadows at the bottom of the stairs.

MUNCH

If Tully was here he'd agree with
you. Your Father will reward us
kindly. You told my homie his life
was only worth five hundred dollars.
How much you think yours is worth?
How much you think D?

HOUSE KEEPER

(with urgency In
Spanish)

Sir, I need to go to the bathroom.
Please!--

DERRICK

I don't know Munch.

MUNCH

I'm willin' to bet at least a Mill.

ALINA

You're a evil fucking bitch!

MUNCH

I'm gon need you to use your inside voice.

ALINA

Fuck you!

Munch walks over to Alina with her fist raised in the air.

MUNCH

Bitch if you yell one more time I swear I'm gon hit you so fuckin' hard you gon feel like somebody punched you in the face with C4!

The House Keeper releases her bladder, it saturates the chair, cascades down the front into the carpet. She begins to sob--

DERRICK

Awe fuck--

Derrick rushes to the paper towel dispenser, feverishly pulls strips of towels, he crosses to the house keeper, starts to dab the urine with the towels. He looks her in the face.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry.

He hands her a towel for her tears.

Everyone feels sorry for her, including Munch.

Bindo starts to snicker--

BINDO

My Father is going to cut that little dick of yours right off you piece of shit.

Munch's eyes widen--

Derrick frowns--

Alina's eye brows raise--

BINDO (CONT'D)

Oh you think people don't know? Ooooh, riiight, Mr. Pierce promised not to tell anybody after he tried to take your pussy but found out you had a dick. Dumb bitch.

Munch marches over to Bindo and repeatedly slams her fist into his chest then lets out a horrific SCREAM!

MUNCH

Fuck you, fuck you muther fucker!
 Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!--

Derrick rushes to Munch, grabs her by the arm, pulls her!

Munch quickly spins towards him and unleashes the "Maria Combo", "WAP-WAP-WAP-WAP-WAP!"--

The house keeper SCREAMS!--

Derrick falls straight back in SLOW MOTION--

SUPER: A grand display of FIREWORKS explode in the sky as Derrick continue to fall and SLAMS onto the carpet!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Derrick's eyes slowly flutter open as he regains consciousness. His vision is BLURRY, his hearing is MUFFLED. He sits up on his elbow and looks around the room--

From his (POV) he SEES Alina and Bindo, now with his shirt off. He's pale as note book paper. He's lost a substantial amount of blood.

Alina presses a fresh towel on his wound that's actually in his shoulder, not his chest--

Derrick's head continues to PAN, he SEES the House Keeper in the recliner now wearing a Chicago Bulls T shirt, some black basketball shorts and she also has a fresh towel around her wound--

His PAN continues to SEE Munch behind the bar with a rock glass in her hand and a fifth of Jameson whisky on the bar--

He sits up, shifts his jaw, shakes his head--

Everyone's attention turns to Derrick.

BINDO

(coughs)

Fuck man, we thought she killed you.

DERRICK

What happened?

ALINA

You've been out cold.

DERRICK

How long?

BINDO

(coughs)

Long enough for us to think she killed you.

Derrick staggers to his feet, loses his balance, catches himself. Gets his equilibrium together.

The House Keeper places a cell phone to her mouth and speaks into it--

HOUSE KEEPER

Señor, los pantalones.

She touches the screen, an ARTIFICIAL FEMALE VOICE repeats--

CELL PHONE VOICE

Sir, your pants.

Derrick looks down at his pants. The crotch area is saturated. Derrick looks at Munch with intense disdain in his eyes.

THE BAR

Munch looks back with remorse in hers.

MUNCH

I told you before not to be grabbin' on me like that cuz. Tully's room is the last door at the end of the hall on the right. He might have something you can put on?

Derrick leaves.

Munch downs her drink.

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

THE SHOWER

Derrick lets the hot water rain down on the back of his head and shoulders. He tilts his head, opens his mouth, fills it with water then spurts it out.

He faces the tile wall, leans his head on his forearm against it. Beats the wall with his fist. He whimpers--

DERRICK

What the fuck have I gotten myself into? What the fuck?--

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - NIGHT

The three Russian Mobsters ride in silence. A cell phone CHIMES. The driver answers his phone.

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 1
Privet?...da...no...ok...ok we are
headed there now.

He ends the call, looks to his passenger.

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 1 (CONT'D)
They have found her.

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 2
Good. Can we go kill her now?

INT. TULLY'S HOME: UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Derrick opens the door, the room is completely dark. He flips the light switch to revealing the same room from the beginning of the story.

He sees the "Good Fellas" poster and then his eyes bulge when he SEES--

THE BED

A mountain of cash!

Derrick slowly approaches the bed. Rubs his eyes to make sure he aint dreaming. He picks up a stack, fans through it. He sits on the bed, looks at the pile then the stack in his hand. Thinks to himself--

DERRICK (V.O.)
Fuck her. She lied to me and she's
a crazy bitch. Called me all the
way out here and got ne caught up in
this bullshit n' everythang. I aint
gonna tell her.

He stands, pulls the pillow cases off the pillows and starts stuffing cash inside the pillow cases--

THE BASEMENT

The TELEVISION is on and everyone is glued to it.

THE TELEVISION

A ticker tape SCROLLS across the bottom of the screen that reads, "BREAKING NEWS: Woman abducted from her job--"

A MEXICAN MAN, (20's) pleads to the CAMERA while standing in front of the Imperial Hotel with the CHIEF of POLICE and a few STATE TROOPERS behind him.

MEXICAN MAN

Please, we beg you, just return my Mother to us safely. She's a good, hard working woman with a Family and Grand Children who want to see her come home. If anyone has any information please call the number on your screen. Please.

THE GARAGE

Derrick frantically dumps money into the trunk of the BMW from a pillow case then rushes back inside to get more--

THE BASEMENT

The House Keeper breaks down in tears, places the cell phone to her mouth, speaks into it, touches the screen, turns the phone towards Munch--

CELL PHONE VOICE

Please, please Miss I beg you, return me to my children and grand children. I have done nothing to be here like this. Nothing. God will forgive you. Please let me go. Please.

ALINA

Let her go--

BINDO

The Cops are gonna figure this all out sooner then you think--

HOUSE KEEPER

(crying in Spanish)

Please, please--

Munch raises the remote, shuts off the t.v., marches over to the House Keeper and snatches the phone out of her hand.

The House Keeper reaches for it, PLEADS with her--

ALINA

Hey, give it back!

BINDO

You evil bitch!

Munch raises her gun and aims it at each of them.

MUNCH

All of you shut the fuck up! I'm in charge of this shit! If you gotta pee again Seniorita, clap your goddamn hands! You two say one more fuckin' word and ya'll gon both be kissin' duct tape. Nobody is goin' nowhere!

Derrick steps from the shadows at the base of the stair well dressed in plaid golf shorts and a polo shirt--

Munch looks at him--

He glares at her with a dead pan expression--

DERRICK

Let her go Munch.

MUNCH

Are you fuckin' stupid? Wrong place, wrong time, she's caught up.

The House Keeper forces her way from the recliner and points at Munch, she speaks to her with venom in her voice--

HOUSE KEEPER

(In Spanish)

You are a coward. You are too weak to work hard and make an honest living. So you prey on less fortunate. God won't forgive you. He will punish you!

She painfully sits back down. Seething in the chair.

DERRICK

She aint got nothin' to do with none this Munch? Nothin'.

MUNCH

I don't give a fuck. That mutha fucka on that couch is our meal ticket out this bitch. And aint nobody leavin' till' I cash in. Nobody!

A cell phone CHIMES.

Everyone looks at one another.

MUNCH (CONT'D)

Where is that comin' from?

Derrick remembers--

DERRICK
Her bag.

MUNCH
Who bag?

DERRICK
Alina. You told me to get all their
phones and put them in her bag
remember?

MUNCH
You didn't turn'em off?

DERRICK
I thought I did.

Munch crosses and opens the bag to retrieve the cell phone.
She looks at the display--

The display reads, "Dad"

Munch holds the phone in the air--

MUNCH
Who's phone is this?

BINDO
Mine.

EXT. TULLY'S HOME - NIGHT

The Russian Mobsters slowly roll up the street and pull
adjacent to the Italian Mobsters in the Sedan. Both drivers
roll down their window--

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 1
Privet.

ITALIAN MOBSTER 1
Ciao.

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 1
Which house?

The Italian points out Tully's house.

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 1 (CONT'D)
We park. You two go in through back,
we go in through front? Good?

ITALIAN MOBSTER 1
Negative. The Boss says to sit tight
until he tells us what to do.
(MORE)

ITALIAN MOBSTER 1 (CONT'D)

So you can park but ya aint doin'
much else.

The Russian scowls, the automatic window rolls up, he slowly pulls off and parks across from the Italians.

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Munch pushes the answer button on the cell phone.

We HEAR Gambino on the other end--

GAMBINO (V.O.)

Hello...Bindo?...you there? Bindo?

MUNCH

Yeah he here.

GAMBINO (V.O.)

Who is this? Where's my son and why are you answering his phone?

MUNCH

Your son is a little busy right now.

GAMBINO (V.O.)

Well make him unbusy. Who is this?

MUNCH

Nevermind who I am. All you need to know is we got your son and if you ever want to see him again you better do what the fuck we say.

GAMBINO (V.O.)

