

CONVICTION

by  
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*My Daddy was a bank robber  
But he never hurt nobody  
He just loved to live that way  
And he loved to steal your money*

**THE CLASH**

We open with a series of *IMAGES*, coupled with a gravelly, soulful, world-weary *VOICE*--

The magnificent, dense green beauty of an immense *FOREST*, filled with towering *TREES*--

PATRICK'S VOICE

*I don't waste time with Politics.  
Because who cares which Stooge is  
gonna run the country?*

A deep, reverberating *CRACK* as one of those enormous trees begins to slowly *TOPPLE OVER*--

PATRICK'S VOICE

*It's absurd. An illusion. No one  
man can possibly run this country.*

A huge *TRUCK* hauls a twenty-ton load of *LUMBER*--

PATRICK'S VOICE

*America is nothing but a covenant  
between the People, made up of  
Makers and Takers. Creators and  
Consumers.*

An enormous *PAPER MILL*, where the wood is being *PULPED*--

PATRICK'S VOICE

*A product goes up on a shelf, then  
some clown drops it in a goddamn  
shopping cart. The runoff is cash.*

Endless sheets of *PAPER* are rolled onto gigantic *BINDLES*--

PATRICK'S VOICE

*Cash is nothing but Paper, which is  
nothing but Trees, which is nothing  
but Nature, which is nothing but  
Creation all over again.*

The *PAPER* is borne to a cavernous *BUILDING* in Ft. Worth, Texas: *THE BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING*--

PATRICK'S VOICE

*Because Life's a goddamn Circle.*

And here it comes, flowing like a river through the *PRESS*: *UNCUT FEDERAL RESERVE PAPER CURRENCY*--

PATRICK'S VOICE

*If you Take, you'd better make damn  
sure you Make something in return.*

A FEDERAL CASH DEPOSITORY, where shrink-wrapped BRICKS of cold-hard GREENBACKS are readied for circulation--

PATRICK'S VOICE  
*If you don't, you're gonna get  
 fucked with your pants on.*

BRICKS of CASH are loaded into the back of a BRINKS TRUCK--

PATRICK'S VOICE  
*I know this because I'm the best  
 Taker that ever lived.*

The BRINKS TRUCK rolls down the street, approaching a BANK--

PATRICK'S VOICE  
*And when I take the Paper? You'd  
 better believe I plant the Tree.*

INT. BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

A YOUNG WOMAN lies on her side in bed, asleep. She's beautiful, olive-skinned, late twenties.

A HAND reaches into frame, strokes her long black hair, traces over her body, rests on her enormously PREGNANT BELLY.

PATRICK'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Don't wake up.*

A MAN'S HEAD leans in-- we can't see him, it's too dark-- and kisses her belly. Kisses her hair. Disappears.

INT. BRIGHT ROOM - MORNING

*The following SEQUENCE will be CROSS-CUT:*

TWO MEN sit, side-by-side, in tall, barber-style chairs, stripped to the waist.

PATRICK GAUTREUX is Caucasian, 45, salt and pepper, ruggedly handsome, glinting green eyes, crows feet.

BOBBY "BOMB" HARDAWAY is Black, 25, baby-faced, shaved head, large brown eyes that see everything, yet reveal nothing.

PATRICK  
 Hit me.

Hands reach into frame, a brush applies adherent to Patrick's nose. The hands press a LATEX PROSTHETIC NOSE into place--

EXT. ROSECRANS AVE - BANK - DAY

A big brown LINCOLN idles at a meter spot on the bustling Manhattan Beach thoroughfare.

Just over a small rise, a high-end MINI-MALL, dominated by a large REGENCY TRUST bank branch.

And there it is, outside the branch, an idling BRINKS TRUCK, an ARMED GUARD standing beside, hand resting on his sidearm.

INSIDE the LINCOLN-- seen in quick CLOSE-UPS--

An EAR with an EARPIECE inside. A POLICE RADIO mounted to the DASH. FINGERS punch a message into a BLACKBERRY.

BOMB'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Nine minutes to Larry.*

INT. BRIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hands press a conservative, short AFRO WIG onto Bomb's smooth skull. Hands apply a DARKER SKIN TONE to his face.

PATRICK (O.S.)  
*I've never even heard of this  
Wheel. Is he local?*

BOMB (O.S.)  
*He's from Indio. I know what  
you're thinking, Goat. But it's  
just one element. We're solid.*

The brush applies adherent to Bomb's upper lip. A thin MOUSTACHE is pressed into place.

PATRICK (O.S.)  
*Always do me proud, Bobby. You say  
it's solid, then it's solid.*

INT. BROWN LINCOLN - ROSECRANS - DAY

Close on THE DRIVER. 32, hawklike, twitchy eyes, black hair in a ponytail. This is VOVAN, 29, though he looks 40.

He pops a cigarette in his mouth, lights it. The police radio SQUAWKS a call. Vovan turns it down.

PATRICK'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Please don't smoke in the car.*

On Vovan, smiling, shitty teeth, taking a deep drag.

PATRICK'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Not happy about this clown, Bobby.*

Vovan rolls his eyes, flicks the butt out the window.

VOVAN  
 I'm sitting right here, brother.

PATRICK'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Just do me a favor and don't sit in  
 a goddamn red zone.*

OUTSIDE, we see the BRINKS TRUCK pull out of the parking lot and disappear into traffic--

INT. BRIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see Patrick and Bomb from behind, side by side, as the unseen MAKE-UP ARTIST applies finishing touches.

BOMB  
 I'm still too handsome.

PATRICK  
 Actually, you look like Bill  
 Cosby's retarded nephew.

They both start laughing. It's familiar banter.

INT./EXT. - BROWN LINCOLN - ROSECRANS - DAY

Patrick emerges from the Lincoln, carrying a briefcase. He walks up the incline toward the bank.

Compared to the Patrick we met in the first frame of this movie, he is a stranger. Unrecognizable.

INT. REGENCY TRUST - DAY

DISGUISED PATRICK stands at the counter, filling out a deposit slip, his eyes clocking the BANK LOBBY:

The line of CUSTOMERS. The TELLERS. The CUSTOMER SERVICE DESKS. The GUARD by the door-- paunchy, crew-cut, mid-40s.

Patrick stares at the Guard a moment. Frowns.

DISGUISED BOMB enters the lobby. Wanders over to where Patrick is standing, starts filling out his own slip.

When they talk, it's *sotto*, and they don't make eye contact.

PATRICK

*Guard's different. Add that to your white-trash Wheel from Indio, we got two elements sideways.*

BOMB

*We could turn it off. It's your call, Goat.*

Pull close to Patrick as he mulls the odds.

PATRICK

*We're running it. You're the Smooth. Just keep it puckered.*

FOLLOW Patrick as he peels off from the counter and approaches one of the Customer Service desks--

INT./EXT. BROWN LINCOLN - ROSECRANS - DAY

Vovan sits listening to the police radio. He lights a cigarette, drags deeply, ashes it onto the seat. Prick.

He digs around inside a small backpack. He pulls out a Snickers. Digs around some more, and pulls out a GLOCK, lays it on the seat beside the Snickers.

INT. REGENCY TRUST - DAY

Patrick sits at the desk of LARRY DENNIS, 33, the red-headed, fresh-faced CUSTOMER SERVICE MANAGER.

LARRY DENNIS

*It's terrific, finally putting a face to the name, Doctor Hodge.*

PATRICK

*Likewise, Mr. Dennis.*

LARRY DENNIS

*Please, call me Larry.*

PATRICK

*Okay, Larry. Only my patients call me Doctor. You can call me Nicholas. Or just...Nicky.*

Larry's smile is full of twinkles and dimples.

LARRY DENNIS

Well. That should be easy to remember! That's my son's name.

Patrick returns Larry's exuberant grin.

PATRICK

I know.

Larry's smile falters a bit.

LARRY DENNIS

Oh. (beat) Did I tell you about him? I can never remember who I--

PATRICK

No, Larry. You've never told me any of the *numerous* things I know about your son Nicky.

Larry tries to maintain his smile, even though the conversation has somehow...taken a turn.

LARRY DENNIS

I'm sorry?

PATRICK

No need to apologize. Just relax, and breathe through the nose.

Larry's eyes begin to dart around.

LARRY DENNIS

Is there something--

PATRICK

Keep your eyes on me, Larry.

From Larry's computer, a CHIME sounds.

PATRICK

Sounds like an E-mail. Maybe you oughtta open it.

Larry's hand trembles as he points and clicks.

On his SCREEN, a PHOTO IMAGE loads into view: A small, charming, ranch-style suburban HOUSE.

LARRY DENNIS

Oh. (beat) Jesus.



Another picture LOADS: A PLAYGROUND, a YOUNG WOMAN pushing a TOW-HEADED BOY on a swing.

PATRICK  
Your wife, *Denise*. Used to be a  
lawyer. Now she's just a *Mommy*.

Larry suddenly looks quite gaunt, pale, childlike.

PATRICK  
But you *prefer* it that way, right?  
You're the bread-winner now.

Larry groans softly, and his eyes dart over to the GUARD.

PATRICK  
Eyes forward, Larry.

Larry's eyes flick back to Patrick.

PATRICK  
I've done this many times before.  
I've got a system. It's tested,  
and it's perfect. You're not gonna  
render my system imperfect, right?

Larry just stares at him, glazed, numb.

PATRICK  
You're gonna have to hold your shit  
together for the next few minutes.  
Or else I'm gonna have to make a  
call. And you *really* don't want me  
to make that call. Nod yes if you  
agree, Larry.

Larry slowly nods.

PATRICK  
And you'd never do something stupid  
like punch the 2-11 button under  
your desk, or that pager on your  
hip, right? (beat) Hey, isn't it  
Nicky's birthday next Wednesday?  
Whatcha gonna get the little guy?

Larry THROWS UP IN HIS MOUTH, just a little bit, but manages  
to swallow it back down.

PATRICK  
Wow, Larry. Nicely done.

LARRY DENNIS

Oh God.

PATRICK

Now we're gonna play pretend. I'm a tourist, and you're the ever-so-helpful tour guide. You're gonna show me all the sights.

LARRY DENNIS

Please. I can't--

PATRICK

Starting with the Counting Room. That's where you're holding all the tasty, crispy depo paper that Brinks dropped off ten minutes ago. (beat) So whadaya say? Will you be my tour guide?

INT. REGENCY TRUST - VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Patrick follows a drawn Larry Dennis past rows of safety-deposit boxes, which line the wall adjacent to the VAULT.

They pass various bank EMPLOYEES, who don't suspect a thing-- it's hardly uncommon for the Customer Service Manager to escort clients to this part of the bank--

They make a left, find a DOOR, and Larry fumbles his keys before finding the right one--

PATRICK

Easy, Larry. Easy--

Larry lets out a tiny moan, finally opens the door--

Into the COUNTING ROOM--

Where four shrink-wrapped BRICKS OF CASH sits upon a STEEL TABLE next to a COUNTING MACHINE and several double-locked steel BURGHER BOXES which stand OPEN, waiting to be filled.

Patrick's eyes SPARKLE at the CHUNKS OF GREEN-- all HUNDREDS--

Patrick opens his briefcase on the steel table, pulls out a COLLAPSED DUFFEL and OPENS it with a sweep of his arms, like its a pillowcase--

INT. REGENCY TRUST - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Bomb stands sentry just inside the entrance, keeping one eye on the LOBBY and the other on the GUARD, who yawns, shifts from one foot to the other--

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Vovan drives the Lincoln around to the SIDE of the bank, parks up against the RED-ZONE CURB, idles there--

INT. REGENCY TRUST - LOBBY

A robotic Larry Dennis emerges from the rear of the bank, followed by Patrick, who is carrying a bulging, visibly HEAVY DUFFEL, slung over his shoulder--

The GUARD is no longer standing at his post--

Patrick nods to Bomb as he passes, both of them push through the EXIT DOORS, and now they're OUTSIDE, both grinning--

BOMB

*We're clear, we're good--*

They round the corner, and their smiles drop when they see the GUARD APPROACHING the LINCOLN, blocking their path---

PATRICK

*He's in the fucking red zone--*

His eyes FLASH, because it's ONE FUCKED ELEMENT TOO MANY--

And we ZIP TO the Lincoln, where VOVAN sees the frowning Guard striding toward him.

GUARD

Can't park there, guy.

Vovan stares at him. Blinks.

VOVAN

Say what, Brother?

GUARD

You're in a red--

*BLAM! BLAM!*

Vovan BLASTS TWO ROUNDS out the window, PLUGGING the Guard in the chest-- The Guard GRUNTS, CRUMPLES--

Instant PANDEMONIUM, as BYSTANDERS SCATTER, SCREAMING--

Patrick DROPS THE DUFFEL, and Bomb quickly SCOOPS IT UP, races toward the Lincoln--

Vovan steps out of the car, grinning strangely, as Patrick rushes to the felled Guard--

GUARD  
Red...Red Zone...

The Guard gasps, coughs blood, frowns at the sky, in shock---

PATRICK  
Christ, I'm sorry, man--

Bomb throws the duffel in the back, slams the door--

BOMB  
GOTTA GO GOTTA GO GOTTA GO--

Patrick jumps to his feet, RUSHES at Vovan and SLAMS him up against the side of the car, his eyes PURE BLACK FURY--

PATRICK  
NO. FUCKING. GUNS.

Patrick hurls Vovan to the ground, moves toward the front of the Lincoln, while Vovan picks himself up, grimacing--

VOVAN  
Rent-a-Cop was walkin up on me--

BLAM! The back of Vovan's head POPS OPEN, SPRAYING THE WALL--

Patrick JUMPS, sees the GUARD, still flat on his back, with his SMOKING SIDEARM pointed where Vovan's head used to be--

The sound of SIRENS, building, getting CLOSER--

The Guard COUGHS and HEAVES and SPLUTTERS--

Bomb SLIDES into the passenger seat, HOLLERS to a stunned Patrick through the open driver-side door--

BOMB  
COME ON NOW, we got a MINUTE--

BLAM! BLAM! The Guard is SHOOTING AGAIN--

Patrick TAKES TWO ROUNDS in his BACK-- He TOPPLES AGAINST THE CAR, smearing BLOOD all over the windows--

BOMB

GOAT!

More SCREAMS from the scattering, panicked BYSTANDERS, as Patrick CRUMPLES to the ground, quickly going into SHOCK--

CLUNK. The Guard's SIDEARM LANDS on the PAVEMENT, and he's no longer spluttering, coughing or breathing, he's DEAD--

The SIRENS are so close, they're right around the corner--

Bomb slides over to the Driver's Seat, sees Patrick on the ground, dazed, BLEEDING like crazy--

PATRICK

Bobby. Go.

BOMB

I got you.

Patrick shakes his head, levels a look at Bomb that is absolute ice-cold Business.

PATRICK

You have. Five. Seconds.

Bomb gapes at him, disbelieving. His eyes fill with tears.

BOMB

Fuck no. I GOT you.

PATRICK

*It's coming down. GO.*

*BOMB and PATRICK hold their locked-eyed STARE--*

Bomb STOMPS the gas, the Lincoln SCREECHES from the curb, LOOPS around the bank, BANGS out onto ROSECRANS just as the BLACK & WHITES jam up into the mini-mall parking lot--

BACK ON PATRICK. Growing pale. Losing too much blood.

He finds himself staring into the dead, milky eyes of VOVAN, crumpled against the wall ten feet away.

The SIRENS and the SCREAMS and now the ANGRY/SCARED SHOUTS of POLICEMEN as they GATHER AROUND HIM--

PATRICK  
*Stupid. (beat) Stupid man--*

SMASH TO:

INT. BROWN LINCOLN - MOMENTS LATER

Bomb speeds through side-streets, his face a mask of shock and outrage, tears flowing. He POUNDS the wheel.

BOMB  
 MOTHER FUCKER. MOTHER *FUCKER!*

He RIPS off his wig, his moustache, crazed eyes DARTING, obsessively checking the REAR-VIEW--

He SCREECHES to a stop on a residential street, jumps out, grabs the DUFFEL from the back, drops it on the ground, moves to the trunk, retrieves a bottle of ACCELERANT.

Opens the bottle, DOUSES the interior of the car, CHUCKS the empty bottle inside, withdraws a book of matches, STRIKES that shit, FLINGS it through the window--

*WHOOMP--* the FLAMES kick up rapidly--

Bomb races across a grassy lot to the street on the other side, PANTING under the weight of the bulging duffel--

While in the BACKGROUND-- KA-BLAM-- the Lincoln EXPLODES--

Bomb keeps on RUNNING, his face hardening, no more tears--

A POLICE CHOPPER roars past above him, heading for the Storm.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Patrick lies in a hospital bed, his body wrapped in BANDAGES, with TUBES draining fluids, his eyes dope-glazed.

A bored UNIFORMED OFFICER sits in a chair in the corner. Hard RAIN pounds against the window.

A muscular black MALE NURSE bends over Patrick, checks the the tubing. Patrick's eyes swim over to him.

PATRICK  
*Rosalie. (beat) My wife.*

The Nurse shakes his head, offers a sad smile.

MALE NURSE

No visitors allowed, cuz. It's  
bullshit, but it is what it is.

The Nurse lays a sympathetic hand on Patrick's shoulder,  
leaves, and Patrick's eyes drift to the wall-mounted TV--

Where a NEWSCAST is playing, and a picture of BOMB fills the  
screen-- in full DISGUISE-- his true face still UNKNOWN--

NEWSCASTER

*...assisting the FBI in the  
nationwide search for an as-yet-  
unidentified accomplice, whom  
authorities believe to be Robert  
Hardaway, also known as "Bomb", for  
the South Bay armed bank robbery  
that claimed the lives of two men,  
one of them a moonlighting off-duty  
police officer...*

Patrick's bleary eyes stutter closed, as consciousness fades.

PATRICK

*Rosalie...*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

RAIN pours from the sky, unrelenting.

The Hospital glows dimly in the background. Find BOMB  
crouched in the bushes, soaking wet, shivering.

As the rain pelts him, he watches the building that contains  
his friend. And then suddenly, without a sound--

He's gone.

VOICE (O.S.)

*How's tricks, Dillinger?*

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Patrick GRUNTS AWAKE in bed. About a week has passed, and he  
looks healthier.

VOICE (O.S.)

*Heard they took out your spleen.*

Now Patrick sees the TALL MAN standing in the doorway. Lean, hungry-looking, pale blue eyes, thinning, wispy blond hair, charcoal suit. AGENT JACOB PLANT, 33, F.B.I.

PATRICK

That comb-over you got. Young fellow like you? Oughtta go with the Kojak. Folks might take you more serious.

Plant clenches his jaw, snorts, pulls out his CREDs.

PLANT

Maybe I should introduce myself--

PATRICK

Agent Jacob Plant, F-B-I. Rising star in the Bank Robbery Task Force. Capricorn. Stanford. No wife, no kids, no sibs. Almost got your nut three years ago, the Carmichael crew up in Spokane, except you blew it. No collar. Damn shame. Bet it stung.

Plant bristles. Puts his Creds away.

PLANT

Guess that's what you do, huh? Study people?

PATRICK

I also take their money.

PLANT

I know. Lots and lots of money. And without ever pulling a gun.

PATRICK

Don't need 'em.

PLANT

Except for that last gig. People got all shot up and dead.

Patrick stares at him, cold, inscrutable.

PATRICK

It was a tough day.

Plant grins, and his voice becomes snide.



PLANT

Cool as a cucumber, aren't you.  
All those years, nobody even knew  
your faces. Gautreaux and Bomb.  
Couple of *ghosts*. (beat) But now  
*everyone* knows who you are. So  
where's your make-up man now?

PATRICK

In the market for a rug, are you?

Plant absently touches his hair, catches himself.

PLANT

Alright then. Any idea where  
Hardaway might be?

PATRICK

Have you tried Sushi Roku? He's  
just *mad* for their unagi.

PLANT

Look, Patrick--

PATRICK

I'm your elder, son. Show some  
respect. *Mr. Gautreaux* would be  
fine. *Sir* would be better.

Plant glares, cold, getting pissed.

PLANT

Got a lot of cheek for someone  
about to stand before the Man.  
You're up against a mountain of  
shit, and you know it. You're  
educated. I'm sure you're well  
aware of the Felony Murder Rule,  
and we might be able to help--

PATRICK

That's not why you're here, Agent  
Plant. You don't wanna help me.  
You want *me* to help you.

PLANT

It's a two-way street. You're no  
spring chicken. Helping us could  
spell the difference between  
leniency, and watching your kid  
grow up behind Plexiglas.

PATRICK

You won't catch him. You're too green, and you don't have the *sand* for it. Just ask Benny Carmichael.

Plant stands erect, he's had enough, heads for the door.

PLANT

Think you're some kinda hero, don't you, keepin your mouth shut. But we both know what you really are. *Sir.*

PATRICK

Make it count, kiddo.

Plant pauses at the door, snorts derisively.

PLANT

You're busted. And you're *fucked.*

And Plant is gone. Patrick lays there, miserable.

PATRICK

Don't I know it.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

In an expensive suit and tie, Patrick stands, pale, unsteady, in front of a bespectacled female JUDGE.

JUDGE

...in accordance with the Felony Murder Rule in the State of California, wherein the felony participant is held responsible for any deaths that occur during the furtherance of said felony, you have been convicted of Armed Robbery and Murder in the First Degree...and you will be remanded to custody for ten years, plus fifty years, to be served consecutively in a Maximum Security Penitentiary...

Patrick closes his eyes, visibly deflates--

The sound of SOBBING, and we see ROSALIE a few rows back, crying her eyes out, she can't stop...and soon enough the SWADDLED INFANT at her breast also starts WALLING LIKE HELL--

Patrick COVERS HIS EARS against the awful SOUND--

INT. D.O.C. BUS - DAY

The WAILING echoes over, melting into the grim, monotonous HUM of an ENGINE--

Patrick sits at the rear of a TRANSP0 BUS, staring through a window covered in a lattice of thick wire mesh--

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP - OPEN OCEAN - SUNSET

A gigantic RED CARGO SHIP, carrying 10,000 T.E.U. containers, churns through the rough black water at 20 knots.

MOVE CLOSER, toward the aft end of the ship, where BOMB is leaning against the railing. Thick black parka, black knit cap, eyes hard, determined, with a knife edge of fear.

He SPITS over the side, watches it fall--

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. LOMPOC - DAY

Establish a low-slung PRISON, few windows, sun-blasted glare.

TITLE BURN:

*Maximum Security Penitentiary, Lompoc, California*

Slowly, slowly, we CREEP IN toward the grim compound.

NEW TITLE BURN: **FIVE YEARS LATER**

INT. CELL - LOMPOC

An 8 x 10 foot CELL. One tiny slit of a window.

On the narrow bed, PATRICK reclines, reading a book. Hard eyes, full salt & pepper beard, PRISON INK on his forearms.

Taped to the walls: a few postcards and a child's DRAWINGS: Stick figure families, a house with a chimney, smiling suns.

A CLANK as a METAL FLAP in his cell door opens, and a tray of food slides in. Patrick sets down his book.

EXT. YARD - LOMPOC

Patrick is escorted into the SEGREGATED YARD. A small area, surrounded by tall cement walls. He's the only one there.

He closes his eyes, tilts his face upward, into the sun--

EXT. BRENTWOOD - MORNING

San Vicente Blvd. Light, late-morning traffic cruises along the upscale thoroughfare. Soccer moms, German cars, lattes.

A BRINKS TRUCK idles outside of a WELLS FARGO BRANCH, rear door hanging open.

An ARMED BRINKS GUARD emerges from the bank, approaches the armored truck, hops in the back, and the door slams shut--

INT. LOBBY - WELLS FARGO BRANCH

In the sunlit LOBBY, at one of the DESKS--

A professorial-looking BLACK MAN-- moustache, thick glasses, pudgy neck-- sits across from a pretty, mid-30s WOMAN with a blonde bob. SHELLY MILLS, Customer Service Manager.

The Black Man is none other than BOBBY HARDAWAY, fully disguised, unrecognizable to everyone but us.

SHELLY

I think you'll be very excited  
about some of the package options  
we have for you, Mr. Dean.

"Mr. Dean" grins a shy grin, adjusts his glasses.

BOMB

I have no doubt, Ms. Mills.

SHELLY

Please, it's Shelly.

BOMB

Absolutely, Shelly. And you can  
call me Andrew. Andy.

Her face lights up.

SHELLY

That'll be easy to remember.

BOMB  
I know. It's also your son's name.

Her smile falters a moment.

SHELLY  
Oh. (beat) I'm sorry, what?

Bomb pulls an IPHONE out of his pocket, sets it on the desk.

BOMB  
We were talking about Andy. His favorite color is orange, and his favorite song is "Octopuses Garden" by the Beatles. It's a Ringo tune.

Shelly's eyes flick to the iPhone. The color drains from her face. She's no longer smiling. But Bomb sure is.

BOMB  
Relax, Shelly.

Bomb reclines backward in his seat, and for just a moment, we see a GLINT OF STEEL-- a HANDGUN in a hidden HOLSTER--

BOMB  
Breathe through the nose.

You're goddamn right Shelly saw it, too.

CUT TO:

INT. WELLS FARGO LOBBY - HIGH ANGLE

A stationary, high-angle, GOD-LIKE VIEW--

We are the EYES of a SECURITY CAMERA, looking down upon:

The LOBBY of the bank, the CUSTOMERS, the DESKS.

The motions of the people are STUTTERED, FRACTURED, broken into FREEZE-FRAMES that change every few moments.

Find BOMB and SHELLY at the REAR of the bank, through the Plexiglas DAY-GATE, toward the OPEN MAW of the VAULT--

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Freeze it right there.*

The image FREEZES on BOMB, in full DISGUISE, momentarily LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA, flashing his TEETH.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Gotta be kidding. Is that fuckhead  
 smiling at me?*

PULL BACK to REVEAL:

AN FBI TECH LAB. AGENT PLANT, his head now SHAVED CLEAN, hovers over the shoulder of a Junior Agent, TAK KIYOSHI, 27.

Their eyes are glued to a large FLATSCREEN showing a PLAYBACK of the bank security cam.

KIYOSHI  
 Can't believe he's back in Cali.  
 After all this time.

PLANT  
 Gotta hand it to him. That's what  
 I call *audacity*.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

We're up on the 17th floor, in the bustling F.B.I. LOS ANGELES FIELD OFFICE.

Plant hurries down the hallway to a large OFFICE, occupied by BUREAU CHIEF SAMUEL ZORN, 52, ginger hair, glasses. He's in the midst of paging through a thick DOSSIER.

PLANT  
 There's a window here, sir. It's  
 not staying open for long.

Zorn stares off, tapping a pen against his forehead.

ZORN  
 Jacob, I like you. You're  
 tenacious. Resourceful. But we  
 can't afford another Carmichael  
 debacle, wasted funds, resources,  
 and breakdown of follow-through--

Plant shuts his eyes, seethes for a moment, then leans close:

PLANT  
 With all due respect, Sir, that was  
 a long time ago. I'm not green  
 anymore. I've been waiting five  
 years to take Hardaway. The  
 economy's in the toilet. People  
 need to know their money is *safe*.

(MORE)

PLANT (cont'd)  
 All the cash he carries off is  
 adding insult to injury. And we  
 both know he isn't gonna stop.

BEAT.

ZORN  
 I'll make some calls.

Plant slaps the desk, vindicated, eyes glittering.

INT. LOMPOC - VISITING ROOM - DAY

Small windowless room, steel picnic table bolted to the  
 floor. On one side, Patrick sits, arms crossed, and on the  
 other, Agent Plant, with the DOSSIER in front of him.

PATRICK  
 You've gone full cue-ball, Agent  
 Plant. Congratulations.

Plant smiles graciously. He's grown up a bit.

PLANT  
 Thank you. It was a step that  
 needed to be taken.

PATRICK  
 Catching a lot of bad guys?

PLANT  
 How's Rosalie holding up? Gigi?  
 What's she now, about five?

Patrick narrows his eyes, cocks his head, smiles.

PLANT  
 Rosalie brings her up here to see  
 you? Birthdays and such?

BEAT.

PATRICK  
 That why you came up for a visit?  
 Talk about my family?

PLANT  
 Tangentially, I suppose. (beat)  
 Primarily, I'd like to talk about  
 your boy, Hardaway.

PATRICK

My "boy"? Really, Plant. Some folks might think you're a racist.

PLANT

Not you, though. You're no racist. More like a...*savior*. Plucked him straight out the ghetto, when he wasn't nothin but a *shawty*. Taught him everything you knew. How to play dress-up. Stay invisible. Fuck with people's heads. Steal like a man. Like a *white* man.

Patrick chuckles amiably.

PATRICK

Christ, you're an asshole. You really oughtta listen to yourself.

Plant opens his dossier and slides a SECURITY-CAM STILL across the table. Patrick looks at it.

PLANT

That's six months ago. Winston-Salem. Unity Trust. Walked out with 278 large. But he was just wetting his whistle.

Patrick can't help but smile. Plant notices, but says nothing. Lays out more STILLS, one after the other.

PLANT

Five weeks later. Nashville West S&L. That was 550. Here's Jefferson City, Missouri, three weeks later. Here's Tulsa. Amarillo. Albuquerque.

So there are now SIX security Stills laid out on the table.

PATRICK

All fresh-packed depo paper?

PLANT

Think I'd be here if it wasn't?

Patrick rolls his neck, pondering.

PATRICK

Could be a copycat.



PLANT

Gimme a break. One job, maybe.  
But *six*? Flawless intel, research,  
profiling. No way in hell some  
*wannabe* makes that happen.

Patrick stares at the PHOTOS. Runs his finger over the dark,  
blurred smudge of Bobby's face.

PATRICK

Not my money. Not my problem.

Plant eyeballs Patrick for a moment, then lays out ONE MORE  
STILL. This one...we've seen before.

PLANT

That's eight days ago. Brentwood  
Wells Fargo. Head-fucked a single  
mother named Shelly Mills. Real  
pretty. Nice tits. Anyway, now  
she's all messed up. Panic  
attacks. Got a Xanax prescription  
and a transfer up to Bakersfield.  
But that's what happens when you  
get a *Glock* in your face.

Patrick suddenly looks up. Plant smirks.

PLANT

Oh, *shit*. You didn't know he was  
strapping for the job, did you.  
Looks like the protege's making his  
*own* rules now. Since the mentor  
got himself locked up.

Patrick frowns, looks down at the picture.

PATRICK

That's a damned shame.

PLANT

Your old man and your big brother  
Johnny robbed a jewelry store, guns  
blazing. They got shot to pieces.  
You were fifteen. That's why you  
won't touch steel. (beat) Not so  
bad with the research myself, huh?

Patrick grits his teeth, keeps looking at the photo.

PATRICK

You're still not gonna catch him.  
He'll just disappear again if you  
get too close. Too many moves.

PLANT

I've got a pretty nice move myself.

PATRICK

Yeah? What's that.

PLANT

You.

Patrick snorts, laughs.

PATRICK

Let me explain something to you,  
Plant. I happen to love that kid.  
He's family. To you he's an  
animal, a piece of shit you want to  
lock in a cage. Because over and  
over again, he makes you look like  
a punk. Just like the Carmichaels.  
He is your humiliation manifest.  
That's why you want him so bad.  
Without him, you're over.

Plant holds his poker face.

PLANT

Wanna know what *I* see, Gautreaux?  
I see an old, broken man, rotting  
away in a hole of *piss*. A man who  
sings the praises of *love* and  
*family*, when we both know those  
things are finished for you.  
(beat) So, who do you love more?  
Your little girl, or that thieving  
prick who left you bleeding in the  
street? Who's been stockpiling  
*millions* while you run out your  
clock with the scum of the scum?

Patrick slowly nods, defiant, resigned.

PATRICK

I know the price of doing what I  
did. That's on nobody but me, and  
nothing's gonna change it.

Plant leans forward on his elbows. Eyes blazing.

PLANT

I'm gonna change it. (beat) I'm gonna spring your ass. Then you're gonna get next to Hardaway. You're gonna watch him, feel him, get reacquainted, and when the time's right, and you get on the job, I'll be there waiting with the chains.

Patrick blinks.

PATRICK

Bullshit.

PLANT

You made a monster, Daddy-O. I'm not gonna lie. I want him bad, and I own that shit. Help me put him away, and your Felony Murder Rule goes bye-bye. Time served. Carry Gigi on your shoulders through the gates of fucking Disneyland.

Patrick absorbs this, deeply skeptical. But even so...*Damn.*

PATRICK

You're just gonna. Turn me loose.

PLANT

You'll have a handler. With a powerful leash. (beat) Bobby's back. If my sources are correct, he's planning something *big*. And after he's done-- *Poof*. Ghostville. And you're never gonna have this opportunity again.

Patrick sits there. He looks down at the STILLS. He looks up at Plant. Abruptly, he stands up, walks to the door--

PLANT

You're kidding me, right? You're gonna turn your back on this?

Patrick BANGS on the door--

PATRICK

Guard.

PLANT

Think about your family. Your *blood*.

(MORE)

PLANT (cont'd)  
 Are you gonna make them suffer  
 their lives on the outside for all  
 the fucked-up things you've done?

PATRICK  
 GUARD.

PLANT  
 Is that the life you want for her?

As the door opens, and two CORRECTIONS OFFICERS enter,  
 Patrick turns to Plant, his eyes murderous.

PATRICK  
 You don't say ONE MORE WORD to me.

Plant blinks. Then his face hardens, and he *presses on--*

PLANT  
 Women have *needs*, convict. How  
 long you think she's gonna wait  
 around for you? Living like a  
 goddamn nun? No man in her bed to  
 wrap those long legs around, make  
 her feel like a real--

And before Plant can finish, Patrick crosses the room and  
 SMASHES HIM IN THE FACE so hard he FLIES off the bench--

PATRICK  
 Warned you--

The two burly C.O.s immediately BUM-RUSH Patrick, DRAGGING  
 him away with their truncheons jammed up into his throat--

The door CLANGS shut. Plant sits there, alone, on the floor.  
 Through the blood in his teeth, he manages a smile.

INT. HALLWAY - STATE COURTHOUSE - DAY

The doors of a COURTROOM open, and Patrick emerges into the  
 hallway, in his prison jumpsuit, hands and feet SHACKLED,  
 escorted by two burly OFFICERS. His expression is grim.

He shuffles slowly down the hallway, and suddenly FREEZES in  
 his tracks, because ROSALIE is standing just ahead, with 5-  
 year-old GIGI hiding her face in her mother's hip.

ROSALIE  
 What's going on? Why are you in  
 court again, did something happen?

The Guards stop shuffling Patrick along, and they pause in the hallway, avert their eyes.

PATRICK

I had a little scuffle. But the guy, he's Federal, he's being a real hard-on about it, and the judge wants to mess with me...

ROSALIE

What does that mean, Patch?

Patrick sighs, looks into her eyes, tries to look positive.

PATRICK

They're suspending my visitations. You won't be able to come see me. But it's only for a little spell, though, it won't be--

ROSALIE

How long is a *little spell*?

BEAT.

PATRICK

Eleven months.

Rosalie stares at him, frozen, like she just got *slapped*.

PATRICK

It'll be okay. We'll get through--

Rosalie bursts into tears.

PATRICK

Please don't cry, Ro.

Now Gigi is crying, too, clinging tightly to Rosalie.

PATRICK

Baby, listen to me. You gotta trust me. It's gonna be alright.

Rosalie stares at him, angrily wiping at her leaking face.

ROSALIE

It's not alright. This has never been anything *close* to alright.

PATRICK

I love you so much, Rosalie. Please don't give up on me.

Rosalie cries some more, covers her face. When she looks at him again, in her eyes-- there's a palpable emptiness.

ROSALIE  
*What if I can't take it, Patch.  
 It's so hard. It's so hard.*

Gigi has started to squirm, tugging at Ro's skirt.

GIGI  
 Mommy I wanna go home.

Rosalie tries to soothe her, kisses her head--

ROSALIE  
 Sweetie, it's okay, let's give  
 Daddy a kiss--

But Gigi pushes her hand away--

GIGI  
 Wanna go home wanna go HOME.

PATRICK  
 Hey, Cookie, look at me--

But it's no use, Gigi is now fully *melting down*--

GIGI  
 MOMMY I WANNA GO HOME PLEASE MOMMY  
 PLEASE I WANNA GO--

The GUARDS holding Patrick stare at the floor, uncomfortable and embarrassed by the scene.

PATRICK  
 Gigi, you're my girl--

By now Gigi is SCREAMING HER HEAD OFF, inconsolable, and Rosalie looks at Patrick helplessly--

ROSALIE  
 I have to take her now--

Rosalie picks up Gigi, who clings to her tightly--

PATRICK  
 I'm sorry, I'm sorry, hey--

--and they both fade away down the hall.

PATRICK  
 Wait, Ro. (beat) Wait.

But they're gone. He stands there. Guttled.

INT. PATRICK'S CELL - LOMPOC - DAWN

Patrick stands in front of his tiny slit of a window. The sun is rising. The COLORS, outside, are so fucking gorgeous. Red, orange, purple. They play across his face.

He watches the colors. He doesn't blink.

**FLASH BACK TO:**

EXT. POSH RESIDENTIAL - NIGHT - 15 YEARS AGO

Little BOBBY HARDAWAY, 14, strides casually down the street, wearing his backpack.

He comes upon a boxy, silver RANGE ROVER. He pauses, seeing that the left rear window is not fully closed.

There's a 3-inch GAP. Little Bobby walks right over, and within seconds, his long, skinny arm has snaked into the gap--

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOMENTS LATER - 15 YEARS AGO

Little Bobby is inside the Rover. TOOLS from his open backpack spread across the passenger seat.

He's bent under the steering wheel, the column popped open. His fingers move quickly. STRIPPING the exposed WIRES.

*TAP-TAP-TAP.*

Bobby immediately POPS UP from under the wheel. Sees a MAN standing right outside the car window, inches away.

The Man is PATRICK GAUTREAU. Mid-30s. He grins, bemused.

PATRICK  
Christ, you're a quick one.

Bobby's eyes POP OUT, and he shimmies to the opposite side, JUMPS out the passenger door--

And is immediately GRABBED by another MAN, pale skinned, thickly built, named DORCHESTER, 40.

Bobby STRUGGLES and WRIGGLES, and suddenly he pulls a PISTOL out of his jacket--

But Dorchester easily SWATS the gun away, SLAMS the boy against the car, PINS him there, draws back his large FIST--

PATRICK (O.S.)  
Come on now, Dorch. He's a baby.

Dorchester holds his fist there. Keeps the boy pinned.

Patrick picks the GUN off the ground-- nose wrinkled, like it's a turd-- and CHUCKS it deep into the brush.

PATRICK  
Where you from, kid?

BOBBY  
City of Fuck You, Bitch.

Patrick laughs. Steps forward, unzips Bobby's hoodie, sees the BLUE BANDANA around his neck.

BOBBY  
The fuck offa me--

PATRICK  
Yeah, I know, tough guy.

Patrick yanks the bandana to the side, sees the small TATTOO on Bobby's neck, underneath his ear: *HGRC*.

PATRICK  
Long way from Hoover Gardens, Baby-G. That's why you're strapped. But you know what happens when you carry a piece? You get shot. But you don't know that yet. Because you're still stupid.

Bobby looks at Patrick, frowns, confused.

PATRICK  
No, I'm not the po-po. Cops don't drive Rovers. (beat) So how long you been Crippin?

BOBBY  
Since all day, motherfucker.

PATRICK  
I'm not your enemy. You're not in any trouble. And we both know you don't really talk like that. You're performing. But that's good. Performance is important.

(MORE)



PATRICK (cont'd)  
 So just relax. Breathe through the  
 nose. (beat) Dorch, ease up.

Dorchester releases him. Bobby zips up his hoodie, frowns.

PATRICK  
 Lemme ask you a question. You  
 bring a Rover back to your OG's,  
 how much they give you? A grand?  
 Five hundred? (beat) You probably  
 get *less*, don't you. This is a  
 \$60,000 car. You're rollin' deep  
 for *bullshit*, son.

Bobby just looks at the ground, shrugs.

PATRICK  
 What else can you steal?

BOBBY  
 Whatever. I don't give a fuck. It  
 ain't hard.

PATRICK  
 It is for most people. They're too  
 pussy-scared to make a move without  
 a piece. Are you one of them?

Bobby shakes his head, frowns.

BOBBY  
 Naw. Nobody sees me anyway.

PATRICK  
 That's real good. Because any fool  
 can use a piece.

Patrick taps his finger against Bobby's HEAD--

PATRICK  
 Takes more sand to use *this*.

Bobby looks at Patrick. Really sizes him up good.

BOBBY  
 You a thief, too, huh.

Patrick grins, cocks his head.

PATRICK  
 You've got the ingredients. Soon  
 as I saw you work, I knew. But  
 here's the thing.

Patrick pokes Bobby in the chest.

PATRICK

You are a thief. I am something else entirely.

He leans closer to Bobby, and *whispers*--

PATRICK

*I don't get caught.*

BACK TO:

PATRICK'S CELL - LOMPOC - **BACK TO PRESENT**

Patrick lies on his small bed, holding a POSTCARD. A picture of Mount Kilimanjaro. He flips it over.

One phrase, handwritten in black ink: *Top of the Mountain*. No signature. The postmark from somewhere in AFRICA.

He sticks the postcard back onto the wall. Stares up at the pocked, rotting ceiling. Breathes through his nose.

INT. LOMPOC - VISITING ROOM - DAY

Patrick and Plant sitting at the table, as before. Except now Plant has a SHINER, and Patrick's hands are CUFFED.

In the corner, a tall, stoic, hard-featured BLACK WOMAN stands, arms crossed. AGENT ALTHEA POE, 32.

The men stare at each other, Plant with an expression of smug bemusement, and Patrick looking grim, but resolved.

PLANT

You made the right--

PATRICK

Fuck you.

INT. LOMPOC - CORRIDOR - DAY

Patrick walks down the narrow corridor, holding a box full of five years' worth of personal shit.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)

*You will hereby place yourself under the control and supervision of the Federal Government.*

INT. LOMPOC - SMALL ROOM - DAY

Patrick sits at a table, signing his name, over and over, on a series of papers. His BOX OF STUFF sits beside him.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*And when I say Federal Government,  
 what I mean is me. You are not a  
 citizen, and will not possess the  
 rights of a citizen.*

INT. LOMPOC - OUT-TAKE - DAY

Patrick is donning his street clothes, slacks and a black blazer that fits a little tight.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*You will possess only those rights  
 that I am willing to grant you.*

He reaches inside his BOX, pulls out GIGI'S DRAWING, folds it neatly, slides it into his coat pocket.

Dumps everything else in the trash.

INT./EXT. BLACK SUBURBAN - DAY

A sleek black SUBURBAN with tinted windows speeds along a mostly-empty roadway.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Agent Poe will share your  
 controlled residence, and will  
 shadow you at all hours of the day.  
 Her cover is immaculate, and her  
 skills are exceptional.*

Patrick rides in the back of the huge SUV. Beside him, Agent Poe sits, typing into a ultra-thin laptop. Up front, two other stone-faced AGENTS in sunglasses.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Do not take advantage. She has  
 been given full authority to fuck  
you up, should you choose to  
 diverge from the mandate.*

Patrick stares out the window. There's so much space, so much sky, he can't help but gaze in wonder.

They pass by farmlands, and a small herd of cows.

PATRICK

Agent Poe, look. Cows.

Agent Poe does not look at the cows.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

The Suburban slides up a narrow, winding street in the Hollywood Hills, just underneath the lip of MULHOLLAND, stopping at the foot of a GATED DRIVEWAY.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Just keep it simple. All of this  
is merely a means to an end.*

The GATE swings open, and the SUV climbs the steep drive.

EXT. MID-CENTURY HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - CONTINUOUS

Patrick climbs out of the Suburban, followed by Agent Poe and two other FEDS. A WHITE TAHOE is already parked in the port.

Everyone approaches a boxy, Mid-Century-modern HOUSE at the foot of a long, steep EMBANKMENT, with the Mulholland TRAFFIC zipping by, a hundred yards or so up the incline.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)

*The End is Bobby Hardaway, and the  
Means is You.*

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Three CLOSED CIRCUIT SCREENS embedded in the wall display the GATE, the UPPER DRIVEWAY, the COURTYARD, and the shrubbery-covered EMBANKMENT beyond.

Patrick sits on a leather couch in the sparsely-decorated, open-plan living room, staring at Poe, who sits in an easy chair, laptop open, reading intently.

PATRICK

Whatcha reading, Agent Poe?

Poe glares, annoyed, doesn't answer. Her CELL rings, she rises, sets down the laptop, exits to take the call.

Patrick sits there, fidgeting, restless. He gets up, walks over to Poe's laptop, looks at the SCREEN:

It's a Website for the *California Alzheimers Association*.  
He frowns, bends closer, scrolls through the page--

WHAP-- the laptop is SLAMMED shut by Poe. She looks pissed.

POE

You need to mind your business.

PATRICK

I know. Apologies. I'm a snoop.

She continues to glare-- a hint of sadness behind her hard eyes-- until a resounding CHIME echoes in the living room.

There's activity on the SCREENS: the GATE OPENS, a BLACK SEDAN slides through, proceeding up the DRIVEWAY.

POE

They're here, Mr. Gautreaux. Are you prepared?

Patrick stands up, smooths his pants.

PATRICK

Call me Goat. (beat) And no, I'm not the slightest bit prepared.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Patrick stands in the foyer, and opens the door for ROSALIE, carrying a dead-asleep GIGI in her arms.

They just stand there for awhile, looking at each other.

Finally, they speak, hushed, careful not to wake Gigi.

ROSALIE

*She fell asleep on the way over.*

Patrick leans down to stroke Gigi's hair.

PATRICK

*I've never seen her sleep. Can you believe that? Usually she just scowls at me. Like I'm gross.*

ROSALIE

*Don't talk crazy. She loves you.*

Patrick stares at his little girl, eyes wet, overcome.

PATRICK

*God, she's so pretty. (beat) I wish we knew each other better.*

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosalie wanders, somewhat dazed, toward the window, which offers a spectacular, sparkling, city-scape view.

ROSALIE

*This feels like some weird dream. I hate dreams, Patch. No matter how good they feel, I wake up and everything's shit again.*

Patrick hangs back behind her, unsure of getting closer.

ROSALIE

*How long do we have to stay here? I don't like this place. This house is bullshit.*

PATRICK

*Not long. Then we can go wherever we want. Just the three of us.*

She finally turns to him, her eyes wet, unsure.

ROSALIE

*It's dangerous, isn't it. It always is.*

Patrick's eyes have taken on a desperate, crazed gleam.

PATRICK

*Baby, I've been locked up a long, long time. We can talk about the danger as long as you want, just please not now, or I swear to God I'm gonna lose my fuckin mind--*

Rosalie RUSHES to Patrick, grabs ahold of him, wraps her entire body around him--

ROSALIE

*I know, I know, I'm sorry--*

He crushes her against him, smells her hair, her body, his senses overloading, it's too much--

PATRICK

*No, thank you, thank you--*

They kiss, and don't stop kissing--

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - MUCH LATER

Agent Poe walks through the empty house. She checks the C.C. Screens. All is quiet.

She moves silently into a small BEDROOM. Stands over little Gigi, who sucks her thumb in sleep, her covers kicked away.

Poe reaches down, re-covers Gigi with the blanket.

INT. LUXURY HIGHRISE - WILSHIRE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A clean, almost obsessively uncluttered BEDROOM, minimalist decor-- only a large, lonesome Rothko print on the wall.

PLANT and a stunning, incredibly fit YOUNG WOMAN lie in bed together, naked. He sleeps, but she's restless, so she rises from the bed, tiptoes nude around the room, exploring.

She nudges through lotions and salves on his dresser. Thumbs through the immaculate suits in his closet. Moves to the bureau, flips through his WALLET--

And that's when she discovers his FBI CREDITS.

PLANT (O.S.)  
*Don't worry about that.*

She startles, turns to him, eyes wide, freaked.

PLANT  
You've been with a man of the Law  
before, haven't you?

She relaxes, smiles coyly, puts the wallet back.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Sure. (beat) So why no pictures?

PLANT  
I'm sorry?

YOUNG WOMAN  
This whole place. No pictures.  
Most guys have lots of them.

Plant just shrugs, rubs his eyes, stares at the Rothko.

YOUNG WOMAN

You're cute. I could stay. Do you want me to stay?

He looks at her longingly. Young, fresh, eager and gorgeous.

PLANT

That's alright. But thank you. Just take what you need.

He turns onto his side, closes his eyes, goes back to sleep. She looks at him, disappointed, curious.

She moves to the bedside table, where ten crisp \$100 bills are fanned out. She takes seven of them, folds them tightly. Thinking better of it, she takes one more.

INT./EXT. WHITE TAHOE - MORNING

Poe behind the wheel, Patrick riding shotgun. The gate swings open, and they pull forward.

POE

Point the way.

PATRICK

South of Florence. West of Fig. In the Eighties.

Poe raises an eyebrow.

PATRICK

Yeah, I know. It ain't Bel Air.

INT./EXT. TAHOE - SOUTH CENTRAL - DAY

Poe, in sunglasses, drives the Tahoe down a grim side street West of Figueroa. DENIZENS eye them as they roll past.

Patrick clocks the tangled GRAFFITI on the buildings.

PATRICK

Slow up a minute. Tags on that wall. Barber shop.

Poe slows the Tahoe, and they see the TAGS thrown up on a wall beside a BARBER SHOP. *H G R C.*

PATRICK

We're neck-deep in Hoover Gardens Rollin Crip.



Poe nods to a secondary TAG (~~G S C~~), ~~CROSSED OUT~~ in BLUE.

POE

Hoover Gardens still beefing with Grape Street. Hatfields and McCoys of South Central. Hardaway rolled with Hoover as a Baby-G until you brought him to the Big Time.

Patrick grins at Poe, impressed.

PATRICK

Quite a bag of tricks, Agent Poe.

Poe pushes her shades up on her head, glares at Patrick.

POE

I'm up in your world now, convict. I'm your Wheel, we rollin', and you best see me like I need to be seen. What you see is Althea, not Agent Fuckin Poe, and you best believe Althea is a stone *bitch*.

Patrick looks at her, his eyes a bit wide.

PATRICK

Goodness. Thank you for setting me straight, Althea.

INT. BARBER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Patrick enters the shop, into a blue haze of blunt-smoke. A BELL JANGLES above the door.

Instantaneously, ALL EYES are on him. The MEN inside-- three BARBERS and eight "CUSTOMERS"-- are straight-up HGRC BANGERS. Ink, scars, thousand-yard-stares.

Still, Patrick smiles a toothy, cheerful grin.

PATRICK

The answer is no, I actually don't have an appointment.

A linebacker-built BARBER calmly approaches.

BIG BARBER

Looks like we rollin one-time, boys. Show from the po.

PATRICK  
I promise you, I am *not* the police.

BIG BARBER  
Then maybe you move the fuck on  
out. This ain't your spot.

Patrick holds his hands up in appeasement.

PATRICK  
I just need to get a word--

BIG BARBER  
You best not make me raise my voice  
in anger, son.

The dudes in the shop start CAT-CALLING at Patrick.

PATRICK  
All of you, pipe the fuck down.  
There's no call for this  
inhospitable shit.

The Big Barber actually stops in his tracks, wearing an  
expression like *what the FUCK did you just say?*

PATRICK  
I need to get a word to Bobby-Bomb  
Hardaway. He a friend of yours?

At the mention of the name, a HUSH falls across the shop.

BIG BARBER  
You say you ain't the po-lice?

PATRICK  
Glad you're paying attention.

The Big Barber grins, and it's not heartwarming.

BIG BARBER  
Then I'm a' put you to *sleep*, cuz.

The Barber RUSHES him, but Patrick doesn't wait for the  
swing. He KICKS him so fucking hard in the balls, the big  
dude's eyes go CROSSED--

Before the Big Barber hits the floor, Patrick's already  
GRABBED a super-sharp pair of SHEARS from a blue jar of  
BARBICIDE, which he holds out, prison-style, like a shank.

But that doesn't stop TWO BANGERS from rushing RIGHT AT HIM  
from BOTH SIDES--

Patrick SPINS and JAMS the SCISSORS deep into Banger One's THIGH, and homeboy SCREAMS--

Just as the other Banger Two SMASHES his fist into the side of Patrick's head, KNOCKING him sideways against the WALL--

Patrick still manages to grab that glass jar full of BARBICIDE and he SMASHES the JAR against his assailant's HEAD and the BLUE LIQUID goes SPLATTERING along with the BLOOD--

Now EVERYONE is out of their chairs, RUSHING the entrance, and several BIG DUDES start PILING on top of Patrick, throwing wild HAYMAKERS--

The BELL JANGLES over the door--

AGENT POE slips inside, UNSEEN, and she's got BRASS KNUCKLES on her LEFT FIST and a LEATHER SAP in her RIGHT--

A tall, lanky BANGER strides toward her, gets one word out--

LANKY BANGER

*Bitch--*

THWAP-THWAP-- Poe NAILS him TWICE in the HEAD with the SAP, and the BANGER DROPS to the FLOOR--

And then she SETS UPON the PILE OF DUDES on top of Patrick, WHACKING them mercilessly with the SAP, and sending quick, deadly PUNCHES with the KNUCKLES--

SMASHING all the TENDER SPOTS-- KNEES and ELBOWS and COLLARBONES-- every fierce IMPACT hitting its mark perfectly until the dudes are HOWLING in pain, trying to get away from her, but she keeps coming-- WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK--

Holy *shit* this lady has some moves--

Poe HAULS a dazed, banged-up Patrick to his feet, DRAGS him toward the DOOR--

CLACK-CLACK. Everyone FREEZES, because the big BARBER is pointing a SHOTGUN straight at Patrick and Poe, chest heaving, eyes murderous.

Poe stares back at him, baring her teeth, clenching her fist around the smeared, bloodied KNUCKLES--

Patrick leans toward Poe, whispers to her--

PATRICK

*Never thought I'd get us killed  
this quick, Althea. Sorry.*

CLUNK-- Poe's KNUCKLES hit the floor, and now she's pointing a big silver H&K .44 dead-center at the Big Barber's GROIN.

POE

I will make you a *girl*, see?

Barber's eyes BUG, and he TIGHTENS his grip on the GAUGE--

The BANGERS are peeling themselves off the floor, forming a tight semi-circle, the stink of anger in the air--

VOICE (O.S.)

*All y'all back the fuck up.*

It's like all the air just leaked out of the room. The Bangers retreat, cowed, their weapons disappear back into pockets and waistbands and Timbs.

The area clears, revealing an imposing black man in a WHEELCHAIR. This is ROPE, 40, rocking a 4-inch-deep afro, temples flecked with gray.

His arms, shoulders and chest are thick with muscle, but his legs are thin, wasted-- he's PARALYZED from the waist-down.

Rope rolls closer, joint hanging from his lip, his expression hard, all power, all confidence.

ROPE

Girl, where you learn to fuck shit up like that?

POE

Kindergarten.

Rope rumbles an easy, stoned laugh, nods at her piece, which is still aimed at the freaked-out Barber's crotch.

ROPE

My boy Josiah just protecting my game. But he got himself a heart murmur, and you pointin that .44 at his nuts ain't helpin none. Feel?

Poe lowers her weapon, and Rope shifts his gaze to Patrick.

ROPE

We ain't met before, but you still know me, don't you.

Patrick nods, rubs his aching jaw.

PATRICK  
 Heard a lot of things. Over the  
 years. From our friend.

ROPE  
 You was up in Lompoc.

PATRICK  
 Five years.

Rope nods sagely, smiles. He's more comfortable around cons.

ROPE  
 Pulled a three-bid up in that hole.  
 Jacked an El Dorado from a Grape  
 Street OG, after I done fucked his  
 dime piece. Fuckin Lo-Jack.

Rope grins with pride, until his smile fades to hardness.

ROPE  
 Grapes come back for me, though.  
 Soon as I gated out. Blasted me  
 and my cousin. He dead. Now I got  
 my G's building ramps for my ass.

PATRICK  
 Your heart's still beating,  
 General. Way I see it.

Rope takes a long pull off his joint.

ROPE  
 Whatever. This bubblegum kush  
 always makin me feel sorry for  
 myself and shit. (beat) So you  
 wanna get next to little Bomb.

PATRICK  
 That's about the size of it.

ROPE  
 Why you think he still fuckin with  
 a nigger like me anyhow? Boo's  
 rollin nationwide. With *whitefolk*.

PATRICK  
 He's still earning for you though,  
 isn't he. Beautifying your  
 community. Planting trees.  
 Building houses. I'm the one who  
 taught him all that.

ROPE

That boy always had a gift for  
twistin. Even though he was too  
soft to Bang. (beat) You an old-  
school G. Taught him real good.

PATRICK

He always knew where he came from.

Rope slowly nods.

ROPE

Alright then.

INT./EXT. TAHOE - ECHO PARK - AFTERNOON

Poe and Patrick cruise along in silence. Patrick glances  
over, sees Poe rubbing her sore, swollen knuckles, picking at  
a stray drop of dried blood on the cuff of her blouse.

PATRICK

You were amazing in there, Althea.  
Thank you. You're okay, right?

Poe just nods, stoic, like it means nothing. Patrick keeps  
looking at her, hoping to poke through.

PATRICK

Alzheimers is an terrible disease.  
Is it someone close to you?

Her jaw tightens, and she grips the wheel tightly.

POE

What part of *mind your business* do  
you not understand, Mr. Gautreaux?

Poe keeps driving, but she seems to soften, the tiniest bit.

POE

It's my father. (beat) Terrible  
doesn't even begin to describe it.

Patrick nods respectfully. They drive on. Patrick's CELL  
starts ringing, and they look at each other.

PATRICK

It's him. It's Bobby.

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - SUNSET

The TAHOE winds its way through the quiet, desolate hills of Elysian Park. At a small turn-off, Patrick climbs out.

He picks his way down a steep incline to the flat mesa of ANGELS POINT, dominated by a large, 80s-era SCULPTURE, now completely covered in TAGS.

Poe hangs in the background, keeping her distance, but watching with hawk-like focus.

That's when BOMB steps out from behind one of the wide PILLARS of the sculpture. Dodger cap, Dodger satin jacket, stone-washed jeans, glasses-- a tourist dork.

And for a few moments, they simply look at each other.

BOMB

Imagine my surprise.

PATRICK

I'm just happy to be upright.  
Almost got ventilated by a 300-  
pound Barber named Josiah.

Bomb gestures over to where Poe is standing in the distance.

BOMB

That your Zulu warrior over there?  
Made some Crips look foolish.

PATRICK

Those clowns don't need any help  
looking foolish.

BOMB

You gated out, what, a minute ago?  
And you already hooked up your own  
personal Pam Grier?

PATRICK

Shot hoops with a lifer called  
Skools, up in the Max. From  
Oakland. Althea's his niece.

Bomb smiles quizzically, lights up a smoke.

BOMB

How *did* you get out, Goat? Thought  
they had you wrapped up in twelve  
kinds of bullshit.

Patrick crosses his arms, cocks his head.

PATRICK

Glad to see you were following my case. From that sandy beach in Spain or Africa or wherever the fuck you skated off to.

BOMB

Still waitin on your answer.

PATRICK

Some folks think the Felony Murder Rule is unconstitutional. Thank sweet Jesus for the ACLU. There's also something called the Appellate Court. Didn't they teach you that shit at Yale? Oh, that's right. I'm the one who went there. You washed out of East Crack-town Junior High.

BOMB

When Yale calls you up for alumni donations, do you send them exploded dye-pack bundles? Or just Polaroids of you suckin on big black Lompoc dicks?

Patrick nods, smirks.

PATRICK

We finished with the dozens now?

Bomb stomps his cig. Offers Patrick a sincere, warm smile.

PATRICK

C'mere, you little shit.

The two men step into a tight, fierce embrace.

BOMB

Been missin you, Goat. Like a motherfucker.

Over Bomb's shoulder, Patrick catches a glimpse of a terribly muscular Latino MAN, standing at a distance, eyeballing them.

This is BERTO, 26, but we'll meet him later.

PATRICK

I see you brought a friend, too.



BOMB  
Never drive myself nowhere.

PATRICK  
Can't imagine where you picked *that*  
up, Bobby.

They break apart, stand there, sizing each other up.

BOMB  
You look good, Goat. Who you  
supposed to be?

PATRICK  
No skins. This is just me.

BOMB  
Come on, that ain't you. You never  
go out without skins. Check me  
out. I look like Urkel.

Patrick just shrugs.

PATRICK  
You're the refugee with a plan.  
I'm just a broken-down ex-con.

BOMB  
Maybe you don't have yourself a  
skins-man yet. Just the Wheel.

PATRICK  
Maybe I don't know what the hell I  
feel like doing.

Bomb looks out at the city, then steps closer to Patrick.

BOMB  
Feel like workin'?

PATRICK  
Got something in mind?

BOMB  
I might. (beat) But you and me,  
we're not there yet.

Patrick kicks at the dirt, smirks.

PATRICK  
Maybe you tell me how we get there.

BOMB

I don't know. (beat) Maybe you work a little freelance project for me. With your new Girl. Maybe see how that goes.

PATRICK

You wanna *run* me? Well God damn. Shoe's on the other foot now.

BOMB

The fuck you expect? If our shit was switched up, you'd be doing the same goddamn thing.

Patrick clearly bristles at his newly subordinate position, but knows he's got no choice.

PATRICK

What's the freelance.

Bomb grins, nods.

BOMB

Chill on that for a minute. Get some sleep. Get some Love.

Bomb fishes a CARD out of his pocket, hands it to Patrick.

BOMB

That's how you get me. There's some people I want you to meet. And don't go rollin' deep in Crip-city no more. I like it better when you're breathing.

Patrick slides the card into his pocket.

PATRICK

You're the Boss.

Bomb nods, but looks at the ground, his mood darkened.

BOMB

For the record, I know it was my fault.

PATRICK

Don't even wanna hear that.

BOMB

I'm the one who brought in that piece of shit Vovan.

(MORE)

BOMB (cont'd)  
 Left you bleeding and all fucked  
 up. Not a day goes by, Goat. Not  
 a day.

PATRICK  
 You hadn't left, we'd both be  
 upstate. I was running the gig.  
 Sometimes the cards just fall  
 sideways. That's on me, not you.

BEAT.

BOMB  
 All business aside. Just know I  
 have love for you. I still follow  
 your road map. Always make after I  
 take. We're gonna get to where we  
 used to be. I feel it. Back to  
 the top of the mountain.

Patrick nods, tries to hide his conflicted soul.

PATRICK  
 Top of the mountain.

Bomb leans closer, speaks low, his eyes sparkle.

BOMB  
 Maybe even higher than that. I've  
 got some ideas. I've been chasing  
 some nice buttons. Might raise  
 your blood pressure, old man.

PATRICK  
 That's all you're gonna give me?

Bomb grins, turns and walks away.

BOMB  
 All my love to Rosalie, and little  
 Gigi. You pass that along.

HOLD on PATRICK as he watches Bomb disappear.

**FLASH BACK TO:**

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - DAY - 15 YEARS AGO

The Silver Rover cruises the STREETS. Dorchester at the  
 wheel, Patrick beside him, and Young Bobby in the back.

PATRICK  
 How bout him, Bobby?

Patrick points out the window at a BUSINESSMAN striding quickly down the street, holding a briefcase.

BOBBY  
Naw, not him.

PATRICK  
Tell me why.

BOBBY  
Look like an athlete. Got the crazy fire in his eye. He be fightin' back and shit.

PATRICK  
Good. (beat) See that little park over there?

Patrick points to a quaint, well-kept GARDEN PARK hidden between a pair of large storefronts.

PATRICK  
Used to be an empty lot, full of dirt and garbage. Now it's pretty. That's me. I made that happen. Sometimes I take the world, and sometimes I make the world.

Bobby scowls out the window as they slowly pass by.

BOMB  
Why you wanna waste your money on that bullshit?

PATRICK  
Because that's how it's done. You don't get to be as good as me without understanding the ways of the universe. Trying to make the world a little nicer, a little less fucked-up-- that isn't bullshit. On the contrary, I'd say it's goddamn *essential*.

Bobby thinks about it awhile, clocks the street. Sees a tall, awkward, tailored MAN walking, holding a bulky mid-90s cell phone, checking his watch, glancing into shop windows.

BOBBY  
That motherfucker. He all bent and distracted. Walk like a bitch.

Patrick chuckles, shakes his head.

BOBBY

What. You think I'm wrong?

PATRICK

Not at all. Got some great eyes in that little head.

BOBBY

Then what the fuck? Been two months and all we do is drive around clockin niggas. When you gonna let me work?

Patrick turns in his seat, gives Bobby a serious look.

PATRICK

Your eyes are good, but that *mouth* is a major problem. You keep talking like a Crip, you're worthless to me. I don't know, kid. Maybe you don't have it in you. I've been wrong before.

Bobby glares at Patrick, a cold, gangsta mad-dog. But then his face changes...slackens, relaxes.

And when he speaks, he suddenly sounds *white as snow*--

BOBBY

I apologize, Sir. I understand that most people are leery of African-Americans, and that by exacerbating the *nigger* issue I might foul-up a lucrative business opportunity.

Up front, Dorchester stifles a laugh. Patrick grins at Bobby, eyes gleaming.

PATRICK

Knew you were in there somewhere.

**BACK TO:**

**EXT. KOREATOWN - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT DAY**

A red-stripe METRO LOCAL BUS cruises down Olympic, east of Wilton, in the neon heart of Koreatown. It pulls to a STOP, where PATRICK and POE are standing against a storefront.

INT. METRO LOCAL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Patrick makes his way to the back of the BUS, which is completely EMPTY, except for AGENT PLANT, who sits in the rear. Poe takes a seat about halfway back.

Patrick takes a seat across the aisle from Plant, who eyeballs Patrick's bruises from his earlier beating.

PLANT

Not as pretty as the last time I saw you.

PATRICK

I can take a punch. Can you?

PLANT

Funny guy, convict. (beat) How's our friend doing? Are we on?

PATRICK

Not as simple as that.

PLANT

I'll give you simple. Your little field trip comes to an end, and we take a ride back Upstate.

Patrick snorts, rolls his eyes.

PATRICK

With all due respect, Agent Plant, you came to *me*. Keep playing your "back to jail" card all you want, but the better option would be to pull your head out of your ass.

Plant squints at Patrick, nostrils flared.

PLANT

Tell me what the wrinkle is.

PATRICK

He wants to run me on something. On the side.

PLANT

So he doesn't trust you.

PATRICK

What did you expect? A welcome home party? Besides it's not just me. Don't forget the *babysitter*.

Patrick nods his head toward Poe, who stares out the window, discreetly pretending not to listen.

PLANT

Did he mention running anything, I dunno, *larger*, perhaps?

PATRICK

Probably. But I'm not getting even a sniff of that until I earn my nut. This is how it is.

Plant looks out the window, ponders. He calls to Poe:

PLANT

I assume you've been listening.

Poe approaches, stands in the aisle, doesn't sit.

POE

Either we roll it, or we're on the outside, permanent.

Plant runs his hands over his shiny-smooth dome.

PLANT

Please get the fuck off my bus.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ECHO PARK - DAY

Patrick and Poe exit the Tahoe and walk toward a nondescript Alvarado WAREHOUSE with garage doors.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A large ROOM, with tables, chairs, coffee, Krispy Kremes, a dry-erase board scribbled with SCHEMATICS.

Patrick eyes some PHOTOS on the board: one of an enormous YELLOW TRUCK, outfitted with three tiers of Carrier Track.

Another PHOTO is of a dapper, white-bearded OLDER MAN in an overcoat and fedora.

Bomb notices Patrick examining the photos, and he gently pulls him away, guides him over to meet some PEOPLE:

BOMB

That's Cilla. She's on Intel.  
She's also my girl.

PATRICK

Pleasure, Cilla.

CILLA, 27, tall, white-blond, model-gorgeous, ice-grey eyes,  
all fucking business, barely looks up from her laptop.

CILLA

(European accent)  
Fantastic.

BOMB

The sad sack is Arthur Stills.  
He's my Wheel.

STILLS, 43, stooped posture, melancholy eyes, pores over a  
set of STREET MAPS. He looks up, stares at Poe openly.

STILLS

You must be Althea?

Poe just stands there, arms crossed.

STILLS

Althea's a nice name. I think  
Felicia used to have an aunt named  
Althea. Or maybe a grandmother.  
Or a cousin. (beat) Or a maid.

POE

The hell you just say?

CILLA

Christ, Stills. You have the  
social skills of a fucking toddler.

Stills looks away, chastened. The GARAGE DOOR suddenly  
opens, and a lime-green FORD EXPLORER HYBRID comes rolling  
in, with BERTO behind the wheel.

BOMB

That's Berto. Venezuelan. He's on  
hardware and acquisition. Looks  
like he just pulled a new G-ride.

Berto hops out of the SUV, smiling cheerfully. Stills rises,  
scowls at the vehicle with disgust.

STILLS

A hybrid? Are you kidding me?



Berto shrugs, steps up to Patrick, offers his massive hand.

BERTO

My pleasure to rock with you, Mr.  
Gautreaux. Heard the good things.

Patrick shakes Berto's hand, nods.

PATRICK

Real kung-fu grip there, Berto.

BOMB

Alright, alright, let's get  
focused. Work to be done.

Patrick pulls Bomb to the side, leans in, speaks low--

PATRICK

*What kind of gig is this?*

Bomb looks at Patrick. Gently extricates his arm.

BOMB

You'll find out along with  
everybody else. All due respect,  
Goat, this is *my* show now.

Patrick nods, looks at the floor, jaw clenched.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - ZORN'S OFFICE - DAY

Agent Plant stands in front of a dubious Zorn's desk.

ZORN

This whole thing is starting to  
exacerbate my acid reflux. I don't  
like the feeling, Jacob. It burns.

PLANT

Let me assure you, sir, the  
collateral involvement will be  
minimal. We're in the pipeline.

Zorn grimaces, chews some Tums.

ZORN

Just got off the phone with Maynard  
at Justice. There's a lotta  
concerns. Like it or not, you're  
still carrying around the  
Carmichael cluster-fuck. Not gonna  
lie to you.

(MORE)

ZORN (cont'd)  
 This Hardaway thing doesn't play out, it's gonna hurt. You're gonna be back on the Beach, and I won't be able to bring you home this time.

Plant nods, flushed, lips pressed tightly together.

PLANT  
 That's not going to happen, Sir.

ZORN  
 Make sure it doesn't.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Plant strides down the hallway, clenched jaw, sweaty upper lip, and nearly collides with a fresh-faced male RESEARCHER, 23, who inadvertently splashes COFFEE onto Plant's suit.

RESEARCHER  
 Oh, wow, Sir, I'm sorry--

PLANT  
 What's wrong with you?

The Researcher looks befuddled, anxious, says nothing.

PLANT  
 I asked you a question.

RESEARCHER  
 Hey, I just--

Plant suddenly EXPLODES, and SHOVES the kid into the wall--

PLANT  
 WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?

The kid runs off, clutching his papers. Plant deflates.

PLANT  
 Hey, kid, wait a minute, I'm sorry--

But the kid is gone. Plant pats at the coffee stain, forces a smile, and continues down the hallway-- acutely aware of the STARES that greet him as he passes.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Cilla is putting the finishing touches on the MAKE-UP JOB she's doing on BOMB. And it's pretty incredible, because--

BOMB looks ABSOLUTELY CAUCASIAN. Dirty-blond HAIR combed neatly, parted to the side. Even his hands look white.

Bomb admires himself in the mirror across from him.

BOMB

Damn, Cilla. I'd kiss you if I could. (beat) You gonna be okay without me today?

CILLA

Please. It couldn't be more basic. Just try not to sweat. 85 degrees in Wintertime. Fucking L.A.

INT./EXT. COVINA - GREEN EXPLORER HYBRID - DAY

The Explorer Hybrid is parked at the side of a quiet street, within sight of the humming 10 Freeway.

Stills is at the wheel, Patrick sits shotgun, and in back, Poe is sandwiched between Berto and Cilla, who aims a pair of high-powered BINOCULARS in the direction of the Freeway.

STILLS

Shoulda been four minutes ago. Why can't Bobby be here?

CILLA

Are you running this, Stills? Fucking hell, you're a *Wheel*.

EXT. WESTWOOD - DAY

A BUS pulls to the curb, passengers disembark, and we find CAUCASIAN BOMB amongst them, briefcase, khakkis, shirt & tie, some kind of CREDENTIALS around his neck on a lanyard.

He walks casually toward the imposing FEDERAL BUILDING--

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - COVINA - DAY

Ten lanes of TRAFFIC roll steadily along the 10.

And...*here she comes*: the HUGE YELLOW AUTO-CARRIER TRUCK, loaded up HEAVY with EIGHT CADILLAC ESCALADES.

INT. EXPLORER HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

Cilla SEES the CARRIER TRUCK exiting the FREEWAY--

CILLA

Here comes the fat bitch--

Berto immediately jumps out of the car, runs to the opposite side of the street, followed by Stills.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Bomb is checking in at the SECURITY DESK. The GUARD examines the CREDITS-- the PHOTO ID featuring a smiling Caucasian-Bomb.

GUARD

San Diego Field Office, huh?

BOMB

Yeah. Made a day of it, you know.  
Fix the bugs that need fixing.  
Then some sushi with Mom.

The Guard nods absently, not listening to a word.

GUARD

Up on 17.

EXT. COVINA - SIDE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Yellow AUTO-CARRIER cruises down the SERVICE ROAD, full of warehouses and industrial buildings, minimal traffic, almost no pedestrians.

About fifty yards down, the Carrier SLOWS DOWN, because the ROAD IS BLOCKED by the HYBRID.

CILLA is crouched next to the FLAT rear tire, holding a tire iron, struggling with the lug nuts--

INT. AUTO-CARRIER - CONTINUOUS

TWO MEN are riding in the cab-- the DRIVER is large, bearded, barrel-chested, and the SKINNY DUDE in the passenger seat is pock-marked, fidgety, like he's SPUN.

DRIVER

Fucking perfect.

The Driver BLARES the horn, and Cilla pops up from the tire, smiles at the men in the truck, arches her back, rolls her neck, and there's no doubt she looks *delicious*--

Meanwhile, at the REAR, Berto and Stills emerge, trot over to the truck, and immediately CLIMB UP onto the TRACK RIG--

While UP FRONT, Cilla saunters over to the Driver's window, wearing a sexy-pouty embarrassed grin.

CILLA

Not to worry, I called Triple-A,  
I'm such a *dumb-dumb*.

DRIVER

Lady, I don't care.

SKINNY DUDE glances in his SIDE MIRROR and catches a sudden glimpse of STILLS CLAMBERING up the carrier grid--

SKINNY DUDE

*The fuck is that guy--*

Just as Cilla JUMPS onto the STEP below the Driver's door, leans right into the cab--

CILLA

Wow, it smells like beef jerky and  
*piss* in here!

DRIVER and SKINNY look over to see Cilla is pointing a big silver PISTOL at them.

DRIVER

You gotta be shittin' me.

Skinny's eyes widen as he POPS OPEN the GLOVE COMPARTMENT--

POE'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Time to vacate, boys.*

Skinny's eyes shoot to POE, who has MATERIALIZED right outside his window, and just as she PULLS OPEN THE DOOR--

Skinny's hand comes out of the glove compartment, holding an ugly-looking SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL--

In one quick motion-- Poe GRABS ONTO Skinny's gun-arm, YANKS it backward, and SLAMS THE DOOR on his WRIST--

Skinny's EYES BUG-- and he SCREAMS LIKE HELL--

Poe re-opens the door, DRAGS Skinny out onto the PAVEMENT--

The DRIVER suddenly PUNCHES CILLA in the FACE--

She goes FLYING off the side of the truck, lands hard, her PISTOL goes SKITTERING--

At the TRUCK SIDE, Poe FLIPS Skinny onto his stomach, YANKS his arms behind his back, whips some PLASTIC CUFFS onto him--

The DRIVER quickly THROWS THE TRUCK INTO GEAR, starts to PULL FORWARD, gaining SPEED--

Poe looks up to SEE, up on the CARRIER GRID, BERTO and STILLS grasping onto the rigging as the ESCALADES BOUNCE AROUND--

But they've already UNHOOKED one of the ESCALADES, and it starts to ROLL BACKWARDS--

INSIDE THE CAB, the DRIVER grins crazily, aiming for the NARROW ROADSPACE between the HYBRID and a tall WIRE FENCE---

PATRICK suddenly LEAPS through the open PASSENGER DOOR, and CHOPS a hard ELBOW into the Driver's THROAT--

The Driver GASPS, can't breathe, his foot slides off the clutch, and Patrick YANKS UP on the EMERGENCY BRAKE--

But the Truck still has some momentum going, and it SCRAPES and SCREECHES violently against the Hybrid--

UP ON THE GRID, BERTO and STILLS are nearly THROWN from the Carrier as the Truck JOLTS and GRINDS to a halt--

Berto looks up to see the released Escalade ROLLING toward him, he DIVES out of the way, CLINGS to the RIGGING--

INSIDE THE CAB, PATRICK reaches across the still-choking Driver, pops open the door, HEAVES him outside--

And looks up to see the loose Escalade SAILING OFF THE BACK OF THE CARRIER--

PATRICK

Holy *shit*--

The Escalade SMASHES into the pavement, rear-end first, so it's pointing up at the sky, before TIPPING OVER BACKWARDS--

CRUNCHING onto its roof, belly exposed, wheels spinning--

The Driver looks up to see CILLA straddling him, bleeding from the mouth, aiming her PISTOL, looking pissed as hell--

DRIVER  
*I'm sorry, Lady--*

She SPITS blood to the side, then CRACKS him in the head.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - 17TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Caucasian Bomb walks evenly, invisibly, through the bustling space, passing offices and cubicles.

He quickly ducks into an OFFICE with a placard at the side of the door frame: *JACOB PLANT*.

The office is spare, impersonal, save for the pair of BOXING GLOVES hanging on the wall inside the door.

He shuts the door behind him. Goes straight for the desk, opens his BRIEFCASE onto it, removes some CABLES and a high-capacity FLASH DRIVE.

He hits the space bar on Plant's COMPUTER, and the SCREEN POPS ON. Caucasian Bomb smiles.

EXT. COVINA - SIDE STREET - LATER

SIX ESCALADES have been off-loaded from the Carrier, lined up in a row behind the truck. The BELLY-UP ESCALADE lies in the street like a dead animal, steaming, hissing.

STILLS is behind the wheel of Escalade #8, REVERSING off the lowest Carrier grid, guided by BERTO.

DRIVER and SKINNY are bound and gagged, hidden from view, covered by Poe, while PATRICK and CILLA are hard at work attaching TOW LINES between alternating Escalades.

Patrick notices Cilla touching her swollen lip, grimacing.

PATRICK  
 You alright, Cilla?

CILLA  
 Lovely. Barely felt it, really.

Patrick nods, respectful. Cilla gazes at the dead Escalade.

CILLA  
 I hate to lose merchandise. I don't fuck up like this. Not ever.  
 (beat) Thanks for the step-in.

Patrick just shrugs.

PATRICK  
You're Bobby's girl.

INT./EXT. WESTWOOD - SIMULTANEOUS

Caucasian Bomb boards a BUS heading Eastbound.

He finds a seat toward the back, holds his briefcase in his lap. He looks *troubled*. He stares at his pink-hued HANDS.

He licks one of his fingers, rubs it across his hand, uncovering a small patch of his true brown.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED FORD FALCON - COVINA - DAY

About two hundred yards away from the Auto Carrier situation, an unmarked FORD FALCON hides between two buildings.

Inside the vehicle, PLANT and KIYOSHI stare through BINOCES.

KIYOSHI  
Half a million bucks worth of  
Escalade going bye-bye. And we  
just watch it like a TV show.

PLANT  
At least nobody decided to get  
shot. Hunker down.

Plant and Kiyoshi drop low into their seats. Seconds later, TWO ESCALADES WHOOSH PAST. ONE TOWING THE OTHER BEHIND IT.

Then TWO MORE. And TWO MORE. And, finally, ONE MORE.

Four Drivers. Seven Escalades. GONE.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. LOCK HOUSE - EVENING

Bomb sits at his desk, littered with PHOTOS and STENO PADS filled with OUTLINES and LISTS.

He focuses intently on his LAPTOP. The FLASH DRIVE is connected to a side port. As he CLICKS through various PAGES, his face is hard, taut, pure focus.



He consults a series of hand-drawn MAPS and DIAGRAMS, filled with SYMBOLS and X's and O's and ARROWS...vaguely resembling football plays.

He's been at it for hours. He'll be at it for hours more.

INT. CHOP SHOP - SOUTH CENTRAL - DAY

The cavernous space is filled with loud, bustling ACTIVITY:

WORKERS and MECHANICS-- all of them HGRC-- cluster around the SEVEN ESCALADES, like ants attacking rotting fruit.

Off to the side, Bomb and Cilla stand watching, with ROPE sitting in his chair beside them, smoking a joint.

BOMB

I know it was supposed to be eight.  
But I got seven. Sorry, Rope.

Rope waves it off, smiles stonily at the Escalades.

ROPE

All good, Baby-Bomb. Fully loaded,  
no money down, zero APR.

BOMB

After the other thing, you can keep  
'em all. Plus a bonus.

Rope whistles appreciatively, lets out a rumbling laugh.

ROPE

Shiiit. Ain't even my birthday.

INT. UNDERGROUND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

At a plush booth in the back, all of our friends are drinking, smoking, living Life, bass-heavy music POUNDS.

Bomb cuddles close with Cilla, Berto has a model-grade FEMALE on his lap, Stills fidgets, preoccupied, Patrick nurses a single-malt, and Poe, per usual, is stoic as a sculpture.

Bomb leans close to Patrick, puts his arm around him--

BOMB

Did real good today, Old Man.

Patrick swirls his whiskey, sips it, shrugs.

PATRICK  
Couple hiccups.

Bomb smiles, shakes his head, stoned, happy, sincere.

BOMB  
You got my back. And you got  
Cilla's back, too. I'm feeling  
this, Goat. For real.

PATRICK  
Just wanna keep on working.

BOMB  
I know. I'm on it. But tonight's  
about having fun. You're the  
Homecoming King.

PATRICK  
Tell me what you got cooking.

Bomb laughs, gives Patrick a kiss on the cheek.

BOMB  
Look at you. Eager beaver.  
(turns to Poe)  
How about you, homegirl? Drink  
something, maybe shake that ass?

POE  
No poison goes in this body.

BOMB  
Damn. All business all the time  
with this one. Naw, it's cool,  
Althea. I get you.

Just then, a pretty but slightly mousey BRUNETTE slides into  
the booth, next to Stills, who brightens, kisses her.

This is FELICIA, 35. For the first time, Bomb's smile drops.

BOMB  
Thought I said no *hang-ons*, Stills.

STILLS  
Come on, Bobby. She's my wife.

Felicia smiles dreamily, oblivious, while Bomb continues to  
glare, until he shakes it off, smiles again at Patrick.

BOMB

Time to dance with my girl. You gonna bring your creaky-ass bones out on the floor or what?

PATRICK

You kids have fun.

Bomb nods to Patrick, grins widely, leans close and whispers to him, just barely audible over the pounding music--

BOMB

*Love you, motherfucker.*

Bomb stands, gathers Cilla in his arms, and they make their way to the crowded Dance Floor.

Patrick watches-- troubled-- as they dance, clinging tightly to each other, eyes locked, their intimacy potent.

He turns to Poe, who is now staring at her Blackberry, looking pained, stricken.

PATRICK

Althea. Hey. What is it?

She looks at him, with a potent desperation in her eyes we've never seen before. He quickly ushers her out of the club--

INT./EXT. TAHOE - STREETS - NIGHT

Poe speeds through the night, her entire body clenched. Patrick watches her, worried, but keeping silent.

POE

He's getting worse. He hit one of the nurses. (beat) *Damn.*

INT. V.A. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The hospital is dim, depressing, in ill repair. In a small, grim ROOM, Poe kneels at the bedside of a worn, bleary Black Man in his early 60s, who is clearly under heavy sedation.

POE

I'm here, Daddy. Gonna be okay.

Poe's father, ALVIS, stares at her, confused, blank.

ALVIS

Naomi? What you doin here?

POE  
No, Daddy. It's me, Althea. Mama  
died twelve years--

ALVIS  
Don't back-sass me, Bitch. Get me  
my motherfuckin newspaper.

Poe closes her eyes, holds her father's hand tightly.

POE  
It's gonna be okay, Daddy.

Find Patrick watching from the doorway, concerned, saddened.

EXT. V.A. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Patrick and Poe walk silently toward the Tahoe in the  
lonesome lot. When they reach the car, Poe suddenly stops.

She puts her hands over her face. Patrick gently rests his  
hand on her back.

She begins to cry, but true to form, hardly makes a sound.

POE  
He's gonna die in there. He's a  
good man and that's no kind of  
place to die.

PATRICK  
I'm real sorry, Althea.

She shrugs off Patrick's hand, gets into the car. Just like  
that, she's done with the tears.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick slips quietly into the room, takes off his coat, sees  
Rosalie spooning Gigi in the large bed, both asleep.

He slides into bed, gently puts his arms around his girls.  
Rosalie stirs, and he kisses her head.

PATRICK  
*Don't wake up.*

He lays there, wishing he could sleep.

INT. ALVARADO WAREHOUSE - DAY

The whole CREW is gathered for the BRIEFING. Bomb is at the helm, before a BOARD filled with the football-style DIAGRAMS.

BOMB

Here we are at Location A. Fairfax and Beverly. Western Trust. Goat, this is your gig. Gonna be working the CSM, black dude called Ronald Sands. All his buttons are in the profile, so get it memorized.

Patrick nods, flips through some DOCUMENTS, and we

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Where Patrick and Poe sit across from PLANT and KIYOSHI, who transcribes everything into a laptop.

*NOTE: We will intercut between these two locations throughout the following sequence.*

PATRICK

...Western Trust on Beverly. I'm taking the Customer Service guy at that location. Poe's my backup.

PLANT

Okay, so what about Hardaway--

PATRICK

I'll get to that in a minute.

INT. ALVARADO WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bomb indicates a familiar PHOTO up on the Board-- the burly, white-bearded OLDER MAN in an overcoat and fedora.

BOMB

Terrence Hartley. Multi-Billionaire from Utah, owns half of Salt Lake. He's moving a massive pile to Western to establish a Cali-based foundation. Needs the cash in-state for tax exemption. Plus, Western gets all that capital. Win-win, right?

Patrick raises his eyebrows, impressed.

PATRICK  
How long you been sitting on him?

BOMB  
Six months. It's beyond solid.

PATRICK  
How big's the pile.

Bomb looks at Patrick sideways, smirks.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK  
Sixteen million, cash.

Plant whistles, rubs his hands together, hungry, and Kiyoshi looks up from his keyboard, stunned.

PLANT  
Even bigger than I thought. But there's no fucking way a load that size won't be protected.

PATRICK  
That's the wrinkle.

INT. ALVARADO WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bomb pulls out a large BOX, sets it on the table.

BOMB  
All that weight, they're probably gonna have a sentry in the Counting Room. Luckily, Berto hooked us up with a little Christmas gift.

He opens the box, pulls out a slim silver CANNISTER, and some GAS MASKS. Stills perks up in his seat.

STILLS  
*Cool.*

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

PLANT  
Jesus Christ.

POE

Looked like Fentanyl. The Russians use it to put terrorists to sleep. Nasty stuff, but not lethal.

PLANT

You can't be sure of that. We can't have any dead fucking bodies--

PATRICK

Fuck you, Plant. Nobody's dying. We don't... *He* doesn't ever hurt the extras, and you know it--

Poe puts a calming hand on Patrick's arm--

POE

Goat.

Patrick deflates in his seat. Plant stares at him awhile.

PLANT

Don't look so glum, Gautreaux. By this time tomorrow, you're all done. Paid up in black ink. (beat) Let's go over the timeline again. I want everything tight.

Patrick nods sadly, looks out the window.

PATRICK

(to himself)  
*Disneyland.*

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - EVENING

Patrick, Rosalie and Gigi sit at the table for a meal which Rosalie has clearly spent a long time preparing.

Everyone clasps hands, closes their eyes, except for Gigi-- who is focused intently on a *Dora the Explorer* book.

ROSALIE

I feel you with us, God. Your strength. Please keep your Watch just a little bit longer. Amen.

Rosalie opens her eyes, sees Poe standing across the room, looking in their direction.

ROSALIE

Come sit with us, Althea. There's  
so much food.

Poe smiles politely, shakes her head no.

POE

Thank you, Ma'am. I'm just fine.

Poe quickly exits the room. Rosalie watches her go.

Gigi, stoic, hangs two string beans at the sides of her  
mouth, like green tusks, and stares at Patrick.

ROSALIE

Sweetie, don't play with your food.

Gigi removes the beans, so Patrick makes a pair of string  
bean tusks for himself, and GROWLS. And Gigi finally smiles.

GIGI

Daddy, you're stupid.

Cutest smile you ever saw. Kills Patrick dead on the spot.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick and Rosalie lay on their sides facing each other.

ROSALIE

Are you scared?

PATRICK

I don't know. Mostly just. Sad.

She touches his face, his shoulder, his arm.

ROSALIE

Because you love him.

Patrick sighs, plays with her hair, kisses her softly.

PATRICK

I got you. I got Gee. All the  
love I need.

OUTSIDE, the SOUNDS of the night city. A never-ending HUM of  
life, of electricity, of inevitability--



EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A DARK FIGURE stands silhouetted at the foot of the DRIVEWAY.

Moving closer, we see that it's JACOB PLANT. Staring up at the house, where all the lights are OUT.

He CRACKS his knuckles, one by one. Pop. Pop. Pop.

PLANT

*I'm ready. I'm ready. I'm ready.*

It's almost a chant. A mantra. Pop. Pop. Pop--

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Follow a BRINKS TRUCK as it makes its way through Noontime traffic. It stops at a red light, and, randomly, a SEAGULL alights on the roof. It stands there, upright and proud.

EXT. BEVERLY BLVD & FAIRFAX - DAY

Establish the bustling INTERSECTION, a steady snarl of traffic, a WESTERN TRUST BANK at the NORTHEAST corner, the vast sprawl of the FARMER'S MARKET to the SOUTH.

Among the many PEDESTRIANS, we find THREE of our friends-- PATRICK, POE and BOMB, fully DISGUISED, approaching the entrance of the BANK.

ACROSS THE STREET: A BROWN U.P.S. TRUCK sits at the CURB.

INT. U.P.S. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the truck is outfitted for SURVEILLANCE. PLANT is up front, in the passenger seat, wearing a HEADSET. His TECH is beside him, plugged into all kinds of EQUIPMENT.

In the REAR of the TRUCK: SIX HEAVILY-ARMED and ARMORED STRIKE AGENTS ARE WAITING, amped, veins popping.

PLANT

Kiyoshi, any movement on the Secondary?

KIYOSHI'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Sitting on the marked Escalade.*

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BLUE MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

A nondescript light blue MINIVAN sits near the SOUTHEAST CORNER of PAN PACIFIC PARK, due east of the GROVE MALL.

Inside, KIYOSHI sits, wearing a HEADSET, eyeballing the BLUE ESCALADE parked about a hundred feet ahead.

KIYOSHI  
 No movement.

In the REAR of the MINIVAN-- FOUR MORE ARMED & ARMORED AGENTS are waiting and sweating.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Let's all keep it frosty. No activation until Hardaway has his hands on the paper.*

INT. WESTERN TRUST BANK - DAY

Patrick enters the bank LOBBY, carrying a briefcase. He is soon followed by Poe, and then Bomb.

Bomb and Patrick pause briefly at a small KIOSK.

BOMB  
 Ready for Ronald, Dr. Hodge?

PATRICK  
 You betcha.

Bomb puts his hand on Patrick's shoulder, squeezes it, gives him a sincere look, whispers--

BOMB  
*Back where we started, Goat.*

Patrick holds Bomb's gaze, slowly nods, expression tight.

BOMB  
*Now let's turn it on.*

Bomb peels off into the lobby. Patrick steels himself, and approaches a DESK where a barrel-chested Black MAN, 35, sits.

PATRICK  
Mr. Sands?

RONALD SANDS turns toward Patrick, ushers him into the seat across from him, unsmiling.

RONALD SANDS  
Yes. Ronald Sands. You must be  
Dr. Hodge. Please have a seat.

Patrick takes his seat, grins, pulls an IPHONE from his pocket, sets it on the desk.

PATRICK  
Only my patients call me Doctor.  
You can call me Lewis.

Ronald doesn't react, just digs through some papers.

RONALD SANDS  
Dr. Hodge sounds just fine to me.

Patrick blinks, his rhythm thrown. But he presses on, displays his most charming grin.

PATRICK  
You don't like the name Lewis?

RONALD SANDS  
Um...I like the name just fine. My  
mother taught me some manners,  
though. A doctor should be called  
*Doctor*, isn't that right?

Patrick pushes a button on the IPHONE, and an IMAGE pops up:  
A YOUNG BLACK BOY at a PLAYGROUND, sliding down a SLIDE.

PATRICK  
Mr. Sands, you have a son named  
Lewis, don't you?

Ronald looks at Patrick. His brow furrows.

RONALD SANDS  
Excuse me?

PATRICK  
Just relax, Ronald. Breathe  
through the nose.

Patrick TURNS the IPHONE on the desk, so that Ronald can get a good look at the PICTURE--

PATRICK

I have a system, Ronald. And it's  
a perfect system. Your son, Lewis,  
is only a minor component.

Ronald stares at the PICTURE on the phone. Then he looks  
back at Patrick, cocks his head.

RONALD SANDS

Dr. Hodge, I'm confused.

PATRICK

I'm sure you are.

RONALD SANDS

Because I have no idea what the  
hell you're talking about. I don't  
have any children. I've never seen  
this boy in my life.

Patrick's smile freezes on his face. His eyes shoot over to  
where Bomb was standing... But HE'S NOT THERE ANYMORE.

SMASH TO:

EXT. BEVERLY & FAIRFAX - CONTINUOUS

HOLD on the EXTERIOR of WESTERN TRUST. Our POV TRAVELS, at  
HYPER-SPEED, away from this corner, FLYING OVER the PARKING  
LOT of the FARMER'S MARKET--

FLYING SOUTH, in a BLUR, until we settle at the corner of  
FAIRFAX AND THIRD, where ANOTHER BANK is situated, the UNION  
BANK OF HOLLYWOOD.

And guess who is walking into the Union Bank...it's CILLA,  
wearing KEVLAR, carrying TWO HUGE DUFFELS--

INT. UNION BANK - CONTINUOUS

Cilla strides into the lobby, and without missing a beat,  
walks RIGHT UP to the SECURITY GUARD and--

ZAPS HIM with a STUN GUN-- he CRUMPLES, and within seconds,  
Cilla has his HANDS and FEET tied with PLASTIC CUFFS--

She DROPS the DUFFELS, UNZIPS one, and comes up with an M-16  
ASSAULT RIFLE strapped across her SHOULDER--

CILLA

EVERYBODY ON THE FUCKING GROUND!

There are SCREAMS of PANIC and TERROR as the CUSTOMERS throughout the lobby DROP to the GROUND--

CILLA

I don't wanna see any FUCKING FACES  
so put your FUCKING FACES in the  
FUCKING CARPET--

Cilla STRIDES through the lobby, and approaches one of the CUSTOMER SERVICE DESKS, where a familiar BRUNETTE is sitting.

And Guess What. The Customer Service Manager is FELICIA.

She immediately STANDS UP, GRABS one of Cilla's DUFFELS, and within seconds she's slung her own M-16.

CILLA

(to Felicia)

*We've got 160 seconds--*

Felicia quickly straps on a GAS MASK, brandishes the FENTANYL CANISTER, and STRIDES quickly toward the BACK--

Using her KEYS, she quickly passes through the DAY GATE which leads behind the PLEXI "BANDIT-BARRIER" guarding the TELLERS--

A female TELLER stares at her wide-eyed from the FLOOR--

TELLER

Felicia...what the hell--

Felicia points the BARREL of the M16 right in her FACE--

FELICIA

(muffled through mask)

*You or anyone else pops a 2-11 I  
will COME BACK for your ass.*

Felicia strides toward the VAULT, where an ABSOLUTELY ENORMOUS PILE OF FRESH CASH sits on the counting table--

An ARMED SENTRY is standing there, but before he can raise his sidearm, Felicia BLASTS him with the FENTANYL--

The Guard COUGHS, STAGGERS, PUKES, then his EYES ROLL BACK as he TOPPLES OVER--

INT. WESTERN TRUST BANK - CONTINUOUS

Patrick slowly stands up, and when Ronald Sands also rises, we had no idea he was so SCARY BIG--

RONALD SANDS  
 You think I haven't been held up  
 before? Guess again, motherfucker.

PATRICK  
 I need to use your restroom--

RONALD SANDS  
 The *hell* you do--

As Patrick SPEED WALKS over to POE, we see RONALD SANDS  
 PUNCHING THE 2-11 BUTTON UNDER HIS DESK--

PATRICK  
 It's tipping over. We are *gone*.

Poe's eyes are fixed on RONALD who is signaling the GUARD--

POE  
 What happened--

PATRICK  
 It's a burn. Bomb fucked me, and  
 now we're *bullshit*.

Patrick and Poe quickly make their way toward the EXIT--

INT. U.P.S. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

From inside the truck, PLANT sees Patrick and Poe emerge from  
 the bank, EMPTY-HANDED, both looking FREAKED--

PLANT  
 Wait a minute--

Plant's TECH pipes up beside him--

TECH  
 Sir, there's a 2-11 reported--

PLANT  
 No shit, I'm *looking right at it*,  
 but where the fuck is Hardaway--

TECH  
 Wait a minute, there's *two*, sir.  
 Two bells, two locations--

EXT. WESTERN TRUST BANK - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Poe on the sidewalk, looking in ALL DIRECTIONS--

PATRICK

*There.*

They see the distant figure of BOMB disappearing into the FARMER'S MARKET PARKING LOT across the street--

PATRICK

Gotta go after him, Poe--

Just as the WESTERN TRUST SECURITY GUARD appears, right behind them, pointing a GUN--

SECURITY GUARD

DON'T YOU FUCKERS MOVE--

Poe SPIN-KICKS the Guard, and his GUN GOES FLYING, and another KICK and she lays him on the ground, COLD.

Patrick and Poe start SPRINTING across BEVERLY, toward the PARKING LOT, and VEHICLES SWERVE and SCREECH to AVOID them--

INT. U.P.S. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Plant REACTS to the sight of Poe and Patrick sprinting from the scene, he JUMPS out of the truck--

PLANT

I have Gautreaux heading towards the Farmer's Market--

The Strike Team PILES out of the back of the truck and FANS OUT across Beverly, stopping traffic, PURSUING Patrick and Poe, who are a HUNDRED YARDS further along--

Plant GRABS his TECH, and gets right in HIS FACE--

PLANT

Where's the second 2-11??

TECH

Still awaiting location--

PLANT

I NEED IT NOW, FUCKHEAD!

INT. UNION BANK - CONTINUOUS

FELICIA is in the VAULT, working CRAZY FAST-- as only someone with On-Site experience possibly could--

She's got an insane amount of LOOT-- BLOCKS of CASH and JEWELS and DIAMONDS, and those DUFFELS are BULGING with it--

Felicia is so pumped full of adrenaline, she's been waiting for this moment for so long-- she's high as a fucking kite--

CILLA'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Twenty-five seconds, Fifi!!--*

EXT. FARMER'S MARKET - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK and POE are running as fast as they can through the crowded NORTH PARKING LOT-- dodging VEHICLES and PEDESTRIANS--

Up AHEAD Patrick catches a GLIMPSE of BOMB disappearing into one of the ENTRANCE GATES into the bustling COVERED MARKET--

Meanwhile, the STRIKE TEAM is still in pursuit, hustling through the PARKING LOT, closing in on Patrick and Poe--

The CROWDS of BYSTANDERS finally catch a glimpse of the heavily-armed STRIKERS, and they SCATTER and SCREAM and shit is starting to get *hectic*--

INT. UNION BANK - CONTINUOUS

CILLA stalks through the bank, keeping everyone COVERED with her M-16, checks her WATCH--

CILLA  
Eight seconds, God Damn it!

FELICIA emerges from the rear, M16 strapped across her BACK, HAULING the two bulging DUFFELS upright on WHEELS--

FELICIA  
(pure adrenaline)  
This is so totally awesome--

Cilla grabs one of the duffels, looks askance at Felicia--

CILLA  
For fuck's sake, hold your *cookies*--

Felicia re-holsters, catches a glimpse of a CUSTOMER slowly pulling himself to his feet, she SPINS toward him--

FELICIA  
LIE DOWN FUCKFACE!



POCKAPOCKAPOCKAPOCKA-- She unleashes a SPRAY from the M16, hitting the CEILING above the CUSTOMER, he DIVES for COVER--

Everyone starts SCREAMING, Cilla looks PISSED, she grabs Felicia and they RUSH for the EXIT DOORS--

EXT. BEVERLY BLVD & FAIRFAX - CONTINUOUS

AGENT PLANT hears the BURST OF GUNFIRE from down on THIRD-- and his eyes shoot to the UNION BANK--

PLANT  
Gotta be fucking KIDDING ME--

He DRAWS a S&W 4506 and starts SPRINTING LIKE MAD down Fairfax, SCREAMING into his headset--

PLANT  
2-11 IN PROGRESS AT UNION BANK  
THIRD AND FAIRFAX--

EXT. UNION BANK - CONTINUOUS

Cilla and Felicia emerge from the bank, Cilla checks her watch, and then she sees a GREEN ESCALADE rounding the CORNER at FAIRFAX-- and it's STILLS behind the wheel--

The Escalade JAMS to a stop at the curb, cars HONKING, the Women HAUL their Duffels toward the Escalade--

STILLS  
Move, Ladies, MOVE, MOVE--

BLAM! BLAM! STILLS' HEAD SNAPS to the side and BLOOD SPRAYS--

Felicia starts SCREAMING like a BANSHEE.

FELICIA  
OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY  
GOD OH MY GOD AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA--

REVEAL AGENT PLANT, at the OPPOSITE CORNER, still AIMING at the Escalade, and Cilla's EYES GO WIDE--

CILLA  
Fuck me--

Stills SLUMPS against the wheel, totally DEAD, and the Escalade ACCELERATES WILDLY INTO TRAFFIC--

And gets T-BONED by a U-HAUL TRUCK, and there's a CHAIN REACTION as MORE CARS COLLIDE with the GIANT OBSTRUCTION--

PLANT now LOSES SIGHT of the WOMEN as the CARS PILE UP--

Cilla grabs Felicia, who's still SCREAMING her HEAD OFF, and drags her around the edge of the pile-up--

They head for the Southwest GATE of the MARKET, hauling their bags, with PLANT CHASING two hundred feet behind--

INT. FARMER'S MARKET - WEST PATIO - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK and POE rush into the Market-- which is PACKED with the LUNCH HOUR RUSH--

They WEAVE their way through the MAZE of STANDS and SHOPS--

Patrick glimpses BOMB disappearing behind a TACO STAND--

PATRICK

BOBBY!

And that's when CILLA and FELICIA burst through the GATE into the Market from the SOUTH SIDE--

Felicia spins, sees PLANT closing the gap from outside--

Her expression CRAZED, she DROPS her DUFFEL, shoulders the M-16, and starts BLASTING in Plant's direction--

FELICIA

*KILL YOU FUCKING FUCKER!*

*POW-POW-POW-POW-POW!* Plant DIVES for cover as the rounds RICOCHET off the pavement around him--

*BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!* FELICIA is ROCKED by BULLETS--

Reveal the STRIKERS, just entering the Market, FIRING AT HER--

Felicia, shredded, is DEAD before she hits the ground--

And once those guns starts Blasting, all sense of normalcy and decorum goes FLYING OUT THE FUCKING WINDOW--

It's ABSOLUTE MAYHEM as HUNDREDS of SHOPPERS and EATERS and EMPLOYEES start SCREAMING and SCATTERING and TRAMPLING THE HELL OUT OF EACH OTHER as they FLEE--

Cilla, panting, sweating, quickly grabs Felicia's DUFFEL and SPRINTS OFF, dragging BOTH behind her--

Find PATRICK & POE, hiding on the ground behind a FRUIT STAND. They notice CILLA heading East through the SWARM--

POE  
It's Cilla--

PATRICK  
We stick to her, she'll take us  
right to Bobby--

Poe sees the STRIKE TEAM barreling in their direction through the screaming MASSES of PEOPLE, so she grabs Patrick and they head East through the Market, parallel to CILLA--

Who is huddled behind a SWEETS SHOP, catching her breath--

CILLA  
*Keep it tight, keep it tight...*

Suddenly BOMB APPEARS next to her, clutching a WALKIE. Cilla gasps in relief, but there's no time for sweet talk--

BOMB  
I got this, baby, we good, now  
gimme your stick--

Bomb SLINGS the M-16, POPS UP from behind the SWEETS and FIRES over the HEADS of the CIVILIANS, in the direction of the encroaching STRIKERS--

*POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!*

GLASS SHATTERS and DEBRIS FLIES as a FRESH WAVE OF PANIC sweeps through the teeming Market--

BOMB  
(into WALKIE)  
*ROLL them shits, cuz--*

Bomb takes advantage of the CROWD FRENZY and GUIDES Cilla deeper into the EASTERN HALF of the Market--

Find PLANT, SHOVING his way through the throngs--

PLANT  
Kiyoshi, they're headed your way,  
but the intel is *compromised*, the  
Secondary could be bullshit, do NOT  
let Hardaway get past you--

Plant comes up against a SCRUM of FLEEING SHOPPERS and he can't squeeze past, so he BLASTS a ROUND into the AIR--

PLANT  
BACK THE FUCK UP!

More SCREAMS as the PEOPLE CLEAR A PATH, Plant rushes through it, approaching the EAST PATIO of the Market--

Amidst CROWDS of FLEEING PEOPLE, find BOMB and CILLA RUNNING FULL SPEED out of the Market's EAST EXIT, hauling DUFFELS--

They keep RUNNING, obscured by the CROWDS as they continue down the central THOROUGHFARE of the GROVE MALL--

Igniting FRESH PANIC in the crowded outdoor MALL when BYSTANDERS see their WEAPONS and the SWARMING PEOPLE--

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. PAN PACIFIC PARK - CONTINUOUS

KIYOSHI in the MINIVAN, searches the area through BINOCES and sees the BLUE ESCALADE suddenly PULL AWAY from the curb--

KIYOSHI  
Secondary is in motion-- wait--

Because Kiyoshi now sees FIVE MORE BLUE ESCALADES heading in his direction, and they all look IDENTICAL.

KIYOSHI  
Fantastic, now there's fucking FIVE  
of them out here--

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Activate your strikers and cover  
every last one--*

The CROWDS OF PEOPLE are now STREAMING out of the EASTERN END of the GROVE, and a frazzled Kiyoshi STEPS OUT of the Minivan, gripping a PISTOL--

He BANGS on the side of the van, and THE STRIKERS JUMP OUT and begin MANEUVERING their way toward the line of ESCALADES.

A quick BIRD'S EYE, OVERHEAD SHOT of PAN PACIFIC PARK--

TRAFFIC completely BACKED UP on BEVERLY and THIRD, the NORTH and SOUTH BORDERS of the Park--

POLICE and AMBULANCES and EMERGENCY VEHICLES try to squeeze through the morass, SIRENS BLARING and LIGHTS FLASHING--

Back to ground level, find PATRICK & POE crouched by a row of cars as the FLEEING CROWDS flow past them--

PATRICK  
Can you see them, can you see?

POE  
All I see are Plant's strikers,  
making a goddamn spectacle--

Indeed, a hundred yards away, we can see a DOZEN SWATS begin to ROUST the line of ESCALADES--

HAULING the DRIVERS out of the vehicles-- they're all HOOVER GARDENS ROLLIN' CRIPS, but they don't fight back, they LAY DOWN on the pavement obediently.

POE  
Hoover Gardens... The hell are they  
doing here--

PATRICK  
He twisted me. He fucking *did* me.  
Can't believe how easy I am, how  
goddamn *stupid*--

POE  
We followed the playbook, Goat. It  
was Bomb threw in the wrench.

PATRICK  
We gotta keep going, Poe. He's  
here, he's somewhere close--

Poe grimly shakes her head.

POE  
He's gone and you know it.

The SIREN of an AMBULANCE grows CLOSER as Patrick slowly RISES TO HIS FEET--

PATRICK  
I'm not going back.

Suddenly, Poe is AIMING A PISTOL AT PATRICK'S FACE.

POE  
Don't make me do something.

Their EYES are LOCKED, and Patrick is frozen, caught between self preservation and the primal urge to flee--

PATRICK

Poe. *Please.*

She TIGHTENS her grip on the pistol, as an AMBULANCE JAMS UP TO THE CURB BESIDE THEM--

POE

I will put you down.

Patrick's eyes remain fixed on Poe, he can see from her eyes that she'll squeeze it, no question about it--

The REAR DOORS of the AMBULANCE POP OPEN--

BOMB'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Let's point that shit someplace else, Special Agent Poe.*

Poe looks over to see BOMB standing in the AMBULANCE CABIN, pointing an M-16 at her, with CILLA crouched beside him--

BOMB

Hop in, Goat. Time to go.

Patrick gapes at Bomb, his head swimming.

PATRICK

Bobby....?

Poe's eyes flash rage at Patrick, and she COCKS the hammer--

POE

Tell me you didn't blow me out to this piece of garbage.

PATRICK

Althea, I swear to Christ I have no idea what's going on here--

BOMB

What's going on is she's a Fed, and both of y'all thought you had me. Guess again. Now...the bitch is gonna step aside peaceful, or the bitch is gonna get *shot*.

BERTO HOLLERS from the DRIVER'S SEAT, Bomb glares at Patrick--

BERTO

Gotta fuckin GO, man!

PATRICK

Althea...I don't...I have to--

Patrick starts to BACK TOWARD the AMBULANCE--

POE  
I TOLD YOU NOT TO MOVE--

BOMB  
(whispered to Patrick)  
*Kevlar?*

Rattled, Patrick looks at Poe, turns back to Bomb, NODS.

PATRICK  
(whispered back)  
*Hurt her, and I'll hurt you. So  
don't miss.*

Poe's eyes DART between them, filled with alarm--

POE  
The fuck did you just--

*BLAM! BLAM!* Bomb FIRES two carefully-aimed ROUNDS--

POE is ROCKED in the CHEST, and she FLIES BACKWARD into a car, CRACKING the WINDSHIELD--

PATRICK  
I'm sorry, Althea--

Bomb GRABS a stunned Patrick and DRAGS HIM BODILY into the ambulance, the doors SLAM SHUT--

EXT. PAN PACIFIC PARK - SIMULTANEOUS

PLANT leads the STRIKERS as they RAID the ESCALADES when he hears the GUNSHOTS--

He starts SPRINTING, his face a rictus of AMPED PANIC, because it's all going to shit and he fucking *knows* it--

He comes upon POE, felled in the street, CLUTCHING her chest--

PLANT  
Oh Shit, Christ, Poe--

POE  
(gasping it out)  
*Am...ambu...ambulance--*

Plant crouches beside her, pulls open her shirt, revealing the KEVLAR VEST beneath, and the crushed, embedded ROUNDS--

PLANT

Yeah, we're getting you an ambulance, Poe, you're good--

Poe grits her teeth in pain and frustration, HISSES at Plant--

POE

*Stupid. No. Gautreaux. Hardaway. They're in. An ambulance--*

Plant jumps up, searches the chaotic crowd desperately, and there's gotta be a DOZEN AMBULANCES hurtling every which way--

Move close into Plant's EYES, filling with anguish, humiliation, rage and despair, as he realizes he's failed, he's lost them, they're just utterly gone.

PLANT

*It's not happening. Jesus. Not again. Jesus Fuck.*

But then...the deafening clamor of the scene begins to fade and muffle, like the whole world is UNDERWATER--

Hold on Plant's face. As it slackens. Relaxes. He cracks his knuckles. *Pop, pop, pop, pop.*

He pulls out his cell phone. Dials a number.

PLANT

*It's me. (beat) Yes. (beat) Just answer one question for me.*

A tight, unpleasant SMILE curls up the corners of Plant's mouth, as his eyes scan the crowd.

PLANT

*Do you still have them?*

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIDE STREET - LATER

The empty AMBULANCE is parked at the side of the road. The rear doors hang open.

EXT. CITY OF COMMERCE - EVENING

Establish a grim, low-slung, graffiti-tagged BUILDING in the shadows of the intersecting 5 and 710 Freeways. A BLACK VOLVO is parked in front.



INT. SAFE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

On a small TV, the news plays the chaotic AFTERMATH.

Berto uses a COUNTING MACHINE for all the CASH, while a drained-looking Cilla packs the money tightly into several large duffels. It's a literal MOUNTAIN of money.

Meanwhile, in an ADJACENT ROOM--

Patrick sits on a beat-up couch, sweating, in a rising panic, while Bomb stands at a mirror, removing his DISGUISE.

BOMB

Gonna have to talk sooner or later.

Patrick stares at his hands, says nothing.

BOMB

You don't have to be embarrassed. You didn't know any better. Didn't have a choice. Our Special Friend Plant had you by the nut-sack. I *knew* that shit. I got into the dude's *office*, can you believe that? While y'all were jacking the Escalades. I knew his game all along. That's how *good* I am. And I'm only that good because of you. Everything you taught me.

PATRICK

Say what you really mean. I'm a piece of shit. Turned my back and sold my bones to the Law.

Bomb shrugs, half smiles.

BOMB

Doesn't matter, Goat. Because here we are. I *freed* you. Like Moses and the Children of Israel. In a minute we're gonna be in the Promised Land.

Patrick stares off, eyes filled with fear, and shame.

PATRICK

Rosalie and Gigi. They're still in that fucking house. *Jesus*.

Bomb finally turns from the mirrors, frowns at Patrick, vaguely patronizing, shakes his head.

BOMB

Goat, I know this is a lot to wrap your head around. But you gotta be *kidding* me. We just carried off sixteen *million*, and that's just today. Don't forget I've been making withdrawals *nationwide* the past six months. Now we're *evaporated*. And it all happened the way I wanted it to. The way I've been planning it for a year.

Patrick looks at Bomb, stunned, as it dawns on him.

PATRICK

*What?*

BOMB

Don't look so surprised. What, you thought I was gonna let you rot in there? On some bullshit murder beef? Come on now. I knew Plant was hot for me. Knew he was desperate. All he needed was a little persuasion, a carrot dangled in his face. I knew he'd never catch me on his own. He's too dumb, and I'm too goddamn *fast*. There's only one way to get to me, and that's through you, Goat.

Patrick stares at Bomb, agape.

PATRICK

That's. (beat) Bobby...

BOMB

Don't mention it. And don't worry about Gigi and Ro. I got that covered, too.

PATRICK

Tell me how.

BOMB

Got some people picking them up right now, as we speak. I'm just waiting on a call.

BEAT.

PATRICK  
What people.

Bomb throws up an intricate GANG SIGN.

BOMB  
Hoover Gardens for *life*, yo.

Patrick abruptly stands up.

PATRICK  
You're using *Bangers*?

BOMB  
That house they had you in, up in the Hills? I've had eyes on it since Day One. They got what, two Feds sitting on it? Maybe three? I'd put my money on the platoon of Crips I got rollin up there as we speak. It's handled, alright?

Patrick slowly shakes his head, his eyes go cold.

PATRICK  
You didn't think this part through, Bobby. You rushed the element and it *does not feel good*.

Bomb crosses his arms, cocks his head at Patrick.

BOMB  
Don't talk to me like you're the Boss-Man, alright?

Patrick approaches Bomb, and we've never seen him so livid--

PATRICK  
They're my *family*, you little shit.

Bomb immediately sticks a GLOCK in Patrick's FACE.

BOMB  
Back up out my *kitchen*, yo. Your plan was to *fuck* me. It was my right-- shit, it was my *obligation*, to clean out your skull. But instead I forgave you. I worked hard to run it so we *both* end up clean. Fucked up this city like a riot. And now you wanna *step*?

Patrick SWATS the pistol out of his hand, then quickly PUNCHES Bomb TWICE in the FACE.

Bomb FLIES backward, but recovers quickly, and KICKS Patrick's legs out from under him. They WRESTLE and STRUGGLE their way across the floor, throwing FISTS and ELBOWS--

They're both skilled scrappers-- but Bomb is younger, faster, and quickly gets the upper hand, and HEAD-BUTTS Patrick--

Patrick falls against the wall, dazed, as Bomb grabs the Glock and POINTS it at his heart, eyes burning--

BOMB

Told you not to *fuck*.

But Patrick just picks himself up, and *walks right up* to the gun, so his chest is touching the barrel.

PATRICK

That steel doesn't give you *sand*, Bobby. There was a time once, I thought maybe you understood. But I must've failed you somehow.

Bomb looks down, shamed, exhausted. Lowers the weapon.

BOMB

You didn't fail me. (beat) Shit, this was supposed to be a *good* day.

Bomb gestures to the counting-and-packing in the next room. They both stare at all that crazy, crazy green.

But the sight offers no pleasure, no comfort, only unease.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

At the foot of the DRIVEWAY, TWO VEHICLES pull to the curb, both BIG LINCOLN SEDANS with hydraulics and tricked-out rims.

SIX YOUNG MEN, dressed DARK, climb out of the sedans. All of them armed, hard-core HGRC SOLDIERS.

They immediately SCALE THE GATE and DROP to the other side--

FOLLOW with them as they hurry up the DRIVE.

They reach the COURTYARD at the top, and FAN OUT into POSITION, COVERING the area, brandishing PISTOLS and AK-47s.

And that's when a DOZEN FEDS POP UP from where they've been HIDING around the perimeter of the driveway--

It's an AMBUSH--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM--

A FUSILLADE OF GUNFIRE is unleashed at the Bangers, who SCATTER and FLEE back down the Driveway--

One DUDE gets HIT in the THIGH, and he CRUMPLES to the ground, starts DRAGGING himself away--

Another DUDE takes a ROUND in the SHOULDER, and he HOWLS in pain, but KEEPS ON RUNNING--

Another DUDE takes a ROUND through the THROAT, he STAGGERS, and takes TWO MORE ROUNDS in the SPINE as he GOES DOWN--

The remaining DUDE keep running, they LEAP UPON the GATE, start SCALING IT as BULLETS WHIZ all around them--

The DUDE with the WOUNDED SHOULDER can't haul himself over the gate fast enough, and he CATCHES ANOTHER ROUND in the SKULL, and he DROPS from the gate, DEAD--

The ONE REMAINING DUDE makes it over the gate, RUSHES to the LINCOLNS and JUMPS IN and the vehicles PEEL AWAY--

Meanwhile, the LEG-SHOT HGRC SOLDIER is trying to DRAG himself toward the bushes, leaving a trail of BLOOD--

The AMBUSH FEDS slowly CONVERGE on him, they KICK his pistol away, FLIP him onto his back--

FED

Plant said to keep one--

BANGER

FUCK you, don't give a FUCK--

Two Feds HAUL the wounded Banger to his feet, and DRAG him toward the GUEST HOUSE--

INT. SAFE BUILDING - EVENING

Bomb and Berto are eating take-out Mexican food, while Cilla sits against the wall, frowning, preoccupied.

BOMB

Oughtta eat somethin.

Patrick, in a folding chair, stares off, ignoring him.

BOMB'S CELL VIBRATES. Everybody LOOKS at him expectantly.

BOMB  
See? It's all good.  
(into phone)  
Yo. (beat) Wait. Hold up--

Patrick watches as Bomb's expression begins to slowly... *constrict*. His eyes, once steely and cool, begin to widen, and glisten, like a young boy's.

CILLA  
What's going on, baby.

And that's when PATRICK'S CELL starts to RING. He stands up so quickly, his chair topples--

PATRICK  
(into phone)  
Yeah.

And it's PLANT'S VOICE we hear on the other end. Sounding strange, erratic, and decidedly...*unhinged*.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Why do you treat me like this, Patrick? You really hurt me. Made me look like an asshole. Backed me into a bad, bad corner. I'm a good man. I'm fair. Why would you back me into such a terrible corner?*

Patrick closes his eyes, breathes through his nose.

PATRICK  
Do you have them.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Have who? Stills? Felicia? Gang-Bangers? They're all with the coronor now. Thanks to you. Thanks to the both of you.*

Patrick struggles to maintain.

PATRICK  
My wife. And my daughter.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Tell me something. Are you with him right now?*

Patrick opens his eyes, looks at Bomb, who stares back at him, desperate, almost trembling.

PATRICK

Yes.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Go somewhere private.*

Patrick walks into the SIDE ROOM, and SHUTS the door behind him. Cilla and Berto look to Bomb for a reaction, but he can only stare at the door.

INT. SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick paces across the room, phone pressed to his ear.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)

*You're alone now?*

PATRICK

Yes.

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Got someone wants to say hello.*

CUT TO:

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PLANT sits in a small room, KIYOSHI stands against the wall, arms crossed, and Plant hands the PHONE to ROSALIE, who looks shaken, terrified--

ROSALIE

Patch? Are you there--

We INTERCUT between these TWO LOCATIONS--

Patrick's eyes glisten when he hears his wife's VOICE--

PATRICK

Yeah, it's me, Ro, are you okay, is Gigi okay--

ROSALIE (O.S.)

*I'm okay, Gigi's scared, she's stopped talking, where are you, why aren't you here--*

Plant TAKES the phone from Rosalie, nods to KIYOSHI, who USHERS her out of the room, SHUTS the door behind him.

PATRICK (O.S.)

*Don't worry, baby, I'm taking care of this, everything's fine--*

PLANT

I'm sorry, it's me again. But now I'm piqued. How are you going to take care of this?

PATRICK rubs his forehead, paces the room.

PATRICK

I know you don't believe me, but I didn't plan this. I was just as surprised as you.

PLANT (O.S.)

*That is surprising. So you're saying Hardaway was running you the whole time?*

PATRICK

He was running everybody. Including you.

PLANT (O.S.)

*Doesn't matter. I'm sad and angry, Patrick. Angry and sad and hurt and I'm realizing things that I should've realized a long time ago. Way I see it, you got two choices. Either hand him over to me, or disappear and suffer the fates.*

Patrick finds himself in front of the mirror, staring at his clenched, drawn reflection.

PATRICK

Fates.

PLANT (O.S.)

*I'm just so... (beat) Anger brings forth a glorious clarity. You don't bring him to me, your wife's gonna go to prison. Your little girl will become a ward of the state, foster care, and it's gonna wreck her, it's gonna ruin her, you know that right?*

(MORE)



PLANT (O.S.) (cont'd)  
*When a little girl gets ruined, you  
 see it in her eyes, and the stain  
 never goes away, Goat, it's  
 permanent.*

Patrick fights the urge to scream, to rage, to crawl through the phone and choke the very life out of Plant.

PATRICK  
 Tell me where.

INT. NEXT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick emerges from the room. Bomb, Cilla and Berto STARE at him expectantly.

CILLA  
 What did he say?

Patrick looks at Bomb, nods toward the outside.

EXT. SAFE BUILDING - ALLEY - NIGHT

Patrick and Bomb stand outside, under the black, starless sky. They've been out here a bit, Bomb has already smoked his cigarette down to the nub, which he tosses to the side.

No time for bullshit anymore. It's all in the open now.

PATRICK  
 Mozambique? As in Africa?

BOMB  
 Promised Land.

Patrick leans against the wall, crosses his arms.

PATRICK  
 Let's say your boys from Hoover Gardens didn't get ambushed. Where were they gonna bring Gigi and Ro?

Bomb lights up another cigarette, hands unsteady.

BOMB  
 San Pedro. We all meet up there, the docks. There's a container ship. Big Danish motherfucker. Six days to Argentina, the Falklands. From there I got us a charter. Some dudes from Uruguay. Couple weeks, we're in Capetown.

(MORE)

BOMB (cont'd)

Cilla's got people there, we move the rocks, fence the paper. Fix us up with documentation. Then we bang it on up the East Coast about a thousand miles, to Beira.

PATRICK

Mozambique. No extradition.

BOMB

Shit, Goat. By the time we got there, all that sun. You would've been as black as me.

Patrick snorts, and Bobby smiles...and it's a beautiful, sad smile, full of dreams and disappointment. It's soon gone.

BOMB

Fuck it. You did your bid, now it's my turn.

PATRICK

Bobby...

BOMB

For real. I ain't gonna let anything happen to your beautiful little girl. Everything got blown up. (beat) You were right about all that circular shit.

Patrick shakes his head, stares at the black sky.

PATRICK

It could've worked, Bobby. You got me out. You actually *did* that. If you hadn't rocked and rolled your way back here, I'd still be up in Lompoc on the Rule. I'm the garbage here. I was gonna hand you over to the Man. Would've hurt like a son of a bitch, but I was ready to do it.

Bomb drags deeply on his cig. His face hardens, determined.

BOMB

Don't matter anyhow. You twist, you get twisted, maybe it's all the same damn thing. (beat) Stills, he dead, and his lady, she dead. Crips got dead, too. That's my fuckin bill to pay, Goat. So you take me to him.

(MORE)

BOMB (cont'd)  
 Take me to that cue-ball  
 motherfucker and we put this whole  
 thing to sleep.

BEAT.

PATRICK  
 That ship. What time does she  
 leave San Pedro?

Bomb looks at Patrick, eyebrows raised.

EXT. SAFE BUILDING - NIGHT

Patrick stands by the Volvo while, out of earshot, Bomb says  
 goodbye to Cilla. She clings to him, weeping. He soothes  
 her, kisses her. We don't hear what they say.

Patrick nods to Berto, who wheels TWO DUFFELS over to him,  
 and hefts them into the trunk.

PATRICK  
 All set, Berto?

BERTO  
 We good. (beat) It was a pleasure  
 to rock with you, Mr. Gautreaux.

Berto gives Patrick a little salute, then strides over to a  
 BEIGE MINIVAN parked nearby, climbs behind the wheel.

Patrick slams the trunk closed, glances over to the doorway,  
 where Cilla and Bomb finally break apart.

Patrick gets behind the wheel of the Volvo, and Bomb gets the  
 passenger seat. Cilla gets into the Minivan with Berto.

The Volvo and the Minivan take off, in opposite directions.

INT/EXT. VOLVO - LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT

Patrick and Bomb, bruised but resigned, ride together in  
 silence, cruising Northwest through the city. The lights of  
 the HOLLYWOOD HILLS glint and flicker in the distance.

PATRICK  
 Ain't this a bitch.

Bomb smiles sadly, but he's lost in thought.

BOMB

For real. Stuck with a Wheel like  
you. Drive like an old lady.

They keep driving. Bomb stares out the window.

BOMB

Cilla's pregnant. Just told me.

Patrick's eyes widen, and he smiles.

PATRICK

Little Baby-Bomb. Damn.

But Bomb just stares out the window, in a daze.

EXT. TRUCK DEPOT - NIGHT

The MINIVAN pulls up outside the huge, fenced-in LOT  
containing dozens of 18-WHEEL TRACTOR TRAILERS.

Berto hops out, and Cilla slides into the driver's seat. The  
Minivan ZIPS away, as Berto approaches the FENCE--

INT./EXT. VOLVO - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

The Volvo winds its way up Laurel Canyon, higher and higher,  
until the turnoff for LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN looms ahead.

At the INTERSECTION, there are THREE BLACK SUVs parked at the  
roadside, and a HALF DOZEN ARMED FEDS standing amongst them.

The Volvo slows to a stop about fifty feet away.

INSIDE, Patrick and Bomb exchange a final, tense glance.

PATRICK

It's been a pleasure, Mr. Dean.

BOMB

Pleasure's been all mine, Dr.  
Hodge. All mine.

Bomb steps out of the car, hands raised above his head, and a  
few moments later, Patrick does the same.

Almost instantly, the two men are SWARMED by the Feds, who  
shove them up against the car, frisk them roughly.

A Fed moves to the trunk of the Volvo, pops it, finds the Duffels inside, unzips one of them, and the tightly-packed bundles of cash almost burst through the opening--

The Fed grins, stuffs the cash back in, zips it back up, slams the trunk closed, whips out a walkie--

FED  
Good down here.

PLANT'S VOICE CRACKLES through the Walkie:

PLANT'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Bring 'em up.*

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The gate swings open, and the convoy of vehicles winds its way up to the top, and everyone climbs out.

Patrick rolls the kinks out of his neck, glances up the steep embankment at the headlights zipping along Mulholland--

FED  
Let's go, old-timer--

The Fed shoves Patrick forward, toward the front door--

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - FOYER

Patrick and Bomb are ushered inside, where they're greeted by a grinning PLANT, his head gleaming as if freshly polished.

PLANT  
Welcome home, friends.

Patrick stares at the sweaty, jittery Federal Agent, notes the decidedly strange look on his face.

PATRICK  
You alright, Agent Plant?

Plant turns to Bomb. Sizes him up like a prized pig.

PLANT  
Bobby-Bomb Hardaway. As I live and breathe. Now I've got you.

Plant STARES openly, aggressively at Bomb, who frowns, looks away, creeped-out, exposed.

BOMB  
Congratulations.

Plant steps forward, cocks his head, leans close to Bomb.

PLANT  
You're not tough at all, are you.  
Just a skinny little piece of  
Inglewood *trash* who likes to steal  
and play dress-up.

Bomb wrinkles up his nose, grimaces.

BOMB  
Ever brush your teeth? Your breath  
stink like *grandmama* pussy.

Patrick snorts. Plant bristles, nods to Kiyoshi--

PLANT  
Take him to the library.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - BEDROOM

Patrick walks down the hall toward the BEDROOM door, but stops short when he sees AGENT POE sitting in a chair outside the door, typing into her laptop.

PATRICK  
God damn, Althea. It's good to see  
you. I thought--

POE  
Got nothing to say to you.

He steps closer, cautiously.

PATRICK  
I'm sure you find me despicable.  
And you're right to. But you have  
to believe, I didn't know any of  
those moves were gonna happen.

Finally, she looks up at him. Her face is colder than cold.

POE  
I'm the despicable one for failing  
at my job. I don't feel nothin at  
all for a dirty, low-down, lying  
convict thief like you.

Patrick nods, accepts it. He bends close to her, speaks low:

PATRICK

*You didn't fail. You're one of the  
sickest operators I've ever seen.  
I'll never forget. Another life,  
we would've been on the same side.*

Patrick goes into the bedroom. Poe frowns, rubs her sore chest, closes the laptop. Rises to her feet.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick enters, and finds Rosalie sitting in an easy chair, with Gigi asleep in her lap.

Rosalie looks at him with tired, strained eyes. He bends down, kisses her softly, careful not to wake Gigi.

ROSALIE

*Is it over?*

Patrick checks his watch, then walks to the window, looks outside to the Courtyard, sees the DOZEN FEDS milling about, keeping watch. Then he returns to Rosalie.

PATRICK

*Not yet, baby. But soon. (beat)  
Everything you need, put it in a  
bag. Only the essentials.*

Rosalie's eyes widen. He reaches down for Gigi, picks her up, and she lets out a little moan, nestles into him--

EXT. LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT

A HUGE PETERBILT 18-WHEEL SEMI is GROANING and RUMBLING as it makes its way up the steep, winding grade.

We see that it's Berto behind the wheel. The Semi passes the Lookout Mountain turnoff, rumbles on up the hill--

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Bomb is slumped in a chair, looking dejected, while Plant stands across from him. Kiyoshi lingers in the corner.

PLANT

*You really expect me to believe it  
was all your idea. And Gautreaux  
had no idea you were gonna hit the  
Union Trust.*

BOMB

Believe whatever the fuck you want.

PLANT

You don't have the manpower, or the *mind-power*, to make that happen.

Bombs smiles, checks his watch, shakes his head.

BOMB

What, because I'm a piece of Inglewood trash? We got ourselves a Black President, Feeble. Got more *mind-power* than you think. Besides, you don't have anything on me, do you? You got some kinda proof of my hands on the paper? Course you don't. Because I never touched the paper. I've read your files, Plant. I know everything about you. Back in my set, we'd call someone like you a *Buster*. All talk, but no heart. Your boss don't trust you. He knows what you are. Because you fucked up the Carmichael sting and they got away clean. Everybody in the Game knows. We all sit around and *laugh* about that shit.

Plant crosses his arms, stares at Bomb like a specimen.

PLANT

You laugh, do you?

BOMB

Course we do. *Buster*.

Plant just stares, and something's definitely not right, because his gaze seems...*broken*. Like a circuit just blew.

PLANT

You know what? I think you might not live through the night.

Bomb laughs, but unsteadily, not sure he heard right--

BOMB

Hell you just say?

But Plant just continues to STARE. Kiyoshi shifts around, disconcerted, also not sure he heard correctly--



INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick, with Gigi in his arms, emerges from the bedroom into the hall, followed by Rosalie.

They move toward the rear of the house, hunker down in the corner, Patrick shielding them with his arms.

GIGI  
(waking up)  
Daddy...?

PATRICK  
*Gonna be okay, baby girl...*

Poe stands at a distance, looks at them, frowns. She walks toward the door to the LIBRARY--

She can hear Plant's VOICE coming from inside, she quietly slips through the door--

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT

The PETERBILT winds along the treacherous hairpins of Mulholland, cars have to SQUEEZE around it, because it almost takes up the entire road--

The sound of hydraulics HISSING as the semi slows down, approaching a wide dirt turnout that faces South--

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - LIBRARY

Bomb and Plant still facing off--

PLANT  
Do you want to hear how it  
happened, Bobby-Bomb?

Bomb's eyes dart to the window, back to Plant, nervous--

BOMB  
How what happened.

Plant pulls out his Smith & Wesson. Barrel to the floor.

PLANT  
How you *died*, silly goose. Haven't  
you been paying attention?

Bomb freezes, eyeballing the Piece.

PLANT

Kiyoshi, please draw your weapon.

Kiyoshi, nonplussed, does as he's told, pulls out his Glock.

PLANT

Anyway, it was just so *awful*. I was careless, and you moved so quickly, like, like a *panther*.

Plant casually picks up a PILLOW from the couch--

PLANT

And when you went for my weapon, and shot Agent Kiyoshi in the face, all I could do was watch in *horror*--

Kiyoshi almost laughs, until he sees Plant RAISING HIS PISTOL

KIYOSHI

Boss, hey--

In one quick motion, Plant PUSHES THE PILLOW against KIYOSHI'S FACE, and jams the BARREL against the pillow--

BOMB

FUCK DON'T--

--And FIRES! The GUNSHOT is MUFFLED by the pillow, just a hollow POP, and KIYOSHI CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR--

A sharp GASP off-screen, and Plant turns to see POE STANDING THERE, eyes BUGGED, because SHE JUST SAW EVERYTHING--

Plant SWINGS HIS WEAPON TOWARD HER, and she DIVES behind a bookshelf just as he FIRES--

*BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!* The rounds SHRED the bookshelves--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick, Rosalie and Gigi HEAR the GUNSHOTS--

ROSALIE

What was that--

PATRICK

Just stay low--

Patrick CHECKS HIS WATCH and gently pushes Rosalie and Gigi to the floor, and COVERS THEM with his body--

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - TURNOUT - CONTINUOUS

A quick glimpse of the SEMI on the dirt turnout, the huge tires CRUNCHING the pebbles as they slowly ROLL FORWARD--

And BERTO JUMPS OUT of the CAB-- starts RUNNING--

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Plant tosses the blood-splattered pillow to the side, and gets right up into Bomb's face--

PLANT

Toothpaste's out of the tube now,  
friend. Now I got no choice--

BOMB

What the fuck, what the fuck--

PLANT

But to *turn out your lights--*

Plant pushes the BARREL into Bomb's EYE--

BOMB

*Please--*

And from outside, a RUMBLING, a VIBRATION that quickly grows STRONGER and LOUDER--

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The RUMBLING growing louder still, as one of the Feds checks the closed circuit screens--

The driveway is clean... The front door is clean...

But the courtyard screen... is FILLED WITH THE GIGANTIC SEMI HURLING DOWN THE EMBANKMENT--

FED

*Holy SHIT--*

EXT. EMBANKMENT - COURTYARD - HOUSE

The stunned Feds look up to see--

TWENTY TONS OF STEEL MONSTER coming CRASHING DOWN into them--

The Feds SCATTER, and some get out of the way, some DON'T--  
The Semi SMASHES HEADLONG INTO THE HOUSE--

CAVING IN THE WALLS, SHAKING the ENTIRE STRUCTURE to its  
FOUNDATION, the SOUND is DEAFENING--

In the LIBRARY: PLANT and BOMB are THROWN across the ROOM as  
the WALLS RUPTURE and the CEILING IMPLODES--

In the HALLWAY: Rosalie and Gigi SCREAM as the HOUSE SHAKES  
and PIECES OF CEILING RAIN DOWN, but they land crumbling on  
PATRICK'S BACK, as he SHIELDS THEM--

In the LIVING ROOM: the SEMI CAB PUNCHES SIDEWAYS THROUGH the  
WALLS, finally coming to rest in the middle of the ROOM--

The Cab HISSES and FLUIDS LEAK and SPURT from the WRECKAGE--

PATRICK quickly gathers up his girls, who are so SHAKEN they  
can't even SCREAM anymore-- he HUSTLES them through the  
WRECKAGE of the house, to where the Front Door used to be--

He passes by the wreckage of the LIBRARY, where BOMB is  
CRAWLING OUT from under heavy chunks of CEILING--

PATRICK

Quickly now, quickly--

The FLUIDS from the mangled Semi suddenly CATCH FIRE, and the  
FLAMES LICK HUNGRILY along the floor and ceiling--

Patrick moves to Bomb, FLINGS chunks of plaster off his back,  
HAULS Bomb to his feet, guides everyone toward the outside,  
circumventing the growing FLAMES--

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The shell-shocked FEDS-- the ones still on their feet-- GAPE  
at the wreckage, SEARCH the debris for their comrades--

Patrick leads Rosalie and Gigi to the TAHOE, loads them into  
the back seat, FASTENS their BELTS, then SHOVES a dazed Bomb  
into the back next to them--

PLANT (O.S.)

*Not going...anywhere...*

Patrick turns to see PLANT approaching, BLOOD trickling down  
his face, into his EYES, aiming his PISTOL--

PLANT  
*I will kill...your baby girl...*

Patrick instantly WRAPS HIMSELF around Gigi--

POE (O.S.)  
*You DO NOT do that, Sir.*

POE EMERGES from the DARKNESS and SPIN-KICKS the PISTOL right out of Plant's hands--

POE  
*Mother-FUCKER. You DON'T.*

WHAP--WHAP--WHAP--WHAP! She unleashes a FLURRY of KICKS to Plant's CRANIUM, and a final VICIOUS PUNCH to his solar plexus KNOCKS him to the ground, he GASPS for air--

Patrick gapes at her, stunned and grateful--

POE  
 Quit staring. You people need a  
 Wheel, so point the way.

Patrick slides into the passenger seat, Poe gets behind the wheel, starts her up--

POE  
 Everybody get low--

As Poe SCREECHES down the Driveway, sure enough, some FEDS start FIRING at them--

And from within the wrecked house, the SEMI SUDDENLY EXPLODES in a MASSIVE FIREBALL--

BLOWING some FEDS off their feet, while others are piling into the SUV's, preparing to GIVE CHASE--

As the TAHOE BARRELS down the Driveway, doesn't slow for the GATE, instead SMASHES RIGHT THROUGH IT--

The THREE SUV's PEEL OUT down the DRIVEWAY, in close PURSUIT--

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Plant, rubbing his sore chest, limps over to the VOLVO, and pops the trunk. Inside, the DUFFELS. He UNZIPS one of them, ALL THE WAY OPEN, and sees that the CASH is nothing but a THIN OUTER LAYER, covering BULLSHIT STACKS of COPY PAPER.

His expression is oddly calm, even though he's battered, bruised, face full of blood.

PLANT

Oh, yes. Of course. Yes.

He UNZIPS the SECOND DUFFEL. It's the EXACT SAME THING.

Oddly, Plant starts to CHUCKLE. It's very unpleasant.

He walks slowly over to the GUEST COTTAGE.

INT./EXT. TAHOE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

The Tahoe SPEEDS down Laurel Canyon, pursued by the SUVs, VEERING around slower-moving VEHICLES, SCREECHING around tight turns--

Up AHEAD, there is a RED LIGHT, and a LINE OF CARS WAITING--

POE

Everybody hold onto something--

Poe VEERS into the ONCOMING LANE, and SPEEDS PAST the LINE OF CARS, and VEERS BACK into the LANE, just BARELY MISSING a PICKUP descending the HILL to the RIGHT--

One of the SUVs tries the SAME MOVE, and DUCKS the LIGHT--

But HORNS BLARE as the PICKUP SLAMS on its BRAKES--

SCREEEEEE-- the PICKUP fucking T-BONES the SUV, SMASHES it CLEAR ACROSS THE ROAD, into a LINE of CARS--

The TAHOE keeps SPEEDING down the incline, DISAPPEARS around a tight curve, hotly PURSUED by the TWO REMAINING SUVs--

INT./EXT. GUEST COTTAGE - HILLS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

HOLD the EXTERIOR the darkened GUEST COTTAGE. Suddenly, from within, an terrible, gut-wrenching SCREAM OF PAIN.

INSIDE, Plant stands over the writhing form of the WOUNDED HGRC BANGER, whose hands and feet are BOUND.

Plant, his FINGERS BLOODY, whispers softly, tenderly-- looking absolutely, terrifyingly SNAPPED.

PLANT

*You know, it's not as hard as I thought it would be.*

(MORE)

PLANT (cont'd)  
*Giving pain to someone. Because  
 it's for a good cause, right?*

The Banger SCREAMS some more--

BANGER  
 Help me. Somebody HELP ME.

PLANT  
*Shh. It's only you and me now.  
 Nobody can hear you. Just tell me,  
 and I promise the pain will stop.*

BANGER  
 God. Jesus fucking God--

PLANT  
*Will you tell me? How about if I  
 do this? Will you tell?*

Plant LEANS DOWN TOWARD HIM, and the Banger HOWLS--

BANGER  
 YES I WILL PLEASE STOP PLEASE FUCK--

EXT. SHIPYARD - SAN PEDRO - NIGHT

A CRANE is loading the last of a pile of HUGE T.E.U. SHIPPING CONTAINERS onto the deck of the *VOLKER MAERSK*.

Find CILLA standing in the shadows of the DOCKS, watching as the MINIVAN is ROLLED into one of the CONTAINERS.

She's holding a YELLOW GYM BAG. She checks her WATCH, her expression tight, worried. She rubs her hand over her belly.

REVEAL: Through the window of the Minivan, *TWELVE BULGING DUFFELS* filling almost the entire interior.

The Minivan-- along with about 30 MILLION DOLLARS, disappears into the darkness the Container--

INT./EXT. TAHOE - LAUREL & SUNSET - NIGHT

The Tahoe comes HURLING through the INTERSECTION, pursued by the TWO SUVs, and they CUT THROUGH TRAFFIC and head WEST on SUNSET, WEAVING around CARS and PEDESTRIANS--

PATRICK  
 Someone called the cavalry--

Because there are now a DOZEN LAPD CRUISERS on their tail,  
sirens WAILING, lights FLASHING, along with the SUVs--

POE

Don't forget the goddamn Sky Team--

And yes indeed, there's an LAPD CHOPPER OVERHEAD, shining its  
SPOTLIGHT DOWN upon them--

PATRICK

How much time we got?

Bomb checks his watch, looks worried--

BOMB

Thirty minutes--

PATRICK

Poe, we gotta--

POE

Quit flappin your lips and let me  
*drive*, Goat--

The Tahoe RUNS A RED and takes a HARD LEFT down LA CIENEGA--

The pursuing SQUAD CARS try to FOLLOW but TWO of them are  
CRUSHED by ONCOMING TRAFFIC--

EXT. SHIPYARD - SAN PEDRO - NIGHT

Cilla watches as the LAST CONTAINER is loaded onto the VOLKER  
MAERSK. Various SAILORS are making final preparations.

A CAPTAIN approaches her, gestures angrily, points at the  
ship, curses at her in SWEDISH.

She ARGUES BACK with him, surprisingly FLUENT in that same  
strange-sounding language--

The Captain throws up his hands, stalks toward the ship.

INT./EXT. TAHOE - INGLEWOOD - NIGHT

The Tahoe has LOST many of the pursuing vehicles, but there's  
still at least 10 WAILING CRUISERS following close behind.

And of course the CHOPPER overhead, ILLUMINATING everything--



PATRICK

We don't lose that Bird, they're gonna follow us all the way there--

POE

Got something in mind for that--

Poe suddenly CUTS ACROSS THE STREET, and starts DRIVING RIGHT INTO ONCOMING TRAFFIC--

Horns BLARE, tires SCREECH as the TRAFFIC SWERVES to avoid them, many cars SMASHING INTO the pursuing SQUAD CARS--

Gigi SCREAMS from the back, Patrick tries to comfort her--

PATRICK

It's okay, cookie, just close your eyes, pretend you're Dora the Explorer, it's an adventure--

Gigi closes her eyes, furrows her brow.

GIGI

*Dora...*

Poe CUTS SHARPLY into an alleyway, leaving behind a MASSIVE PILEUP, but still a half-dozen CRUISERS are following--

After a few more SHARP TURNS, the Tahoe emerges onto MANCHESTER BLVD, heading WEST, toward the AIRPORT--

POE

Should be under the canopy of FAA airspace in about thirty seconds--

Poe GUNS IT, and they're FLYING down Manchester at about NINETY, running LIGHTS and WEAVING through TRAFFIC--

No doubt about it...Althea Poe is a SICK, SICK WHEEL--

BOMB

What's she talkin about--

PATRICK

Once we're in the flight path of LAX, nobody else can be in the sky--

And sure enough...the SPOTLIGHT surrounding them suddenly SHUTS OFF, and the CHOPPER overhead VEERS OFF--

Bomb grins, leans out the WINDOW, and FLIPS OFF the disappearing Bird--

BOMB  
That's right. Fuck you, bitch!

Poe SWERVES the Tahoe and Bomb is JERKED back inside--

She CUTS HARD across ONCOMING TRAFFIC and ACCELERATES into a darkened, tree-lined SIDE STREET with NO STREET LIGHTS--

MORE of the CRUISERS are T-BONED as they try to FOLLOW HER across to the side street--

The WRECKAGE of the CARS goes SPINNING across MANCHESTER, creating another EPIC PILE-UP--

INT./EXT. SIDE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Tahoe speeds down the dark street, blowing through stop signs, quick LEFT, then RIGHT, LEFT--

It's a BLUR, and as Poe works the Tahoe deeper into the grid, Bomb leans over the seat, addresses Poe with sincerity.

BOMB  
Althea. I only popped you because  
I knew you had the vest on.

POE  
Kinda busy right now, Hardaway.

BOMB  
I just really...hope it didn't hurt  
too bad. I never--

POE  
Could you please shut up and let me  
drive? Thank you.

Poe FLIPS OFF THE HEADLIGHTS. And CUTS HARD into a NARROW ALLEYWAY between HOUSES--

POE  
And good night.

The PURSUING CRUISERS are suddenly CHASING AIR.

Some of the CRUISERS jam to a stop, others keep going, take a few TURNS, searching the surrounding STREETS--

But there's NOTHING. The Tahoe is fucking GONE.

EXT. SHIPYARD - SAN PEDRO - NIGHT

Cilla in full PANIC, clenching her fists, scanning the ROAD--

The ENGINES of the VOLKER are now GROANING and GRINDING and spewing smoke and bilge water.

And finally the TAHOE comes ROARING down the inclined road, she bursts into tears, rushes toward it--

The Tahoe screeches to a stop. Everyone PILES OUT, starts hurrying toward the BOARDING PLANK--

Bomb rushes to Cilla, they grab onto each other, pull tight--

BOMB

Thank God, baby, thank God--

They join with the OTHERS, Patrick, Poe, Rosalie and Gigi, in a tight cluster, only feet from the PLANK--

BLAM! BOMB suddenly takes a BULLET through his KNEE--

Cilla SCREAMS--

Bomb hits the pavement hard, SCREAMS in pain, Cilla crouches next to him, holds her hands to the WOUND--

Everyone spins around and THERE HE IS:

JACOB PLANT, bloodied, lurching, brandishing an AK.

PLANT

Just so you know. I'm going to shoot anything that moves. So, really. Please move. I'd really love it if somebody moved.

Nobody moves. Cilla remains at Bomb's side, while he grits his teeth, grunts in pain.

The NOISE and CLAMOR of the shipyard is deafening, disorienting to the extreme.

PATRICK

You had any class, you'd stop pointing that at my wife and kid.

PLANT

Who needs *class* when you get to hold a dead Crip's A-K? I mean will you look at this thing?

Plant SHAKES the AK in their direction, LAUGHS a strange, hollow, disconnected laugh.

POE  
You're a goddamn disgrace, Plant.

BOMB  
Fuckin BUSTER--

BLAM! Plant SHOOTS him in the WRIST-- Bomb HOWLS in pain--

PLANT  
Gettin real tired of your mouth.

CILLA  
STOP IT, for FUCK'S SAKE--

PLANT  
I was so blind before. Playing by the rules. Coulda taken the Carmichaels if only I'd seen the necessity of getting dirty. And wet. Because we're all dirty, all of us, every one of us.

He aims the AK at Patrick. The SHIP WHISTLE BLARES, slicing through the thick air, the noise overwhelming--

PLANT  
Gautreaux, get on your knees.

ROSALIE  
LEAVE US ALONE--

Plant takes a step closer, and through the madness in his eyes, there's a sadness, a resignation.

PLANT  
You made me into this, Goat. This isn't who I wanted to be. But now I've got no choice. So why'd you have to do it? Just tell me why.

The NOISE and CLAMOR has reached a monstrous fever pitch--

PATRICK  
Because this is who I am. You knew that from the start. And there's no way I'm gonna kneel for you.

PLANT  
Do you want them to watch? I'm fine with that. They can watch.

(MORE)

PLANT (cont'd)  
 Put this baby on full-auto and cut  
 you in half like a buzz-saw.

Patrick's eyes flick-- for an instant-- past Plant, into the  
 night beyond. Then he relents, and kneels on the pavement.

PATRICK  
 Formidable weapon, the AK. I  
 prefer the M-16. Less kick. More  
 ergonomic. Superior targeting.  
 That AK bucks like a bronco on  
 crack. Gotta hand it to the  
 Russians, though...they tried.  
 Where'd you say you got it again?

PLANT  
 Doesn't matter. I never got to  
 kill Benny Carmichael. But I'm  
 sure as fuck gonna kill the Goat.

Plant walks the barrel right up to Patrick's HEAD--

The sound of CAR DOORS SLAMMING--

VOICE O.S.  
*Nigga got it from me.*

And a BASEBALL BAT THUNKS into PLANT'S SKULL--

He FALLS to his hands and knees, dazed, eyes crossed, and the  
 AK CLATTERS to the ground.

REVEAL, SPREAD OUT BEHIND PLANT:

TWO DOZEN HOOVER GARDENS ROLLIN CRIPS. Armed to the teeth.  
 Eyes hard with vengeful, poisonous rage.

And here comes ROPE, rolling toward the felled Plant in his  
 Wheelchair. He stops beside him. SLAPS Plant in the face.

ROPE  
 Look at me, Boo. You hear what I  
 said? You got that shit from me.

Plant's eyes clear, he looks up at Rope, sees all the BANGERS  
 surrounding him, and he lets out a childlike groan.

Cilla tosses the yellow GYM BAG over to Rope, then tends to  
 Bomb's wounds, gathers him up with the help of Rosalie.

A weak, agonized Bomb still manages to throw up the SIGN--

BOMB  
 For life.

Rope hands the gym bag to an HGRC soldier, returns the sign.

ROPE

Best believe. Now get on that  
motherfuckin boat.

Cilla helps Bomb limp onto the Plank, and Rosalie follows,  
carrying Gigi, they hurry across--

Patrick remains behind, shares a loaded look with Agent Poe.

PATRICK

Hey. I'll never. (beat) You  
won't be in the cold. All this is  
you. I'll make it right for you.

Poe looks at him, head cocked.

POE

Gonna give me a million bucks?

PATRICK

Say the word.

POE

That the going rate for a Wheel?

PATRICK

It's about fifty times the going  
rate for a Wheel.

Poe looks at the ship, at the sky, back to Patrick, smirks.

POE

You actually thought I was serious.  
That's cute. But I'm not taking  
your money, Goat.

PATRICK

Althea, hey--

POE

You're a sweet man. Go on now.  
Get the fuck out of here.

Patrick nods, holds her gaze, then runs up the plank, which  
retracts as the ship slowly STEAMS away from the dock.

Agent Poe walks away, back toward the Tahoe.

On the way, she passes by the HGRC BANGERS, who are DRAGGING  
AGENT PLANT across the pavement, toward a cluster of CARS.

Plant makes desperate EYE CONTACT with her, as he's DRAGGED--

PLANT

Poe. Please. Don't let them. You  
can't let them. Poe.

Poe stares back at Plant, pure ice. She rotates to the side,  
and SPITS onto the pavement.

Then she turns her back and walks away.

Plant starts to CRY. Wet, messy, snotty tears.

PLANT

DON'T LET THEM. DON'T LET THEM.  
DON'T LET THEM.

Rope rolls on up to Plant, pats his bald head kindly.

ROPE

Aw, there, there, homeboy. (beat)  
There, there.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOUSE - MOZAMBIQUE - SUNRISE

Patrick sits on the edge of a bed. Outside, past the open  
French Doors, a white beach, and the rising sun beyond.

He leans over, kisses a sleeping Rosalie.

PATRICK'S VOICE

*I'm the best Taker that ever lived.  
But that doesn't mean I have any  
Delusions of Grandeur.*

He stands, rolls the kinks out of his neck, leaves the room.

EXT. PACIFIC PALISADES - DAY

A minivan pulls into a gravel parking lot. Althea Poe gets  
out, goes to the back, pulls out a folded wheelchair.

PATRICK'S VOICE

*I'm a thief, and that's a low  
goddamn road to walk. Even if you  
walk with virtuosity.*

She unfolds it, sets it on the ground. She opens the side door, and helps her father, Alvis Poe-- frail and trembling-- into the wheelchair.

INT. HOUSE - MOZAMBIQUE - SUNRISE

Patrick walks into Gigi's room. She's awake, sitting on her bed, drawing pictures on a large pad.

She's gotten bigger, and her skin is tanned. She looks up.

GIGI

Daddy, do you like giraffes?

She hands him the picture. It's a giraffe, with a neck so long, it fills the page.

PATRICK

That's one fine-lookin giraffe,  
Cookie. And it's purple, too.

She smiles, flops onto her back, giggles at the ceiling.

EXT. HOUSE - PATIO - SUNRISE

Patrick walks outside onto the patio. It is clean and white.

He passes Cilla, sitting in a wicker chair, watching the sunrise. At her bosom, a beautiful INFANT is nursing, with mocha brown skin, and blue eyes.

He kisses Cilla's cheek, and kisses the baby's tiny head.

PATRICK'S VOICE

*Walk that road, and you'd better  
pay the toll. Pour the  
foundations. Plant the trees.*

He walks out onto the beach. Stands at the water's edge, as the water sloshes over his feet.

EXT. PACIFIC PALISADES - DAY

Althea pushes her father along in the wheelchair, down a path toward a newly-constructed BUILDING that sits on a beautiful, serene plot of land, overlooking the Pacific.

Above the door, a tasteful SIGN: *Southland Center for  
Alzheimers Care and Research.*



Alvis smiles dreamily. He's pretty far gone, and clearly doesn't have much time left. But he's happy.

ALVIS  
Look at all the loveliness.

POE  
I know, Daddy. Just look.

They pass through the door, into the peaceful, freshly-painted lobby. Past a PLAQUE on the wall: *With sincere gratitude to our Anonymous Benefactor.*

PATRICK'S VOICE  
*It's a long haul from the low road  
to the top of the mountain. But if  
you pay the toll, you'll get there.*

Poe pushes her father further into the building. From outside, the sound of crashing waves--

EXT. BEACH - MOZAMBIQUE - SUNRISE

From behind, we see BOMB walking toward Patrick at the water's edge. He has a severe limp, and walks with a cane.

PATRICK'S VOICE  
*You'll get there.*

Bobby gazes out, leans on that golden cane.

BOMB  
Beautiful like a motherfucker.

They don't look at each other, only at the meniscus of blood orange SUN, as it inches its way up over the horizon.

**THE END**