

THAT WHICH CUTS DEEP

By

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FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Moonlight spills through cracks in the boarded up windows, graffiti plasters the walls.

DAVID, 39, slimy, pudgy, waddle-runs for his life down the narrow hall. The moonlight reveals cuts and bruises on his fat face. He tries a door, locked.

Heavy footfalls pummel the water-laden ground, and draw closer with each stomp. A gun CLICKS.

DAVID

No!

David barges into the door, creates an opening, runs inside.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - NIGHT

An overturned couch occupies the the floor. A streetlight illuminates the room.

David tries the window, but cannot open it. A shadow plays along the wall. David bows his head, turns around.

A gun rises from the shadows. A gloved finger rests firmly on the trigger.

DAVID

You son of a bitch - do you know
who I am?!?!?!?

The gun goes off. A bullet rips through David's shoulder, sends him on a tailspin to the ground.

GUNMAN walks forward. Their face shrouded by shadows.

David backs up against the wall, hand to his bloodied shoulder, eyes unfocused, and filled with anger.

DAVID

You're a dead-man! YOU HEAR!

A bullet tears through David's skull. Blood splatters all over the dirty wall. David slides down to the ground.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Rain bludgeons an ocean of black umbrellas, as they converge around a fresh grave.

MOURNERS stand with solemn expressions. A PRIEST recites the death verse silently.

JENSEN YORK, 38, handsome beneath a disheveled, worn down look, stands over the grave, head bowed.

TONY (V.O)
The man that did this needs to pay.

TONY VALENTINE, 61, a snake in a suit, devilish demeanor, looks the part, looks at the gravestone.

The gravestone reads: "David Valentine - January 10 1975 - May 15 2014 - Loving Son and Brother".

TONY (V.O)
He stole away my son.

MOURNERS leave the graveside. Tony and Jensen remain, the lesser flanked by two buff BODYGUARDS.

SEAN VALENTINE, 27, a charmer flawed by a scar, shows no emotion as he stands beside Tony.

TONY (V.O)
I want his head on a pike.

INT. VALENTINE MANSION - DAY

Filthy rich in design, marble floors, a grand staircase and fine art.

GUESTS (MOURNERS) lurk in the lobby, most talk to one another, some exchange well-wishes to ANNETTE, 60, a worn down once beauty.

Tony stands with Jensen by the front door.

TONY
I want him to suffer, Chris - to feel the loss I have felt this day and know that taking MY son away from me, was the worst mistake of his entire, pitiful life.

Sean stands idly by, hangs his head, holds his emotions.

Tony sits a hand on Jensen's shoulder.

TONY

You can do that for me, can't you?

Jensen takes a moment, looks away, weighs his options.

TONY

Can you do that?

Jensen looks Tony dead in the eye, and gives a slight nod.

TONY

You always were like a son to me,
Christopher - David was right about
you - you are loyal.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The GUNMAN steps from the shadows. It's Jensen.

INT. VALENTINE MANSION - DAY (PRESENT)

Tony gives Jensen a mafia-style hug, and leaves him alone by the door. Jensen looks down, closes his eyes.

EXT. VALENTINE ESTATE - DAY

The mansion sits on the oceanfront. A large wall envelops it. Two wrought-iron gates host the letter "V" in gold.

SUPER: DEEP

INT. YORK HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A LABRADOR lays by the open oven, chomps on a rawhide bone, some closes oven door.

BECKY

No, I'm absolutely certain.

BECKY YORK, 36, gorgeous yet worn out, wiry hair erupts from a scrunchy, paces around, on the phone.

BECKY

I paid those bills.

Becky looks out of the window. Two REPOSSESSION GUYS lift her car into the air with a TOW-TRUCK.

BECKY

Outstanding parking ticket? When?

(beat)

I haven't been to - yeah - don't
put me on -

(looks at the phone)

You did -

SARAH YORK, 17, a natural beauty, with a slim body cast in her bed-wear, enters the kitchen.

The dog runs over. She pets him up, approaches the fridge.

Becky aims a look in her direction, taps on the counter.

BECKY

Did you take the car to the mall
two weeks ago?

Sarah closes the fridge, removes the cap from orange juice.

SARAH

No. I took the bus.

Becky shoots her a look, doesn't buy it.

SARAH

You don't believe me?

BECKY

If you didn't, then how do you
explain why we have an outstanding
parking ticket for two hundred
dollars, Sarah?

Sarah finishes a chug, wipes her lips, and sets the carton back in the fridge.

BECKY

I'm waiting.

SARAH

Get off my back, mom. I told you
the truth already.

Sarah leaves the kitchen.

BECKY

I wasn't done!

SARAH (O.S)

I was!

A door SLAMS.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL - DOCKS - DAY

Industrial cranes occupy the background. Shipment containers sit stacked atop one another, a crane lifts one from a ship.

A DOCKWORKER hands a shipment manifest to Sean, whom goes through it steadily, as other DOCKWORKERS fill a BLACK VAN with boxes.

Jensen stands by, cautiously looks around.

Sean hands the manifest to the Dockworker, and bangs the back doors of the van with his hand.

SEAN

Chris - we're out.

INT. BLACK VAN - MOTION - DAY

Sean drives. Jensen rides shotgun, looks out of the window at the city traffic.

Horns HONK. Verbal exchanges SOUND.

The van enters a slow crawl, comes to a stop at traffic lights, boxes rattle in the back.

Sean lights a cigarette, and rolls down the window. He offers one to Jensen, whom declines.

SEAN

Lighten up, man. Don't look so weary all the time.

Jensen rolls down his window, waves the smoke away.

SEAN

Come on...

Sean HONKS the horn. More horns chime in. Sean takes a heavy drag, sighs, and taps on the wheel.

Sean's phone rings. He fishes it from his pocket, answers.

SEAN

Scott, what's up man?

(beat)

You sure?

Jensen looks over.

SEAN
Thanks for looking out.

Sean hangs up, looks over at Jensen.

SEAN
Change of plans.

EXT. YORK HOUSE - DAY

The picturesque suburban environment. White picket fences, large driveways, manicured lawns.

Becky argues with the DRIVER of the Tow-Truck.

BECKY
There's been a mistake.

DRIVER
That's what they all say, lady.

BECKY
My husband is a cop. I married a man of the law, so why would I break it?

DRIVER
Take it up with the Administrator down at the impound.

Driver rolls up the window. Becky slams on it. He rolls it down again, leans out.

BECKY
How am I supposed to get downtown if you're taking my car?

Drive exhumes a sigh, nods.

BECKY
Thank you.

Becky climbs into the tow-truck.

DRIVER
(to himself, quietly)
Just my day.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Heavy duty vehicles sit around. WORKMEN in safety gear sit around, converse and laugh.

A WORKMAN drills a hole in the ground.

SAL, 43, a greasy son of a gun with a real slick dress sense, steps out of a trailer.

The black van HONKS at the gate.

Two MEN open the gate, the black van drives in, and parks up right next to Sal.

Sean and Jensen step out. Sean shakes Sal's slimy hand, and as Sal turns away, Sean wipes his hand on a handkerchief.

SAL

This is becoming a common affair,
Sean. Playing things close to the
heart's not usually your M.O.

SEAN

Last I checked, we paid you.

Sal raises a hand.

SAL

I don't mind it, kid. But your
brother always knew where to stash
the cash. He was organized.

SEAN

Yeah, well he's dead now, I'm
running the show.

SAL

Better hope it's not canceled too
soon then.

Two WORKMEN open the back of the van. WORKMEN begin to shift the goods, down into a hole of pikes.

Jensen keeps an eye out.

SAL

What's up with, Chris?

SEAN

Hell if I know. I barely know him.

SAL
Your brother knew him. Trusted him.
You should too.

SEAN
I never said I didn't trust him,
Sal. I said I hardly know him.

A WORKMAN shifts the last box. Sean closes the doors, offers Sal a brown envelope. Sal checks it, deems it suitable.

SAL
See you around, kid.

INT. BLACK VAN - MOTION - DAY

Jensen buries a fist in his cheek, leans on the window, stares out at the city blindly.

Sean smokes a cigarette, and pulls the gearstick.

SEAN
I get why you and my brother hung
out so much.

Jensen looks over.

SEAN
You don't say anything and he
talked too much. Perfect match.

EXT. DOWNTRODDEN APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

A few UNSAVORY SORTS mope around the place.

The black van pulls up across the street. Passenger side door opens, Jensen steps out.

SEAN
Catch you tomorrow?

Jensen closes the door, and crosses the street. He approaches the block.

The black van rounds a corner.

Jensen turns away from the block, crosses the street, and leaves the area.

EXT. IMPOUND LOT - DAY

The sun sets over the city. A colorful conflagration of light appears in the sky.

Becky argues with the ADMINISTRATOR, 40s, a right snooty individual with a sneer on his face.

ADMINISTRATOR

You need to pay the fine, Ma'am. I can't let your car out until you do, okay?

BECKY

My husband is a cop. Why would I break the law?

ADMINISTRATOR

I already told you, there's no one on file by that name.

BECKY

And I'm telling you to check again.

Becky sighs, wipes her forehead.

BECKY

Please. I need my car and I don't get paid until the end of the month. Can you just hear me out?

Administrator considers this.

BECKY

I'll pay at the end of the month, I just need my car.

ADMINISTRATOR

I'm sorry, ma'am.

Becky sighs.

ADMINISTRATOR

When you have the money, come by and I'll release your car. That's all I can do.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Becky hails a cab from the sidewalk. None stop.

JENSEN (O.S)
Kinda hard to hail a taxi in this
town, huh?

Becky recognizes the voice, tears build in her eyes, and she turns to greet Jensen. Shock fills her face.

BECKY
Yeah - you could say that.

Jensen smiles, goes for a hug, receives a slap.

JENSEN
Ow - okay - wasn't expecting that.

BECKY
You haven't called for six months!

Tension mounts between them. Jensen aims an apologetic look her direction, and she lunges at him for a hug.

BECKY
(relieved)
I thought you were dead!

Jensen hugs his arm around her.

JENSEN
Not yet.

She laughs and cries tears of joy simultaneously.

JENSEN
You're not getting rid of me that
easy, doll.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Cars zoom by outside. PATRONS occupy various booths. A WAITRESS, 20s, fills up coffee cups.

Jensen and Becky sit in a booth at the back.

BECKY
Why all the cloak and dagger? Why
don't they have you on file?

Jensen takes a swig of coffee.

BECKY
Jensen, six months, you owe me at
least an explanation.

JENSEN
I know. You deserve that much.

Jensen rubs Becky's hand.

JENSEN
When I took the case, my handler
took me off file, erased my ID. I'm
not in the system, because I don't
exist anymore.

Becky takes this as best she can.

JENSEN
I did it for you - and Sarah. If
they found out about me-

BECKY
I get it.

The Waitress pops over.

WAITRESS
More coffee?

JENSEN
Fill her up.

Waitress fills up the cup, and leaves. Jensen looks around
the diner.

BECKY
Are you okay?

JENSEN
Yeah. Just-

BECKY
When are you coming home?

Jensen doesn't answer.

BECKY
Deuce misses you. He keeps tearing
up the place. Had your golf shoes
last week.

A smile flashes across Jensen's face.

BECKY

Sarah keeps asking about you.

JENSEN

How is she?

BECKY

She's a teenager, you know how they are. She met a guy though.

Jensen does not like this.

BECKY

It's fine. He's a nice kid. On the football team, and he's taking her to prom.

JENSEN

As long as she's happy -
(beat)

Listen, I wanna be there for her,
for you. And I will be.

Becky sadly smiles.

JENSEN

You've just gotta wait a little
while. It's almost over, doll. When
it is - I'm out.

Becky's expression shifts to happy.

JENSEN

Once this is done, I'm handing in
my badge, and we're gonna be a real
family again, you hear?

BECKY

I'd like that.

Jensen finishes his coffee, prepares to leave, but gives her a loving kiss. They part.

Jensen leaves the diner. Becky watches him disappear into the night, and notices a receipt on the table. She smiles.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A bell RINGS. STUDENTS mingle with their respective cliques.

Sarah walks along with JESS, 18, a gorgeous girl plastered in makeup, with a skirt that rides too high.

JESS
I'm just saying.

SARAH
Oh, you were just saying?

JESS
Yeah. We're in America. Freedom of
speech act gives me that right.

TRENT, 18, handsome, muscular, distinguished, launches a
football through the air.

CHAD, 17, also handsome, but buffer than Trent, catches the
ball and drives home for a touchdown.

JESS
Your man is hot, girl. Can't
believe a preppy like you got a guy
like him.

Sarah playfully nudges Jess, whom chuckles.

Trent runs over, hoists Sarah into the air, and spins
around. Sarah giggles.

TRENT
How's my girl?

JESS
I'm fine, thanks.

Sarah digs Jess in the arm with a light punch.

TRENT
You ready for prom, babe?

SARAH
Almost. I'm getting my dress fitted
on Saturday.

TRENT
Can I get a hint?

Sarah considers, but shakes her head "no".

TRENT
Oh, come on. You could at least
give me a sneak peek.

SARAH
Not gonna happen.

Trent smiles anyway, and kisses her on the lips.

Jess sighs, clocks Chad next to her. Chad gives her the eye, smiles in her direction.

CHAD

Wanna go to prom with me?

Jess gives him "the hand", and walks away. Chad toys with the football, and looks at Trent.

CHAD

What's wrong with me?

TRENT

You're not her type.

CHAD

(snickers)

I'm everyone's type.

EXT. VALENTINE ESTATE - DAY

BILL, 45, grubby, stands at the gate with a bored look etched across his face.

Jensen steps out of a cab, pays the driver, and walks over to the gate, hands in his pockets.

BILL

Chris, you're early.

JENSEN

Thought I'd get a head start. Is the boss in?

Bill taps in a code. Jensen watches, memorizes it. The gates buzz open.

BILL

He stepped out. Business downtown. Mrs. Valentine's in though. Might wanna check in on her.

JENSEN

Yeah, I'll do that.

INT. VALENTINE MANSION - DAY

A MAID, 20s, cleans the ornaments with a duster, and retires to another room.

Jensen looks around, spots Annette in the lounge, on the couch. He avoids her, goes upstairs.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - DAY

A large desk sits by the balcony doors. Bookshelves line the walls, along with filing cabinets.

Jensen slides a card down the slot in the door, and makes his way inside quietly. He closes the blinds.

Jensen takes out his cell phone, attaches a USB wire to the charger slot, and sticks it in the front of the PC.

He looks down at the phone screen.

INSERT: PHONE SCREEN

The phone shows a progress bar at 15%.

BACK TO SCENE

Jensen opens the filing cabinets, rummages through several files, plucks one from the pack.

He pulls out a miniature camera, takes pictures of the open file on the desk.

BEEP, BEEP, Jensen unplugs his phone from the computer, stuffs it in his pocket.

Jensen stabs away at keys, opens up a hacking program, and sticks a USB flash drive into the socket.

Car doors SLAM outside.

Jensen closes on the window, clocks Tony, on the phone, as he steps out of his RICH CAR.

TONY

I don't care, just get it done.

Jensen returns to the computer, checks the progress bar.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

Progress bar sits at 73%... 74%...

BACK TO SCENE

JENSEN

Come on.

TONY (O.S)

(downstairs, angry)

Listen to me you spic fuck, get it done. I don't want any excuses.

Jensen looks at the office doors.

TONY (O.S)
(outside the office)
Move the product tonight. I'll have
you a window - don't fuck this up
or it's your ass.

Tony enters his office, looks around. The filing cabinet is closed. Tony squints, approaches his desk.

He checks the computer.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

The desktop image shows, along with various icons.

BACK TO SCENE

Tony takes a seat, grabs his cigar clipper.

INT. VALENTINE MANSION - LOUNGE - DAY

Annette sniffles into a handkerchief, and stares blindly at a photograph of David, a smug grin on his face.

Jensen walks in.

JENSEN
Mrs. Valentine?

Annette looks up, smiles sadly at him, and offers him a seat, which he takes.

JENSEN
How are you, Mrs. Valentine?

ANNETTE
Chris, how many times must I ask
you to call me, Annette?

JENSEN
Always once more, ma'am.

ANNETTE
So respectful - you're a good man,
Christopher. One of the few.

She whimpers, looks away. Jensen bows his head, but perks up to comfort her. He sits a hand on her shoulder.

ANNETTE

David was a bastard - but he was still my son. I watched him grow into someone I didn't recognize. He had his flaws, but-

Annette grips Jensen's hand.

ANNETTE

Tony asked you to find the man who did it?

JENSEN

Yes, ma'am.

ANNETTE

Don't do it. Don't go down that path, Chris. Just - don't lose who you are on his whim.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

STUDENTS fan out of doors on all sides.

Sarah stuffs books in her locker, takes books out, as Jess applies lip gloss.

SARAH

You still need a date.

JESS

I don't mind going alone. I like to keep my options open.

SARAH

Oh, it's like that?

Jess closes her locker and pouts.

SARAH

(playful)

You're such a whore.

JESS

Takes one to know one.

Sarah snickers, closes her locker. She and Jess interlock arms, walk down the hall together.

SARAH

Just go with, Chad.

JESS

He's the new kid. I want someone with style, class, presentation, representation. Someone in. Like your guy.

SARAH

(sarcastic)

Yeah, and you're gonna find all that in a middle-class high school.

JESS

You did.

SARAH

I was lucky.

JESS

Don't rub it in.

ANDREW, 17, a handsome teen with a bit of a dark aura about him, backpack hugged to his chest, wanders by, almost bumps into them.

JESS

Watch it.

Andrew doesn't stop, and rounds a corner, out of view.

JESS

What - a - loser.

SARAH

He's got problems.

JESS

Yeah, he'll have another one that consists of my heel up his ass if he does that again.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

JOCKS throw footballs. NERDS sit at the benches.

Andrew walks by all of them, pays none of them mind, and walks right into the parking lot.

A BLACK VAN crawls along at snails pace behind him. Two MASKED MEN jump out of the back, one with a sack.

Trent catches the football in a run, comes to a stop at the path, and notices the Masked Men.

TRENT
What the f-

A Masked Man slots the sack over Andrew's head. The other grabs his arms, uses a plastic tie to bind his wrists.

ANDREW
HEY! HELP! HELP ME!

They wrestle him into the back of the van, as its tires SCREECH across the gravel.

Trent and Chad run over, but arrive too late. Trent throws the football, it hits the back of the van.

The van drives out of view.

Chad plucks Andrew's backpack off the ground, and shoots Trent a concerned look.

CHAD
Dude, what the fuck?

INT. VALENTINE MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Jensen wipes sleep from his eyes, and pours a cup of coffee.

SEAN (O.S)
You look like shit.

Jensen acknowledges Sean by the fridge. He chews on gum, a takeaway coffee in his hand.

SEAN
Rough night?

JENSEN
Something like that.

SEAN
So, you do talk?

Jensen stirs the coffee.

JENSEN
Only when I have something to say.

Sean spits the gum into the trashcan.

SEAN
Listen, I know you and my brother were close - I heard how good you were, so - wanna ride with me?

JENSEN
You running?

Sean finishes his coffee, bins the cup.

SEAN
I got some deals in the projects.
Could use some muscle.

JENSEN
So you come to me?

SEAN
Muscle comes in all shapes, man.
Besides, what else you gonna do,
sit around all day with that
sourpuss look on your face?

Jensen manages a smile.

JENSEN
Wouldn't dream of it.

SEAN
Let's go, daylight's burning.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

POLICE UNITS investigate the area. REPORTERS arrive in droves, admire the crime scene.

Trent and Chad stand with an OFFICER, 30s, whom holds a notepad in hand.

OFFICER
(finishing question)
...how well did you know, Andrew?

TRENT
He sat in front of me in biology.

OFFICER
Did you speak to him? Did he say-

AMY, 33, pretty yet downplayed, badge around her neck, taps Officer on the shoulder.

AMY
I can take it from here.

OFFICER

Ma'am.

Officer walks off. Amy examines Trent and Chad, the latter is rather twitchy.

AMY

Amy Porter, lead investigator. I'm gonna need you to answer-

CHAD

Look, we just saw the kid get snatched. We don't know anything.

Trent nudges Chad.

AMY

Listen to me, boys. One of your classmates got taken, his life is in danger and you witnessed the kidnapping. Now, we can do this the easy way, or I can have a few of my guys escort you downtown-

TRENT

Anything that can help.

Amy nods, as Sarah and Jess arrive. Sarah looks at Amy, whom recognizes her, but plays stupid.

SARAH

What's going on?

CHAD

You know that, Andrew kid?

Sarah nods.

CHAD

He got napped.

SARAH

What? When?

CHAD

About an hour ago - two guys shoved a bag over his head and threw him in a black van.

Amy jots this down.

AMY
What was his last name?

JESS
Marone, I think.

Amy pauses, looks at Jess.

AMY
Andrew Marone? Victor Marone's kid?

Jess gives a slight nod, and Amy walks away quickly.

SARAH
Why would someone kidnap him?

JESS
Marone, S. You know, mob boss?
Guy's loaded, all the reason you
need to take someone.

TRENT
Who the hell's crazy enough to
kidnap a mob boss' kid?

INT. SEAN'S RIDE - MOTION - DAY

Sean drives. Jensen rides shotgun, looks out at the
downtrodden neighborhood filled with unsavory folk.

Deals go down in alleyways. BUMS huddle around bin fires.
Rain bludgeons the asphalt.

SEAN
You strapped?

JENSEN
Do I need to be?

SEAN
No harm being prepped, man. There's
a piece in glove box.

Jensen opens the glove compartment, pulls out a 9mm, checks
the mag, loads, and cocks the gun.

SEAN
Damn, you know your guns.

JENSEN
Comes with the job.

Sean snickers, turns the wheel.

SEAN
Ain't that the truth.

EXT. ALLEY BACK LOT - DAY

Ten SHADY CHARACTERS stand around an old, beat up car with no wheels. A few smoke, some chat.

AUSTIN, 32, a slimy peddler with a hood over his head, leans against the car, hands in his pockets.

Sean's car arrives, stops in front of the group. Austin pats one of his GUYS on the shoulder.

AUSTIN
Sean Valentine. Fillin' your bro's shoes huh?

Sean and Jensen step out. Jensen subtly tucks the piece in the back of his pants.

Sean greets Austin with a fist-bump.

AUSTIN
Who's that?

SEAN
That's, Chris. A friend of my brother's. He's alright.

Austin sizes up Jensen, and snickers.

AUSTIN
What's up, Chris.

Jensen nods, looks around at the others, most look like they're on the verge of attack. A few hold bats.

SEAN
We doing this or what?

Austin nods to one of his men.

AUSTIN
You strapped?

SEAN
Can't be too careful.

Austin reveals a .38, tucked in his pants all ghetto like.

AUSTIN
Ditto, man.

A man hands Austin a leather bag. Austin shows the goods (cash) to Sean.

AUSTIN
Sweet enough?

Sean nods to Jensen. Jensen opens the trunk of Sean's car, pulls out a sports bag, closes the trunk, and walks over.

Jensen plops the bag at Austin's feet. Austin's GUY, 30s, checks the goods, nods to Austin.

AUSTIN
I think this is the start of a beautiful relationship.

Austin extends his hand, and Sean shakes it, in doing so, gives Jensen a sneak peek at a wire.

Jensen pulls out his gun, aims at Austin.

SEAN
Chris, what the f-

JENSEN
He's wired.

Austin backs off, as Sean coldly stares at him.

SEAN
That true?

SIRENS wail. Austin's men pull out guns, reveal their true colors, UNDERCOVER FEDS.

SEAN
Oh shit!

A POLICE VAN drives into the alley, blocks off the escape. SWAT emerge from the back, guns at the ready.

ACE, 35, a hotshot in tactical gear, approaches, shows his badge to Jensen and Sean, and offers them a smile.

ACE
Hello boys.

SWAT slam Sean into the hood of his car, and Jensen lowers his gun, discards it, and drops to his knees.

ACE
Nice work, Austin.

SEAN
(at Austin)
You just bought yourself a one-way
ticket six-feet under!

Ace grabs Sean by the hair, slams him head first into the hood of the car. Sean grits his teeth, squirms.

ACE
Sean Valentine, I've been looking
forward to this day for a long
time, boy.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Jensen stares at the cold walls, cuffed to a chair, shackles around his legs.

The door BUZZES open, and Ace enters, file in hand.

ACE
I ran your ID through the system.

Ace plops the file on the table, pulls the chair out, which SCREECHES across the floor, and takes a seat.

ACE
You're a ghost in the machine.
According to files, you don't
exist, Chris.

Jensen remains silent, but offers Ace a fierce look.

ACE
You smoke?

Ace offers him a cigarette. Jensen shakes his head "no", and Ace sits them on the table.

ACE
Let's be civil, no need to make
this harder than it has to be.

Ace opens the file, browses, offers Jensen a look.

ACE
Who are you?

Ace slides Jensen's ID across the table, credit cards and driver's license.

ACE

Really? 'Cause to me you're - well,
you're not the type of guy I see
fitting into this sort of gig.

Jensen aims a stony look Ace's direction, and Ace's lip
curls into a slight smile.

ACE

The silent treatment don't work on
me. I've been in this game a long,
long time. The quiet ones always
have something to hide. And
something to lose. What's your
poison, huh?

They stare down one another. Jensen's eyes navigate to the
cigarettes, as do Ace's.

Ace hands Jensen the pack. Jensen grabs the lighter, fiddles
with it, flame on/off.

ACE

No fingerprints - ID, driver's
license, all fake. You don't exist
so I want you to tell-

JENSEN

When do I get my phone call?

Ace looks at the two-way mirror.

JENSEN

Don't look at them. I'm asking you.

INT. POLICE STATION - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

BUSH, 40s, tubby and ADRIAN, 30s, watch Jensen on the other
side of the glass.

ACE

You tell me you're name, I'll give
you your call.

JENSEN

You give my call, I'll tell you my
name. How's that?

Bush looks at Adrian, whom shakes his head and smirks.

ADRIAN

This guy's something else.

BUSH

Better give him what he wants.

Bush knocks on the glass twice.

ACE

Alright - you got your call.

INT. YORK HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Becky sits at the dining table. DEUCE, the dog, chomps on a bone by the patio doors.

The front door SLAMS. Footsteps PUMMEL the floor, and draw closer, as --

Sarah enters the kitchen, plops her backpack on the chair, and greets Deuce, roughs him up a little.

Deuce scampers off back to his bone, as Sarah opens the fridge, and pulls out a can of soda.

Sarah pops the can open, takes a sip, and clocks Becky.

SARAH

Mom? What's wrong?

BECKY

Sit down, Sarah.

Sarah doesn't like this, but sits down anyway. Becky grips her hands, and looks into her eyes.

Becky's sad face breaks into a happy one.

BECKY

I saw your father last night.

Sarah's eyes go wide. She is astonished.

BECKY

He's coming home soon.

Sarah cries tears of joy, hugs Becky.

BECKY

He's got a few things to wrap up,
but - Sarah, he's hanging up his
badge. We're gonna be a real family
again, sweetie.

Sarah wipes the tears away, smiles widely.

BECKY
Well, say something.

SARAH
I - I don't what to say, mom.

Sarah hugs Becky again.

SARAH
Did he say when?

BECKY
A few days.

SARAH
Oh my god.

Sarah cries some more, offers her mother a wide smile.

SARAH
I can't believe it.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Ace stands by the phone, as Jensen dials. RING, RING, CLICK.

JENSEN
Hey, it's me.

INT. AMY'S CAR - DAY

Amy notices the gravity in Jensen's voice, looks around.

AMY
Adam?

JENSEN (O.S)
(via phone)
I'm in a pickle, got myself into a
jam. I need-

AMY
I told you not to call here. It's
over between us.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Jensen turns away from Ace, who keeps an eye on him, and an ear on the conversation.

AMY (O.S)
(via phone)
I'm not gonna pull you out again.

JENSEN
I know. I just wanted to hear your voice. I might not get another chance, Diane.

AMY (O.S)
I threw out your clothes.

Jensen's expression falls. He rubs his brow.

AMY (O.S)
You hadn't phoned, so-

JENSEN
I understand, Diane. They outside?

AMY (O.S)
No. A friend of mine, Jack, the one that drives the black van, took them to the charity store.

Jensen nods.

ACE
Wrap it up.

Jensen shoots him a look.

JENSEN
Listen, Diane. I promise I'll make things right, I'll do whatever it takes. You know that, right?

INT. AMY'S CAR - DAY

Amy taps on her laptop, triangulates Jensen's position.

JENSEN (O.S)
You still there?

AMY
Yeah. I heard you.

The position is fixed on Amy's screen. She sets the coordinates on the GPS.

JENSEN (O.S)
I'm sorry, Diane.

AMY
Bye, Adam.

Amy hangs up, instantly removes the back of the phone, crushes the card between her fingers, and throws it out of the window.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Jensen hangs up the phone, looks at Ace.

ACE
Your name's "Adam", huh?

JENSEN
One of.

Ace slams Jensen into the wall, gets close.

ACE
Adam, Chris, whoever you are, you better start making sense real fast you hear? I got you on dealing, you were strapped, I got everything I need to put you behind bars for a long-ass time.

JENSEN
Good luck with that.

INT. YORK HOUSE - SARAH'S ROOM - DAY

A pile of clothes occupies the laundry basket at the door. Boy-band posters hang on the walls.

Sarah cleans up, puts clothes in the drawers, shoes at the foot of the bed, and discovers a TEDDY BEAR.

She smiles, and places the bear next to her pillow, just as her laptop RINGS.

Sarah answers the SKYPE call. Jess appears on the other side, all sweaty, in not but her bra and panties.

SARAH
You need to cover that up.

JESS
Does my figure embarrass you?

Jess puffs on a cigarette like a poser.

JESS
Listen, Chad's throwing a party
tonight, you in?

SARAH
I've got about five thousand chores
to do.

JESS
Who does chores?

Sarah giggles, takes a seat on her bed.

SARAH
My dad's coming home.

Jess stops what she's doing, and pays attention.

SARAH
Mom met him last night. Said he's
almost finished, and when he is,
he's handing over his badge.

JESS
I thought he died?

SARAH
No.

JESS
You said-

SARAH
I said he walked out on us, I never
said he was dead.

Jess looks puzzled.

SARAH
You've got a weird imagination.

JESS
At least I've got one.

Jess tries on a slutty, revealing blouse.

JESS
What do you think? Fab or drab?

SARAH
Is "slutty" an option?

Jess flips her the bird, grabs her shortest skirt.

JESS
You have to come to the party
tonight, S. Trent's gonna be there.

SARAH
(surprised)
He is?

JESS
Uh-huh. Told me earlier, said he's
gonna bring the beers and was
looking forward to seeing you
there, and I kinda told him you'd
be there, so-

SARAH
I don't have anything to wear!

JESS
I could lend you something.

SARAH
Last time you let me something it
had a big stain on the back.
(looks around)
I'll find something.

JESS
What about your "chores"?

SARAH
They can wait. I'm not letting you
anywhere near, Trent after a few
drinks. Pick me up?

JESS
Seven-thirty. Love ya.

SARAH
(giggles)
Bye, Jess.

The call drops, and Sarah looks around the room, sighs.

SARAH
What to wear...

INT. POLICE STATION - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Car horns HONK outside, as Amy enters.

Ace goes through a case file at the reception counter, with Bush and Adrian nearby.

AMY
Who do I need to talk to around here to get someone released?

Ace closes the file, sizes up Amy, and hands the file off to Bush, who leaves with Adrian.

ACE
That'd be me.

Amy shows her badge: CIA - AMY PORTER.

ACE
CIA? Must be someone big.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A door BUZZES open, Amy follows Ace through the door and down the hall.

ACE
Your "guy" is a ghost. He doesn't exist on the system. Who is he?

AMY
Need-to-know basis only, and you don't need to know.

Ace stops her.

ACE
I'm all for cloak-and-dagger, but I'd like to know what I'm dealing with. If your "guy" is a witness, what the hell's he doing with a wanted drug-runner?

AMY
(points to door)
This it?

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Amy greets Jensen, as Ace walks in.

AMY

Got yourself into some trouble,
Chris. Or is it, Adam today?

JENSEN

Depends who's asking.

Amy plays along, shows him her badge, and takes a seat.

AMY

I thought I spoke to you about your
habits? I told you to kick them.
That was the deal for your release.

Jensen shoots her a look, and snickers.

JENSEN

I do what I want, when I want. If
you don't like that, you can shove
your case where the sun don't shine
got it?

AMY

I vouched for you. Said you'd do
this willingly, and what happens?
You get shackled and brought in on-

Amy looks at Ace.

ACE

Conspiracy to supply drugs.

AMY

That. Dammit, when I got you out,
you swore to me you'd change. I
thought you wanted to see your
family again?

Jensen looks away.

AMY

Keep this up, and I'll take you
back to the penitentiary myself.

Amy nods to Ace.

AMY

Let him go.

ACE

He's part of this investigation. I can't let him walk out of here.

AMY

I'm giving you an order, CIA, means I tell you what to do, and you do it. No questions asked.

Ace is defeated, and unlocks Jensen's cuffs. Jensen rubs his wrist with his hand, as the shackles drop.

AMY

This is the last time I bail you out, Chris.

JENSEN

I doubt that.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING - NIGHT

Jensen goes through the trunk of Amy's car, pulls out a new pair of clothes.

Amy sits his devices on the roof of the car, his phone, keys, wallet.

AMY

Chief's already breathing down my neck about this case taking too long and you end up in jail? This won't go down well.

JENSEN

You got me out, Amy.

AMY

That's not the point, Jensen. You need to be more vigilant.

Jensen sits a holster on, places a gun in it, and grabs a jacket, fits it on.

AMY

When you took this case-

JENSEN

Can you get off my back? Christ. I'm doing everything I can.

AMY

You're not doing enough.

Jensen closes the car trunk.

AMY

What happened with, David?

Jensen darkly looks at her.

JENSEN

He got in the way.

AMY

So you put a bullet in his head?

Jensen walks away.

AMY

Don't turn your back on me.

Jensen snaps to her.

JENSEN

I'm not turning my back on anyone!

She feels the gravity in his voice, steps back an inch.

JENSEN

I'm the one in the trenches. I'm putting my family at risk. Which is why when this is over, I'm done.

AMY

What?

JENSEN

You heard me. I'm out. After this, it's over. I wanna be with my girls. I wanna see my daughter.

Jensen walks away, hands in his pockets, hood over his head.

AMY

The case took a turn at your daughter's high school.

JENSEN

Got it.

INT. CELLS - NIGHT

Sean throws a rubber ball at the wall. It bounces, creates all sorts of noise.

EDWIN, 40s, a real hard-ass with tattoos, approaches the bars, wraps his large hands around them.

EDWIN
(at Sean)
Hey asshole. You mind?

Sean looks over, and bounces the ball off the wall.

SEAN
Not at all.

Edwin SNARLS, returns to his bed, the springs SQUEAK under his weight.

The door BUZZES open, two GUARDS, 30s, enter. One approaches Sean's cell, fits the keys into the lock.

GUARD
Looks like your lucky day,
Valentine. Bail's posted.

Sean leaves his cell, and offers Edwin a rather dirty look.

SEAN
Here. Guy like you must like balls.

Sean tosses the rubber ball into Edwin's cell. Edwin sneers.

SEAN
Don't drop the soap, big boy.

EDWIN
Fuck you.

A Guard bags Edwin's cell with a baton, and Edwin recoils.

SEAN
Maybe another time.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING - NIGHT

A BLACK CAR with tinted windows sits outside.

Sean admires the city, stretches, jogs down the steps, and greets three MEN.

SEAN

You guys new?

The back door of the car opens, and -- VICTOR MARONE, 54, smug and smart, steps out.

MARONE

Get in.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pizza boxes lay strewn across a cluttered coffee table.

Jensen sits on the couch, places a whiskey glass on the table, and reads a file.

His cell phone VIBRATES on the table. He picks it up, admires the caller ID: "The Wife".

Jensen answers.

JENSEN

Checking in twice in one day is a new record, Amy.

AMY (O.S)

(via phone)

Someone posted Sean's bail.

Jensen takes a drink, and flips through a file.

JENSEN

And you're calling at two in the morning to tell me?

AMY (O.S)

It wasn't Valentine. He hasn't left his mansion all night.

This intrigues Jensen, whom stands, grabs the empty glass, and walks to the en-suite kitchen.

KITCHEN

Jensen opens the fridge, browses, grabs a microwave dinner, and slams the fridge shut.

JENSEN

Sean's got a lot of friends, Amy. I don't see why this matters.

Jensen stabs the plastic cover on the dinner, sticks it in the microwave, and sets the timer.

AMY (O.S)
Where was he earlier?

JENSEN
How the hell am I supposed to know?
I'm not his babysitter.

AMY (O.S)
That's the problem, that's why it matters, Jensen. Someone took Andrew Marone from his school in broad daylight-

JENSEN
And you think Sean did it?

AMY (O.S)
It's plausible. And it fits.

JENSEN
Do me a favor.

A beat.

JENSEN
Go get some beauty sleep.

AMY (O.S)
Jen-

Jensen cuts her off, turns his phone off, and pours himself another whiskey.

The microwave dinner EXPLODES. And a gunshot POPS.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jensen shoots David in the head. David falls against the wall, lifeless.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jensen bins the microwave dinner. He looks exhausted, as he leans against the counter, and takes a drink.

AMY (V.O)
The case took a turn at your daughter's high school.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Rain bludgeons the empty campus, only a SECURITY GUARD, 40s, fat, is present in a booth by the school gates.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

A window SMASHES.

Jensen climbs through, balaclava over his face. He crunches glass beneath his boot, peeks out, and moves.

Jensen moves forward, closes on the HEADMASTER'S DOOR. He fishes through his pockets, whips out bobby pins.

Jensen picks the lock.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A dozen monitors sit stacked atop one another, all play EXTERIOR footage at the present time.

Jensen rummages through a filing cabinet, plucks a file, sits it on the desk, and approaches the PC.

Jensen sticks a USB drive into the slot, taps on the keys, and hooks his phone up to the PC.

INSERT: PHONE SCREEN

Copying files: 12% - 13%.

BACK TO SCENE

Jensen takes a look at the file. Turns the pages. Examines everything inside.

JENSEN

So you're dating my daughter?

Jensen closes the file, jots down an address, and stuffs the file back in the cabinet.

He removes the drive, unhooks his phone, and approaches the security monitors.

Jensen grabs DVD's, tries one.

INSERT: MONITOR

Trent catches the football, and stops on the pavement. Chad raises his arms.

BACK TO SCENE

Jensen removes the DVD, tries another.

INSERT: MONITOR

Andrew walks down the steps from the main building, and the video pauses.

BACK TO SCENE

Jensen takes a picture of Andrew with his phone, pops another DVD into the drive, watches.

JENSEN

Where were you going, kid?

INSERT: MONITOR

Andrew walks into the parking lot. The black van pulls up. Two men hop out, kidnap him.

BACK TO SCENE

A flashlight plays along the walls, and Jensen ducks.

JENSEN

(quietly)

Shit.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Security Guard whistles, his keys jingle at his side, and he shines the flashlight in multiple classrooms.

Security Guard tries each door in the hall, closes on the Headmaster's office, tries that door, which opens.

Security Guard cautiously enters.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jensen hides behind the American flag in the corner, as Security Guard looks around with a practiced eye.

SECURITY GUARD

Anyone in here?

Security Guard clocks Jensen, goes for his taser, and Jensen tackles him into the desk.

Jensen runs out of the door. Security Guard chases him.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Jensen rushes for the window. Security Guard lags behind, huffs and puffs wildly.

SECURITY GUARD
Come - back here!

Jensen leaps out of the window, remnants of glass rain down.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Jensen bolts across the quadrangle, and hops the fence for a quick getaway.

Security Guard watches Jensen disappear into the night, from the window.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jensen consults the map on the coffee table, places a traced version over the top, bites the cap off a red marker.

Jensen plants an "X" on the map, at the high school, and draws a circle. He spits the cap out of his mouth.

INSERT: MAP

There are 7 X's, all nestled within a 4 mile radius on the edge of the city.

BACK TO SCENE

Jensen downs whiskey, and focuses on the radius. He removes the traced map, seeks something on the real one.

Jensen places the traced map back down, taps the marker on his thigh, and weighs his options.

JENSEN
Needle in a haystack.

Jensen grabs his whiskey glass, empty.

KITCHEN

Jensen fills up the whiskey glass, takes a drink, considers.

JENSEN
Why take your rival's kid? What
does that accomplish?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A Masked Man slots the sack over Andrew's head. The other
grabs his arms, uses a plastic tie to bind his wrists.

They throw him in the back of the van, and speed off.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jensen holds his cell to his ear, goes through evidence.

AMY (O.S)
(via phone, midway through)
...still doesn't make sense, York.

JENSEN
Exactly. It doesn't make any sense.
Why would Valentine kidnap Marone's
son in broad daylight?

Amy sighs on the other end.

JENSEN
Am I boring you?

AMY (O.S)
It's six in the morning.

JENSEN
Look - Andrew left the school. He
walked right out the front door.
Why would he do that?

AMY (O.S)
(tiredly)
I don't know, Jensen. How'd you
find out anyway?

JENSEN
I broke into the school. Oh, that
reminds me, a security guard might
need an icepack.

AMY (O.S)
Did he see your face?

JENSEN
 Yeah, 'cause I'd risk blowing this whole operation by going in without a mask on. Wake up, Amy.

Jensen consults the map.

JENSEN
 All kidnappings happened within a four mile radius. But get this, Andrew was taken from the furthest possible point, which leads me to believe that-

AMY (O.S)
 It's a ploy.

Jensen nods.

AMY (O.S)
 Jensen, do you know where they are?

Jensen smiles.

JENSEN
 I think I got an idea.

AMY (O.S)
 We can have units there in the next five minutes. Give me the lo-

Jensen hangs up, turns the phone off, and grabs his gun.

JENSEN
 Sorry, Amy. This is my case.

INT. YORK HOUSE - SARAH'S ROOM - DAY

Sarah lays asleep, cuddled up to Trent, who is awake, and brushing her hair with his hand.

Birds CAW outside. Sunlight lines the edges of the clouds.

Sarah wakes up, smiles at Trent, and cuddles into him.

SARAH
 Hi.

TRENT
 Morning.

Sarah GROANS.

SARAH
I think I got a hangover.

Trent manages a smile.

SARAH
What happened last night?

TRENT
You got wasted, and I brought you home. Jess is going to prom with Chad too.

SARAH
She caved?

TRENT
Uh - more like jumped on him, then dragged him into the closet.

Sarah giggles, but GROANS and holds her head. She gets out of bed, in Trent's jumper.

SARAH
Did we-

TRENT
No. You fell off a table into Chad's pool. I put that on you.

Sarah is happy by this.

SARAH
You're not like other guys.

TRENT
We got plenty of time for that later in life. No need to rush.

Sarah smiles, and pecks him on the cheek.

SARAH
Does my mom know you're here?

TRENT
I'll go out the window.

EXT. DOCKLAND WAREHOUSE - DAY

A DELIVERY TRUCK stops at the gate. An ARMED GUARD allows him through. The barricade rises.

Jensen scopes the place out from a diner across the street, hat and sunglasses.

INT. FISH AND TACKLE DINER - DAY

Jensen pours liquor into the coffee, stirs, and drinks.

A few FISHERMEN sit around, smoke, talk, laugh. Jensen fits right in with the crowd.

ASHLEY, 20, attractive, sits a plate of pie on Jensen's table, and offers him a smile.

JENSEN

Thanks.

ASHLEY

Haven't seen you around here
before, you new in town?

Jensen digs a fork into the pie.

ASHLEY

Not a talker, huh?

Jensen shoots her a look, and she takes the hint.

ASHLEY

(under her breath)
Asshole.

PATRON, 40s, burly, slaps her ass. She takes it, heads off, and the Patrons laugh.

PATRON

Keep those buns warm, darlin'.

Jensen takes a drink, shovels pie into his gob, and keeps an eye on the ins and outs across the street.

Marone's car pulls into the warehouse.

Jensen perks up, chews on pie, and activates the video-camera on his cell phone. He records Marone's car.

Ashley dishes up grub to the Patrons. Patron again, slaps her ass, and voices his joy.

Ashley takes the hit, but is intimidated. She hands the Patrons their meals, and leaves.

PATRON

Girl's got some fine assets.

Jensen pays for his meal, and stands.

PATRON

(laughing)

If you catch my drift.

Patrons laugh at the joke, as a shadow looms over them. Patron looks up -- at Jensen.

PATRON

Can I help you, boy?

Jensen rams Patron's head into the table. Others back off, as Jensen squashes Patron's head against the top.

JENSEN

Touch her again and your head is going through the wall. Got it?

PATRON

(painfully)

Got it! Got it!

Jensen looks at the other Patrons, all of them are scared.

JENSEN

That goes for the rest of you too.

Jensen releases Patron, and walks to the door. Patron grabs a pot of coffee, attacks.

Ashley watches, gasps as --

Jensen clocks Patron in the reflection of the glass, ducks the coffee pot, grabs Patron and throws him into a table.

Cutlery and plates CRASH all around Patron. Blood drizzles from Patron's head.

Jensen rights his jacket, looks over at Ashley.

JENSEN

Thanks for the pie.

EXT. DOCKLAND WAREHOUSE - BACK - DAY

Jensen scales the wall, drops down behind some shipment containers, and peeks out.

DOCKWORKERS move product about. One operates a FORKLIFT, loads pallets into the delivery truck.

Jensen raises his cell phone, aims:

- A) Dockworkers move product into the warehouse.
- B) The forklift hoists a pallet into the truck.
- C) Marone and Sean converse over by the entrance.

Jensen pockets his phone, moves in for a closer look, and ducks behind some barrels as a HENCHMAN appears on scene.

Jensen waits, waits, and the Henchman leaves. Jensen moves forward, behind more barrels. He can see into the warehouse.

Jensen raises his phone, snaps pics:

- A) Large containers inside, filled with weapons, ammo.
- B) SCIENTISTS work with chemistry sets.
- C) Andrew Marone calmly stands with two men.

Jensen lowers the phone, takes a peek at the image again, and furrows his brow.

JENSEN
(quietly)
Son of a bitch.

Marone claps Sean on the shoulder, gets real close.

MARONE
It ends tonight, Sean. I've already
made the call.

Sean nods.

MARONE
Don't start showing emotions now.
We've come to far.

SEAN
I know and I'm not. It's just, I
didn't think it'd happen this way.
I thought I'd be the one to do it.

MARONE

You thought wrong.

Jensen shakes his head, cannot believe it. He leaves the main site, heads back to the wall, and spots something.

Jensen raises the cell phone, zooms in:

INSERT: CELL SCREEN

BRETT, 35, handsome but flawed by dishevelment, assists WORKERS at the dock.

BACK TO SCENE

Jensen takes a photo, stuffs his phone away, and absconds from the area, over the wall.

JENSEN (V.O)

I'm sure.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Many PATRONS occupy various booths. Jensen and Amy sit in the back, alone.

Amy's expression falls into disbelief.

JENSEN

Sean's in bed with Marone. Andrew is fine. It's all a set-up.

AMY

So the girls weren't there?

Jensen raises his coffee mug, and shakes his head.

AMY

Then where are they?

Jensen takes a drink, shrugs.

AMY

What is going on, Jensen? What are they up to?

JENSEN

I don't know. They're cooking something for tonight. Marone said "it ends tonight", so something big is gonna happen.

AMY

We're not here to get in the middle of a turf war between two families. We need to find the girls. Another body showed up this morning.

JENSEN

Who was it?

AMY

Kelly Chambers.

JENSEN

The cheerleader?

Amy nods, and Jensen sighs.

JENSEN

Who does that leave?

AMY

Sandra Hope and Amanda Shaw. One's only fifteen, Jensen.

Amy is disheartened. Jensen reassures her.

JENSEN

They're gonna be fine, okay? I'll find them.

AMY

Face it, we're done. We failed.

JENSEN

It's not over yet. We've got time.

AMY

They haven't. We found traces of heroin in Kelly's system. They were dosing her. They starved her. And -

Amy stops, takes a moment.

AMY

They raped her, Jensen. Then they just dumped her on the rail tracks like a piece of-

Jensen grips her hand, as tears build in her eyes.

JENSEN

I swear, I will do everything in my power to bring them home. Just hold

(MORE)

JENSEN (cont'd)
it together, alright? You're the
strong one, remember?

Amy sadly smiles, wipes tears from her eyes.

JENSEN
Now you wipe those tears away, and
you stay strong. You go to those
families and you tell them
something for me.

She looks at him.

JENSEN
You tell them they're gonna see
their daughters again. On my life
they're gonna be safe.

INT. VALENTINE MANSION - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Annette drinks liquor and gazes at photographs on the
mantelpiece of David, Sean and Tony.

Sean creeps in, drunk, red-eyed, and scruffy. A bottle of
beer in his hand. He leans on the door-frame.

SEAN
Was he your favorite too?

Annette looks Sean over, shakes her head.

ANNETTE
I never had a favorite, Sean. Both
of you are as bad as each other.

Sean smirks, takes a swig, ambles over.

SEAN
I'm not dead.

Annette SLAPS him in the face. He takes the hit, grins, and
turns to her sinisterly.

Tony walks into the room, adjusts his cuff-links, and
notices the situation.

TONY
I see your back.

Sean shoots Tony a look.

TONY

Look at the state of you. I'm
ashamed to call you my son.

SEAN

You should treat me better, dad.
I'm the only one you got left.

Tony ignores Sean, walks right past him, and pours himself a
glass of brandy.

SEAN

You don't even give a shit about
me, do you?

Tony caps the brandy, sits it on the top.

SEAN

Some parents you turned out to be.
David was your favorite, you wished
it was me that took a bullet to the
head, don't you?

Annette fights back her emotions, walks to the couch.

SEAN

You'd rather it was me in the
ground. So you could have one more
day with your precious-

Tony decks Sean. The beer bottle SMASHES on the ground, and
Sean nurses his cut lip.

TONY

Your brother was no saint. But you,
you're worthless, Sean. Nothing but
a waste of space.

Sean stands, adjusts his jacket, spits blood on the wall.

SEAN

This waste of space just sealed the
deal of the century with your
competitor, dad.

Tony does not like this.

SEAN

You heard me. I made a deal with
Marone. He considers me a son.

TONY
Get out of my house.

Sean grins, as Tony balls up a fist.

TONY
I said get the fuck out!

Sean leaves.

TONY
(at Annette)
Pull yourself together.

ANNETTE
You don't care do you?

The front door SLAMS.

ANNETTE
You deserve everything you get,
Tony. He's your son and you don't
give a fuck about him.

TONY
He's a bastard. Always has been.
And he's not my son.

Tony surveys David's photo on the mantelpiece.

TONY
I lost my only son.

EXT. VALENTINE ESTATE - NIGHT

Sean climbs into his car, as Jensen arrives, and taps on the driver's window, which rolls down.

Jensen clocks Sean's bloodshot eyes.

SEAN
When did you get out?

JENSEN
A couple hours ago. Where are you
going, Sean?

SEAN
Away from here. Get in.

JENSEN
I gotta talk to your dad.

SEAN
It's your funeral.

INT. VALENTINE MANSION - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Tony sits alone, swigs on brandy, and stares blindly out of the patio doors.

Jensen walks in, notices Tony's demeanor.

JENSEN
Mr. Valentine?

Tony looks over, and offers Jensen a smile.

TONY
Chris - good to see you, boy. Come in, take a seat. Want a brandy?

Jensen waves him off, and takes a seat across from him.

TONY
How's your hunt going? Have you found them yet?

JENSEN
Not yet. But I'm getting closer. It's only a matter of time.

Tony sits the glass on the table, grabs a cigar, the clipper, and clips the end of the cigar.

JENSEN
What's with, Sean?

Tony lights the cigar, puffs, plumes of smoke rise.

TONY
You've been completely honest with me, haven't you, Chris?

They enter a stare down.

JENSEN
Of course.

TONY
I believe you.

They look away. Jensen grows uneasy.

TONY

Which is why I need you to do something for me. Something I can't ask anyone else to do.

JENSEN

Whatever you need, sir.

TONY

I need you to kill, Sean.

Jensen's face falls, as Tony sinks back, crosses one leg over the other.

TONY

Can you do that for me?

JENSEN

I can't do that.

Tony is surprised by this.

TONY

Are you against me like he is?

JENSEN

I'm not against you, sir - I'm just not gonna kill your son.

TONY

You're more of a son to me than he is, Chris. You're more reliable. David trusted you, as do I.

Annette walks in, acknowledges Jensen.

ANNETTE

What's going on?

TONY

Nothing, dear. Take yourself upstairs. Chris and I were discussing business.

ANNETTE

What kind of business, Tony?

TONY

The kind that does not concern you, so le-

A bullet SHATTERS the patio doors, glass rains down.

A bullet strikes Annette in the head, blood SPLATTERS across the floor, as she THUDS on the surface.

Jensen tackles Tony over the couch, which flips, provides them cover.

Jensen removes a handgun, cocks it. Tony clocks his dead wife, a river of blood cascades from her forehead.

JENSEN

Stay low.

TONY

They killed my wife.

Tony pulls out his golden gun, pops up and shoots. Jensen drags him back into cover.

JENSEN

Stay down!

TONY

I'LL FUCKING KILL THEM!

EXT. VALENTINE ESTATE - NIGHT

Bill rushes to the front door. A MASKED MAN, all Navy Seal like, sneaks up and plunges a knife through his lung.

Bill HISS-GASPS, as the Masked Man wraps his hand around the guard's mouth.

EXT. VALENTINE ESTATE - BALCONY - NIGHT

The balcony boasts a lovely view of the ocean, a crimson sky looms over the world.

OPERATIVES take out Valentine's guards. Bullets fly. Knives plunge. Men die.

An Operative shoots a GUARD, 30s, in the head, uses him as a human shield against gunfire from GUARD #2.

Another Operative kills Guard #2, drops him over the balcony, raises his automatic, and moves forward.

The Operatives move to the house.

One removes the pin from a tear gas grenade, and throws it inside, motions to his men "halt".

INT. VALENTINE MANSION - LOUNGE - NIGHT

The tear gas canister rolls along, spits swirls of gas into the air.

Jensen pulls up his shirt to cover his mouth, makes Tony do the same thing. Jensen seeks out an exit through the smoke.

Jensen grabs Tony's arm, and ushers him into --

INT. VALENTINE MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jensen and Tony duck behind a counter. The Maid is there too, cowering and trembling wildly.

JENSEN

Stay calm.

Jensen eyes the garage door.

JENSEN

When I give the signal, I need you both to run for the garage.

TONY

What signal?

JENSEN

You won't miss it.

Tear gas pours through the ventilation system. Heavy footfalls SOUND, crunch over glass.

Jensen makes his way to the wall, remains in cover, gun lowered at his side.

An Operative moves into view, tactically enters the kitchen, checks his corners professionally.

Jensen yanks the gun from his hand, rams him head-first into the wall, and sprays into the lounge.

Tony and Maid rush for the door. He shoves her out of the way, and enters the garage.

INT. VALENTINE MANSION - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Operatives duck and dive into cover, as bullets tear through the walls.

An Operative nods to another. One provides cover fire, as the other moves forward.

INT. VALENTINE MANSION - GARAGE - NIGHT

Tony grabs his keys from the hook, opens the car. Maid goes for the back door.

TONY
I don't think so.

Tony shoots her in the head. She drops dead, just as Jensen enters the garage and discards the empty auto.

JENSEN
What the fuck are you doing?

TONY
Collateral damage. She'd hold us
back, kid.

Jensen scowls at Tony, whom gets into his car. Jensen closes Maid's eyes, and slides over the hood of the car.

JENSEN
Give me the keys, Tony.

Operatives move into the garage, clock the dead Maid, open fire on the car. Bullets slam off the bulletproof glass.

The car rams through the garage door. Steel tears open like a wet paper bag.

Operatives rush after the car. One stops, sticks his finger to his ear.

OPERATIVE
Requesting immediate backup,
target's fleeing, repeat, target is
fleeing. Initialize protocol four.
Take them down!

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The getaway car drifts out of the Valentine Estate, almost clips a truck, and speeds down the street at breakneck pace.

Two BLACK CARS with tinted windows shoot after it, weave through oncoming traffic at immense speed.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - MOTION - NIGHT

Jensen checks the side mirror, clocks the pursuit cars gaining on him.

Tony sits, agitated in the passenger seat. He's on the verge of explosion.

JENSEN
We've got a tail.

Tony rolls down the window, leans out, and opens fire. Jensen pulls him back in.

JENSEN
You've done enough.

TONY
No, I haven't. Not until those slimy rat-bastards are fucking dead. I'll kill 'em all!

Tony shoots out of the window.

TONY
AAAAAARGHHHHH!!!!

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The pursuit takes a wicked curve into a busy street.

The getaway car mounts the sidewalk. PEDESTRIANS bolt out of the way, as the car zooms by.

Both pursuit cars expertly drive through traffic, one mounts the sidewalk, clips a lamppost.

A bullet webs one of the pursuit car windshields, and the driver loses control, slams into a parked vehicle.

TONY
COME AND GET ME! COME ON!

A SHOOTER, masked, leans out of the remaining pursuit car, sprays a wall of bullets at the getaway car.

A few PASSERSBY are riddled, fall to the ground.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - MOTION - NIGHT

Jensen turns the wheel erratically, forces Tony back inside. The mob boss loads another mag into his gun, cocks it.

JENSEN

You're not helping, Tony. Sit the fuck down.

TONY

Just fucking drive.

Tony attempts to lean out. Jensen slams on the brakes. Tony slams head first into the dash, falls unconscious.

JENSEN

Asshole.

Jensen slams his foot on the gas, looks in the mirror, the pursuit car is not far behind.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The getaway car scrapes the side of several vehicles, makes a wicked right turn, as does the pursuit car.

The shooter leans out, tries to get a shot, but vehicles make it difficult. He shoots at the tires. One pops.

The getaway car loses control, almost rams into a building, narrowly avoids impact, and veers back onto the road.

The getaway car rams the pursuit car. They grind against one another. Sparks fly.

The Shooter aims, opens fire. Bullets pierce the bodywork.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - MOTION - NIGHT

Bullets enter the car, one strikes Jensen in the leg, and he loses control.

JENSEN

Son of a-

Jensen rips the wheel left, pulls the gearstick, and fights back the pain.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Both cars zoom down the alleyway. The walls are tight to them. The pursuit car clips a dumpster.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - MOTION - NIGHT

Jensen's eyes go wide.

JENSEN

Shit!

He slams on the brakes.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The getaway car's tires SCREECH across the gravel, and it comes to a dead stop in front of a building. Smoke wafts from underneath the car.

The pursuit car stops. Shooter and PURSUER, masked, exit the vehicle, guns drawn, eyes focused.

They close on the getaway car. Pursuer nods to Shooter. Shooter tactically moves forward.

Shooter closes on the driver's side door, which flies open, knocks him into the wall, and sets off a GUNSHOT.

Jensen emerges, wrestles with Shooter, butts him in the face with the gun, and shoots him in the gut.

Jensen ducks Pursuer's fire, as Shooter GROANS in agony against the wall.

PURSUER

There's only one way this ends!

TONY (O.S)

I see two ways.

Pursuer aims, but takes a bullet to the head, and drops dead to the ground.

Tony lowers his smoking gun, boasts a cut on his forehead, and looks over at Jensen.

TONY

Next time, warn me.

Shooter GROANS in the corner, gains their attention.

Tony cocks the gun, storms around to Shooter, aims, and pulls the trigger.

Jensen pushes Tony's arm, causes him to miss.

JENSEN

No.

TONY

Give me a reason.

JENSEN

He can tell us who sent him.

Tony shoves past Jensen, rips Shooter's mask off. It's Brett, looking all kinds of exhausted.

Jensen's eyes close, he wipes his forehead.

TONY

You're one of Marone's guys. That slimy fuck-roach. He sent you to kill me.

Tony takes aim. Brett's eyes drift. Tony presses his finger to the trigger.

Jensen WHACKS Tony in the back of the head with the gun. Tony falls unconscious to the ground.

Jensen discards the gun, checks on Brett, whom recognizes him all of a sudden.

BRETT

Jensen...?

JENSEN

Shut up.

Jensen checks Brett's wound, and looks at the man coldly. Brett offers him a smile.

JENSEN

You'll be alright. The hell were you thinking?

BRETT

Knew you'd - bail me out, man.

JENSEN

I should've let him shoot you.

BRETT
 You did a good - job of that
 yourself, brother.

Jensen whips out his cell, dials "Amy". RING, RING, CLICK.

AMY (O.S)
 (via phone)
 Jensen?!

Jensen leaves Brett's side.

AMY (O.S)
 Just got word there was a shootout
 at the Valentine Estate. What the
 fuck happened?

JENSEN
 Marone did. He sent a unit of his
 guys after Valentine, killed his
 wife. I barely made it out.

AMY (O.S)
 Is he dead?

JENSEN
 (looks at Tony)
 Not yet.
 (acknowledges Brett)
 Listen, Amy. I need you to send an
 ambulance to an alleyway off of
 Washburn Drive.
 (hesitates)
 It's my brother. He's shot.

AMY (O.S)
 Why's your brother there?

Jensen aims a stony look Brett's direction.

JENSEN
 Can you do it or not?

A beat.

AMY (O.S)
 Yeah. Consider it done. What about
 Valentine? You got a plan?

JENSEN
 Leave him to me.

Jensen hangs up, stuffs the phone in his pocket, and plucks
 an auto off the ground.

JENSEN

Consider this the last time I save your ass. You're on your own.

BRETT

(weakly)

You can't run out on family. We're brothers, Jensen.

JENSEN

I don't know who you are, Brett. The man my brother was disappeared a long time ago.

Jensen grabs Tony, slings the unconscious mob boss' arm over his shoulder, and drags him to the pursuit car.

Jensen shoves Tony in the trunk, slams it shut, and limps around to the front.

BRETT

Jensen...?

Jensen ignores Brett, reverses out of the alleyway, and disappears into the night.

INT. YORK HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Becky makes breakfast, as Deuce sits on the rug, his eyes focused on the bacon.

Sarah walks in, plops a handbag on the counter, and offers Becky a smile.

SARAH

Morning.

Sarah checks the fridge immediately.

SARAH

Are we outta soda?

BECKY

I'm going shopping later. I'll pick some up.

Sarah closes the fridge, looks anxious.

BECKY

Don't look so nervous.

SARAH
What if he doesn't like it?

Becky stops what she's doing, and reassures her daughter.

BECKY
He'll love it, sweetie. You're
gonna look beautiful.

A car horn HONKS outside multiple times.

SARAH
I gotta go.

Sarah hugs Becky, grabs her handbag and bolts out of the kitchen door.

BECKY
Good luck.

Becky returns to the breakfast, and finds Deuce licking his lips, and the bacon missing.

BECKY
Deuce.

Deuce runs off.

INT. JESS' CAR - DAY

Jess sits in the driver's seat of her flashy convertible, smokes a cigarette.

Sarah hops in the passenger seat, buckles up.

JESS
What are you wearing?

SARAH
Pants and a sweat-top.

JESS
(displeased)
Not a fan.

Jess takes a drag.

SARAH
Are we going?

Jess discards the cigarette, pulls the gearstick.

JESS

Just thought you'd wanna change out
of your eighties clothes first.

Sarah giggles.

JESS

Not my problem if you wanna look
like a bum.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - DAY

Ace sits at his computer desk. A plethora of certificates
hang off the walls behind him.

Ace runs Jensen's aliases through the system again. Consults
the file, types "Adam Scott".

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

The search takes a while, but loads an image of ADAM SCOTT,
35, a drug lord in New York, busted in 2009.

A signature rests at the bottom of the screen: Jensen York.

BACK TO SCENE

Ace crosschecks the name "Jensen York". Taps on the
keyboard, eyeballs the screen. His eyes go wide.

ACE

Gotcha, boy.

Ace grabs his jacket, gun and leaves the office.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

A photograph of CADETS as Class of 1995. JENSEN, then 21,
stands in the back.

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM - DAY

Pipes drip, as Tony stirs, bound to a chair. He looks
around, spots a workbench lined with various "tools".

TONY

What the f-

Jensen steps from the shadows.

TONY
Chris? What is this?

JENSEN
Where are they, Tony?

TONY
What? Where are who?

Jensen leans on the arms of the chair, gets close, ferocity in his eyes.

JENSEN
Sandra Hope and Amanda Shaw. The girls you napped. Where are they?

Tony struggles, cannot get free. Jensen walks over to the workbench, browses the tools.

JENSEN
You can tell me the easy way, Tony. Or we can do this the old way. Your way. Don't play dumb.

TONY
I don't know what you're talking about, Chris!

Jensen plucks a pair of pliers, operates them, and returns to Tony, who shows a sense of fear.

JENSEN
Sure you do. David had a thing for this kinda gig. He napped them, on your orders.

TONY
Why the fuck would I kidnap people that mean nothing?!

Jensen slaps Tony.

JENSEN
They meant something to someone you arrogant pile of shit.

Jensen puts one of Tony's fingers in the pliers.

JENSEN
Tell me where they are.

Tony laughs.

JENSEN

Is something funny to you?

TONY

You don't understand what you're doing, Chris. If you do this, you won't survive a day. They'll gun you and everyone you care about down, Chris!

Jensen smirks.

JENSEN

No. Marone took out your guys. I pulled you outta the fire. No one else is coming for you, Tony. Even your own son doesn't care. The only person that did was your wife and you treated her like shit right up until the moment she died, because of you!

TONY

Then do it, you rat-bastard. Kill me. Go on! Do it!

Jensen looks at the pliers, his hand trembles, and he pulls away, drops the pliers, much to Tony's delight.

TONY

You don't have the stomach. You can't take a life, even mine.

Jensen wipes his hand over his mouth, sweat drips from his head, and his eyes grow unfocused.

TONY

Why did you save me? Is that part of your assignment?

JENSEN

I saved you -

Jensen faces Tony.

JENSEN

Because unlike you, I still have a shred of humanity left inside me.

TONY

And this was your grand plan? Bring me to some dungeon, torture me, try to find those girls? Did you really think I would tell you?

Jensen's eyes grow fierce.

JENSEN
So you do know?

TONY
I know exactly where they are. And
I know you don't have the balls to
make the choice that saves them.

Jensen weighs his options.

TONY
You're incorruptible. Nothing sways
your hand to make the decisions
that save lives. You're all the
same, tough on the outside, hollow
on the inside.

Jensen grins, and Tony furrows his brows.

TONY
What are you smiling at?

JENSEN
It's funny. David said the same.

Tony looks up, as Jensen closes on him, and reveals his handgun, which he displays proudly.

JENSEN
Right before this gun went off, and
his brains splattered all over the
fucking walls.

Tony angrily GROWLS at Jensen, as he tries to get free.

JENSEN
I killed him, because he was a
monster, Tony. I killed a monster
to get to the devil.

TONY
You killed my son! I will fucking-

JENSEN
You're not gonna do anything, apart
from tell me where those girls are.

Jensen tips Tony's chair over, sits the gun on the workbench, grabs a towel and a fuel can.

JENSEN

Or I'm gonna do things that people
like me don't usually do.

Jensen places the towel over Tony's face, uncaps the can,
and water-boards Tony, whom gargles.

Jensen removes the towel, and Tony spits in his face.

TONY

You won't!

Jensen pulls Tony's chair up, and displays a screwdriver. He
stabs Tony in the thigh, and Tony YELLS in pain.

JENSEN

We can do this all day.

Jensen twists the screwdriver, tips Tony over again, grabs
the fuel can, and stands over the mob boss.

JENSEN

I hope you can hold your breath.

INT. DRESS STORE - DAY

Jess sits with her feet up on the fine couch, reads a
magazine, and drinks milkshake from a straw.

FITTER, 20s, beautiful, high-class dress sense, emerges from
the curtain looking all hot, bothered and excited on her way
to the register.

Jess perks up, as the curtain opens, and Sarah steps out, in
an absolutely beautiful, eloquent white dress.

JESS

O-M-G!

Sarah blushes and beams.

JESS

That is - wow.

SARAH

It's not too extravagant is it?

Jess inspects Sarah's behind, stands in awe at her hourglass
figure perfectly displayed.

JESS
 Girl this is - you're gonna put
 everyone else to shame.

JAMES, 30s, posh and campy, marvels at Sarah.

JAMES
 You look like a princess.

SARAH
 Thanks, James.

James sits his hands on her shoulders.

JAMES
 I can't believe how stunning you
 look, darling. Here, I have
 something for you.

James hands her a silver swan hair-clip, fits it nicely in
 her bun.

JAMES
 You've grown into a swan, so raise
 your wings.

Sarah straightens up, and turns to face herself in the
 mirror. She GASPS, turns sideways, and smiles.

James stands behind her, hand on her shoulder.

JAMES
 He's a very lucky man.

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM - DAY

Tony sits bloody, beaten and wet in the chair. His head
 bowed, blood drips from his nose.

Jensen cleans his bloody hands with a rag, tosses it aside,
 and fishes his cell phone from his pocket.

RING, RING, CLICK, someone answers.

JENSEN
 I found them.

AMY (O.S)
 (via phone)
 Where are they?

JENSEN

The old train yard down at the
riverside. House eight.

AMY (O.S)

We're on it.

(beat)

Good work, Jensen. Where is he?

JENSEN

There's a game on.

A THUNDEROUS ROAR drones in from outside.

JENSEN

Sounds like the favorites just hit
a home run. The away side could use
some maintenance.

AMY (O.S)

Got it. You might wanna clear out,
Jensen. You did good.

JENSEN

It's over. I'm done.

AMY (O.S)

Then, thank you. Really.

Jensen hangs up, destroys the phone, and looks over at the
unconscious Tony.

JENSEN

You're done you son of a bitch.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. OLD TRAIN YARD - DAY

Rusty old carriages sit around the lot. SWAT trucks move in,
and SWAT flood out of the back.

They close on "8", prepare to breach the door.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Jensen floods the pursuit car with gas, sparks a lighter,
and throws it. The car flames up.

Jensen walks away.

INT. DRESS STORE - DAY

Sarah hands over the cash to James, whom gives her a big hug and a large smile.

Sarah plucks her dress bag off the floor, walks with Jess.

INT. HOUSE 8 - DAY

SWAT move through plastic sheets, the flashlights on their autos play along the walls.

A SWAT OFFICER grips a door handle, slides it open.

EXT. YORK HOUSE - DAY

Jensen steps out of a taxi, pays the driver, and admires the white picket fence with a smile.

Jensen unlatches the gate.

INT. YORK HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Deuce rears his head, BARKS, and runs out of the kitchen.

Becky drops the milk carton, her eyes go wide, as the front door SLAMS shut.

INT. HOUSE 8 - DAY

SANDRA HOPE, 17, pretty beneath her grubbiness, and AMANDA SHAW, 15, still in school uniform, lay tied to grubby beds.

SWAT move in, remove the cuffs and shackles from the girls, and help them.

Swat Officer lowers his gun, and grabs his radio.

SWAT OFFICER
Targets retrieved, they're safe.

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM - DAY

SWAT surround Tony, guns pointed at him as he stirs and notices the crowd, and his face falls.

Amy steps through, aims a despicable look his direction, and nods to a SWAT.

SWAT removes Tony's restraints, and slaps the cuffs on him.

INT. YORK HOUSE - DAY

Sarah enters through the front door, Jess in tow. Sarah spots Becky, by the banister, crying and smiling.

SARAH

Mom?

Jensen steps out of the lounge, and Sarah drops her bag, as he face falls to shock.

SARAH

Daddy?

JENSEN

Hey, sweetie.

Sarah jumps at Jensen, hugs him fiercely. He hugs his arms around her, sheds a few tears of his own.

Becky places her hand to her heart, cries and smiles.

SARAH

(ecstatic, emotional)

Dad!

Tears stream down Sarah's cheeks, as a smile flashes across her face.

JENSEN

I'm home, baby. And I'm never leaving you again.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. DOCKLAND WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

DOCKWORKERS move large crates. A forklift loads a truck.

Sean sits on a stack of pallets, drunk as hell, swigging on booze and smoking.

Marone appears, notices Sean's demeanor.

MARONE

Kid, what's wrong with you?

SEAN
I'm celebrating.

Sean raises his booze, grins, and takes a swig.

MARONE
I hope you remember our deal. Half
the assets and clientele.

SEAN
You didn't get the job done,
Victor. The feds did.

Marone buttons his blazer.

SEAN
Your men failed.

MARONE
They were flawed by another. From
what I recall, he's your friend.

Sean shoots him a look, as Marone hands him a file.

MARONE
Be wary of whom you entrust your
loyalties, Sean. Your friend is not
the man he claims to be.

Sean opens the file, his reddened eyes look over at Marone.

SEAN
No. This is not right.

MARONE
I assure you it is. My contact
ensures me this is accurate.

SEAN
He's gonna come after us n-

The corner of Marone's lip curls.

MARONE
No, Sean. He won't. You see, I hate
rats. I'm like your father that
way. We'll deal with him in due
time, my son.

INT. YORK HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jensen shaves, inspects his respectable appearance in the mirror, and wipes his face with a towel.

He looks at his reflection deeply, leans on the sink, as thunder CRASHES outside.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jensen shoots David in the head.

INT. YORK HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jensen runs the cold tap, splashes water on his face, and stares at his reflection again.

TONY (V.O)

If you do this, you won't survive a day. They'll gun you and everyone you care about down!

SEAN (V.O)

You just bought yourself a one-way ticket six-feet under!

TONY (V.O)

I want his head on a pike!

A knock at the door snaps Jensen out of his trance. He opens up, greets Becky on the other side.

BECKY

Are you okay?

JENSEN

(distracted)

Yeah - fine. Something wrong?

BECKY

Absolutely not. We're all out the back, if you're ready.

JENSEN

Yeah, I'll - I'll be right down.

INT. YORK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jensen, no shirt, holds a handgun in his grip, looks at it longingly, a dark aura about himself.

A bottle cork POPS.

Jensen peers out of the window, gun in hand. A MAN, 30s, LAUGHS and pours champagne.

Jensen turns away from the window, sits the gun in a drawer, and fits on a sweatshirt.

EXT. YORK HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

A barbecue destroys sausages and burgers, as a MAN, 30s, operates it uselessly.

Becky raises her glass, as NEIGHBORS and FRIENDS make a toast to Jensen, beside Sarah.

BECKY

To my husband, for coming home, may
he never leave again.

The guests toast to Jensen, whom raises his glass and nods.

Deuce steals a sausage from the barbecue, and runs around the garden, much to Jensen and Sarah's joy.

Deuce chomps on his sausage by the gate, which opens, and Trent walks in, looking all kinds of nervous.

SARAH

Trent! Over here!

Trent waves from afar, and pats Deuce.

SARAH

Dad, he's my date to the prom and
yes we're dating, but he's not that
kinda guy, okay?

JENSEN

Okay, got it.

SARAH

Please don't scare him off. I
really like him.

JENSEN
I'll do my best.

SARAH
That's what you said last time.

Trent hugs Sarah, lays a kiss on her cheek, as Jensen keeps one eye on him like a vulture circling its prey.

Sarah grips Trent's hand, and introduces him to Jensen.
Trent gulps, smiles nervously.

SARAH
Trent, this is my father. Dad, this is Trent.

TRENT
It's a - a pleasure, sir. Heard - a lot about you, sir.

Jensen sizes up Trent, notices Sarah's expression "please".

JENSEN
Heard a lot about you too, Trent.
My daughter tells me you're on the football team.

Sarah looks at him.

SARAH
(mouths, silent)
Thank you.

TRENT
Yes sir, quarterback.

JENSEN
Sir's too formal, Trent. Call me, Jensen, alright?

TRENT
Yes, sir - I mean, Jensen.

JENSEN
Don't be nervous, kid. We're all family here. Drink?

TRENT
Sure, sounds good.

Jensen hands Trent a cola. Sarah bows her head, embarrassed.

TRENT

Thank you.

JENSEN

You're welcome.

BECKY

Jensen! Come here.

Jensen walks over, leaves Trent and Sarah alone, and Sarah smiles nervously.

Becky links her arm with Jensen, introduces him to CATHY, 30s and DONALD, 30s, both look rich and snooty.

BECKY

This is, Donald and Cathy Bradshaw,
they moved in across the street.

Donald greets Jensen with a smile - but Jensen sees David, and pins him to the table.

GUESTS gasp in shock, as Jensen creases Donald's blazer, and wears a ferocious look on his face.

Sarah and Trent watch in horror.

JENSEN

How are you here? HOW ARE YOU HERE?

Becky grabs Jensen's shoulder.

BECKY

Jensen! Jensen, stop!

Jensen sees Donald, not David, and instantly backs off, looks at his hands.

JENSEN

I'm - I -

Donald sets himself right, and Cathy checks on him.

JENSEN

I'm sorry - I thought -

INT. YORK HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Family photos line the mantelpiece. A fire burns within the place, crackles and flickers.

Jensen sits on the couch, eyes unfocused, Deuce lies beside him, head on his lap, and Jensen pats him halfheartedly.

Becky ambles in, takes a seat on the arm of the couch.

BECKY

Jensen?

He looks blindly at the wall.

BECKY

Do you wanna talk about it?

She rubs his shoulder.

JENSEN

Is he alright?

BECKY

A little shaken, but - Jensen -

Becky slides into a seat, takes hold of his hand.

BECKY

What happened?
(studies him)
Talk to me.

Jensen swallows his emotions, tears build in his eyes.

JENSEN

I - I thought he was - it was -

Jensen cries, Becky comforts him.

JENSEN

It was - it was an accident. I - I
thought he was someone else.

BECKY

It's alright. It's okay.

JENSEN

I can't do this.

He looks at her deeply.

JENSEN

I have to go.

Jensen steals for the doorway, she cuts him off.

BECKY

You can't walk out of that door
again. You made a promise. We're
gonna be a real family again.

JENSEN

The man you know is gone, doll. I
don't know who I am anymore.

Becky places a hand on his cheek.

BECKY

You are my husband. You are Sarah's
father. And this is your home.

She caresses his cheek.

BECKY

You belong here.

She kisses him, he hoists her up, and she wraps her legs
around his midsection.

INT. YORK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jensen descends onto Becky on the bed, kisses her, caresses
her, and she returns the favor.

Becky removes her shirt, as does he. Jensen unbuckles his
belt, she reels him in, rolls him onto his back.

Becky goes for her bra clip, and Jensen grips her waist.

INT. THE CRUSTY CRAB - NIGHT

A very fishy joint, a large fish display hangs off the wall,
DOCKWORKERS have a good time, and MUSIC plays.

Brett sits at the bar, favors his chest, and takes a drink.

Sean breezes in, almost falls over, but regains his balance
and swaggers over to the bar.

SEAN

Chet, beer and chips.

BARTENDER, 50s, ambles over, slings a bar cloth over his
shoulder, and surveys Sean.

BARTENDER

Think you walked into the wrong
place, kid. Ain't no "Chet" here.

SEAN

Just get me a damn drink and some
chips, man.

Sean struggles onto the stool, and leans on the bar, as Bartender fetches a pint glass.

Brett sizes up Sean, whom notices.

SEAN
What the fuck you looking at?

Brett finishes his drink, and prepares to leave.

SEAN
Hey, asshole. I'm talking to you.

Sean grabs Brett by the collar, clenches a fist around the fabric, and sneers.

BRETT
Take your hand off me.

SEAN
I know you don't I?

Brett says nothing, tries to leave. Sean keeps him close.

SEAN
You're his brother.

BRETT
I don't know what you're talking about, man. You're drunk.

SEAN
Yeah, I'm drunk - but you're his brother. That -
(beat, thinks)
Jensen York!

A few PATRONS hear the name, and talk.

SEAN
He's a cop, you a cop?

BRETT
Do I look like a cop?

SEAN
No. Neither did he. But he is. He killed my brother, you know that?

Sean pulls out a gun, sticks it to Brett's head, and clicks back the hammer.

Bartender watches, does nothing to help, neither do any of the patrons.

SEAN
I wonder how he'd feel if I killed
you right now.

BARTENDER
Son, that's enough.

Sean points the gun at Bartender, whom backs up, and raises his hands.

SEAN
I say when it's enough, Chet. Do
you know who I am?

Bartender's expression sinks.

SEAN
I'm Sean Valentine! I run this
town. I call the shots.

Sean shifts his attention to Brett, and smiles madly.

SEAN
Your bro killed my bro-

BRETT
My brother has nothing to do with
me, Sean. He doesn't give a shit
about me. Killing me won't make him
bat an eyelid.

SEAN
Probably not. But -

Sean shoots Brett in the head. Blood spurts, as Brett THUDS to the ground.

SEAN
Now we're even.

Sean looks around the bar, grabs a bottle of beer from one of the PATRONS, 30s, and backpedals to the door.

SEAN
Hope ya'll have a nice night.

INT. YORK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Becky is asleep, cuddled into Jensen, who rests against the backboard with his hands behind his head.

Rain bludgeons the roof, tinkles against the windows. A whip of furious lightning illuminates the room.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

David runs for his life, tries every door.

Heavy footfalls pummel the water-laden floor. A gun CLICKS.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - NIGHT

David sits back against the wall. Blood dribbles down his shoulder, onto the floor.

The gun emerges from the shadows. Hammer clicked back.

DAVID

You're a dead-man! YOU HEAR!

A bullet rips through David's skull.

INT. YORK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jensen sees David at the foot of the bed. A bullet hole in his head, wet from head to toe.

David lights a cigar. His bloodstained face appears in the light for just a moment.

DAVID

I warned you, Jensen.

David raises a gun, shoots.

INT. YORK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jensen snaps out of the dream, aims a gun around the room, there is no David.

The phone RINGS.

Jensen aims the gun at the phone, which vibrates on the bedside table.

He answers the phone.

JENSEN

Hello?

(beat)

How'd you get this numb-

(beat)

What? When?

Jensen slides out of bed, Becky remains asleep. He walks over to the window, peers outside.

JENSEN
Are you sure?

Jensen wipes his brow, and bows his head.

JENSEN
Yeah. I'll be there.

Jensen hangs up, looks at Becky, and grabs his pants.

JENSEN
I'm sorry, doll.

INT. THE CRUSTY CRAB - NIGHT

COPS swarm the scene. CS INVESTIGATORS take evidence. Bartender gives a statement to a COP, 30s.

Ace kneels over Brett's body, inspects the gunshot.

AMY (O.S)
Thought you'd be here.

Ace looks up, greets her with a nod.

ACE
It's a crying shame, huh?

AMY
This is now a CIA investigation.
Tell your men to clear out.

Ace takes to his feet, surveys her.

ACE
Don't play me as a fool. I know
about him.

AMY
Not sure what you mean, hotshot.
Like I said, clear your men out.

ACE
So yours can take a look?

Amy brushes him aside, flashes her badge to half the bar.

AMY

This is now a CIA crime scene, all of you have sixty seconds to clear out, or look in your mailbox for a severance package.

Cops, CS Investigators and DETECTIVES clear out, as do the WITNESSES and Bartender.

Amy eyeballs Ace.

AMY

Goes for you too.

ACE

You're bluffing.

AMY

Try me.

Ace and Amy enter a stare-down, but she wins, and he leaves the bar, just as --

Jensen enters through the back, ambles over to the body, some emotion on his face.

AMY

Jensen-

Jensen closes Brett's eyes out of respect. His facial muscles tense up.

JENSEN

Who was it?

AMY

Sean.

JENSEN

Where is he?

AMY

We're combing the city now, we'll find him.

Jensen straightens Brett's collar, sheds a tear.

JENSEN

When you do, you bring him to me.

Jensen turns away, walks to the back.

AMY
I'm sorry, Jensen.

JENSEN
Save it.

INT. YORK HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jensen sits at the table, a half-drunk bottle of liquor sits by an empty glass. He pours himself a drink.

Becky walks in, in a nightgown, and clocks his demeanor.

BECKY
Jensen? Jensen, what happened?

Becky studies him from afar, as he lifts the glass and takes a stiff drink.

JENSEN
Brett's dead.

BECKY
Oh - oh, Jensen.

Becky walks over, hugs him. Jensen shows no emotion.

BECKY
I'm so sorry.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Jensen and Becky stand side-by-side, MOURNERS surround them, all in black. Trent and Sarah stand, hand-in-hand.

A Priest recites a passage silently.

Jensen's eyes shift around, lock onto Sean, standing by the railing, swigging on booze and wearing a smile.

Sean sticks a finger to his head, and pulls the "trigger".

JENSEN
Becky, take Sarah and go.

There are many MEN, all in suits, standing around the cemetery at every exit point.

Jensen clocks all of them, as does Becky.

BECKY
What's going on?

SEAN
(distant)
Good old family reunion!

Sean hops the fence, and walks past the graves.

Mourners talk. The Priest stops reading, frowns at Sean.

SEAN
It's a shame. Losing a brother is a
fucking sad thing, huh? Bring
everyone together.

Men close in around the cemetery.

SEAN
How'd you draw a rat out of its
hole, Jensen? You throw a little
bait on a trap, and wait for him to
spring it.

SARAH
Dad, who is he?

JENSEN
Trent, get her out of here.

TRENT
Yes, sir.

Trent grips Sarah's hand, leads her away, as Becky looks
deeply at Jensen.

BECKY
Don't do this, Jensen. Please.

JENSEN
Becky, go. Just go.

She winces.

JENSEN
I'll find you.

The Priest confronts Sean.

PRIEST
This is a funeral, show some-

Sean POPS Priest in the head. Priest's body falls to the
ground, and creates mass panic.

Mourners RUN in multiple directions, attempting to flee, as Men pull out automatics.

BECKY

Oh my god!

JENSEN

Becky, run!

Jensen feeds Becky in Trent and Sarah's direction, whips out two handguns and enters a standoff against a dozen men.

SEAN

I fucking hate funerals.

Sean spits on Priest, and acknowledges Jensen.

SEAN

Doesn't seem like too long ago we were here burying my brother. I hated the prick, but he was my brother, and you put a bullet right between his eyes. I figured, why not do the same to you?

Marone approaches, flanked by two HENCHMEN.

SEAN

You created this, Jensen. You put yourself in this situation.

JENSEN

Your brother was a monster, Sean. If you knew half the things he did-

SEAN

I'd what? See the light?

Jensen and Sean coldly stare at one another.

MARONE

Mr. York. I've heard so much about you, my son. Sean spoke very highly of you. And I must say, the legend for once, is accurate.

Marone steps forward, looks Jensen up/down.

MARONE

Always prepared. Never unaware.

JENSEN

What do you want, Victor?

MARONE

What to give a man who has it all?
I need nothing.

EXT. CEMETERY ROADSIDE - DAY

Trent ushers Sarah forward, they are cut off by two GUNMEN, and Sarah SCREAMS.

Trent defends her. Gunman #1 whacks Trent in the face with the gun, sends him into the car window.

Gunman #2 grabs Sarah, who flails at him, as he drags her toward a black van.

BECKY

Sarah!

Gunman #1 fires on Becky, who SCREAMS and quickly ducks behind a gravestone.

Gunman #2 shoves Sarah into the back of the van, SLAMS the doors shut, and motions to #1.

They get into the van, and drive away.

Trent comes to, spots the black van getting away, and rushes to his beat-up car.

TRENT

Sarah!

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Marone methodically walks around Jensen.

MARONE

We've been onto you for a while,
Mr. York.

Ace arrives, fits right in with the henchmen.

MARONE

Mr. Fallon here has been most helpful. He's the one that clocked you, and delivered you to us.

JENSEN
(at Ace)
You betrayed your badge.

ACE
I did what I had to do. You know
exactly what that's like.

Ace subtly looks out of the corner of his eye, giving away several SWAT, and Amy, hidden in the distance.

Jensen gives a subtle nod.

SEAN
Kinda poetic don't you think,
Jensen? Dying in a cemetery. We've
already got the hole. Two Yorks for
the price of one. Maybe three.

JENSEN
Three?

MARONE
You should be cautious of the men
you trust to safeguard your
daughter, Mr. York.

Jensen looks, gives Sean an opening. Sean attacks, Jensen reacts, and grabs Sean as a human shield.

Sean struggles, as Jensen aims his gun at Marone, and the henchmen aim at him.

JENSEN
Let her go!

MARONE
There are a dozen men here, Mr.
York. If I don't call the men in
that van in five minutes, they'll
blow your daughter's brains all
over the asphalt.

Amy moves into position, surveys the scene.

AMY
Shit.

JENSEN
If you don't let her go-

MARONE

Shoot me, and you're dead in two seconds. Weigh your options, boy.

Jensen feels the guns locked onto him, sees no way out.

MARONE

Besides, I couldn't give a flying fuck what happens to him.

SEAN

What? We're partners!

MARONE

You're a leftover, Sean. This was never going to work, son.

SEAN

You son of a bitch!

JENSEN

See, Sean? Can't trust anyone.

Jensen looks around.

JENSEN

Everyone has a hidden agenda. We're all in the deep end of the pool. You never know who's gonna do what or when.

Ace takes the signal, pulls out his gun and takes out one of the henchmen.

Bullets fly. Gunshots CRY out.

Jensen drags Sean behind a gravestone. Bullets riddle it, small splinters rain down.

Ace takes cover behind a grave, pops a henchman in the head.

Amy and SWAT move in, shooting at the targets.

Two men lead Marone away to safety, providing him cover fire. One takes a bullet to the side, falls.

SEAN

Fucking rat-fuck! Motherfucker!

Jensen rams Sean head-first into the gravestone.

JENSEN

Shut up.

Jensen shoots a henchman in the balls, turns, pops another in the shoulder.

Marone flees the cemetery. His car's tires SCREECH across the asphalt.

Amy ducks behind a gravestone, shoots a henchman in the leg, watches him crumble to the ground.

Jensen vaults over the gravestone, and wrestles a henchman to the ground.

Ace finishes off the pack, looks around, clocks Jensen, as he renders a henchman unconscious.

ACE

Nice.

AMY

Marone's escaping.

ACE

Take my car. Jensen-

Jensen is already gone, halfway across the cemetery.

ACE

Go get her.

Amy and several SWAT officers flood into Ace's car, and speed out of the area.

Ace sticks a foot on Sean's shoulder, as he comes to, and greets a gun.

ACE

Seems this ain't your lucky day.

EXT. CITY - DAY

The black van and Trent's car grind against one another in the oncoming lane.

TRENT

(in his car)

Let my girlfriend go you assholes!

A truck approaches.

Trent's car avoids, and slams into the van again, causing it to veer off into the right lane.

SARAH (O.S)
(in the van)
Trent! Trent, help!

INT. VAN - MOTION - DAY

Gunman #1 drives. Gunman #2 rides shotgun, rolls down the window, and leans out with a gun.

GUNMAN #1
Get rid of that little shit!

Sarah slams her hands into the mesh that divides the cab from the back.

SARAH
My dad is gonna kill you!

GUNMAN #1
He's already dead, "princess".

Sarah reaches through a gap, and claws at Gunman #1's face. He YELLS.

SARAH
Let me the fuck out!

EXT. CITY - DAY

Bullets riddle Trent's car, place several holes in the windshield, and pop a tire.

TRENT
Holy shit!

Trent loses control, veers off into a bus' direction.

TRENT
Oh shit!

INT. CAR - MOTION - DAY

Jensen drives. Becky rides shotgun, she is worried.

BECKY
Where are they?

JENSEN
We'll find her, Becky.

BECKY
You can't be sure.

JENSEN
Trust me. Nothing's gonna happen to
her, okay?

Becky winces, tears stream down her face.

JENSEN
We're gonna be a real family again,
doll. You hear me?

EXT. CITY - DAY

The black van scrapes the side of multiple vehicles, as
Trent's car rattles along behind it.

INT. VAN - MOTION - DAY

Gunman #2 rams the mesh with his gun, and Sarah sinks back.

GUNMAN #1
Bitch scratched me!

Something rams the back of the van, and the doors fly open.

Sarah rushes to the door, spots Trent in his car, as he
sticks his hand out of the window.

TRENT
Jump!

SARAH
Are you fucking crazy?!

Gunman #1 slams on the brakes, forces Sarah to jerk out of
the back, and onto the hood of Trent's car, SCREAMING.

GUNMAN #1
Fuck!

EXT. CITY - DAY

Sarah grabs hold of the wipers, as Trent's car veers into oncoming traffic, away from the black van.

TRENT
Hang on!

SARAH
EASY FOR YOU TO SAY!

Sarah SCREAMS, slips.

The black van performs a wicked 90 degree turn, pursues Trent's car through oncoming traffic.

GUNMAN #1 (O.S)
(in the van)
I'm not done with you, bitch! Kill
that little shit!

Gunman #2 opens fire on Trent's car.

SARAH
They're shooting!

TRENT
NO SHIT!

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

Marone's car drifts around the corner, scrapes the side of half a dozen parked vehicles, and speeds off.

Amy keeps up in Ace's car. SWAT hang out of the windows, guns at the ready.

AMY
Keep fire to a minimum! Avoid
pedestrian casualties!

SWAT
I've done this before, ma'am.

AMY
Just don't hit anyone innocent.

Swat aims at the tires, takes one out, forces Marone's car to slam into the wall.

Swat slides back into his seat, shoots Amy a look.

AMY
Nice work.

SWAT
Have a little faith in the little
guys, ma'am.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Trent turns the wheel, and his car slides around the corner,
as Sarah holds on to the wiper.

SARAH
This isn't a racing simulator!

TRENT
There are guys chasing us with
machine guns, babe.

The black van races around the bend, Gunman #2 leans out of
the window, hooked onto his seat-belt.

SARAH
They're back!

TRENT
I know!

INT. CAR - MOTION - DAY

Jensen's phone RINGS. Becky answers it hurriedly.

BECKY
Sarah, is that-

AMY (O.S)
(via phone)
Becky, just received word that
there's a chase down at Central
Harbor. Black van's chasing a
speeding rust-bucket.

Becky looks to Jensen.

BECKY
Trent's got her down at the harbor,
Amy says a black van is-

JENSEN
Put me on loudspeaker.

Becky presses a button.

JENSEN
Amy, you there?

AMY (O.S)
Here. We got Marone.

JENSEN
I need an exact position on their
whereabouts, Amy.

A beat.

JENSEN
Amy?!

AMY (O.S)
Just passed the Crusty Crab, en
route to - where? - the harbor?
(beat)
Jensen, they're at the pier.

Jensen turns the wheel erratically, performs a 180, speeds
off into oncoming traffic.

JENSEN
On it.

Becky looks at Jensen.

JENSEN
She's gonna be fine.

EXT. THE PIER - DAY

Trent's car slams through a stuffed toy stall, sends fluffy
elephants flying through the air.

The black van rams through multiple exterior tables, sending
food, umbrellas and drinks soaring.

PEDESTRIANS bolt out of the way. Some jump over the railing.

Trent's car goes into a 90 degree drift, slides in-between
two parked vehicles.

Trent emerges, grabs Sarah, and runs for the crowd.

The black van SCREECHES to a halt, both Gunmen step out, and
give chase.

Gunman #2 fires into the air. People scatter and SCREAM.

INT. CAR - MOTION - DAY

Jensen clocks the pier to his left, notices the chaos.

BECKY

Oh god -

Jensen slams on the brakes.

JENSEN

Becky, get out.

BECKY

What? No!

JENSEN

I don't want you to see this. If things go bad-

Becky sits her hand on his.

BECKY

I'm not letting you out of my sight, Jensen.

JENSEN

Becky-

BECKY

That is OUR daughter. You don't get to play hero alone.

Jensen offers her a thankful smile, and rips the gearstick.

JENSEN

Let's ride, doll.

EXT. THE PIER - DAY

Trent moves forward with Sarah in-hand, uses the crowd as cover, and reach the end of the walkway.

Trent looks down, spots two jet-skis below.

TRENT

You ever ride a jet-ski?

SARAH

This is hardly the time for water sports, Trent.

Gunshots RING out. The crowd scatter. The Gunmen appear.

TRENT
Hardly the time to argue, babe, and
I'm sorry.

SARAH
For w-

Trent tips Sarah over the side, and she SPLASHES heavily into the water. He spots the gunmen.

Gunman #2 shoots, just as Trent leaps over the side.

GUNMAN #1
Get after them!

Gunman #2 leaps over the side, Gunman #1 looks down, spots Trent and Sarah, aboard a jet-ski, speeding away.

GUNMAN #1
You won't get far!

Trent flips him off in the distance.

UP THE PIER

Jensen and Becky run through the crowd, weave in and out of hurried individuals, and close on the end.

Becky spots a jet-ski speeding off, and another hot on its ass, raining fire down on it.

BECKY
Jensen, look!

Jensen reaches the battlements, spots them.

JENSEN
What the hell's he doing?

A bullet rips through Jensen's shoulder, sends him on a spiral to the ground.

Gunman #1 closes on them, and opens fire, as Becky ducks behind a popcorn stand.

Jensen pulls out a handgun, cocks it, and clicks back the hammer with intent on his face.

JENSEN
Stay down, don't move.

Becky nods.

GUNMAN #1
You're supposed to be dead, York!

Jensen moves into position, bides his time.

JENSEN
Today's full of surprises, huh?

GUNMAN #1
I'm getting paid at the end of it,
might get a bit extra for taking
your sorry ass out.

JENSEN
I doubt that.

EXT. BAY - DAY

Both jet-skis hurtle through thrashing waves. A few SURFERS on boards leap out of the way.

Gunman #2 fires on them, but misses, hits the water.

Trent spots a large wave inbound, and Sarah grips his waist, pinches some skin.

TRENT
Ow, fingernails.

SARAH
Sorry.

EXT. THE PIER - DAY

Jensen sneaks around a stand, clocks Gunman #1, as he closes on Becky's position.

GUNMAN #1
Gonna look forward to putting a
bullet in your ass.

Jensen pops out. Gunman #1 aims at him, opens fire, as Jensen dives behind another stand.

GUNMAN #1
I got more bullets!

BECKY
Yeah?

Gunman #1 turns around, and Becky WHACKS him upside the head with one of those large, carnival hammers.

BECKY

Well I got the hammer.

Gunman #1 raises the gun, and Jensen shoots him in the head, blood splatters all over Becky.

JENSEN

Are you okay?

Jensen stuffs the gun in his pants, checks on her.

BECKY

I think so.

JENSEN

Come on, we still gotta get, Sarah.

EXT. BAY - DAY

Trent rides straight for the big wave, as does Gunman #2. The wave draws closer.

TRENT

Remember that game we used to play
in Chad's pool?

SARAH

Really?

TRENT

Want a rematch?

Sarah weighs her options, and leaps off the jet-ski, as does Trent, just as the wave hits them.

Gunman #2 YELLS as the wave sends him and his jet-ski high into the air. The waves consume him.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jensen and Becky run along the waterfront. Both attempt to locate Sarah and Trent.

JENSEN

Do you see them?

BECKY

They disappeared. Oh - Jensen.

EXT. BAY - DAY

Trent and Sarah emerge from the depths, breathe heavy breaths. Trent swims to Sarah, checks on her.

SARAH

Don't - ever do that - again.

TRENT

Well it worked didn't it?

Sarah splashes him, and he laughs.

TRENT

We did i-

Gunman #2 emerges from the water, grabs hold of Trent, and tries to drown him.

SARAH

Let him go!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jensen and Becky helplessly watch the scene unfold. She cups a hand over her mouth.

JENSEN

No.

EXT. BAY - DAY

Sarah PUNCHES Gunman #2 right between the eyes, and Trent returns to the surface.

Gunman #2 goes for Sarah, and Trent pulls him under. Sarah looks around for them.

SARAH

Trent? TRENT?!

She searches for him in the thrashing waves.

SARAH

TRENT!

Trent returns to the surface, and she lunges at him for a sudden hug. He coughs water, hugs her back.

SARAH
You stupid idiot.

TRENT
Is that a "thank you"?

She smiles, presses her hand against his cheek, and lays a big smacker on his lips.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

COPS fish Gunman #2's body out of the water.

Trent sits at the ambulance, gets checked over, towel around his body, A PARAMEDIC, 30s, tends to him.

Sarah hugs Becky fiercely. Both shed tears.

Jensen walks over to Trent, whom looks up, still intimidated by Jensen.

JENSEN
How you holding up, kid?

TRENT
Good, I guess.

Jensen looks over at his family, and back at Trent.

JENSEN
You really love her, don't you?

TRENT
Yes, sir.

Jensen nods, and extends his hand, which is met by Trent's.

JENSEN
Welcome to the family, Trent.

TRENT
Thank you, s - Jensen.

Sarah parts with Becky, as Jensen walks over. Father and Daughter lock eyes.

JENSEN
Hey, princess.

They embrace.

INT. YORK HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

SUPER: 2 Weeks Later

Deuce sits by the fireplace, munching on one of Jensen's old golf shoes.

Becky peaks out of the window, spots a limousine outside, and Trent walking up the pavement.

INT. YORK HOUSE - DAY

Becky opens the door, and Trent walks in, looking all dapper and charming.

BECKY

Trent, hey. You look handsome.

TRENT

Thanks, Mrs. York.

Jensen walks down the stairs, greets Trent with a clap on the shoulder.

JENSEN

She's a little nervous, kid.

TRENT

So am I. You think she's gonna like my tux?

Jensen and Becky share a private laugh, but their looks turn to pride, as Sarah appears atop the staircase.

Trent's eyes go wide, and a smile crosses his face.

Sarah walks down the stairs, hand on the rail, a wide smile on her face.

Jensen hugs his arm around Becky's shoulder.

Sarah reaches the foot of the stairs, and comes face-to-face with Trent, whom gulps.

SARAH

Well, say something.

TRENT

You look - you look beautiful.

Sarah beams, as he fits a corsage on her hand.

TRENT
Are you ready?

SARAH
Yes.

Sarah interlinks her arm with his, and they walk to the open door, arm-in-arm.

JENSEN
Have her home by eleven.

SARAH
Dad.

Jensen swallows his pride.

JENSEN
Go have fun. You deserve it.

Sarah smiles, and walks outside with Trent. Jensen and Becky follow them.

EXT. YORK HOUSE - DAY

Trent gets the door for Sarah. She stops at the door, takes a final look at her parents.

Jensen and Becky smile at her, as she gets into the limo, followed by Trent.

The limo drives into the sunset.

BECKY
So, Mr. York. We've got about two
years to make up for in six hours.

Becky grips his shirt, backpedals to the door, him in tow.

JENSEN
I'm sure we can work something out.

Jensen hoists her up, she wraps her legs around his waist, and they enter the house.

Jensen closes the door.

CUT TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS