

THE QUICK KILLING

by

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"Let's go."

William Holden
"The Wild Bunch"

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CHINATOWN - DAY

The strange Asian world is chaos and order homogenized. Sing-song voices combine to make an earful of goulash. Street bazaar signs bellow bright and unfamiliar Chinese characters that can't possibly be understood.

A YOUNG ASIAN BOY steals a large, strange mushroom from a street vendor. AN ANCIENT WOMAN carries a dead fish in a wicker basket, black eyes peering out from newspaper wrapping.

THREE ROUGH LOOKING ASIAN MEN in their early twenties shoulder past the old woman. The crowd parts as if the men were visiting dignitaries; respected. Or is it feared?

The Three Men move to the front of a black building. They chat familiarly with well-dressed BODYGUARDS standing watch.

A Bodyguard offers cigarettes. One of the Three Men takes out a lighter, exposing briefly the light submachine-gun deftly hidden under his stylish sportcoat.

PULLING BACK from the Bodyguards, we see the line of black limousines that are taking up most of the block. Something important is going on in the building...

INT. MAKESHIFT FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY

And someone important died. A massive banner with an enormous photo of the dead man hangs on the wall.

A YOUNG PRIEST stands beneath the banner, in the midst of his sermon. The man in the photo is old, wise-looking. His closed casket lies before the Priest's podium.

As he speaks, the Young Priest's eyes scan the standing-room only crowd. BODYGUARDS wearing dark sunglasses stand in the back of the room. His eyes wash over them with a flash of moral scorn. The Bodyguards do not register the stare.

THE FRONT ROW is filled with men in their 50s, young, beautiful Asian girls beside them. No one grieves much.

Sermon complete, the mourners stand to pay their respects. Fine leather shoes shuffle on the faux-marble floor. The line of people walk by the casket, some touching the lid before moving on, others leaving flowers.

ON THE YOUNG PRIEST - watching the mourners intently.

POV PRIEST - watching a particular BARREL-CHESTED MAN in his forties as he approaches the casket.

The Barrel-Chested man stops, touches the casket lid gently, sadly. He's the only one who seems truly upset. He looks up at the picture on the banner, then at the Young Priest.

THE PRIEST smiles at the Man. A mouthful of white teeth.

THE BARREL CHESTED MAN stares back at the Priest. The Priest continues to smile. An odd thing to do at a funeral... Then, something odder happens.

The Young Priest knocks a quick tattoo on the lid of the coffin. The coffin lid abruptly --

-- SWINGS UPWARD, opening.

The Barrel-Chested Man staggers back. Mourners gasps as, impossibly -- the dead man sits up in his casket...

But it's not the dead man. It's TOMMY CHOW, a thirty year-old Chinese-American. Chow wears trademark ballorama sunglasses.

Tommy Chow smiles at the Barrel-Chested Man, who grunts in horrified recognition.

Chow pulls something from the casket. A machine gun. Tommy Chow shouts something in Chinese. Laughs.

And OPENS FIRE.

The Barrel-Chested man is BLASTED BACKWARD, his chest exploding with slugs, ripping through his nice black suit.

BLOOD sprays on his young mistress. She screams. A bullet hits her in the tit. She collapses.

TWO BODYGUARDS rush from an antechamber near the street exit -- guns drawn. They are unable to comprehend what they see; their boss down in a pool of blood; a man sitting in a casket with a machine gun.

They understand only too late as --

THE YOUNG PRIEST pulls out two nickel-plated .45s from under his black tunic and opens fire --

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! -- the Bodyguards are taken out. One is blown through the front door, careening down the steps head over heels like a stuntman in a screwball comedy. He lands in the street in an expanding pool of blood.

THE MOURNERS charge for the door.

CHOW GRINS as he mows them down from the casket, muzzle fire flashing out of his weapon as the bullets rip into the crowd indiscriminately, taking out men, women, young and old.

Madness at the front door -- a stampeding bottleneck.

YOUNG BODYGUARDS try to shove their way inside against the human tide. ONE BODYGUARD makes it, pulls out his submachine-gun and BLASTS at the casket.

Tommy Chow's ass is nearly sheared off, the casket under him exploding into woodchips.

The YOUNG PRIEST pivots, FIRES from behind the podium.

The Young Chinese Bodyguard SCREAMS as a bullet hits home.

Miraculously unscathed, TOMMY CHOW runs out of ammo, reaches into the casket and pulls out another clip, slaps it in.

AT THE EXIT - Bodyguards shove their way past the exodus, trying to get inside, guns flashing at horrified faces.

The Young Priest shouts something to him in Chinese -- time to leave. Chow LEAPS from the casket. The two men charge for the back hallway, away from the mad rush at the exit.

THE BODYGUARDS hurdle over the several dozen bodies of the dead, chase after Chow and the Priest.

One bodyguard stops at the corpse of the Barrel-Chested Man.

He looks down in horror at the dead man. It's clear by the look on his face that this man was his boss.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR HALLWAY - DAY

Chow and the Priest charge down the narrow hallway. Burst through a door, down a flight of steps. Into the basement. Voices of the Bodyguards echo after them.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Bodyguards are trying to figure out which way they went. One of them bursts through a door to see --

THE DEAD body of the REAL PRIEST. Sitting in a chair at a table, as if in meditation. A neat hole graces his forehead, blood staining the leather chair on which he died.

INT. BASEMENT - CONT.

The Priest rips open a basement door. Cement staircase leads UP and into a BACK ALLEY.

Chow HEARS Bodyguards, too close. He whirls, machine gun leveled. Sees motion in the doorway and FIRES --

-- TAKING OUT the lead Bodyguard. The Man is hurtled backward into the arms of his comrades, bullets ripping into his chest, arms, legs. The other Bodyguards hit the floor as Chow empties his clip down the hallway, turning sheetrock into a blizzard of pulped ash.

Chow's gun clicks on empty. He charges after the Priest, up into the alley.

INT. THE ALLEY - DAY

The Priest is running flat out for the STREET. Comes to a sliding halt, bowling over an old man on the sidewalk. A CAR SCREECHES to a stop in front of him. The Priest rips open the door, dives in the passenger seat.

Takes a fresh machine gun offered by the DRIVER, locks and loads. Points it out the car window at --

TOMMY CHOW, lithe body running fast in his funeral black suit, his sunglasses still perfectly resting on his impassive, chiseled face. The Priest SHOUTS at Chow --

PRIEST

Down!

Chow hits the deck, sliding on the cement like Pete Rose as the PRIEST OPENS FIRE --

The bullets whiz over Chow's body and EXPLODE into the Bodyguards as they reach the top of the alley steps. Bodyguards are raked with gunfire, guts ripped open.

PRIEST

Now!

Chow runs for the car. Dives in the open back seat door.

THE DRIVER HITS THE GAS. sccrrEEECHHH! The black sedan roars past stunned onlookers, horn blaring at pedestrians, who leap out of the way at the last moment.

Tommy Chow's getaway car speeds down the block as --

-- THE LAST GROUP of bodyguards make it to the end of the alley...

...Just in time to see the sedan disappearing around a corner.

FADE OUT:

EXT. VENICE BEACH, CALIFORNIA - DAY

A Cadillac comes to a halt on a street corner. The Driver looks up at a sign on the second story of a run down building:

TIM FLANAGAN'S BOXING & TRAINING.

The Driver is MIKE TASSONI. His eyes look like they've seen and forgotten everything in this world -- but his face seems to have remembered. His forehead has lines like the grooves in an old vinyl record, played on endless spin.

Tassoni shakes his head at the sign and smiles, almost sadly.

INT. BOXING STUDIO - DAY

One large open room, the converted warehouse has two boxing rings, a dozen hanging heavy bags, speed bags, weight equipment. Boxers work out, jumping rope, hitting the bags.

TIM FLANAGAN is in the far boxing ring, sparring gloves getting smacked around by a large boxer with a chiseled body.

Flanagan eggs the boxer on, barking out encouragement, telling him when to jab, when to unleash with a combination.

TASSONI unfolds a metal chair along the wall and sits in anonymity, no one looking at him. Sees Flanagan dance in the ring, watches him like a long-lost brother resurfaced.

ON FLANAGAN - lean, still chiseled. He would be handsome if not for the scars. One eyebrow is half gone; cruel reminder of his years in the ring.

ON TASSONI - All around him boxers hit bags, skip rope, run punching drills. He sits back in his chair and waits, content to stay where he is and watch.

TIME DISSOLVE:

AS TASSONI sits and waits, Boxers working out in front of him slowly DISSOLVE, fade away. Half of them vanish.

DISSOLVE:

MORE BOXERS dissolve before Tassoni. His eyes don't move. He watches the ring where Flanagan trains the young Boxer.

DISSOLVE:

THE BOXING RING - is empty. The speed bags hang, dormant, the punching bags are still.

AND NOW TASSONI is alone in the studio, last of the boxers showered, carrying their bags past him and down the steps.

Tassoni finally stands, moves toward the locker room.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

FLANAGAN mops the locker room floor, wringing the cloth mop with massive hands, filthy water splashing into a dented metal bucket.

From the doorway, Tassoni watches Flanagan put his back into the chore, cleaning a floor that will always look filthy.

FLANAGAN
(sensing a presence)
You another bill collector?

TASSONI
Don't you got a janitor for that?

FLANAGAN
Why? You interested in the job?

TASSONI
No, I just never thought Kid Flanagan
would someday end up mopping floors.

Flanagan turns, really looks at Tassoni for the first time.

FLANAGAN
(dawning recognition)
Holy shit.

Flanagan's face breaks into a wide smile, he ditches the mop. The two men come together and embrace, warmly, like brothers.

INT. FLANAGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Flanagan clinks shot glasses with Tassoni.

TASSONI
Salud.

They throw back Jack Daniels. Flanagan tosses the bottle in a drawer, sits and puts his feet up on the desk, tilting to one side, broken leg wobbling.

FLANAGAN
How'd you find me?

TASSONI
Come on. It's me you're talkin to.

For all his posturing, Flanagan seems ill at ease.

FLANAGAN
I'm surprised to see you, Tassoni.

TASSONI

Blast from the past, huh?

Tassoni looks around the shabby office. Unopened pink envelopes on the desk are marked "THIRD NOTICE." There is a long, uncomfortable silence.

TASSONI

How's Madeline?

FLANAGAN

(guarded)

I don't know.

TASSONI

You guys aren't...

FLANAGAN

What?

TASSONI

Together, anymore?

FLANAGAN

We divorced eight years ago. But we'd been split for three anyway. It was just a formality.

TASSONI

You got married... I didn't know that.

FLANAGAN

Look, Mike...if it means anything now, I'm sorry. But what's done is done, I can't change the past.

TASSONI

No you can't, can you?... But, you can imagine how long I thought about it... Stayed up nights. My best friend and my fiancée -- that kind of stuff guts you.

FLANAGAN

She fooled you, she fooled me. You know what kind of woman she was. And she's probably foolin' someone else right now.

Tassoni nods. Chews his lip.

TASSONI

You're probably right.

FLANAGAN

She used me to get away from you, and from everyone she knew. Then she left me too. Left me with a five year old girl and a stack of credit card bills. Can you imagine me with a five year old girl?

TASSONI

(smiles)

No. I can't, actually.

FLANAGAN

So you show up a lifetime later to talk about Madeline?

TASSONI

No. I need you for a job.

Flanagan's face doesn't change. He pulls two Buds from a mini-fridge. Hands one to Tassoni, cracks his open. Drinks it in one go. Crushes the can, biceps bulging.

FLANAGAN

I wanna show you something.

INT. BOXING STUDIO - DAY

Flanagan guides Tassoni through the empty studio, past the hanging bags. They pass a POSTER on the wall of the Boxer he was training: a promotion for an upcoming bout.

FLANAGAN

This is all I ever wanted. My own place. A boxing studio, somewhere I could find and train the next champ.

Flanagan nods at the POSTER of the Boxer.

FLANAGAN

Took me six years to find him. That kid has a shot. One more year of seasoning.

Tassoni sips his beer and follows along silently. Footsteps echo in the deserted studio.

TASSONI

Look at this one.

A faded poster of "KID FLANAGAN VS. BERKHARDT." Flanagan is a mean-looking kid, staring out from the poster, gloves before him.

TASSONI

First round, first punch, you knocked Berkhardt out of the ring. I thought you killed him, swear to God.

Flanagan turns from the poster, not wanting to look at it.

TASSONI

He was bragging all week before the fight, remember that? How you were going down in the third. When you got through with him, he never talked right again.

Flanagan keeps walking, eyeing the empty boxing ring.

FLANAGAN

If someone like me had taken me under their wing when I was sixteen. Or even twenty. Instead of you and me working for the family, getting mixed up in that miserable life... Now I have a shot, see? It's not just for him --

(motions to the poster)

It's my shot, too.

Tassoni tosses his unfinished beer into the garbage.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BOXING STUDIO - SUNSET

The sky burns orange. Tassoni and Flanagan walk the Venice strand, sounds of cold ocean waves crashing in the background.

TASSONI

The Tongs have muscle like you wouldn't believe. They're ten times more powerful than we ever were. And they're secret. Hidden. American cops and Feds have not a fucking clue how to handle them.

FLANAGAN

What the hell do the Chinese need an old greaseball like you for?

TASSONI

I understand American police. I understand Feds. I can keep tabs. I get information the Chinese can't get.

(shrugs)

I know the angles.

They stop before the expanse of Muscle Beach.

FLANAGAN

Well, we walked.

TASSONI

Let me tell you about the job.

FLANAGAN

Not interested.

TASSONI

Don't tell me that. I know you've worked since you left the Family.

FLANAGAN

That was seven, eight years ago, Mike. And it was just to make ends meet. I'm out of practice, anyway.

TASSONI

Out of practice my ass. It's the only thing you were ever good at.

FLANAGAN

(sharp look)

Is that right?

TASSONI

Damn right it's right. You know it, too.

Flanagan looks out at the ocean, shrugs.

FLANAGAN

Maybe.

TASSONI

We were a team. A good one.

FLANAGAN

I made a new life. I'm not going back there. I couldn't stomach it anymore.

TASSONI

I don't buy it. You never had a problem with nerve. Stone cold behind the trigger. Don't try to tell me otherwise.

FLANAGAN

(hard to put into words)

It's not that, it's... It's that I couldn't stomach that it started to come easy to me.

Flanagan's eyes bore into Tassoni, then look away -- the memories too painful to dredge from the muck.

TASSONI

(drops the bomb)

The job pays two hundred K.

Flanagan sits on a bench. This isn't what he wants to hear.

TASSONI

You could fix up that studio of yours. Pay for your daughter's education.

FLANAGAN

We'll get student aid. Or a bank loan.

TASSONI

She's smart?

FLANAGAN

(warms to the subject)

Four point GPA. Got accepted to Harvard.
Can you believe that?

TASSONI

(laughs)

She's got her dad's brains... Ivy League
is expensive, Tim.

FLANAGAN

Drug money will not pay for the first
Flanagan to go to college.

Tassoni looks at Flanagan for a long moment. Understands:

TASSONI

She doesn't know. Does she?

FLANAGAN

No. She doesn't know anything about what
I did or who I was. Angie will never know.

Flanagan stands to walk back toward the studio.

TASSONI

Nineteen thousand dollars.

FLANAGAN

What?

TASSONI

You been living on borrowed time. You got
\$19,000 in debt. No bank's gonna loan you
ten cents. You're four months late on
rent at the boxing studio. They're gonna
evict you. You're tapped out. No more
income. No college money. No nothing.

Flanagan turns, grabs the fence.

TASSONI

This is a quick job, mid-risk. Grab a guy
at the airport. Deliver him in one piece
and you're done. Two hundred grand.

Flanagan fights temptation. Shakes his head.

FLANAGAN

I know you're trying to help me, Mike.
But you're asking too much... It's a
lifetime that I never want to reopen. And
I'm not going back there -- that's it.
Thanks, but no thanks.

He holds out his hand. Disappointed, Tassoni shakes his hand.

TASSONI

Okay, Tim. But will you do me a favor?
Think about it. Take 48 hours and think
it over. After that, I go to someone
else. The package arrives next Friday.

Tassoni writes a phone number on the back of a business card.

TASSONI

It's the work you were meant to do. Think
it over carefully. Don't turn your back
on your real talent.

Tassoni hands Flanagan the card and walks off, leaving Flanagan
to stare at the business card.

Flanagan watches Tassoni disappearing into the crowd. Then
looks out at the ocean. Takes a deep breath and lets it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOURTH STREET - DAY

Full sweatpants and shirt matted with perspiration, Flanagan
crests a hill at the end of a long run, breathing heavily. He
walks up to his small house, badly in need of a paint job.

Flanagan goes through the mail -- all bills. Comes across
something that interests him: FEDERAL STUDENT LOAN CENTER.

Rips open the letter and reads, eyes scanning the page. His
face turns from thrill to disappointment. Sits on the porch.

FLANAGAN

Shit.

The front door swings open. ANGIE FLANAGAN, a sixteen year-old
beauty with long, curly blonde hair, bounces across the porch.

ANGIE

I thought I heard you!

She hugs him from behind. Flanagan pats her arm, lovingly.

FLANAGAN
 (hides the letter)
 How's my favorite daughter?

ANGIE
 Considering I'm your only daughter?

FLANAGAN
 You're still my favorite. How was your
 day, genius?

ANGIE
 (a quick news update:)
 School was good, soccer practice was fine,
 everything else is fine, no boyfriend to
 speak of -- gotta go to work.

Pecks him on the cheek, runs down the steps.

FLANAGAN
 Angie...

She turns at the sidewalk. Flanagan is holding the Student loan
 letter in his hand. He hesitates.

FLANAGAN
 Be careful. I don't want you walking home.

ANGIE
 I'm a Flanagan. I'm tough.

She waves, crosses the street, walking to work.

FLANAGAN
 Have someone give you a ride!

Flanagan watches her go, full of love and sadness.

ON HIS HAND - crumpling the Student Loan letter.

INT. STUDENT LOAN CENTER - DAY

Flanagan sits at a cubicle with a portly LOAN OFFICER.

LOAN OFFICER
 ...it's your wife's combined with yours
 that makes her ineligible for student aid.

FLANAGAN
 She's my ex-wife. She's off in Tahiti or
 some place with her rich boyfriend.

LOAN OFFICER
 She claimed your daughter as a dependent
 on her taxes for the last three years.

FLANAGAN

What am I supposed to tell my daughter?
 Sorry honey, you worked your ass off for
 four years so you could go to a city
 college because your asshole of a mother
 has been using you as a tax write-off?

People hear this, look over. A SECURITY GUARD ambles closer.

LOAN OFFICER

The situation is beyond my control. I'm
 sorry. Thank you for coming in.

Loan Officer stands, meeting over, extending a parting
 handshake. Flanagan shakes it. The man tries to pull away.
 Flanagan's grip tightens. Tightens. Loan Officer's eyes widen.

FLANAGAN

My daughter can't go to college without
 that loan. You have two options:
 (grip tightens further)
 Sign that approval form right now...

ON FLANAGAN'S HAND -- grip tightening, the Loan Officer can't
 speak, pain incredible, bones on the verge of shattering.

FLANAGAN

...Or wipe your ass for the next six weeks
 with a broken hand.

The Loan Officer is sinking to his knees. A SECURITY GUARD
 senses trouble, ambles closer.

LOAN OFFICER

(barely able to speak)
 L-let go. Please, let go...

The Guard puts a hand on Flanagan's shoulder. Flanagan ignores
 him, looking into the wide eyes of the Loan Officer.

FLANAGAN

(hushed whisper)
 What's it gonna be?

SECURITY GUARD

Let's go, buddy! Now!

The overzealous Security Guard pulls out his nightstick, smacks
 Flanagan in the ribs with it.

SECURITY GUARD

I said now, buddy!

Flanagan releases his grip, the Loan Officer crumpling,
 clutching his ruined hand.

Flanagan whirls, plants a quick, devastating punch into the Guard's gut.

The Guard goes down, hard, baton clattering from his grasp. Rolls on the ground, moaning.

Flanagan storms from the place, people getting out of his way as he barrels through the glass doors and into the sunlight.

EXT. FLANAGAN'S CAR, DRIVING - DAY

Flanagan speeds down the freeway. Looks at himself in the rear-view mirror. Angry at his loss of self control.

FLANAGAN
Nice going, asshole.

EXT. MAIN STREET, SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

Flanagan drives slowly down the street, looking into the big glass window of Starbucks. He can see Angie inside, working the coffee bar. She laughs with some customers, an easygoing smile. Not a care in the world. A whole life ahead of her.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Flanagan shoves a WINO out of his way. Pulls out the card Tassoni gave him. Stares at the number for awhile, deciding.

Through the graffiti etched in the plexiglas of the booth, he can see the Starbucks. He closes his eyes, swallows hard. With resolve, he puts change in the slot. Dials the number.

FLANAGAN
Room 3109.

OPERATOR
Oh, he left a cellular number. Would you like me to connect you?

FLANAGAN
Please.

Flanagan waits while he is connected.

TASSONI (V.O.)
Tassoni.

FLANAGAN
You're on. Tomorrow, nine a.m.

Flanagan hangs up, harder than he needs to.

EXT. SANTA MONICA SIDESTREET - NIGHT

A CAR IS parked in the shadows.

Inside, Tassoni hangs up the cellular phone, smiles to himself. He looks out the window at the STARBUCKS window. Sees Angie inside, working. He watches her.

THE CAR doesn't move. Tassoni just watches.

INT. FLANAGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flanagan sits at the kitchen table. The clock overhead reads three in the morning. He nurses a shot glass of whiskey, stares off into nothingness, into memories, into the swirling dark past.

A sound. He turns to see ANGIE, rubbing her eyes.

FLANAGAN

What are you doing up?

ANGIE

I heard you moving around down here.

She slinks into the seat across from him.

FLANAGAN

Sorry. Couldn't sleep.

ANGIE

Something wrong?

Flanagan tries to smile, but it quickly fades. He looks lovingly at Angie. Shakes his head.

FLANAGAN

No. Nothing, sweetheart.

ANGIE

You sure?

FLANAGAN

You go back to bed. I'll be okay.

ANGIE

Okay. Night, Dad.

She kisses him on the forehead, heads for the stairs.

FLANAGAN

Angie?

(she stops)

I want you to know that -- that you can ask me anything. Okay?

ANGIE
 (confused)
 ...Okay, Dad.

He smiles at her and nods, unable to put more into words.

FLANAGAN
 Good night.

ANGIE
 Night.

She leaves Flanagan in a weak pool of light at the kitchen table. He turns back and stares at the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - MORNING

The Hotel Bonaventure gleams in the morning sun, four black glass turrets rising up to the smog-choked sky.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Tassoni holds open a file folder. Hands a photo to Flanagan.

THE PHOTO -- sunglasses on a chiseled Asian face. TOMMY CHOW.

TASSONI
 Chinatown, New York City, six months ago,
 Tommy Chow killed a dozen rival Tong
 members and five civilians -- at a
 funeral, ironically enough. Wasting a
 dozen people is a bonus for Tommy, but his
 main target was this man, Richie Sun.

CLOSE: a photo of the BARREL CHESTED man from the funeral.

TASSONI
 Head of the Golden Dragon Tong.

As Flanagan studies the photo, it COMES TO LIFE --

FLASHCUT -- to RICHIE SUN walking down a NEW YORK STREET,
 getting in a limo --

TASSONI (V.O.)
 The Golden Dragons are one of the oldest
 Chinese crime Tongs. They've spread to
 Hong Kong, Toronto, Vancouver and New York.

FLASHCUT - Richie Sun getting BLOWN AWAY at the funeral, his
 chest blossoming red, Tommy Chow's bullets slamming home.

TASSONI (V.O.)

Richie Sun is -- was, the main rival of Shu Chow. My boss. Head of the Ghost Shadows, the biggest Tong on the West Coast -- that's my team.

FLANAGAN (V.O.)

Tommy Chow's dad?

TASSONI (V.O.)

Right. Shu Chow has always had trouble controlling his only son, who tends to be hotheaded, to say the least. This was an unsanctioned hit that Tommy Chow made, against his father's wishes.

FLASHCUT - at the FUNERAL PARLOR, there are two dozen NYPD COP CARS out front, holding back a crowd. White body bags are being pulled from the funeral home and taken to vans.

TASSONI (V.O.)

The murder of Richie Sun ignited a war between the Golden Dragon Tong and the Ghost Shadows.

FLASHCUT - to black and white CORONER'S PHOTOS of dead Chinese Tong members, some shot through the head, some through the throat, some bodies unrecognizable as human.

TASSONI (V.O.)

The coast-to-coast battle is still going strong. The new Golden Dragon leader is Richie Sun's younger brother, Jackie Sun.

FLASHCUT - sitting in a Lear-jet, going over drug distribution spreadsheets, JACKIE SUN looks like his dead brother, only more sinister and intelligent.

TASSONI (V.O.)

Jackie claims the only way he'll make the peace is if someone brings him Tommy Chow's head on a platter.

FLANAGAN (V.O.)

How do you keep all these fuckin' names straight?

TASSONI (V.O.)

(ignores the question)

Tommy Chow fled the country, laid low in China for the last six months.

FLASHCUT - Tommy Chow, naked, lying in a bed with FOUR ASIAN hookers, snorting cocaine, smiling -- until the door BURSTS inward, and twelve COPS point guns in his surprised face.

TASSONI (V.O.)

Four weeks ago he was nabbed at some ritzy
whorehouse in Hong Kong.

AT THE HOTEL - Flanagan picks up the photo of the smirking Tommy
Chow. His cocky face blasts out from the photo.

FLANAGAN

Figures.

TASSONI

U.S. Government is extraditing Chow. They
want to prosecute him for the murder of
all 17 people at the New York bloodbath.

FLANAGAN

Mmm. But that's not good enough for the
Golden Tong, is it?

TASSONI

Golden Dragon Tong... Well, you have to
realize, Tim, that some of these Tongs are
two thousand years old. *Two thousand.*
These are secret societies, with written
laws. Laws that are much older than our
country's own constitution. These people
don't fuck around, and you don't murder
Tong leaders without serious repercussions.

(taps the photo)

Unless we can help it, Tommy Chow is going
to pay for his crime, but not through the
U.S. court system.

Flanagan tries to assimilate all the information, looks at all
the photos. Finally picks up Tommy Chow's and studies it.

FLANAGAN

When's he coming in?

TASSONI

This Friday, LAX... They're gonna hold
Tommy's trial here instead of New York,
for obvious reasons of security.

FLANAGAN

You think -- the fuck's the rival guy's
name? Sun? Jackie Sun is gonna try to
nab Tommy Chow at the airport?

TASSONI

Not nab. Kill.

Flanagan sits back. There is a long silence. He pours himself
a cup of coffee from a room-service pot.

FLANAGAN

What's the game?

TASSONI

Snatch Tommy Chow before the Golden Dragons can execute him. Which they'll have no qualms about doing right there in the Arriving Flights area at LAX.

FLANAGAN

Oh, wonderful.

TASSONI

Bring Chow to his father, Shu Chow, who will fly into L.A. at a moment's notice.

Flanagan studies the picture of Tommy Chow.

FLANAGAN

Who's bringing him into the country?

TASSONI

The FBI.

FLANAGAN

(does a double take)

You want me to snatch him from the Feds?

TASSONI

That's the game.

FLANAGAN

Why not just use Shu Chow's people?

TASSONI

Feds will be expecting a Chinese group to hit Chow, not an American. The Feds won't notice you, the Golden Dragons won't notice you. You're perfect for the job.

Flanagan sits back and sighs heavily. Takes a long while before speaking.

FLANAGAN

This is high risk. Very high exposure. Possible civilian casualties. The risk of pissing off the FBI. Am I leaving anything out?

TASSONI

It goes without saying that if Chow is delivered dead, the deal is off.

FLANAGAN

Of course.

TASSONI
(sips coffee, finally:)
So. That's it. You up for it?

Flanagan stares back at Tassoni.

FLANAGAN
I have some conditions.

TASSONI
(suppresses a smile)
As expected.

FLANAGAN
I assemble my team.

TASSONI
Okay.

FLANAGAN
Three guys. They each get \$50 thousand.

Tassoni hesitates. Then slowly nods.

TASSONI
Done.

FLANAGAN
I'm gonna need a lot of big ticket items
for this job. What's your bosses'
checkbook look like?

TASSONI
Deep. But within reason.

FLANAGAN
Okay.
(beat)
And I don't get a lousy 200k. This'll
cost you five hundred thousand.

TASSONI
(laughs)
Half a million?
(Flanagan doesn't laugh)
You're serious.

FLANAGAN
This isn't some limousine service at the
airport. You're talking about a very
risky proposition. And I gotta go back to
a life I left behind, something I buried.
I do this job, one gig, and I close the
door on that side of my life for good.
You want the best? It's gonna cost you.

TASSONI

What makes you think I can clear that kinda payment?

FLANAGAN

You said your boss has deep pockets. This is an important job. His son.

(looks into his coffee)

I got a feeling you came to me because your ass in on the line with this one, too. If you don't get him back -- who knows? Maybe Shu Chow will get himself another round-eye. Maybe you're out.

(Tassoni flinches, a nerve touched)

Besides, you said it yourself. I'm perfect for the job.

Tassoni's smile breaks through.

TASSONI

You see a lot, Tim.

They shake hands.

TASSONI

You got a deal.

CUT TO:

INT. FLANAGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Flanagan packs a light suitcase. Sees a .45 Automatic in the bottom of the drawer. Reaches in, holds the gun up to the light. He hasn't considered the weapon in a long time.

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

Flanagan writes a note on the kitchen counter. We HEAR Flanagan's voice as he writes the note.

FLANAGAN (V.O.)

"Angie -- I had to go out of town for a few days on business. Sorry about the last minute notice. Please stay at Janet's. She'll pick you up from work at 11:00 tonight..."

Flanagan takes his suitcase and heads for the door.

EXT. LAX LONG TERM PARKING - DAY

Flanagan parks his Cobra, pulls out his gun and tosses it in the glove compartment. Checks his watch, grabs his bag and hustles off to the terminal. His voice continues over the scene:

FLANAGAN (V.O.)
 "Here's fifty dollars for emergencies.
 Make sure to tell Janet I'll pay her for
 groceries..."

INT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY

Flanagan hustles down the airport hallway.

FLANAGAN (V.O.)
 "There's frozen pizzas in the freezer,
 too. Take them with you. Be back in
 about three days. Love, Dad..."

Flanagan heads down the ramp to the airplane. A *FLIGHT ATTENDANT* smiles at him as he boards the plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENVER AIRPORT - DAY

The Denver Airport sits before picturesque Rocky Mountains.

INT. AMTRACK CONTROL CENTER, DENVER - DAY

Like an Air Traffic Center, *CONTROLLERS* sit behind desks, tracking the movements of trains on their monitors. It's the nerve center for Amtrack for the entire Western United States.

We move through several rows of terminals and *OPERATORS* until we come upon *FRANCIS ZIMMER*, sitting before three computer terminals, speaking into a headset in a bored monotone.

ZIMMER
 Westbound 94, be advised, that pass got
 nine feet of snow over the past week.
 Recommend decreasing speed by 20%.

He sounds like he doesn't care whether the train decreases speed or self destructs. From the door, a paunchy man shouts:

CONTROLLER
 Hey, Francis!

ZIMMER
 Yeah?

CONTROLLER
 You got a visitor.

INT. COFFEE ROOM, AMTRACK CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Flanagan sits at one of the cheap plastic tables in the coffee room, Zimmer gulping a Coke in the seat opposite.

Zimmer is handsome, in his mid thirties, and clearly out of place with these fat Amtrack co-workers. He's in shape, wears slick clothing, an out of the closet narcissist.

ZIMMER

Where do I fit into this job?

FLANAGAN

Intelligence and Planning. Maybe run a little interference during the operation.

ZIMMER

Getaway driver?

FLANAGAN

I'm gonna try Cooper. Know where he is?

ZIMMER

Heard he was working a race crew in San Diego. I can find out for sure, easily.

FLANAGAN

I just bet you can.

Zimmer taps his Coke on the table top, weighing the decision.

ZIMMER

Why me?

FLANAGAN

You're top drawer. We've done this before.

ZIMMER

Not for years. And this is different.

FLANAGAN

Only if you think of it differently. This is us, back doing what we we've done. Just happens to be dangerous.

ZIMMER

Jesus, back then I was a cock on the loose with a computer and an attitude. Now...

(shrugs)

I got an honest job now. Got no plans to go to Pelican Bay, Flanagan.

FLANAGAN

Neither do I.

ZIMMER

(crosses his arms)

What are you doing this for?

FLANAGAN

...I have my reasons.

ZIMMER

Make sure they're the right reasons,
Flanagan.

FLANAGAN

(gestures at the walls)

Come on, Zimmer. You kiddin' me with this
place? Your talents are going to waste
here. You must be bored to tears.

Bristling, Zimmer stands up to leave.

ZIMMER

I'm doing fine. Thanks for the visit.

FLANAGAN

The job pays fifty thousand.

Zimmer sits back down. Rubs his chin. After a long pause...

ZIMMER

'Spose I could call in sick the next
couple of days.

INT. DENVER HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Downtown lights glimmer through a rain-soaked pane of glass.

Flanagan sits on the bed, writing notes on hotel stationery:
"INTEL.: Zimmer" next to it, a check mark. "DRIVER - Cooper?"
scrawled next to it -- "San Diego." After that -- "WEAPONS,
TACTICAL -- Reese (Whereabouts???)"

Over this, we hear Flanagan's voice:

FLANAGAN (V.O.)

...hopefully Saturday night, Sunday at the
latest...

TIME CUT - Flanagan on the phone, looking out the window,
talking to Angie.

FLANAGAN

Make sure to thank Janet, okay?

INTERCUT - with Angie, sitting on the couch at JANET'S HOUSE,
Janet in the background, making dinner.

ANGIE

Dad, I'm not ten years old anymore, I can
remember to be polite.

FLANAGAN

I know, but I forbid you from ever really growing up... Everything else okay there?

ANGIE

School counselor said Cal State Northridge offered me full academic scholarship.

FLANAGAN

Course they did. And you're going to Harvard. I thought we talked about this.

ANGIE

Dad. I only applied to prove to myself that I was good enough to get accepted.

FLANAGAN

Angie, I'm making moves right now that'll get us a loan for the whole stretch.

ANGIE

Dad, I know we don't have the money.

FLANAGAN

We'll get the --

ANGIE

(firm, interrupting)

-- And I want you to know, that I know you tried. No matter what, you're my dad.

Flanagan rubs his forehead.

FLANAGAN

Angie, if only I could explain... Every plan I ever had in my life has been broken. Now we've got a chance to go from high-school dropout to Harvard graduate in one generation. I'm not giving up.

EXT. RACETRACK, SAN DIEGO - DAY

A stock car ROARS around the track, doing a good 190 miles per hour. All alone, the driver has the track to himself.

The car slows to come in for a pit stop. The pit crew, NINE MEN in matching yellow jumpsuits, leap into action. Tires are switched with robot-like speed, fuel is pumped into the tank.

Watching over it all is a man with a stopwatch, DEKE COOPER. He shakes his head, disapproving, as the Pit Crew finishes, pushing the car back out onto the track as it ROARS off again.

CLICK. Cooper hits the stopwatch. Swaggers over to the young faces of the Pit Crew, who look at him expectantly.

COOPER

Goddammit, we still have to shave three seconds! Three seconds is an eternity in this sport. You guys know how fast Al Unser's crew got him in and out during the Winston Cup, 1991?

They don't know that. They do know that Cooper scares them. A VOICE behind Cooper bellows out --

VOICE

Twelve point two seconds.

Cooper turns, sees FLANAGAN. Doesn't miss a beat:

COOPER

That's absolutely right.

INT. RACETRACK GARAGE - DAY

Cooper wipes grease off his hands, standing over the engine of a stock car.

COOPER

I thought you were outta that game, Flanagan.

FLANAGAN

I am. This is the last time. A quick killing and I'm done.

Cooper is a large man, some might call him fat. But the meat hangs on him like a physical threat. He's intimidating, in your face -- his voice loud and grating.

COOPER

A quick killing, huh?
(tosses down a wrench)
Sounds like famous last words.

FLANAGAN

Not with you behind the wheel.

COOPER

I haven't done that kinda work in seven -- Jesus, eight years.

FLANAGAN

You're a pro. You'll always be a pro.

COOPER

What makes you think I need the job? I got a good job here. Making \$100k a year.

FLANAGAN

You got a shitty one bedroom near the beach, and you spend that \$100k fast. You got ten grand in horse racing debts.

Cooper winces. There is a long, uncomfortable silence.

COOPER

You got Zimmer already, didn't you? Looking into my fucking life with his computer. Little geek son of a bitch.

FLANAGAN

I need an answer now, Cooper. Yes or no.

Cooper thinks it over, tosses a rag onto a stack of empty oil cans and greasy tools.

FLANAGAN

(softening)

I need you on this one. This is the last shot, then I hang it up for good.

Cooper eyes him. Shakes his head, sighs heavily.

COOPER

When?

FLANAGAN

Friday.

COOPER

Where?

FLANAGAN

LAX.

COOPER

Fifty K?

FLANAGAN

Ten up front, the other forty on delivery.

Cooper looks at him, as if searching for an answer in his eyes.

COOPER

(decides)

Okay. I gotta make a few calls.

(Flanagan smiles)

How do I reach you?

Flanagan hands him a card.

FLANAGAN

Page me.

COOPER
Probably around midnight.

FLANAGAN
Thanks, Coop.

Cooper just nods, gets down on a mechanic's roller, wheels himself under the race car and starts tinkering.

EXT. AUTO RACETRACK PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Flanagan checks the pager on his belt, puts a bunch of change down on the metal counter under the phone.

INT. NICE HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Zimmer tips a room service DELIVERY MAN who has wheeled a tray of Champagne and caviar over to the table. Zimmer has three computers set up, monitors before him.

Behind him, a SEXY WOMAN comes out of the bathroom, pulling off her bathrobe and slipping into her scant clothing. She slips on her high heels and mini skirt.

The PHONE RINGS next to one of Zimmer's computers.

ZIMMER
Zimmer.

FLANAGAN (O.S.)
Jesus, Zimmer, where are you?

ZIMMER
Four Seasons, why?

Zimmer hands the WOMAN a bunch of \$20s. Covers the phone:

ZIMMER
I had a great time. Here's something extra for you. Show yourself out, okay?

She blows him a kiss, leaves. Zimmer goes back to the phone:

FLANAGAN (O.S.)
Who the hell's in there with you?

ZIMMER
Just a girlfriend.

FLANAGAN (O.S.)
So help me God, Zimmer, you will not fuck this up.

ZIMMER
Relax, Tim. Getting laid helps loosen me
up before game time, okay? Old habits.

FLANAGAN (O.S.)
(lets it slide)
Got a lock on Reese yet?

Zimmer taps something on one of his computer keyboards.
Information scrolls onscreen.

ZIMMER
Yeah, I got him. Doing a nickel in
Folsom: armed robbery.

FLANAGAN (O.S.)
Shit. Okay, how about our backup boy,
Schifrin? Luke Schifrin?

Zimmer moves to another computer, information onscreen.

ZIMMER
Yeah. He's in Long Beach --

EXT. LONG BEACH SHIPYARDS - DAY

Flanagan drives his Cobra through the shipyards, looking for a
particular warehouse.

ZIMMER (O.S.)
-- got some company located at the
shipyards: "Schifrin Security Solutions."

The conversation ends as Flanagan pulls up to a warehouse with
the sign: SCHIFRIN SECURITY SOLUTIONS.

He gets out of the car and walks toward the secure front metal
gate. Notices a Security Camera moving with him, panning as he
walks. He pushes a button on the security gate.

VOICE (O.S.)
May I help you?

INT. SCHIFRIN WAREHOUSE - DAY

A paper target sits at the end of a small, private firing range,
housed within the building. The range's back wall is ceiling-
high stacks of sandbags, two deep.

Flanagan wears orange protective headphones, stands behind LUKE
SCHIFRIN. Schifrin is as innocent looking as they come.
Painfully shy, the slight man rarely makes eye contact. He
hides his eyes behind thick glasses.

Schifrin wears a loose-fitting black suit which drapes over his wiry frame, and a dark tie knitted tightly around his skinny neck. He faces the paper target, forty yards away.

Schifrin stands still for a long time, simply staring at the paper target. Flanagan watches Schifrin stand like a statue.

Schifrin abruptly reaches into his coat, hands crossed over one another. When his hands flash out, each hold a Tec-9 light submachine-gun pistol.

BBBBRAPPPP!!! the pistols roar at the target. The target dances. Brass shells cascade hot out of the chamber on the ground near Flanagan's feet, rolling away like scuttling insects.

Schifrin obliterates the center mass of the target, bullets hitting home, until -- BBRRAPPPP!!! -- Schifrin directs the last bullets in the chamber to pulp the head of the target.

Finished firing, all shells spent, Schifrin spins the guns once on his finger like Wyatt Earp, replaces the weapons in shoulder holsters under his jacket. Takes off his headphones.

SCHIFRIN

Some prefer the Steyr Zepher SPP, but I like the Tec-9 machine-gun pistol because it's light -- under one pound fully loaded -- you can carry it under your jacket without a noticeable bulge, and each holds 36 nine millimeter rounds. In a tight spot, the Tec-9 will do the job.

Flanagan is impressed, staring at the obliterated target.

FLANAGAN

What about something with a bark to it? Something to scare off the crowd.

SCHIFRIN

I'll show you something I just got in.

CUT TO:

Schifrin looks like the last guy you'd expect to be a deadly threat, but somehow the SHOTGUN he's now loading looks completely natural in his slight hands.

SCHIFRIN

LAW-12 paramilitary shotgun. Gas operated, so there's no time wasted pumping a round -- semiautomatic, 9-shot tube magazine. This is a one of a kind I had specially made. Feel the weight.

Flanagan catches the shotgun in midair with one large hand.

FLANAGAN

Jesus. Light.

SCHIFRIN

It's a composite body, like Kevlar, just as tough. Molded directly from the real LAW-12. Durable plastic. New stuff this insane chemist in Bolivia is messing with.

FLANAGAN

(sees the possibilities)

Can I walk through a metal detector with something like this?

SCHIFRIN

Sure could. The only problem are these.

(holds up shotgun shells)

Gotta use something else than regular shells. So I had ten dozen of these made.

He takes the shell out of the breech.

SCHIFRIN

Like regular shells, except for the end, which is ceramic, so the hammer can get off a good strike. Fires plastic barbs, like fleschettes. Rip a guy's arm off.

FLANAGAN

Christ.

(likes what he sees)

What else you got?

SCHIFRIN

Anything you need.

(over his shoulder)

I got a whole warehouse full of weapons. Legitimate and black market. Assault rifles, grenade launchers, land mines, laser guided shoulder rockets --

FLANAGAN

I just need a good arsenal to keep anyone from following us.

SCHIFRIN

In that case, I recommend the shotgun, and I stand by the Tec-9. Sprays a good rate of fire, and in close quarters, it's just what the doctor ordered.

FLANAGAN

I want the guns loud. I want people to run and scream. I don't want a body count, just a lot of panic in our wake.

SCHIFRIN
I can modify stuff I got here. Make 'em
roar like a goddam grizzly.
(Flanagan nods)
When do you need me?

FLANAGAN
Friday.

SCHIFRIN
What's the pay?

FLANAGAN
Fifty thousand.

SCHIFRIN
Expenses? Weapons and ammo costs?

FLANAGAN
My client will buy everything from you at
twenty percent markup of your usual price.

SCHIFRIN
Sounds good. You got me.

EXT. ARMORED CAR REPAIR LOT - NIGHT

Dozens of Armored cars in various states of repair sit in brooding silence. An EIGHTEEN-WHEELER'S engine rumbles. Sodium lamps from above cast long shadows over piles of scrap metal that line the fences of the massive, remote car yard.

Within the piles of spare tires and scrap metal, we HEAR the roar of a car engine, moving very fast.

HEADLIGHTS shriek out from a pile of metal as a LINCOLN TOWN CAR roars right at us and --

-- FLASHES BY, cutting the corners of the piles of tires and metal with mere inches to spare.

OVERHEAD SHOT - on the Lincoln, juking through the labyrinthine towers of steel and rubber, a cloud of dust kicking up behind the roaring automobile.

FLANAGAN stands near the 18-wheeler, watching the Lincoln come back toward him. He stands with an older man, DIX.

THE LINCOLN comes right at them, showing no signs of slowing. Headlights X-ray Flanagan and Dix, the car roaring closer --

-- the driver CRANKS the wheel, and the Lincoln goes into a perfect screeching sideways slide, tires howling.

The car comes to a stop at Flanagan's feet. He only has to reach out to open the passenger side door of the Lincoln. He leans in the car and sees --

COOPER, running his hands lovingly over the steering wheel.

FLANAGAN

Well?

Cooper is yanked from his own private reverie. He nods at Flanagan and gets out of the car. Walks up to Dix.

COOPER

It's got balls.

DIX

Goddam straight.

COOPER

(re: the tinted windows)
Bulletproofing?

DIX

All the way around.

COOPER

Reinforced steel?

DIX

The whole body's been redone. Reinforced bumpers, panels, even the roof to prevent a high angle sniper shot. They made it for some visiting Arab Oil tycoon who died before he could come to the States. The engine's replaced with a modified V-8. Eats gas like Chiclets, so I had the tank replaced with a forty gallon job. The body's been lowered so she won't roll. This baby'll go through the side of a house and keep on truckin'.

Cooper nods, walking around the car, appraising it.

COOPER

Flanagan, pay the man.

INT. LAX INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - NIGHT

Zimmer, wearing gray coveralls and a perfect-counterfeit LAX MAINTENANCE I.D. card, walks through the bustling International Terminal. His eyes flick up to the black plastic domes of the SECURITY CAMERAS, lining the ceiling.

INT. BACK STAIRWAY DOOR - CONT.

Zimmer watches an LAX SECURITY GUARD walk into the doorway of a back staircase. He looks at his watch, notes the time.

INT. BACK STAIRWAY, LAX - CONT.

Zimmer, carrying a styrofoam coffee and a muffin in one hand, tool bag in the other, walks to a door that reads "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY." An LAX SECURITY GUARD is right behind him.

Zimmer pretends to fumble with the coffee and the muffin to get a free hand to enter his code. Guard moves around him.

GUARD
(smiles)
Looks like you got your hands full.

The Guard enters the code. CLICK! the lock opens and the Guard swings the door open.

ZIMMER
Thanks a lot.

Zimmer smiles as he heads through the door, Guard behind him.

INT. LOWER LEVEL, SECURE AREA, LAX - CONT.

Security Guard gone, Zimmer ditches the coffee and muffin in a garbage can.

Walks past banks of locked cabinets. Finds the one he's looking for. Picks the lock in under three seconds. Opens the door to reveal a massive wall of wiring: telephone, computer. He takes his tools out of his bag and gets to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - DAWN

The morning sun rises over the airport, blasting the first rays of sunlight on a descending 747.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - MORNING

The Four Seasons is beamed with cold February sunlight.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - MORNING

THE TEAM is here: Zimmer, Schifrin, Cooper and Flanagan sitting around the table in the center of the floor, three computer monitors set up behind them. Everyone is casual except Schifrin, wearing his trademark suit and tightly-knotted tie.

COOPER

I still say we shoulda met at a bar. In my day, you met in a dark, seedy bar if you wanna plan something. Who meets in a pansy hotel room like this?

FLANAGAN

Zimmer had the nicest room. Figured we might as well be comfortable.

Cooper looks at Zimmer, distaste for the younger man evident.

COOPER

You are a pansy, aren't you, Zimmer? You like to tap into people's lives on your little computers. Gets you off, don't it?

ZIMMER

I like you, Coop. You're handsome, strong, direct. I like that in a man.

COOPER

Fuckin' fruitcake.

Zimmer smiles. Flanagan leans over a layout of LAX.

FLANAGAN

Okay. LAX is horseshoe shaped, and the bitch of the International Terminal is that it's the center of the horseshoe. Leaving may be a problem, especially if the flight comes in Friday afternoon.

Cooper grunts, his large hand dwarfing the coffee cup.

COOPER

Leave that to me.

ZIMMER

When do we know what flight Chow is on?

FLANAGAN

Tassoni calls us here as soon as he finds out. We may only have a few hours' notice.

Everyone digests this, Zimmer whistling through his teeth.

FLANAGAN

How many Airport cops we got?

ZIMMER

(consults printouts)
Three patrol cars, two on the bottom level, one on the top level, with maybe three or four foot patrols.

FLANAGAN

Now, the FBI: here's what we know about the Feds who are bringing in our package.

Flanagan lays out photos and statistics of four men.

FLANAGAN

He'll have two baby sitters on the plane, neither one has more than five years with the FBI. The other two are meeting them at the terminal. They're seasoned veterans. This one --

(points at the photo)

Richard Po, has 19 years in the field. In charge of a new Asian Crime Task Force of the FBI, so he's got a hard-on for Tommy Chow.

(looks at Schifrin)

I don't want to do it, but if we have to take someone out, take out Po and the Feds crumble as a cohesive unit.

Schifrin nods, studies PO'S picture -- a salt and pepper haired Asian American, face lined from years in the field.

FLANAGAN

The Golden Dragon Tong is the real threat. They may take Chow inside the terminal. So I'm gonna be tagging along all the way from the gate to the front door...

The men lean over a layout of the airport map.

DISSOLVE:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The light coming through the windows has changed to a deep amber.

Remnants of room service are stacked on a table. Empty beer bottles litter the floor at Cooper's feet. Zimmer pours his umpteenth cup of coffee. Schifrin hasn't loosened his tie, still sitting at nearly military attention.

ZIMMER

(pointing at a map)

...At this exit here, blocks from the police station. Last place they'll expect us to head toward.

Flanagan passes out four earpiece receivers to each man.

FLANAGAN

We'll be connected to each other via Zimmer. If we're split up somehow, get to a land line. Zimmer will arrange a pickup.

Flanagan looks at each pair of eyes staring back at him. Everyone knows their job, Everyone looks steely, ready.

FLANAGAN

Questions?

All eyes look at one another. No one has anything to say -- everything has been planned for.

FLANAGAN

(raises his glass)

Saturday night: all healthy, all richer.

They all raise their respective drinks, coffee for Zimmer, beer for Cooper, ice water for Schifrin. They touch glasses.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DAY

The men are all getting a quick nap, sleeping in various chairs, beds. Flanagan sits by the telephone, waiting, wide awake. He looks at his watch...waiting.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tassoni paces by the phone, looks at his watch.

He picks something up off the table. It's a photo of Flanagan and Angie, standing on the front yard of their house. It is a happy photo. Both are smiling, Angie has her hand on her hip. The photo is recent, and has the grainy look of a surveillance photo, the subjects unaware they were being photographed.

The phone abruptly blares, ripping him from his reverie.

TASSONI

Tassoni... Uh-huh.

(writes something down)

...Got it.

Tassoni hangs up, dials another number.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - INTERCUT WITH BONAVENTURE - DAY

The phone next to Flanagan RINGS. He snatches it up.

TASSONI

Okay, Tim. We're on.

FLANAGAN

Go ahead.

TASSONI

Korean Air, Flight #245, arrives
International Terminal at 4:30.

Flanagan checks his watch.

FLANAGAN

Two hours.

TASSONI

I know -- it's tight. One more thing,
Tim... Good luck.

Flanagan hangs up. The rest of the men are awake now, watching him. Two simple words:

FLANAGAN

Let's go.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The black Lincoln Continental negotiates midday traffic, revs up the long asphalt strip toward the International Terminal.

The car rolls to a stop before the glass facade of the Terminal's massive lobby.

FLANAGAN - steps out of the passenger side of the Lincoln, sunglasses reflecting sharp afternoon sunlight. A long trenchcoat drapes over his muscular frame. Listening piece nearly invisible in his left ear.

Flanagan watches foreign faces streaming from the terminal. Sees a FOOT POLICEMAN ushering cars away from the White Zone.

SCHIFRIN - gets out of the back of the car, trademark dark suit and tight-knotted tie making him look Secret Service, circa 1963. His impassive face shows no emotion as he scans the crowd.

FLANAGAN and SCHIFRIN move through the crowd, toward glass doors.

EXT. THE LANDING TARMAC - DAY

The glistening metal belly of the KOREAN AIRLINES 747 shrieks in for a landing like a prehistoric bird.

INT. THE 747 - CONT.

MOVING through the cabin, we find -- TOMMY CHOW. Discretely handcuffed, sitting between two FBI AGENTS. As the plane taxis to the gate, Chow glances outside the window, eyes alighting with what looks like a small smile.

INT. THE INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - CONT.

FLANAGAN, moving through the crowd, scans the faces. Asian eyes are everywhere, none look like cold-blooded killers.

ZIMMER (O.S.)

Plane just landed. Taxiing to the gate.

Flanagan touches the earpiece, keeps walking toward the metal detectors and baggage X-rays. He knots his trenchcoat belt a bit tighter around his waist.

Flanagan's eyes find a JITTERY ASIAN MAN, standing alone at the phones. A quick scan: the man wears shades, isn't calling anyone, doesn't have luggage. Just waits and taps a nervous foot on the carpet.

Flanagan raises his wrist, speaks into a tiny microphone.

FLANAGAN

Zimmer, you following me?

Flanagan discretely casts a glance up to one of the SECURITY CAMERA DOMES on the ceiling, as we --

CUT TO:

INT. ZIMMER'S CONTROL BOOTH, UNKNOWN - CONT.

Zimmer sits before a metal pushcart, loaded with computers, and FOUR LARGE TV MONITORS. On the monitors are the patched-in AIRPORT SECURITY CAMERAS.

He watches sixteen different angles on quad-split screens. On one of the angles he sees Flanagan, looking up at him.

ZIMMER

(into his microphone)

I got you.

FLANAGAN (O.S.)

The guy at the phones.

Zimmer looks at another angle, sees the NERVOUS ASIAN at the phone. The man looks at his watch, adjusts dark sunglasses.

ZIMMER

(looks at another angle)

Schifrin, possible Golden Dragon member at the phones along the South Wall.

INT. THE INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - CONT.

SCHIFRIN is standing near a wall, his eyes not missing a thing, watching the man at the phones.

SCHIFRIN

I'm on it.

ON FLANAGAN - waiting his turn to go through the metal detector, watching passengers pass luggage through the X-ray machine.

He feels the shotgun at his side. Self conscious, he steps forward, closer to the metal detector. Closer.

FLANAGAN

(mutters)

This better fucking work, Schifrin.

He takes a deep breath. Hesitates slightly before stepping through the metal detector.

BEEP!BEEP!BEEP!

An airport SECURITY GUARD walks up.

SECURITY GUARD

Any metal in your pockets, sir?

Flanagan reaches into his trenchcoat pocket, pulls out a set of keys. Tosses them into the plastic container.

FLANAGAN

Always forget 'em.

SECURITY GUARD

Step back through, please.

He does, walking through the metal detector. Is this going to work?

No alarm.

Picks up the keys and heads down the terminal hallway.

INT. ZIMMER'S CONTROL BOOTH, UNKNOWN - CONT.

Zimmer uses his computer to link up with the LAX security network. He patches in, the screen displaying the words: VIDEO SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM.

ZIMMER

It's showtime.

Zimmer hits the PLAY BUTTON on four VCRs. The monitors for each show "normal" airport foot traffic, recorded earlier, which we realized is being patched directly into --

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - DAY

-- the Security Room. Three Airport Security GUARDS don't notice the seamless transition of the real-time security cameras to Zimmer's recording.

EXT. THE INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - CONT.

COOPER sits behind the wheel, waiting in his chauffeur's uniform. He looks up into the rear-view mirror to see --

A BLACK VAN, followed closely by a BLACK SEDAN.

The vehicles pull up to the curb ahead, pull over before the AIRPORT FOOT COP.

TWO MEN get out of the sedan. We recognize the man with white hair as AGENT PO, FBI.

The Airport Foot Cop tries to get the vehicles to move. Po flashes his I.D. The Airport Cop nods and waves him by.

COOPER
(into his microphone)
Feds just pulled up. Po and the other
Agent are heading in.

INT. THE TERMINAL - CONT.

PO and the other FBI agent, STILES, flash I.D. to Security Guards, walk through metal detectors, setting them off, ignoring their chirps of protest.

INT. THE 747 - CONT.

Inside the now-empty plane, TOMMY CHOW is led down the aisle by the TWO FEDS. They head past the HEAD FLIGHT ATTENDANT, who smiles at Chow.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Enjoy your stay in --

She stops as she sees Chow's handcuffed hands.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
-- Los Angeles...

Chow is firmly nudged down the corridor by his FBI handlers.

INT. AT THE GATE - CONT.

PO AND STILES meet the two FBI handlers at the gate. Chow stares back at Po impassively, as the veteran Agent scowls at his new charge.

AGENT PO
Tommy Chow. I'm agent Po, FBI. I'm your
new baby-sitter. Your life just got worse.

CHOW
(in CHINESE:)
You betray your own.

AGENT PO
I'm an American. I speak English.

CHOW
(still in CHINESE)
Have they made a mongrel out of you, dog?

Stiles watches Po as he hesitates, stiffening with anger. Po then barks back in flawless Cantonese:

AGENT PO
The dog is YOU! You betray your name, my
name and the names of our grandfathers!

Po grabs Chow roughly and shoves him down the hallway. Po mutters under his breath. Chow smirks.

INT. THE TERMINAL - CONT.

The FOUR FBI men surround Chow, walking him down the corridor. Passengers, sensing something important coming, clear out of the way. The small group makes their way past --

FLANAGAN. He deftly falls into step behind them.

FLANAGAN
(into microphone)
Hallway clear. Comin' at you, Schifrin.

EXT. THE TERMINAL - CONT.

The AIRPORT cop is coming toward COOPER, seeing him sitting behind the wheel.

COOPER
Shit.

The Airport Cop motions Cooper to move along.

AIRPORT COP
Hey, buddy. Move it! Now!

Cooper pretends he doesn't see him.

INT. THE TERMINAL - CONT.

Schifrin watches the Nervous Asian Man as he sees THE FBI AGENTS, moving toward the enormous main lobby of the International Terminal.

The Nervous Asian Man drops a quarter in the pay phone slot. Dials a number, quickly. Says something into the phone. Hangs up, quickly exits the terminal.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE ACROSS THE STREET - CONT.

...they were waiting for the call, and now they're coming: FIVE ASIAN MEN run across the street, one of them putting a cellular phone in his pocket. They hustle past passengers and THROUGH THE GLASS DOORS.

INT. ZIMMER'S CONTROL BOOTH - CONT.

Zimmer sees the Five Asian men coming through the front door on one of his monitors.

ZIMMER

Possible Golden Dragon Tong members coming through main entrance. Five men.

Zimmer's eyes travel to another monitor, where he sees the AIRPORT FOOT COP arguing with Cooper outside the terminal.

ZIMMER

Oh, shit.

INT. THE TERMINAL - CONT.

SCHIFRIN - marks the Five Men. Watches as the Men spot CHOW AND THE FEDS making their way toward them.

SCHIFRIN

(into microphone)
Coming at you, Flanagan.

FLANAGAN follows behind the FBI group.

FLANAGAN

(into microphone)
Okay, this is it. They're not waiting 'til they get outside. They're gonna do him right here in the terminal.
(unties his overcoat)
Schifrin, stay sharp.

SCHIFRIN unbuttons his suit coat, letting it fall open.

SCHIFRIN

I am.

EXT. THE TERMINAL - CONT.

The Airport Cop is in Cooper's face. Cooper is out of the car, arguing his case like a befuddled chauffeur.

AIRPORT COP

When I say move, it's not negotiable, got me? Move! Now!

COOPER

I'm waiting for my boss, just a few more minutes.

Airport Cop shakes his head, pulls out his walkie talkie.

AIRPORT COP

Central, send a tow truck to International Terminal for a Lincoln Town Car -- OOOHHPH!

The Airport cop DOUBLES OVER as Cooper slams his meaty fist into his gut. The walkie talkie clatters to the pavement. Cooper knees him in the nose -- CRACK! blood spurts. Cooper gives him another gut-wheezing punch for good measure.

The Airport Cop collapses into Cooper's arms like a swooning debutante. Cooper picks him up and carries him to the sidewalk, sets him down like a sack of potatoes.

COOPER

(shouts to a SKYCAP)

This man's sick! Someone call an ambulance!

INT. THE TERMINAL - CONT.

ON SCHIFRIN -- his hands going up to his jacket, moving aside the material, exposing to the close observer TWO TEC-9s, in their holsters, ready for action.

ON FLANAGAN - behind the FEDS, he sees the DRAGON TONG men coming closer to the oblivious FEDS.

FLANAGAN

The second they twitch, take 'em out.

ON FBI AGENT PO -

Finally seeing the GOLDEN DRAGON MEN, coming straight at them. He realizes, too late, that he's about to die --

ON THE GOLDEN DRAGON TONG - reaching inside their coats for their weapons, all five at once --

AGENT PO
(to Tommy Chow)
Down! down!

PO YANKS Tommy Chow to the floor as --

THE LEAD GOLDEN DRAGON TONG MEMBER'S GUN points at Po, about to blow him away when --

SCHIFRIN - pulls out the twin Tec-9s. In one swift motion, he has them up and FIRING. *BRRAPPPPP!!!*

The lead Golden Dragon Man's body EXPLODES with bursts of blood, the gun in his hand falling to the floor. Schifrin's bullets pepper him with hot death. And with the sound of gunfire...

TIME STOPS.

The entire Terminal freezes at the sound for a millisecond, as if some omniscient being turned off the Great Time Clock of Life; everyone rooted to the spot.

Then...the place explodes into motion, passengers SCREAMING and diving to the floor at the sudden violence. Before the echo of Schifrin's guns can die, there is more firing as --

A GOLDEN DRAGON MEMBER turns toward Schifrin -- FIRES AN ASSAULT RIFLE. *KRRATAKRATAKRATA!*

SCHIFRIN stands his ground like an Old West gunslinger, Airport lounge seats behind him ripping to shreds. Schifrin FIRES, the twin Tec-9s spitting fire.

The Dragon Tong member's head SNAPS BACK. His throat bursts with blood. He goes down. A clean kill.

FLANAGAN -- CHARGES toward the action, trenchcoat open and billowing behind him as he pulls out the GAS-POWERED SHOTGUN.

A GOLDEN DRAGON MEMBER BLASTS one of the FBI AGENTS away, the Agent's ruined chest spewing blood on cheap airport carpet.

Golden Dragon #3 turns his smoking gun at Agent Po as --

FLANAGAN aims from the hip at the Golden Dragon #3.

BA-WHOOMMM! The shotgun blast is like a sonic boom in the terminal -- Flanagan's shot HURLS GOLDEN DRAGON #3 backward ten yards, blood spraying toward the heavens.

PO'S EYES MEET FLANAGAN'S. Realizes Flanagan just saved his life.

Flanagan hears a voice in his ear -- Zimmer's, shouting --

ZIMMER (O.S.)

Your left!

Flanagan doesn't hesitate, kneels and spins to his left as --

THE FOURTH GOLDEN DRAGON TONG MEMBER fires at the air where Flanagan's head was a second before.

A FLEEING PASSENGER is shot in the arm by the errant bullet -- he howls and collapses in a heap.

Flanagan shoots, BA-WHOOM! --

DESTROYING GOLDEN DRAGON TONG #4's kneecap -- it explodes like a chili-cheese omelette with a cherry bomb inside.

Dragon Tong #4 shrieks in pain, goes down on his good knee, still trying to shoot as --

BOOM-BOOM! Flanagan gives him two more BLASTS of fleshcette shells from the shotgun, tearing part of his hand off, punching a hole in Golden Dragon Tong #4's chest, black blood spraying.

DRAGON TONG #5 -- aims his gun at Flanagan, BOOM! the shot goes RIGHT THROUGH FLANAGAN'S overcoat, leaving a neat hole, missing flesh entirely.

BRRRRAPPPPP! The dual Tec-9s in Schifrin's hands are surgeon's instruments as he calmly walks forward, riddling the last Golden Dragon Member with dozens of bullets. The man is a forgotten carcass before he hits the carpet.

ON THE FEDS - completely at a loss, not knowing what the hell is going on.

STILES, quivering on one knee spins to see --

FLANAGAN - standing over him, shotgun in his face, shouting --

FLANAGAN

DROP IT! DROP THE FUCKING GUN!

Stiles complies, fast, the black maw of the still-smoking shotgun in his face.

Schifrin takes care of the rest, taking guns, shouting --

SCHIFRIN

Down! NOW, NOW, NOW!

Schifrin loops plastic handcuffs around the wrists of Po, Stiles, pulls them tight -- zzzpppp!

Flanagan takes care of the other surviving Fed, reaches down and quickly checks for a pulse on the fallen Agent.

...Dead.

Flanagan doesn't have time to think of the implications of a dead FBI man. He grabs the dead man's gun, shouts --

FLANAGAN

Chow, let's move! Tommy Chow!

TOMMY CHOW looks up at Flanagan, completely confused.

FLANAGAN

Your father sent me. Understand? Let's go!

Flanagan pulls Chow to his feet, shoves him toward the airport exit. Chow stumbles along, a dazed expression on his usually impassive face.

FROM THE FLOOR - Agent Po watches, struggling in the plastic handcuffs, as Chow is led away by Flanagan. Po burns a picture of Flanagan on his retinas.

Schifrin covers their back as they move, hustling away from the blood and the dead bodies, strewn like casualties of a Beirut Airport terrorist attack.

Schifrin's guns wave over the entire lobby, the passengers cowering, screaming. No one makes eye contact. Flanagan, Schifrin and Tommy Chow hustle through the exit.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The Security Team still has no idea what's going on, their video monitors playing Zimmer's pre-recorded "normal" airport footage.

One Security Team member reaches into a bag of potato chips, crunches away pleasantly. The other man reads a Wall Street Journal, nods to himself, lost in thought.

EXT. THE TERMINAL - CONT.

A cowering AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD hides behind a large stone planter, unseen, as he whispers furiously into his walkie talkie.

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD

Shots Fired, International Terminal!
Possible hostage situation! Send someone
right now! Right the fuck now!

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The Guard stops in mid potato-chip crunch, eyes widening, hearing the frantic Guard's voice on the radio. The other Guard drops the Wall Street Journal in shock, yanks up the telephone, dials frantically.

EXT. THE TERMINAL - CONT.

Chow, Flanagan and Schifrin make it to the Lincoln Town Car, Cooper waiting inside, doors open.

Schifrin hops in the front seat. Flanagan shoves Chow in the back, dives in, slams the door shut --

FLANAGAN

Hit it!

COOPER FLOORS THE GAS, the Town Car peeling out, cutting off a Shuttle Van, horn blaring in protest.

ZIMMER (O.S.)

LAPD is on the move, headed your way.

FLANAGAN

Super.

ZIMMER (O.S.)

They're gonna head you off at the exit.

COOPER

The hell they will.

THE TOWN CAR roars past terminal 5, Cooper weaving in and out of the heavy airport traffic, going at least 50 mph.

THE TOWN CAR grazes bumpers. Startled drivers blast horns, others stare, frozen, as the car roars past their window.

IN THE CAR -- Cooper uses brake and gas pedal in unison -- two obedient attack dogs that answer his every command.

COOPER

Get the fuck outta my way!

EXT. THE AIRPORT EXIT - CONT.

FIVE LAPD PATROL CARS are screaming toward the exit, sirens wailing.

Three Patrol cars shriek to a stop -- an impenetrable metal barrier. The other two ROAR FOR THE AIRPORT ENTRANCE.

ON THE TOWN CAR -

Cooper sees A SOLID WALL OF CARS ahead. Five, ten cars deep -- this time there's nowhere to go.

FLANAGAN

Get us outta here, Coop.

Cooper does the only thing he can do. He wrenches the wheel, taking the car UP ON THE SIDEWALK.

ON THE TOWN CAR - the sound of the engine roaring through the chrome grille, horn blaring, the vehicle rages down the crowded sidewalk like a bull on the loose.

HORRIFIED TRAVELLERS dive out of the way, ditching Samsonite, luggage exploding into the grille of the Lincoln.

AIRPORT P.A.

(droning)

...white zone is for loading and unloading
of passengers only...

An OLD COUPLE find their lost youth for a moment as they nimbly dive to safety.

ON THE SIDEWALK - A SKYCAP hears something, casually looks up from tagging luggage to see --

MMMZZZZZ!! the roaring Lincoln, coming straight at him. He LEAPS from behind his luggage counter to safety as --

THE LINCOLN explodes through the counter, shards of wood and pieces of luggage cascade into the sky.

COOPER - wrenches the car back onto the pavement, slamming his foot on the gas, taking the Lincoln up to 60, 65 mph.

Tommy Chow's eyes widen in the backseat. He mutters something in Chinese. Flanagan reaches across Chow and grabs his seat belt. Shoves the buckle into Chow's hand.

FLANAGAN

Buckle up.

Chow, terrified, does as he's instructed. He sees Flanagan and Schifrin do the same, and then he sees why --

ON THE AIRPORT EXIT -

Now FIVE LAPD CARS are blocking the exit, creating a metal wall. The COPS are behind the cars, shotguns and pistols out.

FLANAGAN

Cops ahead.

COOPER

No shit.

FLANAGAN turns around and sees TWO MORE COP CARS, fifty yards back, closing the distance, sirens WAILING.

FLANAGAN
Cops behind.

Cooper doesn't even look into the rear-view mirror. Just GUNS THE GAS, heading straight at the roadblock.

AT THE ROADBLOCK -

It begins to dawn on THE COPS that the Lincoln isn't slowing. The COP IN CHARGE shakes his head, no choice, and shouts -

COP
Fire!

COPS FIRE weapons at the Lincoln. Shotguns, pistols blaze.

IN THE LINCOLN -

Cooper doesn't even flinch as bullets CRACK! into the bullet resistant windshield, taking out divots.

ON THE SPEEDOMETER - 70 mph.

ON THE MEN IN THE CAR - eyes widening. COOPER LOOKS MANIACAL as he closes the distance to the metal wall of cop cars --

COOPER
Motherfuckerrrrrrs!

The cops dive out of the way as --

THE LINCOLN EXPLODES into the metal wall!

The men inside the Lincoln are tossed like crash test dummies, ears filled with the sound of metal hitting metal at high speed.

CCRAASHHH! The Lincoln's reinforced steel bumper DEMOLISHES two cop cars -- still the Lincoln is moving forward.

Headlights explode, the hood buckles, the Lincoln almost flips over with the violence of the impact, rocketing into the air for a moment, undercarriage of the car visible, and --

-- somehow manages to land on all four wheels again.

Cooper has bulldozed a path through the barrier.

THE COPS - keep firing, riddling the Lincoln with bullets, paint exploding in neat circles as the shots hit home.

But the car is a tank. Cooper immediately gets it raging down the street again, leaving THE RUINED ROADBLOCK BEHIND.

EXT. CENTURY BLVD. - CONT.

The Lincoln races through traffic, leaving hubcaps and various pieces of metal cascading onto the asphalt.

FLANAGAN looks back, sees two cop cars racing after them.

FLANAGAN

Schifrin. Cops on our tail.

Schifrin takes something from the floor at his feet. Leans out the window and prepares a SHOULDER ROCKET. Sights at the COP CARS - sixty feet behind.

SCHIFRIN FIRES -- FWWOOSH! heat seeking rocket flaring a Roman-candle swath of fire toward the lead cop car and --

EXPLODES INTO THE FRONT GRILLE!

The force of the blast sends the car into the air, spiraling onto its roof, engine blazing fire, metal ribboning.

THE OVERTURNED COP CAR slides on its roof along Century Boulevard, horrified onlookers slamming on the brakes as the burning car continues its long slide.

IN THE OTHER COP CAR - the DRIVER spikes the brakes to avoid an accident -- can't slow in time -- CRASHES into the rear of the burning car. Both cars come to a dazed halt.

IN THE LINCOLN -

FLANAGAN looks back to see TWO COPS, amazingly unscathed, crawling from the flaming wreckage before the car is engulfed in flames. The Cops from the other car help them to safety.

EXT. AVIATION BOULEVARD - CONT.

Cooper heads toward the back end of a SEMI TRUCK, parked halfway down the block.

COOPER

(into his microphone)

Coming right at you, Zimmer, clean.

INT. ZIMMER'S CONTROL BOOTH, UNKNOWN - CONT.

Zimmer leaps from his chair. Goes to the back of the long metal corridor. Hits a big red button dangling from a ceiling plug --

THE DOORS OF THE CORRIDOR OPEN. Daylight floods into the room. Zimmer has been in the empty cargo hold of the parked MACK TRUCK.

THE BACK DOORS swing automatically open on hydraulics as --

ZIMMER hits another button on the plug, sending a METAL CAR RAMP from the back of the truck to the pavement.

The ramp touches pavement -- perfect timing, Cooper taking the Lincoln up the ramp.

Zimmer leaps out of the back as Cooper steers the Lincoln inside the truck, comes to a stop in the generous cargo hold. Zimmer sends the car ramp back into its housing.

INT. THE BACK OF THE TRUCK - CONT.

Cooper gets out of the Lincoln, takes off his Chauffeur's coat. Wears TRUCKER'S OVERALLS underneath. Puts on a PENZOIL hat.

Cooper leaps out the back door, onto the pavement. Goes around to the cab of the truck, climbs up and leaps inside.

Zimmer finishes with the ramp, climbs back up into the cargo hold of the truck. Closes the massive back doors, locks them from the inside...

...The car has disappeared from sight.

EXT. CENTURY BLVD. - CONT.

The MACK TRUCK rumbles in the opposite direction of a DOZEN WAILING POLICE CARS, heading toward the chaos at the airport.

The final sight Cooper sees as he drives along is a precinct of THE LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT. They were parked only a few blocks away.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - DAY

THE TRUCK blends in perfectly with afternoon traffic, Cooper looking the part of a trucker on a long haul, Penzoil hat on his head, big hands on the wheel of the Mack Truck.

INT. THE BACK OF THE TRUCK - CONT.

Zimmer boxes up surveillance equipment, putting the monitors into crates with SONY logos on the side. Wraps up plugs, cords, all evidence of surveillance stuff. Stumbles for footing as the truck negotiates curves on the freeway.

TOMMY CHOW sits on a folding chair, hands resting in his lap, impassive eyes watching Flanagan, who checks under the hood of the Lincoln for any serious damage.

Flanagan grabs an overhead ceiling light Zimmer has rigged in the windowless cargo hold, brings it closer to the engine.

Flanagan sees Chow watching him.

Flanagan closes the hood, wipes grease-stained hands on his pants. He looks at his hands, curiously.

CLOSE - FLANAGAN'S HANDS - Rock steady. They don't shake.

Flanagan looks from his steady hands to Chow, still watching him. Self-conscious, Flanagan pulls out a pack of Marlboros. Lights one up, offers one to Chow. Chow takes it.

FLANAGAN
Speak English?

Chow inhales, says nothing. Exhales a cloud of smoke, staring at Flanagan. Chow's look is so calm, it's unnerving.

FLANAGAN
Must be an important guy for the Golden Dragon Tong to make a move like that.

From another chair, Schifrin silently watches as he reloads and inspects his Tec-9 guns.

FLANAGAN
Your Father spent a lot of money getting you out. We took a big risk.

Chow still says nothing. Just drags on the cigarette.

Flanagan looks over at Schifrin, gives him a quizzical look. Schifrin shrugs slightly. Flanagan shakes his head, pulls out a cellular phone and dials a number.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL ROOM - CONT.

Tassoni is watching the television, a live news report showing the shootout at the airport, the ruined police cars. The phone RINGS. He snatches it up before the ring dies.

TASSONI
Tassoni.

INT. THE BACK OF THE TRUCK - CONT.

Flanagan is still looking at Tommy Chow.

FLANAGAN
(into phone)
We got him.

TASSONI (O.S.)
Jesus, it's all over the news.

FLANAGAN
Relax.

TASSONI (O.S.)
Is he okay?

FLANAGAN
Not a scratch.

TASSONI (O.S.)
(calming down)
Excellent. Where are you?

FLANAGAN
On our way. Got the payment?

TASSONI (O.S.)
Keep him well for two hours and it's yours.

Flanagan hangs up, pockets the phone. Takes a seat next to Chow, who looks at him out of the corner of his eye.

FLANAGAN
We're taking you to a private airfield.
Your Father's gonna pick you up. He wants
to have a talk. I hear you been a bad boy.

At this, Chow finally speaks.

CHOW
You don't understand anything, do you?

Flanagan is surprised at the perfect English that tumbles from Chow's impassive Easter-Island face.

FLANAGAN
How's that?

CHOW
My father must've been desperate. Hiring
a man like you, I mean. A broken down man.

FLANAGAN
You could thank us for saving your life.

CHOW
You've saved nothing. You understand
nothing. You are all dogs.

Flanagan bristles. Who is this little bastard?

FLANAGAN
If you weren't worth the money, I'd--

CHOW
You'd what? Kill me? Is that the kind of
man you are?
(more)

CHOW (cont'd)
 (looks him up and down)
 You haven't got the force of will to kill
 a man like me. Look at you.

FLANAGAN
 You have no idea who I am. Or what I've
 done.

CHOW
 (ignores him)
 I've been surrounded by men like you my
 whole life. Weak men. Like my father.
 Men who cannot affect change. What I do
 takes courage. I bring new ways. New
 ways are often accompanied by violence.
 I am that kind of man.

Chow sits back, conversation over in his mind. Flanagan watches
 him as he smokes his cigarette.

EXT. THE TRUCK - CONT.

The Mack truck heads past the Downtown skyscrapers. Signs on
 the 10 Freeway read POMONA, VICTORVILLE, LAS VEGAS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LEAR JET - NIGHT

A group of CHINESE MEN sit in the private jet's plush seats.

One man in particular is waited on hand and foot. He is large,
 massive in a strong way, especially for his age. The Chinese
 MAN is sixty years old at least, but still looks imposing.

A permanent scowl graces his otherwise emotionless Asian
 features. The Big Man grunts something in Chinese to a cohort,
 who looks at his watch, responds.

The Big Man looks out the window. Lights of the desert
 communities outside L.A. twinkle back. The Lear Jet begins its
 descent for landing.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD OUTSIDE VICTORVILLE - NIGHT

Cooper steers the Mack Truck into the small airfield. Rumbles
 along, headlights washing over rough, potholed desert road. He
 comes to a stop.

INT. THE BACK OF THE TRUCK - CONT.

Flanagan awakes from a light sleep, rubs out a kink in his neck from sitting on the uncomfortable folding chair. Looks over at Chow, who is still sitting silent and awake.

The back doors of the truck rumble open.

COOPER

We're here.

FLANAGAN

Okay, Tommy Chow. We drop you off with Daddy, and it's the last time I see your sorry ass again.

Chow doesn't look at him. Just mutters --

CHOW

Sooner the better.

Flanagan turns Chow to face him.

FLANAGAN

If I had known you were such an ungrateful fuck, I wouldn't have taken the job.

CHOW

Why did you take it?

FLANAGAN

If your father wants to shell out all that money for you, that's his problem. I'll take the job, but I don't have to like it.

CHOW

(looking Flanagan over)

A man like you doesn't have many jobs left in him. You're getting old. Soft. I doubt you can be very choosy about which job you take.

FLANAGAN

Shoulda let the Golden Dragons kill you at the airport.

CHOW

(scoffs)

You know nothing about it.

FLANAGAN

(shoves Chow)

Move, you piece of shit.

Chow stares at Flanagan hard, then slowly turns, climbs down to the cold, hard desert flats. A desert wind fingers his clothing. He looks up in the sky.

Flanagan hops down, his gaze following Chow's.

THE LEAR JET, landing lights on, roars toward the airfield.

BEHIND THEM - A CAR comes down the dirt road, headlights washing over the group.

Schifrin leaps down from the truck, his hand on the Tec-9s.

FLANAGAN

It's okay.

ON THE CAR - Tassoni gets out from behind the wheel. Walks over to the group, smiles at Flanagan.

TASSONI

There's so many witnesses saying so many things at the airport, no one knows shit.

Flanagan shoves Chow toward Tassoni.

FLANAGAN

Here he is. Take him.

Tassoni looks at Chow, shakes his head, says something in serviceable Chinese. Chow drops his head, his usual smirk vanishing. Now he seems truly shamed.

FLANAGAN

What'd you say?

Tassoni motions to the runway, the Lear Jet's tires touching the tarmac, spitting up clouds of dust.

TASSONI

(yelling over the roar)

I told him his father wants to see him.

EXT. AT THE LEAR JET - CONT.

FIVE CHINESE BODYGUARDS step down the Lear Jet's ladder, taking positions.

Their boss, the BIG MAN, comes down the ladder, pulls up his collar at the cold desert night air.

Another man follows behind with a silver briefcase in hand.

The Chinese men face FLANAGAN, Tassoni, Schifrin, Cooper and Zimmer, all flanking CHOW, whose head is bowed, either out of respect or shame.

The Big Man steps forward, moves first to Tassoni. Says something in Chinese. Tassoni bows, replies in Chinese. Tassoni says something else in Chinese, motioning to Flanagan.

The Big Man grunts, checks Flanagan out, and nods. He says something in Chinese to Flanagan.

TASSONI

He says to thank you for the safe return of his son. He is deeply indebted. He wants you to accept this gift of his gratitude.

The Big Man snaps his fingers. The Man with the silver briefcase behind him steps quickly forward. Opens the briefcase before the Big Man.

The Big Man displays the money to Flanagan, who nods. Big Man closes the cover, hands over the briefcase.

Flanagan puts the briefcase down at his feet.

FLANAGAN

(to Tassoni)

Tell him it's been a pleasure doing business.

Tassoni translates. The Big Man nods, grunts a response.

The Big Man moves before Tommy Chow. Says something sharply in Chinese. Chow looks up in defiance. Says nothing. Just bows his head in apparent supplication.

Then SPITS on the Big Man's shoes.

Without hesitation, the Big Man backhands Chow. SMACK! Chow's head snaps back, welt on his cheek. He shows no sign of pain.

The Big Man motions to TWO BODYGUARDS, barks an order at them.

The Bodyguards take Chow by the arm, walk him to the plane, up the steps. Flanagan watches Chow disappear inside the Jet.

The Big Man says something in Chinese to Tassoni, who nods in response. Then the Big Man heads into the plane as well, Bodyguards following. Tassoni takes Flanagan aside.

TASSONI

We good?

FLANAGAN

Looks like your boss came through.

TASSONI

Hey, so did you. Hate to run, but I gotta go to San Francisco. I'll call you.

FLANAGAN

Don't bother.

TASSONI

(stops, turns around)

Huh?

FLANAGAN

I appreciate this, Mike. But that's it. I'm done with this stuff for good.

Tassoni looks at Flanagan closely. Sees his he's serious.

TASSONI

We could use you again. I got work for you all the time. Come on, Flanagan, you're good at this. Face it.

FLANAGAN

I got a life now. I got a girl -- Jesus, nearly a woman, to look after. This is where I exit the game.

Tassoni seems to completely understand. Puts out a hand.

TASSONI

Then I guess this is it, partner.

FLANAGAN

Guess so.

Flanagan's shakes Tassoni's hand. The two old friends stand there for a moment.

TASSONI

You take care of yourself, Tim.

FLANAGAN

You too.

Tassoni turns and jogs to the plane. Heads up the ladder. The Lear Jet's ladder is pulled up, door locked into place.

The engines whine. The plane taxis to the runway.

Flanagan and the others watch the plane roar down the runway and take off into the night.

On Flanagan's face -- there is a look there we haven't seen before.

A look of relief, of hope restored, worries extinguished. The sound of the jet fades and disappears...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK BAR - NIGHT

Flanagan raises his glass of Scotch.

FLANAGAN

To Cooper, whose expertise behind the wheel got us out of a shitstorm of trouble.

A cheer goes up. Zimmer, Schifrin raise their drinks. Cooper laughs, empties his beer down his throat.

COOPER

Enough with the fucking toasts, already.

ZIMMER

(raises his glass)

To no more toasting.

The men cheer, clink glasses, and drink. They are getting properly sauced. Even Schifrin has a smile on his face. Zimmer orders another round from the chunky waitress.

ZIMMER

Keep 'em comin, honey.

WAITRESS

Sure thing, handsome.

COOPER

(over the men's laughter)

I think she likes you, Zimmer. Too bad you're a fruitcup.

ZIMMER

Come here, you big beautiful man.

Zimmer stands up and plants a kiss on Cooper's forehead.

COOPER

(wipes his forehead)

You fuck! I knew it!

The men laugh. Cooper grins despite himself.

COOPER

Flanagan, why do you work with this pansy?

FLANAGAN

'Cause he's a smart son of a bitch.

Zimmer nods in apparent agreement.

ZIMMER

What's next, Flanagan? I know you got somethin' planned in that brain of yours.

The sudden question quiets the table. Flanagan looks at the expectant faces around him.

FLANAGAN

Next? Nothing's next, Zimmer.

ZIMMER

Come on. Look at us. We're a team. We can't stop now.

Zimmer puts a chummy arm around Schifrin.

ZIMMER

Even Schifrin thinks so. Schifrin, would you stop babbling all the fuckin time?

SCHIFRIN

Sorry.

ZIMMER

We could do a few jobs, retire in two, three years, rich as Kings.

FLANAGAN

Zimmer, ten years ago I'd jump at the chance. But what happened today was enough for me.

(no more to explain)

Enough.

The men take this news soberly. Stare into their drinks.

ZIMMER

Well...too bad. But, I understand.

Somehow the festive mood has been broken. The party is over.

ZIMMER

(lightening the mood)

Well, hey! You guys wanna keep partying, I'm staying at the Four Seasons for another week, just for the fuck of it.

Zimmer opens his suit coat pocket, exposes some of his forty thousand payout.

ZIMMER

Get rid of some of this hard earned dough. Schifrin, we need to get you laid, you're so fucking uptight.

Schifrin just gives him a wry smile.

ZIMMER

And Cooper, I could find a nice man for you -- release that latent homosexuality of yours into a full blown explosion of manly passion.

Cooper reaches across the table and grabs Zimmer's lapels.

COOPER

You're gonna get some latent fist in the face if you don't shut the fuck up.

Zimmer downs his drink with a wry smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLANAGAN'S CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

The city lights flash by outside his windows, but he doesn't see them. He stares straight ahead.

The silver briefcase sits on the passenger seat next to him. Flanagan stops at a red light. The color washes over his face, bathing him in bloody light.

EXT. FLANAGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flanagan pulls up in front of his house, the ocean fog creeping in around the car as he pulls to a stop. Gets out, silver briefcase in hand. Climbs the stairs, worn out.

INT. FLANAGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flanagan gets a beer from the fridge, closes the door. Sits at the kitchen table. Stares at the BRIEFCASE.

Sips his beer, eyeing the case.

Clicks open the latches. Slowly lifts the lid of the briefcase. Money stares back at him.

Half a million dollars.

Picks up one of the bundles. Feels the weight. Lets it drop back into the briefcase.

He closes the lid with a slap of his hand. Looks at his hand curiously. It TREMBLES. He clenches his fist, stopping it.

EXT. HOUSE IN SANTA MONICA - MORNING

Flanagan is picking Angie up. He gives some cash to JANET, who kisses him on the cheek. Angie waves goodbye. They both get in Flanagan's car.

INT. FLANAGAN'S CAR, MOVING - MORNING

ANGIE

What kind of a job was it?

FLANAGAN

(slight hesitation)

Kind of like consulting. I just came in and solved one problem. Then I'm gone.

Angie nods, stares out the window at the morning traffic. Flanagan steals a glance over to her to see if she's buying his lies. He swallows, the lies tasting bitter.

ANGIE

And was it hard? The job?

FLANAGAN

Yeah.

(thinks)

It was easier than I thought it would be.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Flanagan is dropping Angie off at the front of her High School. The front lawn packed with students, most of them with tattoos, smoking cigarettes before class. It looks like a prison yard.

FLANAGAN

Working tonight?

ANGIE

No. Chemistry homework.

FLANAGAN

Good.

(hesitates)

I got a few things to take care of, but I wanna talk to you when I get home.

ANGIE

About what?

FLANAGAN

Good news and bad news, sort of.

ANGIE

What's the good news?

FLANAGAN
Can't tell. Secret.

The school bell RINGS. Kids start filing inside.

ANGIE
Don't make me agonize all day.

FLANAGAN
Okay...I got the loan.
(off her blank look)
For college.

ANGIE
(pale, shocked)
You're kidding.

FLANAGAN
You're Harvard bound.

Angie leans back in and bear-hugs Flanagan. His eyes well up with tears.

ANGIE
I'm really going?

FLANAGAN
You're really going. The first Flanagan
is going to college. Harvard isn't a bad
place to start, either.

ANGIE
I can't wait to tell everyone!

She kisses him on the cheek again.

FLANAGAN
(big smile)
Sure, tell whoever you want. We'll
celebrate tonight. Maybe I'll let you
have a sip of champagne.

ANGIE
Alright!
(stops)
Wait, what's the bad news? You didn't
spend the loan money already or something?

Flanagan almost doesn't answer. Clearly pained, he tries to form words:

FLANAGAN
No. I -- it's about that job I did.
That's what I want to talk to you about.
It wasn't consulting work.

ANGIE

What was it, then?

FLANAGAN

It -- how can I put this?

(frowns)

It's a long story. But I have to tell you. I never want to hide things from you, Angie. I love you too much.

ANGIE

Dad, should I be worried about something? You're freaking me out here.

FLANAGAN

(waves his hand)

Don't worry, we'll talk tonight. You go celebrate -- tell your friends you're going to Harvard. Go on!

ANGIE

Okay! Bye, dad!

Angie leaps out of the car, bounds to the school doors. Flanagan watches her go, a pained smile on his face.

INT. BANK SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX ROOM - MORNING

Flanagan is taking the stacks of cash from the briefcase and placing them in a deep safety deposit box. He keeps four stacks for spending money, slaps the briefcase shut. Closes the lid on the safety deposit box.

INT. BOXING STUDIO - DAY

Flanagan is alone in his boxing studio, hitting a heavy bag. He punches in quick combinations, sweat spraying from his forehead. His eyes glance over at the poster: "KID FLANAGAN."

Whap! he smacks the bag, hard. His eyes still on the poster.

ON THE POSTER - his 19-year old self staring back.

WHAP! he smacks the bag, trying to look away.

ON THE POSTER - his face, still young, still hopeful, seems to watch him.

THE HEAVY BAG - Flanagan punches harder. Harder still.

CLOSE - on the eyes on the poster, staring.

ON FLANAGAN - hitting the bag with a rage, with a vengeance.

CLOSER STILL - on the black, hungry eyes of his past self.

WHAP! THE HEAVY BAG is nearly ripped from its chain.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DAY

Zimmer is in the bar, chatting with a very attractive WOMAN. Her hand is on his arm, his on her leg. He whispers something in her ear. She laughs. She leans closer.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD PARK RACETRACK - DAY

Cooper sits in the stands with the crowd, watching horses pound the backstretch, hooves spitting up dark earth. Cooper stands, spilling beer from his plastic cup as he shouts:

COOPER

Go, you SON OF A BITCH! GO!

The entire crowd is on their feet as Cooper's horse comes wins by a nose. Cooper laughs with victorious delight.

EXT. ANGELES NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

A ROBAR SNIPER RIFLE perched on a tree stump.

IN THE DISTANCE, a row of grapefruit, three hundred yards away at the treeline. A very difficult shot.

Behind the powerful scope, Schifrin eyes the target.

Plucks a handful of dry grass, tosses it. Watches it slowly drift left. Makes minute adjustments to the scope.

Schifrin takes a drag on a cigarette, calmly places it on the tree stump. Sights through the scope.

BOOM! he moves the gun on the tripod slightly and BOOM! fires again. Quick, smooth move -- BOOM!

POV, THROUGH SCOPE - the remains of three grapefruit are now mere pulped detritus, littering the edge of the treeline.

Satisfied with the results, he pulls out a bullet with a nitroglycerine tip. Gently chambers the round.

POV, THROUGH SCOPE - a large can of V-8 Tomato Juice, next to the remains of the grapefruit.

BOOM! the Robar roars.

THE V-8 CAN -- obliterates, liquid guts cascading into the air, coming down to the forest floor like red rain.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EVENING

Zimmer comes out of a hotel room. The WOMAN, naked except for a sheet she's got wrapped around her, gives him a goodbye kiss.

WOMAN

Thanks for the fun.

ZIMMER

I'll call you.

WOMAN

(pointing to the door)

You've got my number.

She smiles, blows him a kiss. He catches it, pretends to tuck it in his pocket. Walks toward the elevators.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - EVENING

Whistling cheerfully to himself, Zimmer puts the key in his hotel door, steps inside.

INT. ZIMMER'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Zimmer moves to the curtains covering the sliding glass doors of the small porch. Brushes a curtain aside with his hand, takes in the view of the nearly-vanished sun, red sky over L.A. beautiful from the fourteenth floor.

Goes to the mini-bar, opens a fridge. Reaches in for a beer.

WHACK! Zimmer's hand is SMASHED, fridge door slamming shut. He howls in pain as --

WHACK! a pistol butt is SLAMMED into Zimmer's head. He goes down. Rolls on the floor, holding his head. Looks up to see --

THREE ASIAN FACES, staring down, glaring as he writhes in pain.

ZIMMER

W-what...the fuck do you want?

Asian Man with the gun slams a steel-toed boot into Zimmer's gut. He gasps, tries to breathe. He is yanked to his feet.

ASIAN MAN

(accented English)

Where your boss, Flanagan?

ZIMMER

Never...heard of him--

The man PUNCHES Zimmer in the cheekbone -- FWHACK! Zimmer reels backward, arms pinwheeling.

Trips and goes down, SMASHING into a glass table, shards exploding underneath him.

ASIAN MAN
I ask again. Flanagan.

The Man picks him up again.

ZIMMER
(face bleeding)
Fuck y-you.

The Asian Man THROWS ZIMMER headlong into the wall. CRACK!
Zimmer's nose spurts blood. He crumples to the floor.

ASIAN MAN
We play all night with you?!

He CRACKS! Zimmer across the chin with his pistol.

ASIAN MAN
Where?!

ZIMMER
(near passing out)
F-fuck...fuck you...

The three Asian men close in around him.

INT. WINE STORE - NIGHT

Flanagan searches the cooler for a bottle of champagne. Finds the right one. Takes it up to the cash register. Stands there staring at something. There is the sound of something, a murmur. Flanagan can't hear it.

CASHIER
-- I said, "Is that all?" You okay, buddy?

FLANAGAN
(snaps out of it)
Uh, yeah. That's all.

Flanagan pays, gets his change and walks out. Curious, the Cashier turns around to see what Flanagan was staring at. There is a small television with the sound off, the news showing clips of the "Bloodbath at LAX." The Cashier shrugs to himself.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EVENING

One of the Asian men is searching through the files on Zimmer's COMPUTERS, still on the desk in his hotel suite.

The Asian man finds something. Shouts to his cohorts. The other two men lean over his shoulder, peering at the computer screen. They confer in rapid Chinese.

The Leader flips open a cell phone, quickly dials.

Speaks in Chinese, reading an ADDRESS off the screen. Hangs up.

Pulls out a pistol. Screws on a silencer. Turns to face Zimmer.

ON THE PISTOL - dangling from the hand on the Asian thug, Zimmer's face a blur behind it.

ON ZIMMER -- he looks close to death already, bleeding on the hotel chair. His face is a parade of contusions. Lips puffy, caked with blood. Front tooth missing.

Mumbling incoherently, he looks up to see the Man coming toward him, silenced pistol coming up at him for execution.

Zimmer unexpectedly LUNGES at the man. Not as incoherent as the men thought -- HE DIVES for the Asian Man's knees.

THE SHOT hisses from the silenced pistol, EXPLODES into the wall behind the chair. The other two Men turn from the computer in surprise, watching as --

Zimmer roars, picks the Man up, DRIVING him backward like a linebacker -- charging toward the floor-to-ceiling curtains --

Both men EXPLODE through the sliding GLASS DOORS, bodies covered by the curtains as they hurtle ONTO THE PORCH --

-- In a corona of broken glass, they fall on the railing, AND FLIP OVER THE EDGE.

Tumbling over the railing FOURTEEN FLOORS above Los Angeles.

The tangled mass of shredded curtains comes down with the men, Zimmer's hands desperately hanging onto the fabric as --

THE CURTAINS CATCH on the railing! Zimmer's falling body shudders to a sudden halt as --

THE THUG TUMBLES INTO THE VOID, screaming on the way down.

ZIMMER'S POV -- his would-be assassin tumbling toward the parking lot below -- the curtains above catching -- his legs and body whirling headlong BACK TOWARD THE HOTEL --

Feet finding nothing but air, Zimmer swings on the curtain toward the porch one floor below --

-- LANDS on the porch with a WHUMP!, a miraculous landing. Curtains rip from the railing above, flap into the night like a vampire. Zimmer's dazed expression turns to one of determined survival as he stands on shaking legs.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL FRONT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Crowded VALET PARKING section, jammed with people. A VALET opening an arriving limo's door. Three men in tuxedos, three women, giggling, finishing champagne, one in a white dress.

wwwWWHHUMMMMMPPP!SMASH! Zimmer's would-be assassin EXPLODES through the limo's sunroof, glass SHOWERING the men, blood SPATTERING the WOMAN in the white dress, covering her. Shock! -- her body covered in blood. She SCREAMS.

THE BROKEN BODY OF THE THUG STARES BACK AT HER WITH WIDE EYED HORROR -- silenced pistol clutched in a death-grip.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - NIGHT

On wobbly legs, Zimmer frantically KICKS through the sliding glass doors on the porch he landed on.

INT. ZIMMER'S HOTEL ROOM PORCH - CONT.

The TWO OTHER ASIAN GANGSTERS lean over the porch, see:

-- THE BROKEN BODY of their comrade fourteen floors below; a repulsed crowd around the destroyed limo; the woman in white, screaming, blood soaked -- no one helping. Terror.

Then they HEAR ZIMMER shattering glass on the porch below.

INT. STRANGE HOTEL ROOM - CONT.

ZIMMER CHARGES through the hotel room, vaguely catching the image of a SHRIEKING WOMAN locking herself in the bathroom.

Zimmer ignores her, his swollen eyes finding the front door. Wrenches it open, CHARGES down the hallway to the ELEVATORS.

As if on cue, a WELL-DRESSED couple stand before the just-open elevator doors.

ZIMMER

Out of the way! Out of the way!

The couple gets one look at a bleeding, charging ghoul coming at them. They promptly scream, frozen to the spot --

ZIMMER

Get the fuck outta the WAY!

HE YANKS the couple from the elevator, tossing the man headlong into the wall. Leaps inside as elevator doors CLOSE.

Zimmer hits "L" with a desperate stab of his finger. The button illuminates, bloody fingerprint filtering the light.

INT. THE STAIRWELL - CONT.

The Asian Men charge down the staircase, already pulling out their weapons -- light submachine-guns.

INT. FOUR SEASONS LOBBY - CONT.

Elevator doors open to a crowded LOBBY. Zimmer CHARGES out, bowling over a ROMANTIC COUPLE, sending them ass over teakettle, drinks flying, glass shattering to the floor.

Zimmer runs for the FRONT EXIT.

THE ASIAN MEN BURST through the stairwell door, just to the left of the exit -- spot Zimmer.

EXIT BLOCKED, Zimmer comes to a sliding stop as --

The submachine-guns are levelled at him. The Men OPEN FIRE --
bbbbBBBRAPPPPP!!

Zimmer darts into the DINING ROOM as bullets EXPLODE into the plaster behind him. The entire lobby ERUPTS into shrieks --

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - CONT.

-- Zimmer RUNS, face a bloody mess, dodging Waiters, KNOCKING ASIDE tables in his way, trying desperately to find another exit, fast. Customers SHRIEK as --

The MEN appear in the doorway, see Zimmer's darting frame -- and SPRAY INDISCRIMINATE GUNFIRE. BBBRAPPPPP!!

RAKING the entire restaurant, well-dressed diners diving for cover. One man is in mid-bite when his mouth explodes in a shower of blood and teeth, head snapping backward.

ZIMMER - bullets trailing as he ducks, weaves, BURSTS through swinging kitchen doors. Bullets pulp doors, inches behind.

INT. FOUR SEASONS KITCHEN - CONT.

Zimmer's eyes search frantically for the exit. Stunned busboys and cooks stare at him as he plows through them.

Zimmer comes to a stop, his eyes finally find the blessed GREEN EXIT SIGN, just to the left.

THE DOORWAY -- the MEN burst through the doors, OPEN FIRE.

Pots and pans explode from hangers, bullets raking after Zimmer. A Busboy is splattered, sending a massive cistern of chicken soup onto the floor.

Zimmer is going to make it, just a few more steps, the door right in front of him when --

A COOK TURNS TO FLEE -- doesn't see Zimmer, RAMS into him.

SENDING ZIMMER flying through the air, head over heels.

Zimmer stumbles for the door, gets to one knee. Struggles gets to his feet. Takes one desperate look over his shoulder.

SEES THE TWO ASIAN MOBSTERS. Levelling their weapons -- a clear line of fire.

ZIMMER

Oh, fuck.

BBBBRAPPPPP!! Zimmer's chest EXPLODES with bullets, blood spurting in enormous gouts, spraying a cruel red graffiti on the kitchen walls. BBBBRAPPPPP!!

He is BLOWN out the exit door, ruined body tumbling down the steps, as even more bullets hit his legs, his arms.

Zimmer lands at the bottom of the exit steps, the night sky above him. Blood pools black around him. Life drains out of him. With one last exhaled breath, he is gone...

EXT. FLANAGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flanagan pulls up, grabs the celebration champagne off the seat. Gets the silver briefcase from the floor of the car.

INT. FLANAGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flanagan steps in, hits the light switch. Nothing happens. Click-click, he tries the switch again. Still nothing. Steps through the dark hallway. His feet creak on the wooden floorboards. Tries another switch. No good.

FLANAGAN

Angie? You home?

The place is quiet, eerie. Flanagan heads to the staircase.

FLANAGAN

Angie? You up there, honey?

Flanagan pulls his hand from the bannister, curious. Something wet here. Holds his hand to a moonlit window.

His hand is covered in blood.

FLANAGAN
Oh, Jesus... Angie!

Flanagan hears something. Turns at the sound. There is sudden motion: black in the darkness.

WHAP!

A foot connects with Flanagan's face.

Flanagan falls backward, arms pinwheeling, champagne bottle shattering on the floor.

WHAP! another karate kick to the face. Flanagan falls backward on the staircase, gash above his eye bleeding.

FLANAGAN'S POV -- a BLACK CLAD figure, lunging, kicking --

FLANAGAN raises the silver briefcase as a shield. WHA-THUD! blocks the blow, briefcase sent flying.

DUCKS another blow. Gets a glimpse of the Black Clad figure: Asian, clothes all black. Even the shoes. Black gloves.

Flanagan swings with a right hook -- MISSES, Black Clad figure ducking, agile, whirling.

WHACK! a roundhouse kick nails Flanagan in the jaw.

Flanagan stumbles, SLIDES on a dark pool of champagne on the floor. Black-Clad figure moves in, SWEEPS HIS LEGS.

Legs suddenly not underneath him, flying up toward the ceiling, Flanagan goes down hard with a CRASH!

FLANAGAN
Ahhhhh!

LANDS ON SHARDS of the champagne bottle, knifing his back.

The Black Clad figure lunges down at him for a kick to the gut, Flanagan writhing in pain.

Flanagan manages to BLOCK the blow with his forearm. Uses the other man's momentum to TOSS HIM HEAD OVER HEELS.

The Black Clad figure LANDS on his back with a THUMP on the staircase. In an instant he is back on his feet, catlike.

Flanagan stands, back a mass of blood. Turns to face the Black Clad figure, staring. Not moving. Flanagan gets in his boxer's stance, hands in front of him.

FLANAGAN
Okay! You want it! Come on!

WHUMP! Flanagan is abruptly KICKED FROM BEHIND. He goes falling forward, realizes there is another BLACK CLAD MAN in here.

Flanagan is perfectly set up for the man on the stairs. The man leaps, WHACK! Delivers a bone-crushing kick to Flanagan's face.

Flanagan pinwheels backward, mouth bleeding. Spins around --

IS PUNCHED IN THE FACE. Spins.

ANOTHER PUNCH. Stumbles back. ANOTHER punch.

Like a pinball. The two Black Figures are killing him.

sshhh-WHIP! GAROTTED FROM BEHIND, a wire cuts into his neck. Flanagan GASPS, face turning red as he stumbles backward.

BLACK CLAD MAN
(hissing in his ear)
We have your daughter, Flanagan.

Flanagan's eyes go wide.

BLACK CLAD MAN
We keep her. Until you say where is Tommy Chow. Or kill you and her both.

The man YANKS THE WIRE tighter.

Flanagan wheezes, face blue. Tries to shrug the man off -- impossible. Flanagan falls to his knees, tries to flip him over his shoulders -- the man is too good for that.

The man YANKS TIGHTER. Black Clad Figure puts his face right up to Flanagan's ear.

BLACK CLAD MAN
Tommy Chow. Or no more pretty daughter.
(screams in his ear)
Where is Tommy Chow?!

Flanagan, desperate, eyes bulging, searches for a weapon, anything. Eyes find the BROKEN CHAMPAGNE BOTTLENECK on the floor before him.

With a desperate YANK, Flanagan pulls forward, grabs the champagne bottleneck. Pivots and DRIVES THE LETHAL SHARDS INTO THE MAN'S THROAT --

BLACK CLAD FIGURE
EeeaaAAAAAHHHHHHH!!

The Man drops the garotte, desperate hands reaching for the bottle. It has LODGED in his trachea, blood jetting in a heart-pump blast along the walls.

FLANAGAN
 Fuckin' son of a bitch!

Flanagan is TACKLED FROM BEHIND -- Second Black Clad knocking him to the floor.

Flanagan elbows the man in the face, flips him over, his rage incredible. He overpowers the man, plants blow after crushing blow to the man's ribs, to his sternum.

FLANAGAN
 (blind rage, shrieking:)
 Do you know who you're fucking with? DO
 YOU KNOW --
 (whap!)
 WHO YOU'RE --
 (whap!)
 FUCKING WITH?!

The Man's sternum CRACKS! bone fragments splintering inside him, jutting into vital organs. The man SCREAMS like a schoolgirl.

Flanagan grabs the wire garotte off the floor, wraps it around the man's neck. PULLS tight. The man chokes. Tongue pops out.

FLANAGAN
 Where is she!

Flanagan holds the garotte with one massive hand, and with his right fist SMASHES the man's broken ribs, again and again.

FLANAGAN
 Where is she?!

The Man coughs black blood, covering his chin. Flanagan loosens the garotte. Too late. The Man's body spasms, goes into convulsions.

FLANAGAN
 No! Not yet!

His eyes roll into the back of his head. An awful gasp issues from deep within. In a moment, he is still.

Flanagan shakes the man like a rag doll.

FLANAGAN
 (it's no use)
 Christ... oh, Christ.

Silence. An awful stillness. Two dead men on the floor. Bottle sticking out of one's neck. The other: punched to death by Flanagan's unchecked rage and brutal hands.

Flanagan's hands shake with the violence. He wipes the blood on his pants. Breath coming in ragged gasps.

He stands. Sees what he's done. Killed two men. Sees the spray of blood along the hallway wall. Sees the man on the floor, garotte around his throat.

Flanagan looks at his blood covered hands. Mutters one word.

FLANAGAN

...Angie.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - NIGHT

Ambulances, newscrews, dozens of cop cars crowd the area around the Four Seasons. Block cordoned off, a crowd of craning necks strain to see past the police line.

MOVING through the crowd, we find COOPER. He sees:

AN AMBULANCE, a DEAD VICTIM on the gurney being loaded into the back. The Paramedics are stopped by --

FBI AGENT PO. Po pulls the sheet back, looks at the face of the man. Zimmer's battered, dead face stares back. Agent Po doesn't recognize him, tosses the sheet over his head.

ON COOPER - shocked, and more upset than anyone would expect.

COOPER

Jesus.

INT. FLANAGAN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

His CELLULAR phone rings on the passenger seat next to him. Flanagan snatches it up.

FLANAGAN

Hello.

COOPER (O.S.)

Flanagan, thank Christ.

INTERCUT WITH COOPER - at a phone booth. Four Seasons in the skyline behind him. SIRENS wail in the background.

FLANAGAN

Where are you?

COOPER

Came by the Four Seasons to have a drink with the Kid. They killed him, Flanagan. They killed Zimmer.

FLANAGAN

Oh, no...

COOPER

Did they get to you?

FLANAGAN

(ice cold)

They're dead. I killed them.

COOPER

Flanagan, what do we do? They know everything now. Where we live --

FLANAGAN

They got Angie. They got my girl.

Cooper swallows hard. Then, like Flanagan, he turns to stone.

COOPER

...The fucks. We're gonna ruin them.

FLANAGAN

Yeah. We are.

EXT. SCHIFRIN'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

At the warehouse door, Robar rifle case in hand, Schifrin tosses away a cigarette, enters a code into the security system. The system light turns green.

Schifrin pulls out his keys. Puts the key in the lock. Sees something strange on the door next to his head --

A RED LASER DOT. The dot wobbles, moves to his head.

Eyes wide, SCHIFRIN HITS THE DECK just as --

PhwwoOOOP! A silenced rifle BLASTS a hole in the metal door.

Schifrin turns handle and tumbles inside, kneeling, pulls the Robar case in with him.

INSIDE - PANG!PANG!PANG! bullets dent the metal door inward, blast the door handle off.

Schifrin RUNS into his warehouse, past crates of ammo as --

THE FRONT DOOR is kicked inward.

TWO ASIAN KILLERS stand in the doorway. One raises the laser sighted rifle, red dot zeroing on crates, boxes, equipment.

Second Man carries a submachine-gun, walks down a row of crates. His gun sweeps the area.

The Two Assassins walk slowly, carefully. Dead silent in here. Ears are perked for the slightest sound. They move toward the back of the warehouse, inexorably closer to --

SCHIFRIN, who roots around in a box until he finds what he's looking for. Hefts whatever it is and moves.

THE SOUND gets the attention of First Man. He OPENS FIRE!

Phwoop! Phwoop! Phwoop! silenced shots explode into the crate... But Schifrin's not there anymore.

SCHIFRIN stands near the back, FUSE BOX next to him on the wall. He reaches up and CLUNKS the power off.

THE PLACE goes pitch black.

The Assassins can't see anything. Freeze in the darkness.

SCHIFRIN - barely visible, he puts the device he was after on his head. He activates NIGHT VISION goggles. Schifrin TAKES OFF HIS SHOES. Moves in socked feet, silently.

SCHIFRIN'S POV - the world a fuzzy green. He comes around a corner. Sees the first Man, crouching in the darkness, looking back and forth, trying to make out anything in the pitch darkness. His laser dot scans the room, frantic.

Schifrin moves closer. Raises the Robar rifle. The Assassin unaware he is being sighted for death. BOOOM!

SECOND MAN - calls out in Chinese. No reply. Completely spooked in the darkness. Yells again, voice shaking.

Second Man OPENS FIRE -- raking the place with bullets, firing in an indiscriminate circle, not knowing what's out there in the darkness. He screams as he empties an entire clip, bullets ricocheting everywhere.

He stops, his gun smoking, clip spent. The only sound now is the ejected brass shells coming to a rolling stop near his feet. He quickly slaps a new clip into the machine gun. Loads the first bullet. Hands shaking with fear.

Second Man feels something at the back of his head -- A RIFLE MUZZLE.

ON CRATES ABOVE THE MAN - Schifrin kneels, night-vision goggles on his head, Robar pushed flush to the killer's skull.

SCHIFRIN

Picked the wrong guy to fuck with.

BOOM! the Robar roars.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHIFRIN'S WAREHOUSE - LATER

The lights are on, the garish display of Schifrin's two kills lying in pools of blood on the floor.

Schifrin hands a cellular phone to FLANAGAN, standing with Cooper, looking down at Schifrin's handywork.

SCHIFRIN
Found this on the "amateur."

Flanagan examines the phone. Hits "redial."

INT. DARK ROOM - INTERCUT

A SLICK ASIAN MAN pulls a RINGING phone from his coat pocket.

SLICK ASIAN MAN
(in Chinese)
Yes?

FLANAGAN
Who is this?

It's evident that Slick Asian Man is not expecting to hear English on the other end. But he takes it in cool stride.

SLICK ASIAN MAN
This must be Mr. Flanagan. I assume some of our men are no longer among the living.

FLANAGAN
Who are you?

SLICK ASIAN MAN
(unaccented English)
Not important. You have taken something from us. And we have your daughter. We're businessmen; flexible. If we cannot take you by force, a deal can be arranged.

FLANAGAN
For your sake --

SLICK ASIAN MAN
(suddenly commanding)
You *listen!* You do not speak!... A meeting. One hour. Downtown. Chinatown restaurant, Chun Yen. You understand?

FLANAGAN

...Yes.

SLICK ASIAN MAN

Come alone. Unarmed. Or your daughter
will be hacked into pieces and fed to fish.

Click! The Slick Asian Man has hung up.

Flanagan's face: slack, eyes frightened. He turns to Cooper and
Schifrin. Slowly speaks.

FLANAGAN

What the fuck are we into?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The lights of Chinatown are a garish advertisement to the
tourist crowd. Restaurant signs blink into the night.

A car rolls through the Chinatown streets. Cooper drives,
Flanagan in the passenger seat. Schifrin in back. Cooper turns
a corner and kills the lights. Stops.

COOPER

Let us come with you. You can't trust
these fuckers.

Schifrin has his Tec-9s on his lap like obedient, deadly dogs.

SCHIFRIN

I agree. Go in there alone, without
knowledge of the layout, and you're
without options.

FLANAGAN

These people got me in a box. Don't try
to come in there.

COOPER

They'll kill you, Flanagan. You know that.

Flanagan nods, stares out the window.

FLANAGAN

...Maybe. But if they --
(swallows, mouth dry)
-- if they kill Angie... I got us into
this. I got her into this. I have to do
what they say. I don't have a choice.

COOPER

I hope you know what you're doing.

FLANAGAN

If I'm not outta there in a half hour --

COOPER

-- Schiffrin and me come in and blow everything away. Don't worry about that.

Flanagan nods. Gets out of the car, walks around the corner, toward the neon signs.

EXT. RESTAURANT ALLEY - CONT.

Flanagan searches for the right place, every door unmarked.

A BODYGUARD steps out of the darkness, presses the gun to Flanagan's skull. Flanagan raises his hands, slowly.

FLANAGAN

Flanagan. I'm Flanagan.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONT.

A BODYGUARD meets them, pats Flanagan down. Satisfied, he leads Flanagan through the front room of the restaurant --

INTO AN ADJOINING ROOM - where dozens of cruel Asian GANGSTERS glance up briefly from their meal. All the men have their weapons on the table, like so much cutlery. Pistols, machine-guns, ammo, all ready to go in a snap.

Flanagan walks by the first dozen men at a round table. Weaves past another DOZEN MEN. Most ignore Flanagan, concentrating on their noodles or rice. He's unimportant.

A DARK HALLWAY -- three BODYGUARDS stand from their chairs. One pats Flanagan down again, checking him more thoroughly. Checks his socks, shoes, waistband, the inside of his coat. Flanagan raises his arms obediently. They pat down his sleeves, his armpits. Nothing is left to chance.

The three new Bodyguards lead Flanagan into --

THE BACK ROOM. So dark that it takes Flanagan time to make out the men in the room. SEVEN well-dressed Asian men sit around a round table. Some sip tea. Some simply stare.

BODYGUARDS stand behind them in the shadows, watching.

The Seven Men look at Flanagan. Blank faces, no expression, impassively Asian. The three Bodyguards flanking Flanagan are dismissed with a wave by one of the men at the table.

The only sound is teacups clinking down on the table.

Flanagan's eyes come to a SLICK ASIAN MAN.

SLICK ASIAN MAN
 I'm Mr. Feng. This --
 (motions to an Older Man)
 is Mr. Shu Chow. Father of Tommy Chow.

Confused, Flanagan stares at the Older Chinese Man.

FLANAGAN
 Father?

MR. FENG
 You gave Mr. Chow's son to the Golden
 Dragon Tong.

FLANAGAN
 (dumbly repeating)
 Golden Dragon Tong.

MR. FENG
 Jackie Sun is demanding \$20 million for
 the safe return of Tommy Chow.

FLANAGAN
 I don't understand.

MR. FENG
 That's right, Flanagan. You don't
 understand! You have bungled your way
 into a world you know nothing about. A
 world that is 2,000 years old. And you
 dare to come into our world, and kill our
 men. And you take Mr. Chow's son! You
 meddle in places which are very, very
 dangerous.

MR. CHOW stares coldly back at him.

FLANAGAN
 The airport...it wasn't the Golden Dragons?

MR. FENG
Our men. There to snatch Tommy Chow from
 the FBI. But could not, due to your
 interference. Were it not for Mr. Chow's
 wisdom and restraint, I would put a bullet
 in your head now where you stand.

MR. CHOW
 (gravel voice)
 Who hired you?

Flanagan glances at the man with the stone face.

FLANAGAN
 A man named Tassoni. Mike Tassoni --

Mr. Chow and Feng share a knowing glance.

MR. FENG

Mr. Tassoni works for the Golden Dragons.

Flanagan gets it in one thunderclap of realization.

FLANAGAN

He set me up.

MR. FENG

Yesterday we received an anonymous tip that one of the men from the airport incident was staying at the Four Seasons.

FLANAGAN

Tassoni. He told you where to find us.

MR. FENG

Possibly. What we are sure of is that you took what was not yours. You took Tommy Chow. And now --

(he motions to Mr. Chow)

-- Mr. Chow would like his son back.

Mr. Chow stares at Flanagan with obsidian eyes.

He motions with a sharp nod to a BODYGUARD. The Bodyguard comes over to Flanagan, places a small box in Flanagan's hand.

Flanagan looks down at the box, some six inches long.

Looks up at the Asian faces staring back at him.

He opens the box.

There is a severed WOMAN'S FINGER, lying on a bed of cotton, flecks of blood smeared on the inside of the box.

Flanagan drops the box as if it contained a rattlesnake.

FLANAGAN

Jesus!

(finger on the floor)

What did you do? What the fuck have you done?! What have YOU DONE?!

Flanagan rushes the table in a blind rage.

He is GRABBED by several pairs of hands, massive bodyguards pulling him backward, shoving him against a wall. A rough hand grabs his hair, yanks his head backward.

A knife blade is flicked open, held to his throat.

MR. FENG

Deliver Tommy Chow in 24 hours, or your daughter will lose one finger per hour, every hour that you are overdue. After her fingers, we start on her toes, then breasts, then eyes -- we will burn her eyes. We will shove a hot poker up her vagina. Up her teenaged ass!

(in Flanagan's face)

You understand?!

Mr. Feng SLAPS Flanagan in the face, hard. Then again.

FLANAGAN

(knees weakening)

You motherfuckers. You're gonna die! All you *motherfuckers!*

The faces at the table are unflinching. They've seen violence and pain before, and it doesn't impress them.

MR. FENG

All in the world you hold dear now belongs to us. You are ours. We own you, control you. And you will do this thing for us.

Feng dials a number on his cellular phone. Reaches someone on the other line. Says something in Chinese.

Feng puts the phone to Flanagan's ear.

ANGIE (V.O.)

(exhausted, hysterical)

Daddy?! Please! Please...

FLANAGAN

Hold on, sweetheart! I'm gonna get you--

Mr. Feng SHUTS the flip-phone with a snap.

FLANAGAN

NO! Let me talk to her!

MR. FENG

You live because the Tong allows it. You have involved yourself in centuries-old tradition of crime, of organized violence and retaliation. You understand nothing. You are nothing.

Feng's face is close to Flanagan's, eyes penetrating into his.

MR. FENG
 Twenty-four hours. Then you become the
 father of a circus show freak. After that
 she dies.

Feng SLAPS a piece of paper into Flanagan's hand.

MR. FENG
 Address. Golden Dragon Tong. San
 Francisco... We've pointed you in the
 right direction. Given you the motivation.

Feng snaps his fingers. The knife comes away from Flanagan's
 throat. Bodyguards release him. Flanagan crumples.

MR. FENG
 Now go, round-eye scumbag.

Flanagan stands, looks into the eyes of the men at the table, as
 if permanently burning their faces into his memory.

Mr. Chow and the others watch him as if he is nothing more than
 a dog. A non-entity. Something to be manipulated.

Flanagan backs away. The faces fade into the shadows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - NIGHT

Flanagan numbly makes his way across the street. Puts the
 address of the Dragon Tong in his pocket. Turns the corner
 toward Cooper's car, sees --

COOPER AND SCHIFRIN, spread-eagled on the street, guns over
 their heads, a dozen men with pistols, shotguns --

-- SIX SEDANS, sirens flashing on rooftops, strobing the street,
 surrounding Cooper's car.

Flanagan turns to bolt. Sees a face in front of him. He
 freezes in his tracks.

FLANAGAN'S POV -- FBI AGENT PO, shotgun aimed at Flanagan.

AGENT PO
 Remember me?

The shotgun butt comes up in a cruel ark. CRACK!

BLACK.

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Angry welt rising over a cheekbone, one hand cuffed to a metal table bolted to the floor, Flanagan sits in silence. He ignores the two-way mirror, unseen faces staring in at him.

The door opens. Agent Po walks in, file folder in hand.

AGENT PO

Ever notice your past has a way of catching up with you?

Flanagan says nothing.

AGENT PO

(holds up the file)

Confidential File, New York Bureau

(sits, opens the file)

"Timothy Flanagan, AKA 'Kid Flanagan,' high school dropout, onetime boxer."

(looks up from the file)

Career failed.

(reads again)

"Worked for the Tindino Family, '72-83.

Robbery, petty theft, confidence scams.

Moved up the ranks: contracts,

assassinations, a button man. Suspected

of killing Geno Marcino, New Jersey, '78,

suspected of hits on Michael and Sam

Polittanlia, '79, Maury Goldman,

bookmaker, 1980, an entire family of eight

Italian immigrants in 1981, reason

unknown..." Each case never reached trial

for lack of witnesses and evidence. Shall

I continue?

Po glances at Flanagan. Sees the look in his eyes. These are memories he thought he'd buried for good.

AGENT PO

"Head of Major Criminal Operations, Weaponry, Intelligence, Security.

Suspected of the robbery of ten armored

cars in a one-day operation, Manhattan

1982" -- brilliant, I might add, "theft of

ten million in uncut diamonds, Manhattan

'83...fourteen original masterwork

paintings in '84...dozens of kidnapping

and extortion schemes..."

Flanagan fumes. Po stares at him, trying to get a reaction. Turns the last page of the file. One sentence on the page. "NON CONCLSV EVDNCE -- CONT SURVLNCE -- WHBOUTS UNKNWN, 1986."

AGENT PO
File stops cold eleven years ago.

Silence. Flanagan takes a deep breath.

FLANAGAN
Gonna charge me with all that?

AGENT PO
No. Just the LAX bloodbath. One FBI
Agent killed, five assassins killed.

FLANAGAN
With what proof?

AGENT PO
Two stiffs at your house. Two at
Schifrin's warehouse. Information on
Zimmer's computer: LAX plans, security
hacking programs, names, addresses. Very
thorough. Probably died before he could
erase them. Pity.

FLANAGAN
(leans forward)
You know, Agent Po, if I wasn't at the
airport -- you'd be dead right now.

AGENT PO
(could be true)
Well, we'll never know. Will we?

FLANAGAN
I'm not the guy you're after.

AGENT PO
You'll do for now.

FLANAGAN
I know where Chow is.

AGENT PO
Think I believe your bullshit story? I've
heard 'em all, Flanagan.

Flanagan's eyes lock on Po's wristwatch. Hours have passed.
His mind reels as the seconds tick away.

FLANAGAN
Just hear me out. You want Tommy Chow,
but what if I could give you one better?
His father.

AGENT PO

Can't arrest him without evidence, without a crime. Sorry, new FBI policy.

FLANAGAN

I can get him to admit to a crime for you.

Agent Po is amused. He plays along.

AGENT PO

How would you manage that?

FLANAGAN

(hiding desperation)

You can't get Tommy Chow on your own. Too many restrictions, too many civil rights to violate. Let me go, and I can get you Tommy Chow.

AGENT PO

(smiling)

Let you go?

FLANAGAN

For now. After it's over, you lock me up and throw away the key, I don't care. I get Tommy Chow for you, my way. You don't get your hands dirty. Everything's clean.

Po's smile fades. He nods -- continue.

FLANAGAN

I bring Chow to his father. I get Shu Chow to admit to a federal crime on video and audiotape, videotape, whatever.

AGENT PO

What crime?

FLANAGAN

Kidnapping.

AGENT PO

Kidnapping? The largest heroin distributor in the United States? You're gonna arrest for kidnapping?

FLANAGAN

Got better?

AGENT PO

(no, actually)

...Alright. Kidnapping. Kidnapping who?

FLANAGAN
My daughter.

This hits Po. He didn't know. He's dealing with a more serious man than he'd estimated, with a serious motivation.

AGENT PO
How would you get that on tape?

FLANAGAN
I arrange the location of the meet. You set up beforehand: parabolic microphone dishes, night-vision cameras. I make the switch: Tommy Chow for my daughter. Shu Chow admits to kidnapping on tape.

(Po chews on the plan)
You'll be the agent who brought down an entire crime family. The largest heroin importers in the United States.

Po sits back, mind turning the angles, looking for downsides.

AGENT PO
And after? "You'll come quietly," as they say?

FLANAGAN
All I want is my daughter, safe. She's the only thing that matters to me.

Agent Po drums his fingers on the table, staring into Flanagan, trying to decide. Then he shakes his head:

AGENT PO
Sorry. Too risky. Too many variables. I'd be breaking every regulation.

FLANAGAN
You have to trust me.

AGENT PO
A contract killer who's been missing for 11 years? Why the fuck would I trust you?

FLANAGAN
You know I'm not gonna run. You know I'm gonna see this through to the end.

Long silence. Flanagan can HEAR the sound of the second hand on Agent Po's wristwatch. Tick, tick, tick...deafening.

AGENT PO
If it matters, Flanagan, I believe your story.

(more)

AGENT PO (cont'd)
You want to get your daughter back, and I sympathize. And your plan just might work. But I'm not dumb enough to try it on for size.

Po stands, goes to the door. Last ditch, Flanagan goads:

FLANAGAN
You really hate Chow, don't you?

AGENT PO
(hand on the door)
I don't feel much about him one way or the other.

FLANAGAN
He's ruining the name of your race.

AGENT PO
Race has nothing to do with it.

FLANAGAN
You want him caught, or dead, and you won't stop until it happens. Am I hitting a nerve?

AGENT PO
I'm an FBI agent in charge of bringing down Asian crime leaders. It's my job.

FLANAGAN
Bullshit. It's personal with you. I know the look. I can see it in your eyes. Look into mine, you'll see the same look staring back.

Has Flanagan got him pegged? Agent Po's hand leaves the door. He slowly circles back to the table. Long silence...

FLANAGAN
You get what you want, I get what I want.

AGENT PO
And what do you want?

FLANAGAN
My daughter. Alive. Safe...

AGENT PO
And?

FLANAGAN

A shot at Tassoni. Give him to me, leave him out of the report. After -- you can haul me in, I don't care.

Agent PO nods. Sits in the chair again.

AGENT PO

Just for the sake of argument, what would you need?

FLANAGAN

My men. My weapons.

AGENT PO

And that's it?

FLANAGAN

That's it.

AGENT PO

This Tassoni, who is he?

FLANAGAN

Someone from the New York days.

AGENT PO

A killer? Like you?

FLANAGAN

No. Not like me.

The is the ROAR OF AN AIRPLANE ENGINE, and we--

CUT TO:

INT. FBI GULFSTREAM IV JET - NIGHT

Flanagan, Schifrin and Cooper are out of place in this high-tech FBI jet, laden with computers, faxes, secure phones.

AGENT STILES

(hanging up a phone)

San Francisco office has twelve Bureau guys we can use, and four snipers. They'll be waiting for us on the tarmac.

AGENT PO

Good.

Agents Po and Stiles watch the three criminals. Stiles whispers:

AGENT STILES

Po, the Golden Dragons change their heroin distribution places every fucking week. By the time you get a warrant, they're gone. And you think this asshole --
(motions to Flanagan)
-- has the current location?

AGENT PO

(shrugs, smiling)
What else do you have to do?

AGENT STILES

You actually trust these guys?

CLA-CHUNK! They both look over at Schifrin, loading his Robar rifle, checking the action.

AGENT STILES

Careful with that thing in here.

Schifrin just gives him a look. Flanagan load his 9mm, puts six extra clips in his coat pocket; backup 9mm in the small of his back. Cooper loads his twin .45s. The men carry out their precision routine in silence.

AGENT STILES

You know you're gonna lose your job and mine?

AGENT PO

Let's hope the ends justify the means.

AGENT STILES

Let's hope.

ON FLANAGAN - he puts on a kevlar vest. Cooper can't get his to fit over his broad chest. He tosses it aside with disdain.

FLANAGAN

Put it on, Coop.

COOPER

They don't fit right. Never needed one before, anyway. Not starting now.

Flanagan locks eyes with Cooper and Schifrin. They're ready.

FLANAGAN

You know I need the help. But if either one of you wants outta this, I understand. It's not your fight.

COOPER
 Bullshit, Tim. I'm comin with you.
 (as if in explanation:)
 They killed the kid.

FLANAGAN
 I thought you didn't like Zimmer.

COOPER
 What gave you that idea?

PILOT (V.O.)
 (over the intercom:)
 ETA for landing, ten minutes.

Agent PO walks to Flanagan, stands inches away from him.

AGENT PO
 You fuck with me, you'll find yourself in
 a plastic bag in the morgue. I even
suspect that you or your playmates are
 gonna run -- I shoot to kill. As far as
 I'm concerned, you're a wanted criminal,
 and I can take you out legally. Am I
 clear, Flanagan?

Flanagan tucks his second 9mm into a holster under his jacket.
 His eyes are steely, focused.

FLANAGAN
 The only thing you have to worry about is
 staying out of the crossfire.

The Gulfstream's engines whine as they descend, lights of San
 Francisco shimmering through the windows.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

A clothing manufacturing warehouse broods under the shadow of
 the Oakland Bridge. Nondescript, windowless, the only sign of
 activity are the trucks pulling up to the back, the employees
 milling inside for the morning shift. A faded sign over the
 front door reads: AMERICLOTHES!

ACROSS THE STREET - watching from the rooftop of a one-story
 abandoned building, Flanagan plans their attack.

FLANAGAN
 (as he loads his shotgun)
 One entrance. No windows. No sniper
 shots. Good spot. Probably a back exit
 somewhere, maybe a tunnel. Very
 defensible, all in all.

AGENT PO takes binoculars from his eyes.

AGENT PO
Think Tommy Chow's inside?

FLANAGAN
(shakes his head)
Probably being held in a safehouse
somewhere. That's how Tassoni would play
it. That's how I'd play it.

AGENT PO
Let's get this over with.
(into a walkie talkie)
This is sector one. Sound off.

AT ANOTHER ROOFTOP - an FBI sniper hides behind a billboard, his
rifle scope trained on the back of the warehouse.

FBI SNIPER #1
Sector two: green.

ANOTHER ANGLE - an FBI sniper watching a different section.

FBI SNIPER #2
Sector three: green.

THE LAST SNIPER - covering the last side of the warehouse.

FBI SNIPER #3
Sector four: green.

AGENT PO - looks at Flanagan, nods.

AGENT PO
You're on. How do you wanna handle it?

Schifrin hands Flanagan a wad of plastic explosives.

FLANAGAN
I wanna go right through the front door.

INT. AMERICLOTHES WAREHOUSE - MORNING

The sweatshop is alive with the roar of machinery and the
listless motion of its cheap labor. Asian faces stare back as
three men with GUNS walk past them through the warehouse.

FLANAGAN, COOPER and SCHIFRIN march through the center of the
warehouse, past the t-shirt making machines, past the dye and
decal areas. Employees watch them with half-hearted interest.
They've seen men with guns in here plenty of times.

IN THE CORNER - an ASIAN BODYGUARD sees the men coming. Reaches
into his jacket, unsure what he's dealing with. He doesn't have
time to figure it out as --

FLANAGAN raises the shotgun. Pulls the trigger. BOOM!

The Bodyguard is blasted DOWN A WIDE STAIRCASE.

The EMPLOYEES nearby scream in horror and CHARGE for the front exit. Word passes quickly through the noisy place. A frantic evacuation ensues, machines abandoned.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN DRUG PRODUCTION PLANT - DAWN

Cavernous, workers in white smocks and masks, the place is a well-oiled machine. Heroin is bagged in kilos, weighed and packed carefully into boxes, the side reading: AMERICLOTHES!

A cardboard sheet with low quality t-shirts are placed over the kilos. Boxes are sealed, loaded onto palettes, forklifted to --

A LOADING DOCK, where trucks are loaded with crates, ready to ship around the country. Trucks face a sloping driveway that heads up to street level, metal doors at the top of the rise.

ARMED GUARDS are everywhere, watching, cradling AK-47s.

AT THE TRUCKS - Mike Tassoni checks shipment charts on a clipboard, watches the workers filling truck cargo holds. Turns, walks up a flight of stairs to a second story, into --

A SERIES OF OFFICES. Computers and paperwork line the desks. A half dozen ACCOUNTANTS and financial men work behind glass doors and walls.

Tassoni leans over the desk and confers with an Asian man. We recognize him as the man who impersonated Tommy Chow's father at the airport.

AT THE FRONT OF THE WAREHOUSE - Two Bodyguards watch closed-circuit cameras of the staircase leading up to the sweatshop.

INT. THE SWEATSHOP - CONT.

Flanagan looks carefully down the wide staircase that leads to the subterranean drug facility. Double steel doors. A video camera watching for intruders. A keypad on the wall.

Schifrin hands him blasting caps, detonation wire.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN DRUG PRODUCTION PLANT - CONT.

An image on the screen, fleeting: FLANAGAN, running down the steps. Slaps something quickly on the door. Runs up the steps, trailing what looks like wire. Disappears from view.

The Bodyguards grab their guns. Run to the front entrance and--

BA-WHHOOOMMM!!

The steel door EXPLODES inward, obliterating the guards in shrapnel and orange fire.

INT. AN OFFICE - CONT.

Tassoni and the Golden Dragon Leader look up from a computer spreadsheet program.

TASSONI

What the fuck was that?

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - CONT.

THE ENTIRE SUBTERRANEAN WAREHOUSE stops, workers and bodyguards frozen in shock, watching the billowing smoke at the ruined entrance. Agonizing seconds pass.

And then it begins.

Flanagan charges through the dense smoke, shotgun in his hands, pistol in his waistband. He sights the first man he sees, a BODYGUARD with an AK-47. He FIRES!

BOOOM! the shotgun blast rips a hole through the man's chest and out his back, the machine gun flying into the air.

COOPER AND SCHIFRIN follow a moment later. Schifrin's Tec-9s do not hesitate. BULLETS RAKE the drug production tables, sending workers and Bodyguards alike to the afterlife with a sweep of cruel hot death. Blood sprays the baggies of heroin as--

A HALF DOZEN BODYGUARDS open fire on the intruders.

COOPER dives out of the way, two nickel-plated .45s barking as the big man rolls, bullets finding targets. The anguished cries of men dying fills the warehouse.

SCHIFRIN changes clips with robot-speed, holding a dozen armed men at bay. Motions to Flanagan and Cooper --

SCHIFRIN

GO!

Flanagan and Cooper run for the staircase, fifty yards away, dodging blazing gunfire.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE OFFICES - CONT.

Tassoni looks over the railing, sees Flanagan coming through the warehouse, killing everything in his path. Tassoni doesn't hesitate, leaves his boss behind and RUNS --

OUT OF THE OFFICE, down the stairs. Down a back hallway. Opens a hatch in the floor, descends down a ladder, into a tunnel.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONT.

ON FLANAGAN - he RUNS straight at three bodyguards, his shotgun ROARING, blasting one, two, all three away before they can even get their fingers to the trigger.

FLANAGAN sees another man trying to get down the tunnel. He BLASTS the man in the face -- BOOOM!

INT. TUNNEL - CONT.

Tassoni's breath comes in short, terrified gasps as he bolts down the narrow, rat-infested tunnel.

AT THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE - Flanagan's head peeks inside. He can't see anything. Tassoni is long gone.

FLANAGAN
(pulling his head out)

Shit!

Flanagan forgets the tunnel, charges up the staircase.

Cooper's guns find target after target as he CHARGES up the stairs behind Flanagan. He sees a BODYGUARD at the top of the steps, leveling his weapon at Flanagan --

COOPER
Flanagan!

But Flanagan is already raising the shotgun -- BOOOOMM! The Bodyguard is BLASTED from the top of the staircase, body crashing through the sheetrock wall behind him.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS - Flanagan turns left down the narrow hallway. Cooper covers his back.

A BODYGUARD runs out from an office, gun drawn -- comes face to face with a shotgun. BOOM! he's splattered along the white wall.

INT. OFFICE - CONT.

A MEEK ASIAN MOB ACCOUNTANT puts his hands in the air as the door to his office is kicked inward. Flanagan, shotgun smoking, stares back like death himself.

FLANAGAN
(one word:)
Tassoni.

The Asian Accountant backs away, pointing down the hall, shouting something in Chinese before -- WHAP! Flanagan hits him with the butt of the shotgun. Knocks him cold.

COOPER, covering their backs, sees TWO BODYGUARDS coming up the staircase after them, rounding the corner.

COOPER

Inside!

Cooper SHOVES FLANAGAN into the Accountant's office just as -- THE TWO BODYGUARDS OPEN FIRE -- pistols barking. The noise is incredible in the cramped hallway.

INT. ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE - CONT.

Cooper and Flanagan crouch as bullets explode in the sheetrock above their heads.

COOPER

Little bastards.

Cooper raises his massive .45s, aims dead center in the office wall. Fires SIX TIMES INTO THE SHEETROCK. BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! -- each time moving the guns slightly to the right, BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! leaving six massive holes in the wall.

Silence. Then the sound of a THUMP!...THUMP! in the hallway, like something heavy hitting the floor.

COOPER

Let's go.

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONT.

The Two Bodyguards are dead on the floor. He killed both men without even seeing them, just shot through the walls.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICES - CONT.

Flanagan sees a pair of feet cowering under the desk. Points the shotgun at the desk.

FLANAGAN

Out! Move, NOW!

A head peeks meekly around the desk. The face of the man who imitated Chow's father stares back, now terrified. The Golden Dragon Boss stands, speaks in accented English:

DRAGON BOSS

Don't shoot.

Flanagan presses the hot barrel of the shotgun right to the man's forehead. Sweat trickles down the Dragon Boss' face.

FLANAGAN

Tommy Chow.

The Dragon Boss closes his eyes, shotgun pressed to his head.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ALLEYWAY - CONT.

Mike Tassoni appears from a grate in the ground. He races down the alley, into the city.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - CONT.

Flanagan walks through the carnage of dead bodies, past pools of blood. He shoves the Dragon Boss along in front of him.

Flanagan tries to ignore the blood on the walls, the ragged bodies. But his eyes wash over them, anyway. For a moment, it seems as if he's going to be sick. He has to stop.

The Dragon Boss looks back at him, curious.

FLANAGAN

What are you looking at? MOVE IT!

HE CRACKS the man in the back with the shotgun butt. The Dragon Boss stumbles toward the door.

EXT. THE WAREHOUSE - CONT.

It seems the entire San Francisco Police department is here, carting out load after load of heroin. News cameras have already arrived and are setting up to record the massive bust.

AGENT STILES turns away from a Police Lieutenant, heads back to Agent Po.

AGENT STILES

SFPD's gonna mop up here.

Agent Po turns to his FBI Sedan, gets behind the wheel.

AGENT PO

He talking?

The Golden Dragon Boss is crammed in the backseat between Flanagan and Cooper. Schifrin sits in front.

FLANAGAN

Tommy Chow's in a safehouse south of the city, about an hour away.

AGENT PO

And Tassoni?

FLANAGAN

Bet my life he's trying to beat us there to get Chow out and hidden someplace else.

That's all Po needs to hear. He grabs the siren from the dash and slaps it on the roof. Throws the car into gear.

AGENT PO
We better haul ass.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CROW'S LANDING, OUTSIDE SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

High in the rolling hills, where homes are nonexistent along this knotted, decrepit stretch of dirt road, a line of FBI sedans comes to a stop at a cyclone fence.

IN THE LEAD CAR - Agent Po looks at the sign on the fence. NO TRESPASSING. BY ORDER OF ALLIANCE CORPORATION. A PHONE BOX next to the fence.

BEYOND THE FENCE - a long stretch of nothing, a field of dry knee-high grass disappearing into rolling hills. The dirt road bisects the unkempt fields. Maybe a mile away, on the crest of a hill, there is a small black dot -- a house?

The Golden Dragon Boss sits crammed between Flanagan and Cooper in the back seat. Agent Po drives, Schifrin next to him.

DRAGON BOSS
Up there. Tommy Chow.

Agent Po and Flanagan glance at each other.

AGENT PO
What kind of surveillance you think?

FLANAGAN
(looking uneasy)
Probably ground sensors, closed circuit cameras along the telephone poles.

Flanagan looks at his watch.

FLANAGAN
Six hours until the deadline.

Agent Po looks at the sign on the fence.

AGENT PO
We can't go in there without a warrant.

FLANAGAN
You can't. I'm going.

DRAGON BOSS
You never get him.

Flanagan looks over in disgust at the suddenly talkative man.

FLANAGAN

We'll get him. And you're gonna help me, fat man.

AGENT PO

Now, wait a minute. You're not taking him with you.

FLANAGAN

I need him to get inside the building.

AGENT PO

He's under arrest. I can't do that.

FLANAGAN

You want Tommy Chow and his father? You let me do it my way, Po.

AGENT PO

Your way is to kill everyone.

FLANAGAN

And I'll kill every one of them if I have to, until I get my daughter back.

AGENT PO

You'll have to live with that, Flanagan.

FLANAGAN

I've learned to live with it.

EXT. AT THE GATE - DAY

The Dragon Boss is on the phone next to the fence. Flanagan's shotgun pressed to his back. The fence rumbles open.

EXT. AT THE GATE - CONT.

THE SEDAN ROARS through the open fence and down the dirt road.

ON AGENT PO - watching from a distance as the FBI sedan kicks up dust toward the house on the hill, far off. Agent Stiles stands next to him, watching in silence.

AGENT PO

(mutters to himself)

Jesus...what the hell have I unleashed?

EXT. ON THE ROAD - CONT.

Cooper guns the gas, speeding along the dirt road, shocks moaning with the effort, wheels taking potholes at sixty per.

FLANAGAN (V.O.)
Stop in that small valley up ahead, where
they can't monitor us.

EXT. A SMALL VALLEY - CONT.

The trunk of the car is open, Flanagan and Schifrin taking out
an arsenal. Schifrin hands Flanagan a shoulder rocket.

Flanagan grabs the rocket, puts it in a black nylon bag, full of
ammo clips and two extra handguns. Flanagan locks and loads a
Heckler & Koch 9mm rifle. Hefts the gas powered shotgun, loads
a full set of shells in the tube.

Suddenly turns pale. Leans on the car.

SCHIFRIN
You alright, Flanagan?

Flanagan VOMITS explosively. Falls to his knees. Schifrin and
Cooper watch, concerned. Flanagan kneels there for a long time,
sick. His hands clutch grass, his eyes watery.

He looks at his hands. At his rock-steady hands.

Stares at the shotgun on the ground before him. Blood is
spattered on the weapon.

Numbly wipes his mouth with his shirt sleeve. Stands, woozy.

COOPER
Jesus...

FLANAGAN
(breathes deep)
I'm okay... I'm okay.

COOPER
You sure?

FLANAGAN
(closes his eyes, nods)
Let's get it over with.

They watch him, unsure. But Flanagan cocks the shotgun, ready.

SCHIFRIN
See you when it's over.

FLANAGAN
Right.

Schifrin takes off down the road in a light jog, Robar rifle in
hand. Cuts into the HIGH GRASS, heads through the field toward
the SAFEHOUSE, a half mile away.

Flanagan offers Cooper a submachine-gun. Cooper shakes his head. Displays his twin .45 caliber Magnums.

COOPER

These are all I've ever needed. Not gonna start with a pansy rifle now.

Cooper goes around to the passenger side of the car. Flanagan gets in the back seat.

BEHIND THE WHEEL -- Golden Dragon Boss sits, eyes wide.

His mouth has been duct-taped shut. His hands are cuffed, wrenched behind him. He struggles, shouting through the tape. His feet have been cocooned in duct tape.

Cooper eyes Flanagan, makes sure he's alright. Flanagan's expression is now steely, familiarly devoid of emotion.

FLANAGAN

Let's go, Coop.

Cooper reaches over, grabs the wheel from his position on the passenger seat. Leans over and puts his foot on the gas pedal. Dragon Boss' eyes get wider.

INT. GOLDEN DRAGON SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Five DRAGON TONG MEMBERS watch various angles of the dirt road and field surrounding the safehouse on surveillance monitors.

MIKE TASSONI is grabbing weapons from a locker, loading machine guns, shouting to GUARDS.

TASSONI

You see a butterfly flapping at the front door I want it fried! Got me?!

Tassoni grabs a weapon and heads into a back room.

THE GUARDS -- see a CAR approaching on the dirt road. One Tong Member speaks English into a P.A. system --

BODYGUARD

There's a car coming.

ON TASSONI, eyes widening. He knows who it is.

TASSONI

Shit...

INT. BACK ROOM - CONT.

TOMMY CHOW, looking like he was just wrenched from sleep, is hustled along a hallway toward a back exit by Tassoni.

TOMMY CHOW

You scared, Tassoni? Scared to face your old friend?

TASSONI

As a matter of fact, yes, you little fuck. He'll kill me and you and have a good night's sleep afterward. That's who we're dealing with.

BODYGUARD (V.O.)

The car is closer. One vehicle.

TOMMY CHOW

One car? Why do you even wake me up?

TASSONI

(shoving him)

Move if you wanna live, Chow.

INT. THE CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

The men can see THE CAR, slowing to a crawl.

Then, and odd sight. They see an armed, kevlar vested FLANAGAN step out of the back of the car.

The Golden Dragon Tong men burst into action, grabbing weapons.

EXT. ON THE ROAD - CONT.

Flanagan starts to walk through the field, shotgun in his hands, H&K machine gun strapped over his shoulder.

ON THE CAR - Cooper is leaning over the prostrate form of the Golden Dragon Boss, doing something we can't see to the car. The engine is REVVING, tires spinning.

Cooper gets out of the car, reaches into the open driver's side window. Slaps the ignition into gear -- KA-VVROOMMMMM!! the transmission nearly drops out as the car ROARS forward.

Flanagan watches as the car howls past him, heading right toward THE SAFEHOUSE.

IN THE CAR -

Dragon Boss is mewling like a kitten, tears of pain and fear streaming down his face.

ON THE GAS PEDAL -- Cooper has placed a sixty-pound metal TOOLBOX on the pedal.

ON DRAGON BOSS - trying to kick the massive toolbox off the pedal with his taped feet. No use.

His eyes flick down to the speedometer -- 80 mph and climbing.

He tries to steer the car with his body; can't reach the wheel, hands cuffed behind him. Cooper has rigged the wheel with rope to keep the car in a deadly straight line.

EXT. AT THE SAFEHOUSE - CONT.

The five GOLDEN DRAGON TONG MEMBERS rush to the door. Click!CLACK! they get their weapons loaded and ready, most of them toting AK-47s. They slap banana clips in.

EXT. THE DIRT ROAD - CONT.

The car keeps coming. Faster now. Fifty yards from the front of the safehouse, forty, thirty --

INT. THE CAR - CONT.

Dragon Boss is whimpering. He sees, through the windshield, the FRONT DOOR of the SAFEHOUSE, coming inexorably closer. No way to avoid certain death --

EXT. SAFEHOUSE FRONT DOOR - CONT.

A VIDEO CAMERA looks out at the countryside over the door.

INT. THE SAFEHOUSE - CONT.

One of the Dragon Tong members looks at the video angle, sees the vehicle rushing at the front door --

SHOUTS A WARNING, too late as -- ONE OF THE DRAGON TONG throws open the front door, levels his gun and --

THE DRAGON TONG MEMBER'S EYES go impossibly wide.

REVERSE - the blurred image of Dragon Boss' horrified eyes above a duct-taped mouth, staring through the windshield of a runaway car, barreling at the safehouse at ninety miles per hour and --

INT. THE SAFEHOUSE - CONT.

-- EXPLODING THROUGH THE FRONT door, the entire wall ERUPTING INWARD, shockwaved by a nuclear blast.

A massive, roaring piece of Detroit-made machinery BARRELS into the safehouse, RUNNING DOWN GOLDEN DRAGON TONG members, scattering them like tenpins.

Weapons go flying as the car runs the men over, hits the main surveillance area -- BBOOOOOM!! The car FLIPS OVER, rolling on its side and --

EXPLODES THROUGH THE BATHROOM of the safehouse -- wall snowing white powder, demolished by the dented, ruined vehicle.

Urinals along the wall shatter, shards of porcelain spraying into the walls as --

THE CAR plows along, sliding along the tile floor on its roof, SLAMMING into the stalls, ripping toilets from their foundations...mercifully, it comes to a groaning halt.

The underbelly of the car is exposed to the ceiling, smoke pouring from the still-whining engine. Four wheels spin futilely, a mechanized turtle torturously trapped on its back.

IN THE CAR - dead eyes of the Dragon Boss stare into the black hereafter, neck twisted at an impossible angle. The tape has ripped from his face, exposing a mouth wide in a silent-scream.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SAFEHOUSE - CONT.

FLANAGAN - almost to the hole in the front wall, sees movement inside and -- dives in the dirt. GUNFIRE roars out at him.

INT. THE SAFEHOUSE - CONT.

THREE GOLDEN DRAGON MEMBERS, taking cover behind the twisted metal length of the surveillance desk, blast away at the moving form of Flanagan, somewhere out in the tall grass.

EXT. IN THE FIELD - CONT.

Flanagan takes a deep breath. Rises to one knee, aims the ROCKET LAUNCHER at the hole in the wall and --

FIRES! FWOOOOSSH! The rocket blazes a red contrail for --

THE SAFEHOUSE -- where the three Golden Dragon Tong men see the red rocket swirling at them, no time to run --

KA-WHOOOOOMMM! The men are eclipsed in a massive orange fireball.

INT. THE SAFEHOUSE - CONT.

Flanagan walks inside, steps over small patches of flame crackling on the carpet. Coughs within the clouds of smoke.

Heads past the ruined metal monstrosity of the surveillance area, shotgun sweeping every corner and nook.

AROUND THE CORNER - an unharmed Dragon Tong member waits. Hears Flanagan step through rubble, getting closer. Steps out from behind the corner. Aims the 9mm pistol -- BLAM!

SHOOTS FLANAGAN dead in the chest. Flanagan goes down, hard, the shotgun flying from his grasp, spinning into the air as he stumbles backward.

Flanagan trips over the metal of the ruined surveillance desk and crumples onto his back.

The Golden Dragon Tong Member charges forward to finish Flanagan off, looks over the hulking twisted metal to find him. Sees --

FLANAGAN, dented kevlar vest exposed, POINTING the Heckler & Koch machine gun at him -- BBBBRAPPPP!!

The Golden Dragon Tong man is riddled with controlled burst of fire. The bullets burst through his chest and out his back, spraying the room with hot crimson blood.

EXT. THE BACK OF THE SAFEHOUSE - CONT.

Cooper watches the back door. It opens to reveal FOUR MEN, hustling Tommy Chow out the back toward a garage, Range Rover waiting inside. One of them is MIKE TASSONI.

Cooper stands in the field, charges forward, each fist filled with the Magnums. Aims as he's running and --

BLAM!BLAM! shoots the lead Dragon Tong member in the head.

BLAM!BLAM! nails the next guy in the chest.

The other two men whirl, see the monstrous Cooper charging forward, guns blazing --

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! -- the third Dragon Tong member is hit in the arm, the chest, the gut --

TASSONI'S GUN COMES UP -- too late, Cooper sights his forehead. Tassoni's hand quivers with indecision.

COOPER
Drop it, asshole!

Tassoni drops the weapon. Cooper kicks it into the scrub brush.

COOPER
You must be Tassoni. Flanagan wanted me to save you for a special treat.

Cooper SMACKS him across the temple with the butt of his .45. Tassoni goes down, hard. Doesn't move. Cooper stands over Tassoni, satisfied. Turns to Tommy Chow.

COOPER
Come on, Chow, time to go--

BOOM! Cooper staggers. Tries to make sense of what he's seeing:
TOMMY CHOW, pistol in hand.

BOOM! Tommy Chow fires again, NAILING COOPER in the stomach.
Cooper stumbles, wheezing. Tries to stay standing.

BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! Tommy Chow fires unmercifully. Cooper's chest
is tattooed with bullets. He takes multiple hits, still
staggering away, a bull of a man. He finally succumbs, landing
in a bloody, ruined heap...

ON COOPER - lying facedown in the dirt, eyes still open, mouth
moving in a silent, final monologue.

COOPER
-- It...it h-hurts.

How is this man still alive? He winces, raises his arm to his
face, manages to speak into a SMALL WRIST MICROPHONE.

COOPER
(nearly normal voice)
Tim, they're takin' him out the back...

INT. THE SAFEHOUSE - CONT.

Flanagan hears the voice of Cooper in his ear.

FLANAGAN
(into his microphone)
Coop? Cooper!

Flanagan CHARGES through the hallways, running blind -- finding
the back door, bursting through --

EXT. BEHIND THE SAFEHOUSE - CONT.

Flanagan sees Tassoni on the ground. Turns him over, the man is
unconscious. Then he sees Cooper, lying in a bloody heap.

FLANAGAN
Coop. Oh, Christ.

COOPER
It was Chow. He...shot me...

FLANAGAN
Chow? You sure?

COOPER
(licks his lips)
...I'm sure.

FLANAGAN
We're gonna get you outta here.

Cooper manages a grin.

COOPER

Don't worry about it... I'll be fine...

Cooper stops breathing. Eyes still open. He slips away.

Flanagan hears the ROAR of an engine.

Spins. RANGE ROVER GRILLE IN HIS FACE, ROARING FORWARD!

HE LEAPS OUT OF THE WAY as the RANGE ROVER bolts from the black, cavernous garage. Flanagan gets a quick glimpse of Tommy Chow in the backseat, a Dragon Tong member driving like a madman --

Flanagan shouts into his microphone --

FLANAGAN

He's coming to you, Schifrin!

EXT. ON THE FIELD IN FRONT OF THE SAFEHOUSE - CONT.

Schifrin moves, fast, hustling across the field to the dirt road, thirty yards away. He sees --

THE RANGE ROVER -- blazing around the safehouse in a cloud of dust, roaring down the road toward him.

No use, Schifrin won't be able to make it to the road in time.

He slows, carefully sights with the Robar --

SCHIFRIN'S POV - the Range Rover is a blur through the scope -- the DRIVER a vague form -- moving way too fast.

SCHIFRIN'S FINGER - slides around the trigger, smooth. BOOOM!

IN THE RANGE ROVER - the Driver shouts in shock as the window next to him EXPLODES inward. The bullet BLASTS the driver's throat with a sickening PFSHWOCK!

Blood sprays the windshield, the Driver slumping over the wheel. TOMMY CHOW covers his face as the Range Rover makes a dizzying beeline for a ditch on the left side of the road.

SMASH! the Rover comes to a crashing halt in the ditch, Tommy Chow thrown into the back of the driver's seat, head SMACKING!

Silence. Chow slowly leans back, face bloody. The door opens.

SCHIFRIN

Out of the vehicle! Now! MOVE!

Dazed, Chow looks at Schifrin, gun pointed at him. Flanagan comes running up to the ditched Range Rover.

FLANAGAN
He still alive?

SCHIFRIN
He'll survive. Where's Cooper?

Flanagan slowly shakes his head. Schifrin's face falls, for the first time his silent veneer cracks.

SCHIFRIN
(one angry word:)
Shit.

Chow looks at Flanagan, completely confused.

TOMMY CHOW
You again?

EXT. S.F. AIRPORT, OUTSIDE THE FBI JET - EVENING

Flanagan and Schifrin watch as Cooper's body bag is being loaded into the cargo hold. Tassoni and Tommy Chow are cuffed, led up the steps into the Gulfstream.

FLANAGAN
I talked him into this. This whole thing.
Flanagan watches Cooper's body bag disappear from sight.

EXT. BURBANK AIRPORT - EVENING

The FBI Jet descends to the tarmac, passing a phalanx of FBI sedans, waiting, red sirens flashing.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CHINATOWN - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Schifrin drives, Flanagan in the passenger seat. Tassoni and Tommy Chow are cuffed in the back. There's no sign of the FBI. Flanagan is lost in thought, staring out the windshield.

Tassoni nervously shifts in his seat. Stares at the back of Flanagan's head. Flanagan finally turns in his seat, looks at Tommy Chow, who glares back defiantly.

FLANAGAN
(finally coming to him:)
You didn't want to be rescued. That's why you shot Cooper. Because you never were kidnapped. Were you?

Tommy Chow says nothing. His icy eyes don't waver.

FLANAGAN

This whole thing was a set up. From start to finish. You had Tassoni hire us to snatch you at the airport, didn't you?

(to Tassoni)

You made the phone calls, Mike, one to Chow's father, one to the FBI. That's how the Feds knew to snatch me outside the restaurant.

Tassoni shifts in his seat. Is Flanagan getting to the truth?

FLANAGAN

Doesn't make sense. Tommy Chow intentionally gets himself caught in Hong Kong, gets shipped back here by the FBI for trial, then hires us to kill his father's men and hand him over to you.

Tassoni says nothing. Flanagan takes out his 9mm, chambers the round, puts the gun to Tassoni's chin. Sticks it there, pressing against the skin. Tassoni tries to ignore it.

FLANAGAN

No FBI, no protection. I can kill you right now, Tassoni.

Presses the gun tighter. Sweat beads on Tassoni's forehead. Flanagan pulls back the hammer.

TASSONI

Okay, okay. Just relax, Tim.

FLANAGAN

Fuck relax!

TASSONI

It all goes back to Jackie Sun.

FLANAGAN

Tell me.

TASSONI

He wanted control of the Ghost Shadows in New York, but his older brother Richie was next in line.

FLANAGAN

(motions to Chow)

So Jackie Sun had Tommy Chow murder his brother at the funeral.

Tommy Chow looks over at Tassoni, pissed.

TASSONI

Tommy's father is never gonna give him control of the Ghost Shadows. Tommy knew it. He wanted to start up his own Tong, but he lacked the cash and connections. So he and Jackie Sun made a deal.

TOMMY CHOW

Shut your mouth!

Flanagan SMACKS Tommy Chow in the face with the gun. CRACK!
Shuts him up. Turns the gun back on Tassoni.

FLANAGAN

What was the deal? Tommy Chow kills Richie Sun so it looks like a legit hit?

TASSONI

(nods)

An alliance between enemies. Jackie Sun takes over the Golden Dragons without anyone in his Tong the wiser. Tommy Chow gets to hold himself for ransom so he can have start up cash for his own heroin business, his own Tong.

Chow can't keep silent any longer. He blurts out:

TOMMY CHOW

A new Tong, without the constraints of old-world conventions and rules. A Tong for the 21st century. If you're gonna tell the story, Tassoni, tell it right.

Flanagan understands, slumps in his seat.

FLANAGAN

And you knew the right guy to make the scam picture perfect, didn't you?

TASSONI

You didn't know anything about the Tongs. And I knew you could get Chow at the airport. I tip off Chow's father about where to find you, you act the part of the befuddled gun for hire, which you were--

FLANAGAN

--And to make sure I don't do any real damage, you have the FBI pick me up and arrest me.

TASSONI

That's about it, yeah.

FLANAGAN

Great plan. I have to hand it to you.
You always knew the angles.

TASSONI

You were the perfect scapegoat, nothing
more.

FLANAGAN

Of course it was more. Mike, it was
personal. You sent me into this black
fucking pit.

TASSONI

Bullshit. I didn't send you there.
You've always been there.

FLANAGAN

Was it because of Madeline? Why not just
kill me? Why not kill me years ago?
(Tassoni says nothing)
Wouldn't that be easier?

Tassoni fumes, anger bubbling up from down deep. But he bites
his tongue and merely offers:

TASSONI

You don't want to know why.

Flanagan lunges, grabs Tassoni by the throat, shoves the gun in
his teeth. Shakes Tassoni viciously.

FLANAGAN

Tell me why, piece of shit! TELL ME WHY!

TASSONI

(blurts)

It wasn't just because you took Madeline,
it was because you took the life I wanted!
You took away any chance I had to redeem
my miserable existence!

(Flanagan chokes him)

Because you took my daughter away from me!

Flanagan sits back. Shakes his head, slowly.

FLANAGAN

No. No, that's not true.

TASSONI

(rubbing his throat)

She's mine, Flanagan. Angie's mine.

FLANAGAN

You lie. You're a liar!

TASSONI

Madeline was pregnant when she left. She told me. Angie is *my* daughter.

Flanagan tries to comprehend what he's hearing.

TASSONI

Think about it! Wasn't she a little early? Didn't you think about it when Angie was born TWO GODDAMN MONTHS EARLY?!

FLANAGAN

How did you know that?

TASSONI

Because I knew where you went, you stupid fuck. I've always known...

(sadly:)

I just couldn't bring myself to kill you.

FLANAGAN

The doctors, they said she was...

Flanagan trails off, realizes the truth now. Remembers the small lies, the inconsistencies.

FLANAGAN

She was born early, but...but she was underweight, so it made sense.

TASSONI

She's mine. You took everything I ever wanted. You took the life that could've been mine. And you *fucked it up*.

Flanagan rubs his eyes, can't comprehend it.

TASSONI

And I promised myself someday I'd fuck up your life.

FLANAGAN

What about Angie? You just let her die?

TASSONI

I never meant for her to get hurt. I swear. Just you.

FLANAGAN

I'm gonna get her outta this. But if anything happens to her -- I swear to God, I'm gonna kill you.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CHINATOWN - NIGHT

A deserted parking lot. Flanagan stands next to Tommy Chow. Checks his watch for the fifth time. Glances upward to a rooftop, sees dark figures hidden in the shadows.

His face is stricken. He stares at a wallet-sized photo of Angie. There is a slight resemblance to Tassoni. He puts the photo in his pocket, sickened.

EXT. ON THE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

THE FBI is here in force, silent, watching. Agent Po watches the parking lot through binoculars. SCHIFRIN finishes screwing a silencer onto the Robar. Pulls out a special box of bullets. The nitro-tipped bullets. Loads them carefully into the Robar.

AGENT PO

What the hell are those?

SCHIFRIN

These? These are payback.

AGENT PO

You don't shoot unless I say, got it?

Schifrin looks through the night-vision scope, ready. Waiting.

SCHIFRIN

(without looking up)

I hear you.

BACK ON THE GROUND - Flanagan turns at the sound of CAR ENGINES, rumbling in the distance. Sees TWO LIMOUSINES turn the corner down the block. Headlights wash over the parking lot.

THE LIMOS pull into the lot, come to a slow stop.

Headlights wash over Flanagan and Chow. A gulf of forty-feet of blacktop stands between them.

ON THE LIMOUSINES - FIVE BODYGUARDS step from the vehicles. Their AK-47s and pistols are trained on Flanagan.

FLANAGAN slowly raises his shotgun to Tommy Chow's head, presses double barrels to his skull. Bodyguards tense. No one moves.

FENG steps out of the limo. Followed by MR. CHOW.

FLANAGAN

I'll blow his goddam head off.

TOMMY CHOW

He doesn't have the balls! Take him, now!

EXT. ON THE ROOF - CONT.

Agent Po watches the standoff, puts a hand out to Schifrin.

AGENT PO

Easy. Let's all take it easy.
(mutters)

Come on, Flanagan. Get it on tape.

ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOF - a huge, night-vision videocamera is mounted on a tripod, an FBI agent pointing it down at Flanagan and Chow. Another Agent, wearing headphones, holds a parabolic microphone dish, recording all sounds from the parking lot.

EXT. IN THE PARKING LOT - CONT.

Flanagan shoves Chow in front of him, blocking the line of fire with his body, shotgun to the back of Chow's head.

The Bodyguards stare back, unsure what to do.

Old Mr. Chow walks forward, past the bodyguards. Motions to them with his hand. The Bodyguards lower their weapons, disappointed. They want blood.

MR. CHOW

Mr. Flanagan. There's no need for further violence.

Mr. Chow and Tommy Chow stare at each other with open animosity.

FLANAGAN

Give me Angie. Right now. Or I blow your son's brains all over your ten-thousand dollar suit.

Mr. Chow doesn't like being told what to do. Seems like he'll snap. But he collects himself, smiles pleasantly, nods.

MR. CHOW

Whatever you say.

Mr. Chow shouts something in Chinese over his shoulder. Feng reaches in the limo, pulls ANGIE from the limo. She is dazed, her eyes hollow, circled with dark rings.

Flanagan's knees nearly buckle when he sees the bandaged left hand, covering the missing finger.

ANGIE

(mutters, as if drugged)

Dad...

FLANAGAN

Angie! It's gonna be okay. Come here,
sweetheart. Come on. You can do it.

Angie looks at the faces of her Asian captors and gingerly steps forward, terrified.

MR. FENG steps forward and YANKS HER HAIR back. She screams.
FENG puts a pistol to her head.

MR. FENG

Send over Tommy Chow.

Flanagan can barely control himself, seeing Feng hold a gun to Angie's head. It takes all his discipline to stand his ground.

FLANAGAN

No.

EXT. ON THE ROOF - CONT.

SCHIFRIN is itching to start firing. Agent Po hisses --

AGENT PO

Not yet.

(whispers to cameraman)

Do you have it?!

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR - the image of Angie Flanagan is recorded, the sound coming through perfectly. The Agent turns to Agent Po and gives him a thumbs-up.

AGENT WITH VIDEO CAMERA

(whispers)

We got it!

AGENT PO

(into a walkie talkie)

Okay, get ready.

EXT. SURROUNDING BLOCKS, QUICK CUTS - CONT.

FBI CARS are parked in the shadows, filled with armed men, waiting to rush in for the arrest. The men in the half-dozen cars listen to Agent Po over the walkie-talkies.

AGENT PO (V.O.)

...On my mark.

THE ARMED MEN wait, engines idling, tension building.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - CONT.

Tears slip down Angie's face as she shivers in the cold. But she is strong, brave, and her voice is steady:

ANGIE

Dad...I know you'll get us out of this.
I know it.

FENG

(yanks her hair)

Shut up!

Flanagan holds on to his cool.

FLANAGAN

Send her over, now. Or I swear to God
I'll kill everyone. I'll even kill her.

Angie whimpers at this. There is a long silence.

MR. CHOW

There is no point to this. Your daughter
is your weakness. You know it, we know it.

Mr. Chow's eyes dart over Angie, then to Tommy Chow.

MR. CHOW

Send over my son, now, and you walk out of
here alive. You have my word.

The impasse continues for a long, uncomfortable beat, parking
lot divided like a skirmish line, both sides with a hostage.

Flanagan looks at Angie, gun to her head. Mr. Chow is right.
They have his weakness.

Without a word, Flanagan lowers the shotgun.

FLANAGAN

This is all you wanted? Your goddam kid?
There he is. I hope it was worth it.

He shoves Tommy Chow roughly forward. Chow stumbles toward his
father, gets his footing. Stares back in defiance at Flanagan.

Father and Son stare at each other, unspoken things in the air.

MR. CHOW

It was.

In a flash of motion, Mr. Chow has removed a long bladed
knife -- a half-sword, from inside his expensive suit. WHHOSH!
the blade whistles through the air.

It takes Flanagan a moment to realize what's happened.

The old man has sliced his own son's throat.

TOMMY CHOW goes down on his knees, covering his throat with both hands. Arterial spray flicks between his fingers.

FLANAGAN nearly leaps backward in disgust and shock.

FLANAGAN

What the hell?!

Tommy Chow's eyes find his Father's. Mr. Chow looks down at him, holding his bloody half-sword in his hand.

Tommy Chow's eyes plead with his father.

He topples to the pavement, the life flowing out of him.

FLANAGAN

Why? Why the -- what did you do?!

Mr. Chow stands over his dead son. Breathing heavily, the older man doesn't look at Flanagan.

MR. CHOW

He took advantage. Of his place in the Tongs. Went against my wishes. Started a war with the Golden Dragons...

(drops the sword)

Now the war is finished.

FLANAGAN

You kill your own son because he killed some other guy and started some petty war?

Mr. Chow looks up at Flanagan for the first time.

MR. CHOW

We are a very old race of people, Mr. Flanagan. I do not expect you to understand or approve.

FLANAGAN

Why have us go through all that? I woulda killed him! I woulda done it for free!

Flanagan steps forward, red-faced, gets closer to Mr. Chow. The Bodyguards stiffen, weapons drawn.

MR. CHOW

My son knew the penalty for his actions.

FLANAGAN

(motions to Angie)

You mutilated my daughter! My friends are dead. I killed people to get him back, you understand? And for what?! For *this*?!

Flanagan motions to the dead body of Tommy Chow, lying in a pool of black blood. The Guards move closer. Flanagan has six weapons trained on his head, but he ignores them.

MR. CHOW

(defiant)

You do not understand our ways.

FLANAGAN

I understand human nature.

MR. CHOW

There is no "human nature." There is only the nature of each man. And yours is dark, Flanagan.

(Flanagan stares at him)

You need only to look into the true, unemotional side of your soul. Divorced from morality. Look there, and tell me what you see. Then you shall understand. Understand *yourself*.

Flanagan shakes his head. Slowly moves backward through the parking lot, shaking his head at the Asian faces that watch him.

FLANAGAN

I don't want to understand.

(to Feng)

Give me -- give me *my* daughter.

Whatever Tassoni has told him, it can't change that Flanagan is her father. He smiles at Angie. She smiles back.

Feng glances at Mr. Chow. Chow nods. Feng shakes his head, says something in Chinese. Mr. Chow barks something back. Feng looks pissed, but lets Angie go.

She stumbles forward, dazed, walks around the dead body of Tommy Chow, around the pool of blood on the ground.

FLANAGAN

Come on, sweetheart. It's gonna be okay.

She smiles, almost to him as --

ON FENG -- still pissed. He can't control it. He shouts something in Chinese, pulls out a pistol and AIMS AT FLANAGAN.

MR. CHOW

NO!

Feng FIRES!

FLANAGAN is hit in the shoulder, thrown backward with the force of the bullet. Flanagan's shotgun BLASTS as he goes down --

BLOWING FENG away --

MR. FENG shouts in a surprised, horrified chirp. FENG'S BODY SPINS, finger pulling the trigger spastically --

BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! -- bullets whizzing everywhere. Feng hits the pavement in a crumpled, bloody heap.

ON ANGIE -- she stops in her tracks. Her smile fades. She looks down, sees her chest blossoming red. She doesn't have time to feel pain as she collapses in a heap on the pavement.

FLANAGAN
(from the ground)

NOOOO!!

AS ANGIE DIES, the world explodes into action --

ON THE ROOF - Po, horrified, shouts into the walkie talkie --

AGENT PO
NOW! NOW! NOW!

ON THE SURROUNDING BLOCKS - the FBI cars roar down the street, tires wailing, heading to the parking lot, too late --

ON FLANAGAN - horrified, watching Angie's lifeless body, next to him on the pavement, ignoring his own wound, watching her eyes stare into nothingness...

Flanagan STANDS UP, a hole in his shirt, kevlar vest visible through the tear.

MR. CHOW
Hold it! STOP!

Flanagan levels the shotgun. No amount of reasoning can stop him. WITH AN ANGUISHED ROAR, he OPENS FIRE!

BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! - Bodyguards don't have time to be surprised at Flanagan's miraculous recovery before they are BLOWN AWAY.

ON THE ROOF - Schifrin's finger starts pulling the trigger like a machine with a mind of its own. THWUP!THWUP!THWUP! -- the silenced bullets whisper from the deadly gun, finding --

THE BODYGUARDS - each one falling with a nitro-tipped bullet EXPLODING into their chests. Blood sprays like crude fireworks.

BODYGUARDS LEAP from the limousines, guns BLAZING at FLANAGAN.

FLANAGAN - instincts taking over, hits the pavement, rolls, as the remaining Bodyguards OPEN FIRE --

BULLETS RICOCHETING around Flanagan, he lets loose with the shotgun -- BOOM!

THWUP! THWUP! THWUP! -- THE BODYGUARDS fall one after the other, dominos in a line. Bursting with the bullets that whisper from Schifrin's Robar.

MR. CHOW
STOP! STOP!

BOOOM!

Flanagan's shotgun blast sends Mr. Chow flying backward, his stomach a pulped mess. MR. CHOW lands on his ass, staring down dumbly at his ruined midsection.

-- bullets zing past Flanagan's head. Flanagan pivots -- BOOM!BOOM! the two remaining bodyguards are dispatched, screaming, death howls filling the vacant lot, rising up to the night sky, Flanagan firing like an animal, like a savage.

MR. CHOW'S POV - Flanagan's shotgun barrels levelled, smoking. He walks forward, the sounds of his feet hitting blacktop amplified in Chow's dying state. Mr. Chow sees shotgun barrels staring at him like the eyes of a monster--

BOOOM!

FLANAGAN'S SHOTGUN roars again, punching a hole in Mr. Chow's chest, black blood spraying out his back, onto the pavement. Chow is sent tumbling with the final burst, his life blasted out of his body...

...The parking lot is graveyard-silent.

Flanagan stands facing a row of obliterated enemies, their souls sent to an eternal place.

AS THE FBI cars ROAR into the lot, headlights washing over Flanagan, he steps forward, looking down at Mr. Chow. He has died within inches of his own son's dead body.

Tommy Chow and his father's hands are barely touching, as if clasped in an odd death embrace.

As the FBI agents stumble dumbly forward, they see Flanagan bending over the form of Angie, slowly picking up her crumpled body, holding her in his arms. A father's last embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, NIGHT - LATER

Crime scene blocked off, coroner's vans piling the bodies inside.

AGENT PO - watches Flanagan zip up Angie's body bag. He places her body gently into one of the coroner's vans. Watches as the van doors shut.

ON TASSONI - handcuffed, devastated. Watching his daughter being carted away. Knowing he was the cause.

Flanagan's eyes find Agent Po's. Something has changed there. Flanagan turns to leave the parking lot. Schifrin follows him, glancing briefly over his shoulder at Agent Po. Between the two men is Tassoni, now terrified.

Agent Stiles moves up to Po, hisses at him--

AGENT STILES

What the hell are you doing?

Agent Po watches Flanagan walk away.

AGENT PO

Let him go.

AGENT STILES

Are you out of your mind?!

AGENT PO

(resigned)

Just let him go.

Stiles watches helplessly as Flanagan pushes Tassoni along, Schifrin with him. Neither man turns back to the parking lot. They disappear into the shadows...

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Tassoni falls to his knees, eyes solemn. Looks up at high rafters, sees pigeons flapping from beam to beam. Shafts of moonlight beam through holes in the roof, throwing ghostly shadows. A look of confusion falls over his face.

TASSONI

For God's sake, I was her father, Tim.

He doesn't turn around, just senses the presence.

TASSONI

Doesn't that mean anything to you?

BEHIND HIM - in the shadows, Flanagan stares down at Tassoni, his eyes cold, forever lost. He raises the barrels of the shotgun to the back of Tassoni's head.

TASSONI

You think I don't feel horrible about this? She's my daughter, too.

FLANAGAN'S eyes remain unchanged.

TASSONI

If -- if you do this, you'll never get out
of that black pit. Is that what you want?

The shotgun presses to Tassoni's head. Tassoni's eyes shut in
anticipation of death.

TASSONI

(cracking)

You can't kill me, Flanagan!

ON THE RAFTERS - the pigeons coo, tranquil.

BOOOM! birds are started by the roar of a shotgun blast. They
flap from their perches, flutter in mad circles. The echo of
the blast fades and dies...

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Flanagan walks from the warehouse. Lets the shotgun clatter to
his feet. Stumbles to the dark of the city street.

Flanagan walks into the shadows of a row of abandoned buildings,
homeless wraiths sleeping in makeshift cardboard caves.

PULLING BACK -- Flanagan walks toward the poverty, the darkness.
Walks amongst the lifeless souls.

He walks toward a world he recognizes as his own.

FADE OUT.