

THE PACKAGE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. A BOWLING ALLEY - ESTABLISHING - DUSK

A small establishment in a seedier section of town.

INT. A BOWLING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Four lanes, rundown bar, three lanes open, an ancient BARTENDER, and a couple of local booze-hounds.

LUIS -20s, cocky, arrogant wannabe, long hair, expensive clothes- aims, steps forward, draws his arm back, and tosses his bowling ball, spinning, curling to SLAM into the pins...

...leaving him with a seven-ten split.

LUIS
(downfallen)
Shit.

Behind him, his four FRIENDS laugh and jeer at him. Luis turns with a strut to his gait, unfazed.

LUIS (CONT'D)
A solid Franklin says I clear
frame.

FRIEND #1
You're on.

Behind them, TOMMY -40s, ruggedly handsome, intimidating, tired, worn down but resilient- and JULIO -20s lean, mean, fearless, never takes anything seriously- enter.

BARTENDER
Hey, Tommy.

Tommy slaps down a twenty.

TOMMY
Gimme four shots a' rye.

BARTENDER
Any smokes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy pulls back his sleeve with a sigh and a shrug, showing off a NICOTINE PATCH.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

The wife?

TOMMY

The wife.

BARTENDER

So, you boys here on business or pleasure?

JULIO

(winks)

One and the same.

Tommy and Julio head down towards Julio and his crew.

Luis aims, takes a deep breath, holds it, and fires off his ball...

...which manages to clip the seven pin, sending it ricocheting off the wall to take out the ten pin.

LUIS

Boom, bitches!

(spins)

Boo-

Tommy grabs the back of one friend's head and SMASHES it down onto the table, the force shattering the man's beer mug, instantly knocking him out.

Julio punches another friend in the kidneys, dropping him hard.

Another friend spins, offering a wild punch which Julio spins beneath, following through with a quick jab to his ribs and a vicious uppercut to his chin, sending the man reeling.

Another friend produces a pistol, but Tommy is fast, ripping the slide off of the weapon, and -clenching it tight- punching him in the center of the face, knocking him out cold.

Luis takes off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Julio sweeps out the final friend's leg, and kicks him in the chest, the man gasping as he slides across the floor.

As Luis sprints towards the exit, he slides to a halt.

HIS POV: The Bartender is aiming an antique, sawed-off shotgun on him.

BARTENDER

Your business is your own kid, and
I don't mean to intervene, but...

(motioning)

...those are my shoes.

Tommy slams a hand down onto Luis' head, grabs a large fistful of hair, and drags him screaming back down to the alley.

LUIS

I was gonna' pay, Tommy, I swear!

(mutters, whining)

This ain't right... Ain't fair.

At the bar, Julio drops his shoes on the counter.

JULIO

Give me an eleven.

Tommy is in his element: calm, cool, and lethal as hell.

TOMMY

Ain't right? Ain't fair? I gave
you a ten day extension at half-
rate. That's more than fair. But
me having to track your ass down?
That ain't right.

Tommy slams Luis' head down onto the ball return. Luis' eyes grow wide, staring down into the gaping void, the spinning belt a couple of inches from his nose.

LUIS

You can't just-

TOMMY

Yeah, I can, see, because this is
what I do; it's my job. Here's a
simple explanation, dumbass;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

If you borrow from Big Doug, and pay him back, I got no play in that. But when you borrow from Big Doug...

Julio suddenly hurls a ball down the alley-

LUIS

(spitting)

DON'T! PLEASE!

TOMMY

...and don't pay him back...

-and goes wide, hitting two pins.

JULIO

Shit.

TOMMY

...Big Doug sends me an Julio...

We can hear the ball coming through the return.

LUIS

Tommy... Tommy, please!

The ball emerges from the return and -an inch from Luis' nose- Julio slaps his hand down onto the ball, stopping it.

TOMMY

...to make things right.

LUIS

I'm sorry, Tommy, I-

TOMMY

I was generous with you, Luis, and at a cost to this little crew of ours, seein' as how we earn base plus a cut a' the vig. Meaning the less the vig, the less for me and Julio here.

Julio bowls...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And that ain't right...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

...a gutter ball.

JULIO

(mutters)

Dude, fuck this game.

TOMMY

...ain't fair.

LUIS

Tommy, please? I-

TOMMY

You got my money?

LUIS

(deflated)

No.

TOMMY

Can you get it?

LUIS

(thinking, then)

Maybe.

TOMMY

Luis...

(sighs)

...ain't nothin's been
accomplished with a "maybe".

The ball emerges from the return and SLAMS into the center of Luis face.

Tommy hurls him against the opposite ball return where he sinks to the floor, trembling, clutching his nose.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You got two choices: you either pay Big Doug -in person- what you owe him -plus the vig- in the next 24 hours... or you run... and you hide because he'll be sendin' people after you far worse than pussycats like me and Julio there.

Tommy produces a Polaroid Camera and takes a PICTURE of Luis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

TOMMY (CONT'D)
We understandin' each other?

Luis nods, panicked, a hand to his face, blood streaming between his fingers.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Good to hear.
(to Julio)
Let's go, Lebowski.

They leave Luis among his wounded men.

They pause at the bar, each doing a shot.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Sorry about that.

BARTENDER
(shrugs)
Been dull round here, anyway.

Julio takes off his bowling shoes and sets them on the counter, trading with the Bartender.

JULIO
Think he'll pay?

Tommy slams back the second shot.

TOMMY
(mutters)
They always pay.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

FADE IN:

EXT. THE BEACH - ESTABLISHING - DAY

SUPER - MIAMI

INT. A DOCTOR'S OFFICE - THE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Awaiting the call, Tommy and Julio sit side by side; one reading HOME AND GARDEN while the other flips through a WOMAN'S WORLD quarterly.

JULIO

Seriously, though; who knew a job like this came with health insurance?

TOMMY

Big Doug, for all his faults, does tend to take care of his own, it would seem.

JULIO

You in line for a two-finger salute this time around?

TOMMY

(shrugs)
Shit... I'll take a fist up my ass over prostate cancer any day.

JULIO

(grins)
So you've been lookin' forward to it, huh?

TOMMY

(growls)
Like Christmas mornin', wise-ass.

INT. ROOM ONE - DAY

The nurse ushers Tommy into the room.

NURSE

You know the drill: clothes off, gown on. Doc'll be here in a bit.

TOMMY

Thanks, love. Oh, and do me a favor?

NURSE

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

Mind givin' my friend Julio there
a probe? He's earned himself one,
trust me.

NURSE

(smirks)
I'll see what I can do.

The nurse leaves, closing the door behind her.

Tommy sheds his clothing, revealing a body that has seen
more than its fair share of mileage: a variety of scars
etched upon a military-grade physique.

He slips into his robe, sits on the table, and stares at
himself in the mirror.

TOMMY

(deep breath, sighs)
Still here, old man.

INT. ROOM TWO - DAY

The DOCTOR finishes up Julio's health exam, flipping
through his charts.

DOCTOR

Nothing major. Nothing minor.
Lookin' good, Julio.

JULIO

Thanks, doc.

The nurse peers in.

NURSE

How we doin', Doc?

DOCTOR

Good. Go ahead and take some
blood, and then we'll be done
here. Careful out there, Julio.

JULIO

Will do, doc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The doctor leaves as the nurse heads to a drawer... and removes a pair of surgical gloves.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Wait... no, no wait, he said...

The nurse turns, slapping a surgical glove against her wrist. Julio's eyes grow wide.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Are you shittin' me?

NURSE

Oh, I shit you not, now... hands on the table, feet apart...

(smiles)

...and relax.

EXT. A HALLWAY - DAY

Walking slowly, his head slightly down, Julio carries his vial of blood. He shuffles awkwardly, unsure of what just took place.

Behind him, Tommy emerges from his room, startling Julio. Carrying four vials of his own blood, he clamps a hand down on Julio's shoulder with a grin.

TOMMY

How'd it go, champ?

JULIO

You put that in motion, didn't you?

TOMMY

That I did.

JULIO

Man... I walked right into that one.

TOMMY

Don't you mean backed up?

JULIO

Funny. Real funny.

(mutters)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIO (CONT'D)
 Bitch coulda' bought me dinner
 first.

EXT. A PRISON - ESTABLISHING - DAY

SUPER: JOLIET, ILLINOIS

EXT. A PRISON - THE YARD - CONTINUOUS

Walking alone on the outskirts, EDDIE -early twenties, skinny, glasses, long hair, tired, disheveled- nurses a cigarette, hands stuffed deep into his pockets.

Coming up from the rear, LUKE and JOHN join him on either side: brothers, 30s, heavily inked, cornerstones of the yard. Eddie lowers his eyes, slows, but keeps walking.

EDDIE
 What's the word?

LUKE
 (menacingly)
 Word is...

A beat... and Luke grins, grabbing the back of Eddie's neck with a light shake.

LUKE (CONT'D)
 ...Tommy's got you paid up for the
 week.

Eddie nods, lost in thought.

EDDIE
 (mutters)
 ...ain't his cross to bare...

JOHN
 There's gratitude for you.

LUKE
 You're brothers, Eddie; it comes
 with the territory.

JOHN
 You'd do the same if roles were
 reversed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE
(cynically)
Oh, you think?

JOHN
I don't think, Eddie. I know...
about a lotta' things.

EDDIE
Oh, yeah?

JOHN
Yeah. Here's one on the house:
it is better to keep a man like
Big Doug paid up-
(motioning)
-than to take center stage in a
prison yard drama like this.

ON AN INTIMIDATING INMATE (Bruce)

-who -as he walks past a group of Latinos- nods at
another inmate...

...who immediately turns and cold-cocks an old man who
happens to be standing nearby.

Tempers flare as a fight erupts.

Guards are distracted.

ON JC

-who watches the chaos from the outskirts, JC -20s, tall,
lean, gaunt- unaware of Bruce striding up behind him...

...a rudimentary -albeit effective- SHANK sliding down
from within his sleeve, clutched tightly in hand.

Suddenly, Bruce STABS him a couple of times and drops the
shank, casually walking off as JC sinks to the ground,
choking on a scream that just won't come.

ON LUKE

-who chuckles, patting Eddie on the shoulder.

LUKE
Be seein' ya', Eddie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

John and Luke walk off as Eddie stares off towards JC, watching the young man die.

FADE TO:

EXT. A JAZZ CLUB - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A legendary establishment on a vacant street outside of the main strip.

INT. A JAZZ CLUB - CONTINUOUS

An old man plays the guitar on stage, the music beautiful, haunting.

The place is relatively empty with a couple of blue-collared workers lounging about, smoking and drinking in silence.