Are you out of your fucking mind? Do you know who I am bitch?

MUNCH

Yeah I know who you are and I don't give a fuck. Like I said, you want to see your son do what the fuck I say.

GAMBINO (V.O.)

Fuck you.

Gambino hangs up--

MUNCH

Hello...hello?--

THE BASEMENT

Bindo is extremely weak. He can barely maintain conscience. His eye lids hang low.

BINDO

Bro, it's just a matter of time I'm telling you. My Father is not the kinda guy you want to fuck around with.

ALINA

That bitch is going to get you killed D. What happened to the nice guy at the hotel? You said you were a good person.

DERRICK

I am.

HOUSE KEEPER

(In Spanish)
Kill her.

ALINA

Then help us. You know this is wrong.

HOUSE KEEPER

(In Spanish)
Kill her.

Derrick paces behind the bar caught up in a whirlwind of emotions. He sits the gun on the bar. Pours himself a drink.

BINDO

(coughs)
Bro, get me to a hospital. Please

ALINA

Get him some water D? He needs it.

HOUSE KEEPER

(In Spanish)
Kill the bitch.

BINDO

(coughs)
Bro, you get me out of here and I'll see to it that My father gives you--

Munch steps into the room from the shadows at the bottom of the stairs.

MUNCH

Gives him what?

No one speaks.

Munch crosses to Bindo, pushes redial on the cell phone, presses speaker, hands him his cell phone.

The phone RINGS a few times--

GAMBINO (V.O.)

Bindo?

Bindo responds in Italian--

BINDO

la cagna che ha risposto al telefono
era MUNCH--

Munch snatches the phone!

MUNCH

English you mutha fucka!

GAMBINO (V.O.)

Munch!?

Munch holds the phone to her mouth.

MUNCH

You killed my dog now I got yo son.
And just so you know, I aint take no
million dollas from yo punk ass.

GAMBINO (V.O.)

You need to listen very carefully to
me dyke. If you lay one finger on
my son--

MUNCH

Shut the fuck up! I'm in charge
mutha fucka! You want this pussy
ass son of yours to stay alive you
do what I say! You don't do what I
say he gon go wherever it is my dog
went to. You got it?

GAMBINO (V.O.)

You have no idea what you're getting
yourself into.

BINDO

She shot me Papa!

Munch rushes to Bindo and punches him in his injured shoulder!

Bindo WALES in pain!--

Alina YELLS at Munch!--

Derrick places his hands on his head in disbelief--

The House Keeper YELLS to Derrick--

HOUSE KEEPER
(In Spanish)
Killer her! Kill her now!

Munch PANS her gun at the hostages--

MUNCH
Shut the fuck up! Everybody shut
the fuck up!

The room settles--

Munch holds the phone to her mouth.

MUNCH (CONT'D)
You hear that Gambino?

Silence.

MUNCH (CONT'D)
You still there? Gambino?

The house phone begins to RING repeatedly.

Everyone eyeballs one another.

GAMBINO (V.O.)
You gonna just ignore my call? You're
in way over your head dike.

The house phone stops RINGING--

Bindo cracks a smile--

GAMBINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You still there dike?

MUNCH
Yeah I'm here. Just know that your
Son's life is in your hands mutha
fucka. Like I said, I didn't steal
no million dollars from you cuz I
aint no thief. But if you want to
see your son again a million dollars
is what it's gon cost you. I aint
negotiatin' and aint no compromise
type shit goin' on either. Those
are my demands and they aint changin'.

Gambino hangs up.

All eyes are on Munch now.

HOUSE KEEPER
(in Spanish)
Kill her. Please, kill her.

DERRICK
Look, I didn't come all the way here
for this Munch. This shit has gotten
out of control.

He sits the gun on the counter.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
I'm done. I'm leaving. I'm going
back home and I'm taking this woman
with me so she can get back to her
family n'everythang. Like I said
'bfore, aint no 'mount of money worth
all this.

Derrick approaches the house keeper and helps her to her feet.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Come on ma'am.

Derrick and the house keeper head towards the stairs.

Rage consumes Munch's face as she walks up behind them, raises her gun to the back of the house keeper's head and squeezes the trigger--

ALINA AND BINGO
No!

Blood splatters onto the side of Derricks face and clothes as the house keeper drops from his arms--

Derrick is frozen stiff in disbelief-

Alina and Bindo start to YELL at Munch--

Munch walks back to the bar and pores another drink in a sang-froid manner. She downs another shot, grimaces--

Derrick looks down at the House Keeper. His eyes are filled with fear, his heart is filled with sadness and confusion, his thoughts becomes consumed with anger and rage--

He looks at Munch, reaches up and slowly wipes blood from his face, looks at the blood on his hands then looks back at Munch with disgust in his eyes--

Munch downs another shot of whiskey--

Derrick doesn't know what to do. He's never seen anyone get killed before. TIME slows down, everything that Derrick SEES is in SLOW MOTION now--

He looks at the sofa, Alina SCREAMS profanities at Munch--

He looks back at Munch as she points her gun and YELLS back at Alina--

He looks at the sofa again, Bindo coughs up blood, rolls from Alina's lap and crashes to floor--

Alina immediately kneels down to help him--

He looks at the House Keeper, his eyes flood with tears, he bends down, picks the house keeper up, cradles her in his arms then heads upstairs never looking back--

In the (BG) Alina has had enough of this shit! She rushes across the room to confront Munch--

Munch comes from behind the bar and meets her half way--

They stand face to face SCREAMING at each other--

Derrick climbs the stairs, walks through the kitchen, heads into the garage--

THE GARAGE

Derrick lays the House Keeper on the ground, opens the door to the BMW, picks the house keeper up, lays her gently in the back seat, closes the door, walks to the garage door opener, pushes it, gets into the drivers seat of the car--

He reaches to turn the key in the ignition but realizes there are no keys--

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT

Italian mobster 1 watches the garage door rise. He taps his partner on the shoulder waking him from his power nap.

MOBSTER 1

We got action.

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE GARAGE/THE BMW - NIGHT

Derrick pounds on the steering wheel in frustration. He lays his forehead on the back of his hands and begins to sob--

There's a TAP on the window--

It startles him, he turns his head to see Munch tapping on the glass with the tip of her gun. She raises the car keys with her other hand and jiggles them--

MUNCH
Get out the car D.

Derrick shakes his head.

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - NIGHT

Russian Mobster 1 SEES that the garage door is open. He gets out to investigate, his comrades follow--

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT

Italian Mobster 1 notices the Russian's getting out of there truck--

ITALIAN MOBSTER 1
What the fuck are those assholes
doing?

He rolls down the window, whispers--

ITALIAN MOBSTER 1 (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, what the fuck are you doing?

THE STREET

The Russian Mobsters pull out their guns that are all equipped with silencers. They creep closer to the garage--

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT

The two Italian Mobsters get out of their car to go stop the Russians--

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE GARAGE- NIGHT

Munch is getting impatient.

MUNCH
Get out of the fuckin' car D.

Derrick locks the door.

MUNCH (CONT'D)
Seriously?

DERRICK
I'm done Munch. You's a liar. You's
a lie and the truth ain't in ya.
(MORE)

DERRICK (CONT'D)

You're killin' folks n' everythang
and I can't have no parts of that.
You're goin'ta hell Munch and I ain't
goin'wit'cha.

MUNCH

Look, I'm sorry D. I know shit is a
little crazy, ok? But you gotta
trust me. I know what I'm doin' and
I know these people we dealin' with.
And I'm tellin' you, we can still
get this money.

DERRICK

The money? The money? Munch, you're
so, you're so...so...Good Lord please
help me think of somethin' reeeal
fucked up to describe what you are--

The back window of the BMW SHATTERS! A barrage of BULLETS
invade the garage ricocheting off of gardening tools and an
array of other items--

Derrick SCREAMS and ducks down--

THE STREET

The three Russian Mobsters fire into the garage--

The two Italian Mobsters approach them--

ITALIAN MOBSTER 1

(aggressively whispers)

Hey! Hey! What the fuck are idiots
doing!? Cease fire! Cease your
goddamn fire!

The Russians lower there weapons--

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 1

She's right there, lets kill the
bitch!

Italian Mobster 1 grabs Russian Mobster 1 about the collar
and pulls him close--

The other two Russian Mobsters point their weapons at Italian
Mobsters 1--

Italian Mobster 2 points his weapon at them--

Russian Mobster 1 smirks at Italian Mobster 1--

ITALIAN MOBSTER 1

Look, the Boss said to sit tight you fuckwad! You want me to call and tell'im you disobeyed his orders? Huh? Do ya? Get your fuckin' asses back into the car. Now!

THE GARAGE

Munch bolts to the garage door opener, pushes the button, kneels and aims out at the street--

Derrick opens the car door and races back inside the house--

THE STREET

The Mobsters watch the garage door close--

The Russian Mobsters return to their car--

The Italians return to their's--

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Derrick and Munch come racing down the stairs--

Derrick SEES Alina sprawled out on the floor. He turns to Munch--

DERRICK

What the fuck Munch you killed her to?

MUNCH

No I didn't kill the bitch. I just knocked her ass out so she would shut the fuck up! I wanted to kill the hoe but seeing you cry like a bitch makes me sick to my stomach.

Derrick shakes his head in disgust, walks to Alina and gently slaps the side of her face to wake her up.

Alina slowly regains conscience. She's groggy, her vision is blurry. She looks at Derrick.

ALINA

D for dick--

Derrick helps her to her feet and over to the recliner. She's completely out of it. He sits her down.

ALINA (CONT'D)

What happened?

DERRICK

You fainted.

Alina reaches for her chin and moves it side to side.

ALINA

My jaw hurts?

DERRICK

You hit it on the floor'n eveythang.
Relax, you'll be ok.

Alina lays back and closes her eyes.

THE SOFA

Munch kneels down and checks Bindo's pulse with her fingers on his neck. She looks at Derrick with anguished eyes.

MUNCH

Fuck!

Munch stands, walks back behind the bar and instead of poring a shot she reaches for the bottle and takes a long swig.

Derrick walks over to Bindo and checks his pulse just to make sure. He's dead. Derrick looks at Alina.

Bindo's cell phone CHIMES repeatedly--

The house phone RINGS simultaneously with the cell phone--

ALINA

Make it stop D, please, it's giving
me head ache--

Derrick joins Munch behind the bar.

DERRICK

Now what?

EXT. TULLY'S HOME - NIGHT

A POLICE CAR comes methodically down the street.

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - NIGHT

RUSSIAN MOBSTER 1

Next time that asshole touches me
I'll shoot him in the face.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT

ITALIAN MOBSTER 1
I should's shot that asshole in the
fuckin' face. Oh Fuck!--

ITALIAN MOBSTER 2
What?

Italian Mobster 1 points at the black and white coming their way. Mobster 2 attempts to disappear by sinking in his seat

ITALIAN MOBSTER 2 (CONT'D)
Shit.

ITALIAN MOBSTER 1
Be cool. Be cool.

EXT. TULLY'S HOME - NIGHT

The cop car pulls in front of Tully's house and stops. The search light on his door illuminates and PANS across the garage, the roof, the front of the house, the bushes, then turns off.

The car remains there for a few seconds then pulls off.

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Munch takes another drink from the bottle. She eyeballs Alina then glares at Derrick.

THE SOFA

Derrick sits in grief with his head in his hands still trying to wrap his mind around everything that's going on?

THE BAR

Munch downs the last of the whiskey, sits the bottle on the bar, comes from behind the bar, walks towards Alina with her gun hanging at her side--

Derrick looks up as Munch gets closer and closer to Alina.

THE RECLINER

Alina has her eyes closed.

Munch raises her gun to Alina's head.

DERRICK
Munch no!--

Derrick lunges towards her--

Munch squeezes the trigger--

DERRICK (CONT'D)
No! No! No! Damn it Munch!

Alina slumps to the floor--

Derrick reaches to grab Munch by the arm but he catches himself. Doesn't want to make that mistake again.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Why Munch!? Why!? What the fuck is wrong with you?

MUNCH
The bitch is useless to us.

Derrick places his hands on his head and paces in a circle.

Munch walks back behind the bar and watches him with an amused expression.

Bindo's cell phone CHIMES--

Derrick walks to the wall and leans up against it grief stricken. He places his forehead against his forearm.

Munch answers the phone on SPEAKER--

MUNCH (CONT'D)
You got my money ready?

There's a moment of silence, then--

STEEVEJO
(crying)
Derrick...Derrick please--

THE WALL

Derrick quickly turns to face Munch--

Munch has a flummoxed expression--

STEEVEJO (CONT'D)
They gon kill me and the baby if you don't do what they say D. Please--

MUNCH
Baby?

Derrick marches to Munch and snatches the phone--

DERRICK
Steevejo, Steevejo!--

GAMBINO

You want to play games with me muther
fucker? Your move.

The call abruptly ends.

DERRICK

Steevejo! Steevejo! Mutha fuckas!

Derrick pushes radial--

Luca answers--

LUCA

Ciao.

DERRICK

Where's Steevejo you sonofabitch?

LUCA

Listen my friend, calm down, you are
no longer--

DERRICK

I aint yo fuckin' friend Mister!
Where's my woman?

LUCA

As I was saying, you my friend are
no longer in charge. So please,
refrain from speaking for a moment.
Your hostility is trivial and your
aggression is un-intimidating so
please, just listen. You and your
friend have unwisely vilified my
Boss long enough with your petty
demands and ridiculous threats. I
am personally taking charge of this
situation on his behalf from here on
out so you now have to deal with me.
And unfortunately, for you that may
not end so well.

The doorbell CHIMES.

Munch and Derrick look at each other with bewildered
expressions.

Derrick grabs his gun off the bar and they bolt up the stairs.

THE DINNING ROOM

Munch and Derrick place their backs against the wall, peer
around the corner.

They SEE Luca's silhouette standing at the front door. Luca presses the doorbell again.

DERRICK
(whispers)
What should we do?

Munch shrugs.

Luca reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a cell phone, dials, places the phone to his ear.

The house phone RINGS repeatedly.

Derrick and Munch look at at each other with concern. The gig is up?

Luca presses the doorbell repeatedly creating an abstract rhythm between the DOORBELL and the PHONE. And then--

Everything stops.

Silence.

Luca gets frustrated, begins to POUND on the door with his fist--

Munch aims her gun at the door.

Luca places another call.

Bindo's cell phone CHIMES.

Derrick answers--

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Yeah.

LUCA
In my County It's extremely rude to leave a guest standing at the front door this way. All I want to do is come in and talk with you about the situation at hand.

DERRICK
Where is Steevejo?

LUCA
She's safe. For now. Can you let me in? Please? I promise I just want to talk.

DERRICK
Hold on a minute--

Derrick covers the phone with his hand, looks at Munch.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
He wants to come in and talk.

MUNCH
Talk about what? Ask him if he has
the money?

DERRICK
Fuck the money man, they got my girl.

MUNCH
Gim'me that--

Munch snatches the phone from Derrick.

MUNCH (CONT'D)
Look, I told Gambino aint no
negotiations. Do you have the money
or what?

LUCA
Money? What money?

MUNCH
Oh you wanna play games huh? Fuck
you!

Munch points her gun at the door and opens fire--

Derrick points his gun at Munch. He can end it all right now. His hand trembles, he doesn't have the courage. He lowers his gun and leans his back up against the wall in disappointment.

EXT. TULLY'S HOME: THE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Glass shatters, Luca ducks down, dodges bullets, rolls on the ground, springs to his feet, retreats across the lawn, dives over the hood of a car and takes cover.

The Italian and Russian Mobsters all get out of their cars and draw their weapons.

Luca waves them all back into their cars and takes out his cell phone. He dials--

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Munch and Derrick are arguing.

DERRICK
You're playin' with my babies life
Munch!

MUNCH

Shut up! I know what I'm doing. We can't let these mutha fuckas think we soft!

DERRICK

If brains were leather you wouldn't have enough to saddle a June bug, you know that?

Bindo's cell phone CHIMES--

Munch answers--

MUNCH

What mutha fucka!

LUCA (O.S.)

That was extremely disparaging. I'm going to implore that you please refrain from such antics if you wish to continue these negotiations.

MUNCH

Look asshole, I told you and Gambino that I aint fuckin around. Get the money, bring the girl, we make a trade and we all go on our happy way. That's the deal and that's all I got to say.

She ends the call.

INT. GAMBINO'S MANSION - NIGHT

Gambino has a phone to his ear.

GAMBINO

Listen, he's my only Son. Do whatever the bitch says. Just bring him back to me.

He ends the call. Summonds Mr. Pierce over to him. Mr. Pierce leans in, Gambino whispers in his ear.

EXT. TULLY'S HOME - NIGHT

Luca stands outside the Russian Mobsters truck.

LUCA

Hurry and get right back.

The Russian's pull off.

Luca walks over and gets into the back of the luxury sedan.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT

ITALIAN MOBSTER 1
So now what?

LUCA
Now we wait.

INSERT: ONE HOUR LATER

The Russians pull up and park behind the Italians. StevieJo is in the back seat with a horrified expression on her face and a bandanna gag in her mouth.

They get her out of their truck, put her into the back of the Italian's car then gets back into their truck and leaves.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT

Luca takes out his cell and places a call--

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

The dead bodies of the three hostages are laid next to each other behind the bar.

Munch has all the guns that she purchased from Benny laid out on the floor.

Derrick is in awe.

DERRICK
What we gon do with all this stuff?

Munch tosses Derrick a pair of black leather gloves, she puts on a pair as well.

MUNCH
We go to war. If they try and come up in here they ass gon be sorry.

Bindo's cell phone CHIMES, Munch answers--

MUNCH (CONT'D)
Yeah?...mhm...mhm...mhm...just you her and the money?...yeah ok bring it.

She ends the call, reaches for the Mossberg, hands Derrick the Uzi's.

MUNCH (CONT'D)
Lets do this.

EXT. TULLY'S HOME: THE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

In the distant the yearly FIREWORKS show can be seen lighting up the night sky.

Luca stands in front of StevieJo. Her hands are tied behind her back with plastic zip cord.

The door slowly opens, they walk inside.

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Luca walks in first keeping StevieJo behind him. He see Derrick holding the Uzi's and Munch by the dining room aiming the Mossberg.

MUNCH

Pat'em down D.

DERRICK

Hold on Munch.
(To Stevie)
You ok Stevie?

She shakes her head, her eyes pool with tears.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you got caught up in all this n'everythang but it's gon all be over soon I promise. Okay?

MUNCH

Pat'em down D!

Luca raises his hands into the air.

LUCA

Where is Bindo?

MUNCH

He safe mutha fucka.

Derrick pats Luca down.

DERRICK

(To Munch)
He's clean.

Derrick motions towards Stevie to embrace her, Lucs gives him a stiff arm--

LUCA

Not so fast my friend. Where is Bindo?

MUNCH

Where is the money?

LUCA

The money is outside with my associates. Once I have confirmation that Bindo is safe I will phone them and have them deliver it to the door. Fair enough?

Munch pumps the Mossberg, moves towards Luca and points it right at his face.

SteeveJo is frightened, her eyes are as wide as all outside.

MUNCH

You think I'm playin' games bitch? I will blow yo fuckin' head off! We had a deal!

LUCA

(unfazed by the gun
in his face)

No, you proposed a deal. I simply altered it. No Bindo, no money.

MUNCH

Ok. Wait here. Cover him D!

Munch spins and heads to the basement--

Derrick points both Uzi's at Luca--

Luca smirks--

THE BASEMENT

Munch goes out the sliding glass doors that lead to the backyard.

THE LIVING ROOM

DERRICK

Can you atleast take that thang out her mouth so I can talk to her for a bit Mr?

LUCA

Sure.

Luca removes the gag from Stevie's mouth.

STEEVEJO

What the hell D?

(MORE)

STEEVEJO (CONT'D)

Who the is that bitch? You said you was comin' here to see an old friend. You didn't say it was a woman you liar!

DERRICK

Hold on there now Stevie, this the reason I aint mention she was a woman to ya n'evything cuz I knew you'd fuss and get mad as a mule chewin' on bubble bees.

STEEVEJO

You said your friend was a good pussy licker not that she had a pussy of her own you liar!

LUCA

Listen, cut the guy some slack. It's obvious they're not lovers.

DERRICK

Where did you find this guy?

STEEVEJO

Nevermind him, he's so rich he buys a new boat each time one gets wet.

DERRICK

That true?

LUCA

Well--

STEEVEJO

Don't try and change the subject D. Why'd you lie?

DERRICK

Sir if you wouldn't mind, I'd right appreciate if you'd put that there thang back on.

Luca does, SteveiJo still mumbles what we're sure are swear words and insults.

LUCA

What is taking your friend so long?

EXT. TULLY'S HOME - NIGHT

Munch moves in stealth through the neighbors back yard and crouch runs up behind the Italian Mobsters car undetected.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT

Both Mobsters are playing candy crush on their cell phones. Munch pops up and shoots them both point blank in the head with her suppressed hand gun. She opens the back door, looks inside, no bag. She opens the drivers door, locates the trunk latch, hits the button, goes to the trunk, no bag. She realizes she's been duped.

MUNCH

Mutha fucka--

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Luca's getting impatient. He looks at his watch.

LUCA

Look, this is taking longer then necessary. I'm going to request that you escort me to where ever it is that Bindo is being restrained so that I can see that he is ok. I adhered to your request of the gag, it's only fair that you adhere to mine. And from my observation of the way that your hand trembles I'm under the impression that you aren't quiet awhare of exactly how much power you hold in your hand? So, allow me to assist you.

Luca lunges for the gun and takes it from Derrick faster then a magician performs a card trick and points it back at him.

LUCA (CONT'D)

Shall we?

Derrick has no choice but to take him downstairs. He turns and heads towards the basement, Luca grabs SteveiJo by the arm and follows him.

THE BASEMENT

The three of them come down the stairs. Derrick crosses to the bar. Luca and Steviejo cautiously remain at the base of the stairs.

Luca surveys the room, notices all the blood in the carpet. He walks with Steviejo and stands in front of the sliding glass doors that are concealed by long Venetian blinds.

EXT. TULLY'S HOME: THE BACK YARD - NIGHT

Munch is just about to open the sliding glass door to go back in when she hears Luca YELL--

LUCA
Where-is-Bindo!

Munch takes a step back, swings the Mossberg from around her shoulder and aims it right at the glass. She squeezes the trigger "click" nothing. The gun is missing a firing pin. She tosses the gun into the grass, takes a few steps back and then dashes straight at the window--

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Luca points his gun at Stevie's head.

LUCA
You have five seconds to tell me--

SMASH!

Munch comes crashing through the window, takes Luca and StevieJo to the ground in a heap of glass and blinds--

Luca's gun flies from his hand--

Derrick grabs the gun and aims but he can't risk shooting Stevie--

Luca and Munch get to their feet and square up--

Stevie gets out of the way and runs to Derrick--

Derrick points his gun at Luca--

Munch points her finger at Derrick--

MUNCH
Don't. Let me take care of him.

Munch gets in a boxing stance--

Luca takes up a Martial arts stance--

They dance in a circle sizing each other up--

MUNCH

Throws a straight right--

LUCA

Block, round house kick--

MUNCH

Ducks, left upper cut--

LUCA

Leans back, counters with quick short punches--

MUNCH

Moves backwards, shoulder rolls and hand blocks, counters with a right hook that CONNECTS! WAP!

Luca stumbles back, didn't expect her to have such skills and power. Wipes his severed lip, spits, smiles at her, nods his head in respect--

LUCA

I don't often encounter this situation with a woman. It's quite obvious that you are not an average one. So please, forgive me ahead of time for what I'm about to do to you.

MUNCH

Suck my dick--

LUCA

Moves in a rapid Tiger Claw fighting style, arms swing, body dips, he spins into the air and comes down right across Munch's jaw with a heavy foot, Munch drops to one knee from the blow, Luca thrusts a stiff knee to Munch's face sending her flying across the room CRASHING onto the recliner knocking it over--

DERRICK

Aims at Luca but is afraid to pull the trigger--

MUNCH

Gathers her whist, shakes her head looks up to see Luca come down on top of her with a back heel kick, she rolls, Luca splits the back of the recliner open with the kick--

Munch gets to her feet, Luca spins to face her, they dance in a circle--

LUCA

Takes a praying Mantis Stance--

MUNCH

Bounces on her toes--

LUCA

Chop, chop, right hook, left hook, spinning back fist--

MUNCH

Side step, side step, shoulder roll, block, duck, unleashes the "MARIA COMBO!"

Down goes Luca!

Munch grabs her .357 off the floor and shoots Luca twice in the chest and once in the head!

MUNCH

Now what mutha fucka! Huh? Now what!?! Bitch!

She turns to Derrick and Stevie with the rage of the Devil in her eyes--

MUNCH (CONT'D)

I did that shit D! I did that shit!

Derrick raises the Uzi, squeezes the trigger,

"BBBRAAAATATAAAAAAAAAAATTTT!"

Munch goes twisting and jerking back words in SLOW MOTION as the bullets dance through her flesh--

She hits the ground--

Steveiejo looks at Derrick with deibeliefefe. She slowly starts backing away from him behind the bar, her eyes pool with tears--

DERRICK

Nononononono, you don't understand, you don't understand, she's crazy, I had to or she would have killed us'n everythang--

Steviejo trips over Alina's arm, stumbles, looks down, can't believe there are more dead bodies, looks at Derrick and faints--

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TULLY'S HOME: THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Steviejo comes to laying on the sofa. Her eyes are blurry, she's confused. She realizes her hands are free, she rubs her wrists, reaches up and feels her lips, she panics--

STEEVEJO

D! D!

Derrick dashes into the room and kneels next to the couch with a stack of cash in his hand.

She embraces him tightly around the neck, starts balling--

STEEVEJO (CONT'D)

Take me home, please, please take me home--

DERRICK

I will baby, I will--

STEEVEJO

Why did you come here? Why?

DERRICK

I thought I was doing something that ended up not being what I thought Stevejo. That's the only way I can explain it.

STEEVEJO

You lied to me D. Why?

DERRICK

Baby I didn't mean to I promise, I didn't but listen, we need to go. Now. Can you walk?

STEEVEJO

Yeah, yeah I can walk. Where'd you get all that money?

DERRICK

There's plenty more where this came from babe. Like I said, I can't explain right now but I'll explain in the car. Come on now, we gotta high tail it outta'here.

They stand, Derrick turns to walk, Steve grabs his arm, he faces her--

STEEVEJO

Do you love me D?

DERRICK

Yea. More then anythang is this world and I promise I won't ever leave you and our baby again. Ever. Come on, I'm gon show you somethin'.

THE GARAGE

THE BMW TRUNK

Derrick opens one of the pillow cases and shows Steviejo all the cash--

Her eyes light up--

STEEVEJO

Who's money is this?

DERRICK

Ours babe. Ours. I earned it. Now lets go home.

The trunk closes us into DARKNESS--

EXT. TULLY'S HOME - NIGHT

A CAR with Tully's neighbors inside returning from the fireworks show slowly drives past the Mobsters car. The FATHER sees Mobster 1 slumped over on the steering wheel. His WIFE and KIDS are terrified by the sight. He takes out his cell phone to call 911.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

911 Emergency how may I help you?

INT. 735 BMW - NIGHT

Derrick drives down the freeway with Stevejo next to him. She reaches for his hand and rests it on her stomach. They look at each other and smile--

FADE OUT: