

SCRIPT TITLE

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FADE IN:

TV SCREEN

A grainy security photo of a parking lot.

SHERRY CARR, thirty, walks to her car, opens the door, gets behind the wheel.

A tall thin man in a ski mask walks up to the car and puts two slugs into the drivers side window.

The man calmly walks away.

A small group of people, presumably coworkers, run to the car. BEGIN CREDITS.

The video is rewound to the beginning. CONTINUE CREDITS.

Rewind. CONTINUE CREDITS.

Rewind. CONTINUE CREDITS...

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Detective JOHN GRANT, forty, sets down the remote. MALISSA, his wife enters.

MALISSA

John, obsession's not a good thing.

GRANT

Here's a woman who's eight and a half months pregnant and some animal puts two slugs in her head.

MALISSA

You did he best you could. Put it in God's hands now.

Malissa gently kisses Grant and exits.

INT. GRANT'S OFFICE-DAY

Grant sits behind his desk working on a report. DONNA FERRELL enters, eyes red with tears.

GRANT

Mrs. Ferrell, how can I help you?

MRS. FERRELL

I sent my two granddaughters some photos and a Christmas card.

Mrs. Ferrell dumps open an envelope. The card and photos spill onto the desk in tiny pieces.

GRANT

I'm sorry.

MRS. FERRELL

It was the bastard. He killed Sherry and he turned my grandchildren against me.

Grant leans back perplexed.

INT. JUDGE RONALD BLINN'S CHAMBERS-DAY

Grant sits across from the judge.

GRANT

I'd like you to issue a search warrant in the Sherry Carr case.

JUDGE BLINN

On what grounds?

Grant sits the envelope with the torn contents on the desk.

JUDGE BLINN (CONT'D)

I hardly call that a reason for...

GRANT

Sherry Carr eight and a half months pregnant took two slugs in the head. Her unborn child died days later after a C section.

JUDGE BLINN

I'm familiar with the case, John.

GRANT

Give me the warrant, please.

Judge Blinn is pensive.

JUDGE BLINN  
I'll give you the warrant. Just  
don't fuck with Mr. Carr. Too much.

GRANT  
Could you issue it a week from now?

Judge Blinn sighs. Grant smirks.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
The anniversary of Sherry's  
homicide.

EXT. HOME OF DONALD CARR-DAY

A car pulls up. Grant exits and is followed by detectives  
NEWMAN and HARMONY.

The door opens. DON CARR steps onto the porch followed by his  
lawyer SPIRO PAPADAKIS.

Just looking at Carr makes one angry.

Grant and Carr's eyes meet.

PAPADAKIS  
I'd like to see the warrant,  
please.

GRANT  
With pleasure.

Grant hands him the warrant as he and the detectives back up.  
Papadakis studies it.

PAPADAKIS  
It's legitimate.

CARR  
We've been through this before.

Papadakis raises his hand.

CARR (CONT'D)  
No, fuck that. I'm a private  
citizen and entitled to that  
privacy.

Grant looks directly into Carr's face.

GRANT

That paper says your privacy is  
null and void.

Grant opens the door.

CARR

Go ahead, make an ass of yourself.  
You've done that this whole case.

Grant stops, faces Carr.

GRANT

I'm going to prove you had your ex-  
wife killed and send you to death  
row. And I will attend your  
execution.

Grant and the detectives enter. Carr turns toward his  
attorney.

CARR

I want to file a complaint.  
He can't talk like that to me.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Grant and the detectives look around. Carr and Papadakis  
enter.

CARR

I'm going to have your badge for  
this. You've been harassing me for  
years.

PAPADAKIS

Don... please.

CARR

This has gone on long enough. I'm  
going to ruin him for this shit.  
I'm fed the fuck up.

Grant motions to the detectives.

GRANT

You search upstairs, you the basement.

NEWMAN

Gotcha.

The detectives disperse.

GRANT

Let me tell you something, Donald,  
your ex-wife got pregnant because  
you couldn't keep the home fires  
just a little warm.

PAPADAKIS

You're out of line, Grant!

CARR

I don't have to take this shit.

PAPADAKIS

No, you do not.

GRANT

You had Sherry killed because you  
didn't want her to give birth to a  
child that would be a half sister  
to your daughters. Because that  
child was fathered by another man.

PAPADAKIS

I'm warning you, Grant! You're here  
to serve a warrant not harass my  
client!

Grant smiles like a sadistic Chesire cat.

GRANT

Face, it, Don, you've always had a  
good job, money. That's why Sherry  
wanted you. When it came down to  
laying the pipe she had to get that  
elsewhere.

Carr's face contorts.

CARR

Fuck you, Grant! Fuck you!

Papadakis throws up his hands.

PAPADAKIS

Don, please!

Carr regains himself.

CARR

You're just a half assed little  
cop. You live a small life. Look at  
the fucking way you dress.

(MORE)

CARR (CONT'D)

Look at what you drive. Look at the house you live in.

GRANT

Your point, baby killer?

Carr's face trembles.

CARR

You're a piece of shit on the bottom rung of the ladder and you'll always be that.

Grant's eyes smile at Carr.

GRANT

And you'll always be a baby killer.

PAPADAKIS

I'm going to file a complaint immediately.

Papadakis reaches for his cell. Grant turns toward him.

GRANT

Why don't you shut the fuck up. You'll say anything anybody pays you to say.

CARR

Fuck this. I'm going for a scenic drive.

GRANT

No, you're not. The warrant includes your humvee.

CARR

Fuck you.

Carr exits.

PAPADAKIS (ON CELL)

Yes, I'd like to speak to the commissioner...

CARR

Remind him we're having lunch tomorrow.

INT. CHIEF DETECTIVE'S OFFICE-DAY

Chief detective Ron Erskine is relaxed.

Grant sits before him.

ERSKINE

Until you get something more solid,  
something you can really go on,  
you'll have to leave the bastard  
alone.

CARR

So that's it? He gets away with  
murder?

ERSKINE

Yes. Until you get something more  
solid to go on.

GRANT

A pregnant woman gets two bullets  
in her head. It's obvious to  
anyone with an IQ of six who had it  
done and we can't touch him.

Erskine lean back, frowns.

ERSKINE

That's right.

INT. GRANT FAMILY LIVING ROOM-DAY

Grant sits on the sofa watching the flat screen. OLIVIA, his  
eighteen year old daughter, crochets at the coffee table.

Eyes fixed on the screen, Grant raises his cell phone.

GRANT

Mr. Hoyle, please.

MR. HOYLE

Speaking.

GRANT

Is your line secure?

MR. HOYLE

Yes.

GRANT

The park. Tomorrow. Noon.

The phone clicks. Grant looks at Olivia.

You making a sweater for dear old dad?

Olivia smiles.

OLIVIA  
To tell you the truth I don't know what it is.

GRANT  
Maybe a shroud, huh?

OLIVIA  
Oh, come on, dad.

GRANT  
Gallows humor.

EXT. PARK-DAY

Grant and his family walk amidst the beautiful day and happiness. Clowns juggle as a woman entertains on a unicycle.

Grant stops, sees HOYLE, a mature, ordinary man sitting on a bench.

Grant reaches into his wallet.

GRANT  
Malissa, why don't you and Olivia get some ice cream while I wait on this bench.

MALISSA  
What flavor?

GRANT  
Rocky road.

Malissa and Olivia exit. Grant sits next to Hoyle.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
You look like Lee Marvin in Point Blank. It's the haircut.

Hoyle laughs gently.

HOYLE  
I liked Lee better in Cat Ballou.

Silence.

GRANT  
I want a cocksucker blinded.

Hoyle looks around.

HOYLE  
Why would a much decorated officer  
and much loved family man want to  
blind someone?

GRANT  
That's my business.

HOYLE  
It's a violation of my own ethics  
to ask why.

A sexy Asian girl walks by.

HOYLE (CONT'D)  
Nice.

Silence.

HOYLE (CONT'D)  
Grant.

Grant nods.

GRANT  
I want the bastard Ray Charles  
blind.

HOYLE  
He was only partially blind.

GRANT  
Stevie Wonder then.

HOYLE  
He could see a little too.

GRANT  
Hellen Keller.

Silence.

HOYLE  
Twenty five hundred.

GRANT  
A bit high.

HOYLE  
The risk.

Grant nods.

HOYLE (CONT'D)  
I will need as much information as  
you can give me. It will take some  
time to set it up.

GRANT  
Alright.

Grant gets up, exits.

HOYLE  
Have a great day.

BLACK SCREEN- BRIEFLY IMPOSE- THREE MONTHS LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. CARR HOME-NIGHT

Carr exits his humvee.

INT. GRANT FAMILY LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant and his family enjoy the flat screen.

EXT. CARR HOME-NIGHT

A dark figure steps from the night. Carr is unaware.

The dark figure tosses a vial of clear liquid in Carr's face.

Carr buries his face in his hands and falls to his knees.

The dark figure vanishes.

INT. GRANT FAMILY LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant and family laugh at the big screen.

EXT. CARR HOME-NIGHT

Carr convulses.

INT. GRANT FAMILY LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant grabs his cell on the table, puts it briefly to his ear, laughs harder. Grant puts the cell down and kisses his wife.

BLACK SCREEN- BRIEFLY IMPOSE- SIX MONTHS LATER

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

Carr lies in bed with bandages on his eyes. It's a beautiful day outside.

EXT. RACE TRACK-DAY

Hoyle. He appears disinterested. Grant sits next to him, racing program in hand.

GRANT  
No racing program?

HOYLE  
You've been watching too much tv,  
Grant.

GRANT  
Just making a funny, buddy.

Hoyle watches the horses as they run.

HOYLE  
You seem more relaxed than when we  
last met.

GRANT  
I have good reason to be. Helen  
fucking Keller.

Silence.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
I want three of the best.

HOYLE  
Wine, cigars, cars?

Silence.

GRANT

Killers.

Hoyle exhales.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You're probably asking yourself why a much decorated cop and much loved family man would want to hire three killers.

HOYLE

I make it a point never to inquire as to why.

Grant looks at Hoyle.

GRANT

You don't care why I would want to hire three killers?

HOYLE

Revenge is the usual motive.

Grant smiles.

GRANT

Who is the most unlikely person you ever hired a killer for?

Silence.

HOYLE

You.

Grant laughs.

GRANT

Three of the best.

HOYLE

It will involve a lot of money.

GRANT

I'm refinancing.

HOYLE

I can arrange a meeting.

Grant studies the racing paper.

GRANT  
I don't want them to know my  
identity and I definitively don't  
want to know theirs.

HOYLE  
Seventy five G.

Grant smiles as he observes the race.

GRANT  
You got it.

HOYLE  
It will take time to set up.

Silence.

GRANT  
Have you ever killed anybody?

Hoyle purses his lips.

HOYLE  
What kind of question is that?

GRANT  
What happens to a man after he  
dies?

HOYLE  
If I knew that I'd be the richest  
man in Babylon.

GRANT  
Are there different kinds of dead?

Silence.

HOYLE  
There is only one kind I know of.

GRANT  
Yeah? Well I'm going to kill this  
mother fucker different kinds of  
dead.

Silence.

HOYLE  
You pay the band you can dance any  
way you want to it.

GRANT  
I like your style.

HOYLE  
I'm an old fashioned guy.

GRANT  
Nice to know there are still some  
of those around.

Grant exits. Hoyle is silent.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD-DAY

A group of uniform clad teenage girls play. Grant sits in the bleachers with his wife and daughter.

The crack of the bat. The crowd cheers. Grant's cell phone rings.

GRANT  
Hello.

HOYLE  
It's set.

GRANT  
When?

HOYLE  
One week.

The crowd cheers.

HOYLE  
What's that?

GRANT  
I'm at my neighbor's daughter's  
baseball game.

Silence.

HOYLE  
I was in little league when I was a  
kid.

GRANT  
I heard you were in the Hitler  
Youth.

Silence.

HOYLE  
The diner. One week.

Click. Olivia tugs at her father

OLIVIA  
Dad, Nell hit a home run!

GRANT  
Way to go, Nell!

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

Mrs. Ferrell lies on a lawn chair. Several guests swim. Grant enters through the gate.

GRANT  
Mrs. Ferrell, hi, detective Grant.

Mrs. Ferrell looks up.

MRS. FERRELL  
Sit down, detective Grant.

Grant does so.

GRANT  
Thank you. I hope I'm not interrupting...

MRS. FERRELL  
You're welcome here anytime. Any good news?

GRANT  
I'm afraid our search found nothing linking Don to Sherry's murder.

MRS. FERRELL  
I know you did your best.

GRANT  
I know I ask you this briefly before. Please be patient with me. Can you remember any man from her past that might be the father of her unborn child?

MRS. FERRELL

I don't know who the father of Kelsey could be. I believe the child to be the catalyst for Sherry's death.

GRANT

Kelsey?

MRS. FERRELL

That's what we named her just before we turned off her life support. The doctors said she had no more brain activity.

Grant touches Mrs. Ferrell's hand.

GRANT

I'm sorry. I'm not afraid to say it. Don Carr had her murdered.

MRS. FERRELL

I don't think he knows who the father is.

GRANT

I've run so many DNA tests on this the department refuses to pay for any more.

Mrs. Ferrell smiles warmly.

MRS. FERRELL

I know you've done everything you could. Our family appreciates it much very.

GRANT

I'm going to continue on this one.

MRS. FERRELL

Detective Grant...

GRANT

Call me, John.

MRS. FERRELL

John, I feel this is the year Sherry's killers will be brought to justice.

GRANT

I certainly hope so. Thank you, Mrs. Ferrell.

TV SCREEN

The video of the slaying.

EXT. DINER-NIGHT

Classic Americana. A nondescript car pulls up.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Grant checks his gun. MURDER BY NUMBERS by THE POLICE plays on the radio. Grant puts on a STAN LAUREL mask.

INT. DINER-NIGHT

Darkness. Tinny creaking. A shaft of moonlight. Grant enters cautiously.

GRANT (SOTTO VOCE)  
Olley olley oxen free.

The lights explode on. The jukebox blares WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE by ALICE COOPER.

Grant drops to one knee and pulls his gun.

Darkness. Silence.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Shit.

The lights come on.

A man wearing a NIXON mask sits in a booth. AMERICAN BAND by GRAND FUNK plays on his jukebox.

Darkness. Silence.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

The lights come on again. A man wearing a TOR JOHNSON mask sits in a booth on the other side. His jukebox plays YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME by FRANK SINATRA.

The lights go off again. Silence.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Stupid ass shit.

The lights come on again. A man wearing a SADDAM HUSSEIN mask sits at the bar. The jukebox behind the bar plays THE DUKE by MILES DAVIS and GIL EVANS.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Lucky I didn't blow your fucking heads off.

The man at the bar turns in his seat.

NIXON

Really?

GRANT

Really. I think you all know why we're here.

NIXON

You want killers to find killers.

GRANT

Sharp.

TOR JOHNSON

You actually want us to extract information from someone to find out who they hired as trigger man?

Grant cocks his head toward Tor Johnson.

GRANT

Sharp.

Hussein is detached. Grant looks toward him.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You have any input?

Hussein shakes his head.

GRANT (CONT'D)

I heard from sharp and sharper. I was looking to hear from sharpest.

NIXON

You have a good sense of humor.

Grant stands center floor like ED SULLIVAN.

GRANT

Here goes. I want to extract info from a blind man to find out who he hired as a gunman. Simple.

TOR JOHNSON  
Depends on how tough he is.

GRANT  
I think we can get to him.

NIXON  
When we break him you want him?

Grant does his hands like Ed.

GRANT  
No.

TOR JOHNSON  
You want the gunman?

Grant shifts like Ed.

GRANT  
Yes.

Silence.

NIXON  
And leave the blind boy to his  
darkness?

Grant nods like Ed.

TOR JOHNSON  
I think we understand.

Grant turns toward Hussein.

GRANT  
Anything from Hussein?

Hussein shakes his head.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
I know, you're a tough guy with a  
falsetto.

Tor Johnson chuckles. Grant clasps his hands together ala Ed.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Here's where you start earning your  
money.

INT. CAR-MOVING-NIGHT

Grant and the killers.

GRANT  
Her name is Toni. Have any of you  
ever killed a woman?

Silence.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

TONI, attractive, exits the shower draped in a towel. Grant enters.

TONI  
Who are you?

GRANT  
You know but you don't know.

TONI  
What's with the stupid fucking  
mask? What do you want?

GRANT  
Justice.

TONI  
What the fuck are you talking  
about?

GRANT  
You provided an alibi for Don Carr  
while he had his pregnant ex-wife  
killed. In fact I believe you  
culled the gunman who pulled the  
trigger.

Tori reaches for her cell.

TONI  
I had nothing to do with that and  
neither did he.

Grant slaps the phone from her hand.

GRANT  
Who is the triggerman?

TONI  
I don't know what the fuck you're  
talking about.

GRANT

You thought after Sherry was dead  
you and Don would live the good  
life on the insurance money. But he  
was too much of a bastard even for  
you.

TONI

I haven't seen that son of a bitch  
since we divorced.

GRANT

He ain't seen anything in a while  
either. Hussein.

Hussein enters wearing black gloves and gripping a rope.

Tori looks at Hussein then the rope.

TONI

Who the fuck are you?

GRANT

I'm Stan, he's Saddam.

Hussein moves forward. Tori drops the towel.

Hussein moves like a cat around Tori and tightens the rope.  
Tori's eyes bulge.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You helped to murder a pregnant  
woman and her unborn child.

The rope tightens. A stream of foam runs down her chin.

Hussein forces her onto the bed. Grant puts one knee onto the  
bed and looks into her bulging eyes.

GRANT (CONT'D)

How does the good life look to you  
now, bitch.

Hussein loosens the rope. Tori is still.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You made that look too easy.

INT. CAR-MOVING-NIGHT

Grant. The killers.

GRANT

How long have each of you been a professional killer?

NIXON

That's a very personal question.

GRANT

Hussein junior in the back must have started when he was six. The expertise.

Grant laughs.

TOR JOHNSON

What do you do for a living?

Grant laughs.

GRANT

I wear a Stan Laurel mask and hang out with killers.

NIXON

I have a question for you.

GRANT

Shoot.

NIXON

How did you feel the first time?

GRANT

The first time?

NIXON

If you weren't a killer before, you are now. How does it feel?

Tor Johnson and Hussein are silent.

GRANT

How did you feel?

NIXON

Probably the same as you.

Grant laughs.

NIXON (CONT'D)

So how do you feel?

GRANT

Like I just got laid.

Tor Johnson chuckles briefly. Hussein is silent.

NIXON

You feel differently because the reason for the killing wasn't the same as mine.

GRANT

You didn't feel like you just popped a nut?

Nixon shakes his head.

NIXON

I was sick to my stomach.

GRANT

How about you, Tor?

TOR JOHNSON

I was high on drugs.

GRANT

An accidental killing?

TOR JOHNSON

A street fight.

GRANT

Oh! Hussein?

HUSSEIN

This is my stop.

GRANT

It speaks. Your first time, Hussein.

Grant brings the car to a halt.

HUSSEIN

Maybe later.

GRANT

Sure. Have a good evening.

INT. CAR-MOVING-LATER-NIGHT

Grant, Nixon, Tor Johnson.

TOR JOHNSON

My stop.

Grant halts the car.

GRANT  
Take it easy.

TOR JOHNSON  
Will do.

Tor Johnson exits.

INT. CAR-MOVING-LATER-NIGHT

Grant and Nixon.

NIXON  
My stop.

Grant halts the car.

GRANT  
What made you think tonight was my  
first time?

NIXON  
It wasn't. You've killed before.  
Just for a different reason.

GRANT  
How do you know I've killed before?

Nixon shifts in his seat.

NIXON  
Your reaction. You've killed as a  
soldier or policeman. This was your  
first time for pleasure. Good  
night.

Nixon exits. Grant laughs and accelerates the car.

INT. MORGUE-DAY

Detective RICK ESSETTE observes the body of Toni. Grant  
enters.

GRANT  
What's shaking?

ESSETTE  
You're normally not this up beat  
for morgue visits.

GRANT  
Life's grand.

ESSETTE  
Recognize her?

Grant looks.

GRANT  
No.

ESSETTE  
Toni Carr. Any bells?

GRANT  
Oh, yeah. The Sherry Carr case.

ESSETTE  
The murder of a woman eight and a  
half months pregnant.

GRANT  
It took a real prick to do  
something like that.

Essette observes her breasts.

ESSETTE  
Oh, yeah.

GRANT  
Suspects?

Essette shakes his head.

ESSETTE  
This was professionally done.

GRANT  
Just like Sherry Carr.

Essette nods.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Do you think it was Donny boy?

ESSETTE  
I've considered the prick.

GRANT  
Why would he wait this long?

ESSETTE  
Maybe she threatened to talk?

GRANT  
You think maybe he used the same  
guy?

ESSETTE  
Possibly.

GRANT  
Her death has breathed new life  
into our cold case.

ESSETTE  
I hope so.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

Grant and Olivia sit at the table arm wrestling. Malissa does  
the dishes.

GRANT  
Loser has to help your mom do the  
dishes.

OLIVIA  
Ahhh, dad, you're so strong!

Malissa smiles.

MALISSA  
By the time you finish the dishes  
will be done.

TV SCREEN

The Sherry Carr murder.

INT. SHOPPING MALL-DAY

Malissa and Olivia shop. Grant puts his cell to his ear.

HOYLE  
Yes.

GRANT  
I need to see the boys...

NIXON MASK

The eyes: smiling.

TOR JOHNSON MASK

The eyes: homicidal.

HUSSEIN

The eyes: emotionless.

STAN LAUREL

The eyes: laughing.

INT. DANCE CLUB-NIGHT

Everyone bounces to a funky beat. And everyone wears a mask.

The quartet of evil sits at a table.

GRANT

How's it going, fellas?

NIXON

If you want to meet for drinks it's  
your money.

GRANT

It's nice to get paid for nothing  
and rest afterwards.

TOR JOHNSON

I'll second that.

GRANT

What about you, Hussein?

HUSSEIN

Your money.

Grant raises his drink.

GRANT

To my money!

The homicidal quartet touches glasses.

NIXON

What do you do for a living, Stan?

GRANT

I'm a cop.

The men laugh.

NIXON  
No, really...

GRANT  
I'm a fucking cop.

TOR JOHNSON  
Sure.

NIXON  
I used to be a retail manager.

GRANT  
Fuck you.

NIXON  
I was.

Grant turns to Tor Johnson.

GRANT  
Tor?

TOR JOHNSON  
I'd rather not say. I still do my  
profession part time.

GRANT  
Hussein?

HUSSEIN  
This is my first job.

The men laugh save Hussein.

TOR JOHNSON  
Who's under that mask? George W.  
Bush?

NIXON  
I was thinking the real Nixon.

Grant puts his arm around Hussein.

GRANT  
You're a strange one, Hussein. I'll  
make you a bet. Before we finish  
our homicidal marauding I'll know  
everything about you including who  
you lost your virginity to.

HUSSEIN  
I'm still a virgin.

The men laugh save Hussein.

TOR JOHNSON  
He might be my fucking brother in  
law.

The men laugh save Hussein.

GRANT  
Maybe my little sister.

Hussein cuts his eyes toward Grant. Grant points at Hussein.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Gotcha!

NIXON  
I saw that!

TOR JOHNSON  
You must be bored at home, Stan, to  
want to get together just casually.

GRANT  
Wife and daughter get to me a  
little. Anybody got any kids?

NIXON  
Boy in college.

TOR JOHNSON  
Me too.

HUSSEIN  
No kids.

GRANT  
That's right, you're a virgin.

The quartet is becoming increasingly inebriated.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Ok, everyone. First time.

NIXON  
You mean pussy?

GRANT  
I mean murder.

NIXON  
You first.

C.U. STAN LAUREL MASK

The eyes: deadpan.

INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT

A young Grant in a police uniform blasts a man repeatedly as he charges toward him with a knife.

C.U. NIXON MASK

The eyes: shift downward.

INT. ROOM-NIGHT

Nixon has his back to us as he pounds a man on the floor with a crowbar.

C.U. TOR JOHNSON MASK

The lids slowly lower.

EXT. CITY STREET-NIGHT

TOR JOHNSON'S face stays in the shadows as he blasts two men sitting in a car.

C.U. HUSSEIN MASK

The eyes: calm.

EXT. DESERT-DAY

Hussein wears a Hussein mask as he blasts several of Hussein's soldiers.

INT. DANCE CLUB-NIGHT

The men continue drinking.

GRANT  
Alright, afterwards!

INT. BATH ROOM-NIGHT

Grant throws up in the commode.

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

Nixon urinates in the shadows.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Tor Johnson sits in an easy chair angled to obscure his face and watches tv.

INT. ROOM-NIGHT

Hussein bangs a foreign girl as he wears his Hussein mask.

INT. DANCE CLUB-NIGHT

The music hits a thrilling cadence.

Grant raises his arms and looks upward.

GRANT  
I got the check!

TV SCREEN

The murder of Sherry Carr.

WITH GRANT WEARING HIS STAN LAUREL MASK

He puts his cell phone to his ear.

GRANT  
Hey, Don, did you know Stan Laurel  
and Saddam Hussein did in your  
girl? Ha, ha.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Don lowers his cell from his ear, removes his dark glasses revealing his fucked up eyes.

CARR  
Natalie! Natalie!

NATALIE, Don's twenty year old daughter, quickly enters.

NATALIE  
Yes, dad? Need something?

CARR  
I just wanted to know where you  
were.

EXT. CITY STREET-NIGHT

A nondescript car is parked at the curb.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Grant and Essette.

ESSETTE  
Mot juste. I saw that word on the  
internet yesterday. Know what it  
means?

GRANT  
No. Why didn't you look up the  
definition?

ESSETTE  
You know me. Too busy looking at my  
Asian women.

GRANT  
You got yellow fever?

ESSETTE  
I find terms like yellow fever and  
Asian fetish offensive.

Grant looks into the side view mirror.

GRANT  
Just fucking with you. I don't like  
this.

ESSETTE  
What?

GRANT  
A ride slowing down and getting too  
close.

EXT. CITY STREET-NIGHT

A car slows down and becomes abreast with the nondescript car.

A black gunman with an assault rifle appears in the open rear window.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Grant ducks as a hail of bullets fly. Essette is knocked about like a doll. The car pulls away.

EXT. CITY STREET-NIGHT

Grant rolls from the car gun in hand, fires.

The rear window of the car explodes and the vehicle slams into a parked SUV.

A door creaks. Grant turns and sees Essette stumble from the car and fall to the ground.

People are running and screaming. Essette lies on the ground looking skyward.

ESSETTE

Forgive me Father for I have  
sinned...

Grant continues toward the car with both hands around the handle of his gun.

GRANT

There a priest in the house?!

A young frightened priest steps into the street.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Last Rites, please!

The priest bends over Essette and begins.

A light rain falls. Grant comes to the car, yanks the door open.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

A black youth sits behind the wheel with blood coming from his mouth.

A black youth with his head blown apart lies in the rear seat.

GRANT  
The fuck is your problem?

BLACK YOUTH  
I'm dyin' mother fucker, that's my problem.

GRANT  
Why did you try to kill me?

BLACK YOUTH  
Duckett.

GRANT  
Who?

BLACK YOUTH  
Somebody don't like your face.

The youth coughs blood.

GRANT  
Name?

BLACK YOUTH  
Fuck you.

GRANT  
I can have an ambulance here in a minute.

In the b.g. The Last Rites continue.

BLACK YOUTH  
Stick it in your ass.

GRANT  
Burn in hell.

Grant turns away.

EXT. CITY STREET-NIGHT

Grant walks toward the priest. The young priest gets up. Sirens in the distance.

GRANT  
No hope for the prick in the ride.

The priest looks at Grant with concern as rain rolls down his young face.

PRIEST  
Are you alright, sir?

GRANT  
I don't need no Last Rites. Not yet.

EXT. CEMETERY-DAY

Grant, Malissa and others attend the funeral of Essette.

INT. LAB-DAY

A pair of techs work at a table. Grant enters, thrusts a small test tube at them.

GRANT  
I need this done, pronto.

TECH#1  
You still trying to find who the father of that woman's baby is?

Grant nods.

TECH#2  
Are you obsessed or driven, Grant?

GRANT  
Both. I need that soon as possible.

TECH#2  
No problemo.

INT. BATH ROOM-NIGHT

Grant sits on the commode cell to ear.

GRANT  
Hoyle... the boys.

EXT. BACK YARD-NIGHT

Stan, Nixon, Tor Johnson and Hussein make their way through the night.

They come to a back porch. a big man smokes a cigarette.

Hussein steps up and dispatches him with professional aplomb.

GRANT (A HISS)

Damn.

Nixon places an object in the door jamb. Door opens. The unholy quartet enters.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

The masked men move silently.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Carr sits in a chair reading a book in braille. Grant struts in like a rap star.

GRANT

Look who's back in da mutha fuckin'  
house with a wet dick fo' yo'  
mama's mouth.

CARR

Who's there?

GRANT

Why don't you take a look? Oh,  
that's right you're blind!

CARR

What do you want? Marlon!

GRANT

Brando's been iced.

Nixon, Tor Johnson, Hussein take up positions in the living room.

Grant takes center stage.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Tell me what kind of man puts a  
contract out on an unborn child?

CARR

Who are you?

Grant puts his Stan Laurel masked face right up to Carr's.

GRANT

Justice.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You had Sherry Carr killed eight  
and a half months into her  
pregnancy so your daughters  
wouldn't have a sister fathered by  
another man.

Carr shakes his head.

GRANT (CONT'D)

But little Kelsey was born and  
buried in her mother's arms. You  
got fucked Donny boy. They now have  
a sister, fathered by persons  
unknown!

Carr shakes his head as tears flow. Grant walks around Carr.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You could always get nice looking  
girls, Don. You know why? Because  
you always had money. Most woman  
can't stand the sight of you.  
That's why she got her belly filled  
by another man.

Weird tears flow from Carr's eyes.

CARR

Marlon!

Grant puts his finger to Carr's lips.

GRANT

Shhhh, he's sleeping.

Nixon, Tor Johnson, Hussein observe dispassionately.

CARR

Who the fuck are you?

Grant stops prancing around Carr, puts his masked face into  
Carr's.

GRANT

Justice! Do you know how old little  
Kelsey would be if you didn't have  
her murdered? Six years old.

CARR

I didn't...

Grant walks away, grabs a remote, turns on the tv. The weather. Grant turns it off.

The masked trio observes,

GRANT  
I've come to make a deal with you,  
Don.

Grant looks at Hussein and nods. Hussein exits.

CARR  
I never had anyone killed.

Grant stands before Carr.

GRANT  
You tell me the names of the gunman  
and the getaway driver and I won't  
kill your daughters Natalie and  
Marnie. It's a great deal.

Nixon and Tor Johnson are moved a bit. Carr's face trembles as he cries.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
You give me the two pricks you  
hired to kill Sherry and your  
daughters will make you a blind  
grandfather. What do you say?

Carr wipes tears from his quivering face.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Oh, by the way we know when the  
lovelies left and when they're  
coming home. The killers or your  
daughters, Don.

Carr appears near panic. Grant put his masked face into Carr's.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
I'll kill them right here in this  
living room.

Grant nods to Nixon. Nixon pulls his cell and quietly speaks into it.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
The killers for the girls. A good  
deal.

Carr begins to whimper. Grant walks around Carr.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
 I know what you're afraid of. You  
 tell me who the killers are and  
 I'll kill you. Think, Don, why  
 would I want to kill you? Why would  
 I want to deprive you of a life  
 lived in darkness?

Carr trembles. Grant puts his masked face in Carr's.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
 The killers.

The sound of a car pulling up outside. Headlights slice  
 through the curtains.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
 They're here.

Carr swallows hard. Grant steps behind Carr and puts his  
 mouth to his ear.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
 I'll rape them before I kill them.

Carr trembles violently. Grant walks around him.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
 The killers.

Carr hyperventilates.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
 Somebody get this fuck a brown  
 paper bag.

Grant nods to Nixon. Nixon goes to the window. Looks out,  
 nods

EXT. DRIVE WAY-NIGHT

Hussein sits behind the wheel, puts the car in reverse.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant paces around the quivering Carr.

GRANT  
 Is it the lovelies?

NIXON  
Just a car turning around.

Carr relaxes a bit. Grant kicks Carr in the chest. Carr tumbles from the chair.

GRANT  
You murderous fucking pig!

Nixon and Tor Johnson jolt. Grant stands over a crying Carr.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Don't give me that bullshit you don't know anything. You tried to have me killed.

Hussein enters.

CARR  
I don't know...

GRANT  
...What you're talking about. Yeah, right!

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Remember this, the killers or Natalie and Marnie. Your choice.

Grant bounces Carr's head off the floor with his foot.

TV SCREEN

The murder of Sherry Carr.

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

Grant lies sleeping. Olivia jumps into the bed. Grant stirs.

OLIVIA  
Happy birthday, daddy!

Malissa appears smiling in the doorway. Grant playfully grabs Olivia. All giggles.

INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Grant enjoys the attention of his family. The cell goes off. Grant puts it to his ear.

GRANT

Hello.

NIXON

Stan Laurel, please.

GRANT

Who is this?

NIXON

Nixon.

Grant is silent.

MALISSA

Today is your birthday.

OLIVIA

You're ours.

GRANT

How did you get this number?

NIXON

Don't be naive, Stan Laurel.

GRANT

What do you want?

NIXON

Tonight, I have a little get together planned. You and I.

Malissa looks at Grant.

MALISSA

Tell them you're the birthday boy.

GRANT

For what?

NIXON

A firsthand look at what I do. The club Mask. Midnight.

Click.

MALISSA

They do understand it's your birthday?

GRANT

Yeah.

INT. CLUB MASK-NIGHT

Everyone dances and wears a mask. Nixon sits at a table.

Grant approaches wearing his Stan Laurel mask.

NIXON

I'm glad you came. Would you like a drink?

GRANT

No.

INT. CAR-MOVING-NIGHT

Nixon and Grant.

NIXON

You've been very quiet tonight.

GRANT

I'm ok.

NIXON

My phone call bothered you. You feel I'm getting too close. I called you on the same phone as the other killers you deal with.

GRANT

I was with my family.

NIXON

And you felt my essence permeated your joy?

GRANT

Yeah. Whatever the fuck that means.

Nixon looks briefly at Grant.

NIXON

I can assure you I'm as human as you are. Maybe more so.

Grant looks at Nixon.

GRANT

More human than me? How so?

NIXON

Look at what I do.

GRANT  
Don't go through the St. Marcus  
Aurelius bullshit.

NIXON  
My high level of self regard  
decides my profession.

Grant look out the window.

GRANT  
You love yourself so much you kill  
people?

Nixon casts a glance at Grant.

NIXON  
I value myself more than most  
people.

Grant looks at Nixon.

GRANT  
Who the fuck are you, Wayne Dyer?

NIXON  
Just sit back and enjoy the  
evening.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

Nixon and Grant stealthily enter.

GRANT  
The kitchen. Always the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

A woman's dress, bra and panties on the floor. Grant and Nixon enter. Grant observes the discarded items as they ascend the stairs.

INT. CORRIDOR-NIGHT

Nixon leads, pulls a silenced pistol.

GRANT  
Gerbacht?

NIXON  
Yes.

Nixon goes to the bedroom door, stealthily enters.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

A man exits the bathroom. A woman lies in bed smoking a cigarette.

Nixon shoots the man in the forehead. The man stumbles then drops.

The woman blows a stream of smoke.

WOMAN

Tell Mitch to go fuck himself.

NIXON

Mitch said to tell you you ain't worth a bullet.

WOMAN

Tell the bastard I tested hiv positive.

Nixon gently squeezes the trigger. The woman takes a slug in the right breast. She yelps, sits up and falls back.

GRANT

What was that about?

NIXON

Lip service. I provide it between my clients and victims as a service.

GRANT

What is your point about tonight?

NIXON

I'm damn good at my craft.

GRANT

I hope the other three idiots don't feel the need to prove that.

INT. CAR-MOVING-NIGHT

Nixon and Grant.

GRANT

Here.

Nixon pulls the car over.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Did the bitch really have aids?

TV SCREEN

The Sherry Car murder.

WITH GRANT WEARING HIS STAN LAUREL MASK

He smokes a filtered cigarette and wears a German soldier helmet in a mock Arte Johnson Laugh In skit.

GRANT  
Very interesting... but stupid.

EXT. BACK YARD-DAY

Grant checks his ride on mower. Mrs. Ferrell appears at the gateway.

MRS. FERRELL  
John?

Grant turns surprised.

GRANT  
Mrs. Ferrell, how are you? Is there anything I can do for you?

Grant opens the gate. Mrs. Ferrell enters.

MRS. FERRELL  
The police questioned me about the murder of Tori Carr, Don's ex. The also asked me if I had anything to do with the blinding of Don Carr.

GRANT  
Just routine. They don't think you had anything to with either crime.

MRS. FERRELL  
Don's been blinded, Tori's been murdered. The police act like I had somethig to do with all this.

GRANT  
Not at all. Just routine. Would you like something to drink?

Mrs. Ferrell shakes her head.

MRS. FERRELL  
I'm just worried for my  
granddaughters.

Grant puts his hand on Mrs. Ferrell's shoulder.

GRANT  
They'll be fine.

MRS. FERRELL  
I wish I could make sense of all  
this.

GRANT  
Justice has found Don and Toni. You  
should be happy.

MRS. FERRELL  
I won't be happy until Natalie and  
Marnie are a part of my life again.

GRANT  
I shouldn't have said that. I know  
this has been quite an ordeal for  
you and your family. I wish there  
was something more I could do. I  
will keep you apprised of any  
developments.

MRS. FERRELL  
Thank you, John. You've already  
done so much.

Sherry smiles warmly, turns, exits.

EXT. BOAT-DAY

Carr sits in s chair on deck. Natalie and Marnie sit at a  
table before him.

MARNIE  
Dad, is everything alright?

CARR  
Everything is fine, honey. I just  
need you girls to go to your Aunt's  
home in Spokane for awhile.

NATALIE  
Dad, who did this to you?

Carr shakes his head. Tears begin to flow down his ugly  
cheeks.

MARNIE

We're not leaving you, dad.

CARR

I'm not giving you a choice. I know  
I'm a bastard...

NATALIE

Don't say that.

MARNIE

Ever since mom was murdered it's  
been a nightmare.

CARR

There are certain individuals who  
think me responsible for her death.

Natalie touches her father's hand.

NATALIE

We know you're not, dad.

MARNIE

You couldn't. Even after all the  
pain she caused you.

CARR

Please do as I ask. It will only be  
for awhile. Please.

MARNIE

Ok, dad.

The hug and kiss Carr. His eyes strangely well up and tears  
stream from them.

P.O.V. GRANT-BINOCULARS

The girls hug their daddy.

EXT. WATERFRONT-DAY

Grant sits at a table full of food and chews hard as he  
observes.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant and Malissa.

GRANT  
Why the hell not?

MALISSA  
Because I don't want to go to my  
aunt's house for a few weeks.

GRANT  
You and Olivia haven't seen her in  
quite awhile.

Malissa turns toward Grant.

MALISSA  
I don't like the bitch, alright?

GRANT  
Olivia does.

MALISSA  
Only because she buys her things.

Grant leans back on the sofa.

GRANT  
Then take Olivia to her so she can  
get some shit.

MALISSA  
What you want us to do is run.  
You're afraid the people who tried  
to kill you will come for us.

GRANT  
Yes. You had to say it, yes.

MALISSA  
I had to say it. I married a cop  
and I'm well aware of what comes  
with that.

Grant takes a drink.

GRANT  
If you won't do it for yourself do  
it for Olivia and me.

MALISSA  
Her father is a cop.

GRANT  
If something happens to her or  
you...

MALISSA  
Nothing's going to happen to us. Or  
you.

Malissa gently kisses Grant.

TV SCREEN

The Sherry Carr murder. A wad of spit hits the screen.

WITH GRANT WEARING HIS STAN LAUREL MASK

Cell to ear.

GRANT  
I need my killers...

EXT. CITY STREETS- NIGHT-SERIES OF SHOTS

A nondescript car pulls up. Nixon enters.

A nondescript car pulls up. Tor Johnson enters.

A nondescript car pulls up. Hussein enters.

INT. CAR-MOVING-NIGHT

Grant and the killers.

NIXON  
You got a wild hair up your ass,  
boy?

GRANT  
I guess I do.

TOR JOHNSON  
Who ever you are you're more fun  
than a barrel of fat ladies.

Hussein is silent.

GRANT  
Your commentary, Hussein.

HUSSEIN  
None.

GRANT  
Stoic. I love it.

TOR JOHNSON  
What's on the agenda?

GRANT  
We're going to wrap everything up  
tonight.

Nixon claps his hands.

NIXON  
You're through with the games and  
ready for the kill. Good.

GRANT  
Now you ugly fuckers can get your  
teeth bloody.

EXT. BOAT-NIGHT

The killers silently board. The boat is dark.

HUSSEIN  
He's not here.

GRANT  
You've hardly said a word since we  
started hanging out. How do you  
know?

HUSSEIN  
The boat's rigged.

GRANT  
How the fuck would you know that?

Hussein exits the boat, goes to the dock. The others follow.

EXT. DOCK- NIGHT

Hussein pulls a silenced pistol and puts a well placed bullet  
just below the door handle.

Boom! The explosion lights up the dock as debris rains into  
the water.

HUSSEIN LOOKS AT STAN LAUREL.

HUSSEIN  
I've killed enough men to know.

Grant gets into Hussein's grill.

GRANT  
I'm mayor the fuck here. Don't  
forget that.

Nixon slaps Hussein on the shoulder.

NIXON  
Nice save, kid.

TOR JOHNSON  
Thanks.

NIXON  
You almost got us killed.

GRANT  
You can get killed crossing the  
fucking street.

HUSSEIN  
Let's go to his home. I'll drive.

GRANT  
Sure.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

A woman straddles Carr. The gentle sound of a silencer. The woman's head explodes.

The masked killers enter. Hussein puts away his silenced pistol. Carr slams the woman to the floor like she's diseased.

GRANT  
That's what I like about you, Don.  
Always thinking about yourself  
first.

CARR  
Why can't you leave me the fuck  
alone?

GRANT  
After I kill you, then you can have  
all the privacy you want.

NIXON  
Nice shot with the boat.

CARR  
What are you talking about?

Grant punches Carr in the head knocking him to the floor.

GRANT  
Remember your Baby Grand?

Carr looks up, eyes blinking.

CARR  
Some son of a bitch stole it right  
out my den.

GRANT  
We just borrowed it. You'll get it  
back tonight.

Grant kicks Carr in the face.

EXT. DRIVE WAY-NIGHT

Grant and Nixon load Carr into the trunk.

CARR  
Please... please...

Grant slams the trunk. Darkness. Carr sobs.

GRANT (V.O.)  
Oh, shut the fuck up.

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD-NIGHT

The car creeps along.

INT. CAR-MOVING-NIGHT

The masked killers.

NIXON  
Fuck!

P.O.V. CAR MOVING- NIGHT

A huge hole is dug in the center of a secluded field. A tractor is parked adjacent to the hole with a pile of dirt in front of it.

EXT. SECLUDED FIELD-NIGHT

The car comes to a halt near the hole. The masked killers exit.

Carr sobs softly from the trunk.

GRANT  
I'm coming, bitch.

Grant opens the trunk, yanks Carr to the ground.

Nixon, Tor Johnson, Hussein step near the edge of the hole and look in.

NIXON  
You must really hate that bastard.

INT. HOLE-NIGHT

The Baby Grand piano case. Tor Johnson whistles.

EXT. SECLUDED FIELD-NIGHT

Grant kicks Carr several times as he lies on the ground.

GRANT  
I wish you could see. What I'm  
going to do to you is truly Grand  
Guignol.

Nixon nods at that.

CARR  
I didn't kill her... I...

Grant kicks Carr. He grunts.

GRANT  
You're going to talk so much  
tonight I might have to cut out  
your tongue to shut you up.

Grant undoes the restraints, kicks Carr in the face knocking him into the piano case.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Not quite tickling the ivories.

Carr sobs.

CARR

I didn't have Sherry killed... I didn't!

Grant looks down into the hole.

GRANT

Don, you're not getting out of this one alive. I'm going to show you how nice a guy I really am. You give me the names of the triggerman and the driver and I'll put a bullet behind your right ear. Simple. Clean.

Grant continuously walks around the hole.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You give me shit and I'll bury you alive. And I'll go to Spokane and kill Natalie and Marnie. Your choice.

Carr sobs.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Your choice.

CARR

Listen to me! Listen to me! I did not have Sherry killed. She cheated on me, she got pregnant by another man. But I did not kill her!

Grants stops pacing, looks down directly at the suffering Carr.

GRANT

I have a saying that has served me well my entire career as a cop. And the saying is "who the fuck else?" Who the fuck else would want Sherry dead a week before her child was to be born? Who the fuck else!

CARR

I... loved Sherry.

GRANT

As much as Hitler loved the Jews. You give me the killers. I put a bullet behind your ear. Peace.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

You hold out I leave you alone to  
suffocate in your own piano case  
and I go and kill Natalie and  
Marnie.

Carr strangely turns his head.

CARR

I'll give one hundred thousand  
dollars to anyone who will help me.

Grant, Nixon, Tor Johnson, Hussein are silent.

CARR (CONT'D)

Payable tonight.

Nixon pulls his gun and blasts Tor Johnson. The killer is  
knocked to the ground.

Nixon whips around, fires. Hussein leaps into the nearby  
woods.

Grant goes for his gun. Nixon whips around, fires. Grant is  
knocked to the ground and rolls.

Nixon bends to assist Carr.

NIXON

If this is bullshit you'll wish we  
buried you alive.

CARR

I can get it in an hour.

A gunshot. A bullet grazes Nixon's left shoulder knocking up  
a small cloud of dust. Nixon grunts.

Grant fires while lying on the ground.

Nixon runs up a hill and leaps behind a tree.

Grant quickly gets to his feet and runs behind a small hill.

NIXON

A bulletproof vest?

GRANT

Yeah , you no good bastard.

NIXON

Yeah.

GRANT

How are we going to do this?

NIXON

Let me think. I need him alive for the money.

GRANT

I need him alive to find the killers.

NIXON

Assuming he knows them.

GRANT

Assuming he has one hundred thousand dollars.

Grant and Nixon laugh raucously. Carr sobs softly from the hole.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Shut up you little bitch! I could put a bullet in his head.

NIXON

You won't get the killers.

GRANT

You won't get your nut.

NIXON

We can't stay here all night.

GRANT

I'm not going anywhere. How long did it take you to find out I was a cop?

Nixon laughs.

NIXON

During the Halo Effect.

GRANT

That quick?

NIXON

Why did you pick Stan Laurel?

GRANT

I always thought Stan Laurel had an interesting face. The sadistic face of a rapist or murderer. Why Nixon?

NIXON

I always admired the bastard.

Nixon sticks his head around the tree. Grant fires several times knocking dust and bark around Nixon's head as he quickly pulls back.

Nixon whips his gun around the tree and fires. Grant ducks as bullets kick up dirt.

Grant fires. Nixon ducks behind the tree as bullets kick up bark.

Grant reloads. Nixon reloads. Carr sobs gently.

GRANT

What do you think happened to Hussein?

NIXON

That weak young fuck? I've always felt a good fuck and an ice cream cone would kill that bastard.

GRANT

Not the way he took out Marlon.

Grant leaps up from behind the hill firing. Nixon whips around the tree firing.

Their guns click. They quickly duck for cover and both reload.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Let's talk.

NIXON

I'm listening.

Hussein leaps from the night, grabs Nixon by the head and quickly twists it with a sickening crack.

Hussein releases him and Nixon falls against the tree.

Grant peaks over the small hill.

GRANT

Damn, you're good. What's the deal, Saddam?

HUSSEIN

I'll take you to the driver's house.

GRANT

How do you know who it is?

HUSSEIN

When I was alone with Mr. Carr for a few minutes I used a technique on him that I learned at Guantanamo.

GRANT

The mask. It fits.

Grant steps up over the hill. Hussein makes his way down the hill.

Carr sobs.

CARR

No, that's not true. That never happened.

Grant and Hussein face each other.

HUSSEIN

His name is Bill Carson.

GRANT

Why didn't you get the gunman's name?

HUSSEIN

I didn't have time.

A click. Tor Johnson lies on the ground gun aimed at Hussein.

Hussein whips out his gun, fires. The slug drags Tor Johnson along the ground until his head slams into the base of a tree busting it.

Grant is like an awestruck little kid. Hussein puts his gun away with verve.

GRANT

You're the fucking man!

HUSSEIN

You want to take out, Carr?

GRANT

If I do how do I find the gunman?

HUSSEIN

I'll apply my techniques to the driver.

Grant does a silly little dance.

GRANT

Yeah!

Grant continues dancing until he reaches the hole. Grant kicks the piano lid shut knocking a screaming Carr into the piano case.

Grant leaps onto the tractor with elan. The tractor purrs then pushes the pile of dirt filling the hole.

Carr screams. Darkness.

EXT. HOME-NIGHT

Grant and Hussein emerge from the darkness, silently walk up some steps and come to a door.

Hussein places an object into the lock. The door opens.

INT.KICHEN-NIGHT

Grant and Hussein silently enter.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

IMMIGRATION SONG by LED ZEPPELIN plays on the CD player. BILL CARSON sits on the sofa drinking a Coors.

Grant and Hussein enter. Bill pops up surprised.

BILL

Hey!?

Hussein leaps through the air and kicks Bill in the throat. Bill grabs his throat and begins choking. Grant almost convulses.

GRANT

I want the bastard to be able to talk.

Hussein kicks Bill in the stomach. Bill spews forth drink and vomit as he falls.

A Doberman Pincer leaps through the door. Grant puts his handsle ab in front of his face.

Hussein whips out a gun, fires. The bullet drives the dog into a glass case. It slides down with shards in its body.

A Doberman enters through another door. Grant pulls his gun, fires. The bullet explodes the big screen.

The dog leaps. Hussein fires. The dog slides across the ceiling leaving a trail of blood then falls onto a table.

The dogs moan then die. Bill lies and the floor with labored breathing.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Will he be able to talk?

HUSSEIN  
Yes.

Hussein kicks Bill in the knee. Bill yelps.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)  
Come on, Bill.

Bill stirs.

BILL  
Who the fuck are you?

GRANT  
The coming of justice for Sherry Carr.

Bill is perplexed,

BILL  
What?

HUSSEIN  
You drove the truck used in the Sherry Carr murder. Tell us who the gunman is and you will live.

BILL  
I somehow doubt that.

Bill groggily gets to his feet, stealthily grabs a fork from the table and lunges at Hussein.

Hussein grabs Bill's wrist and snaps it, kicks him in the leg, grabs him and slams him to the floor.

Grant winces.

HUSSEIN  
The gunman.

BILL  
Go fuck yer mommy.

Hussein kicks Bill in the sternum. Bill grunts.

HUSSEIN  
The gunman.

BILL  
You're going to kill me no matter  
what.

The door opens. Bill's woman enters.

WOMAN  
Honey, I'm home!

The window explodes. Bill's woman is knocked up against the wall as blood spatters on the wall behind her.

Grant runs toward the window. Bill lifts his head. Hussein gives him a punch to the chin.

Bullets riddle through the walls. Grant leaps to the floor. A man with a shotgun enters through the window. Hussein whips out his gun, fires. The gunman is blown through the door.

The gunfire ceases. Grant and Hussein each go to a window.

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr raises a pistol and fires. Carr's army fires.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant and Hussein duck as a fusillade of bullets tear up the room.

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr raises his hand. Cease fire.

CARR  
Anybody left breathing inside?

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Hussein pops up, fires.

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr ducks. The bullet hits a gunman between the eyes knocking him into the pool.

Carr and army fire.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant and Hussein duck as bullets fly.

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr raises his hand. Cease fire. One gunman continues firing.

CARR

Cease fire.

GUNMAN

That bastard just killed my brother!

Carr blasts the gunman into the pool.

CARR

I didn't realize you were that close.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant and Hussein.

GRANT

That punk's killing his own men!

Bill enters with a gun. Hussein whips around and blasts him.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Now we'll never find the gunman!

HUSSEIN

I got the name when you went to the window.

GRANT

What's the fucking name?

HUSSEIN

Arch Stanton.

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr and army.

CARR  
Are you still alive detective John  
Grant?

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant and Hussein inspect their guns.

GRANT  
I'm here. I thought you were blind.

CARR  
I can see partially.

GRANT (SOTTO VOCE)  
I told that prick Helen Keller  
blind.

HUSSEIN  
Huh?

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr and army.

GRANT  
How did you get out of the fucking  
Baby Grand?

Carr smiles.

CARR  
Cell phone. A man of my means can  
put together an army with one phone  
call.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SECLUDED FIELD-NIGHT

Several cars pull up. The army exits, opens their car trunks,  
grab shovels and start digging.

Carr emerges from the Baby Grand like a dirty GQ Version of  
Nosferatu.

BACK TO:

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr's smile is now a sadistic grin.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant and Hussein. Guns at the ready.

GRANT

Ha! Ha! I got one of Sherry's  
killers!

CARR

Good. Why don't you ask wonderboy  
in there how he really knew the  
driver's name. I never told him a  
damn thing.

GRANT

You're a lying fuck!

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr stands confidently among his army.

CARR

Why should I lie? I have the upper  
hand now. I told you then I didn't  
kill Sherry and I'm telling you  
now.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant and Hussein observe Carr intently.

CARR

Hussein knows who the getaway  
driver is because he's the gunman.

Grant and Hussein quickly look at each other.

HUSSEIN

Ask him how he knew we'd be here.

GRANT

How'd the fuck you know we'd be  
here?

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr hides in the shadows.

CARR  
Hussein told me.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant and Hussein look at each other.

HUSSEIN  
Let me help you. There's an army  
out there.

GRANT  
Are you the gunman?

HUSSEIN  
No matter what either of us says  
you have no way of knowing.

GRANT  
Who the fuck is the gunman?!

HUSSEIN  
Let me help you.

Grant and Hussein raises their guns simultaneously and fire.

Grant is knocked into the wall and grunts.

Hussein slams into a wet bar. Grant continues firing. Hussein  
is jolted until the gun clicks.

Hussein hits the floor.

CARR  
Is anybody still alive?

GRANT  
I am bastard.

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr steps slightly from the shadows.

CARR

I'm now going to tell you the cast of characters you've just played with.

NIXON-WITHOUT THE MASK

A Warm smile.

CARR (V.O.)

Nixon was played by Al Gaines. He's been a professional killer since his teens.

TOR JOHNSON-WITHOUT THE MASK

A cynical smirk.

CARR (V.O.)

Tor Johnson was played by George Morton. A used car salesman turned professional killer.

HUSSEIN-WITHOUT THE MASK

An affable smile. Asian.

CARR (V.O.)

Hussein was played by Justin Ree. A former soldier who proudly served his country in Afghanistan.

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr steps into a thin slice of moonlight.

CARR

You now have Sherry's killers. The point man, the driver and the gunman.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant removes the Stan Laurel mask.

GRANT

If you didn't kill Sherry then how do you know the killers?

CARR  
Hoyle.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. PARK-DAY

Hoyle sits on a park bench.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant is confused.

GRANT  
Hoyle had her killed?

CARR  
He contracted the killers.

GRANT  
For who?

CARR  
He wouldn't tell me.

Grant is perplexed, confused.

The front door bursts open, two gunmen rush in. Grant whips around and blasts them.

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr steps into the shadows.

CARR  
You or them?

GRANT  
Them!

Carr nods.

CARR  
Remember when you said you would  
kill Natalie and Marnie?

GRANT  
Yeah.

CARR

What makes you think I don't have a  
hit squad at your home right now  
killing your Malissa and Olivia?

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant stumbles around, confused. He looks around as if he's trying to find something divine.

A glass gun rack. An automatic rifle complete with grenade launcher.

Grant drops to his knees and prays as tears stream down his cheeks.

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr peers from the shadows with one gleaming sadist eye.

Grant's prayers can be heard from inside.

CARR

Kill him.

The gunmen move forward. Grant steps into the wide doorway firing from the hip.

Gunmen are knocked everywhere. Carr's eye submerges into the shadows.

Grant swings the blazing weapon from side to side.

Gunmen pirouette and fall from left to right.

Grant fires the grenade launcher blowing screaming gunmen into the air. Several land in the pool.

Grant stands at attention with the smoking assault rifle.

A thick smoke roils about.

GRANT

Talk to me, Donny.

Gunshots. Grant ducks. Carr and a gunman run into the shadows.

Grant fires until the gun clicks. Grant turns toward the house, fires the grenade launcher.

The house explodes.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
No evidence of Stan Laurel.

EXT. DRIVE WAY-NIGHT

Carr and the gunman run toward the car.

GUNMAN  
Who the fuck was that?

CARR  
Shut the fuck up and get in!

The men enter the car.

INT. CAR-MOVING FAST-MINUTES LATER-NIGHT

Carr grabs the wheel. The gunman has a shotgun.

CARR  
That bastard!

The vehicle screeches to a halt.

P.O.V. CARR

An SUV fills the driveway.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Carr and the gunman.

GUNMAN  
I'll take care of it.

The door is yanked open and the gunman yanked out.

EXT. DRIVE WAY-NIGHT

Grant yanks the gunman to the ground, grabs the shotgun.

The gunman goes for his pistol. Grant fires the shotgun.

The gunman skids across the ground and into the fender of the SUV.

Carr floors the vehicle. Grant aims the shotgun and fires.  
The back window explodes and the trunk pops open.

The car swerves into the SUV. Grant walks toward the wreckage.

Carr puts his head through the shattered passenger window. He is bleeding.

CARR

I didn't kill the bitch! What the fuck do you want me to tell you?! I was glad the bitch got killed the way she did! Estatic! I had nothing to do with it! I wish the fuck I had!

Carr convulses. Grant comes to the vehicles. Carr's eyes open and he look around, confused.

CARR (CONT'D)

Let me tell you how much I hated the bitch. I could watch her corpse rot! I could watch the bitch rot! But I couldn't kill her.

GRANT

You talk too much.

Grant lights a match, drops it toward a stream of gas coming from the vehicle.

THE MATCH

It falls.

THE PUDDLE

It lands. Flames rise.

EXT. DRIVE WAY-NIGHT

Carr sneers at Grant.

CARR

I'll burn you bastard but you will too.

GRANT

I'll burn better.

Flames engulf the vehicles. Carr screams like a tortured soul in hell.

Grant pulls his cell, dials. Carr screams.

MALISSA

Hello, dear.

GRANT

Honey, I'll be a little late for dinner.

MALISSA

We'll be here, dear.

GRA

Did I ever tell you and Olivia how much I love you?

MALISSA

Everyday.

GRANT

I love you all so much.

MALISSA

We love you too.

Grant clicks off the phone, slowly goes to his knees and cries.

His crying counterpoints the slowly diminishing screams of Carr.

TV SCREEN

The Sherry Carr murder. The tape snaps.

WITH GRANT

He pulls the tape from the cassette player and tosses it in the wastebasket.

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

Grant is sleeping. Malissa and Olivia stand at the foot of the bed with a huge card reading: HAPPY BELATED BIRTHDAY, SUPER COP.

They giggle. Grant stirs, looks.

GRANT  
Aw, you guys...

THE CARD

It lies open against the living room wall. It reads HAPPY BELATED BIRTHDAY, WE LOVE YOU. There is a montage of movie cops: DIRTY HARRY, BULLIT, SERPICO.

INT. BATH ROOM-MORNING

Grant shaves. Malissa peeks in.

MALISSA  
Happy belated birthday!

Malissa kisses Grant getting shave cream on her nose.

GRANT  
Get ready, baby. This is beach day!

Malissa exits. Olivia passes by the bathroom, blows dad a kiss. Grant resumes shaving.

A mechanical purring.

Grant stops, listens, resumes shaving. That mechanical purring again.

Grant puts the razor down.

INT. HALLWAY-MORNING

Grant steps into the hallway.

P.O.V. GRANT

What appears to be a wheelchair rolls by an open door in the next room.

INT. HALLWAY-MORNING

Grant goes to the doorway. The mechanical purring.

A badly scarred Carr gently rolls up in a modified wheelchair. Carr cradles a makeshift shotgun with an odd silencer.

Carr smiles. The flesh stretches across his scarred face.

Carr fires. Grant leaps. The projectile punches a hole in the door.

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

Grant lands on the floor. Carr rolls up outside the doorway, fires.

Grant rolls as the projectile strikes the floor.

Grant rolls next to a dresser, reaches up, opens a drawer, grabs a gun, pivots and aims at the door.

Carr is gone.

INT. HALLWAY-MORNING

Grant cautiously steps from the room. The happy rejoicing of his family can be heard from behind a half shut door.

The mechanical purring. Grant hurriedly walks toward the sounds of his family.

Carr rolls toward the half shut door.

Grant stops in front of the door, fires.

The bullet hits Carr in the shoulder knocking the wheelchair down the steps.

Malissa and Olivia scream from the room.

Grant rushes downstairs, gun at the ready.

INT. LIVING ROOM-MORNING

Carr brakes the wheelchair. It comes to a halt in front of a large patio window.

Grant descends the stairs. Carr fires. The projectile smashes the railing.

Grant fires. The bullets jolt Carr as the wheelchair smashes through the patio window.

EXT. POOL AREA-MORNING

Carr breaks the wheelchair next to a table. Grant exits with a glass of orange juice, places the glass and the gun on the table and sits down.

Grant takes a sip of juice and smiles.

Carr looks at him with hateful eyes.

GRANT

Do you have anything to say before  
sentenced is passed?

CARR (HISS FROM HELL)

He who fights monsters should see  
to it that in the process one does  
not become a monster. When you look  
long into the abyss, the abyss  
looks into you.

GRANT

Nietzsche. He died of syphilis.

Grant takes a sip of juice, relaxes as birds sing the song of  
the morning.

TV SCREEN

The Sherry murder. The hooded gunman casually walks away.

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

Grant stirs, awakens. The door opens. The hooded gunman  
enters, gun in hand.

Grant is shocked.

The hooded gunman fires.

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

Grant jolts awake.

GRANT

No!

Grant buries his face in his hands. The sound of laughter  
from outside the open window.

Grant smiles, goes to the window.

P.O.V. GRANT

Malissa and Olivia playfully enter the family SUV.

The hooded gunman walks up, fires into the suv.

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

Grant exits the bedroom.

GRANT

Shit!

INT. LIVING ROOM-MORNING

Grant descends the stairs. The door opens. The hooded gunman enters.

Grant leaps at the gunman.

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

Grant snaps awake. He looks around. The open window. Birds sing outside

Grant gets to his feet.

GRANT

Shit.

Grant exits.

INT. HALLWAY-MORNING

Grant walks. Silence. Grant descends the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM-MORNING

Grant comes to a halt on the stairs.

The hooded gunman stands over the bodies of Malissa and Olivia.

They are each in a spreading pool of blood.

The hooded gunman looks up at Grant.

GRANT

Bastard!

Grant leaps from the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

Grant snaps awake. His cell rings on the table.

Grant grabs it.

GRANT (BREATHLESS)

Yeah.

HOYLE

We must talk.

GRANT

Talk.

HOYLE

Face to face.

GRANT

Why?

HOYLE

Why did things go so badly? Every one is dead.

GRANT

Is that a bad thing?

HOYLE

There were three men in my commission who were killed.

GRANT

I'm sure you'll have trouble finding more killers.

Grants laughs.

HOYLE

We need to talk.

The phone clicks.

INT. MORGUE-DAY

Every table has a bullet riddled body with limbs blown off.

Grant observes the bodies. A young spit shined detective steps up.

## YOUNG DETECTIVE

These were the men found at Carr's pool area. Our sources tell us that they worked for a man named Hoyle.

Grant goes to the other side of the morgue. The bodies of Nixon, Tor Johnson and Hussein each lie on a slab.

The young detective steps up.

## YOUNG DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

...All in the employ of a Mr. Hoyle.

Grant is stoic.

C.U. HOYLE'S FACE

A gunshot.

C.U. GRANT'S FACE

A gunshot.

C.U. HOYLE'S FACE

A gunshot.

The close ups and the gunshots come in such quick succession as to become maddening.

EXT. PARK-DAY

Hoyle sits on a bench. Grant watches from the crowd. Hoyle gets up and exits.

EXT. HOYLE'S HOME-DAY

A blonde walks to a sports car, enters, turns the ignition.

The car explodes.

INT. STUDY-DAY

A smiling Hoyle dials his cell. A click.

GRANT

Hello.

HOYLE  
Thank you.

GRANT  
For what?

HOYLE  
For ridding me of my ex-wife. She  
was costing me a fortune in  
alimony. Now I can get me an Asian  
girl.

EXT. VACANT LOT-DAY

Grant bends over a battered body as other detectives  
investigate. Cell to ear. Grant mouths the word shit.

GRANT  
When she starts costing you a  
fortune in alimony let me know.

INT. STUDY-DAY

Hoyle leans back.

HOYLE  
We must talk.

EXT. VACANT LOT-DAY

Grant investigates the scene.

GRANT  
I'm busy. Go fuck yourself.

EXT. FRONT YARD-DAY

Grant trims the hedges. Malissa steps onto the porch.

MALISSA  
Ice tea, John?

GRANT  
Please.

Malissa exits. Grant trims. A mechanical whirring. Or is it.

Grant looks around. That sound again. Or is it?

A wheelchair backs up to the gate.

Grant tenses.

The wheelchair turns around. A scarred elderly man. Not Carr.

MALISSA

John!

John jolts, turns around. Malissa hands him a glass of ice tea.

GRANT

Thanks, honey.

MALISSA

Are you ok?

GRANT

Sure.

TV SCREEN

The Sherry Carr murder. The gunman turns around, faces the camera, pulls off the hood revealing: John Grant!

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Grant jolts awake.

GRANT

Shit, shit.

The cell rings. Grant answers it.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Hello... fucking hello!

The phone clicks. Grant puts it down and pours himself a drink.

The door explodes open. Grant jolts. Malissa and Olivia enter laughing.

OLIVIA

Hello, dad.

Grant raises the glass, smiles, drinks. The laughing women ascend the stairs.

Grant turns toward the tv screen.

TV SCREEN

A gun and a hood lie in a wooded area as detectives investigate.

NEWSCASTER

Earlier today police found what they believed are the gun and hood used in the Sherry Carr murder...

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Grant has a paroxysmal.

INT. CORRIDOR-DAY

Grant walks, his shoes clicking.

TV SCREEN

The Sherry Carr murder.

A gunshot.

EXT. PARK-DAY

Grant talks to Hoyle.

A gunshot.

EXT. SECLUDED FIELD-NIGHT

Nixon blasts Tor Johnson.

A gunshot.

EXT. SECLUDED FIELD-NIGHT

Hussein breaks Nixon's neck.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Grant blasts Hussein.

A gunshot.

EXT. POOL AREA-NIGHT

Carr and his army open fire.

A gunshot.

INT. LIVING ROOM-MORNING

Grant blasts Carr through the patio window,

A gunshot

INT. CORRIDOR-DAY

Grant pulls open a door.

A gunshot.

INT. ROOM-DAY

The door explodes open. Grant enters like a powerful force.

The detectives cock their heads toward Grant in unison.

GRANT

I'm the lead detective in this case  
and I have to learn of a major  
development from the fucking tv?!

YOUNG DETECTIVE

We found dna on the hood. Female.

GRANT

Whose?

YOUNG DETECTIVE

We have no match.

Grant's cell rings. He grabs it.

GRANT

What?!

MALISSA

Are you ok, dear?

GRANT

I'm in the middle of something,  
honey.

Ok. I picked up the wine you asked for.

GRANT

Thanks.

Grant clicks off the phone.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Run it through again. Anything on the gun.

A detective shakes his head. Grant nods wildly.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Run it through again.

The detectives look at Grant as if he's insane.

SERIES OF SCENES

Grant blasts Hussein.

Grant blasts Carr's gunmen with the assault rifle.

Grant drops the match in the puddle of gas.

Grant blasts Carr and his wheelchair through the patio window.

INT. DINING ROOM-MORNING

An edgy Grant eats breakfast. Malissa and Olivia explode into the room laughing.

Grant jolts.

GRANT (A HISS)

Fuck.

EXT. CITY STREET-DAY

Crime scene. A youth lies on the sidewalk in a pool of blood. Detectives investigate.

Grant is on his cell.

GRANT

We need to talk.

HOYLE  
That's what I said.

SERIES OF SCENES

The video of Sherry's murder.

The meeting of Grant and the killers.

Grant and the masked killers partying at the club.

Hussein strangles Toni as Grant watches.

Nixon shoots the couple as Grant watches.

EXT. HOYLE'S HOME-DAY

A Mercedes pulls up. Hoyle and his bodyguard exit.

HOYLE  
Looks like the gardener didn't do  
the hedges.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

The bodyguard enters. Hoyle follows. Grant, wearing the Stan Laurel mask, steps behind the guard and slams a police stick down on his head.

The bodyguard drops. Hoyle turns around.

HOYLE  
What the fuck is this?! Why are you  
wearing that stupid fucking mask?!

GRANT  
For the answers to these questions  
and more let's have a seat in your  
study.

Grant bends over the bodyguard and removes two guns.

INT. STUDY-DAY

Hoyle loosens his tie, goes to the bar, makes a drink.

HOYLE  
Drink?

GRANT

The truth.

Hoyle sits down behind his desk. Grant sits in front of him and removes the mask.

HOYLE

as much as I do.

GRANT

Every mother fucker I've killed in the last few weeks have been your killers.

HOYLE

I'm the middle man for those wanting to hire professional killers. What's so unusual about that?

Hoyle drinks.

GRANT

Then you most likely know who hired the killers of Sherry Carr.

HOYLE

I don't know any female professional killers.

Grant leans forward.

GRANT

How did you know the dna found was female?

HOYLE

It's all over the news.

GRANT

No, the news conference for that is scheduled for this afternoon.

HOYLE

I saw it on the tv this morning.

Grant's face contorts.

GRANT

Bullshit!

Hoyle slams down his glass.

HOYLE

Fuck you!

The door explodes open. The bodyguard rushes at Grant. Grant whips out a pistol, fires.

The bodyguard is knocked back against the wall and slides down leaving a trail of blood that looks as if it was spray painted by some freaked out artist.

HOYLE

You didn't have to do that,

Grant twirls the gun on his finger.

GRANT

What was I supposed to do, give him a French kiss?

Hoyle runs his hand over his face. Grant gets up, places the Stan Laurel mask over the bodyguard's face.

Hoyle looks between his fingers.

HOYLE

What are you doing?

Grant sits down.

GRANT

Talk to me.

HOYLE

I had nothing to do with the murder of Sherry Carr.

GRANT

Talk to me.

Hoyle looks intently at Grant.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Talk to me.

Hoyle is silent.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Talk to me.

Hoyle is silent. Grant whips out the gun and blasts the speaker phone on the desk.

Hoyle is calm. Grant sits back in his seat.

HOYLE

Grant, stop trying to play a  
psycho. I know the real deal.

GRANT

If I kill you will that be real  
enough?

HOYLE

I think you should go home and  
forget everything and get on with  
your life.

GRANT

I've got to know.

HOYLE

God will take care of whoever  
killed Sherry.

Grant looks coldly at Hoyle.

GRANT

Like he's going to take care of you  
and all the murders you had a hand  
in.

Hoyle looks away. The bodyguard stirs.

HOYLE

I was hoping he was dead,

Grant brings up the gun. The bodyguard goes into a coughing  
spasm spitting up blood and dies.

Grant and Hoyle lean back.

GRANT

Different kinds of dead.

HOYLE

What?

GRANT

Nothing.

Grant raises the gun, fires, blowing off the tip of Hoyle's  
right ear.

Hoyle grabs his ear.

HOYLE

Fuck!

Hoyle gets to his feet, steps back.

HOYLE (CONT'D)

You want to kill me then go the  
fuck ahead and do it!

GRANT

I'm not sure of anything anymore.

TV SCREEN

The murder of Sherry Carr.

SERIES OF SCENES

The murder of Toni.

The gun battle in the secluded field.

Grant blows away Carr's men.

INT. STUDY-DAY

Grant puts the pistol to his temple. Hoyle is surprised.

HOYLE

Good idea.

Grant lowers the gun.

GRANT

I wouldn't give you the  
satisfaction.

HOYLE

You need to forget the murder of  
Sherry Carr.

Grant looks around, confused.

GRANT

It's like nobody killed her and  
everybody killed her.

HOYLE  
Forget about the murder of Sherry  
Carr.

Grant is acting bizarre.

GRANT  
You're right.

Grant puts the gun away. Hoyle steps from behind the desk.  
Grant gets to his feet.

Grant looks at the bodyguard.

HOYLE  
I'll take care of that.

The cop and the procurer of killers exit the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Grant and Hoyle descend the stairs.

HOYLE  
You need to get on with your life.

GRANT  
Yeah.

The door opens. The hooded gunman enters.

Grant goes for the gun.

The gunman fires.

Grant is knocked against the wall. Grant slides down the wall  
leaving a designer trail of blood then tumbles down the  
stairs.

Hoyle quickly attempts to ascend the stairs.

The gunman fires.

Hoyle is knocked to the floor at the top of the stairs.

Grant looks up at the gunman as if he is in a dreamlike  
trance.

SERIES OF SCENES

Grant and Hoyle in the park.

Grant kills Hussein.

Grant kills Carr.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

The gunman reaches into Grant's jacket and removes the pistol.

GRANT

Who the fuck are you?

The gunman grabs the hood at the top and pulls.

The mask slowly slides upward.

The sadistic smiling face of Malissa.

Grant is stunned.

Hoyle peeks down the stairs.

MALISSA

You just couldn't keep your dick in your pants, could you?

Grant laughs.

GRANT

Malissa?

MALISSA

I knew ykingou got that bitch pregnant. Don didn't know who the father was. Don never killed anyone. I did.

Malissa goes to the bar and makes herself a drink.

MALISSA (CONT'D)

You and your bullshit dna tests. You knew you were the father all along. Where's your ice?

HOYLE (GRUNTING)

In the bucket.

MALISSA

Thank you.

Malissa puts ice in her drink, raises her gun and fires upstairs.

The bullet slams into Hoyle.

HOYLE

Bitch!

Malissa takes a stiff drink.

MALISSA

You commissioned that idiot upstairs to get you professional killers to find the murderers of your woman and child,

GRANT

I didn't mean to hurt you.

MALISSA

That old fucking cliché.

HOYLE

I told you I had nothing to do with it, dumbass.

Grant looks up with a pained expression.

GRANT

Kill me, you have every right.

MALISSA

I have one more surprise for you.

Malissa takes a drink.

A hooded gunman enters. Grant's face contorts.

The gunman slowly pulls off the hood.

The smiling face of Olivia.

OLIVIA

Hello, daddy!

Hoyle laughs painfully and raucously. Grant's eyes roll upward. Olivia bends over him.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

We just couldn't stand the thought of a sister by another mother.

Grant grunts.

MALISSA

We just couldn't accept it.

Malissa hands Olivia the drink. Olivia takes a drink, goes to the bar. Malissa bends over Grant.

MALISSA (CONT'D)

The insurance policy we had on the baby was a bonus. Lots of shopping. Olivia, thank daddy.

Olivia stands over Grant, drink in hand.

OLIVIA

Thank you, daddy!

Grant looks up focuses his eyes.

P.O.V. GRANT

The barrel of a gun.

OLIVIA (V.O.S.)

Goodbye, daddy.

Grant closes his eyes. Darkness.

A pair of gunshots. Grant opens his eyes.

Malissa and Olivia fall to the floor.

Grant focuses his eyes.

Mrs. Ferrell, gun in hand.

Grant's face looks crazy. Hoyle laughs painfully and raucously.

MRS. FERRELL

I found the photos of you and Sherry. I couldn't let the murderers of my only grandchild go unpunished.

GRANT

I know you were a cop once.

Mrs. Ferrell nods, looks at around.

MRS. FERRELL

I think everybody got what they deserved.

Mrs. Ferrell puts her gun away and exits. Grant looks up the stairs at Hoyle.

Hoyle smiles.

HOYLE

Remember when you asked me were  
there different kinds of dead?

Grant painfully nods.

FADE OUT.

ROLL END CREDITS









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