At a corner booth, BIG DOUG -50s, African-American, shaved head, former boxer, expensive three piece suit-sips his gin and tonic as he reads the contents of a manila folder.

At the bar, Big Doug's men drink in silence.

The ambiance is chill, a familiar tune playing in the background.

Carrying a leather satchel over his shoulder, Tommy enters, shaking a few hands at the bar and exchanging pleasantries.

Big Doug smiles, closing the folder with a sigh, as Tommy approaches.

He extends a hand which Tommy shakes firmly before taking a seat.

TOMMY

Hey, boss.

BIG DOUG

(nods)

Tommy.

(motioning)

Get you anything from the bar?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy opens his satchel and rummages through its contents.

TOMMY

(with a smirk)

Depends on how generous you're feeling.

BIG DOUG

Luckily, you find me in a jovial mood.

Big Doug motions to the bartender who nods, producing a bottle of MACALLAN 50 from beneath the counter, pouring two healthy servings.

BIG DOUG (CONT'D)

How's the wife?

TOMMY

Asides from pullin' double-shifts over at Mercy, she's good. A saint, in fact.

BIG DOUG

(nods, smiles)

Especially seein' as how she has to manage the likes of you.

TOMMY

(grins)

Tell me about it.

Big Doug slides aside the manila folder and opens his ledger.

BIG DOUG

All right, hit me.

Tommy removes a bundle of bills, wrapped tight in rubber bands, and plucks a post-it from the top, reading it.

TOMMY

Allen Hartwell. Paid in full.

Big Doug marks the entry.

BIG DOUG

How's his eldest doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMMY
Third tour. Afganistan.

BIG DOUG
Branch?

TOMMY
Marines.

BIG DOUG
(nods)
Good kid.

Tommy produces a second wad of cash.

TOMMY
Nick Bradley. Paid in full.

Big Doug marks the entry.

BIG DOUG
I always liked Nick.

TOMMY
Yeah, me too... and that wife of
his? Man, can she cook.

BIG DOUG
Oh?

TOMMY
Best etouffee I've had in years.

BIG DOUG
Etouffee?

TOMMY
Kind of like gumbo, but not quite;
y'know, crawfish, shrimp, crab
meat, onions, butter, spices,
served over rice - Shit, Doug...
you gotta' get yourself invited
over for that spread.

BIG DOUG
Or maybe when next he misses his
pay date -as he so often tends to
do- we can forego the penalty vig
in exchange for a catered feast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TOMMY

I like the way you think.

The Bartender delivers their drinks. Tommy raises his glass.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

To Eddie.

BIG DOUG

May he once again know the free light of day.

TOMMY

Amen.

Both take a sip, savoring the expensive scotch.

BIG DOUG

How's he doing anyway?

TOMMY

Kid's doin' a nickel up at Joliet, Doug. Not much to "do" exactly.

BIG DOUG

Been there. Done that.

(a beat, then)

Tommy... I know you and the wife be hurtin', workin' hard to cover Eddie's ass like this, but... he stole from me. I can't just erase debt like that.

(mutters)

Ain't professional.

TOMMY

I know, Doug. I know. I got it covered.

BIG DOUG

I know you do, Tommy, but... shit... he worth it?

TOMMY

Hell, no.

(smiles)

But he's my little brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BIG DOUG

I hear ya'.

(mutters)

I got one of them myself.

(motions)

Is that it?

TOMMY

One more... Luis Alaniz.

BIG DOUG

And...?

Tommy slaps down the Polaroid he took of Luis.

Big Doug grabs a photo album from the seat beside him with a half-smile and a sigh.

BIG DOUG (CONT'D)

Think he'll pay?

Big Doug opens the photo album and flips through to an empty space, each of the pictures therein of a similar theme to Luis': beaten, bloody, and broken people.

TOMMY

Yeah... yeah, he'll pay.

(a beat, then)

What do we got on tap for the week?

BIG DOUG

Got a change of pace for you and Julio. If you don't mind.

TOMMY

Oh?

BIG DOUG

I need a package delivered to the German.

TOMMY

He still up in New Orleans?

BIG DOUG

Of course.

(mutters)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BIG DOUG (CONT'D)

The man wouldn't leave that God forsaken city if the ocean claimed it as it's own.

TOMMY

I hear he's got a bit of a turf war on his hands.

BIG DOUG

Since day one. He and Anthony have been at each other's throats since leaving their respective wombs.

Big Doug reaches into his jacket pocket-

BIG DOUG (CONT'D)

Now, I know it goes without saying, Tommy, but-

-and produces a LEATHER WALLET affixed with a small LOCK, flush with the exterior: impressive handiwork.

BIG DOUG (CONT'D)

-keep your curiosity at bay.

TOMMY

Will do. And the key?

BIG DOUG

The German's got it.

Big Doug produces a thick wad of cash, counting off bills.

BIG DOUG (CONT'D)

How are you on gear?

TOMMY

We're on par.

BIG DOUG

Good.

Big Doug hands him a wad of cash.

BIG DOUG (CONT'D)

Your crew's base, per diem, and half your fee up front.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BIG DOUG (CONT'D)

(a beat, then)

You know the drill; slow and steady wins the race.

TOMMY

We runnin' silent on this one?

BIG DOUG

(nods)

The less chatter, the better.

Tommy finishes his drink.

TOMMY

Will do.

(standing)

See you in a couple a' days, boss.

BIG DOUG

Godspeed.

Tommy heads towards the doors.

Big Doug dials a number on his cellphone...

...as Luis -nose bandaged, eyes blackened- enters the bar, carrying a duffel bag.

LUIS

Hey.

TOMMY

Hey.

(walking past,
smirks)

Smart move, kid.

Tommy leaves as Luis -with head down- walks towards Big Doug who locks eyes with the man, judging him in a blink.

BIG DOUG

(into the phone)

The package is en route.

EXT. THE GERMAN'S MANSION - ESTABLISHING - CONTINUOUS

A turn of the century classic.

INT. THE GERMAN'S MANSION - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Professionally slicing a mango with a wickedly-sharp kitchen knife, the GERMAN -50s, handsome, tall, lean, and strong, pale complexion, glasses, clean shaven, well dressed- holds his cellphone between his cheek and shoulder.

THE GERMAN

Good to hear. The funds have been processed and will be wired upon receipt. And Doug?

(a beat, then)

Thanks.

The German hangs up, uses the remote to un-mute the stereo (soothing classical music), and continues to cut a variety of fruits and vegetables, explaining the nutrient value of each one as he does so, dropping them into a blender.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

As I was saying, mangoes are the most popular fruit on the planet, and chock full of vitamins A and C along with a healthy dose of antioxidants in the form of alpha-carotene, beta-carotene and beta-cryptoxanthin. Blueberries provide damn near the same, no to mention that-

The German plucks one into his mouth with a wolfish grin.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

-the little bastards are tasty as all hell.

(a beat, then)

Cucumbers for the magnesium and potassium...

As The German talks, we PAN BACK-

-to find the floor of his kitchen littered with the bodies of FIVE MASKED MEN; each dead or bleeding out with whispered groans, their various weapons (all silenced) scattered about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

Bananas for the protease
inhibitors...

A SIXTH MAN -dressed similar to the others- sits in a chair at an awkward angle, his breathing labored. He holds a hand to his midriff, blood seeping between his fingers.

SIXTH MAN

...please... I'm dying here...

THE GERMAN

...grapes for the resveritrol...
(glancing up)
...and papayas for the folate.

The German eats a slice of papaya before pointing at the man with the tip of the knife.

SIXTH MAN

...please...

THE GERMAN

The vertebral column -or spine, as it were- is a column made up of 24 articulating vertebrae; three of which I crushed, meaning you'll never walk again... which isn't necessarily a problem, seeing as how I also ruptured your spleen, tore into your liver, and -in essence- gutted you like a freshly-caught mackeral... a fish which I'm quite fond of, in fact: pickled with butter on toast... rye.

SIXTH MAN

...please...

THE GERMAN

Tell me who sent me or-

SIXTH MAN

Or what?!? You'll save me?
You'll kill me?

The German chuckles, amused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE GERMAN

Oh, there's no saving you, son.
No, that'd be in the hands of the
Almighty alone. As I was saying,
tell me who sent me or-

The German holds up the man's driver's license, studying it.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

-I drive myself on over to 1825
Evergreen Terrace with a
blowtorch, five pounds of lye, and
a pair of bolt cutters and do
whatever I wish to the inhabitants
therein, and believe you me... I
am both patient...

The German flips open a small, plastic pill container and dumps the contents into the blender.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

(grins)
...and creative.

SIXTH MAN

(a beat, then)
Anthony.
(deflated, head down)
It was-

THUMP! THUMP!

A pair of silenced shots strike the sixth man center mass as a seventh man enters through one doorway, and an eighth man through another; both armed with silenced pistols.

The German is fast, moving into the seventh, the man's over-extended arm wrapped beneath his own, snapped a half second before the blade in the German's hand plunges into his neck.

As the eighth fires, the German spins, using the seventh as a shield...

...as he flicks the blade -underhanded- into the eighth's chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The eighth drops to his knees...

...and NINE and TEN surge into the room firing, the blender exploding.

Without hesitation, the German moves into them; wrenching his blade free from the eighth's chest, cuts Nine down with a savage slice, spins, and flings the blade towards ten, barely missing him, the knife sinking deep into the wall.

The German calmly retrieves a fallen pistol-

THE GERMAN
(chuckling)
...like lemmings...

-aims, and fires, hitting Nine -crouched behind the wall- in his exposed foot. Screaming in anguish, Nine instinctively reaches for the wound-

-only to be silenced with a single shot.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)
...fucking lemmings.

The German heads back into the kitchen, runs a finger along the counter, and tastes his concoction...

...with a disappointed sigh.

A beat...

...and the German turns to his bar, selecting bottles with a smile.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)
The history of the martini is an interesting one...

EXT. A LOFT BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A converted, industrial building.

INT. A LOFT - CONTINUOUS

High ceilings, sparsely -but tastefully- decorated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Music plays from an old record player.

The place has a warm, homey feel to it.

Tommy enters, closing the door behind him.

At the kitchen table, two places are set, a bottle of wine chilling on ice in the center.

He opens a drawer-

-to find a pack of cigarettes therein: he is tempted.

The record ends with a click, click, click...

...a couple of seconds later, wearing a towel around her head -and nothing else- DARLA -30s, athletic, painfully attractive, brunette, glasses, intelligent- emerges from the bathroom, heading for the record player as she is putting on her earrings.

Tommy closes the drawer with a smile, watching her.

She selects a record, replaces it, and lowers the arm...

...and as the music begins to play, Tommy wraps his arms around her, pulling her close, kissing her neck.

DARLA

(smiling)

I thought dessert came after dinner.

TOMMY

Think you can make an exception?

DARLA

Well...

Darla turns, her hands up around his neck.

DARLA (CONT'D)

...maybe just this once.

The two kiss, softly... tenderly...

...dancing...

INT. THE LOFT - NIGHT

The two make love...

...sweet and slow...

She straddles him...

...climaxes...

...sighs... and collapses...

...into comfortable silence.

DARLA

Hey, Tommy?

TOMMY

Yeah?

DARLA

I love you, y'know.

TOMMY

(smiles)

I know.

DARLA

And we're gonna' be okay.

(a beat, then)

Okay?

TOMMY

If you say, so.

DARLA

Tommy?

TOMMY

What?

DARLA

Say it.

TOMMY

Say what?

DARLA

Tommy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

(sighs)

We're gonna' be fine.

Darla curls up next to him in silence as Tommy stares up at the ceiling.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE LOFT - ESTABLISHING - EARLY DAY

EXT. THE LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Sipping from a travel mug, Tommy exits with Darla following after him.

DARLA

Tommy?

TOMMY

(turns, smiling)

Didn't we just say our goodbyes?

DARLA

(smirks)

Twice last night, and once this morning.

TOMMY

And "morning" came twice.

Darla smiles, hugging him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What is it?

DARLA

You've made no secret as to what you do, Tommy. You know this city and its people better than anyone. I don't worry about you when you're here, but when you leave, well... that's when I begin worry.

TOMMY

It's just a delivery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARLA

These are never "just" deliveries.
(a beat, then)
Take care of yourself, you hear?

TOMMY

I hear.

Tommy hugs her and kisses her forehead.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Now, you say it.

DARLA

We're gonna' be fine.

Tommy smiles and walks away as Darla looks off after him.

EXT. A CORNER DINER - DAY

Tommy pulls up to the curb as Julio -carrying a bag of food, and a tray of drinks- jogs to the car.

INT. THE LTD - CONTINUOUS

Julio opens the door and slides inside.

TOMMY

What do you got?

Julio hands him a cup.

JULIO

Coffee. Black.

TOMMY

Thank you, kindly.

Julio hands him a burrito.

JULIO

Breakfast burrito. Chef's special.

TOMMY

How special?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIO

If its got chorizo in it? Shit...
it's special.

TOMMY

Truer words were never spoken.

JULIO

And the package?

Tommy hands him the locked leather wallet. Julio studies
it with a chuckle.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Seriously?

TOMMY

Seriously.

JULIO

Why didn't he just mail it?

TOMMY

You got me.

JULIO

Any idea what's in it?

TOMMY

Hell, no, and I'd like to keep it
that way.

JULIO

(mutters, studying
it)
...you'd like to...

Tommy hands Julio his cell phone.

TOMMY

We're runnin' silent on this one,
too.

Julio sighs, turns off his own cell phone, and places
them both in the glove compartment.

JULIO

Great. You, me, and the open
road.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIO (CONT'D)

(smirks)
That's bullshit.

Julio grabs the Glock-7 inside and studies it, pulling back the slide, smelling the chamber.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Nice.

Julio tosses it back into the glove compartment and slams it shut.

TOMMY

Got a Benelli in the trunk, too.

JULIO

Benelli?

TOMMY

Shotgun.

JULIO

Gotcha.

TOMMY

What are you carryin'?

JULIO

How do you know I'm carryin'?

TOMMY

You walk different when you're sporting a piece.

JULIO

Really? Huh...

Julio pulls back his jacket to reveal a pistol in a shoulder holster on his right.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Pearl-handled Ruger SR9.

TOMMY

Wow, that's... pretty.

JULIO

What? It's classy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TOMMY

Yeah...

Tommy starts the engine-

TOMMY (CONT'D)

...about as classy as you wearin'
frilly pink dress.

-and pulls away from the curb.

JULIO

(chuckles)

Putta.

EXT. THE ROAD - ESTABLISHING - DAWN

The crowded city of Miami slowly becomes a fathomless stretch of highway... a desolate expanse.

The Ford LTD travels at a marginal speed.

INT. THE FORD LTD - CONTINUOUS

Irish folk music plays softly on the radio as Tommy drives. Julio is fooling around with the wallet, using a bent paperclip.

TOMMY

Dude.

JULIO

What?

TOMMY

Stop it.

JULIO

Hey, man... I just wanna see what all the fuss is about.

TOMMY

Yeah, well you openin' that thing creates a fuss I'd rather not tempt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIO

Why do you listen to this shit
anyway?

TOMMY

Same reason you listen to
Mariachi.

JULIO

That ain't shit.

TOMMY

Exactly.

Julio pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

JULIO

You mind?

TOMMY

I do, but I ain't gonna' be a
bitch about it.

(smirks)

Just do me a favor and blow smoke
my way every now and again.

Julio smiles, lights a cigarette, and blows smoke into
Tommy's face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Dick.

JULIO

The sweet flavor of life...

(a beat, then)

You could always cheat, y'know.
It's not like Darla-

TOMMY

(interrupting)

Really?

JULIO

(laughs)

Shit, Tommy. She's got you pegged
down something fierce.

TOMMY

That she does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLICK!

Julio unlocks the wallet.

JULIO

Open says-me.

Tommy sighs with his eyes on the road.

TOMMY

Don't say I didn't warn you.

Julio opens the wallet...

...and frowns, studying its contents.

JULIO

Huh.

(a beat, then)

It's-

BOOM!

The windshield SHATTERS as Julio is shot, killed instantly.

TOMMY

SHIT!

EXT. THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A spike-strip is flung out onto the pavement in front of the vehicle, exploding all four tires as the ford runs over it.

INT. THE FORD LTD - CONTINUOUS

Tommy twists the wheel, his body shifting violently with the vehicle as a second round barely misses him, destroying his head rest.

TOMMY

What the f-

Tommy slams his foot on the gas, ducking low, desperately searching for cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He spins the wheel hard.

EXT. THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The ford swerves off the road, slowing through the tall grass, but it maintains just enough speed to slam through the wall of-

INT. AN ABANDONED FISH PROCESSING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

-and crashing into a pile of abandoned equipment.

Tommy's head cracks against the steering wheel as the airbag deploys, the front half of the vehicle having torn open a rusty processing tank.

A section of the ceiling collapses overhead, burying the rear of the vehicle, thus making the shotgun inaccessible.

EXT. A HILL TOP - CONTINUOUS

We see the building through the scope of a rifle.

PULL BACK

RALPH -20s, lean, skater punk, chewing gum- lies on his stomach with a silenced SNIPER RIFLE resting on a bipod before him.

Standing behind him are DEVON -30s, rough looking cat, junk yard dog, but bright, leader of this crew- with a pair of compact binoculars to his eyes and OPAL -early 20s, Asian, short skirt, long legs, goth chick- who twirls her hair with one hand and plays with a BUTTERFLY KNIFE in the other, a silenced uzi nonchalantly hanging from a strap across her shoulders.

Devon lowers the binoculars and waves, signalling.

EXT. THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

JAKE -40s, short, stout, thick, pot belly, but a fighter, strong as an ox- pulls the spike strip back into the bushes, stashing it into a bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the other side of the road, HAROLD -20s, lean, gaunt, mean- emerges from the brush, waving back at Devon before heading towards the fishery, a sawed-off shotgun in hand.

Producing a silenced, AK-47, Jake follows after him.

EXT. THE HILL TOP - CONTINUOUS

Devon turns and waves in the opposite directions.

EXT. A GRAVEL LOT - CONTINUOUS

EDWARD -30s, tall, lean, Asian, handsome- and his twin sister ELLA -30s, drop dead gorgeous- lean against a Sedan, each smoking, as WAGNER -40s, African-American, a real giant of a man- leans against a large truck with binoculars to his eyes.

WAGNER

All right.
(lowering them)
Let's head on in.

Edward and Ella each toss their cigarettes before entering the Sedan which follows the truck out of the lot.

EXT. A HILL TOP - CONTINUOUS

Devon pulls Ralph to his feet.

DEVON

Time to clean up and cash in.

The three stride down the hill towards the fishery.

INT. AN ABANDONED FISH PROCESSING PLANT - DAY

Harold enters the building and cautiously makes his way towards the crashed car, the engine still running.

He walks slowly, the butt of the shotgun to his shoulder, weapon steady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Through the car's broken windows, we can see Julio -dead and bleeding- and Tommy -leaning forward, seemingly unconscious.

Harold walks around to the passenger's side door, managing to open it with a groan.

With a series of loud POPS, holes are punched through from the inside of Julio's jacket, bullets slamming into Harold's chest, dropping him hard, the shotgun falling into Julio's lap.

Tommy is conscious, his hand inside of Julio's jacket, having emptied the concealed pistol in Julio's shoulder-holster.

Lead suddenly chews away at the vehicle as Jake enters the building, rifle to his shoulder, firing carefully placed bursts.

Tommy retrieves the leather wallet, snaps/locks it shut, slips it into his back pocket, grabs the shotgun, and slides out-

-cowering as the vehicle being ripped to shreds.

EXT. THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Devon, Opal, and Ralph pause-

DEVON

Shit.

-before sprinting towards the building, their weapons in hand.

INT. AN ABANDONED FISH PROCESSING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Jake's weapon empties.

JAKE

(mutters)

Shit.

He ejects the clip, and slaps another into place, pulling back the slide...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)

Make this easy on yourself, Tommy!
Just toss out your gun and come
out with your hands-

Tommy rolls out of the vehicle, dropping to a knee,
shotgun to his shoulder.

BOOM!

Jake is hit square in the chest, the blast lifting him
from his feet and sending him-

EXT. AN ABANDONED FISH PROCESSING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

-crashing through the rotten wall of the building,
landing hard, sliding across the gravel.

INT. AN ABANDONED FISH PROCESSING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Tommy drops the empty shotgun, and takes in his
surrounding, searching for a way out.

EXT. AN ABANDONED FISH PROCESSING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Devon reaches Jake and kneels, pressing two fingers to
his neck as Ralph and Opal -always playing with her
butterfly knife- hang back.

DEVON

(a beat, then smirks)
Hurts, don't it?

Jake sits up with a groan, ripping off what remains of
his shirt to reveal a bullet-proof vest covered by
scattered shot.

Behind them, the large truck and sedan pulls into the
lot.

JAKE

(groans)
Yeah, but I ain't complainin'.

Wagner, Edward, and Ella each produce a weapon from their
vehicles, locked and loaded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Devon stands, helping Jake to his feet.

Opal hands Jake his AK-47.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(pulling the slide)
Thanks.

DEVON
(to his crew)
Keep it tight.

Devon snaps back his wrists as two spring-loaded pistols slide out into his hands.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Keep it clean.

INT. AN ABANDONED FISH PROCESSING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Tommy scurries up onto the hood of the car and leaps into the split-open tank a half-second before Devon and his crew enter the building.

Devon makes it to the vehicle first as the others spread out, searching.

Nothing.

Devon sighs, raising his arms to snap his silenced-pistols back into concealment.

DEVON
How did this suddenly get so
goddamn complicated?

RALPH
Hey, boss?

DEVON
Yeah?

RALPH
(motioning)
We got us a tunnel rat.

INT. AN ABANDONED FISH PROCESSING PLANT - A TANK -
CONTINUOUS

Footprints lead to the rear of the tank where the mouth
of a large drainage pipes is affixed.

Devon glances over at Edward...

...who curses under his breath, loosening his tie as he
hands Ella his weapon.

EDWARD

Somebody owes me a new suit.

INT. THE DRAINAGE PIPE - CONTINUOUS

Using his elbows, Tommy crawls through the disgusting
innards of the pipe.

INT. AN ABANDONED FISH PROCESSING PLANT - THE TANK - DAY

Wagner climbs up onto the hood of the Ford-

WAGNER

Here.

-and tosses Edward one end of a long rope.

WAGNER (CONT'D)

In case you get stuck.

Edward shrugs and ties it around his waist, mutters
something in Japanese under his breath, and crawls into
the drainage pipe.

DEVON

I'll stay with Wagner. The rest
of you spread out. That pipe's
gotta' either end or come out
somewhere.

INT. THE DRAINAGE PIPE - CONTINUOUS

Tommy pauses, gasping for breath.

A beat... And he holds his breath, listening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sound of scratching/movement reach his ears.

He is being followed.

He continues on as behind him...

...Edward crawls at a relentless pace, the annoyance of his situation fueling his effort.

Up ahead of Tommy: light.

He scurries towards it, and as he finally exits the pipe-
-the light shines back towards Edward who freezes, pistol
in hand, aiming.

Waiting.

Nothing.

He slowly moves towards the opening, his outstretched
fingers an inch from the lip.

He takes a deep breath, darts one hand out into the
light, fingers curled around the open mouth the pipe,
pulling himself out, pistol in hand behind him-

EXT. A QUARRY - CONTINUOUS

-but as soon as his head emerges, Tommy kicks it... hard.

Due to constricted space, his body is unable to roll with
the blow...

...causing his neck to snap, killing Edward instantly.

TOMMY

Sorry, buddy.

(mutters)

Ain't how I'd like to go, either.

Tommy pulls him halfway out, searching him.

He takes the pistol, but there is nothing else of value.

Up above, gravel moves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy spins and fires the silenced pistol up at Jake who had yet to see him, bullets slapping into his chest, dropping him.

Tommy breathes heavy for a long moment...

...and then climbs up to check on him.

INT. AN ABANDONED FISH PROCESSING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Wagner is holding one end of the rope while Devon studies his watch.

DEVON

Give it a tug.

Wagner tugs it once. And again. Nothing.

DEVON (CONT'D)

(massaging his brow)

Reel him in.

EXT. A QUARRY - CONTINUOUS

With the silenced pistol in hand, Tommy approaches Jake who lies face down, unmoving.

As he reaches down for him, Jake spins -causing Tommy to fire, the round thumping into the ground- and slaps aside the pistol, sending it toppling off into the quarry, and drives a foot up into Tommy's stomach.

Tommy gasps as he stumbles back.

Jake stands with a grin, ripping off the bullet proof vest which has once again saved his life..

JAKE

Enough foreplay, mate. Let's do the dance already.

For a portly fellow, Jake is fast.

He moves like a boxer with hands clenched tight, eyes locked on Tommy, weaving into him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy dodges two jabs, but a third slams into the center of his face, stunning him.

Jake follows through with an uppercut, dropping him.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Not bad for a fat ass, huh?

Tommy wipes the blood from beneath his nose and stands.

TOMMY

Not bad at all.

Jake smirks and moves into him...

...but Tommy is faster, surging directly into him--
--and driving his fist into the center of Jake's throat.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

But I'm better.

Tommy glances about his surroundings, grabs Jake's fallen AK-47, and sprints off...

...leaving Jake to drop to his knees, gasping as he chokes to death.

INT. AN ABANDONED FISH PROCESSING PLANT - A TANK - DAY

As Wagner pulls on the rope, hand over hand, Opal enters to watch, knife rolling across her knuckles.

A pair of feet emerge, followed by Edward's dead body, his lifeless eyes staring up at them.

OPAL

(a beat, then)

He gonna' be all right?

Wagner and Devon share a look.

EXT. A GRAVEL ROAD - DAY

Exhausted, Tommy gasps for breath, but continues to run at an even pace, heading towards what looks to be a gas station on the horizon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A high-pitched "zipping" sound reaches his ears as a patch of earth explodes nearby.

He glances over his shoulder.

EXT. A QUARRY - CONTINUOUS

Ralph is on his stomach, firing.

EXT. A GRAVEL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Another patch of road explodes.

Tommy dives down the embankment and keeps running.

EXT. A QUARRY - CONTINUOUS

Through the scope, Ralph can no longer see him.

RALPH

Shit.

INT. AN ABANDONED FISH PROCESSING PLANT - A TANK - DAY

Ella kneels on the floor with her head down, stroking Edward's hair as tears roll down her cheeks.

EXT. AN ABANDONED FISH PROCESSING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Devon, Wagner, and Opal -knife clicking as she spins-lean against the truck as Ralph jogs over.

DEVON

(growls)

Stop it.

Opal closes the knife, and lowers her head; Devon is the only one who intimidates her.

RALPH

He's heading north.

DEVON

Anything out that way?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RALPH

A gas station, maybe. Couldn't quite make it out.

DEVON

All right.

(sighs)

Let's load 'em up then. Where's Jake?

RALPH

Jake's dead. This Tommy cat crushed his throat. Poor bastard choked to death.

Again, Devon sighs, rubbing his brow, exasperated and suddenly tired.

DEVON

We we're told this guy's a goddamn goon. A low-level nobody. And we got soft on the idea. This is our fault, so from here on out, sharpen it up.

(a beat, then)

No body shots. Aim for limbs past elbows and knees. I don't give a shit how we get him. I just need him still breathing -however ragged- when we do.

EXT. AN ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

Tommy leans against the building, the windows boarded up.

TOMMY

Of course.

(deep breath, then)

Of... course.

INT. AN ABANDONED GAS STATION - AUTO BAY - DAY

Tommy kicks in the door which splinters off its hinges.

The room is relatively empty; stacks of moldy boxes, cans of oil, random rusty tools, and an old motorcycle covered in cobwebs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy swings the AK-47 over his shoulder by its strap.

He straddles the bike.

The key is still in the ignition.

He twists it.

TOMMY

Come on....

He kicks the starter.

Nothing.

Again.

Nothing.

He taps the gas tank.

Empty.

He searches the garage...

...and finds an old, metal can of gasoline.

He unscrews the gas cap and empties contents of the can into it.

Pumping the primer, Tommy screws the cap back into place.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Come on, goddamn it.

He kicks the starter.

Nothing.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Come... on...

He kicks the starter...

...and the engine sputters and growls.

It sounds terrible, but its running...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

...and Tommy grins, chuckling, patting the side of the bike.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

That a girl.

EXT. AN ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

Tommy emerges from the building and opens the throttle up, the motorcycle rumbling as it sprints down the open road.

EXT. AN OPEN ROAD - DAY

Tommy roars down the highway, a grin on his lips, wind running through his hair.

A beat...

...and a bullet tears past, ripping his pant leg, the wound surface, but bleeding.

He glances into his rearview mirror a half-second before it explodes.

TOMMY

(mutters)

Of course.

He looks over his shoulder.

Behind him, Ralph stands perched in the bed of the truck, leaning against the cab with the butt of his sniper rifle tight to his shoulder.

Wagner drives with Devon in the passenger's seat.

Behind them, Ella drives the sedan with Opal -playing with her butterfly knife- in the passenger's seat.

Ralph aims and fires, the bullet grazing Tommy's other leg as it punches through the motorcycle, causing it to swerve wildly.

Tommy wrestles for control, grinds his teeth, and brakes hard...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...spinning the vehicle back to face the approaching truck, the AK-47 swung into his hand, finger depressed, chattering...

Bullets SLAM into the engine block of the truck as the windshield implodes.

Ralph ducks behind the cab, cursing.

Devon cowers low as Wagner wrestles the wheel, the front tire blowing out, the truck to fishtailing wildly.

Behind them, the sedan closes the gap far too quick.

INT. THE SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Ella slams her foot down onto the breaks, but she is too late: the vehicle slamming into the rear of the swerving truck as Opal's face slams into the dashboard with air bags deploying.

EXT. THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck and Sedan run off the road.

EXT. A FIELD - CONTINUOUS

As the truck hits a lower embankment, Ralph is catapulted, his body sent skipping across the field.

EXT. THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Tommy stands frozen in time, his finger tight against the trigger, the weapon empty.

He lowers it slowly...

...and then lets go, dropping the weapon.

As it clatters to the ground, Tommy wheels the vehicle around and sprints off down the highway.

EXT. A FIELD - DAY

Wagner and Devon both sit in the truck, unconscious.

Ralph lies face down, unmoving.

A beat, and he groans, standing.

His arm hangs limp by his side, having popped out of the socket.

No stranger to this, he reaches over, and jerks it back into place with a choked hiss...

...which turns into an amused chuckle.

INT. THE SEDAN - DAY

Ella raises her head from the airbag with a groan, massaging her temples.

ELLA

Are you all right?

Opal is slumped over, her face hidden in the air bag.

Ella reaches over-

ELLA (CONT'D)

Opal?

-to pull her back from the dash.

Ellie's eyes grow wide.

HIS POV

The hilt of Opal's BUTTERFLY KNIFE protrudes from her right eye, the blade buried deep.

EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

Tommy drives with his head down, eyes narrowed, as beneath him...

...the vehicle is leaking gas... fast.

INT. THE TRUCK - DAY

Wagner and Devon come to, both holding their heads, groaning.

WAGNER

You okay, boss?

Devon offers him a condescending glare.

DEVON

(growls)

What do you think?

EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

Devon walks out into the center of the road and stares off into the horizon.

Nothing.

