

L O W L I F E S

screenplay by

Jose L. Villanueva

Registered WGAw
joselvillanueva@hotmail.com
<http://members.cox.net/jlvjr/scripts/>

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A blue Ford sedan parked outside a gas station. On the door:
Fast Taxi.

FLOYD, late 30s, is on a pay phone nearby.

FLOYD

I want two hundred on the Pistons.

(pause)

Yeah, tonight's game.

(pause)

Two hundred at minus five. Okay,
thanks.

He hangs up, looks at his watch and walks to the Ford.

He peeks his head in the back window.

FLOYD

It's show time. You ready?

EXT. LUCKY ROLLER HOTEL - NIGHT

The Hotel's neon sign FLICKERS on and off so that every now
and then it reads "The Ucky Roller Hotel" or "The Luck Roll
Hot."

The blue Ford pulls into the hotel parking lot next to
another cab.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - FOURTH FLOOR - NIGHT

A woman named TEAL, mid 30s, walks to a room. She is tanned
and carries big shoulders for a female.

She stops in front of Room 419, takes a deep breath and
knocks on the door.

An intoxicated MAN, 40s, opens up.

MAN

Are you Teal?

TEAL

Who would it be?

INT. ROOM 419 - NIGHT

He lets her in and looks her over.

MAN

You certainly got here fast enough.

TEAL
We have to work fast.

MAN
I'll bet.

She points to the bed.

TEAL
Sit.

He sits on the edge of the bed.

USC is playing Notre Dame on the TV. He can't take his eyes off the TV.

MAN
My wife would kill me if she found out what I was doing.

TEAL
Your wife will never find out. Unless she's in the next room. Is she?

The man is preoccupied with the football game.

MAN
Huh?

TEAL
Is your wife in the next room?

MAN
(laughs)
She's back home in Chicago.

TEAL
Then everything's fine ... what's your name?

He looks at her.

MAN
My name ... um.

TEAL
You can just make one up.

He smiles.

PETER
Peter.

TEAL
 Good one. Before we begin our
 transaction, you got the cash?

He's watching the game again.

TEAL
 Peter?

He turns to her.

PETER
 Oh, sorry, I got a lot riding on
 the Irish. What do you want,
 honey?

Teal holds up her fingers.

TEAL
 El casho?

EXT. LUCKY ROLLER HOTEL - NIGHT

Floyd sits on the hood of his car.

The CAB BILLY, from the taxi parked nearby, walks up to him.

CAB BILLY
 Fast Taxi? I never heard of you
 guys.

Floyd takes out a stick of gum, throws it in his mouth.

CAB BILLY
 You guys been in town long?

FLOYD
 Nope.

CAB BILLY
 (smiles)
 We don't like too much competition.
 (extends hand)
 My name is Jordan. And you are?

FLOYD
 You wanna do me a favor, Jordan?

JORDAN
 What's that?

FLOYD
 Fuck off.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - ROOM 419 - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Teal pulls out two white pills rolled up in a tissue inside her purse.

She scratches her head and the wig falls off.

TEAL

Shit.

Teal is a man. He grabs his crotch and adjusts himself.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - ROOM 419 - NIGHT

Back to Teal in the bathroom. He straightens out the wig and puts it back on. Teal's real name is Wynn.

WYNN

I'll be right out.

He flushes the toilet, fixes his skirt and looks at himself in the mirror.

WYNN

You can do it.

INT. ROOM 419 - NIGHT

Teal exits the bathroom.

WYNN

What did you say, sugar?

Peter stares at the TV as he gestures.

PETER

The champagne, it's on its way up.

WYNN

Fine.

PETER

And I got great news.

WYNN

What's that?

PETER

Notre Dame just scored a touchdown.

WYNN

(smiles)

And you're ready to score too?

TATE'S VOICE (V.O.)
Is everything ready?

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A white Mustang travels down a dirt road out in the middle of nowhere.

TATE'S VOICE (V.O.)
Did you hear me?

INT. MUSTANG (MOVING) - NIGHT

Two Men, mid 40s, in the car. BILLY drives, turns to TATE.

BILLY
What?

TATE
Is everything ready?

BILLY
No need to worry. I'm more concerned about your friend sticking to the plan.

TATE
It's all good.

Tate looks out the window, sees two large buildings in the distance.

TATE
So what is this place?

BILLY
It's a pet spa for rich bastards who got nothing better to do with their money.

EXT. SEGURO PET CLINIC - NIGHT

Billy and Tate on the front steps, nod to each other.

Billy rings the door buzzer. CHET, late 40s, opens the door.

CHET
You guys are early.

BILLY
No traffic.

CHET

Yeah, I guess at this time of night there isn't much.

TATE

You gonna let us in or what?

CHET

You got a password?

BILLY

What is this, kindergarten?

CHET

I was told you guys have to tell me a password.

BILLY

This is fucked up.

Chet gets nervous is about to close the door when Billy sticks his foot in the door.

CHET

Hey, who are you guys? I'm not gonna open --

BILLY

Take it easy, Chet. Tell him the password.

TATE

Liberace.

INT. SEGURO PET CLINIC - NIGHT

Chet lets them inside. Billy smiles.

BILLY

We were just messing with you, Chet.

Billy smiles at two men, 40s, who play dominoes on a table.

BIG GUY has a toothpick in his mouth and doesn't smile. His partner, a MEXICAN, is all smiles.

A YOUNG WOMAN, late 20s, sits behind a desk with a nail file.

Big Guy gets up and walks to them, a holster strap on his shoulder. He twirls his finger at them to turn around.

TATE

Sure.

Big Guy shakes his head as the Young Woman pulls out a can from a tiny fridge.

BIG GUY

(to the Mexican)

Doesn't do shit around here for a week but as soon as this guy shows up she turns into a maid.

YOUNG WOMAN

Go suck a cock.

BIG GUY

Okay, I'll start with yours.

The Mexican laughs. Big Guy shoots him a look and he stops.

INT. BACK OPERATING ROOM - SAME TIME

Chet takes out a small sample for Billy.

BILLY

Old man Irvine will be pleased.

CHET

I hope so. I hear he's the one to work for.

Billy checks out the sample.

BILLY

Oh, yeah, he's got a great health plan.

INT. FRONT WAITING ROOM - SAME TIME

The Young Woman stands in front of Tate, obscures the two thugs.

YOUNG WOMAN

Here you go.

She holds out the beer can with her left hand. With her right, she lifts up her blouse to reveal a Glock 45 Automatic tucked inside her blue jeans.

She steps away.

Big Guy spits out his toothpick and laughs as he sees the Glock pointed at them.

MEXICAN
(points to sign)
Amigo, is okay, you can smoke.

BIG GUY
The fuck you think you're doing?

The Young Woman steps away, takes a sip of beer as she does.
She sees the Mexican fumble for something.

YOUNG WOMAN
Under the table!

Tate dives out of the way as the Mexican fires his 380 Beretta and misses.

Tate shoots back, clips the Mexican in the shoulder.

INT. BACK ROOM - SAME TIME

As Chet reacts to the gunshots, Billy kicks him in the nuts.
Chet drops. The dogs go crazy.

INT. FRONT WAITING ROOM - SAME TIME

The Mexican and Big Guy use the table as a shield. The Young Woman runs away.

MEXICAN
Put a!

The Mexican shoots her in the spine. She flies off the wall and turns around.

He shoots her in the stomach and then turns to Tate.

Tate fires a shot.

The Mexican peeks over the table and fires.

Big Guy tries to release his .45 from his holster but it's stuck.

Tate rolls over to get a better shot. He waits for daylight.

The Mexican fires again then takes a peek above the table.

Tate has the gun pointed and ready. As he soon as he sees hair, he pulls the trigger and blows half the Mexican's scalp on the wall.

Tate jumps up. He fires a shot into the Mexican's head to finish him off.

Big Guy's .45 finally drops to the floor as he fumbles it.

Tate kicks the table away.

Big Guy's hand trembles and is inches away from his gun.

Tate's hand is steady.

TATE

You wanna go for it?

The Big Guy doesn't move.

BIG GUY

Bite me.

Tate pulls the trigger and blows him away.

He moves over to the Young Woman and kneels down beside her.

She tries to say something.

TATE

Shhh. Save your breath, baby.
I'll get you to a hospital.

Two shots ring out from the operating room as the Young Woman coughs up blood.

Billy comes out, holds a .38 special and the briefcase.

TATE

And Chet?

Billy smiles.

BILLY

He didn't make it. Standard
procedure.

Tate stands up. They stare at the Young Woman.

TATE

She's bleeding pretty badly.

Billy points to Tate's bloody shirt.

BILLY

So are you.

TATE

This is hers.

They look back down at her.

BILLY

The gun was right where she said
it'd be.

TATE

We should take her to a hospital.

EXT. SEGURO PET CLINIC - NIGHT

The Mustang sits outside. Two gunshots from inside.

After a few moments, they exit the clinic.

TATE

You didn't have to do that.

BILLY

Did her a favor.

TATE

How you figure?

BILLY

I could've let her bleed to death.

TATE

You're such a humanitarian.

BILLY

Hey, I give at the office.

Tate shakes his head as they get in the car.

EXT. RACHEL'S RANCH - NIGHT

A large ranch up on a hill. Lots of cars and trucks outside.

INT. RACHEL'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

A party in full swing. People engaged in all sorts of
activity.

A woman greets her guests. Her name is RACHEL, late 40s.

She stops in front of a mirror and looks at herself. Lots of
plastic surgery on that face.

She walks casually, drink in hand, down a long corridor where
she enters her library -- two big bull horns on the door.

INT. RACHEL'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

She enters the spacious room filled with books. Books she's
probably never read.

She puts her drink down on a formica table and sits opposite VINNIE, a two-bit grifter in his thirties, who sits on a couch.

Vinnie's eyes are swollen and his mouth is bleeding.

RACHEL
Vinnie, you know I hate to leave my parties.

Vinnie cries like a baby.

MILES (O.S.)
That's right.

MILES stands behind him. Miles is a very large man in his late forties but still in great shape.

MILES
That's very rude of you.

Next to Miles is LEO, 30s, with a french beret on his head. He also plays with a yo-yo.

A growling pit bull sits nearby.

RACHEL
A deal should be like taking a crap, real smooth so as not to irritate. What I've got here is what I would call an irritated ass.

LEO
You mean hemorrhoids?

She gives him a mean look for interrupting her line.

LEO
Sorry.

RACHEL
Just go back to your yo-yo, Leo.

She looks back at Vinnie.

RACHEL
And you, you son of a bitch --

INT. RACHEL'S LIBRARY - MIGHT

Back to Rachel as she smiles at Vinnie.

RACHEL
When did you start believing in
God?

She nods to Miles. He walks to a desk and pulls out a wooden box filled with six shiny Henkel steak knives.

VINNIE
What're you gonna do with those?

Miles grabs one of the shiny knives and moves over to Vinnie.
Leo laughs as he plays with his yo-yo.

VINNIE
I swear they were cops! Why would
I lie to you?

FLASHBACK - EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Behind a liquor store, Vinnie gets out of a car. He's holding the briefcase that Chet had.

The Big Guy and the Mexican from the pet clinic walk up to him. They are dressed as cops.

VINNIE (V.O.)
It wasn't my fault.

The Mexican smiles at him.

INT. RACHEL'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

Back to Miles with the knives.

RACHEL
Your problem is you never take
responsibility for anything.

MILES
You ever seen a guy with no
testicles? Can't move, can't
breathe, can't have sex. It pretty
much ruins your day when you can't
screw.

Vinnie looks at the glowing blade.

INT. ROOM 419 - NIGHT

Wynn, sans wig, searches through the closet.

He has thrown the contents of Peter's suitcase all over the floor. The place is a mess.

A knock on the door. He looks through the peep hole and opens up.

WYNN

I thought you said he had money?

Floyd the cab driver enters and closes the door.

FLOYD

That's what Wanda said. Why? What are you about to tell me? Don't give me any negative news, Wynn.

Peter is passed out on the bed, hands tied to the frame with his socks.

WYNN

He gave me fifty for the trick but he doesn't have a thousand with him. Wanda's full of shit.

FLOYD

Well, she has a bad cold, maybe her mind is clouded.

WYNN

Yeah, clouded with all the semen she's been swallowing.

FLOYD

Don't figure, she said he had a rolled up wad of money could choke an elephant.

WYNN

Well she probably took it then, stupid.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Floyd's cab zips through a downtown street.

WYNN (V.O.)

This is the last time I tie up my balls.

INT. BLUE FORD (MOVING) - NIGHT

Floyd is behind the wheel. Wynn rips the wig off.

WYNN

You hear me?

FLOYD
We're just in a dry spell.

WYNN
You listening to me?

FLOYD
I thought this was good for you.
Live theater so to speak.

WYNN
You're an asshole.

FLOYD
Maybe we should go back to the long
con?

WYNN
I'm not gonna be a real estate
agent, not a fucking financial
planner, not gonna be an insurance
agent.

Floyd smiles.

FLOYD
We haven't done the insurance agent
in a while.

WYNN
And I sure as shit am not gonna
dress up and play whore any more.

FLOYD
Hey, man, you started it.

WYNN
That was a fucking play, Floyd.
That's the character I was playing.

FLOYD
Well, you looked pretty good so I
figured we could use that to --

WYNN
You're so full of shit, if you
needed a hat it'd have to be made
out of toilet paper.

INT. GROCERY EMPORIUM MARKET - MORNING

Floyd walks down an aisle and sees somebody walking up to
him.

This is FRANKIE, late 30s.

FLOYD
What can I do for you?

FRANKIE
Take a wild guess.

KEN, 40s, is behind him. Floyd is cornered, smiles at them.

FLOYD
Now, fellas, we're in a public
place.

KEN
You're such a smart person, Floyd.

FLOYD
What are you aiming to do?

Frankie smiles.

FRANKIE
You hear that, Ken? He used the
word aiming.

FLOYD
Now, come on fellas.

KEN
An interesting way of putting it.

FRANKIE
But I think correct.

FLOYD
I just need a little more --

Ken raises his hand.

KEN
Outside boy.

EXT. GROCERY EMPORIUM MARKET - MORNING

Floyd puts his few groceries in the trunk. Frankie and Ken
lean on his car.

FRANKIE
You know, Ken and I both actually
like you.

KEN

And we certainly wouldn't want anything to happen to you.

FRANKIE

But we have to do our job.

Floyd closes the trunk.

FLOYD

I know, I just need a little more time.

KEN

Time gets you in trouble.

FLOYD

Just give me a couple more days.

Frankie and Ken look at each other.

KEN

This is such a cliché. Gambler asks for more time.

They laugh. Frankie puts his arm around Floyd.

FRANKIE

You're lucky Garmes is not expecting the money till the end of the week.

KEN

And double lucky that we're nice guys.

They walk away.

KEN

We'll see you in two days.

FLOYD

You bet.

FRANKIE

(turns around)

That's the problem. You bet, you lose.

Floyd watches them walk away. He sighs.

EXT. DRUGS 'N MORE PHARMACY - DAY

Floyd's Ford pulls into the parking lot.

INT. DRUGS 'N MORE PHARMACY - DAY

Wynn sweeps the floor down one of the aisles. Floyd comes up to him.

FLOYD
I need you tonight.

WYNN
No way. I promised Jeffrey I'd take him to a movie.

FLOYD
You can go any night.

WYNN
She barely lets me see him as it is.

FLOYD
I got a situation here.

WYNN
You're going to get us killed.

FLOYD
You want me to get in deep trouble?

Wynn keeps sweeping.

FLOYD
You're supposed to take care of your older brother.

Wynn shoots him a look.

FLOYD
Okay, but if something happens to me, don't say I didn't warn you.

WYNN
Are you listening to yourself? You're like a fucking kid. How much this time?

FLOYD
More than usual.

Wynn just shakes his head. Floyd leans in and whispers.

FLOYD
You think you can get me some Viagra too?

INT. PHARMACIST'S BOOTH - DAY

Wynn puts some boxes back on a shelf right outside the booth.

He looks in and sees the pharmacist walk into a back room.

Wynn slips in and enters the booth. He opens a drawer and finds the bottles, throws three in his pocket.

He leaves quickly before the pharmacist comes back out.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Floyd stands with a male DRUGGIE.

FLOYD
Highway Robbery.

The Druggie hands him some bills.

DRUGGIE
That's all I can afford.

Floyd takes the bills. Hands him one of the bottles.

FLOYD
I'm only doing this 'cause I'm
broke. Next time, it'll cost ya a
hundred.

The Druggie walks away, flips him off as he goes.

EXT. ALLEY - BACK OF STORE - NIGHT

Floyd's taxi is parked next to an open door with the trunk open.

Floyd comes out holding a DVD player box and places it inside. The trunk is filled with boxes.

FLOYD
Hurry up.

Wynn walks out holding another box.

He places it inside and Floyd closes the trunk.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A small Rental truck parked near an alley. The back is open.

Floyd stands inside with the DVD boxes. A man hands him some bills.

FLOYD
This is it? This is all you have?

The guy shrugs.

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Floyd and a young COUPLE stand in the middle of an empty apartment.

They're looking at a rack of clothes, both men's and women's.

Floyd picks out a nice dress.

FLOYD
And this beauty is a Vera Wang.
Sells for three hundred but I can
let you have it for one.

He shows it to the young woman who frowns.

INT. DARK OFFICE - NIGHT

A hole opens up in the wall right next to the door.

Floyd peeks his head through, a sledgehammer in hand.

He reaches a few inches away and unlocks the door.

WYNN (O.S.)
Hurry up.

Floyd and Wynn enter with flashlights.

Wynn holds an old gym bag with tools in it. They walk over to a safe in the corner.

Wynn kneels down and examines it.

FLOYD
Well?

Wynn takes out some tools, a drill and goggles.

WYNN
Give me fifteen minutes.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Wynn and Floyd stand with WANDA, early 30s.

Wanda wears a jogging suit that is not zipped up all the way exposing her talent.

WANDA

They get their payroll in cash a day early.

WYNN

Well, obviously, your info was fucked up as usual.

WANDA

Don't blame me.

Wynn picks up the gym bag from the ground and walks away.

FLOYD

Where you going?

WYNN

Home. I've had it with you two losers.

FLOYD

I'll give you a ride.

WYNN

I'll take the bus.

WANDA

Sorry, honey. I can give you both a blow job to even things up.

Wynn disappears around the corner.

Floyd looks straight up at the heavens.

FLOYD

I need to get my hands on some money or else my ass is grass. You hear me up there?

WANDA

He can't hear you.

FLOYD

Yeah.

WANDA

Maybe you should talk to Cliff? He hears pretty good.

FLOYD

Maybe.

Floyd looks down the street, shakes his head. He smiles at her.

FLOYD
So, how 'bout that blow job now?

WANDA
Does it work this week?

He winks at her.

She sees a police car behind him, turns and takes off in the opposite direction.

WANDA
Rain check. Gotta go.

FLOYD
What's the matter?

He turns around and sees the police car turn in the other direction.

FLOYD
Just not my night.

EXT. AIRPORT - MORNING

Rows and rows of cabs.

Floyd is at the very front. An airport SECURITY GUARD sticks his head through the window.

SECURITY GUARD
Where's your permit, fella?

He points to the dash.

FLOYD
Oh, sorry. They detailed yesterday
and must have moved it.

Floyd takes it out of the glove compartment and shows it to him.

SECURITY GUARD
Make sure you put it on the dash
where it's supposed to be.

FLOYD
You got it, officer.

The Security Guard walks away.

Floyd throws it back in the glove compartment.

There is a heavy set guy outside the cab holding two large suitcases. This is LARRY, late 40s, perspiring heavily.

He peeks his head in.

LARRY
You ready my friend?

EXT. CUE BALL POOL HALL - DAY

Two guys fight outside. People walk by without paying any attention to them.

INT. CUE BALL POOL HALL - DAY

Most of the tables are empty. There are only a couple of games going on.

In the back, a skinny guy named CLIFF, late 40s, sits with an OLD GUY reading the racing form.

CLIFF
His usual move.

OLD GUY
Crazy.

CLIFF
He thinks Rosita is still staying with her mom back in Mehico.

OLD GUY
Oh, hey look who's racing in the third tomorrow --

CLIFF
Shut up, let me finish.

OLD GUY
Okay.

CLIFF
Rico doesn't realize that Rosita's mom got better in a day so she's back home.

Cliff laughs.

CLIFF
She catches him screwing the broad in his Impala in the garage.

The Old Guy laughs and drops his racing form.

OLD GUY

No way.

CLIFF

So Rosita grabs her favorite cooking pan and starts pounding on them both. The broad escapes somehow but Rico gets the best of it.

They laugh.

CLIFF

Last I heard he had a broken nose, a couple broken ribs and supposedly they had to remove one of his testicles.

The Old Guy goes back to his racing form.

OLD GUY

No wonder I'm not married.

CLIFF

You're not married 'cause your four ex-wives have all your money.

OLD GUY

That's what I'm saying. Good thing I'm not married.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Cliff, somebody here to see you.

Cliff looks up and sees Floyd at the bar.

INT. HILLCREST HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Wynn, dressed as Teal, walks down the corridor and adjusts the skirt.

He looks outside the dark window and looks at his reflection in the glass, checks the wig and walks to Room 746.

INT. ROOM 746 - NIGHT

Larry, the heavy guy from Floyd's cab earlier, is face down on the bed passed out. Wynn and Floyd stand in front of him.

WYNN

He wouldn't order a drink, just wanted to jump me right away.

FLOYD
I told you he was horny.

WYNN
I gave a great performance. I finally convinced him to get a drink. So he orders a Diet Coke.

FLOYD
(sarcastically)
Diet Coke over regular, it's a sick world.

WYNN
Knock it off and take a look at this.

Wynn hands him a Chips Ahoy cookie bag.

FLOYD
I love these. Well, this explains why he's so fat.

WYNN
Open it.

He opens it to reveal several packets of white powder.

FLOYD
Holy shit.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Floyd's car turns down an alley. He parks and Cliff gets in.

INT. BLUE FORD - NIGHT

Cliff holds a Wall Street Journal in hand.

FLOYD
I don't know how to thank you for this.

Cliff opens the paper up to reveal a stack of bills.

CLIFF
Don't worry about it. I'm here to help.

Floyd takes them.

CLIFF
Three thousand.

Floyd pockets the cash.

FLOYD
You think Rachel might be
interested in a purchase?

CLIFF
Is it good?

FLOYD
They gave me a sample.

He hands him a small sandwich bag.

CLIFF
I can ask her.

Cliff wets his pinky.

CLIFF
Listen, my boy, I'm not one to be
talking but you might think about
you know, easing up on the betting
a bit. You can get into some
serious trouble with Garmes.

FLOYD
Yeah, I know. I've been really
stupid lately.

CLIFF
I don't think you're stupid, Floyd.
I think gambling just makes you do
stupid things.

Cliff dips his pinky in the cocaine, sucks his finger and
laughs.

FLOYD
What's so funny?

CLIFF
Did you taste this?

INT. WYNN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Floyd storms into Wynn's apartment with cookie jar in hand.

He looks around the place, then hears giggles coming from the
bedroom.

INT. WYNN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Floyd enters, turns the light on.

FLOYD

Hey!

Wynn is in bed with a young girl.

WYNN

Shit, Floyd, what the hell.

FLOYD

Fuck, Wynn, did you even bother to try this?

WYNN

I don't use the product.

Floyd finally looks at the girl.

FLOYD

Sorry to interrupt.

She rolls her eyes and covers her head with the blanket.

Floyd raises the cookie jar.

FLOYD

You can deodorize your fridge with it but we sure as hell can't sell it.

WYNN

What are you talking about?

FLOYD

It's baking soda.

EXT. SEGURO PET CLINIC - MORNING

Police cars everywhere.

INT. FRONT WAITING ROOM - MORNING

The Coroner zips up the Big Guy.

A black detective, JOE MEANS, mid 40s, kneels down and examines the dead Mexican.

He points with his latex gloves as he tries to re-enact what happened.

MEANS

So this guy pops two shots over here, clips the woman then turns here and--

He looks up and smiles.

MEANS

Well, well, well, Starsky and Hutch
are here.

INT. FRONT WAITING ROOM - MORNING

Means laughs at them.

TATE

It's a sick world we live in.

BILLY

What would we do without criminals?

MEANS

And we're talking about you Means.

Means stands up and points them out to the cops in the room.

MEANS

Ladies and gentlemen, this case
will be solved very quickly. Our
two top detectives Billy Russ and
Tate Donlan have just arrived.

BILLY

One of these days I'm going to kill
him.

TATE

Make our lives easier if you do.

Means laughs and moves them over to the body of the Young
Woman.

MEANS

Donlan, isn't this the gal you
arrested a year ago in that Kline
bust?

TATE

Jesus, that's her. Jennie Mullin.
She told me she was going clean.

MEANS

She's clean now.

BILLY

Poor girl.

Means points.

MEANS

We got your favorite felon, Chet Morahan in the next room. Or at least what's left of him.

EXT. SEGURO PET CLINIC - MORNING

Billy and Tate sit in the Mustang as Means walks up.

MEANS

I got an A.P.B. on Chet's brother.

Billy looks concerned.

BILLY

You think he's connected?

MEANS

I'd bet my life on it.

TATE

You're probably right.

A cell phone rings. The ringer tone is the theme from Hawaii Five-0.

Means smiles and takes it out of his coat pocket.

BILLY

Your wife still calls you every hour?

Means opens the flip phone.

MEANS

Yeah, you know, she likes to make sure I'm okay.

(into phone)

Hi, honey. Yeah, baby, I'm good.

TATE

And you give us shit.

Means turns away from them to talk. Billy looks at Tate and laughs.

BILLY

How long is that leash on him?

TATE

Pretty fucking long I'd say.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Billy drinks Sprite from a large plastic bottle. Tate holds a briefcase.

EXT. LA PELOTA HOTEL - DAY

The detectives walk into an old dirty hotel.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Billy gulps down the drink and hands the bottle to Tate.

They take turns drinking it, handing it off to one another as they walk.

They stop at Room 301 and Tate knocks.

The door opens slowly. EARL, early 50s, peeks through the small opening and sighs with relief. He takes off the chain and opens up.

INT. ROOM 301 - DAY

The two cops come in.

BILLY
You laying low, Earl?

Tate drinks from the bottle.

EARL
I ain't taking any chances.

BILLY
Did you use your real name when you checked in?

EARL
Nope, did just what you told me.

BILLY
Good.

Tate finishes the Sprite, hands it to Billy.

EARL
Any news on my brother?

TATE
You haven't talked to anybody right?

EARL
Nobody, you know me.

TATE
Yeah, that's the problem.

EARL
So have you heard from Chet?

TATE
Not yet.

EARL
Well, Irvine set up the meet for
five and I gotta get going.

TATE
I'll handle this one.

Earl doesn't like this.

EARL
But you know how he likes to --

Billy hands Tate the bottle. Tate places the barrel of his
9mm inside the tip.

EARL
What's that for?

TATE
It actually acts as a suppressor so
no one can hear the gunshot.

Earl smiles.

EARL
You're messing with me right?

TATE
Yep.

He fires a shot into Earl's head.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Wynn stands in front of his acting class with a young girl
named WILMA, late 20s. Students watch.

WYNN
There are two kinds of people in
this world.

WILMA

Oh.

WYNN

There are winners and there are losers.

WILMA

Oh, really.

WYNN

Yes, really.

WILMA

And which kind are you?

WYNN

Me? I'm a winner all the way.

The ACTING TEACHER, 60s, jumps up out of his chair.

ACTING TEACHER

Hold it.

He stands between them, looks at Wynn.

ACTING TEACHER

You have to make us believe it.
I'm not feeling it. I want you to
push yourself as far as you can go.

He turns.

ACTING TEACHER

And Wilma please get rid of that
gum. It's very annoying.

WILMA

Sorry.

ACTING TEACHER

Try again. And do you really want
to use this material?

WYNN

It's a play I'm working on.

ACTING TEACHER

I prefer we use the piece from
Arthur Miller but if it's yours,
carry on.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Floyd parks his Ford near a children's playground. Ken sits nearby on a swing.

EXT. HAIR SALON - DAY

We are at Rachel's place of business. A salon that she owns and operates. The sign on the glass reads "Magic Touch Salon".

INT. MAGIC TOUCH SALON - DAY

The place is packed with women -- some we recognize from Rachel's party. They sit with their heads inside dryers, some getting facials and others manicures and pedicures.

No testosterone in sight.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel sits behind her big desk. Miles enters with Leo. Leo is playing with his usual yo-yo.

MILES

Ray Raca is here to see you.

LEO

Who's Ray Raca?

RACHEL

A piece of filth like you.

LEO

I like him already.

MILES

Oh, you'd love him. He's half-Spanish, half-Italian and half-smart.

INT. FAST TAXI COMPANY - DAY

Floyd sits at a desk with feet propped up as he reads the sports page. Through the window we see several blue Ford sedans.

Nearby sits the elderly DISPATCHER, a bald overweight fella.

He hangs up the phone, gets up and hands Floyd a paper.

DISPATCHER

Pick up at the bus station.

Floyd grabs it and sighs.

DISPATCHER
Look at the board.

He points to a large white board on the wall.

DISPATCHER
We got twenty cars in this company
and what place are you on that
list?

Floyd squints.

FLOYD
I'm doing okay.

DISPATCHER
You're in last place for the month.

FLOYD
I'm coming from behind like this
horse I'm betting on tonight.

Floyd gets up and hands him the sports page. The old guy
rips it out of his hands.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

RAY RACA, mid 40s, leans up against the wall and smiles.

Miles and Leo sit nearby with a grin.

RACHEL
You're so full of shit, Ray. Now
tell me the truth. What the fuck
can I do for you?

Raca walks up to a chair in front of her desk.

RACA
I have something.

He sits down.

RACHEL
Well, what kind of something?

He smiles.

RACA
The good kind of something.

RACHEL

Ray, a deal should be like taking a
crap, real smooth so as not to
irritate. What I've got here is
... a bad case of hemorrhoids.

Miles and Leo laugh.

RACA

I don't get it.

They laugh even harder.

LATER

Rachel closes the door after Raca leaves.

RACHEL

What do you think about this guy?

MILES

You know what I think.

RACHEL

You don't trust him?

MILES

Not any more than I can throw him.

LEO

Shit, you could probably throw 'im
pretty far.

RACHEL

Why don't you take your yo-yo
playing friend there and check it
out.

MILES

Let's go.

Leo walks past her.

RACHEL

If you play with your dick the way
you play with that yo-yo then maybe
your dick would get longer.

LEO

It's long enough.

RACHEL

That's not what the boys tell me.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wynn knocks on a door. A little boy answers. This is JEFFREY, Wynn's 8-year-old son.

JEFFREY

Daddy!

Jeffrey jumps in his father's arms. His mother ANGELA, late 20s, comes to the door.

ANGELA

What are you doing here?

WYNN

I wanted to see my son.

ANGELA

You don't have a son.

She grabs the boy who starts crying for his daddy.

WYNN

Don't do this, Angela.

ANGELA

You're not his father.

She tries to close the door but Wynn stops her.

ANGELA

Just leave.

WYNN

Don't do this. He's gonna hear you. You know I'm his father.

ANGELA

You want me to call the cops again?
You can't just walk in here
whenever you feel like it!

She slams the door in his face.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

A faded green Chevrolet pulls up to the rear of a building.

Ray Raca gets out of the car and opens the trunk.

He pulls out a briefcase and walks to a door with a big sign that reads: Stay Out.

INT. WYNN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Floyd enters the apartment. He sees a suitcase on the floor.

Wynn comes out of his bedroom. They stare at each other.

FLOYD
We got that party tonight.

WYNN
I'm not going.

FLOYD
What about the safe?

WYNN
What about it?

Floyd lowers his head.

WYNN
I'm not falling for any more of
your tricks. Don't even start with
the feel sorry for me look.

Floyd sits down on the couch.

FLOYD
You're right. Go ahead.

Silence.

WYNN
Look, Donnie contacted Largent, he
says he'd like to produce my play.
It's the break I've been looking
for.

Floyd stares at the ground.

WYNN
Aren't you happy for me?

FLOYD
Of course, Wynn, I've always been
proud of you.

Silence.

WYNN
You gonna be okay?

FLOYD

Don't worry about me. Your bro
will be just fine. What about your
car?

WYNN

The transmission is dead. I sold
it to Perry for parts.

Wynn picks up his bag, opens the door and looks back at him.

WYNN

You'll have to leave in a bit, the
landlord's coming to lock up the
place.

FLOYD

Fine.

WYNN

I'll call you when I get there, let
you know where I end up.

FLOYD

Fine.

WYNN

Look, Floyd just --

Floyd raises his hand.

FLOYD

Just go. I'll be okay.

WYNN

Don't fuck up, Floyd.

FLOYD

Goodbye, Wynn.

Wynn leaves.

EXT. GROCERY EMPORIUM MARKET - NIGHT

A Lexus tries to pull into the parking lot but there is a
little old lady blocking the way with her shopping cart.

The window rolls down and NICKY, late 30s, pokes his head
out.

NICKY

Any day now, lady.

She flips him off and passes.

He turns to his partner, a big guy named LINUS, 40s.

NICKY
Can you believe her?

Linus laughs.

INT. GROCERY EMPORIUM MARKET - NIGHT

Nicky and Linus look lost as they wander down some of the aisles.

NICKY
Leave it to the old man to eat too much and get gas. Stupid jerk.

LINUS
If he ever heard you talking like that--

NICKY
How's he gonna hear me, turdface? Unless you tell him.

LINUS
Maybe I will.

Linus sees a box of Flintstones, grabs it.

LINUS
Hey, let's get some cereal.

Nicky puts it back.

NICKY
The old man is gonna kill us and you're fucking around with Fred Flintstone.

LINUS
We shoul'da gone to Arnie's.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Raca puts stacks of money in his briefcase as beads of sweat drop from his forehead.

Miles grabs a box and places the drugs inside.

Rachel walks up to Raca.

RACHEL
What's the matter, hon? You look a little nervous.

RACA
It's just hot in here.

RACHEL
I suppose it is. Here.

She hands him the bottle. He takes a sip, hands it back to her.

She squeezes his shoulder.

RACHEL
You did good this time, Ray. Real good.

Raca smiles. He really just wants to get the hell out of there.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Raca looks relieved as he opens the trunk and throws the briefcase in.

He also throws in a revolver he had hidden in his shirt.

He wipes his forehead, takes a deep breath and closes the trunk.

Leo stands behind him.

LEO
Hi.

Raca jumps.

RACA
Oh, Leo, you scared the living shit outta me.

LEO
Sorry.

Raca looks down at the .357 Magnum in Leo's right hand.

RACA
How would you like a thousand dollars right now?

LEO
I'm taking it anyway.

Leo points the gun at Ray's head.

INT. GROCERY EMPORIUM MARKET - NIGHT

Linus and Nicky stand in line as the checkout lady takes her time. There are about ten people ahead of them in the 10 items or less line.

Linus looks at Nicky and he shakes his head in disgust. The checkout lady is very slow.

NICKY
Jesus, lady hurry up!

Everyone looks back.

NICKY
I'm getting old over here.

Floyd gets behind them with a wine bottle in hand. Linus turns to him.

LINUS
I wouldn't get in this line, buddy.

EXT. BENCH - NIGHT

Wynn sits on a bus bench with his suitcase.

A Corolla pulls up. Wilma rolls the window down. She's the girl from his acting class earlier.

WILMA
Need a ride?

Wynn gets up and sticks his head in the window.

WYNN
I changed my mind.

WILMA
I thought they're gonna produce your play? You promised me you would give me a part.

WYNN
I can't leave him alone. He's lost without me. He's gonna end up getting himself killed.

WILMA
That's why we should go.

WYNN
Take me home. I can get my place back.

WILMA

Damn it, Wynn. You don't even put up an effort.

WYNN

Look, he saved my life a long time ago. I can't abandon him. He has problems but who doesn't, right?

She closes her eyes.

WILMA

Get in.

WYNN

Hey, cheer up, I'll take you to a party for giving me a ride.

INT. RACHEL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Another party in full swing at Rachel's house.

Over in one corner is Cliff shooting off his mouth to a group of people. They strain to hear him with the loud music.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel in bed, rolls over and grabs her phone. There is a young guy in bed with her smoking a joint.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Miles looks at a video monitor, watches a couple kiss outside the front door of the house.

The phone rings and he picks up.

MILES

Yes ... not yet ... I'll do it right now.

He hangs up.

MILES

(to Leo)

Hey, we need to ...

He turns and sees Leo passed out in a chair. Two empty bottles of Jim Beam on the floor next to him.

MILES

You prick.

He looks back at the couple outside. They are going at it now.

Miles is riveted.

MILES

Pussy galore everywhere and I'm stuck with this shit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Miles walks up to Cliff and taps him on the shoulder. Cliff turns around and smiles.

EXT. DARK ROAD - NIGHT

Raca's green Chevy moves down a rural road. A Dodge sedan follows.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

The Chevy stops.

Miles gets out, keeps the headlights on.

Cliff steps out of the Dodge.

Miles opens the trunk of the Chevy and throws Cliff a shovel.

MILES

You need the exercise.

CLIFF

Where?

MILES

(laughs)

Third cactus from the right.

INT. RACHEL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel dances by herself. She notices someone nearby.

RACHEL

Hey, you.

Floyd turns around.

FLOYD

Hey, Rachel, how the hell are you?

She kisses him.

RACHEL
Just fine. Where's your pretty boy
friend?

FLOYD
He's not my boyfriend.

She smiles.

RACHEL
I haven't seen him in so long.

FLOYD
He's around here somewhere.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wynn walks down a long corridor and passes several people.
He waits until they're gone and slips inside a room.

EXT. END OF ROAD - NIGHT

Cliff and Miles rest in front of the Chevy. Moths fly in
front of the car's headlights.

MILES
Deep down, she's a nice person.
That's why it happens. They take
advantage of her and she has to,
you know, kill them.

CLIFF
Well, she should be a little more
careful, that's all.

MILES
Rachel can take care of herself.

Cliff nods as Miles swats a couple of moths.

CLIFF
She's been real good to all of us.

MILES
You know these guys are kinda like
these moths. They're flying around
in the dark and then they see this
light, think that things are going
their way and BAM! They get
splattered. You know what I mean?

CLIFF

I didn't know you were a philosopher. That's deep.

MILES

I'm a deep kinda guy.

CLIFF

I guess that's why you like to bury people.

They laugh.

MILES

Come on, we got a party waiting for us.

Cliff looks out at the darkness.

CLIFF

Should we say a word for Raca?

MILES

Sure.

They bow their heads.

MILES

Mr. Raca, may you rot in hell with the rest of 'em.

CLIFF

Beautiful.

EXT. BACKYARD - RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wynn holds Wilma in his arms near a pool.

WILMA

Did you tell him we almost left tonight?

WYNN

He knows.

Floyd comes up to him.

FLOYD

We need to talk.

WYNN

Go ahead.

Floyd looks at Wilma.

WILMA

I'll go get a drink.

They watch her walk away. Floyd waits.

WYNN

It's a 3-way boltwork and handle lock. Which means it's got a spring loaded auxiliary relock device.

FLOYD

What the hell does that mean?

WYNN

It means it's good.

FLOYD

I don't care about that. Can you open it?

WYNN

It doesn't mean there's anything valuable in there.

They walk away from the house.

FLOYD

I told ya, Cliff got drunk at Perry's joint. He started babbling to Rico about all this jewelry and money she's got stashed away in her safe.

WYNN

She could only have fake jewelry in there?

FLOYD

Rachel with fake jewelry? She doesn't have anything that's fake.

Wynn stops.

WYNN

Her tits are fake.

FLOYD

There's probably a shit load of money in there.

WYNN

You believe everything you hear?

FLOYD

Well?

Wynn stares at him with a disgusted look.

WYNN

I don't know why in the fuck I came back. I was lon g gone but you did it to me again. You sucked me back in.

Floyd smiles.

FLOYD

We're a team, bro.

INT. RACA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tate steps inside the dark apartment.

The place has been turned upside down, everything thrown all over the place.

He walks through a hallway and into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He turns on a lamp, grabs a drawer on the floor and throws it on the bed with a disgusted look.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

He walks into the kitchen, looks around, and then stares at Raca's answering machine.

It has a message on it. He pushes the button.

RACA

(on machine)

You've reached the house of Raca 'n Roll, please leave me a message.

(beep)

CLIFF

(on machine)

Hello, Ray, it's Cliff. Listen, Rachel wants to meet you Friday at eight. She'll be at the salon with Miles. D on't be late and bring the goods.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Billy Russ and Joe Means sit behind a pair of binoculars on tripods.

They watch an adjacent hotel room on a stakeout. Empty food wrappers cover the room.

The phone rings. Means gets up.

MEANS

They don't pay me enough for this.

He picks up.

MEANS

Hello ... Hey man, what's up? ...

Yeah, hold on.

(to Billy)

It's Donlan. I guess, law enforcement never rests.

Billy grabs the phone.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Tate talks from inside a phone booth at the train station.

We cut between them during their conversation.

TATE

I think I found him. Can you skip out for a while?

BILLY

I'll try but, you know, it's not gonna be easy cause --

TATE

Yeah, I know. Life would be easier if I wasn't --

BILLY

Well, there's nothing we can do about that. What're you planning to do?

TATE

I don't know. When I think of something, I'll call you.

BILLY

You should have never gotten him involved.

TATE

Don't start now, partner. Raca did us good in the past.

BILLY

Bad to do business with family.

TATE

He dated my sister for six months. That's not family.

BILLY

You lie down with shit, you get stained.

TATE

Don't start judging what we do again. It's not good business.

BILLY

Call me when you have something.

Billy hangs up and goes back to the binoculars.

MEANS

(laughs)

He can't do anything without you. What's a Starsky without Hutch.

BILLY

You know, Means, you're a son of a bitch.

MEANS

(laughs louder)

That's what my wife says.

Means turns to him.

MEANS

So word I heard today is that he's suspended.

BILLY

As of tomorrow.

MEANS

You boys been up to funny business?

Billy shoots him a look.

BILLY

He pushed a felon a little too hard.

MEANS

Really?

BILLY

I think it's a crock of shit. I was with him when it happened. Farland says he had to do it cause the fucker filed a formal complaint.

Means shakes his head.

MEANS

Bad enough we gotta deal with crooks but now we gotta watch it if we touch 'em a little too hard.

BILLY

Just Farland being Farland.

INT. LEXUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Nicky drives. Linus sits next to him, reads People magazine.

NICKY

Would you put that down. We've got a job to do.

LINUS

How do you know he'll be there?

NICKY

Cause the bartender called me five minutes ago.

LINUS

Why'd he do that?

Nicky turns to him.

NICKY

Who do you think owns the place?

Linus puts the magazine down and looks at Nicky.

LINUS

Does the old man own the whole freaking town?

NICKY

No. Just half of it.

EXT. BOTTOM'S UP CLUB - NIGHT

Neon lights shine outside a strip bar.

INT. BOTTOM'S UP CLUB - NIGHT

The Bottom's Up Club is a small little strip joint.

There are a couple drunks laying about and a couple guys riveted on the girl on the stage as her hips gyrate to the music.

Tate sits at the bar with beer in hand.

He looks over at a guy a couple of stools down who's face first in his peanuts. The guy is Ken.

The BARTENDER taps him on the shoulder.

BARTENDER

I think you've had enough.

Ken raises his head.

KEN

I think you're right.

BARTENDER

You owe me thirty bucks, friend.

KEN

I got you covered, friend.

Ken fumbles for his money.

KEN

It's in here somewhere.

Ken pulls out some bills and hands it to him.

The Bartender stares at the bills. He holds them up to the light.

EXT. BOTTOM'S UP CLUB - NIGHT

Ken is thrown out by a BOUNCER.

BOUNCER

You come back here again, I finish the job.

Ken stumbles and looks at the Bouncer. The Bouncer keeps his eye on him as he goes back inside.

KEN

Asshole.

INT. BOTTOM'S UP CLUB - NIGHT

Tate throws some money on the bar.

TATE
I'm outta here.

BARTENDER
How do I know this money is any
good? Maybe you gave it to that
guy?

Tate smiles and heads for the door.

EXT. BOTTOM'S UP CLUB - NIGHT

Tate walks out, sees Nicky and Linus waiting.

Nicky points to the Lexus.

NICKY
Let's go for a ride.

Tate hesitates, stands for a spell.

TATE
What's this about?

NICKY
It's about you coming with us.

Tate doesn't move. Linus taps his shoulder as Nicky grabs him by the arm.

NICKY
Come on, cop, we ain't got all day.

The two thugs let go of him as they reach the car.

Nicky opens the door. Tate kicks him in the nuts. Nicky drops.

He swings his arm back and catches Linus in the gut with his elbow. Linus takes a step back and hunches over in pain.

Tate runs away.

Nicky rolls over, jumps up.

NICKY
(to Linus)
Take the car.

Linus catches his breath, straightens himself.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Tate runs as fast as he can down an alley, trips over some trash cans as he rounds a corner.

He gets up and sprints.

Nicky is behind him in pursuit.

EXT. THROUGH TWO BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Tate runs down a long alley in between two buildings. He knocks over a couple of winos and keeps going.

EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

Tate runs behind a strip mall.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Tate rounds the corner. Nicky is on his tail.

NICKY
Stop you bastard!

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Tate runs down another alley.

He is out of breath now. He stops behind a dumpster to catch his breath, pulls out his 9mm and waits.

He sees Nicky just at the end of the alley. Nicky takes out a cell phone and punches some digits, then runs in the other direction.

Tate smiles, he's lost his trail.

He starts walking briskly and turns a corner and comes up to a dead end with a chain-linked fence in front of him.

As he is about to turn back the other way, he hears --

NICKY (O.S.)
Circle back to the strip mall and
take Euclid.

Tate hesitates then walks back to the chain-linked fence and looks up.

He climbs it. The fence is cut from the post at the top so it makes noise as it waves back and forth with Tate's weight.

Nicky rounds the corner and sees him hop over. He yells into his cell phone.

NICKY
He's going to Hoover Street!

Tate turns around and fires a shot. Nicky jumps behind the dumpster.

Tate takes off.

Nicky places the cell in his pocket and starts climbing the fence.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Tate can barely run now, his lungs are piercing with pain.

He holds his 9mm in hand as he looks around trying to figure out where to go.

He runs to a corner and decides to cross the empty street.

He's almost across the street when --

The Lexus jumps into the street and Tate is caught in its path. Tate flies over the car and lands hard on the pavement.

Linus gets out of the Lexus with gun in hand.

LINUS
Shit!

Tate bleeds on the ground. His gun inches from his hand.

Linus kicks it away.

LINUS
Fuck! Don't die, copper!

Linus checks Tate for a pulse. He's alive.

Nicky finally catches up to them, out of breath.

NICKY
Shit-for-brains, you could've
killed him.

LINUS
It wasn't my fault, he came out of
nowhere!

Nicky grabs one of Tate's legs.

NICKY
If this guy dies, then we're dead.

Linus grabs his other leg.

LINUS
He's not gonna die.

NICKY
Get 'im in the car and shut the fuck up.

LINUS
Quit busting my balls.

They drag Tate into the car.

NICKY
I would if you had any.

LINUS
Man, you were flying after him.

NICKY
I ran track in high school.

LINUS
You finished high school?

Nicky shoots Linus a look.

NICKY
Let's go, asshole.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

The Lexus speeds by. A red Corvette follows.

INT. CORVETTE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Miles is behind the wheel and has a bluetooth in ear. Leo sits next to him.

MILES
Yeah, this is the same guy we saw with Raca several times. I'm sure of it.
(pause)
No, I don't think he's dead.
(pause)
'Cause they threw him in the car. If he were dead, they would have left him there.

Leo plays with the radio. Miles slaps his hand.

MILES

Okay, I'm on it. Don't worry about it.

(pause)

I'll call you when I find out what's going on.

He looks at Leo.

MILES

Damn, she gets stressed out.

LEO

We gonna follow?

MILES

Yes.

LEO

Good. Maybe we'll still see some action tonight.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Lexus and the Corvette drive by.

Down the street, we see Floyd's Ford going in the opposite direction.

INT. BLUE FORD (MOVING) - NIGHT

Floyd talks to a GUY, impeccably dressed, in the backseat.

FLOYD

So, if you're interested, I can make it happen?

GUY

I might be.

FLOYD

And like I said, these packages are clean and smart. They don't make any mistakes so no fear of getting caught.

GUY

I like what I'm hearing. And they're top of the line, right?

FLOYD
 These girls I know are top
 material.

The guy leans forward.

GUY
 Did you say girls?

FLOYD
 Of course.

The guy leans back, disappointed.

GUY
 Oh.

INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

BRANDO and BELLOWS, both mid-30s, drag Tate along the shiny floor. He leaves a trail of blood as they go.

Nicky and Linus follow and avoid stepping on the blood. Nicky holds a golf bag over his shoulder.

When they get to an office, they turn a bloody Tate around and stand him up.

TONY IRVINE, early 30s, opens the door from inside.

TONY
 If this guy dies before I finish,
 you two are tuna.

Linus and Nicky grab Tate by an arm and lead him inside the office.

NICKY
 He's not gonna die, boss.

TONY
 (to Linus and Nicky)
 Shut up and get inside.

He stops Brando and Bellows before they go in, closes the door on them.

BELLOWS
 We're always on the outside.

BRANDO
 Brando and Bellows always missing
 the action.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

The parked Corvette across the street.

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

Through the windshield, they see the cars parked outside the warehouse. Miles finishes a call.

LEO

Well?

MILES

She wants us to stay put.

LEO

You gotta be fucking kidding?

MILES

You're making an easy buck not doing anything.

LEO

Not doing anything? Who was the guy who risked his life putting the GPS tracker under that cop's car?

MILES

It was three in the morning.

LEO

So, a lot of bad people out there at that time.

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

Hours later. Miles and Leo are asleep.

Leo wakes up, looks out and hits Miles on the arm. Miles jumps up.

MILES

What?

Leo points through the windshield. The cars are gone.

MILES

Shit.

LEO

What the fuck do we tell her?

Miles pounds the steering wheel with his fist.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Cops everywhere.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Billy types away on a computer, looks tired.

INT. FARLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe Means sits in front of FARLAND, 50s.

FARLAND
You say he called last night?

MEANS
Yes.

FARLAND
And Russ didn't mention anything?

MEANS
Nope.

Another Detective, DRAKE walks in. Farland points to a chair. Drake, mid-40s, sits.

FARLAND
I'm getting some pressure from upstairs. I'm gonna need you two for a couple of days.

DRAKE
What's up?

FARLAND
I want you guys to follow Donlan around.

MEANS
Oh no, Captain. You know I've been on a stakeout. I gotta go home to my wife. Can't be tailing --

FARLAND
Look, I need two guys I can trust before Internal Affairs gets involved.

DRAKE
I heard he beat a suspect up, what's the big deal?

FARLAND
That's partly true.

MILES
Oh, what the hell is --

FARLAND
We suspended him on a technicality
so you two could follow him around.
He did hit a guy so we used that as
an excuse.

MEANS
Look I know these guys probably
aren't clean so why don't you just
let Internal --

FARLAND
Shut the fuck up for once.

Means shakes his head in disgust.

FARLAND
Look, this department has had its
share of trouble in the past. I
have to put this fire out if I can.
You two are the only guys I can
trust around here.

MEANS
I don't know.

FARLAND
There's overtime pay if you do.
It's been approved.

Means is silent.

FARLAND
Time and a half. You're always
complaining to me about your
salary.

MEANS
How 'bout double time?

FARLAND
How's about I kick you in the
asshole instead.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Billy walks out to his car.

As he opens the door, a black Chrysler pulls up.

He sees himself in the tinted window. The window rolls down and Nicky sticks his head out.

BILLY
You shouldn't be here.

NICKY
The old man wants to talk.

BILLY
You're taking a risk.

NICKY
We take you or you follow, it's
your choice. Either way, you're
gonna see him.

Billy shakes his head.

BILLY
I'll follow you in my car. But you
shouldn't have come here.

EXT. GATE - DAY

The cars pull up to a gate outside a beautiful house.

EXT. IRVINE'S HOUSE - DAY

The cars drive up to the large house.

INT. DEN - DAY

Billy is led into a opulent den.

He walks to the window which overlooks the backyard.

Through the window, he sees a guy with what looks like an Olympic style bow and arrow shooting at a target.

The doors open and Billy whips around.

HEINRICH IRVINE enters. The sixty-year-old wears a cowboy hat and Levi's jeans.

IRVINE
Hello, Detective, how are you?

BILLY
Picking me up at the station was --

IRVINE

You're looking very fit these days.

The gray-haired boss sits down behind his desk. He pulls out a cigar and offers it to Billy.

IRVINE

Cuban?

Billy declines with a nod.

IRVINE

Bad habit, but since my wife is gone, may she rest in peace, I can indulge a bit.

He lights up and takes a couple of puffs. Tony walks into the room.

IRVINE

By the way, I want to thank you for the work you've done for me. I appreciate it very much.

Tony walks over to a bar and pours himself a drink.

He sits down on the bar stool and stares at Billy from behind.

IRVINE

The last job was very profitable, very profitable indeed. However, I believe your partner made out better than we had hoped.

TONY

You're lucky my father thinks you weren't involved.

BILLY

I don't know what you're talking about.

Tony jumps off the stool.

TONY

Don't fucking lie to our faces, prick.

IRVINE

Quiet. I apologize for my son, he's not very social.

He signals to his son. Tony sits back on the stool.

IRVINE
You like music, Billy?

Billy is uncomfortable.

BILLY
Mr. Irvine, having your boys pick me up at the station wasn't very smart.

IRVINE
I love music. I live my life for it. To me, music speaks about life. I really believe that. Who's your favorite singer?

BILLY
Mr. Irvine, if somebody saw us then you could be --

TONY
Answer his fucking question, cop!

IRVINE
Tony, please. So, Billy, your favorite singer?

He figures he better comply.

BILLY
I don't really have one. I like jazz music. Maybe Miles Davis I guess.

IRVINE
I could never get into jazz. Tried but just couldn't get into it. Although it is better than that nigger rap stuff.

Tony shakes his head and rolls up his eyes at what is about to happen.

IRVINE
I'll tell you, everyone loves Frank Sinatra. Of course, a great singer, no question about it. But you know who I like the best?
(winks)
Tony Bennett. Named my son after him.

BILLY
Look this is all --

IRVINE

I can listen to him all day long.
You ever heard, "I Wanna Be
Around"?

Billy closes his eyes, getting pissed.

BILLY

No, I can't say that I have.

Irvine hits a button on his desk. The CD player turns on.

BILLY

Mr. Irvine, now listen here --

TONY

Shut the fuck up, cop!

IRVINE

Tony, don't be rude to our guest or
I'll throw you out of here.

Music starts. Irvine uses his cigar as a microphone.

IRVINE

This song tells a story.
(sings along with Tony
Bennett)

I wanna be around to pick up the
pieces/When somebody breaks your
heart/Some somebody twice as smart
as I/A somebody who will swear to
be true/As you used to do with
me/Who'll leave you to learn that
misery loves company, wait and
see...

Tony nods his head in disgust.

IRVINE

I mean, I wanna be around to see
how he does it/When he breaks your
heart to bits/Let's see if the
puzzle fits so fine/And that's when
I'll discover that revenge is
sweet/As I sit there applaudin'
from a front-row seat/When somebody
breaks your heart/Like you, like
you broke mine.

Irvine smiles.

IRVINE

What a great song. You like, Billy?

BILLY

Sure.

IRVINE

I tell you, I never get tired of hearing it.

Billy starts to sweat as Irvine gets up, sits on the edge of his desk.

IRVINE

Now, Billy, I'm a very busy man and I get help from a diverse group of people. You and your partner were part of the team.

He smiles, takes a drag.

IRVINE

I'm a New Yorker, sometimes I feel I'm outta my league here. I mean look at me dressed like a fucking cowboy for chrissakes. I moved out here 'cause things were drying up for me back in the apple. Now while I do need help, I also don't like to be fucked in the ass.

BILLY

Mr. Irvine, look --

TONY

Don't interrupt him!

Irvine raises his hand for Tony to be quiet.

IRVINE

Those lyrics mean something to me. A person who broke my heart, who thought he was smarter than me, somebody who swore to be true. And I am a person who knows that revenge is sweet.

Tony stands up and is right behind Billy.

IRVINE

My son here doesn't think you're entirely innocent. I'd like you to prove him wrong.

TONY

You guys took forty percent of the
cut the last five jobs, cop.

Irvine takes a big hit on the cigar and blows smoke in the
air.

Billy is about to say something, when Irvine raises his hand.

IRVINE

Here's the deal.

FLASHBACK - INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Last night in the warehouse. Tony stands in front of Tate
with his very expensive golf club.

IRVINE (V.O.)

My son had a long chat last night
with Tate. He supplied us with
some important information.

Tony swings the club and hits Tate in the stomach.

IRVINE (V.O.)

I want you to follow up on this.
Now I could handle this internally
myself, but like I said, you need
to prove my son wrong.

Nicky hands him his five iron as Tony smiles.

INT. DEN - DAY

Irvine blows smoke in the air.

BILLY

Where's Tate?

IRVINE

Tate is being watched by some of my
men. Once we get this all sorted
out, we'll let him go.

Irvine stands up.

BILLY

You really expect me to believe
that?

TONY

You calling my pop a liar?

Billy stares at Tony.

TONY

Why don't you make some kind of move? Give me a reason, cop.

Irvine stands between them.

IRVINE

Enough business talk. Tony have them set a place for Billy at the table. We're having some prime rib for lunch.

EXT. YARD - DAY

A table is filled with food. Billy sits down at the table.

Irvine calls Tony over. He grabs him by the arm and walks away from the table as they speak.

IRVINE

Don't let it get out of hand.

TONY

Come on, pop.

He slaps his son on the cheek.

IRVINE

Don't embarrass me.

TONY

Yes, sir, don't worry about it.

IRVINE

I'm gonna give you one last chance. If you screw this one up --

TONY

I won't.

IRVINE

And no Russian Roulette. We are not fucking Russians. And don't you even think about taking your cousin. You understand me?

TONY

Yes.

Tony walks to the table. Irvine calls Brando and Bellows over.

IRVINE

I'm headed to Vegas for a couple days. I want you to watch my worthless son while I'm gone.

BELLOWS

Yes, sir.

IRVINE

Make sure he behaves. You report back to me when he's all done. Got it?

They nod.

IRVINE

And don't you two fucks let him talk you into anything.

BRANDO

No, sir.

IRVINE

If he does then you'll both be in the same trouble he'll be in.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A red Honda Civic turns down a street.

WYNN (V.O.)

You and your fucking ideas.

FLOYD (V.O.)

I didn't know the guy would have a dog with him?

WYNN (V.O.)

You lied to me.

INT. HONDA CIVIC (MOVING) - DAY

Floyd is behind the wheel.

WYNN

Which is something I shouldn't be surprised about.

Wynn looks out at the street.

FLOYD

We're gonna do it tonight.

WYNN

I already told you it's not gonna work.

FLOYD

You need to be a bit more positive.

EXT. STREET - HOT DOG STAND - DAY

Floyd hands Wynn a hot dog.

WYNN

But it doesn't mean there's anything in the safe. How many times must I tell you?

They walk as they eat.

FLOYD

Look, we pop her a couple of your pills and out she goes.

WYNN

I don't like messing around with her.

FLOYD

She'll be out like a light. And if there's nothing in there, no harm done.

WYNN

What about her bodyguard?

FLOYD

He won't be there.

WYNN

How do you know that?

FLOYD

I got it covered.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Floyd and Wynn get out of the Honda. Wynn throws his cigarette on the ground and steps on it.

WYNN

Why are you parking out here?

FLOYD

I'm having the car tuned up.

WYNN

I don't know why you bought this piece of crap.

FLOYD

Cause its economical and we got a long drive ahead of us.

WYNN

For the first time in your life you sound reasonable. The world must be coming to an end.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Wynn shakes his head as they walk down the corridor.

WYNN

You only tell me I'm a good actor when you want me to do something for you. You're a sick fuck.

FLOYD

Then you're one too, for going along. And for moving in with me.

WYNN

Well, I am grateful. I thought I could get my place back but --

Floyd raises his hand.

FLOYD

You don't have to thank your bro.

They get to Floyd's apartment.

Floyd pulls out his key and, as he sticks it in, the unlocked door opens slowly.

FLOYD

What the hell?

Suddenly the door swings open and a .32 caliber pistol is placed on Floyd's forehead.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Inside.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Ken waits inside with a .38 revolver, pointed right at them.

KEN
Don't say a word.

WYNN
What the hell do you want?

KEN
Sit down and shut up.

They do as they're told and sit down on the couch.

FRANKIE
You always underestimate us, Floyd.
You know sooner or later we'll find
you.

FLOYD
Why are you doing this?

KEN
You know why.

Ken twirls his gun on his finger.

FRANKIE
We've been so nice to you and this
is how you treat us.

WYNN
Floyd, what's going on here?

FLOYD
I don't know.

KEN
You're just fucking lucky I didn't
give it to Garmes.

FRANKIE
You got some balls, Floyd, giving
us counterfeit money.

Wynn shoots him a look.

WYNN
Is that true?

Floyd lowers his head.

WYNN
Why'd you do a stupid thing like
that?

FRANKIE

Because it's his nature.

FLOYD

What're you gonna do, kill us both right here? I'm sure plenty of people saw you guys.

FRANKIE

Of course we're not going to kill you. We're not savages after all.

Ken pulls out the biggest switchblade you've ever seen from his pocket.

FRANKIE

We have to take something back to Garmes.

Ken flips the knife in the air and catches it.

KEN

If not, he'll get really mad at us.

WYNN

You guys are crazy.

FLOYD

Look, Wynn and I are working on something right now that could bring us some dough.

KEN

No more bullshit, Floyd.

FLOYD

Take the TV, the stereo --

Ken points.

KEN

This piece of shit TV. And your stereo, are you nuts?

FRANKIE

How stupid do you think we are?

Someone knocks on the door. They freeze.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Floyd, it's me.

He knocks again.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I can hear you talking in there.

Ken grabs Floyd. Frankie grabs Wynn and moves him back.

Ken sticks the gun in Floyd's back and stands behind the door out of sight.

KEN
Get rid of 'im or I start shooting.

Floyd opens the door. There is a big MECHANIC outside. He's got a bandaged nose.

MECHANIC
What's the problem, man?

FLOYD
What's going on?

MECHANIC
It's three o'clock.

FLOYD
It is?

MECHANIC
I've got my truck downstairs. You told me to come at three for the tune up.

FLOYD
I never bought the car.

MECHANIC
What?

FLOYD
I told you. Don't you remember?

The Mechanic has a puzzled look on his face. Ken pushes the gun harder into Floyd's back.

FLOYD
I'll talk to you later. I got somebody on the phone, long distance.

Floyd closes the door on him.

Ken goes over to the window and peeks through the curtains.

He sees the Mechanic stand there for a moment and then walk around the corner.

KEN

Say goodbye to Mr. Goodwrench.

FRANKIE

You almost fucked it up, Floyd.
All right, sit 'em down, Ken.

KEN

(to Wynn)

Hey, get over there pretty boy.

Ken throws Floyd back on the couch.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Wynn is on the floor, mouth and hands tied with duct tape.

Floyd is on the couch, his left arm is tied behind his back,
and his right is taped down on the cheap coffee table.

KEN

Sorry, Floyd, didn't have time to
sterilize.

(shows him the knife)

It's gonna be okay, I been watching
"ER" for years.

FRANKIE

Just a nice quick cut and we'll
take your pinky back to Garmes.

Floyd screams, but it's useless, since tape covers his mouth.

Ken moves the blade over his arm, enjoys the fun.

Two big arms grab Ken and Frankie and their heads bang
together. They hunch over in excruciating pain.

The Mechanic punches Ken in the gut and he falls.

He grabs Frankie, punches his face and throws him against the
wall. They both land next to each other on the floor.

The Mechanic rips off the tape covering Floyd's mouth. Floyd
yells.

FLOYD

That fucking hurts.

MECHANIC

What's going on here?

FLASHBACK - INT. BEDROOM WINDOW - DAY

A few minutes ago. The Mechanic stands outside Floyd's bedroom window and takes off the window screen.

He opens the window and climbs inside.

INT. APARTMENT - NOW

Frankie and Ken look up at Floyd. They are now tied with their own duct tape as they lay on the dirty carpet with mouths taped shut.

FLOYD
Gentlemen, meet Rico Intruso.

Rico smiles at them.

RICO
Naughty boys.

FLOYD
Hey, Rico, what the hell happened
to your nose?

Rico touches the bandage.

RICO
Rosita.

Wynn sits on the couch, rubs the back of his neck, in obvious discomfort.

FLOYD
You okay?

WYNN
Yes.

FLOYD
(crouches down)
It took you long enough to find out
about the money. I've been doing
it for a long time, dumb shits.

RICO
What do you want to do with them?
You want me to call Cliff?

They yell muffled curses at them from below. Floyd kicks them.

INT. DUMPSTER - LATER ON

Frankie and Ken are covered by crap as they lie in a dumpster with the tape still covering their mouths.

BACK TO SCENE - NOW

Floyd stands above Frankie and Ken. He smiles at Rico.

FLOYD

Let's throw 'em in the dumpster out back. Trash day is Monday so they'll be there all weekend.

RICO

Good idea.

Rico grabs them both by the collar.

EXT. CUE BALL POOL HALL - AFTERNOON

Cliff walks out.

THROUGH BINOCULARS - SAME TIME

Tony and Billy exit right behind Cliff.

DRAKE (O.S.)

Here they come.

MEANS (O.S.)

Well, well, well, look who's with 'em.

DRAKE (O.S.)

Who?

Tony throws Cliff in the back seat of a limo.

MEANS (O.S.)

Cliff Calvo. You talk about a dirty guy. When Cliff Calvo's around you can be sure there must be drugs involved.

INT. CAMRY - AFTERNOON

Drake and Means watch them through the binoculars as they sit in a Toyota Camry across the street.

MEANS

I told Farland if we can't find Donlan, the next best thing was to tail Russ.

(MORE)

MEANS (CONT'D)
 Starsky and Hutch I always call 'em
 'cause they're inseparable.

THROUGH BINOCULARS

Tony smiles as he gets in the limo.

DRAKE (O.S.)
 Who's the guy with 'em?

MEANS (O.S.)
 That's Tony Irvine.

DRAKE (O.S.)
 Heinrich's son?

MEANS (O.S.)
 Two years they been here now.
 Stand out like a soar thumb but
 we've never been able to pin a
 fucking thing on them.

DRAKE (O.S.)
 Maybe this is our lucky break.

MEANS (O.S.)
 I always thought there was
 something funny about Starsky and
 Hutch. Maybe Farland's hunch is
 right.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Floyd's red Honda chugs along the street.

INT. HONDA CIVIC (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Wynn looks out the window.

WYNN
 Thanks for saying that back there.

FLOYD
 Saying what?

WYNN
 Telling them you'd kill them if
 they did anything to me.

Floyd smiles.

FLOYD
 You don't have to thank me for
 that. What are brothers for?

WYNN

But we're not really brothers.

FLOYD

We grew up together in that dump of an orphanage. I consider you my brother.

EXT. COMPLEX - AFTERNOON

The Honda pulls into an apartment complex. Wynn opens the door.

WYNN

Just meet us at the Baskin Robbins in about an hour.

EXT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Angela opens the door.

ANGELA

You've got ten minutes.

WYNN

I told you I'm leaving town tonight. I want to take him out for some ice cream.

Jeffrey comes to the door.

JEFFREY

Daddy!

WYNN

Hi, son.

They embrace.

EXT. IRVINE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tony and Billy get out of the limo.

Nicky leads Cliff out, frisks him and lets him go inside.

Linus pushes Billy.

EXT. GATE - AFTERNOON

Just outside the house, the Camry pulls in and parks.

MEANS (O.S.)

So old man Irvine is mixed up in this shit. What have our boys gotten themselves into?

DRAKE (O.S.)

We better call Farland and tell 'im what's going on.

INT. CAMRY - AFTERNOON

Means looks at Drake.

MEANS

I'm not so sure about that.

DRAKE

Why?

MEANS

Let's see what's going down first.

Drake stares at him.

DRAKE

What the fuck, Means?

MEANS

Dude, you were on that Philipps bust weren't you?

DRAKE

Busted my ass working undercover for two years.

MEANS

And when you guys put 'em all in the slammer, finished your work, what did you get out of it?

DRAKE

I got a commendation from the Commish and a nice plaque from the Mayor.

MEANS

But no money, no compensation.

DRAKE

Nope.

MEANS

There you go.

DRAKE

What does this have to do with
calling Farland?

Means shoots him a look.

MEANS

Let's just see how this plays out.

Drake shakes his head.

DRAKE

You're nuts.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - AFTERNOON

Floyd sits in the car, a racing form next to him on the seat.
He looks at it as though it's tempting him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Floyd gets out of the car and walks over to a trash can. He
throws the racing form in the trash.

INT. BASKIN ROBBINS - AFTERNOON

Jeffrey and Wynn sit in a booth. Wynn watches his son eat.

JEFFREY

Why are you leaving?

WYNN

I'm going to be an actor. Daddy
has to go practice.

JEFFREY

I won't see you anymore?

Wynn's eyes are moist as he watches him eat.

WYNN

When I get enough money, I'll send
for you and your mother to come
with me.

Jeffrey looks out the window and sees Floyd.

JEFFREY

Is Uncle Floyd gonna be an actor
too?

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - AFTERNOON

Wynn hugs his son goodbye as tears flow out.

WYNN
I'll be back. I promise.

He turns to Floyd.

WYNN
You take him up.

Floyd takes Jeffrey's hand.

JEFFREY
Bye, daddy.

Wynn lowers his head as they go up a set of stairs. Thunder in the distance.

EXT. RACHEL'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Thunder and lightning. The skies open up and rain pours down on Rachel's house.

Floyd's Honda is parked outside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Smoke fills the air.

We move down the smoke and finally come to a joint resting between Rachel's fingers. Floyd and Wynn sit with her.

RACHEL
It's a good idea.

She takes a hit.

RACHEL
Wynn, you're awfully quiet.

WYNN
When Floyd talks, who can get a word in.

The phone rings and she picks up.

RACHEL
Hello. Yeah.
(pause)
Who are they? Okay, okay.
(pause)
Sure, that's fine.

She puts the phone down.

RACHEL
 I gotta go to the head. Fix
 yourself a drink boys. I'll be
 right back. Here.

She hands Floyd the joint.

They wait until she's gone.

WYNN
 We got the bags in the car, let's
 just haul ass.

Floyd takes a hit and holds the joint out for Wynn.

WYNN
 It doesn't feel right. Like she
 knows something.

Wynn doesn't take it so Floyd takes another hit.

Miles walks into the room. Leo, wearing a raincoat and his
 beret, enters right behind him.

MILES
 Hey, guys, what's going on?

LEO
 Raining cats and dogs outside.

Floyd is disappointed. Wynn looks disgusted.

Leo grabs the joint from Floyd and keeps walking.

FLOYD
 Rachel said you guys would be gone
 for hours.

MILES
 False alarm.

EXT. HILLSIDE (RAINING) - NIGHT

Outside Rachel's ranch, two Cadillacs park behind Floyd's
 Honda.

Tony gets out of the first car, opens the door and grabs
 Billy by the arm. Cliff exits the car.

Also getting out from the back is the guy we saw at Irvine's
 mansion with the bow and arrow. He carries a bag with him.

Nicky and Linus exit the front of the other car. Brando and
 Bellows get out from the back.

Linus holds a 9mm machine gun. He sticks it inside his overcoat.

Nicky opens the door and takes out an umbrella. Linus laughs at him.

LINUS
You pussy.

NICKY
I don't want to get wet.

Tony sees him with the umbrella.

TONY
How are we gonna look menacing with your fucking umbrella, shit head?

Linus laughs as Nicky throws it back in the car.

INT. RACHEL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The doorbell rings. Rachel's dog runs out from the back of the house.

RACHEL
That's Cliff. Shut up, Hannibal!

Hannibal stops in front of the door and growls.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Miles looks at the monitor. He sees the group on the front steps.

Leo sits behind him, clips his fingernails.

MILES
What the hell is this?

Leo gets up.

LEO
What is it?

MILES
Cliff and he's not alone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Miles comes out of the kitchen door holding a .38 revolver at his side. Leo walks briskly behind him holding a 9mm.

MILES

Rachel, Cliff is out there with a whole bunch of guys.

RACHEL

I know, he called me.

Wynn hits Floyd on the arm.

WYNN

(whispering)
Something's up.

Rachel gets to the door. Miles gets to her just as she opens it to reveal Cliff, all wet.

Linus kicks Cliff inside. He trips over Rachel who flies into Miles, knocking him to the ground.

Miles' gun skids on the floor toward Leo, who raises his 9mm at them.

Linus lets loose with the machine gun.

Leo's body seems to explode as he flies through the air.

Hannibal jumps up and attacks Linus. Tony kills the dog with his .45 Automatic.

Cliff gets up and helps Rachel. She sees Hannibal.

RACHEL

You fuckers!

She swings for Tony's face. He catches her arm, smiles.

Miles rises to his feet and looks at Leo, covered in blood on the floor. Tony slams the door shut.

TONY

(to Linus)
Close the blinds.

RACHEL

You assholes, what do you think you're doing?

EXT. RACHEL'S FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain hammers down.

THROUGH BINOCULARS

Linus closes the blinds.

MEANS (O.S.)
I think the big fucker just wasted
somebody.

DRAKE (O.S.)
You wanna call for back up?

MEANS (O.S.)
No. They might all kill each other
and all we'll have to do is walk
right in.

DRAKE (O.S.)
You still think this a drug deal?

MEANS (O.S.)
I'd bet my life on it.

His cell phone rings as the theme from Hawaii Five-0 starts.

INT. CAMRY - NIGHT

Means pulls it out of his pocket and flips it open.

MEANS
Hey, honey, can I call you back?
Yeah, I'm in the middle of
something. Okay, baby.

He flips it shut.

MEANS
She calls me every hour just to
make sure I'm ok.

DRAKE
We all know.

Means laughs.

DRAKE
What I mean to say is that we all
know how pussy whipped you are.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel looks at Cliff.

RACHEL
What the hell is going on?

CLIFF
I'm sorry, they were gonna kill me.
I had no choice.

TONY

He's right. I gave him no choice.
 (turns to Cliff)
 Now that you got us here, I really
 don't need you anymore.

Tony shoots Cliff in the head. Rachel gets splattered with his blood.

RACHEL

Jesus Christ.

Wynn looks at Floyd who lowers his head. Wynn whispers in his hear.

WYNN

What the fuck have you gotten us
 into?

Billy moves forward but Linus places the barrel of the machine gun under his arm pit.

LINUS

Don't move.

A noise is heard from the back. Linus and Tony aim their weapons.

NICKY (O.S.)

Don't shoot! It's us!

Nicky comes into the room with Brando and Bellows.

NICKY

Nobody else here.

TONY

(points to the library
 doors)
 Let's take them inside there.
 (to Brando and Bellows)
 Go outside and wait for us. We
 won't be long.

BRANDO

Boss, I think it might be better if
 we stay with you.

TONY

No.

BRANDO

But we have to, um ...

TONY

What?

BELLOWS

Your father asked us to watch your back.

TONY

Oh, that's nice of him.

He stares at them.

TONY

Well?

BRANDO

How can we help?

TONY

Get the fuck outside.

The two thugs exit and we follow them.

BRANDO

Why'd you open your big mouth?

BELLOWS

I thought he'd let us stay if he knew the old man wanted us to watch him.

Brando shakes his head.

BRANDO

You got no brains sometimes.

INT. RACHEL'S LIBRARY - LATER

Linus loads a new clip into his machine gun and points it at the hostages who sit on the ground in the corner.

They have Miles seated and tied in Rachel's couch with rope around him.

Tony racks the slide on his .45 like he means business.

TONY

(to Linus)

Anybody moves, shoot.

Wynn looks at Floyd and whispers.

WYNN

I knew some day you'd kill us.

BILLY
(looks at Miles)
What're you gonna do with him?

TONY
Shut up.
(to Rachel)
What we have here is a lack of respect. You stole some very valuable property that belonged to my father.

He kneels down in front of her with gun pointed.

RACHEL
I don't know what you're talking about.

TONY
I'm talking about your buddy, Raca, who was peddling my father's merchandise. You were mixed up with him and his partner the cop.

RACHEL
This is bullshit.

Tony walks over to the bow and arrow guy, puts his arm around him.

TONY
This is my cousin, Charlie. He can't speak but he is very handy with a bow and arrow.

He nods to his cousin. Charlie opens his bag.

He takes out his bow and arrow. It's a beauty. He puts on his archery gloves.

RACHEL
You crazy fuck. What're you gonna do?

TONY
See, Charlie got in a fight years ago and these Asian fucks cut out his tongue. He can't talk but he sure as shit can shoot.

He pats his cousin on the head.

TONY

He almost made it to the Olympics a few years ago.

Tony takes out an arrow from his case. He places his index finger on the sharp edge.

TONY

You see these laminated steel tips?
(smiles)
They're made to break heavy bone.

Charlie is ready to shoot as he extends his hand back.

BILLY

Jesus, Tony, what the hell is this?

Tony looks at him.

TONY

You stay out of it.
(walks over to Miles)
Charlie!

Charlie aims his bow and arrow at Miles.

MILES

No!

EXT. RACHEL'S FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Brando and Bellows stand guard outside. It's raining so hard they can barely hear each other. They have to yell.

BELLOWS

WE ALWAYS MISS THE ACTION.

BRANDO

IT'S A RANKING THING.

BELLOWS

WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

BRANDO

LIKE BASEBALL. YOU HAVE TO PROVE YOURSELF IN THE MINORS BEFORE YOU GET CALLED UP. THAT'S WHY WE'RE OUT HERE AND NOT IN THERE.

Bellows shakes his head like he understands.

BELLOWS

WHAT DO WE TELL THE OLD MAN? WE
CAN'T KEEP AN EYE ON HIM FROM OUT
HERE.

BRANDO

WE LIE AND TELL HIM IT WENT WELL.

EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - DOWN BELOW - NIGHT

Means and Drake move up the house, crouching with their
standard issue 9mm guns at the ready.

They are drenched in water.

MEANS

WHAT YOU WANNA DO?

DRAKE

YOU THINK WE SHOULD TAKE THEM?

MEANS

I'M ASKING YOU.

DRAKE

LET'S HOLD UP.

MEANS

I'M TURNING INTO A PRUNE. EITHER
WE GO IN NOW OR GET BACK IN THE
CAR.

INT. RACHEL'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

Rachel lowers her head as Miles has three arrows through his
chest.

RACHEL

You sadistic fuck.

BILLY

Damn you, Tony.

Charlie rips the arrows out as Tony smiles. Miles is not
quite dead yet and groans.

TONY

My father likes to interrogate with
music and kindness. He's senile.

He walks to the center of the room.

TONY

I like to do it the old fashion way.

(smiles)

Good 'ole American torture.

BILLY

This has gone too far.

TONY

Okay, what game should we play next?

He moves around the room.

Tony stops in front of Rachel, smiles at her.

RACHEL

Listen, what do you want? Money? I got some in the house.

Floyd leans over to Wynn and whispers.

FLOYD

Told ya she has money in the safe.

Tony laughs at her.

TONY

Money is the last thing my father needs.

RACHEL

Then what is this all about?

TONY

It's about getting even and having some fun. Who's next? You choose, bitch. You or your friends?

RACHEL

I don't care about them, do what you want. Just don't kill me man, I can help you.

Tony turns to them.

TONY

So you don't care if I torture your friends here?

RACHEL

Fuck them. Just let me go, man.

TONY

What do you think about that? I guess she doesn't care about you guys.

RACHEL

(to Tony)

We can make a deal.

TONY

Well, if she doesn't care about you, then I guess I don't either.

(points to Floyd)

You're next.

He grabs Floyd. Wynn tries to get up.

WYNN

No!

Linus fires a shot in the air.

LINUS

You fucking move again and I'll kill you.

Tony drags Floyd to the center of the room.

FLOYD

We're leaving town and you'll never see us again.

RACHEL

Don't be a pussy! Act like a man!

Wynn snaps at her.

WYNN

Fuck you, you bitch!

Tony ignores them.

TONY

I think we'll play Russian Roulette. You ever seen "Deer Hunter" with Christopher Walken doing that shit?

BILLY

Tony, don't you do this.

Linus puts the barrel of his machine gun under Billy's neck.

LINUS

Why don't you keep your mouth shut,
cop.

Tony kicks Floyd and walks over to Billy.

TONY

You know, copper, I think it's
about time to show you why I
brought you here.

Tony grabs Billy and throws him across the room and into a
desk.

Billy is defenseless with his arms tied behind him.

TONY

My father thinks you're still going
to help us for some reason.

He picks him up.

TONY

He's so full of shit.

He throws Billy up against the wall.

TONY

Wait till I tell my father you
didn't cooperate.

Charlie comes up to him and shows him the bloody arrows.

TONY

No, forget the arrows. Do me a
favor, cuz. Go out to the trunk of
the car and get me my new
TaylorMade clubs.

Charlie smiles. Tony picks Billy up, punches him then throws
him across the floor.

EXT. RACHEL'S FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie walks to the first Cadillac, opens the trunk and
takes out Tony's golf bag. He picks out a couple of clubs.

When he is about to shut the trunk, Means places the barrel
of his .9mm on the back of his head.

MEANS

Don't move, asshole.

Charlie can't hear him and shakes his head.

MEANS
I SAID DON'T MOVE!

Charlie slams the trunk and turns around, tries to hit him with the clubs. Means hits him in the face with his elbow.

Brando and Bellows fire their weapons at them.

Charlie gets hit in the shoulder and drops.

They open up and nail the car with their rounds. Brando and Bellows are terrible shots.

Drake, off to the side, fires back at them.

Brando gets shot in the neck. Blood spurts all over Bellows as Drake and Means fire.

Brando and Bellows get hit repeatedly and drop to the ground, both dead.

Means signals for Drake to go around the back.

Drake crouches down and runs up to him.

DRAKE
WE SHOULD STICK TOGETHER.

INT. RACHEL'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

Tony beats the shit out of Billy. Nicky joins in and kicks him.

They beat him to a pulp until both men are tired.

TONY
All right, that's enough.
(to Nicky)
Go see what's keeping Charlie.

Nicky exits as Tony catches his breath.

TONY
I need to get back in the gym.

OUTSIDE

Means and Drake argue.

MEANS
LOOK, I'VE BEEN WORKING THIS SHIT
JOB ALMOST TWENTY YEARS NOW. I SAY
THEY GOT DRUGS IN THERE.
(MORE)

MEANS (CONT'D)
 WE SELL, WE CAN RETIRE. OR IF
 THERE'S MONEY, WE TAKE IT WITH US.

DRAKE
 WHAT GOOD IS IT IF WE GET CAUGHT?

MEANS
 YOU SAY WE TAKE THEM IN. WHAT DO
 YOU THINK THEY'LL GIVE US?

Drake is trying to make up his mind.

MEANS
 THOSE TWO FUCKS WEAR NICE CLOTHES,
 BUY NEW CARS. THEY'RE MIXED UP IN
 THIS SHIT.

DRAKE
 SO YOU WANT TO GET US MIXED UP IN
 ALL THIS? RUIN OUR CAREERS?

MEANS
 LIKE I SAID BEFORE, YOU TELL ME TO
 GO BACK TO THE CAR RIGHT NOW AND
 I'LL GO.

INT. RACHEL'S KITCHEN

Nicky walks inside Rachel's kitchen. He's hungry.

He opens the refrigerator and sees a piece of chicken. He
 rips off a drumstick.

OUTSIDE - FRONT STEPS

Means yells at Drake.

MEANS
 WE GO IN, GET RICH AND BECOME
 HEROES. OR WE GO BACK TO THE CAR
 AND WE GET A NICE FRAMED PHOTO WITH
 THE MAYOR.

Drake lowers his head.

DRAKE
 ALL RIGHT YOU FUCKER. I'LL GO
 AROUND THE BACK.

MEANS
 YOU MADE THE RIGHT DECISION MY BOY.

DRAKE
 FUCK YOU.

Means laughs. Drake goes around the house and disappears.

Means turns and is about to kick the door in when Nicky opens it with chicken stuffed in his mouth. He spits it out.

Means pops him on the head with his weapon and he falls, drags Nicky outside by his bushy hair.

Nicky bites him on the leg and pulls him to the muddy ground in front of Floyd's Honda.

Nicky is stronger than the overweight Means and begins to overpower him.

They struggle and roll over in the mud. Both men grapple at each other and scream.

BOOM! A gun goes off. Nicky is face first in the mud as Means kicks him off.

Nicky's been shot in the upper torso.

Means stands up and points the gun at Nicky's head. Nicky doesn't move.

For some reason, Means lowers his gun and runs inside the house.

INT. RACHEL'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

Floyd crawls away from Tony.

TONY

Where are you going?

Tony places his gun barrel on Floyd's head.

WYNN

No!

Suddenly, the theme from Hawaii Five-0 belts out.

Everyone turns and sees Means at the door, cell phone ringing. Means is a sitting duck.

MEANS

Hold it!

TONY

Who the fuck are you?

MEANS

You're under arrest, scumbag.
Drake!

DRAKE (O.S.)

I'm here.

Things now happen very fast:

Drake appears from the back.

Linus fires wildly with a barrage of shots.

Tony shoots Means in the chest.

Means returns the fire and shoots Tony in the throat.

Drake rips into Linus as he dodges behind the couch.

Linus falls to the ground with his finger still on the trigger.

Linus's machine gun is out of control and shoots all over the room.

Rachel gets hit repeatedly. Tony gets hit several times and drops.

Means gets shredded from the machine gun and falls back dead.

Then silence except for the sound of the rain outside.

Linus is on top of Wynn. Wynn kicks him off.

WYNN

Jesus!

He sees Floyd has been hit. Floyd rolls over.

FLOYD

Just my arm.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Help me.

Drake gets up from behind the couch and sees the carnage.

He checks himself and is relieved that he's not hit.

He checks Billy. No pulse.

DRAKE

Goddamn you, Russ.

He steps to the door and sees Means in a pool of blood.

DRAKE

Son of a bitch.

He walks over and rips the tape off Wynn's hands.

WYNN
You a cop?

DRAKE
Yes. You okay?

WYNN
I'm fine but my friend needs help.

They untie Floyd's arms.

DRAKE
Let me call for help.

Drake reaches for a cell phone.

BANG!

He gets shot in the back of the head and falls into Wynn. As he falls, he hands his gun to Wynn.

Wynn stares at the gun in his hand and then points it at Nicky.

NICKY
What're you gonna do with that,
punk?

Nicky falls to his knees, barely alive.

NICKY
You don't know how to use it.

He pulls the trigger but the gun is out of ammo.

He falls face first and dies.

Floyd comes up to him as Rachel crawls to them leaving a trail of blood as she crawls.

RACHEL
Help me.

WYNN
Go fuck yourself.

Wynn throws the 9mm away, kicks Linus over and grabs his machine gun instead.

FLOYD
What are you doing?

WYNN

This cunt was gonna sacrifice us.

She looks up at him and laughs.

RACHEL

What're you gonna do? Shoot me
some more?

Wynn points the machine gun at her. Floyd grabs Wynn's arm.

FLOYD

She's dying anyway.

Wynn drops the gun.

FLOYD

Let's get the hell outta here.

Wynn puts his arm around Floyd and helps him walk out.

INT. RACHEL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Floyd slips in his arms. Wynn helps him as they hobble out.

Floyd stops him.

FLOYD

What about the safe?

WYNN

Forget it.

FLOYD

Can't miss this opportunity.

WYNN

No more of this. You understand?

FLOYD

Let's get your tools from the car
and --

WYNN

No!

FLOYD

I'm just thinking we could make out
with --

WYNN

Do you hear me?

FLOYD

Yes.

WYNN

For the last fucking time, we're
done! Say it!

Floyd lowers his head.

WYNN

Say it!

FLOYD

We're done.

They walk out of the house.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. COMMUNITY THEATER - NIGHT

A small community theater in a small town.

A banner tells us it's opening night of a new play called
"Game of Survival" written by and starring Buck River.

INT. COMMUNITY THEATER - NIGHT

On stage an ACTRESS is down on her knees. Her eyes are
moist.

She looks up at a man. She holds his hands and he gently
guides her up.

ACTRESS

Thank you from the bottom of my
heart.

The man is Wynn. He looks at her with passion in his eyes.

WYNN

You're the one I should thank. You
opened my eyes to the world.
You've made me realize something.

ACTRESS

What is that, darling?

WYNN

That there are two kinds of people
in this world.

ACTRESS

Oh.

WYNN

Yes, there are winners and there are losers.

ACTRESS

And which kind are you?

WYNN

Me? I'm a winner all the way.

They kiss and embrace.

AUDIENCE

Hardly anybody there. We move in on a guy in the front row wearing a tuxedo. Floyd adjusts his collar.

ON STAGE

The play ends and the red curtains come down. The small audience applauds.

Wynn and the actress come out and take their bows. Wynn looks at Floyd and winks.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Wynn removes make-up from his face as he looks at himself in the lighted mirror. Floyd sits behind him.

FLOYD

How long you gonna take?

WYNN

You never said anything about my performance. Didn't you like it?

FLOYD

Of course I did. You're one hell of an actor.

Floyd takes out a stick of gum.

WYNN

I've been thinking lately about where my parents might be. Don't you ever wonder about yours?

FLOYD

Sure I do.

He offers a stick to Wynn. Wynn declines.

WYNN

A night like tonight, I kinda wish
my real folks were here watching,
you know. Make them proud.

FLOYD

Sure.

WYNN

I told Jeffrey I was going to
Hollywood to be an actor.
Hollywood's not that far from here.
I'm getting closer.

FLOYD

Wynn, we have to go.

WYNN

My name is Buck River.

FLOYD

Buck, we have to go.

Wynn nods in agreement.

WYNN

Has everyone left?

FLOYD

Yes.

WYNN

We need to make sure no one sees
me.

FLOYD

The place is empty. It was empty
during the play too.

Wynn shoots him a look.

WYNN

Fucking party pooper aren't you,
asshole?

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Floyd's red Honda passes by.

INT. HONDA (MOVING) - NIGHT

Floyd looks spiffy in his tuxedo.

Without taking his eyes off the road, he asks a question to his passenger.

FLOYD

I told him midnight ... you ready?

Wynn applies lipstick to his lips and closes her compact.

Teal looks at Floyd.

WYNN/TEAL

I'm ready.

THE END