

GET CARTER

Written by
DAVID MCKENNA

Based on the novel by
TED LEWIS

April 1999 Draft

**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE, NYC - DARKNESS

ROLL CREDITS.

Dawn breaks the horizon.

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

A huge, tome-filled bookshelf looms in the b.g. of a large, contemporary Mediterranean-style living room.

The large panoramic view shows a beautiful vantage of Central Park below.

ON TRACK

An ALARM CLOCK BEEPS.

INT. DARK MASTER BEDROOM - DIGITAL CLOCK

It reads six A.M. A man's hand reaches over to stop it.

INT. PLUSH HOME GYMNASIUM

The MAN sprints on the treadmill. The time on it reads 47:40. The distance to the left -- 7.2 miles.

The PHONE RINGS in the b.g. but the Man can't hear it.

INT. SPACIOUS STEAM/SHOWER

He sits on the bench, takes a steam, and shaves.

INT. BEDROOM - DRESSER

A money roll of hundreds. A cell phone. A Rolex Presidente on top of a list of betting codes (i.e. K-41, M-63, etc.), dollar amounts, and random sports cities.

The Man systematically puts everything in its proper place and exits the bedroom.

INT. GIANT KITCHEN - LOUD BLENDER

The Man turns it off, pours his protein shake into a glass, and takes a giant sip. A pot and pan holder hovers above the marble island countertop.

HIS POV

The sports caption on the New York Times reads "THIS WEEKEND -- BREEDER'S CUP AT HOLLYWOOD PARK: A PREVIEW" with a picture of a horse winning a race below. The article reads "Sweet Di Eyes Triple Crown."

BACK TO SCENE

A red light flashes on the MESSAGE RECORDER to his left. He reaches over, pushes a button, and it BEEPS.

MALE (V.O.)

Hey, Jack. It's Frank. Sorry to be calling you so late. It's... Christ, three-forty, six-forty your time.

The despondent male voice quickly comes to tears.

MALE (V.O.)

I'm sorry, Jackie. About everything. But I really need to talk to you. Call me... please.

The man hangs up and the RECORDER BEEPS.

TIGHT ON JACK CARTER

Hair slicked back, crisp blue suit, Windsor knot, and a long leather "stand the fuck back" coat. You can't tell if the hard look in his eyes is sudden or permanent.

Jack stares at the cordless but doesn't pick it up. Tears of frustration almost formulate, he washes the rest of the shake down the drain, and he exits. END CREDITS.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEAUTIFUL APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

The doorman opens the glass door. Jack's exit exudes power and charisma.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - SAME TIME

Jack crosses the street illegally in front of a police car. The passenger cop yells at him, they lock eyes, and Jack heads downstairs to the subway.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CASHIER

Jack spots 25-year-old DEXTER MARTIN in sweats, gold chains, untied high tops, and a NY Giants jacket. The hard, young black man munches an Egg McMuffin.

JACK

You got an extra subway token on you?

Dexter turns and casually hands one to him.

DEXTER

Sorry you have to deal with this fucking bullshit, Jack.

JACK

Just watch the language, huh, Dex?

The two go through the turnstile.

INT. SPEEDING SUBWAY CAR - JACK AND DEX

They sit away from the Wall Street suits and Brooklyn degenerates.

DEXTER

Eighty-seven grand and he's blowing me off like some kindergartner.

JACK'S POV

A 4x6 photo of David Wheeler. In a NYSE trading jacket, the large 34-year-old drags a cigarette.

BACK TO SCENE

DEXTER

Name's Davis Wheeler. Son of Douglas Wheeler. C.E.O. of --

JACK

Wheeler Securities. Why didn't you call me on this right away?

DEXTER

I thought I could handle him. Anyway, Sunday he took Dallas, the Jets and Miami. Ten grand each... none of 'em cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
(astonished)
Miami was in Green Bay.

DEXTER
I'm telling you! Homeboy doesn't care. Four Super Bowls, he picks Buffalo.

The subway comes to a halt at Canal Street.

DEXTER
You remember him from that one scam.

JACK
Refresh my memory.

DEXTER
He called the 800 number, used his code, K-25, put five grand on the 49ers, lost, and claimed that it wasn't his voice on the recorder.

JACK
Meaning someone stole his code.

Dexter nods as the subway takes off again.

DEXTER
You strapped, Jack?

Dexter opens his jacket and shows Jack his gun. Jack stares at him, knowing the kid will be dead in a year.

DEXTER
He's got the serious heater, man. Nickel-plated .45 in his briefcase. Motherfuckin' punk, this guy.

Jack palms Dexter's forehead and cracks the back of his head against the subway map. Dexter grabs his head.

DEXTER
Goddamn, man!

JACK
I told you to watch your language. I don't want to hear it.

DEXTER
I'm sorry, man. Jesus. I just know he's scared, okay? Goddamn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack moves to the doors as the subway slows to a stop.

JACK

You're going to be flooded with action on Sweet Di. Take as much as you can.

DEXTER

You got it, man. Jesus.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY

The doors slam open. Wall Street exit. A familiar face exits and pauses to spark up a cigarette.

PULL BACK to reveal the 4x6 photo of DAVIS WHEELER. A perfect match. Davis heads up the stairs.

An awaiting Jack surreptitiously follows him.

EXT. WALL STREET - JACK'S POV

Davis heads down the street and enters a small diner just off Maiden and Broadway.

INT. DINER

Clock reads eight A.M. Organized chaos. Waiters with deep NY accents yelling egg orders at the cook without writing anything down. Financial analysts trying to pay for their coffee.

Jack hangs up his coat and looks to the back. Davis sits alone in a two-person booth, engrossed in the Journal.

DAVIS'S POV

He looks up from his paper, sensing something. In his booth, right in front of him, is Jack.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVIS

What the fuck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

It's time to give up on pro ball,
Davis. Doesn't assimilate with
Daddy's portfolio.

Davis meets Jack's gaze for three seconds and knows.

DAVIS

Dexter, you fucking peasant.

The older WAITER appears and breaks Jack's glare.

JACK

Do you have egg beaters?

WAITER

What are you, kiddin' me?

JACK

A glass of water then. Thank you.

The Waiter looks at Davis and suddenly he's not hungry.
The Waiter shakes his head and tends to his other
patrons. Davis pulls out a cigarette.

JACK

Don't spark up in here. People
are trying to enjoy their
breakfast.

DAVIS

What do you want?

JACK

What do I want? Shut your mouth
and listen. That's what I want.
(as Davis is silent)
All you Wall Street schmucks. You
analyze numbers 'til you're blue
in the face, but when it comes
down to betting, a.k.a. thinking
with your money, your common sense
is as scarce as your ethics.

DAVIS

And what you do is ethical?

JACK

If you'd ever hit one you'd think
I was ethical.

The Waiter drops off a water. Jack smiles in thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

There are two reasons why you should never bet on team sports. The players aren't interested in the spread and they're not using their money. It's that simple.

DAVIS

Yes, I grasp the concept.

JACK

So why are you putting ten grand on Miami when they're playing in Green Bay and it's twenty below zero?

(as Davis says
nothing)

I'm sorry that it got this pathetic, but you owe ninety-six thousand --

DAVIS

I owe eighty-seven!

JACK

You owe eighty-seven plus a ten percent book fee. I'm letting that 49ers incident slide. But it's time to act intelligent. You've dealt with Dex, he's allowed you to be fiscally irresponsible, it's over.

Davis laughs and gives a condescending shake of the head.

Jack punches him hard in the face for this. Blood rushes painfully from Davis's nose. It's so crazy in the diner, however, nobody notices a thing.

JACK

It's okay. Sssh. You'll be fine.

DAVIS

(softly whimpering)
You broke my fucking nose!

JACK

It's okay. Sssh. You'll still be able to trade.

Jack practically holds him up in the booth and hands him napkins. Davis looks ready to faint as Jack whispers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Rich fathers set spoiled children up with trusts. They do this for tax purposes. Where do we go to get it?

Davis looks down to his engraved "DW" briefcase. Jack kicks it across the floor. Patrons look over as Jack turns to ice.

JACK

Don't be a loser, Davis.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - AFTERNOON

A taxi weaves through traffic.

INT. CAB - JACK'S POV

The same briefcase now contains \$96,000 and a nickel-plated .45. Jack flips through to make sure it's all there and shuts it. Outside, NYC. Freakshow central.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK EAST - STEADY ON JACK

Briefcase in hand, he exits the cab and heads for his complex. He nods at the doorman as he opens the door.

INT. LOBBY - JACK'S POV

TWO DETECTIVES are there to meet him with their badges.

ANOTHER ANGLE

DETECTIVE #1

Mr. Carter? I'm Detective Carr, this is Detective Feinberg. N.Y.P.D.

JACK

(a nervous nod)
What can I do for you?

DETECTIVE #2

Do you have a brother named Frank back in Los Angeles, Mr. Carter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack hesitates and nods. The two Detectives just stare at him. Jack is quickly filled with regret and sadness.

DETECTIVE #1
I'm sorry, Mr. Carter.

JACK
How did it happen?

DETECTIVE #1
L.A.P.D.'s calling it a carjacking.

JACK
Gunshot wound?

DETECTIVE #2
Yes, sir. One casing. .357
Magnum.

Jack doesn't know how to feel. Detective #2 suspiciously looks at his briefcase.

JACK
Well... thank you very much. For
notifying me.

DETECTIVE #1
You're welcome, sir.

Jack nods and heads for the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - TIGHT ON JACK

As he moves up the elevator, this news hits him harder.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

In his boxer shorts, Jack sits before the windows and a half-bottle of Maker's Mark. An entertainment center lies on the floor next to him in shambles. A 53-inch TV destroyed. A four-deck stereo. The only things remotely intact on the floor are his CDs and a framed photo.

TIGHT ON OLD PHOTO

A happy couple with their baby daughter. The man resembles Jack. He stares at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blood leaks from his arm, obviously from the destruction. Jack finishes his snifter and arrives at a decision. He rises and coolly heads back into the master.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LARGE BLACK SAFE

Jack soberly turns the combo and opens it.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. AMTRAK STATION - LATE NIGHT

Cars pass a bridge at blinding speed.

INT. TRAIN CABIN - DINNER TRAY

Remnants of a garden salad. PAN TO the hanging bag.

TWO HANDGUNS AND HOLSTERS

Jack snaps a clip into a Browning .45. Double action.

SIGHTING POV

A forceful PAN ACROSS the window.

BACK TO SCENE

He slips the .45 into a holster and back into the hanging bag. He repeats the process with a Heckler and Koch P-7 9mm. He then unzips a large pocket to reveal a disassembled:

Mossberg .12 gauge shotgun. Jack takes a casual sip of Evian, snaps the barrel into the rifle stock, and pumps --

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN BAR - LATE NIGHT

Jack greets the bartender with a nod.

JACK
Maker's Mark neat.

The barkeep grabs a shot glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

In a snifter.

Barkeep gives him a look and Jack's there to meet it.

JACK

Please. Thank you.

Jack checks his quiet surroundings and takes a sip.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Jack stops shaving and concentrates on his reflection, still saddened by the news.

INT. TRAIN DINING CAR - LATER

In preppy-casual, he reads the Wall Street Journal and sips orange juice. Outside, whizzing by, is a sun-scorched prairie.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAIN CABIN 3C - NIGHT

Jack's furrowed reflection comes INTO VIEW as he talks on his cell phone. He shuts it off then shuts his eyes.

On the track -- A loud TRAIN HORN.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CABIN - DAY

Jack opens his eyes to the palm-tree-lined landscape of downtown Los Angeles.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TRAIN STATION - LATER

Jack exits the train, hanging bag now open lengthwise and draped over his shoulder.

INT. DOWNTOWN TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Jack speaks into his cell phone receiver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Gloria? Are you okay? No, don't
get in the car. I'll grab a cab.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOTS OF LOS ANGELES - LATE AFTERNOON

Koreatown. Griffith Observatory. The Hollywood Hills.
Mexican take-out and 7-Elevens.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY NORTH - ORANGE TAXICAB

It crawls through Friday traffic.

INT. TAXI - TIGHT ON JACK

Dry and relaxed.

WIDER

The foreign driver sweats like Nixon.

JACK

I hate this dirty town.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY SUBURB TWO-STORY HOUSE - LATER

Jack graciously tips the cabbie and takes stock of the
rundown house. He checks up and down the street. After
a long and reflective moment --

VOICE (O.S.)

I took a Valium and it literally
knocked me out.

Jack turns to GLORIA CARTER, Frank's widow, standing in
the doorwell. Mid-forties and still beautiful, the last
few years have taken their toll.

GLORIA

I'm sorry.

JACK

Don't apologize to me, Gloria.

Jack smiles before he gives her a passionate hug.

INT. SMALL THREE-BEDROOM - JACK'S POV

They enter.

GLORIA

knows it's untidy but can't help it.

Fifteen year-old DOREEN CARTER, an attractive blonde with a sad expression, locks eyes with Jack as she scoops laundry out of the dryer.

GLORIA

Doreen? You remember your Uncle Jack.

Doreen gives a long and almost unforgiving stare.

JACK

Hello, Doreen.

She nods, finishes scooping her laundry into the basket and disappears into her bedroom. Gloria can only offer a "what did you expect?" shrug to Jack.

GLORIA

You can put your bag in the office if you like.

JACK

Thank you.

Jack watches her disappear into the kitchen and he heads toward the back office.

INT. OFFICE - JACK'S POV

A desk, a file cabinet, a sofa-hide-a-bed.

JACK

opens the closet and hangs his bag.

GLORIA (O.S.)

If you need to shower, use the one upstairs! Downstairs is clogged!

A CAR HONK ECHOES O.S. Jack moves to the door well.

He watches Doreen exit the front door with a duffle bag.

INT. DIRTY KITCHEN - JACK'S WINDOW POV

Gloria watches Doreen leave with a pretty mulatto girl.
Gloria braces herself at the counter, her back to --

JACK

He puts his hand on her shoulder and she loses it.

JACK

Come on, Gloria. Everything's --

GLORIA

-- gonna be okay!? I've been
cheated.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DUSK

Jack opens the garage to reveal a covered car on the left
side. Gloria appears from behind him, composed.

GLORIA

Take her out for a spin. It's
half yours, right?

JACK

It was a gift.

GLORIA

That you gave him.

Gloria smiles and starts to remove the cover.

JACK

Any word on the Mustang?

GLORIA

Not a one.

A black 1961 Oldsmobile convertible is revealed.

JACK

He certainly loved his oldies.

GLORIA

Yeah, and he just put CD players
on both of them.

(opening trunk)

Right back there. I'm sure you'll
want to change 'em up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

What? Nothing but 'Jimmy' in there?

GLORIA

You might find some Sinatra.

The two just stare at each other and smile, reflectively.

JACK

Would you like to join me for something to eat?

GLORIA

No. I'll see you when you get back.

Jack watches her head back up the path to the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENTURA BLVD. - MOVING - TWILIGHT

The Olds moves to JIMI HENDRIX'S "Hey Joe." Jack checks out Jerry's Deli, the Galleria, and Bob's Classy Lady.

INT. SUSHI BAR - NIGHT

Jack sits alone in the corner. He looks at all the couples having fun and takes another bite of sashimi.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack finds the house still messy. He walks upstairs.

INT. GLORIA'S BEDROOM - DOORWELL

Jack observes Gloria sleep and gently closes the door.

INT. GLORIA'S LIVING ROOM - JACK'S POV

A large framed picture. It is the same from Jack's penthouse. Gloria, Frank, and Doreen. All smiling. PANNING the desk below are several more of the family.

TIGHT ON TWO BOYS - IN SWIMSUITS

Jack and Frank stand with fishing poles, smiling next to a light pole.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GLORIA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The place is now spotless.

INT. OFFICE - JACK

Dressed in a white shirt and black monochrome tie, he removes the shotgun from his hanging bag and casually places it inside the hide-a-bed sofa frame.

EXT. TRASHY BACK YARD - TIGHT ON JACK

He sits at the patio table, sips an orange juice and checks the LA Times Sports section: "Breeder's Cup" coverage at Hollywood Park with a caption: "Today's Favorite, Sweet Di."

GLORIA (O.S.)

Thanks for straightening up, Jack.

QUICKLY TO Gloria. She's showered and pretty but still in a robe. Jack smiles in a "what else" fashion.

GLORIA

It's just what I needed.

JACK

You're welcome.

GLORIA

Did you go somewhere this morning?

JACK

Went for a run. Saw the old neighborhood.

GLORIA

(sarcastically)

That must have been pleasant.

Jack smiles and moves into the clean, formica --

INT. KITCHEN

JACK

Will Doreen be at the funeral?

GLORIA

I don't know what's going on with her right now, Jack. She doesn't listen to any of my questions so... I don't have any answers.

JACK

Well, she's just a kid. You should...

GLORIA

Hey. You're in no position to give me shit about my daughter. You got that?

Jack offers an apologetic nod. Just then -- the PHONE RINGS. She breaks from her anger to answer it.

GLORIA

Hello? Yes? Unhuh. Hold on.
(covering receiver)
They found the Mustang.

CUT TO:

INT. JUNKYARD OFFICE - MORNING

From a La-Z Boy chair, a grizzled old OPERATOR watches ESPN "College Gameday" on the tube. A DOG BARK interrupts and he sees the '61 Olds roll into the gravel driveway.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - GLORIA

In her black funeral dress and hat, she watches Jack and the Operator cross the junkyard.

EXT. JUNKYARD - STEADY ON JACK

He walks with the Operator and Bronson, the lot's protective Rottweiler.

JACK

Anything inventoried from the car?

OPERATOR

Nothin'. Stripped clean. Okay, this is it right here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They arrive at the skeleton of his brother's car.

JACK
This was a 1966 Mustang.

OPERATOR
Yeah, well, it's not anymore.

Jack gets in the car and BRONSON begins the BARK.

OPERATOR
Goddammit, Bronson! Quiet!

Jack carefully looks through the car. No stereo, no dash, no seats. Even the steering wheel is gone.

JACK
What kind of re-sale is there for classic car parts?

OPERATOR
It ain't lucrative, if that's what you're asking.

JACK
It's worth more if it's in one piece.

OPERATOR
Much more.

It dawns on Jack to check the car's license plate: still there. He then pops the trunk and sees that the disc player is still mounted in the corner.

JACK
Were you saving the CD player for yourself?

OPERATOR
No, sir. Didn't even check the trunk. But I'll take it if you don't want it.

Jack looks at the man, slams the trunk down and looks back to Gloria in the Olds. He seems bothered.

CUT TO:

INT. OLDSMOBILE - MOVING

Jack glances over towards Gloria in the passenger seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Can I ask you a personal question?
 (as Gloria nods)
 Were you two having any marital
 problems?

GLORIA

Nothing more than usual.

JACK

What about Doreen?
 (as Gloria looks
 confused)
 Has she been acting... any
 different?

Gloria just shakes her head.

GLORIA

She's upset over the death of her
 father. Why do you ask?

JACK

Well, Frank and I haven't spoken
 for 15 years. But just before he
 was killed, he left me a message.
Apologizing.

Gloria looks to Jack, shakes her head and pushes in the
 lighter. She nervously pulls a cigarette from her purse.

GLORIA

Goddamn you, Frank.

JACK

I was doing some thinking. How
 about you and Doreen take a little
 vacation? St. John Island in the
 Caribbean is beautiful this time
 of year. Get away, just the two
 of you, eat lobster, snorkel... on
 me, of course.

She lights the cigarette, exhales, and stares at Jack.

GLORIA

This is our home.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINNETKA BLVD. - LEGION FUNERAL HOME

The Oldsmobile parks amongst the other cars. Jack and
 Gloria exit and pass a hearse. News cameras film them as
 they walk through the doors.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - GATHERING

An undertaker, assistants, and pallbearers. One of them, a tearful EDDIE, an old Irish boozier, hugs Gloria.

EDDIE

I'm sorry.

Gloria nods as others offer condolences to her, not even recognizing Jack. Finally, a double-take from Eddie.

EDDIE

Holy Mother of --

JACK

How are you holding up, Ed?

EDDIE

Not too good, Jack. Good to see you though. He'd be glad to know you made it out.

Jack pats Eddie on the back and moves to the open casket.

It suddenly hits Jack like a wave: the sight of his dead brother. He gently touches his brother's cold face, noticing a bandage patch on the side of his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - MINUTES LATER

Gloria exits and heads for the limo. Eddie and Jack stop for some fresh air.

EDDIE

I couldn't believe it when I heard. Good standin' family man, calm as Gentle Jesus, he was a good lad. And these bloody gangbangers, they take it all with a senseless, random act!

AJIT (O.S.)

Yes, well, welcome to America.

Jack turns to face AJIT, 19, a 115-pound busboy with a heavy New Delhi accent.

EDDIE

This here's Ajit, one of our busboys. He was the last one to see Frank that night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Did you see him leave?

AJIT

No, I left first. My Uncle Rakesh lives just two blocks away.

JACK

So Frank managed the Half Moon?
(Eddie nods)

Who owns it?

EDDIE

A gentleman named Cliff Brumby.

Jack nods. Something up the street grabs his attention.

EXT. STREET - TWO PAIR OF SKINNY LEGS

They make their towards the funeral home.

It's DOREEN. She walks with MICHELLE, her Mulatto friend from earlier. Jack approaches both of them and smiles.

JACK

Hello. I'm Jack.

Jack extends his hand and she shakes it.

MICHELLE

Michelle.

JACK

Nice to meet you, Michelle. Do you mind if I speak with Doreen alone for a moment?

Michelle shakes her head and heads for the funeral home. Jack stares down at Doreen.

JACK

Is there anything I can do for you?

(as Doreen shakes her head)

I know it's not my place... but your mother needs you right now, Doreen. She loves you very much and I don't think either of you should have to go through this alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOREEN

She's not alone. She has her
Valium.

She meets his hard gaze and walks over to Michelle.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. MELS CHURCH - DAY

The procession of cars crawls through wrought-iron gates.

EXT. ST. MELS CHURCH - HEARSE

Pallbearers carry the coffin up the stairs. Jack, Gloria
and Doreen walk somberly aside. Jack turns his face away
from the news crew filming them.

A BELL TOLLS.

PRIEST (V.O.)

Please stand.

INT. CHAPEL - SMALL GATHERING

Jack sits with Gloria in the front row. Doreen and
Michelle are right behind.

PRIEST

As it hath pleased almighty God of
his great mercy to take unto
himself the soul of our dear
brother here departed...

As the eulogy continues, Jack's gaze wanders over the
crowd. He stops on a hard-looking black man in his late
40s, CLIFF BRUMBY. Ex-boxer handsome, he sits with a
young, beautiful blonde wife. Jack whispers something to
Gloria, she looks over and turns back.

GLORIA

Cliff Brumby and his wife Susan.

JACK

Cliff owns the Half Moon.

Gloria nods and refocuses back to the PRIEST.

JACK'S POV

He looks BACK over the head of Doreen. Back by the door, in a black Prada dress and hat, a beautiful and EXOTIC WOMAN stares at them.

Doreen makes quick eye contact with the Woman and turns back.

JACK

looks at Doreen, off-kiltered.

JACK

Do you know that woman back there?

Doreen shakes her head. Jack turns back to the Priest.

PRIEST

... according to the mighty working -- whereby he is able to subdue -- all things to himself.

Jack looks back again and she's gone. Jack rises.

JACK

Excuse me.

GLORIA

(whispering)
What are you doing?

JACK

I'll be right back.

STEADY ON JACK

He walks towards the back of the procession, the Priest ECHOING behind him.

EXT. CHAPEL

The DOOR SLAMS open. Jack walks outside and the Woman is gone. Then -- a 1996 silver Porsche Boxster whips out of the parking lot.

PAN QUICKLY down the street. As he watches the woman disappear, he spots two suspicious MEN sitting in a parked black sedan. Jack stares at them, turns, and casually heads in the opposite direction.

INT. PARKED BLACK SEDAN - TWO MEN'S POV

Jack turns and heads away from them, up the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE

DRIVER

Okay. There he is. Ready?

PASSENGER

Like a boiled ham.

The two exit the sedan with purpose.

STEADY WITH THEIR POV

Jack turns a corner.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Passenger breaks ahead and hurries around the corner. The Driver hesitates but then follows after him.

DRIVER'S POV

He turns the corner two seconds later, only to find the Passenger pinned to the ground.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jack confidently points the Passenger's own gun in defense.

JACK

It's a dangerous game you two are playing.

DRIVER

Mr. Carter? We're police officers! Just hold on. I'm going to reach down and slowly produce my badge.

The man ever so slightly flashes his gold shield. Jack rolls his eyes, apologetically.

JACK

Christ. I'm sorry, Detective. My mistake.

Jack picks up Passenger and gives him back his piece. Passenger flings Jack against the wall and frisks him.

PASSENGER

I'll show you 'mistake.' How does a night in county sound, asshole?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER

Rest easy, John.

PASSENGER

Fuck easy!

Passenger turns to his partner, seething. Jack's clean.

DRIVER

Mr. Carter, I'm Detective Scott Simpkins, L.A.P.D. That's my partner, Detective John Voorhees.

JACK

Do you have any suspects?

SIMPKINS (DRIVER)

Suspects?

JACK

As to who killed my brother.

SIMPKINS

Yes, well, gang-related carjackings have been real common in this area lately. Thank God they love to shoot their mouths off. We'll get them.

JACK

A single shot to the head sounds more like a hit, not some kid spraying an Uzi.

SIMPKINS

Two witnesses saw two men in ski masks, Mr. Carter. One assailant, one driver.

VOORHEES (PASSENGER)

It's a familiar M.O.

Voorhees looks over to his partner.

SIMPKINS

Gray Volvo. Nothing on the plates.

(after a long beat)

Are you going to be in L.A. long, Mr. Carter?

JACK

Until tomorrow, probably.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMPKINS

And then it's back off to New York?

JACK

Excuse me?

Simpkins hesitates before he offers a "nothing" shake of the head. The two men lock eyes and disappear.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALF MOON BAR AND GRILL - ESTABLISHING

A chrome and glass 12-story building on Ventura Blvd. The restaurant occupies the ground floor.

INT. HALF MOON BAR AND GRILL - JACK'S POV - LATER

Only a few scattered mourners remain at the reception. They eat, drink and quietly converse. Jack scans the walls while he eats with Eddie at a table.

Black and white framed 8X10 photographs are everywhere. Patrons, partiers and staff. Frank with Sally Field. Cliff Brumby and wife with a few Ivy League bachelors. Brumby and Frank with Dennis Rodman.

ACROSS ROOM

Doreen fends off Gloria.

GLORIA

It's not right for you to be going out of town. We need to deal with this as a family. Uncle Jack's here --

DOREEN

Uncle Jack? You know, just forget it.

A frustrated Doreen goes to get another Coke.

CUT QUICKLY TO:

JACK AND EDDIE

Ajit sits with his plate of food. Jack looks to the presence of security cameras.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes note of three cameras over the bar.

EDDIE

They gotta do something with this area. Last five years it's turned into a damn cesspool. This morning, my building had fresh graffiti on it. These animals are everywhere.

JACK

Those animals didn't have anything to do with it, Eddie.

Doreen joins Jack, Eddie and Ajit with her Coke.

JACK

Wasn't even a robbery. It was a hit.

EDDIE

They took his wallet, Jack.

JACK

They took his wallet to make it look like a robbery.

EDDIE

They stripped the car.

JACK

Yes, and left behind a \$600 CD player. It's a 1966 Mustang, Eddie. A classic. Robbers slash gangbangers would've taken it straight to a chop shop where they'd sand off any identifiable marks and serial numbers. They'd take an air gun, blow the original paint off, give it a new color, new papers, new plates, take it out of state. Maybe Arizona or Texas, and sell it for forty grand. The last thing they'd do is strip it.

(after a long beat)

Someone wanted to make it look like a robbery but didn't know how.

AJIT

Why would they do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

To hide the fact that it was personal.

Everyone looks at Jack, dumbfounded.

EDDIE

Who'd want to murder Frank? He was a good lad.

Doreen jumps up and throws her Coke in Eddie's face.

DOREEN

How the hell would you know?!

The entire proceeding stops while Doreen stares at Eddie. Gloria quickly makes her way over to regain control. Doreen looks to Jack.

DOREEN

Or you?! None of you knew! He was my dad! I knew!

Doreen storms out, leaving everyone stunned. Gloria gives a pleading look to Jack. Jack goes after her.

EXT. HALF MOON PARKING LOT - TIGHT ON DOREEN

She cries as she moves between the cars.

JACK

Doreen, I'm sorry! It wasn't the time nor the place! Doreen!
(turning her around)
It was stupid and I'm sorry.

DOREEN

I need a ride.

CUT TO:

INT. OLDSMOBILE - MOVING

Jack and Doreen drive down the upscale, tree-lined street. Jack makes a feeble attempt at small talk.

JACK

So... how's school?

DOREEN

I haven't been. I've been sick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

What've you been doing then?

DOREEN

Working, I guess. Make a left here.

JACK

You've been too sick for school but you're okay to work?

(as Doreen nods,
almost defiantly)

Where do you work?

DOREEN

Baskin Robbins.

JACK

Thirty-one flavors?

(as Doreen nods)

That sounds important. Knowing which flavor is which and all that.

Doreen looks over and finally breaks into a half-smile.

JACK

What do you say we go out to dinner tonight, Doreen? Anywhere you want, my treat.

DOREEN

I can't. I've got plans.

JACK

Tonight you've got plans?

DOREEN

Will you do me a favor? Will you please stop talking to me like you're my father? Please?

Jack takes a moment before he nods.

JACK

I'm sorry. That's the last thing I wanted to do, Doreen.

DOREEN

It's up there on the right.

Jack pulls up to a large Tudor-style house tucked inside the surrounding gate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
Nice. Who lives here?

DOREEN
Thanks for the ride.

Doreen exits, rings inside and the GATE BUZZES. She stares back at Jack and heads inside. Jack exits.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF MOON BAR AND GRILL

Jack enters. No one from the funeral remaining. Eddie, now behind the bar, gets change from the register. Ajit spots Jack and informs Eddie. Eddie makes his way over.

EDDIE
Mr. Brumby's upstairs, Jack.
Wants to speak with you. Come on.

INT. GRANITE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Eddie leads Jack into the elevator.

EDDIE
Gloria wanted me to tell you that
she took a ride home with Mrs.
Brumby.

INT. POLISHED WOOD ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

Jack stares at the floor lights. Penthouse is lit.

INT. MARBLE HALLWAY - STEADY ON JACK

He follows Eddie towards a door.

INT. BEAUTIFUL OFFICE - JACK'S POV

Expensive works of art. Behind a vast desk, Cliff Brumby talks on the phone and motions for Jack to wait.

BRUMBY
(into the receiver)
Yes, I know it's Saturday.
Tomorrow's Sunday. Obviously I
don't give a damn because I'm
here. Fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

(softly to Jack)
Come back down and I'll pull you a
Guinness. On the house.

BRUMBY

(covering the receiver)
My ass 'on the house!'

Eddie laughs and hastily exits. Brumby smiles, hangs up and greets Jack.

BRUMBY

I didn't know who the hell you
were, Jack, I'm sorry. My goddamn
wife had to tell me.

JACK

How were you supposed to know?

BRUMBY

You're his brother. I should've
went out of my way to find out.
Have a seat.

(as Jack sits)

I want to express my deepest
sympathies, Jack. Frank was a
great employee and an even better
friend.

Brumby looks Jack straight in the eye and gets emotional.

JACK

That's good to know. Thank you.

BRUMBY

I know you two had a falling out
way the hell back when, but if it
makes any difference... I know he
hoped you two could someday, you
know...

JACK

Be brothers again?
(off Brumby's nod)

Me too.

BRUMBY

Only he didn't think your ass was
interested.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I'm afraid that couldn't be further from the truth. We were just... really stupid. I was stupid.

Brumby waits for a reason why. There isn't one.

JACK

Are you involved with the day-to-day operations of the restaurant at all, Mr. Brumby?

BRUMBY

No, that was all Frank. A great restaurant man, your brother. Great with staff, the books --

JACK

Were there any flaws in his running the show?

Brumby stares: a strange question from the bereaved.

BRUMBY

I don't know. He was too generous, I guess. Wouldn't fire bartenders for overpourin'.

(smiling)

Especially that I.R.A. bastard.

Brumby laughs while Jack forces a smile.

JACK

Is that why you had those security cameras installed over the bar?

BRUMBY

(nodding)

Mostly just to scare them. Cheaper than computers, believe it or not. Can't be havin' that shit and turn a respectable profit.

Jack nods. Then, an uncomfortable silence. Finally --

Brumby's PHONE RINGS.

BRUMBY

Anyways, I just wanted to say that I'm sorry, Jack. And if you or Gloria or Doreen need anything... you name it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Well, I appreciate it, Mr. Brumby.
Thank you.

Brumby answers it. Jack stares at him and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF MOON BAR - TIGHT ON GUINNESS

Eddie hands the pint of beer to Jack.

WIDER

Jack looks at a security camera above the bar.

JACK

You think one of your cameras
might've picked anything up?

EDDIE

I don't know. I guess I can
check.

JACK

The police haven't yet?

Eddie shakes his head. Jack thinks to himself.

EDDIE

It might take me a few hours.

JACK

That's fine. I can be reached at
this number anytime.

Jack writes his cell phone number on a napkin and leaves
it on the bar. Ajit crosses past with clean glasses.

JACK

How often you work here, kid?

EDDIE

Ajit's here seven days a week.

JACK

Impressive. Frank must've taken
fairly good care of you.

Ajit smiles admirably and stacks the glasses.

TIGHT ON JACK

He sips his Guinness and pans the wall behind the bar.
He stops and rises to get a better look.

TIGHT ON BLACK AND WHITE 8X10 FRAMED PICTURE

The photo shows Eddie pouring four shots. Three women hang all over him. The one on the far left, smiling, is the exotic woman in black Prada from the funeral.

JACK

gets up from his stool, slowly walks behind the bar, and shoots a look to Eddie.

EDDIE

Oh, yes. Geraldine, my sweet.
The porno freaks love it here.
They act like big shots but sure
as hell don't tip like it.

JACK

'Porno freaks?' What was she
doing at the funeral?

EDDIE

Christ. Geraldine loved Frank
more than anyone.

Jack gives Eddie a look of death.

JACK

He was married, Ed.

EDDIE

I know, Jack.

JACK

Do you know where I might find
her?

EDDIE

Today? Oh yeah. The track, Jack.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD PARK RACETRACK

Jack enters. Trainers parade regal-looking horses.
Colored flags blow above the mayhem of fans. Jack picks
up a Racing Form, ignores all the old men trying to push
their picks, and heads inside.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS LOBBY - ROPED-OFF ELEVATOR

People in suits plead and argue to get up to the Turf Club. An older, shabbily-dressed couple in particular.

BOUNCER

I don't care if you own two fillies! You're not getting up without a tie!

Jack manages to grab the Bouncer's attention.

JACK

Last name's Thorpe. Or Thorpey.

The man looks at his clipboard and shakes his head.

BOUNCER

Would it be under another name?

JACK

Yes. How about Franklin?

BOUNCER

First name?

JACK

Benjamin.

The man looks up from his list and smiles.

BOUNCER

Yeah, sure. I know Ben.

Jack shakes the man's hand, discretely slips him a hundred, and gets on the elevator. Everyone in line stares at Jack as the elevator doors close on him.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS TURF CLUB

The DOORS SLAM open. Beautiful women in hats. Jack makes his way through the crowd and spots ROSE, a decked-out old lady in a wheelchair. She watches the screen with her pen and pad.

JACK

So who looks good?

She doesn't even bother turning around.

ROSE

Who the hell do you think!? Sweet
Di.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Afraid I'm gonna have to miss that train, Rose.

The raspy woman quickly looks back and smiles.

ROSE

Jesus Christ! Jack! Where the hell have you been?

Jack kisses her on the cheek.

JACK

New York, Las Vegas... it's good to see you.

ROSE

Awww, Jack, don't get into that crap right now. Race starts in seven minutes. Make your case.

Jack refers to all the media coverage of Sweet Di.

JACK

Just open the newspaper, Rose. Her people have piled so much pressure on her to match Affirm, she doesn't know what's going on. And you can tell she knows that it's something big from her last three races.

ROSE

Oh, Jesus Christ! Give me a break!

JACK

Look at her final quarters, Rose. They've deteriorated steadily the last six weeks. Horses react to pressure the same way humans do. More often than not, they choke.

Rose shakes her head, waves him off and looks at her pad.

JACK

Institutionalized. She's reckless.

She ignores. Jack shakes his head, smiles, and exits.

INT. BETTING AREA - JACK'S POV

TIGHT ON three-horse odds. Seventeen to one.

JACK

steps up to the CLERK behind the "\$50 Minimum" counter, sets his beer and Racing Form down, and pulls out his money roll of hundreds. Circled on his Racing Form is the number three horse, Institutionalized.

JACK

Fifty win tickets on the three horse, please.

She looks him in the eye, almost like he's joking. She then sees the wad of hundreds.

CLERK

Twenty-five hundred.

He counts out the hundy's like a bank teller. She enters it into the computer as Jack scans the crowd. Tickets pop out for a good fifteen seconds.

CLERK

Good luck, sir.

JACK

Thank you.

After the exchange, Jack stares at the tickets. Then --

JACK'S POV

He SPOTS a BLEACH BLONDE in revealing attire escort a Chinese businessman through the gully.

BACK TO SCENE

He thinks to himself and follows.

INT./EXT. GRANDSTANDS - BOX OF SEATS - JACK'S DISTANT POV

Jack SCANS the crowd and STOPS on five well-dressed people, all drinking champagne. The Bleach Blonde and Chinese businessman join CYRUS SHERMAN, late 30s, gray suit and red tie. Wraparound sunglasses mask otherwise hungry features.

Jack then spots GERALDINE, the exotic woman dressed in the same black Prada outfit from earlier, minus the hat. She flirts with a giant LIMO DRIVER/bodyguard.

A TRUMPET sounds. An Australian voice over the P.A. welcomes the crowd to the Breeder's Cup and gives the horse listings.

INT. EXCLUSIVE SKYBOX - HIGH ABOVE EVERYONE

A pair of Nikon binoculars angle down.

BINOCULAR POV

They FOCUS ON Jack as he finishes his beer and makes his way over towards Geraldine.

EXT. GRANDSTANDS - SAME TIME

Geraldine gets affectionate with BIG MIKE the driver while Cyrus, the Chinese Businessman, and the Bleach Blonde compare horse picks.

JACK (O.S.)

Lose your hat?

She turns from Big Mike and stares at Jack, surprised.

GERALDINE (EXOTIC WOMAN)

It's back in the car.

JACK

The Porsche?

She grins, knowingly. He's been following her. Cyrus hits his clove and approaches Jack.

CYRUS

Can I help you with something, sir?

Jack shakes his head and addresses Geraldine again.

JACK

So how'd you know my brother?

CYRUS

Wait, I'm sorry. Maybe I need to re-phrase my question. Who the fuck are you and what do you want?

GERALDINE

He's Jack, Cyrus. His brother is Frank... from the Half Moon.

CYRUS

Oh shit. I'm sorry, Jack, I had no idea, man. I'm Cyrus. This is Geraldine. And Big Mike.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYRUS (CONT'D)

(as Jack offers a nod)

We've known Frank for years.
 Couldn't fuckin' believe it, man.
 Would you like to join us? Oh
 shit.

(before he can answer)

Excuse me for just one second.

Cyrus stops the Chinese businessman from paying the waiter for more champagne. Cyrus pays instead. Geraldine looks at Jack.

GERALDINE

I knew your brother from the bar.
 But that's where it stopped, just
 in case you were wondering.

JACK

I was. What do you do, Geraldine?

CYRUS (O.S.)

She does everything.

Cyrus laughs and sips his drink. Geraldine looks pissed.

JACK

Does that entitle her to stock
 options and a pension plan?

CYRUS

It sure does. What do you do,
 Jack?

The six-eight, 300-pound Big Mike, stares at Jack.

BIG MIKE (LIMO DRIVER)

Let me know if there's a problem
 here, Cy.

Jack meets Big Mike's cold stare.

CYRUS

No, no, it's okay, Mike.

JACK

No, it looks like I better get
 back to my seat. Nice to meet you
 all.

Jack stares at Cyrus, but his sunglasses are too big a shield. Jack reaches for them and Cyrus, with a powerful sweep of the arm, grabs Jack's wrist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYRUS

You don't want to do that, Jack.

JACK

I was just curious to see what
your eyes look like.

Cyrus smiles, lets go, and speaks with a lisp.

CYRUS

Well, gee, all you had to do was
ask.

Jack gently lifts the shades up and the two lock eyes.

CYRUS

They're pretty, aren't they?

JACK

(nodding)

Like cat piss in the snow.

Cyrus's smile turns to a frown as Jack climbs the stairs.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The horses are settled in... and
away they go!

The crowd goes nuts.

Cyrus turns back to watch the race. Geraldine, however,
watches Jack until he disappears.

EXT. RACETRACK - HORSES

They round the final turn and "down the stretch they
come." Sweet Di has the lead and the crowd feels it.
But here comes Institutionalized. She closes on Sweet
Di, overtakes her in the last hundred yards, and wins by
a length and a half.

INT./EXT. RACETRACK - UPSET AND STUNNED CROWD

They curse and rip their tickets. Jack sips a new beer,
gives the BARKEEP a \$20-dollar tip, and raises his cup in
a "cheers" gesture.

BARTENDER

Thank you very much, sir!

Jack turns away from the bar and sitting there in her
wheelchair is Rose. She points her finger up at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSE
You little sonofabitch!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD PARK PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack walks with an armed security guard to the Olds and opens the trunk. The guard looks around, a lockbox handcuffed to his wrist.

The guard removes the lockbox and Jack places it in the trunk next to the CD player. Jack rips off three hundred-dollar bills for the guard and slams the trunk.

JACK'S DISTANT POV

Across the lot, Big Mike holds a limousine door open for Cyrus and his crew.

JACK

jumps in the Oldsmobile and follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAVENHURST BLVD. (VALLEY) - LATE AFTERNOON -
BACK SEAT POV

The back of Jack's head, the limo he's following, and the upscale homes of Encino. JIMI HENDRIX' "Stone Free" PLAYS SOFTLY in the b.g.

INT. LIMOUSINE - PARTY

Cyrus snorts a line of cocaine with JODIE, the bleach blonde. He offers Geraldine but she shakes her head. The Chinese businessman now flirts aggressively with Jodie.

CYRUS
Jodie will take great care of you.

The businessman grins and nods, nods and grins. Cyrus nods to Julie, who surreptitiously dumps a small vial of liquid in the businessman's drink without him seeing.

JODIE
Me love you long time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sips as Geraldine whispers to Cyrus.

GERALDINE

What is that stuff she --

CYRUS

Flunitrazepam Rohypnal.

GERALDINE

What, roofies?

CYRUS

The same shit we always use. Ten times the strength of Valium. Don't smell, don't taste, and it don't change the pretty color of champagne.

Geraldine stares out the window and thinks to herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH-WALLED ESTATE - LATER

The limousine enters through the front gates. Jack continues around the corner and parks. He checks his Rolex and waits.

CUT TO:

EXT. EXTRAVAGANT BEDROOM - SAME TIME

A Monet painting hangs over a king-sized bed with a green silk comforter. Jodie enters with the now-fucked-up Chinese businessman in tow. She takes off her shirt, turns back and stares at him.

JODIE

Get over here.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH-WALLED ESTATE - LATER

Jack exits the Olds. He pulls himself up the eight-foot stone wall and looks over into the thin woods.

Jack drops over onto the property with a thud. He gets to his feet and skirts sideways through the tree cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Unbeknownst to Jack, on the ground, a photoelectric sensor flashes from green to red.

Jack slides his way along the trees, looking beyond a flat expanse of lawn to the far mansion.

JACK'S POV

Twenty exposed yards to the guest house.

BACK TO SCENE

He heads over.

INT. GUEST HOUSE HALLWAY - JACK

He crosses the hall, slips through another door, and hears MUSIC.

INT. HIDDEN CAMERA ROOM - SAME TIME

Jack slides in behind and stares at TWO CAMERAMAN smoking a joint and filming something we can't see. TOM PETTY plays on the cheap RADIO in the b.g.

CAMERAMAN #1

I heard he's some bigshot C.E.O.

CAMERAMAN #2

Global Web-something. We're goin' worldwide here.

CAMERAMAN #1

Not with that cock.

CAMERAMAN #2

All the more reason to ante up.

Jack moves to get a better angle and now sees the action.

TWO-WAY MIRROR POV

Jodie takes the Chinese businessman to the wall-length mirror, undresses him, and gives a wink to the mirror.

INT. HIDDEN CAMERA ROOM

The two men bust up laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERAMAN #1
Jodie's so fucking classic.

CAMERAMAN #2
Yeah, but I don't wanna see her
fucking face. I want his.
Christ. Wanna bet twenty bucks
this Chinese fuck leaves his socks
on?

CAMERAMAN #1
Let's go fifty.

EXT. HIGH-WALLED ESTATE - JACK

Again moving through the tree cover. Jack closes in on the mansion. He catches his jacket on a branch and regards the damage.

JACK
Son of a --

He stops and looks to the ground. Another photoelectric sensor near his feet. He bends down and looks to the light. It's red. Jack looks up suddenly --

A gust of FIRE blows him back into a tree. Small flames lick at the branches.

JACK'S POV

Big Mike the driver wields a FLAMETHROWER. Cyrus laughs, pistol in hand.

CYRUS
Holy shit! That thing is fucking
insanity!

BACK TO SCENE

Jack looks up, eyelashes charred.

CYRUS
Hit him again!

Big Mike does it again and Jack dives face-first to the ground, barely escaping the flame.

Cyrus points his gun and lights a clove cigarette from a flaming branch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYRUS

Lose the .45. Nice and fuckin' easy. Just like the shampoo.

Jack opens his jacket. Nothing.

CYRUS

The ankle then.
(as Jack looks
confused)
What am I, a fuckin' dipshit!
Downstairs!

Jack shows his ankles. Nothing again.

CYRUS

I guess you're the dipshit. All right. Go ahead, Mike.

Big Mike sets down the flamethrower, walks over, and unloads on Jack. Punch after punch after punch. Jack finally crashes to his knees.

Big Mike turns and sees Cyrus walking away. He turns back to Jack, and Jack kicks him square in the kneecap. The man buckles in agony. Jack kicks again to the same area and Big Mike falls to the ground, screaming.

Jack quickly grabs Mike's gun, pulls him as a shield, and faces off with Cyrus. Cyrus knows how to drop it.

CYRUS

He was just gonna smack you around and put you in the car. Jesus Christ.

Jack walks over to Cyrus and gets in his face.

JACK

Something tells me you designed this getup. Give me the lowdown. The cameras, the photoelectric sensors, the entire configuration.

Beat. Jack casually slips Mike's gun into Cyrus's mouth.

JACK

If at first you don't succeed...

CYRUS

(mumbling)
There's cameras on the front, rear, and sides. Sensors behind almost every oak tree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
How many in all?

CYRUS
Four cameras, six sensors.

Jack looks towards the back of the estate.

JACK'S DISTANT POV

A service elevator.

JACK

pulls Cyrus closer and gives him a vicious charlie horse with his knee. Cyrus falls to the ground, wailing, holding his thigh in bitter pain.

JACK'S POV

Forty yards exposed to the mansion.

JACK

times the sweep of the mounted video camera. It crosses his path and Jack breaks into a run behind the lens.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - BANK OF MONITORS

The guard doesn't pick up Jack's crossing.

INT. MANSION - STAIRWELL

VOICES ECHO close by. Jack looks around the beautiful house with appreciation. He knocks on a door and there's no response, so he opens it.

EXT. EXTRAVAGANT OFFICE - JACK'S POV

SCANS the wall.

JACK

appreciating the Van Gogh, Renoir, and Henry Matisse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He examines the aged wood of the desk and feels the silk material of the curtains. He then sees a Picasso in the corner and shakes his head.

JACK
Pablo, you fooled them all, you
fraud.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Jack heads upstairs and out into a long, painting-lined upper corridor. A hydraulic THUMP upstairs stops him.

A DING marks the opening of an ELEVATOR DOOR and he freezes.

Cyrus limps out of the service elevator, pain-stricken. Jack gives him some distance before he follows.

INT. MAHOGANY-PANELED GAME ROOM - POKER TABLE

In a black, band-collared shirt, a DEALER dishes cards to five wealthy MEN. Ten other party goers converse, drink, and gamble in the b.g.

Cyrus enters and approaches JEREMY KINNEAR, 50s, turtleneck and jacket. Jeremy stops fiddling with his vast pile of chips as Cyrus whispers in his ear.

JEREMY
(an English accent)
So where is he now?

CYRUS
Somewhere in the fucking house.

Jeremy sees Jack appear from behind Cyrus. He smiles.

JEREMY
See what it's like these days, Mr. Carter? You just can't get the material.

Cyrus stares at Jack, ready to kill.

JEREMY
Please... sit down.

Jack nods and joins Jeremy at the poker table.

CYRUS
Hey, motherfucker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY

Hey, Cyrus! Piss off!

Cyrus stares at Jack and exits the room.

JEREMY

Sometimes I think I'll just retire. Buy an island in the Bahamas and let somebody else employ these degenerate fucks.

JACK

I'm sorry, but... I don't think I'm as famous as you.

JEREMY

Oh, on the contrary, Mr. Carter. Jeremy Kinnear.

JACK

(shaking hands)

Call me Jack.

GERALDINE (O.S.)

What are you having to drink, Jack?

They both turn, mesmerized by her beauty.

JACK

Bourbon. Please.

GERALDINE

Jack Daniels, Maker's Mark --

JACK

That's it.

She nods, turns and makes her way over to the bar. Jack carefully watches her backside.

JEREMY

You like that, don't you?

JACK

No. It's terrible.

JEREMY

Geraldine's the future of CD Rom. The Ginger Lynn of the 21st Century. Loves talking dirty.

JACK

Haven't had the pleasure yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jeremy laughs and makes a mental note. She looks over and locks eyes with Jack.

JEREMY

I stole her away from Brumby and signed her to a two-year contract.

JACK

Brumby?

JEREMY

(smiling)

You know Cliff Brumby. Has that wonderful bar for a front?

Jack is somewhat taken aback by this news.

JACK

Everyone here's a filmmaker.

HARRY (O.S.)

I thought we were going to play cards here, Jeremy.

JEREMY

Oh, Harry. Jack, I don't want to be rude but Harry has brought a shitload of money with him.

JACK

You can't be rude if money's involved.

Jeremy laughs as Geraldine hands Jack his drink.

JACK

Thank you.

GERALDINE

You're welcome.

Jeremy checks his hand and smiles at the dealer.

JEREMY

Oh, I think I'll stay as I am.

The other three players immediately fold. It's just Jeremy and Harry.

HARRY (MAN)

You're bluffing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY

That's what you pay to find out.
Right, Jack?

JACK

If he can afford it.

Jeremy smiles. Harry looks to Jack.

HARRY

Will you be leaving soon?

JACK

Soon. When you've lost all your
money. Won't be long.

HARRY

Think you're pretty smart, don't
you?

JACK

Only comparatively.

Jeremy laughs in earnest.

JEREMY

No offense, Harry, but you
wouldn't stand much of a shot
against Jack at the tables.
Jack's one of the best poker
players in the world.

HARRY

I'm sure.

JEREMY

It's true.

HARRY

I've never heard of him.

JEREMY

That's because he's not stupid
enough to enter those bloody Texas
Hold 'Em tournaments.

HARRY

I like those tournaments.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY

Of course you do, Harry.
Anyway... Caesar's, Mirage, the
MGM Grand... they used Jack as a
shill to go against the Japs and
camel jockeys who flew in on a
whim.

ANOTHER PLAYER (MAN)

What's a shill?

Jeremy and Jack exchange smirks. The duo understand that all of them are easy prey.

JEREMY

A shill is a bloke that casinos
bring in to keep high stake games
going strong. You see, casinos
want games to go on as long as
possible so they can grab a bigger
cut since there is no house. They
especially loved Jack because he
used his own money.

(after a long stare-off)

But then one day he got stupid.
He marked an ace with a dirty
fingernail, the cameras picked it
up, and Jack got banned from
Nevada for life.

Jack smiles and reflects on his past.

DEALER

Holy shit. Is that true?

JEREMY

If you believe the rumors.

The table stares at him for a good five seconds. Jack sips his drink, speechless.

HARRY

Okay! On that note, I'll raise
five hundred.

JEREMY

All right. If you want to play
that way, Harry.

Jeremy throws out a huge stack of chips.

HARRY

What the hell's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY

See your thousand, raise nine.

HARRY

Ten grand? You're not gonna see me?

JEREMY

(smiling)

No, Harry.

Harry's finally forced into thinking.

JEREMY

How'd you fare at the track, Jack?

JACK

Not bad.

JEREMY

I bet.

Harry reluctantly pushes nine thousand to the pile.

HARRY

All right. I'll see you.

JEREMY

Calling my bluff, are you, Har?

HARRY

That's right.

Harry's three queens to Jeremy's straight.

JEREMY

I haven't won with a straight, have I? Tell me you're pulling my leg. What about that, Jack? Old Harry thought I was having him on.

HARRY

Shut up.

Jack downs his bourbon and stands.

JEREMY

Going so soon, are you, Jack?

JACK

Things to do, people to see.

(pointing at Harry)

I told you it wouldn't take long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Fuck off.

Jack exits. Jeremy pushes back his chair and follows.

INT. BEAUTIFUL HALLWAY - GRANDIOSE CANYON VIEW

Jack looks through the windows in appreciation.

JACK

So this is how you pay the rent?
You take innocent girls and turn
them into soup.

JEREMY

Well, I'm sure Geraldine will be
delighted to know she's been
tagged as 'innocent.'
(smiling, after a beat)
Actually, adult videos are no
longer my bread and butter, as it
is with Brumby. But it does, as
you say, 'pay the rent.'

JACK

At the expense of corn-fed girls
who've been fondled by their
fathers all their lives.

JEREMY

And whose misery do you benefit
from, Jack?
(after a long beat)
Compared to the likes of Cliff
Brumby, I'm a lamb. He's got some
bloody sick bastards over there.
Fisting. Animals. Sado-
Masochistic shit with little
girls...
(as Jack is silent)
I'm not purporting to be noble.
It just happens there's more money
down other avenues. Like CD Roms.
And the Internet.

Jack nods as they make their way down the elegant
stairwell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY

I'm sorry about your brother,
Jack. That's why you're here, I
presume?

(no answer)

Well, if there's any truth to your
suspicions, I wish you luck.
Just... be careful. Your status
might not hold as well with the
uncivilized.

JACK

I appreciate your concern.

They walk out the giant doors.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Cyrus sees Jack and limps towards him, ready to kill.

CYRUS

I didn't fucking like that.

JACK

Ahhh, you'll live, Cyrus.

CYRUS

Big Mike didn't like it, either.

JACK

Really? All the girls together,
huh?

JEREMY (O.S.)

Cyrus, back the hell off. Hey,
Jack?

Jack turns from the exit and faces Jeremy. Jeremy takes
hold of the flamethrower.

JEREMY

Don't misinterpret my sympathy for
weakness. The next time you barge
onto my property unannounced, I
won't take note of your grief.
I'll take that flamethrower and
torch you to a fucking stake like
Joan of Arc.

Jack nods and exits through the gate. Jeremy watches his
exit and turns to Cyrus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY
You're a goddamn bloody idiot.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY SUBURB HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack retires the Oldsmobile to Gloria's garage.

INT. FOYER - JACK

He enters to pleasant kitchen aromas.

JACK
Hello!?

GLORIA (O.S.)
I'm in here!

INT. KITCHEN - BEAUTIFUL GLORIA

She is a far cry from her earlier appearance. Jack appears and watches her cook dinner.

JACK
You look nice.

Gloria turns back and smiles.

GLORIA
Are you hungry?

JACK
Feels like I haven't eaten in years.

GLORIA
Good. Make us a drink, will you?

She watches Jack go to the bar.

GLORIA
Nice to drive those old classics once in a while, isn't it? See what a real car can do.

JACK
The cliché holds true.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLORIA
 (smiling)
 'They don't make 'em like they
 used to.'

Jack grabs their drinks and makes his way over.

JACK
 Any word from Doreen?

GLORIA
 I thought you dropped her off at
 the Brumby's?

JACK
 Who?

GLORIA
 You saw them. From the funeral.
 Doreen's friends with their
 daughter Michelle.

JACK
 I dropped her off at Brumby's
 house? Why didn't you say
 something?

GLORIA
 About what?

JACK
 He's a pornographer, Gloria!

GLORIA
 Jesus Christ, Jack! He's not
 involved in that shit anymore! He
 helped save our home and gave
 Frank a job! We were going to
 lose this house and Cliff loaned
 us the money to save it!

Jack's look is interrupted by his CELL PHONE.

JACK
 Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Geraldine smiles lasciviously as Jack answers. She
 relaxes in a bubble bath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALDINE

You still thinking about me?

Jack looks at Gloria as she goes back to chopping vegetables. He exits the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY - TIGHT ON JACK

Safely out of Gloria's ear, he speaks into the receiver.

JACK

(realizing it's her)

How'd you get this number?

GERALDINE

I've been thinking about you all day.

JACK

Well, this isn't a good time.

GERALDINE

But I'm all wet.

Jack stops, paralyzed.

INT. KITCHEN - SINK

Water is running but no one is there.

PAN QUICKLY TO Gloria. She stands in the door well and listens, out of sight.

WIDER

JACK

Where are you?

GERALDINE

The beach. Costa Rica. Covered in oil. I want to see you.

Gloria looks at Jack and heads upstairs.

JACK

You can't.

Jack hangs up and follows her.

INT. GLORIA'S BEDROOM - TIGHT ON GLORIA

WIDER as Jack enters to find her crying.

GLORIA
Do you have to do that here?

JACK
Do what here?

GLORIA
You know what.

JACK
Don't start with me, Gloria.

GLORIA
Don't start what with you?

JACK
Don't start passing judgment!

GLORIA
Fuck you, Jack! Don't feed me
that now that he's gone! You know
how good I was to him!

The two continue with a bizarre and erotic moment. After a few seconds, Jack breaks the stare and looks down.

GLORIA
Can't you please just sympathize
with me for one minute? Please...
just sympathize with me. What I'm
going through right now.

JACK
Gloria. Let go of my hand.

She looks at him, longing.

GLORIA
You don't have any idea. The pain
I feel right now.

Jack musters the willpower.

JACK
Please.

After a long moment, she lets go of his hand.

Just then, Jack's CELL PHONE RINGS. Gloria stares as Jack lets it keep ringing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLORIA
Go on. Answer it.

Jack finally does, irritated.

JACK
What?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HALF MOON - PHONE BOOTH - TIGHT ON AJIT THE BUSBOY -
He whispers into the receiver.

AJIT
Mr. Carter, this is Ajit.

JACK
Who?

AJIT
Ajit. From the Half Moon. Eddie
told me to ring you.

JACK
Sure, kid, what is it?

AJIT
There are a few men here looking
for you, Mr. Carter, and --
(abruptly)
I must go.

Ajit hangs up.

Jack turns back to Gloria, but she's in the bathroom.
Jack looks at the door, thinks to himself and heads
downstairs.

INT. HOME OFFICE

He thinks to himself and finally pulls the .45 and nine
millimeter from his hanging bag.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF MOON - EVENING

The place is filling up. Jack stands before Eddie. Ajit
and two waitresses work in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE
Lad's name was Thorpe.

JACK
Thorpey?

EDDIE
Said you were old chums. Wanted to know where you were stayin'.

JACK
'Old chums.' Interesting choice of words.

EDDIE
That's what I figured. I played dumb.

JACK
(nodding)
Did you have any luck with the camera?

Eddie motions for Jack to follow him.

EDDIE
Come see for yourself.

INT. TINY'S OFFICE - SMALL STACK OF VIDEOTAPES

Jack ENTERS with Eddie.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Snow on the TV turns to a black and white image of the empty bar at the Half Moon.

Jack watches, his interest suddenly growing.

EDDIE
This is the evenin' he was killed.
I went through it twice already.

TIGHT ON GRAINY SCREEN

In partial darkness, you can see figures moving around, but that's all.

WIDER

JACK

Can't see anything. It's too dark.

EDDIE

Yeah, that's what happens when you buy security cameras at the Swap Meet.

JACK

Yeah, well, can you find someone who can improve the clarity?

EDDIE

I can prob'ly sniff someone out.

JACK

Good man.

Jack gives Eddie a pat on the back. The two smile.

EDDIE

Frank told me all your fishing stories. The one where you were nabbed for stealing from lobster traps. Up by Paradise Cove.

JACK

We couldn't come home empty-handed.

(smiling, shaking his head)

That was my first time in jail.

EDDIE

(laughing)

You took the blame for that, too, didn't you?

JACK

I tried. I saw the cops storming the pier so I dropped Frank off the side of the boat. He hid behind this buoy for two hours and got away. But then what does Mr. Honor Roll do? Tells our dad. He took Frank straight to jail and make the cops keep us both overnight.

The two share a laugh. Suddenly --

Ajit bursts back in the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

What is it?

AJIT

They're back.

INT. HALF MOON - STEADY ON JACK

He moves through the bar on a mission.

EXT. HALF MOON BACK ALLEY - JACK'S DOORWAY POV

A white Mercedes parked diagonally. The back seat window behind the driver goes down, and a bald MAN WITH GLASSES sticks his head out.

MAN WITH GLASSES

Jack?

QUICKLY TO JACK

Ajit and Eddie stand deep in the b.g.

JACK

Tried using your name at Hollywood Park today, Thorpey. They almost threw me out.

THORPEY (MAN WITH GLASSES)

I'd like a word with you, Jack.

JACK

That's nice.

THORPEY

It's important.

JACK

Fine. You stay in the car. I'll come out and listen.

Jack stops at a safe distance.

THORPEY

I've been asked to give you this.

Thorpey has a ticket envelope. Jack cautiously grabs it.

JACK

Hope I warrant first class.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THORPEY

You got it. American Airlines.
Nonstop back to the Big Apple.

JACK

That's mighty generous of someone.
Who do I have to thank?

THORPEY

You can thank me. Hop in and
we'll give you a lift to L.A.X.

JACK

What happens if I miss this
flight?

THORPEY

(smiling)

What're you doin', Jackson?
Nailing the old broad again?

The FAT DRIVER grows impatient. Jack grows angry.

FAT DRIVER

Let's stop fucking around.

THORPEY

Get in the fucking car, Jack.

Seemingly compliant, Jack nods. He then rips the ticket
and throws it at the Mercedes.

JACK

I've never been big on planes.

FAT DRIVER

You stupid shit.

The Fat Driver moves to get out. Jack violently kicks
the door, smashing the driver's head through the door
window. Knocked out cold, his foot floors the gas.

The CAR BATTERS into a retaining wall. The man in the
front seat ejects through the windshield and bounces off
the hood in a shower of glass.

From the back seat, a bodyguard bounds out. Jack
charges. The bodyguard reaches for his gun and Jack
hammers a fist into his sternum. Bodyguard buckles to
his knees and FIRES a stray SHOT. Jack kicks the gun
into some bushes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thorpey tries to escape but Ajit trips him and he falls forward onto his chest. Thorpey looks up and goes for his pistol.

THORPEY

You little raghead fuck.

Ajit turns and runs. Thorpey FIRES OFF THREE SHOTS as Ajit dives safely behind a trash dumpster.

Thorpey takes off on foot and Jack moves to aid Ajit.

JACK

You okay, kid?

Jack shakes him out of his shock. Finally --

AJIT

Go kill that sonofabitch.

Jack quickly goes after him.

EXT. VENTURA BLVD. - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Thorpey hauls ass down the sidewalk. Jack follows, .45 at the ready. Thorpey gauges a break in traffic and darts into the street.

Caught by surprise, Jack follows. A Pink Dot delivery car jumps the curb to miss him and smacks a parked car.

Thorpey races into incoming traffic. CARS SCREECH to a halt and collide. Jack capitalizes and bounds after. They snake through a maze of stopped cars, Jack hot on Thorpey's tail --

A car door flies open. Jack drops with a thud.

GUY IN CAR

Hey, asshole! Stay outta the --

He stops and ducks back inside as Jack rises, gun raised. Jack continues onto the far sidewalk.

Thorpey dodges pedestrians, approaching a patio setting. Jack pounds onward.

Thorpey pinballs through patio tables. Bumping chairs. Spilling hot coffee. Bohemian patrons cry out. A man stands up, yells after Thorpey. Jack dodges him and knocks over a table.

Thorpey disappears into a store. Jack follows.

INT. BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Jack enters to the sounds of THEFT PROTECTION DEVICES and confused employees.

SHOTS RING OUT from the comedy section. Jack ducks behind the counter. WINDOWS SHATTER, people scream. Jack scrambles through an aisle towards the rear. He straightens and crosses into --

Another aisle. Jack pans the gun both ways. No Thorpey. Jack looks at a frightened woman on the floor. Using only her eyes, she directs Jack farther over. ANOTHER SHOT blows past as Jack moves into an empty aisle.

Out of bullets, Thorpey runs down the back corridor and through the exit door at the end. Jack follows.

An employee stands amongst a scattering of tapes, shaking in his newly-pissed pants. Jack pushes out the door.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME TIME

Thorpey tosses the gun and disappears around the corner. Jack sees this and pursues.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Thorpey heads in a new direction: across the street and between two buildings.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB ALLEY - ROPED-OFF ENTRANCE

Three wasted older men smoke and talk in rapid French. Thirty more trying to get the doorman's attention.

Thorpey weasels past all of them, amazingly unseen.

Jack makes his way over and is immediately pulled back by a bouncer. Mistake. Without hesitation, Jack fists his esophagus and the Bouncer falls to his knees. Jack gives him a "don't fucking ever grab me" look and enters.

People in line take advantage and steal inside.

INT. CROWDED NIGHTCLUB - JACK'S POV

He makes his way THROUGH a thousand patrons throbbing to TECHNO MUSIC. No sign of Thorpey. An EFFEMINATE GUY sidles to Jack.

ANOTHER ANGLE

EFFEMINATE MAN
Are you --

JACK
No.

Jack ignores the man's wounded look, looks to his left, and spots Thorpey moving into another room.

INT. LOUNGE - COUCH ROOM - SAME TIME

Jack dodges the drug-induced patrons and opens the door to a booze storage closet.

QUICKLY TO Thorpey. He sits on a case of Scotch, out of breath.

JACK
It seems you're out of shape,
Thorpey.

THORPEY
Jesus Christ!

Jack calmly sits right next to him. Finally --

JACK
Who killed Frank?

THORPEY
I don't know.

Jack elbows Thorpey hard in the gut.

JACK
Lie to me again and I'll put your
brains in a snifter.

THORPEY
I swear to God, Jack, I don't
know!

JACK
Who's picking up the tab then?

Suddenly, the BOUNCERS storm inside. Jack stares upwards, crazed.

BOUNCER
You're outta here, fuckhole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The first Bouncer grabs Jack and hits him in the same exact location. Once again, the Bouncer drops like a sack of potatoes.

Another guy rushes Jack. This time, Jack grabs an arm, turns and breaks it at the elbow. The man screams as Jack turns back to Thorpey.

He just stands there frozen, a Jim Beam bottle at the ready. Gently, Thorpey sets it down.

EXT. CLUB - BACK ALLEY

Police commotion in the street b.g. Jack exits with Thorpey in tow.

JACK
Heel, Thorpey, before I snap your neck.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALF MOON - JACK'S POV

He spots police officers, ambulances, and a fire truck at the far end of the alley. Ajit spots Jack near a trash bin, slips away from a non-attentive officer and makes his way over.

TIGHT ON THORPEY

Thorpey makes eye-contact with the back seat bodyguard as he gets nursed by a paramedic. The guard knows there's a problem and prepares himself to follow.

JACK (O.S.)
Don't you have a place around here?

QUICKLY TO Ajit. He looks ready to kill Thorpey.

AJIT
Yes. Come with me.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jack and Thorpey follow Ajit up some stairs to a door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AJIT

I told you it was close by.

Ajit goes inside and the two men follow.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Paintings and artifacts of Hinduism. Various swords and scimitars are displayed on the wall. Decorated by someone who takes his culture very seriously.

Ajit puts on some funky, yet disturbing, BHANGARA MUSIC. Jack takes it all in as Ajit walks into the kitchen.

Ajit returns with a dicing knife. He walks up to Thorpey and stabs him viciously in the arm.

AJIT

You shoot at me, you die!

Thorpey wails as Jack restrains the young man.

JACK

Jesus Christ! Calm down, kid.
Calm down. You calm?

Ajit nods and smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - TIGHT ON THORPEY - LATER

Hands tied and arm bleeding, he sits in a chair with a pathetic expression. The MUSIC BLARES loud in the b.g.

THORPEY

It was some guy your brother knew
closely! He...!

Jack removes his .45 and Thorpey knows he's serious.

THORPEY

I can't remember his name! It's
B-something! Black guy, tough
face, white wife!

Jack gives him a long "don't fuck me" look.

THORPEY

I'm telling you the fucking truth
here, Jack! Jesus Christ! He
owns a bar -- !

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack knocks Thorpey out and turns towards Ajit.

JACK
Do you have a gun here?

AJIT
No, but we have a few swords.

Ajit points to the scimitar display.

JACK
No, that's not good enough.

AJIT
You'd be surprised.

Jack reluctantly gives Ajit his ankle handgun. The Heckler and Koch 9mm.

JACK
All right. This is an H and K P-7. The safety's in the handgrip here. If you have to fire, give this a squeeze first.

AJIT
Gladly.

Thorpey doesn't look so happy. Ajit does.

CUT TO:

INT. OLDSMOBILE - JACK'S POV - NIGHT

The house where he dropped Doreen off earlier. Dark green Suburban now in the drive. Two shadowy figures move away from the upstairs curtains.

STEADY ON JACK

He exits, draws his gun and walks towards the house, always with purpose. He goes through the side gate and around to the back.

EXT. BACK YARD PATIO - JACK'S WINDOW POV

He watches Cliff Brumby hurriedly put on his shoes. He and his wife Susan appear to be having some kind of an argument as they storm out the door. Jack follows them.

EXT. FRONT DRIVEWAY - DARK GREEN SUBURBAN

It flies back in reverse and SCREECHES down the street. Jack quickly jumps in the Olds.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - MOVING

Hot on the tail of the speeding Suburban. It climbs a freeway on-ramp. Jack accelerates and follows.

CUT QUICKLY TO:

EXT. AJIT APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

The back seat bouncer, whom Thorpey made eye-contact with earlier, makes his way up Ajit's stairwell.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 60 - MIDNIGHT

Pitch black outside. The Olds follows the Suburban at a distance.

CUT QUICKLY TO:

INT. AJIT BEDROOM - TIGHT ON AJIT

He clasps Jack's 9mm, despite being asleep in his chair.

PAN QUICKLY TO Thorpey. Wide-eyed, he watches the boy snooze.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. OLDSMOBILE - JACK'S POV

The Suburban taillights plow through the darkness. A sign on the right reads: "PALM SPRINGS - 5 MILES."

JACK

checks his speedometer. The needle wavers at 90 MPH. Jack looks up and the Suburban is gone.

Then he sees it: Atop a freeway off-ramp, the Suburban makes a right. Jack quickly cuts over.

CUT QUICKLY TO:

INT. AJIT BEDROOM - THORPEY

He is freed of his ropes by the back seat bodyguard. Bodyguard signals for Thorpey to quietly exit behind him. Thorpey presses his wound, winces and shakes his head.

Instead of escaping, he creeps towards Ajit and the gun.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Jack follows the Suburban on a series of turns.

The Suburban enters through an electric gate. The gate closes shut and the Olds barely makes it through.

CUT QUICKLY TO:

INT. AJIT APARTMENT - THORPEY

He holds onto his breath as the FLOOR CREAKS. Ajit stirs. Thorpey looks up and brightens: On a nearby wall is a long, curved scimitar.

Thorpey moves for the sword and pulls it from the wall.

Ajit awakens.

Thorpey whirls, sword high. Ajit blinks, raises the 9mm.

Thorpey brings the sword down --

TIGHT ON GUN

It clatters to the floor in a spray of blood. Ajit's high-pitched SCREAM.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY STREET - DOZENS OF CARS

Both sides of the street are decorated with cars. LOUD MUSIC ECHOES throughout the entire neighborhood.

JACK'S POV

He NOTICES a crowded house part in the distance. The Suburban slams its brakes in front of the party. Brumby storms into the house, Susan in tow.

INT. LARGE PALM SPRINGS HOUSE - POOL PARTY

A diverse ethnic crowd. A DJ BLARES HIP-HOP MUSIC. High school teens dance, drink, smoke, swim and make out.

TIGHT ON BRUMBY AND SUSAN

They stare from the door-well.

SUSAN
Oh, my God...

BRUMBY
Jesus fucking wept!

Brumby makes his way through the mayhem.

SUSAN
Honey!

BRUMBY
Where's my daughter?! Michelle
Brumby, you best show yourself!

He grabs a DRUNK KID.

BRUMBY
I know you! Where's my daughter?!

DRUNK KID
Oh, ah, I think she's in the
poolhouse.

BRUMBY
The poolhouse!

DRUNK KID
With Jimmy.

BRUMBY
With Jimmy!

He storms out back, presumably to strangle Jimmy.

PAN QUICKLY TO the front door. Jack takes a conspicuous path into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - KEG

Three testosterone-pumped boys surround it. They look at Jack, pretty much like they want to kill him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
I'm looking for Mr. Brumby. Did
you see where he went?

They just stare.

JACK
Did he go upstairs?

No response. After a long beat --

JACK
Wait. I know. I'm supposed to be
scared.

Jack smiles, grabs a cup, and fills himself a beer.

JACK
(taking a sip)
Sorry, but... I ain't your
ordinary white guy.

Jack looks around the party. Finally --

YOUNG PUNK #1 (O.S.)
He ain't here, Cracker.

Jack faces the young men.

JACK
Come again?
(off no response)
Do us all a favor. Stay in
school.

Jack smiles and leaves them dumbfounded.

INT. STAIRCASE - JACK'S POV

He makes his way through the insanity. He peeks inside a
room, only to find a couple intertwined.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - TIGHT ON DOREEN

A YOUNG MAN sits next to her, in full scam mode.

YOUNG MAN
I dig you a lot, Doreen. I think
I've kinda like, made it clear,
haven't I?

She nods as he touches her hair. She moves slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG MAN

And I want you to know that I'm like, here for you. I fuckin' can't imagine what I'd do if my old man kicked it.

He moves in for the kiss. She pulls back.

YOUNG MAN

Jesus, Doreen.

DOREEN

I'm sorry.

Doreen exits, leaving him to guess where he went wrong.

EXT. BATHROOM - TIGHT ON DOREEN

She stares into the mirror and cries.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME TIME

A group of people cavort on the stairwell. A miserable Doreen moves through them.

DOREEN

Any of you guys driving back tonight?

BOY

Sorry, Doreen.

DOREEN

Lisa, are you heading back?

JACK (O.S.)

I am.

PAN DOWN TO Jack. He stands below the stairwell. He offers an assuring smile.

EXT. STREET - OLDS

Jack opens the door. Doreen gets inside and lies down. She closes her eyes and goes to sleep.

JACK

Just rest here for a few minutes and I'll be right back. Everything's going to be just fine, Doreen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG PUNK #1 (O.S.)
Fine, my ass, motherfu--

Jack whirls and disarms the kid from the kitchen before he can even finish the word "motherfucker." He raises the gun at the kid and his two friends.

JACK
 Run.

They scatter across the lawn.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CROWD

Brumby drags his daughter Michelle to the DJ table.

MICHELLE
 Daddy! You said I could invite people out here!

BRUMBY
 People! Not your whole damn school!

He pushes the DJ aside, scratching the record. Everyone stops. He grabs the microphone.

BRUMBY
 Get the hell out of my house!

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY BRUMBY HOUSE - LATER

A drunk kid holds onto the staircase rail. Susan and Michelle try to help him. Brumby isn't so caring.

BRUMBY
 You think you're special? Flee.

MICHELLE
 He's too drunk, Daddy.

BRUMBY
 He's not drunk. He's just tired!

SUSAN
 Honey, he can't drive. He's gonna hafta stay the night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUMBY

Not in this house! Take the golf
cart and dump his ass on the
McGee's front lawn up the street.

Susan and Michelle help the kid through the door and into
the garage, leaving Brumby just standing there.

He assesses the damage and stifles a curse.

BRUMBY POV

Framed by the light, Jack stands in the door well.

JACK

Getting me over to the Half Moon
and taking the low road was a
smart move.

BACK TO SCENE

BRUMBY

What are you doing here?

QUICKLY TO BRUMBY

Pissed as all hell, he approaches.

BRUMBY

I asked you a fuckin' question,
man. You following me?

JACK

What did he have on you?

BRUMBY

Excuse me but... has everybody
lost their fucking minds tonight?!
It's two o'clock in the goddamn
morning!

Jack punches Brumby in the stomach and he falls to his
knees, out of breath.

JACK

You had him killed, didn't you?

BRUMBY

Who?! Frank!? Are you out of
your fucking mind, man?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Had a little run-in with your boy
Thorpey earlier tonight.

BRUMBY

My boy who?

Jack puts his piece to Brumby's head.

BRUMBY

Goddamit, Jack, let's talk about
this! Who's Thorpey?!

Jack's face is a blank mask.

BRUMBY

Who's Thorpey, goddamit!?
(as Jack looks
hesitant)

A lot of fuckers want me dead,
see! So read between the lines
here! If you off me because some
guy told you, that's the oldest
trick in the book! His hands stay
clean, they sit back and watch,
and we're both fucked! What were
you doing?! Were you
interrogating him?! Did he not
give me up directly?! Please,
Jack, don't shoot! He's buying
time! Frank was my only true and
loyal friend and I miss him more
than you will ever know! That's
the truth!

Tears form in both their eyes.

BRUMBY

On my daughter, Jack! Please!

Jack thinks to himself and finally lowers the gun.
Brumby breathes a sigh of relief.

BRUMBY

Fuck you for pulling this shit in
my house. Next time you wanna
question my loyalty to someone,
just shoot and ask for forgiveness
later.

(after a long beat)

You've been played, man. And I'm
the motherfucking sucker. Now get
out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack stares at him, turns and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DINER - DARKNESS

Jack makes a call but no one answers. He sighs and walks back inside.

INT. DINER - PLATE OF FOOD

WIDER as Doreen sits across from it with a disgusted look on her face. The WAITRESS refills Doreen's coffee.

JACK
(to the Waitress)
We gotta get out of here.

WAITRESS
I'll get your check.

DOREEN
What the hell is that?

Jack eats in the meantime.

JACK
Those are egg whites, that's
steamed spinach, and that there's
a grilled chicken breast.

DOREEN
Egg white and spinach? Please
tell me you're joking.

JACK
What do you mean?

DOREEN
It's four o'clock in the morning.
You're supposed to be having a
sourdough bacon cheeseburger.

JACK
No no no. I don't eat red meat.

DOREEN
You don't eat red meat? What kind
of man are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

A smart one. Don't you watch
'Oprah'?

Doreen looks at Jack and smiles.

DOREEN

You should move back out here.

JACK

Los Angeles? No thank you.

DOREEN

What? You got a lot of friends
back in New York?

JACK

No. That's not it all.
(after a long beat)
You can't get a drink past two...
girls call each other 'dude'..
flip-flops are considered
fashion --

DOREEN

It's a part of our culture.

JACK

Your culture is Wolfgang Puck.
You don't even have seasons.

DOREEN

You mean sweating like a pig in
the summer and freezing your tits
off in the winter?

The two laugh.

JACK

It's called a White Christmas.
F.A.O. Schwartz, ice skating in
Rockefeller Plaza, snowballs...

DOREEN

When have you ever gone ice
skating? I'd pay money to see
that one.

The two share a laugh.

DOREEN

What do you do for a living?

Jack looks over to the Waitress and taps his watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOREEN
(waiting for answer)
Uncle Jack?

JACK
What did your dad tell you?

DOREEN
Nothing. I wasn't allowed to ask
about you.

JACK
Well, there you go then.

DOREEN
My mom says you're a compulsive
gambler.

JACK
You're only compulsive when you
lose.

DOREEN
So you make a lot of money?

JACK
Enough.

DOREEN
More than a million?
(no response)
More than two million?

JACK
Doreen, didn't your dad teach you
it's impolite to ask about
someone's income?

DOREEN
Yes, but... I'm curious how you do
it. I mean, like, what's the
process?

JACK
You don't want to hear this,
Doreen.

DOREEN
Yes, I do. Come on. Tell me.

The Waitress finally drops off the check and Jack pulls
out his money roll. Doreen stares at it in disbelief but
doesn't say anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Do you know what a 'bookie' is?

(as she nods)

Well, the way it works is I have an 800 number people can call if they want to place a bet. Rather than using names, they are designated a personal code. The people then call message recorders, which are set up in an empty apartment, and the person leaves a message saying their code, who they want and for how much. My people retrieve the messages and I bankroll it. Pretty simple.

DOREEN

So you never go to the apartment?

JACK

Never.

DOREEN

So you never get your hands dirty?

JACK

Almost never. I've had a few brushes. But don't tell your mother.

Doreen sips her coffee as Jack takes another bite.

DOREEN

Have you ever killed anyone?

JACK

Why would you ask me that? Come on, we have to go.

Jack stands and Doreen walks with him.

STEADY ON the two as they make their way outside.

DOREEN

Answer me.

JACK

No, I've never killed anyone. Everyone seems to pay up.

DOREEN

Would you ever kill anyone?

The two exit the diner.

EXT. OLDS

Jack opens her door. Doreen looks serious. Jack smiles and shakes her head.

JACK

Our father instilled something in your Dad and I. He used to say the only way to keep the devil away from your door is to always offer others a second chance. So far I've been fortunate. Now get in.

She gets in the Olds and Jack slams the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAYBREAK

The Oldsmobile slices west on the highway, back to L.A.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - JACK AND DOREEN

Doreen can only stare at him.

DOREEN

You're so much like him. Your mannerisms, your facial expressions...

(as Jack smiles)

The fact that neither of you will step foot on an airplane.

(as Jack looks over)

He told me and my mom all about that one. How you guys held hands... how you dropped five thousand feet before the pilot pulled you out of it. I think I would've killed myself.

JACK

It was the worst feeling in the world, being helpless like that. Having to rely on someone you can't see.

DOREEN

You don't see the train conductor.

JACK

Yes, but I'm on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She nods, laughs, and glances east to catch the first rays of sunlight. After a long moment of silence --

DOREEN
I don't think he died
accidentally.

JACK
What? Why do you say that?

Doreen is silent. Jack pulls over to the side of the road and throws the Olds into "Park."

JACK
Doreen, tell me why you think
that. Does this have anything to
do with your mother?

Doreen stares at him, shakes her head and tears form.

DOREEN
I don't know. I just do.

She breaks into tears. Jack slides over in the seat and consoles her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GLORIA' GARAGE

The door automatically closes. Jack carries a sleeping Doreen to the front door.

INT. DOREEN'S BEDROOM - TIGHT ON JACK

He tucks Doreen in and watches her sleep. He turns to a CREAK behind him.

QUICKLY TO Gloria. A sexy nightie and a baseball bat.

GLORIA
(angry)
Have yourself a good time last
night?

JACK
(smirking)
I even brought a girl home.

Gloria looks to the bed and sees Doreen. She puts the bat down and sits beside her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLORIA

Is she okay?

JACK

She's just tired.

Gloria caresses her face and kisses her. Jack and Gloria make their way out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - JACK AND GLORIA

They stand face-to-face and whisper.

JACK

I have this feeling you're not being entirely honest with me.

GLORIA

What do you mean?

JACK

What was he into that you haven't told me about yet?

GLORIA

Who? Frank?

JACK

Yes. There was something he was hiding, Gloria. And I think you might know what it is.

GLORIA

Oh, I do. You know what? Get the hell outta here. What are you saying? That I was involved in killing my husband!

JACK

You know I didn't mean it like that!

GLORIA

Well, that's what it sounded like!

JACK

I know. And I'm sorry. I just...

GLORIA

You know, I think it's about time for you to leave, Jack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack locks eyes with Gloria. After a long stare-off, he nods his head.

JACK
Would you mind if I cleaned myself
up first? I've got blood on me.
(as she looks
skeptical)
I'll be outta here in ten minutes.
(as she finally nods)
Thank you.

Jack makes his way into the bathroom.

GLORIA
No, that shower's clogged. You'll
have to use mine.

INT. GLORIA'S BEDROOM - JACK

Towel around waist, he passes Gloria on his way into the bathroom. She watches him close the door behind him and looks at his folded pile of clothes and holsters.

INT. BATHROOM - JACK

turns on the shower faucet. As steam starts to billow, he stares into his reflection in the glass door.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAY VOLVO - EARLY MORNING

The car speeds through a yellow light.

INT. VOLVO - SAME TIME

Two unseen men head down the street. The gloved passenger produces a .357 Magnum and spins on a silencer.

INT. BATHROOM - JACK

steps into shower.

INT. VOLVO - SAME TIME

Hands discharge the magazine and shove shells into it.

INT. BATHROOM - SHOWER

Jack soaps up.

EXT. GLORIA'S VALLEY SUBURB HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The Volvo pulls parallel to the house and the still unseen men now put on black ski masks.

STEADY ON PASSENGER

He steals across the lawn, gun ready. At the front door, he presses the silencer tip to the LOCK and SHATTERS it. He creeps inside.

INT. BATHROOM - SHOWER

Jack wets his hair.

INT. DOREEN'S BEDROOM - SKI MASK POV

The man studies Doreen sleeping. He decides against taking her out and heads for the stairs.

INT. BATHROOM - TIGHT ON JACK

He lathers his hair.

INT. GLORIA'S BEDROOM - TIGHT ON GLORIA

She opens her eyes and sees the ski-masked man. Her scream is quickly stifled with a gloved hand.

INT. SHOWER - MIRROR

Jack stops washing his hair, thinking he heard something.

INT. GLORIA'S BEDROOM - TIGHT ON SKI MASK

He points his gun in Gloria's face. He warns her to be quiet, yanks her up by the hair, and heads for the bathroom. Gloria suddenly understands...

GLORIA

Jack!!!

The man violently pistol whips Gloria twice to the face and she falls to the floor, bleeding and unconscious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He steps over Jack's clothes and kicks in the bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Ski mask FIRES GUNSHOTS into the RUNNING SHOWER. GLASS SHATTERS and steam pours out into the room, revealing... an empty shower stall.

To the left is an open window.

INT. BATHROOM WINDOW - SKI MASK POV

A wet and naked Jack recovers from his two-story fall and turns to the back of the house. Ski mask FIRES off FIVE ROUNDS, forcing Jack to the front.

Ski mask ducks back inside the window.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - SKI MASK DRIVER POV

Jack turns the corner and Driver FIRES SHOTS through the passenger window. Jack instinctively turns back to the other side.

INT. DOREEN'S BEDROOM - TIGHT ON DOREEN

She screams and hides behind the bed.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - STEADY ON JACK

He quickly looks up to the bathroom window. Nothing now. Shampoo running into his eyes, he makes a break for the office.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - OFFICE WINDOW

Jack whirls a potted palmetto through the sliding glass doors and enters.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

He looks to the closet and remembers that his clothes and gun are upstairs. Ignoring FOOTSTEPS, Jack reaches into the sofa bed, pumps the shotgun and whirls it toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ski Mask turns the corner and FIRES SHOTS.

The two bullets take out a lamp and a desk drawer.

Jack BLASTS TWICE and the wall explodes in a shower of plaster. The man retreats. Jack pumps, FIRES, and follows in a fit of frenzy.

EXT. STREET - FRONT DOOR POV

Ski mask runs for the CAR, dives through the open door, and the driver SCREECHES off.

A bare-ass Jack aims and FIRES multiple SHOTS at the car until it disappears.

He walks back inside the house as neighbors freak out.

INT. DOREEN'S BEDROOM - TIGHT ON DOREEN

She's under the bed, terrified.

JACK (O.S.)

Doreen!

She peeks out. Jack peers in from the hall.

JACK

You okay?

DOREEN

I think so.

JACK

Okay. Call an ambulance.

She starts to crawl from the bed, confused.

INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM - STEADY ON JACK

Towel now around his waist, he enters to find Gloria on the carpet, her face covered in blood. Jack appears at her side and elevates her head.

JACK

I'm here, Gloria.

Jack towels the blood from her features.

JACK

You're safe now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hand over her mouth, Doreen appears in the doorway.

JACK
Did you call an ambulance?

Doreen's in shock.

JACK
I'll do it. You crouch down here
and hold her head, just like this.
Doreen?!

She snaps out of it.

JACK
I need you right now.

Doreen does as she's told and Jack grabs his clothes to make his way downstairs.

DOREEN
Wait... you better hide your
stuff.

He gives her a look and remembers his holsters.

TIGHT ON DOREEN

She turns back to her mother and a grim possibility dawns on her. Not both in one week.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - AMBULANCE

Two PARAMEDICs hurry Gloria up into the emergency vehicle. Doreen gets inside.

DOREEN
What hospital are we going to?

PARAMEDIC
Tarzana Medical.

She looks out to the driveway. Now dressed in a pinstripe Hugo Boss suit, Jack stands with two uniform police and looks to Doreen.

JACK
I'll see you there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the ambulance speeds away, the cops escort Jack to a squad car.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INVESTIGATION ROOM - EARLY MORNING

A black DETECTIVE RAYMER sits with Jack at a table.

RAYMER

Two men in ski masks shoot up your brother's home, put his widow in the hospital and you don't have the slightest clue as to why?

Jack turns from the two-way mirror.

JACK

Look, Detective...

RAYMER

Raymer.

JACK

I'm sorry I can't give you motive as to who wants my brains blown out.

RAYMER

So why the twelve gauge?

JACK

I was exercising my Constitutional right. How's that?

Detective Raymer shakes his head and tosses him a manila envelope.

RAYMER

Open it. Courtesy of the Palm Springs police department. Maybe you'll have a change of heart.

Jack dumps out the envelope.

TIGHT ON POLICE POLAROIDS

Graphic, bloody angles of Cliff Brumby and Susan in bed. Shot to pieces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAYMER

Eleven slugs were pulled from them. All from a .357. Matched the ones we pulled from your brother's house... matched the one we pulled out of your brother.

Jack locks eyes with Raymer.

JACK

They had a daughter.

RAYMER

Michelle. Yes. She's down the hall with our shrink. You know her?

JACK

She's a friend of the family.

RAYMER

Yeah, well, now hers is dead. Palm Springs police found her passed out, naked in a golf cart with some kid.

JACK

Did she see anything?

RAYMER

Yes, as a matter of fact, a gray, late model Volvo.

Jack stares at Raymer and goes through the photos.

Raymer looks to the mirror, pulls out his card and places it in front of Jack.

RAYMER

Get a sudden hunch? You can get me on any of those numbers. Anytime.

Jack nods and puts the card in his pocket. Raymer exits.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - POV

Someone watches a stone-faced Jack sift through the Polaroids. At a side door, two more detectives appear.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Jack looks up from the pictures. From the funeral, Detectives Simpkins and Voorhees now enter.

SIMPKINS

You were at Brumby's house just a few hours before the murders took place.

JACK

Yes, we've already been through that. Look, my only crime is firing a shotgun to protect my family.

Beat.

SIMPKINS

Why did you go to Jeremy Kinnear's house yesterday?

Jack is silent. After a long beat --

SIMPKINS

I think we're in agreement that the circumstances surrounding your brother's death were unusual, but --

JACK

-- Unusual?

VOORHEES

In any case, it's our job to worry about it. Not yours.

SIMPKINS

And from where I'm standing... you need to start looking out for number one.

Simpkins lifts a file folder.

SIMPKINS

FBI faxed over the dirty on you. Pretty extensive investigation they got going.

(after a beat)

You're smart, Jack, I'll give you that. But the feds... they're patient. And patience always prevails against the 'career criminal.' Federal prosecutors win 97 percent of their cases?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMPKINS (CONT'D)

Why? Patience. They don't go into a courtroom half-cocked like Marcia Clark. When you lose --

VOORHEES

(quickly interjecting)
And you will...

SIMPKINS

... you'll be sent to a federal prison like Marion or Lewisberg and do 85 percent of a federal sentence. That's mandatory.

VOORHEES

Big Brother doesn't risk taxpayer money on your recidivist ass.

SIMPKINS

No appeal. No time for good behavior. Life as you know it will end that day.

Knowing he's not getting much more from this particular inquiry, Simpkins shuts off the cassette recorder.

SIMPKINS

Can I offer some real advice? Not as a cop, but as a husband and a father?

(as Jack nods)

You've got a lot to lose. Whatever you're thinking, do yourself a favor and don't.

JACK

That's your impression of advice?

SIMPKINS

The attempt on your life signifies you're poking a sleeping bear. Doesn't take a park ranger to know that bear will eventually bite.

VOORHEES

So let us do our job and stay out of the fucking way.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

A silver Porsche Boxster waits for an exhausted Jack. The tinted driver's window slides down to reveal... Geraldine.

GERALDINE

Come on and let's go for a ride.

Jack looks skeptical.

GERALDINE

Trust me on this one, honey.

INT. PORSCHE - MOVING

He stares at her as she SCREECHES away.

JACK

How'd you know I was going to be here?

GERALDINE

Don't you know? I'm your fairy godmother.

She takes his hand and places it on the gearshift. Jack looks over and sees she's wearing a very short skirt.

Her sculpted legs scissor the accelerator and clutch. Jack shifts for her into second gear.

JACK

Take me to Tarzana Medical.

GERALDINE

Afterwards.

Geraldine drops the clutch. Jack shifts into third.

GERALDINE

I want you to kiss me, Jack. Down here.

She slides her skirt up with a lascivious smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY VIEW CONDO COMPLEX - DAY

The Boxster arrives at the gate.

INT. PORSCHE - GATE CLICKER

Geraldine returns it to her sun visor and grins at Jack. She wets her luscious lips. He moves toward her, but instead he reaches up and hits the clicker button.

She watches, stunned, as the gate slides back closed.

GERALDINE

What are you doing?

JACK

How did you come to pick me up at the station?

GERALDINE

What do you mean? I hear things.

JACK

Great. Then hear this. Tarzana. Medical. Center.

She shakes her head and throws it into reverse.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARZANA MEDICAL CENTER - LOADING ZONE

The Porsche stops. Jack tugs the keys from the ignition.

JACK

You've had plenty of time to make something up. Who told you I was at the police station?

GERALDINE

You're not serious.

JACK

I figure I had some kind of gang bang waiting for me in your apartment.

GERALDINE

(smiling in disbelief)
Gimme my keys and get the fuck outta here!

JACK

I hope you come out of this smelling clean, Geraldine. I really do.

GERALDINE

Get out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A hospital security GUARD looks inside the Porsche.

GUARD
Everything okay, miss?

Jack gives Geraldine her keys and exits the car.

GERALDINE
I called your cell phone and a
Detective Raymer answered. Does
that make any sense, asshole?

Geraldine SCREECHES off. Jack watches, feeling slightly
stupid.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - GLORIA

Still unconscious. Doreen sits bedside and watches a
doctor monitor vital signs.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
Minor concussion. We'll keep a
good eye on her and she'll be out
of here by morning.

PULL BACK to reveal: Jack, watching from an observation
window with a DOCTOR.

JACK
Are you going to be monitoring
her?

DOCTOR
No, I'm going on my fifteenth
hour. But I'll make sure she's
looked after closely.

JACK
Good man.

INT. GLORIA HOSPITAL ROOM - DOREEN

Jack puts his hand on Doreen's shoulder and whispers.

JACK
How you doing, soldier?

DOREEN
It's gonna be another hour before
the anesthesia even wears off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
 (nodding)
 I'm going back to the house to
 collect my stuff. Want to come?

Doreen doesn't have to say a word: she's staying.

Jack's proud look is interrupted by his CELL PHONE. He knows it isn't good news. It RINGS ominously.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TARZANA MEDICAL CENTER

Jack storms out and searches the parking lot for a cab. He fails to find one, but spies:

In a trenchcoat, the Doctor who treated Gloria climbs into a big new S-class Mercedes.

EXT. MERCEDES - DOCTOR

Weary, he puts the car in reverse, looks to his left, and starts to back up. PULL BACK to reveal: Jack's reflection off the side mirror. The Doctor rolls down his window.

JACK
 I hate to trouble you, Doctor...

CUT TO:

EXT. AJIT APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

Jack and the Doctor pull up in the black Mercedes. Eddie stands outside, smoking a cigarette with a hot stare.

EDDIE
 You're a blithering moron, y'know
 that?

JACK
 Yes.

The Doctor gives Eddie a confused nod as Jack escorts him up the stairs. Eddie follows.

EDDIE
 You gave him a pistol for
 fucksake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I thought it'd protect him.

EDDIE

How very fuckin' American of you!

They enter and close the door behind them.

INT. AJIT BEDROOM - LATER

The Doctor tends to Ajit, prone in bed, with a stump arm bandaged at his wrist. Nearby, family members stare at Jack from a bean bag, ready to kill. Eddie stands deep in the b.g.

The Doctor gives Jack a reassuring nod. Jack ignores the family and sits at Ajit's side. Ajit puts his free hand on Jack's shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDDIE'S OLD VOLKSWAGEN - MOVING

Eddie drives Jack. They sit silently. Eddie stops in front of Gloria's house and the parked Oldsmobile.

EDDIE

I presume all this has something to do with Frank.

Jack nods. Eddie understands.

JACK

If that's the case, you still interested in that security tape?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT (LITTLE VIETNAM) - OLDS

Jack parks before a very foreign storefront.

INT. ELECTRONICS SHOP (VIETNAMESE FAMILY STORE)

The Vietnamese owner stacks coffee mugs on a counter.

INT. BACK OFFICE - TEENAGER

LAO, a hardcore Vietnamese gang member, sits at the computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The tape plays on an adjacent television. Jack stares at the large monitor.

JACK

He's looking at something down on the bar. Right there. What is that? A cocktail napkin?

Lao nods and rewinds the image: Frank looks at the "napkin" on the bar.

JACK

Can you isolate it and blow it up on this thing?

Lao nods, his fingers dancing on the keys. On screen a blue box isolates the image and blows it up. Again.

Jack nods and just then, the palm-sized object comes into view. It's not a napkin.

JACK

It looks like a little mirror.

One last time. Jack stares closely at the screen.

LAO

No... it's round. It's a compact disc.

After a few seconds of deep thought, Jack stares at the kid with distinct revelation.

JACK

Or a C.D.-Rom.

LAO

(nodding)
Or a C.D.-Rom.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD LOT - STEADY ON JACK

He moves with purpose, the Operator and Bronson the Rottweiler follow closely behind.

JACK'S POV

The stripped Mustang.

BACK TO SCENE

Jack goes to the trunk and opens the trunk. He ejects the disc drive to the compact disc player. Inside, a Rolling Stones CD, Sinatra and blank disc with no inscription. Jack grabs it and SLAMS the TRUNK.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD OFFICE - TIGHT ON OPERATOR

He holds open his office door and Jack enters by himself. He nods and the Operator closes the door.

INT. OFFICE - JACK

He sits at the Operator's computer terminal, places the disc in the ROM player, and boots it up with the mouse.

TIGHT ON COMPUTER SCREEN

INT. LIMOUSINE INTERIOR - GRAINY POV

Geraldine sits back and addresses us.

GERALDINE (V.O.)

Welcome again. It's your favorite slut-bitch-whore, back for another round of Pussy Potluck.

INTERCUT WITH:

JACK'S EYES ONLY

GERALDINE (V.O.)

For those of you not in the know, this is where I go to an all-ages club here in the L.A. area... and take some unsuspecting toy home to sample my fine ass.

She then slips a vial in one of two champagne flutes.

GERALDINE

Are you hooked yet?

She then leans in and the screen GOES TO SNOW for a few seconds. A passage of time.

Then... she comes back to closeup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALDINE (V.O.)

(whispers)

Check out this sweet young thing.

Geraldine allows us to see someone climb into the limo.

We can almost see Jack's heart sink to his stomach.

Geraldine's "victim" sits looking at the velvet ceiling.

It's Doreen.

GERALDINE (V.O.)

Are... you attracted to me?

DOREEN (V.O.)

You're beautiful.

GERALDINE (V.O.)

Would you like to kiss me?

Geraldine senses Doreen's shyness and anxiety.

GERALDINE (V.O.)

It's okay. Maybe you want something to drink first?

Geraldine hands Doreen the drugged champagne flute. A quick toast and Doreen tilts back her glass --

QUICK FLASH - INT. KINNEAR'S GUEST HOUSE - BLACKMAIL ROOM

An all-too familiar setting.

Where Jack observed the blondes and Chinese businessman. Geraldine lies half-naked on the king-size bed.

GERALDINE

Come let mommy take care of you.

Doreen plops down. Drugged beyond coherence, beyond the grasp of what's to happen. Geraldine plants one on her.

This is tearing Jack apart.

Geraldine breaks the kiss and starts to undress the girl.

DOREEN

Is thisssss...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALDINE
 (a creepy smile)
 Homework, child.

Suddenly Cyrus appears, wearing only a predator's grin.

CYRUS
 I've been waiting.

Aggressively, Cyrus undresses and moves to Doreen.

EXT. JUNKYARD OFFICE - OPERATOR POV

He sneaks a glance at what Jack is watching.

TIGHT ON OPERATOR

Off the window's reflection, we see the man's shocked expression.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. VENTURA BOULEVARD - LATER

The Olds weaves through traffic. CARS noisily SWERVE to avoid him.

INT. OLDS - MOVING

Jack doesn't care. He's numb with hurt.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - VANITY MIRROR

In underwear and a bra, Geraldine straightens her hair with a curling iron.

Jack stands in the doorwell, the .45 dangling from his hand. The sight of Geraldine disgusts him.

JACK
 Tell me about the girl.

She meets his hard gaze off the mirror. In an attempt of composure, she shifts the subject.

GERALDINE
 How'd you get in here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

The young girl on the disc with you.

Jack slowly makes his way over to her.

JACK

Do you know her name?

GERALDINE

(terrified)

Her first name. Doreen.

JACK

You don't know her last name?

Geraldine hesitates before she shakes her head.

JACK

You lying whore!

Jack yanks her back by the hair and lifts the curling iron. She screams.

JACK

I'm only going to say this once...
I can be very cruel. I'm going to ask you questions, you're going to answer them. You follow a question with a question? You get burned like this.

Jack takes the curling iron to the soft spot of her neck and she screams in agony. He tightens his grip and restrains her.

JACK

As far as I'm concerned, you just drugged and raped my niece. My tolerance is exhausted. Doesn't matter if you're a man or a woman at this point.

(then)

How did Frank get the disc?

GERALDINE

I gave it to him!

Jack loosens his grip on her. Tears form in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALDINE

I didn't know it was his daughter!
I thought she was just another
girl looking to break in the
business! When guys find out what
I do, they try to bang me off the
bat. Tell their friends they
fucked a porn star. But not your
brother. He was sweet to me. He
was real. So when I found out how
young Doreen was... and who she
was... I couldn't live with
myself.

JACK

So you gave it to him?

GERALDINE

I wanted to... I was hoping...
(exploding in tears)
I didn't think he would go to the
cops!

JACK

What did you think!?! That he'd
watch his daughter get raped and
do nothing?!

GERALDINE

I don't know what the hell I was
thinking! Maybe I thought he
could save his daughter from
heading down the same path I did.
I don't know!

JACK

Who found her!?!

She balks. Jack moves the iron closer.

GERALDINE

Cyrus did! Jesus Christ! One of
those teen clubs. You met Cyrus.
The younger, the better.

JACK

Who else was there?

GERALDINE

Just me, Cyrus and Mike.

JACK

So those two killed Frank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALDINE

No.

JACK

Do you want to be dead, Geraldine?

GERALDINE

We were playing together all night, the night he was killed! It couldn't have been them!

Jack thinks to himself and closes his eyes.

JACK

Oh my God.

GERALDINE

What?

JACK

Nothing. Did Jeremy know that Frank was my brother?

(as Geraldine nods)

What did he say?

GERALDINE

Good.

This hits Jack like a sledgehammer. Jack nods.

JACK

Where does Cyrus live?

GERALDINE

I don't know.

(as Jack shakes her)

The only time I've seen him outside of Jeremy's is at Big Mike's!

Jack takes a moment and pushes a towel on her.

JACK

Finish getting dressed.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - GERALDINE

Shorts, sandals, blouse. With the coast clear, Jack pushes her outside. She locks the front door behind her, Jack looks off the balcony.

JACK'S POV

Up the street, behind the Olds, is a familiar black sedan.

BACK TO SCENE

He grabs Geraldine's keys and moves her to the elevator. The elevator's lights ascend. Jack yanks Geraldine into the stairwell.

The elevator opens and Detective Voorhees and Simpkins march to Geraldine's door.

VOORHEES
(knocking)
Police! Open up!

INT. DOWNSTAIRS GARAGE - BOXTER PORSCHE

Jack pulls out and hauls ass down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - PORSCHE

Jack and Geraldine pull up to an apartment complex.

GERALDINE
(pointing)
That's it. Number 402.

Jack pulls up short and exits. He walks around to the passenger side and yanks her out of the car.

He practically pulls her across the lawn and up to the main entrance.

INT. APARTMENT - TIGHT ON BIG MIKE

He makes a sandwich in shorts and knee brace. You can hear Madden and Summerall announce the football game on the b.g. TELEVISION.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - FRONT DOOR

Jack motions for Geraldine to knock and she does.

GERALDINE
Hello! Mike!

INT. APARTMENT - TIGHT ON BIG MIKE

He grabs a 9mm with silencer and looks through the peephole.

PEEPHOLE POV

Geraldine always looks ready for action.

GERALDINE

Open up, Mike. I need to see you,
honey.

TIGHT ON BIG MIKE

He grins like he's going to get laid.

BIG MIKE

Just a second, Geraldine.

He spruces himself in the mirror, leaves the gun on the counter, and opens the door.

BIG MIKE'S POV

Geraldine offers a dry smile. Jack darts forward.

BACK TO SCENE

Big Mike tries to slam the door but Jack wedges his foot inside.

Big Mike holds him off as best as possible. He looks back to the gun on the counter and stretches for it. He can't reach it. He lets go of the door and grabs the gun.

Jack barges through and grabs Big Mike's hand just in time to re-direct the barrel.

SILENT GUNSHOTS FIRE right into Geraldine's chest. She's blown back by the sheer force.

Jack and Big Mike wrestle over control of the gun, falling back into the kitchen.

Big Mike is winning the battle. The gun starts dropping down to Jack's head.

Then, Jack grabs Mike's sandwich knife off the counter. Jack jams the knife into Mike's bad knee and he screams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack then takes control of the gun and points it in Big Mike's painstricken face. Mike steps back into the living room.

JACK

Don't you know it's twenty years for even getting caught with a silencer?

BIG MIKE

I swear! I didn't do anything!

JACK

Haven't heard that one for about ten minutes now.

Big Mike looks terrified.

BIG MIKE

Please, man! Put the gun down!

JACK

You do know why I'm here, right?

Big Mike nods slightly.

BIG MIKE

I knew your brother from the Half Moon. But I wasn't there the night he was killed.

JACK

Of course you weren't.

BIG MIKE

Ask Geraldine!

They both back to the door. She lies in the doorway, dead.

JACK

She doesn't appear to be too reliable a witness. Where's your buddy Cyrus?

BIG MIKE

I don't know.

JACK

How about this? Tell me where he is, and I won't shoot you.

Jack sets the 9mm on a table. Big Mike brightens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIG MIKE

He's over at Kinnear's. The guest house, probably.

Jack puts on his gloves, grabs the knife, and walks towards Big Mike.

BIG MIKE

Come on, man!

JACK

Come on? You watched my niece get raped, right?

BIG MIKE

But you said -- !

JACK

I said 'I wouldn't shoot you.'

BIG MIKE

For Chrissake! I didn't kill him!

JACK

I know you didn't, Mike!

Jack stabs Big Mike in the chest and pulls the knife out. The large man screams, near death.

JACK

I know!

Jack stabs him again, this time leaving the knife in there. A gurgle of blood escapes from Big Mike's lips as he rolls on the floor.

Jack turns, grabs the 9mm/silencer and heads for the door. He then stops in his tracks, turns back around, and takes Mike's chauffeur hat with him. He puts it on, stares at himself in the mirror, and steps over Geraldine.

She lies in the doorwell in a bloody heap, her lifeless eyes still open.

JACK

It could have been nice, I guess.

CUT TO:

EXT. AJIT APARTMENT - OLDSMOBILE

Jack writes an address down on a piece of paper.

TIGHT ON ADDRESS

It reads, "204 Hellman Street."

BACK TO SCENE

Jack folds it, sticks it inside the lockbox of cash from the track, and walks up to the apartment.

INT. AJIT APARTMENT - UNCLE RAKESH

He sits with Ajit. Together, they open the lockbox and smiles drape across their faces.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - JACK

He sits bedside in the chair that Doreen occupied earlier and stares at a sleeping Gloria. Jack looks guilty. Suddenly, her eyes open. The two lock eyes.

GLORIA

I'm sorry, I...
(suddenly realizing)
You're not staying.

Jack shakes his head. After a painfully-long moment --

JACK

It's time.

GLORIA

What about our vacation? It could
be our second chance.

Her WORDS REVERBERATE in Jack's ear... as if the devil was on his doorstep.

JACK

Gloria... there never should've
been a first chance.

Gloria nods, but with tears in her eyes.

JACK

Don't forget me.

GLORIA

How? Every time I look at
Doreen...

Jack takes a long moment to compose himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
Don't do it, Gloria.

GLORIA
Don't do what?

JACK
Don't tell her.
(after a long
beat)
Doreen belonged to Frank.

GLORIA
Okay. I won't.

JACK
Promise me you won't.

GLORIA
I promise.

Jack kisses her on the forehead, pulls a letter from his jacket, and leaves it on the chair.

GLORIA
What is that?

JACK
It's for Doreen.

Gloria still looks after him as he exits.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Jack walks down the corridor, fighting emotion.

DOREEN (O.S.)
Hey!

Doreen stands there, a Coke and a bag of potato chips. The two make their way towards one another.

DOREEN
I was getting nauseous.

Jack studies her for a moment.

JACK
Doreen... I'm taking a little trip.

DOREEN
Now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack nods.

DOREEN
Will you be coming back?

He shakes his head.

DOREEN
Why not?

Jack thinks to himself and shrugs.

JACK
Keep a tight watch on your mom.

DOREEN
I will.

Jack looks deep into her eyes. Slowly, he moves his hand through her hair. She smiles. A different attitude.

DOREEN
Try and come back... if you can.

JACK
(a sad smile)
Keep me cold a double peanut
butter and chocolate on a sugar
cone.

DOREEN
I will.

They hug.

DOREEN
Good-bye, Uncle Jack. Take care.

JACK
Good-bye, Doreen.

She watches him all the way until he turns the corner.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JEREMY'S MANSION - AFTERNOON

The Olds drives by the entrance and Jack sees a security guard wave a Range Rover through the gates.

Dozens of cars in the driveway, Jeremy is apparently having a party.

Jack pulls around the far corner, parks, and puts on the hat. He stares at himself in the rearview and exits.

EXT. MANSION - WALL

Jack climbs over it and makes his way over to a large oak tree. He disconnects the photoelectric sensor and heads for the guest house.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - BANK OF MONITORS

The guard watching has no idea.

INT. JEREMY'S MANSION - PARTY

The FOOTBALL GAME PLAYS ON TWO BIG-SCREEN TVs. Guests dressed to the nines drink, mingle, and barely pay attention.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A beautiful MOM breast feeds her newborn baby.

Suddenly, the CORDLESS PHONE RINGS and she walks over to answer it.

MOM

Hello? Yes? Just a minute.

STEADY ON Mom. She walks through the kitchen and out through the back yard. She then goes into the garage located in the far back, still nursing her baby.

INT. BACK GARAGE - GRAY VOLVO

A man does some mechanical work underneath it.

MOM

Baby, someone's on the phone for you.

The husband reaches out and grabs the cordless.

INT. KINNEAR'S OFFICE - TIGHT ON JEREMY

He's on the phone, at the end of his rope. He looks out the window with the same pair of Nikon binoculars from the track. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY

What's the word on the fucking disc?!

(after a beat)

Well, where the hell is it? Rest easy?!

Jeremy listens to the man and puts down the binoculars.

JEREMY

I don't care if you took care of his bloody brother! Act like a professional and finish the fucking job! Unless your lovely new homemaker wants a new photo album.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO ROOM - CAMERAMAN #1/#2 FROM EARLIER

They work the camera like they are setting up a particular shot.

Suddenly, Cameraman #1 looks over. Terrified, he hits #2 to try and get his attention.

CAMERAMAN #2

What?

The man looks over. The two men stare, horrified.

TIGHT ON JACK

He stands there, points the GUN, and RATTLES OFF FOUR SHOTS.

INT. CONNECTING BEDROOM - TIGHT ON CYRUS

He smokes a clove and stares toward the Cameramen.

CYRUS

The problem isn't Jodie. It's your goddamn laziness. Try and understand... the object is for them to take control of her. We don't want them claiming fucking entrapment. But at the same time, I need to see their faces.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYRUS (CONT'D)

So that means if she's doin' him
doggie over here, you two are
going to have to quietly move the
camera.

Cyrus puts out his clove and approaches the mirror.

CYRUS

We can't even use that fucking
zipperhead because of you two.

From behind the mirror, a DISTORTED NOISE. A TAPPING.

CYRUS

Are you guys still there?

The TAPPING RESUMES. Cyrus looks to the two-way mirror
and sees it wobble and waver.

The mirror begins to curl, boil and melt.

CYRUS

What the fuck?

Finally, a giant TONGUE OF FLAME EXPLODES through. Cyrus
flies back into the bed.

Jack steps through the melted mirror.

CYRUS

Jesus fucking Christ!

Jack says nothing. And suddenly, Cyrus knows he's going
to die. After a few seconds, he smiles, defiantly.

CYRUS

I guess you never bothered to ask
her, did you?

JACK

What's that?

CYRUS

Whether or not she enjoyed it?

Jack unleashes a torrent of fire. Cyrus writhes as he
burns beyond recognition.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSE - TIGHT ON THORPEY

He arrives home and enters past an address plate that reads "204."

THORPEY

Anybody home?!

Confused, Thorpey goes into the kitchen and pours himself a glass of milk.

THORPEY

Hello?!

He turns into another room.

Standing there, a sword in his lone hand, is Ajit.

THORPEY

Son of a bitch.

He turns around to find --

Six Punjabi men. All armed with swords.

Ajit steps forward and puts the sword through Thorpey's back and out through the front.

BACK TO ADDRESS PLATE

as Ajit and the other men continue the devastation. The address number was from the letter Jack wrote him.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - PARTY

People drink, joke and watch football.

INT. OFFICE - JEREMY

enters. He walks to the Van Gogh painting, pulls it off, and reveals a safe.

JACK (O.S.)

I would've guessed the Picasso.

QUICKLY TO JACK

Still donning the hat, he points the gun at Jeremy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Go ahead and open the safe,
Jeremy. Let's see what you got in
there.

JEREMY

Jack, come on, put down the gun.

JACK

Open it.

Jeremy does the combination and opens it.

TIGHT ON SAFE

Jack looks in and pulls out five manila envelopes,
leaving the money behind.

Jack flips through them and looks up.

JACK

You got everyone in your back
pocket, don't you?

Jeremy shoots a glance to his desk and thinks about it.

JACK

Go ahead. Reach for the gun. It
might just save you the
humiliation.

JEREMY

Come on, Jack. Put it down.

JACK

You can't go around recruiting
little girls, Jeremy.

JEREMY

I'm sorry it happened, Jack. But
I didn't recruit anyone. And once
I discovered her age, I
immediately put a halt on it. I
didn't get to where I am by being
stupid.

JACK

Emotionally, physically,
sexually... she'll never be the
same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY

Please. Just put the gun away and let's talk about this. As gentleman.

JACK

As gentlemen? You killed my brother.

JEREMY

Hold on a second. I didn't kill anyone.

JACK

What does it matter if you actually pulled the trigger or not? You had the most to lose. You might not have gotten your hands dirty, but you picked up the bill.

Jeremy's feeling of total helplessness is obvious.

JEREMY

It's clear you're going to be pigheaded and not listen to anything I have to say!

JACK

Don't need to. As a poker player, you of all people know that everything is in the eyes.

Jack locks the office door and gestures to the corner.

JACK

Get over there and face the wall.

JEREMY

What can I do to convince you, Jack?

JACK

You can do what I say.

JEREMY

Fine.

(moving to the corner)

You want me to put on a 'dunce' cap?

JACK

No. Just get down on your knees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY

Jack, c'mon! You're not this stupid!

JACK

Get down on your knees!

Jeremy drops to his knees and whines.

JACK

Now I want you to picture something, Jeremy. Visualize, since that's what you're best at.

Jack stares at the back of Jeremy's balding head.

JACK

Imagine watching your little girl... your everything... on a computer screen. On it, you see her... drugged out of her mind... forced to engage in sex acts too hideous to mention. Now imagine it being done by people you know. Your supposed friends... who come into your bar all the time. And you know they can kill you. But you don't care. So at the first opportunity, justice in your guts --

JEREMY

-- drive to the cops rather than listen to reason!

JACK

Because there is no reason!
There's nothing to discuss!
(softening)
Except when you stop at that red light, you feel this...

Jack presses the gun muzzle to the back of Jeremy's head. Jeremy starts to cry.

O.S -- The SCREAMS of "Fire!" There's a warning KNOCK on the door but it quickly disappears.

JACK

And there's no mistaking what it is... what's going to happen. You know in the pit of your stomach... you are going to die.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

And that you have failed to defend
the person who needed you most.
Can you imagine having that
feeling?

JEREMY

Jack, please, I beg you!

JACK

Too late, Jeremy.

JEREMY

I'll give you everything I have!

JACK

It would never be enough. Time to
die... motherfucker.

TIGHT ON JACK

He PULLS the TRIGGER and Jeremy's body falls to the
floor. Silence.

Jack turns away with the envelopes and exits the office.

EXT. MANSION - JACK

slips out as the party goers watch the guest house burn
down to the ground. SIRENS ECHO from a distance.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

An officer drops the manila envelope down on a desk.

TIGHT ON DETECTIVE RAYMER

The first detective to question Jack.

RAYMER

(to the officer)

Hey? What is this?

The man shrugs and walks away.

The outside of the envelope reads "Det. Raymer -- LAPD."
He opens the envelope and looks through the 8x10 photos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAYMER

Holy shit.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. NICE HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Raymer walks up to it with four uniformed officers behind him. The Mom from earlier answers the door, half-asleep.

MOM

Pete? What's going on?

RAYMER

We need to see Scott, Susan.

MALE (O.S.)

Honey, who is it?

MOM

It's Pete Raymer, baby. Is everything okay?

INT. HOUSE - TIGHT ON DETECTIVE SIMPKINS

He stares at his wife and looks back to the garage.

SIMPKINS

Oh God. Tell him he can't come in.

MOM

Why not, baby?!

SIMPKINS

Just do it.

RAYMER

I've got a search warrant, Detective!

Simpkins runs towards the back of the house.

RAYMER

He's moving!

The Officers storm the house as Mom screams, terrified.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - TIGHT ON TELEVISION

A reporter speaks over Detectives Voorhees and Simpkins as they stand before a judge in prison garb.

On the news, they show the gray Volvo. The .357 Magnum. The 8x10 photos of Simpkins with Jodie and Geraldine (their faces blurred out, of course.) Stills of Kinnear, Big Mike, Cyrus, and finally, Frank.

A reporter does a "standup" to the camera in front of L.A. County Prison.

REPORTER (V.O.)

And tonight, the two veteran officers remain behind bars without bail. Reporting live from outside L.A. County Prison, Jennifer Stiles, Action News.

PULL BACK to reveal: Jack sitting at the bar.

JACK

(to the bartender)
Maker's Mark, please.

BARTENDER

Neat or on the rocks?

JACK

Come on, junior. You don't drink Maker's Mark on the rocks. You put it in a snifter.

BARTENDER

(smiling)
Whatever you say, sir.

Doreen walks up with a bag of stuff, sits beside him and smiles.

DOREEN

Are you nervous?

JACK

(sarcastically)
No, no, not at all.

Doreen smiles and puts her arm around him.

DOREEN

We're going to be fine.

JACK

(nodding)
Did you talk to your mom?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOREEN

Yeah.

JACK

What did she say?

DOREEN

Have a great time, I love you, see you in a week, yada yada yada.

The Bartender delivers the snifter and Jack downs it with one gulp. She knows he's scared to death.

DOREEN

Uncle Jack. Thousands of planes fly every single day, in every country, all across the world. How often do you hear about one crashing? Come on.

JACK

You're right.

(gesturing to the bag)

What'd you get?

She smiles and opens the bag.

DOREEN

All right. We got ear plugs and gum in case your ears start to pop. I got us specially-designed pillows that you can blow up... and I got magazines. Bazaar for me, GQ for you.

JACK

Don't they have pillows on the plane?

DOREEN

Yeah, but they suck. And who knows whose head was on them before yours.

JACK

All right. Do you want a Coke or something before we go?

DOREEN

They got 'em on the flight. C'mon, Uncle Jack! We're boarding! No more stalling!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack takes a deep breath, leaves a twenty on the bar, and walks off with Doreen.

BARTENDER

Thank you, sir.

INT. FLIGHT GATE - JACK AND DOREEN

They head through the crowd. She grabs his hand and smiles, excited.

DOREEN

I've never flown first class before.

JACK

Doesn't matter where you are if you crash.

DOREEN

You're going to be fine, Uncle Jack! Before you know it, we'll be ice skating at Rockefeller Plaza.

The two laugh, walk past everyone flying coach, and hand over their tickets. Slowly, but surely, they disappear down the ramp and get on the plane.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END