

OUT OF EDEN
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FADE IN:

EXT. FLY IN - PORTLAND, OR - DAY

A crow flies out of the clouds toward the Burnside Bridge.

Robert Cray's "Out of Eden" starts playing.

The Portland skyline shines in the sun.

The Willamette River sparkles around the Burnside bridge.

A five story apartment building sits in the middle of a rough industrial section of town.

The shadow of a tall man wearing a stylish straw hat, reflects off of a white 1995 Cadillac Sedan DeVille. The crow lands in front of him on the sidewalk.

The man's shoes are impeccably polished. His Armani suit pressed and clean. His silk tie shines in the sun.

We then see JOE SPENCE's face, a black man with a strong build and an appealing look. In his fifties, he still possess a serious, yet king of cool persona.

Spence sees an older black lady on the other side of the street waiting for a bus. He tips his hat to her. She smiles back at him.

He takes a step forward and opens the passenger door. He gently lays his suit coat on the seat and then closes the door.

He opens the driver's side door and leans against the car while glancing at the crow.

SPENCE (V.O)

It was mid October when it all
went down. I wanted out of Eden,
but I never thought it would
happen the way it did.

Spence shuts the driver side door and starts the car.

SPENCE (V.O)

I was a real shit to whoever I
needed to be a shit too.

Spence turns onto East Burnside Street.

SPENCE (V.O)

For those I had no quarrel with, I was too much of a gentleman. But hell, we can't all be perfect.

He merges his car onto the Burnside Bridge.

SPENCE (V.O)

Believe it or not, Portland was the place. It was Eden. It was where the real shit went down. If you wanted something done you came to me.

Spence turns onto a busy downtown street. Two cops sit in an unmarked police car watching Spence drive by.

Detective WYATT is a white middle aged man. By the looks of him you can tell he's seen some rough scenes.

Detective SEARS is much more classy. He's black and well built, but laid back.

Spence's car disappears.

DETECTIVE WYATT

Joe Spence! That's the real alpha male right of this city.

DETECTIVE SEARS

No shit spoken there.

EXT. FRONT OF BENSON HOTEL - PORTLAND, OR - DAY

Spence parks his Cadillac in front of the entrance to the hotel.

SPENCE (V.O)

I was an ex cop from Philly trying to make a buck or two. I wouldn't say I lowered my standards, cause I never had any.

EXT. STREETS OF DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

TITLE INSERT: STREETS OF PHILLY TEN YEARS AGO

"Hey Joe" by Jimi Hendricks starts playing.

About ten years younger, Spence is in a police uniform struggling with a male criminal. Fifty feet away, his partner talks on the radio while inside the car.

SPENCE
(to criminal)
Stop moving around!

The two continue to wrestle around.

SPENCE (V.O)
I used to walk a beat, but it was
never in me to conform.

Spence hits the criminal repeatedly with his baton.

SPENCE (V.O)
They said it was police brutality,
but that was all bullshit.

INT. PHILADELPHIA COURTHOUSE - DAY

The JUDGE sits at her bench while Spence and his attorney stand before the court. The judge is in her late forties and looks professional.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY is in his late twenties and seems to have no idea what he's doing.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Um, my client is a decorated
police officer and he seems to
have a, um perfect record.

SPENCE (V.O)
They gave me some half-ass lawyer
who just graduated from some
online school. It was all for
show.

JUDGE
We have found that you acted with
unnecessary force causing the
death of a suspect.

SPENCE
That's bullshit!

JUDGE
Silence Officer Spence. It is our
recommendation that your badge be
taken and criminal charges are
placed upon you immediately. You
(MORE)

JUDGE (cont'd)
are a disgrace to the uniform.

The Judge slams her gavel. Spence is led to the exit of the courtroom.

SPENCE
(to Judge)
What's your problem? Didn't I do
what you said.

The Judge gives Spence a confused look.

JUDGE
What?

SPENCE (V.O)
This was all because I wouldn't
lie for her on a previous matter.

INT. OREGON PRISON - DAY

A guard leads Spence down a hallway to his cell.

SPENCE (V.O)
They sent me out to Oregon where
nobody knew my previous
occupation. They said it was a
nice gesture, but I would have
preferred they didn't lock me up
in the first place.

INSIDE SPENCE'S CELL

TONY SHARLINGTON sits on the bottom bunk, in the cell.
Sharlington is in his early seventies and has slick perfect
hair.

Sharlington stands up and shakes Spence's hand very firmly.

MR. SHARLINGTON
What the hell are you in here for?

SPENCE
Assault with a deadly weapon.

MR. SHARLINGTON
With a gun?

SPENCE
No. With my hands.

Moment of awkward silence.

MR. SHARLINGTON

I think your serious. I actually think you're serious.

SPENCE

Damn straight.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Nice, I'm in here for stealing a diamond ring from a prostitute. They say they booked me for using her services, but I gave another excuse for my pants being down. Just between me and you, yeah I screwed her, but she actually paid me.

SPENCE

(awkwardly)

Interesting.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Well, she offered to pay me back since I went to jail over it. Say maybe we can go in to business with each other after this.

SPENCE

We'll see. I got a long time to think about it.

SPENCE (V.O)

I was sure I would never see this whack job again, let alone work with him.

EXT. FRONT OF BENSON HOTEL - DAY

The Cadillac is parked in front of the Hotel. Inside the Cadillac Spence shakes his head in laughter.

The song "Ohio" plays as Mr. Sharlington stands in front of the hotel reading a newspaper. He is wearing a cheap suit with an overcoat.

SPENCE (V.O)

Mr. Tony Sharlington. A real hustler among other things. He was a wanna be gangster from Ohio who failed in the meat business. Deep down he was a good man. A damn

(MORE)

SPENCE (cont'd)
good man. You just had to dig deep
to find it.

REMINGTON stands beside Mr. Sharlington and sips a cup of coffee. In his early fifties, he appears tough in his leather jacket.

MR. SHARLINGTON
It's about time he showed up.

REMINGTON
It ain't the first time he's late
and it sure won't be the last.

SPENCE (V.O)
Remington. A real wonder of the
world. Always teased for being a
geek in school, so he shanked a
kid and realized he could make
money off it. Hard to believe how
sensitive he was.

Mr. Sharlington opens the front passenger door.

MR. SHARLINGTON
I told you I want your ass to open
my door in the morning. It makes
me look official.

SPENCE
My ass ain't that flexible. And
besides I'm here aren't I?

Remington gets in the back seat of the car.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Such an accomplishment and by the
way if you worked at it, your ass
would be that flexible.

REMINGTON
Good luck with that one.

Mr. Sharlington gets in the front seat of the car. He then shuts his door, followed by Remington.

MR. SHARLINGTON
You know you're late?

SPENCE
According to who's schedule?

MR. SHARLINGTON

Mine.

SPENCE

I thought we were in this together.

MR. SHARLINGTON

I give up.

REMYINGTON

You always do.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Shut up! You guys gang up on me too much.

Sharlington skims his newspaper.

REMYINGTON

Just trying to keep you humble.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Thanks for the help.

SPENCE

(smirking)

Now where too?

MR. SHARLINGTON

Eighty Second Ave, like we do every Monday morning.

The Cadillac drives away.

EXT. 82ND AVE - PORTLAND, OR - DAY

Spence drives the Cadillac down Eighty Second Avenue. Mr. Sharlington eyes the streets. Remington fiddles his thumbs. "The Poor side of Town" plays from the car radio.

SPENCE (V.O)

Some people say that downtown is the place to be, but right here on eighty second, this was our real office. It was our turf, our cash cow. I loved the place. Even though it was our Eden, it sure didn't look like a garden.

They pass used car dealerships, adult shops and a constant stream of taverns.

MR. SHARLINGTON
You see him Remington?

Remington suddenly pays attention.

REMINGTON
No, not yet. But I'm hopeful.

MR. SHARLINGTON
I would hope so.

Spence sees NEEDLES holding a sign advertising a mattress store. Needles looks rough and is clearly a white trash tweeker.

Needles hands a guy a small pack of a substance and receives some money in return.

SPENCE
Looks like that guy's got a hold
on business.

Sharlington points at Needles.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Holy shit that's him. Pull up to
the guy.

Spence drives over to the sidewalk and parks adjacent to Needles corner.

MR. SHARLINGTON (CONT'D)
I can't believe you spotted him.
Remington, you should be more like
Spence.

REMINGTON
I know, I'll keep trying.

SPENCE
It ain't that hard. I just make it
look that way.

REMINGTON
Very funny Spence.

Sharlington and Remington get out of the Cadillac and walk up to Needles. Spence remains in the car.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Mr. Needles.

NEEDLES

How the hell you know my tag?

MR. SHARLINGTON

Let's just say I'm well connected.

NEEDLES

I'm connected too. So what do you need? Pills? Viagra? Crack? My guess is Viagra.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Screw you! You know who else is real connected needles?

NEEDLES

Who?

MR. SHARLINGTON

Us. You see we're friends with some officers on the force. And with my buddy here being an ex cop.

Sharlington points at Spence.

SPENCE

He knows the lingo.

Spence waves at Needles.

NEEDLES

How much?

MR. SHARLINGTON

Thirty percent.

NEEDLES

Negotiable?

MR. SHARLINGTON

Only if your product increases in price, or your advertising sees better results.

NEEDLES

How do I know you're legit?

MR. SHARLINGTON

We got eyes on you right now.

NEEDLES

Bullshit.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Look over there.

Mr. Sharlington points to an unmarked police car and waves at it. Detective Sears and Wyatt both wave back.

NEEDLES

Shit, you are legit.

MR. SHARLINGTON

We don't mess around.

Remington adjusts his jacket exposing a thirty eight special in a shoulder holster.

NEEDLES

I get the picture.

MR. SHARLINGTON

So is thirty percent too high?

NEEDLES

No, it'll work.

Needles takes out a wad of twenty one hundred dollar bills and hands them to Mr. Sharlington.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Good man. Now remember the eyes are always watching.

Spence, Mr. Sharlington and Remington walk over to the car.

SPENCE (V.O)

When Tony Sharlington said that, he was never bluffing. We had eyes everywhere. We had unlimited access to street cams, ATM live streams and even police footage.

Spence drives across the street over to the unmarked police car.

SPENCE (V.O)

Sharlington used to say that his eyes were used on the Pyramids that were on the dollar bill. After spending time with him, I started to see the resemblance. This guy knew how to make money and he was never ashamed of his method, no matter what.

Mr. Sharlington rolls down his passenger window and hands Detective Sears four one hundred dollar bills.

MR. SHARLINGTON

We only got eight hundred out of him today.

DETECTIVE SEARS

Fifty percent is still fair in my book.

DETECTIVE WYATT

You're all good men! And don't ever let anyone ever tell you differently.

MR. SHARLINGTON

You too.

The Cadillac drives down eighty second avenue.

SPENCE (V.O)

So this is what we do. All day every day. We make money, we become the middle man where there isn't one. Some people might wonder how I could sleep at night, truth was I slept fine. I wish I wasn't alone every night, but other than that I'm all good. My work gives me satisfaction. The irony is enough to keep me going. We are screwing the screwer. There is justice in the world, and I'm it's enforcer.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - DAY

Mr. Sharlington rides in the passenger seat while Spence drives. Remington dozes off in the back seat.

The Cadillac cruises throughout the city.

SPENCE (V.O)

We ran Portland. Every city block was ours. And we even did it in a civilized manner.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Spence, Mr. Sharlington and Remington hit a guy with baseball bats while he is on the ground.

SPENCE (V.O)

Well, mostly.

EXT. PORTLAND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Mr. Sharlington, Spence and Remington, kick and punch a guy who's on the ground.

SPENCE (V.O)

We'd rough men up all the time, no hard feelings. I was just doing my job.

They lift the guy up.

SPENCE (V.O)

We just enforced the rules. We never killed anyone, just taught them where the boundaries were.

Remington pulls a gun out of the guy's pocket.

REMINGTON

(holding gun)

What's this?

The guy just looks away.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Get up you filthy cockroach.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Spence sits in the driver's seat of the Cadillac.

SPENCE (V.O)

If a guy stole a gun we'd sell it to a pawn shop.

Sharlington and Remington walk into the Pawn shop.

INSIDE PAWN SHOP

Remington and Sharlington lean against a counter while the PAWN SHOP OWNER examines the gun.

The owner is extra heavy and a little suspicious.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
So where'd you get it?

REMINGTON
We found it.

MR. SHARLINGTON
We bought it.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Which one is it?

MR. SHARLINGTON
Well we found a guy who sold it
too us.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Well if you'll take three hundred
for it, I don't care where the
hell you got it.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Perfect.

Pawn Shop Owner lays out three one hundred dollar bills.

SPENCE (V.O)
The guy knew we were screwing with
him, hell everyone did. But he
knew where his bread was buttered.
He'd keep his mouth shut as long
as we sent good deals his way.

FRONT OF PAWN SHOP

Mr. Sharlington walk out of the Pawn shop and gets into the car.

SPENCE
How'd it go?

MR. SHARLINGTON
Two hundred for me and a hundred
for you two.

Sharlington rips a one hundred dollar bill and gives one half to Remington and the other half to Spence.

REMINGTON
What the hell man?

MR. SHARLINGTON
Don't worry this way you're like
blood brothers only money
brothers. Now you can't kill each
other.

SPENCE
(smiling)
Ah, hell.

The car drives away.

EXT. SLUM APARTMENTS - DAY

Old building in a rough neighborhood. A slum apartment with
junk surrounding it.

The Cadillac pulls up beside the apartments.

SPENCE
This one for the mob?

MR. SHARLINGTON
Ain't they all for the mob?

REMINGTON
Unfortunately so.

Remington and Sharlington get out of the car and knock on
one of the apartments.

Spence waits in the car. Remington and Sharlington pull a
RENTER out of his doorway and takes him to the back of the
apartment. Renter is a trashy guy in his late twenties.

SPENCE (V.O)
If a renter was delinquent, we'd
make him pay.

Remington throws the renter against the wall.

MR. SHARLINGTON
(yelling)
You don't got no money for us?

RENTER
No man I'm out.

MR. SHARLINGTON
(holding renter)
Check his freaking pockets.

Remington checks the renter's pockets. He pulls out a wad of cash.

MR. SHARLINGTON
(slapping renter)
No money, huh? Next time Spence
will collect. And you don't want
to see that.

REMINGTON
Trust me, you don't ever want to
see that.

Remington and Sharlington walk to the car.

SPENCE (V.O)
When I got out of the car, it was
bad. And everyone in town knew it.

EXT. ABANDON WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Sharlington, Spence and Remington take turns punching a drug dealer who's tied to a chair.

SPENCE (V.O)
Sure we'd rob and steal, but it
was all justified. We never did
anything to anyone who didn't
deserve it.

Remington pulls a Ziplock bag full of white powder out of the drug dealer's pocket.

MR. SHARLINGTON
You don't sell drugs to kids in my
town. Only to adults.

Sharlington knocks the dealer over with the hand grip of his pistol.

SPENCE (V.O)
We were always justified, always.

EXT. PORTLAND SHIPPING YARDS - DAY

MR. MARASCHINO stands in front of his brand new ATS Cadillac. He's in his late sixties and is very short. He wears fancy clothes that compliment his Italian decent.

TIP, JEWELS and KRAMER stand on the side of the car. DON JOHNSON stands right next to Maraschino.

SPENCE (V.O)

Mr. Maraschino's crew. These were the guys you didn't mess with. Power, money, influence. They were a force to be reckoned with. Through and through.

Spence sits in his Cadillac a quarter mile away. He looks through his binoculars at the scene.

SPENCE (V.O)

The only shitty part of the job. We did most of our work for these assholes.

Kramer is a younger guy in his early thirties. He looks and acts tougher than he is.

SPENCE (V.O)

Kramer, what a joke. Got his tag name for being the so called bodyguard for the guy from Seinfeld. Claims he didn't like his racist tone so he quit. But we all know he was canned for being a sissy.

Tip just looks mean all over. He's in his fifties and has a rough and beat up body with a bald head.

SPENCE (V.O)

Tip. A real ass. Chipped his tooth on a guy's forehead in a fight. Hence the name "Tip". Rumor is the tip of the tooth is still stuck in the dude's forehead.

Jewels is dressed nicer than the rest. He's tall black and handsome with a commanding presence. He's a few years younger than Spence.

SPENCE (V.O)

Jewels. He likes his bling-bling. He's always trying to look like me, but he don't pull it off.

(MORE)

SPENCE (cont'd)
Who's better than me to judge
that?

Don Johnson is tall and full of Italian blood. He looks in charge and basically is. In his late fifties, he has grayish white hair.

SPENCE (V.O)
Then there's Don Johnson. He
thinks he looks like him, but I
bet old Nash Bridges would
disagree. Such a poser!

A new Lincoln and a new Chrysler 300 pull up in front of the ATS. MARLON CRISCO gets out of the drivers side of the Lincoln. He's in his early seventies and looks, acts and is completely Italian.

MR. MARASCHINO
Marlon, how the hell are ya?

MARLON
(serious)
Business as usual.

SPENCE (V.O)
Marlon Crisco a real pain in the
ass. He's got money and even makes
more everyday.

MIKE the IKE gets out of the Chrysler. He's dressed in a silk suit. A sixty year old white guy and a very flamboyant homosexual.

SPENCE (V.O)
Now this guy was a rainbow rider
if there ever was one. Not an
ounce of Italian blood in him. He
used to run the union for all the
Candy factory workers, but now he
just mooches off the Italians and
brags on their spaghetti sauce. A
real man don't brag on another
man's sauce.

Mike throws a Mike and Ike candy into his mouth.

MR. MARASCHINO
Hey, I need one of those.

Mike tosses a candy into Maraschino's mouth.

The GAMBLING KING gets out of the passenger side of the Lincoln. He's wearing a large fur coat. In his late seventies, he looks like he just came from a nightmare where he was the villain.

SPENCE (V.O)

This old boy was the only Italian in the country who worked in the trenches. You got to respect him for that. Hell he's so old he probably fought in the trenches of the first World War.

GAMBLING KING

Maraschino. I needed to see you man.

MR. MARASCHINO

You want anything, you just name it.

MIKE

That's what I love about you Maraschino. Always willing.

MR. MARASCHINO

Gotta love a man who will do for others what he wants done for himself.

MARLON

Not that I don't adore your company, but why the hell are we here?

MR. MARASCHINO

Quarterly reports. We'll split the cash and then you can leave.

MARLON

Sorry cousin. I just got some garlic bread in the oven and noodles on the stove waiting for me.

MIKE

What? I want some. Can I come over?

Marlon rolls his eyes.

SPENCE (V.O)

What a freaking leach.

Don Johnson shakes his head.

JEWELS

Okay folks. We got it all here and counted.

All the guys walk over to the trunk of the Cadillac.

MR. MARASCHINO

(smiling)

You ever seen a million in a trunk before?

GAMBLING KING

Not without a body bleeding all over it.

Mike the Ike has a freaked out look on his face.

Johnson pushes a button on his remote key. The trunk pops open revealing a huge pile of cash.

All the guys stare in amazement.

SPENCE (V.O.)

This is where it all was. Their power, their greed and their motivation. Without that money, you might as well throw them all in there to suffocate. They lived and breathed for the cash. Some even said they bled green.

The guys begin loading armfuls of cash into their cars.

SPENCE (V.O)

We only complimented these guys, we had too. But I hated it. Deep down they knew what I thought of them. My boss on the other hand, Mr. Sharlington. He would have given anything to be part of their crew for just a few seconds.

MR. MARASCHINO

We will see you all next quarter.

SPENCE (V.O)

Basically, Tony Sharlington was their bitch.

They all disperse.

SPENCE (V.O)
Shitheads really had a good thing
going.

EXT. PORTLAND - EVENING

The sunsets on the river and the city skyline.

Robert Cray's "I'm Afraid" plays as Spence drives the Cadillac throughout the city. Sharlington and Remington sleep in the back.

SPENCE (V.O)
We knew everyone and everyone knew
us. Dealers, Pimps, gangs and even
the lowest of the low; attorneys.

Spence drives passed the Rose Quarter.

SPENCE (V.O)
We blackmailed, sent messages and
even did some contract work.
However mostly we just drove
around listening to Robert Cray,
acting like we owned the city,
because basically, we did.

Spence merges onto the Steel Bridge.

SPENCE (V.O)
If there was pain to be felt, we
inflicted it. If there was a
message to be sent, we delivered
it. Most importantly if there was
money to be made, we made it.

Spence continues driving downtown.

SPENCE (V.O)
Seems like we had it made. We did
in some regards. But I could never
describe how empty the whole
within me felt. And I was sure I'd
never fill it. Ever.

INT. ITALIAN CAFE - NIGHT

A small cafe with less than twenty tables. The cafe is outdated and not in the greatest neighborhood.

Mr. Maraschino walks around the restaurant shaking hands and greeting the people that are eating. He approaches a table where COUNCILMAN NEIL sits.

Neil is a city councilman in his late fifties and looks official dressed in a nice suit.

MR. MARASCHINO
Councilman Neil. How's your spaghetti?

COUNCILMAN NEIL
Fantastic as always.

MR. MARASCHINO
Only the best for the prominent leaders of Portland.

COUNCILMAN NEIL
About that. We got a problem. Can I talk to you in the kitchen?

MR. MARASCHINO
Absolutely Councilman.

Maraschino waves at Don Johnson to follow him into the kitchen. Don Johnson walks behind the councilman.

Maraschino leads the Councilman into the kitchen in the back of the restaurant.

The Kitchen is outdated and dirty. With black and white tile on the floor the room is small and dinky.

MR. MARASCHINO
What possibly could I do for you?

COUNCILMAN NEIL
I'm afraid our arrangement is permanently over.

MR. MARASCHINO
What the hell do you mean?

COUNCILMAN NEIL
My boys and I got a better offer. If we let these other guys operate free of cops and regulation, they'll give us fifty percent. Last time I checked you pay out ten percent. Hardly a fair partnership.

MR. MARASCHINO

Your new partners are full of
shit. Fifty percent of nothing
ain't much of anything.

COUNCILMAN NEIL

With us in bed with them, that
means you're out of the game which
leads to no competition. Which
leads to market control.

MR. MARASCHINO

Councilman, you're one of us. Your
father was Italian. He played
chess with my father, and you're
saying your gonna shit on us for a
chance at forty percent.

COUNCILMAN NEIL

It's fifty. And I want to be fair.
You renew our contract at fifty
percent and we gotta deal.

MR. MARASCHINO

In the words of John Wayne from
the movie True Grit. "That baby
sister is no deal."

COUNCILMAN NEIL

Business is changing Maraschino.
You can conform or step out of the
way.

MR. MARASCHINO

I was never good at conforming.

COUNCILMAN NEIL

Someday you'll meet somebody who's
worse at than you. And then you'll
have to conform, or something
worse.

Councilman Neil walks out of the kitchen.

Maraschino looks at Don Johnson.

DON JOHNSON

Arrogant son of a bitch.

Maraschino paces in anger.

MR. MARASCHINO

You just saw a walking dead man.
One of our own is trying to screw
us. Arrogant son of a bitch.

DON JOHNSON

I knew his mother. She really was
one.

MR. MARASCHINO

A what?

DON JOHNSON

A bitch.

MR. MARASCHINO

Oh. Yeah, that's where he gets it.

INT. STEAKADELPHIA RESTAURANT - DAY

Very small sub shop in a rough neighborhood of Portland.
Spence, Remington and Sharlington munch on their Philly
cheese steak sandwiches.

HERMANO walks in the building. A heavier, domineering man in
his seventies. He's part Russian and part Cuban.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Hermano! It's been too damn long.

Sharlington Stands up.

HERMANO

I knew you'd be here.

SPENCE (V.O)

Son of a Cuban mother and Russian
father. Birthright in the Russian
mafia. The guy was born to be
crooked. I always liked him more
than the Italians. He always did
his own thing.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Yeah, old Spence here is from
Philly and he says this place's
cheese steaks are better than any
you can get in Philly.

HERMANO

Could we have a word alone?

MR. SHARLINGTON

Yeah, sure.

Sharlington walks a few feet away from the table.

MR. SHARLINGTON (CONT'D)

We ain't talked a while. Business doing good?

HERMANO

This is personal. I got a granddaughter, she's been on the wrong side of the street. You know what I mean. Drugs, all that shit. Anyway, she got raped one night and now she ain't the same.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Shit man.

HERMANO

She can't even sleep at night. She's taking pills and shaking. She is so disturbed. Me and her mother question if she'll ever come back to normal.

MR. SHARLINGTON

What can I do to help?

HERMANO

I want you to find the guy and kill him. I don't mean beat him up and make him wish you killed him. I mean literally kill him and let him bleed in the freaking street.

MR. SHARLINGTON

I don't know man. We usually just send messages.

HERMANO

I'm serious. I'll give you ten grand. You'll be in the right. This guy destroyed my baby girl. Cut him up and you'd be doing me a favor. I don't know of anyone else I could ask.

MR. SHARLINGTON

I want to help you, but kill him? Are you sure?

HERMANO

I've never been more sure in my life about anything.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Could we just beat him up a little?

HERMANO

I'll give you fifteen grand.

MR. SHARLINGTON

It's not the money, you know that.

HERMANO

Please. She's my only granddaughter.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Okay, I'll do it. I'll find a way.

HERMANO

Thank you! I won't ever forget this.

HERMANO leaves the restaurant.

SPENCE (V.O)

Sharlington never could say no.

EXT. FRONT OF MARLON CRISCO'S MANSION - DAY

A fancy two story home in a desirable neighborhood of Lake Oswego.

Mr Maraschino and Don Johnson stand on the front porch. Maraschino rings the door bell.

INSIDE MANSION

Mike the Ike walks to the door with a feminine swagger.

MIKE

I'll get it Marlon.

Mike opens the front door.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(delightfully)

Oh what a surprise! Good to see you. Please come in.

DON JOHNSON
You freaking live here now?

MIKE
No just on holiday.

DON JOHNSON
Today ain't no freaking holiday.

MIKE
It's National Unity day in Italy.

DON JOHNSON
What the hell is that?

MIKE
The celebration of the day we
kicked the shit out of Austria.

DON JOHNSON
What's this we shit!

DON JOHNSON (CONT'D)
(quietly to Mike)
I'd pay a million dollars to see
you kick the shit out of Arnold
Schwarzenegger.

MIKE
(offended)
What ever is that supposed to
mean?

MR. MARASCHINO
(irritated)
Where the hell's Marlon?

MIKE
Preparing dinner. We're gonna have
Wayne Newton's favorite dish and
Dean Martin's favorite desert.

DON JOHNSON
Won't that be a joy.

Marlon walks out into the entryway holding a dinner rag.

MARLON
Boys what can I do for you today?

MR. MARASCHINO
Well, Marlon could I speak to you
in private?

Marlon throws the rag at Mike.

MARLON

Absolutely. Mike entertain Don Juan over in the kitchen for a minute.

Marlon and Maraschino walk into the study.

DON JOHNSON

It's Johnson, Don Johnson.

MIKE

I was gonna say that you didn't look very Mexican, but I'm not sure if that would have been P - C.

DON JOHNSON

Let me show you what the hell I learned in the prisons of Russia.

MIKE

I'm always game for a learning opportunity.

DON JOHNSON

Oh you will definitely be enlightened.

INSIDE STUDY

Marlon sits on the desk while Maraschino stands a few feet away.

MARLON

So what the hell made you come all the way out here to Lake Oswego?

MR. MARASCHINO

We got a problem. Our people are backing out.

MARLON

You mean the city officials?

MR. MARASCHINO

I mean our cops, our Judges, our politicians and even our business partners.

MARLON

Why the hell are they dropping us?

MR. MARASCHINO
Councilman Neil is behind it all.
He got a higher contract. Fifty
percent.

MARLON
Isn't he one of us?

MR. MARASCHINO
He's Italian, but he sold out long
ago.

MARLON
Do you have any ideas?

MR. MARASCHINO
Yeah, I could cut his nuts off and
then his head.

MARLON
No we can't do that.

MR. MARASCHINO
Why the hell not? We did it in the
old days.

MARLON
It ain't the old days anymore.
Besides he's Italian. Now do you
have any realistic ideas?

MR. MARASCHINO
We can't raise their cut, but we
could black mail them.

MARLON
How you gonna do that?

MR. MARASCHINO
I got a prostitute I use, she has
a book with names and numbers.

MARLON
We're gonna need more evidence
than that.

MR. MARASCHINO
We can set stuff up, you know
videotape what happens. Then we
got raw footage, proof.

MARLON

Do it. We got a damn good thing
going here and I can't afford to
lose it.

Maraschino nods his head in agreement.

MR. MARASCHINO

Neither can I.

INT. ABANDON WAREHOUSE - DAY

Spence, Sharlington and Remington stand over a guy that's
beat nearly to death. Blood drips down the guy's face. He's
spread out on the floor and can barely move.

REMYINGTON

(whispering)

Spence I can't do this.

SPENCE

Just don't think about it.

SPENCE (V.O)

The guy deserved it, but I
couldn't do it either.

Sharlington grabs a box-cutter knife.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Okay hold him down Spence.

SPENCE

No.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Come on.

SPENCE

No. No way.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Look I don't want to do this
anymore than you do, but I said I
would, so help me.

SPENCE

I don't kill.

MR. SHARLINGTON

This is a bad guy. Real bad. He
deserves it dammit.

SPENCE

You ain't the judge of that.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Of all times, you choose now to be a self righteous prick.

SPENCE

I have lines that I don't cross. You know that. You've always known that.

MR. SHARLINGTON

I said yes to a member of the Russian mafia. You walk away from this guy and we all die. You want that?

SPENCE

Don't put this on me.

MR. SHARLINGTON

You don't even know what's right or wrong anymore, so don't pretend you do.

SPENCE

I know when something is just plain wrong. This is wrong, no matter how you play it or justify it, it's wrong.

MR. SHARLINGTON

That maybe so, but it doesn't change what I have to do.

SPENCE

Nope, just what I'm gonna do.

Spence walks away from Sharlington toward the exit.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Where are you going?

SPENCE

I quit.

MR. SHARLINGTON

What about the Cadillac?

Spence flips Sharlington the bird with his back facing Sharlington.

SPENCE

Shove it up your ass.

MR. SHARLINGTON

The Cadillac or the damn finger?

Spence keeps walking.

Sharlington looks at Remington.

REMINGTON

Hell if I know.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Spence walks out of the abandoned building while Sharlington and Remington follow about fifty feet behind.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Spence I need you and you know it.

Spence keeps walking.

MR. SHARLINGTON

I'm not gonna cut his nuts off.
I'm all talk and you know it.

SPENCE

It's over.

REMINGTON

Come on man. I can't do your job.
I'm not tough. I wear cardigans
when I'm alone.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Spence don't Wiesel out again.

Spence turns around.

SPENCE

Aren't you sick of this moral
dilemma? Don't you ever wanna go
to bed at night thinking you did
something good that day? Do you
wonder, maybe in the grave we'll
be thinking about all the bad
things we did?

MR. SHARLINGTON

All the time.

SPENCE

I wanna smell fresh air and not feel guilty. I wanna look a guy in the face and no that I don't have to threaten him. I wanna erase every damn thing I've done that I didn't approve of.

MR. SHARLINGTON

You can.

SPENCE

They made me into this. I didn't belong in prison. You might of, but not me. I'm a good guy. The system failed me. They ain't gonna get me anymore. I ain't gonna let it happen.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Spence, come on. This guy deserves it and you know that.

SPENCE

I'm not gonna cast the first stone. Who am I to judge this man? When I'm free of innocence myself.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Don't throw that bible crap at me.

SPENCE

At least I have something to believe in.

Sharlington stands in silence

SPENCE (CONT'D)

It's over. I owe myself too damn much.

Spence walks around the corner and disappears.

REMYINGTON

Who knew this job would be so freaking emotional.

MR. SHARLINGTON

He'll be back.

REMYINGTON

He only does this what, every six weeks?

MR. SHARLINGTON
Yeah, every time we're about to
kill a guy.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The beat up man is bleeding badly and barely alive.
Remington and Sharlington lift the man into the trunk.

REMINGTON
We didn't kill him.

MR. SHARLINGTON
No we didn't.

REMINGTON
Now what?

MR. SHARLINGTON
We're gonna leave him somewhere.

Maraschino's ATS speeds into the warehouse and stops.

REMINGTON
What the hell is this?

MR. SHARLINGTON
I don't know. Don't say shit kid.

Maraschino gets out of his car and runs up to Sharlington.

MR. SHARLINGTON
What's the matter Mr. Maraschino?

MR. MARASCHINO
You stupid son of a bitch. You
beat the shit out of our boy and
you have the audacity to ask me
what's the matter?

MR. SHARLINGTON
This is your boy?

MR. MARASCHINO
Damn right it is. Who the hell are
you doing this for?

MR. SHARLINGTON
This boy of your's raped the
granddaughter of my other client.

MR. MARASCHINO
Who's your other client?

MR. SHARLINGTON
He's to remain nameless.

MR. MARASCHINO
Sharlington I could blow your head
off, bury your ass and nobody
would ask me a question about it.
Who the hell ordered this?

MR. SHARLINGTON
You can torture me. I ain't
telling.

MR. MARASCHINO
Fine. I can find out on my own.
Now put him in my car.

Sharlington and Remington carefully carry the man to
Maraschino's car and gently set him in it.

MR. MARASCHINO
You're lucky you're Italian, or I
would blow your head off right
now.

Maraschino gets in his car and drives away.

REMYINGTON
You just stood up to the biggest
mob guy this side of the
Mississippi.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Yeah, and now there's gonna be
hell to pay.

EXT. MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Mrs. Clause/Rose's Place is a three story 1920's bungalow,
in a rougher neighborhood near downtown. The home is very
dark and looks abandoned. It has a side driveway with a door
on the side with a step up to the house.

A late model BMW drives up to the front of the house and
parks. Councilman Neil gets out of his car and walks up to
the front door and knocks.

INSIDE ROSE'S PLACE

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE opens the front door.

Mrs. Clause/ Rose is a beautiful madam. Her working name is Mrs. Clause, but her real name is Rose. She has long dirty blond hair and always dresses classy. She's upscale with a great body and a comfortable persona. In her forties, she looks like she's in her prime.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Councilman Neil, I've been waiting
for you.

The Councilman enters the house.

COUNCILMAN NEIL
I'm sorry Mrs. Clause. I was in a
meeting with the Mayor.

Neil kisses Mrs. Clause on the lips.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Did he mention me?

The Councilman removes his jacket and hangs it on a coat rack.

COUNCILMAN NEIL
He gave me the evil eye when I
said I was going to the North
Pole.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
More like the South Pole.

The two lightly laugh

Mrs. Clause takes the Councilman's hand and pulls it over her shoulder. She then leads him to the bedroom.

The entire interior has been updated and not a detail missed. Pink shag carpets with purple walls darken the rooms. Silver disco balls hang from the ceilings.

There's an entrance room followed by a hallway. The next room over is the bedroom. A giant bed sits in the middle with a zebra blanket covering satin sheets.

EXT. MRS CLAUSES/ROSE'S PLACE. - NIGHT

An older Lincoln parks on the side of the house. Tip sits in the driver seat, with Kramer in the passenger seat and NEDDY in the back.

Neddy is a skinny man in his late twenties. He's weak and greasy.

TIP

So here's the plan. Me and Kramer will go in. You stay seated. Watch out for any cops or surprises. Honk if we need to get out of there.

NEDDY

You got it.

Tip and Kramer walk up to the side door and sneak in.

Neddy gets out of the car.

NEDDY

(to himself)

Screw this. It's blackjack hour.

Neddy quickly walks down the dark street and disappears.

INSIDE MRS CLAUSE/ROSE'S PLACE

We hear some laughter coming from the bedroom as the side door to the house shuts.

Tip and Kramer tip toe into the hallway. Kramer reveals a video camera and creeps over to the bedroom. Kramer begins filming the bedroom while he and Tip stand in the hallway.

Mrs. Clause's and the Councilman's head is the only thing we see due to the blanket covering their nudity.

The two kiss. As they kiss again, Councilman Neil sees Kramer out of the corner of his eye.

COUNCILMAN NEIL

You son of a bitch! What are you gonna do, blackmail my ass?

KRAMER

You're a quick thinker.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

You shits.

The Councilman stands up revealing silk boxers. He grabs his belt and chases Kramer.

KRAMER
(running)
Well I think we got enough.

TIP
(also running)
Yep, we sure did.

Tip drops his car keys as he opens the side door of the house, but he does not notice.

COUNCILMAN NEIL
(yelling)
Give me that damn video tape!

Tip and Kramer storm out of the house and reach the car. Tip frantically looks for his keys as Kramer tries to open the passenger door.

KRAMER
What the hell is going on Tip?

Councilman Neil jumps out the side door to the side driveway where Kramer and Tip's car is parked.

COUNCILMAN NEIL
Give me the tape shitheads.

KRAMER
We can't.

COUNCILMAN NEIL
Than I'm gonna cut you up.

Councilman Neil twirls his belt like he's trying to whip Kramer.

KRAMER
Why the hell aren't we leaving?

Kramer dodges a whip.

TIP
I can't find the car keys. I think
I have to go back in.

KRAMER
Tell Neddy to unlock the door.

TIP

I can't the son of a bitch ran off.

KRAMER

Are you shitting me, You got to be shitting me.

The two continue to dodge whips from the Councilman's belt.

TIP

Nope! I'm not shitting you.

COUNCILMAN NEIL

Ain't that the shits.

Councilman Neil slashes the belt and hits the hood of the car accidentally missing Kramer.

TIP

(screaming)

Hey neighbors, citizens of Portland. Councilman Neil Golds is standing outside in his silk boxers.

Councilman Neil slashes Tip's lip with the belt.

TIP

Shit man! You just did that.

Tip's lip leaks blood down his chin.

COUNCILMAN NEIL

I sure did.

Kramer looks around and sees a sledge hammer leaning up against the house. He sets the camera down and picks up the hammer.

KRAMER

That was convenient placing of a sledgehammer for us.

He runs toward the Councilman and hits him in the mouth with it knocking a few teeth out.

TIP

The boss said to blackmail him, not kill him.

KRAMER

He's not dead he just needs to go see a dentist.

TIP

Well I'm not paying for it.

KRAMER

He's got dental insurance. He's a politician.

TIP

Let's go get the damn keys.

KRAMER

Why'd you lock the door anyways?

TIP

We're in a shitty neighborhood, everybody knows that.

Tip and Kramer walk back into the house.

Mrs. Clause wears a robe and holds a baseball bat.

The two enter the hallway. Kramer holds the video camera.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Give me the damn camera.

KRAMER

Look lady we ain't gonna hurt you. We just want our keys.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Hurt me, You're the one that's gonna get hurt. Now give me the damn video camera.

TIP

Why do you even care if we blackmail the councilman?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

It's bad for business and I could go to jail. Look at me. I'm too pretty to go to jail.

KRAMER

Yes you are!

Tip picks up his keys off the floor.

TIP
Got em, now let's go.

KRAMER
Bye lady.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
You're not leaving with my camera.

Mrs. Clause swings the bat at Kramer but misses, hitting the wall. Kramer runs after her and grabs her. He struggles with her as they wrestle.

Sharlington walks through the front door and into the entryway. He hides behind the wall partially viewing the struggle.

TIP
(to Kramer)
Quit your love making and let's
get the hell out of here.

Sharlington picks up a lamp and breaks the glass bulb over the back of Tips head. Tip falls to the ground.

Sharlington takes the base of the lamp and breaks it over Kramer's head causing him to hit the ground as well.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Perfect timing Tony. How's your
day been?

Mrs. Clause puts on one of her high heels and kicks Kramer in the nuts with it. Kramer moans in pain as his face squeals.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Swell, just swell. I needed to
relieve some stress.

Sharlington than kicks Tips body over until he rolls to the edge of the side door of the house. Mrs. Clause walks up to Tip.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Let me finish the prick off.

Mrs. Clause kicks Tip in the tooth with her high heel, causing the tooth to fall off and him to go out door and down the step to the pavement.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Now you know not to screw with us.

Kramer crawls across the hallway floor and picks up Tip's car keys.

Sharlington grabs Kramer and throws him out the door.

MR. SHARLINGTON

And you too!

Kramer lands next to Tip. Sharlington slams the side door.

SIDE OF MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE'S PLACE

Tip and Kramer crawl to their car.

Tip digs in his pocket for his car keys.

TIP

Shit man, after all that we got to go back in there.

KRAMER

Why?

TIP

I left the gall damn keys in there again.

Kramer throws them at Tip.

KRAMER

No worries man, let's go.

Tip unlocks the car. The two struggle to get inside the car, but they eventually do.

TIP

Where the hell's the video camera?

KRAMER

Now that I don't have.

TIP

We should go back and get it.

KRAMER

Really? Of all times, really?

TIP

Ah, you're right. Screw it.

The car drives away.

The Councilman knocks on the side door. Sharlington opens it. The Councilman has a bloody lip and his chin is black and blue.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Look what the hell happened to you!

COUNCILMAN NEIL
Is it that noticeable?

MR. SHARLINGTON
Just a little.

COUNCILMAN NEIL
What should I tell the people?

MR. SHARLINGTON
Say you got robbed.

COUNCILMAN NEIL
I can't prove that.

Mrs. Clause tosses the Councilman's clothes too him.

Sharlington grabs his pants and searches the pockets.

COUNCILMAN NEIL
(to Rose)
What happened to the recording?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
I destroyed it.

COUNCILMAN NEIL
Good.

Sharlington pulls out the Councilman's wallet.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Here I'll take this and now they'll believe you.

COUNCILMAN NEIL
Well, see you next week Mrs. Clause.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Regular time?

COUNCILMAN NEIL
Yep.

The Councilman walks out the door.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Now Sharlington, I owe you for
saving my life.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Are you saying what I hope you're
saying?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
This one's on the house.

Mrs. Clause takes Sharlington by the hand and leads him to
the bedroom.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Same as always?

MR. SHARLINGTON
You know me, I'm an old fashioned
kind of guy.

EXT. PORTLAND SHIPPING YARDS - NIGHT

An abandon parking lot with two cars face each other.

Kramer and Tip, still bleeding stand in front of Don
Johnson.

DON JOHNSON
You stupid ass Sons of Bitches.

KRAMER
I know, I know. We screwed up.

DON JOHNSON
Screwed up. You videotaped the sex
act, got in a fight with a City
Councilman, probably killed him
and you left the camera with the
whore.

TIP
Man her boyfriend did a number on
us.

DON JOHNSON
The man you described sounded like
Sharlington.

KRAMER

Yeah that was him. He's mean.

DON JOHNSON

Sharlington couldn't do shit. He's ancient. That's why Spence works for him. Are you sure his black bitch didn't kick your ass? Cause he could tare you up.

TIP

You afraid of him?

DON JOHNSON

Shit no. I never said that. I mean, I could kick his ass any day of the week.

DON JOHNSON

(shaking his head)

As for you idiots. You want something done anymore you got to do it yourself.

Johnson gets in his car and speeds away.

EXT. MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Johnson quickly pulls up to the house and walks around to the side entrance. He pulls out his gun and opens the side door.

INSIDE ROSE'S PLACE

He slowly creeps down the hallway. He looks in the bedroom at what appears to be a body shaped lump in the bed. He fires his pistol three times at the bed. He hits some cotton and realizes that the lump is a pillow.

He then hears foot steps run down the hall.

Mrs. Clause wears a fancy dress with a feather boa. Sharlington has a belt around his neck and a large amount of makeup on his face. He's tied up with a rope that Mrs Clause holds. He's in a white tank top and some silk boxers.

Johnson turns around and runs into the hallway. He sees Sharlington and fires his pistol hitting the door frame.

Mrs. Clause and Sharlington run through the entryway out the front door. Johnson follows the two out the door.

Mrs. Clause reaches the car and unlocks it.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Why did you lock the car door?

Johnson fires his pistol hitting the car's tail light.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
We're in a shitty neighborhood.
Everybody knows that.

Mrs. Clause pushes Sharlington into the back seat of the car. She then jumps in the driver seat.

Johnson runs around the car to the drivers side. He attempts to open the door but she quickly locks it. She starts the car. He fires a shot into the car, hitting the radio. He pushes his hand through the broken glass and points the gun at Mrs. Clauses head.

DON JOHNSON
Tell me where the damn video
camera is or I'll blow your head
off.

Sharlington uses the seat belt to strangle Johnson.

Mrs. Clause hits the gas to the car. Sharlington uses the seat belt to hold Johnson partly in the car. His feet drag as they drive.

MR. SHARLINGTON
(to Johnson)
All you are is unneeded weight.

Sharlington finally let's him go, causing Johnson to drop and roll as he hits the pavement.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Well we got rid of him.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Yeah, but now I'm gonna need
someone to protect me.

MR. SHARLINGTON
I think I have someone perfect for
the job.

INT. SPENCE APARTMENT - PORTLAND, OR - NIGHT

Spence relaxes in his recliner and drinks a beer. The classic TV show "Chips" appears on the TV.

A knock is heard at the door. Spence stands up and reaches for a pistol. With his gun hidden behind him, he opens the door.

Mrs Clause and Sharlington stand in the doorway still dressed the same. Sharlington appears to be in much discomfort and embarrassment.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Hey Spence. How are you doing tonight?

SPENCE

(to Sharlington)

What the hell happened to you?

MR. SHARLINGTON

A lot.

SPENCE

(to Mrs Clause)

And I assume you must be the four o'clock masseuse he brags about every Tuesday.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

And you must be Mr. Tough Guy.

SPENCE

Something like that. My name's Spence.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Everyone calls me Mrs. Clause. Well, we came by because I'm not gonna let Sharlington go until you do a little job for me.

SPENCE

I don't work for Tony anymore.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Could you please just help me tonight damn't.

SPENCE

You look like you could use it. Come on in.

Spence leads the two into his apartment and sets down his gun.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
(noticing TV)
So you like Chips.

SPENCE
I think I resemble Poncherello.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
I could see it.

Sharlington attempts to undo the ropes that bind him.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Would one of you help me out here?

SPENCE
You look like you're doing just fine to me.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Before I let him go I need an answer. Will you do the job for me?

SPENCE
What is it?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
I need you to kill a guy for me.

SPENCE
(grinning)
No, no I don't kill. I enforce. I deliver messages and I make people wish they're dead sometimes, but I don't do the job.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Spence, just make an exception for me.

SPENCE
I don't work for you anymore.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
It's simple. These guys are trying to kill me for some unknown reason and I want you to stop him.

SPENCE

When?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Tonight.

SPENCE

Tonight. I can't do that tonight.
Hell I can't do anything tonight.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

What the hell would it take?

SPENCE

Hazard pay. Twenty five more an
hour than usual and a five hundred
deposit from both of you.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

What's your usual rate?

SPENCE

A hundred an hour plus expenses.
But no killing, just a little
beating.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

(referring to
Sharlington)

We'll comp you. He's got you
covered, cash and all.

MR. SHARLINGTON

What the hell? That's a good weeks
pay.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

(to Sharlington)

Do you think you're gonna find
another out?

SPENCE

Plus you give me an apology.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Screw that and screw you.

MR. SHARLINGTON

(to Rose)

And screw you too.

SPENCE

Okay I guess you're both out of
luck.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

That means your boss will probably
die with me tonight.

MR. SHARLINGTON

(to Spence)

Okay. I'm sorry, you're right and
I'm whatever the hell you want me
to be. Now would someone get me
out of this damn contraption?

SPENCE

(to Mrs Clause)

I'll get dressed while you assist
him.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Don't take too long.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - NIGHT

INSIDE CADILLAC

Spence drives his Cadillac down a busy downtown street.

Mrs Clause sits in the passenger street.

SPENCE

Where too lady?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Just drive. The guys that are
after me favor a joint a few miles
up here.

SPENCE

So what's your real name?

Mrs. Clause pushes a button to roll down the window and
lights a cigarette.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

I don't have one anymore.

SPENCE

I know what you mean.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
My identity is judged on my
output.

SPENCE
Who were you before?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Maybe a person.

SPENCE
Come on. You had to be somebody.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
I used to be Rose Campbell.

SPENCE
Well believe it or not I used to
be a cop.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
No shit?

SPENCE
Yeah, for real. So what caused
your straying from a normal life?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
I guess life it's self did it to
me.

Rose sees a small donut shop on the corner.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
This is it.

Spence pulls up to the corner and parks his car.

SPENCE
How do you know they're here?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
They're here. This is their spot.

SPENCE
I know some guys who favor this
spot.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Well, I know a guy in here that
can tell us why they were trying
to kill me.

SPENCE

Who was it? Did Sharlington know them?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

He didn't say.

SPENCE

It better not be who I think it is.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Do you just want to walk in there like you own the place?

SPENCE

That might be our only option.

Spence and Rose get out of the car.

FRONT OF DONUT SHOP

The donut shop sits on the corner of a busy street. Behind the shop is a large, old brick building with a side entrance behind the donut shop.

Three guys loiter in front of the donut shop as Spence walks passed them. One is FAT, the other is FATTER and the third is the FATTEST.

SPENCE

(whispering to
Rose)

I'll have to knock these guys out before we go in.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Just do your thing and I'll watch.

SPENCE

You boys frequent this place?

FAT GUY

Nice to see Grandma let you take her car out tonight.

SPENCE

I think I saw you boys once before. Yeah, that's right. You were dipping your donuts in some grease to make it a little more your flavor.

FATTER GUY
 (eying Rose)
 What do we have here?

FATTEST GUY
 I had a dream about you last
 night.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
 If I had a dream about you it
 would be a nightmare.

The three guys pout in anger and embarrassment.

SPENCE
 Need I say more boys?

FAT GUY
 What do you say we cut his balls
 off and then we can take turns
 with her?

The other two guys agree in excitement.

SPENCE
 Or I beat the shit out of you.
 But, because I'm a man of
 negotiation. You could all just
 get the hell out of here.

FATTEST GUY
 Shove it Prick!

SPENCE
 Can't say you didn't have your
 chance.

Spence breaks Fattest guy's nose with the palm of his hand. He then punches Fat and Fatter in the jaw in one motion. He then hits them both on the other side of their jaw with the back of his fist.

The three guys stumble up and run away quickly in fear. Rose stands in shock.

SPENCE
 You ready to make our way in?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
 Looks like you've warmed up.

Spence and Rose wander over to the side of the building.

A large SAMOAN man stands at the side door.

SPENCE

Excuse me, but it appears your in our way.

SAMOAN

What's the password.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

(seductively)

Look, we really need in there.

SAMOAN

No.

SPENCE

He's not lured by the female species, instead he favors what he can eat.

Samoan pushes Spence away.

SAMOAN

Give me a password or make me exercise my duties.

SPENCE

Well as you can tell, me and the lady don't have a password. But by the looks of things you don't exercise anyways.

The Samoan pushes Spence again. In response Spence grabs the Samoan's shoulders and drives his head through the dead bolt locked door.

INSIDE GAMBLING JOINT

About thirty people surround a small room with a bar and various card tables. Neddy is sitting at a card table. The Gambling King is standing in the center of the room with an overcoat and an old gangster hat.

Spence and Rose rush into the building.

SPENCE

Nobody move, I'm a man on a mission and I will accomplish it.

The man behind the bar hides a shotgun pointed at Spence. At the opposite side of the room another man sneaks a pistol out of his coat.

Spence pulls out his two pistols and points them at both men.

GAMBLING KING

How the hell did you see them do that?

SPENCE

Now my guns may not be as big as yours, but they sure are prettier. So why don't you put your's down before this trigger happy son of a bitch gets antsy.

GAMBLING KING

Okay! Put them down. Do what he says.

Nobody moves.

GAMBLING KING

Come on guys. The man's got balls and he looks like he's not afraid to use them. Just put the guns down.

The two put down their guns.

GAMBLING KING

So what the hell can we do for one of Mr. Sharlington's men?

SPENCE

King. I'm after a man. You see him Mrs. Clause?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Yep. Right there.

Mrs. Clause points at Neddy.

SPENCE

Shit.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

You know him?

SPENCE

I know everyone in this joint.

SPENCE

Get up Neddy, you're going with us.

NEDDY

(to King)

Bullshit. I'm not going anywhere with these freaks.

GAMBLING KING

Go.

NEDDY

No way man I put a five thousand dollar deposit down tonight. I'm not going anywhere.

SPENCE

You're about to be deposited into hell if you don't do what I say.

NEDDY

(whiny)

Come on King.

GAMBLING KING

You brought a bad boy to my joint. You might have destroyed a partnership too. If he don't whack you tonight, which he will, I'll do it.

SPENCE

(to Neddy)

Looks like you're checking out. Let's go.

Spence backs out slowly toward the door. From behind, the Samoan wraps his arms around Spence's chest to suffocate him. Spence drops his guns and twist the Samoan's arms. He quickly grabs the Samoan's neck with his hand.

SPENCE

I could break your neck in twenty seven places in about a half a second, but I'm a nice guy so I won't

Spence let's go of his neck.

The Samoan moves toward Spence's gun which is on the floor.

GAMBLING KING

Samoa, don't do it. Just let him go.

Spence picks up his guns.

SPENCE

Now don't give us any shit boys or we'll be back.

Neddy, Spence and Rose hurry down the alley.

SAMOAN

You know that black son of a bitch?

GAMBLING KING

Yeah. He used to work for us.

SAMOAN

Not anymore?

GAMBLING KING

Not after tonight.

INT. BACK KITCHEN OF ITALIAN CAFE - NIGHT

Don Johnson and Marlon Crisco surround Mr. Maraschino who is sitting down in a chair in the middle of the room.

DON JOHNSON

That damn Sharlington broke my shoulder.

MARLON

King just called me up. Apparently Sharlington's black bitch picked up Neddy. And he was with the prostitute.

MR. MARASCHINO

And freaking Sharlington almost killed Johnson earlier.

DON JOHNSON

I can plug them all. Spence, Sharlington and the prostitute.

MARLON

No, no. Take out the chick if you think she'll talk. Take out Neddy, he'll talk for sure.

MR. MARASCHINO

Sharlington doesn't know any better.

DON JOHNSON
And the girl Maraschino?

MR. MARASCHINO
Yeah. I can always find another.

DON JOHNSON
You got it.

Don Johnson walks out of the kitchen.

MARLON
Word on the street is that one of our boys raped a girl. She's somehow connected to the Russian mob. You know about this?

MR. MARASCHINO
I ain't gonna lie. He raped a girl, but we sent him away for it. He ain't dead or nothing.

MARLON
Was the girl Russian? Did you have anything to do with it?

MR. MARASCHINO
No, no. He just screwed up one night at a club. Some unimportant girl. He just got a little out of hand that's all.

MARLON
Good. Cause we don't need anymore enemies. That's the last damn thing we need right now.

EXT. BANK OF COLOMBIA RIVER - DAY

An abandon parking lot near the Port of Portland.

Spence and Rose stand next to the trunk of the Cadillac. Spence pushes the remote button causing the trunk to open. Neddy is crouched down inside of the trunk.

SPENCE
Okay, who's out to kill her?

NEDDY
Ask her.

Spence looks at Rose.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
I don't know what the hell he's
talking about.

SPENCE
(to Neddy)
Are there any more coming for her?

NEDDY
Don't ask me man. Maybe one more.
You know these Italians, they only
send guys in pairs.

SPENCE
So are you saying the mob is out
to kill her?

NEDDY
You said it not me.

SPENCE
Well what do you know?

NEDDY
I know she shouldn't have pissed
him off.

SPENCE
Who off?

NEDDY
(points to Rose)
Ask her, she knows.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
I don't know what he's talking
about.

Spence looks at Rose and then Neddy.

SPENCE
Would somebody please tell me who
the hell has a mark on us?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Look I'm not exactly in the type
of business where I have no
enemies.

NEDDY
Can I get out of the trunk now?

SPENCE
 Might as well.

Neddy stands up and gets out of the trunk.

Two hundred yards away Don Johnson positions a sniper rifle to take aim at Neddy.

Neddy leans on the Cadillac.

Spence paces around.

SPENCE
 (to Rose)
 Now you're telling me you have no
 idea why the mob would want you
 dead?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
 No, my mind is blank.

SPENCE
 (still pacing)
 They don't pick their targets
 randomly.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
 I'm telling you I have no idea
 what's going on.

Spence stands next to Neddy and leans on the Cadillac as well.

SPENCE
 Well I don't know what the hell to
 tell you.

Johnson centers his sniper rifle and hovers his finger over the trigger.

DON JOHNSON
 (to himself)
 You never could do a job right,
 you little Weasel.

Johnson pulls the trigger on his sniper rifle, hitting Neddy square in the head.

Neddy hits the ground fast.

SPENCE
 Shit! Get down Rose.

Spence throws Rose behind the Cadillac. The two fall to the ground.

Johnson fires another shot and hits a window of the Cadillac out.

SPENCE

Keep your head down.

Spence pulls out his pistol and shoots in Johnson's general direction while remaining behind the car.

Johnson fire again hitting a tail light. Spence fires back at him a few times hitting nowhere close to Johnson. Johnson stands up and leaves the scene.

SPENCE

Son of a bitch shot my car up.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

He killed Neddy and could have killed us.

SPENCE

Yeah, and he shot my car up dammit.

INT. CAFE - DAY

The cafe is outdated and is set up like an old fashioned diner. Spence and Rose sit at a booth facing each other while the eat their breakfast.

SPENCE

You told me that Neddy was the one who tried to kill you.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

He works with the guys who tried to kill me.

SPENCE

So why do they want you dead so bad?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

It's a long story.

SPENCE

If I'm gonna go up against my business partners, I wanna know why.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Do you know Mr. Maraschino?

SPENCE
Yeah, you mean spelled like the
cherry?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Exactly like the cherry.

SPENCE
Is he involved in this?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
He sent his guys to record me and
a prominent person in bed
together. He was gonna use it to
blackmail the man who was with me.

SPENCE
And what happened?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
I stole the video and destroyed
it. Then this guy named Don
Johnson came over, not the actor.
And he tried to get it back.

SPENCE
I know him. What'd you do to him?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Me and Sharlington may have broken
his shoulder. We kind of dragged
him with the car.

SPENCE
Ah shit, You broke Don Johnson's
shoulder? Not the actor, but the
number one man for Mr. Maraschino,
the last true mobster.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Yes.

SPENCE
Oh, boy. We're screwed. We're very
screwed. We're beyond screwed.

SPENCE (V.O)
I never really wanted to be in the
center of shit, but now I was
buried in it.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Well what are we gonna do?

SPENCE
I'm gonna pray, like crazy.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
(shocked)
You're religious?

SPENCE
"Blessed are the dead who die in
the Lord, they will rest from
their labor".

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
What's that from?

SPENCE
Revelation Chapter 14. I hope
you're tired, because after what
you got us into. Looks like we're
gonna be resting from our labors,
permanently.

INT. INTER CUT PHONE CONVERSATION - DAY

INSIDE CADILLAC

Spence drives the Cadillac while holding the phone up to his
ear. Rose sits in the passenger seat.

EXTERIOR OF COFFEE SHOP

Sharlington sits outside a coffee shop when he answers his
phone.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Spence, Where the hell are you?

SPENCE
We're in the car. Someone took a
shot at us and killed her attacker
in the process.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Were the two incidents related?

SPENCE
Considering the shooter had time
to aim, I would say so.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Did you get the dead guy's wallet?

SPENCE
No.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Shit, you never could think under pressure. He could have had hundreds on him.

SPENCE
(annoyed)
We need a safe place to hang.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Come out to my place.

SPENCE
All the way out in Gresham?

MR. SHARLINGTON
Yeah, no one will think to look there.

SPENCE
We'll come out there. I've always wanted to meet your wife.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Well I guess you will. By the way Spence, I probably should of told you Don Johnson was on the other end of this.

SPENCE
Yeah, that would have been helpful.

They both hang up.

EXT. SHARLINGTON'S HOUSE GRESHAM, OR - DAY

A split level home in a middle class subdivision in Gresham Oregon. Spence and Rose on the front porch. Spence rings the doorbell. Sharlington opens the door.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Come on in.

Spence and Rose follow Sharlington up the stairs.

Sharlington walks into the kitchen.

The song "Hanky Panky" blasts from a radio as BETSY dances while cleaning some dishes in the kitchen. Betsy is in her mid eighties and full of white hair. She is wearing a sweatshirt, sweatpants and rubber gloves.

Sharlington moves behind her and twists his hips while moving his arms. Betsy turns around and begins dancing with Sharlington.

After a few moments Betsy looks up and notices Spence and Rose. Betsy hurries over to the CD player and stops the music.

BETSY

I'm sorry I didn't know we had company.

MR. SHARLINGTON

(annoyed)

They're not company. They're just going to stay the night.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Really we don't mean to put you out.

SPENCE

Just one night.

BETSY

No worries. I'll start cooking.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

You don't need to do that.

BETSY

I insist. Besides, we never have company.

Betsy looks inside the fridge.

BETSY (Cont'd)

We don't even have milk Tony. You got to go to the store.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Yes Ma'am.

LATER

Spence, Rose, Mr. Sharlington and Betsy all sit at the dining room table. They have just finished their breakfast.

BETSY

And so that's how I got my fourth husband. Tony was my fifth.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

So if you have all that money from the insurances and pension, why does Tony work?

MR. SHARLINGTON

(whispering to
Spence)

To get away from her.

BETSY

I heard that.

Everyone laughs

SPENCE

(to Sharlington)

You better watch yourself. She's got such good ears we should take her out in the field with us.

Sharlington waves his hand across his neck in attempt to silence Spence.

BETSY

He's twenty years younger than me so I know he married me for my money.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Now that's not true.

BETSY

Okay he's only ten years younger than me.

Spence and Rose laugh.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Not that part the money part.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

So why'd you really marry him?

BETSY

For the sex. Believe it or not.

Rose and Spence giggle as Sharlington reveals his embarrassment.

SPENCE

What a bad investment. The yields probably don't even increase anymore.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Very funny.

SPENCE

Hell the closing bell, probably rings two minutes after the opening.

BETSY

No kidding. When the sex does happen it's quicker than cracking an egg.

SPENCE

Oh, boy.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Stop it.

BETSY

Even the blue pills we bought him don't work. And hell we can't figure out the pump. We squeeze and squeeze, nothing happens.

MR. SHARLINGTON

(loudly)

Honey.

Everyone laughs.

SPENCE

Go away mental image.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

No kidding. That'll take some years to wipe away.

MR. SHARLINGTON

(standing up)

Okay now that the laughing has occurred at my expense, I'll take the dishes while one of you

(MORE)

MR. SHARLINGTON (cont'd)
changes the subject.

SPENCE
Oh I think we were just getting
started.

Spence, Betsy and Rose laugh.

BETSY
Oh honey, your so damn cute when
you're embarrassed.

MR. SHARLINGTON
I'm glad you're having fun.

Betsy stands up and walks into the kitchen and hugs
Sharlington.

MR. SHARLINGTON
I still love you.

LATER NIGHT

Spence and Rose relax on a couch.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Thank you so much for helping me.
I don't know what I'd do without
you.

SPENCE
No problem. I feel like it's my
duty or something.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
What do you mean?

SPENCE
I don't know I just never really
protected a woman before and it
kinda feels rewarding. It's hard
to explain.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Well I just hope that they don't
attempt to kill us again.

SPENCE
Well we're half way there if this
was a professional hit.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
How do you know that?

SPENCE
Well they try twice and give up.
It's an Italian myth about bad
luck. The third try something bad
will happen.

A man sneaks up the outside stairs to the back deck.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
So after this we probably won't
see much of each other.

Spence looks into Rose's eyes.

SPENCE
Yeah, probably not.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
I don't want that.

Betsy leans out the bathroom window aiming her shotgun at
the man.

SPENCE
Neither do I.

Spence leans in for a kiss. Betsy fires the gun, killing the
man and interrupting the kiss.

The man falls off the deck and onto the ground.

Spence grabs Rose and ducks behind the coffee table.

Spence pulls out his gun as Sharlington runs into the room.

Betsy walks out into the living room.

BETSY
(holding shotgun)
Well I got him.

Betsy Caulks the shotgun.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Yes you sure did.

SPENCE
Great cook and can shoot too.
She's a keeper.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Yeah, she's the whole package. Now the cops should be here any minute. Anything I can do for you honey.

BETSY

No I'm okay. You guys get out of here. Were gonna have to fill out paperwork and interviews. Tony will give you some money for a hotel.

MR. SHARLINGTON

I will?

BETSY

Yes, you will.

BETSY (CONT'D)

I hate intruders. Everytime I shoot em, the cops act like I did something wrong.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

You've done this before?

BETSY

Oh yeah, twice since I've been married to Tony. This is the third.

SPENCE

Thank you for the food. Your amazing.

BETSY

My pleasure. Now you kids have some fun tonight. You deserve it.

MR. SHARLINGTON

I'll take care of things here. We'll take the day off tomorrow.

SPENCE

You forgot I quit.

MR. SHARLINGTON

I'll see you the day after tomorrow.

SPENCE

Yeah. By the way, thanks
Sharlington.

MR. SHARLINGTON

For what?

SPENCE

You didn't have to harbor us, but
you did.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Your welcome.

The two shake hands.

MR. SHARLINGTON (CONT'D)

Now get going. Get that woman to
safety.

Sharlington pats Spence on the back.

EXT. SHARLINGTON'S HOUSE GRESHAM, OR - NIGHT

Police cars and ambulances line the street in front of the
house. Detective Sears and Wyatt stand in front of the
garage. Sears talks to the Medical Examiner while Wyatt
talks to a deputy.

DETECTIVE WYATT

Yeah, there's nothing here. A
clean shot. Justifiable homicide.
Let's clean it up and go home.

Sears and Wyatt walk into the house.

INSIDE KITCHEN

DETECTIVE SEARS

Sharlington it looks clean, but is
it?

BETSY

You guys know each other?

MR. SHARLINGTON

No, he just knows my last name I
guess. Boys lets walk out here for
a minute.

Sharlington, Sears and Wyatt walk out to the deck. The body
is still lying at the bottom of the stairs.

DETECTIVE WYATT
What the hell happened?

MR. SHARLINGTON
My wife got him. Clean shot too.

DETECTIVE SEARS
Was he mob?

MR. SHARLINGTON
Damn right. Twenty kills to his
name.

DETECTIVE WYATT
We're still gonna need some under
the rug money.

MR. SHARLINGTON
Fine two thou a piece, but that's
it.

DETECTIVE SEARS
We won't push our luck and neither
should you.

MR. SHARLINGTON
What do you mean?

DETECTIVE SEARS
These guys aren't good guys.

DETECTIVE WYATT
What he means is watch your ass.

MR. SHARLINGTON
(looks at body)
Probably not a bad idea.

DETECTIVE WYATT
(to Sears)
Now let's go, I wanna sleep a
while before the bank opens.

The Detectives walk back in the house, down the stairs and
out the front door.

BETSY
We need to talk. Why the hell was
a mob man here to execute a hit on
us?

MR. SHARLINGTON
How do you know he was mob?

BETSY

Twenty two caliber. Who shoots people with that round. Now you better tell me what the hell is going on here.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Honey, I'm not a used car salesman anymore.

EXT. PORTLAND CAFE - NIGHT

The cafe is near empty due to it being around midnight. Spence and Rose sit at a booth sipping coffee.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

I wanna thank you for protecting me. It means a lot.

SPENCE

Well, I think you're gonna be okay. These idiots give up easy. They can't focus on one thing for very long.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

I know so little about you. Tell me about your past.

SPENCE

You don't want to hear it.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

I do. I actually care, believe it or not.

SPENCE

Same story as everyone else. I ended up here, not really by choice or plan. Just sorta fell into it I guess.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

What was your childhood like?

SPENCE

You wanna be my shrink? Is that what this is?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
No. They say eighty percent of what you are is because of your parents.

SPENCE
They say fifty percent of all statistics are made up fifty percent of the time.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Stop stonewalling.

SPENCE
Okay. Well my father was a minister and my mother was a school secretary.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Wow. And you became a hit man.

SPENCE
No, I'm not a hit man. I'm an enforcer.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
So do you still talk to your parents?

SPENCE
No. I ran away from home when I was fifteen. It's funny, I hated them at the time. But here we are thirty years later and I can repeat everyone of my Dad's sermons word for word.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
So they did influence you.

SPENCE
I guess so. What about you? Is your mother as pretty as you are?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Let's not talk about my past.

SPENCE
Now you're stonewalling.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
I can get away with it, because I'm a woman.

SPENCE

Yes you are. And you can get away with it, a lot smoother than I can.

INT. BACK OF ITALIAN KITCHEN - DAY

Maraschino sits next to Don Johnson, when Tip and Marlon walk in.

TIP

(referring to
Marlon)

He wants to talk to you.

MR. MARASCHINO

Well Crisco, what's cooking?

MARLON

You know what's cooking. Call it off. This hooker will be the death of us. You're causing too much havoc by not killing her.

DON JOHNSON

Our boys tried, we chose the best-.

Marlon interrupts Don Johnson.

MARLON

Shut up. We can't afford to battle this Spence guy. As long as he's protecting the girl, we need to back off. We got bigger fish to fry.

MR. MARASCHINO

Like who?

MARLON

Whoever's stealing our contracts. If you have to, end the Councilman.

MR. MARASCHINO

It's about time.

MARLON

A bad Italian that's dead, can do a hell of a lot less damage than a bad Italian that's alive.

MR. MARASCHINO

Di accordo. I agree.

EXT. FRONT OF MOTEL - NIGHT

A dumpy motel in a rough area. Spence is parked in front of the motel. Rose walks up to the car and gets in.

"Wichita Lineman" by Glen Campbell is on the radio.

SPENCE

Did you get us a room?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Yeah. Maybe I'll just stay here.

SPENCE

Not alone.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Are you listening to Glen Campbell?

SPENCE

Yeah, he's great. Same last name, are you related?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Maybe distantly.

SPENCE

You sound surprised I'm listening to him.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

It's just not you. A little dated don't you think?

SPENCE

I'm dated and they don't make it this good anymore.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Just like you.

Spence turns up the radio and starts the song over.

SPENCE

Listen to this.

As the song starts Spence conducts the music with his hands.

SPENCE

Listen to that rhythm and beat. It sounds angelic.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

It's country.

SPENCE

It's poetry, perfect poetry.

GLEN CAMPBELL (V.O)

(Stereo)

And I need you more than want you.
And I want you for all time.

SPENCE

Listen to that. I need you more than I want you, but I want you for all time. The lyrics are just captivating.

Spence looks over at Rose. He notices she has a discouraged look on her face.

SPENCE

What's on your mind?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Have you ever felt that way about someone?

SPENCE

Well, I've wanted women and needed them too, but I don't know. Maybe someday.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

To be wanted is one thing, but to be needed is better. You can't have one without the other.

SPENCE

It kinda needs to go both ways. Well to be honest, I feel that way about you.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

You don't need me. You're protecting me. I need you.

SPENCE

I want you.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

No. You don't know me. You don't know what you want and you certainly don't need me. To be honest I don't even need you.

SPENCE

What are you afraid of? Making love to somebody you have feelings for?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

I think we're done here. Maybe done in general.

Rose gets out of the car.

SPENCE

Rose?

Spence gets out of the car.

SPENCE

Rose, come on.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Don't call me that. Don't act like you know me, you don't.

SPENCE

Fine, but I do want you. The problem is I need you.

Rose walks to her motel room and goes inside.

Spence gets back in his car.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE OF PORTLAND CITY HALL - NIGHT

The parking garage is near empty with just Councilman Neil's BMW parked in a spot.

Kramer and Tip hide behind a concrete barrier. Tip holds a pump shotgun.

Councilman Neil walks into the garage. He stretches and prances toward the car.

COUNCILMAN NEIL

(to himself)

Time to go see Mrs Clause's and get laid.

The councilman unlocks his car and gets in the drivers seat. He shuts the door.

Tip and Kramer run up to the car. Tip pumps his shotgun and fires into the driver side window. The pellets hit the councilman in the shoulder.

TIP

You should never play two ends
against the middle. Never works
out.

Councilman Neil's body shakes with blood all over it.

COUNCILMAN NEIL

You son of a bitch.

Tip fires again, hitting the councilman in the chest.

TIP

Grab his wallet, we're supposed to
make it look like a robbery.

KRAMER

There's blood everywhere.

TIP

No shit.

KRAMER

I don't want to touch his guts.

TIP

We got hand sanitizer in the car.
Now grab the damn wallet so we can
leave the scene of the robbery.

Kramer carefully grabs the wallet with a disgusted look on his face.

EXT. FRONT OF MOTEL - MORNING

Spence sits parked in his car in front of the motel. The radio plays the song "Beast of Burden" when he notices Rose walking toward the car.

He watches her intently as she wanders over to the Cadillac. She is wears a fir coat that covers the length of her body. She opens the passenger door.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Been here all night?

SPENCE
Got nothing else to do.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
That's stubborn.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Can I get in?

SPENCE
The door was unlocked.

Rose gets in the car.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Start the car and drive.

SPENCE
You like to give orders.

Spence starts the car and puts it in gear.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
Just drive.

SPENCE
Where to?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
An abandon alley.

SPENCE
You got it.

Spence drives to an abandon alley and parks the car. The car is parked out of view of the main street.

SPENCE
So what's the problem?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
The problem is I need you too.

Rose kisses Spence. They proceed to make out. Rose takes her coat off, revealing a blue bra and matching panties. She returns to her seat and reclines it backwards to the bottom so that she is lying down.

Spence removes his suit coat and unzips his pants. Rose pulls Spence's tie down so that he is directly on top of her. They kiss as Spence grips her thighs.

INT. MARLON CRISCO'S MANSION - DAY

The doorbell rings. Marlon walks to the front door and answers it.

Don Johnson and Maraschino stand on the doorstep.

DON JOHNSON

I see your man's not here.

MARLON

No Mike's not here. What the hell do you mean by saying "your man"?

MR. MARASCHINO

He doesn't mean anything. Can we talk?

MARLON

Yeah.

Marlon walks into the kitchen, followed by Maraschino and Don Johnson.

MR. MARASCHINO

You watch the news today?

MARLON

Yeah. Portland's short a Councilman. An Italian councilman.

DON JOHNSON

We pulled a card out of his wallet. You know what it said?

MARLON

I didn't kill him, so no.

DON JOHNSON

It had the conversion of rubles to dollars.

MARLON

It was Hermano. He was the one getting into bed with the Councilman.

DON JOHNSON

What's so special about Hermano?

MR. MARASCHINO

He's either crazy or he has a huge pair.

DON JOHNSON

Why?

MARLON

He's going up against us.

INT. STEAKADELPHIA - DAY

Hermano sits at a table with Sharlington and Remington.
Hermano's two bodyguards sit at the bar.

HERMANO

The damn mob ordered my baby girl
to get raped. The freaking
Italians

MR. SHARLINGTON

Why?

HERMANO

What do you mean why? They did it.
And now I got them back.

MR. SHARLINGTON

They had to have had a reason.

HERMANO

I was taking over their contract.

MR. SHARLINGTON

The Italians wouldn't just order a
teenage girl to get raped. That's
not how they do it.

HERMANO

That Maraschino guy, he's the shit
behind it.

MR. SHARLINGTON

That midget ain't gonna do
something like this. It's just not
part of his M.O.

HERMANO

He was gonna blackmail the
councilman, but it didn't work so
he killed him. Councilman Neil was
the only link between me and
taking over the cities action.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Why the hell did you think you could take over the Italians job?

HERMANO

Honestly, greed I guess. Some Russians back home promised to fund me if I took control over this market.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Greed is gonna be the death of us. We all want what we don't have and we're never satisfied with what what we got.

HERMANO

That's not all of it. After I found out it was them that ordered the hit on my baby, I also found out about their last shipment. I hijacked the car and now I got their two million. Sons of bitches probably looking all over for it.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Well make sense now why they're so pissed. Things aren't looking good.

HERMANO

My granddaughter was raped, the Councilman is dead and I'll probably be killed with the week.

Maraschino's Cadillac pulls up to the front of the restaurant.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Maybe sooner.

Tip, Don Johnson, Kramer and Jewel's all get out of the car guns drawn.

MR. SHARLINGTON (CONT'D)

Get down!

They fire into the restaurant windows taking out the two bodyguards.

Sharlington and Hermano get on the ground.

HERMANO

If you survive this, their ten million is in a trash can on third and Burnside.

Hermano crawls out the back door.

Tip, Johnson, Jewels and Kramer walk into the restaurant.

MR. SHARLINGTON

A lot of good it's gonna do me now.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Don't kill me guys. I'm a bystander.

DON JOHNSON

(to Kramer)

Bullshit. Pop him.

Kramer fires his pistol hitting, Sharlington in the ribs. Kramer does not notice, but the bullet does not kill Sharlington.

The four walk out the back in pursuit of Hermano.

Don Johnson shoots Hermano in the leg with his shot gun. Hermano squeals in pain.

DON JOHNSON

Where's the freaking money?

HERMANO

You son of a bitch!

DON JOHNSON

Where's the money shit head?

HERMANO

I burned it.

TIP

Bullshit!

HERMANO

You destroyed my little girl. I'd do it all over again just to spite you.

DON JOHNSON

Where's the damn money?

HERMANO

Burn in hell. That's where you all belong.

DON JOHNSON

You maybe right.

DON JOHNSON

Tip, he ain't no good to us alive.

TIP

You messed with the wrong damn Italians.

Tip pumps his shotgun and fires, hitting Hermano in the chest. Hermano's dead body sprawls out in the parking lot.

Hermano's car sits on the side of the street.

DON JOHNSON

Let's check the car.

They open the car door and search the car. Kramer pulls out a note from the center console.

Insert note which reads:

NOTE

Money is in a trash can on third and Burnside.

KRAMER

This is too easy.

TIP

They can't be that stupid.

DON JOHNSON

They're Russians.

JEWELS

Stupid sons of a bitches just left the car unlocked.

TIP

You should never leave your car unlocked in this neighborhood.

Sound of sirens in the background.

DON JOHNSON

What do you say we get the hell out of here and get the money?

JEWELS

Sounds perfect to me.

Sharlington crawls to the window and watches the four guys leave.

LATER

Remington stands in front of the cafe with his cell phone up to his ear.

INT. INSIDE CADILLAC - DAY

Spence drives down a busy street as Rose sits in the passenger seat.

Spence's phone rings with the "Law and Order" ring tone. Spence answers up his phone.

INT. INTER CUT PHONE CONVERSATION - DAY

SPENCE

This is Spence.

REMINGTON

Spence we got a problem. I need you to get over to the cafe and fast.

SPENCE

What is it?

REMINGTON

Sharlington's going nuts. He was shot and Hermano's dead.

SPENCE

Is Sharlington gonna make it?

REMINGTON

Yeah, the bullet just cut some fat off him. But he's talking crazy. He wants to plug all of Maraschino's people. Get over here now.

SPENCE

We'll be there in five minutes.

The two hang up their phones.

INT. INSIDE CADILLAC - DAY

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

What happened?

SPENCE

You know that saying "get out of the kitchen if you can't stand the heat. Well, I think the kitchen just got a hell of a lot hotter.

SPENCE (V.O)

I never really liked the heat.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Spence and Rose walk into the cafe. Remington and Sharlington are sitting at a booth. Spence and Rose sit across from the two.

SPENCE

What's going on Sharlington. How bad are you hit?

MR. SHARLINGTON

I'm fine. But it's over. We're gonna end these sons of bitches.

SPENCE

You know we can't do that.

MR. SHARLINGTON

What the hell happened to your sermon about justice?

SPENCE

It's not our job to enforce punishment upon others. That's why we're mortals.

MR. SHARLINGTON

These piles of shit murdered Hermano in front of my face. They raped his granddaughter and tried to kill Rose. They're evil and we have to end them. End them now.

SPENCE

It's not that simple. We can't just kill and feel justified.

MR. SHARLINGTON

This is beyond feelings Spence. This is good versus evil and they are evil. It's our job to pursue justice.

SPENCE

I won't kill them. I can't bring myself to do it.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Fine, than we'll hurt them.

SPENCE

We can't do it without them retaliating.

REMYINGTON

If they retaliate it's self defense. Than we can justify killing them.

SPENCE

Not me. I'm not going down that road.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

You're already on that road. Your best friend is begging you to teach these guys a lesson and you still refuse. Never mind the fact you know Sharlington is right.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Spence, we owe it to Hermano's family to do something.

REMYINGTON

Spence, let's do it.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Exodus, eye for an eye, tooth for tooth, foot for foot and hand for hand.

SPENCE

The New Testament; "but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." That's the higher law.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

I think it's time we live the old law. The lower law.

SPENCE

You know your bible.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

I've read it a few times. I find I can relate since Jesus spent time with people of my profession and the tax collectors.

MR. SHARLINGTON

Let's go even out the score.

SPENCE

Just no killing.

MR. SHARLINGTON

I promise.

EXT. THIRD AND BURNSIDE PORTLAND - DAY

Sharlington and Rose stand in an alley watching a laptop that shows footage from a street camera on the screen.

Spence walks down the street stalking Kramer who rides a bicycle very slowly. Spence has a Blue tooth headset in his ear. Kramer grabs a duffel bag from a garbage can.

KRAMER

Woo hoo, take the money and run.

REMINGTON (V.O)

Okay Spence we're watching. Keep following him.

SPENCE

Got it.

Tip and Jewels sit in a parked car four blocks down from Kramer. Jewels is in the drivers seat.

Spence and Kramer walk a few more blocks.

Kramer reaches a corner that is kitty corner to where Jewels and Tip are parked.

JEWELS

(yelling)

You got it?

KRAMER
(from across
street)

Yeah.

Kramer waits for traffic to clear up when he sees Spence eying him.

KRAMER
Holy shit!

Kramer pedals his bike quickly down the street away from the car and the corner.

ALLEY AROUND THE CORNER

REMINGTON
We got to go get our boy.

Remington, grabs the computer as Sharlington and Rose pile into the car. Rose gets in the drivers seat. Remington gets in the car and they drive off.

STREET

TIP
Dammit, let's go. Let's go dammit.

Spence follows Kramer for about a block and then notices a building parallel to the street. Spence sees a skateboard next to the building. He grabs it and runs into the building. Kramer does not notice and keeps pedaling quickly.

Traffic clears up enough for Jewels to turn the car around and follow Kramer.

Spence uses the skateboard and speeds through the building. He sees through a window that he has passed Kramer. Spence then jumps out a window of the building and lands on the pavement. He gets up and leans against the edge of the building.

Kramer reaches the edge of the building. Using the skateboard, Spence clotheslines Kramer off the bike. Spence then grabs Kramer's hair.

SPENCE
You tell your bosses, if they
wanna go to war, I'll win.

Spence slams Kramer's head against the concrete.

Spence then grabs the duffel bag as the Cadillac arrives. Spence gets in the Cadillac and they drive away.

Jewels and Tip arrive at the building and get out of the car. Kramer lies on the ground holding his head.

TIP

Dammit Kramer!

KRAMER

I'm alive.

JEWELS

You lost the freaking money!

TIP

Shit!

KRAMER

It was Sharlington's black guy.

JEWELS

Yeah we know who it was.

EXT. SHARLINGTON'S HOUSE GRESHAM, OR - NIGHT

Spence drives down Sharlington's street. A Chrysler 300 drives away from Sharlington's house and passes Spence quickly.

SPENCE

That looked like King's car.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Why would he be here?

SPENCE

He's connected to Maraschino and Sharlington took the money home with him.

Spence drives up to the curb in front of the house and parks. Rose sits beside him as she notices the Detectives parked on the street.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

The guys are here.

SPENCE

I see them.

Spence and Rose get out of the car and walk up to the front door. Spence rings the bell and waits. He knocks three times, but still no answer. Finally he opens the door and they walk in.

SPENCE

Sharlington. Where the hell are you?

The two walk up the stairs.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Betsy, where are you?

Spence wanders into the kitchen.

SPENCE

Oh shit.

Remington lies on the floor. He's been shot in the shoulder, but he's still conscious.

Spence stares in awe at the bodies of Mr. Sharlington and Betsy on the floor. They've both been shot about multiple times and are clearly dead.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

(shocked)

Oh my gosh. What happened?

Rose walks toward Spence.

REMINGTON

They ambushed us. I walked in on them after they got Sharlington and Betsy.

Rose drops to her knees.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

No, no.

SPENCE

How could they turn on him like this? Just for some cash?

A man tied to a rope, holding a machine gun kicks in the family room window.

SPENCE

Rose, get down.

Spence runs out of the kitchen and grabs Rose. They run behind the wall in the kitchen as the man unloads fire in their direction.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

What do we do?

The man stops firing and reinserts another clip.

SPENCE

Wait a second.

The man fires again.

SPENCE

(to Rose)

Stay here.

Spence takes out his gun and army crawls to the edge of the kitchen. He slides his body up the wall. He pulls back the hammer on his pistol.

The man quits firing and grabs another clip. Spence comes out from behind the wall, faces the man and takes aim. The man frantically reinserts the clip.

SPENCE

Mr Tony Sharlington was my best friend.

Spence fires four rounds into the man, killing him. The man falls down the stairway to the front door.

SPENCE

The front door is on the first floor asshole.

Spence walks toward the top of the stairs. Another man, holding a shotgun, opens the front door and points it at Spence. Spence fires at the man hitting him three times.

SPENCE

Don't you people know how to knock?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Can I come out now?

SPENCE

Yeah, like I told you, they only come in pairs.

Rose walks up to Spence and sees the two guys at the bottom of the stairs.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

What now?

SPENCE

I'm going for their bosses. And
I'm gonna kill em. Kill em all!

Spence walks down the stairs as Rose follows.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

You said it yourself. No one can
go up against the mob.

Spence opens the front door.

SPENCE

No I said no one should go up
against the mob, unless they had a
death wish.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

You killed two guys. Isn't that
enough?

SPENCE

That isn't what this is about.
It's not about evening a score or
getting revenge.

The two walk outside to the car.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

I just don't want you to get
killed.

SPENCE

Two of the four people that care
about me in this world are dead.
I'm gonna bury the sons of bitches
that did this no matter what
happens.

The two get in the Cadillac and drive away.

EXT. STREETS OF GRESHAM - NIGHT

Spence drives down a busy two lane road. He sees the two
Detectives car parked in a parking lot.

Spence quickly turns into the parking lot running over a curb. He hits the gas and rams into the parked police car.

Spence hurries out of the Cadillac with his gun drawn. The two Detectives remain in the police car.

SPENCE

Stay where you are and you won't get shot.

Spence walks around the car and opens the drivers side door, where Detective Wyatt is. Both Detectives are a little beat up from the collision.

DETECTIVE WYATT

We're cops man. Don't be stupid.

Spence grabs Wyatt's collar and forces him out of the car and onto the hood.

SPENCE

You ass holes. You knew my best friend was getting killed and you did nothing.

DETECTIVE WYATT

We heard shots fired. We didn't know who was getting hit.

SPENCE

Don't give me that. You know who didn't come out of the house and who suddenly left.

DETECTIVE WYATT

It ain't our job to protect the criminal.

Spence's anger increases.

SPENCE

I know how you operate. Protect whoever's in your best interest.

Detective Sears crawls out of his window and stands up.

DETECTIVE SEARS

We're here to protect all citizens.

SPENCE

That's bullshit. You're forgetting I was on the force.

Detective Sears pulls out his pistol. In response, Spence pokes his pistol into Detective Wyatt's Head.

SPENCE

Don't think I won't shoot a cop.

DETECTIVE SEARS

Don't think I wont shoot you.

SPENCE

You're not gonna have the chance.

DETECTIVE SEARS

Come on man. You'll get nothing done if you shoot him.

SPENCE

Why didn't you stop them. They shot my best friend. My only friend in the world.

DETECTIVE WYATT

If we could have done something we would of. You know that. Now just drop the gun so we can talk.

SPENCE

Okay. Not cause I don't have the balls to pull the trigger, but because I have the brain not too.

Spence let's go of Detective Wyatt.

DETECTIVE SEARS

You came here for answers, so what do you want to know?

SPENCE

Now just tell me where the hell they're camped out at.

DETECTIVE WYATT

A warehouse about halfway between Marine Drive and Sandy Blvd.

DETECTIVE SEARS

And Spence, they got the money in the duffel bag.

SPENCE

There fighting for greed and my motivation is justice. At least we know who's in the right.

DETECTIVE WYATT
We always did.

DETECTIVE SEARS
You do this you die tonight. You
know that, right?

SPENCE
Just as long as I take as many of
the sons of bitches as I can with
me, I'm fine with it.

Spence gets in his car and drives away, followed by The
Detectives.

INT. MARINE DRIVE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The unmarked police car follows Spence and Rose in the
Cadillac. They pull up beside an eighteen wheeler semi truck
about a quarter mile from the large warehouse.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
This is suicide.

Spence gets out of the car as does Rose.

SPENCE
I got to do this for me, for
Sharlington.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
I used to not give a damn about
anything.

SPENCE
But now?

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
But now I do care, and I know
exactly why.

SPENCE
I think I might know why too.

Spence gives Rose a beautiful eloquent kiss.

Detective Sears reaches over and honks the horn. Spence
flips the detectives off while still kissing Rose.

DETECTIVE WYATT
(loudly)
Come on.

Rose gets in the Cadillac.

SPENCE
 (to Rose)
 You get out of here.

Spence walks up to the unmarked police car.

SPENCE
 You gonna wait out here or what.

DETECTIVE WYATT
 We're gonna call the Calvary in
 about ten minutes.

DETECTIVE SEARS
 What happens if you get shot in
 the crossfire by our boys?

SPENCE
 Bury me standing up so I can walk
 straight to hell.

DETECTIVE WYATT
 You're about to go there right
 now, rather you die or not.

SPENCE
 Who knows I might see ya around.

DETECTIVE WYATT
 If you kill em all, run like hell.
 We'll chase you, but we'll claim
 we lost you.

Spence nods his head at Detective Wyatt.

Spence walks up to the semi and climbs into the cab.

SPENCE
 (to himself)
 Driving to my own funeral. I
 always did wanna go out with a
 bang.

Spence starts the semi. "Gear Jammer" by George Thorogood
 starts playing.

Spence lets off the clutch and slams the gas. He shifts
 while still flooring the gas.

Spence gets closer and closer to the warehouse. He shifts
 again and again flooring the semi.

SPENCE
(screaming)
Sorry to crash your meeting
assholes!

Spence shifts one last time and hits the roll up door of the shop. His rig and tractor trailer flies through the building.

INSIDE WAREHOUSE

The Truck runs over two guys and tramples a fancy Buick. The truck then runs over another guy. The other guys fire at the semi, but it still keeps coming.

Spence hits the brakes and the tractor trailer veers off the truck and kills another guy. Sparks fly and the trailer tips over.

The truck hits a car head on, skidding it across the warehouse floor. Spence finally nears the end of the building. The truck slams the car against the wall stopping the semi.

MR. MARASCHINO
Get the son of a bitch!

PACHINO, LUNDGREN and BRIDGES walk toward the semi with their guns drawn.

Pachino is a full blooded Italian in his early sixties. Lundgren is tall and blond, very muscular. Bridges is arrogant and in his twenties.

Spence is lying on the floorboard of the semi. He is cut up from the glass and is obviously in pain.

Pachino opens the driver side door of the semi revealing Spence.

PACHINO
OK, get up you piece of shit.

Spence crawls out of the semi cab and struggles to stand on his feet.

BRIDGES
Man you look like you got beat to
shit.

SPENCE
So do you, and you didn't even get
in a freaking accident.

Bridges punches Spence in the back. Spence falls to his knees. He then reaches up and grabs Bridges by the throat.

Pachino points his pistol at Spence nose.

PACHINO

There's a whole lot more of us,
than there are of you.

SPENCE

Never stopped me before.

Mr Maraschino stands beside Don Johnson, a hundred feet away.

MR. MARASCHINO

So hey prick, how'd it feel to
find out your butt buddy
Sharlington was killed?

Spence lets go of Bridges and walks toward Maraschino.

PACHINO

(to Bridges)
Stupid kid.

Spence walks faster toward Maraschino.

MR. MARASCHINO

What are you gonna do? Shoot me?

SPENCE

My guns in the semi.

MR. MARASCHINO

Well then, sounds like you're out
of luck prick.

Spence stares Maraschino in the eyes. Their faces nearly touch.

SPENCE

You ordered the hit on
Sharlington?

MR. MARASCHINO

Damn right I did. And I heard it
was successful.

SPENCE

That one act brought you down.

Spence jabs Maraschino in the nose with his fist. Maraschino falls to the floor.

Don Johnson uppercuts Spence in the jaw causing him to fall over. Blood pours out of Maraschino's nose as he lays on the ground.

Spence gets on his hands and knees as Maraschino stands up and kicks him multiple times.

MR. MARASCHINO
Stupid son of a bitch.

Spence falls over.

MR. MARASCHINO (CONT'D)
Nobody comes into my place of
business and kills six of my men.

Maraschino continues kicking Spence.

MR. MARASCHINO
And then breaks my nose.

Maraschino points at Pachino, Bridges and Lundgren who are all standing together.

MR. MARASCHINO
Beat every inch of this prick, and
leave him for dead.

Maraschino walks away holding his nose with his jacket.

MR. MARASCHINO
I don't have time for this shit.

Tip, Jewell's, Kramer and Don Johnson follow Maraschino.

Maraschino, Tip, Jewell's, Kramer and Don Johnson get in the new Cadillac.

"Forecast Calls for Pain" by Robert Cray begins to play as Bridges, Pachino and Lundgren surround Spence.

BRIDGES
Looks like your all ours now.

Spence pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

SPENCE
So one hand tied behind the back
to make it fair.

BRIDGES

Oh your gonna need us to do more
than that.

SPENCE

I wasn't talking about you.

Bridges gives a shocked look at Spence and then plows into him. Spence responds by using his shoulder to completely flip Bridges over.

SPENCE

Who's next?

Pachino moves closer to Spence with his fists up like a boxer.

SPENCE

(chewing on
cigarette)

I guess that means you.

Pachino jabs at Spence to the right, but Spence dodges it. Pachino jabs at Spence to the left, but Spence dodges it again.

SPENCE

You're 0 for 0.

Pachino swings at Spence, but Spence ducks coming back up with hit to Pachino's jaw. Spence then hits Pachino in the mouth with his left fist. He then finishes with a right to his nose. Pachino falls to the ground.

Lundgren gets up close to Spence.

SPENCE

I'm just getting started.

Spence rubs his fist.

LUNDGREN

I ain't gonna be that easy.

SPENCE

I believe you.

Spence swings at Lundgren four times, hitting nothing. Lundgren jabs Spence in the face once causing him to hit the floor.

Lundgren grabs Spence by the forehead.

Spence picks up his bent cigarette and jabs it into Lundgren's eye.

LUNDGREN

Ouch!

Spence quickly stands up.

Lundgren holds his eyes while Spence hits him repeatedly. Lundgren finally goes to the ground. Spence keeps swinging at him, ramming his head against the concrete knocking him out.

Bridges wraps a chain around Spence's neck from behind and tires to choke him. Spence reaches in his pocket and pulls out his set of keys. He takes a key and jerks his hand over, jabbing Bridges in the eye with the end of the key.

Bridges falls to the floor with the key stuck in his eye. Spence walks over and grabs Bridges.

SPENCE

Where the hell did they go?

Bridges doesn't respond, due to the blood squirting out of his eye. Spence drops him and walks over to Pachino. He lifts Pachino's head up and sees he's out cold. He drops Pachino's head and walks back over to Bridges.

SPENCE

Tell me where they went.

BRIDGES

Go to hell.

SPENCE

I will pull the key out of your socket if you tell me. Now where did they go?

BRIDGES

To meet the Gambling King in an alley on second and Taylor.

Spence pulls the key out of the eye socket.

Spence gets into a Lincoln. He drives out of the Warehouse.

FRONT OF WAREHOUSE

Spence drives up to his Cadillac and notices Rose is gone. He gets out of the Lincoln and sees Rose's earring on the ground. He picks it up and holds it. He clinches his fist.

Spence possess a very angry look.

SPENCE

Nobody messes with my girl.

Spence gets in the Cadillac and drives away.

EXT. PORTLAND ALLEY SECOND AND TAYLOR - NIGHT

Mike the Ike sits in the left passenger seat of a parked Chrysler 300. The Gambling King sits beside him on the right.

MIKE'S DRIVER sits in the front seat chewing on a snickers. He's Italian, wearing a fancy suit with a pistol in a shoulder holster.

Spence parks his Cadillac around the corner from where the Chrysler is parked. Spence then walks around the corner, up the alley toward the Chrysler holding a double barrel pistol grip shotgun.

Mike's driver spots Spence.

MIKE'S DRIVER

What the hell is this?

GAMBLING KING

I don't know.

MIKE'S DRIVER

Screw this.

Mike's Driver drops the candy bar and grabs his pistol. Spence caulks his shotgun and fires hitting the windshield and the chest of Mike's Driver.

GAMBLING KING

Holy shit, duck.

Spence opens his shot gun and puts a shell in the empty chamber.

MIKE

Oh my gosh, oh my gosh. This is worse than a fashion emergency.

GAMBLING KING

He's gonna kill us dammit.

The Gambling King pulls out his two pistols and fires multiple rounds toward Spence, hitting nothing. As the smoke clears Gambling King peaks up.

GAMBLING KING

Where'd he go?

Mike and King can't see Spence.

GAMBLING KING

Where the hell is he dammit.

MIKE

I don't know.

GAMBLING KING

He's gonna shoot us. I can feel it.

MIKE

I can't take this. Let me out of here.

GAMBLING KING

(holding Mike back)

Don't worry. I can kill anyone who's wuss enough to sneak around.

Spence taps the King's window with the barrel of his shotgun.

SPENCE

Now I've always wondered if a shotgun can shoot through a door and mess someone up on the other side. Or maybe it will just send shrapnel my way and blow out my innards outward. Either way, I'm finally gonna know the answer.

Spence caulks the shotgun.

GAMBLING KING

Shit.

Spence moves the shotgun so that it's touching the door. He fires the gun. Spence opens the door. Smoke escapes from the car, revealing the King who is dead.

SPENCE

Yep myth busters was right. It made a mess out of the guy inside the car.

MIKE
Please don't kill me.

SPENCE
Do what I say and I wont.

Mike leans toward the pistol King dropped.

SPENCE
Oh and don't be stupid.

MIKE
You're right. Now what is it you
want me to do?

SPENCE
Tell me where the meeting is.

MIKE
What meeting?

Spence caulks the shotgun.

SPENCE
Like I said, don't be stupid.

MIKE
Yes I'm sorry. Won't happen again.

SPENCE
Where's the damn meeting? If you
cannot tell by the two dead
bodies, I've lost my conscience
and I'm loosing my patience.

MIKE
Down the block across the street.
A back kitchen of a little cafe.

SPENCE
Are you supposed to bring the
money from Sharlington's house?

MIKE
Yeah. It's in the trunk.

SPENCE
Get it.

Mike gets out of the car and opens the trunk.

Spence stares at King's body as Mike grabs the duffel bag.

SPENCE

He wasn't much of a King after all.

MIKE

Now look I'll take you to the meeting place. Just don't kill me. I'm a man of my word.

SPENCE

You Italian?

MIKE

Like I said I'm a man of my word.

SPENCE

I didn't ask if you were Jewish. I asked if you were Italian.

MIKE

I'm Irish.

SPENCE

You don't look like a Baldwin. Maybe their sister, which most people don't know they have one.

MIKE

I knew they had a sister, hell they have two. I swear I'm Irish though.

SPENCE

You defiantly ain't no Baldwin. A Baldwin would of told me about his schweaty balls and then took the gun from me. Like I said. You ain't no Baldwin.

MIKE

You're right, I ain't no Baldwin.

INT. BACK KITCHEN OF ITALIAN CAFE - DAY

Marlon Crisco sits on a chair with his bodyguards ROCKY and SHOES standing beside him. Rocky is buff and an older Italian. Shoes is in his early thirties and is a buff black guy.

Jewels, Johnson, Kramer and Tip all four lean against the counter. Mr Maraschino relaxes on a chair that blocks the back door from closing. He holds a napkin up to his bloody nose.

Mike walks into the kitchen carrying a duffel bag.

MR. MARASCHINO
Where the hell is the King?

MIKE
Well, he's sorta dead.

MR. MARASCHINO
Sorta?

Spence hurries in to the room with his shotgun in one hand and a pistol in the other.

SPENCE
Not sorta, literally.

All the men in the kitchen except for Mike pull out their pistols.

MR. MARASCHINO
What the hell are you doing still alive?

SPENCE
Your men were easier to kill than I thought. But that blond guy, he broke a tooth of mine I think.

Spence rubs his teeth with his tongue.

SPENCE (CONT'D)
It's one of those way back their suckers. I don't see why I give a shit. The ladies will never notice it anyways.

TIP
(rolling his eyes)
This is bullshit.

SPENCE
Speaking of ladies, you got mine and I want her back.

MR. MARASCHINO
No matter what happens you walk out of here dead.

SPENCE

Nope, nope, nope. You ain't gonna kill me today.

MARLON

You cocky Son of a Bitch. You're dead tonight.

SPENCE

Bullshit. I'll get you all.

Spence sways his guns side to side, so the barrels point at everyone.

DON JOHNSON

Are you crazy? Eight of us, one of you.

SPENCE

John Wayne did it in Cahil US Marshall.

DON JOHNSON

It was five to one in that standoff. And this ain't the movies and you ain't no John Wayne.

SPENCE

This sure ain't the movies. But I think I'm the black twenty first century version of the Duke.

MR. MARASCHINO

Look, let's screw are heads on strait. Drop the gun and when we kill you, I promise It'll be painless.

SPENCE

Oh, what a nice offer. So much in it for me.

SHOES

The hell with this piece of shit.

"I Fought The Law", by the Bobby Fuller four, starts playing.

Rocky points his gun at Spence. Maraschino hurries out the back door.

MARLON

No.

Spence fires his shotgun at Rocky blowing him across the room.

Detective Sears and Wyatt run into the room with their guns drawn.

Tip and Johnson fire as they run out the door to the alley, hitting Mike four times each.

Spence fires hitting Marlon in the shoulder, causing him to hit the ground.

The cops fire once each, hitting Shoes in the chest.

Jewels fires his two pistols at Mike as he runs out the back door. Kramer follows Jewels and fires once at Mike.

Mike falls to the floor dropping the duffel bag.

DETECTIVE WYATT

What the hell happened here?
Robbery gone wrong?

ALLEY

Jewels, Maraschino, Johnson, Tip and Kramer are all in the Cadillac. Rose is tied up in the back seat.

MR. MARASCHINO

Shit! The bag Kramer. Go get it.

KRAMER

What the hell?

DON JOHNSON

Go dammit. That's a lot of
freaking money.

Kramer jumps out of the car and runs to the back door of the kitchen.

INSIDE KITCHEN

MARLON

Why are you doing this?

SPENCE

You've messed with my friends too
long.

MARLON

Well they sure picked a hell of a
guy to be friends to be with.

Shoes lifts his gun at Spence. Spence fires at him, while
Marlon grabs the duffel bag and runs to the back door.

Spence fires his shotgun, hitting Marlon in the side. Marlon
throws the bag at Kramer as he falls to the ground.

KRAMER

Thanks.

Spence drops his shotgun and darts out the door with his
pistol in his hand.

ALLEY

KRAMER

(running to car.)

Ah shit!

Kramer almost reaches the car when Spence shoots him in the
shoulder. Kramer opens the car door and jumps in with the
duffle bag.

Spence fires shooting out the window of the passenger door
and then fires again hitting the head rest of the front
passenger seat.

Kramer shuts the passenger door and the car drives off.
Spence fires at the car hitting it three times in the rear
end.

The car disappears as Spence runs down the alley. The song
"Who do You Love", by George Thorogood, starts playing.

DETECTIVE SEARS

What the hell are you doing?

SPENCE

(running)

I'm gonna get my car and chase the
bastards.

DETECTIVE WYATT

Why?

SPENCE

(running)

They got Rose.

DETECTIVE SEARS

You act like your in love with her
or something.

Spence is way down the alley when he turns around, stops and
looks toward the Detectives.

SPENCE

I am.

DETECTIVE WYATT

Than go get her back.

Spence continues running.

EXT. STREETS OF DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - DAY

Johnson turns the car right, out of the alley, just barely
missing two cop cars headed strait for him. Both cop cars
slam on their brakes, stopping about a foot away from each
other.

Johnson turns left onto a busy street. Out of nowhere Spence
plows his Cadillac through the cop cars. Johnson stops at a
red light a quarter mile from Spence.

Spence's car dies from the wreck. He tries to start it.

Maraschino sees Spence behind them.

MR. MARASCHINO

Go!

The street directly in front of the ATS has a continual
stream of traffic.

DON JOHNSON

I can't just ram into all these
cars.

Spence frantically turns the key, but his car will not turn
over. He grits his teeth and continues to attempt to start
it, however it still does not turn over.

Kramer looks back and sees Spence's frustrated state.

KRAMER

He's pissed.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

No shit he's pissed. You kidnapped
me.

KRAMER

It wasn't my freaking idea.

MR. MARASCHINO

You both shut up.

MR. MARASCHINO

Let's get the hell out of here.

In front of the ATS, Traffic continues to flow.

DON JOHNSON

The light ain't changed and we
still got cars.

Spence turns the key and the car barely starts.

SPENCE

Yes!

Spence pulls down the column shift and puts it in drive. He then slams the gas and speeds toward Johnson's car.

JEWELS

(looking at Spence)
I think he's gonna hit us.

MR. MARASCHINO

Now that would be stupid.

The Speedometer on Spence's car reads forty mph. His Sedan Deville plows into the back of the ATS. The ATS slides under a moving bus, causing the back tires of the buss to crush the front end of the car.

Maraschino, Johnson, Jewels and Tip all have bloody cuts and each struggle to gain balance. Rose is still handcuffed to the hand grip on the ceiling of the car, is okay but a little distorted.

Maraschino's head is lying in Rose's crotch.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Get off me, you pervert.

Maraschino sits up quickly.

MR. MARASCHINO

That was an accident. For the
first time in my life that was an
accident.

Kramer is missing from the car.

MR. MARASCHINO

Where the hell is Kramer?

TIP

I think he went out the back window.

Maraschino looks out the back window of the car. The glass is missing from the window and Kramer lays in the street about seven feet away from the car.

Jewels stands up and gets out of the car.

JEWELS

Let's get the hell out of here.

MR. MARASCHINO

Get the money and the girl.

Jewels hands the duffel bag of cash to Maraschino and then releases Rose's handcuffs from the hand grip. He re-cuffs Rose as Tip slides out of the back seat onto the street. Tip reaches in the car and grabs his pump shotgun.

Spence starts to finally come conscious. He undoes his seat belt and opens his door.

Johnson opens his door and slowly takes out his pistol. He points it in Spence's direction and fires, causing Spence to dive behind the back door of his car.

Johnson walks around the ATS and follows Maraschino, Tip, Jewels and Rose down the street and around the corner.

As the group comes around the corner, Maraschino suddenly stops in front of a cafe and looks at Tip.

MR. MARASCHINO

Tip, you wait here for Spence and ambush him.

TIP

I ain't waiting for him.

DON JOHNSON

Talk back to Maraschino again you son of a bitch. See what happens.

TIP

I wouldn't make threats if I were you. You ain't the one with the shotgun.

Don Johnson points his pistol at Tip.

DON JOHNSON

You're right, I'm not the one with
the shotgun.

JEWELS

Stop this shit. Just wait here for
him Tip and plug him if he comes
around.

TIP

Some bitch might not even show up.

MR. MARASCHINO

He'll show up. And you be ready
when he does.

Maraschino starts to walk away. Johnson and Jewels follow
dragging Rose with them.

Tip walks into the cafe.

WRECK SITE

Spence gets up slowly. He grabs his shotgun and walks down
the street and then around the corner toward the cafe.

INSIDE CAFE

The cafe is a little older with a lot of people in it. There
are big windows facing the street in the front of the
building. As Tip walks in everyone panics due to the
presence of his shotgun. People scurry around and gasp in
fear.

Tip sees Spence stumble down the street parallel to the
cafe. BOB, a cafe customer has a disturbed look on his face.
He's in his late fifties and wears a fanny pack.

Spence glances over toward the cafe and sees Bob's frantic
look. He then sees Tip.

TIP

(pumping shotgun)

You son of a bitch!

Tip takes aim as Spence ducks. Tip fires blowing out the
glass window. He then pumps the shotgun and fires again,
hitting a parking meter.

Change flies around as Spence falls to the ground. Spence shotgun slides down the sidewalk. Spence stands up and grabs his shotgun.

Tip pumps his shotgun and fires, only hitting a stack of newspapers three feet from Spence. Spence runs around the corner and puts his back to the edge of a building.

STREET

Tip walks out of the cafe and across the street toward Spence. He pumps his shot gun and possess a furious look on his face.

TIP

Where are you asshole?

Spence runs out from behind the wall and dives in front of Tip. Tip fires missing Spence by a few inches. Spence fires his double barrel shotgun at Tip in the chest, killing him instantly.

SPENCE

Right here asshole.

Bob runs out of the cafe and stares at Tip's dead body while Spence starts to walk away.

BOB

Aren't you gonna take the shotgun?

Spence turns around and gives Bob a curious look.

BOB

I mean, that's what I would do.

SPENCE

I would Bob, but I got this.

Spence holds up his double barrel pistol grip shotgun.

SPENCE

It's a shotgun too.

Spence runs down the street toward a parking garage. A security guard lies on the ground bleeding from his chest. A BUSINESS MAN kneels beside him with his coat over the security guard.

The Business man is in his thirties. He's performing CPR when Spence approaches him.

SPENCE

Where the hell did they go?

BUSINESS MAN

Up the parking garage. They just shot him. Just saw him and shot him.

SPENCE

There bad guys, they deserve what's coming. They deserve it.

Spence rushes into the parking garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The parking garage is four stories high.

On the third floor, Johnson, Jewels, Maraschino and Rose stand near the edge. The roof of another building sits a few feet away and a few feet below.

Johnson positions himself to jump to the roof.

DON JOHNSON

I'll go first.

Johnson successfully lands on the roof below.

DON JOHNSON

Hand me Rose.

Jewels lifts Rose up and hands her to Johnson.

Johnson aggressively tosses her to the side.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

My boyfriends gonna kill you today.

DON JOHNSON

(chummy)

Oh how sweet.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Screw you!

DON JOHNSON

(yelling)

I hope he tries, so I can finally finish off the prick.

Spence is on the other side of the garage on the second floor when he hears Johnson yelling. Spence darts toward the noise.

Maraschino tosses the duffel bag of money down to Johnson.

MR. MARASCHINO

Focus you dumb shits!

Maraschino sits with one leg over the ledge preparing to jump.

Spence reaches a concrete post thirty feet behind Maraschino and Jewels. He holds his head down reluctant to kill.

Maraschino swings the other leg over and jumps. He lands ungracefully.

MR. MARASCHINO

Dammit. I'm not in the best shape for this shit.

Jewels chuckles at Maraschino.

MR. MARASCHINO

Come on Jewels jump so we can get the hell out of here.

Spence pulls back the hammer on the double barrel shot gun and closes his eyes. He whispers as if he's praying.

SPENCE

(to himself)

Then thou shalt give life for life. Exodus 23:21

Jewels sits on the edge with his feet dangling below.

Spence arches his shotgun and points it directly at Jewels. Spence scoots forward so that he is fifteen feet from Jewels.

MR. MARASCHINO

Jump dammit. I don't have time for this shit.

JEWELS

(suspiciously worried)

I can't, I'm afraid of heights.

DON JOHNSON

What?

JEWELS
 (smiling)
 Just kidding!

Jewels pushes himself off the ledge as Spence fires his shotgun, hitting Jewels in the side. The force of the bullet pushes Jewels to the left as he falls to the roof below.

MR. MARASCHINO
 Let's get the hell out of here.

Maraschino grabs the duffel and runs to the edge of the roof with Rose and Johnson following.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
 I told you so.

Johnson sees Spence standing on the edge of the parking garage. He then slaps Rose across the face.

SPENCE
 (taking aim)
 You bastard!

Johnson pushes Rose in front of him, stopping Spence from firing.

DON JOHNSON
 Shoot the bitch, I dare you.

Maraschino climbs down a ladder to the ground. Johnson follows with a pistol pointed at Rose as she climbs down as well.

They reach the ground and run to an unmarked door in the building across the street.

Spence runs to the edge of the roof of the building and sees the door close of the adjacent building.

INT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND THEATER - DAY

BACK OF THEATER

A small local theater. An audience of two hundred people watch high school age students performing the "Children of Eden" musical.

The back of the theater is dark with people preparing for the next scene.

Maraschino, Johnson and Rose walk through the back of the theater passing confused crew members.

Cain and Able sing "Lost in the wilderness".

Maraschino looks through the curtain to the stage. While holding his pistol and the duffel bag, he walks onto the stage.

HIPPIE ONE and HIPPIE TWO sit next to each other in the audience. They gasp in amazement as they see Maraschino.

HIPPIE ONE

Wow, who's that guy?

HIPPIE TWO

(excited)

I don't know, but I love the suspense. Portland always has their own creativity, I just love it.

ABLE

(confused)

Stop it, brother! Stop!

CAIN

(very confused)

Let me go!!

Cain reluctantly hits Able lightly with a fake rock while looking at Maraschino.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And that was the first killing ever known to man.

BACK OF THEATER

Spence sneaks into the back of the building. He sees a CREW MEMBER, who looks like a teenager.

SPENCE

Hey I'm a cop. Where are the bad guys?

SPENCE (V.O.)

So I lied, but I was a cop once and they were bad guys.

CREW MEMEBER

On the stage.

Spence walks toward the stage.

STAGE

Johnson and Rose walk out to the stage. The entire audience stares in amazement. The cast pauses.

DON JOHNSON

Wow. The irony is kinda sharp here.

MR. MARASCHINO

No shit!

Spence peaks through the curtain.

DON JOHNSON

(to cast)

So, you folks out of Eden yet.

ADAM

We left Eden a long time ago.

HIPPIE TWO

I love this, even Adam and Eve are in on it.

HIPPIE ONE

Fantastic acting.

ADAM

(to Johnson)

You're not part of the show.

DON JOHNSON

No shit we're not part of the show.

MR. MARASCHINO

Kids these days.

EVE

Excuse me, but that's from Bye Bye Birdie, not Children of Eden.

Spence walks out on stage with his shotgun.

SPENCE

(firmly)

Drop your weapons and let Rose go.

HIPPIE TWO

Holy crap!

MR. MARASCHINO

Are you nuts? You drop your
weapon.

SPENCE

You're done. Look at all these
witnesses.

HIPPIE ONE

Man Portland is the place!

MR. MARASCHINO

Here's an ending for you. What if
I told Johnson to kill Rose?

SPENCE

It's over. You lost, now drop your
guns.

MR. MARASCHINO

It bothers you to kill doesn't it.
You feel morally wrong, right?

SPENCE

I'm the lesser of two evils.
Justice is no longer coming, it's
here.

HIPPIE TWO

Damn they're good actors!

MR. MARASCHINO

No, you see, you die and we get
away. That's what's gonna happen.

SPENCE

Let her go dammit.

DON JOHNSON

Okay. I'll let her go.

Johnson shoots the stage light above and pushes Rose off the
stage to the ground four feet below. The entire stage goes
dark. Johnson then grabs Rose and jumps off the stage.

A red back up light comes on as Spence struggles to see
Rose.

Maraschino grabs Eve and holds her hostage with a gun
pointed at her head.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

Spence, help me.

Johnson drags Rose out the theater doors.

MR. MARASCHINO

What are you gonna do Spence? Save Eve or go after your girl.

SPENCE

(referring to Eve)

What the hell does she have to do with any of this?

MR. MARASCHINO

You wanna ask questions. Here's one. Why the hell are you chasing me?

SPENCE

You killed Tony Sharlington.

MR. MARASCHINO

You'd die for that con piece of shit.

SPENCE

That man was my best friend, possibly my only friend in the world.

MR. MARASCHINO

And now Rose is all you've got left.

SPENCE

Yep. That sums it up for me, but what about you?

MR. MARASCHINO

What do you mean?

SPENCE

How can you sleep at night when you're evil enough to kill an innocent girl?

MR. MARASCHINO

I stopped sleeping along time ago. Besides I'm owed my share. I want my money and a way out of here.

SPENCE

You're entitled? Then what about her? What about Sharlington and Hermano's granddaughter? What are they entitled too?

MR. MARASCHINO

Nothing, they get nothing if it interferes with my objective.

SPENCE

They were entitled to life, but you took it away from them. Did you order that guy to rape Hermano's granddaughter?

MR. MARASCHINO

Yep. I even killed the guy who I made do it, just to shut him up.

SPENCE

And you don't even have a damn bit of guilt about it do you?

MR. MARASCHINO

Not even an ounce.

SPENCE

Now it's my job to make you pay.

MR. MARASCHINO

I'm gonna blow her damn head off and I mean it.

Maraschino pushes his gun against Eve's head.

HIPPIE ONE

They're great actors.

HIPPIE TWO

I don't know if they're acting anymore.

MR. MARASCHINO

Do you want her to die?

SPENCE

Of course not.

MR. MARASCHINO

You know I'll do it. Now drop your damn gun.

EVE
(crying)
Help me.

SPENCE
Right will prevail. No matter what
happens.

Spence drops his gun.

MR. MARASCHINO
You're a stupid shit.

SPENCE
I don't think there's one
difference between you and the
serpent.

MR. MARASCHINO
I'll take that as a compliment.

Maraschino lets go of the girl. Everyone sighs in relief.

He points his pistol at Spence and fires. Just in time
Spence dives off the stage.

Maraschino points his pistol at Spence.

MR. MARASCHINO
I guess you won't make the curtain
call.

SPENCE
Break a leg you bastard.

While on his knees, Spence reaches to the stage and pulls on
Maraschino's leg. Maraschino loses balance and falls face
first off the stage toward the floor. He hits his nose on
the arm of Hippie one's chair.

Spence gets up and looks at Maraschino's bloody face and
realizes he's dead.

SPENCE
Now that's what I call karma.

Spence picks up his gun and hurries toward the exit out the
theater doors to the lobby.

INT. LOBBY OF THEATER - DAY

LOBBY OF THEATER

A long and wide ramp sits parallel to the theater doors. Directly across from the doors, at the top of the ramp is a railing revealing the floor five feet below.

As Spence opens the door, Johnson hides behind the door with Rose holding a gun to her head.

Johnson touches the end of his pistol to Spence's Cheek.

DON JOHNSON

Drop it. You sack of shit.

The door starts to shut as Spence pauses.

Spence drops his gun. He then rams his shoulder into Johnson while trying to remove the gun from his hand.

Spence slams Johnson into the wall twice.

SPENCE

Rose get out of here.

Rose runs down the ramp. Johnson fires the gun at the wall twice.

Spence hits Johnson in the nose twice causing Johnson to drop the gun.

The two struggle before reaching the railing.

Johnson uppercuts Spence in the stomach. He then hits him in the chin once with each fist.

Johnson grabs Spence by the collar and pushes him off the railing, but Spence grabs Johnson causing both of them to fall.

Spence lands hard on the edge of a fold down table causing it's legs to collapse. Johnson lands on the tile floor.

The two struggle to stand up.

DON JOHNSON

You're tough. I'll give you that.

SPENCE

I've got right on my side and you don't.

The two head strait for each other. They wrestle around and make their way to a bay window.

The window's are ten feet high. A window bay about three feet wide allows people to sit against the window.

Spence punches Johnson in the stomach. He then uppercuts him in the chin. Spence then jabs Johnson in the teeth causing him to finally fall to the ground.

Spence climbs into the window bay and sits down. He is exhausted and bleeding.

Johnson walks over to Spence and hits him in the face. He then gets into the window bay and stands up.

Johnson lifts Spence up and slams him against the wall and then the window. Spence grabs Johnson's collar and shoves him out the glass window, causing them both to fall to the sidewalk below.

As the rain pours on the ground Johnson and Spence manage to stand up and face each other. They both have shards of glass all over themselves. They stand on grass.

SPENCE

Is this about money?

DON JOHNSON

This stopped being about money the second you got involved.

Johnson charges Spence. Johnson grabs Spence's collar in one hand and decks him in the face three times. Spence falls over.

DON JOHNSON

You're gonna die. And you're gonna feel every last bit of it.

Spence struggles to stand as Johnson drags him over to a brick wall.

Johnson positions Spence against the wall and jabs him in the forehead twice. He then hits him in the check and punches him in the stomach.

Spence falls to the ground. Johnson kicks him in the stomach.

Johnson walks about fifteen feet away and then turns around so that he is facing Spence.

DON JOHNSON

I'm gonna kick your freaking head off.

Johnson sprints toward Spence. He positions his foot to kick Spence. A gunshot goes off, followed by Johnson hitting the grass, dead.

"Black Magic Woman" starts playing.

We see Rose standing thirty feet away holding a shotgun. She pumps it and walks up to Spence.

Rose looks into Spence's eyes with all seriousness.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

It's over.

SPENCE

Yes. Yes it is.

Rose helps Spence stand up. The two kiss. Spence puts his arm around Rose.

Spence looks back at Don Johnson's body and shakes his head. He then picks up the duffel bag.

The two walk out into a parking lot when they see Detective Wyatt and Detective Sears sitting in their police car.

SPENCE

Sears, Wyatt. I got something for you.

Spence tosses the duffel bag to Detective Wyatt, but Wyatt tosses it back.

DETECTIVE WYATT

We don't need it.

DETECTIVE SEARS

More paperwork to fill out.

SPENCE

You sure?

DETECTIVE WYATT

Yeah, you just took out the worst gangsters in the history of Portland. You earned it.

DETECTIVE SEARS

Spend it on your lady.

SPENCE

I guess so.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
 (winking)
 Thanks guys.

Spence and Rose walk past the police car.

DETECTIVE SEARS
 Hey Spence. You got a damn good
 woman there.

Spence nods his head as the two walk past the car to the
 other side.

DETECTIVE WYATT
 Damn good woman.

SPENCE
 Yes guys. I know.

Rose kisses Spence on the lips.

INT. STREETS OF PORTLAND - CRASH SITE - DAY

Numerous people stand by near the yellow tape lines. Three
 ambulances and a bunch of cop cars are parked at the scene.
 A tow truck attempts to move the bus.

Detective Sears and Wyatt drive up to the scene and get out
 of the car.

Paramedics pick up Kramer and place him on a stretcher.

KRAMER
 Where's the money?

DETECTIVE WYATT
 What money?

KRAMER
 The money I got from selling all
 those drugs.

DETECTIVE SEARS
 Looks like we got another felony
 to tie to you.

KRAMER
 Shit!

DETECTIVE WYATT
 Look on the bright side. You
 survived, now you can go to
 prison.

KRAMER
 Would you put in a good word for
 me?

DETECTIVE SEARS
 Here's your good word. Soap.

KRAMER
 What?

DETECTIVE WYATT
 Don't drop it.

KRAMER
 Ah, shit.

Detective Wyatt and Sears laugh as they walk away.

EXT. YACHT ON COLOMBIA RIVER - DAY

Spence, Rose and Remington stand on the deck of a private yacht docked in the Colombia River. They are dressed nicely in fancy new clothes. Remington has a cast on his left arm and Spence has some bandages on his face.

REMYINGTON
 Let's break out the champagne.
 Shall we.

Remington pours three glasses of champagne.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
 I love your yacht, it's great.

REMYINGTON
 Yeah I've always wanted one. It
 goes pretty well with all my new
 cardigans.

All three have a drink in their hand.

SPENCE
 What do you say we drink to a good
 man.

They all raise their glasses.

SPENCE

To Sharlington. And Betsy of course. Some damn fine people.

REMYINGTON

Damn right.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

For sure.

All three of them take a drink.

REMYINGTON

I'll miss them.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

They were sure both full of flavor.

SPENCE

Absolutely.

REMYINGTON

So Spence, what are you gonna do with the money?

SPENCE

Go down to Costa Rica and spend money on her like it's going out of style.

REMYINGTON

Sounds fun.

SPENCE

We're gonna drive there.

REMYINGTON

Really? In what a Hummer?

SPENCE

Nope.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE

A Brand new Cadillac.

Rose kisses Spence on the lips.

EXT. DURHAM CADILLAC - DAY

Spence and Rose get in a brand new Cadillac convertible and exit the lot. They stop at a red light.

MRS. CLAUSE/ROSE
So it's over. Everything is over.

SPENCE
Yep.

Spence holds Rose's hand.

SPENCE
Everything but us.

Spence kisses Rose and then turns onto a busy street and drives away.

The Willamette river and cityscape of Portland glisten in the sunlight.

SPENCE (V.O)
And that's how it all went down hill, for the bad guys.

SPENCE (V.O)
We were finally out of Eden.

SPENCE (V.O)
For me that's where everything started.

FADE OUT.