He kneels...

...and dabs two fingers into a puddle of fuel...

...droplets of which trail after Tommy.

A beat... and Devon reaches into his pocket, removes his phone, hesitates, and dials a number.

INT. A GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Soaked through with sweat, ANTHONY -30s, well-manicured, moves like a cat, one eye dead and gray- relentless beats a man tied to a chair. His knuckles are cracked and bruised from the effort.

Two of his goons stand behind him, watching nervously.

By now, the man in the chair is unconscious.

Standing behind Anthony, CARL -20s, ripped, crew cut, a bit on the mad side- drops his cigarette to the floor, crushing it underfoot.

CARL

Anthony...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Anthony pauses, and turns with a half-smile, his voice calm.

ANTHONY

Yes?

CARL

Last time you told me to tell you... well... when you might be going too far.

ANTHONY

And?

CARL

Unless you wanna kill him, well...

ANTHONY

(grins)
I'm going too far.

CARL

Yeah, boss.

Carl lowers his eyes; Anthony is the only man who intimidates him.

CARL (CONT'D)

(mutters)
Sorry, boss.

ANTHONY

No, no. You speak at my bequest so...

(nods)
...thank you.

Anthony's phone vibrates. He removes it from his jacket and places it to his ear.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Yes?

DEVON (V.O.)

We lost him.

ANTHONY

Come again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEVON (V.O.)
(a long beat, then)
We lost him... and we're down to
four.

ANTHONY
Meaning?

DEVON (V.O.)
Meaning this guy... we were
misinformed as to his...
capabilities.

ANTHONY
I see.

EXT. A ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Devon stares off at the horizon.

DEVON
How do you want us to proceed?

ANTHONY (V.O.)
Proceed as you see fit. Your fee,
however, is now up for grabs.

DEVON
What? You can't just-

ANTHONY
(growls)
Yes... I can. I'm offering the
bounty up to open market.

DEVON
Anthony, I-

ANTHONY (V.O.)
(interrupting)
-fucked up.
(a beat, then)
Say it.

DEVON
(a long beat, then)
Yeah. Yeah, I fucked up.

INT. A GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Anthony wipes the sweat from his face.

ANTHONY

Let me remind you... let me put this as simply as I can: I want a certain territory held by the German... and the German wants - quite desperately, it would seem - this package. If I get to it, before it gets to him, I can then trade it back to the German for the territory. Capitalism, pure and simple. Do I make myself clear?

DEVON (V.O.)

Yes, sir.

Anthony hangs up, thinking as he slides his phone back into his jacket.

ANTHONY

(to Goon #2)

You still got that jpeg of Big Doug's courier?

CARL

Yes, sir.

ANTHONY

Send it out full.

CARL

(nods)

Yes, sir.

Carl takes out his cell phone on which he accesses a picture of Tommy.

ANTHONY

(to Carl)

Oh, and, Carl?

CARL

Yes, sir?

Anthony punches the man in the chair, grinning wildly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTHONY

I'll be killing him now, so no
need to offer up my own pre-
approved reprimand.

Anthony laughs and punches him again as he viciously
continues to beat the unconscious man to death.

EXT. THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Devon slips his phone into his pocket, stares off at
nothing, turns, and slowly walks back to his car, deep in
thought.

EXT. THE FIELD - LATER

Opal is unceremoniously dumped on the ground as Ralph and
Wagner rip out the deployed air bags.

With weapons collected, Ralph and Ella climb into the
back seat while Devon drives and Wagner sits in the
passenger's seat.

Everyone is silent.

EXT. THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The battered Sedan crawls up onto the road...
...and takes off in Tommy's general direction.

EXT. THE SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Tommy's vehicle sputters and dies.

He gets off, checks it over, and finds the fuel leak.

TOMMY

Great.

He looks around.

He is nowhere and there is nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a deep breath, stands with hands folded upon his head...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(sighs)

That's just... great.

...and starts walking, away from the road, into a field, looking back over his shoulder with every other step.

FADE TO:

EXT. A ROAD - LATER

The sedan pulls off to the side of the road where the dead bike now lies.

Devon exits, looking around.

Nothing.

DEVON

(mutters)

Looks to be that kinda' day, huh?

FADE TO:

EXT. A BIKER BAR - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A run-down joint with maybe a half-dozen bikes parked out front.

Trudging through a field, Tommy reaches the dirt road, and crosses it, heading towards the building.

INT. A BIKER BAR - CONTINUOUS

Tommy enters, nodding at the bartender.

TOMMY

Bathroom?

BARTENDER

(motioning)

In the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

Thanks.

BARTENDER

You want I should get something started for you?

Tommy heads towards the rear of the building.

TOMMY

Jameson. Straight up.

The Bartender nods, placing a shot glass on the counter.

BIKER #1 (O.S.)

Hold up there, kiddo.

Tommy turns...

...to find FIVE BIKERS standing up from one of the tables.

Biker #1 holds up his I-PHONE...

...on whose screen glows the picture we saw on the phone of Goon #2.

BIKER #1 (CONT'D)

Seems you gotta' bounty on that there head of yours.

TOMMY

(a beat, then)

Yeah. Seems I do.

(motioning)

Can I at least take a leak first?

The bikers each produce their own brand and style of BLADE, their preferred weapon of choice.

BIKER #1

You can piss yourself for all I care. Now, we gonna' do this the easy way, or the har-

Tommy grabs the bottle of Jameson out of the Bartender's hand and hurls it into Biker #1's face.

Biker #2 lunges at him with blade extended.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tommy catches his arm, and kicks him in the stomach - doubling him over- before kneeing him in the face, knocking him out.

Biker #3 and #4 approach warily.

Tommy wields #2's knife, and by the way he holds it, he knows how to use it.

With his back to the pool table, Tommy reaches back, grabs a pool ball, and flings it at #3...

...striking him between the eyes, dropped to the floor like a sack of meat.

#4 and Tommy move into one another at the same time, their hands a blur...

...the sounds of metal on metal...

...and Tommy ducks beneath him, stabbing him twice...

...and as he moves past, Tommy drives his knife down into #4's right leg, releases it...

...#4 collapsing, hugging himself, whimpering...

Biker #1 stands, wiping the blood from his face with a sneer, his knuckles white around the hilt of his knife.

BIKER #1 (CONT'D)

You're gonna' have to do better
than-

Tommy kicks him -hard- in the center of the chest, folding him in two, sending him crashing through the front door of the place, splintering the doors to pieces.

EXT. A BIKER BAR - CONTINUOUS

Biker #1 lies on his back, groaning, his knife still in hand, body stunned to uselessness.

Tommy stands over him.

TOMMY

Give me your keys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIKER #1

(moans)

Sure... yeah... sure, just
don't...

#1 hands Tommy his keys.

TOMMY

Which one is it?

BIKER #1

Harley... skull... cross bones.

Tommy spots it.

BIKER #1 (CONT'D)

Please don't kill m-

Tommy kicks him in the face, knocking him out.

He spots a smoldering cigarette on the ground. He grabs
it, stares at it, is tempted, and tosses it aside.

A beat...

...and Tommy pulls down his zipper...

TOMMY

Dick.

...and urinates on the unconscious man's shoes.

EXT. A ROAD - DAY

Tommy rides off on the stolen Harley.

INT. A BIKER BAR - LATER

Everyone mulls around, muttering as they nurse their
wounds with alcohol.

A beat... and Devon walks in, taking in the scene.

Looking like death warmed over, Biker #1 turns towards
him with a sneer, his fingers tight around the hilt of
his knife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIKER #1

What are you lookin' at?

A beat... and Devon snaps back his wrist, pistol in hand, and shoots Biker #1, killing him instantly.

Silence as the big man's body slumps to the floor.

Devon opens his mouth to say something but decides otherwise, instead helping himself to Tommy's untouched shot of Jameson from the counter which he sips down slowly, savoring it.

He lowers the glass, setting it gently back onto the counter...

...turns...

...and leaves.

EXT. THE GERMAN'S MANSION - ESTABLISHING - DAY

EXT. THE GERMAN'S MANSION - THE PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Standing behind the bar, the German pours the contents of the cold shaker into a glass.

THE GERMAN

One part vermouth, two parts
whisky, a dash of bitters, and...
a cherry for garnish.

The German slides the drink across to DOCTOR WILHELM - 60s, tall, lean, gaunt, almost skeletal, unemotional, his movements calculated- who tastes it...

...and offers a half smile and a nod.

DOCTOR WILHELM

Delicious.

THE GERMAN

Thank you.

DOCTOR WILHELM

And for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GERMAN

On a day like this? Scotch,
straight up.

The German grabs a bottle of scotch and a glass as he
motions towards the table.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

Shall we?

The two men sink into chairs on either side of the small
table.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

So, tell me-

The German pours himself two fingers of scotch-

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

-now that the facility has been
constructed to your specifications-

-places his hand over the glass-

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

-what exactly do you pin your fee
to be?

-and slaps it down once in the air.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

(on his look)

I like bruising it. It releases a
number of aromas hidden therein.

DOCTOR WILHELM

(hesitating, then)

Sir, I'm not-

THE GERMAN

(hesitating)

-cheap? If you were, you wouldn't
be sitting across from me... and
sure as hell wouldn't be drinking
my booze.

DOCTOR WILHELM

Yes, sir. I... well... here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wilhelm lowers his glass, and removes a small pad of paper and pen from his pocket, writing down a figure.

THE GERMAN

My, my...
(grins)
...so shy.

DOCTOR WILHELM

And the package?

THE GERMAN

En route.

Wilhelm slides it across the table.

The German flips it over without looking at it.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

Done. Method of payment?

DOCTOR WILHELM

Wire?

THE GERMAN

Same account?

DOCTOR WILHELM

Yes, sir.

THE GERMAN

Excellent. I'll also be adding a five-percent monthly retainer seeing as someone like you and someone like me will be doing this same little dance for some time to come.

DOCTOR WILHELM

Sir, that's not-

THE GERMAN

(interrupting with a growl)
Don't patronize me, doc.
(sighs)
Borrowed time is borrowed time.

The German raises his glass with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

You can keep the man in black at
bay for only so long.

EXT. A RAILYARD - DAY

Tommy turns down onto a gravel road...

EXT. A TRAIN - DAY

...where he ditches the Harley and -sprinting- catches up
to a departing train, pulling himself up into it.

Tommy creaks his neck, his body sore, stands, leaning
hard against the door.

INT. A SEDAN - DAY

Devon gets into the car where everyone sits in silence.

DEVON

(a beat, then)

Anyone up for Mexican?

WAGNER

I could go for a burrito.

RALPH

Yeah, carne heals, man. Heals
real good.

Devon glances over at Ella, who nods with a shrug.

EXT. A BIKER BAR - CONTINUOUS

The sedan pulls away from the curb and takes off at a
leisurely pace.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE RAILYARDS OF NEW ORLEANS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

EXT. THE RAILYARDS - CONTINUOUS

A train pulls into the hub, slowing.

EXT. A TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Tommy jumps off of the train, rolling to his feet.

Brushing himself off, he heads for the street.

As he passes a security CAMERA we-

CUT TO:

INT. THE RAILYARDS - SECURITY STATION - CONTINUOUS

-where a SECURITY GUARD sits, studying the various video feeds on the half-dozen monitors before him.

On one of them, he spots Tommy. The camera zooms in, and snaps a still of his face.

The guard glances down at his cell phone...

...on which is displayed a picture of Tommy.

He makes a call.

SECURITY GUARD

(a beat, then)

I've got him down at the
railyards.

EXT. A CITY ROAD - NIGHT

Tommy waves down a cab which pulls over.

He slips into the back seat.

INT. A CAB - CONTINUOUS

The CABBIE glances into the rearview mirror.

CABBIE

Where to, buddy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy reads the back of the business card Big Doug gave him.

TOMMY

Dante and Maple?

CABBIE

Will do.

EXT. A CITY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The cab pulls away from the curb.

PAN TO

THE SECURITY GUARD who watches the cab leave from the shadows, a phone to his ear.

SECURITY GUARD

He grabbed a cab. Call number
1402. Heading west.

EXT. A CITY ROAD - NIGHT

The cab moves past at a leisurely pace.

INT. A CAB - CONTINUOUS

The cabbie turns down the music.

CABBIE

So, where you from?

TOMMY

Miami...

Tommy slips out the leather wallet, glaring at it as he taps it against his hand.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

...way of Pittsburgh some time
ago.

CABBIE

Got family in Pittsburgh. Good
city. As for Miami, I've never b-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The looming grill of an approaching moving truck SLAMS into the side of the taxi-

EXT. A CITY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

-effectively t-boning the vehicle.

Amidst shattered glass, the van pushes the taxi to a stop up against a light pole.

INT. A MOVING TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Sitting in the driver's seat, CARL grins as he punches down the deployed air bag.

CARL

Well, that was fun.

He slaps a hand against the wall of the cab behind him.

EXT. A CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The rear doors open and four masked gunmen emerge, each carrying a riot shotgun, stocks pressed tight to their shoulders.

They descend upon the taxi, moving swiftly, a professional crew.

The Cabbie sits slumped forward, dead, face covered with blood, head crushed.

The backseat, however, is empty.

Carl, wielding an identical shotgun, strides over, a cigarette hanging limply from between his lips.

CARL

He couldn't have gone far.
(a beat, then smiles)
See?

HIS POV

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off in the distance -dazed, confused, wounded- Tommy runs; clutching the wallet, slipping it back into his jeans pocket.

Carl drops to a knee, aims, and fires.

Just as Tommy is about to round the corner, a BEAN BAG ROUND catches him in the back, the force of it lifting him from his feet, sending him rolling.

Two more beanbag rounds are fire: one slapping into the side of his leg, the other ricocheting off the street beside him.

Groaning, Tommy manages to pull himself to his feet, and shoulders his way into a lumberyard.

CARL (CONT'D)
(motioning)
Let's move.

Carl follows his four-man crew into-

INT. THE LUMBERYARD - CONTINUOUS

Lined with rows of stacked wood along with shelves of various building materials, the lumberyard is a claustrophobic locale.

Tommy ducks down one of the rows as Carl and his men fan out.

Gunman #1, moving swiftly and steadily down an aisle, his shotgun to his shoulder, eyes scanning.

As he rounds the corner, Tommy drives the end of a two-by-four into his face, unconscious in a blink.

The shotgun goes off -a bean bag round crashing through the window of a carpentry shed behind him- as Gunman #1 stumbles backwards. Tommy swings the two-by-four across his face, cracking his jaw as he sinks to the ground.

Gunman #2 fires, a beanbag round hitting the two-by-four, splintering it.

Tommy dives out of the way, rolling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gunman #2 pumps a round, and -over eager- jogs after Tommy...

...who rounds the corner to clothesline Gunman's #2, throwing him hard to the floor.

Tommy drops to a knee and raises the shotgun to his shoulder, aiming.

He shoots Gunman #3 in the stomach with a beanbag round, dropping him to his knees, and then shoots him between the eyes, rendering him unconscious.

Gunman #4 fires, hitting Tommy in the chest, sending him spinning, gasping for breath.

He drags himself into-

INT. THE CARPENTRY SHED - CONTINUOUS

A half-dozen pieces of intimidating, wood-cutting equipment.

Tommy kicks close the door, and -struggling- stands, grabbing an awl from the tool bench.

Gunman #4 kicks open the door.

Tommy kicks it back into him -the door shattering into pieces- and -while stunned- stabs him with the awl.

As the man drops, Carl suddenly appears and slams the butt of his shotgun into the center of Tommy's face, breaking his nose, blood streaming, as he falls, flailing, his hand flicking a switch, the TABLE SAW roaring to life.

CARL

I hear you've been a tough, little-

Tommy grabs Gunman #4's shotgun where it fell and fires a beanbag round into Carl's left leg.

Carl spins off balance, firing a round wide, slapping harmlessly against the wall.

Tommy clamors towards him, the two wrestling, landing punches, rolling, and kicking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They fight long and hard, vicious and relentless, before drawing back from one another, pulling themselves to their feet, glaring at one another.

Tommy spits out a glob of blood as Carl wipes the blood from his mouth with the back of his sleeve.

Carl grins, winks, and leaps into him, kicking him in the side of the head.

Tommy rolls with the blow, his right fist outstretched, clobbering Carl with a stunning spin punch.

While Carl is graceful, a master of Tae Kwon Do, his form honed to that of a dance...

...Tommy is calm but bestial...

...a pissed off, junk yard dog.

Instead of blocking Carl's kicks/punches, Tommy moves past them, his fists a blur, working the midriff, cracking ribs...

...and with every blow, Carl's confidence wanes, yet he stays in the fight.

Enraged, Carl screams as he attacks Tommy...

...who blocks the wild flurry of blows...

...catches an arm, twisting it at an odd angle...

...wet snap as Carl's radius and ulna punch through the skin, the jagged tips protruding from his shirt-

-moves behind him-

-and slams him -screaming- down towards the table saw.

CARL (CONT'D)

(screams)

NO! PLEASE!

TOMMY

Dude, I'm mean...

Tommy kicks out Carl's legs, sending the man to crack his chin against the work table, unconscious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tommy flicks off the saw.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
...but I ain't that mean.

EXT. A CARPENTRY SHED - CONTINUOUS

Tommy exits the building...

...and freezes.

Ralph, Ella, and Devon stand before him, armed to the teeth.

RALPH
(grins, nods)
'Sup, Tommy?

TOMMY
(sighs, exasperated)
Oh, for crying out l-

From off-camera, Wagner drives the butt of his shotgun against the side of Tommy's head, knocking him out.

SMASHCUT TO:
BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. A WAREHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAWN

A nondescript building located in the industrial corridor.

INT. A WAREHOUSE - A WORK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Old, wood slat floors. Exposed brick walls. Thousands of forgotten tools. Abandoned work benches covered in dust.

Tommy sits in a creaky, wood chair, his head down, hands tied behind his back, blood dripping from the tip of his nose, a puddle growing beneath him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ella wanders the room behind him, studying the vast array of tools, and selecting a number of them.

She places them side by side -almost reverently- on the table nearest Tommy.

A pliers, a wrench, bolt cutters, hack saw, wooden mallet, an awl, wood shaver, manual drill, and a wrench.

Wagner and Devon -studying the leather wallet- stand nearby.

WAGNER

You gonna' stay for this?

DEVON

After the last time she did something like this? One's enough, thank you very much.

The door opens and Anthony enters, followed by Ralph who walks with a baseball bat over his shoulders, arms slung over it, chewing gum, blowing a bubble.

ANTHONY

What are we preppin' for here, boys?

DEVON

Payback for Edward.

ANTHONY

(to Ella)

Sorry, love. I know well the thickness of blood, but I can't let that happen.

Ella glares at him, slamming a mallet down onto the table, grinding her teeth.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

The German's agreed to terms - which means your crew has earned its fee- but until the trade goes down, he stays kosher. We keen?

(motioning)

He still out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEVON

Looks to be.

ANTHONY

Christ...

(to Wagner)

...how hard did you hit him?

Wagner shrugs.

Anthony strides towards Tommy...

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Better he walk than be carrie-

...whose feet flatten, legs tensing...

As Anthony reaches for him, Tommy surges upwards, his forehead cracking into the center of Anthony's face, killing him instantly.

With eyes wide, Anthony drops to his knees, pauses, and falls back at an odd angle.

Ella pistol-whips Tommy from behind with Opal's silenced-uzi.

Dazed, Tommy drops back down onto the legs of the chair, the ancient woodwork protesting beneath him.

Ralph checks Anthony as Wagner ties Tommy's legs to the chair... tight.

RALPH

Shit, boss.

(a beat, then)

Dude just killed him.

Tommy chuckles as he grins up at Devon.

TOMMY

That, I did.

DEVON

(to Ralph and Wagner)

Get him out of here.

Ralph and Wagner each take an arm and drags Anthony's body out of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ELLA

(a beat, then)

What now?

DEVON

We make our own deal with the
German.

(turning)

I'll make the call.

ELLA

And until then?

DEVON

He's all yours. Just make sure
he's got a pulse when you're done
with him.

Tommy spits a glob of blood down onto one of Devon's
shoes.

Devon looks down at him with pity and sighs, lighting
himself a cigarette.

DEVON (CONT'D)

They sure don't make 'em like you
anymore. The Russians are
close... but not quite.

(motions)

Her name's Ella. Not much of a
talker. Much like you, it would
appear. See, I used to have a guy
on my crew. A real piece of work.
A scrapper. But he didn't hold
his liquor too well. One night,
he got kind of handsy with this
one, and well... lets just say we
needed a mop to clean that one up.

Devon chuckles, leans back, and flicks his cigarette into
Tommy's face.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Just think what she's bound to do
to the man who killed her brother.

Ella offers him a thin smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DEVON (CONT'D)
(to Ella)
Just don't kill him.

Devon leaves them with each other.

The door slams shut behind him...

...as a half-second later, Ella grabs one of his fingers with a pliers and gives it a savage twist, snapping it.

EXT. A WAREHOUSE - A HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tommy's scream resonates through the building.

Devon pauses, smiles, and walks on.

EXT. A WAREHOUSE - A WORK SHOP - NIGHT

Ella grins, tosses aside the pliers, and selects a mallet from the work bench.

The fingers of Tommy's hand are all broken. He trembles with both pain and rage.

TOMMY
That...
(a beat, then sighs)
...hurt.

Ella stands before him, a smile playing upon her lips.

Tommy takes a deep breath, and sighs.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
So... you ain't got no interest in
the package, do you?

Ella smiles, and punches him... hard.

Tommy clears his throat, and spits.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Yeah, I've been thinkin' not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLA

Left or right?

TOMMY

I see the mallet, so... I'm
thinkin' that you're thinkin' the
knees, so...

(a beat, then smirks)
He screamed like a bitch,
y'know...

ELLA

What?

TOMMY

Your brother.

Ella grinds her teeth, tensing, a predator on the verge
of a breakdown.

She tenderly places the mallet back onto the table,

ELLA

(a beat, then)
Say again?

TOMMY

Your brother... like a bitch.

Ella swings at him with her right fist, connecting hard,
the chair beneath him creaking with the blow.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

...died screaming...

Ella swings her left fist, connecting.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

...like a whiney little...

Right fist.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

...bitch.

Ella loses it, hitting him time and time again...

...the chair beneath him shattering from the abuse...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

...as Ella tackles him, swinging...

...but his legs are free, reaching up to loop around her neck, crossing, pulled tight... choking her out...

INT. A WAREHOUSE - A HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ralph removes his gum, sticking it to the underside of the bannister, turning towards the door.

RALPH
Something ain't right.

Devon and Wagner follow him towards the door.

INT. A WAREHOUSE - A WORK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Tommy stretches his legs straight, straining as he breaks her neck.

As the door suddenly opens inwards...

..Tommy reaches into her jacket, clutches the silenced-uzi, and raises it, finger tight, firing...

...countless rounds slamming into Ralph -dead in a blink-

INT. A WAREHOUSE - A HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-a half-dozen bullet slam into Devon's chest, sending him toppling over the bannister.

Meanwhile, confused, Wagner ducks for cover.

INT. A WAREHOUSE - A WORK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Aiming the silenced, micro-uzi, his legs still wrapped around the neck of dead woman, Tommy fires...

...until the weapon's hammer falls on an empty chamber.

TOMMY
(a beat, then)
Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy drops the uzi, and -struggling- manages to rip the ropes off his ankles...

....standing...

...and his wrists, free of his ropes...

...standing...

...just as Wagner enters.

Tommy clears his throat and spits.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Man... this ain't gonna' be easy,
is it?

With a furious roar, Wagner surges towards him...

...and to Tommy's surprise, grabs him by the lapels, slams him on a table, and hurls him against the wall lined with tools.

Tommy lands -hard- and Wagner is there to catch him...

...and hurl him across the room.

Tommy lands, rolling/sliding to a stop.

With a muffled groan, he stands, cracking his neck, the fingers on his right hand worthless...

...but he is beyond recognizing pain.

Wagner grabs Tommy, head butts him twice, and hurls him a third time, sending him cartwheeling over a work bench.

A beat... and Tommy pulls himself up with a groan.

Tommy stretches, and grins, motioning.

Wagner grabs a chair and hurls it at him, barely missing him.

Tommy leaps over the workbench, ducks beneath Wagner's wild punch, reaches up, uses his momentum...

...and slams him to ground, driving the air from his lungs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tommy grins, laughing, grabs a chair and drives it down into the center of Wagner's face.

Furious/dazed, Wagner sweeps out his legs with his arm...

...the two wrestling, trading punches, kicks, head butts...

...vicious.

Tommy seems almost amused...

...to the annoyance of Wagner who eventually tosses Tommy off of him, rolling, skidding...

...standing to his feet...

...as Wagner rises.

As Wagner moves into him, Tommy grabs his extended arm, pushes him to the ground...

...grabs the MALLET, and swings it down upon him until the Wagner grows still.

Exhausted and wounded, Tommy pulls himself to his feet and stumbles towards the open doorway.

He exits-

INT. A WAREHOUSE - A HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-searching...

...but is met with is silence.

He kneels beside Ralph's dead body, searches him, and finds a pistol.

He checks the slide: its loaded.

Tommy walks down the stairs-

INT. A WAREHOUSE - SECOND LEVEL- CONTINUOUS

-rounds the corner-

INT. A WAREHOUSE - FIRST LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

-and jogs across the ground floor when-

BOOM!

He is shot in the back by a beanbag round, knocking him out as he stumbles forward into a support beam, spinning to the ground.

Behind him, Devon -a bit more the worse for wear- emerges from the shadows and tosses aside the shotgun.

DEVON

Well, Tommy...

(making a call)

...looks like you increased my take to full share. I appreciate that.

(a beat, then)

This is Devon.

Devon smiles at the wallet with a chuckle...

DEVON (CONT'D)

I've got the package.

...and TOSSES IT INTO THE SHADOWS...

...to be forgotten.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE GERMAN'S MANSION - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. THE GERMAN'S MANSION - A MEDICAL BAY - CONTINUOUS

Tommy groans, opening his eyes...

...to find himself lying on an operating table, strapped down tight, his wrists and ankles bound by leather. An IV is attached to his right arm.

DOCTOR WILHELM (O.S.)

(a beat, then)

Sir? Subject is conscious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GERMAN (O.S.)

Good. Stand him up then.

A pair of orderlies grab either side of the table and push him upright, standing to face the German who sits facing him.

The German holds an apple in one hand and a paring knife in the other, carving off pieces of fruit, relishing each bite.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

Hello, Thomas.

TOMMY

Hey... "The German".

THE GERMAN

One never picks their our own nickname which makes for tall men named "shorty" and fat men named "slim". I'm actually Dutch-Irish, but when a boss from histories past noticed my penchant for beer and brautwurst, "The German" was born and I ran with it. Hell, perception -not reality- makes up the lion's share of one's worth in this business.

(a beat, then)

Do you know why you're here, Thomas?

TOMMY

No... and I'm woozy as shit.

THE GERMAN

That's because we took a couple of pints of blood, Thomas.

TOMMY

Oh.

(a beat, then)

What was in the wallet?

THE GERMAN

Season tickets to the Saints.

Good seats, too. Hard to come by.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

Prohibitively expensive for most, but Doug -quite wisely- saw fit to grease the wheels of our little transaction with just such an added bonus. NFL tickets do not a package make. But you Thomas... you do.

TOMMY

Come again?

THE GERMAN

Thomas, you... you are the package.

TOMMY

(a beat, then)

What?

THE GERMAN

You haven't spent much time in the hospital, have you?

TOMMY

A broken bone here, a stitch there... nothing all that extensive.

THE GERMAN

Ah. I see.

(a beat, then)

You and I, Thomas, share a common curse: an extremely rare blood type. While others trot about with A, B, AB, O, or any of their assorted subsets, you and I are designated HH which is referred to as Bombay Blood. Sadly, the only compatible match to an HH is another HH, and stateside, point-zero-zero-zero-four percent of people share this... affliction.

TOMMY

You requested that Big Doug have us all in for the physicals...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE GERMAN

I did, Thomas, for I am a man in very grave health. You name the organ and chances are its failing. Finding a compatible donor -above board or otherwise- is easy. Finding a compatible donor with HH is highly unlikely. Dubious, in fact.

(smiles)

Imagine my surprise at finding one in my own stable.

TOMMY

Did Doug know he was sending me into this?

THE GERMAN

Of course. He sold you to me. As for Anthony and his crew, they somehow caught wind of the transaction and sought to exploit the situation. Thankfully, your dogged determination led Anthony to his demise, thus removing that annoying little thorn from my side.

The German removes a cigarette from a pack and places it between his lips.

TOMMY

Why didn't you just tag and bag me at your leisure?

The cigarette is lit, the German taking a deep draught off it, exhaling with a smile.

THE GERMAN

Because as you well know, simple abductions are anything but simple. Better we have you come - the dutiful courier- of your own accord.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The German waves his hand, and an orderly starts the IV-drip, slowly putting Tommy under, no matter how hard he fights it, straining against the restraints... strength waning... eyes bulging...

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry it has to come to this,
Thomas.

The orderlies lower Tommy onto his back, the doctor preparing his tools.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

But when it comes to man's sheer
willingness to survive, you'd be
surprised with what one's willing
to do.

(a beat, then to the
Doctor)

Good luck.

The German leaves as Doctor Wilhelm LIGHTS A CIGARETT and continues to prep Tommy...

...who chuckles, seemingly amused by it all.

TOMMY

(fading)

I'm not sure you can smoke in
here, doc.

DOCTOR WILHELM

(smirks)

My room, my rules.

TOMMY

Ah.

(a beat, then)

You're shit outta' luck, you know
that?

DOCTOR WILHELM

Excuse me?

TOMMY

We ain't compatible, you
goddamn...

(fading/chuckling)

...Kraut...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DOCTOR WILHELM

(taken aback)

What do you mean?

TOMMY

Our blood may be the same...

(fading)

...but there's the issue of...

(fading)

...my condition...

(fading/chuckling)

...he's a dead man.

DOCTOR WILHELM

Condition? What condition?

(to an orderly)

Slow the drip!

The orderly does so.

Tommy mutters something, his voice weak... soft.

Wilhelm leans over him.

DOCTOR WILHELM (CONT'D)

(almost tenderly)

What was that, Thomas?

Again, Tommy whispers, but we can't make it out.

Wilhelm leans closer.

THE GERMAN

(softly)

I can't-

Tommy's head surges up as he clamps his teeth down upon Wilhelm's neck, biting down with every ounce of strength.

Screaming, Wilhelm pulls himself free, pressing a hand to his throat, blood seeping between his fingers.

Horrified, the orderly rushes to his side.

ORDERLY

Oh, my God!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

With every last ounce of strength, Tommy tugs at his right restraint: the restraint holds, but the bar to which it is attached is shorn free at the bolt.

The orderly tries to stop the bleeding, the Wilhelm's eyes wide, never leaving Tommy, in shock.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

Guards!

Tommy rips out the IV, reaches across, and wrenches free the other bar, his arms now free.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

GUARDS!

One of the orderlies tries to restrain him, but Tommy is pissed: he grabs the man's outstretched arm, pulls the man into himself, and breaks his neck.

As the other orderly surges towards him, Tommy grabs a scalpel from the bedside tray and kills him with it.

The doors the room burst open as two gunmen enter, firing.

Tommy rolls hard to the left, his legs still restrained, the gurney falling onto its side, the belly of which absorbs the rounds.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

DON'T KILL HIM!

Tommy unstraps his legs from the gurney and removes the restraints from his arms, finally free.

The gunmen move in to his position.

Tommy rolls behind the counter, the ground etched with gunfire.

The orderly grasps one gunman's arm, pulling him towards him, furious.

DOCTOR

I SAID DON'T KI-

A vial SMASHES into the gunman's face, shards of glass blinding him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

He stumbles backwards, stunned, his finger on the trigger, half his clip emptying into nothing, the other half emptying into the orderly.

Tommy disarms the last gunman, kicks out his knee, and punches him hard enough to kill him.

Tommy recovers the gunman's weapon, and kills two more men as they enter the room.

He retrieves Wilhelm's cigarette from the floor, places it between his lips, and takes a deep, exhilarating draught, holds it, and exhales slowly.

TOMMY

You gotta' admit.

Tommy takes another puff, chuckling.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I fuckin' earned this.

INT. THE GERMAN'S MANSION - A GARAGE - NIGHT

As two gunman stand perched nearby, Devon studies the contents of a large DUFFEL BAG, grins, zips it close, and tosses it into the trunk of the Mercedes-Benz, slamming it shut.

The chattering sounds of silenced gunfire reach their ears.

Devon instinctively snaps back his wrists, his pistols sliding down into his hands.

The two gunmen head for the doors.

As one reaches for the knob, both are shot through the glass, crumpling to the ground, dead.

Devon fires blindly into the darkness until both pistols go click.

A beat... and Tommy emerges from the shadows, dropping his weapons as he steps over the gunmen's bodies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVON

(grins)

God damn, Tommy!

Devon lowers his hands, reaching into his sleeves to disengage the spring-loading mechanisms within, the pistols clattering to the floor.

DEVON (CONT'D)

You've had yourself one helluva'
day, huh?

The two pace in an ever-tightening circle.

TOMMY

It ain't over yet.

The two surge into one another at the exact same moment--
--as Tommy lands one... powerful... punch which cracks
Devon's skull--

--and snaps his neck, killing him instantly, his body
slumped to the floor.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(a beat, then)

Well, that happened.

THE GERMAN (O.S.)

That, it did.

Tommy turns to find the German calmly striding towards
him.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

I've only scene a man killed with
but a single strike once...

(grins)

...and I was holding a roll of
quarters at the time.

The German cracks his fist across Tommy's face as Tommy
boxes Devon's right ear, popping the ear drum, blood
seeping down the side of his head.

Neither relents.

Both fight aggressively.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They trade punch for punch.

Kick for kick.

After the German delivers a debilitating series of blows, Tommy returns the favor, driving his left fist into Devon's gut, and following through -in a blink- with a right uppercut.

The German stumbles back, but leaps with a spin kick, delivering a foot to Tommy's face. Upon landing, he works Tommy's ribs, forcing the man's back to the wall.

Tommy grimaces with each punch.

The German rears back, tenses, and hurls a punch...

...but Tommy moves, Devon's fist crumpling against the brick wall as he cries out in pain.

Tommy grins, holding up his own mangled hand.

TOMMY

Equality's a bitch, ain't it?

The German snarls, striding towards him.

Tommy kicks him, but the German pushes past the foot, and head butts him.

As Tommy stumbles back, the German grabs him in bear hug, his powerful arms constricting, what healthy ribs of Tommy's remain now cracking, the vice-like grip forcing the air from his lungs.

Tommy screams, the pain unbearable, punching and kicking to no avail.

THE GERMAN

I'm not going to kill you, Tommy.

(grinning)

I'm gonna' fuckin' harvest you.

Tommy rears back...

...and headbutts the German hard enough to break free.

Stunned, the German catches himself against a vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TOMMY

Eye for an eye, chump.

The German grins...

...and lunges at him with a scream, his punches erratic, but relentless.

Tommy blocks the wild swings...

...but one strikes his broken hand, the pain clouding his mind.

The German lands a brutal shot to the head and tackles Tommy.

Wrestling, confusion and chaos...

...these men are like animals.

Finally, they manage to stand, circling one another: exhausted, wounded, and angry beasts... feral.

Grinding his teeth with a grin, the German produces a small KNIFE from within a sleeve (the same one he was carving the apple with), the broken fingers of his hand curling tight around the hilt.

THE GERMAN

(grins wildly)

Ain't no rules in this game,
Tommy.

The German lunges at Tommy...

...but Tommy moves into him, grabs his extending arm, snaps the man's wrist, and pushes the knife back into the German's own neck, holding him there for a second-

TOMMY

You got that right.

-before letting him drop, gurgling, to the floor.

Tommy pulls Devon's keys from his pocket, slaps his hand against a button -the garage door opening- and enters the Mercedes-Benz.

INT. THE MERCEDES BENZ - CONTINUOUS

Tommy sits down...

...revs the engine...

...and glances at himself in the rearview mirror with
with a half-smile.

TOMMY

(growls)

Still here, old man.

EXT. THE GERMAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

The Mercedes Benz ROARS out into the night, disappearing
into the darkness.

FADE TO:

EXT. A JAZZ CLUB - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A perfect day to be in Miami.

INT. A JAZZ CLUB - CONTINUOUS

BIG DOUG yawns, rubbing his eyes.

He has not slept in days.

One of his bodyguards heads for the door.

BODYGUARD

Hey, boss. You want ribs?

BIG DOUG

Not this time.

(thinking, then)

Make it pulled pork, black-eyed
peas, and collared greens.

BODYGUARD

Sure thing.

The bodyguard exits, the door swinging closed as a half-
second later-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOM!

-he is flung back through the door which splinter with the force.

Tommy -still dirty and dishevelled- enters and pumps a beanbag round into the chests of Big Doug's two remaining men, rendering them unconscious.

Big Doug reaches beneath his table and cocks back the hammers of the sawed-off shotgun attached to its belly, swiveling it slightly.

TOMMY

No need for that.

Tommy drops the shotgun and strides towards him, sinking into a seat across from him.

The two sit in silence for a long moment.

Doug softly lowers the hammers on the shotgun and rests his hands on the table with a sigh.

BIG DOUG

Good to see you, Tommy.

TOMMY

You mean that?

BIG DOUG

(a beat, then)

Yes. Yes, I do.

TOMMY

(a long beat, then)

I know you do.

BIG DOUG

It was business, Tommy. Just business.

(sighs)

Just one man following a bigger man's orders. Tommy... If I'd a' tried to keep you hidden from the German, well... he'd a' taken everything from me.

(a beat, then)

Everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMMY

I figured.
 (a beat, then)
 He pay you up front?

BIG DOUG

He did.

TOMMY

That cover Eddie's debts?

BIG DOUG

It does.

TOMMY

And with the bigger man dead, as
 it were, what does that make you?

BIG DOUG

(thinking, sighs)
 An older man having grown tired of
 this game.

TOMMY

I hear you, there...
 (a beat, then)
 What now?

BIG DOUG

Well... the way I see it, we
 either proceed as before and file
 this little episode away, or... we
 go our separate ways, leave the
 baggage behind, and wish the other
 a hearty "Godspeed".

A beat... and Tommy stands... Nods.

TOMMY

Godspeed, Big D.

Tommy turns and leaves.

BIG DOUG

(nods, softly)
 Godspeed, Tommy.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BIG DOUG (CONT'D)
 (a beat, then)
 Godspeed.

FADE TO:

EXT. A PRISON - ESTABLISHING - DAY

EXT. A PRISON - THE YARD - CONTINUOUS

Leaning against a tree, Eddie stares off into nothing...

...as Luke and John sidle up next to him.

LUKE
 Well, Eddie, I'm sad to say-

EDDIE
 -shit-

LUKE
 -that you won't be seein' much of
 us no more.
 (grins)
 Tommy paid off your marker.

Behind them, BRUCE approaches at a steady pace...

EDDIE
 What?
 ...intimidating....

JOHN
 In full.
unblinking...

EDDIE
 Are you shittin' me?

LUKE
 I shit you n-
 ...slowing, hands stuffed in pockets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE
(interrupting)

Hey.

Luke and John leap back, startled/horrified.

LUKE/JOHN

Shit!

BRUCE

You Eddie?

EDDIE

(nervously)

Yeah?

BRUCE

Name's Bruce. Big Doug's
bankrollin' protection on you.
From here on out, you're
untouchable. If you need anything
-and I do mean anything- you let
me know. Ok?

EDDIE

(nods)

Ok.

BRUCE

(nods)

Ok.

An awkward pause... and Bruce walks on by.

John and Luke relax, deep breaths all around.

LUKE

Dude... you scared the shit out
of me...

JOHN

...I thought we were...
(sighs)

Wow.

LUKE

I know, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A beat... and the three of them start walking at a slow pace.

LUKE (CONT'D)

(a beat, then)

What do you think he meant by "and I do mean anything"?

A beat... and the three men share a laugh.

FADE TO:

EXT. GARY'S AUTO SHOP - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. GARY'S AUTO SHOP - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GARY -60s, kindly old gentleman- slides across a couple of thick stacks of hundred dollar bills.

GARY

Always a pleasure doin' business with you, Tommy.

Tommy drops the keys to the Mercedes Benz parked behind him onto the desk.

TOMMY

Thanks, Gary. I'll be seein' ya'.

EXT. GARY'S AUTO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Tommy exits, sliding the money into his jacket pocket, and starts walking across the parking lot.

His cellphone rings and he answers it.

TOMMY

Hey, honey. Yeah, I'm back. A bit worse for wear, but in one piece... mostly.

(chuckles)

No, no.

GARY (O.S.)

Hey, Tommy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY
 (into the phone)
 Just a sec.

Tommy turns to find Gary striding towards him, struggling with the weight of DEVON'S DUFFEL BAG.

GARY
 You forgot this.

Gary hands him the duffel bag. Tommy hesitates, and then takes it with a smile.

TOMMY
 Thanks, Gary. Been a long day.

GARY
 (winks)
 They all are, huh?

As Gary heads back inside, Tommy puts the phone back to his ear as he zips open the bag-

TOMMY
 (into the phone)
 Honey, we can talk about it over dinner...

HIS POV:

The duffel bag is packed full of thick, cellophane-wrapped bundles of HUNDRED-DOLLAR-BILLS... millions...

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 ...in Paris. What? I just...
 look...
 (grins)
 I'll see you a bit, ok? Love ya'.

Tommy hangs up and slips the phone back into his pocket.

He grins...

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Still here, old man...

...glances down into the duffel bag...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

...still here...

...and zips it close.

FADE OUT: