

IN THE NAME OF INJUSTICE

by

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FADE IN:

Through a windshield, some worn down wipers swipe off gobs of water that blur a dimly lit road.

Light posts on both sides cast a spotlight on a thin spray of showers falling from the sky.

INT. CATY'S CAR - NIGHT

Behind the wheel is CATY GREEN (30s), blonde exotic dancer's wig, heavy tears streak blue mascara down her face.

Her phone on speaker, plugged into her stereo as the other end rings incessantly with no answer.

TARA (V.O.)
Hello? Are you there?

Caty gets emotional, cannot answer.

TARA (V.O.)
Earth to Caty. Did you butt dial me again? Well, I'm guessing you're on your way. Please God be on your way. The little monster's getting restless. Anyways. See you soon.

In a panic, Caty cries and ends the call.

A stoplight TURNS RED as the car drifts to a stop.

Across the intersection, a PATROL CAR with LIGHTS FLASHING sits in a turning lane while OFFICER JOE CANTRELL (30s), trim hair, athletic, ex military, writes a citation.

Caty watches him closely. Her eyes dance with intense concentration. A reluctance about them.

HONK!

An impatient driver behind her throws up his hands.

Momentarily frazzled, Caty breathes a sigh of relief and notices the light has turned green. Drives on.

Caty watches Joe closely as he converses with the driver in front of him.

EXT. PATROL CAR

Joe hands the driver his license and spots Caty as she passes through the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRANE'S ROOST APARTMENTS - NIGHT

As Caty's car enters the quiet complex, she almost strikes an elderly man in a slicker walking his dog.

She cruises into an empty spot.

INT. CATY'S CAR - NIGHT

Caty breaks down for real. After a moment removing her blonde wig to reveal much darker hair tied up in a bun.

A brown paper bag in the seat next to her.

She quickly removes her trashy chic earrings and puts them and the wig in the bag.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TARA WELLS (20s), tank top and boxers, sassy sexy, kicks her freshly painted feet up on a coffee table draped with opened newspapers.

A headlines reads: COMA MAN AWAKENS. COPS UNDER FIRE. Under the small image of a young black man is the name DENNIS MACKIE.

Standing at a kitchen counter and doing card tricks are her roommate LOGAN (20s), long hair, garage band t shirt, musician and JOEY (8), mopplet of hair and striking resemblance to Officer Cantrell.

A pair of dice, a deck of cards and two aces face up rest on the counter top before them.

LOGAN

So, no matter what, both sides of the two dice always add up to fourteen.

JOEY

But that's stupid. You didn't do anything. It's not even a real trick.

LOGAN

Exactly. That's why it's so great. Watching people scratch their heads is hilarious.

Joey cringes, unimpressed.

LOGAN

I've had people check up my sleeves and take the deck out of my hand to see if the cards are marked. It's like they never figure it out.

JOEY

But it's obvious.

LOGAN

Right. And what lessons have we learned from this particular story?

JOEY
Card tricks are lame?

LOGAN
No, smart guy.

JOEY
Then what?

LOGAN
Sometimes people can't even see the truth when it's staring them in the face. They just see what they wanna see. What's obvious to some may be a complete mystery to others. See my point?

Joey checks with Tara on the couch who rolls her eyes and looks equally unimpressed.

LOGAN
It's just like that girl at school you think doesn't like you cause she won't talk to you. Truth is, she's just as scared of you as you are of her.

JOEY
Really?

LOGAN
That's right. You see, Joey, there's two kinds of people in this world. Winners and losers. Winners see life as one big card trick. It's all just a game and you gotta know how to play it.
(to Tara)
Isn't that right, baby.

TARA
Wanna know what I think? I think you should quit drinking in front of the kid.

Knock-knock. Tara's attention drawn to the door. Unable to stand up, she nods to Logan.

TARA
Wanna get that. I sort of can't move.

Logan heads over. Answers. Standing on the other side is a very tired and puffy eyed Caty. She dips inside.

Tara observes her short rain coat that barely cover her long and bare legs that lead to some multi-strapped leather high heels.

CATY

Sorry I'm late. Got caught up at work.

TARA

I see that. What was his name?

Caty watches Joey still in the kitchen putting his school books in a jansport.

CATY

Can we not do this now, please?

Tara notices Caty's red and swollen eyes.

TARA

Sure. Say we step into my office for a sec.

Tara sets her feet down, hobbles off the couch and toward a corner bedroom.

TARA

You guys hang tight. Your Mom and Aunt Tara are gonna have us some girl talk.

A tired Joey slumps his shoulders.

JOEY

I'm tired, Mom.

CATY

I know, baby. We won't be long.

He sighs and slumps his book bag on the tile.

INT. TARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caty rests on the edge of the mattress while Tara dangles her still wet feet off the side of a dresser.

TARA

So how long have you been going out there?

CATY

Five weeks. Every Saturday and Sunday.

TARA

Wow. Cheetah's.

Tara shakes her head, stares at the floor in a real stupor doing her best to act surprised.

TARA

Don't be mad but I sort of already knew.

CATY

You knew?

TARA

What did you expect, Caty? You know Logan and them go out there after work all the time. So why the sudden career change?

CATY

It's Charlie.

Tara squints, confused.

TARA

Charlie? I don't understand.

CATY

I've been working to clear his debt with Tony Angelo. Of which he's doubled in the last month since he took out a loan from Mom and Dad without telling me.

TARA

Good God. How much is he into him for?

CATY

Ten thousand.

TARA

And how much have you given him, Caty?

CATY

To Charlie? Nothing. I've been going straight to Tony. Five grand. In cash.

Caty looks down, wraps her arms around her waist as if to comfort herself. Her face grows emotional again as the memories of the night come back to haunt her.

CATY

He tells me we're only half way there. But he had a way to square Charlie's debt for good. And if I told anyone what they did, the deal would be off and they'd hurt Charlie for real this time.

Caty bursts into tears. Tara slowly comes around as the truth hits her all at once.

TARA

Oh my God, Caty. Did these guys force themselves on you?

CATY

You can't tell Joe. Please.

TARA

You have to, Caty. You have to tell somebody what they did to you.

CATY

I'm trying to put my family back together. You think Joe's ever gonna look me in the eye again when he finds out what I've been doing with these people?

Tara hops off the dresser and kneels before Caty, eyes full of compassion.

TARA

Look. I won't do anything you don't want me to. All the cops we know, we can handle this. But Joe doesn't have to know if you don't want. I promise.

Caty shoots her a deadly serious stare.

CATY

Promise me, Tara. Seriously. Joe can't find out about this.

TARA

I promise.

EXT. CRANE'S ROOST APARTMENTS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tara walks two piping hot cups of coffee into the quiet lot and hands them to OFFICER BILLY COLE (30s) wide eyed, wild hair, and KYLE VAN RADER (30s), ponchy, home grown Florida redneck but tough as they come.

They are both in uniform and lean on a squad car.

Tara pulls an orange prescription bottle from her pants pocket and hands to Billy.

TARA

They're my last two.

BILLY

I'll get you some more. Relax.

Billy pops the lid off. A white label marked ADDERAL.

He pops them both with a swig of coffee.

BILLY

So how is she?

TARA

How do you think? So how are we handling this?

BILLY

That depends. You call Joe?

TARA

No. You think I'm crazy?

BILLY

What about Caty?

TARA

No. No way.

VAN RADER

Positive?

Tara stares at Van Rader like he's lost it.

TARA

Why do you think I called you guys?

Billy stares back at Tara's apartment, as if he's trying to get a read on the situation. A tired sigh.

BILLY

Alright. Just like we talked about. Caty comes with us. She fingers our guy and we grab him. And we do it as quietly as possible.

TARA

What about Joe?

BILLY

What about him?

TARA

She made me promise he wouldn't find out. You guys do this, it's gotta be on the DL.

Billy and Van Rader share a quick glance. Both look very unsure about the subject of Joe.

Billy stares back at Caty now standing on the sidewalk in front of Tara's place, arms folded, watching the pow wow in the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DOWN BAR - SECOND STORY - NIGHT

An old wooden door BURSTS OPEN as the splinters of a busted lock go flying everywhere.

The throat of TONY ANGELO (30s), slicked hair, beach shirt, all blinged out, is in the vice like grip of a very worked up and out of control Billy.

Billy bangs Angelo's head up against the side wall of a steep stair case as framed pictures shatter and tumble down the steps.

They manuever through a long line of degenerate gamblers looking to place bets and square up.

BILLY

You guys need directions to the door?! Get lost!

The long line quickly disperses as the men head down the steps and for the door.

INT. DOUBLE DOWN BAR - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Angelo's body trips down the remainder of the steps and onto some dirty checkered tile.

The rest of the patrons sit at tables and bar stools with their hands rested on heads. All face forward.

Watching over them is Van Rader. A stern look. Unflinching and focused.

VAN RADER

Keep em down! The next one to look me in the eye gets a tooth knocked out! Any takers?!

And standing with Van Rader is Caty now in regular clothes and her hair in a ponytail.

VAN RADER

You see him yet?

Caty shakes her head.

CATY

No. I don't know.

VAN RADER

No rush.
(to all)
You hear that?! We got all night!

Angelo struggles to stand upright and is quickly met with a swift kick to the stomach.

Billy hovers over him.

BILLY

How 'bout it, Angie. You wanna help our lady friend jog her memory?

ANGELO

How 'bout you and your fat cop go get fucked.

Billy flips him over and kicks him dead in the chest as Angelo gasps for air.

Caty winces at the sight.

BILLY

I'm sorry. I couldn't hear you through all that heavy breathing. Say again.

Angelo still fights for air as he coughs and wraps arms around his sore stomach.

ANGELO

He's not here.

BILLY

Oh, I get it. You'd rather handle this quietly.

Billy turns to Van Rader.

BILLY

You hear that, partner? Angie here is a little shy. He's not much for big audiences. So I guess we're gonna go for a little ride. Help loosen him up a bit.

VAN RADER

Good times. Ready when you are, partner.

Billy grabs Angelo by the ear and yanks him from the floor with a real fire in his eye as he rushes to the door.

Van Rader keeps a careful eye on the crowd as he and Caty follow behind.

VAN RADER

Keep those eyes down! First one out that door eats a bullet! I shit you not!

Caty ducks out, then Van Rader.

EXT. DOUBLE DOWN BAR - NIGHT

Billy and Van Rader each take an arm as they escort Angelo to their patrol car.

Billy hands Angelo off to his partner as he fishes some keys from his pocket.

BILLY

Take my car and get on back. I'll be by in an hour or two to pick it up.

CATY

What's happening? Where are you taking him?

BILLY

Don't ask questions you don't want the answers to, Caty.

Through the rear windshield of the squad car, Caty observes Angelo staring back at her.

BILLY

We're gonna find this other guy just like you asked us to. Or we can cut him loose. Your call. But you're either in all the way or you're out. What's it gonna be?

Caty nods with understanding.

BILLY

Alright. I'll take that as a yes. Two hours.

Billy spots a crowd forming around the door, watching Angelo in the back of the squad car.

BILLY

You better get outta here.

Caty spots them getting restless, rushes to Billy's car.

Billy keeps a close eye on them until Caty and his car are down the road and out of sight.

He hurries to the driver's side, jumps in and speeds off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT PIER - SECLUDED LAKE - NIGHT

Bill and Van Rader's squad car are parked on a grassy hill near a bright yellow gate blocking axis to a boat ramp.

The blinding WHITE LIGHT of a pair of headlights spotlight the idle car and the calm lake water behind it.

The driver's door of this second car SWINGS OPEN and out steps a tall, DARK FIGURE back lit by the headlights and caught in silhouette which hide his identity.

Van Rader steps out of the squad car and opens the rear door. A handcuffed Angelo tumbles out.

ANGELO

What the hell is this? What do you guys want from me?!

The dark figure stands in silence. Billy steps from the driver's side as he and Van Rader watch Angelo squirm.

ANGELO

I said what do you want from me?!

The dark figure slowly moves in on Angelo who is now truly frightened for his life.

ANGELO

Hey!

Angelo squints, blinded by the white light which he blocks with both hands.

ANGELO

What're you doing?! Let's talk about this!

Before the dark figure can reach Angelo, we -

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Officers dress and undress at their lockers. Joe sits on a bench in the corner with his top unbuttoned and white t shirt exposed.

He makes a fist with his badly bruised and swollen right hand which causes him to wince in pain.

A true sadness in his eyes. Full of regret.

In walks Billy just coming off the night shift. He spots Joe sitting quietly.

BILLY

You look like you got a lot on your mind. Anything you wanna talk about, old partner?

Joe stares at his locker. Ignores Billy.

JOE

No. Nothing really comes to mind.

Van Rader steps in, quietly shares a look with Billy then stares down at Joe.

BILLY

Charlie came around looking for you
this morning.

JOE

I know.

BILLY

You talk to him?

JOE

Charlie's not my business anymore.

BILLY

Since when?

JOE

Since right now.

BILLY

I take it reconciliation is
officially out the window?

Joe rubs at his sore hand.

JOE

Why the sudden interest in fixing
my life, Billy? Why now?

BILLY

I'm not trying to fix anything.
Just looking out for my partners.
Because that's what cops do.

JOE

Yeah.

Joe zips up his bag, shuts his locker and stands to leave.
He turns and spots Van Rader behind him.

BILLY

You sure there's nothing else we
need to talk about, buddy?

Joe stares back and forth between the two cops watching him
an intimidating stillness.

JOE

Tell you what. I need anything
else, I'll be sure to check with
you first.

Joe sneaks his way past Van Rader and out of the room.
Billy and his partner share an unsure look.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A bunch of cheap school desks are occupied with uniform cops waiting to take roll call.

Among them sits Joe. He turns and spots Billy and Van Rader now in street clothes by an open door marked exit.

Behind a podium stands LT. STENSON (50s), dress blues, stone face, deadly serious, sparkling silver badge freshly polished.

LT. STENSON

Alright, boys and girls. Let's get started. As you know, our good friend Mister Mackie has awakened from his little nap. You know what that means.

Joe stares down at his desk. Lost in his own thoughts. Billy watches him like a hawk.

LT. STENSON

With police corruption making national headlines, the rumor mill on the street's been working overtime. There's a lot of stories going around implicating some of our guys. Our friends in the media have been trying to put a spin on this thing for months. Blaming PD for his attack. Regardless of any evidence suggesting that this is indeed the case.

UNIFORM #2

Since when does that matter?

LT. STENSON

Exactly. With Mackie awake, he'll more than likely be joining the act. All he has to do is name some cops and we're looking at a law suit.

UNIFORM #1

They ever did get any leads on the dudes that actually did it?

LT. STENSON

Nothing's changed with regard to the Mackie case. No witnesses. No leads. Nada. Just a dealer with multiple broken bones and a skull fracture. To them, that's all the ammunition they need to bury us. And that's exactly what they're gonna try to do.

Billy and Van Rader quietly dip out.

LT. STENSON

Just a warning. Things are gonna get a little hairy around here. So be prepared for the worst.

LT. STENSON

And for God sakes, be on your best behavior, would ya? Remember. Big brother is watching.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG STORE PHARMACY - DAY

Caty behind the counter fills a prescription and walks to a drive through window.

CATY

Thank you very much and enjoy the rest of your day.

CUSTOMER

Thanks!

The car drives off and another pulls forward. CHARLIE GREEN (20s) thin, strung out, behind the wheel.

Caty shocked to see him.

CHARLIE

I need to talk to you! Right away!

Caty checks with her co-worker standing behind her and eavesdropping curiously.

CATY

Pull around and come inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG STORE PHARMACY - MINUTE CLINIC - DAY

Caty opens the door for Charlie who rushes inside as she quickly shuts and locks the door.

CATY

Where have you been? I thought you were dead.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I thought I was too. Until I run into Kyle Van Rader this morning. He says it's all been taken care of.

Caty shuts her eyes and rubs smooth circles around her aching temples.

CHARLIE

Tony's guys have been watching the front of my apartment since last night. That's not all. Billy Cole stops me on the side of the road. Pulls me over. Tells me if the cops come looking for me asking questions about you to keep my mouth shut.

Caty sighs out loud. Angry by this news.

CHARLIE

What does that mean, Caty? What did you do? Joe won't even talk to me. It's like he's hiding something.

CATY

Wait a minute. You talked to Joe?

CHARLIE

No! What did I just say? I said he's not talking to me! It's like he's all pissed off at me or something! What the hell's going on?

Caty walks in circles, frustrated by it all.

CATY

I don't know.

CHARLIE

What do you mean you don't know? He mentioned you.

CATY

I'm gonna give you the keys to Mom and Dad's lake house. Go up there and stay put until I say it's okay to leave.

Caty digs a key off of her very expansive collection.

CHARLIE

So what? You're not gonna tell me what's going on?

CATY

Just shut up and do like I said! If you need money, I'll get you some. There's food in the freezer so you'll be fine for a few days.

She hands him the key.

CHARLIE

So that's it? You're not gonna tell me?

CATY

Look. I can't do this right now. Just get out there and lock the doors and I'll call you as soon as I get off. I just can't get into this with you right now.

Caty points to the door.

CATY

Go.

She nudges him toward it.

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Billy struts in, now in simple jeans and t shirt and with a duffel bag in hand.

On a glass table in the living room are four separate STACKS OF CASH wrapped in rubber bands.

On the couch are two backpacks. One black and one white.

Billy pays them no mind, shuffles into the kitchen and finds an almost full coffee pot. He finds a half full mug on the counter, pours some cold into the sink and refills.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Bill-eee!

Billy chugs away, downs the whole cup and dumps the mug in the sink with a whole stack of other unwashed dishes.

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Billy walks in to find a young female nude, face down and on top of the sheets. This is NINA (20s), thin, strung out and pale but beautiful just the same.

BILLY

You know, I would like to sleep in my own bed every once in awhile.

Without hesitation, Billy takes off his shirt and unbuckles his jeans.

Nina, way hungover, stares up at him with one eye barely cracked open.

NINA

Don't make me move. Please. I'm too tired.

BILLY

I brought you something.

Nina's eyes perk up as she slowly sits up.

Billy pulls out a small vile of coke with a playful grin.

Nina smiles back. Now wide awake.

NINA

Gee. You really know how to treat a lady, cop. Anyone ever tell you that?

And a toilet FLUSHES in the bathroom. Out struts another young woman in only a t shirt. Short red hair, tired eyes and face piercings. This is COREE.

COREE

Is that for me?

Coree wraps her arms around Billy, kisses him softly on the back of the neck.

BILLY

I guess that all depends.

Nina and Coree stare back at one another. A competitiveness exists between them and it's palpable.

Without flinching, Coree removes her shirt and rubs her bare breasts against Billy's back.

Nina loses her playful smile as she watches Coree reach around Billy's front to snag the vile of coke.

With a tight grip, Billy quickly grabs her by the wrist as Coree shoots him a dirty look.

BILLY

(to Nina)

Now it's your turn.

Billy drops his jeans to the floor and taps a couple pinches of coke onto his finger.

Nina all but drools over the white powder.

Billy rubs the powder seemingly on his penis as Nina smiles and burries her face in his crotch.

Coree rubs the front of Billy's chest as she now fights for her ration of the cocaine.

Her and Billy make out as Nina does her thing.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERNAL AFFAIRS HEARING - DAY

Joe enters in his dress blues. A short panel of suits and ties sit before wire microphones. Sitting dead center is the ring leader of this circus: IAD LT. HARGROVE (50s), bald, thin beard, a real punchable face.

LT. HARGROVE

Have a seat, Officer Cantrell.

Joe sits at a lone chair behind a large mahogany table. Also a wire microphone before him.

LT. HARGROVE

We won't take up too much of your time. As you now know, the department will most likely be subject to a series of internal investigations with respect to Dennis Mackie. At this early stage, it's very important that we cover as much basis as possible with regard to the night in question.

JOE

Of course.

LT. HARGROVE

I'm glad you understand. Not all of your fellow officers feel the same.

JOE

Well, the way I see it, the sooner we get the truth on record the better.

LT. HARGROVE

I couldn't agree more. Speaking of getting things on record, I wanted to ask you about your whereabouts the night Mackie was beaten.

He refers to some worksheets and reports in front of him.

LT. HARGROVE

I do see here that you've already gone on record as saying you were off sick on the night in question. Is this correct?

JOE

Yes, sir. That's correct. Well, actually I left work early. About an hour or so into my shift.

LT. HARGROVE

And your beat at the time included the area between Donnelly and Draper Avenue where Mackie was discovered unconscious. Is this correct?

JOE

Yes, sir.

LT. HARGROVE

And were you successful in finding another officer willing to pick up the remainder of your shift?

JOE

Yes I was.

LT. HARGROVE

And could you name that officer for us, please?

Joe thinks back.

JOE

I believe it was Kyle Van Rader. I could be incorrect.

LT. HARGROVE

No, that's correct. It was Officer Van Rader. In fact, you requested Van Rader as your replacement that evening.

Joe reads the eyes of the IAD board. All of them unflinching and accusatory.

JOE

If you say I did, I suppose I did.

LT. HARGROVE

Why Van Rader? I've got a report here in front of me dated three years ago, filed by you, requesting you be reassigned.

LT. HARGROVE

Citing differences in work ethic between you and your partner. Do you remember this report?

JOE

Yes, sir. I do.

LT. HARGROVE

And just to refresh the board's memory, who was your partner at the time you filed this report?

Joe bites his lip, nervous. Stalling.

JOE

Kyle Van Rader.

LT. HARGROVE

So let me get this straight. The night you left work sick. And the only night in ten years you've ever left your post sick, you request, as your replacement, the same officer you all but threw under the bus three years ago.

JOE

I suppose that all sounds a bit strange to you, sir.

LT. HARGROVE

Yes, in fact. It does.

JOE

Van Rader and I have since made up. Put our differences aside. His tactics are unconventional but they work. I was wrong about him. He's a good cop.

Lt. Hargrove nods. Not buying it.

LT. HARGROVE

Uh huh. Sounds like you came around to seeing things his way maybe.

The board all stare back at one another, making specific notes about Joe's statement. Joe squints, not following what's happening.

LT. HARGROVE

Officer Cantrell, did you know that Dennis Mackie is now naming two men as being responsible for his attack? Not three. Not four. But exactly two.

JOE

I heard something like that.

Lt. Hargrove stares left, then right, checks with the other board members.

LT. HARGROVE

Does anyone else have anything for Officer Cantrell?

IAD #2

Officer, I see here that you did in fact arrest Dennis Mackie last year. Is this correct?

JOE

Yeah, me and every other cop in the department.

IAD #2

Yeah, that may be. But you were the first to ever bust him for assault with intent to commit murder. From what I hear, there wasn't much left of his girlfriend's face when he was done with it.

JOE

It wasn't a pretty sight. No.

IAD #2

I also hear your partner had a helluva time pulling you off of Mackie that night.

JOE

He had a gun. I wasn't taking any chances.

IAD #2

And your partner at the time was...?

Joe stares back at each one of them. Staring. Waiting.

JOE

Billy Cole.

IAD #2

Right. Thank you, Officer.

IAD #2 checks with the others.

LT. HARGROVE

I think that will be all for now, Officer Cantrell. You're excused.

Joe cracks a smug grin on his way out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEMETARY SCHOOL - DUSK

It's almost nightfall as little Joey sits on the front steps of his building with a sour look on his mug.

Joe sits just behind him, rubs his shoulder.

JOE

She's coming, champ.

Caty's car comes almost careening around a street corner and around the front of the school.

Out rushes Caty toward the front steps.

Joe and son stand.

JOE

We were starting to get worried.
You weren't answering.

Caty digs in her pocket for her smartphone.

CATY

Oh God. The volume was down. I'm
so sorry, buddy. Mommie was
talking with Uncle Charlie.

JOEY

You saw Uncle Charlie? Where is
he?

Caty and Joe share a knowing look.

CATY

Uncle Charlie is...visiting with
Grandma and Grandpa up at the lake.

JOE

Really? I heard he was in town
looking for me.

Caty is caught by surprise. Not knowing how to respond.

CATY

Was he? I really wouldn't know
why.

Joe grins and watches Caty grow nervous.

JOE

I didn't say you would.

CATY

So what're you doing here?

Joe stares behind him. Points back at the school building.

JOE

You're almost an hour late picking
up our son.

Caty laughs nervously.

CATY

Right.
(to Joey)
Are you ready?

JOEY

I was ready an hour ago.

CATY

Go wait in the car, okay. Gimme a minute with Dad.

Joey grabs his bags and shuffles off.

CATY

I hear you had a busy morning with Internal Affairs.

JOE

Oh yeah? Where you hear that?

CATY

You know Tara. She's kind of the local informer on everything police related.

Joe scoffs.

JOE

Yeah, from what I hear she's very very informed.

Caty holds back a giant smile.

CATY

What can I say? She's got a thing for badges.

Joe stares her up and down.

JOE

You look tired. Rough night?

Caty stalls. Notices his swollen and busted hand.

CATY

What happened to your hand?

Joe doesn't answer. Caty still waits for one.

JOE

The kid's starving. I thought we could all go grab something to eat together. I figured he was due for a family dinner. It'll be just like old times.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

Joe sits across from Caty. Little Joey in between them pounding away at some pizza.

Joe and Caty watch each other closely. Studying each others eyes and gestures.

JOE

I hear you been working some pretty late nights. You okay with money?

CATY

I make more than you, Joe. You know I'm okay with money.

Joe smiles.

JOE

That's right. I almost forgot. Thanks for reminding me.

Caty looks regretful. Her foot in her mouth.

CATY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it that way.

JOE

I get it. You don't need me. You never did. Independent Caty. Ever since we were little. Gotta admit, it was all pretty endearing at first. You were different than the other girls. You never needed for anything.

CATY

Or maybe I was just putting on a front.

JOE

No, you've always been strong like that. I guess in a way I saw you as a challenge. If I could only get that girl, that would be something.

CATY

And there within lies the problem.

Joe doesn't follow.

CATY

I'm not your trophy, Joe. I was your wife.

JOEY

You two do realize I'm still here, right?

JOE

Go play some games.

Joe grabs a fresh slice as he sighs and walks off.

JOEY

Here we go again.

CATY

He's not dumb, you know? We shouldn't be talking like this in front of him. Like he's not there or something. It hurts his feelings.

JOE

I know he's not dumb. And you shouldn't pretend everything is fine around him because it's not.

CATY

An hour ago I told you Charlie came to see me. And you haven't asked me the first question about him. Not one.

JOE

That's because I don't care about your brother. Not anymore. I care about you and that boy. He's bringing you down.

CATY

So it's him or you? That what you're trying to say, Joe?

JOE

I'm not trying to say anything. I shouldn't have to say anything. At this point, it should all be very crystal clear to you.

Caty stares down at his busted hand.

CATY

You gonna tell me what happened to your hand?

JOE

I know you don't need me, Caty. But that doesn't mean I wouldn't do anything in this world to protect you.

Caty tears up. Joe rests his hand on top of hers.

CUT TO:

INT. CATY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Enter Joe, Caty and Joey through the front door. Joey rushes upstairs with his jansport.

CATY
Shower then straight to bed!

JOEY
I know, I know!

Caty rubs her sore shoulders, shuffles toward the kitchen. Joe smiles back at her, follows behind.

INT. CATY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Caty puts some leftover pizza into a giant ziploc bag as Joe sneaks up behind her. Touches her on the shoulder.

She stops, faces him. They embrace with a passion most likely not seen in years.

Joe hikes her up on the countertop as Caty undoes the button on her pants.

INT. CATY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Long rays of sunlight shoot through the front window blinds and stripe the couch Joe is sleeping on. He peeks his eyes open only to retract from the blinding light.

He sits up. Caty walks in with her morning coffee.

CATY
Aren't you gonna be late?

JOE
What? No eggs and bacon?

CATY
Joey took the bus. He didn't have the heart to wake you. He just stood there and watched you sleep like he used to.

JOE
Well. It's good to know I'm good for something. Anymore of that coffee?

CATY
Plenty.

Caty leans on the wall and takes a big sip. Joe laughs.

JOE
Well. I got an idea. I'll just get some myself.

He stands, heads into the kitchen.

Caty follows.

INT. CATY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

As Joe uses a Kuerig to make coffee, Caty watches from the doorway.

CATY

Are we gonna talk about last night?

JOE

Do you mean last night? Or the night before last? It's all sort of one big blur.

Joe turns, leans against the counter as he takes a swig of his fresh coffee.

CATY

What did you do, Joe?

JOE

I did what I always do when it comes to you and little Joey. What I have to. Now it's your turn.

CATY

What do you mean?

JOE

If you wanted him in jail, you would've went to the cops. Things would've worked out real well for your brother. With Angelo locked up, that would all but clear his debt. But you didn't go to the cops. Can't help but find that interesting.

Joe steps closer to her, rests his mug on a centerpiece island countertop.

CATY

I was embarassed.

JOE

Sure. I'm sure you would be. If what you say happened actually happened.

CATY

What're you getting at?

JOE

What I'm saying is this. Something got you all riled up last night. Haven't seen you like that in two years. Hardly the actions of a woman who'd just been raped.

JOE

What finally put you over the top,
Caty? The thought of me blasting
Angelo's teeth out or breaking his
legs?

Caty cries.

JOE

How about it, Caty. Have I finally
proven myself to you as a husband?
Was I there for you like you always
wanted?

Joe holds his grin, steps closer and closer to Caty in
silence.

JOE

I gotta get to work. Thanks for
breakfast.

Joe heads for the stairs. Caty is a loss for words.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - DAY

A really nasty two car collision dead center of this very
busy four way stoplight. Piles of shattered glass and
twisted metal decorate the pavement.

A PAIR OF PARAMEDICS use the jaws of life to free the banged
up passenger who bleeds from her forehead.

A COUPLE OF COPS in orange vests flag the passing traffic
around the disastrous site.

A CHANNEL NINE CHOPPER floats just over the intersection as
another POLICE HELO circles the perimeter.

Against the curb in one of the turning lanes sits a squad
car with LIGHTS FLASHING.

Van Rader heads up a sidewalk toward the car and presses a
police radio velcroed to his shoulder.

VAN RADER

(into radio)
We got eyes on our driver or not?
First you said we had him. Now
you're saying his shirt's the wrong
color. Which is it?

Billy approaches the squad car from the other end of the
sidewalk and nods to his partner.

HELO PILOT (O.S.)

Sorry, Sarge. But we're getting
conflicting eyewitness accounts.

VAN RADER

Yeah, I see that.

COP (O.S.)

Attention Unit Twelve. Your runner was apprehended heading north on Redbud Road. And he's not the guy.

VAN RADER

How do we know that? You run his license?

COP (O.S.)

If he was old enough to have one, I would have, Sarge. This kid's not a day over fourteen.

VAN RADER

Well that's just wonderful. You ask him what the hell he was running from?

COP (O.S.)

The kid's a track star. Junior varsity. Cross country. Said he was just out for a run.

Van Rader scoffs with disgust as he and Billy both shake their heads with disappointment.

VAN RADER

Well have some better news next time, would you?

COP (O.S.)

Roger that. Over.

Van Rader, super pissed, slumps against the car.

BILLY

The kid's a DOA. Never made it to the ER.

Billy looks ready to rip someone's head clean off. Van Rader pounds the roof with his massive paw.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

A full blown scrimmage in session with all the players in their home uniforms.

In the bleachers sits a few parents here and there. Some of the players girlfriends laugh, text, applaud their boyfriends as they make a tackle.

Near the top of the bleachers and next to the press box sits PATRICK WALSH (40s), car dealer, nicely dressed.

A hundred dollar haircut. His eyes are sad though as he's barely paying attention to the game.

Walking up the steep steps toward him is Billy. The two catch eyes as Walsh nods to the empty space next to him.

Billy sits near him. Not directly next to him but close enough to converse.

WALSH

Officer Cole. It's been awhile.
Hasn't it, sir?

BILLY

The kid looks great. Turned into a
real athlete.

Walsh cracks all the smile he can muster.

WALSH

He always liked you. Said you were
fair. Treated him right.

BILLY

He's a good kid. Just got mixed in
with the wrong crowd for awhile.

WALSH

Judging by that phone call I was
promised but never received from
you, I take it Aaron Draper is
still MIA?

BILLY

I'm afraid so.

WALSH

Did you know my Kevin would've been
thirteen years old today?

BILLY

No. I didn't know that.

WALSH

You should have. It was all over
the news. They don't miss a beat
when it comes to the macabre, do
they?

BILLY

No, they sure don't.

WALSH

But that's the way of the world,
isn't it? The good die young and
the bad get the best legal
protection money can buy.

Billy looks as if he sincerely feels sorry for Walsh.

WALSH

It just dawned on me yesterday how a fifty thousand dollar reward for information leading to Draper's arrest may come as a bit of a joke to the kind of company someone like Roger Draper might keep. Or his kids for that matter.

BILLY

PD says this is the third car this Draper kid's crashed in eight months. Daddy just keeps buying him a new one. Pays the other side to just disappear. Pretend nothing happened.

WALSH

Well this time something did happen.

Walsh turns to Billy, sizes him up.

WALSH

Not that I would expect someone without kids to fully appreciate my situation.

Billy looks as if he's just been insulted and he doesn't hide his disgust with Walsh.

WALSH

I gather for you this is just about the money?

BILLY

If you've been watching the news then you know I'm taking a big risk just meeting with you.

Walsh smirks with disgust.

WALSH

Here I was for a brief moment believing you cared.

BILLY

You looking for a hug or do you want this taken care of?

Walsh shoots him a stern look.

WALSH

I wanna know if I have the right man for the job.

BILLY

Why's that? Are you planning on taking some more interviews?

WALSH

The fifty thousand stands. If that's what you're worried about.

Billy slowly cracks a grin, turns his attention to the boys on the field running a screen pass.

BILLY

Those reporters are gonna be on your ass about the fifty grand. It'll have to be in increments. A few thousand every month. In good faith. Bury it somewhere in your expense reports. I don't care how.

WALSH

Find Aaron Draper and then we'll talk about payment.

BILLY

Of course.

Billy extends his hand to Walsh who reluctantly accepts. He heads down the steps. Walsh watches him closely the whole way down.

CUT TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY AND POOL HALL - NIGHT

A crew of rowdy teenage delinquents wearing flash clothes and too much hair gel take up two lanes.

Lots of underage beer drinking going on as the teens get louder and more obnoxious by the second.

A couple lanes down are Coree and Nina in some almost illegally short thigh high jean shorts.

The drunk and horny boys gawk and whistle as the girls playfully strut their stuff and wink back.

Sitting on a bench is SCOTTIE DRAPER (18), addidas jump suit, gold jewelry. His boys on both sides of him slap him on the shoulder, egg him on.

SCOTTIE'S BOY #1

Yo, she's begging for it. Been eye fuckin you for ten minutes and you sittin here like a sucker.

SCOTTIE'S BOY #2

Yeah, no doubt.

Another one of Scottie's friends grabs a ball as it spits back out, about to take his turn.

SCOTTIE'S BOY #3

Okay. I can't even concentrate.
Are you gonna get her number or
keep playing with your ballsac?

SCOTTIE

Man, just shut up and bowl. I know
what I'm doing.

In unison, Scottie's boys all laugh in his face.

A WAITRESS brings a fresh pitcher to the table near their lanes with a stack of napkins.

SCOTTIE'S BOY #4

Yo, who's round is it?

Scottie's Boy #4 jumps up with a twenty in hand, ready to pay for the new pitcher.

WAITRESS

This one's on your girlfriends.
Two lanes down.

SCOTTIE'S BOY #4

Girls? There's girls here?
Haven't noticed.

Scottie's grin now ear to ear as he watches Nina bend over with her ball in hand, ready to throw. She stops and very seductively stares back at him.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Scottie dips in, heads for the nearest urinal. In walks Nina who quietly sneaks up on him.

NINA

Is that all the thanks I get?

Scottie, totally taken by surprise, stares over his shoulder at Nina watching him piss.

SCOTTIE

What're you doing? Are you crazy?

NINA

I've been watching you. Not just
tonight. For the last few weeks.
Funny a guy with your rep has
nothing better to do on a Saturday
night than hang around bowling
alleys.

SCOTTIE

Sounds like you know a lot about me.

Scottie flushes, zips and turns to Nina.

NINA

I hear you're good for keeping the party going after hours. As long as the manager gets his cut of course. Explains all those free beers.

Scottie eyes her up and down with distrust.

SCOTTIE

What are you, a narc or something?

NINA

If I was a narc you'd already be in cuffs. Scottie.

SCOTTIE

Fuck you know my name? Hell are you doing?

A couple of random guys pour in, laughing, carrying on.

NINA

Do you mind?!

The two quickly turn and step back out.

NINA

I've got some friends of mine who are looking for a little...after hours refreshment. I was hoping maybe we could work out some kind of arrangement.

Scottie eyes up the goods, licks his lips. A giant grin.

SCOTTIE

What do you have in mind?

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Scottie sits in the driver's seat of his AUDI R8 with a base pipe in his hand as Nina undoes his pants.

She starts to massage his penis as Scottie hits the pipe. He blows the smoke into her open mouth and face as they laugh and really get into it.

NINA

Just close your eyes and relax. I have a surprise for you.

SCOTTIE

Shit. I bet you do.

Scottie shuts his eyes, leans his head back.

RAP-RAP-RAP. He jumps up.

The BLINDING WHITE LIGHT from Billy's maglight hits him dead in the face.

BILLY

Roll it down!

Scottie drops the hot basepipe in his lap, almost burns his genitals in the process.

SCOTTIE

SHIT!

Scottie grabs it, tosses it to the floor and stomps the glass pipe to pieces.

RAP-RAP-RAP. Billy losing his patience.

Scottie turns on his engine, powers down his window.

BILLY

Well look at this. Catch you at a bad time?

SCOTTIE

What can I do you for? I mean.
What can I do for you, Officer?

BILLY

Step out of the car.

SCOTTIE

What? No license and registration?

BILLY

That's not gonna be necessary.

Scottie squints, very confused. He carefully opens his door and steps out as Billy steps aside but keeps his flashlight pointed right at him.

SCOTTIE

So she's a fuckin narc, right?
Real clever. So how much you want,
cop?

BILLY

You say something?

SCOTTIE

I heard about you. Officer Cole.
So just tell me how much and I'll
be on my way.

BILLY

This ain't that kind of game,
Scottie.

SCOTTIE

Okay. So you both know my name.
What the fuck do you want?

BILLY

For starters, you can tell me where
your cousin Aaron's holding up.

SCOTTIE

Not you too. Look, I already told
the cops what I know. Which is
nothing. So if you're gonna bust
me then bust me.

Nina opens a glove box, holds up a GLOCK 17 longslide and
shows Billy.

NINA

Look what I found in loverboy's
glove box.

SCOTTIE

Hey. That shit wasn't there. You
planted that shit.

BILLY

You're right, Scottie. I'm sure
the cops are gonna take your word
over mine.

SCOTTIE

What do you want?

BILLY

You're sweating, Scottie. Kind of
like your bitch ass cousin when he
crushed that kid to pieces then ran
off like a little bitch.

SCOTTIE

That what this is about?

BILLY

You're not as dumb as you look.
Aaron missed his court date. I
hear Daddy's lawyers put on a real
good performance at his hearing.

SCOTTIE

His old man's got him holding up at
some lake house. About an hour out
of town. Lake Pana something or
other. Just until he can get him
set up for real.

BILLY

Where's that?

SCOTTIE

I don't know. Somewhere further south from what he told me. I don't know the details.

BILLY

Is he taking phone calls?

SCOTTIE

I don't know, man. Not from me. His phone's out of service. They know they're tracing him. He ain't talking to his boys. Just him and his old man. That's it.

Billy reaches around Scottie's pants.

SCOTTIE

What the hell?

- retrieves a smart phone from his rear pocket. He scrolls the contact list looking for one name in particular.

BILLY

You're gonna call your Uncle Roger. Tell them we want a sit down. Just us. No cops. Tell him if he wants to keep his son out of prison, he'll accept our invitation.

Scottie stares down at Nina still holding the Glock and grinning up at him.

SCOTTIE

Yeah, man. No doubt. I'll make it happen.

BILLY

Not when you get around to it. Right now.

Billy hands him back his phone. Scottie reluctantly nods in agreement.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRAPER'S LAKE HOUSE - DAY

A real flash four door Mercedes polished to perfection cruises this lone dirt road and stops near the home.

The DRIVER steps out, opens the rear door and grabs a handcuffed and blindfolded Billy.

From the other side, DRAPER'S MAN #2 pulls out Van Rader also handcuffed and blindfolded.

ROGER DRAPER (50s), fleece shirt, designer jeans, boots, comes down the front porch steps with a double barrel shotgun rested in his arms.

Billy and Van Rader are escorted about halfway to the house and are stopped. Their blindfolds removed.

DRAPER

Gentlemen, I appreciate your cooperation. And for putting my mind at ease. Hope those cuffs weren't too tight.

BILLY

He's not here, is he?

DRAPER

Of course not. I'm not an idiot, Officer Cole. I got him out as soon as Scott phoned me. I didn't put it past the police to attempt something desperate like blackmail.

VAN RADER

Now where did you get an idea like that?

Draper cracks a smile. Nods to Van Rader.

BILLY

Where's the money?

DRAPER

Not so fast, Cole. First I'm gonna need some assurances. Like keeping my son out of your department's crosshairs.

VAN RADER

What makes you think we can do that?

DRAPER

Scottie tells me that's your specialty. Making the impossible possible.

Billy and Van Rader share a quick look.

BILLY

We're not miracle workers. Your son killed a kid. Sooner or later he's going down.

DRAPER

You're not making me feel exactly confident about our arrangement.

DRAPER

But I was afraid you'd say that.

He nods to his henchmen who force the two cops to their knees.

DRAPER

I'm afraid I have some bad news.
There is no money.

Down the front steps walks Scottie, Glock 17 in hand as Nina follows behind.

DRAPER

You've met my nephew.

SCOTTIE

Well well. Look at this. How the tables have turned.

DRAPER

I don't take to idle threats, gentlemen. Especially when it comes to my family.

BILLY

Well well. Like father like son.
Just a couple murderers.

DRAPER

Oh, I'm not gonna kill you, Cole.
My nephew is. Then he's gonna dump your bodies in that lake. Nice and quiet like.

BILLY

Sounds like you got this whole thing all planned out.

Scottie turns the gun on Draper who is totally shocked and taken by surprise.

POW-POW-POW! Three shots strike Draper, sending him to the dirt road.

Both Scottie and Nina hold guns on Draper's Men as they hold their hands in the air.

SCOTTIE

Unlock them! Do it!

The two men make a run for the Mercedes but are quickly met with rapid gunfire that sends them to the ground.

Billy jumps up, runs over and grabs the keys to the handcuffs.

Scottie lowers his gun, stares down at Draper with instant regret in his eyes.

SCOTTIE
 Fuck did I do, man?

As Scottie faces Nina, he also stares down the barrel of her pistol. POW-POW! Two shots center mass put him down and out of commission.

INT. DRAPER'S LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Billy and Van Rader rush the home, guns gripped tightly as they do a sweep of the first floor.

Nina stands by the front screen door and watches passively while keeping an eye on the front of the house.

Billy then heads up the stairs. Van Rader follows shortly behind.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

Billy kicks in a locked door to find a messy bed unmade and a slew of opened newspapers above the sheets: HIT AND RUN SUSPECT JUMPS BAIL.

Van Rader gives Billy the nod as he rushes toward a corner closet and opens:

AARON DRAPER (19), t shirt and sweats cowers in the corner like a scared child.

AARON
 Man, please. Don't.

Billy and Van Rader slowly lower their guns. Back away from the closet to reveal PATRICK WALSH standing just behind them and branding his own gun.

AARON
 Hey, man. Are you guys crazy or something? I give up, alright?
 Just take me in already!

Aaron holds up his wrists.

Billy and Van Rader dip out of the room, leaving Walsh and his son's killer alone.

AARON
 Hey! I said I give up!

Walsh moves in on him.

WALSH
 Say his name.

Aaron doesn't follow.

AARON
 What?

WALSH

His name!

Aaron's lips and face quiver with utter fear. Knowing what's coming.

AARON

Kevin.

Walsh also shakes with pure hatred. His gaze burning a red hot hole through Aaron's chest.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRAPER'S LAKE HOUSE - DAY

From far away, we watch the secluded home and the peaceful lake behind it as birds chirp and squirrels play.

POW!

A SINGLE SHOT ECHOES through the air and across the lake waters with a huge reverb.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Joe has the morning news on as he cooks up some scrambled eggs for

JOEY

- who sits at a modest table doing last minute homework before school.

JOE

Okay, buddy. About time to finish that up. Your eggs are almost up.

JOEY

You know I hate eggs.

JOE

Sorry, bud. But we're out of Captain Crunch.

JOEY

Lucky Charms.

JOEY

Yeah. That too. Come on. Clear the table so you don't spill.

Joey rolls his eyes, puts his papers safely back in his trapper keeper and into a backpack.

JOEY

Dad, are you ever coming home?

JOE

Come on, bud. You know your mother and I are divorced. It's been almost a year.

JOEY

But you were there the other night. You stayed over. And we went to dinner even. You guys have barely been in the same room in forever.

JOE

Why do you ask? Your Mom ever talk about us getting back together?

JOEY

Way to be subtle, Dad.

JOE

You're right. I shouldn't be asking you these things. It's rude.

Joe serves up the eggs.

JOE

And don't tell your mother I asked either. Now eat up.

A news report on the television grabs his attention. It's footage of a secluded lake and an abandoned two seater being towed to shore by a police patrol boat.

A REPORTER stands on a long pier overlooking the lake as she is live on the scene.

REPORTER

Again, no weapon was found in the boat with Draper's body but it does appear to be a self inflicted wound.

Joe is outright shocked by the news.

JOE

They found him. They found the little shit.

JOEY

Dad.

JOE

Sorry, champ.

Joe brushes him off, then back to the news report.

REPORTER

We are now learning that Roger Draper, Aaron's father, was aiding in his son's escape as he was now reportedly held up in a lake house less than one mile from where his body was discovered...

She turns, points behind her.

REPORTER

Right here, in the boat you see behind me...

Joe smiles with pure glee at what should be horrible news to most people.

REPORTER

So far this morning, Aaron Draper's family has been unavailable for comment.

JOE

Couldn't happen to a better guy.

Joe shuts off the tube.

JOEY

Gee, Dad. That's pretty dark.

JOE

Sorry, bud. Daddy's just a little cynical, that's all. But he's working on it.

JOEY

Yeah, I know. Mom talks about it all the time.

JOE

So she does talk about me?

Joe grins. He rubs his kid's hair.

JOE

Eat up and let's go.

The house phone rings from a wall. Joe heads over and snags it up.

JOE

This is Joe.
(listens)
I'm taking the kid to school and I'm not on until tonight. Why?
(listens)
What the hell for? I thought we were laying low until this blows over?

JOEY
Dad! Language!

JOEY
Sorry, bud.

JOE
(to caller)
Okay, fine. When?
(listens)
I'll be there.

Joe hangs up, slumps against the wall as he processes the secret conversation.

JOEY
You sure swear a lot.

JOE
Just eat your damn eggs.

Joey rolls his eyes, dumps way too much salt on his eggs as he grimaces at the sight.

JOEY
(quietly)
Eggs suck.

CUT TO:

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Coree is getting her hair styled by none other than Tara. A comb gripped in her fingers as she trims up her bangs.

TARA
So what's this I hear about you and Billy Cole being officially official?

COREE
Cole's not an official kind of guy. I guess you know that better than anyone.

TARA
He wasn't so bad. Way back when. He just has some healthy appetites. Not his fault, really. He does have a penis after all.

COREE
Why the sudden interest? Checking to see if he's back on the market?

TARA
Who? Me? Just making girl talk, that's all.

TARA

I just hope whatever it is that you're doing with Cole, I hope you know what it is you're doing.

COREE

I'm a big girl.

TARA

I know. I hear you put on quite the show. Cheetah's, right?

Coree shoots her a real smug and petty look of disgust.

COREE

Funny. I heard the same about you back in the day.

TARA

That's right. Back in the day. Until I decided I wasn't gonna be a play toy for men and got my act together.

COREE

Is that what you're doing, Tara?

Tara returns her nasty stare with an even nastier one but never stops trimming Coree up.

TARA

Look. You do what you want with Cole. Just be careful. That's all I'm saying.

Tara spots Caty coming through the door setting off a set of loud bells. She motions Tara over.

TARA

Excuse me.

Tara walks to Caty, grabs her by the arm as the two step outside a sec.

EXT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Tara sparks up a smoke as Caty walks in circles.

TARA

You look like shit. What's going on with you? And why haven't you called?

CATY

I need to know something. I want you to be straight with me.

TARA

Since when am I not straight?

CATY

Did you tell Joe about me and Tony?

TARA

No. I didn't have to. Caty, what did you think was gonna happen the second I called Billy? That he'd just sweep it under the rug? Him and Joe were like brothers once. No matter what's gone down since, that never changed.

CATY

You promised me.

TARA

You wanted Tony dealt with. And that's what he got. Look, I'm sorry if you have buyer's remorse but...

CATY

He thinks I'm lying. About Tony. That I did it just so he'd...

TARA

So he'd what?

CATY

That I did it just to get to Joe. So he'd get so worked up he'd make sure Tony never touched me or Charlie again.

Caty is so upset she walks in circles. She snags the smokes from Tara's hand, pops one in her mouth.

TARA

Interesting theory. Did you?

Caty grabs the lighter from Tara's hand as the two friends stare each other down in silence.

CATY

If you had doubts about me and what happened that night, you should've asked.

TARA

I didn't at the time. But you sure seemed bothered by the idea.

CATY

What're you getting at, Tara? Please. Just come out and ask.

TARA

Okay, Caty. What exactly happened between you and Tony? Was it like you said? Or was it concensual?

CATY

What difference does it make?

Tara spots Coree watching them through the glass. Eavesdropping.

CATY

They were gonna kill Charlie if I didn't do it. If that's not rape, then I don't know what is.

TARA

You know what I think?

CATY

What?

TARA

That you're sad Joe didn't go ahead and kill Tony Angelo.

Caty looks as if Tara may have a point as she silently contemplates it all.

Tara stomps out her smoke.

TARA

I gotta get back in. Call me later if you want.

Tara ducks back inside. Caty storms off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

An old fashioned ball park with bleacher seats and a large net separating fans from the field below.

In the home team's dugout, a young black man named ROACH sits on a bench in handcuffs. Billy sits before him.

Van Rader hovers over them both.

BILLY

We've been over this ten times. We'll go over it ten more times if we have to. Three months ago, when you were on the inside, you overheard Jamus Wilson talking about him and his boy throwing a beatin to Dennis Mackie.

ROACH

Man, maybe you ain't heard. Jamus be dead. Good luck pinning this shit on him. Dudes are stupid or somethin.

BILLY

I know he's dead, asshole. That's the point. He's got no alibi. Now tell me what's next.

ROACH

Jamus girlfriend done OD on Dennis shit or something like that.

BILLY

Not something like that. Exactly that. Now tell me her name.

Roach fights to remember.

BILLY

Her name!

ROACH

Leshawnda Reynolds.

BILLY

Very good. That's the story. You don't know nothing else. Keep it simple.

ROACH

I don't know about this, man. They know I be lying and shit.

VAN RADER

You're looking at five years. With your record, it's a done deal. If I were you, I'd have a change of heart real quick. As in the next five minutes before my partner starts losing his patience.

ROACH

You cops really are stupid. Beat a dude almost to death now you trying to run a game on me. Just wait until they find out about this shit.

BILLY

You know, you think people really buy into your boy Mackie's story? Or do they just say they do at parties because it's fashionable?

Billy gets right in his face.

BILLY

People don't like you. You might think they don't like me but come the wet ass hour I'm their best friend. Because I keep them safe from dope dealing, thieving little shit stains like you.

Joe steps around the corner, shocked to see the young man in cuffs before him.

ROACH

Yo, man. These dudes are crazy. You gonna let them talk to me like this?

JOE

Okay, I'm here. What is this?

BILLY

This is possession of a firearm and a violation of Daryl here's probation. As a sincere favor to us, he was about to give us sworn testimony as to who went after Dennis Mackie the night he was taken down.

ROACH

Yo, that's bullshit, man. These cops trying to run some bullshit game. And I ain't playin', man.

VAN RADER

That's too bad. I thought you were smarter than that. But I guess if you were real smart you wouldn't have tried to jack that car with a stolen gun stuffed down your pants.

BILLY

And smiling right into a stoplight camera on top of it.

Billy smiles back at Joe.

BILLY

See, it don't matter what story you tell the cops now. Or your lawyer. The proof's on camera.

Roach squirms in his seat, unsure of his next move. Joe looks as if he feels sorry for him.

JOE

Is that why you brought me out here? To watch you shake some kid down? Make me an accessory before the fact?

BILLY

We thought you'd wanna be here.
Being this is a team effort and
all.

Joe scoffs and ducks out. Billy chases after him.

Joe is halfway around the corner and down a sidewalk when
Billy grabs him and pushes him against a wall.

JOE

Take your hands off me!

BILLY

I don't think you're thinking
straight, Joe. Maybe you're having
some memory loss from the other
night. So spare me this sudden
attack of morality bit. You got
blood on your hands just like the
rest of us.

Joe looks away, ashamed.

BILLY

Now everyone knows you got a
problem with me since you found out
I used to stick my sticky icky in
your old lady.

Joe fights the urge to slug him.

BILLY

You wanted to prove what a man you
were with Angelo. Well good for
you. We're all happy for you. But
this IA board is making me a little
nervous. Yeah, I heard you got
your ass handed to you. You
practically shit your pants.

JOE

Get out of the way.

Joe tries to leave. Billy shoves him back.

BILLY

You think I'm gonna let you take me
down! I know you're just itching
to, Joe! Everybody can see it!
Not gonna happen!

Joe stares back at Van Rader watching from the dugout.

BILLY

Now we're gonna go back in there
and get this asshole to sing. And
we're gonna end this thing once and
for all.

Without warning, Joe turns and SLUGS Billy right across the mouth and DOWN HE GOES.

Joe pulls his gun, aims down at the defenseless cop.

Van Rader pulls his piece, rushes toward them. A stand off ensues.

VAN RADER

Back off! Right now, Joe!

Joe smiles down at Billy.

JOE

Or I could blow you away and end it right now.

BILLY

Be smart, Joe. I'm not the enemy. I'm your friend. All this other shit, man, it's just in your head. Let it go. She loves you.

VAN RADER

I said put up your fuckin gun, Joe!

BILLY

(to Van Rader)
Let him be, Kyle. He's just venting some frustration. Just like the rest of us. But we're gonna get through this thing. Together.

Van Rader reluctantly holsters his gun.

Joe slowly lets the hammer back, lowers his gun.

Van Rader peeks back around the corner and

IN THE DUGOUT

Roach is long gone.

VAN RADER

Billy!

Joe backs off. Pockets his gun. Billy jumps up and rushes toward the dugout.

Van Rader stares through the chain link fence and across the field looking for Roach. No sign of him.

Billy runs in. A truly sickened look about him. Like a punch to the gut.

BILLY

What did you do?

VAN RADER

Don't worry. He can't get far with those cuffs.

BILLY

He's not cuffed at the feet, dumbass. They call him Roach for a reason. Cover the visitor's side. I'll check the front lot.

Billy rushes out.

INT. BASEBALL FIELD - MAIN BLEACHERS - DAY

Van Rader with gun gripped in both hands carefully checks in between each of the bleachers for their lost suspect.

He kicks some empty potato chip bags and soda cans.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - PARKING LOT - DAY

Roach quietly sneaks out of a men's restroom and runs toward Joe's car with the driver's door left open.

He jumps in and immediately spots the keys dangling from the ignition. He CRANKS the engine.

JOE (O.S.)

Hold it.

Roach looks up and spots Joe with a gun aimed at his head.

Joe slowly lowers his gun much to the surprise of Roach.

BANG!

A SINGLE SHOT tears through Joe's chest from behind as he falls limp against the car and drops to the dirt.

Roach, now sprayed with blood, stares down at Joe's corpse on the ground outside.

Billy approaches the car, draws down on Roach now completely scared to death.

ROACH

Come on, man. Please.

Van Rader rushes to the scene, stops on the other side of the car and stares through the windshield at Joe's dead corpse on the grass.

VAN RADER

What did you do?

Billy stares down at Joe, something close to regret wells up in his eyes. Doing his best to remain stoic but obviously emotional.

VAN RADER

Hey! What did you do?!

Billy snaps out of it.

BILLY

Go keep an eye on the road.

Van Rader stares at his partner with real disgust. He slowly and reluctantly walks off.

Billy drops a thick envelope full of cash into the driver's side window and on the empty seat.

ROACH

What is this, man?

Billy stares at him a moment. Slowly raises his gun, aims at Roach's face.

BILLY

Get out.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Lt. Stenson ducks under yellow crime scene tape and methodically circle Joe's car.

RED and BLUE LIGHTS FLASHING from a couple of parked squad cars in the grass.

The driver's door swung open and a wad of cash left on the leather seat.

A pair of CORONERS load Joe's body bag on a stretcher and roll him toward a meat wagon.

Lt. Stenson approached by a UNIFORM COP holding the thick envelope of cash.

UNIFORM COP

Lieutenant. We found this in the driver's seat.

Lt. Stenson takes it, fans out the cash.

LT. STENSON

There's close to four grand here.
What the hell is this?

Another unmarked police issue sedan arrives at the scene. Lt. Stenson and the Uniform Cop turn.

Lt. Hargrove steps out and ducks under the tape.

LT. STENSON

Well that didn't take long. What's IAD doing here?

LT. HARGROVE
Is it true? Is it Joe Cantrell?

LT. STENSON
Yes. What I'd like to know is how
you know that?

LT. HARGROVE
Because it's my job, Lieutenant.

Lt. Hargrove stares at the fat wad of cash.

LT. HARGROVE
Where did you find that?

LT. STENSON
Cantrell's car. On the driver's
seat.

Lt. Hargrove watches as they load Joe into the back of the
meat wagon. He takes another quick look around the scene
and back to the others.

LT. HARGROVE
Okay. So let's have it.

LT. STENSON
Have what?

LT. HARGROVE
All of it. And what you think
happened here.

LT. STENSON
From first glance, I'd say this was
a set up. Cantrell gets the call
to meet. Somewhere out of the way.
Private. But our shooter's a no
show. Cantrell opens his door to
leave and takes one in the back.

LT. HARGROVE
Interesting theory. Any ideas on
who this shooter is?

LT. STENSON
Your Internal Affairs. I should be
asking you that question.

LT. HARGROVE
A cop is dead. I was told you'd
cooperate.

LT. STENSON
You want my official report, I'll
tell you. I have no idea.
But whoever it was forgot to take
their money.

LT. HARGROVE
And how about an unofficial report?
From one cop to the next.

LT. STENSON
Obviously, I'd say one of two
things happened here. He came here
with the money, or he left with the
money. I'm going with the former.

LT. HARGROVE
And why is that?

LT. STENSON
No one's leaving this much bread
behind. This was a premeditated
shooting.

LT. HARGROVE
In other words, the sole purpose of
this meeting was to put him down.
That what you're saying?

LT. STENSON
That's what it looks like.

LT. HARGROVE
But that still doesn't explain why
your cop was found with four
thousand in cash. Now does it, Lt?

LT. STENSON
You tell me, Hargrove. Does IAD
have an open case on my cop or
not?

CUT TO:

INT. CATY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the couch, Caty buries her face in Tara's chest, sobbing uncontrollably as her best friend consoles her.

On an opposite couch, Lt. Hargrove and Lt. Stenson sit in the aftermath of breaking the bad news.

TARA
Do we have to do this now?

Lt. Hargrove hands Caty the thick manila file.

LT. HARGROVE
This is an official statement
recorded exactly one hour ago by
one Daryl Wiggins. He says he has
information about a certain cop
looking to buy himself an
informant. Not just any informant.

Caty shakes her head as she reads the recorded testimony.

TARA

What are you talking about?

LT. HARGROVE

According to Wiggins, your husband's been doing some asking around. Word on the street was he was getting cold feet about the Mackie investigation. Was looking for an out. So he goes fishing. Looking to buy official testimony against Jamus Wilson for Dennis Mackie's beating.

CATY

What do you mean by buying testimony? Who's Jamus Wilson? I don't understand.

LT. STENSON

He means Joe was looking to pay an informant to name Jamus Wilson as the one responsible for Mackie going down. The same Jamus Wilson who is currently deceased. Making him an easy fall guy to take the rap.

LT. STENSON

No one can touch him or question him. Meanwhile, Joe gets off scott free. Case closed.

CATY

Is this some kind of joke?

LT. STENSON

Caty, it's come to our attention that you've been picking up some extra money on the weekends. Out by the airport at Cheetah's Club.

CATY

Oh? You heard that, did you?

LT. STENSON

With regard to the four thousand dollars in your husband's car.

Lt. Stenson leans forward, locks in on Caty's eyes.

LT. STENSON

I'm gonna ask you straight out. Did you give Joe the money to do this or not?

CATY

I think I've answered enough of your questions. So, why don't you actually do something useful and find the man who killed my husband.

Lt. Hargrove attempts a staring contest with Caty while Lt. Stenson quietly watches the awkward standoff. After a few moments he breaks the silence.

LT. STENSON

You're right, Caty. I apologize for all the questions. I'll give you some time to process all of this. Whenever you're ready to talk come see me.

Lt. Stenson and Lt. Hargrove move for the door.

Lt. Hargrove stops, stares back at Caty on the couch.

LT. HARGROVE

By the way. A message for your cop friends. Just in case they're thinking of handling Joe's shooting quietly.
(at Tara)
That might not be a good idea.

Tara looks away in shame. They head out and shut the door behind them.

INT. CATY'S HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caty tucks a dead asleep Joey in for the night. Tears still streamed down his tired face.

Caty kisses her finger, touches Joey's face before heading out and shutting the door.

INT. CATY'S CAR - NIGHT

Caty blasts down the road at high speed in damn near a panic attack. Her eyes wide and lips quivering.

BILLY (V.O.)

This is Billy. Leave a message.

BEEP.

CATY (V.O.)

Billy, I know you're there. Answer me. I wanna know what Joe was doing at that field and who he was meeting. I know you know who it was and you need to tell me. Call me back.

BEEP.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Caty parks near the front of Billy's building, steps out and heads up an outside sidewalk toward a first floor wing.

She stops just outside Billy's place and peers inside the slightly cracked blinds of a bedroom window.

Tara steps in wearing skimpy panties and a form fitting tank. Billy follows behind.

Caty's jaw practically hits the pavement.

Inside, Tara shoves Billy's hands away, hopping mad.

TARA

(muffled)

I don't care. Get away from me.

Tara plops down on the bed. Billy smiles down at her, pulls a white envelope from his pocket and dumps the contents all over the foot of the bed.

Hundred dollar bills.

CATY

Good God.

BILLY

(muffled)

You're welcome.

Billy stumbles out and slams the door shut. Tara quickly retrieves the loose cash, picks up her jeans from the floor and stuffs the pockets full.

Caty's look could burn a hole through Tara's stomach. Her eyes and face twitch with hatred.

As Tara lays back down, a bathroom door opens and out walks a shirtless TONY ANGELO. His face still badly bruised with bandages over several small cuts.

Caty so shocked she nearly falls down.

CATY

Oh my God.

Tony slaps Tara on the ass and shuts the remainder of the blinds. Caty rushes back to the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lights out. In the dark, little Joey's eggs are still sitting at the table half eaten.

A front door SWINGS OPEN as the HALLWAY LIGHT pours into the room like a tidal wave.

In walks Caty who is shocked by the utter chaos and unkempt mess of Joe's new place. Pizza boxes and wrapped garbage bags on the kitchen floor.

Joey's video game boxes opened and spilled all over the carpet near the television.

Caty observes stacks upon stacks of PAPERWORK on a kitchen counter just over a barstool. She heads over.

ON TOP OF THE STACK

A five by seven color photograph of A MAN on a sidewalk handing an envelope to NINA who hauls a familiar white back pack.

The photo itself is paperclipped to the top of an official police file.

BENCH WARRANT: THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA VS PAUL MEEKER. Violation: Felony. Meeker's residential address listed below along with his order of appearance.

Caty flips open a new file. A five by seven color photo of COREE with her black back pack taking a small envelope from A WOMAN sitting on a bench.

Caty opens the file. BENCH WARRANT: THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA VS REBECCA BEARD. Violation: Felony.

CATY

What were you doing, Joe?

Caty opens a third file and this one has a photo of her friend TARA walking just behind TWO YOUNG LADIES on the second story of a very seedy motel.

CATY

Tara?

Caty opens the police file to see the mug shot and arrest record of an OLDER MAN with creepy eyes. A long list of charges for "solicitation".

Caty discovers two more five by seven photographs under the first picture of Tara.

SECOND PHOTO

The older man with his arms wrapped around one of the two girls from the first photo. Standing on the second floor of another motel as she smokes a cigarette.

CATY

What is this?

THIRD PHOTO

A chubby CUBAN MAN in a vintage Marino jersey poolside and laid back in a deck lounge.

TARA hovers over him, in bikini and sipping a beer. NINA on the chair next to him, flirting, chatting him up.

CATY

What're you doing, Tara?

Caty flips open a police file to see the mug shot of the CUBAN MAN and a long list of charges. Most notably "solicitation".

Just under this file, Caty finds the mug shot and arrest records of Tara, Nina and Coree. All with multiple prostitution and drug possession charges.

CATY

Oh my God.

And lastly, the mug shot and arrest record of none other than DENNIS MACKIE. A list of charges includes assault, possession, possession with intent, and most notably and highlighted in yellow "racketeering".

Four separate charges to be exact.

CATY

Talk to me, Joe? Come on. Talk to me.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH PIER - GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

Walsh in some fancy white beach slacks and a Tommy Bahama shirt throws a long cast from the middle of the pier.

WEINGARD (40s), slicked blonde hair, three hundred dollar shades, shirt and tie, stands on the end of the pier and faces the ocean.

Billy struts up the pier toward Walsh as he reels in.

WALSH

Officer Cole. I was surprised to hear from you. Not quite your style contacting a client after the job is done.

Billy stops, eyes Weingard staring back at them.

WALSH

I take it we've run into a bit of a snag with regard to Mister Draper's case file.

BILLY

Not quite. But as it turns out I'm gonna need an advance on that hundred k after all.

WALSH

So much for keeping the books clean. And may I ask why?

BILLY

Cantrell's wife's been doing some sniffing around. Been asking a lot of questions. She's getting too close.

WALSH

I see. And you think a hundred thousand is enough to keep her quiet.

BILLY

It's not for her.

WALSH

Oh?

BILLY

It's only a matter of time before she goes to Mackie. Fills his head with all kinds of shit.

WALSH

You're afraid she might jog his memory. Something like that.

BILLY

Mackie doesn't need proof. Just an excuse to go after PD. He could walk away with millions in restitution. With Caty's testimony, the press will eat it up.

WALSH

And you wanna beat her to the punch.

BILLY

Yeah. Something like that.

Billy stares into the water at some snook swimming near the edge of the pier.

WALSH

So you've decided to make this my problem, I see.

Billy keeps quiet, stares back at Weingard who still watches him like a hawk.

WALSH

Fine. I'll take care of it. But we do it my way. No offense, but I'm beginning to lose my faith in your department, Officer Cole.

Walsh and Weingard share a look.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS MACKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A real posh two story beach house with swimming pool and second level outside patio.

DENNIS MACKIE (20s), black, corn rows, diamond earrings, hangs on a steel railing and stares down at the hopping pool party in full effect.

At least sixty people at this one with a giant paper sign reading WELCOME HOME DENNIS which dangles just over the width of the pool.

Mackie's closest pal and associate LATRELL walks out a sliding glass door to greet him.

LATRELL

Yo, you got a visitor.

MACKIE

Yeah, no shit. What's her name?

LATRELL

Nah, man. For real. I think you better take this.

Mackie turns to him, confused.

MACKIE

Whatchu mean?

LATRELL

Some white dude in a suit. Says he owed you some money. He's here to square up.

Mackie smiles.

MACKIE

A white boy in a suit. What is he? A fuckin cop? Fuck you let him in for?

LATRELL

Don't worry. I already patted him down. He's clean. No gun, no wire. So what do you want me to do with him?

Mackie is hesitant. He stares back down at the party a second, thinks it over.

MACKIE

Let's go.

Mackie heads back inside. Latrell follows.

INT. MACKIE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit. Some romantic soft lighting and music coming from a thousand dollar stereo.

Several half drunk glasses of scotch, vodka and you name it sit on the world's longest coffee table.

Mackie and Latrell head down the steep steps to find

WEINGARD

Sitting on a leather couch in the corner. His face somewhat hidden in the shadows cast by an overhead lamp.

A briefcase next to him.

MACKIE

Whachu doin in my crib, man?

WEINGARD

Congratulations on pulling through. The power of prayer is a wonderful thing, isn't it? A miracle. Truly.

MACKIE

I hear you got something for me. So why don't you give it to me and find your way to the door.

WEINGARD

Dennis, do you know who I am?

MACKIE

Seen you on tv. With that dude who's kid died in that car accident. You a lawyer or something?

WEINGARD

I represent many fine people of this community. But yes, I am counsel for Mister Walsh. But that's not why I'm here, Dennis.

MACKIE

You keep calling me Dennis. We know each other or something?

WEINGARD

I like to keep things informal.
Dennis, are you a gambler by
chance?

MACKIE

Fuck is this? Are you crazy or
something?

LATRELL

I think so, man.

WEINGARD

They say in a casino, the easier a
game is to understand, the worse
the odds. As in slot machines.
The odds of every spin are the
same.

Latrell and Mackie smirk with amusement at the mysterious
stranger.

WEINGARD

Let's take your cops in the
department for example.
You press some buttons. Name some
random cops and pull the lever.
Hoping that your numbers somehow
match up with the departments. But
they never seem to. You might get
close but it's all just wishful
thinking. Isn't it?

MACKIE

Hell are you talking about?

WEINGARD

What I'm saying, Dennis, is that
you have no evidence. Nothing
concrete to pin on the department.
You're being influenced by outside
parties who are looking for fire
where there is no smoke.

LATRELL

Hell do you care? You're here for
a reason. Somebody must be
sweating us pretty hard.

MACKIE

Yeah, no doubt.

WEINGARD

You're making wild accusations at
will because you've let your anger
get the better of you. I
understand. You want answers. You
want who did this to you.

WEINGARD

But proving that could take years
of your life. Years you can no
longer afford to waste.

Mackie takes this to heart. Latrell watches his wheels
spin. Weingard's conniving eyes never blinking and
never once laying off of Mackie.

LATRELL

Yo. He's messing with your head.
Don't listen to him.

WEINGARD

In the seat next to me is a hundred
thousand. Clean. No court dates.
No appeals. No five years trimmed
off your life. A hundred K. Right
here. Right now.

Mackie all but drools over the briefcase.

MACKIE

And what's the catch?

WEINGARD

No catch. But you forget about
your friends in the department.
And who did what to who. And they
forget about you.

LATRELL

For real?

Weingard smiles up at him.

WEINGARD

Permanently. With the provision
that you and your operation remain
incognito, of course.

MACKIE

I suppose you want this in writing?

WEINGARD

You're a smart man, Dennis.

Weingard grabs the briefcase and stands to leave. He
reaches in his coat, hands him a business card.

WEINGARD

We'll be anxiously awaiting your
answer.

Weingard heads up the steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREEN FAMILY LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Caty's car parks on a homemade dirt path that leads almost to the front door of this lakeside cottage.

She steps out, moves with a purpose for the door. Before she can get there -

CHARLIE

Opens up and greets her halfway.

CATY

Get your stuff and let's go.

Charlie gives her a good once over, not really following but nods just the same.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LT. STENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Caty sits with Charlie before Lt. Stenson, plopped in a leather swivel behind his desk, and Lt. Hargrove who is resting his back against a window pane.

CATY

I have a signed deposition from my brother Charlie naming Dennis Mackie as Tony Angelo's personal foot soldier for at least eight months.

Lt. Hargrove already looks bored.

CATY

He was arrested four times in the last two years on charges of racketeering. Bets placed and collected for none other than Tony Angelo.

LT. HARGROVE

Where is this going?

CHARLIE

Let her finish.

LT. HARGROVE

And you are...?

CATY

My brother.

LT. STENSON

Go on.

CATY

What I'm saying is this. Sometime last year, Dennis Mackie went into business for himself. Cut Angelo out and moved in on his territory.

Lt. Stenson playfully spins a rubber band in his hand, intrigued and on the edge of his seat.

LT. STENSON

And you know this how?

CHARLIE

She doesn't. I do. So does everyone else on the street who's ever placed a bet.

CATY

Tony Angelo was responsible for almost beating Mackie to death. Only he sent a couple of cops to do his dirty work.

LT. HARGROVE

Yes. Which we already know was your husband.

CHARLIE

Why don't you watch your mouth and have some respect.

LT. STENSON

Take it easy.

LT. STENSON

(to Caty)

You said cops. As in plural. Who are we talking about here?

CATY

That was no informant who shot Joe. Billy Cole killed my husband. Him and his partner Kyle Van Rader were responsible for Mackie's beating. Joe knew it and he was gonna blow the whistle on them.

LT. HARGROVE

And you have proof of this?

CATY

Last night, I saw Tony Angelo inside Billy Cole's apartment. He had a stack of cash three inches thick.

Lt. Stenson and Lt. Hargrove share an unsure look.

CATY

What? You think I'm just making this up?

LT. STENSON

Nobody's saying that.

CATY

Get Dennis Mackie down here and put Cole and Van Rader in front of him. Then we'll see who's guilty of what.

LT. HARGROVE

Yeah, about that.

Caty and Charlie share a panicked look.

LT. HARGROVE

Mackie's changing his tune since last week. Now he's saying the men who beat him were wearing masks. Not badges. Not that this automatically excludes the possibility of cops involved. But as of this morning, Internal Affairs is closing this one until further notice.

CATY

Is that a joke? I just told you who did it.

LT. HARGROVE

And without any solid proof. Miss Green, I appreciate your passion, but I also know this a very emotional time for you. Considering the, shall we say unusual circumstances surrounding your husband's death.

Charlie jumps from his chair, gets about an inch from Lt. Hargrove's face.

CHARLIE

I told you to watch it!

LT. STENSON

Sit down! You wanna get locked up?

Caty grabs Charlie's arm as he reluctantly sits.

CHARLIE

She told you what she saw last night. That don't mean anything?

LT. STENSON

Lt. Hargrove. Why don't you give me a moment with The Greens.

Lt. Hargrove excuses himself. Shuts the door behind him.

LT. STENSON

Look. No one said we were closing your husband's case. This is still very much an open investigation. I promise you, we're pursuing every angle.

Lt. Stenson motions to Lt. Hargrove waiting just on the other side of the glass and watching them.

LT. STENSON

But the Department's doing some serious damage control. This punk Mackie says he wasn't sure it was the cops, then it wasn't the cops. Case closed, end of story. And that's exactly how they wanna keep it.

CHARLIE

But what if it was? They gonna bury it?

LT. STENSON

Then you let me look into it. Only we do it quietly.

CATY

You know they're dirty. Don't you?

LT. STENSON

You know I can't discuss any open investigations with you, even if I had proof sitting in my lap. Which I do not. Hell, if we took the word of every two bit informant who came off the street and said some cop had his palms out, we'd have to fire the entire department. And you're handing me about as much proof as any of them.

Caty stands to leave.

CATY

They killed him. It was them.

Turns to the door as Charlie also stands to leave.

LT. STENSON

Are you sure you're not avoiding the inevitable?

CATY

What's that?

LT. STENSON

The fact that Joe called off that night. That he made sure Van Rader was working his beat that night. He could be just as culpable as Cole and Van Rader. Just because he wasn't there doesn't make him any less guilty.

CATY

I know that.

LT. STENSON

Good. Because that could all very well come out if you decide to make a thing of this. We're not all completely blind and stupid here, Caty. We know who ordered Mackie's beating. So does Mackie. But who carried it out is another story. But it doesn't mean a cop killed your husband.

CATY

How long?

LT. STENSON

Excuse me?

CATY

How long will it take you to bury Cole and Van Rader? Cause I'm gonna need a time frame.

LT. STENSON

We don't let cop killers slide in this house. Badge or no badge.

CHARLIE

Could've fooled me.

Lt. Stenson fights the urge to jump over his desk. Every muscle in his face tense and tight. His eyes red hot and about to bulge from his head.

LT. STENSON

Get outta here. Both of you.

Charlie scoffs and storms out. Caty shoots Lt. Stenson a stern look as she dips out.

INT. CATY'S HOUSE - JOEY'S ROOM - DAY

Joey squats on the floor playing video games as Caty steps in with a basket of laundry. She feigns interest in the game as she loads his dresser.

JOEY

Mom. How come Aunt Tara hasn't been picking me up?

CATY

Because. I worked it out where I can come get you. Even better.

JOEY

I thought maybe cause you two were fighting or something.

CATY

You really are smart, aren't you?

JOEY

Well. I can hear you on the phone. Sounded like you two were arguing.

CATY

Tara and I are very different.

JOEY

In what way?

CATY

Well. We have different responsibilities. I have you and the house. My job. Where Tara tends to shake responsibility.

JOEY

How so?

CATY

Just like when you were wee little and your kindergarten teacher couldn't get you out of the sandbox. Well, life to her is like one big sandbox. She likes being inside it. Where it's safe. Where she can make the rules. Doesn't wanna get out. That make sense to you?

JOEY

Not really.

CATY

What I'm saying is this. I don't think it's a good idea for you to spend time around someone like that.

JOEY

Since when?

CATY

Joey. Trust me. She's not good
for us.

Caty continues loading Joey's dresser drawers full.

JOEY

I thought maybe it had something to
do with Dad.

Caty freezes, stares at the wall.

JOEY

I heard the two of you talking
about him on the phone. You
sounded really angry. Is there
something about Dad I should know?

CATY

No, baby. Your Mom is just anxious
to find out what happened to Daddy.
That's all. Mommy was just
venting.

JOEY

Do they have any idea who did it?

CATY

I don't know, baby. If they do,
they're not telling me.

Joey thinks it all over. Squints a bit.

JOEY

That doesn't make any sense.

Caty also thinks it over.

CATY

No, baby. It doesn't.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION AND CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Van Rader finishes pumping, stares at his oil stained hands
and heads for the door.

INT. PARKED CAR

Mackie and Latrell watch him enter the store.

MACKIE

Let's smoke this fucker.

They throw on ski masks and rush the door branding sawed off
shotguns.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Van Rader hits the men's room just as Mackie and Latrell rush the door and draw down on the CASHIER.

LATRELL

Hands up, mother fucker! Back up!

Mackie heads for the back of the store and stops just to the side of the men's room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Van Rader hears Latrell loud and clear through the door as he props his right leg on the commode and snags his back up pistol from an ankle holster.

LATRELL (O.S.)

One hand! Open the drawer! Move it!

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Mackie playfully tosses his shotgun from hand to hand, getting all juiced up and ready to hit Van Rader.

Van Rader steps out, gun gripped tightly in both hands and aimed at the front of the store.

VAN RADER

Let me see them!

Latrell lays his shotgun on the tile, hands raised in the air just as -

Mackie sneaks up behind Van Rader and POW!

The shotgun blast knocks Van Rader clear off his feet as BLOOD SPILLS from his chest cavity and mouth.

Down he goes. Face first.

Mackie and Latrell laugh as they rush out the door and back to their nearby car.

The Cashier watches as they speed off - out of the lot and down a side road. A distant memory.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATE NIGHT

Yellow crime scene tape blocks off the perimeter as most of the pump area and lot are full with SQUAD CARS - LIGHTS FLASHING.

Walking toward the door, his face swollen red and tears still shooting down his face is Billy.

He enters.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Billy stops at the door only to see Van Rader with a simple sheet covering his body.

A couple Uniforms question The Cashier near an ATM machine in the back corner.

Billy kneels before his partner. Deeply saddened.

One of the Uniforms (OFFICER ROWE) approaches him with subtle compassion.

OFFICER ROWE

Cole.

Billy stares up at him, stands.

BILLY

What happened?

OFFICER ROWE

Night manager says a couple of blacks come storming in just after Kyle hit the head.

Billy stares back at the men's room door.

OFFICER ROWE

One hits the til while the other waits near the bathroom for Van Rader. He comes out, gun drawn. Takes a shotgun to the back by guy number two. Then out the door they go.

Billy wipes his tears, tries to compose himself.

OFFICER ROWE

Get this. Dumbass leaves the money on the register.

Billy figures it all out. Fuming hot with rage.

OFFICER ROWE

I promise you right now, Billy. These guys will never be dead enough.

Billy quietly nods.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Billy watches some footage of the botched robbery from earlier in the night.

Latrell and Mackie (in masks) storm the door. Latrell on the register as Mackie takes the back.

Billy focuses on Mackie. He playfully tosses his shotgun from hand to hand.

Billy squints.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mackie, now out of his mask and in street clothes, flips his smart phone from hand to hand.

Billy and Van Rader watch him from their squad car.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Billy rewinds the footage. Watches the masked shooter toss the shotgun from hand to hand.

BILLY

Sonofabitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENNIS MACKIE'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Some blow up floaties rest on the still pool water. Empty beer bottles rest on the deck and on several tables.

Billy quietly crawls over a short fence and onto the pool deck. He hears the steady bump of a rap beat emanating from inside the home.

INT. MACKIE'S BASEMENT - LATE NIGHT

Mackie on the same leather couch as before. Only this time he's shirtless and getting entertained by THREE TOPLESS DANCERS in leather boots.

The RAP MUSIC loud and thumping the walls with HEAVY BASS. Mackie pours himself another glass of champagne.

All of a sudden, LATRELL'S DEAD BODY rolls down the steep steps and almost trips one of the dancers.

She SCREAMS out as the three quickly retreat up the stairs and out the door.

Mackie stares down at his dead friend. His throat slit wide open and his lifeless eyes gazing up at him.

Billy slowly and methodically moves down the steps with a cold menace.

MACKIE

Who is it?

Billy appears at the bottom of the steps carrying a long bag of some sort.

BILLY
So what're we celebrating, Dennis?

MACKIE
You really are crazy. Coming here
like this. To my house.

BILLY
Just thought I'd make it easier for
you.

Billy pulls a second gun from his trousers, tosses it on the
couch next to Mackie.

BILLY
Go on. Finish the job. What're
you waiting for?

Mackie stares down at the gun, contemplates it a second but
quickly comes back to reality.

MACKIE
Hell are you talking about?

Billy puts his pistol to Mackie's eye and digs his knee into
his crotch at the same time.

MACKIE
Ah, shit!

BILLY
What's the matter, Dennis? Your
brain still not working right? Try
again. Who sent you?

MACKIE
Man, I don't know what you're
talking about. I been here all
night.

BILLY
I don't think so.

MACKIE
You don't got nothin on me, cop.
So why don't you get lost before
they take your badge for real this
time.

Billy lets off of him, unzips the long bag and pulls out the
same sawed off shotgun that killed Van Rader.

Mackie sickened by the sight.

BILLY
You forgot to get rid of the
evidence.

Mackie tears up, knowing what's coming.

MACKIE

Fuck you, cop.

Billy aims down at him, hammers cocked back.

BILLY

Who sent you?! Last time!

MACKIE

The lawyer. Fuckin Weingard or whatever. Okay? Said there was another hundred grand in it if we were interested. He didn't exactly get into details. Just dropped ya'lls name and left the money on the table. Now watchu waiting on? Take me in. I give up.

BILLY

Welcome back to the world, Dennis.

POW!

Mackie drops limp to the couch as what's left of his head decorates the wall behind him.

Billy places the shotgun next to Latrell's body and heads up the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH PIER - GULF OF MEXICO - LATE NIGHT

Walsh is back on the pier doing some late night casting as LIGHT POSTS cast a glow over the water.

Up the pier toward Walsh comes Billy.

Walsh just keeps his back turned and smiles. As if he knows Billy is coming.

WALSH

Officer Cole. You're still breathing. I take it Mister Mackie and friend are not?

BILLY

Lucky guess.

Walsh pays Billy no mind and throws another cast out. Not a worry left in the world. Totally giving up.

WALSH

Tell me, Cole. The first time you killed someone. Did you throw up?

Billy is stone faced. Unfeeling.

WALSH

Did it keep you up at all hours of the night? Seeing their face, over and over again. Begging for their life. For your forgiveness.

Walsh loses his grin. Now truly upset.

WALSH

It wasn't my call to kill that kid, Cole. I thought it would make me feel better. Like there was justice in the world. But it only made me feel for his family. And for what they were likely going through.

Billy seems affected by this. He stares off, into the water. His gun to his side.

WALSH

What we did isn't justice, Cole. It wasn't your call to make. But I guess money makes all those types of decisions easier.

BILLY

Yet you didn't blink twice about killing my partner. Did you?

WALSH

Your partner was a murderer. Just like you, Cole. You might justify these things you do as some sort of rightful compensation. But at the end of the day, you're wrong.

BILLY

Kyle never hurt anyone. Not like that. Not like this.

Billy steps closer to him. Walsh spots the gun to his side, gets nervous.

WALSH

It's called self preservation, Cole. My involvement with a couple of dirty cops was endangering my family. My life. Everything I've built. I wasn't about to let one mistake ruin all of our lives.

BILLY

So you figure it's just a matter of time before Van Rader and I go down and take you down with us.

WALSH

Self preservation.

BILLY

What am I supposed to do, Walsh?
Forget about my partner? Let you
go, like nothing happened?

WALSH

I'd accept it for what it is and
move on. A life lesson. That
justice is blind. And sometimes we
get what's coming to us with no
ryhm and no reason.

Walsh once again turns his back, returns to fishing off the
pier as he now looks frightened for his life.

WALSH

But you're not gonna do that, are
you, Cole?

Billy raises his gun to fire.

BILLY

I'm afraid not.

Walsh tries to quiet his tears, composes himself. A scared
laugh.

WALSH

Like I said. We all get what's
coming to us.

POW-POW!

Two shots into Walsh's back push him over the pier and into
the rough night waters. SPLASH!

Billy walks to the edge, stares down at his body as it
floats belly up.

A tear wells up in his eye. Instant regret.

BILLY

You're welcome.

Billy wipes his eyes clean.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAIR SALON - DUSK

Tara heads out for the day. A plastic bag in one hand and
purse in the other. She heads for her car parked in the
front lot.

INT. CATY'S CAR - DUSK

Caty watches Tara as she crawls in her car, pulls away and
out of the mini mall.

She follows behind, keeps a short distance between the cars.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEETAH'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

TWO HOT YOUNG GIRLS dressed like high class call girls await by the front double dars of the club. Some sort of BRIGHT ORANGE PAPER in both of their hands.

Tara approaches them, shakes their hands.

INT. CATY'S CAR - NIGHT

Caty watches them all converse by the doors.

EXT. CHEETAH'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

A stretch limo pulls around and stops by the front entrance. Tara escorts the young ladies to the limo as

THE DRIVER

Jumps out and opens the rear door for all three. They crawl in as The Driver shuts behind them.

INT. CATY'S CAR - NIGHT

Caty stares over the limo at something BRIGHT ORANGE against the front wall calender of the club's ticket window.

The limo slowly pulls out of the lot.

Caty cranks her engine, pulls the car around the front of the club and stops.

EXT. CHEETAH'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Caty jumps out, runs to the front ticket window and spots dozens of ORANGE FLYERS stuffed in a plastic holder with DANCERS WANTED: FULL TIME across the top.

CUT TO:

EXT. CUBAN DANCE CLUB AND RESTARAUNT - NIGHT

The stretch limo pulls around the front of a valet station. A YOUNG MAN opens the rear door as Tara and the TWO GIRLS tumble out.

INT. CATY'S CAR - NIGHT

Caty watches them all pour inside. After a few moments, Tara and the girls are seen through the front window entering the dining room.

Tony Angelo stands and greets them. His face still fairly busted up from Joe's beating.

CATY
What the hell, Tara.

Tara and the girls have a seat.

EXT. CUBAN DANCE CLUB AND RESTARAUNT - NIGHT

Later that evening, Tara steps outside for a smoke. She takes in a long, slow drag and exhales as if it's the first moment of joy she's had all day.

Caty's car pulls against the curb. She gets out, rests her hands on the roof and stares back at Tara.

TARA
Caty? What the hell are you doing here?

CATY
Get in.

Tara stares through the window at Tony and the girls laughing it up and having a real time.

CATY
Now.

CUT TO:

INT. CATY'S CAR - NIGHT

Tara, with her tail between her legs, sits next to Caty in silence. Total shame and embarassment.

TARA
Nine months ago I get pinched by this cop. Working undercover. The back rooms at Cheetah's. Surveilling girls who were dealing blow. Turning tricks.

CATY
Billy.

TARA
Kyle.

Caty sighs with disgust.

TARA
I try to deal him a couple grams, right? Get them all hot and bothered, ready to blow. Not thinking clearly.

CATY
What did he do?

TARA

He tells me he's got enough on me to put me away for six months. Or, I could play ball.

Tara tears up as memories come back to haunt her.

TARA

He introduces me to his partner. Tells me if I'm to work for him, I'm gonna get clean. So he gets me clean. Detox. Rehab. The whole nine yards. Tells me all this shit. Like I'm too good to be dancing on some pole for a bunch of low lives. Filling my head with all this crap. So I start believing it.

CATY

What's the short version, Tara?

TARA

Billy and Kyle put me to work. With about half a dozen other girls. At least that's how many there were at first.

CATY

Doing what exactly?

TARA

Don't look at me like that. It's not like that.

CATY

So you're not a whore. You're just a pimp.

TARA

He says he's putting me in charge of holding auditions. Putting flyers out at the club. Getting all the fresh young talent in.

CATY

But not to dance, right?

TARA

No.

Tara sighs, rubs her sore head.

TARA

Look. They're gonna be looking for me if I don't get back.

CATY

I don't give a shit.

CATY

What else?

TARA

What all do you wanna know?

CATY

All of it. Everything Billy and Kyle were into. And how deep was your involvement.

TARA

The operation was simple. I recruit the girls. I set up the meet.

CATY

With Angelo.

TARA

Right. Van Rader was in charge of the clientel. He had all these lists. Repeat offenders, busted for soliciting. Johns most likely to do regular business.

CATY

Sounds like real easy money, Tara.

Caty slaps a whole stack of unserved bench warrants on Tara's lap. She flips through them.

CATY

You wanna tell me about that?

TARA

It's called Buying Time. Cole's idea. Once a month, precinct nine serves bench warrants. On people who jumped bail or never showed at the preliminary. Billy sets it up so for the right price, they stay gone. From what I understand, Van Rader's old lady gets them set up in a safe house somewhere.

CATY

His wife. How's that?

TARA

I don't know. She's a renter. Flips houses or something. I don't know the details.

CATY

What else?

TARA

What do you mean, what else?
That's it. That's everything.

CATY

Everything but loan sharking.
Breaking bones and collecting for
Tony Angelo. And for beating the
competition almost to death.

TARA

Caty, I swear. I didn't know they
were gonna kill Joe.

CATY

That's why you called Billy. Isn't
it? So he'd have some leverage on
Joe if the shit hit the fan. You
were covering your ass.

TARA

Caty, please. I'm in too deep with
Cole. It's not as easy as just
getting out.

CATY

Yes. It is. And you will. You're
gonna testify against Billy. In
open court. In front of God and
everybody. And you're gonna make
this whole thing right.

Tara breaks down, full blown sobbing.

TARA

I never wanted this. You have to
believe me.

CATY

You still have a chance to do the
right thing here. I won't let them
hurt you.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A shower is heard running in the bathroom. The front door
creaks open and in walks Coree.

COREE

Cole! Rise and shine!

Coree removes her back pack, drops it to the floor and
shuffles her way to the couch.

On the table this time are TWO OPEN BRIEFCASES.

Now curious, Coree rushes over and takes a look.

Each of the cases filled with money. A hundred grand each from Walsh's two payments.

COREE
Holleeeeshhit.

Coree peaks over her shoulder to check for Billy. Presumably still in the shower.

She quietly shuts the case and makes for the door, stares behind her just in case.

BILLY (O.S.)
Coree. Is that you? Don't go anywhere yet.

Coree, as quietly as possible, closes the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - STREET - DAY

Coree drives like a bat out of hell as she zig zags through the slower traffic of a thin two lane avenue.

COREE
Come on!

She HONKS over and over. But traffic is stubbornly slow as both lanes block her from passing.

She finds an opening and guns it.

Approaches an already yellow light.

COREE
Shit!

The light TURNS RED but Coree stomps the gas and SPEEDS THROUGH.

BAM!

T boned on the driver's side as Coree's car spins out of control and finally to a stop.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Nina, looking very bored and as strung out as ever, leans her elbow on the table, face rested on her palm.

A BRIEFCASE slammed down in front of her. A pair of aged and hairy hands opens it to reveal a hundred grand.

Nina's eyes perk up.

The hands belong to Lt. Stenson.

LT. STENSON

A hundred smacks. In your girlfriend's car. We got security cam footage of her leaving Cole's apartment complex exactly four minutes earlier. So don't tell me she found it in the trash.

NINA

(smartass)
Maybe she did. Maybe she didn't.

LT. STENSON

That's real cute. You know, your boyfriend Cole's looking at murder. At least three counts that we know of. Not to mention racketeering. Running prostitutes. Aiding and abetting known felons. Those are just some of the lesser charges.

Nina isn't buying it.

NINA

You ain't got nothin on Billy.

LT. STENSON

Wrong. Your little girlfriend, Miss Wells, flipped this morning. Enough to put him away for life.

NINA

Tara wouldn't do that.

LT. STENSON

You just said you didn't know a Tara Wells. Gee. You're a dumb little whore, aren't you?

NINA

Okay, so you have her! So what do you need me for?

LT. STENSON

You're gonna tell me where he's holding up! And you're gonna do it while I still have a smile on my face! If you don't, I'll see to it you're tossing some bull dike's salad up at Rayford for the next fifteen to twenty years!

NINA

How the hell should I know?

Lt. Stenson slams his palms against the table as hard as he can scaring the outright hell out of Nina.

He drops a pen and notepad in front of her.

LT. STENSON

You're gonna start remembering real fast! Every crack house you ever sucked dick in! Every dope dealing scumbag's shithole you've ever turned tricks in! Names and addresses! Do it now!

NINA

Okay, okay! God! Just back off!

Nina stares up at him, hovering uncomfortably close, super intimidated.

Lt. Stenson grabs the pen and once again slaps it down in front of Nina.

LT. STENSON

Quit staring! Start writing!

Nina picks up the pen. Her hand now shaking uncontrollably.

CUT TO:

INT. CATY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie sits on the couch with his arms wrapped around Joey sound asleep in his lap.

Caty steps in, a bowl of popcorn in hand. She smiles.

Charlie quietly shuts off the television as Caty rests the popcorn on the table.

CATY

So much for the movie.

CHARLIE

I think this little guy's had enough excitement for one week.

CATY

You know Joey and his Dad used to fall asleep together watching TV all the time. Since he died, he hasn't slept anywhere but here.

CHARLIE

The last good memories of his Dad were here.

CATY

Thanks for staying.

CHARLIE

Are you kidding? After all you did for me. I don't know how I'm ever gonna repay you.

CATY

Be his Uncle. Be my brother. Just be here for us. And, in a couple weeks, maybe think about getting into a program.

Charlie looks away, ashamed. He slowly comes around and nods in agreement.

CHARLIE

If that's what you want.

CATY

No. It's gotta be what you want.

Caty grabs the popcorn, heads in the direction of the kitchen and stops when she spots a FAMILY PHOTO of her, Joe and little Joey when he was just a baby.

She cracks a proud smile.

LIVING ROOM

Caty comes back moments later and Charlie is sound asleep right along with Joey.

CATY

You know what I was thinking?

She realizes Charlie's eyes are slammed shut. A sly grin as she just stands and watches them sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. CATY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caty, now in jeans and a wind breaker, finishes tying her shoes on a chair. She stands, opens a dresser drawer and grabs a thirty eight revolver.

Opens the cylinder to check for shells. She shuts it, stares at herself in the mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUBLE DOWN BAR - NIGHT

Back to where it all started. Tony Angelo's two story bar and pool room. Caty, now with a hoodie over her head, stares up the fire escape leading to an open window.

The LIGHTS ON inside. Someone is home.

She sucks in a deep breath and continues.

FIRE ESCAPE

Caty pulls down the extended ladder, rusted out, older than hell and loud. She crawls up the ladder and onto the first level, then up the next set of steps.

As Caty reaches the top, she peers inside to find a full bar and a king sized bed with trashy unmade sheets.

The window cracked open a bit as to get some air.

Caty very quietly opens the remainder of the window and ducks in like a pro. One foot at a time.

BILLY (O.S.)

What took you so long?

Caty spins, facing Billy who is sitting in a chair and holding a gun on her.

BILLY

Wanna drop that piece?

Caty, still in the shadows. The loud THUD of something hitting the carpet below.

BILLY

I guess you forgot to mention this place to the cops. But then you'd have to explain how you knew that, wouldn't you?

CATY

You're a pig, you know that?

BILLY

Since Tony got busted, no one comes in or out of this room. Unless of course you use the service entrance. Then no one knows. Nobody sees me come or go. It's like I was never here. But you found me, didn't you? But you were always smart like that.

CATY

So what happens now? You gonna bore me to death, Billy?

Billy stares over at the bed.

BILLY

I suppose re living old times is out of the question.

CATY

You'll have to kill me first.

Billy laughs.

BILLY

Was it really that bad?

CATY

How does this one end, Billy?
Another chalk outline for your
portfolio.

BILLY

I know it's safer for you to label
me a murderer. Without looking at
the bigger picture. Joe had the
same problem. Always looking out
for himself. Even you said so
yourself.

CATY

Don't dare compare yourself to my
husband.

BILLY

He turned his back on his partners.
Cops don't do that, Caty. Was I
gonna let him take everything away
from me just so he could prove he
was the better man? No way. You
see, your husband wasn't always so
innocent either.

CATY

I don't wanna hear this.

BILLY

Of course you don't. But of course
you don't. You're not interested
in the truth. Just revenge.
You're no better than me, Caty.
You got blood on your hands. No
different. From me or Kyle. Or
Tara or Coree and all those girls
you thumb your nose at and love to
look down on.

Billy stands up, growing impatient with her.

Caty backs up a bit.

BILLY

Seriously, Caty. The irony is a
bit much don't you think?

CATY

If you're gonna kill me then do it
and get it over with.

Billy steps closer to Caty who is still hidden by shadows.

BILLY

Kill you? No. I'm merely
defending myself, Caty.
Remember?

Billy pulls the hammer back on his Glock. He steps forward a bit -- his foot stomping something solid on the carpet.

He looks down. It's CATY'S PHONE.

He looks back up and Caty has her THIRTY EIGHT aimed and ready to put him away.

POW!

The first bullet strikes Billy in the stomach as he tumbles back into his corner chair.

Caty hovers over him. Billy laughs.

BILLY

I guess I asked for that one.

Caty stares down at him with pity in her eyes.

BILLY

Point taken. You wanna call me an
ambulance?

Caty slowly shakes her head.

CATY

I don't think so. Phone's broken.

Billy squirms in ecrutiating pain. His breathing fast and sporadic as he squeezes both hands over his gut.

Caty just stares down at him, strangely silent. A slight smirk on her face. Vengeance delivered.

Billy stares up at her. A battle of wills. He simply laughs in her face as he slowly bleeds out.

CATY

You had enough?

The pain is too much for Billy as he eventually loses his phony bravado and succumbs.

BILLY

Do it.

Caty aims at his chest and fires the remaining FIVE SHOTS as Billy keels over like a limp mannequin.

BLOOD drips from every hole on Billy's corpse and then from his open mouth.

Caty lowers her gun, stares down at her handy work with an ice cold menace.

She backs up a bit and stares down at the king sized bed behind her. Angelo's bed. A sort of reflection on the events that led her to this moment.

FADE OUT.

THE END

