

The Commute

By

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INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Light shines in from the broad windows of the old schools halls. There is a bright reflection off the surface of the granite floors. The school halls are deserted. Windows peering into classrooms with children hard at study.

One person walks down the empty halls. CHRIS is in his late teens. He walks through the halls expressionless, he doesn't care about anyone or anything: the world has turned against him. He is wearing a leather jacket, dirty jeans and a t-shirt, he doesn't care.

He is walking down the halls carrying an INTRATEC TEC-9 AUTO PISTOL waiting for the right opportunity to use it.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

LINCOLN is sitting at one of the restaurants booths with EMILY they both stare down BARRY. Lincoln, is somebody's soldier, his tattoos say he's been in and out of the wrong side of the law his whole life.

Emily, is the opposite, she takes good care of herself, an honorable member of law enforcement or so we think.

They stare down Barry. The wise guy boss who has been around the block and then some. AL PACINO could hardly hold a candle to this guy.

BARRY

The last time I saw your brother I gave your him a 35 and I told him to show his little school friends whose got the real power.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY

LINCOLN bursts out of a restaurant. He runs towards his car. Lincoln speeds away in a 67 MUSTANG FASTBACK. He drifts around the corner at unsafe speeds.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Emily has Barry in a death grip. She is choking him to death while two other officers hold his arms and legs. They struggle smashing into the chairs and tables.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - DAY

Lincoln drifts through an intersection running through a red light. He clips a car sending him into a spin.

Title:

**THE BEGINNING**

INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

A buzzer sounds unlocking the cell door. A prison guard approaches the cell. EARL, a man in his mid forties, a bit of an old timer whose been around the block a few times steps out of his cell and follows the guards lead down the block.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

NICHOLAS awaits Earl as he takes his seat sporting chains. He is a young and focused police officer in a suite and tie.

NICHOLAS

Have you given any thought to my offer?

EARL

Yea I'll do it. You'll knock two years off my sentence.

NICHOLAS

In exchange you'll inform for us. We'll embed you with a group under Barry Monroe.

EARL

For how long?

NICHOLAS

As long as it takes. Maybe five years. Maybe one month. But you get your pension back.

EARL

And my freedom?

NICHOLAS

You still have to live with yourself after drinking that bottle of scotch and running into that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NICHOLAS (cont'd)  
family at full speed. All those  
years of policing probably don't  
seem very meaningful.

EARL  
You let me worry about that.

EXT. HIGHWAY/ UNDERPASS - DAY

Eight lanes of traffic are moving steady as the mid day heat  
beats down on the pavement. Below the underpass a single car  
sits idly.

Lincoln's mustang has come to a full stop underneath the  
underpass. His arm hangs out the window. Reflections of  
cardboard houses in Lincoln's aviators.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

A cell phone rings. Lincoln answers the phone.

LINCOLN  
Hello.

BARRY (V.O)  
My man at the docks just confirmed.  
The border cops just seized a large  
shipment of coke from Peru. A  
fishing boat. Two cops are driving  
that shit back to station all we  
need to do is snatch and grab.

LINCOLN  
You need an out?

BARRY (V.O)  
They're coming after us with every  
thing they got.

LINCOLN  
Get to the five lane under pass.  
I'll take it from there.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

A police van pulls out of parking lot. A Dodge Caravan turns  
the corner. It accelerates into the van ramming into the  
front bumper.

(CONTINUED)

Two officers in the front seats are disoriented. Four armed men wearing balaclavas get out of the car and storm the van.

ASSAILANT

Get the fuck out.

The officers are using the radio. They raise their arms surrendering to the robbers.

Two of the robbers quickly enter the van. They open the rear doors. There is over 250 kg of contraband in the van. The gunman quickly unload the contraband into the back of their van.

OFFICER

You won't get away with this you piece of shit.

The officer gets clocked in the head with one of the assailants rifles. One of the assailants removes his mask.

BARRY

Hurry the fuck up.

The two officers lie in restraints next to the van. The assailants continue loading the coke.

BARRY

Let's go.

No sign of the police yet but everything is happening so fast.

EXT. 407 HIGHWAY - DAY

Lincoln is cruising down the highway at a slow pace. A police helicopter circles overhead.

POLICE RADIO (V.O)

We have a robbery of a police vehicle in progress. Eye in the sky is on root. Suspects are considered armed and dangerous.

INT/EXT. MUSTANG/ HIGHWAY 407 - DAY

Lincoln grips the steering wheel in firm control. He rubs his leather gloves back and forwards. He is driving and talking on his cellphone.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN

No Earl you need to block that ramp now.

EARL (V.O)

How the fuck do I do that?

LINCOLN

Pretend like you broke down. Pour some windshield wiper fluid on the engine. Do whatever fuck. One second.

Lincoln transfers to another call. He is driving slowly letting the other drivers overtake him.

LINCOLN

Are you almost here?

ROSS (V.O)

I'm on the highway now.

EXT. OFF RAMP - DAY

Earl pulls into the center of a two lane ramp. He almost hits the car beside him. It looks like the car has stalled. Honks and horns sound in the background from annoyed commuters. Some people are yelling out the window.

PEDESTRIAN

Get the fuck out of the way.

EARL

I don't know what happened. It just stopped.

EXT. HIGHWAY 407 - DAY

Earl has blocked off an exit and traffic is beginning to be help up. Pan out. Another off ramp is blocked. Traffic is coming to a slow halt.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

The assailants finish loading the contraband into the van. They take off full speed getting as far away from the scene as possible.

A chopper circles overhead they've been spotted. A police car is arriving at the scene but stops to assist the downed officers.

INT/EXT. VAN/ ON RAMP - DAY

The van is driving onto the highway. They are really gunning it. The chopper hovers overhead. Sirens approaching in the background. Barry gets on the phone.

BARRY

Lincoln you better know what the hell you're doing.

INT/EXT. 407 HIGHWAY UNDERPASS/ VAN/ MUSTANG - DAY

Traffic is coming to a slow halt underneath a four lane underpass. Lincoln's car slowly drives under the underpass coming to a dead stop and the cars behind him start honking furiously. He pulls out a series of cones directing drivers away from him.

Traffic still flows around the mustang. Lincoln knows traffic like he sat in it his entire life. Most folks in L.A.

EXT. OFF RAMP - DAY

A car tries to ram Earls old beater out of the way. He frantically tells the driver to stop by waving his two hands at him.

EARL

What the fuck? No that's my car.

EXT. 407 HIGHWAY - DAY

The van is slowly approaching the underpass. The chopper loses visual contact.

POLICE RADIO (V.O)

All units...suspects vehicle has come to a stop underneath the 407 underpass... Approach with caution suspects armed and dangerous.

The van pulls in behind Lincoln. Barry gets out with the other three assailants and they begin loading the drugs into Lincoln's car.

Ross, an overweight truck driver with jail house tattoos, pulls in behind the van in a 2003 Civic. They begin to divide the drugs between the two cars.

(CONTINUED)

Lincoln breaks out into an argument with Barry. They yap back and forward but nobody can hear them over the chopper and traffic noises. Barry closes Lincoln's trunk it's full of drugs. Lincoln's hand is crushed.

The chopper only sees the two vehicles merge with the dozens of other vehicles passing under the overpass. Lincoln and Ross's car merge with traffic seamlessly.

Police vehicles find the abandoned van underneath the overpass. They're long gone. Lost in the afternoon commute along with a large portion of everybody's day.

FILM TITLE: THE COMMUTE

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

A operating light shines on Lincoln's arm. There are small lacerations on Lincoln's finger tips. JULES, gently moves his palm onto the operating table. With a feminine touch, he's afraid of revealing his attraction to a much stronger masculine man.

JULES

That's quite the cut on your hand.  
Mind if I ask how it happened?

LINCOLN

I'm not very good in the kitchen.

JULES

You must not be able to cook your  
way out of a paper bag.

Lincoln laughs as Jules cleans his wound. Jules gently reaches over to Lincoln's right eyelash with an affectionate curiosity.

JULES

And what about that?

He gently moves his finger down Lincoln's face.

LINCOLN

Sometimes you just need to stand up  
for what you believe in. That  
doesn't always make you friends.

JULES

I think in your case it made you a  
few enemies. What really happened?

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN

I stood up for myself. I guess they reacted badly.

Jules looks at him with curiosity and a slight flirtatious smile.

JULES

And what way are you?

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The bright morning light shines into the apartment. Lincoln is sitting on the edge of the bed half naked with some serious tattoos on his back. One in center of his back reads redimere quod perierat. They are the marks of a life of crime.

He stares out onto the city vista like a Lion in the Serengeti. Jules is only waking up now.

JULES

Good morning.

LINCOLN

Did you sleep well?

JULES

Go back to bed it's too early.

Lincoln begins to get dressed.

JULES

What are you doing up?

LINCOLN

I have to go to work.

JULES

Call in sick.

LINCOLN

That's not how this works.

JULES

It's quicker than Grinder that's how it works. You've fallen for me.

LINCOLN

Yea maybe. But my shift doesn't happen to end when I take an interest in somebody. I'll call you.

(CONTINUED)

JULES  
You better.

INT. INDOOR PARKING LOT/ 67 MUSTANG - MORNING

Lincoln opens the door to his 67 MUSTANG FASTBACK. He gets in and starts the engine. He looks like he is confidently going through the motions.

INT/EXT. 67 MUSTANG/ HIGHWAY - MORNING

He is driving through traffic it is moving slow and steady. He drives with the window down and his hand on the top of the wheel.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MORNING

Emily is turning the wheel of the cruiser and pulling into the parking lot of police headquarters. Her hardened exterior hides her beauty but she clearly woke up on the wrong side of the bed.

INT. JAIL CELL - MORNING

Emily has a clipboard in her hands. She is walking up to a cell where two men lay beaten up. The cell block opens.

ROSS  
Shouldn't we be in a hospital or something?

EMILY  
Hospitals are for the hurt not the guilty. Which do you think you are? You can walk to the hospital after you get out of my cell.

CELL BLOCK OFFICER  
They were picked up last night after a fight on James Street. High as a kite.

EMILY  
Same old story. Had a few too many.

CELL BLOCK OFFICER  
Somebody handed it to them.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY  
Alright sign here.

The two sign a release orders.

INT/EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE/ 67 MUSTANG - MORNING

Lincoln's Mustang pulls in front of a beaten up town house in a squalid looking neighborhood. He honks the horn. Chris gets out of the house. He is a mess with torn jeans and a lazy attitude. He gets into the car.

LINCOLN  
Common. What's taking you so long?

CHRIS  
Mom held me up.

LINCOLN  
You gonna blame your mom for everything your whole life?

CHRIS  
Yea, okay. Try showing up a half hour earlier.

LINCOLN  
Will you be ready at eight next time? Thank you.

Lincoln starts the car and takes off.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Emily walks out of the station starting her day like any other. In full uniform she gets into the police cruiser and pulls out of the parking lot.

INT/EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL/67 MUSTANG - MORNING

Lincoln pulls up to the front of the school. Kids are entering the school and exiting school buses. His car stands out. High school students are hanging out along the road into the school. They arrive as the school bell rings.

LINCOLN  
Have a good day at school.

Chris, with a punk attitude, just walks out leaving the door wide open.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN  
Right you too. Four thirty.

Lincoln reaches over and grabs the door. His cell phone vibrates.

LINCOLN  
Hello.

A cold voice over the phone.

BARRY  
Are you ready to go to work?

Lincoln takes a deep breath. A life or death look comes over his face.

LINCOLN  
Where do we start?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

**Lincoln's Crime Montage**

Lincoln is merging with traffic. He is heading to the suburbs. Traffic is moving slow.

INT/EXT. PROJECTS - DAY

Lincoln is walking up to the front door of a project in a poor rundown neighborhood. Straightening a pair of leather gloves on his hands. Dogs barking in the background. He knocks on the door.

LINCOLN  
Alejandro, did we forget to pay the bills this month?

ALEJANDRO peeks through the peephole. He is a half naked Mexican man in his early thirties.

ALEJANDRO  
Oh, shit.

Lincoln busts through the door. The hinges break and Alejandro stumbles backward.

INT. PROJECTS - DAY

Lincoln is chasing Alejandro through the messy project. Alejandro's girlfriend screams. She holds his baby as it cries out.

ALEJANDRO

Get out of my house yo.

He makes a run for it out the back. Lincoln throws him to the ground. He is throwing punches at him while he is on the ground.

ALEJANDR

Please stop. Whatever I got. Just take it.

LINCOLN

It's not good enough.

Alejandro's girlfriend tries to push Lincoln off of him. But Lincoln throws her away with her baby in her hands.

LINCOLN

I don't want do this. But it's my neck on the line if you don't pay. So give me what you got.

Lincoln stares at the mother lying on the floor with her baby crying. A look of remorse and regret comes on his face.

EXT. RUNDOWN GARAGE - DAY

Lincoln is approaching a group of three WRENCH HEADS in a garage with cars being upgraded with street racing parts.

This time Lincoln's posse's accompany him. He and three other TOUGH GUYS storm the garage and begin to beat on the three men.

INT. RUNDOWN GARAGE - DAY

Lincoln and his posies are grabbing anything of value. They grab the car keys. They grab loose cash and jewelery. The three men drive away with the seized cars.

INT. 67 MUSTANG FASTBACK - DAY

Lincoln is driving to the next location. His window is down with the wind blowing his hair. He's good at what he does.

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

The strip club is dark with glowing red and blue lights. There are four VIP's in suites at a table staring at a dancer on stage in a thong.

Lincoln walks through the front door. Penetrating daylight shining in. He walks over and flips the table in the VIP area. The dancer runs off.

EXT. PROJECTS - DAY

Emily is taking notes and filling out a police report. Alejandro is being treated for the wounds inflicted upon him by a paramedic. She isn't getting any answers.

INT/EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT/ 67 MUSTANG - DAY

Lincoln opens his car door and puts a black leather bag in the back seat of the car. He moves into the front and starts the engine.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A family owned Italian Restaurant is dimly lit. Lincoln walks in and greets the hostess. He suddenly throws her up against the wall by her throat. Her older mother and father move to grab Lincoln's hands. He pauses.

EXT. TOWN HOUSE - DAY

A man dressed in a fancy suit walks outside a upper middle class town house. He walks into his driveway about to unlock his black BMW M5.

Lincoln plows into him almost like a football tackle. He presses the man up against the car using his elbow to pin his neck up against the car. The man reaches slowly for his wallet.

INT. BUS STATION STAFF ROOM - DAY

Bus drivers are leaving the lunch room. Lincoln slips in just as they leave.

One stragglng man is the next debt to be collected. The man stares at Lincoln helplessly. It's just the two of them now. Lincoln charges at him as he whimpers in the corner like a coward.

**End Montage**

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

A group of high school students are gathered in front of the school. The group of slackers pass around smokes after a day of school. ADAM, a punk looking teenager, is huffing and puffing in circle next to Chris.

ADAM

Chris what are you even doing here?  
Your moms gonna kill you.

CHRIS

It's not my fault my brother was  
suppose to be here at 3:00.

ADAM

Your brothers cool.

CHRIS

Yea, his friends gave me something  
for free. You wanna smoke a  
spliff.

Chris removes a baggie from his jeans back pocket. It contains a joint lased with PCP. MIRANDA, a beautiful young women, plays devil's advocate.

MIRANDA

Chris stop. Not here.

CHRIS

No it's fine. Nobody cares.

ADAM

Yea man, hand it over.

Chris hands over the joint to Adam. He throws away his cigarette and takes the joint out of the bag. Adam lights it up and begins to smoke it.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
Quit hogging.

ADAM  
No wait this is fucked.

Adam begins to cough uncontrollably gasping for breath. He throws the joint to the ground. He is having a fatal reaction to it.

CHRIS  
I think we need to call someone to help?

The other students all begin to leave in a panic.

DENISE  
No way am I getting caught smoking.  
I'm in enough shit yo.

Adam is struggling and starting to convulse. Chris holds him in his arms as his last breaths fade away.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - AFTERNOON

Emily is driving into the school entrance. Her sirens are on and her police lights flashing. There is an ambulance and a few other police cars already at the scene.

POLICE RADIO  
We have a possible one eighty seven at Saint Catherine's High. Be aware officers are on the scene.

EMILY  
Copy that I'm just arriving now.

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Paramedics are zipping Adams body into a bag. They load him into the ambulance. A police officer hovers over Adam's body. JACK, a 40 year old police officer whose been on the force since he was in diapers, is waiting there for Emily.

JACK  
No... Emily. Oh my god it's Adam.

Cries echoing. Emily gets out of her police cruiser. The officers look confused at their colleagues loss. Jack holds Emily by her car.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Adam. No. No. He's dead.

JACK

Okay. Jesus Christ Emily.

Jack's calming down Emily. Emily is freaking out.

EMILY

Where is he? My son.

The paramedics are loading Adam into the truck. His cold dead body put on ice in the black body bag. The grieving mother moves towards the truck. She goes towards her sons body and unzips the bag.

JACK

Get the fuck out of the way.

The paramedics move back and let Emily hug her dead sons body.

EMILY

No Adam. Adam.

Tears roll down Emily's face as the lights of emergency vehicles brighten up the darkened parking lot.

EXT/INT. SCHOOL INTERSECTION/MUSTANG FASTBACK - AFTERNOON

Lincoln pulls out of the parking lot with Chris in the passenger seat. His school days are over.

LINCOLN

Where the fuck did you get that joint?

Chris sits staring out the window of the car.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jules is holding a dinner party. Guests are mingling around tables of wine and cheese. Lincoln is helping himself to a glass of wine. Emily and Jules approach Lincoln from the side.

JULES

I want you to meet him.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

I'm going through a rough divorce right now. You think I care who you're fucking.

JULES

We met in the emergency room.

EMILY

Where you meet all of your dates.

JULES

I was treating Lincoln after he cut himself cooking.

EMILY

In that hospital your just as likely to be treating a gun wound as a kitchen slip.

JULES

It's been of few months maybe you should start thinking of moving on.

EMILY

The last time I saw him I gave him lunch money and told him I'd see him after practice. That moment still haunts me.

JULES

And it will forever until you let yourself move on. Try being a more social.

EMILY

Fine. I'm being social.

Emily moves to engage Lincoln in discussion.

EMILY

What do you do?

LINCOLN

I collect debt.

EMILY

For a collections agency, a bank or who?

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN

I guess you could say we're in the business of collections. I am hired to approach people when they refuse to pay what they owe.

EMILY

Isn't that something? Two years I've been doing police work. Hardly ever do I see people get what they deserve. Business must be good.

LINCOLN

I see a lot of people take out loans when they have no other choice. When it's time to pay they don't realize that the other side has no choice either. That's why I find it hard to believe I'm even with Jules. I don't think I deserve him.

Jules overhears the comment while talking with the other guests beside him and moves towards Lincoln's warm embrace.

JULES

You don't. But you're lucky I just happen to be infatuated with you at the moment.

Emily laughs as Jules drags Lincoln over to the dance floor. The two are locked in a slow dance glaring into the others eyes unsure of what it is they feel for each other.

LINCOLN

You go through a lot of trouble to introduce someone you're infatuated with to your friends.

JULES

You got me there. A big part of me wants this to work. I'm surprised Emily likes you. It's been a hard few months for her. She was so young when she had Adam.

Lincoln turns his head to the floor as they dance.

LINCOLN

Adam?

(CONTINUED)

JULES

She lost her kid a few months ago  
to drugs.

LINCOLN

Fuck.

JULES

What is it?

LINCOLN

I don't know. If you knew me half  
as well as you think you do.

JULES

I think I've already seen who you  
are. I trust you enough.

INT. APARTMENT HALL - NIGHT

Jules and Lincoln are waving goodbye to their guests. Some  
of them are a little wobbly. He certainly knows how to throw  
a party.

JULES

Goodbye.

EMILY

What you're not going to walk your  
best friend to the elevator?

Emily drags her best friend down the hallway to the elevator  
door.

EMILY

This guy isn't right for you. You  
should lose him.

JULES

I thought we agreed to turn off the  
cop when we're not wearing the  
uniform.

EMILY

Do you know where he's from? Those  
are jail house tattoos on his arms.

JULES

I don't care. I think I'm in love.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY  
Just look after yourself hone.

JULES  
I will.

Emily shouts down the hall at Lincoln.

EMILY  
And if you hurt him. I'll use my  
gun on you. Goodnight.

Emily enters the elevator a little intoxicated. Jules moves  
towards Lincoln's embrace.

JULES  
Now I have you all to myself.

LINCOLN  
Your friends are cops?

JULES  
Did Emily threaten to slap on the  
cuffs?

LINCOLN  
I really think she would.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Lincoln is cruising down the highway. He has this look of  
contentment on his face something that only true love can  
provide.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Dishes crashing. It is an old run down house with stains on  
the walls and dirty dishes lining the counter tops. Somebody  
pulled Lincoln from his high perch back down to reality.

LENA throws some dishes into the kitchen sink. Her  
complexion is frail and tired. Her hands shake like an  
addict would in withdrawal.

LINCOLN  
Mom you don't look so good.

LENA  
You wouldn't look so good if you  
had three grown kids living off  
you. He was here yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN

When?

LENA

Last night. He gave me some.

Lena throws a cleaning sponge into the sink. Lincoln moves in and gives her hug.

LINCOLN

How long since you've used?

LENA

I'm trying to quit. It's just so hard.

LINCOLN

I know. You got to get off it slowly okay. I'm gonna help you. Did he say anything?

LENA

Only that if you missed your quota he'd be back again with Ross.

LINCOLN

You let me worry about that Mom. Nobodies gonna hurt you. Where's Chris?

Joy, a gorgeous young women in her early twenties, is coming down the stairs. Her fake blond hair makes it hard to tell if she is having a bad hair day or just getting out of bed.

LENA

I don't know.

LINCOLN

Joy where's Chris?

JOY

He's not in school. He has no job. Lincoln he went exactly where you did.

LINCOLN

I was trying to keep him away from that.

JOY

Yea but you didn't. I think he looks up to you.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN

He's better than that. Better than this. Are you dancing tonight?

JOY

On at 5.

LINCOLN

I'll pick you up later.

EXT. APARTMENT DEVELOPMENT - MORNING

Lincoln is pulling into an underground parking lot of an unfinished apartment building. Jack hammers and nail guns cause the usual noise you would hear at a construction site. The half finished building is going up among a series of new condos.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Lincoln pulls into a spot. A few cars line the inside of the garage. The set up is similar to a chop shop. A few people are hard at work measuring and portioning different types of drugs and money. Strangely a desk is set up in on the bottom level of the parking lot.

Lincoln gets out of his car. Another day at work. Barry, who looks like a man whose spent his life training in a jails gym, approaches him. He has the demeanor of a cocky know it all.

BARRY

Two weeks, Eighty-five grand of debt and three high end cars. It's almost making me hard Lincoln. I remember hearing stories from your father about a little kid whose lunch was stolen from him during recess by three kids all bigger and older then him. This kid was so angry, so frustrated he fought those three kids with no fear and with no regard for himself. Just pure rage. He fought the three kids and just as two left whimpering and afraid, he climbed on top of the third and beat him and beat him and beat him. I don't think there is anybody in this town who can dish out a beating like you do Lincoln.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN

You came to my house?

BARRY

Yes, it's unfortunate that I have to make these visits. You represent a significant investment on my behalf. I have to protect that investment. And you've fallen behind.

LINCOLN

You think I'm holding out on you?

BARRY

I think you've been behind.

LINCOLN

You can't get clean money from people if they can't breath.

BARRY

There in lies the problem Lincoln. That sounds like an excuse. And I don't care for excuses. Your mother doesn't care for excuses. But she doesn't mind a cheap fix.

LINCOLN

Don't talk about my mother.

BARRY

Remember she came to me Lincoln. Just like you and just like your brother.

LINCOLN

My brothers friend ended up on the table. When did we start getting kids killed Barry?

Barry moves to embrace Lincoln. Hugs him and whispers in his ear.

BARRY

We were the first.

LINCOLN

He's not supposed to be involved. We agreed to keep him out.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

We agreed. This business doesn't run on agreements. It runs because I say it runs. The drugs come in, we sell them, we loan out the money, the money comes back clean. I put your brother to work with Harley.

LINCOLN

You know a cops kid is dead because of that guy.

BARRY

That's just one less of them out there.

LINCOLN

If anything happens to him I'm holding you responsible.

BARRY

If you want him out get him out yourself.

LINCOLN

You know he won't listen.

BARRY

Not one person I've ever hired lasted as long as you. Maybe it's time to welcome Chris to the family.

LINCOLN

We'll see and Barry.

BARRY

Yes.

LINCOLN

Don't steal my lunch.

BARRY

(Laughter)

I dare not Lincoln.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Emily is approaching a vehicle she pulled over on the side of the road in a suburban neighborhood. Her lights are flashing.

EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

Emily's police cruiser is pulling in behind the car. She has pulled over a car that has two men, punks in their early twenties.

She talks to them through their rolled down window.

EMILY

Get out of the car and put your hands behind your backs.

The two men get on their knees with their arms behind their backs.

EMILY

Your hands, raise them behind your head.

Taylor the young adult barely out of his teens mouths off to Emily.

TAYLOR

There already behind my back.

EMILY

Shut up. Where did you get the drugs?

Emily asks as she slaps on the cuffs. Jack another officer on the force pulls up along side Emily. Pretty much your typical white middle aged cop.

JACK

Emily, what's going on? Why didn't you radio for back up?

EMILY

These punks had PCP on them. Probably the same drugs that got Adam killed.

TAYLOR

I didn't kill anyone.

(CONTINUED)

Emily pushes Taylor into the car door. Taylor is sent to the ground with a bleeding forehead. Emily takes the strap off her gun and holds it in her holster.

EMILY

Not gonna ask you again. Where did you get the drugs?

Jack gets out of the car and stands behind Emily.

TAYLOR

We pick them up from a drop off point. We were going there now.

JACK

You gonna bring in a few drug dealers. That won't bring back Adam.

EMILY

No. But. Don't do this now. Do me a favor bring these guys in.

Emily walks up to a beaten and scared Taylor.

EMILY

Where's the drop?

INT. WAREHOUSE -NIGHT

Heating lamps and Marijuana plants line the tables in the old run down building. A small area has a few old couches and a big screen television set up. Four teenagers and Chris are sitting down playing video games.

CHRIS

No wait. I got him.

He plays video games with the other teenagers. HARLEY, a thin man pushing thirty odd, portions bags of PCP and cocaine.

A bouncer opens the front door. Lincoln walks through.

HARLEY

Last I checked I paid all my bills last month and I'm in pretty good standing with the boss.

LINCOLN

Didn't come here for you.

(CONTINUED)

HARLEY

Oh how sweet. Come to visit your brother on his first day of work.

LINCOLN

He's not working for you. He's just on his way out.

CHRIS

Yo what are doing Lincoln?

LINCOLN

I told you what would happen if you tried some shit like this. Now wait in the car.

CHRIS

I ain't going nowhere.

Lincoln grabs Chris's shirt and throws him onto a table laying him down flat. He says under his breath.

LINCOLN

You think your mother worked so hard so you can throw your live away as some low life drug dealer. You think I worked so hard. Respect in this life isn't given it's earned. So when I say get in the car you get in the fucking car.

Chris leaves the building and Harley claps.

HARLEY

(Laughter)

Awe that's so cute. I wish I had someone who cared that much. Now I had your boy all set up for his first drop and big brother comes in and decides to play hero protecting him. But what about my bottom line who's gonna pay my debts? You know how this game of fetch works. He owes me a drop.

LINCOLN

I'll deliver your drugs. If I see him in here again.

HARLEY

You'll what? Nobody forced that boy to do shit and good help is hard to come by.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN

We'll see.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Emily is driving her police cruiser. Taylor is in the back with his arms cuffed behind his back.

EMILY

Is this where the drop is suppose to be?

TAYLOR

Yea.

EMILY

They usually show up alone?

TAYLOR

Only one person.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Emily parks her cruiser. She gets out and peeks back into her cruiser.

EMILY

You try to bust out of my cruiser and I'll pump so many volts into you you'll need an ice bucket to wake you up. If you wake up.

TAYLOR

Okay.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Lincoln waits patiently. His hands are in his pockets and the hood on his jacket covers part of his face. The look of frustration on his face.

You might say it's like using *Leonardo DiCaprio* as an extra. This task is menial for Lincoln. None the less he is vigilante. He waits and waits.

LINCOLN

Right. Asshole.

Lincoln moves out of the alleyway. Emily hides around the corner awaiting to get the drop on Lincoln.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Freeze.

Lincoln, a dark figure in the alleyway, puts his hands on the far wall away from Emily. She approaches him with her pistol drawn. She takes out handcuffs. When she tries to slap them on Lincoln's hand he spins around quickly grabbing the gun and Emily's throat.

EMILY

(Choking)

Lincoln.

Lincoln releases Emily from the hold and gives up willingly. The life Lincoln had hoped to keep as far away from Jules as possible had just been revealed as if he awoke from a dream.

INT. HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

Shouting and bars ringing. Lincoln with his hands cuffed behind his back is being escorted down a row of cells by Emily. The prisoners shout and cheer as if this is Lincoln's homecoming.

PRISONER

(Shouting)

Yea.

EMILY

I'll be back.

Emily escorts Lincoln into his cell and removes the handcuffs. The guard on the cell block waves her down.

GUARD

His lawyer is waiting for you in the holding room.

EMILY

That was fast. What type of shit is this?

The guard shakes his head as if he has no clue.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Emily enters the holding room. A man in a suit and tie awaits her. He is Smug and confident, a real smart ass. MARK is the attorney that represents Lincoln.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

I must have arrested the wrong man.

MARK

No you arrested the right man for the wrong reasons. You arrested the bookie of organized crime in this town. And for what a possession charge.

EMILY

Lincoln?

MARK

The man you arrested has spent the better part of a career turning this town over. Lending and collecting money from the bottom to the top.

INT. HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

Prisoners cheering and howling. Lincoln's arms hang through the bars as he leans against the cell doors.

PRISONER

(Howling)

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark has a smart smirk on his face as if Emily has just come to a new level of understanding.

MARK

His nickname is the retriever. He is the middleman for some of the top names in this town. Earning the respect of criminals on the street by beating people half to death when they default on their loans. Make no mistake this guys got protection.

EMILY

Is that why you came here? To make sure we didn't get sued.

MARK

No hone. I'm not defending you this time. Like most attorneys I have a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARK (cont'd)  
diverse portfolio. This includes police officers and a few high profiles. One of which you just pissed off royally. How did you even get the drop on this guy? Anyway it doesn't matter. I'm here to post bail on my client. This may sound redundant but if you're really interested in going after these guys. And I mean really. Here is my card. You give me a call and I'll put you in touch with an intermediary who works both sides of the fence.

INT. HOLDING CELLS - MORNING

Alarm sounds. Cell doors open. Lincoln sits on the floor his hands cradle his face. Emily walks into the cell and sits on the bunk next to him. They sit face to face. Mano a mano.

EMILY  
When were you gonna tell Jules what your day job was?

LINCOLN  
It's hard to tell the ones you love the truth. Especially when you know it will hurt them. I see it everyday in the faces of the people who can't pay their debts. It breaks their heart and causes more pain than I ever could. It's not always their fault.

EMILY  
And are you?

LINCOLN  
Am I what?

EMILY  
In pain?

LINCOLN  
It's hard to escape.

EMILY  
Then why don't you?

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN

I care too much about my family. Where I'm from. Is this the part where you try to turn me. I'm not sure I could turn back from this life. A life of crime.

EMILY

No I'm not going to turn you. You're going to have to choose what's more important. You're life or a life with Jules. When you're ready to make that decision I can help. I will help.

LINCOLN

He'll kill me if he knew I was helping you. Me and my family.

EMILY

I need you to understand that this is going to end one way or another. And you need to understand that the person responsible for the death of my son is not going to be free. The same drugs that were found on you are the ones that got Adam killed.

LINCOLN

It wasn't meant for Adam it was meant for Chris.

EMILY

Look at me Lincoln. I don't give a shit. That's in the past. What matters is that you give me what I want. I want the guy that's selling drugs to kids. I want the guy who gave the drugs to Chris, who laced the drugs with PCP. I want him behind bars or in the ground. Are you going to help me?

LINCOLN

Yes.

EMILY

Good now get out of my cell.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

A black SUV pulls into a parking garage. Barry sit behind the desk a patient man with nothing but contempt for Lincoln.

The SUV comes to a stop Lincoln gets out of the back seat of a car. Barry claps in applause. Similar to a seasoned athlete fumbling the ball. Lincoln has never been caught before.

BARRY

Fifteen years you've been collecting debts for me and not once has some pony riding, donut eating police officer gotten the drop on you. You must be getting old.

LINCOLN

I've never felt better.

BARRY

Still you represent me and word has already spread that you got picked up on some half-baked possession charge.

LINCOLN

Fifteen years is a long time.

Barry moves to embrace Lincoln even moving his hand behind his ear. He is like family to Barry.

BARRY

Now don't get me wrong Lincoln. I wouldn't let anything happen to you you're too important to me. You're my retriever. I should've never gotten Harley to take your brother on. But I did and don't forget that. You two are gonna help me with a special project. We're gonna move a lot of product and take on a lot of help. It needs to be done discretely. And Lincoln it's time for you to accept you're brothers in. You know well enough what happens to people who cross me.

EXT. PARK - DAY

It is the middle of an inner city park. Kids are playing in the background. Emily takes a seat on the park bench overlooking a lake. She is in plain clothes her outfit blends in well with the people around her.

EARL

You can always learn something new by looking around the park. Like what it's like to be a kid again.

EMILY

Are you?

EARL

Yea that's me. Mark told me that you were trying to get somebody out. When he told me the somebody I thought you were nuts. If you had any idea how many people whose shaken hands with that man. Taken money from or done favors for. Barry knocked over a police truck full of coke and when I informed on its location he had already distributed it half way across the state. Of all the time I've been embedded for there isn't anyone I'm more afraid of.

Earl has been doing low level informing for years. He's been waiting for the opportunity to bring these guys down.

EMILY

How do we get him out?

EARL

You don't. Lincoln is so deep in the shit that you'd literally have to fly him to the middle of nowhere to make sure he gets away scot-free and alive. And even then.

EMILY

Then how do we?

EARL

We don't. Lincoln has literally witnessed the passing of millions of dollars from people who you and I would consider perfectly legitimate to questionable causes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EARL (cont'd)

That makes him a target from people who would fork out a lot and I mean of money to keep their secrets.

EMILY

If there is no way of getting him out can we bring down the people he works for?

EARL

That's the move that has me keep a packed bag under my bed and the reason I haven't cashed a single check from uncle Sam.

Emily plays along with Earl despite being a uniformed police officer. She would never try to stage an opp like this but the opportunity to help Lincoln and enact revenge makes her curious and naive.

EMILY

Every day I run into a group of cops who brush shoulders with me knowing I lost my son to drugs. Somebody's gotta go down for it.

EARL

You need a prosecutor who is willing to go after him. Aside from that we need to nail him on a side charge. Something that will justify getting warrants to bust his entire operation. I got just the thing.

EMILY

I'll get the approvals.

EARL

You don't know what your doing do you?

EMILY

My job.

EARL

I'm looking at an officer that has probably done nothing in her career but hand out parking tickets and slap around girls boyfriends after he got a little rough with her. Fuck, I can't believe I'm risking my life and retirement on some

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EARL (cont'd)  
do-gooder in a uniform. But I'm  
tired. I've put in my time now I  
want to go to Florida and hit golf  
balls. But I'm leaving with a  
bang.

Emily looks up, on one beat she is an inexperienced cop and  
on another she is ready to become detective.

EMILY  
I'll book the flight.

EARL  
Don't get ahead of yourself.

INT. BEDROOM - SUNSET

Jules is lying in bed he looks tired. Lincoln enters the  
room takes off his shirt and sits on the end of the bed.  
He's more unsure of himself than ever before.

JULES  
You seem different. What happened?

LINCOLN  
I ran into Emily last night.

JULES  
She didn't arrest you did she?

LINCOLN  
Actually she did. Only it was on a  
possession charge.

JULES  
Possession of what?

LINCOLN  
Narcotics.

JULES  
I don't understand.

LINCOLN  
I've been lying to you about what  
I've been doing Jules. I've been  
involved with a group of men doing  
very bad things.

(CONTINUED)

JULES

How bad?

LINCOLN

Is this turning you on I'm trying to be serious. I could go to jail for a very long time.

JULES

Why did she let you go?

LINCOLN

She wants my help.

JULES

So you're working together.

Jules throws down Lincoln to the bed. He couldn't be more infatuated as he tears at Lincoln's shirt lifting it over his head.

Jules is on top when he grabs Lincoln by his biceps. They come together hard and tight. Both men are ripped. They kiss. His hands travel down Lincoln's body. Lincoln firmly grabs Jules and rotates him to his side, roughly holding him.

JULES

Oh shit.

Thrust. thrust. Jules is moaning. Lincoln kisses the back of his neck. He grips him wherever he can. Sweat is beating off their bodies. Jules grips the sheets and pries against them pushing Lincoln back.

EXT. STREET CROSSING - DAY

Cars are flying by. Traffic noises drown out all other sounds. Chris is caught on a traffic island waiting for the lights to signal walk.

He crosses the road and walks into a Drug Mart. There's nothing suspicious about this place. It's where soccer moms go to get their birth control pills.

INT. DRUG MART AISLES - DAY

Chris is wondering around aimlessly. He has a basket that he throws some supplies in. The items seem harmless a few batteries, nail polish remover, cold medicine, toilette bowl cleaner and counter top cleaner.

(CONTINUED)

He moves to the check out.

CASHIER

That will be forty eight twenty seven.

Chris hands the cashier the money. Grabs the bags and leaves.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A hack saw moves back and forth making ridges in a battery clamped to work bench. Harley is warring some basic lab gear. There are bottles containing different chemicals on the table.

HARLEY

Most of the ingredients for methamphetamine can be derived from products that are perfectly legal. The problem is that we can't make the shit in bulk because we can't get the chemicals in bulk except in Canada. And if we order too much of the same shit the cops come knocking.

Chris nods and watches Harley attentively as he pours the lithium from the battery into a cylinder.

HARLEY

See if you poor the wrong amount you can kill someone.

CHRIS

You did remember.

HARLEY

That was Joe he rolled that joint right next to a shit batch of PCP. But this.

An oven alarm sounds. Ding. Harley removes a tray of Methamphetamine from the oven.

HARLEY

This is the real shit. Derived from a hundred percent legal ingredients and you sir are my human Guinea pig.

Harley smashes the batch with a hammer Breaking Bad style.

(CONTINUED)

HARLEY  
Common try it.

CHRIS  
I don't know.

HARLEY  
Kid what the fuck do you think  
you're doing here? You see the  
fucking car I drive outside. Do you  
want to learn this shit or not?

Chris reaches for some of the Meth on the tray. He ingests  
it.

CHRIS  
Oh my god.

Chris looks a little messed up but not in a good way.

HARLEY  
Yea that shit is perfect.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Emily is starting her morning getting changed into her  
uniform and vest. The change room is unisex. Jack is  
starting his shift at the same time with a few other  
officers.

EMILY  
Did you book those two from the  
other night?

JACK  
Yea. They went crying to mommy and  
she came to bail them out this  
morning. What's this I hear about  
you starting an op with an  
undercover?

EMILY  
Somebody high up was willing to  
help us bring down his boss.

JACK  
For a reduced sentence?

EMILY  
He's going walk.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Seems like a good deal for him. Did he have anything to do with the drugs that killed Adam?

Emily avoids the question and puts on her jacket as the last item of her uniform. As she tries to walk away Jack grabs her arm.

EMILY

Hey watch it.

JACK

Answer the question Emily.

EMILY

He's tied in pretty close.

JACK

I don't know what you think you're doing but you're out of your league and not qualified.

EMILY

Why because I'm a women?

JACK

Enough of this gender equality bullshit. We handle calls not target organized crime. Let the Feds take care of it.

EMILY

Where's your spine Jack? Where were the Feds when the kids started smoking laced drugs outside of school.

JACK

Try to take out Adams death on these fucking guys and you're going to end up getting somebody killed or one of us.

EMILY

What a nice kind heart you have. Maybe you could get a confession out of them after they fall for you. Or maybe after they taste your cunt.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Charming. It's no wonder Adam turned to drugs after his mother taught him his approach to justice. What the hell was there to look forward to in life?

Emily reacts violently and Jack stands his ground. Pushing him into the lockers and grabbing him by the throat.

JACK

Bitch.

SGT. LLOYD

That's enough.

Emily releases Jack.

JACK

Jesus Emily. Talk about a loose cannon.

SGT. LLOYD

You okay?

EMILY

Fine.

SGT. LLOYD

Good get out. Both of you.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Chris is hugging the wall of the old warehouse. He is completely spaced out.

CHRIS

Nemo. Nemo. The ship is sinking  
Nemo.

HARLEY

Nemo. Like the fucking fish. Christ you're fucked up. Sit down and play some video games.

Chris jumps onto the sofa and starts to play video games. He passes out shortly after.

Lincoln enters the warehouse. A crack of light shines into the dark space illuminating the mess. Harley's lab equipment being the exception. He sees his brother passed out on the couch saliva dripping from his bottom lips.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN

God Chris I really didn't want this  
for you.

Lincoln walks over and helps his brother up lifting him up  
gently from the back of his neck.

HARLEY

I don't think there was anything  
you could do. Like mother like  
child. How is she by the way? She  
asked for some more product.

LINCOLN

You piece shit.

HARLEY

Slow down now. You know the boss  
needed the product tested and I'd  
say it's ready to go. Speaking of  
the boss. He wants to meet you at  
the club tonight. We have a new job  
for you.

LINCOLN

I'm taking him home.

Chris begins to awake as if a baby would in his crib.

CHRIS

Lincoln.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

Lincoln pulls up to the front of his house in his Mustang.  
Chris is in the seat beside him.

INT. 67 MUSTANG FASTBACK - DAY

Sorrow and disappointment hit Lincoln's face as he stops the  
car. He worked hard to try and keep his younger brother out  
of his life and he failed.

LINCOLN

Get out.

CHRIS

I didn't mean to.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN

You're in it now Chris. There is no going back. Either way I think you're ready to be on your own now. I'll give you a few days but I can't manage two addicts not out of the same house.

CHRIS

I just tried it once. I'm not addicted.

LINCOLN

Go get cleaned up.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SUNSET

Lincoln pulls into a windowless building off a busy road. The bright pink sign with flashing lights reads Club of Roses.

INT. STRIP CLUB - SUNSET

A dancer is on the central stage. She struts along seductively and peels off pieces of her red lingerie as she moves across stage. It's Joy.

Barry has a table that overlooks the stage where the VIP'S go to get the best view. He laughs with a few of the other men. One of Barry's posies waves over to Lincoln.

LINCOLN

Had I given you reason to doubt me?

BARRY

Of course not. You're my favorite. Everybody loves you. The retriever. You get everybody paid and you've never let me down.

LINCOLN

First you use my brother and now you drag me here to watch this. This is entrapment.

BARRY

Lincoln you're the closest thing I have to family. I would never do anything to jeopardize that. But with you getting busted the other night there is no telling who might

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARRY (cont'd)  
be listening in and we need to talk business. My supply for product has taken a hit lately. Here and at the border so we're shifting gears. With Harley's new recipe we're moving things abroad and fast. The plan is to pack a few trucks full of everything we need to make meth labs. We're setting up production in places where the bulk chemicals are still legal.

LINCOLN  
Places like what?

BARRY  
Canada. We'll bake all the drugs we need north of the border and bring our supply across the great lakes where nobodies watching.

LINCOLN  
We never started out trying to become the next Pablo Escobar. We were just a few punks trying to make it. We never use to go peddling to kids and getting them killed.

BARRY  
That was always the difference between you and I Lincoln you were always focused on the little picture. One door at a time, one job at a time. I needed to know my future can be out of this place. That I will eventually have enough control that no one will stand against me. I will win Lincoln. Are you with me?

LINCOLN  
How many doors have I knocked on. How many assholes did I beat up for you. You don't have to ask for my loyalty. We're in this together.

BARRY  
Great. Now I'm going upstairs for a lap dance. You and me aren't officially family but me and your sister are about to get a whole lot closer.

(CONTINUED)

Barry signals up to Joy that he wants her to go upstairs with him. Barry smirks at his aggressively alpha move. The two leave up a set of stairs.

Lincoln sits there leaning into his seat with both hands clamped in front of his face. He resents Barry. It's like having an a boss you absolutely despise but he is reaching too far.

INT. CLOSED ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark Joy leads Barry into a private room. She sits him down and begins to dance erotically. She is a young spirited dancer and very, very good at giving a lap dance.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chris and Lena are in a fight. Lena smashes a dish on the counter. The argument is over Chris's drug problem. It is clear Lena can no longer put up with Chris's bullshit. She makes a gesture for him to get out. He storms out of the house.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - SUNSET

Emily is in plain clothes staring at her son's grave. It reads Adam Sheridan. He is torn over the death of his son. He looks at the grave contemplating what to do next.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Earl crawls up to man at a bar. A typical Irish bar not looked after with empty glasses on the table. It is a bar for shady underdogs and it is no wonder that shady underdogs are meeting there.

Earl quietly shows a fat truck driver at the bar his badge like he is planning on arresting him. He signals him to be discrete by shaking his head.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Emily is posting a picture of the truck driver on a cork display board along with mug shot photos of Lincoln and Barry. She is burning the midnight oil planning this Opp.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Chris pulls a few bags of Harley's home cooked meth out of his pocket and deals it to a few kids on the street for petty cash.

INT. CLOSED ROOM - NIGHT

A sadistic look comes across Barry's face as Joy flicks her hair back and forward. He is laughing and enjoying the lap dance. He moves his hands up and around Joy's ass.

FLASHBACK:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Lincoln sits on the bed half naked. It's a morning after a lovely night with his better half Jules. The large tattoo written on his back reads *redimere quod perierat*.

JULES

What does it mean?

LINCOLN

It's Latin. It means to get back what was lost.

JULES

What did you lose?

LINCOLN

I lose stuff all the time. Would you believe I actually wear glasses.

JULES

Funny. No really you wouldn't have gotten that tattooed on your back if it didn't mean something.

LINCOLN

For me nothing about what I do ever really feels right and I guess I thought the tattoo would remind me that if I ever lose myself in what I do it's not too late to come back. To find myself and my family again.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The room is filled with uniformed police officers. Emily has a presentation set up. On the walls is a rogue's gallery of Barry, Lincoln, Harley and a row of random criminal types. Jack laughs, he looks up at Emily barely giving her his attention.

SGT. LLOYD

Sorry I'm late. Let's get this started.

EMILY

Early this week I met with a long term undercover whose work has been extensive. He has planned an operation that involves his retirement.

JACK

Isn't that nice.

EMILY

After a career undercover I think he could use a break. He has been working with the same people that dealt the drugs that got Adam killed. So a little respect. He's one of us just a little rough around the edges.

SGT. LLOYD

We've been cutting their supply by regulating manufacturers and stopping the flow of coke over the border but there is a new method of brewing up methamphetamine that uses predominately over the counter products.

EMILY

That's where my informant comes in. Barry is planning on setting up production of a meth labs across the border. Where you can purchase the ingredients to meth in bulk.

POLICE OFFICER

Christ even the criminals are too cheap to make shit themselves now.

(CONTINUED)

SGT. LLOYD

This opp is simple. They are trying to move the production of meth to Canada so we are going to pull a Canadian on them.

POLICE OFFICER

Sir, what's a Canadian?

SGT. LLOYD

We are going to use the truck drivers Barry's using to set up meth labs to get him to admit all the other illegal activities he's been doing. When that happens.

JACK

If it happens.

SGT. LLOYD

After we get him on tape we get warrants approved to hit the warehouse, the condo's and the clubs. Seizing any evidence we can get our hands on. Any questions?

Jack eyes Emily .

JACK

How do we know who's working for us and who's working for them?

EMILY

You don't. Our long term undercover is going to be playing golf in Florida by the time this over.

JACK

Not him. The other one.

EMILY

He's none of your concern.

JACK

Defensive. It's not our job to protect the criminals.

EMILY

You're right it's our job to protect everybody else and we're doing a shit job of that.

(CONTINUED)

SGT. LLOYD

You all have your assignments.  
We'll meet at zero eight hundred  
hours tomorrow. Everybody's got to  
be top of their game for this to go  
down without a hitch.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Eyes blink open and shut. Chris is lying on Harley's sofa again. Just crashing on a couch like an annoying friend who drank too much the night before.

HARLEY

Rise and shine my friend. You're so peaceful in the morning.

CHRIS

Oh. Fuck off.

HARLEY

And a morning person. No doubt.  
Wake up and get dressed take a  
shower. We've got a job for you.  
Pays well. And go get of few other  
friends to help.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Lincoln is in the kitchen with Lena and Joy. He looks frustrated.

LINCOLN

You threw him out. Now he has no  
choice.

Lena is in a frantic state. The stress of another druggie in the home is too much for her to handle.

LENA

Lincoln I can't live with another  
addict. I can barely cope with this  
myself.

LINCOLN

It's okay. I'll take care of him.

Lincoln reaches over and gives her a hug.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN

Let me have a word with Joy.

Lena leaves the room.

LINCOLN

Do you want to talk about what happened last night?

JOY

It's twenty bucks a song and Barry tips well.

LINCOLN

It's not about your dancing. Barry's trying to use you to get to me.

JOY

He can use me all he wants.

Lincoln grabs Joy's wrist.

LINCOLN

Joy. You need to listen to me. You need to try to avoid them. Stay as far away from that crowd as you can.

JOY

You're going to get me fired.

LINCOLN

It's better than getting you killed. You don't want to hear or see any of what they do. Okay.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Emily is escorting a plain clothed Earl into the room. Ross waits patiently.

EMILY

For the record you are currently a driver for Barry Monroe mostly for his construction companies but also transporting other illegal goods. But now turned informant.

ROSS

That is correct.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

You were contacted and brought in by Earl under the conditions you would not be charged with the transportation and sale of illegal goods.

ROSS

Correct.

EMILY

What are the conditions of this agreement?

ROSS

That I would co-operate fully with your investigation and operation. And to not reveal the identity of Earl and his position as an informant.

EMILY

Do these conditions satisfy everybody?

EARL

They do.

Ross looks up makes eye contact for the first time in the conversation.

ROSS

Yes.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse is populated by maybe a half a dozen kids the same age as Chris. They're talking amongst each other like kids do.

HARLEY

Alright, Alright, Alright already. Shut up. We don't have that much time so I'll make this quick. Most of you have worked with me at some point doing something you shouldn't have. But tonight we are doing something completely different. Tonight you're all going grocery shopping. You'll all be paid the same as a regular drop. Plus given some extra product and cash to keep for yourselves.

(CONTINUED)

KID

Sick.

Kids whispering among themselves. Any little bit of extra cash is a miracle for this group of troubled souls.

CHRIS

Yo I'm going to get a nice place.

HARLEY

You have to get everything on the list to these addresses by later tonight. You'll be trick or treating at different drug stores in town. If you don't use the money to get everything on you're lists by later tonight you know who will be getting it back. One way or another.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A group of kids exits the old rustic warehouse excited by the opportunity to earn some extra money. Kids in candy store, they are getting excited about something. Maybe the drugs or the money.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Chris and another teenager are shopping with plus size shopping carts. He reaches into the aisle beside him and grabs a bulk size container of cough syrup and puts it in his cart.

CHRIS

We have three more trips after this.

TEENAGER

Remember what Harley said and don't visit the same place twice. Let's spread it out so they don't catch on.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SUNSET

A few cops are set up in the van listening attentively for any action. Surveillance cameras show the layout of an underground parking lot. Emily enters the van.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Are our agents all wired up?

GEEKY COP

We'll pick em up when he gets in range.

EMILY

He'll be in a white unmarked van.

SGT. LLOYD

We've got teams ready to move on Barry, the warehouse and the construction sites. Let's hope your man pulls through otherwise this will be a whole lot of shit for nothing.

EMILY

He'll come through.

SGT. LLOYD

You'll be working the desk for the rest of your career if he doesn't.

EXT. PIER - SUNSET

A pair of Rottweilers pass on the wooden boardwalk. Growls sound as these trained attack hounds pass by. Their owner is a woman too small to handle the beasts.

Lincoln sits and watches as the sunset moves onto the horizon. He waits patiently like a guard dog would his paddock.

Ring. Ring. The phone in Lincoln's pocket rings. He fears again what awaits on the other side of the phone call.

LINCOLN

Yes.

BARRY

The office.

LINCOLN

Be there in twenty.

## INT. APARTMENT DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

Three trucks pull into the underground parking lot of a half finished apartment complex. The drivers get out and start to unload their cargo into the parking lot. Some use skids to move around the cargo.

## INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

The surveillance cameras show the truckers moving the cargo into the parking lot.

EMILY

We've got movement. Three trucks white and it looks like two white males and an Hispanic driver.

SGT. LLOYD

Any sign of your boy?

GEEKY COP

We're not picking up anything.

SGT. LLOYD

Alright we'll give him another hour an then we're moving on all targets.

EMILY

Sergeant.

SGT. LLOYD

I don't want to hear it Emily. We can't wait all night for a meeting that may or may not be taking place. He should've shown up by now.

## INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Lincoln's Mustang pulls into an older car garage. A warren down old hole but still used to repair and strip down stolen cars.

He gets out of the car and approaches a group of four men sitting around a table. Barry sits at the head with Earl and Ross at the sides. A few other thugs hang around the chop shop all Barry's patsies. Lincoln takes a seat.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

Come in Lincoln my friend. My retriever. How was your night?

LINCOLN

Peaceful.

BARRY

Good. We came here to discuss some last minute changes to our plans.

LINCOLN

And why is that?

BARRY

Let me tell you all a story. It's a story that Ross and I know quite well. A few years back I got nipped for a racketeering charge and possession of narcotics. I'm in the joint with a few of my employees serving a five year sentence for my third strike. Two years in Ross shows up and his first week in the whole he catches the eye of some Nigger who wants to make him his bitch in the middle of the cafeteria. So I took my shiv and stabbed that Nigger fifteen times. Let me tell you something Earl you piece of shit rat you can't buy that type of loyalty. You piece of shit cop.

Barry reaches across the table taking a swing at Earl. He clocks him square in the jaw. Two posies grab his arms and strap him to a chair.

He grips his wrist as if he is in pain from throwing the punch.

BARRY

I'll leave him to you. Show him what we do to rats.

LINCOLN

He's a cop?

BARRY

Cop or not he's here.

Lincoln moves the table and drags Earl's chair into the center of the room. Earls lips are bleeding.

(CONTINUED)

EARL

No don't.

Lincoln moves back and throws his entire body into a punch hitting him in the jaw.

INT. DRUG STORE AISLES - NIGHT

Chris is wondering down the aisles with a shopping cart full of METH making staples.

A group of five teenagers is wondering down the aisle almost directly towards Chris. They are the same group of trouble making teenagers that was with Chris and Adam when he choked to death on a laced joint.

Dressed semi-formally, they are going to their senior prom. Miranda sporting a hot red dress walks towards Chris.

MIRANDA

Oh hey Chris.

CHRIS

What are you guys doing here?

SCOTT

You know just picking up a few supplies before the night kicks off.

MIRANDA

I haven't seen you since you were expelled.

SCOTT

Looks like you met up just in time.

Scott, clearly the average high school jock and a bit of a prick, reaches over to the other side of the aisle. He grabs a box of magnum condoms from the side of the shelf.

SCOTT

Clearly you and I are shopping for different things.

MIRANDA

Sorry Chris.

Miranda reaches to grab Chris's arm but he pulls back hesitantly.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

No it's okay.

SCOTT

I'm about to go fuck your girl bro.  
See you later. Loser.

Miranda laughs slightly with a smirk on her face. She knows it's true. The group laughs and walks by Chris. Now a loser shopping for ingredients to an illegal drug. Chris has finally felt the consequences of his actions by seeing his peers live out their prom night without him.

A shopping cart full of supplies is left unattended.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

Knock. Knock. The dark and damp house is filled with old and overly used rustic furniture. ANDY, another drugged out dealer, opens the door.

ANDY

Shouldn't you be somewhere else?

CHRIS

You know what I need.

ANDY

It's gonna cost you?

Chris hands reaches into a pocket and grabs a hand full of twenties.

ANDY

That should do the trick.

Andy hands him a baggie full of heroin. Chris's hands are shaking.

ANDY

That will get you your fix. This is your money right.

CHRIS

Yea.

Chris walks into the next room.

INT. CRACK HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris walks into a bedroom and sits on the bed. He cooks the crystals in a spoon. The fire of a cigarette lighter glows as the crystals dissolve into water.

Chris picks up a used syringe from the floor. He wraps a rubber band around his arm and fills the needle. A needle pierces his skin injecting the drugs into his arms.

INT. BLACK ESCALATE - NIGHT

The roaring of a V8 engine. Emily is in tactical gear riding in the back seat next to another uniform. The buds of their Colt 6920 Rifles pointed down ready to shoot at a moments notice.

TACTICAL OFFICER

Here we go. Here we go.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Three black SUV's pull into the gravel parking lot of the unfinished condo. The Cops are on their way to bust Barry in the act. They drive straight through a chain linked fence. The three cars pull into the underground parking lot.

INT. INDOOR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Beaming florescent lights illuminate dark construction site. The Roaring of the three SUV's can be heard echoing throughout the parking lot. These people mean business. Whatever it is that was going on there is about to end.

The SUV's pull up to three delivery trucks. Emily bursts out of the back with her rifle pointed square at door of the nearest trucks.

EMILY

Hands up.

TACTICAL OFFICER

Go, go, go.

Police Officers shouting. The Delivery trucks are being stormed by heavily armed cops in body armor.

Doors to the delivery trucks roll open and the police point their rifles into the dark open space of the empty trucks.

(CONTINUED)

SGT. LLOYD (RADIO V.O)  
Report.

EMILY  
The trucks are empty. There isn't  
anything here. They knew we were  
coming.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Police officers break open a door with sledge hammers in their arms. A swat team rolls into the warehouse. Again empty. The once packed drug space in constant movement has been emptied of all lab equipment or potential evidence. What a bunch of screw ups. They risked a huge operation with no rewards.

Sgt. Lloyd takes off his tactical helmet. This is one pissed off cop.

SGT. LLOYD  
The warehouse is empty too. God  
damn it.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Earl tied to a chair is being beaten relentlessly by Lincoln. Punches hit flesh. His face swollen like Rocky Balboa in the twelve round.

Lincoln hits with professionalism and accuracy. You can hardly tell he doesn't want to do it. He stops with his wrists bloodied and victim beaten half to death.

LINCOLN  
Want me to drop him by the river?

BARRY  
No this ain't no punk.

Barry takes out a pistol.

LINCOLN  
We've never done cops before.

BARRY  
I'll make an exception.

LINCOLN  
Stop this.

Lincoln with his arms still grabbing hold of Earl's bloodied shirt looks hopelessly into Earl's eyes even guilty. Barry pulls the trigger offing the guy right in front of him. He grasps the shirt of dead man.

INT. CRACK HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris is lying on the floor barely conscious. A syringe sticking out of the vein in his left arm. The Heroin has done its job. Eyes blink open and shut.

The door cracks open. Andy walks in with his drug dealer assistant.

DRUG DEALER

Is he alive?

ANDY

Just barely. With the dose he took I thought he'd be back next week. Let's get him out of here. Last thing I need is dead body in my house.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - NIGHT

Orange colored street lights make visible the poor inner city housing of this seriously sketchy neighborhood. A car stops and the back doors open.

Somebody shoves Chris out of the car. Health care is hard to come by in this neighborhood.

Chris lies on the street lifeless and hardly breathing. The car door shuts behind him. They accelerate to get as far away from Chris as they can.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The place is crawling with police officers. SGT. Lloyd looks pissed off as it looks like the tenants up and left. He talks into his radio to Emily.

SGT. LLOYD (O.P)

Those bastards must of taken their equipment through the sewer systems. They knew we were watching.

INTERCUT WAREHOUSE/ INDOOR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Emily is looking extremely disappointed in herself. She just dropped the bomb on a very expensive operation. She talks to the Sergeant over the radio.

EMILY

The drivers were hired early today  
to park the trucks here.

A Hispanic driver gets out of the truck and is handcuffed by a half a dozen police officers. He is laughing almost uncontrollably.

EMILY

They really put one over my head  
sergeant.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The police officers are laying crime scene tape. The Sargent looking pissed off isn't about to hand out any get away free cards.

SGT. LLOYD (O.P)

Emily I'm holding you directly  
responsible for this incident.  
Tomorrow when the shit hits the fan  
I want you to own up to it.

INT. INDOOR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Emily sits down in the back of the SUV. She wipes her hand over her forehead covering her reaction.

EMILY

I know and I will.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Sergeant stops gaining control over his anger.

SGT. LLOYD

And Emily .

EMILY (V.O RADIO)

Yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

SGT. LLOYD  
I'm sorry. I know you really wanted  
this one. We all did.

INT. INDOOR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Emily stands up ready to own up to her mistakes.

EMILY  
Copy that. Shit.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Ambulance doors open. Paramedics wheel in a young teenager barely conscious. Chris is grasping for life on a gurney. Jules and a few other nurses greet the paramedics.

PARAMEDIC  
I administered Naloxone on the  
scene. Judging by the needle marks  
I'm guessing it's heroin.

JULES  
I'll set him up with a drip and  
some meds. We'll keep him  
overnight. Hey Buddy, hold in there  
for me will you.

Chris looks pale and lifeless. He is now in Jules warm hands.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Lincoln's car trunk is open. A body wrapped in a tarp is thrown in. The trunk closes. The engine starts.

EXT. UNDERPASS - NIGHT

A white unmarked police cruiser is pulling up to Lincoln's car. There are no cars or people in the area. Emily gets out to meet with Lincoln.

LINCOLN  
One of the drivers you flipped  
turned and ratted him out. My guess  
is you'll find the other drivers in  
the river over the next few days.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Jesus Lincoln. I'm sorry.

LINCOLN

It's not me you need to apologize to. It's him.

Lincoln pops the trunk showing Earl's dead body.

LINCOLN

He shot him right in front of me. There was nothing I could do.

EMILY

He deserved better than this.

LINCOLN

Whatever you're doing to stop Barry it's not going to work.

EMILY

I got a message from Jules. You need to go to the hospital and see your brother. Leave him and go.

Lincoln takes the body out of his trunk and throws it on the cold hard pavement. He drives off towards the hospital.

EMILY (V.O)

I need immediate backup on the 407 underpass. We have a dead body. He's one of us.

EXT. 407 HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Lincoln is driving fast as a series of police cruisers and ambulances drive by him. With his window open he looks forward as he drives towards the hospital where his brother is in critical condition.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Chris hooked up to the machines is passed out sleeping on the hospital bed. His brother is sitting on the end of the bed with the look of disappointment and disbelief. How could so many things go wrong in one night. Jules paying a visit takes a seat beside him.

LINCOLN

Now that you can see me for who I am do you still feel the same way?

(CONTINUED)

JULES

People don't always have the choice of who they love. And I'm in love of you because of who you are not what you do. We can get through this. We'll find help for Chris. I accept you for who you are.

LINCOLN

I can't protect you. Not from who I am. He killed a cop right in front of me. There was nothing I could do. He holds everything I care about for ransom.

JULES

We don't need to live like this.

LINCOLN

I'm going to need to end this myself.

JULES

Don't do anything you'll regret. I don't want you lying here next.

The two hold each other as the sunlight pierces the cold hospital room.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The cold damp locker room is deserted. Emily is the last to put away her vest and uniform. The fatigue of the operation has made her tired and sluggish. She struggles to get her equipment off.

The door slowly cracks open. Jack comes through the crack, disappointed you could almost say he has a bone to pick with Emily .

EMILY

What do you want?

JACK

I told you you'd get someone killed.

EMILY

I couldn't just let him get away with it. I had to try.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

You're good natured but with men like this there is only one way of stopping them. If you'd been on the street a few more years it begins to ride in on you. Day after day.

EMILY

It doesn't get any easier does it? I think we need to get the FBI involved.

JACK

No. Why do think the FBI hasn't opened an investigation or even the states? There isn't enough money involved to get them interested. Not enough deaths. All they see is numbers. And when that's all they see you have no other choice but to act yourself. Something women cops don't always get.

Jack slips in closer to Emily. He pushes up against her up against the locker.

EMILY

No.

Jack continues to advance grabbing her elbows and pushing them up against the locker and forcing himself onto her. She pushes him away. Too tired to fight his advances. Breathing heavily. Emily gives into Jack as he takes her from behind. Thrust. Thrust.

Emily is sitting next to Jack. Tired and exhausted.

EMILY

What do we do now?

JACK

His drugs took down your son. Nobody gets away with killing a cop. We get your inside man and we finish this.

EXT. PARKING LOT ABANDONED MALL - MORNING

Shopping carts line the parking lot empty. The truck roll doors close. Briefly seeing the fixings of mobile methamphetamine labs packed in the trucks. Ross pulls the truck out of the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

Three other trucks leave all with the fixings of creating mobile METH labs. Harley stands there waving goodbye to Ross and the other trucks.

HARLEY

I'll see you in Canada. Ha ha. I love being one step ahead of the game.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

The teenagers are sitting on the couches. Chilling out and doing nothing. Everything you have to remind teenagers not to do. ANDY is behind a table administering drugs. These are the same teenagers that went shopping for Barry's METH labs.

Teenagers are using drugs in the room. But others are just collecting money.

ANDY

You can take the money or you can take the drugs and sell them on the street and make even more cash.

TEENAGER

Okay.

The teenager takes the drugs.

ANDY

Yea that's the better deal isn't it.

Different teenagers are shooting up and smoking crack.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Eyes blink open then shut. Chris is still lying in the bed hooked up to an IV.

Lincoln is sleeping in the chair next to him. Jules brings a Hospital tray with different snacks and juice.

LINCOLN

Breakfast in bed. You shouldn't have.

JULES

It's kinda my job.

(CONTINUED)

Jules pleasant bedside manner shines through as he genuine smiles serving Lincoln his breakfast. Lincoln doesn't deserve this guy. He sips his juice as Jules takes a seat beside him.

LINCOLN  
I wonder if he knows?

JULES  
Knows what?

LINCOLN  
That he is being used.

JULES  
Used for what?

LINCOLN  
The man who gave my brother drugs  
was using him to get to me?

JULES  
Why would he do that?

LINCOLN  
It's about control. He knows the  
best way to keep me working for him  
is to have my family eating out of  
his fingers. I don't know what to  
do.

JULES  
Maybe Emily can?

LINCOLN  
No. We tried that last night. And  
he made me.

JULES  
He made you what?

LINCOLN  
There was an undercover cop  
Emily sent in to help get me out  
and bring him down. He made me beat  
him and then he put a bullet in his  
head.

Lincoln confides in Jules resting his head on his shoulder.

LINCOLN  
I'm ready to leave. I can't stand  
here while he murders people right  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN (cont'd)  
in front of me. Innocent people.  
People who are only trying to get  
by. When he tells me to do  
something I do it. Like a dog doing  
a trick. He's trained me kept me  
compliant knowing that I move  
against him that he'll use my  
family against me. When we were  
kids he took me in. His dad got my  
mother hooked. That's how deep this  
goes. He's starting to wake up.

Chris begins to shuffle in bed.

JULES  
You don't have to leave. We can get  
through this. Just trust Emily. We  
can start over.

LINCOLN  
He isn't just gonna roll over. He's  
methodical. You can't put this guy  
in a cell. He'll always find a way  
out. A way to come after me.

Jules gently grabs Lincoln's hands. He almost jumps out of  
his seat.

LINCOLN  
I gotta live with myself when this  
is over. It's better if I'm not  
here when he wakes up.

JULES  
What do you want me to tell him  
when he wakes up?

LINCOLN  
Tell him I was here and that I  
care.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Emily is sitting on the bench her back is turned to Jack.  
She was taken advantage of by an aggressive more powerful  
man. Things are awkward or as calm as they could be before  
the shit hits the fan. They are changing into their  
uniforms.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

I hope you feel better now.

EMILY

Better. Is that what you think? I held my son's body in my arms. I was suppose to protect him. But I failed as a mother and a cop. I let everyone down and it happened in my own backyard. Maybe I wanted the op to fail. This guy who pedaled drugs to my kid is too good for a cell. The only place good enough for this piece of shit is six feet under. So I feel something now. But I'm not gonna feel any better not tell I end that piece of shit that took my son from me.

JACK

God Emily you're fucked up. Maybe you're right. A cop is dead now. A good man.

EMILY

You gonna stop acting like the rookie cheerleader.

Emily still tired from pulling a double shift acknowledges and gives into the grieving vengeful father. Emily puts her uniform on.

JACK

You still blame yourself for Adams death. Would you do it yourself?

EMILY

Pull the trigger. Without hesitation.

INT. ICU HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SGT. Lloyd stands behind his desk. Emily sits on the other side with Nicholas, in a suit and tie, to her right. The Sergeant looks like he is about to burst.

SGT. LLOYD

This whole operation was a waste of resources. Didn't find shit and you threw a long time undercover in harm's way and got him killed in the process. What a bunch of fuck

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SGT. LLOYD (cont'd)  
ups. Where the hell did you go  
wrong?

EMILY  
We tried to flip a few of the  
drivers people already facing long  
term sentences. In exchange for  
their help we offered them reduced  
time.

SGT. LLOYD  
Yea then what happened?

EMILY  
One of them flipped and turned on  
us.

SGT. LLOYD  
And where are these people now?

EMILY  
We issued warrants for their arrest  
last night.

SGT. LLOYD  
My guess is you didn't find shit.  
They're half way to OZ by now. This  
was the most reckless shit you've  
pulled. The force is holding a  
closed casket funeral for Earl next  
week. Your expected to say  
something given you got the guy  
killed.

EMILY  
I didn't know him well and who the  
fuck is this guy?

NICHOLAS  
I'm from internal affairs we were  
the ones responsible for keeping  
secret Earl's identity.

EMILY  
So why don't you give a speech?

NICHOLAS  
Right now my office is determining  
whether or not to press charges  
against you for the illegal use of  
an undercover officer.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Shit.

NICHOLAS

Yea. There is a way to retire under covers you can't just make shit up off the top off your head.

EMILY

Fuck you. Who taught you how to masturbate your mother. You don't know what we're up against. Who we're after and why. You're just a pencil pushing masturbator chasing headlines.

NICHOLAS

Kiss your mother with that...

EMILY

The cheeks of my dead son while he was in a casket you insensitive prick.

SGT. LLOYD

Emily your on the desk for two months. Pending an investigation you're suspended from active duty with pay. Your lucky you still get a job. Now get the fuck out of my office.

NICHOLAS

I take it I have your full cooperation.

EMILY

Fuck you.

Emily leaves the office pissed off. She closes the door behind her.

EMILY

Shit.

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - DAY

Ross is driving a transport truck with the window down. His hair is blowing in the wind. He has a smirk on his face like he doesn't have a care in the world. Phone rings.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY (V.O)

Don't you know you're not suppose  
to answer phones while you're  
driving?

ROSS

There are other things that could  
kill me.

INTERCUT CONDO PENTHOUSE/ TRANSPORT TRUCK

BARRY

I got you all set up in Canada.  
Where are you now?

ROSS

I'm on the Ohio Turnpike heading to  
Detroit. I'll make the crossing  
tomorrow night after I get some  
sleep. Been driving almost  
non-stop.

BARRY

Once you get there we've got a  
place you can stay while you set up  
the labs. Stay safe and don't get  
caught.

Barry in his bathrobe hangs up the phone. He is sitting on the kitchen stool in this gorgeous modern penthouse. He puts out his cigarette in an ashtray. He is enjoying the spoils of his massive ring of illegal activity.

BARRY

What are you doing here?

He slaps the ass of a gorgeous upscale prostitute. The brunette wears the calendar edition of Black Victoria Secret lingerie. The best help money can buy.

BARRY

Break out a new bag. Or pop me a  
Viagra one or the other.

The prostitute skips to the bedroom where she meets her friend. Barry on the way to the bedroom stops at a small coffee table. He empties a bag of powder onto the table and does a line before chasing after the prostitute.

BARRY

Here we go.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Chris is rolling in his bed. He wakes up and pulls the needle out of his arm. Jules walks in.

JULES  
In a hurry?

CHRIS  
I didn't ask you to bring me in.

JULES  
Your brother didn't seem to mind.

CHRIS  
My brother. Fuck does he know.

JULES  
He cares about you and doesn't want to see you hurt yourself.

CHRIS  
The guys a criminal. What's he to you?

JULES  
A friend. He does more for you than you know. You have to trust him. There are only ever a few people you'll have in your life that care about you. You should know he does.

Chris stares out the window. The teenager that doesn't care about anything. Blood drips from this arm.

JULES  
I'm gonna go get something to take care of that.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

The pristine rustic decor you'd expect from an attorney whose been at the job for a while. A folder is slapped down on a desk.

MARK  
You see that. That is all the evidence I would need to sue your ass. I gave you a referral to someone I was know was working very hard to get out. Who came to me confidentially for help and you got him killed.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

We got him killed don't forget that. You're just as responsible as me.

The young police officer that so desperately reached out to help no longer has that sense of optimism and hope. She is now the one in control.

MARK

Is that why you wanted to see me?  
To guilt me out of suing you.

EMILY

No I wanted to see you about your relationship to one of your biggest clients.

MARK

I'm listening.

EMILY

He was the one who pulled the trigger on a lifer. We tried to get him behind bars but now that's the safest place for him.

MARK

Are you threatening me?

EMILY

It's amazing how many friends you lose when you get a cop killed. Nobody answers the 911 call. Cases no longer get heard. Missing persons don't get followed up with.

MARK

We didn't have this conversation. But if you're planning on doing what I think you are. He's had it coming for a while. I've made a pretty buck off of him but no ones gonna miss that man.

EMILY

That's the right answer.

MARK

If you get caught I'm throwing you under the bus. Don't forget that.

Emily leaves after she gets the answer she wanted.

(CONTINUED)

MARK  
Fucking cops.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The hospital room is empty with the bed sheets turned over. Jules walks in with a cart that has shitty hospital food on it.

JULES  
Just like his brother.

INT. 67 MUSTANG FASTBACK - DAY

Lincoln is driving. Frustrated and unsure what he is about to do. He's hyperventilating and about to go off like a roman candle.

The Phone rings. He slows down. Jules is talking, his voice buzzing, it starts to clear as Lincoln's focus reigns in.

LINCOLN  
He just left.

JULES (V.O)  
I was getting food for him.

LINCOLN  
Alright I'll find him.

JULES  
Don't do anything.

LINCOLN  
Stupid. I know. I can't let him get away with this.

JULES  
He won't. You don't have to do this by yourself.

Sirens flash outside the rear window of Lincoln's car.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY

Lincoln's car pulls over and a white unmarked police cruiser pulls in behind him.

INT. 67 MUSTANG FASTBACK - DAY

Lincoln rolls down the window. Jules leans in to talk to him. He's a little frustrated she is interfering with his plans to make right what happened.

EMILY  
Going somewhere?

LINCOLN  
Can't let him get away with that.  
Jules send you.

Lincoln's right hand sits in the glove compartment his hand grasping a piece.

EMILY  
Is that for me or were you planning  
on being the next person that Barry  
gets away with murdering. He still  
trusts you. You're the easiest way  
of doing this.

EXT. SUPERSTORE PARKING LOT - SUNSET

Emily is getting out of her car and walking to a nearby bar in a strip mall. Lincoln pulls in behind her and gets out of her car. He pauses and looks across the parking lot.

Alejandro is walking to his car pushing a stroller in tow. His wife pulls at his elbow signaling him to get into the car. Lincoln locks eyes with him. Alejandro looks like he has seen a ghost and maybe he has. Nothing but the pale look of guilt is on Lincoln's face as he closes the car door and follows Emily into the restaurant.

INT. COP BAR - SUNSET

The place is filled with off duties. Some are still wearing their boots and packing pieces. Emily grabs a spot at the bar.

LINCOLN  
Not exactly the smartest place to  
meet.

EMILY  
You've got nothing to worry about.  
You're with me.

Emily takes a seat at the bar. Lincoln hesitates but follows her.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

That man he killed. He was a cop.

LINCOLN

I gathered.

EMILY

He was ending a long term period undercover and was very well liked. Nobody is gonna let that slide. We want the man responsible.

LINCOLN

He's not exactly gonna turn himself in. We're not on the best of terms. He's been using my brother against me. Getting him hooked on drugs.

EMILY

Does he still trust you?

LINCOLN

I haven't given him any reason not to. Except meeting in a bar with a bunch of fucking cops.

EMILY

How do we get him out of his nest?

LINCOLN

Alejandro.

EMILY

Alejandro can get him out?

LINCOLN

I collected thirty thousand dollars from Alejandro last month. We can misinform and make it look like Harley is taking money from the roster. A roster that only Barry and I have. That'll peak his curiosity enough to get him to meet with me. When he does you can make your move.

EMILY

I know his money handler. He owes me one I'll get him to make it look like there is something missing.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN  
When do we do it?

EMILY  
Tomorrow.

EXT. BACK OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Chris is desperate he is making a bed out of some cardboard. He moves very weakly, tired and frustrated he's running from something and it landed his sleeping accommodations on the street.

INT. CONDO KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jules is pouring a glass of wine. Lincoln is leaning in on a granite island in the center of the kitchen. His hands cover his face uncertain and stressed. Because murder is always a serious activity.

JULES  
I'm sure he'll turn up.

LINCOLN  
Don't blame yourself. Chris is old enough to make his own decisions. I tried to the best I could to lead him in the other direction. I only ended up doing the opposite.

JULES  
I should've had him watched.

LINCOLN  
It wouldn't have made a difference.

JULES  
Why do say that?

LINCOLN  
Chris hasn't been the same since he got kicked out of school. He's doesn't seem to care about anything. He doesn't listen.

JULES  
Getting a friend killed will do that.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN

He's another one of my problems as if there wasn't enough already.

JULES

We all have problems Lincoln. If Emily had dealt with hers Adam might still be here.

LINCOLN

I've spent my life hurting people. How do I atone for that?

JULES

You move on. Keep going.

LINCOLN

I'm going out for a drive? Maybe I can find Chris.

JULES

Do you want me to come?

LINCOLN

No. You've done enough already.

Lincoln is in his edge. Chris is an unwelcome problem to an already stressful situation. He leaves abruptly and angry.

INT. 67 MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT

Sirens sound in the distant. Lincoln is driving around aimlessly looking for his younger brother. He could also be blowing off some steam. Revs from the motor. It's just Lincoln and the road.

EXT. CROSSWALK - NIGHT

Lincoln speeds through a stop sign ignoring what little traffic is around him. Just driving around without a care and a regard for the speed limit.

EXT. ROOF TOP - MORNING

Barry is finishing a morning swim. Pretty ripped for old timer and a criminal. He gets out of the pool, puts on his bath robe and walks through his open balcony doors.

INT. CONDO PENTHOUSE - MORNING

Morning light shines in the condos pristine decor. Barry lives like most Hollywood movie stars. Knocks on the door.

BARRY  
Come in already.

Andy and Chris walk through the door. Andy is holding Chris by the backs of the shoulder gently guiding him through the doors.

ANDY  
It's just me. Look what one of our boys picked up on the street. I shouldn't have just dumped him there.

BARRY  
You're right you should know whose brother this is. Chris my boy where have you been? What happened? It's okay you can go.

Andy leaves thinking he's redeemed himself.

BARRY  
Come in. Come in. Take a seat at the table don't be shy.

Chris takes a seat at the dining table. There is a breakfast spread on the table. Barry pours Chris some orange juice and they both take a seat.

BARRY  
Harley told me you missed a shopping cart. The next thing I know you turn up in one of my houses and start using heavily.

CHRIS  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean.

BARRY  
No, No, no. You misunderstand me Chris. I could care less that you didn't bring me some shopping supplies from the drug store. Your brother has done me more than that a thousand times over. You see you and me are like family. Now what happened?

(CONTINUED)

Chris is tearing up. Almost the same way kids can't help but cry when they are in pain.

CHRIS

The kids from my high school showed up and they were making fun of me. They left me out.

BARRY

Oh that's not nice. You know me and your brother we had a way of dealing with their type. Now if you want to be strong and successful like your brother and I, you got to own up to yourself as a man. You know in this world nobody is going give you the time of day. Not after what you did. No you're alone. And it's you against them. The reason why you feel angry, the reason that you feel alone is because they're trying to keep something from you. Money, power, women. The only way for you to get that is to take it with bud of a gun.

Barry takes an Intratec Tec-9 auto pistol off the table and puts it in Chris's hand.

BARRY

You follow me?

CHRIS

Yes.

Phone Rings. Barry picks up his cell phone off the table. The caller ID says Mark on the phone.

BARRY

Hello?

MARK

We got a problem?

BARRY

Give me a second. Finish your juice I think we both know what you need to do. Yea make me and Lincoln proud.

Barry walks away from the table.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

What is it?

INTERCUT CONDO PENTHOUSE/ MARKS OFFICE - DAY

MARK

We have some money missing.

BARRY

How much?

MARK

About thirty thousand.

BARRY

Was it Lincoln?

MARK

It says in the ledger Lincoln delivered the full amount. Somewhere between you and me it got lost now we're thirty grand short.

BARRY

I'll get you the thirty bills it's chump change.

MARK

Someone pulled one over on you Barry.

BARRY

There's really only one person that could've taken it. Harley that sly guy probably took his bonus.

MARK

I don't want to hear names Barry. Just get me the money.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Jack is in Marks office watching him make the phone call. He is perched on the his desk waiting for him to finish the call.

Mark is fucking terrified. More importantly he is shaking in his boots. Jack takes the phone from him and hangs it up.

INT. CONDO PENTHOUSE - MORNING

Barry looks fed up as Chris leaves.

BARRY

Fuck.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emily, Lincoln and Jules sit around the table. Lincoln's phone starts ringing.

LINCOLN

Hello.

BARRY

We got a problem.

LINCOLN

Another one. I spent all night cleaning up the last one.

BARRY

We need to meet.

LINCOLN

I've got somewhere I got be later. There's an Italian place over on Preston. Can we meet there?

BARRY

You setting the meetings now.

LINCOLN

If you want me to do a job that's the best place. The foods not half bad either.

BARRY

Okay.

Lincoln hangs up the phone.

LINCOLN

It's done.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY

A black SUV pulls into a parking lot. Barry steps out and holds the door open.

BARRY

Wait here.

Barry's driver waits for him in the car. He closes the door and walks toward the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Barry walks through the restaurant doors. He is looking around the dark paneled restaurant for Lincoln.

Lincoln is sitting at one of the booths waiting. Barry casually walks into the booth and takes a seat.

BARRY

This is not how we usually meet.

LINCOLN

These are unusual circumstances.

BARRY

Thirty thousand went missing I need you to get it back.

LINCOLN

You only think thirty thousand went missing. There's nothing missing.

BARRY

What are you talking about Lincoln? You know something I don't.

Emily takes a seat next to Lincoln in the booth.

BARRY

You know I think this is the first time I've ever seen you with a women Lincoln. Why don't you tell me what the hell this is?

EMILY

You didn't think that there was consequences to pedaling drugs to kids on the street and killing a cop did you?

Barry views the situation with humor and sarcasm.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

Oh Lincoln how could you? You know you've got nothing on me.

LINCOLN

I told you Barry. There is no such thing as a free lunch.

BARRY

After all I've done for you.

LINCOLN

You think working for you was a favor. You think I wanted to come home beat up every night taking money from people who deserved it. No, I did it cause you got my mother addicted to coke and made me pay for. I did it because I wasn't sure if my sister would come back from dancing with tips or in a body bag. Now I gotta visit my brother after he Oded in the hospital. You have left me any choice.

BARRY

You got me. Slap on the cuffs let's go. My lawyer will have me out by tonight.

EMILY

You think you're so smart don't you. Did you think we would just let you walk out of here? You think I'd let you go after your drugs killed my kid, after you murdered an officer in cold blood. The trial date is now. No this where we commute your sentence from life in imprisonment to a few moments alone with me and that man at the bar.

BARRY

And who's he?

EMILY

He's the father of the kid you got killed.

Laughter. Jack has turned around and is walking towards the table.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

I bet you think you got away with this Lincoln. I bet you think you're gonna live happily fucking ever after. What's Harley gonna do?

LINCOLN

I took care of Harley last night.

FLASH BACK:

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The darkness of abandoned area underneath a bridge drowns out the echos of a man being beaten to death. Lincoln holds Harley's shirt as he punches him in the face repeatedly. Lincoln ironically is beating up Harley the same way as he did Earl.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

BARRY

Yea and what about Chris?

LINCOLN

What about him?

BARRY

He was walking around confused even heartbroken wanting his next fix. The last time I saw your brother I gave your him a 35 and I told him to show his little school friends whose got the real power.

LINCOLN

You deserve everything you get.

INT/EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT/ MUSTANG - DAY

Lincoln bursts out of a restaurant. He gets into the driver seat of his Mustang. Engine roars from the hood of this old beauty.

Lincoln speeds away. He drifts around the corner at unsafe speeds.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - DAY

Lincoln drifts through an intersection running through a red light. He clips a car sending him into a spin.

INT/EXT. STREET INTERSECTION/ MUSTANG FASTBACK - DAY

Ringling. Lincoln is in shock. His car and the car he hit are still in the intersection. The rear end of his car has a large dent.

INT. 67 MUSTANG FASTBACK - DAY

Lincoln's hands are shaking. He powers through it and restarts the engine. The old mustang still runs. He puts the car in gear. Even now Lincoln doesn't panic.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - DAY

Lincoln drives by the on ramp and takes another route to the school.

EXT. THREE LANE INTERSECTION - DAY

Lincoln drives through a red light narrowly missing a few cars. He has nothing to navigate through but thin traffic.

EXT. AVENUE WEST - DAY

Lincoln is pushing the car as fast as she can go.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Emily is facing off with Barry. Two other tough guys come to help out Jack. Probably uniforms too.

BARRY

You know somebody's gonna come looking for me.

EMILY

You've never really lost something you cared about have you? You've probably never had something you cared enough about and you never will.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

What are those guys here for? You need two men to do your dirty work for you.

JACK

No there here watch.

Jack takes a swing at Barry.

Emily has Barry in a choke hold. It looks like nights out for Barry.

INT/EXT. ON RAMP/ UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Emily's cruiser pulls into four lanes of traffic. She Honks and her sirens roar. Some cars pull into the next lane to avoid her.

EXT. 407 HIGHWAY - DAY

Cars are doing the best they can to move out of her way like they would with any emergency vehicle.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Frustrated. Her commute is taking too long.

EMILY

Common, common, common.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Chris is walking down the halls carrying a gun waiting for the right opportunity to use it. He is about to turn rampant.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Lincoln speeds into the parking lot. A speed bump sends him flying out of his seat. Roaring into the parking lot Lincoln stops in front of the schools side entrance.

He opens the car door. Lincoln runs into the school leaving the car door open.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Chris is walking down the school hallway. He is about to enter into his classroom with his pistol drawn.

Lincoln runs through the schools hallways. He runs around a corner and finds:

Chris pulls the trigger. A loud bang. He mistook his brother for a teacher or a student.

Lincoln is shot in the gut. He falls to the ground. Chris embraces him easing his fall.

CHRIS

Lincoln. No, No.

Chris is tearing up. Lincoln was not the intended target of his rage. Lincoln gasps with his dying breaths.

LINCOLN

This wasn't supposed to happen, I was supposed to protect you.

CHRIS

No, no, no. It was suppose to be me. I was suppose to take them with me. You weren't suppose to be here.

LINCOLN

No. This is my fault. You go home Chris. Go home.

Emily runs into the school.

EMILY

Jesus Lincoln.

LINCOLN

Get him out of here.

Chris is in tears. Emily reaches to take the gun from his hands.

EMILY

No I need to get you stable.

LINCOLN

We both know I'm not going anywhere.

Lincoln is bleeding uncontrollably.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN  
You could've just as easily shot  
me.

EMILY  
I'm sorry Lincoln.

LINCOLN  
Tell Jules I.

Lincoln fades away. Chris's child like cries pierce Emily's heart.

CHRIS  
No.

EMILY  
Okay. Chris come with me.

CHRIS  
I can't leave him.

EMILY  
Let's go.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Emily exits the school grabbing Chris by the back of the jacket. She puts Chris in handcuffs.

EMILY  
Get in there and shut up until I  
tell you.

Emily picks up her police radio.

EMILY  
I have a suspect down at Queens  
View High School. The suspect  
entered the high school  
suspiciously. Requesting immediate  
backup.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Lincoln is choking on his own blood. His eyes close for the last time.

Blood drips on the clean granite floors.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Fire trucks and sirens roar. Emergency vehicles enter the school parking lot. Emergency crews and police officers enter the school. Some police men have their weapons drawn.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

A wooden mallet knocks on a hard wooden desk. Three authority figures sit at the head of a large conference room table. This is Emily's interdisciplinary hearing. She sits around the table with about a dozen others.

MEDIATOR

It's come to attention that an officer has been accused of negligent and unlawful use of police powers resulting in the death of an undercover police officer. However with careful consideration this committee not having knowledge of these types of investigations have given the responsibility of determining guilt to the internal affairs investigating officer.

NICHOLAS

The results of a thorough investigation by internal affairs revealed that the death of the undercover officer was in no way the fault of the officer in question and that the sole blame of the officers death is the suspect or suspects in question.

MEDIATOR

And what is being done about the suspects in question.

NICHOLAS

The current suspects are under investigation and are currently missing. We are assuming they left town or went MIA.

MEDIATOR

Very well it is the recommendation of this interdisciplinary committee that the officer in question resume active duty and pursue any active

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MEDIATOR (cont'd)  
investigations leading to the death  
of the officer in question. This  
committee is dismissed.

Two knocks on the wooden desk.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MORNING

Emily pulls up to Lincoln's house in an unmarked police car.  
Chris is in the side seat.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - MORNING

Emily looks at Chris unsure if this loose cannon is going to  
go off again.

EMILY  
Are you ready?

CHRIS  
I think so.

EMILY  
Hey, your brother died to give you  
a second chance. Don't let him  
down.

Emily gets out of the car.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MORNING

Chris's mother stands in the door holding it open. Chris  
walks towards the house.

Half way to the house Chris's mother runs up to him grabbing  
him and embracing him.

INT. CONDO WASHROOM - NIGHT

The washroom tap is running. Pills scattered all over the  
the washroom sink with bottles of liqueur lying around.

Jules picks himself up from the floor and looks at himself  
in the mirror. He's a sad wash of what he use to be.  
Lincoln's death has him wanting to join him.

He reaches to the sink to grab some pills to ease the pain.

(CONTINUED)

A hand reaches down and grabs his arm. Emily has broken into the apartment and is stopping Jules from taking the pills.

EMILY

It's alright. I'm here.

Jules is in tears. He's lost the love of his life. Emily moves her hands around him for a hug.

EMILY

I'm sorry. I couldn't help him.

Jules says nothing. Emily holds him while he's crying. She presses her back against the bathroom wall and slides down to floor. Holding him and guiding him through his pain.

THE END

AFTER CREDITS:

EXT. WINDSOR BORDER CROSSING - DAY

Traffic moves forward across the border slowly. A sign says welcome to Canada.

Ross is driving his truck across the border. He looks like he is playing it cool. His truck pulls up to the border station kiosk.

A Canadian Border Guard is standing looking at his computer. She is tough and looks at Ross suspiciously.

BORDER GUARD

Passport and driver license.

Ross hands her the documents.

INT. BORDER KIOSK - DAY

The Border Services officer runs the documents through a scanner.

Ross's photo pops up on the screen as wanted.

EXT. BORDER CROSSING - DAY

Ross is waiting patiently. The border officer returns the documents.

(CONTINUED)

BORDER GUARD

Sir, everything is fine but we need to verify the weight of the truck before the crossing. Please pull into secondary inspection.

EXT. BORDER CROSSING SECONDARY STATION - DAY

The truck pulls up to a weighing station. Suddenly ten police officers in full tactical gear storm the truck. They point their rifles at the truck.

TACTICAL BORDER COP

Get out of the fucking truck. Get out.

An officer reaches to the door and opens it. Another officer grabs Ross by the shirt and throws him to the ground.

ROSS

Fuck.