

No Such Thing As Heroes  
by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. HARLEM 24 HOUR LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Nobody in sight. Silence.

A sign reads HARLEM 24 HOUR LAUNDROMAT over a large window.

Footsteps.

KNOX (30) comes into view, handsome, but tired eyes and messy hair as if he just got out of bed.

He holds a cell phone to his ear as he approaches the laundromat.

KNOX

Long walks on the beach? That really in my profile? It had to be a joke...I guess I'm not too good at expressing sarcasm in writing.

INT. HARLEM 24 HOUR LAUNDROMAT

Empty. Everything still.

A ceiling light flickers. A crooked ceiling fan pit-pats rhythmically.

Faint sounds of washing machines.

KNOX

Let's see, I'm about six feet, a buck seventy, athletic build...

He walks past a series of empty dryers until he reaches one with clothes in it.

Knox opens the dryer, empties the clothes into a cart.

KNOX

Didn't you see my photo in the ad?

A sock drops to the ground. He bends down to pick it up.

A puddle of soapy water expands and wets the sock.

KNOX

Damn it. No, not you, I'm at the laundromat, I dropped a sock on the ground.

His eyes follow the stream of soapy water to an overflowing washing machine.

He looks around but sees nobody.

KNOX

What do I do? For a living?

He grabs the sock from the ground, takes a step back to avoid the puddle.

Splash. He steps in a puddle of blood expanding from the other direction.

He looks down at his foot, blood spatter on his pants. He jumps.

KNOX

Whoa!

Knox dips his blood covered shoe into the soapy puddle.

KNOX

Can I call you back?

He hangs up the phone. His eyes follow the stream of blood to a trash bin.

On the floor behind the trash bin, a still leg from knee to foot, sticks out.

Knox approaches.

Bloody hand prints on the floor and wall. He eventually stands above a mutilated, still body.

KNOX

Oh my God.

A bathroom door behind him opens slowly and quietly.

PERCIVAL, in his thirties, pale skin and piercing eyes, emerges from the bathroom, covered in blood.

A bloody axe hangs from his grip.

Knox looks around again, nobody in sight.

KNOX

Is anybody here?

Heavy breaths behind him.

He whips around.

They stare at each other, tense silence.

Knox glances down at the axe.

KNOX

Hey.

Percival charges at him.

Knox whips around and makes a dash for it.

EXT. HARLEM 24 HOUR LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

He crashes through the door and dashes across the street.

KNOX'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Knox gets across and high-steps up his porch, fumbles with his keys.

He glances back to see Percival at the bottom step!

Knox gets the door open.

INT. KNOX'S APARTMENT BUILDING, FIRST FLOOR

A long, narrow hallway. Quiet until...

Knox bolts inside and quickly shuts the door.

Percival rips his axe through the door's window and shatters it.

Knox hurries through the hallway and passes a series of apartments en route to the stairway.

Percival quickly gets inside and stays close behind.

Knox gets to the stairway and bolts up the stairs.

SECOND FLOOR

Knox gets to his apartment, gets the key in and quickly opens the door.

He gets inside, slams the door just as Percival gets to the top of the stairs.

Percival immediately raises his axe and hacks away at Knox's door. The loud pounding echoes throughout the building.

Heavy GRUNTS as he continues to hack away.

He eventually rips a big jagged hole into the door.

The door to the next apartment opens slightly and the NEIGHBOR peeks her head out.

NEIGHBOR  
What the fuck is--

Percival darts her a piercing stare.

She stares back with wide eyes, glances at the axe and lets out a horrific SCREAM!

He swings the axe at her door and takes the doorknob off just as she slams it shut.

MOANS from Knox's apartment grab his attention. He turns back to Knox's door, peers through the hole.

THROUGH THE HOLE

He sees BENNY CHANCE (61), white hair and wrinkly face, duck taped to a chair and gagged.

Benny, with a look of horror, struggles in his chair and MUFFLES something desperately.

He finally spits the rag out of his mouth as beads of sweat drip down his face. He hyperventilates and struggles to speak.

BENNY  
(weak voice)  
My heart...I need my pills...

KNOX (O.S.)  
Hey, dickhead...

Percival looks slightly to the right and stares down the barrel of a 40 caliber pistol.

BLAM! Blood splatters on the walls and floor as Percival, sans the top of his skull, tumbles down the stairs.

## KNOX'S APARTMENT

A small studio apartment, Knox peers through the hole for a few moments, then turns to Benny.

KNOX

Benny?

He sticks the gun into his waist and approaches.

Benny sits still, a frozen look on his face with his eyes open.

Knox stares down at him with sudden worry.

KNOX

Benny?!

He waves his hands in front of Benny's eyes. No response.

Knox presses his fingers to Benny's neck, checks his pulse.

KNOX

Shit...

Knox quickly pulls out his cell phone, dials a number and puts it to his ear.

KNOX

(urgent)

Hey, Charlie, it's me. We have a problem.

## EXT. HARLEM 24 HOUR LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Chaos.

A crowd of SPECTATORS surround the block as blue and red lights illuminate the night sky.

EMTS and POLICE flood the area. Caution tape blocks off laundromat.

Knox exits the laundromat, ducks under the yellow tape with a pile of laundry in his arms.

## INT. KNOX'S APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A few EMTS haul a filled body bag down the stairs as a CLEAN UP CREW mops the floors.

SECOND FLOOR

The NEIGHBOR stands in her doorway and talks to OFFICERS.

KNOX'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Knox folds laundry on his kitchen counter as DETECTIVE STOUT (late 30s) stone-faced with a Southern accent, sits at the kitchen table.

Stout holds Knox's gun permit into the light and reads it. He curls his bottom lip, nods and sets it down onto the table next to Knox's gun.

STOUT

I must say, Mister Knox, you handled yourself fairly well. Most people would've just ducked for cover and waited from someone to save 'em.

KNOX

I just did what anyone else would've done.

STOUT

You'd be surprised how many folks clam up, can't even operate their fire arm come a situation that calls for one.

Knox holds a bloody sock from his fingertips in the air and makes a sour face.

He goes to the

LIVING ROOM

and opens the closet.

Cluttered with jackets and other junk, Benny Chance's foot sticks out from the pile.

KNOX

So, does anyone know why this maniac was going around killing innocent people?

Knox glances at Stout cautiously then throws a rag over the foot.

STOUT

He had an argument with his mother.

He throws the bloody sock into a hamper.

KNOX

That was his mother in the  
laundromat?

He shuts the closet, walks back into the

KITCHEN

STOUT

No.

KNOX

So who was it?

Stout shrugs his shoulders, sips coffee from a paper to-go  
cup.

KNOX

Then why?

STOUT

It ain't a matter 'a why. Hardly  
ever a good reason to kill  
somebody.

(beat)

I guess he had an argument with his  
mother, had an axe handy and took  
his frustration out on anybody who  
caught his eye.

Knox shakes his head, goes back to the counter and resumes  
folding.

KNOX

Where do these people come from?

Stout watches Knox fold laundry and thinks.

STOUT

What do you do, Mister Knox?

Knox stops folding, a suspicious look on his face.

KNOX

What do you mean?

STOUT

For work.

He thinks about it.

KNOX

I'm between jobs right now.

He resumes folding.

STOUT

Where'd you learn to handle a fire  
arm?

KNOX

I learned while serving my country.

Stout nods, impressed.

STOUT

Marines?

KNOX

That's right.

STOUT

You ever kill anybody?

Knox hesitates to respond.

STOUT (CONT'D)

You just seem awfully calm after,  
you know...killin' some guy.

The two share a glance, Stout with his eyebrows raised.

INT. SUBWAY, MOVING - LATER

Knox boards a near empty subway car and looks around.

He spots CHARLIE (50s), chubby and balding, sitting in an  
empty row of seats.

Charlie reads a book as Knox approaches him. He sits down  
next to him.

Charlie continues to read, no acknowledgment.

KNOX

Whatcha reading?

CHARLIE

A book.

Knox nods as Charlie keeps his eyes glued to the page.

KNOX

What's it about?

Charlie sets the book on his lap.

CHARLIE

It's about this idiot who was supposed to meet somebody on the train, but showed up three hours late.

KNOX

Doesn't sound like a good read.

CHARLIE

Where the fuck were you? I've been doin' figure eights around Manhattan all night.

KNOX

I got held up, I'm sorry.

Charlie stares at him.

CHARLIE

So, you gonna tell me what happened?

KNOX

Benny's dead.

Charlie holds a prolonged stare in disbelief.

CHARLIE

I hope you're talkin' about an old high school buddy.

KNOX

Why wasn't I told he had a heart problem?

CHARLIE

Heart problem?

KNOX

He had a fucking heart attack!

Charlie holds a befuddled expression.

CHARLIE

You were supposed to hold him for one fuckin' night! No one told ya to torture the guy!

KNOX

I treated him like a house guest...considering.

CHARLIE

So he just keeled over for no reason?

KNOX

Not exactly.

CHARLIE

Did you try to resuscitate him?

KNOX

I couldn't, there were cops all over the place--

CHARLIE

Cops!?

Charlie takes a few deep breaths.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Christ, you're gonna give ME a fuckin' heart attack!

He takes a few more deep breaths and calms down.

CHARLIE

Why were there cops?

INT. KNOX'S APARTMENT - LATER

Charlie looks at the hole in the door, then at Knox.

KNOX

You believe me now?

MOMENTS LATER

The two stand in front of the open closet and stare at Benny's corpse.

CHARLIE

It's bad luck to die with your eyes open.

KNOX

What else bad can happen to him?

CHARLIE

Not for him, for you.

KNOX

I didn't kill him.

CHARLIE

Why didn't you meet me right away?

KNOX

I had to talk to cops and then there were the news reporters--

CHARLIE

News reporters?

KNOX

They were crowded in front of my apartment building, what am I supposed to do?

CHARLIE

Benny Chance's corpse is rotting in your closet and you're doing interviews with news reporters?

Silence as the two stare at each other.

Charlie shakes his head, frustrated, and throws his hands up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Well, we can forget about the ransom.

(beat)

Benny Junior agreed to cooperate with us, Knox! Only if his father was returned unharmed. What happens if he goes to the cops?

KNOX

Technically, he wasn't harmed--

CHARLIE

Technically, shut the fuck up!

KNOX  
(whispers)  
Everyone in the building can hear  
you.

CHARLIE  
I don't give a fuck!

Charlie clutches his chest, grimaces and breathes heavily.

KNOX  
Charlie, you all right?

Sweat pours down Charlie's face. He drops to one knee.

CHARLIE  
(weak voice)  
My chest...

MOMENTS LATER

O.S., an AMBULANCE SIREN wails...

EXT. KNOX'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

An ambulance sits parked in front of the building as EMTs  
haul Charlie into the back.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Charlie, sad look on his face, lies in a hospital bed as Knox  
stands at his bedside.

CHARLIE  
What are the odds?

KNOX  
I feel terrible.

CHARLIE  
They say I need a coronary  
angioplasty.

KNOX  
Christ.

CHARLIE  
I can't eat any fried foods.

KNOX  
Your favorite.

Charlie wipes a tear from his eye and sniffles.

CHARLIE  
Fuckin' sucks.

Knox shakes his head regretfully, clears his throat and hesitates to speak.

KNOX  
I don't mean to ruin the moment,  
but I need to get that body outta  
my apartment before it stinks up  
the whole building.

CHARLIE  
Mister Devereaux's sending the  
clean-up crew.

KNOX  
The twins?

CHARLIE  
They'll pick you up in front of the  
hospital.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Knox waits in front of the hospital.

A BLACK VAN pulls up to the curb. Knox hops into the back.

INT. BLACK VAN

Knox straps his belt on.

ROB and BOB (both 40), identical twins, each with similar outfits and gelled hair, glance back at Knox.

Knox nods at each of them.

KNOX  
Rob. Bob.

Rob, in the driver's seat shows Knox a tattoo on his forearm that reads ROB.

ROB  
I'm Rob, he's Bob.

Bob shows a similar tattoo on his forearm, but it reads BOB.  
Knox thinks for a moment.

KNOX  
So...your parents named you both  
Robert?

They don't respond.

EXT. KNOX'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER - NIGHT

Rob and Bob toss a large bag that holds Benny's corpse into the back of the van as Knox watches.

Rob slams the door shut.

ROB  
We got it from here.

KNOX  
What are you gonna do with him?

BOB  
Don't worry about it.

Knox nods approvingly.

ROB  
Mister Devereaux wants to see you  
tomorrow morning, 10 o'clock, his  
office.

KNOX  
Ten o'clock? It's almost five.

ROB  
Take a power nap. Just don't be  
late.

The twins hop into the car and drive away.

INT. KNOX'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM

Knox lies sound asleep in bed.

Loud DRILLING alarms him. He sits up in bed confused.

He gets out of bed, goes into the

LIVING ROOM

He sees a few HANDYMEN and the super, MCCOY (elderly), blue collar type with glasses, replacing the door.

The loud drilling ensues.

Knox, half awake, goes to the door.

KNOX

Hey, McCoy, what are you guys doing?

MCCOY

Replacing your door.

KNOX

What time is it?

McCoy looks at his watch.

MCCOY

Quarter to ten.

KNOX

Damn it...

Knox snaps his fingers in realization.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah, about the rent...

MCCOY

No, no, no, don't worry about that. Whenever you have it ready.

Knox raises his eyebrow.

KNOX

Really?

MCCOY

If it weren't for you, that crazy guy would've killed everybody in the building. You're a hero.

KNOX

I don't...

He looks at McCoy and stops.

KNOX (CONT'D)  
Just trying to be a good neighbor.

McCoy smiles.

EXT. DEVEREAUX HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Knox stares up at the tall office building as he approaches the front doors.

A DOORMAN opens the door for him.

INT. DEVEREAUX HEADQUARTERS, LOBBY

Knox gets to the reception desk, the uniformed RECEPTIONIST behind it.

KNOX  
I'm here to see Mister Devereaux.

RECEPTIONIST  
Do you have an appointment?

KNOX  
Yes.

RECEPTIONIST  
Your name?

KNOX  
Frank Knox.

RECEPTIONIST  
One moment.

She picks up the phone and dials an extension.

RECEPTIONIST  
Hello, Mister Devereaux? Frank Knox  
is here to see you.

MISTER DEVEREAUX'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

An expensive looking office with a large executive desk, and a great view of the city from the window.

MISTER DEVEREAUX (53), distinguished and clean cut in an expensive looking suit and tie, sits behind the desk.

His intimidating presence makes Knox, sitting across from him, nervous.

Mister Devereaux slams the newspaper on the desk, Knox's face on the front page.

KNOX

What was I supposed to do? It was self defense, the guy had an axe!

DEVEREAUX

I dunno, but if it were me, I certainly wouldn't be posing for pictures.

Knox sits with his head down.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

But that's not why you're here, is it? You see, Knox, we're in a bit of a pickle because of your blunder last night.

KNOX

He had a heart attack.

DEVEREAUX

Under your supervision.

Knox sighs, slumps his shoulders.

DEVEREAUX

Overall, I've been pretty fair, don't you think?

Knox nods reluctantly.

DEVEREAUX

You told me you could handle these types of jobs, Knox.

KNOX

It won't happen again.

DEVEREAUX

Damn right it won't.

(beat)

I'm out a hundred grand because of this. There's no way his son is going to cover his debt, not now. He might even do something as stupid as get the law involved.

KNOX

What do you want me to do?

DEVEREAUX

You're going to have to kill him.

Knox sighs and shakes his head.

KNOX

Don't you have people for that?

DEVEREAUX

Yeah, but I'd have to pay them.  
You, on the other hand, owe me. And  
not just one, you owe me about a  
hundred thousand dollars worth.

Knox stares at Mister Devereaux in disbelief.

KNOX

With all due respect, this really  
wasn't my fault.

DEVEREAUX

With all due respect, Mister Knox,  
you work under me, which means it's  
my way or the cemetery.

Knox doesn't respond.

DEVEREAUX

You are a valuable asset to our  
company...as a finisher. And I'd  
hate to see you go. So, to work off  
the money, you'll resume your  
previous duties...as a finisher.

KNOX

I'm retired.

DEVEREAUX

Well, now you're unretired.

KNOX

I can't afford to work for free.

DEVEREAUX

You're not.

KNOX

I pay child support, I have rent,  
car payments--

DEVEREAUX

You're the one who chose to take a pay cut, so don't blame me for falling behind.

KNOX

This is borderline unfair, if you don't mind me saying so.

DEVEREAUX

I do mind.

(beat)

Most people in your position, I'd have them killed by now. But, overall, you've been a good employee, and I'm going out on a limb here and offering you a chance to expunge last night's debacle from your record.

Knox thinks hard, obviously upset.

DEVEREAUX

What's it gonna be?

EXT. TALL OFFICE BUILDING - LATER - DAY

Knox exits the building, clearly upset.

He checks his cell phone to see THREE MISSED CALLS.

KNOX

Shit.

He quickly dials and puts his ear to the phone.

KNOX

Hello, Carol? It's me, I'm sorry, I'm running late--

CAROL (V.O.)

It's no trouble, Frank, just get here when you can--

KNOX

(defensive)

I said I was sorry, okay?

Knox wrinkles his brow in confusion.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Wait, what did you just say?

CAROL (V.O.)  
We heard about last night on the news, just checking to see if you're okay.

KNOX  
(baffled)  
I'm...I'm fine.

CAROL (V.O.)  
Matthew was worried.

KNOX  
He knows?

CAROL (V.O.)  
It was all over the news, Frank.

Knox scratches his head, confused look on his face.

KNOX  
So you're not mad that I'm late?

CAROL (V.O.)  
Just get here when you can.

KNOX  
Okay...see you soon.

Knox hangs up, remains bewildered.

EXT. CAROL'S HOME - DAY

A pleasant looking two-story home in a suburban neighborhood, white picket fence and freshly mowed lawn.

Knox rings the doorbell.

CAROL (35), Knox's ex-wife, more cute than pretty, opens the door, greets Knox with a warm smile.

CAROL  
You're here.

She embraces him with a hug. He holds a surprised expression, pats her on the back.

She holds him by the shoulders and looks him over.

CAROL  
You look alright, no cuts or bruises.

Knox looks at her with a confused expression.

KNOX  
Yeah...I'm fine. Can I come in?

INT. CAROL'S HOME

A nice looking home, well put together, obviously a woman's touch.

Knox looks around.

KNOX  
Well, this is the first time I've seen the place since...

He and Carol share a nostalgic look.

KNOX (CONT'D)  
I like what you've done with it.

CAROL  
Thank you.

DAN, Carol's fiance, a middle-aged average Joe, slightly balding, enters the room.

An awkward look as he sees Knox.

DAN  
Oh, hello Frank.

KNOX  
Dan.

Dan stares at him with wide eyes, perhaps intimidated.

DAN  
Um...how are you?

KNOX  
Good.

Dan nods agreeably.

DAN  
Can I, uh, take your jacket?

KNOX  
I don't have one.

DAN  
Can I get you a cup of coffee?

Carol shakes her head.

CAROL  
(impatient)  
He's fine, Dan.

Dan continues to stare at Knox.

DAN  
Okay. I'll just go to the other  
room now. Good to see you, Frank.

Dan leaves the room.

Knox stares at Carol.

CAROL  
What?

KNOX  
Nothing. So...when's the wedding?

CAROL  
What's that supposed to mean?

KNOX  
What, I was just asking.

CAROL  
Your tone was condescending.

KNOX  
It's just funny to me, that's all.  
You ending up with a guy like that.

CAROL  
You mean a guy with a job...a real  
job?

They stare at each other.

MATTHEW (10), Knox's son, a spitting image of his father,  
runs into the room with a big smile.

MATTHEW  
Dad!

He hugs Knox's leg. Knox crouches down and picks him up.

KNOX

Jesus Christ, you're getting huge!  
You old enough to drive yet?

Matthew squeezes him as Knox holds him in the air.

MATTHEW

We saw you on TV!

KNOX

Yeah?

MATTHEW

They say you're a hero!

Knox glances at Carol, forces a smile.

KNOX

Oh, I don't know--

MATTHEW

I can't wait till school tomorrow,  
I'm gonna tell everybody!

Knox holds a guilty expression.

EXT. BENNY JR.'S HOME - NIGHT

A suburban house with a driveway leading up to the garage, a big yard and a front porch with a bench swing.

A few KIDS ride by on their bicycles.

BENNY JR. (30), clean cut with wide eyes and a baby face, steps out of the house and digs into his mailbox.

He flips through mail as he walks to his car in the driveway.

One of the envelopes reads BENNY CHANCE JR.

Benny opens the driver's side door and gets in.

INT. BENNY JR.'S CAR

He shuts the door behind him and continues to read through mail.

He does a double take as he sees something in his rear view mirror.

He adjusts the mirror to get a better view.

Knox sits in the backseat dressed in all black, mask and gloves.

He stares at Benny through the mirror as he holds a pistol with a silencer attached on his lap.

A tense silence.

BENNY JR.  
You one of Devereaux's?

Knox doesn't respond.

BENNY JR.  
Where's my father?

No response.

Benny takes a few breathes, obviously stressed.

BENNY JR.  
Can I ask you a question?

No response.

BENNY JR.  
How do you sleep at night?

Knox grips his pistol and leans forward, hesitates to speak.

KNOX  
I don't.

He aims the pistol at the back of Benny's head.

INT. POPEYE'S CHICKEN

A dining room full of customers with a long line at the counter.

Charlie and Knox sit across from each other at a booth.

Knox stares at Charlie in disgust as he watches him stuff his face with greasy fried chicken.

CHARLIE  
So it's taken care of?

KNOX  
Yeah.

Charlie wipes his mouth with a napkin, flashes Knox a cynical look.

KNOX

What?

CHARLIE

Ya sure ya crossed your Ts and dotted your Is?

KNOX

Why?

CHARLIE

Just makin' sure there wasn't no rust.

KNOX

It's taken care of. He's in a better place.

Charlie nods, dips under the table and grabs something.

He sets a folder on the table and slides it across to Knox.

KNOX

What's this?

CHARLIE

A job.

KNOX

Another one?

Charlie nods, "Yes".

Knox stares at the folder in doubt.

KNOX

What if I choose not to do it?

Charlie darts him a cold stare.

CHARLIE

You're already knee deep in Devereaux's shit as it is.

They stare at each other.

CHARLIE

We all like you, Knox, but you know Devereaux. Remember your buddy McClung?

(MORE)

CHARLIE (cont'd)

(beat)

Don't be stupid.

Knox nods, opens up the folder and peeks inside to see a surveillance photo of a slick dresser with a pointed goatee.

CHARLIE

Now, I know I'm not supposed to fill you in on the why's and what's, but be careful with this one...bring your A-game.

KNOX

Why?

CHARLIE

He used to be one of us...one of you before he started enjoyin' his job too much. The guy's looney tunes.

Knox closes the folder as Charlie continues to stuff his face.

Knox stares at him in disgust.

KNOX

No fried foods, huh?

CHARLIE

Been eatin' this shit my whole life and it got me this far.

Grease drips off his chin.

INT. KNOX'S APARTMENT

Knox paces back and forth with his phone to his ear as the television blares in the background.

KNOX

Yes, I'd like to book a one way ticket to Hawaii.

He glances down at the folder at the edge of his coffee table.

KNOX

That's right, one way.

He plugs one finger into his other ear.

KNOX  
What's that?

ON THE TELEVISION

Benny Chance Jr.'s photo pops up on the screen as a NEWS REPORTER speaks.

NEWS REPORTER  
Benjamin Chance, a successful defense attorney and father of two, was reported missing by his wife last night when he didn't come home from work. According to investigators, there is suspicion of foul play. It was discovered that 100,000 dollars in cash was taken out of his Swiss bank account. And new developments have surfaced...

Knox stares at the television with his mouth open.

KNOX  
I'm gonna have to call you back.

He sits down on his couch, his eyes glued to the television.

ON THE TELEVISION

A photo of Benny Chance Sr. shows up on screen.

NEWS REPORTER  
This morning a group of hunters in West Chester County discovered the body of Benjamin Chance Sr. The body was found buried along Sprout Brook Road in Putnam Valley. It is not yet determined whether or not the two incidents are linked. Results from the autopsy will surface some time next week...

KNOX  
You gotta be kidding me.

Knox takes his rear away from the couch and pulls a large envelope out from under the cushion.

He sits back down and opens the envelope over the coffee table.

A few wads of 100 dollar bills pour out.

EXT. DEVEREAUX HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A typical day in New York, hustle and bustle along the sidewalks in front.

I/E. KNOX'S CAR

Knox sits in his car across the street and looks up at the building.

He lets a cigarette hang from his mouth and lights the wrong end of it.

He tries to take a puff, but realizes he lit the wrong end.

KNOX

Shit!

He rolls down his window and tosses the cigarette out, rolls the window up.

He watches a fancy car pull up to the front of the building.

Mister Devereaux steps out of the car, speaks to someone inside it, then walks towards the entrance of the building.

INT. MISTER DEVEREAUX'S OFFICE

Charlie sits across from Devereaux at his desk.

DEVEREAUX

It's all over the God damn news,  
Charlie!

CHARLIE

Well, what'd you want Knox to do,  
kill the guy's family? I mean,  
didn't you expect someone to report  
the guy missing? He ain't some bum  
on the street nobody cares about,  
he's got a family.

DEVEREAUX

That's not what I'm angry about,  
Charlie. I'm angry right now  
because those fucking moron twins  
who specialize in body disposal  
couldn't do their fucking job  
properly! It took three days for  
the body to get found! Three!

Silence.

Devereaux takes a deep breath.

DEVEREAUX

Not to mention that there's a  
hundred grand of my money just  
floating around right now.

CHARLIE

What do you wanna do?

DEVEREAUX

Send the twins to find my money.  
After they bring it to me, I want  
them dead.

Charlie wipes sweat from his head.

CHARLIE

Christ, this a tad over the top,  
don't you think? I mean, what's a  
hundred grand to you?

Devereaux darts Charlie a cold stare.

DEVEREAUX

It's mine, that's what it is to me.

They share a brief, intense silence.

Devereaux takes a deep breath, calms himself.

DEVEREAUX

I need to cool off for a little  
bit. If anyone needs me, I'll be at  
The Fox.

I/E. KNOX'S CAR - NIGHT

Knox drives over the George Washington Bridge.

The bright lights from the tall skyscrapers across the way  
shimmer off the water beneath.

LATER - NIGHT

Knox gets onto a highway ramp, signs directed to NEW JERSEY.

LATER - DAY

The sun rises as Knox drives through wilderness, rolling hills and mountains around, woods at both sides of the highway.

Signs ahead indicate Pennsylvania.

EXT. MIKE MCCLUNG'S CABIN - DAY

Rain pours down heavily.

A heavily wooded area, Knox pulls up to a rustic looking cabin along the Delaware River.

INT. KNOX'S CAR

Knox parks in a gravel driveway, right next to an old station wagon.

He sits for a moment and stares at the cabin.

EXT. MIKE MCLUNG'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Knox knocks on the front door.

No answer.

He knocks again.

Still no answer.

Knox peers through one of the windows and sees a television on.

He walks to the

BACK OF THE CABIN

He stands at the top of a hill and looks down at the river.

He sees a MAN sitting in a beach chair down at the dock with a fishing pole mounted to the edge of the dock.

Knox walks down a cobblestone path.

DOCK

Knox carefully approaches the man at the dock until he can get a better look at his face.

The man is MIKE MCCLUNG (61), graying hair with heavy stubble and a distinguishable scar under his right eye.

With a cap tilted over his eyes, he snores loudly with his eyes shut as rain pours down on him.

The mounted fishing pole bends slightly.

Knox stares at McClung as he sleeps, glances at the pole.

KNOX

Mike?

The fishing pole jerks hard and bends more and more.

KNOX

Mike.

He continues to snore.

KNOX

McClung!

He jumps in his seat.

MCCLUNG

Huh, what?!

KNOX

You got a bite.

McClung stares at Knox for a while before he realizes who it is. He glances at the pole, dismisses it by waving his hand at it and leans back in his seat.

He grabs a near empty bottle of Jack and downs the rest of it, his eyes half open.

KNOX

What are you doing out in the rain  
like this?

He looks up at Knox, scans the area, then back at Knox.

MCCLUNG

What's it look like, I'm fishing.

The two stare at each other.

Knox grins and shakes his head.

KNOX  
It's been a while.

MCCLUNG  
Yup.

KNOX  
You look very...woodsy.

MCCLUNG  
Gee, thanks.

Knox shrugs.

McClung stares at Knox.

MCCLUNG  
Well...you just gonna stand there  
or are you gonna help me up?

INT. MIKE MCCLUNG'S CABIN, KITCHEN

The place is a mess with empty bottles and cans crowding the counter, a sink full of dishes.

McClung fixes two cups of coffee and sits down across from Knox at the table.

MCCLUNG  
Linda passed a few months ago.

KNOX  
Sorry to hear that.

McClung shrugs.

MCCLUNG  
She's been fighting it for years.  
Least now she don't gotta suffer.

KNOX  
So, what have you been up to?

McClung shrugs his shoulders.

MCCLUNG  
Drinking a lot.

KNOX  
Glad to see you're enjoying your  
retirement.

MCCLUNG  
(ironically)  
Ha.  
(beat)  
What about you? You still working  
for what's his face?

Knox hesitates.

KNOX  
Sort of.

MCCLUNG  
He still think I'm dead?

Knox nods, "Yes".

Brief silence.

MCCLUNG  
What are you doing here, Knox?  
Can't be to kill me, can it?

Knox shakes his head, "No".

KNOX  
I can't.

MCCLUNG  
I know you can't, I'd a been dead  
by now.

KNOX  
No, I mean I can't anymore, with  
anybody.

Brief silence.

MCCLUNG  
I owe you. For letting me be with  
my wife until the end. I appreciate  
it.

KNOX  
I've always looked up to you, Mike.

They stare at each other.

MCCLUNG

Is that why you're here? Because I  
owe you?

Knox hesitates, stares at McClung, then sets a folder on the  
table and slides across to him.

McClung looks down at the folder and grins ironically.

MCCLUNG

This a joke?

KNOX

I can't do it anymore. But I'm a  
dead man if I don't.

McClung opens the folder and looks over the information.

MCCLUNG

(reading)

Angel Lacy.

McClung shuts the folder.

MCCLUNG

Knox...if there's anything else I  
can do, but not this.

KNOX

C'mon, Mike, you taught me  
everything there is to know--

MCCLUNG

And look what it lead to...I had a  
bounty on my head and my best  
friend was sent to do it.

KNOX

There's a hundred grand in it.

McClung shakes his head, an ironic grin on his face.

MCCLUNG

I ever tell you about my great,  
great, great, great uncle?

Knox shakes his head, "No".

MCCLUNG

He was a duelist. You know, when  
you stand back to back with an  
opponent, take ten paces, turn  
around and shoot?

(MORE)

MCCLUNG (cont'd)

Back in the 1800s, they used to do it to settle disputes. The winner was believed to be chosen by God as the one who was in the right. The winner was the one who wasn't killed. My great uncle, Alexander McClung, was never defeated in a duel. But that's not what he was known for. He was remembered as a tortured soul who went crazy and thought the ghosts of his victims were haunting him. He turned the pistol on himself before he even turned forty.

The two share a silence.

MCCLUNG

You, me and everyone we know, Knox...we're all monsters. There's no difference between us or some psycho killer...not to the one's getting killed. This whole business of killing...I got enough ghosts.

They stare at each other, Knox with some degree of understanding.

KNOX

Can I ask you something?

MCCLUNG

What?

KNOX

Why'd Devereaux send me to kill you?

McClung thinks about it.

MCCLUNG

It's in the past.

EXT. BENNY JUNIOR'S HOME - NIGHT

A black van parks at the street side curb.

The twins Rob and Bob step out and approach the house.

They stand on the front porch and peer into the window.

Inside, Benny Junior's attractive wife MINDY sits on the couch with their TWO SONS on the couch.

The twins glance at each other and nod.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A line of KIDS stand crowded around an ice cream truck as nursery rhyme music plays loudly.

Knox stands at the truck and places an order. He hands the ICE CREAM MAN a few bucks.

KNOX  
Two chocolate cones please?

He hands Knox two cones.

Knox hands one to his son, Matthew as they go for a walk.

They both lick away at their cones.

MATTHEW  
All my friends at school are  
jealous.

KNOX  
Why?

MATTHEW  
Because you can beat all their dads  
up.

Knox chuckles and shakes his head.

KNOX  
That's not true.

MATTHEW  
Yes it is!

Knox stops walking. Matthew keeps walking but stops and walks back to his father.

MATTHEW  
What?

KNOX  
I don't want you to ever get a gun,  
you hear me? Don't even hold one.

MATTHEW  
Cops carry guns.

Knox rolls his eyes.

KNOX

Okay, unless you become a cop,  
don't ever hold a gun.

They continue walking until they reach Knox's car.

MATTHEW

You have one and everyone says  
you're a hero.

Knox opens the passenger's side door for Matthew and stares  
at him.

MATTHEW

Right?

KNOX

Do me a favor, Matthew...don't ever  
be like me.

MATTHEW

Why?

KNOX

I'm not a hero like everyone says,  
okay?

MATTHEW

Why do you say that?

Knox thinks about it.

KNOX

Because I don't feel like one.

Matthew gets in the car.

Knox walks around to the driver's side and gets in.

INT. MIKE MCCLUNG'S CABIN

McClung sit on his couch and watches television.

He glances at the folder on his coffee table, but quickly  
turns his eyes back to the television.

He can't keep his eyes off the folder.

He finally cracks and opens it up. He stares at the  
surveillance photo of ANGEL LACY.

EXT. KICKER'S PUB, FRONT LOT - NIGHT

A rustic looking watering hole in a remote area.

The exterior clashes with the bright neon Kicker's Pub sign.

Three cars sit in the nearly desolate, gravel parking lot, woods and shrubs all around.

INT. KICKER'S PUB

A dingy red neck bar, country music plays loudly from the Jukebox.

ANGEL, in his thirties, narrow eyes, pointed goatee and a slick dresser, stands out like a sore thumb as he sits alone at the bar.

A few REGULARS shoot pool nearby.

An attractive woman in a sexy outfit named BRIDGET approaches the bar and waves for the bartender, a middle-aged red neck named JIM.

BRIDGET

Jim?

JIM

What can I do you for?

BRIDGET

Three Buds.

JIM

Comin' right up, sugar...

Jim disappears further down the bar.

Angel ogles Bridget as he sips his beer, makes it obvious.

Bridget glances at him, forces a grin as she waits for her beers.

ANGEL

You're a very pretty girl.

BRIDGET

Thank you.

Awkward silence as he continues to stare. She glances at him uncomfortably a few times.

ANGEL

Pardon me for being too forward,  
maybe it's the pilsner talking, but  
I'd really like to take you home  
and fuck you in a wheel barrow  
position.

BRIDGET

Excuse me?

ANGEL

It's when I stand up and hold you  
like a wheel barrow by your legs  
and I pull you up and fuck you.  
(grins)  
You won't find that one in the Kama  
Sutra.

Bridget, disgusted, approaches him and goes to slap him.

He catches her by the wrist and pulls her in close.

ANGEL

Now how did you know I was into  
that sorta thing?

They share a prolonged stare.

Angel finally lets her wrist go. She storms off.

He goes back to his beer.

ANGEL

Hey, Jim, is this hillbilly shit  
the only music you got on the  
Jukebox?

Jim sets three beers on the bar.

JIM

Sorry, buddy, what you hear is what  
you get.

Angel shrugs as he takes a sip from his mug.

IKE, a hulk of a man, somewhere in his thirties, approaches  
Angel at the bar as Bridget trails behind him.

He stares down at Angel with an angry look, his sleeves  
rolled up.

Angel just sips his beer.

IKE  
Excuse me, sir?

Angel glances up at him, goes back to his beer.

ANGEL  
Yeah?

IKE  
Did you say somethin' offensive to  
my girlfriend?

Angel glances at Bridget behind Ike.

ANGEL  
Who are you, her boyfriend?

IKE  
Damn skippy.

Angel sizes him up, looks at Bridget.

ANGEL  
Hey, honey...you can do much  
better.

He goes back to his beer as Ike looks on in disbelief.

IKE  
Hey, Jim, who the fuck is this guy?

JIM  
He's just drunk, Ike.

ANGEL  
Angel.

IKE  
Come again?

ANGEL  
My name is Angel. Am I not speaking  
fucking English?!

Ike stares at him, apalled.

IKE  
You got a lip on you, dontcha?

ANGEL

Well, you're talking to the bartender like he's some kinda fucking interpreter. You red necks have your own dialect?

Ike approaches him aggressively, knocks a bar stool to the ground. Everything turns quiet.

IKE

Well, if your name don't contradict your demeanor.

ANGEL

Ironic, isn't it?

JIM

Now, Ike, he's just flexin' his beer muscles, don't pay him no mind.

ANGEL

Yeah, Ike, don't pay me no mind. I'm just drunk.

Angel chugs the rest of his beer, slams his mug on the bar.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Just one question, pardon my curiosity.

He ogles Bridget from head to toe.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Does the carpet match the drapes?

Ike lets out a loud GRUNT in frustration.

IKE

Why, I oughtta!

JIM

(to Angel)

Sir, you ain't makin' this any better.

ANGEL

Shut the fuck up and get me another beer.

Jim stares at him shocked.

IKE  
I swear, I'm gonna kick his ass  
Jim!

ANGEL  
I'm right here, idiot, you can  
address me to my face.

JIM  
If y'all gon' dance, you do it  
outside.

ANGEL  
Yeah, we don't wanna ruin the  
decor, do we Jim?

Jim glares at him.

JIM  
Do it out back, we don't want no  
cops intervenin'.

ANGEL  
(grins)  
And I thought this was just gonna  
be another dull night.

Ike heads to the back door.

IKE  
Bridget, you wait in the car. It  
won't be long.  
(to Angel)  
Ready to get your ass handed to  
you?

Angel nods, stands up and looks at Jim across the bar.

ANGEL  
I want a beer waiting for me when I  
get back.

EXT. KICKER'S PUB, OUT BACK - NIGHT

Enclosed in a fenced area, a dumpster stuffed with beer  
bottles sits in the corner.

Two of Ike's red neck BUDDIES cheer him on as he and Angel  
square off.

Ike puts up his dukes.

Angel stands there calm as Ike towers over him.

IKE  
Ain't you gonna take your jacket  
off?

ANGEL  
Why, you fancy me, Ike? Is that  
what this is about, you're jealous  
I didn't make a pass at you?

IKE  
Enough foreplay, let's fuckin' do  
this!

Ike bounces his shoulders with his dukes up as he steps in closer.

Angel remains in a relaxed stance.

Ike smirks, glances back at his buddies.

IKE  
Look at this guy! My dick's bigger  
than him!

His buddies laugh it up.

IKE  
I tell you what, short stuff, I'll  
even letcha get the first shot.

ANGEL  
I have a feeling you're  
underestimating me, Ike.

Ike and his buddies laugh.

Ike sticks his chin out.

IKE  
Go on, dickweed, take your best  
shot.

Angel quickly draws a 45 caliber pistol from his jacket and puts it to Ike's forehead.

BOOM! Blood splatters from the back of Ike's head as he collapses.

Ike's buddies look on, stunned.

Angel lets out a loud SIGH of relief.

ANGEL  
Jesus cock-sucking Christ...that  
felt great!

He looks at Ike's buddies.

ANGEL  
Any of you cousin-fuckers got a  
cigarette?

BUDDY #1, jittery, immediately steps forward and hands him a  
cigarette.

Angel lets it hang from his mouth.

ANGEL  
Light?

BUDDY #2 immediately lights it.

Angel takes a few puffs, savors each hit. He looks at the  
two.

ANGEL  
Thank you.

BOOM! BOOM! He shoots both of them dead.

INT. KICKER'S PUB

Angel sits at the bar, sets his gun next to his empty beer  
mug.

Jim stares at him, glances at the gun with wide eyes.

ANGEL  
My glass is empty.

Jim holds a cautious stare.

ANGEL  
Now, no sudden moves, Jim, I'm a  
quick hand.

Jim keeps his eyes on Angel as he refills the mug. He  
cautiously sets it in front of Angel.

Angel grabs it by the handle and tips his glass to Jim.

ANGEL  
Cheers.

He quickly grabs his gun from the bar and shoots Jim in the head - blood splatters all over liquor bottles behind him as he drops to the floor.

Angel savors his beer.

EXT. KICKER'S PUB, FRONT LOT - NIGHT

Bridget sits in the passenger's seat of a pick-up truck.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK

Angel quickly gets in the driver's side and slams the door.

Bridget looks at him agape.

ANGEL

Now that you're a single woman, how  
about a ride home?

She lets out a horrific SHRIEK!

INT. MIKE MCCLUNG'S CABIN, BATHROOM

McClung cuts himself shaving in front of the mirror.

MCCLUNG

Aaaaah!!!

He grimaces as he puts a piece of toilet paper on the cut and continues to shave.

MOMENTS LATER

He combs his hair nicely.

He looks at himself in the mirror, dressed in a slick looking black suit - he looks like a new man.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

McClung digs through a cluttered linen closet and tosses stuff out of it.

Finally, he gets to a large, plastic case.

He sets it on his coffee table and opens it up - inside are two black revolver pistols.

EXT. MIKE MCLUNG'S CABIN - NIGHT

In his yard, he sets an empty bottle of Jack atop a tree stump.

He distances himself from the tree stump and pulls one of the pistols from his waist.

He aims at the bottle and BOOM! He fires a shot at it, but he misses.

He curls his lip in frustration and fires another shot. He misses again.

McClung takes a few steps forward and fires another shot, but misses.

He takes a few more steps forward, fires another shot, misses again.

Finally, he steps within arms length of the bottle, shoots it at point blank range and shatters it.

INT. KNOX'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

Matthew sits on Knox's couch and watches television.

BATHROOM

Knox, a chocolate ice cream stain on his shirt, tries to wipe the stain out with a wash cloth and water.

KNOX

Hey, Matthew? Next time we get ice cream, remind me to get mine in a cup?

He takes the shirt off and quickly changes into another one.

He goes to the

LIVING ROOM

He stands in front of the television.

KNOX

Alright, you ready?

MATTHEW

I don't wanna go home yet.

KNOX

Your mother wants you home by a certain time and I got things to do.

Knox's cell phone rings and he answers.

KNOX

(on cell phone)

Hello?

MCCLUNG (V.O.)

I'll do it.

Knox doesn't respond at first.

KNOX

I got my kid with me, let me call you back in ten minutes.

Knox hangs up and looks at Matthew.

INT. MISTER DEVEREAUX'S OFFICE

Mister Devereaux looks over some paperwork.

The phone rings.

He picks it up.

DEVEREAUX

Hello?

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Charlie sits in the tiny phone booth with the phone to his ear.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DEVEREAUX AND CHARLIE

CHARLIE

It's me. Listen, we got a problem.

DEVEREAUX

Yeah?

CHARLIE

This whole Benny Junior thing is getting messy.

DEVEREAUX

That's like saying you're getting dangerously obese. What else is new?

CHARLIE

Hardy-har. Let's just say you don't have to worry about payin' nobody to off the twins.

DEVEREAUX

Keep going.

CHARLIE

They're dead. They went to Benny Junior's place lookin' for the money...

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

EXT. BENNY JR.'S HOME - NIGHT

The twins Rob and Bob stand outside on the front porch and peer through the windows.

Inside, Benny Jr.'s wife Mindy sits on the couch with their two sons on the couch.

The twins glance at each other and nod.

As Rob goes for the doorknob...

BOOM! Rob takes a bullet to the head and drops.

Bob turns around and BOOM! He drops to the ground.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE OVER

INT. DEVEREAUX'S OFFICE - BACK TO PRESENT

INTERCUT BETWEEN DEVEREAUX AND CHARLIE

CHARLIE

She hears gunshots, goes outside to  
see what all the racket is and  
finds the twins dead on her  
doorstep.

Devereaux's face gets red as he tries to hold in his anger.

He takes a deep breath.

DEVEREAUX

Meet me at the Fox.

EXT. THE FOX - NIGHT

A full parking lot, a neon sign of a naked lady flashes out  
front.

INT. THE FOX

A strip club, sexy LADIES dance topless atop the stage as  
GAWKERS flash dollar bills.

Mister Devereaux and Charlie sit at a table in the corner of  
the room.

Charlie can't help but stare at the dancers.

CHARLIE

I'm not sure if this place is good  
for my heart.

DEVEREAUX

It's the only place I can go to  
calm my nerves...sad isn't it? My  
sanctuary is a God damn strip club,  
my home away from home.

CHARLIE

How's the wife?

Devereaux's shrugs his shoulders.

CHARLIE

Trouble in paradise?

Devereaux glares at him.

DEVEREAUX

That's none of your damn business.

An awkward silence as Devereaux stares him down.

A WAITRESS breaks the ice and sets a drink in front of Devereaux.

He sips it and calms down.

DEVEREAUX

I want you to meet up with Knox.  
Tell him if he finds the money, all  
debts are paid.

Charlie stares at the dancers as if in a trance.

Devereaux stares at Charlie.

DEVEREAUX

Charles?

Devereaux claps his hands together loudly.

Charlie snaps out of it.

CHARLIE

(defensive)  
I heardja.

Mister Devereaux thinks as he sips his drink.

DEVEREAUX

Do you have any idea who could've  
been responsible for the twins?

Charlie, once again, stares at the dancers as if in a trance.

Mister Devereaux shakes his head in disappointment.

EXT. FAST FOOD DRIVE THRU - DAY

Charlie, in the driver's seat, waits at the drive thru window as Knox sits in the passenger's seat.

I/E. CHARLIE'S CAR, IDLE TO TRAVELLING

The DRIVE THRU LADY hands him a bag of food.

Charlie goes through the bag and pulls out a cheeseburger.

Knox watches as Charlie stuffs his face and resumes driving.

CHARLIE

(mouth full)

He tells me if he woulda known  
Benny Junior took the money out, he  
woulda planned it so he'd get the  
money from him and *then* wack him.

(beat)

Sometimes, I think Mister Devereaux  
took the small bus to school if ya  
know what I mean.

Knox grins.

CHARLIE

Don't tell nobody I said that.

Knox nods.

KNOX

So if I find the money, I'm out?

CHARLIE

That's right.

Charlie wipes his mouth.

CHARLIE

You ever wonder how the hell a guy  
like that gets so much God damn  
money?

KNOX

Benny Junior?

CHARLIE

No, Mister Devereaux.

Knox shrugs.

INT. KNOX'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

Knox paces back and forth, obviously on edge, with his cell  
phone in hand.

He stops and stares at the phone.

He shakes his head and paces again.

Then he stops.

KNOX

Fuck it.

Knox dials a number and puts it to his ear.

The phone rings and rings, but leads to an answering machine.

KNOX

Mike, it's me again. Listen, you need to call me as soon as you get this message. I need to call it off, okay? I need that money back.

Knox sighs in frustration.

KNOX

Call me.

He hangs up and sits down, a look of worry on his face.

I/E. MIKE MCCLUNG'S STATION WAGON, TRAVELLING - NIGHT

McClung's cell phone sits in the passenger's seat set on silent (the bell at the top of the phone display has an x over it).

SIX MISSED CALLS, TWO MESSAGES appear on the display.

He drives through a city atmosphere, a straight I-mean-business look on his face.

EXT. URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

McClung parallel parks along the curb.

I/E. MIKE MCCLUNG'S STATION WAGON, IDLE

He shuts the car off and stares up at a series of apartment buildings.

He opens up a folder and looks over some paperwork, then focuses on a brownstone apartment building across the street.

He pulls out his revolver pistol and pops open the chamber to see it fully loaded.

He pops the chamber back, stuffs the pistol into his waist and steps out of the car.

He looks both ways and walks

ACROSS THE STREET

Silence, the block empty.

ANGEL LACY'S APARTMENT BUILDING

A brownstone, McClung walks up the steps to the front door.

He looks below the buzzer and scans the apartments numbers with names attached to each.

He reads LACY, 3B.

McClung thinks for a moment and hits a buzzer.

SPEAKER VOICE (V.O.)

Hello?

MCCLUNG

I accidentally locked myself outta  
the building...I'm in 3B?

The BUZZER sounds loudly.

McClung opens the front door.

INT. ANGEL LACY'S APT. BUILDING, FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY

McClung walks down the narrow hallway to a stairway.

THIRD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

He reaches apartment 3B.

He stares at the door and thinks.

He carefully places his hand on the knob and slowly turns it.  
It's locked.

McClung curls his lip in frustration and thinks.

MCCLUNG

What now?

Something dawns on him. He makes his way further up the stairs.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

He opens the door to the roof and walks to the edge.

He looks down to see a fire escape ladder.

FIRE ESCAPE - MOMENTS LATER

He climbs down the ladder until he gets to a window on the third floor.

He peers through the window and sees a light on in the living room, but nobody inside.

He sees the window slightly ajar. He sticks his fingers under carefully slides it open.

He quietly gets one foot inside followed by the other.

INT. ANGEL LACY'S APARTMENT

A small, dilapidated studio apartment, only one room.

Empty with the exception of an undressed mattress in the corner, no box spring.

Water stains and cracks outline the walls with dust bunnies in the ceiling corners.

McClung cautiously walks through the room and looks around.

He sees a narrow hallway.

He walks down the

HALLWAY

and tiptoes to a shut door.

He puts his ear to the door and hears the shower running.

He pulls out his revolver and takes a deep breath.

He quietly nudges the door open and enters the

BATHROOM

He tiptoes to the closed shower curtain with his gun ready.

He puts his hand to the curtain and nods his head a few times as if counting to himself and then...

He quickly pulls the curtain open - but nothing.

McClung stares into the empty shower confused.

Suddenly, the barrel of a pistol inches closer and closer to the side of his chin.

BOOM! Angel, only a towel around him, shoots McClung in the face. Blood splatters onto the tiled walls as McClung drops to the ground.

Angel stands over him.

ANGEL  
Devereaux send you?

No response.

A crazed look in his eyes, Angel kicks McClung in the side.

ANGEL  
Huh?!

He takes a breath and laughs aloud.

ANGEL  
Maybe I should've asked you that  
before I blew your fucking head  
off, huh?

He stares down at him for a few moments then picks him up from under his armpits and hauls him into the shower, a loud THUD.

Blood and water flow into the drain.

EXT. FAST FOOD DRIVE THRU - NIGHT

Charlie sits in his car at the takeout window.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR, IDLE TO TRAVELLING

The TAKEOUT LADY hands him a greasy bag of food. Charlie hands her money.

CHARLIE  
Keep the change.

He pulls up, but puts the car in park.

He goes through the bag and scowls.

CHARLIE  
Forgot my God damn fuckin' french  
fries!

Suddenly, the passenger's side door opens and Angel gets in,  
sits down.

Charlie jumps in his seat off guard as Angel holds him at gun  
point.

CHARLIE  
Jesus Christ!

Charlie takes a few deep breaths.

CHARLIE  
(breathes heavily)  
Angel Lacy...what, what are you  
doing here?

ANGEL  
I think you have an idea.

Angel looks him over.

ANGEL  
Put on some weight, Charlie?

CHARLIE  
(edgy)  
I don't know, I guess.

The two stare at each other.

ANGEL  
Drive.

Charlie puts the car in drive and pulls out of the parking  
lot, into the street.

CHARLIE  
You think you can lower that thing?

Angel lowers the gun, but aims it at Charlie's crotch.

CHARLIE  
Maybe lower?

ANGEL

Talk to me, Charlie. Did Devereaux  
send someone to get me?

Charlie's discomfort increases and his breathing becomes more rapid.

CHARLIE

I, I don't know, okay?! How'd you  
find me here?

ANGEL

I followed you from home.

CHARLIE

How do you know where I live?

ANGEL

Finding folks is just one of my  
many talents, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Good for you...now what do you want  
from me?

Angel smiles.

ANGEL

I am gonna blow your brains out at  
the next red light. But before I do  
all that, I wanna know why there's  
a dead man in my bathroom right  
now.

Charlie stumbles with his words.

CHARLIE

C'mon man, you know...it was  
business. You went all seven-thirty  
on us man.

ANGEL

What's that mean?

CHARLIE

Seven-thirty? It means crazy!

Angel shakes his head.

ANGEL

That's a deep cut right there,  
Charlie. That hurts.

(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)

Only thing that could possibly make me feel any better right now would be to kill somebody...make them suffer.

Charlie hyperventilates and holds his chest. His eyes roll back and sweat pours down his forehead.

Angel raises his eyebrow.

ANGEL

What the fuck?

CHARLIE

My...my heart...

Charlie gurgles saliva, then falls limp into his seat, dead with his eyes open.

ANGEL

Charlie?

No response.

He loses control of the steering wheel.

The car swerves and causes Angel to look straight ahead.

His eyes widen - the car flies full speed towards a truck at a red light.

ANGEL

Aw, fuck!

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT - NIGHT

Charlie's car smashes into the back of the truck, does a flip in the air and crunches onto the street surface upside down.

After the loud ECHOES from the crash...silence.

CHARLIE'S CAR

The car, completely totalled, sits still upside down, on it's roof.

A bloody hand reaches out from the smashed passenger's side window.

Angel slowly pulls himself out from under the wreckage.

Blood pours from the bridge of his nose, gashes and cuts all over his face as he slowly gets to his feet.

He grimaces in pain as a GOOD SAMARITAN runs up to him.

GOOD SAMARITAN  
Holy shit man, are you okay?

Angel delicately feels the bloody cuts on his own face, then stares at the Good Samaritan.

He then glances at a car at the side of the road with it's headlights on.

ANGEL  
That your car over there?

GOOD SAMARITAN  
Yeah. Why?

Angel pulls out his pistol and BOOM! He shoots the Good Samaritan in the head and leaves him dead in the middle of the street.

EXT. DEVEREAUX HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The Good Samaritan's car pulls up to the curb and parks.

Angel limps out of the car towards the tall office building.

He gets to the front doors, pulls on the handle but it doesn't open.

He sees an ARMED GUARD inside and taps the glass.

The Armed Guard sees him, approaches the door, opens it and sticks his head out.

He sees all the cuts on Angel's face and stares at him.

ARMED GUARD  
Can I...help you?

Angel draws his gun and shoots him in the head. The Armed Guard drops to the ground.

Angel grabs the door before it closes and walks in.

INT. DEVEREAUX'S OFFICE - SAME

Devereaux stands up from behind his desk and slips his jacket on.

He shuts his suitcase, picks it up and shuts off the overhead light.

He picks up the phone from his desk and dials and extension.

DEVEREAUX HEADQUARTERS, LOBBY - SAME

Angel limps through the lobby and sees ARMED GUARD #2 stare with a shocked look on his face.

Armed Guard #2 looks at Armed Guard #1 on the ground, then up at Angel.

His hand trembles as he hesitantly reaches for his gun on his waist.

ANGEL

Go ahead, reach for it cowboy! I  
dare you!

The phone RINGS at the reception desk.

Silence as Angel and Armed Guard #2 stare at the phone, then at each other.

Armed Guard #2, nervous, quickly goes for his gun, but Angel shoots him twice in the chest just as he gets his fingers on the handle.

He drops to the ground as smoke rises from the wounds.

Angel goes to the reception desk and picks up the phone.

Tense silence as he listens.

DEVEREAUX'S OFFICE - SAME

Breathing on the other line, Devereaux doesn't speak right away.

DEVEREAUX

This is Mister Devereaux...is my  
ride here yet?

No response.

DEVEREAUX

Hello?

Silence.

He stares at the phone suspiciously.

LOBBY - SAME

The phone swings by its cord off the edge of reception desk.

Angel steps over Armed Guard #2's body, into the

HALLWAY

He limps aggressively through the hallway with his pistol hanging from his grip.

He reaches a series of elevators.

He hits the UP arrow.

One of the elevator doors open.

ELEVATOR, TRAVELLING - MOMENTS LATER

Angel waits until the elevator stops at the 10th floor.

TENTH FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Angel gets out of the elevator and walks through a hallway.

He stops at a door with a sign that reads DEVEREAUX.

DEVEREAUX'S OFFICE

Angel kicks the door open with his gun ready and charges in.

BOOM! He immediately fires a shot at Devereaux's desk and shatters a lamp - papers fly off the desk.

But nobody's there.

As he scans the room, the tip of a 12 gauge shotgun presses against the back of his head.

Devereaux stands behind him with the gun aimed at his head.

DEVEREAUX

Angel Lacy, what a pleasant surprise.

(beat)

Funny, you're supposed to be dead.

Angel smiles.

ANGEL

What's funny is seeing you do your own dirty work for once, Devereaux.

DEVEREAUX

Oh, it won't be funny when your head's halfway across the room.

(beat)

Why don't you just drop that gun for me.

ANGEL

Fuck that, you might as well just pull the trigger.

Devereaux thinks about it.

ANGEL

Cause if you don't, I'll make you look just like that old timer you sent for me.

DEVEREAUX

Old timer?

ANGEL

I gave him a nice scar to match the one on the other side of his face. I don't think he'll mind, though.

Devereaux stands there confused.

DEVEREAUX

What's that about a scar?

Devereaux's look of confusion turns into suspicion.

LATER

Angel sits at Devereaux's desk as Devereaux stands behind it and paces back and forth, shotgun in one hand, phone in the other.

Angel watches Devereaux pace back and forth with the phone to his ear.

INT. HARLEM 24 HOUR LAUNDROMAT

Empty. Silence.

Knox transfers clothes from the washing machine to the dryer.

He picks out a shirt and holds it into the light.

The chocolate ice cream stain remains on the shirt.

KNOX

Shit.

He tosses the shirt into the dryer.

Knox's cell phone RINGS.

He looks at the caller I.D. and raises his eyebrows, then answers it.

KNOX

Hello?

No response at first.

INTERCUT BETWEEN KNOX AND DEVEREAUX

DEVEREAUX

Mister Knox. It's your boss calling.

Knox makes a cynical expression.

KNOX

Hello...what I can do for you?

DEVEREAUX

Yeah, I'm just checking in to see if that thing was taken care of.

Knox thinks about it.

KNOX

What thing?

DEVEREAUX

That thing.

He thinks about it a little before it dawns on him.

KNOX  
 You mean *that* thing.  
 (beat)  
 Yeah, it's taken care of.

Devereaux's face turns red. He nods, takes a deep breath.

DEVEREAUX  
 Good.

Knox seems suspicious.

KNOX  
 Why are *you* calling and not  
 Charlie?

Devereaux thinks about it.

DEVEREAUX  
 I just had a bad feeling about it,  
 that's all.  
 (beat)  
 It was a big assignment...I guess  
 I'm just being paranoid.

Brief silence as Knox holds a suspicious expression.

DEVEREAUX  
 Well, Mister Knox, good work as  
 usual. I'll see you around.

Devereaux hangs up.

Knox hangs up and stares at his phone.

BACK TO

DEVEREAUX'S OFFICE

Devereaux stares at his phone for a few moments.

He explodes and hurls the phone across the room, something  
 SHATTERS O.S.

Devereaux takes a few deep breaths, looks at Angel.

DEVEREAUX  
 Well, this is a fucked up turn of  
 events.  
 (beat)  
 Alright...ten thousand.  
 (MORE)

DEVEREAUX (cont'd)  
After that, I never want to see  
your face again. Understand?

Angel nods.

I/E. GOOD SAMARITAN'S CAR, TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Angel glances at the laundromat as he drives past it.

He pulls to the side of the road, a block away from Knox's apartment, and parks.

Angel scans the apartment buildings, gets out of the car.

EXT. KNOX'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Angel walks up the steps to the front door. He looks over all the apartment numbers listed and reads the names.

He sees KNOX, 2B.

He rings a buzzer.

SPEAKER VOICE (V.O.)

Hello?

ANGEL

Hi. My name is Frank Knox and I  
live in apartment 2B. I'm locked  
out.

The BUZZER SOUNDS.

Angel opens the door and enters.

INT. KNOX'S APARTMENT BUILDING, SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Angel reaches Knox's apartment door and places one hand over the peephole.

He uses his gun to knock on the door.

No answer.

Angel places his hand on the knob and turns it - the door opens.

Angel seems suspicious, but opens the door anyway and cautiously enters.

KNOX'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

Angel scans the room with his pistol ready.

He looks down and sees a sock on the ground, wedged in the door.

He disappears into the bedroom and then the bathroom, LOUD SHUFFLING SOUNDS O.S.

He comes back into the living room, glances down at the sock in the door as he walks past it.

He approaches the window and looks at the laundromat across the street.

It dawns on him.

INT. HARLEM 24 HOUR LAUNDROMAT

The glass door to the dryer hangs open as Knox continues to pile clothes into it.

He hears the door open and turns to the front of the room.

He watches Angel stumble in.

The two stare at each other from across the room.

ANGEL  
You Frank Knox?

Knox stares at him then realizes who it is.

KNOX  
Shit.

Angel raises his pistol and BOOM! He fires a shot at Knox.

The bullet smashes through the glass door to the dryer - glass shatters and flies into Knox's face.

KNOX  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!!!!!

Knox falls backwards and topples to the floor.

Shards of glass stick out from his face as blood drips down his chin.

He grimaces and delicately dabs a few of the shards stuck into his face.

But he sucks it up when he sees Angel quickly approach.

Knox quickly gets to his feet but stays low to the ground as he scrambles and ducks behind a row of washing machines.

BOOM! Angel fires another shot and knocks a bottle of detergent off of one of the washing machines.

Knox peeks out from behind the machine and sees Angel closing in.

Knox desperately looks around the room and sees the bathroom nearby and makes a run for it.

He kicks the door open.

#### BATHROOM

He gets in, quickly shuts the door and locks it.

He leans against the tiled wall and catches his breath. He glances at his grotesque reflection in the mirror above the sink.

The doorknob jiggles frantically.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Three bullets blast through the door!

#### OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

Angel puts his gun to the doorknob and BOOM! He shoots it off and plows his shoulder into the door.

The door swings open but Knox is no where in sight.

Angel seems befuddled until Knox drops from above and topples onto him.

Both men on the bathroom floor, Knox throws his fist into Angel's face and drives him into the toilet.

Knox quickly gets to his feet, rushes out of the bathroom and slams the door behind him.

BOOM! Another gun shot through the door as Knox dashes for the exit.

EXT. HARLEM 24 HOUR LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Knox crashes through the front doors and hurries across the street.

As he gets

ACROSS THE STREET

he glances back to see Angel rush out the front doors and chase after him.

As Angel gets to the middle of the street, a CAR comes out of nowhere and sweeps him off his feet.

A BLOCK AWAY

Knox continues to run but stops when he hears the impact of the collision and looks back.

He catches his breath with his hands on his knees, then jogs away.

MIDDLE OF THE STREET

Angel MOANS and grimaces as he lies on the pavement.

The DRIVER of the car gets out of his car and approaches him.

DRIVER  
Fucking idiot, what the hell are  
you thinking?!

Angel grimaces as he gets to his feet, gun in his hand.

The Driver silences himself when he sees the gun.

Angel quickly limps into Knox's direction, but stops and realizes he is too far behind.

He watches Knox disappear into the distance.

ANGEL  
Fuck!!!

He catches his breath with his hands on his knees.

INT. KNOX'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM

Angel violently rummages through Knox's closet and dresser. He yanks drawers out and throws them across the room.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Angel goes through a filing cabinet, tosses files around carelessly.

He stops when he sees a small black book. He opens it and sees addresses and phone numbers.

He continues to flip through the book as if looking for something in particular.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Knox trudges along the sidewalk as blood trickles down his face, stains his shirt.

SIRENS as police vehicles fly by.

Knox shields his face until the coast is clear.

He looks up at the gas station as the bright lights from the pump stations above shine on him.

He goes to the

REST ROOM

at the side of the building and reaches for the handle.

He turns it but it doesn't open.

He persists to jiggle the handle, but gets the same result.

He pounds on the door with a balled fist.

WINDOW

He walks up to the Plexiglas service window, a slot at the bottom of it.

The ATTENDANT, a teenager, flips through a magazine as Knox approaches.

Knox taps on the window.

The Attendant glances up casually but quickly becomes concerned when he sees Knox's face.

ATTENDANT  
Holy shit, what happened to you?

KNOX  
I need to use your bathroom.

The Attendant just stares at him and grimaces in disgust.

ATTENDANT  
Man, you don't look good. You need  
me to call somebody?

Knox shakes his head, "No".

KNOX  
I just need to use the bathroom,  
I'll be fine.

The Attendant continues to stare as reaches for the bathroom key.

He slides a heavy metal slab with a key attached under the window.

Knox snatches the slab and nods.

KNOX  
Thanks.

ATTENDANT  
You sure you don't need me to call  
somebody?

Knox walks away.

KNOX  
Forget about it, I'm okay.

BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Knox gets to the bathroom door and unlocks it.

INT. REST ROOM

He enters the filthy bathroom and leans his face towards the mirror, sets the metal slab on the sink.

He takes a deep breath.

Suddenly, he yanks a single shard of glass out of his face and grimaces. Blood trickles from the laceration.

Another deep breath.

He quickly yanks another shard out, GRUNTS in pain.

As blood gushes from the laceration, he quickly yanks shard after shard of glass from his face.

KNOX  
God damn it!!!

He breathes heavily and tries to deal with the pain.

He runs the water and splashes it onto his face.

He accidentally knocks the metal slab off the sink and it thuds onto his foot.

KNOX  
Aw, c'mon!

He bends down and massages his foot through his shoe. Drops of blood drip onto the floor.

Suddenly, Knox's phone rings.

He looks at the caller I.D. It reads CAROL on the display.

He answers.

KNOX  
Hello?

Silence at first.

CAROL  
(shaky)  
Frank?

KNOX  
Carol, is that you?

No response at first, only faint crying, sniffles.

CAROL  
(shaky)  
There's someone here right now who  
wants to see you.

Knox's eyes nearly bulge out of his head.

KNOX  
Who is it?

CAROL  
(shaky)  
Please, Frank, just get here as  
soon as you can.

KNOX  
Who is it, Carol?

Brief silence.

CAROL  
(shaky)  
What did you get yourself mixed up  
in, Frank?

He doesn't respond right away.

KNOX  
I'll be there soon.

He hangs up.

He stares at his reflection in the mirror, fury in his eyes.

He throws his fist into the mirror and shatters it.

I/E. GOOD SAMARITAN'S CAR, TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Angel drives slow through a suburban neighborhood.

He holds the address book up into the street light and looks  
for an address.

EXT. CAROL'S HOME - NIGHT

Angel parks in the driveway right behind a beat up, old  
station wagon.

INT. TAXI CAB, TRAVELLING

The CAB DRIVER repeatedly glances at Knox through his mirror.

CAB DRIVER  
Redhook's a good distance away, you  
know?

KNOX

And?

CAB DRIVER

It's gonna cost you a pretty penny.

KNOX

I know that.

Brief silence.

CAB DRIVER

Cause it looks like you got mugged.

KNOX

Just drive, okay?

The Cab Driver shakes his head.

CAB DRIVER

Okay. But if you dick me over, I've been know to kick some ass in my day.

Knox can't help but grin.

KNOX

Is that so?

EXT. CAROL'S HOME - NIGHT

Angel rings the doorbell.

He hears VOICES from inside, but no answer.

He rings it again over and over, then pounds on the door repeatedly.

The door cracks open. Carol peeks her head out. She has tears in her eyes.

CAROL

Hello?

She sees the gun hanging from Angel's grip, then looks up at his tattered face.

ANGEL

I need to speak with you husband, Frank Knox.

CAROL  
Ex-husband...he isn't here.

ANGEL  
I need you to do me a big favor and  
give him a call.

Carol stares at him confused.

CAROL  
Who are you?

Angel gives her a cold stare.

ANGEL  
You mind if I come in?

Carol glances back into the house, then at Angel.

CAROL  
It's not really a good time.

Angel thinks briefly.

ANGEL  
Lady, I'm a police officer. Your  
husband got into some trouble and,  
right now, we're concerned about  
his whereabouts.

She flashes a skeptical look.

CAROL  
You're a cop?

ANGEL  
Yeah. So it'd be in your best  
interest to let me in so we can  
talk this over.

She glances back into the house again, then at Angel and  
shakes her head.

CAROL  
It's not a good time.

Angel nods, purses his lips.

Suddenly, he lashes out and kicks the door in.

He shoves her to the floor and forces his way in.

INT. CAROL'S HOME, LIVING ROOM

As soon as he steps inside, he sees Carol's fiance Dan on the couch, bruises and cuts on his face, nearly unconscious.

Angel appears confused as he tries to figure out what's going on.

A gun CLICKS behind him.

Angel slowly turns around.

Mike McClung, still alive, stands before him with his pistol aimed.

His jaw, neck and chest are all covered in blood, several sheets of toilet paper stuck to the bullet wound on his jaw.

                  ANGEL  
                  (stunned)  
                  You.

                  MCCLUNG  
                  (slurred)  
                  Knox set me up?

Angel wrinkles his brow.

                  ANGEL  
                  What?

BOOM! McClung pops a bullet into Angel's neck.

Blood gushes from the hole in Angel's throat.

He gags as he covers the wound with his hands - blood gushes out from between his fingers.

Carol SHRIEKS in horror from the floor.

Angel drops to his knees as he continues to gag on his own blood, his hands in a choke position.

McClung puts the gun to Angel's head.

                  CAROL  
                  No, don't!!!

BOOM! Blood spurts into the air from Angel's head.

He thuds to the ground and convulses violently.

BOOM! He shoots him again. Angel's convulsions cease.

Carol cries hysterically on the floor.

McClung looks down at her, a slight sense of sympathy beneath his cold exterior.

I/E. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Knox pulls up to

CAROL'S HOME

He sees the front door wide open and panics.

He bolts out of the cab, leaves the door open.

CAB DRIVER

Hey!

INT. CAROL'S HOME, LIVING ROOM

Knox, metal key slab in hand, nearly trips as he rushes in.

As he pants rapidly, he sees Angel dead on the floor, Dan, beaten and tattered on the couch and then Carol on the floor with tears in her eyes.

MCCLUNG (O.S.)

(slurred)

Knox.

McClung's speech is slurred throughout due to the bullet wound.

Knox whips around and sees McClung.

McClung holds him at gun point.

KNOX

(stunned)

Mike...you're alive.

MCCLUNG

Disappointed?

KNOX

What are you talking about? And why are you pointing that gun at me?

MCCLUNG  
You set me up.

Knox appears baffled.

Suddenly, the Cab Driver hurries into the room.

CAB DRIVER  
What did I tell you, buddy--

He sees Angel dead on the floor then looks at McClung with his gun aimed.

The Cab Driver shares a look with Knox, then dashes out.

The sounds of the cab peeling out O.S.

Knox keeps his focus on McClung.

KNOX  
Put that gun down, Mike, I didn't  
set you up.

McClung glances at the metal key slab in Knox's hand.

MCCLUNG  
What's that for?

Knox glances down at the slab in his hand, then suddenly throws it hard into McClung's face.

MCCLUNG  
Shit!!!

McClung drops his gun and clutches his jaw wound.

Knox quickly snatches the gun off the floor and aims it at McClung.

McClung quickly draws another revolver from his waist and the two have a standoff.

Footsteps from upstairs approaching.

Everyone in the room turns to the stairs at the back of the room.

Matthew, in pajamas, rubs his eyes as he walks down.

MATTHEW  
What's all that noise?

Knox and Carol share a look.

KNOX

Carol, get him upstairs!

Carol gets to her feet and hurries to the stairs, picks Matthew up.

Matthew and Knox share a glance, Knox with guilt in his eyes as Carol takes him upstairs.

Knox turns his focus back on McClung, their guns pointed at each other.

KNOX

Devereaux found out you were alive.

Knox nods his head down at Angel's dead body on the floor.

KNOX (CONT'D)

He sent him after me.

MCCLUNG

Why should I believe you?

KNOX

Why shouldn't you?

(beat)

C'mon, Mike, I could've killed you a long time ago. Think about it.

McClung seems at odds, but keeps his aim.

MCCLUNG

How do I know Devereaux didn't send you again knowing I was still alive? But you couldn't do it so you sent me into an ambush so you didn't have to.

KNOX

If he would've found out I let you live in the first place, I doubt he would've extended me the same courtesy I extended to you.

(beat)

C'mon, Mike, look at my face! You think I did this to myself?!

MCCLUNG

I have a fucking bullet lodged in my fucking jaw! I can feel it under my teeth!

The two stare at each other and share a tense silence.

MCCLUNG

Just lemme think about this...I got  
a big fucking headache right now!

KNOX

I'm not the bad guy here, Mike,  
it's Devereaux. I need to stop  
him...and I need your help.

McClung thinks about it.

KNOX

If I don't stop him now, tonight,  
he will kill me and everyone I  
know.

Knox lowers his gun, but McClung keeps his pointed.

KNOX

(desperate)  
Mike, please...I need your help.

McClung lowers his gun.

Knox takes a deep sigh of relief.

MATTHEW'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Knox enters and sees Carol with tears in her eyes as she  
clutches Matthew tightly.

Matthew has a confused look on his face.

MATTHEW

Dad? What's going on?

Knox sits on his bed, looks him in the eye.

He hesitates to speak.

KNOX

Daddy got himself mixed up in some  
bad things.

Tears build up in Matthew's eyes.

Knox struggles to hide his guilt.

KNOX

Matthew? You remember when we had  
ice cream the other day, what I  
told you?

Matthew nods, "Yes".

KNOX

You're a good boy, I want you to know that. You're nothing like me, and you never will be.

Silence.

KNOX (CONT'D)

You're my hero because of that...because I wish I was like you.

(beat)

No matter what happens, just remember that I love you very much, okay?

Matthew, tears in his eyes, nods.

Knox, guilt stricken, stands up and looks down at Carol who continues hold Matthew tightly.

She looks back and the two share a prolonged stare.

KNOX

I'm sorry Carol. Not just for this...for everything.

Knox leaves the room.

LIVING ROOM

McClung sits in a chair and clutches his bloody jaw wound.

He looks at Dan. Dan returns the look but quickly turns his eyes away.

MCCLUNG

Sorry about hitting you in the face.

Dan doesn't respond.

McClung sniffs the air and makes a sour face.

MCCLUNG

What's that smell?

Dan glances at McClung reluctantly and looks away, ashamed.

DAN  
I think I might have shit myself.

McClung nods and looks as if he doesn't know what to think.

Knox comes down the stairs, looks at McClung.

KNOX  
You ready?

McClung nods and stands up.

Knox looks at Dan.

KNOX  
Hey...Dan...I'm sorry about all  
this.

No response.

McClung taps Knox's shoulder and whispers in his ear...

MCCLUNG  
He crapped his pants.

Knox stares at McClung, glances at Dan.

KNOX  
That explains the smell.

Knox motions his head at the door and heads out.

McClung follows but looks at Dan before he leaves.

MCCLUNG  
Sorry, again.

He leaves.

INT. MCCLUNG'S STATION WAGON, TRAVELLING

Silence as McClung drives. Knox gazes out the window.

McClung glances at him a few times.

MCCLUNG  
I apologize for, you know, putting  
your family through all that. I  
think I suffered some head trauma  
after that bullet hit me...mighta  
altered my thinking a bit.

Knox shrugs his shoulders.

KNOX  
It's not your fault.

MCCLUNG  
I thought you still lived there. I  
didn't know you and Carol got  
divorced.

KNOX  
Yeah, a while ago.

MCCLUNG  
What was it, irreconcilable  
differences?

KNOX  
It was the job.

MCCLUNG  
Was it ugly?

KNOX  
The divorce?

Knox shakes his head, "No".

KNOX (CONT'D)  
We came to an agreement.

MCCLUNG  
Which was?

KNOX  
I gave her the house and custody of  
Matthew in exchange for her  
confidentiality.

MCCLUNG  
So she knew what you did?

KNOX  
Not the specifics, but she knew I  
wasn't exactly doing a nine-to-  
five.

McClung nods and lights up a cigarette, offers Knox one.

Knox shakes his head, "No".

Brief silence.

MCCLUNG

Before all this, I recruited my nephew to work for Devereaux. One day, I walked in on him in the bathroom and he had a wire tap taped to his chest. He was an FBI informant.

Knox looks at McClung agape.

MCCLUNG (CONT'D)

I told Devereaux and he ordered me to kill him. I couldn't. That's why he sent you to kill me.

Silence before Knox realizes something.

KNOX

What was his name?

MCCLUNG

Scott Callahan.

Knox thinks about it.

KNOX

He was the last one...my last hit. After him, my next assignment was you.

McClung, saddened, keeps his eyes on the road and nods.

I/E. MCCLUNG'S STATION WAGON, TRAVELLING - NIGHT

They reach

DEVEREAUX HEADQUARTERS

and see the area flooded with police.

McClung slowly drives past and tries to get a good look inside the building.

MCCLUNG

You think the cops got him?

KNOX

I don't know.

MCCLUNG

If he ain't here, where could he  
be?

Knox thinks about it.

KNOX

If I know him like I think I know  
him, he's probably on the verge of  
a nervous breakdown.

It dawns on him.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Maybe he went somewhere to cool  
off.

EXT. THE FOX - NIGHT

The station wagon sits parked in the parking lot.

INT. MCCLUNG'S STATION WAGON, IDLE

The two look up at the strip joint.

They look at each other and nod.

Knox stuffs one of McClung's revolvers into his waist.

McClung stares at Knox and grins.

MCCLUNG

Feels like the good old days.

Knox flashes a sad grin.

KNOX

Look where the good old days led  
us.

INT. THE FOX

Topless female entertainers dance seductively on stage.

Devereaux sits at a table in the corner of the room.

The WAITRESS takes away an empty glass from his table.

DEVEREAUX

Another one, please.

She nods and walks off.

Devereaux puts his head down, massages his head stressfully.

Another drink sits in front of him. He picks his head up to see Knox looking down at him.

Knox sits down across from him.

KNOX

That one's on me.

Devereaux burns a hole through Knox with his stare.

Knox pulls the revolver from his waist and sets it on the table.

KNOX

Don't worry, I'm not gonna kill you. I don't do that anymore.

Devereaux grins fiendishly.

DEVEREAUX

What about Benny Junior?

Knox shakes his head.

KNOX

Benny Junior is still alive.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

INT. POPEYE'S CHICKEN

Knox sits across from Charlie at a table.

KNOX

It's taken care of. He's in a better place.

INT. KNOX'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

Knox paces back and forth as he talks on the phone.

KNOX

I'd like to book a one-way ticket to Hawaii.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE OVER

INT. THE FOX - BACK TO PRESENT

Devereaux stares at Knox stunned.

KNOX  
I couldn't do it.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

INT. BENNY JUNIOR'S CAR

Knox, in black mask and gloves, sits in the back of the car as Benny sits up front, stares at him through mirror.

BENNY JR.  
How do you sleep at night?

KNOX  
I don't.

Knox puts the gun to the back of Benny Jr.'s head and holds aim.

But he lowers the gun and sits back in his seat.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE OVER

INT. THE FOX - BACK TO PRESENT

Devereaux glances down at the revolver on the table, then up at Knox.

KNOX  
I sent him to Hawaii to make it look like he disappeared.

DEVEREAUX  
What about the money? He took a hundred grand out of his account, didn't he?

KNOX  
He gave it to me...to kill you.

Devereaux smiles.

DEVEREAUX  
But you don't do that anymore, do you?

Knox nods as the two stare each other down.

DEVEREAUX

You give me that money and  
disappear...and I'll try to forget  
all of this ever happened.

Knox laughs and shakes his head.

KNOX

Oh, no, you don't forget. There  
isn't much I know about you, but I  
do know that.

Knox stands up.

Devereaux holds a cold stare.

DEVEREAUX

You won't get away with this.

KNOX

Is this really about the money? A  
hundred grand to you is like what  
normal people find in their couch.

Devereaux continues to burn a hole through Knox.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter because I don't have  
your money anyway.

DEVEREAUX

Spend it already?

Knox grins.

KNOX

Yeah.

Knox turns around and leaves.

Devereaux watches him leave the joint as anger builds within  
until visibly evident.

He looks as if about to burst.

He snaps and grabs the revolver off the table, stands up and  
hurries to the exit.

EXT. THE FOX, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Devereaux bursts out of the door and scans the parking lot.

No sign of Knox as he clutches the revolver.

A gun CLICKS behind him.

Devereaux slowly turns around.

McClung points his revolver, holds aim.

MCCLUNG  
Surprised to see me?

Devereaux laughs.

DEVEREAUX  
Well, this is awkward.  
(beat)  
You look terrible.

MCCLUNG  
You ain't exactly Clark Gable  
yourself.

Devereaux grins.

DEVEREAUX  
You're not still mad at me, are  
you? That was a long time ago. I'm  
only human, I make mistakes too.  
I'm a different person now.

McClung smiles back at him.

MCCLUNG  
I can't wait to wipe that smirk off  
that ugly mug 'a yours.

DEVEREAUX  
Don't be so God damn bitter,  
McClung. You're alive, aren't you?  
All you have to do is walk away.  
(laughs)  
You don't really need to do this,  
do you?

MCCLUNG  
There's a hundred grand on your  
head, and I aim to collect.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

INT. MIKE MCCLUNG'S CABIN

Mike flips through a folder and sees Angel's photo inside. He continues to go through the folder and stops at a photo of Devereaux.

I/E. KNOX'S CAR

Knox sits across the street from Devereaux Headquarters.

He lights the wrong end of a cigarette.

KNOX

Shit!

He rolls down his window and tosses the cigarette out, rolls the window up.

He watches a fancy car pull up to the front of the building.

Mister Devereaux steps out of the car, speaks to someone inside it, then walks away towards the entrance of the building.

Knox grabs his camera from the glove compartment and takes snapshots of him.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE OVER

EXT. THE FOX, PARKING LOT - BACK TO PRESENT

Devereaux stands there and eyes McClung's revolver.

He then glances down at the one in his hand.

DEVEREAUX

If you're going to shoot me, you  
better do it before I raise my  
pistol.

McClung approaches him until within arms length.

The two stare at each other almost nose to nose.

MCCLUNG

Ten paces.

Devereaux looks confused.

DEVEREAUX

What?

MCCLUNG

I'm challenging you to a duel.

McClung turns his back to Devereaux.

Devereaux looks on confused.

McClung paces forward, away from Devereaux.

MCCLUNG

(counts)

One, two, three, four...

Devereaux, confused expression, raises his revolver and BOOM!

He shoots McClung in the shoulder.

McClung grimaces and freezes for a moment.

He sucks it up and continues to pace forward.

MCCLUNG

(counts)

Five, six, seven...

BOOM! BOOM! Devereaux shoots him twice in the back.

McClung grows limp. He stumbles forward.

MCCLUNG

(counts)

Eight, nine...ten...

He drops to the ground and COUGHS up blood.

Devereaux walks over to him and stands above him, stares down and smiles.

DEVEREAUX

Now I remember why I fired you.

McClung rolls to his back, stares up at Devereaux.

Devereaux points the revolver down at McClung and...CLICK.

Devereaux looks at the revolver frustrated.

He points it down at McClung again and pulls the trigger...CLICK.

He looks at the gun again and pops open the chamber - no bullets.

MCCLUNG

Looks like God don't like either of us.

McClung points his gun up at Devereaux and BOOM!

He shoots him square in the forehead.

Devereaux's eyes roll to the back of his head as blood trickles from the hole.

He drops the revolver to the ground.

A few moments before he collapses to his knees, then to his back. Dead.

McClung takes a few deep breaths, drops his revolver and relaxes.

He breathes heavily as he stares up at the stars in the sky.

His breaths become less and less heavy.

He closes his eyes and stops breathing.

Silence as the two lie dead near each other.

INT. SUBWAY, TRAVELLING

Empty.

The sounds of the train rumbling are rhythmic and soothing.

Knox sits alone at the center of a row of seats with his elbows on his knees.

He looks at his reflection in the window across the aisle as subway tunnel lights whiz by in the background.

EXT. SUBWAY TERMINAL - NIGHT

Knox walks up the stairs, out of the terminal.

STREET - MOMENTS LATER

He trudges along the sidewalks, the streets empty and quiet.  
Eventually, he walks past

HARLEM 24 HOUR LAUNDROMAT

As he walks past, he scans the area and looks surprised to see it so quiet.

He peers into the laundromat and sees it empty.

After he passes it, he stops and thinks.

He backpedals and enters the laundromat.

INT. HARLEM 24 HOUR LAUNDROMAT

Empty. Everything still.

A ceiling light flickers. A crooked ceiling fan pit-pats rhythmically.

Faint sounds of washing machines.

He walks past a series of dryers until he gets to the one with the shattered glass door.

He steps over the broken glass and sees his laundry bag sitting on a table.

Knox grabs the laundry bag and goes to the dryer with his clothes in it.

He feels the clothes, still moist.

KNOX

Fuck it.

Knox transfers the clothes into another dryer.

He digs into his pockets and inserts change.

He presses a few buttons on the dryer and his clothes begin to spin inside it.

He sits down on the floor, exhausted, and watches his clothes dry.

Suddenly, his cell phone rings.

He looks at the call I.D. He stares at it peculiarly, answers.

KNOX

Hello?

He listens.

KNOX

(pleasantly)

Oh, Jennifer, right? From the dating service.

He listens.

KNOX

Listen, I just wanna apologize for cutting our phone call short last week.

He stands up and paces back and forth, a grin on his face.

KNOX

Yeah, something came up.

INT. KNOX'S APARTMENT BUILDING, SECOND FLOOR - LATER

Knox trudges up the stairs with a big bag of laundry in his hands.

He has his cell phone lodged between his neck and shoulder.

He stops at his door.

KNOX

Meet up?

Knox thinks about it as he uses his foot to open his door.

He glances down at the sock on the ground, wedged in the door.

KNOX

I got a lot of things going on right now, I'm not sure if I can guarantee anything.

He enters

KNOX'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

Knox thinks as he listens to her speak on the other end.

KNOX

I have a confession to make before  
you decide to get your hopes up  
about me.

(beat)

You see...

Knox stops suddenly when he sees Benny Jr.

Benny points a 45 caliber pistol at Knox and holds his aim.

Silence.

The two stare at each other.

BOOM! Benny shoots him in the trapezius muscle, between the  
shoulder and neck.

KNOX

Aaaah!!!

Knox drops his laundry and the cell phone to the floor and  
falls back against the wall.

He slides down to his rear, leaves a streak of blood on the  
wall behind him.

Benny holds his aim.

BENNY JR.

You thought I'd let you get away  
with it, huh?

Knox, his eyes wide with shock, clutches his wound. He stares  
up at Benny in disbelief.

Benny steps on Knox's cell phone and crushes it.

KNOX

What the fuck are you talking  
about?!

Benny takes a step forward.

BENNY JR.

My father? Now, whether it was an  
accident or not, he's dead. And you  
had a hand in it.

He crouches down into a squat position and looks into Knox's eyes.

BENNY JR.

I appreciate the plane ticket,  
though. Unfortunately I missed my  
flight.

He digs into his pocket and tosses the plane ticket to Hawaii on the floor.

BENNY JR.

I had a gut feeling Devereaux might  
send someone after my family, so I  
decided to stick around.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

EXT. BENNY JR.'S HOME - NIGHT

The twins Rob and Bob stand outside on the front porch and peer through the windows.

Inside, Benny Jr.'s wife Mindy sits on the couch with their two sons on the couch.

The twins glance at each other and nod.

As Rob goes for the doorknob...

BOOM! Rob takes a bullet to the head and drops.

Bob turns around and sees Benny Jr.

BOOM! Benny pops him in the head and he drops.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE OVER

INT. KNOX'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

Knox lies on his rear as blood from his wound gushes out from between his fingers.

Benny stares down at Knox.

BENNY JR.

I just didn't feel right leaving my  
family's life in the hands of the  
same guy who helped kill my father.

Knox breathes heavily and stares up at Benny, no response.

BENNY JR.

But this isn't just about revenge,  
Frank. I believe you have a hundred  
thousand dollars of my money that I  
would like back.

Knox grimaces as he continues to clutch his wound.

BENNY JR.

I got two kids that I want to put  
through college, Frank.

(beat)

Where's my money?

Knox shrugs, in great pain.

KNOX

I don't have it.

Benny shows a look of disappointment.

BENNY JR.

I'm not like you, Frank. If we  
traded places right now, I'm sure  
I'd be dead already, and it  
wouldn't bother you one bit. But  
this is difficult for me.

(beat)

Now, please, I beg of you...where's  
my money?

Knox shakes his head, "No".

Benny sighs.

BENNY JR.

Very well.

He closes his eyes and slowly presses on the trigger.

BOOM! BOOM! He shoots Knox twice in the chest.

Knox grimaces in pain, clutches his chest wounds as blood  
seeps through his shirt.

He MOANS and gasps frantically for air as he becomes limp.

Benny glances down at him with subtle guilt, grimaces in  
disgust and turns away.

Knox tosses and turns before he lies on his side. He rests his face on the floor - his eyelids grow heavier and heavier as a pool of blood expands beneath him.

Benny leaves the apartment, lets the door close behind him.

But the sock keeps it open.

The pool of blood extends to the door and reaches the sock.

The sock slowly turns from white to red.

FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Benny gets to the front entrance of the apartment building.

As his hand touches the door, loud FOOTSTEPS stumble from the stairway.

Benny turns around. His eyes widen with disbelief.

Knox, pale and covered in blood, points his pistol at Benny.

BOOM! Knox nails him with a perfect shot between the eyes.

Blood splatters onto the window of the front door - Benny collapses forward and nudges the front door open.

His dead body keeps the door from closing.

Silence.

An exhausted and weakened Knox, a bloody mess, sits at the bottom step of the stairway.

He stares at Benny's dead body and shakes his head in disappointment.

He rests his elbows on his knees shuts his eyes, then buries his face into his hands.

FADE OUT:

THE END