

Dirty Blue

written by

Wade Cox

1021 Homestead Drive
Salem, VA 24153
540-818-5807
Wade_cox@usa.com

FADE IN:

15 YEARS AGO

EXT. BOSNIAN WOODS - DAY

SUPER: 1992

HECTOR (LATINO, 19, CREW CUT, STOCKY) AND HIS BUDDY CARLOS (20, LATINO, CREW CUT, TALL AND THIN) ARE THE ONLY TWO AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

THEY ARE ON A MISSION TO DESTROY A SECRET CAMP.

HECTOR

Can you drop those two from here?

CARLOS

No problem.

HECTOR

Alright, wait until I'm in position.

I'm going to set the charges at the generator. Once that's done, I'll signal you. You drop the sentries, I blow the power, and we go in dark and silent.

CARLOS

Cool. I'll wait for your signal, then.

HECTOR

Yeah, you do that. This time, don't jump the gun.

CARLOS

Hey... it's me.

HECTOR

That's what I mean.

EXT. REMOTE BOSNIAN GUERRILLA OUTPOST - DAY

TWO SENTRIES, TINY (BIG, LONG HAIR) AND PETR (AVERAGE), EXIT THE DOOR OF THE BASE AND STEP OUTSIDE.

THEY EACH REACH INTO THEIR POCKETS TO GRAB THEIR CIGARETTES.

UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED, THEIR DIALOGUE WILL BE IN SERBIAN AND SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

TINY

Fuck! It's hot out here.

PETR

Yeah, this is even worse than
yesterday. Have you got a light?

EXT. BOSNIAN WOODS - DAY

HECTOR PLACES A PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE ON THE COMPRESSED AIR TANK THAT IS RUN BY THE GENERATOR.

CARLOS IS LEANED WITH HIS BACK AGAINST A TREE, CALMLY SMOKING A CIGARETTE.

HECTOR SPEAKS INTO THE HEADSET.

HECTOR

Carlos, cowboy up. It's go time.

CARLOS SMASHES OUT HIS CIGARETTE AND GETS HIMSELF SET.

CARLOS

I'm set.

EXT. REMOTE BOSNIAN GUERRILLA OUTPOST - DAY

PETR

So, what was this joke you were going
to tell me?

TINY

OK, a naked blonde walks into a bar
with a poodle under one arm, and a
two-foot salami under the other.

She lays the poodle on the counter.

The bartender says, "I guess you won't
be needing a drink with that?" The
naked lady says...

PETR'S CHEST EXPLODES INTO A BLOODY MESS AS TWO BULLETS FROM
CARLOS'S SNIPER RIFLE ENTER IT.

TINY (CONT'D)

(in English)

HOLY SHIT!

TINY DUCKS BEHIND A BARRICADE.

CARLOS LEAVES HIS SNIPER RIFLE WHERE IT IS AND GRABS HIS
SILENCED M-4, RUNNING TOWARD THE ACTION.

HECTOR AND TINY EXCHANGE FIRE, THEN HECTOR'S GUN JAMS.

TINY (CONT'D)

(in English)

Put down the gun.

TINY TAKES HECTOR HOSTAGE.

TINY (CONT'D)

(in English)

Looks like we have a standoff.

CARLOS SHOOTS TINY IN THE HEAD.

CARLOS

(in English)

No, we don't.

HECTOR

(in Spanish)

Nice.

CARLOS
(in Spanish)
You're welcome.

HECTOR
There's a second secret entrance
around back. Why don't you go that
way, and I'll go through the front.

CARLOS
Why don't you go that way? You're the
one who knows where it is.

THEY PLAY ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS. HECTOR WINS, SO HE GETS HIS
WAY.

HECTOR
Alright, I'm going to blow the power
in 30 (seconds).

CARLOS LOOKS AT HIS WATCH AS THE SECOND HAND CLIMBS TOWARD
12.

CARLOS
OK..... MARK!

CARLOS AND HECTOR BLOW THE POWER, GO IN DARK, AND KILL
EVERYBODY.

HECTOR
You alive, partner?

CARLOS
Yeah. Everybody else dead?

HECTOR
Yeah. Let's go.

OUTSIDE, CARLOS AND HECTOR CALMLY WALK BACK TO THEIR
RENDEZVOUS POINT SMOKING CIGARS, WHEN CARLOS STEPS ON A
BOUNCING BETTY.

HE IMMEDIATELY REALIZES IT AND STANDS MOTIONLESS.

CARLOS

Oh, fuck.

HECTOR

What's up?

CARLOS

Bouncing Betty.

HECTOR

What?! I thought we cleared this trail.

CARLOS

Well, I guess we missed one. Ain't this about a bitch? Come through this whole fucking op without a scratch and when I'm on my way home, I step on a fucking landmine.

HECTOR

Keep your shorts on, junior. I can disarm this.

HECTOR TRIES TO DISARM IT, BUT ONLY MANAGES TO BUY TIME.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

OK, when I say so, pick your feet up and run like hell. GO!

THE MINE SHOOTS UP AND EXPLODES HARMLESSLY.

EXT. DRUG DEALERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

A DILAPIDATED HOUSE SITS ON A NONDESCRIPT STREET.

AMID THE POLICE CARS IN THE DRIVEWAY AND ON THE STREET, AN UNMARKED SPORTS CAR PULLS UP BLASTING SOME REGGAETON.

DETECTIVE CARLOS VASQUEZ (NOW 47) STEPS OUT OF THE CAR.

CARLOS GREETES OFFICER MARTIN (30, PUDGY) ON THE WAY IN AND STEPS THROUGH THE CRIME SCENE TAPE INTO THE BLOODBATH INSIDE.

INT. DRUG DEALERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

CARLOS

Oye, Martin. What's the bad news?

THE HOUSE IS A WRECK.

OFFICER MARTIN

Beats the shit out of me. We did a sweep of the entire house. Looks like we got three dead bodies - probably a professional hit, from the looks of it.

CARLOS

What makes you say that?

CARLOS GRABS A PAIR OF LATEX GLOVES AND SLIPS THEM ON.

OFFICER MARTIN

The job's too clean to be an amateur. We've been here for half an hour now, and we haven't got shit to go on. We've got three sets of prints, and three dead bodies. I'll lay you odds that the prints match the vic's, not the killer.

CARLOS

Is it our KING SNAKE again?

OFFICER MARTIN

That'd be my guess.

CARLOS

That's just great. What's this, the third time he's hit somebody on our watch?

OFFICER MARTIN

Yeah, I think so. Whoever this vigilante bastard is, he's sure keeping us busy.

CARLOS

Yeah. So, where are these *pendejos*?

OFFICER MARTIN

We got one in the basement playing video games, another in the back bedroom, interrupted while he was apparently snorting some happy dust, and the third is in the kitchen, standing at the basement door. It's this way...

OFFICER MARTIN STARTS TO LEAD CARLOS TOWARD THE KITCHEN, BUT THEY ARE STOPPED BY A FAMILIAR VOICE.

CAPT. DUFFY (50, TALL AND LEAN) ENTERS THE DEN AND SPEAKS.

CAPT. DUFFY

DETECTIVE VASQUEZ! Took you long enough to get here. Did you stop for dinner?

CARLOS

Mierda, Captain. This place is out in the sticks. It's a little hard to find.

CAPT. DUFFY

So, where is your partner?

CARLOS

I talked to her on the phone a few minutes ago. She's stuck on the expressway and she'll be here shortly.

CAPT. DUFFY

You know, you two are supposed to show up together?

CARLOS

Sorry, Cap. We stopped dating about six months ago. Call it irreconcilable differences. What do you want from me? She's stuck in traffic!

CAPT. DUFFY

How about a little professionalism! Look like you belong here, try and act like a cop, and for once, show up with your damned partner!

CARLOS

I'll make a note of it.

CAPT. DUFFY

See that you do.

CARLOS TURNS AND RESUMES HIS WALK TOWARDS THE BODY IN THE KITCHEN.

CARLOS
(Out loud, but talking to
self)

OK, let's see what we've got here.

CARLOS WALKS OVER TO THE BASEMENT DOOR AND NOTES RANDY'S (40, BALD, BAR T-SHIRT) BODY. HE HAS BEEN SHOT TWICE IN THE CHEST.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Two in the chest. Nine millimeter,
from the looks of it.

OFFICER MARTIN
That's what I thought. Plus, the
bullets look like they go in at an
angle, so I would say he got shot from
the steps.

CARLOS
(Examines the bullet wounds)
That's good. You've been studying.
When are you supposed to take the
detective's exam again?

OFFICER MARTIN
Two weeks.

CARLOS
Good luck. You sound like you're
ready.

OFFICER MARTIN
Thanks.

CARLOS
Alright, where's the next one?

OFFICER MARTIN

Down the steps, Detective.

ONE COP IS TRYING TO DUST FOR PRINTS. ANOTHER IS
PHOTOGRAPHING THE SCENE.

CARLOS STOPS HALFWAY DOWN THE STEPS AND BENDS DOWN TO EXAMINE
TWO SPENT BRASS CASINGS.

CARLOS
(picking up the spent brass
and addressing everybody
within earshot)

Anybody bother to notice these? I'll
lay you odds they're from the two in
homeboy's chest.

COP #7 (CSI JACKET, NO UNIFORM) STOPS TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS AND
ACKNOWLEDGES CARLOS'S REMARK.

COP #7

Sorry, Detective. I guess we missed
them.

CARLOS GRABS AN EVIDENCE BAG, PUTS THE TWO SPENT BRASS
CASINGS IN IT, AND POCKETS THE BAG.

ONE OF THE OFFICERS RECOGNIZES HIM AND POINTS HIM IN THE
DIRECTION OF BENJI'S BODY (SHORT, TOO SKINNY, DRESSES LIKE A
BUM).

BENJI IS SLUMPED OVER ON HIS BED, SHOT ONCE IN THE HEAD.

OFFICER MARTIN
(Who has followed him down
the steps)

Yeah, the TV was on when we got here.

So was the video game. Apparently, he
was playing football.

CARLOS

Yeah. Was he winning?

OFFICER MARTIN

Actually, he was.

CARLOS

Too bad he didn't get to finish.

(Addressing anyone and no
one)

You guys didn't find any prints,
right?

COP #3

Not a one. Whoever did this was a
professional.

CARLOS

So, you said there's a third?

CARLOS TURNS HIS ATTENTION BACK TO OFFICER MARTIN.

OFFICER MARTIN

Yeah, upstairs where the Captain was.

In the back bedroom on the left.

CARLOS

Alright, I might as well go check him
out, too.

RANDOM COPS EXAMINE THE BROKEN LOCK.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

What's up with that door?

COP #2

Lock was jimmied. Looks like this is
how the killer got in, Detective.

UPSTAIRS IN THE BACK BEDROOM...

PATRICK (30, LONG HAIR AND PIERCINGS) LIES DEAD ON THE BED.

A .357 REVOLVER LAYS ON THE FLOOR.

CARLOS

This is a hell of a thing.

CAPT. DUFFY

Detective Vasquez... is that an
evidence bag I see sticking out of
your pocket?

CARLOS PATS HIMSELF DOWN, SINCE HE FORGOT ABOUT THE BAG.

CARLOS

Yes, it is.

CAPT. DUFFY

And you just thought you'd take those
home with you, did you?

CARLOS

(exasperated)

No, sir. I was going to...

CAPT. DUFFY

(yelling)

And I suppose your fingerprints are
all over our evidence. If it wasn't
for morons like you, our evidence
wouldn't ever go missing. Now take
that out there right now and put it
with the others!

CARLOS WALKS OUT AND PUTS THE CASINGS IN A BOX WITH THE OTHER
EVIDENCE BAGS.

HE THEN WALKS BACK TO THE BEDROOM.

WHEN CAPT. DUFFY SEES CARLOS AGAIN, HE GIVES CARLOS THE
STINK-EYE AND WALKS OUT OF THE ROOM, INTO THE FRONT LIVING
ROOM.

DETECTIVE HEATHER PARKER (SHORT HAIR, VISIBLE TATTOOS) ENTERS THE OPEN FRONT DOOR, UNDER THE CRIME SCENE TAPE.

HEATHER IS CARLOS'S PARTNER, AND LOOKS EVERY BIT THE PART.

CAPT. DUFFY (CONT'D)

Detective Parker! It's about time you put in an appearance. You know, you are supposed to show up with your partner.

HEATHER

Sorry, Captain, I got stuck on the expressway. I asked Carlos to tell you that. I guess you didn't get the message.

CAPT. DUFFY

No, I got it. Just make a note of it. I'm watching on this one - I don't want any mistakes.

HEATHER

(Sighs)

Yes, sir.

OFFICER MARTIN

(Still in the back bedroom
with Carlos)

So, what happened to your partner?

CARLOS

She got stuck on the expressway.

She'll be here any minute.

WHEN CARLOS HEARS THE COMMOTION OUT FRONT, HE WALKS OUT OF THE BEDROOM AND DOWN THE HALL TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Speak of the Devil...

HEATHER

...and the Devil appears.

CARLOS

Jump in, the water's warm.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

IN A BREAK ROOM, A TV IS VISIBLE.

COP #6 (EAST INDIAN, MALE) AND COP #2 (EAST INDIAN, MALE) ARE INSIDE, DIGGING THROUGH THE REFRIGERATOR, WHEN THEY ARE STOPPED BY THE STORY ON TV.

IT IS TURNED ON LOCAL NEWS.

ANCHOR (25, PRETTY, FEMALE, VERY PROFESSIONAL) SITS AT THE DESK READING A BULLETIN.

ANCHOR

Sometime late last night, a mysterious benefactor left a duffel bag of cash on the doorstep of The Holy Cross Orphanage. Though the donor has yet to be identified, it is believed that the money is linked to drug dealers in the area, as trace amounts of cocaine were found on several of the bills.

SWITCHING FROM ANCHOR DESK TO VIDEO. FATHER THOMAS (60, PRIEST) IS BEING INTERVIEWED.

FATHER THOMAS

It was such a wonderful gift, and we really do need the money to do upkeep on the orphanage.

(MORE)

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)

It was the most temptation I've ever faced, but somehow, I knew God did not mean for me to have this money. Something about it just didn't feel right, so I called the police.

COP #6

I wonder who does that? I mean, that's really cool, but it's drug money.

COP #2

Well, that's true, it is drug money, but they're putting it to good use. Obviously, whoever did it isn't all bad.

COP #6

It's drug money. They're bad guys. We're the good guys, remember?

COP #2

Not everything is that black and white.

COP #6

Not black and white, right and wrong. I don't care if some scumbag drug dealer wants to go play Santa Claus with his money. That's not my problem. What is our problem is how he gets that money.

COP #2

Well, I think it's pretty great.

They're giving away all that money to the less fortunate. Besides, you don't know, maybe somebody ripped off the drug dealers and gave that money.

COP #6

That doesn't make it any better.

SUPER: THREE DAYS EARLIER

INT. CLAUDIA'S - NIGHT

SMALL AND DINGY LOCAL BLUES BAR. CARLOS AND HEATHER ARE BOTH PISS-DRUNK.

CARLOS

You know, that *hijo de puta* from Internal Affairs is really getting on my last fucking nerve.

HEATHER

I know. One of these days things are going to come to a head with that prick. He'll get his, don't worry.

CARLOS

Yeah, I just hope we can stick it to him before he sticks it to us.

HEATHER

We'll figure out a way. You know, he's been two miles up my ass with a power tool, too. But we're Teflon, bro'. Nothing sticks to us.

CARLOS

Yeah, I hope you're right.

HEATHER

I am. Trust me.

BOTH DRINK FROM THEIR PITCHER. IT'S NOT THEIR FIRST.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Anyway, on another subject, I've gotta get out of here after this beer. I promised Kira I wouldn't be out late tonight.

CARLOS JUST ROLLS HIS EYES.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Don't give me that fucking look. You have to work tomorrow, too. If we don't put in an appearance at the office, people are going to start poking their noses around in shit people ain't got no fucking business poking their noses in.

CARLOS

(Between guzzles)

Yeah, I guess you're right.

BARTENDER (50, BLUE HAIR AND BIG EARRINGS) COMES OVER TO THEM AT THE BAR TO SEE IF THEY NEED ANYTHING.

BARTENDER

Can I get you guys something else?

CARLOS

No, thanks. We'll just go on and settle up.

(Turning to Heather)

Don't worry about this. I got it.

HEATHER

You sure? Alright. Thanks, man.

CARLOS PAYS AND THEY GET ON THEIR FEET, UNSTEADY.

EXT. CLAUDIA'S - NIGHT

CARLOS AND HEATHER COME OUT THE BACK DOOR AND ARE MET BY TWO MUGGERS IN THE ALLEY.

MUGGER #1 (20S, PONYTAIL AND MUSTACHE) AND MUGGER #2 (20S, CLEAN CUT) ARE BOTH WHITE.

HEATHER

Come on. Help me out here, bro'. Try to stand up straight.

MUGGER #1

(As he approaches, he pulls out a large Bowie knife)

How you doing tonight?

HEATHER

Better than you are.

MUGGER #2

Don't play games with us, jackass.

HEATHER

Why not?

MUGGER #1

'Cause I got a knife, wetback. Now
give me your wallet.

CARLOS DRAWS HIS GUN.

CARLOS

Chingate, I got a gun. Give me yours.

(As he takes the wallet from
MUGGER #1, he points the gun
at MUGGER #2)

Now you.

THEY HAND OVER THEIR WALLETS AND STAND THERE DUMBFOUNDED.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Good. Now get the fuck outta here.

THE MUGGERS TAKE OFF.

INT. LT. BRATTON'S OFFICE - DAY

LIEUTENANT BRATTON (BLACK, 40, SLIGHT GUT) IS WEARING A SUIT
(JACKET OVER THE BACK OF HIS CHAIR) AND TIE.

HE IS THE HEAD OF THE INTERNAL AFFAIRS DIVISION.

HIS OFFICE IS A CLUTTERED MESS OF FILES AND BOOKS ON
PROCEDURE.

HE IS GOING OVER A THICK FILE ON CARLOS AND HEATHER.

SERGEANT HECTOR RAMIREZ (NOW 46) WALKS TO THE DOOR AND KNOCKS
ON IT.

BRATTON LOOKS UP.

HECTOR

You wanted to see me, Lieutenant?

LT. BRATTON

Yes, Sergeant Ramirez. Come in. I
was looking over your record -
impressive background...

(MORE)

LT. BRATTON (CONT'D)

SWAT, two commendations for bravery, a bullet wound taken in the line of duty. I see you also served in the Army for several years before joining us?

HECTOR

Yes, sir. And please, call me Hector.

LT. BRATTON

Oh, where are my manners, Hector?
Want some coffee?

HECTOR

No, thank you. Never got a taste for it.

LT. BRATTON

Alright. We'll just get down to business, then. Like I was saying, you served with the Army before you joined us. That's good. You have an impressive record with them, too, Hector.

HECTOR

Thank you, sir. But I don't see where you're going with this.

LT. BRATTON

You're welcome. And I'm getting to it. Listen, your military service is part of the reason I wanted to talk to you.

(MORE)

LT. BRATTON (CONT'D)

I've got a little problem that you can help me out with.

HECTOR

Help you out how?

LT. BRATTON

When you were in the Army, you served with Sergeant Carlos Vasquez, right?

HECTOR

Yes, sir.

LT. BRATTON

And if my sources were right, you guys were pretty tight, yeah?

HECTOR

Right. But, I'm not sure I see where you're going with this.

LT. BRATTON

Well, were you aware that Carlos is a part of this department?

HECTOR

Really? No, I didn't know that.

LT. BRATTON

Yeah, he's a homicide detective right here in the 9th Precinct, which is why I asked you to be sent over.

HECTOR

And, let me guess... you think he's dirty, and you haven't been able to prove it, so you want me to get under his skin.

LT. BRATTON

How did you know?

HECTOR

Why else would I.A.D. be interested in him?

HECTOR PICKS UP A PAPERWEIGHT, TURNS IT OVER IN HIS HANDS, AND SETS IT BACK DOWN.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

I don't know. Carlos is my friend, and we've been friends for a long time. I don't think I'm your best chance, and I've got to warn you; I've never worked undercover before. I don't want to blow your best chance at nailing somebody.

LT. BRATTON

I think you'll be fine. It's not like you've never met the guy. Just call him up and act natural. Think of it as playing a role. Look, I'm not asking you to take potshots at the guy, just talk to him and see if you can get him to open up.

HECTOR

I think I can do that.

LT. BRATTON

Good.

EXT. HOMELESS CAMP - EVENING

CARLOS AND HEATHER ARE TALKING TO VARIOUS HOMELESS PEOPLE AND HANDING OUT PLASTIC GROCERY BAGS (TIED) OF SUPPLIES TO THE HOMELESS RESIDENTS OF THE CAMP.

HOMELESS #1 (MALE) AND HOMELESS #2 (FEMALE) ARE AMONG THE THRONGS.

CARLOS

Here you go, buddy. God Bless you.

HOMELESS #1

Thank you. God Bless you, too.

HEATHER

This is for you, darling.

HOMELESS #2

Thanks. Not that I don't appreciate this, 'cause I do, but you got anything to eat?

HEATHER

There's a gift card in there for a restaurant up the block. You can get some food with that gift card.

HOMELESS #2

Thank you.

CARLOS

You know what? You two look like
you're married. Are you?

HOMELESS #1

We're not married, but we're together,
yeah.

CARLOS REACHES IN HIS POCKET FOR HIS MONEY CLIP AND PULLS OFF
A COUPLE OF BILLS TO GIVE TO THE MAN.

CARLOS

Here. Why don't you get a room for the
night? There's a motel about two
blocks up the street. That way
(Carlos points off to his
right).

HOMELESS #2

Yeah, I know it. They let me clean the
rooms sometimes when one of their
maids calls out.

HEATHER

That's good. Does it get you a little
money from time to time?

HOMELESS #2

Yeah. It's never a lot, but I don't
work that much for it, so it makes for
a fair deal.

CARLOS

Well, you two have a good time
tonight.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

You can get showers, you've got the
gift cards so you can get dinner.
Since you know them, they might even
throw your clothes in with some of the
dirty laundry.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

THE MOTEL IS RUN-DOWN. IT IS NOT IN THE GOOD PART OF TOWN.
THE OFFICE IS PAINTED A STRANGE, AND TOO-BRIGHT, COLOR.
JOHNNY PAPERS (30S, SHORT BEARD, GAUDY SUIT) SITS AT A DESK.
THE PHONE RINGS.
ON THE THIRD RING, HE PICKS IT UP.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Good evening, Starlite Motor Inn, this
is Johnny speaking, may I help you?

RAUL

Oyè, Johnny, this is RAUL from SENOR
PEDRO'S.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Raul, como estas, amigo?

RAUL

Bien. Listen, I've got a good customer
here asking for some company for the
night. I was looking for one of your
ladies.

JOHNNY PAPERS

I think I can accommodate. Let me ask
you something - this special customer,
he's a *gringo*?

RAUL

Si.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Alright. Hang on.
(to one of his whores)
CANDY!?

CANDY

(Walking in the office)
Yeah, Johnny?

JOHNNY PAPERS

You're on your way out, right?

CANDY

Yeah, I got that Japanese businessman
thing.

JOHNNY PAPERS

OK. Where's Charlotte?

CANDY

She's up in her room, I think.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Alright.

(back to Raul)

How about Charlotte? She's available
at the moment.

RAUL

Bueno. She can come in to the bar
here. Just tell her to ask for me, and
I'll take care of the rest.

JOHNNY PAPERS

You got it. She'll be there in about
half an hour. Have a good night.

RAUL

Graciàs, amigo.

JOHNNY PAPERS HANGS UP, THEN RECONSIDERS AND DIALS
CHARLOTTE'S NUMBER.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION.

RING...

THE ROOM IS FAIRLY NEAT, BUT CLEAN LAUNDRY IS ON THE BED,
WAITING TO BE FOLDED.

CHARLOTTE (25, MODERATELY ATTRACTIVE, TOO MUCH MAKEUP)
ANSWERS HER PHONE.

CHARLOTTE

Hello?

JOHNNY PAPERS

Charlotte, would you come down to my
office? I've got a client for you
tonight.

CHARLOTTE

OK, Johnny.

JOHNNY PAPERS GRABS A NOTE CARD AND BEGINS TO SCRIBBLE ON IT.

CHARLOTTE KNOCKS ON THE OPEN DOOR.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

You wanted to see me, Johnny?

JOHNNY PAPERS

Yeah, I just got a call. You're
working tonight.

(He hands her the card he'd
been writing on)

Here are the directions to SEÑOR
PEDRO'S. When you get there, ask for a
bartender named Raul. Tell him that
you are Charlotte, and he'll take care
of things from there.

CHARLOTTE

Sure thing, Johnny.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Go make me some money, kid.

INT. DRUG DEALERS' HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

THREE DRUG DEALERS (PATRICK, BENJI, & RANDY) ARE SITTING
AROUND IN THE LIVING ROOM OF A SMALL (AND VERY MESSY) HOUSE.

THIS IS THE SAME HOUSE FROM THE OPENING SCENE.

PATRICK

So, how are we set on blow?

BENJI

We're about out. All we got left is
about an eight ball, and that won't do
us much fucking good. We need to score
some more.

RANDY

What happened with your connection?

PATRICK

He got pinched last night. He's in county, looking at 15 years, so we've got to find somebody else.

BENJI

I think I might know somebody who can score us some.

PATRICK

Who's this somebody, and how much is some?

BENJI

This somebody is a cop, and some might be a couple of kilos.

RANDY AND PATRICK LOOK AT BENJI, DUMBFOUNDED.

PATRICK

Benji, have you lost your fucking mind? You're actually thinking about calling a cop to look for drugs?

BENJI

I know, it sounds insane, but I know this woman. She's crooked as a barrel of fucking fishhooks, and she'd be into it. She's all about the green anyway.

RANDY

You trust this fucker?

BENJI

Enough. She wouldn't screw me on this.
I've done a little business with her
before.

PATRICK

What do you say, Randy?

RANDY

Whatever.

PATRICK THINKS FOR A MINUTE.

PATRICK

OK, fuck it. I'm in. Make the call.

BENJI CALLS.

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

MOMENTS LATER HEATHER IS RELAXING WITH A JOINT AND A BEER.

KIRA (MID-30S, BLACK) IS IN THE KITCHEN COOKING A LATE
DINNER.

HEATHER

Hello?

BENJI

Hey, Heather. It's Benji. How the hell
are you?

HEATHER

I was doing real good 'til about five
seconds ago.

BENJI

Well, fuck you too.

HEATHER

C'mon, man. You know I'm just breakin' your balls. I'm doing alright. Just sitting here killing some brain cells after work. How 'bout you?

BENJI

Well, you know me. I don't have days off, but then again, I don't have days on, either. And as for brain cells, I kill them about every chance I get. Speaking of which, I've got a little business deal for you. You interested?

HEATHER

I haven't hung up the phone yet.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

CARLOS IS SITTING AT HIS DESK.

THE PHONE RINGS.

CARLOS

Detective Vasquez speaking.

HECTOR

Carlos Vasquez?

CARLOS

Yeah, that's what I said.

HECTOR

Carlos, I'll bet you can't guess who this is.

CARLOS

Hector? Hector Ramirez?

HECTOR

(in Spanish)

You got it. I have been working with the police, and I just got transferred to this precinct. I heard you were here, so I thought I would look you up. How the hell are you?

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

Oh shit, I'm doing good. What are you up to? Why don't we get together for a couple of beers and catch up on old times?

HECTOR

(in Spanish)

Now you're talking. Like I said, I don't know this part of town too good. Where's a good place?

CARLOS

Do you know La Hacienda on 3rd Street?

HECTOR

Yeah, I passed it on my way in today.

CARLOS

Alright. Why not meet me there in, say, half an hour?

HECTOR

Cool. I'll see you then.

INT. LA HACIENDA - NIGHT

LA HACIENDA IS A MEXICAN RESTAURANT. TYPICAL SETUP, WITH
TERRA COTTA TILE FLOOR AND ROOF TILES ON EACH BOOTH.

HALF AN HOUR LATER CARLOS LOOKS AROUND AND SPOTS HECTOR AT A
CORNER TABLE.

CARLOS

Hector Ramirez. How's it going, *amigo*?

HECTOR

(In Spanish)

Great, buddy. How the hell are you?

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

I'm getting along. What have you been
doing with yourself for the last four
years?

HECTOR

(in Spanish)

Not too much. Just trying to keep my
nose clean. Guess I'll have to get
used to running into your ugly mug
around town now.

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

Yeah, fuck you, too.

A WAITRESS APPROACHES THE TABLE TO TAKE THEIR DRINK ORDER.

WAITRESS

How are you boys tonight?

HECTOR

Fine.

CARLOS

We're good.

WAITRESS

Can I get anything for you gentlemen
to drink?

CARLOS LOOKS AT THE DRINK MENU.

CARLOS

I don't know. Hector, you want to
split a pitcher?

HECTOR

Carlos, how long have we known each
other?

CARLOS

I don't know. Including the Army... 15
years?

HECTOR

Right. About that. And what in our
history together makes you think I
drink beer?

CARLOS

Oh, yeah. I forgot about that.

HECTOR

(To Waitress)

Yeah, I'll have an Amaretto Sour.

CARLOS

And I'll have a Tequila Sunrise.

WAITRESS

Alright, one Amaretto Sour and one
Tequila Sunrise. Will you boys be
eating anything tonight?

CARLOS

No, just drinks. Thanks.

HECTOR

Just drinks.

WAITRESS

OK, your drinks will be right out.

OH, WILL THESE BE ON THE SAME CHECKS?

CARLOS

Don't worry about this, Hector. I'll
get it.

(Turning to Waitress)

Yeah, just one tab.

WAITRESS

OK, no problem.

THE WAITRESS GRABS THE MENUS AND DISAPPEARS.

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

Sorry, I forgot you don't like beer.

HECTOR

Yeah, I don't know how you drink that
piss-water.

UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE.

THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION IS IN SPANISH AND WILL BE
SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

CARLOS

So, how long have you been with the force?

HECTOR

Three years now.

CARLOS

And you just now looked me up?

HECTOR

Well, I didn't know we were in the same department. Besides, I suppose your arms were amputated and you couldn't pick up a phone?

CARLOS

OK. Point taken. Anyway, did you join up right out of the Army?

HECTOR

No, I bounced around for a while and tried my hand at civilian life, but it didn't take. But listen, I've got a serious question for you. I was asking around about you, and I've been hearing some things. Word has it you're not the cleanest cop in the department.

CARLOS

Bullshit. I'm as clean as a preacher's sheets.

HECTOR

Don't give me that shit. I know you.
Anyway, I got a question for you. I
got a little problem and I was
wondering if you could help me out.

THE WAITRESS APPROACHES WITH THEIR DRINKS AND THEY STOP
TALKING WHILE SHE IS THERE.

WAITRESS

Is there anything else I can get you
right now?

HECTOR

(in English)

Nah. Nothing legal.

CARLOS

(in English)

No thanks. We're fine.

WHEN THE WAITRESS IS OUT OF SIGHT, THE CONVERSATION RESUMES
IN SPANISH.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Hector, you know I'm always willing to
help out a friend, especially you.
What do you need?

HECTOR

I was wondering if you could score me
some coke. I don't know anybody around
here. This ain't my part of town, man.

CARLOS

(Looks at Hector, stunned)

When did you start doing blow?

HECTOR HESITATES, TRYING TO COME UP WITH A GOOD LIE.

HECTOR

About a year ago, after my fiancée was killed.

CARLOS

Oh, man, I'm sorry to hear that.
How did she die?

HECTOR

Car accident.

CARLOS

Look, buddy, I'm sorry as hell to hear about your girlfriend, but I can't help you. I thought maybe you were going to ask me to help you move some furniture, or at worst a body or something. Why don't you ask one of the cats in dope?

HECTOR

'Cause I don't know any of them. I know you.

CARLOS

Well, I'm just as sorry as I can be, old buddy, but like I said, I can't help you. I'm a homicide detective, not narco, so I'll be the first to admit that I've fixed a few tickets in my time and such, but I wouldn't know how to score any dope.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I can tell you how to pass a piss
test, if that's what you're worried
about.

HECTOR

No, I'm not worried about that. I just
need a fix, and like I said, I don't
know anybody around here.

CARLOS

Sorry, bro. No dice.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD CORNER - DAY

HEATHER

I heard you had a date last night.

CARLOS

Well, you heard wrong. I was just
meeting an old friend for drinks.

HEATHER

Is that what you call that?

CARLOS

Yeah.

HEATHER

Was it that guy, Hector, that we saw
at the station this morning?

CARLOS

Yeah, that was him.

HEATHER

So, why were you acting all weird
around this guy anyway?

CARLOS

Well, we used to know each other a
long time ago. We'd saved each other's
asses more than once.

HEATHER

What are you talking about? Why
haven't you told me this before?

CARLOS

Well, I'm telling you now, so shut up
and listen.

HEATHER

Sorry. Continue.

CARLOS

You know I used to run with MS-13 when
I was a kid. I got straight and went
in the Army. I served in the Army with
Hector, and we were together for a few
ops. We looked after each other, and
we were close.

HEATHER

Wow. That's really touching.
Remind me to send him a gift basket.

CARLOS

Fuck you. We've got some history, alright. I can't just blow him out of his shoes like some scumbag in an alley.

HEATHER

OK, but that still doesn't explain the TWILIGHT ZONE music playing in the background whenever his name comes up. What up with that?

CARLOS

OK, so I haven't heard from this motherfucker in like, five or six years, since I got out of the Army. Yesterday, he calls me up out of the blue and tells me that he's been working for the department for the last three years, and that he just got transferred to our precinct. He said he heard I was working here and he decided to look me up, so we went out for a few drinks.

HEATHER

Yeah, so what's the punchline?

CARLOS

Well, we're halfway through our first drink when he starts talking to me about being dirty and looking to score some coke and shit. I just don't like it. Something's fucking rotten in Denmark if you ask me.

HEATHER

Yeah, it smells like a setup to me. You think it's IA onto you?

CARLOS

Could be they tried to plant him and he just jumped the gun. Anyway, I don't trust him, so keep your head up and your asshole puckered.

HEATHER

God, that's vivid. Anyway, you're not the only one who got hit up for some blow last night.

CARLOS

What the fuck are you talking about?

HEATHER

I got a call last night from a guy I busted about three years ago when I was a narc. I've dealt with him a couple of times since then.

CARLOS

What? He said he wanted some coke?

HEATHER

Yeah. He said he's looking for a couple of keys. I told him I would see what I could do. What do you think?

CARLOS

You know, I don't know what to think. I just got through telling you about a call that was too close for comfort, and you bring a deal like this to me. It would be great money if we could do it, but do you trust this fucker?

HEATHER

Enough. He's good people. Besides, I've got too much shit on him for him to screw me.

CARLOS

I don't know. I don't trust it.

HEATHER

Benji's a good guy, despite a nickel a day coke habit. Besides, this will get us a pile of green. What do you say?

CARLOS

OK. Fuck it. I'm in.

INT. LT. BRATTON'S OFFICE - DAY

LT. BRATTON IS PACING. HE'S NOTICEABLY AGITATED.

HECTOR IS IN HIS OFFICE.

LT. BRATTON

So, let's go through this again.

HECTOR

Alright, I called him up, and he suggested we go out for drinks. I said alright, so we went to a bar.

LT. BRATTON

Which one?

HECTOR

La Hacienda on 3rd Street.

LT. BRATTON

OK. Not a typical cop bar. That's good.

HECTOR

No, it's a Mexican restaurant. I got the impression that it's not one of his regular hangouts, either.

LT. BRATTON

No, he usually hangs out at this hole in the wall called Claudia's Blues Café, but continue.

HECTOR

Well, we had a few drinks and I talked to him about some coke. I told him I needed a fix to see if he could hook me up.

LT. BRATTON

Why so soon? I wanted you two to get to know each other again.

HECTOR

I don't know, Lieutenant. I guess I just jumped the gun.

LT. BRATTON

You're damned right you did. He probably saw you coming a mile away. You were just supposed to make contact again. Don't ask for a hook-up until later. It's one of the basics of undercover. How could you not know that?

HECTOR

I told you when you first recommended me for this assignment, I'm SWAT, not an undercover.

LT. BRATTON

Yeah, that's obvious. You probably just blew our best chance at nailing these guys. Now they're going to be looking for us to plant somebody else. Haven't you ever watched movies or anything?

BY THIS POINT, BOTH MEN ARE PRETTY ANGRY, AND THEY'RE PRACTICALLY YELLING AT EACH OTHER.

HECTOR

I guess not the same movies as you.

LT. BRATTON

That's obvious. Are you sure you
didn't screw this one up on purpose to
keep from ratting out your friend?

HECTOR RISES AND GLANCES AROUND TO BE SURE THE DOOR IS CLOSED
AND NOBODY OUTSIDE CAN HEAR HIM.

HECTOR

Lieutenant, fuck you for even asking
me that. I may be a different kind of
cop from you, but I'm still a cop, and
I'm sworn to uphold the law. Now, if
you think he's dirty, you're just
going to have to find some other way
to nail him. I did my best.

LT. BRATTON

(Calmer)

Yeah, I'm sure you did. Look, that was
the reason I wanted you here, and it's
obvious that it didn't work out. Why
don't you just go back to SWAT. I'll
make some calls and straighten
everything out and get you back on the
team.

HECTOR

Thanks, Lieutenant. I'm sorry, I guess
I just got nervous.

LT. BRATTON

Well, we'll figure something out.

HECTOR GETS UP TO LEAVE.

HECTOR

Sorry again about screwing up my
meeting with Carlos..

ANDY HOWE (FRESH-FACED 20-SOMETHING) IS STANDING AT THE DOOR.

HE KNOCKS ON THE OPEN DOOR ON HIS WAY IN.

ANDY HOWE

What's wrong, Lieutenant?

THERE ARE TWO POLICE FILES ON LT. BRATTON'S DESK, ONE FOR CARLOS AND ONE FOR HEATHER. HE TAPS ON THEM WITH A FINGER.

LT. BRATTON

These two idiots are what's wrong.

They're giving me fits. I know they're
as dirty as a diaper, but I just can't
prove it.

ANDY HOWE

And they won't let anybody in close
enough to get dirt on them, right?

LT. BRATTON

Right.

ANDY HOWE

Don't people say to be patient, and
messes like this will take care of
themselves?

LT. BRATTON

What? Have you been going to some
peace-love-and-happiness class again?

ANDY HOWE

No, I'm just saying, don't give
yourself a coronary. These guys are
bound to screw the pooch sooner or
later. There's enough landmines out
there that they're sure to step in one
eventually.

LT. BRATTON

Yeah, maybe you're right.

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY

CARLOS IS WALKING TOWARD A DESK SERGEANT (50-ISH, CRUSTY)
WITH A MANILA FOLDER IN HIS HAND.

DESK SGT.

Good afternoon, Detective. Can I help
you with something?

CARLOS

Good afternoon, Sarge. I need to get
into the lock-up.

DESK SERGEANT LOOKS OVER THE PAPERS.

DESK SGT.

Well, everything seems to be in order.
Hold on, I'll buzz you in.

CARLOS WALKS IN AND BACK TO THE NARCOTICS AREA.

INT. DRUG DEALERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THE THREE DEALERS ARE MILLING AROUND THE HOUSE WHEN THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. EVERYONE HESITATES FOR A MOMENT. THEY ARE EXPECTING COMPANY, BUT NEED TO MAKE SURE WHO IT IS.

THERE IS AS SURVEILLANCE CAMERA LOOKING RIGHT AT THE FRONT STEPS.

BENJI GRIPS HIS GUN BEFORE SEEING IT IS HEATHER.

BENJI

Heather, how are you?

HEATHER

Good, Benji. You doing alright?

BENJI

Yeah, I'm living. That's enough for me. Let me introduce you to the crew. This is Patrick, and this is Randy.

CARLOS ENTERS THE STILL-OPEN DOOR CARRYING A BRIEFCASE.

HEATHER

Guys, this is my partner, Carlos.

PATRICK

Whoa, what the fuck is this shit? You didn't say anything about bringing anybody else over. I didn't know we were hosting the United Fucking Nations.

BENJI

Jesus, Pat. Chill out, man. He's cool.

CARLOS

I think you're using too much of your own product.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Now, are we going to do business or what? I went to a lot of trouble to get this shit.

RANDY

Yeah, we're going to talk business. He's just paranoid as hell around new people. Come on in. You guys want a beer?

CARLOS

Yeah, sure.

HEATHER

Sounds good to me.

RANDY GETS THEM THEIR BEERS AND THEY SIT DOWN IN THE LIVING ROOM TO DO BUSINESS.

CARLOS

Thanks for the beer. So, how's everybody doing?

PATRICK

Let's just skip the getting-to-know-you shit and get down to business, alright?

BENJI

Patrick, don't be an asshole.

CARLOS OPENS UP THE CASE HE BROUGHT WITH HIM, AND PRODUCES TWO KILOS OF UNCUT COCAINE.

HEATHER

Why don't we do a little something, and it'll settle everybody's nerves.

BENJI

You guys like acid? I got some shit
the Devil himself sold me last night.

CARLOS

Nah, I don't think we're going to be
here that long, and I hate driving
while I'm tripping. I never know what
to hit or who to race.

HEATHER

Let's just do some of this blow.

RANDY

Good idea.

BENJI GETS OUT A BOOK THAT THEY USUALLY DO LINES OFF OF, AND
THEY CHOP UP A LITTLE BIT TO PASS AROUND.

CARLOS

AAAH... tasty.

BENJI

WHOO!

PATRICK

OK, that's pretty good stuff.

RANDY

Yummy.

CARLOS

This is pure, uncut Colombian goo goo
dust, so don't forget to step on it
before you sell it.

RANDY

Where did you get this shit?

HEATHER

It fell off a truck.

BENJI

Fair enough. How much you want for it?

CARLOS

Twenty grand a key.

RANDY, PATRICK & BENJI ALL LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND NOD IN AGREEMENT.

PATRICK

OK. That's fair. Give me a minute.

PATRICK GETS UP AND WALKS OFF TOWARD THE BACK BEDROOM.

BENJI

How's your girl? What was her name
again?

HEATHER

Kira. She's good.

PATRICK RETURNS WITH A BIG WAD OF BILLS IN HIS HAND, SECURED BY A RUBBER BAND.

PATRICK

Forty grand, right?

HEATHER

Unless my math is off.

PATRICK

Funny.

CARLOS

Well, thanks again for the beer. Is
it all there?

HEATHER

Yeah, we're cool.

PATRICK

It's a business doing pleasure with
you.

CARLOS

Thanks, I feel like your john now.

EXT. CITY STREET ONE - NIGHT

JOHNNY PAPERS IS DEALING DRUGS OUT OF THE TRUNK OF AN OLD
PLYMOUTH.

SHAKES

Yo ho, bro'.

JOHNNY PAPERS

What's up, Shakes?

SHAKES

Ain't that much, man. You know, you're
pretty crazy dealing out of the trunk
of a car with no protection around
you.

JOHNNY PAPERS

No, they're around. I figure the best
way for them to be is unseen.
Besides, I don't have to worry about
cops in this neighborhood. What can I
do for you today?

SHAKES

A QP.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Ain't no thang, bro'.

REACHES IN HIS TRUNK AND GRABS A FOUR OUNCE BAG OF WEED.

JOHNNY PAPERS (CONT'D)

\$500, *amigo*.

SHAKES

Here you go, bro'.

EXT. CITY STREET TWO - NIGHT

HEATHER

We pulled it off, bro'.

CARLOS

Yeah, it seems so.

HEATHER

I told you, it was going to be a piece
of fucking cake.

CARLOS

Yeah. I just hope we got away clean.
Lots of people watch that evidence
room.

HEATHER

We did. Trust me. And now we've got
twenty grand a piece to show for it.

CARLOS

Yeah, you know what? Fuck it. We stuck
it to the cops, and we made a pile of
green on top of that.

HEATHER

Feels pretty good, don't it?

CARLOS

Damn right.

CARLOS'S CAR SPEEDS OFF INTO THE NIGHT.

INT. LT. BRATTON'S OFFICE - DAY

LT. BRATTON IS IN HIS OFFICE TALKING WITH A FEW OF THE OFFICERS UNDER HIS COMMAND.

LT. BRATTON

So, planting somebody didn't work.

Anybody else got any suggestions?

COP #6

They're bound to screw up sooner or later.

COP #1

So what are we supposed to do, just wait around with our thumbs up our asses until they do?

JUST THEN, THE PHONE ON BRATTON'S DESK RINGS.

LT. BRATTON

Lt. Bratton

HECTOR

Sir, this is Hector. I spoke with you the other day.

LT. BRATTON

Yes, I recall. Are you back on the team yet?

HECTOR

Yes, sir, I am. Thank you for that.
Anyway, I was in the evidence locker
this morning, checking out a report I
got, and I was talking with the Desk
Sergeant. It seems that when they did
the inventory this morning, they came
up two kilos short on their inventory
of seized cocaine. Not sure if that's
relevant to your investigation, but I
thought you should know.

BRATTON SMILES.

LT. BRATTON

Yes, that is very interesting, and
possibly helpful. Thank you for
letting me know.

LT. BRATTON HANGS UP.

COP #6

No. I don't know what to do about it.

JUST THEN, THERE IS A KNOCK ON LT. BRATTON'S OFFICE DOOR.
ANDY HOWE WALKS IN CARRYING A VIDEOTAPE.

LT. BRATTON

Yeah, what is it, Andy?

ANDY HOWE

Lieutenant, I thought you might like
to see this. It's a surveillance video
from the evidence locker.

LT. BRATTON

Is this about the missing cocaine?

ANDY HOWE

How did you know about that?

LT. BRATTON

I just got a call about it.

ANDY HOWE

Anyway, yes it is. Carlos Vasquez is on this tape, and when he leaves, we're missing two kilos of seized cocaine.

LT. BRATTON

Beautiful. Andy, I knew I always liked you for some reason. Pop it in, let's take a look.

THE OTHER OCCUPANTS OF THE OFFICE EVENTUALLY DISAPPEAR, AND LT. BRATTON SITS AT HIS DESK WATCHING THE TAPE.

INT. CARLOS'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

CARLOS IS WORKING IN HIS GARAGE. THE RADIO IS ON, PLAYING SALSA MUSIC. A MONEY ORDER FOR \$5,000 LAYS ON THE WORK BENCH BEHIND HIM. CARLOS ADDRESSES A PACKAGE TO THE BAPTIST CHILDREN'S HOME. THE BOX CONTAINS SMALL STUFFED ANIMALS FOR THE KIDS. THE PHONE RINGS.

CARLOS

Hello?

HEATHER

How's it going, Carlos?

CARLOS

Good. Just putting together a care package. You?

HEATHER

Doing the same. Where is yours off to?

CARLOS

Baptist Home. Yours?

HEATHER

St. Jude's.

CARLOS

Good for you. I raised you well.

HEATHER

Let me ask you something... why do you always give to orphanages? There are a thousand other charities out there that need the money.

CARLOS

Because of when I was a kid. You know how I grew up. My father abandoned us when I was three, and my mother, God rest her soul, had to raise me and my brother on her own.

When she got cancer, it was rough on everybody. I was an orphan in the system at 13. It was even harder on my brother. He was only 10.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Orphanages are stretched to the breaking point. They need all the help they can get.

HEATHER

So, since your mother died of cancer, why don't you send money to cancer research?

CARLOS

You actually think they want to find a cure for cancer? If somebody cured it, the drug companies couldn't make any more money from treating it. That means they'd lose billions every year. They're not about to kill that cash cow.

HEATHER

Anyway, after our donations, we've got almost \$10,000 a piece. Got plans for the money?

CARLOS

I'm going to pay a little extra on my boat. We've been doing this for 3 years, and I like nice things. Anyway, the sooner I get that fucker paid off, the better I'm going to feel about buying it in the first place. What about you?

HEATHER

Kira and I have been married for a while. You know that, but we never got to take a real honeymoon. I want to take her to Jamaica. She's got family down there that she hasn't seen in years.

CARLOS

Do you ever get tired of doing this? 'Cause I feel like I'm getting burned out sometimes. You know I like knocking off piece of shit drug dealers, and it feels good to help out the less fortunate, but, I don't know, sometimes I wonder if it's worth it.

HEATHER

We're making a lot of people happy, and you said yourself that you like the nice things, so emphatically yes, it IS worth it.

INT. DRUG DEALERS' HOUSE BASEMENT - DAY

THE GUYS ARE IN THE BASEMENT GETTING HIGH.

THE SUBJECT OF THEIR HIT ON CARLOS AND HEATHER COMES UP.

THEY ARE PASSING A CRACK PIPE AROUND AS THEY TALK. BENJI TAKES A HIT AND PASSES IT AS HE CONTINUES HIS STORY.

BENJI

So, I'm bangin' this chick in the back seat of that puss-yellow piece of shit Volvo that I used to drive. We're going at it hard, and just as I come, she jerks her leg and kicks the shifter into gear.

LAUGHS ALL AROUND.

BENJI (CONT'D)

The fucking car starts rolling down this big hill that I'm parked on and I'm scrambling, trying to jump into the front seat to stop the fucking thing. This bitch is holding onto me 'cause she's scared, and the more I try to pull away, the tighter she holds on...

PATRICK

That's a funny story, but let's get back to the situation at fucking hand.

BENJI PASSES THE CRACK PIPE AND THE LIGHTER TO PATRICK.

PATRICK TAKES A HIT OFF IT.

RANDY

Well, both of those guys seemed OK to me.

BENJI

I'm tellin' you, Heather is good people. I've gotten shit from her before, she's nothing to worry about.

THE PIPE CONTINUES TO GO AROUND.

PATRICK

Well, be that as it may, I don't trust that other cocksucker that was with him. What was his name... Carlos?

BENJI

Yeah.

RANDY

I don't know, he seemed alright. I mean, he did cut us a good deal on that coke.

PATRICK

It's just as well. He probably jacked it off of somebody, and didn't pay anything for it, so we just gave those assholes forty thousand dollars of pure cream.

BENJI

What the fuck are you worried about? We just got \$112,000 worth of coke for it, so why are you bitching?

PATRICK

I don't fucking like dealing with cops. I don't trust them. It smells like a fucking set-up. I say we get our money back, so there's nothing to link us to the deal.

BENJI

I'm telling you, I've dealt with Heather for a long time, and she wouldn't do that to me.

RANDY

I don't know, Pat makes a lot of sense. Neither one of us know Heather, and none of us know that other jerkoff. I say we hit them, just in case we're right.

DEAD BOWL.

RANDY (CONT'D)

It's cashed. Fuck it. Let's hit them.

PATRICK

Now you're talking sense.

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

KIRA IS CLEANING HOUSE.

HEATHER ENTERS AND KISSES KIRA.

HEATHER

Hi, sweetheart. How was work?

KIRA

It went OK. Mr. Barnes is getting on my nerves.

HEATHER

Bad?

KIRA

No, nothing serious. He just thinks he God's gift to shipping because his name is on the building and I want to punch him in the fucking throat. He's nothing to worry about.

BENJI, PATRICK & RANDY ARE WEARING SKI MASKS SO AS NOT TO BE IDENTIFIED.

PATRICK KICKS OPEN THE DOOR. THE OTHER TWO FOLLOW HIM IN.

PATRICK

Alright! Nobody move! Where's the shit? And don't make like you don't know what the fuck I'm talking about, or I'll blow your little honey here away.

KIRA

What shit?

BENJI BACKHANDS HER, SENDING HER DOWN.

BENJI

Shut the fuck up!

PATRICK

I want the money, or you both die!

HEATHER

OK, I got it. It's in my jacket.

PATRICK

Get it. You pull out anything else,
you both die.

HEATHER PULLS OUT THE MONEY AND HANDS IT TO PATRICK SLOWLY.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Good girl.

(As he's backing out of the
room)

This never happened, now.

EXT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

THE GUYS PULL OFF THEIR MASKS AS THEY'RE GOING DOWN THE STAIRS, AND COUNT THEIR MONEY AND THEIR GOOD FORTUNES.

RANDY

That went better than expected.

BENJI

Yeah, no shit. I thought they were
going to give us some trouble.

PATRICK

Well, I'm glad they didn't. Come on,
let's go get the rest of it.

INT. CARLOS'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

CARLOS IS WATCHING TELEVISION.

SITTING ON THE TV, THERE IS A PICTURE OF CARLOS AND HECTOR DECKED OUT IN THEIR CAMOUFLAGE.

PATRICK KICKS OPEN THE DOOR. THE OTHER TWO FOLLOW HIM INTO THE HOUSE. ALL THREE ARE ARMED.

PATRICK

Alright! Nobody move! Where's the
shit? And don't make like you don't
know what the fuck I'm talking about
or I'll blow your ass to Hell.

CARLOS

What shit? My money?

RANDY

Yeah, wiseass. The fucking money.

CARLOS

Sure, no problem. It's in the box on
the bookshelf.

BENJI GOES OVER AND OPENS THE DERELICT CIGAR BOX. THERE IS
ONLY TEN GRAND THERE.

RANDY

Where the fuck is the rest of it?

BENJI

I don't know.

(to Carlos)

Where the fuck is the rest of the
money?

CARLOS

It's gone. I spent it.

PATRICK

What the fuck would a stupid wetback
like you do with ten thousand dollars?

CARLOS

I gave it to charity. If you're going to shoot me, get it over with. Otherwise, take what you came for and get the fuck out of here.

BENJI

You gave away our money? What the fuck kind of crooked cop are you? If you want to play Santa Claus with your money, that's awfully nice of you, but I'm not a nice guy. By the way, nice box. We'll be taking that with us, too.

THE THREE LEAVE WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD.

INT. DRUG DEALERS' HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MONTAGE OF THE HEIST AFTERMATH. COUNTING THEIR MONEY AND THEIR GOOD FORTUNES.

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HEATHER AND KIRA ARE CLEANING UP.

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

KIRA

It's open!

CARLOS WALKS IN.

CARLOS

What the fuck happened here?

HEATHER

What the fuck does it look like? I
just got robbed...again.

CARLOS

You, too?

HEATHER

Yeah. They hit you, too?

CARLOS

Yeah, again. I've had a real shitty
morning.

HEATHER

What else happened?

CARLOS

Nothing, so far... but the day ain't
over, yet. But back to the robberies.
What do you propose we do about this
shit?

HEATHER

Why the hell are you asking me
questions to which you already know
the answer?

CARLOS

I just wanted to make sure we were on
the same page. So, how do you want to
handle this?

HEATHER

I'm way ahead of you, partner.

Let's get out of here.

(Turning to Kira)

Babe! I gotta run out so we can take care of this thing. We'll be back in a little while.

KIRA

Sure thing, sweetheart. Be careful. I love you.

HEATHER

Yeah. I love you, too.

EXT. CITY STREET THREE - MORNING

HEATHER PULLS HER CAR UP TO A PUBLIC PHONE.

SHE DIALS A NUMBER AND AN ANSWERING MACHINE PICKS UP:

JOHNNY PAPERS

Thank you for calling the LAKESIDE MOTOR LODGE on Route 73. You have reached the desk of Jack Walters.

I am either on the phone or with a client at the moment, but if you'll leave a message, I'll get back to you as soon as possible.

HEATHER

Johnny... Heather. Listen, I need a
hook-up on something, and I need you
to get back to me, most rikki tik.
555-0812.

HEATHER HANGS UP THE PHONE, AND ABOUT 10 SECONDS LATER, IT
RINGS. SHE PICKS IT UP, HALFWAY THROUGH THE FIRST RING.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Johnny?!

JOHNNY PAPERS

No, it's the FBI. Yeah, it's me.
What do you need?

HEATHER

I got a little rodent problem that I
need to take care of, and I need some
hardware. Something that won't stand
out. Pistol... maybe a nine...
silencer.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Give me an hour.

HEATHER

Supercool. See you at your place.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: ONE HOUR LATER

HEATHER AND CARLOS ENTER THE LOW-RENT HOTEL'S OFFICE, AND
FIND JOHNNY PAPERS BEHIND THE DESK LIKE IN ANY NORMAL PLACE.

JOHNNY PAPERS LOOKS UP WHEN THE BUZZER ANNOUNCES THEIR ENTRY.

HEATHER

Johnny Papers! Good to see you again.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Heather, how you doing?

THEY HUG AND KISS THEIR HELLOS.

JOHNNY PAPERS (CONT'D)

And who is this?

HEATHER

Johnny, this is my partner, Carlos.

THEY SHAKE HANDS.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Carlos, nice to meet you. OK, shall we
get down to business? Oh, you guys
want a beer first?

WITHOUT WAITING FOR A RESPONSE, JOHNNY PAPERS OPENS THE
REFRIGERATOR NEXT TO HIS DESK AND GETS OUT THREE BEERS.

JOHNNY PAPERS (CONT'D)

Alright, come with me.

CARLOS AND HEATHER DRINK AS THEY FOLLOW HIM OUT TO HIS CAR.

EXT. HOTEL BREEZEWAY - NIGHT

ALONG THE WAY, THEY PASS BY A ROOM WITH THE DOOR OPEN. CANDY
IS SITTING ON THE BED WATCHING TV.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Candy, how did your Japanese lesson
go?

CANDY

It went fine.

CANDY HANDS JOHNNY PAPERS A WAD OF CASH FROM HER PURSE.

CANDY (CONT'D)

I didn't even have to give them that speech about getting rough with me. They were absolute gentlemen.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Good for them. And good for you, too.

CANDY

(Lays a hand on Carlos's arm)

Who are these? Giving them a tour of the place?

JOHNNY PAPERS

Something like that. They're just friends.

CANDY

Hi, friends.

CARLOS

Hi, Candy. It's nice to meet you.

JOHNNY PAPERS

C'mon, let's go. So, Carlos, how do you fit into all this shit?

HEATHER

Well, like I said, he's my partner. You'll like him, Johnny. He's a sick fuck, just like you.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Really?

CARLOS

Exactly how am I a sick fuck?

HEATHER

Well, you went on the Haunted
Hollywood tour, and you told that
fucking Superman joke. I'd say that
qualifies.

CARLOS

Point taken.

JOHNNY PAPERS

What Superman joke?

HEATHER

Tell him.

CARLOS

Well, you remember that guy George
Reeves, who played Superman on the
fifties TV show?

JOHNNY PAPERS

Yeah?

CARLOS

You probably heard that he got shot.
Well, they immediately ruled it a
suicide, and so there's been this big
controversy for like, 50 years, as to
whether or not it really was suicide,
or if he was murdered, or what. So, we
rode by the house, and the driver
said, "This is George Reeves' house;
the original Superman.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Does anybody know why he died?"

Immediately, I jumped in, "'cause he wasn't faster than a speeding bullet?"

JOHNNY PAPERS

Haha! You are a sick fuck! I like you already!

CARLOS

Yeah, I don't know who's more fucked up... me for saying that, or the other six people in the car for laughing at it.

HEATHER AND JOHNNY IN UNISON: YOU!

HE OPENS THE TRUNK AND PRODUCES THE GUN THEY ASKED FOR.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Here you go, bro'. Nine mil' with a silencer, just like you asked.

HEATHER

Outstanding. What do I owe you?

JOHNNY PAPERS

\$900. It's totally clean, so you don't have to worry about it being traced.

HEATHER

Alright, I can live with that.

There's half of it. Carlos?

CARLOS

Here's the back half.

JOHNNY PAPERS COUNTS THE MONEY, THEN SPEAKS AGAIN.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Alright. You guys bought yourself a piece. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

HEATHER

Don't worry... we will.

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - EVENING

HEATHER AND KIRA ARE IN BED. THEY ARE DISCUSSING WHAT HAS HAPPENED EARLIER THAT DAY.

HEATHER

Baby, don't worry about those guys.
We're going to take care of them.

KIRA

I know. I'm not worried about them.
I'm worried about you. You're playing
a dangerous game here, Heather.

HEATHER

No worries. We'll take care of
everything. Including those bastards.

KIRA

Yeah, we'd better. Anyway, something
else you'd better do is go get ready.
You need to be at work soon.

HEATHER

OK. I love you.

KIRA

Love you, too.

EXT. DRUG DEALERS' HOUSE BASEMENT DOOR - NIGHT

MUSIC IS COMING FROM INSIDE. IT IS VERY LOUD. THE HITTER IS DRESSED LIKE A NINJA AND CARRYING THE GUN. HITTER ENTERS THROUGH THE BASEMENT.

KILLS BENJI IN HIS ROOM WHILE HE'S PLAYING VIDEO GAME FOOTBALL.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, RANDY OPENS THE BASEMENT DOOR.

RANDY

Benji, is that you?

HITTER KILLS RANDY AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.

PATRICK IS THE LAST TO DIE, DOING COKE OFF A MIRROR ON HIS BED.

PATRICK

Shit!

HITTER SLIPS OUT THE SAME WAY SHE CAME IN.

INT. CARLOS'S BEDROOM - DAY

CARLOS IS AWAKENED BY HIS CELL PHONE.

CANDY'S ARM IS DRAPED ACROSS HIS CHEST.

CARLOS

Hello?

LT. BRATTON

Detective Vasquez?

CARLOS

Yes.

LT. BRATTON

Carlos, this is Lieutenant Bratton
from the Internal Affairs Division.
We have something that we need to
discuss.

CARLOS

Yeah, I know who you are. I'm listening.

LT. BRATTON

No, this is really something that we need to do in person. Would you come to my office as soon as possible?

CARLOS

Yeah, I can be there in about 45 minutes.

LT. BRATTON

Fine. Thank you. I'll see you then.

CARLOS HANGS UP HIS PHONE AND SPEAKS TO CANDY.

CARLOS

Sorry, babe. I gotta go.

CANDY

Too bad. I'm off today. Maybe you could have talked me into a freebie.

CARLOS

I'll take a raincheck. I've got a meeting that I need to get to.

THEY GET OUT OF BED AND START DRESSING THEMSELVES WHILE THE CONVERSATION CONTINUES.

CANDY

At the jobsite?

CARLOS

Um, yeah.

CANDY

You're not in construction, are you?

CARLOS

No.

CANDY

Why did you lie to me? I don't care
what you do for a living.

CARLOS

Because people tend to freak out on
you when they find out you're a cop.

CANDY

You're shitting me! You're a fucking
cop?

CARLOS

'Fraid so.

STUNNED SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

CANDY

Does Johnny know?

CARLOS

Yeah, he does.

CANDY

Well, I don't care. If you were going
to bust us, you would have already.

CARLOS

That's true... I would have. You won't
have to worry about me.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Anyway, I really do have to leave, so
I'm afraid you'll have to scoot, too.

CANDY

Something bad?

CARLOS

I might be about to lose my job.
No big deal.

SHE LEANS OVER AND KISSES HIM ONCE MORE.

CANDY

Well, that's for good luck.

THEY ARE AT THE FRONT DOOR.

CARLOS

Thanks. Let's go.

THEY EXIT.

INT. LT. BRATTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

BRATTON IS SITTING AT HIS DESK.

ANDY HOWE WALKS TO HIS OPEN OFFICE DOOR WITH CARLOS IN TOW.

LT. BRATTON

Detective Vasquez, come in. Have a
seat. You can leave us, Andy.

ANDY EXITS.

LT. BRATTON (CONT'D)

I know I'm not one of your favorite
people, and you're not on my Christmas
list either, so let's just get down to
brass tacks. Shall we?

CARLOS

Yes, let's.

LT. BRATTON

Now, you're aware that you're a
homicide detective, right?

CARLOS

That's what the badge says, yeah.

LT. BRATTON

So then, you would have no business
being in the evidence locker, would
you?

CARLOS

That would be a safe assumption.

LT. BRATTON

Alright, I want to show you something.

BRATTON PUTS ON THE TV AND PRESSES PLAY.

IT IS SURVEILLANCE VIDEO FROM THE EVIDENCE LOCKER.

LT. BRATTON (CONT'D)

You want to explain to me why you were
in the evidence locker, in a
restricted area, where you don't have
any business?

CARLOS

I was checking out a report I got of
some evidence missing from a murder
investigation.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I filled out all the paperwork on it,
and was checked in... see for
yourself. Why?

LT. BRATTON

We had some drugs disappear from the
narcotics locker, and we're checking
out all possible leads. Now, I did
look into your paperwork to be there,
and it doesn't remotely explain why
you were in that end of the lock-up,
where we keep our narcotics. I've
already spoken to Captain Duffy about
this matter, and he's in total
agreement with me. We're suspending
you, pending the outcome of this
investigation. I want your badge
and gun on my desk when you leave this
office.

CARLOS STANDS UP RIGHT THEN, WITHOUT A WORD, PULLS OUT HIS
GUN AND BADGE, AND SLAMS THEM DOWN ON BRATTON'S DESK.

CARLOS

You gonna hold me?

LT. BRATTON

Do I need to?

CARLOS

You IA cocksuckers have been up my ass
for two years trying to find a cross
to nail me to 'cause you think I'm
dirty. And now you've finally put
together enough shit to suspend me. Do
I really look stupid enough to answer
that fucking question?

CARLOS SLAMS THE DOOR ON HIS WAY OUT.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

CARLOS WALKS DOWN THE STAIRS OUTSIDE OF THE POLICE STATION
LIKE HE JUST GOT PAROLED.

HE GETS IN HIS CAR AND DRIVES AWAY.

INT. CLAUDIA'S - NIGHT

CARLOS AND HEATHER DISCUSS THE DAY'S EVENTS.

CARLOS

You know, after last night's little
clusterfuck, and IA breathing down my
neck, I'm really getting sick of this
shit.

HEATHER

Yeah, I know what you mean. It's only
a matter of time before they start
looking to me for answers, too. This
is not good.

CARLOS

Well, I'm not going to roll over on you, if that's what you're worried about.

HEATHER

Shit, I know that. I'm just tired of putting up with all this bullshit. We ought to get out of the game while the getting's good.

CARLOS

Yeah, but do you have enough money put away to retire to a beach? I don't.

HEATHER

Well, who says we have to sit around on our asses?

CARLOS

Nobody, I guess. But do you have something in mind? I mean, people with our backgrounds aren't exactly in high demand.

HEATHER

Well, what about this place? It's always making money, there's plenty of action to get.

CARLOS

I like it. Let's open up a bar somewhere - far from here.

HEATHER

Alright. Let's do it. I've got some startup cash, but not enough to get the job done.

CARLOS

Yeah, same here. We ought to hook up one more score before we leave.

HEATHER

Yeah, something that will set us up and send a great big 'fuck you' to the police department.

CARLOS

The bad news is, they're already watching me anyway, so we gotta keep this shit on the DL. And it's gotta happen quick.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

INT. LT. BRATTON'S OFFICE - DAY

BRATTON IS GOING OVER PAPERWORK IN HIS OFFICE. PEOPLE FILTER IN AND OUT.

INT. JOE'S POOL HALL - DAY

CARLOS AND HEATHER ARE DRINKING THE AFTERNOON AWAY AND SHOOTING POOL.

CARLOS

Good shot.

HEATHER

Thank you.

CARLOS

You're welcome. Anyway, like I was saying, I was racking my brain last night trying to come up with a score for us, but I couldn't. Then I got a phone call.

DRAMATIC PAUSE.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Yeah, I thought it was weird, too.
You remember Scarecrow?

HEATHER

Yeah, I think so. He that wiry little fuck that tried to hustle me in pool that time and I took him for like, \$300?

CARLOS

Yeah, that's him.

JUST THEN, THEY ARE INTERRUPTED BY A SERVER (FEMALE, 20S).

SERVER

Another round, guys?

HEATHER

Yeah, bring us another beer each. And put this round on my tab.

SERVER

Sure thing.

AFTER SHE RETURNS AND DISAPPEARS AGAIN, CARLOS CONTINUES.

SERVER (CONT'D)

Here you go, guys.

CARLOS

Thanks, babe. OK, well, Scarecrow is fucked up.

HEATHER

Yeah, I know that. He's got that gimp foot...

CARLOS

Funny. That's not what I mean. I mean you took him for \$300. You're lucky he had it to take. He's into one of the bookies on the dock for a hell of a lot more than three bills.

HEATHER

Really?!

CARLOS

Yeah. So we worked out a deal. He said he had a score for me, and instead of giving him a cut, if I could work things out with his bookie, he'd call things square. I told him I'd check it out, and if he turned out to be fucking us, I'd send him to the bookie in 10 different packages.

HEATHER

Alright, so my fucking ears are standing up. What's the score?

CARLOS

OK, Scarecrow works for the Port Authority. Don't know if you knew that or cared, but it's fucking relevant now. He said on Tuesday, there's an unmarked container coming in that we should pay attention to.

HEATHER

Why's that?

CARLOS

OK, you know that every so often, the Treasury Department collects bills of a certain age and sends them to DC to be destroyed so they can print new money, right?

HEATHER

Yeah, I think I've heard that before.

CARLOS

Trust me, they do it. Well, they don't let anybody know about it, obviously, because that's a lot of cash to float around, but the Port Authority has to do random checks for security, so there are a few of them that actually know in advance which one it's going to be.

BY NOW THEY'VE STOPPED SHOOTING POOL AND ARE JUST DRINKING AND TALKING ABOUT THE SCORE.

HEATHER

And you're saying we should hit this container?

CARLOS

Yes, Heather, that's exactly what I'm saying. What do you think?

HEATHER

Well, what does Scarecrow get out of this? How do you work things out with his bookie?

CARLOS

I give the bookie his cut. And if Scarecrow is fucking us, like I said, I give the bookie Scarecrow.

HEATHER

What exactly is Scarecrow's cut?

CARLOS

10 points. I thought it was fair.

So, what do you think?

HEATHER

OK, here's what I think... I think you're insane for talking about this in public, I think this is a completely rash and fucked up idea. I think they're going to be all over us like shit on a blanket, and I think I'm in.

CARLOS

Great!

HEATHER

But... we're going to need a lot more than just the two of us. We can't pull this job by ourselves. We're going to need a bigger boat.

CARLOS

You got anybody in mind?

HEATHER

Yeah, actually. Kira and Johnny Papers. Johnny was just talking to me about wanting to retire himself. He's got heat coming down on him, too, for shit that we can't clean up for him. He's ready to get out.

CARLOS

OK, I'm sold.

HEATHER

Plus he's a small-time arms dealer and
we could use some more firepower.

CARLOS

Even better. Finish up, let's go see
him.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

CARLOS AND HECTOR ARE WALKING IN THE PARK WHEN THEY STOP BY A
VENDOR AND GRAB SOME FOOD.

HECTOR

You want something, Carlos?

CARLOS

Yeah, I could eat.

HECTOR

(To vendor)

Yeah, give me two Polish sausages with
peppers and onions.

THE VENDOR (45, PORTLY, MARIO BROTHERS MUSTACHE) HANDS THEM
THE FOOD.

VENDOR

Here you are, sir.

HECTOR PAYS THE MAN.

HECTOR

Keep the change.

CARLOS

Thanks, man.

HECTOR

No problem, *amigo*. So, listen - I didn't mean to imply anything the other night.

CARLOS

What are you talking about?

HECTOR

When I was saying that shit about hearing you were dirty and all that. I just didn't want you to get the wrong idea.

CARLOS

Don't worry about it. IA thinks I am, too. I'm betting they got in your ear.

HECTOR

What makes you say that?

CARLOS

Hey, it's me. I know how they fucking operate.

HECTOR

What are you saying, you think they tried to plant me?

CARLOS

Yes, that's what I'm saying.

HECTOR

Well, you're going to think what you're going to think.

CARLOS

You know what? I don't know what to think, anymore.

HECTOR

Relax, *hermano*. It will all work out. You'll see.

CARLOS FINISHES HIS DOG AND THROWS THE BALLED UP PAPER IN THE TRASH.

CARLOS

(Over his shoulder)

I really think it will. Anyway, I've got to run. Thanks for lunch. *Nos vemos*.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

IT'S SATURDAY MID-MORNING, CARLOS WATCHES THE HAPPENINGS FROM A SAFE DISTANCE WITH BINOCULARS.

THERE ARE TWO PLAINCLOTHES GUARDS ARMED WITH M-4S IN A ROVING PATROL. THEY CHANGE SHIFTS EVERY FOUR HOURS.

INT. HOTEL SUITE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

IT'S SUNDAY, ALL FOUR PLAYERS ARE GATHERED FOR THE PLANNING OF THE HEIST.

THEY ARE SITTING IN A CONFERENCE ROOM IN THE HOTEL.

CARLOS

Alright, so we're going to need some more firepower, like we said. Johnny, you said you got that covered.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Yeah, I got you covered like a Jimmy hat.

CARLOS

Lovely. Kira, do you think you can steal us a couple of moving vans from work?

KIRA

I don't think it should be a problem. I can grab the keys from my boss's desk. But, I'll need somebody else to come by and swipe the vans once I pass you the keys.

HEATHER

Johnny and I can handle that. Once the heist goes down... by the way, Carlos, did you ever figure out if your friend was a plant or not?

CARLOS

No. Still can't figure him.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Did your rodent problem go away?

HEATHER

No problemo. Thanks for your assistance.

CARLOS

We set it up to look like this professional killer, The King Snake.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Who the fuck is The King Snake?

CARLOS

Nobody. We made him up. He's a myth.
He's a spook story that criminals tell
their kids at night.

KIRA

Like Keyser Soze.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Exactly.

HEATHER

Who the fuck is Keyser Soze?

CARLOS

I can't believe you've never seen The
Usual Suspects. You should see it.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Yeah, its a great fucking movie.

HEATHER

Anyway, let's get back to planning
this thing, shall we? We've only got
two days until it goes down.

JOHNNY PAPERS

OK, so we jack the vans tomorrow, hide
them until the score on Tuesday, hit
the money, and get back to a safe
house where we can split up. Am I
right so far?

KIRA

Sounds right to me. Heather, can you get your hands on some headsets or something so we can communicate during the heist?

HEATHER

Done. I'll pick them up tomorrow during work.

CARLOS

Well, everything sounds good so far, except for a safe house. What are we supposed to do about that?

JOHNNY PAPERS

I got us covered there, too. I know a warehouse out on the west end that's been abandoned for about six or eight months. I can take you guys out there whenever you want to go.

CARLOS

Great.

KIRA

So we're done here?

CARLOS

I guess so. I'm going to go to the docks tomorrow to do some more recon. I guess tomorrow night we'll nail down how we're going in.

THE GROUP STARTS TO DISPERSE.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Sleep fast everybody. We've got a lot
to do over the next couple of days.

INT. MOVING COMPANY - DAY

MONDAY - WHITE MOVING VANS ARE PARKED OUTSIDE.

KIRA GOES TO HER BOSS'S OFFICE WHEN SHE SEES THAT HE LEAVES.

KIRA

(To self)

Showtime.

IN THE OFFICE, SHE TAKES TWO SETS OF KEYS AND LEAVES THE
REST.

AFTER PICKING UP HER PURSE FROM HER DESK, SHE TURNS TO A
COWORKER.

KIRA (CONT'D)

Shelly, I'm going to run to the
bathroom real quick. I'll be right
back.

SHELLY

OK. I'll let Mr. Barnes know.

INT. MOVING COMPANY BATHROOM - DAY

IN THE BATHROOM, KIRA TOSSES THE KEYS OUT AN OPEN WINDOW.

JOHNNY AND HEATHER EACH TAKE A KEY AND STEAL THE VANS.

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

HEATHER

Hey, Carlos. Come on in.

CARLOS

Que tal, Heather?

HEATHER

It's going. What did you find out at the docks?

CARLOS

Enough. I don't think it will be much trouble to hit them if we go in about mid-morning. I talked to Scarecrow and found out exactly which container it is going to be. There seems to be only two guards on rotating shifts watching it. I guess they don't want to attract too much attention.

HEATHER

Outstanding. That's what we'll plan on, then. Come up with anything else?

CARLOS

Yeah. Something we never discussed. We need an out. This is a load of green that we're hitting, and we can't just disappear here in town. We need to figure some way to leave the country.

KIRA OPENS THE DOOR AND ENTERS.

HEATHER

Hey, baby. How was work?

KIRA

The most awful thing happened today.
Somebody stole two of our moving vans.
Who would do such a thing?

CARLOS

I can't imagine.

HEATHER

Sorry to hear it.

KIRA

So, what are you kids talking about?

HEATHER

Well, Carlos here's got his panties in
a bunch because we don't have an out
after the heist.

KIRA

Did you tell him?

HEATHER

I was just about to when you walked
in.

KIRA

Well, don't let me stop you.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

TUESDAY - THE GANG ARRIVES IN THE STOLEN VANS.

THE CONTAINER IS GUARDED BY TWO MEN, GUARD 1 AND GUARD 2
(BOTH DRESSED THE SAME, IN BLACK BDUS, BLACK CAPS, AND
EARPIECES).

AS GUARD 1 WALKS ONE WAY AROUND THE CONTAINER, CARLOS RUNS
AROUND THE OTHER WAY.

GUARD 1 IS SHOT IN THE BACK WITH A SILENCED PISTOL.

GUARD 2

Gary, was that you?

HEATHER IS WALKING BEHIND HIM, SILENCED PISTOL DRAWN AND POINTING AT HIS BACK.

SHE IS WEARING AN EARPIECE FROM A RADIO.

SHE STEPS ON A TWIG THAT SNAPS.

GUARD 2 TURNS AROUND AND RAISES HIS GUN, BUT IS SHOT TWICE IN THE CHEST BEFORE HE CAN DO ANYTHING.

HEATHER

All clear.

THE IDLING VANS ROLL UP TO THE CONTAINER.

ONCE CLOSE, HEATHER CUTS THE LOCK OFF AND OPENS THE DOORS.

LOADING BEGINS.

KIRA

Come on, come on. Hurry up.

HEATHER

We're going as fast as we can,
sweetheart.

ONCE FULL, THE VANS TRADE PLACES.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Carlos, go get the guns off those two
guards. We can probably use those if
things get hot.

CARLOS

I'm on it.

INT. LT. BRATTON'S OFFICE - DAY

BRATTON SITS AT HIS DESK AND IS INTERRUPTED BY ANDY HOWE.

LT. BRATTON

What is it, Andy?

ANDY HOWE

I just got a tip from one of my
buddies about a couple of stolen vans.

LT. BRATTON

And I'm supposed to care, why?

ANDY HOWE

They were stolen from BARNES & BREMMER
moving company yesterday afternoon.
For 50 points, I bet you can't guess
who works there.

LT. BRATTON

I don't know. Idi Amin?

ANDY HOWE

No, Lieutenant, he's dead. Kira
Connors works there. She's Heather
Parker's wife.

LT. BRATTON

Beautiful.

ANDY HOWE

Yeah, I thought you'd like that.

LT. BRATTON

OK, here's what I want you to do...

get the plates of the missing vans,

get them out to dispatch, and make

sure every black and white in the city

is on the lookout for them.

Something's getting ready to go down,

if it's not already happened.

ANDY HOWE

Already done. Dispatch is getting out

the APB as we speak.

LT. BRATTON

Good job, Andy. Go get yourself a

donut.

EXT. CITY STREET THREE - DAY

ONE OF THE VANS ROLLS A STOP SIGN.

ON THE OTHER SIDE IS A COP WHO RUNS THE PLATES.

THE PLATES COME BACK BELONGING TO ONE OF THE STOLEN VANS, SO
HE HITS HIS LIGHTS AND SIREN.

HEATHER

Oh, fuck! We picked up a tail.

Did you just run that stop sign?

KIRA

I don't think so. Maybe he just ran

the plates, you know, these vans are

stolen.

HEATHER

Yeah, maybe.

GRABBING THE ASSAULT RIFLE, HEATHER LEANS OUT THE WINDOW.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Kira, step on it. We've got to get to that warehouse, fast.

COP #5

This is Five-November-Xray, in pursuit of stolen white van going north on Industrial Drive. Request backup.

HEATHER STOPS THE POLICE CRUISER WITH A HAIL OF BULLETS.

HEATHER

Carlos! We'd better step on it.
Cops are onto us. We need to shake a tailfeather.

CARLOS

I'm pulling into the warehouse now.
What's your E.T.A?

HEATHER

About five minutes.

CARLOS

Alright, I'll catch you on the flip side.

INT. LT. BRATTON'S OFFICE - DAY

ANDY AND BRATTON ARE IN THE OFFICE. THE POLICE SCANNER BLARES TO LIFE. HOT PURSUIT OF STOLEN WHITE VANS.

ANDY HOWE

That's our boys.

LT. BRATTON

Let's go.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

MORE POLICE CARS JOIN THE CHASE. HALF THE CITY IS AFTER THEM.

KIRA

Heather, I can't lose them in this
heap.

HEATHER STICKS HER HEAD OUT THE WINDOW TO SEE THE POLICE
HELICOPTER.

HEATHER

Babe, we've got other problems.
There's a chopper on us, too.

KIRA

What should I do?

HEATHER THINKS A SEC.

HEATHER

Head for the airport. We'll lose the
chopper there. As for the bulls behind
us, I don't know.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

COP #6 IS TAILING THE VAN AND TRYING TO PULL UP FOR A PIT
MANEUVER, BUT THE TRAFFIC ON THE INTERSTATE IS MAKING THAT
DIFFICULT.

COP #6

This is 12-Alpha-Charlie. We need
somebody to go up and set up a
roadblock.

COP #4

But how do we know where they plan on
getting off, sir? They're going to get
civilians killed on this interstate.

COP #6

Set up the roadblock 10 miles from our
position. Any closer, and you won't
have time to get spike strips down
before they get there.

TWO SQUAD CARS PULL AHEAD OF THE VAN AND SPEED DOWN THE
INTERSTATE.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

KIRA LOOKS PUZZLED.

KIRA

Now, where the hell are they going?
Do they have something better to do?

HEATHER

My guess would be they're headed up
the road to set up a roadblock with
spike strips to flatten our tires,
hoping we'll just be kind enough to
stop for them.

KIRA

So what the fuck do you suggest we do about that?

HEATHER

We'll just have to get off this interstate before we get there. You can get to the airport from the next exit. Take it.

CARLOS

Heather? Where the hell are you?

HEATHER

Carlos, we've got a few complications here. We're headed toward the airport.

CARLOS

The airport? Going somewhere without me?

HEATHER

Not planning on it, but they've got the chopper in the air, so we're going to lose him.

CARLOS

Good luck. Keep me posted.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

CARLOS AND JOHNNY PAPERS PULL THEIR VAN IN AND CLOSE THE GARAGE DOOR.

THEY GET OUT AND IMMEDIATELY START PREPPING THE PLACE FOR THE STANDOFF. BOARDS (PRE-CUT) GET NAILED UP TO THE WINDOWS.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

KIRA SPIES THE ROADBLOCK UP AHEAD, AND PULLS OFF THE EXIT RAMP.

IN THE PROCESS OF LEAVING THE INTERSTATE AND DRIVING THROUGH TOWN, MANY POLICE CARS ARE LOST OR WRECKED.

IT IS JUST A SHORT JUMP TO THE AIRPORT.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

SPOTTER TALKS TO PILOT OVER THE HEADSET.

SPOTTER

Hold it steady. I've got them now.

PILOT

It looks like they're headed to the airport. I'm going to radio them for clearance.

(Pilot fumbles with switches,
then speaks into headset
again)

Airport control tower, this is Police Copter 1624 November Mike in pursuit of suspect. Requesting entering airport airspace. Over.

TOWER

Negative, 1624 November Mike. We have incoming aircraft on approach. Your request is understood, but at this time, we have to deny it. Again: do NOT enter airport airspace. Over.

PILOT

That's a negative on airport airspace.

I'm going to have to hold here.

EXT. CITY STREET FIVE - DAY

KIRA AND HEATHER LOSE THE REMAINING COPS ON AIRPORT PROPERTY,
BUT DRIVE FAST BACK TO THE WAREHOUSE.

KIRA

Carlos, open up, we're coming home.

CARLOS

I got you. We'll get the door for you.

Come on in.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

KIRA PULLS THE VAN IN AND SHE AND HEATHER GET OUT.

HEATHER

Well, so much for a clean exit.

Anybody got any bright ideas?

CARLOS

Yeah, I got one. There ain't no
fucking way I'm going to prison for
this shit, so I say we make it out of
here face up or face down, but we
don't go without a fight.

KIRA

I'm in.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Yeah.

HEATHER

Well, that settles it.

KIRA

Alright, Johnny. Break out the
munitions.

JOHNNY PAPERS
(Addressing Kira)

I didn't think you were a gunfighter.

KIRA PULLS OUT THE SILENCED PISTOL SHE USED FOR THE DRUG
DEALER HIT.

KIRA

Whatever gave you that idea?

JOHNNY PAPERS

I stand corrected.

JOHNNY OPENS LARGE DUFFEL BAGS TO REVEAL THE GANG IS ARMED TO
THE TEETH.

HEATHER

Alright. That's what I'm talking
about. OK, Carlos, you take the
westside. Kira, you're north, I'll
take south, and, Johnny, you're east.
Let's make these bastards pay for
whatever ground they get.

THE GROUP BREAKS TO GO THEIR SEPARATE WAYS. WHEN EACH PICKS A
WINDOW, THEY SPEAK AGAIN.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

How are you, Johnny?

JOHNNY PAPERS

I'm set.

HEATHER

Kira, baby, how ya doin?

KIRA

I'm set.

HEATHER

Carlos, you set?

CARLOS

Bueno, mi amigo.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

OUTSIDE, THE POLICE ARE CONGREGATING AND TRYING TO FORMULATE A PLAN. LT. BRATTON PULLS UP IN HIS CAR.

LT. BRATTON

Alright, where's the Watch Commander?

COP #4

Good Afternoon, Lieutenant. He's en route. Right now, Sergeant Murphy is in charge.

LT. BRATTON

Great. And where is Sergeant Murphy?

COP #4 POINTS HIM TOWARD A GROUP OF SQUAD CARS.

COP #4

He's over there, Lieutenant.

LT. BRATTON

Thanks, Sergeant.

BRATTON SHOWS HIS BADGE.

LT. BRATTON (CONT'D)

We have every reason to believe that the people inside are a few of your fellow officers. I'm going to need everything to pass through me before it happens, got it?

SGT. MURPHY

Yes, sir, Lieutenant.

LT. BRATTON

And let me know the moment the Watch Commander gets here. I'll need to coordinate with him.

SGT. MURPHY

Yes, sir.

LT. BRATTON

Good. Give me the megaphone. You know, I'd never really thought about how cliché this sounds.

(Speaking into megaphone)

This is the police. We have your positions surrounded. Throw down your weapons and come out with your hands up. Don't make this hard on yourselves.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

HEATHER

Good news, Carlos. Lt. Asshole is
here.

CARLOS

Well, why don't I come say hi.

CARLOS SHOOTS THE LIGHTS OFF A POLICE CAR.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

That ought to let them know we're
serious.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Guys! How are we going to get out of
this? We're surrounded.

CARLOS

Yeah, Johnny, we heard. We're coming
up with a plan. Don't get your shorts
in a knot.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Well, whatever you're going to do, do
it fast. They're digging in.

KIRA

Relax, Johnny, we're going to be here
a while. Get comfortable.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Whatever.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

LT. BRATTON

Hold fire! Why don't they ever just give up?

ANDY HOWE

I don't know, Lieutenant. I guess if they did, our job wouldn't be as exciting.

LT. BRATTON

Time to test the waters. Carlos Vasquez! Come on out, Carlos, we can work this out without anybody getting hurt!

CARLOS FIRES ANOTHER VOLLEY.

LT. BRATTON (CONT'D)

I guess not. Murphy, find a work up on this building and see if there's a phone inside. We'll try negotiating before we go in. That should buy us some time. We may need SWAT.

SGT. MURPHY

OK, I'm on it. I suppose those are our boys.

LT. BRATTON

Yeah, I guess so. Part of me didn't want to believe it.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

KIRA

So, what's going to happen now,
sweetheart?

HEATHER

Now they'll try to come in since we're
not in a chatty mood. When that
doesn't work, my guess is SWAT will be
here within a couple hours.
Carlos, I guess that means we'll be
going up against your buddy. Carlos?

CARLOS

Yeah, I heard you. Look I'm not
thrilled about that prospect, but I'll
take care of it.

HEATHER

How? Are you going to ask him real
nice not to shoot you because you were
such great friends back in the day?

CARLOS

Hey! I said I'd take care of it.

KIRA

Who's his buddy?

HEATHER

An ex-Army buddy of his on the SWAT
team.

KIRA

Great. So, are we fucked?

CARLOS

Not yet.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Well, I don't know about you guys, but
I think we ought to seriously re-
evaluate our situation.

CARLOS

Relax, Johnny, you're a rich man.
It's just going to take us a little
while to get out of here.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Well, I hope you guys know what you're
doing.

HEATHER

We do. Trust me.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

SGT. MURPHY

Sorry, Lieutenant. There's nothing in
there. That warehouse has been
abandoned for six months, ever since
Balsam Plastic lost their lease. They
made plastics for light industrial
use, including those little six-pack
rings that hold cans together...

LT. BRATTON

Yeah, yeah, yeah. So there's nothing
in there. Andy, go get me Carlos
Vazquez's cell number.

ANDY HOWE

Sure thing, Lieutenant. Where am I
going to find it?

LT. BRATTON

In my laptop under the folder
'Important Numbers.'

ANDY GOES TO THE CAR AND RETRIEVES BRATTON'S LAPTOP, OPENS IT
UP, AND WRITES THE NUMBER DOWN ON A POST-IT. HE BRINGS IT
BACK TO THE GROUP.

SGT. MURPHY

What are you doing, Lieutenant?

LT. BRATTON

We might as well start talking to
them.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

CARLOS'S PHONE STARTS RINGING.

HEATHER

Well, it's not like we don't know who
it is. You gonna answer it?

CARLOS

Yeah, I might as well.
(Into phone)
Hello?

LT. BRATTON

Carlos? This is Lieutenant Bratton.

Why don't you come on out, Carlos, and we can talk this over.

CARLOS

Sorry, Lieutenant. I'm not in a real talkative mood right now.

LT. BRATTON

Carlos, you know you can't drag this thing out forever. Eventually we're going to come in and get you.

CARLOS

Sorry again, but if you do that, we're going to have to start killing hostages.

LT. BRATTON

Carlos, don't tell me you did something stupid.

CARLOS

Lieutenant, that's a matter of opinion, and we don't give a fuck about yours. Now, when I'm ready to talk, we'll give you a call back.

HEATHER

What hostages?

CARLOS

I don't know. We'll come up with something. That should buy us some time.

HEATHER

Yeah, maybe. But who's going to be our hostages? Did you leave that out of your plan?

CARLOS

What plan? I'm making this shit up as I go along.

KIRA

Well, they don't know my voice, and they probably don't know Johnny's. I guess we can be hostages.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Yeah, I can be a hostage.

ELSEWHERE IN THE WAREHOUSE, SOMETHING FALLS OVER.

HEATHER

What the hell was that?

CARLOS

I don't know. I'll go check it out.

CARLOS WALKS AWAY WITH PISTOL DRAWN.

IN A ROOM IN THE BACK OF THE WAREHOUSE, HE FINDS THREE 20-SOMETHING STONERS PLAYING CARDS.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

What the hell are you guys doing here?

STONER #1

Hey, dude. Is that a real gun?

CARLOS

Yeah, and it shoots real bullets.

What the fuck are you doing here?

STONER #2

What does it look like we're doing?

We're smoking up. Why, you a cop?

CARLOS

Actually, yes.

STONER #3

Oh shit, dude. We're fucking busted.

CARLOS

I'm not that kind of cop. You guys got
another one of those?

STONER #2 STARTS TO HAND CARLOS A JOINT, BUT IS STOPPED BY
STONER #1.

STONER #1

What the fuck are you doing, dude?

He's a cop, man.

STONER #2

Chill out, bro'. Didn't you hear him?

He don't fucking care.

STONER #1 RELENTS.

STONER #2 (CONT'D)

Here you go, dude. A nice fatty.

Hey, what's going on out there? I
thought I heard police cars.

CARLOS

You did. They're all here to bust you.

STONER #3

Holy shit, dude.

CARLOS

Nah, I'm just fucking with you.

They're here for me and my friends.

If you guys feel like helping out, you
can make some good money.

THE STONERS ALL LOOK TO EACH OTHER FOR AN ANSWER.

STONER #3

Yeah, dude, we're game.

CARLOS

Alright. Just sit tight. I'll come
back and get you when we need you.

CARLOS WALKS BACK TO THE REST OF THE CREW SMOKING HIS JOINT.

HEATHER

What was that noise? And where did
you get that joint?

CARLOS

Here. Take a hit off that and chill
out. That noise was our hostages.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Like Heather said earlier, what
hostages?

CARLOS

There's a couple of kids in the back of the warehouse getting high. They know the police are here, and they're willing to help us out.

KIRA

Help us out how?

CARLOS

By being our hostages, Kira. Try and keep up.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Alright, I can roll with that. So we get them to talk to the cops for us. Then what?

CARLOS

I don't know. I haven't gotten that far yet.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

SGT. MURPHY

Lieutenant, do you think they're ready to negotiate now?

LT. BRATTON

I don't know, Sarge. They said they'd call when they were ready.

SGT. MURPHY

So, what are we supposed to do until then?

LT. BRATTON

We're not waiting, I'll tell you that.

SGT. MURPHY

What's that supposed to mean?

LT. BRATTON

It means get a team together.

We're going in.

SGT. MURPHY

Yes, sir.

SERGEANT MURPHY PICKS OUT FIVE PEOPLE TO STORM THE WAREHOUSE.

SGT. MURPHY (CONT'D)

You three and you two. Get your vests
on. You're going in.

"YES, SIR" COME FROM ALL THE MEN, AND THEY ASSEMBLE BEHIND A
CAR. THEY START MOVING IN.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

JOHNNY PAPERS

What's going on?

HEATHER

Looks like they're getting ready to
come in.

KIRA

Well, we can't let that happen.

CARLOS

Right. Heather, call Dickhead and
stall him.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I'm going to go drag out one of our hostages and make them earn their money.

HEATHER CALLS.

HEATHER

Lieutenant, what's going on?

LT. BRATTON

Heather Parker? Is that you? What does it look like? We're coming in to get you. I told you we would.

HEATHER

Right. And Carlos told you that if you did we were going to start executing hostages.

LT. BRATTON

Heather, we chased you into a corner. You don't have any hostages in there. We know you're lying.

CARLOS RETURNS WITH STONER #2.

HEATHER

Lieutenant, we aren't as dumb as you think. What, you think we didn't prep this place for a standoff? You know what? I'm not even going to talk to you. From now on, one of the hostages does all the talking.

(HEATHER HANDS THE PHONE TO STONER #2)

STONER #2

Hello?

LT. BRATTON

Hello. Who is this?

STONER #2

This is one of the hostages. Please help me and my friends out of this.

LT. BRATTON

We'll help you, son. What's your name?

STONER #2

Michael.

LT. BRATTON

That's good. Listen, Michael, everything's going to be OK.

STONER #2

Don't tell me that. You don't know everything's going to be OK. These guys have guns and they're threatening to kill us.

LT. BRATTON

Michael, listen. They're not going to kill you. They're just trying to scare everybody into giving them what they want. Now, I need some information from you.

STONER #2

OK.

(to Heather)

They want me to give them information.

HEATHER LISTENS IN.

LT. BRATTON

How many people are in there, Michael?

STONER #2

What? You mean hostages?

LT. BRATTON

No, the people with guns.

STONER #2

There's four.

LT. BRATTON

OK. How many hostages?

HEATHER

Tell him six.

STONER #2

Six.

LT. BRATTON

Alright. Where did you guys come from?

STONER #2

Well, I'm originally from Fairfax
and...

LT. BRATTON

No, I mean how did they get you into
the warehouse?

STONER #2

We were hanging out in here playing
cards and stuff.

HEATHER PULLS THE PHONE BACK.

HEATHER

Alright. That's enough of social hour.
Now pull your team back or this little
fucker gets two in the head.

HEATHER SHAKES HER HEAD NO TO STONER #2.

LT. BRATTON

Heather, don't do anything stupid.
We're going to pull the team back.

HEATHER

We need to get some food in here. So,
you need to send in somebody with a
couple of pizzas, and in return, we'll
let one of them go.

LT. BRATTON

OK. Let the hostage go first, and
we'll send in the pizzas.

HEATHER

No fucking way. You get the hostage
when we get the food.

LT. BRATTON

Alright. It's on the way.

HEATHER

Good. Now that you know we're serious,
we'll call you back.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

LT. BRATTON

Call 'em back.

SGT. MURPHY

What?

LT. BRATTON

Call the team back. They've got
hostages.

SGT. MURPHY

Yes, sir. Abort the attack.

COP #4

Abort the attack. Copy that.

THE TEAM PULLS BACK.

SGT. MURPHY

I thought you said they were bluffing.

LT. BRATTON

Yeah. I was wrong. I just spoke to one
of the hostages.

SGT. MURPHY

So what now?

LT. BRATTON

We wait. We can't risk it right now.
We'll negotiate with them and try and
get a few of the hostages out of the
way. That should give us time to get
SWAT here and get them in position.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

THE CREW INSIDE IS STARTING TO COME APART BECAUSE OF THE
TENSION.

KIRA

I can't take this fucking waiting.

HEATHER

We've got to, babe. We've got to try
and wait these bastards out.

JOHNNY PAPERS

What do you mean wait them out?
They're not exactly going to break for
lunch.

CARLOS

No, they're not. But they think we're
going to kill six hostages if they
come in, so they're not going to yet.
First, they'll try negotiating, then
they'll call in SWAT when that doesn't
work.

KIRA

Well, when the hell is that going to be?

HEATHER

It won't be long now. Everybody just hang loose.

STONER #2

What should I do? Are you really going to shoot us?

HEATHER

No, but they don't know that. Like my partner here said, just play along with us, and we'll pay you for it. Why don't you go get your buddies out of the back and we'll fill them in on what's what.

STONER #2 DISAPPEARS AROUND THE CORNER.

WHEN HE COMES BACK, HIS BUDDIES ARE WITH HIM.

KIRA

You know, they're going to expect us to release a hostage or something sooner or later.

CARLOS

You're right. We need one of you guys to go out there when the food gets here.

STONER #3

I'll go. What do you want me to tell them, dude?

HEATHER

Tell them there's six of you in here. You're tied up and we're willing to kill you if our demands aren't met.

STONER #3

I'm not that high, dude. There's only three of us.

CARLOS

Yeah, but they don't know that.

STONER #3

OK, good point. That sounds pretty good. Have you done this before?

HEATHER

No, but I've watched a lot of movies.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Is anybody else hungry? I'm starving.

KIRA

Yeah, they sure are taking their fucking time getting those pizzas to us.

CARLOS'S PHONE RINGS.

CARLOS

Yeah.

LT. BRATTON

Carlos, your pizzas are on the way.
You promised me a hostage.

CARLOS

Yeah, here's how it's going to work:
you send the pizza guy in. When we get
it, the pizza guy and your hostage
leave together.

LT. BRATTON

So, I could potentially be giving you
another hostage?

CARLOS

You could be, but you're not. I give
you my word.

LT. BRATTON

That's worth a lot, these days.

CARLOS

Fuck you, Lieutenant. That's a chance
you're just going to have to take.

THE PIZZA GUY (GREASY, 40S) BANGS ON THE DOOR. HEATHER
ANSWERS.

CARLOS STANDS BEHIND HIM WITH GUN DRAWN.

HEATHER

Hold the pizzas above your head.

HEATHER PATS HIM DOWN FOR WEAPONS.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

He's clean. Alright, set the pizzas
down on that crate.

HEATHER HANDS THE PIZZA GUY A COUPLE 20'S.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Here, this is for the food. Now take
this guy and get out of here.

THE PIZZA GUY AND STONER #3 LEAVE WITHOUT INCIDENT.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

SWAT ARRIVES WITH SERGEANT HECTOR RAMIREZ.

SGT. MURPHY

LT, SWAT is here.

LT. BRATTON

Good.

SWAT GETS OUT OF THEIR VEHICLE AND AFTER PREPPING THEIR
WEAPONS, ASSEMBLES AT THE REAR OF THE VAN.

BEAT.

HECTOR

Lieutenant, are you ready for us to go
in?

LT. BRATTON

Yeah. Oh, Hector. Yeah, we're ready
for you anytime. Are you in position
now?

HECTOR

The team is getting set up as we
speak. They'll be ready directly.

LT. BRATTON

Gotcha.

SWAT LEADER

Lieutenant, sir, what's the situation?

LT. BRATTON

We think we've got four people in there - heavily armed and well trained. Two of them are Detective Carlos Vasquez and Detective Heather Parker. They're two of your fellow officers.

SWAT LEADER

Hostages?

LT. BRATTON

We believe there's five or so in there. So far, one's been released.

SWAT LEADER

Alright. I'll prep our entry strategy.

HECTOR

Lieutenant, I gotta tell you, I don't have a good feeling about this. I could very well be shooting at a friend. Somebody who's saved my life several times.

LT. BRATTON

Yes, and I feel bad about that, I do. But what can we do here? He's the bad guy. You're the good guy.

(MORE)

LT. BRATTON (CONT'D)

We both knew it could come to this,
and Carlos knew it, too.

HECTOR

I know.

LT. BRATTON

Now, things are getting ready to come
to a head. If you have a problem with
this, I suggest you remove yourself
from action.

HECTOR

No, Lieutenant, I don't have a
problem. I'll be fine.

LT. BRATTON

Good. See that you are.

SWAT LEADER

Lieutenant, we're set.

LT. BRATTON

Alright. Light 'em up.

WHILE THE TEAM IS MAKING THEIR FINAL CHECKS AND COUNTING DOWN
TO GO IN, HECTOR SAYS A FINAL PRAYER.

HECTOR

Lord, I knew it might come to this,
and I'm sure Carlos knew it too, but
if there's any way I can get out of
this without having to shoot my
friend, please help me to do it.
Amen.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

WHAT WILL FOLLOW IS A LARGE SCALE GUN BATTLE IN THE WAREHOUSE.

DURING THE FIGHT, THE WHOLE SWAT TEAM IS WIPED OUT, EXCEPT FOR HECTOR.

SWAT LEADER APPROACHES JOHNNY PAPERS.

SWAT LEADER

Give it up, man. You've got nowhere to go.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Looks like your gun's jammed. Too bad for you, 'cause I'm not giving up.

SWAT LEADER

Well, then. I'll just have to beat you to death. But I should warn you, I don't know kung-fu.

JOHNNY PAPERS

You're Chinese. How could you not know kung-fu?

SWAT LEADER

I'm Vietnamese. And I'm a trained sniper. I can kill you from a mile away.

JOHNNY PAPERS

Too bad for you I'm not a mile away.

JOHNNY PAPERS DROPS HIS EMPTY CLIP, BUT BEFORE HE CAN GET ANOTHER IN, SWAT LEADER RUSHES HIM AND KNOCKS THE GUN OUT OF HIS HANDS.

THEY GET IN AN EPIC FIGHT, AND JOHNNY STABS SWAT LEADER IN THE NECK WITH HIS OWN KNIFE.

JUST BEFORE HE DIES, JOHNNY GETS OUT OF HIS GRASP AND RUNS, BUT SWAT LEADER PULLS A SIDEARM, AND SHOOTS HIM IN THE CHEST THREE TIMES.

HECTOR AND CARLOS MEET FACE-TO-FACE. HECTOR HAS THE DROP ON CARLOS.

HECTOR

Put down the gun, Carlos. It's over.

CARLOS

No, I don't think so, Hector. Why don't you put your gun down? See, I didn't come all this way just to give up now. I don't want to shoot you, but I will if I have to, and if I have to, I'm going to feel real fucking bad about it.

HECTOR

Come on, Carlos, don't make me do this.

KIRA COCKS HER GUN, POINTING IT AT HECTOR.

WITH THE DISTRACTION, CARLOS KNOCKS HECTOR OUT.

CARLOS

There. I told you I'd take care of it.

KIRA AND CARLOS BOTH NOTICE JOHNNY PAPERS LYING ON THE FLOOR BREATHING OUT HIS LAST.

KIRA

JOHNNY! Come on Johnny. Stay alive.

CARLOS

Yeah, Johnny. You can make it.

JOHNNY PAPERS
(Coughing up blood)

Yeah, I'm great. It's not bad.

JOHNNY TRIES TO SIT UP, BUT FALLS BACK DOWN.

JOHNNY PAPERS (CONT'D)
I might be wrong.

CARLOS
Come on, Johnny, you can make it.
Think about all that money you've got
to spend. Think about all those Pina
Coladas you can get when we get out of
here.

JOHNNY PAPERS
(Cough)
You'll have to drink one for me.

JOHNNY DIES.

KIRA PUSHES HIS EYES CLOSED.

KIRA
Goodbye, Johnny. Come on. Let's get
out of here.

CARLOS
Yeah.

HEATHER WALKS AROUND THE CORNER.

HEATHER
JOHNNY!

KIRA
He's dead, Heather.

HEATHER

FUCK! I'm going to kill that son of a bitch Lieutenant.

KIRA

Another time, Heather. For now, let's just make our getaway.

CARLOS REACHES IN ONE OF THE VANS AND GETS OUT A HANDFUL OF MONEY. HE HANDS IT TO STONER #2.

CARLOS

Thanks for your help, Michael.

STONER #2

My pleasure. Good luck.

CARLOS CALLS THE LIEUTENANT.

LT. BRATTON

Yeah, Carlos, what is it?

CARLOS

SWAT missed. I told you it was a waste to send them in.

LT. BRATTON

You killed them all?

CARLOS

You got it.

LT. BRATTON

That was a mistake, Carlos. You know you're going to fry for this.

CARLOS

So sayeth you. Now, here's how it's going to work...

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

we're going to let a hostage go. The rest we're taking with us. If anybody follows us, or we see a chopper, or even hear of a cop, we leave these hostages in a ditch. Got me?

LT. BRATTON

Yeah, Carlos. I got you.

CARLOS HANGS UP AND LOOKS AT STONER #2.

CARLOS

Go on. Go out the front door. But I'd hide that money if I was you.

STONER #2

You got it, dude. What about him?

CARLOS

You go back to your hiding place.

WAIT 'TIL THE COPS COME IN AND FIND YOU. TELL THEM WE LEFT YOU HERE.

THE GANG CLEARS THE WAY FOR THEIR ESCAPE.

EVENTUALLY, THEY GET AWAY AND THE OTHER COPS WERE CAUGHT OFF GUARD, SO THEY CAN'T GIVE CHASE.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

HECTOR HOLDS A BAG OF ICE OVER HIS EYE.

LT. BRATTON

What the heck are you smirking about?

You let the bad guys get away!

HECTOR

Lieutenant, my whole team got wiped out in there. We didn't let anything happen.

LT. BRATTON

Well what about you? How come you walked out of this mess?

HECTOR

What are you saying? That I had something to do with this clusterfuck?

LT. BRATTON

I don't know what I'm saying, but it was awfully convenient of them to let you live when they hung everybody else out to dry.

HECTOR

Look, Lieutenant, I told you that my whole team got wiped out in there, and I took a shot to the head. If that's not good enough for you, then you better come up with some damned proof of something, or back off. You're treading dangerous ground here.

LT. BRATTON

Well... I'm sorry. I'm not accusing you of anything. I'm sure Carlos had some issue with killing you.

(MORE)

LT. BRATTON (CONT'D)

I do have to say that about the man.

Despite the fact that he was crooked

as dog's leg and he just about gave me

a breakdown, he was loyal to his

friends.

BRATTON WALKS OFF.

HECTOR

Thank you, Lord.

LT. BRATTON

Did you say something?

HECTOR

Don't worry about it.

EXT. BLACK SCREEN - NIGHT

TV SCREEN SLOWLY COMES INTO FOCUS.

TV IS TURNED ON LOCAL NEWS.

ANCHOR (25, PRETTY, FEMALE, VERY PROFESSIONAL) SITS AT THE
DESK READING A BULLETIN.

ANCHOR

Several anonymous cash donations were

made to charities around the city

within the last few days.

AMONG THE BENEFACTORS HAVE BEEN THE BLESSED SHROUD ORPHANAGE,
TOYS FOR TOTS, AND ST. JUDE CHILDREN'S RESEARCH HOSPITAL.
HERE WITH A LIVE REPORT FROM TOYS FOR TOTS LOCAL HEADQUARTERS
IS TRISHA BLANKENSHIP.

TRISHA

I'm here with Mary Washington,
Director of the local collection
center of Toys For Tots. When you got
this large donation, you didn't know
what to make of it, right?

MARY

That's right. The need is always so
great at this time of year, but the
economy has hit a lot of people hard,
and donations are down this year
compared to last. To find \$100,000
extra in our kitty was really a
blessing. I don't know where it came
from, but whoever the angel is out
there, I just want to say, "Thank
you."

TRISHA

Are you worried that this donation
could be connected to the drug-laced
donation received by the Holy Cross
orphanage just days ago?

MARY

No, I'm not. The donations came by way
of Cashiers' Checks, and they have
been tested for drug residue.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

None was found, so even if the money
was drug-related, we're blessed to
have it.

THE TV TURNS OFF.

EXT. CARTEGENA BEACH BAR - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: 2 MONTHS LATER

LIVELY BEACH BAR ATMOSPHERE. LOCALS AND TOURISTS.

A PERFORMER STANDS ON THE OUTDOOR STAGE, SPITTING OUT
REGGAETON.

THERE ARE PEOPLE OUTSIDE ON THE BEACH, BY THE STAGE, AND ALSO
INSIDE THE COVERED AREA.

INT. CARTEGENA BEACH BAR - DAY

KIRA

OK, are we ready to do this?

HEATHER

Yeah.

KIRA RAISES A HAND AND SIGNALS.

SERVER 2 NOTICES THE SIGNAL.

SHE MOTIONS FOR THE BARTENDER, AND HE COMES OVER. SHE
WHISPERS SOMETHING IN HIS EAR. HE MIXES THREE SHOTS AND
PLACES THEM ON ADELINA'S TRAY.

THE SERVER BRINGS OVER THE TRAY.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

Thank you, Adelina.

SERVER 2

(in Spanish)

You're welcome, boss.

HEATHER
(in Spanish)

Carlos! Come here. It's time to drink.

CARLOS WALKS AWAY FROM HITTING ON A CUSTOMER.

CARLOS
(in English)

Heather, your Spanish is getting better. Alright, that's what I'm talking about.

HEATHER
(in English)

So, what are we drinking to?

KIRA
How about to a successful opening weekend?

CARLOS
How about, to Johnny Papers.

THEY ALL RAISE THEIR GLASSES. AND IN UNISON CALL: TO JOHNNY PAPERS. THEN THEY TAKE THEIR SHOTS.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Santa mierda, that was rancid. What the fuck were those?

KIRA AND HEATHER IN UNISON: SNAKEBITES!

FADE OUT