

Uneven Exchange

BY:

Jeremy M Edwards

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the author. Edwards_Jeremy_M@yahoo.com
(412) 759 - 5530

FADE IN:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Pale streetlights illuminate the front of a local bar. It's small and quaint, but alive none the less. It's definitely survived the test of time.

INT. BAR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

We push slowly through a dim lit hallway toward the backroom, protected by a half-closed STEEL DOOR. The sounds of an unfriendly confrontation involving two men behind the door is heard. We do not yet see the altercation.

TOUCH (O.S.)

We told you last time this wouldn't go good for you.

ROY (O.S.)

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I-

The THUD of a stiff punch landing resonates. The victim howls out in pain.

INT. BAR - OFFICE - NIGHT

We are now behind the door; it's a junky backroom office. After a few short beats, another punch is heard before a FIGURE stumbles into view. He's dazed and stumbles into a GLASS TROPHY CASE, taking it to the ground with him.

CLOSE ON - ATTACKERS

Two atypical, yet aggressive African American enforcers. One of them is the silent but imposing JULIAN "JULS" COOPER (28), smooth-faced and fit, with well-barbered hair. The other is the angry man we heard, only referred to as "TOUCH" (27), and is slightly taller and well dressed.

JULS

Ease up a little. We can't collect from a corpse.

Juls is visibly uneasy with the chain of events occurring. The victim, ROY HALL, is a shady looking middle aged man dressed in a cheap suit and lots of gold.

ROY

He's right! Let me make this right!

(CONTINUED)

Touch's hand springs to his waistline, returning with a scraped up, black, 1911 handgun. A slow, menacing pace begins. He's got blood-lust in his eyes and getting more fired up by the second.

TOUCH

I'm not understanding how we keep ending up in this SAME scenario, Roy.

Touch begins to dangerously toy with his gun, which is aimed in Roy's direction. Scare tactics, of course.

TOUCH (CONT'D)

We bring you in, we get you started, not to mention no matter who tried to press you over the years, who was always there?
(steadies aim)
That's right, it was us.

ROY

(stuttering)

Please, I appreciate it. I really do!

Touch turns to Juls, sarcasm in full effect. Juls' look says it all, he's ready to wrap this up.

TOUCH

Hell of a motherfucking way to show appreciation, huh?

Juls sighs, he knows where this is headed. Touch snatches Roy up by the collar. Roy is inches from making out with the barrel of the gun.

TOUCH

Open up. Come on, come on, I won't knock them all out, I'll save you one or two.

It's not looking good. Juls becomes uneasy and shifts on his feet.

ROY

Wait!

(nervous laughter)

Wait! My vacation money! I'm so stupid, it's about twelve grand! Take it, please! It's right over in that trophy.

(CONTINUED)

Roy points to the broken mess that used to be the trophy case. A large TROPHY rests on its side within the glass shards.

JULS

Now, that's more like it. I'll go get it, so we can get moving.

TOUCH

Relax, Cuzz. He's gonna get it for us.

(shoves Roy)

Make it quick too, time is money.

He scurries through the mess and grabs the TROPHY with a wooden base. Bloodied, battered and bruised, he moves like his life depends on it to remove the bottom of the trophy. It's false bottom which releases FOUR LARGE MONEY ROLLS.

ROY

Here, here we go. This should do it, right? We're all straight?

Touch moves towards him promptly and snatches it from his grip. He inspects it, thoroughly, almost like he's counting it by sight.

Eyes locked to Roy while he passes them off to Juls, one by one.

TOUCH

Yeah, I think this should work. But I forgot just ONE thing.

POW! POW! POW! POW! Brutal crosses, all in succession, from Touch's right. Apollo Creed reincarnated? Juls observes the savagery, but only a moment longer.

TOUCH

First Friday of the Month, means First Friday of the Month!

JULS

Alright, alright, let's get the fuck outta here. He's done.

(to Roy)

Don't make us have to visit again, motherfucker.

The two speed for the door with haste. On the way out, TOUCH scoops up a PAPER BAG with more money rolls in it. Roy's "short payment".

(CONTINUED)

TOUCH

Next time, I come in squeezing.

EXT. BAR - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A matte black CHEVROLET TAHOE with chrome rims sits under a streetlight. The duo speed walks down the alley from a side exit and enter the SUV, with Touch at the wheel.

EXT. TAHOE - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The engine growls for a beat before turning over and humming to life. The brake and headlights come on, and the car peels out of the alleyway.

INT. TAHOE - MOVING - NIGHT

The interior is clean, leather, and has a tree air freshener hanging from the rear view mirror. Very well maintained.

Juls sits reclined, staring out the window in thought. He's not all there, something troubles him. Touch reflects the incident while driving.

TOUCH

I can't wait until we get the green light on him! Fuckin' him up every other week gettin' so old!

He's passionate about this, untamed even. His vibe lasts but so quickly before killed when he notices a quiet Juls.

TOUCH

What the fuck is wrong with you?

JULS

Yo, why you got the assumption that just cause I'm quiet something gotta be wrong?

TOUCH

Cause you been acting funny all week, that's why. What's up, you on your period or something?

Juls shoots a "fuck you" look in his direction. Clearly not for the jokes at the moment.

JULS

No, you ignorant motherfucker. I use my brain and actually think outside of the cowboy mentality, sometimes.

(CONTINUED)

TOUCH

Fuck you. Don't forget, the cowboy
shit saved our asses quite a few
times.

(beat)

Think about what, anyway?

He pauses for a beat, contemplative, then proceeds.

JULS

This, that shit that happened back
there. Look, lately I've just been
feeling like I don't wanna keep
doing this. I mean, think about it.
We been lucky or blessed or
whatever so far, but one day
somebody else could have US on the
floor ready to shoot, then what?

(beat)

This shit ain't in my plan forever,
bro. I got Tee to think about, not
to mention Junior.

Seeing the authenticity in his words, Touch relents now. The
serious side takes over.

TOUCH

Shit, I thought they were the whole
reason you decided to keep doing
this shit anyway?

JULS

No...yeah... fuck, I don't know. At
first, yeah, it was but now it
seems like I just do it cause it's
what I know. I just know I'm past
this. I feel like I got enough in
stash for us to move and start over
fresh.

Touch's tone face says it all - 'Whoa, stash? As in money? A
large quantity"?

TOUCH

Yeah? You been stacking like that?

Juls nods slowly, eyes focused on the street ahead.

JULS

Yeah, I'm sitting pretty.

(CONTINUED)

TOUCH

Ha-Ha, my man, always thinking
about tomorrow and shit! What you
got planned next?

Juls falls silent, he's much 'the thinker'. It's clear his
mind is moving in directions Touch can't fathom.

EXT. TAHOE - MOVING - NIGHT

A view of a STOPLIGHT as it turns from yellow to red is
seen. The trucks progresses through, just making the cutoff.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It's the next morning. We're in on an expensive, beautifully
crafted tombstone in a quiet cemetery setting.

CLOSE ON - TOMBSTONE

It's decorated with flags. The wording reads: "JACK COLSTON.
1975-2012. HUSBAND, FRIEND, MAN OF DUTY." A MAN'S HAND
places a bouquet of flowers in front of the tombstone.

The owner of the hand, a troubled looking man of Italian
descent with slick hair and a face full of stubble, stands at
the grave in thought. This is FRANCIS CARTINO (39),
affectionately known as FRANK.

FRANK

Thought you might appreciate those.
Rest easy, brother.

After a few beats, he turns and walks away.

EXT. IMPALA - MOVING - MINUTES LATER

A shiny new Chevrolet Impala maneuvers through a yellow
light, just as it turns red. We identify Frank as the driver
through the window.

EXT. CARTINO RESIDENCE - DAY

Frank comes to a stop in front of a Victorian style home in
a quiet neighborhood of the city. It's well maintain with
beautiful garden shrubbery in the small lawn.

INT. CARTINO RESIDENCE - DAY

A brief view of the modernized and "cozy, but not rich" styled home is in view. The modest décor and clutter showed signs of extra attention to cleanliness.

KITCHEN

A lovely brunette woman, SOPHIA CARTINO (38), leans against the sink in a pair of Hospital Scrubs. She has natural beauty but shows signs of fatigue. Glass in hand, she takes a sip of orange juice.

After a beat, Frank walks into the kitchen, playfully.

FRANK

(in character)

Now there's the Nurse I would want
for my overnight stay.

Sophia grins sheepishly, and then breaks into a full 'cheese'. Frank moves in and grips her at the waist, lightly. Her eyes close in bliss as a gentle kiss is applied to her forehead.

FRANK

No sleep on the job last night,
huh?

SOPHIA

Not even a power nap. Action
packed every minute.

FRANK

That's why you're the best.

She smiles. She notices a SPOT OF DIRT on his pant leg. Her tone switches more seriously.

SOPHIA

You went to the cemetery?

He nods, face showing containment of silent pain. She addresses his concern with the utmost sympathy.

SOPHIA

It will get easier. Give it more
time; it's barely been a year. He's
still with you, watching over you.

(beat)

Talk to any of the guys lately?

This question is not a pleasant one, clearly. A slight shake of the head breaks his hesitation.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Not since I turned in my badge.
They still think I should
investigating from the inside. It's
not the same to me.

SOPHIA

These things always come full
circle. Don't give up on justice.

His vision trails off in "yeah, whatever" fashion.

FRANK

Yeah, maybe...

She embraces his face into her hands soothingly. The moment
is tender, calm. .until-

CLOSE ON - KITCHEN DOOR

REEEEK! The door swings open loudly interrupting them. A
young, slim, brunette with looks that could put her in an
Abercrombie and Fitch advertisement rushes in with reckless
abandon. REBECCA CARTINO (20), the daughter of Frank and
Sophia, is a young woman on a mission.

They both look at her, and stop her dead in her tracks.

FRANK

Woah, slow down before you kill
someone, Becca! Where's the fire?

She returns back through the threshold between the kitchen
and the next room. This time she's walking instead.

REBECCA

Mom, Dad, not a lot of time. I
forgot my American Law book and
this professor takes points off if
you come late and interrupt his
lecture.

They exchange a glance to one another before looking back at
her. Frank finally steps up.

FRANK

You're going to be late anyway if
you take the bus. They're doing
construction on Liberty Avenue.
(beat)
How about I give you a ride
instead? I don't want you mowing
down old women and children on the
way.

(CONTINUED)

Rebecca sighs at the obvious humor in his tone. Who likes to be the butt of a joke? Gratefully, she responds with a bit of her own sarcasm.

REBECCA

Thanks...now if only I could escape prosecution from my own Dad.

Sophia giggles, chiming in.

SOPHIA

The supremest of all courts. The court of Frank Cartino.

Sophia AND Rebecca giggle now. It's a cute family moment. They're all grinning.

FRANK

Grab your book and meet me outside.

Rebecca takes off in the other direction. Frank gives a "she's something else" type of head shake before turning to kiss Sophia again.

FRANK

Guess I'm going to play taxi.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH CAMPUS - DAY

The Impala pulls up to the curb alongside of the historic Cathedral of Learning on the Main Campus of the UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH.

INT. IMPALA - PARKED CURBSIDE - DAY

Frank looks over to Rebecca with great concern.

FRANK

Maybe it's me, but I feel out of the loop. Anything new to talk about?

(beat)

No new knuckleheads for me to take in the shed?

To say 'she's embarrassed' would be an understatement. None the less, she denies.

REBECCA

Nope, other than these classes kicking my butt, everything is ok.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Nothing worth it comes easy, but
you're going to make a hell of an
Attorney one day.

This makes her smile warmly now.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Any plans for the weekend?

REBECCA

Finishing a paper then maybe just
hanging out with Allison.

FRANK

You two wouldn't know what to do
without each other.

She nods, and gathers her things up. He's stalling, and she knows this.

REBECCA

Listen, Dad, I love you, but I've
gotta get going..

He nods, and leans over to kiss the side of her face.

Rebecca opens the door and exits the vehicle, all while Frank watches her closely. After a few beats, he smiles and pulls off.

EXT. SMALL RESTAURANT - DAY

A small, seemingly independent owned restaurant sits between other shops and stores in a busy business district. Plenty cars are parked along the curb and many citizens from all walks of life stroll the area.

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT - DAY

It's clean, hardly fancy, and barely modernized but still manages to be occupied with plenty of patient customers. Few waiters and waitresses patrol the floor, checking on each patron.

Touch and Juls sit at a small table together. Juls holds a cellphone to his ear while Touch digs in on a plate full of eggs, uninterested.

JULS

(into phone)

It's done, all good. I doubt we'll
have to go back through again.

(CONTINUED)

He pauses for several beats. A thought dances on his tongue, but he's reluctant to share. Ultimately, he decides this has to be said, though his tone is unsure.

JULS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Listen, I've been doing a lot of thinking lately. Like thinking about the direction I wanna go next, you know?

(beat)

I couldn't find anything that made sense for me, I'm cloudy. I need some time to get my thoughts together, you know?

INT. HENDRIX'S COMPOUND - DAY

A back-view of a shirtless, black man reclining on a plush leather sectional comes into view. He's definitely no stranger to weightlifting. His tattoo covered arm looks like a high school bathroom wall.

CLOSE ON - HENDRIX MOUTH

We see his mouth is surrounded by a "five o'clock shadow" beard as he speaks into the phone. This is notorious crime kingpin JAMES "HENDRIX" WHITFIELD (33). He's calm, almost TOO calm.

HENDRIX

(into phone)

You still hung up on that little situation? I told you to let it go.

INTERCUT - CONTINUOUS PHONE SEQUENCE

JULS

(into phone)

I know, I know. I mean, I just can't help but feeling like I'm looking over my shoulder every five minutes. It's only a matter of time before karma-

Hendrix interjects. He's taken by this, mocking Juls.

HENDRIX

(into phone)

Karma!? You still talking that moon and stars shit? Sounds to me like you're walking away.

(CONTINUED)

JULS

(into phone)

Look, I'm not walking out on this.
I just need some time to think.

HENDRIX

(into phone)

Contrary to popular belief, I am
capable of empathy. This shit has a
tendency to way heavy if your heart
don't stay all in.

(beat)

If you say you want out, you want
out. I'm not blocking the door.

Shock, surprise, and confusion grip the face of young
Julian. "Wow that was easy enough, right?" is what his face
looks to say.

HENDRIX (CONT'D)

Just remember to play by the rules:
you heard no evil, you saw no evil,
and you don't know me or what I do.

JULS

(into phone)

Come on, you know me. I got it. My
mouth is sealed.

HENDRIX

(into phone)

With that said, I guess this is the
end then, Julian.

JULS

(into phone)

Hey no matter what man, HOMIES,
it's all love.

Still from behind, Hendrix is seen ending the call.

END SQ.

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT - DAY

By this point, Touch is looking up from his plate, stunned.

TOUCH

Yo, what happened?

A moment of silence for young Julian. He's clearly confused,
as seen by his attention trailing off to the window. What
could this mean?

(CONTINUED)

JULS

Nothing. He
(beat)
He was cool about it?

TOUCH

You sure we talking about the same
Hendrix?

Juls turns back to the phone, contemplative. Something isn't right here.

INT. HENDRIX'S COMPOUND - DAY

We return to Hendrix, still from behind. He is now a lot less relaxed. Two men now stand in front of the couch where Hendrix sits, blocking the TV.

One of the men, CUBE (31), is a large, hulking man with a bald head. The other, DONNIE (33), is an average height man with sneaky grey eyes and fair skin. They both listen with extreme detail.

HENDRIX

No matter how effective of a soldier Juls is, he'll always be a horrible fucking liar. Only way a soldier like him gets out of this life is a coffin or a cage.

(beat)

Yeah, there's definitely something going on, and you two are going to find out just what that is.

DONNIE

We on it, no problem.

CLOSE ON - HENDRIX REVEALED

The nightmare is finally revealed in a full view of Hendrix. Though his physical has an MMA presence: unusually fit, tattoo covered and imposing, he is cold, extremely hardened, and has a eerie calmness about him. Visage, including beard, is tough and void of emotion...he'd definitely shoot you in cold blood then go to a meeting in suit and tie.

HENDRIX

He's been moving a lot different since Virginia. Go sit on his house. Find out what you can when he leaves. I smell a cash out a mile away, and I would hate to find out he hit a payday down there that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HENDRIX (cont'd)
I wasn't properly informed or
included into.

The men nod, convinced. Hendrix leans back in his seat,
menacingly.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH CAMPUS - DAY

The sun is shining, while normal spring time college
activities commence. We come in on Rebecca and her blond
haired, Barbie-esque friend ALLISON (21), both fresh out of
class.

ALLISON
Come on, just come! They play some
of the best music on nights like
this! It's always major fun, and
there's a lot of cute guys that go
too.

REBECCA
I don't know, it does sound like
loads of fun and all, but I have to
study and there's a lot going on
right now. I don't know.

ALLISON
(sighs)
Okay, Miss Overachiever, I know we
don't all walk the Holy Path of
Righteousness like you, but I think
even you deserve some fun every
once in a while, right?

REBECCA
Where is it at again?

ALLISON
It's in the Strip, right off of
Penn Avenue. It's a new club, under
new management, it's called The
Freezer.

REBECCA
My dad say's those clubs down there
are getting really bad now though.

ALLISON
Listen, I know your Dad is cop and
all-

Allison has no problem interrupting to correct Allison.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

WAS a cop..

ALLISON

-WAS a cop but you've got your own life. Look, I've been there twice, and I'm still ok!

(beat)

Besides, I'm sure your Dad had a fun side in his time too, right? Like I said, it's under new management, AND they'll even let you slide being under twenty-one, once we show some of your goods. .

Allison grins. Rebecca contemplates this for a few beats, and then succumbs sheepishly.

REBECCA

How cute are they? I don't have anything to wear. .and I don't want to look overdressed-

Allison interrupts quickly.

ALLISON

You know your Guardian Fashion Angel, moi, will take care of you! Just come over beforehand, and I'll throw something together for you?

She again submits, a little more excited this go around.

REBECCA

Ok, you got me again...

ALLISON

That's what best friends are made for! Now come on, let's think of some styles for you!

Allison rushes her playfully, embracing her into a hug, and the pair continue on their way merrily.

EXT. JUL'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A rundown neighborhood street with old two and three story homes is in view. Sun shines against deteriorating brick and cracked concrete.

A tricked-out white DODGE CHARGER rolls down the street slowly. It comes to a stop in front of a set of row homes, parking. A few beats later, Juls emerges from the driver's seat, looking around cautiously.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON - WHITE VAN

A few playing children run past a suspicious looking white service van with no markings or logos that is parked down the street from Juls' home. Definitely looks out of place.

INT. JUL'S HOUSE - DAY

Inside, it's a simple, but efficient row home with basic furniture and décor. Not much glamour or pizzazz.

Juls pushes through the front door, and then closes it behind him. He heads up the stairs calling out for -

JULS

Tracy!

(beat)

Hey, Trace!

- as he progresses up. Once on the second floor, we hear a baby begin crying.

TRACY (O.S.)

Dammit, Julian, I just got him to sleep!

BEDROOM

Juls enters the bedroom to find his girlfriend TRACY (24), a beautiful young African American woman with curves, holding their now screaming infant son, JULIAN JR, in a rocking chair.

JULS

Damn, sorry. I didn't hear from you all day. Got some good news for you.

He is grinning excitedly from ear to ear, while she is less than enthused and still calming the baby.

TRACY

Well, what is it that's got you running in here like a bat outta hell!?

JULS

I'm done, I'm out, baby. I'm free.

This gets her attention and causes her to perk up slightly.

(CONTINUED)

TRACY

Really!? Don't play with me,
Julian, you're really done!? This
isn't like that last time when-

He nods enthusiastically, still smiling a mile wide. His shoes are kicked off as he progresses toward her. She tries to be as quietly happy as possible.

TRACY

I'm so proud of you! This is big!
What are we gonna do? Let's go out
and celebrate tonight.

JULS

Where you wanna go?

TRACY

How about The Freezer!? I want to
get dolled up and sexy. We can
finally be a family - an HONEST
family.

He is somewhat unsure of this at first, but relents.

JULS

Alright. Alright, let's go.
(beat)
Everything still good in the
kitchen, right?

It's like he threw a brick through the glass window of happiness, as her temperament changes.

TRACY

Yes, but I wish you would take that
money somewhere safer. I don't
trust this neighborhood, especially
with the way these people talk
about you.

JULS

Fuck them people. And what they
say. This is MY neighborhood. This
is OUR ZONE. No one is gonna take
that from us.

He takes her and the baby into a soft embrace. A look of concern crosses his face while the trio to share a moment of tenderness.

INT. CARTINO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

We come in on Frank in the kitchen, looking through a shoe box filled with PHOTOGRAPHS. They show a younger version of Frank in his early days on the Pittsburgh Police force. He gets to one photo that shows himself and another uniformed man, smiling during a play fight.

Rebecca enters the kitchen, talking on the phone.

REBECCA
(into phone)
Yeah, I can't wait. Hey I'm going
to get my stuff, I'll be over in a
few. Ok...ok bye.

She hangs up the phone and moves to the refrigerator with much pep. She gives Frank a tap on the shoulder while walking past.

REBECCA
Hey Dad. What you doing?

FRANK
Just looking through some old
pictures.

She goes into the fridge momentarily, pulling a bottle of water out with her. After processing what he said, she slows momentarily.

REBECCA
Oh. .of Uncle Jack?

FRANK
Yeah, just laughing and reliving
some of those days, that's all.

REBECCA
Yeah, I really miss him too. Every
time I think about him, I think of
my birthday the year he bought me
the pink roller blades. I rode
those up the side walk all day.

FRANK
All day until you fell.

The two share a brief laugh, before Frank takes a note of the phone call.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
Heading out tonight?

She pauses for a beat, but proceeds to answer, slightly unsure.

REBECCA
No, just heading over to Allison's for a Bestie Night. You know, catch up, order food and be boring nerds on a Friday night.

FRANK
Hey boring, is safe, and safe is good. It's too crazy out here these days. Just be careful and call me if you need anything, ok kiddo?

She leans in for a slight hug. A kiss is pressed to his temple.

REBECCA
Ok Daddy, I will. Love you.

He takes notice of a shiny ring she is wearing during the hug.

FRANK
Love you too.
(beat)
Good to see you still wear it.

Taking a moment for it to register, she then shifts attention to the ring.

REBECCA
Oh, yeah, one of my favorite things you got me. I hardly ever take it off.

She walks out of the kitchen with haste, intent on gathering her stuff to leave. Frank smiles warmly. Once she's gone, he picks up another picture and continues looking.

EXT. JULS'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The white van still sits parked. A few shadowy figures move inside the cab.

VAN OCCUPANTS' POV

(CONTINUED)

Juls and Tracy exit their home giggling and dressed in their Friday night's best. They stumble slightly as they move to Juls' car. They got started a little early with some drinks, probably. After several beats, the vehicle comes to life and peels off.

INSIDE VAN

Donnie, Cube, and an unidentified driver sit in limbo.

Donnie notices Cube and the Driver sleeping, and alerts them of the situation.

DONNIE

AY!

The two quickly snap awake, and look to Donnie.

DONNIE

That motherfucker finally left.
Let's go, we gotta make this shit
quick. Stay awake, narcoleptic
motherfuckers.

Donnie and Cube waste no time in piling out of the van toward Juls' unit.

FRONT DOOR

The men arrive at the front door and stop. Donnie gives a quick knock to double check, while looking around cautiously. After a few beats, he determines-

DONNIE

Ay, they're gone.

Before taking a step back from the door. Cube's massive form steps forward, withdrawing a LEATHER CASE from his back pocket.

CUBE

I got this one. . .

He unzips the case to reveals several sharp TOOLS. A lock-pick kit, obviously. He withdraws one of them and begins to work.

EXT. THE STRIP DISTRICT - NIGHT

Cars flood the avenues that encompass Pittsburgh's Strip District. Bright lighting from restaurants and establishments provide lighting to guide pedestrians down the sidewalk. Patrons of all nightlife legal ages and walks of life bring the streets to life.

EXT. THE STRIP DISTRICT - THE FREEZER NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Neon lighting reading "THE FREEZER" with decorative ice surrounding the logo is seen on the side of the building. A line of eager young party goers and thrill seekers control the outer perimeter of the building, while bouncers and club liaisons control entry.

We move to the slightly provocatively dressed duo of Allison and Rebecca, who are almost to the security bouncer.

ALLISON

Ok, remember what I said...act natural, hand them your ID and tuck the twenty underneath. Make sure only they see it.

REBECCA

Got it.

Rebecca quickly folds one of two crisp twenties she's holding underneath her ID.

The BOUNCER waves them forward, while a FEMALE SECURITY GUARD waits to frisk them.

FEMALE SECURITY GUARD

Step forward please, ladies!

Allison looks to Rebecca.

ALLISON

Here goes nothing. .

BACK OF THE LINE

The focus travels from Rebecca and Allison, to the back of the line where Juls and Tracy now arrive.

TRACY

Damn look at this line, it's going to take forever to get in!

(CONTINUED)

JULS

Maybe not, hold that thought,
gorgeous.

Juls jumps out of line and heads up to the bouncers. He taps the bouncer on the shoulder. They lean in together, have a few words, then a handshake is exchanged.

Tracy tilts her head in confusion. Juls waves her up to the front of the line. After a few beats, she saunters up to his side and they walk in, hand in hand.

TRACY

So what did you tell him?

JULS

Told him I know a VIP here.

She twists her mouth up in a "yeah, whatever" fashion, immediately followed by an eye roll.

TRACY

So who's the VIP?

JULS

Who do you think?

She shoots him a disapproving look. A question she already knows the answer to.

INT. THE FREEZER NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Pale lighting illuminates the nightclub's interior. It's a packed night, the drinks are flowing and the heavy bass of the music pounds through the walls.

BAR

A few random male club goers cheer on Rebecca as she throws back a double shot. Upon completion, she slams the plastic cup onto the bar top and the men celebrate loudly. Allison joins in the celebration.

ALLISON

See I told you this would be fun! I
knew you had it in you!

REBECCA

Yeah! You were right! I love you!

ALLISON

Love you too! Let's take another
one then go dance!

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Let's!

Rebecca seems happy, liberated even.

INT. JUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The tools are now jammed into the KEYHOLE of the door knob, leaving the door wide open.

LIVING ROOM

Cube flips a reclining chair upside down, while Donnie pushes a nice sized flat screen over and stomps the screen.

CUBE

I'll get the kitchen.

DONNIE

I'll take the rooms upstairs. Stay alert, just in case they come back.

INT. CARTINO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Frank lies in bed staring at the ceiling. Sophia dries her hair, as she is fresh from a shower.

SOPHIA

I'm glad Carol and I got to catch up.

No reply. He still stares at the ceiling.

SOPHIA

It was like college all over again. Felt good.

No reply yet again. This time she notices.

SOPHIA

(sarcastically)

Glad to see you're interested. Is something bothering you tonight?

His attention finally shifts to her.

FRANK

Maybe I'm overreacting, but when Becca left here earlier, I felt a little nervous. I can always get a feel, or a vibe of what's going on with her, and tonight I couldn't.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA

Did she say what she was doing tonight?

FRANK

She said she was just going to Allison's, but it just didn't seem honest.

Sophia smiles and moves to the bed. She plops down and rests a hand on his chest softly.

SOPHIA

She's an adult now. You have to let her live and make her own mistakes if she wants to. She'll be out of here in another month to live alone. Then what?

FRANK

I know. And I know she's a smart girl, but I just can't help but worry sometimes. Wish I could know when she was in danger.

SOPHIA

I'd relax, honey. She's probably nose deep in some reality TV show or something as we speak.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FREEZER NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Rebecca, now fully drunk, pulls back from a strong embrace she is engaged in with a random male from the dance floor.

REBECCA

(slurring)

I'm ready for another shot!

ALLISON

Maybe you should slow down! We don't want you sick in the morning!

REBECCA

Ha! Now who's a worrisome little bitch!

Allison frowns slightly at the comment. This is a very different Rebecca.

DANCE FLOOR

(CONTINUED)

As Allison and Rebecca party, Juls and Tracy are in the midst of a dance together.

TRACY

See, I told you you'd have fun!

JULS

I feel free, regular is good!
Nothing to worry about!

INT. JULS' HOUSE - NIGHT

By this time, the place is trashed. Donnie and Cube both reunite in the kitchen for a brief meeting.

DONNIE

If there's any stash, this
definitely ain't where it's at.
He's good, I give him that. Let's
get the fuck out of here.

As the pair go to leave, Cube notices he didn't touch the microwave which is sitting in the corner on a thick WOODEN STAND.

CUBE

Hold Up. I missed a spot.

With a brute shove, he pushes the entire stand over causing the microwave and stand both to fall to the ground. Afterwards, he notices a spot in the corner with barely hanging plaster. Investigating closer, he knocks the plaster out of the way causing it to reveal a MASSIVE HOLE.

CLOSE ON - HOLE IN THE WALL

There are plastic wrapped stacks of bills stacked in the framing.

INT. THE FREEZER NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Allison now works to escort Rebecca through the crowds to the exit. She's doing most of the work for her. By this point, Rebecca is out of it.

ALLISON

Note to self, never try to make a
boozer out of a brainiac.

Progression to the main doors grows nearer. They're home free, at least until Allison brings them to a sudden stop.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

Shit, I left my credit card with
the bartender.

Allison gives a series of glances between the previous bar
and the door. It's quite a distance to have to backtrack.

ALLISON

Alright, look, I have to run back
and get it. Sit here, don't move,
and don't talk to anyone. I'll be
back in a sec.

Allison sits Rebecca down in a table area near the
restrooms. She trots off back into the crowd, disappearing.
Abandoned, Rebecca shifts attention to the restrooms.

It's only a few beats before Allison's instruction is out
the window. Step, step-step, she fights to walk a straight
line but unfortunately it's not enough causing her to impact
a small group of passing men.

REBECCA

(disoriented)

Dammit. Hey, look, I'm so sorry. I
just really have to get to the
bathroom and-

A man from the center of the group steps out and moves
towards Rebecca. It's Hendrix, dressed very dapper and
carrying a now empty cup. Shirt and Pant leg now covered in
a stain.

His stare is void, blank, ice cold even. Rebecca is frozen;
it's like she can feel the evil aura. This is definitely the
wrong mistake to make.

INTERCUT - BAR

Allison grabs the CARD from the bartender graciously.

ALLISON

Thank you so much. Last thing I
need is someone else having a good
time at my expense.

He nods. Allison turns to head back to Rebecca, eyes turn
wide as golf balls. Oh shit, this isn't good.

She's a woman on a mission, pushing and moving through the
crowds. On the way, she accidentally shoulder bumps Tracy,
as she walks to the bar with Juls in hand. Tracy looks back
and gives a disgusted look.

(CONTINUED)

TRACY
MANNERS! See, that right there is
why club fights happen.

BACK TO SCENE

HENDRIX
(calm)
Your friend doesn't need to come
where we're going. You did say you
would make this right, didn't you?

By this time, Hendrix is a hungry snake, and Rebecca is looking much like a meek mouse. Hands suggestively grab at her, attempting to pull her in. His calm, seductive vibe is just making the situation more eerie.

REBECCA
Ok, Ok, wait...I um, really need to
wait for her.

He advances a little closer. The tension is getting cake thick. It seems like he could just snatch her and run at any moment.

HENDRIX
Come on. It's only right in the
parking lot.

Beads of sweat form at her temples, partially from fear and also the alcohol. Allison swoops in, seemingly from the Heavens.

ALLISON
Hey, what's going on here?

HENDRIX
What's going on is your friend here
had an accident that she promised
to fix. We were just discussing how
to settle it.

Allison looks to the stains on Hendrix. Her face shows it's making more sense to her. By this time, she also catches the inappropriateness of several men trying with one lone woman.

ALLISON
Woah, hey, ok. I totally apologize
for her...this is a crazy night for
her.

(CONTINUED)

HENDRIX

You're welcome to join. We're all gentlemen.

It's like Red Flags shoot out subliminally at Allison. A few of the men point and stare at with a lustful gazes. Nervousness kicks in, forcing her to employ her best anti-rape tactic available.

ALLISON

Listen, we'd be more than happy to pay you for the cleaning, but we can't leave here with you. Her father is a Detective and wouldn't be happy if he knew we did. Frank Cartino right any bells?

The name drop definitely came in handy. Hendrix and company pause, then exchange a few glances amongst one another. A few beats go by.

HENDRIX

Frank Cartino? "Fast" Frank Cartino?

ALLISON

(confident)

The one and only.

He gives another quick look around to see if anyone is paying much attention. Not too much. He considers the situation for a moment, before releasing Rebecca.

HENDRIX

I never would've guessed. I'm sure we can work something out...

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The elevator doors in a parking garage open to reveal the drained duo. They exit using one another as a crutch. They're very exhausted by now.

INT/EXT. CAR - PARKED IN GARAGE - NIGHT

Rebecca sits in the passenger seat of Allison's car, just as the door slams shut. After a few beats, Allison climbs into the driver's seat.

ALLISON

That was extremely close. That guy had creep written all over him.

(CONTINUED)

Rebecca's face paints a picture of everything in the lines of embarrassed and ashamed. She forces a slow response.

REBECCA

Thanks Allison. I'll pay you back
as soon as I can. Sorry I ruined
the night.

Allison slides the key in and starts up the car. Rear brake lights come on as the car creeps from the parking spot in reverse. Suddenly-

SCCCCRCH! A black sedan appears from nowhere, impeding the car from moving any further. A few of the doors fly open, and a few members of Hendrix's entourage jump out. They rush the car with the girls.

Panic and chaos erupt once they realize what's going on. The doors fly open and Rebecca is grabbed up roughly. One of the GOON instruct Allison at knifepoint.

GOON

Get down! Get down! Don't look at
me!

She complies quickly, lying face down on the ground next to the driver's side. They pull Rebecca into the car. The horn honks twice, signaling the Goon.

GOON

Count to fifty! And you better not
move before then!

He begins to flee. On the way, he stops and rams his knife into her BACK TIRE, instantly rendering it useless. Jumping back in the sedan, the door slams, and they skirt off.

A defenseless Allison lays face down, TEARS flowing.

INT. WHITE VAN - PARKED - NIGHT

Cube slams the back door shut and moves to the front. Donnie holds some of the money his lap in amazement.

DONNIE

Fucking jackpot. I know Hendrix
said he had money, but Hendrix
didn't say HE-HAD-MONEY.

CUBE

Think we'll see a cut? I don't.
Almost makes you wanna keep it,
right?

(CONTINUED)

The words resonate to Donnie, and it's apparent as he repeats the phrase back, considering.

DONNIE
Yeah. . .almost. . .

INT. CARTINO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Frank and Sophia rest cuddled peacefully in bed. All is serene and quiet until-

RING RING! The landline telephone by the bed side begins to ring.

Frank slowly comes to and realizes what is going on. He softly releases Sophia, and slides over to get the phone.

FRANK
(into phone)
. .hello?

A rambling voice is heard rattling off very quickly. Several beats go by before Frank cuts the bedroom lamp on.

FRANK
(into phone)
Slow down. . wait what?
Allison-Allison calm down. Where
were you guys? What!?

Sophia is seen sitting up lethargically in the background behind Frank, trying to determine what is going on.

FRANK
(into phone)
Allison, stay right there, I'll be
there in ten minutes.

He hops up and begins to move like he's on fire to get dressed. Sophia watches him confused, trying to gain clarity.

SOPHIA
Frank? Frank what's wrong?

Already in a pair of sweatpants, he roughly pulls a T-Shirt over his head. He moves to the bedside nightstand.

FRANK
Becca and Allison were getting
drunk, and now some fucking punk
has Becca.

He goes to the nightstand and flings it open.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON - DRAWER

A black 9MM Beretta pistol is seen. Frank's hand grabs the pistol.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank slides the clip out and checks. All full. He locks the clip in and moves to the door.

FRANK

I'll keep you posted.

EXT. THE FREEZER NIGHTCLUB - MINUTES LATER

The club is over and the masses, including Juls and Tracy if one looks hard enough, flood back into the streets. Frank brings the car to a screeching stop at the end of the street. An ashamed and shaken Allison sits in the passenger seat.

FRANK

Allison, I need you to focus hard.
Do any of these faces look familiar
coming out of here?

He points to the crowds while they leave. She shakes her head. No Go.

FRANK

I need to know EXACTLY what point
you started from and what point you
ended at. Leave out no details.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

They arrive at the parking spot where Allison's car sits. Frank jumps out and begins to scan the area around the vehicle, especially the passenger side. He notices a glimmer on the pavement and investigates closer.

CLOSE ON - GLIMMER

It's the ring Rebecca wore earlier.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank squats to grab the ring. Once he realizes what it is, he becomes enraged.

EXT. THE FREEZER NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

They pull back up in front of the club. The crowd is lighter, but a large number still fail to disperse the perimeter. Frank jumps out.

He moves to the Bouncer and Security Guards who attempt to break the crowd up.

FRANK

I need your security footage from tonight, now.

One of the SECURITY GUARD turns, hardly moved.

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah? You got a badge or court order?

Frank reaches to his sternum as if to draw a badge. Ouch, reality has set in. The Security Guard notices, and brushes him off.

SECURITY GUARD

Cops and Court Orders only. Go home.

With unbridled fury, Frank progresses as if to strike the guard. A confrontation is surely ready to occur until-

BZZT-RING! His phone vibrates and rings from his pocket. He reaches to his pocket and removes it quickly.

CLOSE ON - FRANK'S PHONE

It reads "BECCA" with her picture on a typical Smart Phone display.

BACK TO SCENE

While jogging away from the scene, he answers the phone, frantically.

FRANK

(into phone)

Becca!? Becca, where are you!?

HENDRIX (O.S.)

(from phone)

What do you know, it's Narcotics Detective Francis Cartino! Small world.

(CONTINUED)

His heart drops as he begins to recognize the voice. His face shows he already is thinking the worst.

FRANK
(into phone)
Who the fuck is this!?

HENDRIX (O.S.)
(into phone)
Come on, Frank. You should know
VERY WELL, who I am.

INT. SUBURBAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Hendrix sits in the back of a Chevrolet Suburban SUV. He is on Rebecca's phone.

HENDRIX
(into phone)
It's GOD, Frank. It's Judgment Day.

INTERCUT - CONTINUOUS PHONE SEQUENCE

FRANK
(into phone)
Listen, you fucking punk! I swear,
if you touch a fingernail on my
daughter-

HENDRIX
(into phone)
Relax, Frank. You're in NO POSITION
to be making threats, especially to
a "cancerous crime lord" like
myself. That is what you called me
in court, right?

Frank takes a moment to calm himself before continuing. He checks the exact time of night via the phone.

FRANK
(into phone)
Alright, alright, you're right. I
don't want any trouble. I just want
my daughter back safely. What can I
do for you to make that happen?

HENDRIX
(into phone)
I want one-hundred million in cash,
a private jet on the run way, a box
of Krispy Kreme donuts, and front
row season ticket seating to the
Steelers games this year.

(CONTINUED)

Hendrix begins laughing hysterically.

Frank's anger obviously rises quickly, but he elects to remain silent.

HENDRIX
(into phone)
Just fucking with you, Frank. Truth is, there is NOTHING you can give me. I have money, I have resources.

Frank listens closely.

HENDRIX (O.S.)
(into phone)
So you wanna know what I do want, Franco?

Hendrix becomes passionate.

HENDRIX
(into phone)
Retribution, Frank. Retribution for your role in the United States versus James "Hendrix" Whitfield.

Replying calmly into the phone.

FRANK
(into phone)
Ok, ok, I get it. You're pissed. Tell me what you want, and I'll try to do what I can to get it for you.

HENDRIX
(into phone)
The sound of desperation, I love it. I want to hear more of it. I want you to wait, for hours and days on end, worrying, wondering, and imagining what could be going on or where she could be. Then one day, maybe, just MAYBE I'll give you the solace of hearing her voice one last time before a shotgun shell splits her head open.

FRANK
(into phone)
Don't do this! She's not to blame! Come get me instead!

HENDRIX

(into phone)

Frank, for Becca's sake, we should probably keep this between you and I, you know? You begin any kind of manhunt or investigation, I'll know by the morning and as sure the sky is blue, I'll kill her with a smile on my face.

FRANK

(into phone)

Wait! Wait!

Too late, the line goes dead. He stands in the middle of the street looking as though he was lost.

FRANK POV

In the distance, Frank takes notice of Juls and Tracy as they fraternize out the window of Juls' car with another couple.

It's apparent he knows, and is not very fond of, Juls. After a few steps, he stops and shoots a glance back to Allison in his car.

Juls gives the male a handshake through the window and the random couple walks away. A few beats later, Juls and Tracy peel off. A few more beats go by, then we see Frank's car rolling shortly after him.

EXT. JULS' NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Juls parks curbside. He and Tracy climb out sharing a laugh. They progress toward their home when -

He notices the FRONT DOOR wide open. Laughter evaporates. Confused, he directs Tracy to safety.

JULS

Trace, get back in the car and lock the door.

TRACY

What's going on? Julian, you're scaring me.

JULS

Don't come out and don't open the door unless you hear it's me. Go.

She is confused but complies with haste. Juls reaches behind his back and withdraws a GLOCK from under his shirt. He cocks the slide and progresses forth.

INT. JULS' HOUSE - NIGHT

With pistol aimed and ready, Juls inches through the door with the utmost caution. He surveys the entrance area and takes note that both locks have been tampered with.

LIVING ROOM

He slowly creeps through, observing the damage to the TV and couches.

JULS

Shit.

KITCHEN

He quickly flicks the kitchen light on to get a better view. Eyes immediately shoot to the corner, noting the WOODEN STAND has been knocked over. He darts over to observe, drops to his knees, and goes ballistic.

JULS

No, no, FUCK! This gotta be a fuckin' joke! Why!? Shoot me! Just shoot me right in the fucking-

BOOM! Out of nowhere, he is tackled with blind force. He and the aggressor hit the ground hard.

His pistol slides across the floor.

The attacker flips him onto his back violently.

We see the attacker is Frank. He throws a punch downward, colliding into Juls' face.

FRANK

Where the fuck is Whitfield!?

Another punch finds his face.

FRANK

Answer me, you little fuck! Where is he!

Momentarily dazed, Juls catches site of an empty KNIFE BLOCK. He grabs it in desperation, and -

CRACK! He swings it wildly, landing upside Frank's head.

(CONTINUED)

Frank falls to the side immediately, grunting in pain.

Juls climbs to his feet and stands above Frank. A kick is delivered into Frank's ribs.

Frank coughs in pain. He tries to grab Juls' legs.

Juls sidesteps him, and rolls him onto his back with his foot.

JULS

Hold the fuck up...Cartino? Why wouldn't you flash a badge? What the fuck is wrong with you? Fuck did I do to have you running in here with a death wish!?

Frank regains his equilibrium, and rolls up to a sitting position slowly.

FRANK

Whitfield...

JULS

What!?

FRANK

Whitfield! Whitfield! Hendrix, Jimmy Hen, or whatever the fuck you call him.

JULS

I don't know who that is. Fuck out my house.

FRANK

Cooper, I know you're not the brightest, but don't play stupid with me! Not right now!

JULS

I don't know who or what you're talking about right now. Do you see my house!? Do you think this would happen to somebody who's plugged into the streets!? I'm clean!

FRANK

Oh yeah, right, and I'm Henry the fucking Eighth.

(CONTINUED)

JULS

Shit, you can be Justin fucking Bieber for all I care. I'm out the streets. You're a Detective, so go "detect".

Frank uses the wall as a guide to push to his feet slowly.

FRANK

"Out the streets"? Yeah, for what, today? A week?

JULS

What part don't you understand? Look, matter of fact, am I under arrest?

FRANK

No.

JULS

Any warrants? Am I wanted for questioning?

FRANK

If you are, it ain't by me.

JULS

(sarcastically)

Good. Then with all kindness and sincerity, get the fuck out. As you can see, I have to do some cleaning.

Frank takes a look around at the dump that used to be Juls' kitchen. Maybe he is really is telling the truth for once?

FRANK

My instinct tells me to drag your ass out of here and make you tell me where he is.

JULS

Just like you did a few minutes ago curled up on the ground, right? Fucking kidding me.

FRANK

But for some mind-fucked, mind-boggling reason, I actually believe you.

(CONTINUED)

JULS

Great. Have a good one.

Juls moves to his gun across the room, and returns it to the small of his back.

FRANK

My daughter...Whitfield took my daughter! My only fucking one, and I HAVE to get her back! I need to know where he is!

Focuses shifts back on Frank.

JULS

Listen, real sorry about your kid or whatever, but nothing to do with me. I told you I'm out and got my own problems going. Standing in my kitchen won't help, so I'd get out here in these streets with your cop buddies and get to work.

He dismisses Frank and begins to try to straighten up the remains of his home. Babbling to himself in disgust, he is interrupted by Frank.

FRANK

(low)

I'm not a cop anymore. .

Juls turns slowly to look at him, confused.

JULS

Fuck you say?

FRANK

I said I am no longer a Detective. I'm not on the force anymore. I submitted my resignation a while ago.

Juls processes this for a beat. Then chuckles for a moment.

JULS

Ain't this some shit? Two motherfuckers who decided to bow out gracefully, only to end up worse off. Life's a trip.

FRANK

Yeah, well this isn't a trip that my family should be involved in!

(CONTINUED)

JULS

Tell me about it. Don't forget, your work hurt a lot of people on the streets. Like I said, I'd get out here in these streets and get busy. Shit, in these situations, your girl might not have whole lot of time on her clock.

If he was trying to break Frank, it worked. Frank is visibly crushed while walking to leave. Before exiting, he stops.

FRANK

Listen...I get you don't owe me anything, I get it. If there is any thread of decency in you at all and you hear something...Do the right thing for a change and call me. ME ONLY.

Cold shoulder is in full effect now, no more responses from Juls. Leaving his card on the table, he exits.

EXT. ABANDONED FARM - DAY

The sun peaks up in the horizon on an old farm sitting in an open, green, mountain region. It consists of a Barn with a Silo and an old brown wood home which appears abandoned.

EXT. ABANDONED FARM - BARN - DAY

Hendrix and two GUARDS approach the deteriorating wooden barn. ELVIN "EL" ELDERIDGE (27) is a slim biracial male with messy hair, while DANIEL "IZZY" IZZO (29) is a stocky and greasy looking.

Hendrix nods toward the locks, which look new and very sturdy.

HENDRIX

(to both)

Open it.

They both snap to the request. After fumbling with the keys, the chains and the padlocks are removed. They each grab a door, slowly pulling them apart.

CLOSE ON - BARN INTERIOR

The inside is barren and equally deteriorated. Few haystacks rest along the far sides. A large tractor wheel rests against the back wall.

INT. ABANDONED FARM - BARN - DAY

Hendrix walks inside to the back of the structure.

Strapped to a support post, we now see a shivering and exhausted Rebecca. She is covered in dirt in her underwear. Her eyes look glassy, and her expression is blank.

He leans down a few feet away from her.

HENDRIX

Hey! Hey! Hey there, Becca. This will ALL be over soon, okay? Don't go anywhere, I'll be right back.

He smiles and blows her a kiss. Of course she gives no reaction whatsoever. He walks back outside of the barn.

HENDRIX

(to El)

Lock up. In two hours, give her some water and then hit her with another dose.

El moves to action. Izzy moves to assist, however Hendrix grabs him and pulls him off to the side.

HENDRIX

(low; re:Izzy)

Keep an eye on him, especially around the girl. He's not necessarily the model of control around fresh meat but he's cheap help, hear me?

CLOSE ON - REBECCA

Rebecca's face is blank and zoned. Sounds of the barn doors shutting are heard. The light that shines from the outside on her face slowly diminishes, engulfing her face in darkness again as the doors shut.

EXT. SMALL MOTEL - DAY

It's a typical, low price, average quality motel with a few cars sprinkled around the parking lot.

PARKING LOT

Juls leans on the trunk of his parked car. He is talking with another person who is off screen at the moment.

(CONTINUED)

JULS

Man, thanks again for coming
through last minute. Appreciate it.

Touch is seen in the driver's seat of his Tahoe with the
door wide open.

TOUCH

It's nothing, I got you. How's T
and Junior holding up?

JULS

They're shook up. Put them on the
plane to Phoenix this morning. She
got family there. I'll meet them
once I get the money back.

TOUCH

Smart. All we need to worry about
is finding out who took that paper
from you.

JULS

I don't even know where to start.

Touch hesitates to answer, but soon forces himself to.

TOUCH

Man, this seems like some foul shit
Hendrix would do. You call him that
morning, and your crib's raided
that night? Think about it.

Juls looks to the sky.

JULS

Right now, nothing would surprise
me. I don't know. I need proof.

TOUCH

Let me put my ear to the streets,
and see what I can find out.

JULS

Keep me posted, Cuzz.

TOUCH

You got it.

The two exchange a brief, unique handshake. Touch shuts the
door and peels off after a few beats.

INT. CARTINO RESIDENCE - DAY

An zombified Sophia lounges on the couch trying to watch TV with a box of tissues by her side. Her eyes look like she's been crying non-stop.

DINING ROOM

Frank and his police friend STAN RILEY (42), a husky man with a thick mustache, sit at the table with a few sheets of paper.

STAN

And that's all he said right?

FRANK

That's it. He hung up the phone. I couldn't get any background noise other than turn signals going off. He was definitely in a car moving.

STAN

Bastard.

FRANK

One slip up or wrong move, he'll kill her. We've got to have stealth with this.

STAN

I agree. I'll dedicate every waking hour I can to help you, Frank.

FRANK

What you got on your end?

Stan removes a document from his folder and throws it on the table. The top left hand corner has a picture of Hendrix paper clipped to it.

STAN

Well starting from the bottom to the top. . .

HENDRIX SEQUENCE:

As Stan and Frank sit in Frank's dining room and talk about Hendrix, Hendrix's concurrent actions are seen on screen with their Voice Overs.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - AFTERNOON - HENDRIX SEQUENCE

Hendrix is seen walking into behind two large bodyguards into a shady alleyway. After a few beats, they arrive at a large steel door. One of the bodyguards knocks twice.

STAN (V.O.)

James Lovell Whitfield aka Jimmy Dollars aka Jimmy Hen but bka Hendrix, nationally and locally. According to a statement from a Confidential Informant he derived his name by making a killing selling Purple Haze strain of marijuana as a youth. Legally though, at the time of birth, his name was James Lovell Hibbert.

An eye hole is slide open on the steel door. A set of eyes looks through the hole and sees Hendrix and henchmen. The eye hole shuts, and the door opens after a beat.

STAN (V.O.)

Mother turned to drugs and died. Father a well know con-man in Hollis, Queens. No trace since shortly after birth.

INT. BUILDING - HENDRIX SEQUENCE

A close up of Hendrix's face is shown while he and guards walk through the door and into the yet unseen establishment.

STAN (V.O.)

Yatta-yatta, State gets a hold of him, moves him here to Pittsburgh in custody of Auntie Vernetta Cornelius, a widowed Registered Nurse.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - HENDRIX SEQUENCE/CONT.

The building they are in is a large, abandoned-looking warehouse in a business district of town. Several urban teens and young adults fill the warehouse, surrounding a centralized cage. Two shirtless, shoeless, tattooed men stand inside held back by a ref.

STAN (V.O.)

Eventually, begins getting skipping school and goes down the wrong path. Petty theft and a few attempted joyriding charges, all the way up the board.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON - REFS

The ref drops his hands, allowing the men to go at each other.

STAN (V.O.)

Eventually, climbs his way up the underworld food chain until getting a three year sentence for selling narcotics to a minor. Inside he meets-

END HENDRIX SEQUENCE. BACK TO SCENE

INT. CARTINO RESIDENCE - DAY

Frank steps in.

FRANK

Angel Villanueva, right? That's the cocaine wholesaler from Jersey? He's a drug gang ambassador for the underworld in El Salvador if I remember correctly.

Stan points at him with an ink pen as if to say "BINGO".

STAN

You got it. Angel is believed to be tied directly to the Los Niños Abandonados, "The Abandoned Children", an elite sub-group of the 100-SGR Gang out of San Salvador.

FRANK

Fuck, not this bastard too.

STAN

Based on what we were able to acquire so thus far, which isn't much, the two have been quite cozy since then. They don't speak long or specifically of anything pertinent we can use when on the phone. They tend to keep conversation less than forty-five seconds.

FRANK

What in the hell would they need with Becca?

(CONTINUED)

STAN

At this point, it's all up to broad speculation. But believe we don't have much time to get her back.

FRANK

He could be hiding Becca anywhere.

STAN

Afraid so.

Frank snaps to action.

FRANK

We need a lead or a list of known affiliates.

STAN

Let me make a few calls.

FRANK

We absolutely need to keep this as under the radar. Do what you can, Stan. I appreciate it. I don't know how much longer she can hold up.

He turns Sophia in the Living Room, still zombified and zoned out.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY

We return to the Warehouse now officially, in mid fight. Both men are bloodied and battered but continue to slaughter each other in MMA Fashion while the crowds cheer.

Hendrix, with an entire entourage of henchmen and security, stands off in the background out of plain sight. Amongst them is Touch, whom gives commentary on the fight with some younger soldiers.

TOUCH

Just put all my money on the big dude. I know he better win.

After a few beats, Donnie and Cube find their way to join the criminal group. Donnie approaches Hendrix, speaking in code.

DONNIE

It's done, but the party didn't go as planned.

(CONTINUED)

Hendrix doesn't blink or shift from the action of the cage, but responds. Meanwhile, Touch catches sight and becomes suspicious.

HENDRIX

No cake or ice cream at all?

DONNIE

Not a crumb. Almost like it wasn't even on the menu.

Touch progresses nearer to Hendrix & Donnie. He is acting as though he is trying to get a better view of the match so he can listen in.

HENDRIX

It's on the menu. I know it. Different restaurant then, probably.

DONNIE

We'll keep our eyes and ears open. It's been a while since we've heard of dessert spots around here.

Cube looks at Donnie, unsure, as he lies. Donnie doesn't blink once. Touch continues to notice the unnatural exchange contact between the two.

HENDRIX

Make it sooner rather than later. I'll be moving around to get ready for the meeting with the Salvadorans in a few days.

DONNIE

(persistent)

I need to be at the meet with you. I can be right there ready to squeeze if those motherfuckers even blink wrong!

With much disinterest in his voice, Hendrix denies him.

HENDRIX

Your role is exactly the one you've been given - get the money. No more, no less.

BINGO! Touch catches the information he needs with a disapproving head shake. Donnie is visibly crushed, embarrassment has set in.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE

Right, right, I'm on it.

After picking his face up off the ground, he heads back to Cube. On the way he bumps Touch, who seemed to collide intentionally. Touch begins a sly interrogation.

TOUCH

Woah. Everything good, Don-Don?
Look like you lost your dog or something.

Donnie looks him up and down before brushing him off.

DONNIE

Fuck you.

TOUCH

(sarcastic)

Ok, ok, I'm just asking. Let me know if there's anything I can help you out with.

Donnie continues toward Cube, dismissing Touch altogether. Touch peels away from the crowd completely also.

CLOSE ON - CAGE

One of the cage fighters is savagely pounds the other until they fall limp. The victim is stretched out cold, lying in the stain of his own blood. The other stands over top of him, victoriously, as the ref raises his arm.

BACK TO SCENE

HENDRIX

(to flunkie)

Cancel the meeting at Vixen's tonight. That new guy doesn't sit right with me, so I'll let Egypt feel him out first.

(re: Match)

Go get the Champ, I wanna talk to him.

INT. SMALL MOTEL - NIGHT

Juls stands in front of the bathroom mirror talking on his cell phone. He looks stunned.

JULS

(into phone)

You sure that's what you heard?

(CONTINUED)

(beat)

I appreciate you, Cuzz. Keep your ear to the streets for me. I gotta make a move.

EXT. CARTINO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Juls' pulls up in front of Frank's home.

INT. CHARGER - PARKED - NIGHT

Juls kills the engine. Pausing, he looks towards the house as if a sense of doubt is present but elects to hop out after a few beats.

EXT. CARTINO RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Juls raises his fist to knock at Frank's door, but takes a step back to wait and ponder it.

INT. CARTINO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Frank still sits at the table reviewing documents. He gives a glance to check on Sophia, whom is now sleeping on the couch under a blanket.

TAP-TAP-TAP! Juls' knock occurs.

He jumps up and grabs his SILVER 38 SNUB NOSE that rests on the table, moving to the door immediately after. While in route, he checks his watch: "9:36".

Reading the pistol, his free hand removes two locks and opens the door.

CLOSE ON - DOORWAY

Juls stands idly.

JULS

Yo, you got a minute?

Frank steadies the pistol. He gives a very skeptical peak to the left and right behind Juls, as if to expect more people. Attention focuses back on Juls.

FRANK

(angry whisper)

How the fuck did you find my house?

JULS

(low)

You think you're the only one who got sources? Plus, you can find

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JULS (cont'd)
anything on computers now if you
look hard enough.

FRANK
(angry whisper)
Why would you come here this late?

JULS
(low)
Look, I was in the neighborhood,
ok?

Frank doesn't like that response.

FRANK
(angry whisper)
If you came to my house to set me
up, I swear to GOD!

Juls develops a "are you fucking kidding me" expression.

JULS
(low)
Look, goddammit, if you're gonna
shoot, shoot. If not, put the
fucking gun down so we can talk.

He takes a moment to assess the situation. Slowly, he lowers
the gun.

FRANK
Wait right there, I'll be out.

BOOM! He slams the door in Juls' face.

EXT. CARTINO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The two men stand curb side near Juls' car, away from the
house.

JULS
So you really serious about not
being a pig anymore?

Frank becomes standoffish.

FRANK
No, motherfucker, I'm not sure, I
forgot.

(CONTINUED)

JULS

Look, whenever you done bitching, I just wanted to tell you I thought about it. The way I see it is right now we're both in a position where we could both help each other out.

FRANK

Oh, yeah, really!?

JULS

Word on the street is he put the order out to raid my spot.

It's making more sense now. He continues to hear Juls out.

FRANK

What did you do to provoke that?
Weren't you errand boy number one?

Juls grows somewhat annoyed at the comment, and it begins showing.

JULS

Fuck you, I didn't do shit.

(beat)

Look, I'm not turning into Jesus or nothing like that, but I did a lot of wrong shit in my days. Shit I'm not proud of, which is probably why I'm in this situation. I'm just trying to right a few wrongs to balance out karma again.

(beat)

Besides, we all had people caught in the crossfire for mistakes we made.

His slight show of honesty seemingly wins Frank's cooperation. Frank buckles.

FRANK

You know, Cooper, I'm actually surprised. I believe you might actually have half a brain up there. Let's take this bastard down.

Frank extends his hand. Juls considers, but eventually shakes it.

(CONTINUED)

JULS

Alright, alright, enough. Throw some acceptable shit on. I got a spot we could start at. Get some info on her.

FRANK

Where is it?

JULS

It's like info center for the all the major players. Hurry up.

FRANK

This better not be a waste of my time.

JULS

Just throw some shit on and come on. It's worth the visit, trust me.

EXT. VIXEN'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Juls is behind the wheel and Frank rides shotgun. They stop in front of a developed strip club with limited lighting on the exterior. Frank notices the wording on the sign, double taking at Juls with the utmost skepticism.

FRANK

Really? Your vast center of unlimited knowledge and information is a Titty Bar?

Juls sighs in a rather annoyed manner before going into his logic.

JULS

You know for an ex-Detective you ask a lot of stupid questions. Look, we know Hendrix is a dude that don't let NOBODY in too close business-wise, right?

Frank is unmoved so far by the explanation, and his face shows it.

JULS

But at the end of the day, he's still A man. One of his favorite girls, Egypt, works here. She the only woman anybody ever seen Hendrix show anything close to a feeling for. I heard lately they're

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JULS (cont'd)
not on good terms, to say the least. I figure this is perfect, because she may be more willing to give up some information. Plus, rumor is, she's into the whole white boys thing now, especially ones with money. So-

He's interrupted by Frank. He raises his left hand showing his WEDDING BAND.

FRANK
In case you haven't noticed, I'm married, and I actually happen to love wife. She'd kill me.

More annoyance on Juls' face.

JULS
Yeah, whatever, congratulations and all that, but right now you gotta use whatever works. Look, I didn't say you had to go in there and take her to bed, but shit she could have some relevant information on where Hendrix took her.

A few beats go by in silence. Juls never removes eyes from Frank as Frank looks down in thought. Looks like his better judgment is being affected.

INT. VIXEN'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - EGYPT'S BUTT

The most well-shaped, voluptuous, thong wearing derriere is placed dead in our faces. We follow the path it moves in throughout the club, occasionally coming across passing patrons who can't help but double take. A tattoo of the country Egypt on the right butt cheek reveals who we follow.

TO SCENE

Occasionally. there is a small flash of pale disco style lights. The club is clean, but doesn't have much decorative glitz and glamour. There is not many patron this night - yet and still Frank and Juls stand by the bar, observing the scenery.

JULS
She's here a lot, so she's bound to be in here tonight.

(CONTINUED)

Frank is embarrassed and a little hot beneath the color but fights the occasional glance to various strippers.

FRANK

Can we hurry this up!?

Juls notices Egypt serving drinks to a well-tanned, important looking MAN IN A SUIT sitting near the stage. Only a rear view is seen of her full body at this point.

JULS

Look, over there by the stage.

FRANK

Her? With the?

Juls confirms.

JULS

She knows my face because I used to do pick-ups from Hendrix clients here, so I can't go. Try to get her to the back for a dance, it's quieter.

Frank takes a few steps in her vicinity but stops. Hesitantly, he looks back to Juls, whom gives him a "go ahead" motion. Progress forward resumes.

EXT. ABANDONED FARM - BARN - NIGHT

El and Izzy stand outside of the barn holding flashlights. They shine the beam on each other while they converse.

EL

You think she's awake in there?

IZZY

Shit, I don't know. Don't matter either.

EL

I'm going to go in there and check on her.

With an inappropriate eagerness El moves to check on Rebecca. Izzy notices this and remembers Hendrix's words. He bars his entrance.

IZZY

Calm down. You act like you've never seen fresh meat before. We're not going in there until it's time.

(CONTINUED)

El relents once he notices Izzy's stance.

EL
Fine, forget it then. Let's just
go.

With much disgust, the two start walking back to the farmhouse. El gives an eerie look back at the barn.

INT. VIXEN'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Egypt is just wrapping up a few flirtatious words with the Man in the Suit. She begins backpedaling to ease out of the conversation-

- right into Frank, who stands ready to play his role.

FRANK
Woah!

EGYPT (23) turns promptly and finally reveals her frontal. To say the least, she is an urban goddess. A smile is offered by naturally beauty visage with a "young but mature" look.

EGYPT
Ok Baby, we'll call that one free,
but the next time you wanna take a
trip to Egypt, I have to charge
you. K?

Frank returns the smile. This is going to be easier than he thought. Cop wit kicks in.

FRANK
Well of all the places I've wanted
to travel, Egypt definitely moves
to the top of my list.

She blushes slightly.

EGYPT
Why wait, as you can see, Egypt is
beautiful this time of the night.

She does a seductive twirl, allowing Frank a three-sixty view.

FRANK
I want a private, first class
ticket. What would that run me?

He motions to the Private Dances room.

(CONTINUED)

EGYPT

(glances)

Well, normally, \$50 per song

(beat)

BUT you're cute. . .and I'm into
the mature guys thing now. . .so,
for you, \$35 per song. .plus tips!

He gives an approving nod - Holy shit, Juls was right! He acts contemplative but eventually gives in.

FRANK

Looks like I'm going to Egypt.

Grinning, she takes his hand lightly and escorts him to the private dance area. While in route, he looks back to Juls with a "here goes nothing" expression.

EXT. ABANDONED FARM - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The lights inside the farmhouse windows are on.

INT. ABANDONED FARM - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The inside of the house is old and out of date. Much of the wallpaper is peeling revealing the wooden boards and foundation. Everything looks old hinting it's never been updated or remodeled since built.

Izzy sits very relaxed in an old recliner, preoccupied on the phone.

IZZY

(into phone)

So what you're saying is we can't
be friends because you have a
husband now? That sounds stupid.

Noticing this, the nearby EL uses the opportunity to slip out of the back door to the barn.

EXT. ABANDONED FARM - BARN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - BARN LOCKS

El's hands are seen unlocking the locks on the barn handles, allowing the CHAINS to fall out of place.

INT. ABANDONED FARM - BARN - NIGHT

He slides the doors open silently, just enough for him to squeeze through, then slides them shut again. After a beat of blackness, his flashlight clicks on. He shines it in her direction.

CLOSE ON - REBECCA

She's asleep but still remains in the same area as before.

BACK TO SCENE

Illuminated face is seen grinning, oddly. The sound of his belt coming undone and pants being unzipped is heard.

CLOSE ON - PANTS

His pants fall around his ankles as he walks forward.

EL

Oh yeah, I noticed you, girl. I
know you want me.

INT. VIXEN'S STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Frank sits tensed in a leather chair. Egypt approaches him with lust in her eyes and begins to gyrate to the music.

INT. VIXEN'S STRIP CLUB - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Juls is seen finishing a CORONA at the bar. He turns to the private room entrance to survey the set up.

JULS POV

Two tall, greasy looking ogres with "SECURITY" shirts on oversee the club floor and entry to the back.

INT. VIXEN'S STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She saunters in to close the small distance between them. A hint of nervousness crosses his face as she plops into his lap.

INT. VIXEN'S STRIP CLUB - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Juls walks toward the stage area, empty Corona bottle still in hand. The same Man In A Suit still sits watching the stage with a drink in hand. Juls cheers on the current STAGE DANCER excitedly, purposely bumping the drink out of the Man In A Suit's hands.

(CONTINUED)

MAN IN A SUIT
Awe - What the FUCK!?

Juls begins to acts in a stereotypical drunk character.

JULS
(in character)
Aww man, my fault man, that's my
favorite girl up there!

The man jumps up frantically, trying to brush his suit off.

MAN IN A SUIT
I don't give a fuck if it was your
mother up there!

JULS
Why you disappointed? I mean it's
really not THAT good of a suit!

MAN IN A SUIT
FUCK YOU!!

Out of rage, the man shoves Juls hard. Juls stumbles back but catches himself. He uses non-bottle holding arm to shove the man back.

JULS
Hey, woah, tough guy.

INT. VIXEN'S STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Egypt continues her dance. She leans her back to Frank's chest, hips continuing to rotate ass in his lap. Frank whispers low to her.

FRANK
Baby, answer me one
question, Sweetheart.

EGYPT
Mmm, Anything, Baby.

FRANK
A man named Hendrix, do you know
him?

She stops moving. Her eyes open and grow large.

INT. ABANDONED FARM - BARN - NIGHT

SNAP! The click and flash of El's phone camera goes off. He taps the screen a few times, obviously confused.

EL

Fuck. New phones suck! I'll at least remember you later on. Nothing better than cracking them open when they can't stay 'no'.

Rebecca blinks slowly, still out of it.

INT. VIXEN'S STRIP CLUB - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The Man in a Suit throws a punch.

Juls slips the punch and forces the man over a chair into the side of the stage.

The girl on the stage stops dancing and the club comes to a standstill. The DJ in the booth announces over the mic.

DJ

Why come to Vixens at night to fight with all these lovely ladies in here!? Security! Get these by assholes by the stage

out!

BOUNCER(S)1 and 2 rush the fight at the stage, leaving the private dance rooms abandoned. Mission Accomplished.

INT. VIXEN'S STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Frank hears the DJ's announcement. He realizes this is his sign from Juls and brandishes a switchblade stashed in his shoe. Egypt hops up quickly in attempts to flee the room.

EGYPT

I don't know who you're talking about! Help! Help!

He jumps up and catches her from behind. Switchblade is positioned and held by her neck now.

FRANK

I don't want to hurt you! I just want some information on Hendrix!

(CONTINUED)

EGYPT

I can't! He'll bury me!

FRANK

He won't! I promise you! Help me out, and I'll get you to where he can't touch you!

Shivers of fear overtake her.

INT. VIXEN'S STRIP CLUB - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Bouncer 1 moves in to detain Juls. Juls swings the empty bottle into his face. The bottle shatters.

Juls shoves the blinded Bouncer 1. He drops screaming in pain.

The Man In A Suit is locked in a struggle with Bouncer 2.

Juls uses the opportunity to slip to the private room area where Frank is.

INT. ABANDONED FARM - BARN - NIGHT

El gets frustrated and begins slamming the phone against his palm. He looks very drug addict meets mental case-ish.

EL

Ugh, fuck it! I'll figure it out later.

He drops the phone where he stands. His approach to Rebecca continues. He arrives and kneels in front of her.

EL

Just lay back and enjoy, baby.

CLOSE ON - EL'S PHONE

EL's phone is face up, where he dropped it. The screen shows the picture of Rebecca with a green status bar loading. The text above the status bar reads "UPLOADING TO PROFILE".

INT. VIXEN'S STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Juls barges in just in a knick of time to catch Frank with Egypt.

JULS

Oh shit! I see you got started without me?

They both turn to him.

(CONTINUED)

EGYPT
(to Juls)
Shit! You're in on this?

Frank threatens with the knife once more.

FRANK
Info, now!

EGYPT
Alright, look, I don't know shit,
ok! He mostly took me out of town
and stuff, you know!? Like the
Poconos and stuff! Fancy hotels and
dinner, hardly ever here in town
though!

JULS
Yo! We ain't got all day, we need
to get out! Now!

FRANK
She's lying! I can tell!

EGYPT
Please!

FRANK
Spit it out, now!

JULS
Yo! Time is ticking! Just kill the
bitch!

EGYPT
Alright, alright! He let me come to
his house, once or twice. At least
the one on top of Mount Washington!
Said it was where he goes to think.
He said it was special because I
was the walls are thick enough we
could scream and not be heard by
the neighbors! That's it!

Frank looks to Juls, then to Egypt, then to the door. After assessing the situation, he drags Egypt along still at knifepoint.

FRANK
Come on!

The three scramble for the door when -

BLLLDT! BLLLDT! Semiautomatic gunfire is heard outside in the main area. They all trade looks and take off.

INT. ABANDONED FARM - BARN - NIGHT

The stage seems to be set for Rebecca. El is ready to take her until -

WHAM! He's struck in the side of the head by a pistol, flooring him instantly.

Izzy stands over top of him, holding the pistol tightly.

IZZY

Sneaky motherfucker! Can't believe this shit man. Now I gotta call it in.

A headshake is given in disappointment as he drags him out by the ankles.

INT. VIXEN'S STRIP CLUB - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

It's empty now, music still playing. The Man In The Suit is seen holding an SMG while standing over top of the, now dead, Bouncers that he and Juls fought with.

MAN IN THE SUIT

Coward!

He whips out a phone, and hits speed dial, then presses the phone to his ear. After a few beats, he begins speaking in Spanish. (SUPERIMPOSE: Spanish to English translation).

MAN IN THE SUIT

(IN SPANISH)

"Hello. I ran into a situation at the Strip Club. We may want to alert the boss about this, it's important"

EXT. CHARGER - MOVING - NIGHT

Juls' car guns through a red light.

INT. CHARGER - MOVING - NIGHT

Juls is seen at the wheel, while Frank and Egypt sit in the backseat. Egypt is less than enthusiastic.

EGYPT

At the next light, make a left.

EXT. MT. WASHINGTON/GRANDVIEW AVE - NIGHT

A gorgeous view Pittsburgh skyline at night from Mt. Washington. The Charger comes to a slow rolling stop in front of a beautiful Contemporary style home. The view of both the skyline and the home is incredible.

INT. CHARGER - PARKED - NIGHT

Juls throws the car in park and waits patiently. Frank closely monitors Egypt in the back seat.

FRANK

This one up here?

EGYPT

Yep.

FRANK

You're sure it's this one?

EGYPT

Yeah, I'm sure, alright!

FRANK

Thanks for your help. I'll take the front door.

EGYPT

Hold up. Listen, you don't act like a cop, so who are you?

Frank considers this but a beat - ironic.

FRANK

Two guys that could've killed you if we wanted. Mind your business.

EGYPT

It doesn't even matter. Just know I wasn't joking, I need out of here, now!

Frank looks at her, then to the house. He let's out of sigh.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - NIGHT

The exterior of a well-lit Greyhound bus station off of Liberty Avenue is seen. It's late night so things are slower, though a little activity is still occurring.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - NIGHT

Juls and Frank look on as Egypt boards a large Grey Hound bus. A beat later, the DOORS SHUT behind her.

JULS
You really believe her?

FRANK
Doesn't matter. We hit the house tomorrow.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Hendrix rests in a plain bed, until his phone rings at the bedside. He awakens quickly, then answers.

HENDRIX
(into phone)
What is it?

INT. ABANDONED FARM - BARN - NIGHT

El is tied up and gagged in a chair, with his feet bound together. Izzy, a few of Hendrix's Bodyguards, Donnie, Cube, and a few young soldiers watch silently.

IZZY
Noticed it was too quiet and went to check everything out. Fucker was out here ass naked.

Hendrix is in review but momentarily. An eerie calmness about him.

HENDRIX
So exactly what did you plan to do to her?

El flails and mummurs frantically through the gagging instrument. Hendrix walks over to him and leans in, to continue interrogation sarcastically.

HENDRIX
(sarcastically)
Excuse me? I'm sorry, I can't understand.

The mummurs continue. WHAP! Hendrix snaps, and decks him. He immediately falls to the side, landing with a loud clunk.

(CONTINUED)

HENDRIX
You had very explicit
instructions...

He kicks him.

HENDRIX
NOT to touch the girl!

He kicks him again. El breaks down and lets the tears begin to flow.

HENDRIX
But no, you had another agenda in
mind, right? You had other
thoughts. So-

He signals one of the henchmen over. The henchman responds promptly, holding a LARGE AXE in hand. He takes it from him.

HENDRIX
I'm what you call a realist. I feel
like the only way to really see
what's on someone's mind is to..
(beat)
REALLY SEE what's on someone's
mind.

Hendrix raises the blade of the axe to eye level. He scans the sharpness intensely. His motives seem more psychotic as the incident progresses.

HENDRIX
Gentlemen and Not So Gentlemen of
the Jury I find the defendant
guilty on all counts of disloyalty,
dishonesty, and disobedience.

He moves over top of the fallen El. He looks to the men in the room briefly.

HENDRIX
I sentence him to Death without the
possibility of being recognized
ever again.

He grips the axe tightly with both hands. He sets his feet then raises it above his head.

HENDRIX
The court is now adjourned.

(CONTINUED)

WHACK! He brings the axe down with fury, continuously cleaving even through the agonizing screams. Blood flies in every direction.

The men wince and turn, grossed by the gruesome display. The sounds of the axe meeting flesh, accompanied by sadistic grunts from Hendrix, are heard numerous times.

Cube is seen giving a glare at Donnie, whom now seems affected by the merciless display from Hendrix.

CLOSE ON - BACK OF THE CROWD

A young, skinny male with fair skin and baseball cap watches, horrified. Looks like he could blow chunks at any second.

EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD - DAY

A CADILLAC DTS is seen speeding down the Highway.

EXT. CADILLAC - MOVING - NIGHT

Donnie is behind the wheel, while Cube sits in the passenger side of the vehicle.

CUBE

Did you see that!? Did you see how he chopped that motherfucker up!?

Donnie is blank. His eyes are focused on the road and steering.

DONNIE

Relax, he's not going to catch us. That kid was just stupid.

Cube waives affiliation nervously, still not moved by Donnie.

CUBE

Us!? There is no us. I don't have anything to do with this. I said we give him the money from the beginning.

Donnie snaps and grows angry at Cube.

DONNIE

Get some fucking heart! You seen what he thinks of us! We're errand boys!

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE (cont'd)
When he sits down with them Amigos,
we're not going to be anywhere in
sight!

Cube falls silent. Donnie becomes calm, finally.

DONNIE
I got this under control. We've
been down a lot of tough roads
before this. We're still standing.

Donnie looks to the road ahead. He's focused.

EXT. CARTINO RESIDENCE - DAY

Frank stands at the trunk of his car. He's loading in a large duffle bag. When finished, he slams the trunk shut and checks on Juls through the rear windshield.

Suddenly from inside the house -

SOPHIA (O.S.)
FRANK!

INT. CARTINO RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

A mortified Sophia sits at the dining room table staring at a laptop. Her face is red and puffy from crying. Frank stands directly behind her, also staring.

SOPHIA
They went up about an hour ago. A few kids she went to High School with commented about it on a social networking site and it took off from there. One of her old friends called and told me! She's all over the internet like this, Frank!

She clicks the mouse and breaks down, hysterically. Frank glances at the screen before turning away as well. He takes her into his arms.

FRANK
GOD...

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

An average Starbucks-esque Coffee Shop sits inside a shopping center. Business is flowing steadily.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Stan walks into the coffee shop alone. He spots a stressed Frank sitting in a BOOTH and makes his way over to him. Before he can sit all the way down, Frank snaps.

FRANK

I want this bastard's head!

Stan leans over the table to calm him with a light palm to the chest.

STAN

(looking around)

Stick with me here, Frank! I want him just as bad as you do, but we have to stay as focused as possible. No miscalculations.

FRANK

How can I keep calm when this bastard has my daughter on some floor with chains on, plastered all over the internet for the world to see!?

STAN

It's not going to be easy to do, but you have to step away from being a Father for a second and think like a Detective.

Frank plops down and begins to struggle with the reality of Stan's logic.

STAN(CONT'D)

Now as gruesome as the situation seems, we have a valuable piece of evidence. Let's see the photos.

With hesitation, he removes the photos from the empty space in his seat. Stan takes them and set them down.

STAN

Don't look at the photo, look INTO the moment. Encompass the scenario.

CLOSE ON - CORNER OF THE PHOTO

(CONTINUED)

In Frank's POV, we see a close up of dirty hay on the ground, along with a corner of the Tractor Wheel leaning against the wall.

FRANK

The ground is -
(beat)

There's straw or hay or dead grass.

STAN

It's spring. So there shouldn't be any dead grass or hay around these parts, at least in the city.

FRANK

Rural then.

STAN

Farmlands, mountain region maybe.

FRANK

Christ, that could be one of ten thousand farms around here. We have to track down that originating IP address of the photographer.

STAN

May take some time, but it can be done. If we can find the IP address, we can find the User.

FRANK

How fast can you get it done under the radar?

STAN

I'll try to push it by tonight, when Tech takes a break. Keeps any of the guys from getting curious, you know?

FRANK

We're running out of time. I can't handle another-

STAN

Stop right there. We are GOING TO find her. No more losses. We're going to find her and nail this bastard for Jack, once and for all. You hear me?

Frank nods silently. Stan stands from the table ready to exit.

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Are you sure running around with
him is a good idea, Frank?

He points to the window referring to -

STAN/FRANK POV

Through the window, we see Juls outside leaning on Frank's
car. He is smoking a cigarette while talking on the phone.

STAN (O.S.)

Something about him just doesn't
sit right with me.

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY

Frank is focused on the road at the wheel. Juls is
reclined, focused out of the passenger side window while
flick the lid on his CIGARETTE BOX. Eventually, he decides
to break the silence.

JULS

You plan on getting out of here
when you get her back?

Frank is confused, from not paying attention.

FRANK

(annoyed)

What?

JULS

Your girl. Do you plan on moving
your family when you get your girl
back?

FRANK

(re: cigarettes)

Do you plan on quitting!? What's
with all the personal shit all of a
sudden.

JULS

No time soon. Better than some
other shit I've seen smoked
before?

It becomes silent. Frank considers the question for a
moment. A sigh escapes.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

A part of me does want to just get away from all of this. Maybe move to the mountains and try to move on.

JULS

And the other part?

FRANK

I protected this city for seventeen years of my life. I don't want to abandon it now.

(beat)

Besides, even if I'm not on the force, I made a promise to my old partner I'd do all I could to see positive improvement.

JULS

How'd he go?

He considers the question for a moment. It's hard on him.

FRANK

He pursued a suspect without calling it in. Huge no-no, but he was so hell bent on taking down Whitfield, he didn't care who he had to run through.

Juls continues to listen as he observes the scenery passing by out through the window. After a few beats, the movement stops. He looks over to Frank.

FRANK

We're here. Remember, we only need clues or documents related to his properties. No clue who might be in here, so stay sharp. You ready to do this?

EXT. HENDRIX'S CITY HOME - DAY

Frank and Juls scramble from the car, which is parked on a side street. They head up the block toward the house Egypt previously marked. Upon arrive, they take cover.

Frank looks around the area to see if there are civilians. After determining none are present, they move into the small driveway of the home.

CLOSE ON - NEARBY WINDOW

(CONTINUED)

A shady looking old man watches Frank and Juls from a window across the street.

BACK TO SCENE

Juls begins a path for the door, but is quickly stopped by Frank. Frank points to the sign signifying there is a security system present.

INT. HENDRIX'S CITY HOOME - DAY

PSSH! The glass near the FRONT DOOR shatters after a decorative planter is thrown through it.

Frank knocks out the jagged glass before climbing through.

FRANK

It'll only disable the system until the security company notices it's offline, so we move quick.

JULS

Yeah, whatever, MacGyver.
(amazed)

This shit is huge. Never even knew he had this.

FRANK

Yeah, courtesy of you and your friends.

JULS

Fuck you.

FRANK

There's got to be an office or PC with information we can use. We've got to find it.

JULS

Yeah let's, oh yeah, what fucking way is it?

FRANK

Just start looking.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

As the sun sets, Hendrix stands on the top tier of a public parking garage in the heart of Downtown. He looks in the general direction of his Mt. Washington home, ironically. After a beat, Donnie appears at his side.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE

Still no sign - he's smart. He must have it buried somewhere.

HENDRIX

No, that's not his style. He always likes to have his money in arm's length. It's still in this city.

Donnie become nervous and attempts to nullify any chance of the conversation continuing.

DONNIE

Did you hear? Vixens got caught up in a shooting incident. No shooter found, but two left dead.

HENDRIX

Exactly why I didn't show. Too easy to get hit there.

Hendrix's phone rings, breaking up the discussion. He quickly answers.

HENDRIX

(into phone)

Yeah?

(beat)

The old man called it in? Did he see what they looked like?

(beat;sigh)

Blind fool. Green light if you get there before they leave.

INT. HENDRIX'S CITY HOME - DAY

The men finish searching the house and regroup in the living room around again. Defeat seems to loom over Frank.

FRANK

Nothing. Bastard didn't even have a grocery list.

JULS

Yeah, I didn't see shit either. No safes, no deeds, no nothing.

FRANK

Dammit! Stan where the fuck are you!?

(CONTINUED)

JULS

Come on, let's roll. I got a bad feeling.

Juls convinces him it's time to leave. As they head for the door, the sounds of cars pulling up are heard. Juls stops Frank in his tracks.

JULS

Hold up, hold up! You hear that!?

EXT. HENDRIX'S CITY HOME - CONTINUOUS

TWO BLACK SUVs come to a screeching halt in the driveway area. Four MASKED GUNMEN (1-8) hop out of each vehicle, all armed with Silenced MAC-11 Machine Pistols. They quickly move in synch to the front door.

INT. HENDRIX'S CITY HOME - CONTINUOUS

They spot the men hop out and scramble for cover. Juls pushes Frank from the line of sight. He then scrambles to duck behind the island in the open kitchen area.

EXT. HENDRIX'S CITY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gunman 1, who acts as the lead, signals two to enter through the opening Frank created. They comply and roll out. He signals two more around to check the back.

INT. HENDRIX'S CITY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Frank ducks behind the couch and cocks his pistol.

Juls is still behind the counter. He cocks his pistol as well.

The two Gunmen who entered first (2 & 3) immediately storm the living room in tandem, guns raised.

Frank hears them approaching, and begins backing around to the side of the couch. Inadvertently, he bumps the coffee table which holds a GLASS CENTERPIECE with decorative marbles.

The centerpiece rocks and begins to tip towards the end of the table.

One of the gunmen hears the noise and begins to look around.

PSSSSHHHHH!!! The centerpiece hits an un-carpeted portion of the floor and shatters on impact.

The gunmen turn to the living room.

(CONTINUED)

GUNMAN 2

Couch! Couch!

The gunmen open fire on the couch, holes puncturing through like pins to a balloon. Frank dives for cover behind a nearby wall.

Juls pops up from behind the island and lets three shots ring toward Gunman 2.

Gunman 2 is hit in twice, causing him to drop his weapon. Gunman 3 turns and releases a barrage of shots at Juls.

Juls ducks down quickly.

JULS

OH SHIT!

Frank peeks from behind the wall, before taking aim on Gunman 3. Right as he is about to fire - TAT TAT TAT - two shots pierce the wall right behind his head, just slighting him. He turns to fire upon Gunmen 4, 5, and 6, whom enter the living room from the pool around at the house's posterior.

GUNMAN 4

Found them! Living Room, Living Room!

Gunman 3 tries assisting Gunman 2 while reaching for his gun but -

POP! POP! Juls manages to put two into him, dropping him and Gunman 2 naturally.

TATATATATATATA! Gunman 1 emerges ripping the kitchen to pieces while trying to take Juls head off.

GUNMAN 1

Put 'em down!

Juls peeks from behind the counter in a nick of time to catch Frank under fire. POP! POP! He sends a couple in the vicinity of the three gunmen.

PSHHH!! Two miss, they break the glass around the patio doors.

In a show of sheer bravado, Frank uses the cover fire from Juls to make a rolling dive to Gunman 2's gun. Grabbing it, mid roll, he breaks momentum and aims just in a nick of time upon Gunman 1 standing by the foyer. TATATA- a huge burst of shots swallows Gunman 1 alive, dropping him immediately.

(CONTINUED)

The 3 patio area gunmen now move to flank Juls out.

FRANK

Cooper! Go for the door, NOW!

JULS

Fuck!

Juls pops off a few shots at the other gunmen. He hauls ass after the shots.

Frank empties the magazine while Juls runs, spraying up the entire area around the assassins.

The gunmen hit the deck. They firing back at Frank, blindly.

Frank goes into a crouch run, escaping shortly behind Juls.

EXT. HENDRIX'S CITY HOME - DAY

Gunfire rains in from the remaining 2 Gunmen whom wait in limbo in the bushes outside of the home.

Juls stumbles. It seems as though he's done for.

GUNMAN 8 POV

He has the fallen Juls lined up for the kill.

POP! POP! Frank drops Gunman 8 with 2 well placed head shots. He scrambles to scoop Juls up on the way. The two hit the street and take off to the car.

Gunman 7 pursues momentarily and empties his magazine up the street at them. Ultimately, he misses. Anger flourishes as he lets them escape.

GUNMAN 7

Dammit!

EXT. HENDRIX'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

It is nightfall at the secluded mansion compound of Hendrix.

INT. HENDRIX'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

We find a Hendrix sitting at a desk in his very professional looking office inside of his compound. Across from him, Donnie is present.

His phone rings suddenly. He jumps to answer it like he's expecting a lottery winning call.

(CONTINUED)

HENDRIX
(into phone)
What the fuck happened!?

INT. OMNI WILLIAM PENN HOTEL - LARGE SUITE - NIGHT

A golden brown skinned man with very low cut brown hair stands at a window while inhaling a joint. He is shirtless, allowing several gold chains to rest on top of a torso full of assorted tattoos. Opposite hand of ANGEL VILLANUEVA (30) holds the cell phone as he responds to Hendrix.

ANGEL
(into phone)
Everything alright over there in Pennsylvania? I'm not hearing good things, Primo.

INTERCUT - CONTINUOUS PHONE SEQUENCE

Hendrix snaps to attention. He forces Donnie out of the room while they talk. Donnie jumps up and exits quickly.

HENDRIX
(into phone)
Everything is where it's supposed to be, amigo.

ANGEL
(into phone)
You sure? I'm hearing different. Those Pittsburgh streets may not be wrapped as tightly as before. Anything we need to know over here?

HENDRIX
(into phone)
Nothing except I'm eager for that dinner in a few days.

ANGEL
(into phone)
Hope so, Primo, because there's been a change in plans. That dinner will be happening a lot sooner than a few days. We'll be in from Jersey tomorrow.

Hendrix's face becomes stunned now.

HENDRIX
(into phone)
Tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

Angel takes a pull, then exhales the smoke.

ANGEL
 (into phone)
 Be everything you say you are
 tomorrow. Time and location will be
 discussed tomorrow. Till later,
 Primo.

Angel hangs up.. Hendrix looks at the phone, confused.

HENDRIX
 (into phone)
 Hello? Angel? Hello?

In the moment of confusion, he punches the desk. His focus shifts from the phone to the large glass window.

HENDRIX POV

Darkness of the night sky cast over the Pittsburgh skyline, which is in the far distance.

CLOSE ON - OFFICE DOOR

From an interior view, we see the office door slightly cracked open. We flip to an exterior view and see Donnie eavesdropping from the outside.

EXT. OMNI WILLIAM PENN HOTEL - NIGHT

The skyline of the City of Pittsburgh at night is flashed, followed by the unique architecture of Pittsburgh's Omni William Penn Hotel. Three flags are seen flying above the doors: the flag of the United States, The Pennsylvania State flag, and the City of Pittsburgh flag.

INT. OMNI WILLIAM PENN HOTEL - LARGE SUITE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - ASHTRAY

A hand extinguishes a joint in an ashtray on a fancy windowsill.

Angel, in the same position as before, is revealed shortly after still standing at the window. Obviously, he is already in Pittsburgh, not New Jersey, as he stated. He exhales the smoke slowly while a MYSTERY MAN speaks to him in Spanish. (SUPERIMPOSE - SPANISH TO ENGLISH)

MYSTERY MAN (O.S.)
 (in spanish)
 "I do not trust your man. He has a
 liar's aura"

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

He will be the man he claims. I
give you my word, Jefe.

MYSTERY MAN (O.S.)

(in spanish)

"Do not let your word be your
downfall"

Angel's face begins to show much thought and contemplation
at the Mystery Man's statements.

EXT. IMPALA - NIGHT

Frank parks the car at the hotel where Juls is staying. He's
shaken, and clearly spent following the events.

INT. IMPALA - MOTEL - NIGHT

Frank and Juls pull into the parking lot of the motel.

FRANK

Stay low and out of sight, at least
until morning. We weren't followed.

Juls looks around to check the validity of Frank's claim.

JULS

Hope not. Not holding enough to
hold back another one of those
episodes.

FRANK

You handled yourself well, I'm
shocked. In a different life, you
might have made a half decent cop.
Reminded me of-

(beat; hesitant)

Anyway, the shooters had silencers.
They were expecting to see us.

Juls continues with business. All that matters is the
mission.

JULS

I don't even know what the fuck to
make of that shit earlier. They
weren't regular neighborhood
shooters.

FRANK

Surprise, huh? Believe it or not,
your ex Messiah doesn't include you
pawns on everything he does.

(CONTINUED)

JULS

I was never nobody's pawn! Don't get that fucked up!

FRANK

Yeah, sure, right. You were so important to him, that the minute you left him, you got robbed. Some partnership.

JULS

Man, fuck you. I'm out of here.

Juls jumps out, disregarding Frank's statement. As he walks away, Frank leans and shouts out the window to him.

FRANK

Keep your phone close! Anything comes up, we move immediately!

INT. SMALL MOTEL - DAY

The morning sunlight shines through the split in the curtains onto Juls' sleeping face. His eyes split open slowly, turning to the window.

Rolling to his side, he grab his CELL PHONE from the nightstand. He taps a button to bring it to life.

CLOSE ON - PHONE SCREEN

The phone displays: " 2 MISSED CALLS - TOUCH"

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

Morning dew and sunlight invade a casual Shopping Center with various stores just after business begins. Very few cars and customers occupy the vicinity. Juls and Touch walk casually on the sidewalk.

TOUCH

He looked like he seen a ghost when he was talkin' about it, but I believe him. I told you, Hendrix changed.

JULS

I hope so. You told him to meet us here?

TOUCH

Yeah, should be here any time now. Let me ask you somethin'

(CONTINUED)

JULS

What's up?

TOUCH

What ever happened here that was so crazy it made you just up and go to Virginia that long?

Juls pauses for several beats. It's obvious he's uncomfortable talking about it.

JULS

Honestly?

(beat)

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

TOUCH

Come on, man. You can tell me, you know that.

JULS

You remember the time when -

As he begins to go into it, a voice interrupts him.

GUY (O.S.)

What's up, why y'all standing here like that?

They both turn. It's the same skinny male with fair skin and baseball cap from the Barn. CHRIS (19) gives a handshake to each of them.

CHRIS

What's up?

TOUCH

Yo, Chris, tell Juls what you seen the other day.

Chris looks around nervously then proceeds.

CHRIS

The thing with the axe?

TOUCH

Yeah.

He steps in closer, looking around the scene. He begins speaking horrified.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Man, Hendrix went crazy the other day on this dude. Man, it's crazy 'cause I don't even know what the dude did. Hendrix started talking all poetic sounding and shit, then out of nowhere he just starts cutting dude's arms and legs and shit off.

(beat)

Wouldn't let none of us leave until he was done.

JULS

And you watched it all? What did you say he did again?

CHRIS

Man, I don't know. Had something to do with some girl they were supposed to watch, but I was high as hell and-

Bingo. Juls' interest brings the conversation to an abrupt stop.

JULS

Hold on a minute. Girl? And farm?

CHRIS

Yeah man, some girl. I think they got her out there on this farm and won't let her leave. But you didn't hear that from me.

JULS

Did you get a chance to see the girl?

CHRIS

Naw, I was close to the back. Especially when bodies started getting chopped and shit. Fuck that.

JULS

What about the farm? You remember how to get there or where it was?

A look of shame crosses Chris' face. All in all, he's still a teenager, right?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Naw, man. Like I said, I'd been smoking all day so I wasn't paying attention. I know it was all brown and far out though. We were on the Turnpike for a while.

JULS

Which direction?

CHRIS

East, Cuzz.

JULS

Thanks a lot, little homie.

Daps him again, appreciative.

JULS

(to Touch)

I gotta go. I'll explain later on, but keep your phone on.

TOUCH

No doubt, be safe. Hit me later.

They leave, leaving Chris to stand there dumbfounded.

CHRIS

Damn, can I at least get a ride back home!?

EXT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY

Frank's rides Eastbound on Penn Avenue.

INT. IMPALA

Frank steers with one hand and holds a coffee with the other. His look shows fatigue and focus. Suddenly-

CLOSE ON - CELL PHONE

His cell phone rings and buzzes in the cup holder compartment. He grabs it.

FRANK

(into phone)

Stan?

Stan begins talking quickly.

(CONTINUED)

STAN (O.S.)

(from phone)

Frank, not a lot of time, so I have make this quick. I was able to find the origin of the picture. It originated from a mobile phone and was uploaded to a popular social media site profile. The screen name is: "elvin pressley fifty-five". A real jackass, this guy. Hit the comment section of a picture and I was able to determine the profile belongs to an Elvin Elderidge the Third.

FRANK

(into phone)

Anything on the bastard's jacket? Address? Contact numbers?

STAN (O.S.)

(from phone)

A few simply assault charges, a disorderly conduct, possession of marijuana, and here's the kicker, he has records of engaging in Deviant Sexual Intercourse in a few restraining orders filed against him in two-thousand ten. Address on file is Fifty-Six Ninety East Liberty Boulevard Apartment Thirteen, near North Negley Avenue.

EXT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY

Frank's spins the block, screeching all the while, and then roars up the street in the other direction.

EXT. 5690 EAST LIBERTY BLVD - DAY

Frank slams the trunk shut. With duffle bag slung over his shoulder, he quickly heads to the complex.

INT. 5690 EAST LIBERTY BLVD - DAY

CLOSE ON - 9MM BERETTA

Frank brandishes a black beretta from under his shirt.

TO SCENE

He moves through the hallway, scanning each apartment door number as he passes. Nine, Ten, Eleven, Twelve, and finally, Thirteen. He places his ear close to listen in, while the sounds of a TV show are heard.

EXT. SECLUDED WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Juls stands in a very secluded looking woodland area in the middle of nowhere. He scans the area briefly, and then kneels down in front of a large, flat rock. With limited care, he flips the rock out of position to reveal something concealed by leaves.

INT. 5690 EAST LIBERTY BLVD - CONTINUOUS

Frank taps the door a few times to see if anyone will answer. While covering the peep hole, he scans the area BELOW THE DOORKNOB. He is waiting, and waiting...

EXT. SECLUDED WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Leaves are brushed away with both of his hands until a broken piece of plywood with spray paint on it is revealed. He flips that out of the way next. We see a large hole, with an item wrapped in plastic around it.

INT. 5690 EAST LIBERTY BLVD - CONTINUOUS

Still no answer at the door. A tap is given below the doorknob. It's weak? He's onto something.

EXT. SECLUDED WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Juls has pulled up the plastic wrapped item. He starts tearing away the plastic. More and more of the item's makeup become visible.

INT. 5690 EAST LIBERTY BLVD - CONTINUOUS

He is on a knee, removing an item from the duffle bag. It's a SHOTGUN. He jams the Beretta in his waistline then grips the shotgun.

EXT. SECLUDED WOODS - CONTINUOUS

It is a black gym duffle bag. Hesitating for a moment, he takes a deep breath. Shortly after, he unzips the top of the bag to reveal several bandings of money!

INT. 5690 EAST LIBERTY BLVD - DAY

Frank raises the Shotgun. He takes aim right below the doorknob where the latch would be. Focused...waiting...

INT. 5690 EAST LIBERTY BLVD - APT 13 - DAY

BOOM! The DOOR flies open wildly. With the gun raised, he scans left, and then right, then left, and proceeds inside. He takes a look at the set up.

FRANK'S POV

It is very minimally decorated inside. An old couch sits back inches from a modest flat screen, which is playing The Maury Show at an unnecessarily high volume. Marijuana instruments, Pizza boxes, and two wine glasses sit on the coffee table between the TV and couch.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank notices the items on the table. After a few more steps, he notices a HALLWAY with 2 other doorways. As he moves slowly, the faint sounds of a woman moaning can be heard in the bedroom.

BEDROOM

The door is opened wide enough to peek inside, which he does. A completely nude, older WOMAN with a bad wig and red heels rides Reverse Cowgirl on top of a boney MALE with dreadlocks and tattoos in his early twenties. After a few beats, Frank barges in, gun raised.

FRANK

Hands up! HANDS-UP!

The pair stop almost instantaneously. The woman shrieks while climbing down to scramble for cover and the male's eyes snap open while reaching to pull drawers up. Frank's wrath continues.

FRANK

Move, and that'll be your last lay!
Elvin Elderidge the third!?

Frank aims at the young male. The young male pulls his pants up to plea for his life.

MALE

Not me-not me! That's my cousin! We
ain't even that close though!

(CONTINUED)

The tension is getting boot thick. The look on Frank's face shows us he's ready to bodybag them at any minute. Finally, the woman speaks up, hysterical.

WOMAN

Please! Elvin ain't here! That's my boyfriend! He left a few days ago! He said it was business!

Frank changes his aim to the woman.

FRANK

Left where!? Where did he go!?

WOMAN

He didn't say! Please! He didn't say!

He begins switching aim back and forth between them.

FRANK

One of you better find out where he went REAL QUICK!

MALE

He's on some farm out right off the Turnpike by Somerset! He's supposed to be watching some little bitch out there, man, please!

Frank storms toward the male with a vengeance. He begins to violently gun-butt whip him with the stock. The woman fearfully backs into the corner, gripping the sheets as cover.

FRANK

That's my daughter!

WOMAN

Please! You gonna kill him! I love him!

Frank releases the male to fall to the ground. A bloody mess. The male rolls over on his back coughing blood and groaning heavily.

FRANK

You better pray for your other boyfriend too!

Frank exits quickly. The woman runs to the aide of the male.

EXT. SECLUDED WOODS - DAY

Juls secures the bag. He's ready to head back to the car. He takes a few steps when-

BZZT!BZZT! His phone goes off. He takes it out and answers it.

JULS
 (into phone)
 Yo?
 (beat)
 I'm on the way.

EXT. ABANDONED FARM - FARMHOUSE - DAY

Hendrix impatiently paces back and forth in the farmhouse kitchen with cigar in hand. His henchmen stand in limbo protecting the entrances of the home, as well as the perimeter. The tension is thick and nerves are high.

HENDRIX
 He's fucking with me. He's trying
 to psych me out or something!
 Should have let the Eight-Treys
 have a field day on him!

CLOSE ON - HENDRIX PHONE

Hendrix's phone begins to buzz on top of the table. The display on the screen reads "PRIVATE".

BACK TO SCENE

He rushes to the table. He answers the call on Speakerphone.

HENDRIX
 (into phone)
 Angel!?

ANGEL
 (into phone)
 Latitude North Forty point Four
 Three Eight Seven. Longitude West
 Seventy-Nine point Seven Five Zero
 Four One. One Hour. Wait for
 further instruction.

The phone goes dead. The time has come, and shit has officially hit the fan. Disarray begins among the group.

(CONTINUED)

HENDRIX

Who got that?! Anybody got that!?

A HENCHMAN steps up holding a cell phone.

HENCHMAN

Got it. I'll lock them in.

Hendrix points, and the crew begins scrambling around.

HENDRIX

Good! Get the girl. Once she's in,
burn everything down.

A few henchmen scramble out of the room to go gather Rebecca from the barn. The Henchman that took the coordinates gives a shady glance around the room. He takes his phone out and begins texting.

INT. ABANDONED FARM - BARN - DAY

Rebecca, still bound and chained, continues to sit idly.

CLOSE ON - REBECCA'S FACE

A slow blink occurs, and a tear rolls down. She is slowly coming to her senses.

EXT. BAR - DAY

A low key bar set in a rundown neighborhood of town is seen. It looks empty as no cars are parked in front.

INT. BAR - DAY

It is virtually empty inside except for one patron. Donnie is seen at the bar with half-empty drink glass. Twirling the contents of the glass around, he observes the scantily dressed female BARTENDER further down the bar and begins to fraternize.

DONNIE

Hey, Sweetheart. How would a man go
about getting you out of here one
night and home for a nightcap?

She grins and progresses in his direction.

BARTENDER

It depends on what man is asking,
and his intentions with me.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE

(grins)

Oh, I assure you, NOTHING but a nice dinner and a polite conversation. Nothing you can't handle, right?

Grin grows from ear to ear now. A flirtatious shrug is given from her.

BARTENDER

Well, I am a pretty complex girl, but even that seems simple enough.

The two share a brief giggle until-

DOO-DOOT! Donnie receives a text alert.

DONNIE

Excuse me, Sweetheart. Business.

He spins his back to her, causing a slight frown. He reads intensely before hopping up as if on fire. He turns and throws a couple of ten dollar bills on the bar top.

DONNIE

Business, Baby. Gotta run but I'll be back about that date later.

EXT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY

Frank's speeds down the PA Turnpike with reckless abandon. Frequent lane switching and acceleration occurs.

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY

CLOSE ON - JULS' LAP

GLOCK pistol rests in Juls' lap as he sits.

TO SCENE

By this point, Frank is driving like a madman, while Juls rides shotgun. Anxiousness rises in each man's face. Eventually, Juls breaks silent tension once again flicking the now empty CIGARETTE BOX lid.

JULS

Ay, lemme ask you something, Cartino.

Frank is focused and hardly appears to be paying attention, but eventually answers.

(CONTINUED)

JULS (CONT'D)
Do you believe in absolute
forgiveness?

The timing and situation is all wrong for Frank. He flies off the deep end at the comment.

FRANK
Cooper, I swear to GOD if you start
quoting proverbs...

JULS
(cutting in)
Just curious. I don't want my past
mistakes coming back to bite me or
my family. I just wanna be forgiven
and start clean. And since we about
to go into the unknown -

FRANK
Look, we all do a lot of pretty
fucked up things in our life. Some
are able to own those things, and
some aren't.
(beat)
I'm not saying you weren't wrong,
but you off to a good start now.
You struck me as one of the
brighter ones...

It's awkward for a moment. Juls leans in the chair even more. You can tell his mind is way out there now.

JULS
You should've seen the shit you
DIDN'T catch.

FRANK
I can ONLY imagine.

EXT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY

They continue down the road and share a brief calm before the storm. A thick cloud of smoke elevates in the distance. They pass right by an "exit in this many miles" sign for Somerset, on one side of the highway just as -

EXT. SUBURBAN - MOVING - DAY

A caravan of black Suburbans pass going the opposite way on the other side of the road.

INT. SUBURBAN - MOVING - DAY

The interior of Suburban in the middle of the caravan with the darkest tints carries Hendrix, whom sits silently. His look is focused as if he's preparing for war.

INT. CADILLAC - MOVING - DAY

Cube is behind the wheel, while Donnie sits in the passenger seat loading several handguns. Two MERCENARIES sit in the back seats as well, also carries heat.

CUBE

I don't have a good feeling about this one.

DONNIE

It's not hard. We go in, stir it up between Hendrix and the Eses. While they shoot at each other, we swoop in, extract the Don, and offer to get him to safety for the price of continuing business. He says yes, we drop the sack that our buddy Juls graciously provided us on him and get business started.

CUBE

I hope so, cause if not, we're going to be the next ones on the floor getting chopped up.

This pushes Donnie over the edge. He snaps and quickly pressed one of the pistols into Cube's temple as he drives.

DONNIE

You know, this negativity is making believe you don't want to be a part of this. You'd rather be Hendrix's bitch? Is that it?

Cube tenses but remains silent. Control of the car never falters but he does give a slow, silent headshake "No". Donnie lowers the gun.

DONNIE

Good answer. Now, my guy inside guy sent the coordinates, all we have to do is get there and wait.

INT. ABANDONED FARM - FARMHOUSE - DAY

SPLAM! The door to the house is kicked open. Frank and Juls rush in, guns raised, only to be met by flames. They are bright and intense forcing caution on the men.

FRANK

Woah! Shit, smells like gas! This is arson! Rebecca! Rebecca!

JULS

Told you he said it was a brown farm right off the exit! Fuck could she be!?

FRANK

Rebecca! Rebecca!

KITCHEN

Frank continues to flush through the house on a mission. While passing through the kitchen, he notices the barn (also in flames) out the window.

FRANK

I see the barn!

JULS (O.S.)

Good, 'cause we can't get upstairs! Steps are burned through!

EXT. ABANDONED FARM - BARN - DAY

The top of the structure is smoking. Frank and Juls push the doors to the barn apart. No hesitation, Frank rushes in.

INT. ABANDONED FARM - BARN - DAY

More flames as hay was set ablaze. Left, right, left, right the gun is swayed in Frank's grip. He reaches the beam she was chained to and notices the restraints, as well as the tractor wheel.

FRANK

This is it! She was here!

But unfortunately, Juls notices DRIED BLOOD as well as the AXE used by Hendrix.

EXT. LARGE STORE - DAY

Hendrix's caravan pulls up to the desolate rear of a large home improvement store. One of the henchmen jumps out of one of the vehicles and begins looking around.

CLOSE ON - BOX TRUCK

The engine of a large box truck across the lot kicks on. After a few beats, the back door slides up to reveal Angel and a handful of El Salvadoran gangsters.

INT. ABANDONED FARM - BARN - DAY

Time is ticking, and the place is coming down. They stand over top of the stains investigating.

JULS

They could've have moved her or something, right? We don't see any signs they-

Frank places a hand to his chest to stop him from finishing the sentence. Juls catches the hint and ceases more damage.

EXT. LARGE STORE - DAY

The Suburbans have now all pulled closer to the back of the truck. Hendrix and men stand outside, while Angel and company wait inside. A brief standoff occurs.

HENDRIX

Angel, what the fuck it this?

Angel replies comically.

ANGEL

It's a truck, Primo. Got a good deal on it too.

Laughter erupts among Angel and the Gang. Hendrix and crew do not look so amused.

ANGEL

There's room for everyone, Primo. Do you want this meet or not?

A brief moment of contemplation occurs between Hendrix and one of the henchmen. After a few beats, he gives a 'get in' head motion. One by one his henchmen climb up into the truck, followed by himself, with the last of them forcing Rebecca out of the trunk and into the truck.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL
(in Spanish)
Take off!

One of the Salvadoran bangs the rear interior of the truck to signal the driver. A beat goes by, then the truck hums to life and slowly rolls toward the lot exit.

CLOSE ON - CADILLAC

Donnie's Cadillac is seen across the way, observing the entire situation between Hendrix and Angel. A skeptical look from Cube follows.

CUBE
They all getting in the truck?

Donnie lights a cigarette. A nod follows.

DONNIE
It don't make sense, not even a little. Follow that truck. Don't let it out of your sight.

CUBE
What happens when we catch it?
We're outgunned on both sides.

Taking a pull of the cigarette, Donnie dials a number on his cell. Moments later, we hear a dial tone.

DONNIE
We call in the cavalry.

EXT. PITTSBURGH PD ZONE 5 STATION - DAY

The Zone 5 Police Station, which is a small office looking building with tan brick, is seen. The USA flag flies high on the front lawn.

INT. PITTSBURGH PD ZONE 5 STATION - DAY

It is a slow, calm day inside for the force. Few officers and detectives the like walk around in their daily routine.

CLOSE ON - NAMETAG

We see a nametag reading: "STAN RILEY" as a phone rings.

TO SCENE

Stan sits at his desk scanning a document intensely. The phone at his desk rings. He answers it.

(CONTINUED)

STAN
(into phone)
Yeah, Janie?
(beat)
What?
(beat)
Put him through.

Stan scrambles for a pen and paper, juggling the phone all the while.

INT/EXT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY

The duo moves down the highway, headed back to the city. The mood is shot and it appears Frank is barely holding on, until -

BRRRING! His phone goes off. He snaps to answer.

FRANK
Stan!?

He's a madman now, flying with reckless abandonned.

FRANK
We're on the way. Don't lose it!

He ends the call while mashing the gas pedal. A dazed Juls snaps to.

JULS
What the fuck is going on!?

FRANK
Friend of mine just got an anonymous tip on a "drug transaction" going down. Your man Hendrix was named, and Becca was with them. ALIVE. They're headed for the Parkway in a box truck.

JULS
A box truck?

FRANK
Yeah. Angel Villanueva was with them.

Juls double-takes at the name.

(CONTINUED)

JULS

Angel Villanueva!? He's connected
to the Cartel. Can't be good...

EXT. BOX TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

We follow the truck as it rides slowly down Route-22 in
Monroeville, Pennsylvania.

INT. BOX TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

There is a separation between the different crews, with
Hendrix and Angel standing between, mid-cabin. Tension is
very thick now.

HENDRIX

Hope there is a real good reason we
in the back of a fucking truck.

ANGEL

Certain precautions have to be made
when dealing with a meeting of this
caliber. Especially when there is
reason to be skeptical about the
integrity of one of the parties.

HENDRIX

Now just what the fuck does that
mean?

ANGEL

Easy, Primo. Just know we've heard
things. We'll be to the man soon
enough.

INT. CADILLAC - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Donnie and Cube follow a few cars behind the U-Haul.

DONNIE

Soon as we hit the Parkway, there
should be a bird in the sky on top
of that truck.

EXT. PITTSBURGH PD ZONE 5 STATION - DAY

Stan and a large group of Officers with automatic rifles and
riot gear scramble to the squad car yard. A SWAT van and two
Paddy Wagons are present, along with several squad cars. A
huge sense of urgency is present, especially as groups begin
to form for each vehicle assignment.

EXT. IMPALA - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Continuous weaving and speeding up the PA Turnpike. A sign reading: "MONROEVILLE EXIT 57 - 5 MILES".

EXT. BOX TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The U-HAUL hits an on-ramp for highway 376, Westbound. They merge into traffic and increase speed onto the parkway.

INT. BOX TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

A stare down of epic proportions is occurring between both sides. Angel cocks a smirk, while Hendrix remains stoic.

CLOSE ON - REBECCA

Rebecca sits blindfolded and duct taped, wrapped in a thin cloth.

EXT. 376 PARKWAY EAST - OVERHEAD - CONTINUOUS

A police helicopter appears from adjacent skyway. Propellers chop heavily as it flies high above the zig-zagging parkway, now trailing the Box Truck.

EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Afternoon begins to fade into night. The truck comes to a stop at the front of a large movie theater. It is a large structure with a few boarded entrances and glass panels. It looks slightly modern outside with slight graffiti and misfit property damage.

INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Both of the crews leak in through an entrance door which has been propped open. It is somewhat dark, but service lights are on providing some illumination. The men stand in the huge lobby and concessions area which is just as wide as it is tall. Hendrix becomes impatient, checking expensive gold watch.

HENDRIX

Where is he? I tired of waiting,
let's get this under way.

ANGEL

If you insist.

He turns and cups hands around mouth. (SUPERIMPOSE: Spanish to English)

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL
(in spanish)
"The Stage is set, Boss"

It echoes and resonates through the empty walls. Hendrix, his crew, and the Salvadorans all begin to scan the area trying to see where this boss would emerge from.

CLOSE ON - NEARBY DOOR

A door reading: "EMPLOYEES ONLY" is seen. It screeches open from a bottom view, leaving us confronted with a pair of black SALVATORE FERRAGMO SHOES. A few steps are taken out of the threshold.

EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

On the adjacent side of the building to where the truck is parked, we see Donnie's car parked.

Donnie, Cube, and the two MERCENARIES creep slowly around to the same propped door. Both of the Mercs hold sub-machine guns, while Cube mans an AK-74 assault rifle. Donnie with the money bag approaches the door slowly, strapped with twin 1911 GI Pistols.

INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The figure from the door walks up directly behind Angel, in an enigmatic fashion. It's an older man with skin of sandstone, well barbered black hair, and a thick black mustache. Expensive reading frames rest on the bridge of DON ROBLEDO (58), giving a sense of wisdom to the ill-expression faced man.

ANGEL
Don Emilio Robledo Treijo de San
Salvador.

Hendrix takes a few step forward towards him, slowly.

HENDRIX
Don Robledo..

DON ROBLEDO
(in spanish)
"NOT ANOTHER STEP!"

Angel's gang snaps to and brandishes several pistols from underneath their clothing at the Don's words. Hendrix's men replicate the action aiming their own pistols.

EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The police helicopter flies over the abandoned theater after completing a full circle.

Donnie, Cube, and the Mercs creep into the door in the midst of the standoff.

Frank and Juls arrive in the open lot of the theater. They park a few yards away near a dumpster.

INT. IMPALA - PARKED - NIGHT

JULS

You sure this is it?

FRANK

Stan said the bird was lead here. I see the truck by the theater.

JULS

Cool, let's do this. My money's waiting.

Juls reaches for the door to hop out. Before he can get all the way out, Frank grabs him and pulls him back inside.

FRANK

You don't just run head first into a gunfight. We're out numbered and gunned. We need a plan.

Slightly upset, he falls back into the seat. After a few beats, his eyes move to the Box Truck.

JULS

I think I got something in mind.

INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Hendrix raises his hands in a surrender motion.

HENDRIX

With all due respect, Don Robledo, we're just here to talk business. No funny stuff.

The Don, who is hardly moved, begins speaking in English now.

DON ROBLEDO

Well, speak.

(CONTINUED)

HENDRIX

Well, as you know, the market for powder in Pittsburgh isn't stable. You'll have this guy pushing this garbage, that guy pushing that, and all the sudden nobody is loyal to anyone. What I wish to accomplish, with your blessing, is to become a part of your direct network to allow access of larger quantities here. We both could profit HANDSOMELY especially with the times the city is in.

A look of pertaining little interest on the Don's face.

DON ROBLEDO

Angel tells me you two have been working this for quite some time now. You lie, you steal, you bite the hand that feeds you. You have no morals. What makes you different that the others before you who felt they were ready for, as you Americans say, the 'Big Leagues'.

Hendrix's hands lower slowly.

HENDRIX

Because not only does my reputation speak for me, but I also understand the nature of business. I've done my homework on your organization, and I come bearing gifts.

The Don's eyebrows rise. Hendrix lets out a whistle, and his Henchman escorts a blindfolded Rebecca to the front of the pack. Both sides continue to leave drawn firearms on the opposition.

HENDRIX

I know about the focus of your operation in your country shifting to the Girls market, which I hear is becoming lucrative.

(pacing)

As a show of good faith and to a prosperous business future, I present to you the daughter of a prestigious Pittsburgh Police Detective whom almost singlehandedly brought down several of my associates and business partners.

(CONTINUED)

They escort Rebecca to the front of the pac.

HENDRIX (CONT'D)

Let this represent that we will
show no mercy to anyone once
allied.

EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Juls sits in the driver's seat of the truck. He takes a deep breath before turning the keys in the ignition. The truck comes to life.

INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is pushed in the direction of the Don. She lets out a petrified groan from duct taped maw. The Don grabs her roughly, and begins to touch her as if inspecting an animal.

DON ROBLEDO

Are you mad!? Do you know the
magnitude of what you are doing!?

(re: Rebecca)

Besides, she is young. She lacks
experience and assets of a
desirable woman!

HENDRIX

Different stroke for different
folks.

The room falls silent. It appears he's going to speak until-

Donnie and team emerge to interrupt the meeting. Donnie begins clapping, sarcastically.

DONNIE

So there it is, the top secret
plan, FINALLY revealed. I'm
impressed! This is low, even for
you. Frank Cartino's daughter as a
bargaining chip!

Tension thickens more now causing both sides to focus on Donnie now.

HENDRIX

Donnie!? What the hell are you
doing here!

DON ROBLEDO

(in spanish)

"What the hell is this?"

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

(to Hendrix)

You better start saying something
that makes sense REAL FAST, Primo.

HENDRIX

I didn't plan this! He's a fool!

DONNIE

I'm stepping into the spotlight! I
lead, I don't follow

HENDRIX

You half brain, stupid fucking-

DONNIE

(to Hendrix)

You just said you understand the
nature of the business, right!? You
should know hostile takeovers are
very real and happen every day!

The Classic Mexican Standoff is in full effect now, as
everyone aims guns at everyone. A gunfight is sure to erupt
any minute when-

BANG! The box truck busts through the entrance of the
theater, taking a healthy piece of the wall with it. After
mowing down a few men, it collides with the refreshment
counter and stops.

DON ROBLEDO

(in Spanish)

"It's a set up! Take them all out!"

Gunfire erupts from the 100-SGR Gangsters, causing the
oppositions to run for cover, returning fire all the while.

CLOSE ON - CRASHED TRUCK

The back door slides up, and Juls stumbles out. He
immediately looks for Hendrix in the chaos.

BACK TO SCENE

Complete chaos has broken now. The battle inside the theater
takes on many qualities of a military standoff in the Middle
East.

Angel draws a Desert Eagle and begins to send shots toward
Hendrix's men, while rushing to the aid of the Don.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL
(in Spanish)
"I'll bring death to all of you!"

Two men catch flying rounds near Hendrix. Hendrix grabs one of the corpses as a human shield, returning fire, as he heads for a doorway to provide cover.

HENDRIX
That backstabbing little fuck!

Non-stop commotion continues in a fight of epic proportions. A few Salvadorans get hit in the vicinity of the Don while Angel is in route. Meanwhile, Donnie and Cube trade shots with those loyal to Hendrix.

DONNIE
This wasn't supposed to go like
this!
(fires rounds blindly)
All you had to do was give me my
respect!

Frank spots Rebecca on the ground across the room between Donnie's Mercenaries and Hendrix men shooting out. In a show of bravado, he sprints head on for the action. In cool action hero fashion, he releases a few rounds putting down Hendrix's men, then does a action hero style move to scoop and roll himself and Rebecca out of the way.

BLAM BLAM BLAM! Shots just miss Frank and Rebecca.

Angel reaches Don Robledo and helps him to his feet.

Hendrix notices Angel and the Don, and begins to fire rounds at them. While this occurs, Donnie blindsides Hendrix knocking him into a wall. Hendrix loses his gun.

DONNIE
Not my meal ticket, you won't!

HENDRIX
I should of left you on the
streets!

The two begin a physical, hand-to-hand fight. It is a back and forth trading of punches, eventually forcing them both off the main battlefield to a hallway of theaters.

Juls bangs off a few rounds from the GLOCK and proceeds toward Hendrix and Donnie's location. Cube notices this and puts a few rounds right near Juls' head, barely missing. Juls hits the ground and fires back.

(CONTINUED)

JULS

Fuck.

100-SGR and Hendrix's crew are now beginning to drop from the shooting. Corpses from both sides are beginning to turn up. Suddenly-

SISS! Smoke grenades go off, leaking thick white puffs from the large hole in the wall. Stan and several members of the PPD rush into the scene, from different directions, with arms held high.

STAN

Pittsburgh Police! CEASE FIRE AND
DROP YOUR WEAPONS, NOW!

Hendrix and Donnie continue to go at it. Noticing the Police presence now, Donnie manages to best Hendrix momentarily to make a break for it.

DONNIE

Other plans, 'boss man'! Gotta go!

Frank frees Rebecca of her restraints, and gives her a world class hug. Rebecca can do nothing but cry hysterically.

Stan notices Angel and Don Robledo. Moving tactically in their direction, it's not long before Angel spots him and bangs off a few round from his Eagle. Stan takes cover.

Juls gets up and progresses to Hendrix. Hendrix now pursues Donnie until-

Juls swings the pistol into Hendrix's temple, dropping him.

JULS

Now who needs to watch their back!
You stole my money
(kick)
and wrecked my home!

Groaning out in pain, Hendrix rolls over in the aisle. Disoriented and confused, Hendrix questions Juls.

HENDRIX

I don't have your money!

He spits blood at his side and weakly points to Donnie, who has almost completely fled the scene.

Juls stands in a juxtaposition. He turns to Hendrix to get ready to continue a beating.

(CONTINUED)

JULS

Naw. No more lies. I've had enough!
Man up!

Juls takes aim on Hendrix. He's ready to end him until-
Cube appears from behind, grabbing Juls by the shoulder.

CUBE

You got that gun pointed at the
wrong one.

Hendrix and Juls both turn and stare in confusion.

INTERCUT - ACROSS THE THEATER

PPD and SWAT still trade shots and fight to apprehend
remaining members of both factions.

Frank, Stan, and Rebecca duck behind a refreshment stand.

FRANK

Stan! Get Rebecca to safety!

STAN

Frank you gotta get out of here!

FRANK

Can't! Not before I finish this!

He kisses Rebecca and takes off. She fights to hold him with
her, but ultimately cannot. Stan brings her in close for a
comforting hug.

BACK TO SCENE

Cube stands still holding Juls now.

CUBE

He called the order, sure, but he
didn't take your money. You can
take that to the bank. It was
Donnie.

He head nods in the direction that Donnie ran.

CUBE (CONT'D)

He's let this shit go to his head.
I ain't gonna sit here and act like
I didn't play a part in it, but you
got about twenty seconds to decide
if you're gonna off us or get your
money, before his backstabbing ass
gets away. The choice is yours.

(CONTINUED)

Juls tenses up some, he's still ready to end Hendrix. He looks to Cube, then to Hendrix, then to Cube. Ultimately deciding for the money, he lowers the gun and takes off after Donnie.

JULS

Shit!

Cube begins to walk toward Hendrix slowly, with a look of ill will. Hendrix sits up now, staring to Cube, ready to meet his fate. Cube raises the pistol.

HENDRIX

Well, go ahead and get on with it!
Nine o Clock meeting with Satan
that I'm late for anyway.

CUBE

Tell him I'll see him soon then!

BANG-BANG! Cube drops forward to the floor and lands next to Hendrix. Frank enters the hallway, gun in hand, and wastes no time in moving to Hendrix. He places his foot right on Hendrix's knee and begins to grind.

FRANK

You won't make that meeting until
I'm done with mine.

Hendrix grunts then forces a smile. Frank grips the pistol tighter.

HENDRIX

Detective 'Fast' Frank Cartino. I
wish we could've raced on foot so I
could've put your name to the test.

FRANK

Believe me, the 'Fast' they're
talking about has nothing to do
with feet. Make another move, and
you will get to see it.

HENDRIX

Come on, a prestigious and
decorated Detective such as you?
You're smarter than that. You
wouldn't do me right here in cold
blood.

FRANK

Did I show you a badge or tell you
freeze when I walked in?

(CONTINUED)

HENDRIX

I suppose not. Another legal mistake that'll cost you in the end.

FRANK

Who said I was still a cop?

Hendrix looks puzzled now. Frank begins to speak in a mockery tone of Hendrix's from the initial phone convo at the beginning (especially the last line).

FRANK

That's right, I put the badge down now. So before you go saying another word, I would start begging for your life now, just so you have time to try to sway me. Then maybe, just maybe, I'll give you the solace of hearing my voice before I put a shotgun shell in your brain.

HENDRIX

Come on, Frank. You know that shit was just business.

Hendrix notices a velvet rope connected to a steel pole near him from the corner of his eye.

FRANK

Sounded mighty personal to me.

HENDRIX

Listen, there's some things you don't know-

Stan and a few officers rush into the hallway, guns aimed high.

STAN

FRANK! DON'T DO IT!

Gun still aimed, Frank's attention lapses momentarily upon hearing his name.

PLINK! Hendrix reaches the pole and swings it into the side of Frank's leg, flooring him. Frank screams out in pain. Hendrix quickly commandeers his gun and grips him by the neck as a shield.

HENDRIX

See! All talk! Like the rest of you!

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Donnie jumps in the Cadillac. He shoots a quick glance to the passenger seat.

DONNIE POV

Duffle bag filled with Juls' cash sits on the seat.

DONNIE (O.S.)

Still alive long as I got you.

In the distance, he notices Don Robledo, Angel, and a couple Gangsters heading for the woods.

DONNIE

Hope is still alive after all.

He grips the GEAR SHIFT and moves it to drive, when suddenly-

The sound of the driver's side door opening. CLICK-CLACK! A well-kept GLOCK pistol is pressed to Donnie's cerebral.

CLOSE ON - JULS

Juls holds the pistol tightly with a crazed look in his eyes.

INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The standoff continues.

STAN

WHITFIELD! Let him go and put the weapon down!

HENDRIX

Shut the fuck up! I do want to do this! Don't you get it yet? You don't make the rules, I do! This is my city! I'm the last one still standing, and the only one that will ever be standing!

CLOSE ON - FRANK'S GUN

Hendrix's finger hugs on the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

STAN (O.S.)
WHITFIELD! WHITFIELD! NO!

BANG! A shot goes off, and echoes. The room falls silent, and everyone looks around.

EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

DONNIE
This ain't even you, Julian. You ain't a killer. You've been wanting to get out the life.

Juls grips the pistol tighter. Donnie tenses up.

DONNIE
Ok, ok, ok. Let's just talk this out like businessmen. Now I know the money thing might not of been the best move, but you have my word
-

BANG! Not even allowed to finish his statement before Juls does him in cold blood.

INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Hendrix's upper pectoral region is now flooded with blood, causing him to drop the gun and fall to a knee. He squints and turns to the police, who are just as confused.

CLOSE ON - REBECCA

Rebecca stands holding a smoking pistol. Tears fall hysterically.

Members of SWAT rush toHendrix and Frank.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS illuminate the once dim parking lot of the movie theater. A surplus of officers work with medical personal to remove the corpses of the dead henchmen, as well as care for the injured officers and apprehend gunmen.

NEWS VAN

A female REPORTER stands in front of a news van while a crew films her. She is holding a microphone.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER

(into mic)

This certainly would be what you call a Grand Closing here at the Multiplex Seven Theater, which came to life this evening for a series of events that could be described as 'Only In The Movies'.

AMBULANCE

Rebecca rests on a gurney in back of an ambulance with Frank, Sophia, and Stan by her sides.

STAN

They say some bumps, bruises, and signs of chemical sedation, but she'll be just fine after a couple days and some TLC. We'll have to wait for the toxicology report to see the extent of the chemicals used.

SOPHIA

I'm not leaving her side.

FRANK

Couldn't have done this one without you.

They men share a firm handshake and manly hug.

STAN

That's what we do for our own. Active or not, you're still family. Walk with me.

FRANK

Sophie, give me five minutes.

Sophia nods slowly. The men move away from the ambulance to.

SQUAD CAR

A pair of officers move to a Squad Car, escorting a badly limping Hendrix, whom is not only bandaged at the shoulder, but at the knee also. Stan and Frank approach from the side.

STAN

Not sure how I would've been able to get you out of that one, but I'm glad we didn't have to.

Frank stares at Hendrix intensely.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Sometimes a quick death is too easy. The assholes always end up taking each other out. Just make sure you put him away for good this time and he doesn't get off.

STAN

Will do, you have my word. It'll feel especially good to do it for Jack. GOD rest his soul.

Frank nods at the statement. After a beat, he gives a look around, knowing he would not see Juls anywhere in sight.

FRANK

Thanks..

Hendrix and the officers stop at the open car door. He notices Frank, and grins. Frank moves over to him slowly.

FRANK

I give you six months, tops, before one of the homies puts you underground. I'll let that be my solace.

HENDRIX

One thing before we part ways for a while, Cartino.

FRANK

What could you possibly have to say to me that would make me waste any more time with you?

HENDRIX

I don't have any problem owning the work I put it, but even thieves have honor. Your partner, Jack Colston...

Frank snaps and grips him by the collar tightly ready to strangle him. One of the officers assist in restraining Frank.

FRANK

Get off of me!

Hendrix tenses but slightly, then clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

HENDRIX

I was just gonna say I didn't pull the trigger. I didn't put your partner down.

He calms for the moment. The officers release him.

FRANK

The fuck did you say!?

HENDRIX

I said I didn't put the work in on your guy, Frank.

Frank's look shows he's confused and can't fathom.

FRANK

What-what!? If not you, then who?

The officers force Hendrix down and into the back seat of the car. They look to Stan to see if it's ok to let him continue. Stan OKs this.

HENDRIX

One of my past associates got followed by your man.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The PA Turnpike comes into view. It is illuminated only by the headlights of cars that occupy it.

After a beat, Donnie's Cadillac flies by at high speeds.

INT. CADILLAC - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Juls is seen at the wheel with a look of urgency on his face.

HENDRIX (V.O.)

Your man was Undercover and followed him into an alleyway in Lawrenceville that a drop was supposed to occur at. His instructions were to drop with no one but the established party. When your man showed up, and began acting suspiciously, my associate did what he thought was necessary to maintain his freedom.

He adjusts the rear view to make sure he isn't being followed.

(CONTINUED)

HENDRIX (V.O.)

Once it was established that the man was an Undercover, my associate fled the scene, leaving your guy to bleed to death. Rumor is he left Pittsburgh, got rich, and never returned since.

Juls looks into the backseat to check on-

CLOSE ON - BACK SEAT

The two duffle bags rest, surely holding the money.

EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER- CONTINUOUS

Hendrix gives a small smirk from the backseat before continuing.

HENDRIX

I'll never rat...but life can be a bitch when you think how close we get to the truth and never know it. You were face to face with your truth tonight, Frank Cartino, and didn't even know it.

FRANK

I think that whole story is bullshit. I think we got Jack's killer right here.

Hendrix gives his final words before the officers shut the door.

HENDRIX

Some things aren't that complex, Frank. We're all blinded sometimes, but I never thought it would get past you.

Stan taps the top of the squad car three times.

STAN

Get this bastard out of here...

Frank stares on as Hendrix is carted away. Stan walks up and places a hand on his shoulder.

STAN

Don't believe that lowlife. We know the truth, Frank.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Yeah...

From Frank's look, we can tell he is everything but ignoring Hendrix's words.

INT. CADILLAC - MOVING - NIGHT

Focused and reflecting, Juls continues with both hands on the wheel.

INTERCUT - JULS' FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Previous scenes are shown in flashback sequence while Juls drives, revealing that he is the killer of Frank's partner Jack Colston. These scenes are:

- Touch asking Juls what's wrong after jumping Roy. Juls responding he has a lot on his mind.
- Hendrix asking Juls if he was leaving due to the unknown "situation" over the phone.
- Touch asking Juls what happened to made him go to Virginia for that long.
- Juls telling Frank he did a lot of things he wasn't proud of.
- Juls asking Frank how his partner was killed.
- Juls asking Frank about "Forgiveness" while riding to the Farm.
- Hendrix's final words to Frank, telling how close he was to his truth.

END SQ.

BACK TO SCENE

Juls grips his phone from the passenger seat. Focus splits between driving and scrolling his phone. Eventually, he stops to contemplate.

CLOSE ON - JULS' PHONE

Frank Cartino's contact info rests on Juls' screen as he thinks. But after a beat, all we see is -

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A final look at the Cadillac as Juls crosses the Pennsylvania state line into Ohio, signifying he made it and is on his way to Phoenix to start over.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SAN SALVADOR/CORDILLERA DEL BALSAMO - DAY

A beautiful look at the hills and greenery of the region is seen before we go to a much darker image.

Don Robledo accompanied by a surplus of hard looking Salvadoran thugs hold Angel at gunpoint inside of a large hole. Angel is battered, bruises, bloody, and just looks awful. He pleads heavily for his life as a few of the thugs begin to fill the hole with dirt and grass.

ANGEL

(in spanish)

"Please! Please! Give me another chance! I will make it up to you!"

Don Robledo looks highly unmoved by his pleading. He motions over one of his men that wears sunglasses and a suit. The SUNGLASSED MAN comes over with haste.

DON ROBLEDO

Update.

SUNGLASSED MAN

All loose ends are in the process of being tied up as we speak.

DON ROBLEDO

Good.

INT. FBI PITTSBURGH HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A very plain, dark room with stone walls and one overhead light is seen. Only a table and two chairs are present, one of them occupied by a handcuffed Hendrix.

CLOSE ON - HENDRIX

As an annoyed Hendrix sits, we hear the door into the room open. Footsteps clack against the floor, then the sounds of the chair being pulled out from the table. The UNKNOWN PERSON takes a seat, only indicted by sound.

(CONTINUED)

HENDRIX

It's about time, shit. Hope y'all called my lawyer already, saves time, cause I'm not saying a fuckin' word about a thing. I'm not answering no questions, and I for damn sure am not -

TINK! TINK-TINK-TINK-TINK! Before he can finish his sentence, he is shot several times as indicated by the sounds of an silenced pistol. Blood begins to leak from several holes that formed and he slumps forward onto the table.

Sounds of the chair sliding out and the Unknown Person standing occur. They walk out of the room, and the door shuts. We are left with one final view of Hendrix's corpse.

INTERROGATION ROOM HALLWAY

We are at the FEET of the Unknown Person. The picture rises slowly from feet up, while they talk on the phone.

UNKNOWN PERSON

Hello. It is done.

A long pause as the rise continues. Moments later, we reach the head of the assassin and it is revealed to be the Man In A Suit from the Strip Club shooting earlier on.

MAN IN A SUIT

It is my pleasure, Don Robledo.

He ends the call and snaps the phone in half. Reaching in his jacket, he REMOVES AN FBI BADGE and clips it on his beltline. He gives a final smirk before walking out of the hallway casually.

BLACKNESS:

THE END